

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLENER.

1860.

“AND THEY TOOK UP OF THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAINED,
TWELVE BASKETS FULL”—MATTHEW XIV. 20.

VOL. X. NEW SERIES.

LONDON:
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND, HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET;
AND G. SEELEY, HANOVER STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.

Two Shillings.

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

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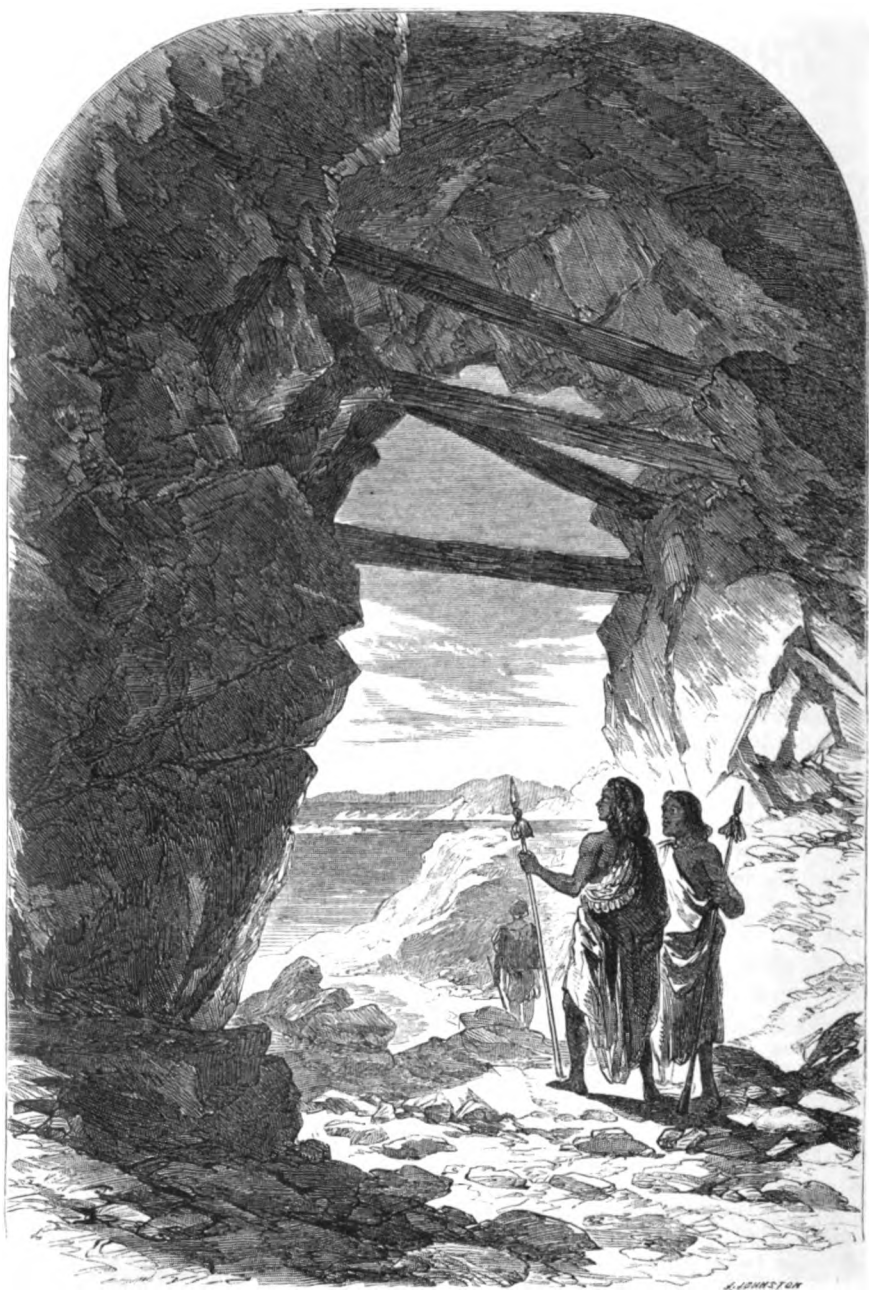
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NATURAL ARCHWAY AT PARI PARI, NEW ZEALAND.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

OTAKI, NEW ZEALAND.

IN the "Mission Field," the monthly periodical of the Gospel-Propagation Society, and in the December Number, we find the account of a visit paid by the Bishop of Wellington to the Mission station at Otaki. We transcribe the substance of it into our pages, concluding that we shall not, in doing so, be guilty of boasting of other men's labours, inasmuch as the Mission station of Otaki is one belonging to the Church Missionary Society, and the Missionary at the station, Archdeacon Hadfield, one of that Society's Missionaries. Of this, however, the readers of the "Mission Field" are left in ignorance, there being no mention made of the Church Missionary Society, nor any index to show that it was otherwise than a Mission station of the Gospel-Propagation Society. We think, therefore, that it may be well to rectify the omission, although we should have preferred that it had not been necessary for us to do so.

Let us retrace a little the past history of Otaki. It was in the year 1835 that the first faint gleam of Gospel light broke in upon the darkness of this part of the island. A native lad, called Matahau, who, during the war, had been carried away prisoner to the northern districts, where the Missionaries then resided, came back to his own people at Otaki. He had been employed in some of the Missionary families, and had obtained some knowledge of Gospel truth. He began to tell his friends what was going on in the Bay of Islands. The chief's son and his cousin became very much interested with the book which Matahau had brought with him. It was part of St. Luke's Gospel.

They felt a strong desire to learn to read, that they might know what was in this book. They took Matahau with them to an island, where they remained six months. One of the young chiefs describes the process—"We learnt every day, every night. We did not lie down to sleep. We sat at night in the hut all round the fire in the middle. Whewhe had part of the book, and I a part." At the end of six months they could read a little. But now they wanted something more. Matahau had taught them all he was able to teach. They were but crumbs, and they were sweet, but they wanted a large loaf. They wanted a Missionary. They got on board an American ship, bound for the Bay of Islands, and sought out the Missionaries. There were these young men coming from a part of the island where no Missionary had ever been, and yet they could both read and write. Missionaries were scarce in those days—they are still so unhappily—and it did not

seem as though they could have their wish. The only answer was, "We have not one to spare." "I was very sorry," so wrote the young chief: "my heart was dark." There was a new Missionary in the room. He was young and weak, not strong. That young Missionary was Mr. Hadfield. God put it into his heart to go with these young men, and in six months he reached Otaki. Since that time the work has been carried on by the Church Missionary Society. Many, from time to time, were baptized, and, in December 1843, the young chief and 142 of his people were confirmed by the Bishop of New Zealand. A beautiful church was built, entirely of native workmanship, capable of containing from 700 to 800 people.

Our readers will now be prepared to receive the Bishop of Wellington's account of his visit to this station.

My first visit, away from the immediate neighbourhood of the town, was to Otaki, the Mission station of Archdeacon Hadfield. There is something very exhilarating in the climate and scenery of this country, and in all gatherings of the native people; accordingly, being favoured with fine weather, I thoroughly enjoyed the freshness of the physical as well as the moral scene. A romantic pass up a wooded valley, suddenly emerging upon the top of a mountain precipice overhanging the sea, and commanding a view of the southern island and the island of Kapiti, behind which the sun was setting, and then the widening plain northwards, was the more enjoyable because it was all unexpected. I was alone, and no one had told me of the grand view that awaited me. I wound my way down the other side, along the military road cut under Sir George Grey's auspices, and then had a ride of twenty miles along the sea-coast, occasionally stopping to see the natives in their villages that nestled behind the sand-hills. On arriving at Otaki, I found the natives were coming in from many quarters to make acquaintance with their new Bishop; and on Sunday morning it was indeed a pleasant sight to see 500 picturesquely-dressed Maories, of all ages and both sexes, arranged on their mats in rows all over their large and beautiful chapel, which they built themselves, and ornamented in their own arabesque style.

They would have been disappointed if I had not preached to them; but almost the greatest treat to myself was to hear the Archdeacon (Hadfield) preach in the afternoon. His thoroughly idiomatic language and exquisite pronunciation, his energy and taste, made the most perfect specimen of Missionary preaching in the Maori language that I had ever heard, and I could see that the Maories enjoyed it as much as I did. The next day one of the teachers paid me the compliment of saying that, though I could not talk like the Archdeacon, they liked to hear me, because my pronunciation and mode of preaching was like "the Selwyn's," and they loved him so well they would try and hand on their love of him to me. The Archdeacon is engaged in two branches of the same work: first, regenerating his Maori school for boys and girls, and secondly, looking out for candidates for the native ministry; that the Maori church may in due time become self-supporting.

THE FEEJEE ISLANDERS.

If there be one portion of this earth more than another in which he who was a murderer from the beginning has held his court, and ruled over the souls of men, that spot is to be found in the cluster of islands in the great Pacific Ocean, called the Feejees. Cannibalism was the habit of these islanders, and that to a fearful extent. Cruelty was the element in which they breathed. It would be impossible to ascertain the number of white men that, on their treacherous shores, have fallen a prey to the barbarity of these children of darkness. The Feejee islanders have been a striking monument of the destructiveness of sin, a people robbed and spoiled by the great enemy of souls, of whom for a long time it might be said, as of a nation of old, that they were "for a prey, and none delivereth, for a spoil, and none saith Restore." But the time came when even here, in his own house, the strong man was to be bound by one stronger than he. The love of Christ to other poor sinners constrained them, when they had tasted of it, to imitate his example, and show somewhat of that self-denying love to these prisoners appointed to death. Christians were found willing to become Missionaries to these islands. They had great difficulty in getting their boats to land on their shores, which are composed of coral rocks; and, as one who has himself visited them tells us, "The small opening in the reef only admits a boat at certain times of tide, and through this opening there is generally such a rush of the waves from without, meeting the mighty flood from within, that the passage is not merely dangerous, but awfully terrific." This, however, was but a faint emblem of the difficulties and obstructions they might expect to meet with in trying to find an entrance for the Gospel where all was so opposed to it. But we may well ask, "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" It is his pleasure to accomplish results the most stupendous, through the instrumentality of what we should call means the most inadequate, and this in order that we may see and acknowledge that the power is of Him alone. Wonderful as it may seem, although, for the first nine years at least, the intervals were brief between the most frightful cases of violence and destruction, the Missionaries and their families have been uninjured amidst them all. Storms have swept over the islands; the rage of man, and the tumult of the people, have enveloped it in clouds of darkness; but, amid all this, the Christians, helpless, it is true, but safe as birds in the clefts of the rock, have been untouched by their severity; and when the storm-cloud had spent its force, and the waters had abated, have once more been able to bear the olive-branch of peace to this benighted people; and the message of love is working its way in their hearts and actions. The contrast between those islanders who have received the Gospel, and those who are still in darkness, is a most remarkable one. One incident from the pen of the superintendent of the Missions will serve to show this. He writes, in 1850—"About six years ago the few who believed the word of God at Ono were violently persecuted by the heathen; but, in the midst of the storm, their numbers kept increasing, until they concluded that they would take up arms against their enemies. They did so, and the heathen fled before them into their strong fortress on the mountain. The Christians fol-

lowed, and took the town. Scarcely any one fell on either side, and instead of killing the vanquished, the Christians ran to the others, fell on their necks, and wept over them. These, in turn, were so affected by their new and extraordinary treatment, that they fell on their knees and "lotued" at once. Aforetime they would have been eaten. Now they are not merely preserved alive, but wept over by their conquerors. The fear of them fell upon the pagan warriors; Christian love bowed their hearts as the heart of one man; and Christ was glorified both in the conquerors and the conquered." Places of worship are now erected in several of these islands. The natives who attend them seem to enter fully into the spirit of Christian worship: they are well behaved and attentive. The Missionaries carefully abstain from interfering in the secular affairs of the people, and are respected and loved by the converts. One paragraph from an American Missionary publication, will speak for itself as to the reality of the work among them: it is as follows:—"An interesting incident was lately related at Boston by a sea-captain belonging to that city. He said, that when in command of a ship in the Pacific, he had occasion to stop at one of the Feejee islands, supposed to be inhabited by cannibals, and visited the shore in a boat, thoroughly armed, for fear of an attack by the natives, when, to his surprise, he was met and addressed in English by the chief of the island, who told him that he and his people were all Christians, converted from their former wickedness by a Missionary from the United States, and asked him to go to his hut and remain until next morning. He went, and, at the close of the day, the Feejeean told his guest that it was his custom, at the end of each day, to thank his heavenly Father for the day's blessings, and implore his protection for the ensuing night, and asked the Boston man to pray. The narrator said he had never prayed in his life, and *could not pray*, and was obliged to tell his host so; and the Feejecan kneeled down and prayed for him. It seemed like carrying coals to Newcastle—the Feejeean praying for the American; and that prayer, the sea-captain said, was the means of his subsequent conversion to God, and ultimately brought him to the foot of the cross. That sea-captain is now a Missionary to the heathen." Such is the true character of the Gospel—"the power of God to salvation;" the lamp in an earthen vessel; a vessel, as in the case of this poor Feejeean, once "to dishonour," but afterwards "a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work." We will reserve, for a future Number some further account of these islanders, their history and character. For the present we can only say, with regard to the change that is taking place among them, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

EASTERN BENGAL—STATE OF THE PEOPLE.

VARIOUS Missionaries, and other agents, who have been engaged in distributing the Scriptures throughout Bengal, have given us the results of their experience in the Forty-sixth Report of the Calcutta Auxiliary Bible Society. Some points mentioned respecting Eastern Bengal are

very important, and we put them together in brief for the benefit of our readers. Of the people living in the small villages of the rural districts, fully nine-tenths are entirely illiterate. It is only in the large villages that any intelligent and reading people are to be found. The masses of the people are not only ignorant, but without desire after knowledge. Their reason seems to be asleep. They follow the customs of their fathers without inquiring into their meaning or usefulness, and appear to be devoid of the powers of mind which are needful for such inquiries. Their ideas are so few, that they seemed to be governed by instinct rather than by reason. The only standard of morals which they have is to conform to the customs of the village, and they seemed greatly surprised when told that a man did right or wrong as he obeyed or disobeyed, not the law of custom, but the law of God. It is singular, that in this part of India the Mohammedans are a shade lower in morals than the Hindus, and are more illiterate. The religion of both consists in a round of ceremonies or outward forms, which do not touch the heart.

The state of society in Eastern Bengal is a great hindrance to free inquiry. The native community is divided into a number of petty circles: at the head of each is a Zemindar, who is the liege lord. Immediately around him are a number of religious teachers of his own faith. The rayats within these circles must think as these men, and act accordingly. They have no freedom.

But there is another hindrance, which is a most serious and painful one, and which every British Christian ought to lay to heart. We copy the extract of the Report in which we find it mentioned—"It is a deplorable fact, but a fact which cannot, and perhaps should not, be concealed; that we have all the intelligence and influence of Government native officials against us everywhere—actively, diligently, and, occasionally, violently against us: whether we strive against general immorality, religious errors and absurdities, silly customs and ceremonies, or particular local evil practices, we have to fight against their influence. It is a fact, whether Government approves of it or not, that the Moonsif, Darogah, Patwari, and the like, are diligent in their efforts to thwart the Missionary, counteract his influence, nullify his teaching; and what causes the wound thus inflicted to fester and bleed is, that occasionally European officers side with their native subordinates; sometimes by an encouraging laugh only; at other times by standing aloof, and looking down with cool reserve upon a lonely Missionary trying to make head against the powerful torrents of immorality and error which inundate the country."

In the midst of all this ignorance and difficulty, there is a singular feeling very extensively abroad among the intelligent portion of the community, that "there can be no real peace or prosperity in the country as long as the rulers and subjects differ, as they do at present, in thoughts, interests, and religion." This is undoubtedly true. But the scheme founded on this by some of them shows how completely they consider religion as an outside matter, which a man may put off or otherwise as it suits his convenience. One of the Missionaries, since his return from a tour of Bible distribution, has been visited by "not less than five influential Brahmins, soliciting him to recommend them to Government for the appointment of Raj Mantris, with a view to make all people Christians."

DEATH OF THE REV. A. F. LACROIX,
OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT CALCUTTA.

THE following letter from the Rev. W. H. Hill, dated Calcutta, 10th July 1859, announces the decease of Mr. Lacroix, and the interesting and affecting circumstances by which it was accompanied—

“ Our dear, dear brother Lacroix entered into his rest at sixteen minutes past three P.M. on Friday last, the 8th. On the very evening of the mail day on which I sent you so hopeful an opinion on the part of Dr. V., Mr. Lacroix’s mind wandered much, and though, in the course of twenty-four hours, that mental excitement was graciously removed, without a return, yet our dear brother gradually sunk, until he literally slept in Jesus.

“ I never experienced so full an impression of death being a sleep, as by the death-bed of our now sainted brother : so gradual, so gentle, so perfect was his sleep in Jesus. Happily he was conscious to the last, even when vision and speech failed ; and though dozing mostly during his last hours, an inquiry respecting Jesus always brought a smile to his face. While watching over him, and seeing the anxiety marked on your own features, he would shake his head, then look upwards, and, pointing with his fingers upwards, would smile in a way that furnished a meet commentary on the passage, ‘ to die is gain.’ It was a great privilege to attend him ; his gratitude and affection were full, and his attachment to his beloved wife was intense, the remembrance of which has tended to remove ‘ the bitterness of death.’ I do not feel, in my distressed state, capable of calling to mind many of those circumstances which show his full faith and its triumph ; but I trust, in a few days, to collect some of his expressions that will, I am sure, impart to you the joy we feel in his victory through Jesus. Oh ! that his mantle may rest upon the shoulders of those whom he has left to labour on in the vineyard, and his spirit impel others to leave their fatherland to follow in his footsteps !

“ When it became evident that there was no hope of earthly life, our dear brother’s intimate friends were no longer prevented from seeing him. His interviews with brother Missionaries of all denominations were most affecting, and his love for them, and theirs for him, is best illustrated by the interesting narrative of Paul’s farewell at Miletus : ‘ And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul’s neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more.’ Young soldiers and veterans of the cross were bowed with grief and bathed in tears, some exclaiming, ‘ He was our best friend ;’ others, ‘ He was our father.’ But I cannot at present continue a narrative of such events : I must be calmer.

“ The funeral was most numerously attended by all sections of the church of Christ, as well as by men of the world who had often heard him speak, or who were personally acquainted with him. The Bishop of Calcutta and the Archdeacon were present at his burial, and native Christians of the city, and from the village stations, carried the coffin from the hearse to the grave. In making the arrangements for the funeral, my brethren and myself thought that it would be most consonant

with the catholic principles on which our Society is based, to obtain members of different religious bodies of the city to assist at the funeral ceremonies, and we therefore requested the Rev. J. C. Herdman, senior chaplain of the Kirk, to pray at the house; Dr. Duff to conduct the service in English at the grave; and the Rev. J. Wengor, of the Baptist Mission, to pray in Bengalee. I am happy to say they gladly consented. Dr. Duff also has generously consented, if physically capable, to preach the funeral sermon. Dr. Duff was his oldest friend, and, I trust, will derive strength from above to perform the melancholy duty. I tremble, however, lest the exertion should be too much for his enfeebled constitution. 'I am,' was Dr. Duff's remark to me, 'but a broken reed.' May the Lord yet spare to the church so precious a life! I need not add, that not only were the arrangements made for the interment of our dear brother in consonance with the catholicity of our Society, but equally so with our feelings. It was our honour to mourn for him.

"His dear widow and children bear up well under their bitter trial. Such love as he manifested so strongly to the last for them, and his Christian life and happy death, are sweet ingredients in the bitter cup their heavenly Father gave them to drink. Your prayers will be offered up on their behalf, I am sure. We feel deeply for them, and all that we can do you may rest assured will be done in true brotherly affection, and as a privilege.

"At the time of his decease, Mr. Lacroix had just completed his sixtieth year, having been born on the 10th of May 1799. He was a native of Switzerland, and, at an early period of life, proceeded to India, under the auspices of the Netherlands' Missionary Society. After some short time, however, viz. in the year 1827, he joined the London Missionary Society, and the entire term of his Missionary labours in Bengal, and chiefly in Calcutta, extended over the long period of nearly forty years. Our beloved brother brought to the great work, to which he had devoted his life and best energies, a combination of rare endowments, both physical and intellectual. Having obtained a mastery over the Bengalee language, in which, perhaps, he was excelled by no European, he was pre-eminently qualified for the office of a preacher among the Hindus, and the power and success with which he laboured in this vocation, multitudes in India, both amongst Christians and heathen, can testify. Such was the sterling character of his piety, his wisdom in council, his disinterestedness, and the warmth of his attachments, that to know Mr. Lacroix was to love and esteem him; and his removal from the sphere which he had so long and so eminently adorned, has left a void which it would be difficult to supply."—*London Missionary Magazine, September 1859.*

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### COME, LORD.

COME, Lord, and tarry not:  
 Bring the long-looked-for day.  
 Oh why these years of waiting here,  
 These ages of delay?

Come, for Thy saints still wait ;  
 Daily ascends their sigh ;  
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come :  
 Dost Thou not hear the cry ?

Come, for creation groans,  
 Impatient of Thy stay,  
 Worn out with these long years of ill,  
 These ages of delay.

Come, for the grave is full,  
 Earth's tombs no more can hold,  
 The sated sepulchres rebel,  
 And groans the heaving mould.

Come, for the corn is ripe ;  
 Put in Thy sickle now ;  
 Keep the great harvest of the earth ;—  
 Sower and reaper Thou !

Come in Thy glorious might,  
 Come with the iron rod,  
 Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,  
 Most mighty Son of God.

Come, spoil the strong man's house ;  
 Bind him and cast him hence ;  
 Show Thyself stronger than the strong,  
 Thyself Omnipotence.

Come, and make all things new,  
 Build up this ruined earth ;  
 Restore our faded paradise,  
 Creation's second birth.

Come, and begin Thy reign  
 Of everlasting peace ;  
 Come, take the kingdom to Thyself  
 Great King of righteousness.

H. BONAR.

## A CHRISTIAN FAMILY IN CEYLON.

(From the *Publication of the Paris Missions Evangelique.*)

THE Wesleyan Mission of Baticaloa, in the north of Ceylon, numbers among its most pious, devoted, and influential members, a native named Daniel Somanathan, or Somanaden. This man, now about sixty years old, occupies in the government of the country the somewhat elevated post of a Moodeliar, that is, he acts the part of an intermediate agent between the native authorities and the Collector, or representative of government, and, as such, all important matters of buying and selling, nominations to employment, and other transactions of this kind, pass through his hands. It is a place of great trust, which can only be occupied by a man of honour, perfect in integrity, and possessing general

esteem. And such truly was the character of Daniel. The son of a very pious man, who transmitted to him his employment, he became at an early age converted to God.

For nearly forty years he has filled the place of a local preacher, and he has had the joy of seeing his children, four boys and six girls, follow him in the path of devotedness. Once every year he invites all the poor of the province to a fraternal repast, at the termination of which a minister makes an awakening discourse to them. Being one day asked the meaning and end of this feast, the Moodeliar replied, that in ancient times it was a custom with the principal Tamil families to give, once a year, a grand feast to all their friends; that, since his conversion to Christianity, he had wished to preserve this custom, but modifying it in accordance with the command of our Lord (Luke xiv. 12—14), and for thirty years, in fact, he has been giving to his countrymen this proof of Christian hospitality. Besides this, Daniel Somanaden exhibits on all occasions a truly evangelical generosity. He gives largely to the poor, upholds with equal liberality the institutions of his church, and does honour, by his whole conduct, to the profession of the Gospel. But that which is most remarkable, perhaps, in the history of this worthy servant of Christ, is the life and Christian virtue of his pious wife, who was gathered a year ago into the bosom of her Saviour. This is what one of the Missionaries of Batticaloa says of her.

“Angelina, the beloved wife of Daniel Somanaden, was born in 1805. Her parents were Christians by name, but strangers to all godliness. She felt no religious convictions until 1819, some time after her marriage. At this period she was attacked by a serious illness that caused her life to be despaired of. Thereupon some of her relatives, seeing that the efforts of the physicians were in vain, proposed having recourse, for her recovery, to some of the superstitious practices that are in such cases the great resource of heathen natives. But her pious husband appealed to her conscience: he asked her if she would consent that the Gospel should be dishonoured, and whether she would expose herself to the risk of losing her soul by returning to the invocation of demons, instead of resigning herself entirely into the hands of Him who alone is the Prince of life. Touched by these exhortations, she declared that she would have no heathen rite performed around her bed; and immediately afterwards, as if to recompense her fidelity, God permitted that she should recover her health. Since that moment her heart seems to have been changed; and, animated by a sincere gratitude, her whole life became, as it were, a perpetual hymn of thanksgiving, sung to the praises of Him who had delivered her. Up to this time the Tamil females had always kept away from divine service, under pretence that their presence at those assemblies was not proper. She was the first to break through this prejudice; bore, without bitterness, all the mockery to which her courage exposed her, and finished by persuading some of her friends to follow her example. Eager to obtain instruction, she learnt how to read, and, soon placed at the head of the women's class, she there rendered eminent service to the cause of truth. Most admirably she seconded her husband in the education of their children, preaching the truth to them, by her example as much as

by her words ; and one of her children, called Catherine, after a holy life, died in 1854, a death that was truly triumphant in the Lord. All her other daughters have been members of the class that she superintended. At the last of the visits to this class, at which she assisted, six days before her death, Mr. Watson, who was questioning her as to the state of her soul, received from her this response—'The tender mercies of the Lord towards me have been great. I am unworthy of each of them. He has forgiven me my sins, and He ceases not to do good to my soul ; and I ask Him constantly in my prayers to keep me, as, up to this time, He has done, to direct me until death, and then to receive me into heaven, and to grant to many others the grace that He has shown me.' The sickness that carried her off lasted only forty-eight hours, but her sufferings were great. The only cry she uttered during this trial was, 'Jesus, save me, lessen my sufferings, and receive my soul !' She often asked those who surrounded her to pray with her. Once her eldest daughter, named Mary, asked God to cure her mother. The latter, however, said on this occasion that she felt that it was the will of God to withdraw her to Himself, and that she was quite resigned that such should be the case. Until the last, all her family assembled round her bed, responding to her desires by besieging the throne of grace.

The death of this woman has been a painful loss to her husband, whose happiness she had formed for nearly forty years, to her old mother, to her children, who were much attached to her, and to a numerous circle of friends, who knew how to appreciate her numerous eminent qualities. The poor that she fed and clothed, the sick that she visited and helped, mourn a true mother in Israel. But she is gone to a better world, whence suffering and mourning have vanished. May we follow her as she followed Christ, and so enjoy the everlasting blessedness of which she has become a partaker ! I could," says the Missionary who writes this account, "add many things to this short and simple notice. Rarely has piety shown itself in a more amiable form than in this Christian woman. All who knew her were constrained to admire, respect, and love her. Grace shone in her countenance, and gave an expression of holiness to her face, as to all her conduct. Never, perhaps, to any individual of her nation, could the words of the crowned preacher be more applicable than to her, 'Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.' (Prov. xxxi. 28, 29.) In a letter written from Batticaloa, dated the 29th of last April, and addressed to one of the old Missionaries of the place, Daniel Somanaden thus speaks of his loss, and the way in which God has supported him throughout his trial.

"At the close of an illness of two months," says he, "I found myself so much weakened that I had to resign my place of service to Government, who gave me a pension. I, nevertheless, continue to be superintendent of a class, and local preacher. My three sons, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Abraham, are also local preachers. As to Daniel, the fourth, after having studied theology for a year at Jaffna, he has gone to finish his course at Colombo, and has just been nominated a Government catechist in that town. My daughter Mary continues the school of girls,



which increases and prospers. She also conducts two classes, the one that meets at my house, and which her mother formerly superintended, and the one that meets in the chapel. I have to thank the Lord for having preserved me, up to my sixtieth year, although on two several occasions I have been on the borders of death. In both cases the earthly physicians had lost all hope, but the heavenly Physician healed me. And now, although the death of my beloved wife has left me alone, I feel that the Lord, who has taken her to Himself, is still with me, comforting my spirit by the power of the Holy Ghost. This prevents me not from remembering unceasingly that the time of my departure is at hand, but I see it approach without alarm. Oh, on the contrary, how happy I shall be when the Lord shall call me to enter into the possession of these blessings and eternal joys that are at his right hand in the heavens; where we shall enjoy the company of saints and believers, where I shall find again the dear wife and daughters that have gone before me; and where, all together, we shall for ever sing the praises of our adorable Redeemer!"

What further shall we add to this picture of a Singhalese Christian family? Should we find, in the old countries of Europe, many families where the workings of faith manifest themselves by more instructive and touching results?

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BEGGARS IN CHINA.

As to personal appearance, a more loathsome, disgusting set of beings could scarcely be imagined than the Fuh-chau beggars. There are thousands, maimed, or blind, or sick; old helpless men and women; young, tender, friendless children, who are obliged to beg for their bread. There are as many more lazy, degraded wretches, well able to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, who beg from choice, and seem to like their trade. There is no such provision made by the Chinese Government for the support of the poor, as is made at home. No poor-houses are built, no poor-taxes are collected in this "Middle Flowery Kingdom." There is a small sum granted by the emperor to each state or province in the empire, to relieve the aged and distressed who are without family relatives or friends; but this sum is very small, and quite inadequate. As the result of this policy, beggary has become a fixed and acknowledged part of the Chinese social system. Beggars have their rights, their privileges, and, as a class, have considerable power.

The beggars of Fuh-chau have a king, who has great, if not absolute authority over his numerous and truly-formidable subjects. The son of the "beggar king" is heir to his father's throne and sovereignty, unless his majesty should name some other person as his successor.

The method these beggars take to collect money is as novel as it is disagreeable to a stranger. Nearly every one of them carries a gong, or some such appliance for making a noise. With his gong and club, or, in absence of a gong, with his club alone, the beggar enters the store, shop, or bank, and commences his business by beating his gong, or striking the counter, accompanying the clatter with the most unearthly

singing howl imaginable. As soon as he receives what custom considers as his due, he leaves without ceremony, and goes through the same performance at the next door. But so long as the shopman delays to hand over the one cash, so long does Mr. Beggar beat his gong and howl; nor can he be driven away without his money. No Chinaman will, upon any account, strike a beggar: even if he should, the beggar would only stay the longer, and demand more money as the price of being whipped. If the shopman withhold his money, and continue his abuse, the beggar will take signal vengeance upon him by lying down before his door and starving to death, in which case the shopman will be obliged, by the customs of his people, and the demands of the "beggar king," to pay the expenses of the beggar's funeral. Those who wish to be free from the annoyances of the street-beggars, can become so by paying a certain sum of money annually to the "king of beggars." Many of the most respectable merchants and traders avail themselves of this privilege.—*Sunday-School Advocate*.

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EFFECTIVE BIBLES, WELL-BOUND AND WELL-USED.

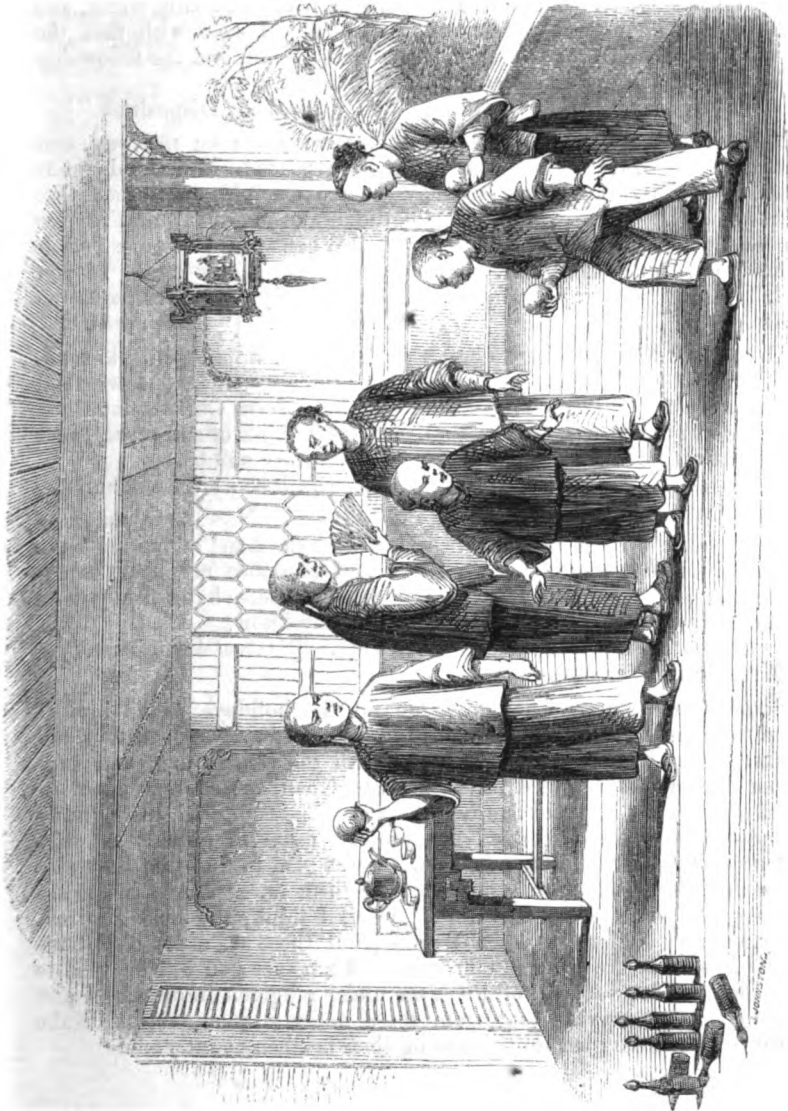
THE Rev. James Scott of Berbice says—

"The friends of the Africans will not have forgotten that at the time of the emancipation of slaves the Bible Society made the resolution of presenting with a copy of the New Testament every one of the negroes that knew how to read. In my district I found 360, to whom they had been given. A certain number of these volumes were in large print for the aged, and, like all the books of the Society, they were bound strongly enough to last for a long time. Even now I sometimes find some, that, though very much read, prove with what respectful care they have been kept. More than one pious pilgrim, after having found in his New Testament a guide for his journey, has left it as a precious legacy to his heirs. Last year I went to see a very aged member of my church, whom a complication of diseases had long kept a prisoner to his couch. I found him on a miserable pallet, at the end of a dark room, where he lived without relatives, and, I believe, also without any neighbours disposed to render him very devoted attention. On his pillow lay his New Testament, given him at the emancipation, in large print, bearing the marks of having been well used, but still in very good condition. When I asked the old man about his health, I questioned him as to his hopes of eternal life. 'My hope,' he said, 'is in Jesus;' then, opening his New Testament, he began to read to me, with a loud voice, the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John, but, after the sixteenth verse, 'God so loved the world,' &c., he stopped, and, shutting the book, he said, 'I have no need to go further. There have I cast my anchor: God is love: Jesus has died for me: this is the foundation of the peace which my soul enjoys. In my solitude I cease not to repeat to myself—I shall soon see Jesus, and that is all that I want.' Three months after this conversation, this pious old man, who had so bravely supported the weight of life, was gathered into the heavenly rest he had so long waited for."

CHINESE SCHOLARS.

THE following letters, and the sketch which accompanies them, have been received from Mrs. W. H. Collins, of Shanghai.

Mr. Collins was just on the point of leaving Shanghai on a preaching tour, and his Chinese scholars addressed to him several letters expressed in the peculiar idiom of their country, which



CHINESE SCHOLARS AT PLAY WITH ENGLISH TOYS.

sounds curiously when rendered into English. The names which are affixed to these letters are as peculiar as the letters themselves. We note the following — “Calm Sea,” “Stedfast Disposition,” “Little Cat.” We give the letters from “Obedient Disposition,” “Prosperous,” “Hope will be a Wise Man,” and “Great Happiness,” as specimens of the style.

I hear that you are going away: may the only one God protect you on the way. I wish you a favourable wind and calm water, and that your body may be preserved in health. I also wish that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, may ever remain with you and us.

(Signed) KYI HYAN. [Trans. “Obedient Disposition.”]

You are going out. I hope you will have peace on the way, and no sickness. May Jesus Christ grant you peace! May God grant his Holy Spirit to us, that we may become disciples of Jesus; that we may be perfect and without fear in the day of judgment, and receive our sentence boldly and free from care. When you are gone I wish sometimes to go and see Mr. Hobson. Will you allow me? If you will, I will thank you very much. I ask this of you, as a son asks his father.

S. AH MEN. [“Prosperous.”]

To-morrow we are going to break up: you and we are going to separate, and go to different places; but after three weeks I hope we shall all meet again. When we are separated I hope Jesus Christ's doctrines will dwell in our hearts, that we shall constantly think of and repeat, and not forget them; but no one knows what the future will be.

MYI YUN. [“Hope (will be a) Wise Man.”]

Mr. Burdon asked me one Sunday if I prayed. Now, as to prayer, I do pray, but the Holy Spirit, which influences the heart of man, I have not received in answer to my prayer, and therefore my heart is unchanged. In my heart I rejoice to believe in Jesus, but a heavy load of sin still remains. This I write that you may know.

FOH-KWE. [“Great Happiness.”]

Mrs. Collins remarks—

Some of the boys did not go home for the holidays, so we invited them to tiffin one day, that they might see some newly-arrived toys and books. They were very much pleased with the Noah's ark, and suggested that the man painted yellow must be Noah, as yellow is a colour worn only by the imperial family in China. They admired the Sunday picture-books too, and guessed the subjects quite as quickly as well-instructed English children would do. I was glad to find that they also knew the lessons which may be learned from them. “Moses lifting up the serpent,” and “Boaz and Ruth,” were, I think, the most admired. They are very anxious to learn English, but there are many objections to it, unless they are decided Christians. I am sure you will be glad to hear that we hope several of them are under religious impressions, and will join us in praying that from these many may be taught of the Spirit to spread the glad tidings among their heathen countrymen.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF ARCHDEACON HUNTER,  
FORT SIMPSON.

ARCHDEACON Hunter, one of the Missionaries located at St. Andrew's, in the Red-River Settlement, has been engaged in a journey to the more northern districts of Mackenzie River, in order to see what opening there might be for the reception of the Gospel among the Indian tribes there. His report is a most satisfactory one, as far as concerns the state of the native mind. "Never," says he, "have I seen Indians so easily brought under Christian influence." But priests of the Church of Rome have already visited these far-off regions; and, aware of the docility of the Indians, are, as Archdeacon Hunter states, "bending all their energies to secure the prize." They endeavour to poison their minds against the Protestant Missionaries, and make them hostile to the reception of the pure truth of the Gospel; but we know, that although their devices may increase the difficulties of the weak, they cannot retard it; and we fully believe, that though our human instrumentality may be only as the five small pebbles chosen out of the brook, it will be more than sufficient to wound the head of this Goliath, the old enemy of God's work at home and abroad. We subjoin parts of Mr. Hunter's journal, as it is extremely interesting and instructive as regards the Indians of Mackenzie River. He writes from Fort Simpson, where he passed the mid-winter—

*Dec. 19: Lord's day* — Performed divine service as usual, and preached from Phil. iv. 5, "The Lord is at hand." A better attendance to-day than usual: spoke with some earnestness on the subject, and trust that the divine blessing will accompany the effort. Thermometer this morning 41° below zero: quicksilver frozen.

Walk almost daily, weather permitting, in the woods at the back of the Fort. I enjoy this quiet walk much, where I can think of my work, and of my dear ones at home.

*Dec. 24*—To-day the return packet arrived here from Big Island (Slave Lake), which brought me letters from Forts Resolution and Rae. From Fort Resolution my information is as follows—"The Indians here appear to think very little of the priests: they cannot get the Indians to work for them about their buildings, because they will not pay them for their work, but only promise to pray for them, and to pardon their sins. The Indians say, that ever since they came here they have been dying fast, and I think would like to see them off." The interpreter, Louison Cadien, also arrived from Fort Rae, whom we expected in the autumn: he speaks the Chipewyan, and will greatly assist me in communicating religious instruction to the Indians. I have made an arrangement with him, and he has promised to render me every assistance. Unfortunately he understands very little English, but speaks both French and Cree.

*Dec. 25: Christmas-day*—Conversed with several Indians to-day:

they all say that the priest told them last autumn not to approach me; that if they did, I should teach them to go into eternal fire, pointing, at the same time, to the fire on the hearth as a symbol; whilst he would teach them the way to heaven. One of the Indians said he thought the minister could not have sprung up out of the ground like a tree; but that God must have made him as well as other men, and he thought that God would never make a minister to teach the people to go to hell. The priest also told them that my baptism was not good; that I only used common water out of the river, which would wipe off from their foreheads, and never be noticed by God; but that the water which he used was direct from God, and would never disappear: that God would see the mark on their foreheads after death, and they would be lifted up into heaven. He said that I was not a priest, because I was married, for a priest ought not to be a married man. He also informed them that all England was joining the church of Rome. He gave them crosses and little books, and others to distribute among their relatives and friends. He said that he had power to forgive them their sins, which I could not do, and that therefore his services would be far more valuable to them than mine. He sent a message to the interpreter, Cadien, not to interpret for me, if I requested him to do so; but this, I am happy to say, Cadien disregards, for he is very zealous in our cause, and is much more of a Protestant than a Roman Catholic. The priest has circulated among the Indians that he will visit Fort Simpson next summer, and that he purposes to build a church there. Before my arrival at Fort Simpson, some of the Indian voyageurs had told the Indians that there were two religious teachers coming in the boats, one dressed like another gentleman, the other with a long black gown, and a large cross in his belt, and urged them to go to the gentleman with the long gown, but not to go to the other, for he was bad, and would do them no good. All this I have no doubt these poor deluded people were incited to by these bigoted and intolerant priests of that corrupt and soul-destroying system, that masterpiece of Satan, called the church of Rome.

*Jan. 8, 1859*—Commenced the evening school again. I am very sorry that I have not a good supply of school-books for my class. The interpreter's son, Henry Cadien, forms an addition to the class. Wrote out an alphabet card for him, and commenced teaching him his letters. Murdoch is in attendance, learning to read and write. During the week I spoke to several Indians, and hope gradually to remove the false impressions made by the priest. They are much more friendly, and seldom refuse to shake hands.

*Jan. 9: Lord's-day*—Divine service as usual, and prayers in the evening. Instructed two Indians, Du Nord and Misère, who are willing to be baptized.

*Jan. 10*—Visited Du Nord's wife, who has been lately confined: found her sitting up in a wretched shelter composed of pine branches, but open on all sides, with a small fire in the centre. She was principally clothed in rabbit-skins and a leather dress: her infant was enveloped in a rabbit-skin bag. I opened the bag to peep in, and the poor little thing stretched out its tiny hand, and then nestled itself again

in its furry bed. Gave her a little tea, soap, &c., and a few things for her baby, for which she appeared very thankful.

The Indians here are principally clothed in rabbit-skins and leather, and when the rabbits fail, they must suffer fearfully, both for want of food and clothing. I am truly thankful that both rabbits and moose are numerous this year, so that the Indians are living in comparative comfort and abundance.

*Jan. 12*—To-day I baptized Du Nord and his family, consisting of himself, his wife, and five children, in all, seven persons, and also an aged Indian called Misère. Du Nord's wife was unable to be present; but I went to her tent and baptized her there, and her infant son, in his rabbit-skin bag for his baptismal robes. The water was nearly freezing on my fingers when baptizing them. The mother was called Mary, and the infant, James. This is the first party of Slave Indians whom I have baptized, the first-fruits, I trust, of an abundant harvest of souls.

*Jan. 16: Lord's-day*—Performed Divine service in the morning, and preached from Acts ix. 15, "He is a chosen vessel unto me," &c.; the attendance as usual. In the afternoon instructed an Indian, called Paulet, whose son Murdoch I baptized last autumn, and, as he expressed a wish to be baptized, I performed that ceremony. Thus the little flock here is gradually increasing, and may many more souls be added to the church of such as shall be everlastingly saved. Family prayers as usual in the evening.

*Jan 18*—Instructed two Indians lately baptized, Paulet and Du Nord: they were very attentive, especially the latter. In the evening spent several hours instructing Petit Jean, who, I hope, with his mother, will present themselves for baptism. My evening class is still making progress: several who began to write last autumn, are now writing a good, bold hand, and are able to add up simple sums. We always close the school with reading the Scriptures and prayer. The days in this and the last month were very short. The sun scarcely makes its appearance above a hill near the Fort before it descends again, and we are left to night, its studies, and its duties. Studying the Chipewyan language, and writing down words, &c., with Louison Cadien.

*Feb. 9*—Baptized to-day four Nahannee Indians, who lately arrived from their hunting-grounds. One was named after Earl Chichester, and another after the excellent Secretary of our Society, the Rev. H. Venn. If papistical notions had not been circulated among the Indians, we should experience little difficulty in the prosecution of our labours. These Indians have not seen a priest, and therefore receive with all readiness the Gospel message of salvation, and enrol themselves under its banner.

*March 7*—Baptized two Nahannee Indians, giving them the names of Archdeacon Cockran and myself. It is quite pleasing to see the simple and childlike faith manifested by these Indians: they have few, or perhaps not any religious ideas of their own, and embrace the blessed doctrines of the Gospel—salvation through a crucified Redeemer—without any scruple or hesitation. They asked the interpreter to relate to them again and again the story of redeeming love, and kept him up

the greater part of the night, hearing him and asking him questions. They were anxious to impress these glad tidings upon their memories, that, returning to their camp, among the Nabannee mountains, they might relate to their friends the wonderful things they had heard. Thus the blessed seed of the Gospel will be sown far and wide, and awaken a spirit of inquiry among these widely-scattered tribes, leading them to flock to the Missionaries for further information and instruction. I do indeed rejoice in spirit, notwithstanding the pain of being separated so long from my family, that I have been privileged to spend a winter among them, and open up, in some measure, a new and vast region for the entrance of the blessed Gospel of Christ.

*March 25*—For the last few days I have felt very anxious, daily expecting the arrival of the usual winter packet, which will bring me intelligence from my dear wife and family, not having heard from them since June last, an interval of nearly ten months. Early this morning the long wished for packet-box arrived. Anxiously did I notice the seals of the letters as they were handed to me, and I cannot describe the agitation and painful emotions which I endured when the fatal black seals revealed to me that death had entered our circle. Eagerly did I glance at the writing, and thanked God from my heart that my beloved wife was spared to me. My only daughter, who was very delicate, and my sister-in-law who was ill when I left, were the only two for whom I had felt anxious. The former has been taken, and the latter spared to us. During my absence from home some years ago, God gave her to us; and now, when I am again far removed, He has been graciously pleased to take her again to Himself. My only regret is, that I was not present to mingle my prayers and tears with those of my dear wife; but He to whom I have daily and hourly commended them, mercifully supported her during the trial, and enabled her to commend the spirit of our only and beloved daughter into her Saviour's keeping, with a feeling of humble resignation to the Divine will, knowing that He doeth all things well. Much as my dear wife felt my absence on this trying occasion, yet this thought gave her much comfort, that it was my heavenly Master who called her away for a season from her side, and that I was engaged in his blessed service. Our dear child died on the 5th August last, the day I was descending the Athabasca, or Elk River, where I visited the tar springs. Little did I think that the spirit of my darling child was soaring away to realms of bliss, to be among that happy number who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. She has now joined our family of little ones above, for we have five before the throne, where we shall again meet them, where partings will cease, and we shall be for ever with the Lord. The intelligence which I have received is otherwise cheering: the crops have been good, God having graciously interposed, and restrained the devouring locusts; and the work in my large district was going on satisfactorily. I hope Mr. and Mrs. Kirkby will come next summer to carry on the work here, and that I shall have the pleasure of meeting our kind bishop at Mr. Hunt's station, or perhaps at Portage la Loche, should he come so far.



## THE CORAL FUND.

OUR readers, perhaps, may be interested in hearing of a valuable auxiliary to the Church Missionary Society, established through the instrumentality of a lady in Brighton, called "The Coral Fund." It is formed by the accumulation of a number of very small sums, insignificant, we might think, taken separately, but, when combined, capable of doing a great work and rendering valuable assistance to our Missions in India and elsewhere. We need scarcely inform our readers that the name, as well as the mode of working of this Society, is derived from that minute but wonderful labourer, the coral insect, which contrives, by unceasing toil and a constant relay of workers, to raise up, from the unfathomable depths of the ocean, a structure, beautiful, strong, and lasting—one which continues to endure when its tiny architects have perished at their post. While learning a valuable lesson from these lower creatures of God's hand, we are obeying his command; for does He not, in speaking of an insect as small and apparently as contemptible, tell us to "consider her ways and be wise?"

The two following letters are from Henry Fox, first a scholar, and then a teacher, in the Rev. J. E. Sharkey's school at Masulipatam. This school may be considered as one of the islands built by the coral insect, being supported by this admirable fund. Mr. Sharkey himself, speaking of it, says—"To the Coral Fund I am deeply indebted, under God, for the present progressive state of my boys' school; and had it not been for the repeated encouragement and timely aid thus received, I am ready to confess I should have closed the school long ago."

The first letter runs as follows—

"To Miss Barber, your humble servant, Henry Fox, writes thus:—By God's blessing, and through your prayers of faith, we are quite well, and our earnest desire and prayer is, that you may long be preserved in health and usefulness, for you are labouring for our good, who are strangers to you. Our grateful thanks are due to you. My father and mother are still in heathenism, but they listen now and then to the sacred Scriptures. I have lately been speaking to them, and to my heathen friends, about the judgment day, that God will render to every man according to his actions in this life, and, for this purpose, He has set apart a certain day, a day full of terrors. On that day Jesus Christ will come again with indescribable glory and innumerable angels, and, seated on his throne of judgment with great majesty, as the Judge of all, He will proceed to judge the quick and dead. All will then rise again; all from the creation of the world will stand before Him; He will divide them into two groups: all that had served Him in this world He will place at his right hand; and all idolaters, and all unbelievers, He will place at his left hand. The one class He will introduce into eternal life and joy, and the other He will devote to everlasting misery and pain. When my friends heard this they said, "Do not our bodies, after they return to the dust, re-appear in the form of a four-footed beast or bird?" Some said, "Only a few good men go to hea-

ven, but as for the wicked, they doubtless will go to Yarnu's regions, where, after enduring the penalty due to their particular sins, they will return to this earth in different forms." I then told them that they were wrong, and that God, who is just, cannot do any thing contrary to his nature, and that it is impossible for any righteous man to spring from the human race, which is guilty throughout. But Jesus Christ came into the world, and He it is that justifies the believing sinner, by imputing to him his righteousness, and He it is that purifies our hearts; and unless our hearts are so purified, He will not, and cannot, receive us into heaven. There is none other way to heaven; and if we go to hell, we cannot expect to obtain deliverance from it, for our punishment must be commensurate with our sins; and as the latter cannot be numbered, the former must not be limited. On hearing all this, my friends paid no attention to me, but my prayer is that they may be delivered from the snare of the devil.

"You will have heard from Mr. Sharkey as to how I employ my time. I attend his school and teach in it. Pray for me, I beseech you,"

The second letter is as follows—

"I, Henry Fox, your humble servant, and the greatest of sinners, beg to offer you my most grateful salaams. My parents, friends, and I, are well, by the infinite mercy of God.

"God our Father is gracious, longsuffering, and of great goodness to his people, wheresoever they may be, and takes care of them, and gives them what they want.

"My parents and friends worship idols of the name of Krisimham, Venkatesvara, Chakoodavoodoo, &c., and the reason they worship these, and many such idols, is this: when some calamity befalls them, they first of all vow to Venkatesvara, and the way they do it is this: the master of the house where the calamity has happened washes his hands and feet, puts some incense into a little fire, and then, tying a small copper coin in a bag, says, 'If God will remove this calamity, I promise to make a great feast in his name.' He then falls down and worships the idol. If it so happens that, by the mercy of the true God, the calamity be removed, they suppose that this idol has done it for them, and make a great feast in honour of the idol; but if the calamity be not removed, they suppose that this idol is powerless, and betake themselves to another idol, supposed to be more potent than the other, and then they go from idol to idol. No wonder, then, that the number of Hindu gods is three hundred and thirty millions.

"Before I knew the true God—the God of the Bible—I believed that my idols were gods, and worshipped them in common with my friends. I was then worthy of God's anger and curse. While we were at the very doors of hell, it has pleased God to choose me only out of my family. I bless God from my inmost heart for his goodness. Now that God has delivered me from hell I have no reason to be afraid; but that strong enemy, that goes about as a strong lion for its prey, that was once ruling in my heart, and is now turned out of it, is not quiet. He is trying to draw me again into his service. I have no strength to overcome this strong enemy, but, by the sword of God's word, and the victory of prayer, I can overcome him. My own strength is nothing: my

sinful body and my deceitful heart are in league with Satan. I have also many infirmities which distress me, but my belief is, that, by God's Spirit, I shall overcome all. According to Micah vii. 6, 7, I am fully confident of victory.

"I always remember your kindness before God with gratitude. I am still with Mr. Sharkey, and endeavour to do as he bids me. I beg you will be so good as to pray that I may not be lost.

"In January, this year, I went with Mr. Sharkey to the villages near Masulipatam, to tell all the poor people that worship idols in them of Jesus Christ. These villages were surrounded with corn-fields. The day after we reached the first village I visited a neighbouring hamlet, and saw a temple, and some grown-up people sitting near it. I went to them and said, 'Sirs, what is the name of the idol which is in this temple?' They replied, 'Siva.' I then asked, 'Do you make any feasts in honour of this idol?' They said, 'We make feasts only when our fields are productive; otherwise we only keep a light burning before our god.' I then said, 'Will not God be angry with us if we serve Him only when He does us good?' They said, 'We are determined that God shall receive nothing from us if our crops fail.' They would not listen to the message of salvation; but though those men would not, there were many others willing to do so.

"In this way we visited many villages: some were attentive, others not so. All these villages are filled with idolaters, and God must be angry with them. It is owing to this that so many die of that disease, cholera. The people do not consider why this disease so prevails among them. They fancy the author of it to be a female divinity called Mahluksh-mammah."

This promising young man has been removed by death from the scene of his earthly labours. Already, at this early stage of his Christian life, he showed, as we may see from his letters, one important feature of likeness to Christ—an active desire to win souls to Him. He would, no doubt, if he had been spared, have become a useful and efficient agent of Missionary work at Masulipatam; but He who deigns to employ human instrumentality, sees fit often to break the earthen vessel, that the redeemed spirit may be with Himself. Mr. Sharkey thus communicates the sad tidings to the friends of the school in England—

I have sad tidings to communicate to you. Our much valued Henry Fox is no more. Shortly before his death he had himself carried to our schoolroom, and, for nearly an hour, sat conversing with me on various subjects. He seemed deeply grateful for all the mercies vouchsafed him during his trying sickness, and was most desirous of recommencing his school duties. We agreed that he should come and stay with us, and we promised to have a room ready for him and his wife and infant by the end of the month. That he rested entirely on Jesus for salvation I have no doubt, and that he was even a rejoicing believer I think I might safely say. All through his illness he was looked after by his aunt, his father being blind, and his stepmother rather indifferent. He was constantly visited by our Christian people, and I had many a pleasing conversation with him as he lay on his bed,

scarcely able to move. At first I thought he was sorely tried by Satan. He began to entertain serious doubts about the truth of Christianity, and seemed to have no peace or joy. But, all this soon passed off, and his mind never again betrayed the slightest hesitation to receive and appropriate the blessed truths of the Gospel. And, as I said before, at the time he called on me I found him rooted and grounded on the only true foundation, Jesus Christ. We had scarcely prepared for him his room, when intelligence arrived that he was no more. He died suddenly; but a little before his death he called his blind father to his side, and besought him to inquire into the claims of Christianity, to seek to become a Christian, and to join him in heaven. Then, calling on the name of Jesus, he quietly expired. We had a coffin made for him, and his was the first body we conveyed through a portion of the native town. It is our practice, before the coffin is removed, to have a prayer. There was poor Henry's coffin surrounded by nearly the whole village. Some of our native Christians being present, we knelt down, and I offered up a Telugu prayer. Not a whisper was heard. Many began to weep after the prayer was over, and all looked on with interest as the coffin was put into a palankeen, and quietly taken to its last resting-place. How different all this striking solemnity is from the indecent haste and noise attending a heathen funeral! Poor Henry Fox has left his wife a young widow. She has since returned to her duty in our female school. She was once our writing mistress, but the care of her sick husband and new-born babe obliged her to leave us. I trust that her great affliction is being sanctified to her.

I have also to inform you that it has pleased God to remove from us dear Mary Heath. She fell a victim to that terrible disease, consumption. After many months of pain she was called to her final rest. As long as she was able to do so she attended school, always prepared her lessons, and never slackened in the performance of her duties. A more diligent, truthful child we never had. Her knowledge of Scripture was very pleasing, and, what was still more gratifying, is, that she made the righteousness of Christ the only ground of her acceptance with God. About a month before she died we were asked by her medical attendant to allow her to go home by way of change. We did so. On one occasion I sat by her side in her low cottage, and listened with grateful pleasure to her declaration of her hope in Christ. She seemed to dwell much upon the precious promises of Jesus. She said she did not think she was going to die just then, but that she was prepared to depart and be with Jesus. On another occasion she said that she was in great distress, but that her faith did not fail her. Her little brother called to see her. She was very earnest with him. Her grandmother and some of her relatives listened to her dying exhortation, and she was full of hope to the last.

This is indeed a solemn time with us. The cholera is raging in our town to an extent that it never did before. All around us are dying: some of our servants have been carried off; and here we are in the Lord's hands: let Him dispose of us as seems good to Him. We desire to feel our unprofitableness more and more, and we feel sure, that though we die, the work of the Lord cannot and will not die.

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## VEGETATION AND ZOOLOGY OF CEYLON.

SIR EMERSON TENNENT, in his lately-published work, on Ceylon, states some curious and interesting facts regarding the luxuriance both of its vegetable and animal life. We subjoin the following sketch of a tropical morning, and its effects on the various tribes of birds and beasts who inhabit the dense forests of this island. "With the first glimmering of dawn the bats and nocturnal birds retire to their accustomed haunts, in which to hide them from "day's garish eye;" the jackal and the leopard return from their nightly chase; the elephants steal back timidly into the shade of the forest, from the water pools in which they had been luxuriating during the darkness; and the deep-toned bark of the elk resounds through the glens as he retires into the security of the forest."

After describing the appearance of the butterflies, which, as day advances, cover the plants and flowering shrubs, he proceeds to enumerate the birds. "The earliest upon the wing is the crow, which leaves his perch almost with the first peep of dawn, cawing and flapping his wings in the sky. The parroquets follow in vast companies, chattering and screaming in exuberant excitement. Next the cranes and waders, which had flown inland to their breeding-places at sunset, rise from the branches on which they had passed the night, waving their wings to disencumber them of the dew, and, stretching their awkward wings behind, they soar away in the direction of the rivers and the far sea-shore. The songsters that pour forth their first salutations to the morning are the dial-bird and the yellow oriole, whose mellow flute-like voice is heard far through the stillness of the dawn. The jungle cock, unseen in his dense cover, shouts his *réveille*, not with the shrill clarion of his European type, but in rich melodious call, that ascends from the depths of the valley. As light increases, the grass warbler and the maynot add their notes, and the bronze-winged pigeons make the woods murmur with their plaintive cry, which resembles the lowing of cattle. The bees hurry abroad in all directions, and the golden beetles clump lazily over the still damp leaves. The swifts and swallows sally forth as soon as there is sufficient warmth to tempt the minor insects abroad. The bulbul lights on the forest trees, and the little gem-like sun-birds, the humming-birds of the East, quiver on their fulgent wings above the opening flowers."

The following anecdote illustrates the sagacity of the small glossy crow of Ceylon. "One of these ingenious marauders, after vainly attitudinizing in front of a chained watchdog, which was lazily gnawing a bone, and, after fruitlessly endeavouring to attract his attention by dancing before him with head awry and eye askance, at length flew away for a moment, and returned, bringing with it a companion, who perched itself on a branch a few yards in the rear. The crow's grimaces were now actively renewed, but with no better result, till its confederate, poising himself on his wings, descended with the utmost activity, striking the dog upon the spine with all the force of his beak. The ruse was successful: the dog started with surprise and pain, but not quickly enough to seize his assailant, while the bone he had been

gnawing disappeared the instant his head was turned. Two well-authenticated instances of the recurrence of this device came within my knowledge at Colombo, and attest the sagacity and powers of communicating and combining possessed by these astute and courageous birds."

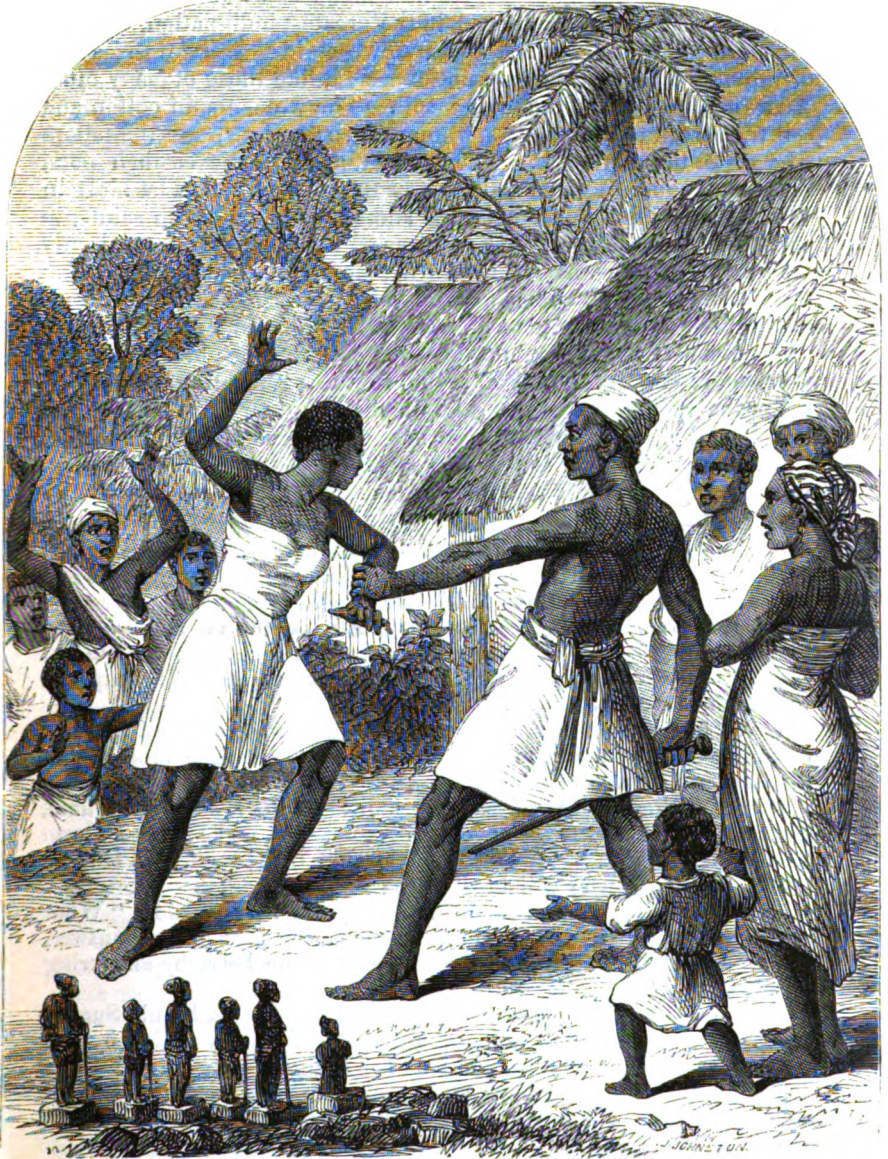
He describes, in graphic language, the bucaros pica, with its monstrous double casque, sometimes mistaken by travellers for a second head, perched on the lofty branches of the higher trees, watching the motions of the small reptiles and birds on which it preys, tossing them in the air when seized, and catching them in its gigantic mandible as they fall; and the omnivorous glutton grasping a large fruit, to which the huge beak is adapted, and if the stem be too tough to be severed by the strength of the beak and neck, flinging himself off the branch so as to add the weight of his body to their pressure and force.

There are also some curious facts narrated by this traveller as to the vegetation of Ceylon, beautiful not only to the eye, from the endless variety of its flowers, and the varied hues of its foliage, but harmonious also to the ear from the sweet sounds that proceed from it; "some soft and liquid, like the notes of a flute, others deep and full, like the tones of an organ: sometimes low, interrupted, and even single, and presently swelling into a grand burst of melody;" and these coming, we are informed, from the stems of the bamboos, which are perforated with holes, through which the breeze passing causes them to emit these Eolian-like melodies. Sir E. Tennent remarks of the beautiful palmyra, which grows in profusion in the peninsula of Jaffna, that a native of that peninsula, if he be content with ordinary doors and mud-walls, may build an entire house (as he wants neither nails nor ironwork) with walls, roof, and covering, from this palm. "From the same tree he may draw his wine, make his oil, kindle his fire, carry his water store his food, cook his repast, and sweeten it, if he pleases; in fact, live from day to day, dependent on the palmyra alone. Multitudes do so live, and it may be safely asserted that this tree alone furnishes one-fourth of the means of subsistence for the population of the Northern Provinces."

These few extracts from this interesting work will suffice to give our readers some idea of the peculiar way in which Ceylon has been favoured as to natural blessings; but these, in themselves, how completely powerless to touch the hard heart of man with gratitude to the Giver of such good things! All God's works in nature praise Him; but it is only when we become conscious of his love to us in Christ that we can offer the sacrifices of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to his name.

**SUFFERINGS FOR THE TRUTH'S SAKE IN YORUBA.**

THE most civilized and industrious of all the African tribes with whom our Missionaries have laboured are, without doubt, the Yorubas. Their towns are large and populous, clean and thriving.



**PERSECUTION OF A CHRISTIAN DAUGHTER AT IBADAN.**

The inhabitants are eminently social and kindly in their feelings towards each other, fond of visiting each other, and of sitting together under the trees engaged in conversation, or playing little games for amusement. Both parents are very fond of their children. A Yoruba woman was once asked how much she would take for her child. "What!" she exclaimed, in the greatest indignation, drawing the child towards her, "sell you my own child!" The wives and daughters of the Yorubas are not expected, like those of many other African tribes, to cultivate the soil. The women spin cotton and sell the thread to the weavers, who are men; and men are the tailors who make the garments. The women, again, make earthen pots, cook, wash, and buy and sell most of the provisions. The idols in Yoruba are called "intercessors," and seem, like Romish saints, to occupy a place between God and man. They are worshipped only for benefits to be conferred in this life, the Yorubas caring little, if at all, for a future state. They amount to between 300 and 400. Satan is also adored under the name of *Eshu*, "the ejected one," and their adoration is simply a means of conciliating his malignity. Our engraving represents a scene in the persecution of 1855—a Yoruba father threatening to kill his daughter if she will not worship the idols which she has renounced for the sake of Christianity. Mr. Hinderer thus speaks of some of these persecutions for righteousness sake, at Ibadan, in Oct. 1855—

*Oct. 15*—A young woman (a bride) is afresh flogged and dragged about by a rope, and is tied up so that she cannot eat. Another was cast out last night by her parents, in a fearful tornado, that Shango, the god of thunder and lightning, might kill her outside the house.

Another young woman, a priest's daughter, is flogged and lacerated by her father because she went to salute the imprisoned bride. The girl suffered fearfully; but says, now she has begun to taste the whip, she will continue stedfast to God.

*Oct. 24*—Another persecuted young woman was, after all her bad treatment by her parents, to be carried to Ofa, to a savage brother, but she escaped yesterday to Abbeokuta.

*Oct. 26*—Fresh troubles from persecutors. It has been a heavy time, and one feels inclined to cry, "Why does not God make bare his arm among the heathen?" But we are silenced by the thought that He that sitteth in the sanctuary will do all things well.

*Oct. 27*—In my class of candidates to-day, on the question, "What is the greatest evil in the world?" expecting to hear for an answer, "Sin," one of them betrayed the thoughts of the heart by answering "Persecution."

*Nov. 4*—One of the persecuted girls is held in the stocks till Sunday is over. Another, about eighteen years old, is nearly killed by her father. Our people feed her and tend her in the night.

Two of the persecuted have made their way to Abbeokuta, and are safely hid there. The escape of one of them is nothing short of a miracle.

Mrs. Hinderer wrote—

Poor wicked Ibadan is in a dreadful state, one very trying to a Mis-



sonary, but one in which he may by no means be discouraged from the words of holy writ, "Cast thy bread upon the waters."

The warriors came home proud and rich, and little inclined for peace or peaceful doings and words. Satan also was alarmed, for there were a few real converts here, who are changed from bowing down to idols to bowing down in the house of God; so a persecution was raised, and a long and trying one it has been. Some ran away when they felt they could hold out no longer, and are still away, and we are charged with having stolen and sold them. The others, all except one, are still going on, and, through much opposition, continue stedfast, and come to church when not chained.

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#### ORDINATIONS IN TINNEVELLY.

THE work of the Church Missionary Society has been no failure. How indeed could it be? The truth of God has been preached. We have not depended upon organization, but upon the faithful communication of the message entrusted to our care; and we have looked for the blessing which the Lord has promised should accompany his word. Have we looked in vain? Has Missionary work, conducted upon the principles of our Society, yielded no fruits? It is in no spirit of vain glorying that we ask the question. But there are some who find it convenient to take it for granted that nothing has been realized; that much seed has been sown, much labour expended, and of the harvest, there has been none.

May we ask our readers to look in one particular direction while we point out some fruits? We shall take them for a little moment to Tinnevelly, the most southern province of India, with its sandy plains and palmyra trees: there we have native Christians, under the care of our Missionaries, to the number of 28,000. We do not mean to say that they are all spiritually-minded Christians; we cannot expect them to rise above the level of the mother church at home; and there, as here, there is a mixture. There is the substance and its shadow, the reality and its name.

Sometimes, in the midst of the rice fields of Tinnevelly, there is found a plantation called a betel tope. "This tope is a spot enclosed by a slight hedge, and filled apparently with nothing but agatti plants, a slender kind of trees, something like young poplars, growing near enough to each other to form, by their intermingled branches, a continuous and pleasant shade; but on closer inspection you will find everywhere interspersed among them, planted in the same soil, and fed by the same water, another plant, too delicate and tender to bear by itself the scorching rays of the sun, and which, screened by the shade of its robust neighbour, thrives and furnishes the betel-leaf, so universally used by the natives of India as an agreeable stimulant to the mouth. So much more valuable is this tender plant, that when it is gathered in, the agatti which defended it, is sold for a trifling price, and eventually used as fire-wood." So real and nominal Christians grow together. Nor are the former without their use, even although, unhappily for themselves, they continue to be only nominal Christians. Were the real

Christians to stand out alone, especially in heathen lands, they would be directly exposed to the bitter hatred and persecution of the world. Amidst the number, they are comparatively hidden, and grow up, unmolested, to the harvest.

It is our anxiety that these Christian churches should become, by God's blessing, as effective as possible, and, as one means of forwarding this, we are providing them, after the example of St. Paul, with pastors from amongst themselves; men of God, who, being Tamils themselves, know thoroughly the character and language of the people, their habits, weaknesses, and dangers, and who are thus peculiarly fitted to help them on in the Lord's way and service. In the beginning of the last year we had in the Tamil church nine of these ordained natives.

In December last, on the 24th day of the month, there was, at Paneivilei, one of our Tinnevelly Mission stations, a gathering of a most interesting character. It was on the occasion of an ordination, and the Bishop of Madras had arrived for that purpose.

The Paneivilei church is the second largest church in the Tinnevelly districts, being inferior only to that at Mengnápapuram. It is provided with a lofty tower, and is capable of containing 1200 people.

Hither, to be in time for the appointed service, flocked the native Christians from the surrounding villages, native catechists and schoolmasters from a still wider circle, and the Missionaries from their several stations. The heathen appeared to be quite alive to the fact that there was something important going forward. The elephants and camels used for the conveyance of various individuals of the party, the padres assembling from so many points, the stir amongst the Kelu villages, caused quite a sensation; and many questions were put by them to the passers by, which showed them to be by no means unobservant spectators.

But we must haste to the church. The Bishop, on reaching the porch, was received by the clergy, and conducted to his seat, all the European clergy, with one venerable native brother, the Rev. John Devasagáyam, taking their seats within the communion rails. Immediately in front stood the candidates for orders—three Europeans and five natives for priest's orders, and eight natives for deacon's orders: of these all but one belonged to the Church Missionary Society. We shall give the native names if our readers can pronounce them,—Priests—the Rev. Messrs. Sinivásagam, Maduranayagam, Mudhusámi Devaprasádhram, Madhurendhiram Savariráyan, and Paul Daniel. Deacons—Messrs. Joseph Cornelius, Vedhanáyagam Devanáyagam, William Sathianádan, Perianáyagam Madhuranáyagam, Abraham Isaac, John Nallathambi, Arumanáyagam Perianáyagam, and Devanáyagam Virarágu of Mengnápapuram.

Immediately behind the candidates stood four other native ministers of the Church Missionary Society, together with catechists, Mission agents, and students; and beyond these, the crowded congregation of native Christians, many of whom were obliged to stand without for want of room within.

The Litany was read by the Rev. J. T. Tucker, the resident Missionary of Paneivilei; after which the senior Missionary, the Rev. J. Thomas, delivered an impressive sermon of an hour's length, from the very appro-

priate text, "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." (1 Cor. iv. 2.) The order and attentive earnestness of the white-robed congregation of 1100 souls were very marked. Many a fervent prayer went up on behalf of those who were being set apart from amongst them for the sacred ministry. The ordination service was read in Tamil, the Bishop first repeating his own part in English. On its conclusion, the Lord's supper was administered, about 200 persons, chiefly Mission readers and schoolmasters, remaining to communicate with the newly-ordained ministers.

All this has sprung up within the memory of every man. While waiting the Bishop's arrival, some of the Missionaries were conversing together. An aged headman of one of the villages approached them, and, after making a salaam, said, "Ayyer, do you remember what occurred here just thirty years ago? The Missionary built us a small prayer-house, which was destroyed in the night, and now look at this great church, and think of the service about to be held in it."

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FAREWELL TO THEE, BROTHER.

THE following lines were sent for an American Journal from Fuh-chau, with a note stating that they are "by an unknown author, but were handed, several years ago, to a young man under appointment as a Missionary to China, by his only sister, residing in one of the Western States, at their last meeting previous to his sailing. She had found them in some newspaper a short time before, and had kept them in anticipation of the approaching interview. She gave them to him as vividly expressing her feelings on bidding him farewell, and it is believed that few who are personally employed, or who have friends engaged in the work of Missions among the heathen, can read them without emotion."

Farewell to thee, brother! We have met but to part,
And sorrow is struggling with joy in each heart;
There is grief, but there's hope, all its anguish to quell;
The Master goes with thee,—Farewell! oh farewell!

Farewell! Thou art leaving the home of thy youth,
The friends of thy God, and the temples of truth,
For the land where is heard no sweet Sabbath bell;
Yet the Master goes with thee,—Farewell! oh farewell!

Farewell! For thou treadest the path that He trod;
His God is thy Father; his Father thy God:
And if ever with doubtings thy bosom shall swell,
Remember, He's with thee,—Farewell! oh farewell!

Farewell! And God speed thee glad tidings to bear,
To the desolate isles in their night of despair:
On the sea, on the shore, the promises tell;
His wings shall enfold thee,—Farewell! oh farewell!

Farewell! But in spirit we often shall meet
(Though the ocean divide us) at one mercy seat;
And above, ne'er to part, but for ever to dwell
With the Master in glory,—Farewell! oh farewell!

THE ENGLISH AT YEDDO, JAPAN.

LORD ELGIN being anxious to conclude with the Japanese a treaty which might open a breach through the wall of exclusiveness within which that singular people had so long withdrawn themselves from communication with the rest of the world, visited the shores of that island empire in 1858, and feeling convinced that the only hope of accomplishing his object, consisted in obtaining access to the highest functionaries, resolved in breaking through official routine, and, instead of stopping at Kanagawa, some eighteen miles from Yeddo, the anchorage assigned to the vessels of European and American embassies, to steam directly on to the capital itself. No European vessel had previously attempted so to do. The bold enterprise was successfully accomplished, notwithstanding that the water became shallow and the channel intricate, and the steam ship "Retribution" and the Ambassador's yacht were brought to anchor in the midst of the Japanese fleet, at a distance of about a mile and a half from the shore, and three and a half miles from the capital.

After sundry vain attempts to induce Lord Elgin to return to Kanagawa, the Japanese made a virtue of necessity, and prepared to receive their uninvited guests. Pleasure-parties from the shore began to visit the ships; boat loads of ladies, with a great deal of white powder on their cheeks, and lips painted a bright vermilion, gazed on the unwonted spectacle with the utmost interest and delight. Some of the gentlemen ventured on board, and one of them, mistaking Lord Elgin's chair for a shrine, prostrated himself before it.

On the day appointed for the landing, thirteen ship's-boats having been towed on by the steamer "Lee" as far as soundings permitted, advanced in procession towards the shore, under a salute from the ships, the band of the "Retribution" striking up "Rule Britannia." The landing-place was about the centre of the city. Green batteries along the sea-face protected the approach. Within these batteries the visitors landed, and were provided with norimons and horses. The norimons are the palanquins of Japan. They are square instead of oblong, so that the occupant cannot lie down, but sits cross-legged and very near the ground, the pole which supports the sedan, as it might be more properly called, passing over the roof. The horses were provided with saddles full of knobs, with stirrup-leathers full of knots, and huge stirrups, something in the shape of a Turkish slipper, pointed at one end, so as to serve also the purpose of a spur. Each horse's tail was carefully tied up in a long bag, which almost reached the ground, and his feet were swaddled in straw shoes, carefully fastened on with lashings of twisted straw. The procession was then formed, which was by no means unpicturesque.

“ In front marched a pompous official, accompanied by a man carrying a spear, the badge of authority : he was followed by a host of officials in a neat costume of a coarse-looking black gauze, like thick mosquito curtains. On their backs or shoulders was stamped the imperial trefoil, or the private arms of the owner. Some were dressed exactly alike, others wore blue and white dresses ; but every individual was evidently in a uniform befitting his rank and position. All these men, however, were probably servants, or quite subordinate officials : some carried aloft umbrellas, covered with large waterproof bags, and others lacquered portmanteaux on poles over their shoulders. This was supposed to be baggage. On each side of the procession walked policemen, in a sort of harlequin costume, composed of as many colours as if their dress was made from a patch-work counterpane : each of these men carried iron rods six or seven feet long, from the top of which depended a quantity of iron rings. Every time that this rod was brought to the ground with the jerk of authority, it emitted a loud jingle, which was heard far and wide through the crowd, and was respected by them accordingly. Behind this vanguard the English came, some on horseback and some in norimons ; and more men in black gauze, and umbrella carriers, and variegated policemen, brought up the rear. As for the crowd, it was wild with excitement : the inhabitants of every cross street and lane poured out to see the strangers pass. There were mothers, with small babies hanging over their shoulders, reckless of their progeny, hastening to swell the crowd ; children dodging under old people's legs ; and old people tottering after children ; and bathers of both sexes, regardless of the fact that they had nothing on but soap, or the Japanese substitute for it, crowding the doorways. The clatter of pattens was quite remarkable, as all the women wear high wooden pattens, which are very inconvenient to run in ; and as women in Japan, as in England, formed the largest proportion of the mob, the scuffling they made added to the tumult. Not that the people were in the least disorderly : they laughed, and stared, and ran till stopped by a barrier, for the Japanese are perfect in the management of crowds. In the principal street there are wooden gates about every 200 yards, with a gatekeeper seated in a little house like a turnpike. The moment the procession passed this, the gate was shut, and the old crowd was left behind to gaze through the bars, and watch with envious eyes the new crowd forming. All the cross streets entering the main street were shut off from it by ropes stretched across them, under or over which the people never attempted to pass. The crowd was, to all appearance, entirely composed of the shopkeepers and lower classes. The men were decently clothed, and the women wore a sort of jacket above their shirt. The first impression of the fair sex which the traveller receives in a Japanese crowd is in the highest degree unfavourable : the ghastly appearance of their faces, thickly coated with powder, the absence of eyebrows, and the blackened teeth, produce a most painful and disagreeable effect. For at least two miles did our countrymen pass between two rows of human beings, six or eight deep, until at last, turning down a short lane, and passing between a pair of heavy wooden gates, which closed behind them, they entered a courtyard, formed by a temple and its adjacent buildings, at one corner

of which a number of servants were standing on the steps of a verandah, waiting to receive them."

The character of the house and the reception given them we shall introduce on another occasion.

FUTTEHGURH AND ITS NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

ONE of the points in the North-west Provinces where the late rebellion burned with especial fury, was the city of Furruckabad, with a population of from eighty to one hundred thousand souls. About three miles east of the city is the military cantonment of Futtehgurh, with the bungalows of the Europeans, extending two miles along the bank of the river. There the American Missionaries commenced a station in 1841. They were permitted to occupy, at a nominal rent, a piece of ground of sixty acres, used formerly as an artillery parade-ground, but no longer needed for that purpose. They had enclosed and cultivated it, until the solitary place had become glad, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose, and there they had erected a church, school-house, industrial establishment, and a large Christian village, containing at the time of the mutiny some two hundred souls. The congregation assembling in this church was, and, we are happy to say, still continues to be, a very interesting one. "The men, clothed in their white or coloured robes, without shoes, and the women, with their long thin veils, concealing the face and part of the form, sit promiscuously in the pews. Their complexions, of almost every shade of darkness, are soft and smooth, and their features pleasant."

This congregation, like many others of native Christians, during the late mutiny had to pass through deep trial. Like a fearful hurricane it had wrought destruction at other places—Meerut and Delhi—and was now approaching Futtehgurh. The bigoted Mussulmans of the city began to mock the Missionaries and native teachers in the streets, and say, "Where is your Jesus now?" For three weeks things continued in this state, the Missionaries every night expecting that the Sepoys would mutiny, the jail-prisoners be let loose, and the same atrocities be inflicted on themselves and their families, which had been endured by Europeans in other parts of India. At length it was decided that the Missionaries and their families should leave in boats, and descend the river to Cawnpore, where they hoped to find a place of safety. Alas! they fell into the hands of the Nana, and were all murdered. One of the native Christians, Ishwuree Dass, relates his parting with two of the Missionaries, Messrs. Freeman and Campbell. "Mr. Freeman had his eyes full of tears. Mr. Campbell would rather have laid down his life on the spot. He said there was merely a bare chance for escape, as the whole coast was lined with rebellious Zemindars. It was on account of his wife and two little children he was anxious. As regarded himself he was ready to be cut in pieces."

A fortnight after they left, the Sepoys mutinied, released the jail convicts, and proceeded to attack the fort in which such of the Europeans

as remained had shut themselves up for safety. The next day the Mission premises were destroyed.

The little flock was scattered. Most of them escaped; but some suffered unto death. There was a bitter enemy at Furruckabad as well as another at Cawnpore. This was Tufuzal Husain Khan, the Nawab Rais of Furruckabad. This man, on his accession, had given, a large sum to the Mission, and was a regular contributor to the schools, but he was a man of bad character. He had been at one time anxious to learn English, and one of the Missionaries had attended him for this purpose; but his habits were so depraved and his mind so weak, that the attempt was given up. He had acquired just enough of English to enable him to converse in a broken manner with Europeans, in whose society he professed to have much gratification. With the hope of doing him good, the Missionaries were wont to visit him, and he professed to regard them as his chief friends. Yet this very Nawab, when the crisis came, was the first to raise his hand for the destruction of the native Christians, to set a price on their heads, and order them to be blown from the guns.

One of the sufferers may be mentioned. Dhoukal Pershad was a pupil and teacher in the Missionary High School. "He was meek and docile as a child, with the force and vigour of a man of God. The influence wrought by his daily consistent walk and conversation, and the still greater power of an inner life, was constantly felt and made apparent to all the scholars. A student of the word of God, and living by prayer, he was a savour of life to the pupils he loved and wrestled for." His death, as to the form of it, was terrific. He, with his wife and four sweet little children, were blown from the guns at Futtehgurh by the order of the Nawab.

The Christians who fled took the direction of Cawnpore. Great were their sufferings, and several perished on the way. The wife of one of the catechists became separated from the little company. When at length found, she and her baby were lying side by side in a poor hovel at the edge of a village. Both were dead. There was no one to give her a drop of water in her need. The proud Mohammedan would not touch them; the bigoted Hindu would not approach them; and so they died of want.

Six blind orphan girls, a blind man, and a leper, were driven forth on the wide world. Even from the blind of their own caste the Hindus turn away, regarding them as suffering for sins committed in a previous birth. What, then, could these poor Christians expect? Days and nights they were without shelter; yet they survived the trouble, and came again to the Mission premises when things had settled down. The poor blind man was asked if he had found Christ precious to him. "Oh yes," was his reply, in *duhh* (pain), and in *sakh* (joy), He is ever the same.



CONVERSION AND DEATH OF A BUSHMAN-HOTTENTOT.

THE following very interesting communication comes from a Missionary of the London Missionary Society at Cradock, in South Africa, dated August 1859—

Cradock is situated on the high road to Colesberg and the districts north of the Orange River, and is about midway between Graham's Town and the former village. The European inhabitants are almost entirely British, but those with whom the Mission has to do are Hottentots, and those natives formerly slaves under the Dutch farmers. Of these the number is not so great as formerly, for the difficulty of procuring means of subsistence in consequence of the great advance in the price of all the necessaries of life, without a correspondent advance in wages, has occasioned several families to remove and locate themselves on farms. You are aware, probably, that all the stations of our Society within the colony are required to be self-sustained. We have not yet been able to attain to the point; but our people are striving after it; and when I consider their circumstances and the terrible rate of all necessaries, their efforts hitherto I regard as highly creditable. All the members of the church are subscribers, save two very poor aged women, and several individuals of the congregation. The subscriptions are collected weekly, and vary in amount from 2*s.* to 3*d.* each person. Besides these, there are weekly collections for incidental expenses, and about 18*l.*, per annum are received in seat rents.

The church members, with a very few exceptions, were a few years since noted drunkards. Our native deacon, an excellent worthy man now, when speaking of his former state, usually styles himself a "brandy barrel." "At that time," he is accustomed to say, "I was not a human being, I was just a cask, a brandy-cask!" This reminds me of a very valuable member of the church who has recently been removed from us by death. He was at one time both a drunkard and a manufacturer of brandy. But when he became a partaker of divine grace, he both gave up the drinking and the making, notwithstanding much solicitation and many tempting offers from his former employers. His name was David Brardman, by nation a Bushman-Hottentot. I first met with him some ten years ago, on paying my usual visits from house to house. At that time he was the slave of sin, and so ignorant that he knew not, I believe, even the letters of the alphabet. Some remark then made arrested his attention, and led to salutary reflection. He became an attendant at the adult school and at the prayer-meeting. He learned to read and write, joined the church, and subsequently became our schoolmaster, and one of our most active and persevering Missionary collectors. The learning to read was a hard labour, but the learning to write still harder. But he plodded on, and many times, when my own patience was almost exhausted, I have felt reproved by his perseverance. But having mastered the great difficulties, he soon outstripped all competitors. From the time, too, that he was able to read his growth in grace and the knowledge of divine things was very marked. Almost every time he was called upon to engage in prayer in public I could trace some new advance. His prayers were always scriptural and edifying, and at times a peculiar unction seemed to rest upon his spirit. Many times I have felt ready to exclaim aloud, "This

is the Lord's doing, and it is wonderful in our eyes." There was a time when the Bible was regarded by this young man with a secret terror, and the lifting up of the hands in prayer as a kind of witchery. "When I was under my master, the Dutch farmer," he has said, "the Bible seemed to me a book full of black spots, and as he said that he spoke of his God, but that the *green montis* was my god, I used to believe it must be so, and that his God must be something terrible to me, and I was glad to get out of the room when I saw him with that book. But, blessed be God, I know better now."

This interesting, useful man died a few weeks ago, after a protracted illness of several months. His disease was pulmonary consumption. He was favoured with the full use of his mental faculties till within a few hours of his death, and he failed not to employ them, as far as strength would permit, in seeking the spiritual benefit of those who visited him. He remarked to me on one occasion, while the tears trickled down his sunken cheeks, "Oh, Sir, I can never be thankful enough that I was ever enabled to read the Bible," and the earnestness with which he pressed attention to the Scriptures upon those who visited him showed how sincere he was in this profession of gratitude. Shortly before his death I inquired as to his prospects. "I have no fear of death." "But why? on what ground does your confidence rest?" His answer struck me forcibly. It was simply the language of Scripture—"There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

[*Evangelical Christendom.*]

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#### THOUGHTS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

I stood upon the shore, and gazed alone  
 Upon the restless wave, and heard it moan :  
 It was an emblem of this turbid life —  
 This passage to eternity through strife;  
 And much I thought upon the ceaseless cares  
 That chequer life, and compass it with snares.  
 Mem'ry and fancy both were busy then,  
 And told me of the heartlessness of men;  
 How rarely love prevails—how few have trod  
 The path directed by the Son of God.  
 Nature inanimate, incessant groans  
 O'er man's sad ruins; e'en the very stones  
 On this lone sea-shore show the stamp of pain,  
 And bear the mark of sin and Satan's reign.  
 But man goes forward, nor will deign to pause,  
 Nor think one moment of himself, the cause  
 Of all this misery—this fallen world,  
 In one vast universal ruin hurled.

Spirit! that erst upon the deep didst brood,  
 And curb the chaos of the primal flood,  
 Oh shine once more, thy vital beams impart,  
 And drive the gloom from man's benighted heart.  
 O'er the sad ruin shed Thy heavenly love;  
 Pour fire celestial from Thy throne above.  
 Where Hell once reigned let Heaven still arise;  
 Save the lost soul, and bid him scale the skies!

REV. J. S.

## INDIAN RAILWAYS.

ONE of the effects produced by railways in India is that of increasing British prestige. It is true that there was no want of this before their introduction, but as the iron horses snort, pant, and struggle on with their heavy loads, wondering and delighted crowds become more and more convinced that the nation which rules them is a great and skilful one.

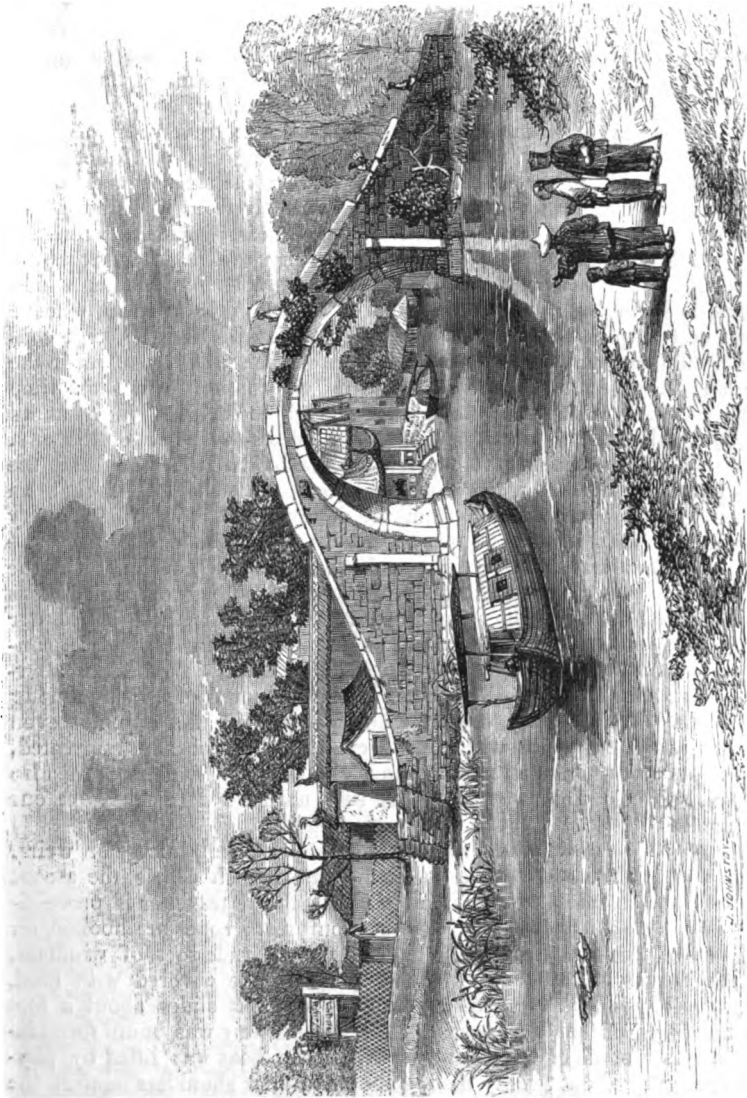
Another practical lesson which they are learning from the same source is punctuality. Time, with the Hindu is such an abundant commodity, that, besides sleeping away a considerable portion of it, and spending another large part in gossip, he inflicts no slight amount of annoyance upon Europeans by not keeping to hours, and by tedious approaches to matters of business when in conference with them. Nothing strikes at this so thoroughly as the railway. Once and again and again convinced that the inexorable trains, like time and tide, will wait for no man, the Hindu begins slowly to apprehend that he must change his ways, and does so.

Carefully keeping aloof from the rest, we see a Brahmin, come to the station with his fine-looking family of boys and girls, all elegantly dressed. They are bound for the great shrine, which lies near one of the stations. Soodras, of various subdivisions, portly, comfortable men, form a large irregular group; and conversing, perhaps, with one or more of them, are a few Mohammedans. Coolies, pariahs, servants, and others of low castes, form the humbler portion of the travellers. Officers, civilians, and other Europeans, moving about, are the chief objects of attention; while the Missionary and converts are carefully eyed by numbers around. We enter a third-class carriage, which is soon filled. Two or three respectable Soodra women in it are surrounded by their fellow-countrymen. But see, there comes a pariah. What turning and moving takes place to avoid his touch or neighbourhood. Should a poor Brahmin be among us, he will make any exertion necessary to avoid him. By and by the train starts, under the admiring gaze of a swarthy crowd, which has clustered on the bridge and along the banks. As I read one of the vernacular tracts which are with me, my Hindu fellow-travellers cast their eyes on the lines, and, perhaps, read them. This curiosity is taken advantage of. One is given away—another—and another. All in the carriage are soon aware that literature is afloat, and men sometimes rise, several yards off, asking for a little book. The men of the south ask for one language, the men of the north for another; while the Mussulman, if he condescends to ask or accept one at all, cares only for what is in his own Hindustani. Mean time the converts have been engaged in the same work. . . .

It is curious to notice how the Hindu female regards this. Tracts find their way near her. Not improbably her husband is reading one, while she dandles the sweet little child that accompanies them. He may perhaps, after the native fashion, begin to read aloud. She is pleased to see him interested; pleased, too, at the idea of the little book having come from the white man; but from any legitimate curiosity about its contents, or any idea that they may concern her, her poor mind seems far enough removed. Entertaining the hope that the little boy will one day read like his father, she has no such desire either for herself or her daughters.

THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.

THE following graphic sketch of a journey by a Missionary from Ningpo to Hangchow, the capital of the province of Chekeang, and one of the leading cities of China, will be read with interest. It occurred previously to the late collision between the Chinese and British at the mouth of the Peiho; and we fear that for the pre-



SCENE ON A CHINESE RIVER.

sent such tours into the interior are stopped. Let us pray that China may be opened, and the differences adjusted without bloodshed; and that the presence of an imposing European force may overawe the Tartar government to grant all just demands. In no country is a war with European powers more to be deprecated. The masses of the people have nothing to do with the acts of their government, and yet when war ensues they are sure to suffer, the innocent for the guilty.

We started from Ningpo, on our return journey to Shanghai, about ten A.M. on May 4th, with a fair wind, which is of as much importance in travelling in China, or at least in this region, which is a land of "broad rivers and streams," as it is to those who traverse "the great waters." This day we passed for fifty miles through a beautiful country, very hilly, and yet between the hills quite level: the river wound among a succession of beautiful ranges, all rising abruptly from a fertile plain, which produces large quantities of rice, but is now bearing an abundant crop of wheat, with glowing colour, bespeaking the rapid approach of harvest. The wheat will be immediately followed by the rice, which is already springing up in small plots of ground, thickly sown, whence it will be transplanted to the larger fields, which will then be kept constantly submerged, by the incessant labour of men and oxen, until the rice harvest in October. Towards evening we stopped for a short time under the walls of Yü-yau, for a pleasant hill looked invitingly at us over the walls, giving a fair promise of a bird's-eye view of the city. When we got inside the gate but few people followed us: of these, the boys only accompanied us as we briskly ascended the hill, though an increasing crowd gazed at us from the bottom. The view of the city disappointed us, for a large proportion of the space enclosed by the walls, we thought as much as two-thirds, is a rice swamp. On the hill we were joined by a small party of soldiers, who accompanied us as we descended the other side, went out at another gate, and joined our boat. The soldiers gambolled about us in a very unmartial style, running on before occasionally to have "a good stare." We heard afterwards that the soldiers were stationed here on account of a rising among the people. We heard no epithet while we were in this city, not even "red-haired men," with which we were elsewhere constantly greeted, but our servant hurried us away, because he said the soldiers were also robbers. He certainly appeared ill at ease until we were fairly on our way again.

*May 5*—To-day our road was interrupted by three sluices, or weirs, which perform the office of the locks on our English canals, the ascent (or descent, according to the direction in which the traveller is proceeding—in our case it was ascent) is about four feet; ropes are hooked on to the stern, five or six men on each side turn a rude sort of windlass, and the boat is slowly drawn up an inclined plane covered with mud, until it rests upon the top, then balancing over, it slides about a foot into the water on the upper side. The second weir was more formidable: it was a stone embankment, up which the boat was lifted by physical strength; about twenty men, some with their shoulders against the

sides, and others pushing behind, urged our boat up the embankment, jerking it upwards about half an inch with each effort. In the afternoon we arrived at the first portage, leaving our boat, with five or six men to carry our goods. We walked about a mile through a long village, crossed a river in a ferry-boat, and, after another mile of road, reached the place of embarkation, but the boat was not ready: we were therefore obliged to wait a few minutes, and were glad to get out of the sun into a room. We were put into one very dirty, and furnished with some tea. The court in front of the room was quickly crowded, and as our windows were barred, we felt much like wild beasts in a cage, and the rush made when we approached the door added much to the resemblance. Our stay, though short, seemed very long, and we were glad to start.

*May 6*—Still proceeding on our way. The country appeared more populous as we neared Hangchow: abundance of olive-trees lined the banks of the stream, and camphor-trees, which often grow to a large size. We saw several temples shaded by magnificent trees of this kind. About mid-day we passed through a large city, Shan-shing, in which it was soon discovered that foreigners were in the boat, and intense eagerness was manifested to see us. There are no pathways by the streams in some cities, but the backs of the houses abut on them, and often overhang them, supported by piles; so the people ran down the entries to peep, and then rushed away to reach some other point of access to the stream in our van: their shouts announced our approach, and brought eager heads out of the windows, and numbers on to the bridges some distance in advance. About three P.M. we stopped at the nearest point to Hangchow, and sent our servant on before to secure a boat on the other side of the city. In the evening our walk on the way back was rendered unpleasant by a crowd of followers. One woman asked us to take her little boy, a fine chubby little fellow, between one and two years old: he seemed to understand the offer, for he leaned his head on his mother's shoulder in a very melancholy way. The woman proffered the child as a gift, but probably she wanted to be paid for him. In this country it is not an uncommon occurrence for parents to sell the children they are unable to feed: sometimes they are sold as slaves for a certain term of years; at other times they become the adopted children in another family.

*May 7*—Our servant returned early in the morning, and we at once set out on our journey to the city. At high tide, half the distance, or about twelve li (four miles), is a watery way; but when we crossed the river, its width was about six li, and we journeyed over sands, or rather firm mud, an equal distance. There is much traffic over this ferry, and we met a long line of chairs and luggage on buffalo waggons of primitive form. These waggons, drawn by a pair of buffaloes, convey passengers through the shallow water to the large ferry-boats: some of these animals, whilst waiting, lie down in the water, and are just able to put up their mouths above the surface, and chew the cud, looking rather grotesque. As we crossed the sands towards the ferry we had a nice view of the southern suburb, its white houses stretching along the back of the river, and extending ten li from the city: in the background lie beautiful hills, with one or two pagodas overlooking the city. The

large ferry-boat, or rather small junk, carried over about thirty people. We had three sedan-chairs with us, in which we sat while crossing over. We landed near an open space, in which some Chinese soldiers were manœuvring and practising with fire-arms. Approaching the covered dais on which the officers were seated, watching the proceedings, they all rose, and politely requested us to ascend and sit with them, but we declined, wishing to proceed. As we entered the gate of the city we were met by an assistant of Mr. Nevins, of the American Presbyterian Board, who had with difficulty secured a boat for us, the mandarins having lately seized the boats for the conveyance of soldiers, which makes them scarce. The assistant gave us a written agreement for the boat, according to custom, and we proceeded to the hong to take possession of it; but the people at the hong seeing we were foreigners, which our Chinese agent had not told them, refused to give us the boat, on the plea that they were afraid of the mandarins, but really to obtain more money than they had agreed to take. After sitting upwards of an hour in a room in the hong, drinking tea, while our servant was trying to obtain the boat, our patience being exhausted, as well as our frames wearied with long fasting and journeying in the sun, we set off to visit our friends in the city, being very glad of such a resource; for though yielding to the boatman's demand would only have cost us two or three dollars, it would have been a bad precedent for succeeding travellers. We found Mr. and Mrs. Nevins in possession of nice light airy rooms, in a temple on the summit of a hill (Dzung-wong-san), nearly the highest point of the several hills in the city. About twelve months ago Mr. Nevins was sent from this city back to Ningpo, under an escort, but now he is not only unmolested, but has visited all the chief mandarins, and they have returned his visits in state, and have shown themselves quite friendly. One mandarin said that they quite expected foreigners to come in consequence of the treaty. From the top of the hills we could see at one glance the whole of this immense city, with its suburbs nearly thirty li in length and about twelve li in breadth. On one side the river opening out into a bay and the mountains beyond, on the other side are hills less distant, enclosing the west lake, which lies between them and the city wall, the whole forming a scene of beauty not excelled by any scenery that we had ever beheld. Mr. Nevins, being on such good terms with the authorities, was able to obtain help for us in the matter of the boat. His application to the mandarin procured an order for it at the official price, which does not remunerate the boatmen, and therefore placed it in our power to show them, that though we had withstood an attempted imposition, and asserted our rights, the motive was not what they would naturally impute to us—a love of money. The first order given was to lead all the people concerned in chains to the office. Our agent requested that this might be dispensed with. The Chinamen, unaccustomed to such lenient proceedings, thought they were being imposed on, and it was needful to display the chains to bring them to their senses. At last, through the kindness of our friends, we got ourselves and baggage safely on board the boat, but too late to move out of the city that night. Next morning early we moved out to a quiet place near the west lake, and spent the Sabbath there.

*May 9*—Our object being, not so much to see Hangchow, as to get home, we did not visit any of the great temples within the walls, so this morning we only paid a hurried visit to our friends on the hill, before setting out for Shanghai. We passed through the Tartar part of the city, where the Mantchus reside. This we knew only by the appearance of the women, all of them having large feet, a long outer robe, and hair brushed back off the forehead. I cannot but think that 2,000,000 is far too large an estimate of the population of Hangchow and its suburbs, but it probably exceeds 1,000,000. The hills inside the walls cover a large extent of ground, and are in great part uninhabited, having only a few temples on them, and some of these half in ruins. Leaving Hangchow, and journeying towards Shanghai, we gradually left all the hills in our rear, and felt ourselves once more upon the great plain of Shanghai, said to be the largest cultivated plain in the world; but the banks of the streams or canals were still high, and, for nearly a hundred miles from Hangchow, covered with mulberry-trees, this being the great silk-producing district. Many of the plantations were wholly denuded of their leaves, boat-loads of which were constantly passing us. At the close of our journey we were not equally favoured by the wind as at the commencement, for we were obliged to remain a whole day moored to the bank because of a strong head-wind, but we arrived at our journey's end late at night on the 12th, glad to reach home after an absence of more than five weeks.

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#### PROGRESS OF CHRISTIAN INQUIRY AMONG THE TURKS.

THE present day is one of increasing opportunity as regards the extension of Missionary work. Countries long shut up have been unexpectedly opened, and hindrances removed. This has been remarkably the case with respect to the Ottoman empire. Some few years back the different Christian communities were under the rule of their respective patriarchs, who, by virtue of the great powers vested in them, could interfere with freedom of conscience, and persecute inquiring persons even unto death. But with the accession of the present Sultan this ecclesiastical despotism was relaxed, and, eventually, freedom of inquiry secured. Reformed Christians, who have been driven forth from the old corrupt churches to which they originally belonged, have had the privilege conceded of forming themselves into congregations which are recognised by the Turkish law, and entitled to protection. Hence Christian Missionaries, from Europe and America, anxious to improve such an opportunity, have increased throughout the empire. "There are at this moment not less than 100 Protestant Missionaries of different Societies and countries, most of them, with their wives and children, labouring in the Turkish empire, and these not confined to a few towns on the sea-coast, but scattered through all the interior provinces, even to the very borders of Persia." Now, let it be remembered, that while these Missionaries carry on their labour, in tranquillity throughout the varied range of the Turkish provinces, in Russia not one of them would be tolerated for a single day. "Another significant fact is, that within the last twelve or fourteen years, more than thirty native evangelical

Protestant Churches have been organized in different parts of the Turkish empire."

But it is not merely with respect to the Christian subjects of the Porte that there is opportunity, but the Turks themselves are placed in a new position. The Korán enjoins death as the punishment of apostacy from the Mohammedan religion, and such, until within these few years, was the law of the Turkish empire. Our Missionaries in various parts of that empire found themselves grievously obstructed. One of our own Missionaries, the Rev. J. R. T. Lieder, writing from Egypt some thirty years ago, expressly refers to this—"The greatest hindrance is, that a man has to die if he change his religion. Many a Mohammedan, therefore, looks upon a Missionary who comes to him to call his religion in question as upon a man who aims at his life; and he is anxious to avoid any opportunity by which he might be induced to doubt the truth of his religion." That difficulty is now at an end, the Sultan having pledged his word that there should be no persecution because a man should see it right to adopt a religion different from that in which he had been brought up. The law inflicting the death-penalty may now be regarded as a dead letter; and that it is so virtually is proved by the fact, that, in Constantinople and Smyrna, baptized Mussulmans, everywhere known and recognised as such, are permitted to go at large, and no one molests them.

We give our readers an instance of this of a very interesting kind. In September of last year, the evangelical Christians at Broosa, Asia Minor, were visited by Dr. Hamlin, one of the American Missionaries. He was accompanied by a converted Mussulman, who is associated with them in their labours, Mr. Williams, or Selim Agha. One morning, while in the school together, a formidable cortège of Turks appeared at the door. There were amongst them three Turks of consequence, the Chief Judge of the province of Bithynia, the Mufti, or chief ecclesiastical dignitary, and the Defterdar, who, next to the Pasha, is the chief civil officer. They said, "We wish to see your church," and to the church the Missionaries conducted these officials, surrounded by their armed guard and servants.

Sitting down in the church, a free and interesting conversation followed about the Scriptures, the agreement of the New Testament with the Old, in which these high Mussulmans showed they were by no means ignorant of the word of God. But they had a special object in view. On board the steamer which had brought the Missionaries from the European side, they had as fellow-passengers several respectable Turks belonging to Broosa. With these persons Mr. Williams had engaged in conversation, and had very frankly told them that he had been a Mussulman, but was now a Christian, and a preacher of the Gospel. The news spread far and wide throughout the town, and these dignitaries had come to see the sight, and judge for themselves.

They soon brought the conversation to a point. Turning to Mr. Williams, the Chief Justice said, "You speak Turkish just like a Mussulman: where did you learn our language so perfectly?" "I may well speak it like a Mussulman," was the unhesitating reply. "I was



nearly forty years a Mussulman, but about twelve years ago I rejected Islamism and adopted Christianity, and I now preach the Gospel of Jesus." The judge had never interrogated such a witness before, and was wholly unprepared for so frank a declaration. He threw himself forward into a very common Oriental attitude of perplexity. Some of the guard pressed forward, full of astonishment. Their countenances became rigid. What was now to follow? Would violence be offered, or, at least, abuse and intemperate language? Nothing of the kind. The visitors had the choice of weapons, and they selected with courtesy that of argument, which their quondam co-religionist could use as well as themselves. The Judge broke the silence by the question, "How do you explain, 'The Word was with God, and the Word was God?'" and with this as the starting-point, discussion ensued. Mr. Williams has special power in this respect, and, with truth on his side, his superiority soon showed itself. The Judge was repeatedly floored; and the Defterdar, a man probably of infidel opinions, broke out into an unrestrained fit of laughter, to the no small annoyance of the Judge and the Mufti. "The interview at length ended, and the dignitaries retired with all the forms of Oriental etiquette. Mr. Williams followed them to the door, and each one gave him the triple salutations from the ground to the forehead, indicative, in the Eastern code of politeness, of profound respect."

The American Missionaries add, "Mr. Williams' interview with these dignitaries led incidentally to the discovery of an extensive and most wonderful and deeply-interesting movement amongst the Mussulmans in another place, of which prudence forbids us now to speak, and which will be manifested in its time. We feel certain that there are not only thousands, but tens of thousands, amongst the Mussulmans, who are beginning to turn their eyes towards Jesus, as the true prophet of God."

The nature of this movement has already oozed out from the cautious reserve in which some think it would have been wiser to have kept it for some time. The following paper, which we introduce from the pages of "Evangelical Christendom" for March last, will explain it—

"A certain Mohammedan Imaum, or priest, had been led, by the mere study of the Koran, to take exalted views of the character of Jesus, the prophet of the Jews. He counted the number of passages in the Koran where mention was made of his name or person; and also he observed the allusions to his supernatural birth, and to the Paraclete who was to follow Him. He prayed to the Almighty for illumination, and, it seems, proceeded so far as to become 'heretical' to his own faith. He founded a sect called 'the Brotherhood,' who, some time since, are stated to have amounted to 10,000, with 20,000 more under instruction. For this the leader was banished to Broosa, where he and some of his followers were at the time of the visit of Dr. Hamlin and Mr. Williams to that place, and of the remarkable conversation there, mentioned in a former number. The report of that interview with the Turkish dignitaries in the Broosa church, and the narrative of that conversation, soon spread over Broosa; and this banished 'heretic' having heard thereof, wrote to some of his disciples at Constantinople,

and desired them to go and visit Mr. Williams, and get what further light they needed from him. In consequence of this, boatfuls of delegates visit Bebek, receive instruction, and return to the 'Brethren,' conveying to them what they have learned. Some letters say that the whole of this movement arose by mere study of the Koran, without any access to the New Testament. Others take for granted that the doctrines of the Brethren have been taken from the New Testament by mere reading, without Christian instruction, and therefore have been mixed up with erroneous and fanatical views. It would be a matter of the deepest interest to ascertain which of these two views is the correct one."

It appears that these men are not the only inquirers by whom Mr. Williams' house is frequented. "It is beset not only by day, but by night, by inquiring crowds. Members of the Sultan's household, his private servants, dervishes, mollahs, imaums, colonels, captains, and also the poorest men, women, and even children, are seen crowding the house. Some stay through the night as well as the day, and Williams is ready to sink under the continual effort needed to supply Gospel information to these inquiring souls."

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#### POLYNESIA.

##### WHAT HAS BEEN DONE—WHAT REMAINS TO BE DONE.

THE central regions of the great Pacific Ocean are studded over with innumerable islands and groups of isles, where portions of the human family have found a home, many of these island homes being beyond measure beautiful, but where man, until the Gospel came, was universally and beyond measure vile.

The islands are divided into low, median, and high. The low islands are of coral formation, and scarcely to be seen at a very small distance, unless the cocoa-nut tree has found a home there. They are generally formed in a circle or belt round a lagoon or enclosed portion of the sea, in the centre. They are usually thought to be the crests of submarine volcanoes, the belts being the ruins, and the central waters the crater. On the ruins the coral insect has raised his superstructure. The median isles are limestone masses from 100 to 500 feet high; and the high islands, rising from 2000 to 13,000 feet, and generally of a conical form, betray a volcanic origin.

The Georgian and the Society Islands; the Hervey, Navigators' or Samoa; the Friendly, and the Hawaiian Islands, have been so far under the influence of Christian instruction, that the tribes inhabiting these groups are no longer heathen. The Bible has been translated, printed, and read in their language, and the Gospel preached to them, so that all who will may be saved. Many of them have abandoned their habits of indolence and vice; have exchanged them for habits of industry, intelligence, and cleanliness. Not a few are consistently pious, have long been members of the Church of Christ, and have adorned their profession.

While we rejoice that light from the word of God is shining on these few islands, and that a foundation is thus laid for the temporal and

eternal benefit of their occupants, we may not shut our eyes to the fact that almost innumerable isles in this same ocean are unblessed with this light. Within the tropics, and between 130° west, and 150° east longitude, there are, besides these already mentioned, the Marquesas Islands, the Palissers, or Low Archipelago; the Astral and Cook's Islands; the Feejee and New Hebrides; the Phoenix and King's Mill Group; New Caledonia and Solomon's Islands; the Radick and Marshall's Islands, with other smaller islands to the west of Hawaii. Some of these groups have numerous islands. The Feejee group, some 360 miles to the north-west of the Friendly Islands, is said to comprise 150 isles, and of these 100 are inhabited. The number of inhabitants is differently estimated at from 300,000 to 200,000. The New Hebrides are situated to the west of the Feejees, comprise many islands, and are said to contain 150,000. Micronesia, the general name of the Phoenix, Marshalls, and King's Mill group, are small, low islands, sparsely inhabited. Of New Caledonia I can gather but little. It seems to be a large and beautiful island, but the inhabitants are said to be so fierce that no permanent influence has as yet been gained. Of Solomon's Islands, a group to the south of Ascension, Herrera reckons eighteen principal ones, with numerous inhabitants. Such are some of the islands of the Pacific. I say some, for the ocean between the tropics is thickly dotted, and more may yet be discovered. There are many of them on the highway from California and the Hawaiian Islands to New Holland, the Ocean Continent, New Guinea, Borneo, Sumatra, and the islands on the coast of China. And though but a few of these islands have been explored to much extent, yet the aggregate number of human beings now dwelling on them, and hastening to the judgment-seat of Christ, must be very considerable. Truly there remaineth yet very much land in the Pacific to be possessed in the name of Christ, the King of Zion.

"And such lands! It would be difficult for the strongest imagination to conceive an earthly paradise more lovely than is to be found in some portions of the South-Sea Islands. Freed from the usual power of the tropical heat, and fanned by the soft breezes of a perpetual spring, these delightful regions present to the eye extensive and beautiful views of hills and valleys, forests and streams. The scenery is in general fine, especially on the island of Tahiti, which abounds in landscapes of the most charming kind." A merchant, who anchored in Porter's Bay, Marquesas, and made a chart of the bay, thus wrote—"The scenery of Porter's Bay is quite enchanting, and if there be a terrestrial paradise, or happiness in this mundane sphere, it is there. Every requisite of life is amply provided for the inhabitants by the bountiful hand of nature." Wilks speaks of the Feejee Islands as a lovely part of God's creation, as they came from the hand of the Creator.

"It is certainly a fact, that in most respects the lines have fallen to the occupants of the South-Sea Islands in pleasant places, yea, they have a goodly heritage. Their climate is, on the whole, delightful. The very air is balm. The Pacific washes many a spot which might become the garden of the Lord. Shall not these sweet and fruitful isles, capable of sustaining a vast population, be secured to Christ as a part of his inheritance? Why are they left so long waste?"

## INTERESTING CELEBRATION AT SEATON CAREW.

SEATON CAREW is a small village on the sea-coast in the county of Durham, which has earned for itself a name and a place in Missionary annals. It stands pre-eminent in the county of Durham, and not only in that county, but in the north of England, for the completeness of its Missionary organization. There are few parishes in the kingdom that will bear comparison in this particular with Seaton Carew. Every department of the work is vigorously prosecuted. Referring to our last year's Report, we find the following items:—Two sermons, 17*l.* 10*s.*; Meeting, 13*l.*; basket of work, 50*l.* 8*s.* We also find three annual subscriptions, 2*l.* 2*s.*; fourteen of 1*l.* 1*s.*; forty-nine, from 6*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.*; six donations for spiritual and other mercies, thirty-six Missionary-boxes from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 6*l.* 3*s.* 11*d.*; making a total of 140*l.* from a small country village.

We may ask, How have these gratifying results been accomplished? and the answer is, that the earnest Missionary spirit, which has so long prevailed in the parsonage, has thoroughly leavened the parish.

It is with feelings of great satisfaction, therefore, that we record the following deeply-interesting celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Rev. John Lawson's incumbency, which took place in the National Schoolroom on Tuesday evening, March 6th, and which event was so intimately connected with the Missionary cause, that we are sure the record of it will interest our readers.

The friends of the Rev. John Lawson, in contemplation of this important era, had resolved on giving him a substantial mark of their sympathy and affection, the nature of which is detailed below, and a smaller testimonial was also arranged for, raised exclusively in the parish. We may here state that the former was kept a strict secret from the inhabitants of the parsonage, though known probably to every one else for three weeks, which greatly added to the surprise and interest of the presentation.

On the evening of the 6th instant a tea-party, got up under the auspices of the ladies of Seaton Carew, took place, which was characterized by the elegance of all its arrangements and the substantial character of its provisions. The schoolroom was beautifully adorned with evergreens and national flags, and gas had been introduced for the occasion. After the tea-tables had been removed, the room was densely crowded with the guests, and R. W. Dixon, Esq., was called to the chair. Having briefly stated the objects of the meeting, he called on the Rev. G. T. Fox, who delivered a speech addressed to the Rev. John Lawson, a portion of which, referring to the Missionary operations of Seaton, we give as follows—

After having at some length detailed the leading principles by which Mr. Lawson's life and ministry had been characterized, dwelling upon the thorough conversion of his heart to God at an early period of his life, his deep attachment to the word of God, and the high honour he had ever put upon it, he briefly touched on the leading doctrines which had formed the substance of his ministerial teaching, viz.

1st. The depravity of man's nature, his utter sinfulness, corruption, and alienation from God;

2dly. Involving, as a necessary consequence thereupon, his completely lost, ruined, and condemned state in the sight of God ;

3dly. His reception of the Lord Jesus Christ as our Prophet, Priest, and King ; his atonement our only hope ; the fountain of his blood the only cleansing process for a guilty soul ;

4thly. The necessity of the new birth, as taught by our Lord in John iii., which had ever been enunciated by him with unwavering fidelity, and taught, as only they can teach it who have known by personal experience what it is to have been born again ;

And, lastly, his recognition of the office of the Holy Ghost to convert the heart, enlighten the understanding, quicken the soul, and lead the renewed sinner in the paths of peace and righteousness.

After having dwelt on these topics at some length, he proceeded—  
 “ These, my dear Mr. Lawson, have been amongst the leading distinctive doctrines of the blessed Gospel of the grace of God which you have advocated with unflinching fidelity and uniform consistency in this place for a period of twenty-five years. And we who love the Gospel, and love you for the Gospel’s sake, desire to testify our gratitude to God for the grace He has given you.

“ But there are other reasons besides. Your faith has worked, as work it ever will, by love ; and we have seen in this place the fruits of that love in many acts of benevolence, kindness, and self-denial, which your parishioners can bear testimony to.

“ Besides all this, you have given another very striking instance of your zeal for the extension of our Redeemer’s kingdom, and that is, the remarkable energy of your operations for the Church Missionary Society. Your attachment to that noble Society has been most striking. Therein we have the evidence of your spiritual discernment to select an institution of all others the glory of our church, not merely for its noble aim, the evangelization of the whole world, but also for the distinctive Protestant and evangelical character of its organization. With such energy have you, and those most near and dear to you, carried on the operations of the Church Missionary Society in this place, that no other parish in the north of England can bear any comparison with it. Let me give the following statistics in proof.

“ Last year Seaton Carew, with a population under a thousand, sent 140*l.* to the Church Missionary Society, whilst Gateshead, with 30,000, sent only 98*l.* ; South Shields, with 25,000, sent 70*l.* ; Sunderland, Boldon, Deptford, Hylton, and Hendon, all clubbing together, and representing a population of some 50,000, sent only 153*l.*

“ But it may be said that Seaton enjoys peculiar advantages, as being a watering-place, and that sermons, meeting, and basket, all reap the benefit of a series of visitors. Let us, then, refer to some other watering-places similarly circumstanced, premising, however, that Seaton is the smallest of all I shall refer to. Bridlington Quay, population 2500, sends 75*l.* to the Church Missionary Society ; Whitby, 13,000, sends 177*l.* ; Scarborough, known as the queen of watering-places, with a fixed population of 13,000, and a constant influx of visitors, sends only 166*l.* ; Filey, 1500, sends 32*l.* ; and your neighbour, Redcar, with a population larger than yours, only 18*l.* So far has the vigorous organization of Seaton outdone its fellows. And when I state, that during your incum-

bency this small place has sent 2000*l.* to the Church Missionary Society, for the evangelization of the heathen, I state a fact that needs no comment, and speaks much louder than any words of mine could do.

“These, then, are the principles, and these some of the fruits of those principles, which have endeared you to your parishioners and friends, and made you to be so greatly prized by those who love the blessed Gospel of the grace of God: and they have resolved not to pass over this prominent era of your life without stamping it with the mark of their warm sympathy and affection, which leads me, in the next place, to unfold the commission entrusted to me this night, and to explain the way in which they have determined to give expression to those feelings of confidence and affection, which I have very imperfectly endeavoured to describe. You must know, then, that your friends have long looked upon your parsonage as needing enlargement for the comfort of yourself and family, and they have resolved to add a wing to complete the original design. In order to do this, they proposed among themselves to raise the sum of 500*l.* to be presented to you this night as an expression of their goodwill and affection, any needful portion of which might by yourself be applied to the proposed object. But I am glad to say, that the scheme, once set on foot, was so cordially responded to, that it is now my great pleasure to present to you, in the name of your numerous friends, a cheque for the sum of 613*l.*”

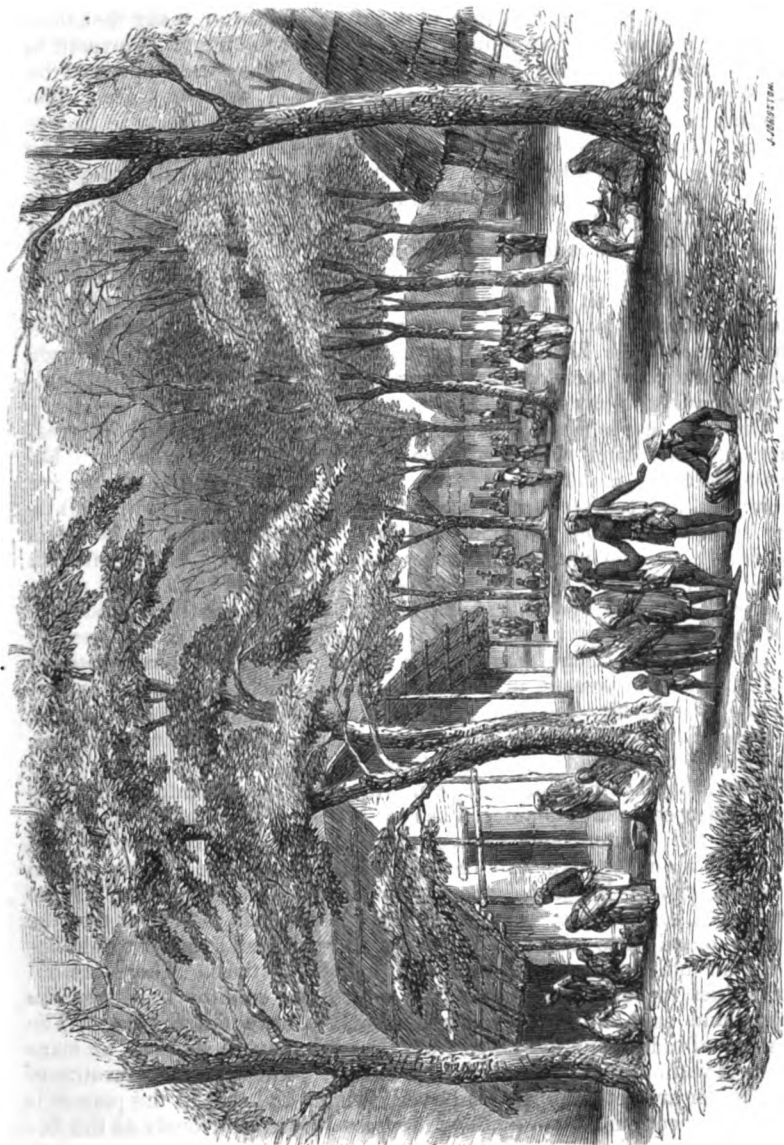
“I have now discharged my duty to the best of my ability, and shall only, in conclusion, once more wish you God-speed in the name of the Lord. May our gracious covenant God shower down in rich abundance upon you, and all near and dear to you, every blessing for time and eternity! May you long be spared amongst us to adorn the doctrine of your God and Saviour, and to hold forth the word of life in Seaton Carew!”

After this announcement, which was received with great enthusiasm and loud cheers, Mr. Pearse, churchwarden, delivered a written address, which was an expression of affection and attachment from the parishioners, and embodied the presentation of a strictly parochial testimonial, which consisted of an elegant silver coffee-pot, cream-jug, and sugar-basin, with a suitable inscription from the parishioners to Mr. and Mrs. Lawson. After these substantial testimonials had been presented, to both of which Mr. Lawson responded in feeling terms, the remainder of the evening was spent in the singing of a suitable selection of music. The meeting was also addressed by the Rev. Edward Prest, master of Sherburn Hospital, and by the Rev. James Manisty; and the happy evening, which will long be remembered in Seaton Carew, was concluded by singing the national anthem.

We are sure there are many of our readers who will warmly respond to the earnest prayer with which Mr. Fox concluded his address. May the faithful and devoted incumbent of Seaton indeed long be spared, both for the sake of his own people and the Church Missionary Society! And may many others be stirred up by the example of his persevering zeal, and, we may add, by that of every member of his household, to “go and do likewise!”

THE RYOT OF BENGAL.

The engraving in this Number of the "Gleaner" presents to view a Haut, or provision or general market, held once or twice a week for the convenience of the natives employed in connexion with one of the great



A BENGAL MARKET-PLACE.

indigo factories in the district of Kishnagurh, Lower Bengal. Our readers may perhaps be aware that the ryots, or peasantry, of these districts have risen against the planters and the factories, refusing to fulfil the engagements into which they had entered for the growth of indigo, and breaking out into very tumultuary proceedings.

This gives us an opportunity of saying a word respecting the peasantry of Lower Bengal, and we fear it is no exaggeration to say that their condition is a very unhappy one; that they are poor and oppressed in this life, and without any hope as to the next. They are oppressed by the Zemindars. It may be necessary to explain who they are. The land-tax in India constitutes the great bulk of revenue. This, in Lower Bengal, is a fixed rate, for which the Zemindars are responsible, the land being permanently vested in them, on the condition that they pay to Government the prescribed amount. But although a fixed rate, as regards the Zemindar, it is not so as regards the cultivators, and he can exact from them as much more than he has paid, as he can squeeze out of them. Every Zemindar has his own bludgeon man, his own court, his own prison; and if the ryot does not pay what he demands, he can proceed at once to distrain. But then, again, the ryot does not hold directly under the Zemindar: the land is sublet, perhaps half-a-dozen deep, and each of these middle-men must have his profit, the actual cultivator having to pay for all.

The ryot, having had land farmed out to him by pottah, or agreement of some kind or other, is too poor to make the first outlay. He has to go to the muhâgun, or native money-lender, and, in order to get money to buy the seed, mortgages the crop before it is sown. While the crop is growing the man must live. For the rice which he needs for family use, the muhâgun charges him fifty per cent., and so on with other requisites. When the crop is gathered in, it is all eaten up in repayments. The ryot has been housed and fed, but there is nothing left on hand, and he must go into debt again. Then, to increase his troubles, the Zemindar comes down upon him with a heavy rate, or claims from him arrears, of the existence of which he was not aware, and he must yield, or be subjected to a "mukuddumah," or suit, which, because of the expense, and slowness, and difficulty of obtaining justice, he dreads even more than the Zemindar.

There is another individual with whom the ryot has come into relationship—the European indigo-planter. The ryot, instead of going to the muhâgun, goes to the planter, and receives from him the quantity of indigo seed which he requires. He also receives money in advance; and a written bond, is signed by each party, by which a certain portion of the crop, at a settled rate, belongs to the planter. It is evident that the system of advance cannot be expected to work well; and it would appear that indigo is not a popular crop with the natives. There are opportunities for abuses of the power which the creditor has over the debtor and such, no doubt, in some instances, have taken place. The number of indigo bundles taken from the crop may be such as to leave the ryot without remuneration for his labour. The heathen servants of the planter are betimes cruel and overbearing; and thus, if the planter is not a conscientious man, he may oppress just as grievously as the Zemindar. The rains begin before the ryot has had opportunity to gather



in his winter crop. Another fortnight is needed to bring it to maturity. But the land on which it is growing has been farmed for indigo growth. The indigo seed must be sown at once. The factory burkundaz requires it should be done instantly, and the unripe crop on the ground must be removed just as it is.

It is remarkable, that, four years back, a Missionary, who had travelled through the indigo districts, and minutely inspected the state of things, published this statement—"There is a great under-current against the planter: no one knows how soon it will break out into open violence. . . . If the people be once roused, it will be a desperate struggle." We trust it may not be so.

But the peasantry of Bengal must be raised. Shall we describe the dwelling of a Bengalee ryot? It is formed chiefly of mud, plastered over a framework of bamboo, with one narrow door-way, and a hole of probably a foot square for a window, the floor being of mud. The inventory of household goods and chattels may be thus summed up—one charpoy, or bedstead; two wooden seats; one common mat; two or three brass lotahs, or small water-vessels; two cooking harees, or pans; one large brass plate or dish; one kherâg, or lamp; a choolha, or earthen fire-vessel, in which to cook the rice; and two or three khoodsees, or water-vessels; the whole in value about eight shillings.

But all this would be bearable if he knew the sustaining power of faith in a living Saviour. Instead of this, his religion is an impure system of deceit and lies. His gods are cruel and vicious; and as he worships them he learns to be like them. Pity and pray for the poor ryot of India.

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#### THE BANKS OF THE NIGER.

SUNDAY, June 26, 1859, was a day of no small interest at Onitsha, on the banks of the Niger. On that day a mud chapel, which had been laid out in the previous December, was so far finished, as that it might be used, and the Rev. S. Crowther opened it for service, with a congregation of fifty adults and children, addressing them from Acts vii. 48, 49—"Howbeit the most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands: as saith the prophet, Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool; what house will ye build me? saith the Lord, or what is the place of my rest?" This being the first building ever erected and devoted to the service of God in the Ibo country, the text was most appropriate. The people were reminded, that while they had altars, houses, and sheds built for gods many and lords many in their country, there had never been a house built for the worship of the only and true God, who is the maker of heaven and earth. The people of God, therefore, who loved them, and sought their salvation, had built them a house devoted to the worship of the true God, in the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and they were invited to come and use it for the purpose for which it was intended. Mr. Crowther adds—"May it be the birth-place of many a soul to eternal glory!"

Some wearing-apparel was distributed among five little girls, who, since the previous December, had been regular attendants at school. Two or three of them were the children of Okosi, a very steady and

hopeful candidate for baptism, the others also being related to him. He had encouraged their regular attendance at school, and so they could read the Ibo Primer through. These only readers amidst an entire nation must be admitted to occupy a position of no small importance.

It is interesting to mark the increasing attendance of the people. On July 10th there were eighty-eight present at the morning service, and seventy-four in the afternoon. The manner of conducting the service is such as to suit the capacity of a people who have never been accustomed to listen to one person for an hour together, nor perhaps for half an hour, in their life. The service therefore consisted of a hymn, a prayer, offered or read from the Prayer-book, and then preaching commenced, which, an interpreter being necessary, unavoidably occupied a much longer time than a direct address. So soon as the hearers showed some signs of uneasiness, the discourse was brought to a close.

In these heathen lands, as well as at home, sickness and death are busy. Here, when sorrow comes, it is our own fault if we have not the comfort of the Gospel; but there death is the king of terrors. One of Okosi's wives died, and he had to mourn according to the custom of the country. The chief mourner strips himself of all his ornaments of beads, ivory or brass wristlets, &c., and puts off the greater part of his clothes. A fire of a few dry sticks being kindled, from which the smoke and ashes are being continually blown about, he takes his seat close by it on the bare ground. Thus commences the process of mourning for the dead. Here, both morning and evening, he is met by his friends and relatives, who keep wailing with him at stated times, until eight days have expired, reminding us of Job's friends who had come to mourn with him, and comfort him, when "they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven, and sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights." At the expiration he took up a mourning-cloth, a covering of unbleached cotton of country make, which had been kept in the smoke for days, until it had become of a smoky, red, filthy colour. This he must continue to wear, until he can make burial custom for the dead, when feasts are made, and dances are performed, at no little expense to the chief mourner. If he be not able, he must go in his filthy mourning clothes, even for a year or two; and should he refuse to comply with the burial customs, he is branded with an evil name, as a witch or sorcerer, who had killed her husband or his wife, and refused them honourable burial. At the burial of a person of rank, a human sacrifice used to be publicly offered; and now, since the Missionaries have spoken against it, it is done secretly.

If the chief mourner can afford it, he may wear a blue cloth for mourning, instead of the smoke-coloured one. The ceremonial to which female mourners have to submit themselves is even more burdensome. Their fire must not go out from their fire-places for many months, and should this happen to take place, they can get no fire from their near neighbours, but must go to a distant village.

Thus, wherever we go, we find the heathen laden with heavy burdens; inconvenient and expensive rites and customs, beneath which they groan, and yet to which they must submit themselves, either because of their own superstitious fears, or the tyranny of their neighbours, who would

not fail to punish with various penalties their neglect of the country rites. How much more burdensome these customs are than the commands of God! His service is perfect freedom. And it is this the Gospel comes to do, to set the heathen free from the slavery of sin and Satan. At present they are like Samson when his eyes were put out, and, bound in fetters of brass, he was made to grind in his prison-house.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF ASAAD ESH SHIDIAK, THE SYRIAN
MARTYR.

ABOUT thirty years ago mention was made, in one of the interesting periodicals of the American Board of Missions, of a Maronite family in Syria, of whom one member embraced the truth, and firmly adhered to it in spite of bonds, imprisonment, cruel beatings, and other ill-treatment. He was finally incarcerated by his persecutors, and the Missionaries lost sight of him, as, on a stormy night, we lose sight of a brilliant star when it enters into one of the dense masses of clouds blown by the winds across the expanse of heaven. When the clouds at length had passed away, the star was found to have set, never again to appear above our earthly horizon. Asaad esh Shidiak had suffered martyrdom for his Lord's sake. It was not till the year 1859 that the painful mystery was solved, and the circumstances of his death related to the Missionaries by Antonio Yanni, their native helper, who obtained it from the papal priests of the Maronites at Ehden. It may seem strange that he was able to obtain these statements from such bitter enemies of the Gospel, but their bitterness towards the truth was one thing that led them to glory in narrating the part they had taken in that infamous tragedy. Thus, after about thirty years, during which all efforts to obtain the particulars have failed, the very men who were chief actors in that scene are disposed to narrate, not only the facts, but almost the very words uttered by that suffering man of God. Thus does God make the wrath of man to praise Him. The American Missionary writes—

Yanni spends his summers in Ehden, collecting money, which he loans to the Maronite priests and people. They receive him and his family in their village, though we can hardly spend a night there with safety. The priests often congregate in his house to talk over the news, and even to discuss matters of religion; and it was on such an occasion that Yanni, in a quiet way, opened the subject of the imprisonment and death of Asaad. What follows is Yanni's record, which I have translated literally from the Arabic.

“In Ehden, August 1859 there were present at my house the following persons—Priest Abdullah ed Dwyhee, and several others. I asked about Asaad esh Shidiak, and priest Abdullah ed Dwyhee said, ‘Asaad esh Shidiak, was my teacher in Syriac. He was a man of great eloquence, and a distinguished teacher. When he first entertained views at variance with our Catholic church, the Patriarch, Yusef Habaish, brought him by guile to his convent, to save him from the *Biblischeeyeen*

[the Maronite term for Bible-men, or Protestants,] in Beyrut. At first he argued with him, and Asaad answered with all firmness, and with strong proofs from the Scriptures, according to the interpretation of his own fanaticism and the crookedness of his words. Afterwards the Patriarch sent for the bishops to come and talk with him, and asked them what they thought of him; but Asaad remained fixed in his way. Then the Patriarch flattered him, and made him the promise of presents and gifts; but Asaad did not accept any of these. Then the Patriarch sent a command through all his district, and summoned all the teachers and learned men to dispute with Asaad, and I went among them and addressed him thus: "Oh Asaad, you are my teacher. Why has Satan made you thus to err, so that you have reached this fanaticism and heresy? Why do you thus reject the doctrine of our holy church, which cannot be deceived nor deceive, and whose head is our lord the Pope, who has the keys, and is infallible? Where are your father and your mother, who died in this faith? Where are the people and saints who died in this belief? Are they all lost?" Then Asaad replied "I do not lie, nor do I speak contrary to the Holy Scriptures, but I wish all men to study the Bible, and leave all the inventions of men. As to what you say of the saints, and others who died in your belief, I know nothing of them, nor has Christ given me information on the subject, nor his apostles. But I know, from the Holy Bible, what Christ said, 'He who loveth me, him will my Father love, and we will make our abode with him; and whoso loveth me not, him will my Father judge.' The Christian will walk in the way of Christ, and all know that the violation of God's law ruins both the soul and body in hell." Thus far the testimony of the priest.

After this, the same persons being present as above, Tannoos esh Shidiak ed Dwyhee spoke as follows: "I knew Asaad esh Shidiak very well. I discussed with him on spiritual things, and in some questions was benefited by him. I had pity on him, and carried food to him by stealth. At one time, when certain ecclesiastical robes came from Rome for the Patriarch, and they had placed them in the church to consecrate them, I was present with Butros Ishoc M'owwod. They went through the processions and prayers, and Asaad entered with them; but when the crowd increased Asaad fled, and they say that a horseman of the Bible-men was waiting outside, and aided him to escape. At midnight the Patriarch and the rest thought of Asaad, but could not find him. Horsemen were sent out, and letters written to all the Emirs; and a horseman of Emir Abdullah Ghuzeer found Asaad in that vicinity. They bound him, and brought him to the convent of Cannoben. When he arrived the Patriarch ordered him to be beaten, and cursed all who did not beat him. Then I arose, with Butros Ishoc M'owwod, and esh Shidiak Michael (now a priest), and we beat him enough to have killed him; but he did not die. We broke several green sticks upon him; yet he bore all this patiently, and did not speak a bad word. This forbearance was from Satan dwelling in him. He imitated St. Stephen, saying, 'Lord Jesus, lay not this sin to their charge;' and this, as though he was a devil incarnate. After this he escaped a little way, but certain persons outside of the convent saw him, and asked him, 'Whither are you going?' He said, 'I am running away;' and they brought

him back. They then put him in prison; and with even all this, the accursed fellow did not tell a lie. After this they put him in a cave, and built a wall half a fathom high, and put a chain on his neck, and forbade men from his society, excepting the learned: these had permission to converse with him. He had, daily, two small loaves of convent bread. He could not go out, even for the necessities of nature. Then they thought that he was writing letters to the Bible-men, and took away all his pens and ink, leaving only his bedding and his books, among which was his Bible. At length he asked of the steward a cup of vinegar, and he had pity on him and gave it to him. Asaad then took a nail, and put it in the vinegar until it rusted, and commenced writing with it on his condition. We do not know whether he sent any of his writings to the Bible-men. They say that a man came in the disguise of a beggar, asked Asaad about his condition, and took and brought letters. But afterwards some of the priests saw Asaad writing with the nail, and took away the vinegar, and forbade the steward from giving him more. Then Asaad took a needle, and wrote with thread on his bed-quilt all the story of his imprisonment. This cloth is still in possession of the Patriarch, and all the Maronite people have seen it. Some of the priests, who were friends to Asaad, used to come to him and say, 'Oh Asaad, just say that you are a Maronite, and you can go free.' But the obstinate fellow would not lie. He had this *peculiar custom* that he *would never tell a lie*. After this they brought the crucifix and coals of fire, and beat him, saying, 'Either kiss the crucifix or the fire;' and he *kissed the fire*, but would not kiss the crucifix. But he raised the crucifix up over his head, saying, 'I honour the One who was crucified on the cross.'

"The death of Asaad was from the filth which accumulated around him in the cave, and from the meagreness of his diet. After his death, they drew him out by his feet, like a dog, and threw him in the valley of Cannobeen. Some say that they buried him in the valley, and some that they threw stones upon him until there was a hill above him, and some that they put him in a cave in the same valley; and the Patriarch made an ecclesiastical order that none should point out his grave.

"After some days there came to Cannobeen certain English Bible-men, and the people lied to them, and took them to a place where he was *not* buried, and the Bible-men wrote above the place, 'Thus die the righteous.'

The above are the statements which Yanni heard and recorded. They have a melancholy interest, even at this day. The history of Asaad esh Shidiak is constantly inquired for by the Maronites of Mount Lebanon. A Moslem Effendi, of Tripoli, recently remarked to me, in a discussion, "I have heard of your kind of Christianity before. Years ago there was a great master here, with whom the Moslems could not cope in argument, and he was afterwards put to death by the Maronite Patriarch. His name was Asaad esh Shidiak."

The good influence of his pious conduct, and noble adherence to the truth, is not yet lost; and we trust that the dark fastnesses of Papal Lebanon will yet be shaken with the voice of multitudes, awakened to inquiry by the story of his martyrdom, and asking, "What shall I do to be saved?"

THE TOIL AND THE REST.

THE weary day is tarrying ;
 Oh ! when will it pass away ?
 The head is sick, and the heart is faint ;
 Oh ! why do the hours delay ?

The long, long day is passing away,
 Tho' the hours are sad and slow ;
 But at length appears the blessed night,
 Bringing rest to all below :

Bringing rest to the weary heart,
 And rest to the harass'd brain—
 A truce to the warfare of life,
 That eternal joy may reign.

The Christian's life is a weary strife,
 And often his heart would yield,
 But there's One to stand at his right hand,
 His wavering faith to shield.

He feels, though his heart may fail,
 His Saviour's will is best ;
 And at length the life and the struggle are o'er,
 The soldier of Christ may rest !

The grave is dark and unknown ;
 The blessed spirit is fled ;
 The body lies cold in death's icy hold,
 A sight of gloom and dread.

But when the Lord of glory
 To the earth shall descend again,
 With all his saints and angels,
 A bright and wondrous train,

Then weary days and dreary nights,
 And death, and sorrow, and pain,
 Will have pass'd away in the glorious day,
 That opens the Saviour's reign.

[*Songs of the Night.*

 NATIVE MISSIONARY WORK—INDIA.

A YOUNG Christian female, connected with the American Mission at Ahmednuggur, in Western India, accompanied her parents, formerly Brahmins, but now Christians, on a tour to the villages south-east of Ahmednuggur in the April of last year. Some extracts from her letters, addressed to her native Christian sisters throughout India, will show what frequent opportunities she enjoyed of making known the truths of the Gospel to heathen females.

Bhatodee is a very pleasant village, about twelve miles from Ahmednuggur. Just outside the village, on the banks of the Mahekaree river, is a large and splendid temple of Nrisinwha. It is two or three stories high, and is beautifully embellished with carved work. Near the tem-

ple is a ghaut, or flight of stone steps, leading to the river. The easiest way to go to the river is through the temple: on this account the greater part of the women go through the temple when they go for water, while some go down the flight of stone steps. As we had put up in the porch of the temple we had opportunities of conversation with the women who went to wash, or bathe, or get water, but, on account of their work, they could not stop more than a few moments, and I therefore urged many of them to lay aside their work for awhile, and come to hear about the true and living God. They promised me that they would, but no one came, and I began to feel anxious lest I should have no opportunity of sowing the seed of the Gospel in that place, where, as I was told, there was a great deal of wickedness. But God in mercy opened a door of entrance and allowed us to labour there in his vineyard, and we all felt that we should praise Him.

We had all been very much fatigued by travelling the night before, and in the morning, after breakfast and family worship, we had lain down, and nearly all had gone to sleep, but for all I could do I could not get to sleep: all my thoughts were about those poor women. So I got up and took a few books, and went and sat down in a very pleasant place in the temple. From that spot I could see the beautiful flight of steps, and the people going up and down, and the gently-flowing river at the bottom, and, on the other side of the river, the mango grove and the beautifully green betel-leaf orchards. The whole prospect was so delightful I cannot fully describe it. After sitting there awhile, and reading a portion of Scripture, I began to sing a hymn, when, all at once, a young Kasar woman, having a bangle in her hand on which she was working, came running to me in great haste, and said, "Oh! oh! how nicely you can sing that song; I like to hear it very much. Bae, do not stop, sing more." I answered her, "Bae, I will tell the story of what I am singing as long as you please. I came and sat here for that very purpose. Come, then, and sit down on this bank, and I will not only sing for you, but will also tell you how your precious soul may be saved, and how you may, after death, attain everlasting life and happiness in heaven. I think you will like to hear about those things too." While we were talking together in this way, some one called out to her, saying, "What are you doing there? With whom are you talking? Come up quick and do your work." On hearing this she turned to me with a sad look, and said, "Bae, what can I do? My brother calls me and I must go. If you will come up and give us instruction I shall be glad." I asked her if her brother would not be angry with her if I went up with her. She replied, "Oh no, come without fear and give instruction." She immediately after went up, and in a short time I began to ascend the steps to go to her, when I heard some poor woman crying aloud. To see who it was, I looked into a small temple near, where I perceived an old Brahmin widow, who was sitting before an image of Mahadev with both hands upon her eyes. I asked her what was the matter with her eyes. She replied, "Who are you, and where have you come from?" I said to her, "We are travellers, and have come from Ahmednuggur. We are travelling around from village to village, and telling the people about the true God. To-day is the Sabbath, on which we are commanded in the Holy Scriptures to do no unnecessary work,

but meditate upon God and his word, and on this account we have all stopped here to-day." The woman said, "Bae, if you know of any medicine, or any religious rite that will do me any good, please tell me, and I will do it, if I can only have these eyes well again, and I will never, as long as life lasts, forget the favour conferred upon me. Alas! alas! why did God inflict such pain upon me?" As soon as she said this she began to cry again, and, seeing this, I could not restrain my tears, and said to her, "Bae, I am sorry to see you in such pain; I cannot help crying even. But what can I do for you? If there were any remedy in my power, I would remove your pain at once." The woman, crying, said, "Such kind and sweet words I have never before heard. How wonderful, that you, being an utter stranger to me, should pity me and look at these eyes." So saying, she held her eyes open with her hands, and showed them to me. They had become so inflamed, and looked so red, that I could not bear to look at them. I felt at that moment grateful to God for having kept my eyes so well hitherto. I then said to the woman, "Bae, no one can look at your eyes without feeling pity for you. All are bound to do what they can for the comfort of those who are in trouble and pain." The woman replied, "Who is there that feels so? I need not go far for examples. My own brother, born next after me, lives here, but he takes no thought for me. What, then, can be expected of his wife? So far from inquiring into and relieving my wants, she puts me to doing a great deal of work, although I am in so much pain with my eyes, and I go groping my way along, carrying the dishes to the river to wash them, and back again. What shall I say, Bae? To-day I felt disgusted and vexed with my work, and my eyes pained me so much that I could not go home, and I said to myself, that whatever be the consequence, I would stay here in the temple, and if God shows mercy, and makes my eyes well, then, and then only, would I put my foot outside and go home; and if I die, I might as well die here. Bae, I am very tired of my life, and my only wish now is to be freed from the oppression of this sister-in-law." I then said to her, "I feel great pity for you on hearing of these afflictions which you have to endure. Still all these are only for a short time, and will soon pass away. Why, then, do you look to these gods of stone? They have no power whatever to give you sight, to relieve you in any way. Do not, then, put your confidence in these gods, and go not after them. If you do, it will be your everlasting ruin. We need one good guide who can see, and even though he be only one, it makes no difference, He will take care of the blind, and lead them on after Him, and deliver them from all evil." The woman said, "What divine teacher (*sud-gooroo*) is there then, who will take us out of the mire, and give us sight, and put us in the right way? No such one can be found anywhere on earth." I replied that I was rejoiced to find that she understood what I said, and that she was interested in it. She said, "Why should I not understand? You are of our people, and talk just as we do: all the difference is, that you have embraced another religion." I answered, "And if there were not even this difference, it would be well. How happy I should be if you would only apply for salvation to the same Saviour whom I have embraced."

(To be continued.)

HOUSES IN THE SAMOA, OR NAVIGATORS' ISLANDS.

IMAGINE a gigantic bee-hive, thirty feet in diameter, a hundred in circumference, and raised from the ground about four feet, by a number of short posts, at intervals of four feet from each other all round, and you have a good idea of the appearance of a Samoan house. The spaces between these posts, which may be called open doors or windows, all round the house, are shut in at night by roughly plaited cocoa-nut leaf blinds. During the day the blinds are pulled up, and all the interior exposed to a free current of air. The floor is raised six or eight inches with rough stones, then an upper layer of smooth pebbles, then some cocoa-nut leaf mats, and then a layer of finer matting. Houses of important chiefs are erected on a raised platform of stones three feet high. In the centre of the house there are three tall posts or pillars, supporting the ridge pole. These are the main props of the building. The space between the rafters is filled up with what they call ribs, viz. the wood of the breadfruit tree, split up into small pieces and joined together. All are kept in their places by cross pieces, made fast with cinet. The whole of this upper cage-like work looks compact and tidy, and, at the first glance, is admired by strangers as being alike novel, ingenious, and neat.

The thatch is laid on with great care and taste. The long dry leaves of the sugar-cane are strung on to pieces of reed. They are made fast to the reed by overlapping the one end of the leaf and pinning it with the rib of the cocoa-nut leaflet, run through from leaf to leaf horizontally. This thatching, if well done, will last for seven years. To collect the sugar-cane leaves is the work of the women. Zinc, felt, and other contrivances, are being tried by European residents; but, for coolness and ventilation, nothing surpasses the thatch. These great circular roofs are so constructed that they can be lifted bodily off the posts, and removed. There is not a single nail in the whole building; all is made fast with cinet. As Samoan houses often form presents, fines, dowries, as well as articles of barter, they are frequently removed from place to place. The arrangement of the houses in a village has no regard whatever to order. You rarely see three houses in a line. Every one puts his house on his little plot of ground, just as the shade of the trees, the direction of the wind, the height of the ground, &c., may suit his fancy.

A house, after the usual Samoan fashion, has but one apartment. If you peep into a Samoan house at midnight, you will see five or six low oblong tents, made of native cloth, strung up here and there throughout the house. They shut out the mosquitoes, and enclose a place some eight feet by five; and these said tent-looking places may be called the bed-rooms of the family. Four or five mats laid loosely, the one on the top of the other, form the bed. The pillow is a piece of thick bamboo. The bedding is complete with a single sheet of calico or native cloth. After private prayer in the morning, the tent is unstrung, mats, pillow, and sheet rolled together, and laid up overhead on a shelf between the posts in the middle of the house. Hence, to "make the bed" in Samoa is no doubt much the same thing which Peter meant when he said to Æneas (Acts ix. 34), "Arise, and make thy bed."

These rolls of mats and bedding, a basket, a fan or two, and a knife

stuck into the thatch within reach, a fishing net, a gun strung up along the rafters, a few paddles, a wooden chest in one corner, and a few cocoa-nut-shell-water-bottles in another, are about all the things in the shape of furniture or property you can see in looking into a Samoan house. The fireplace is about the middle of it. It is merely a circular hollow, two or three feet in diameter, a few inches deep, and lined with hardened clay. It is not used for cooking, but for the purpose of lighting up the house at night. Many now-a-days burn an oil lamp instead; and you see in their houses a table it may be, a sofa, a form, a chair or two, a few earthenware dishes, and some other conveniences of civilized life.

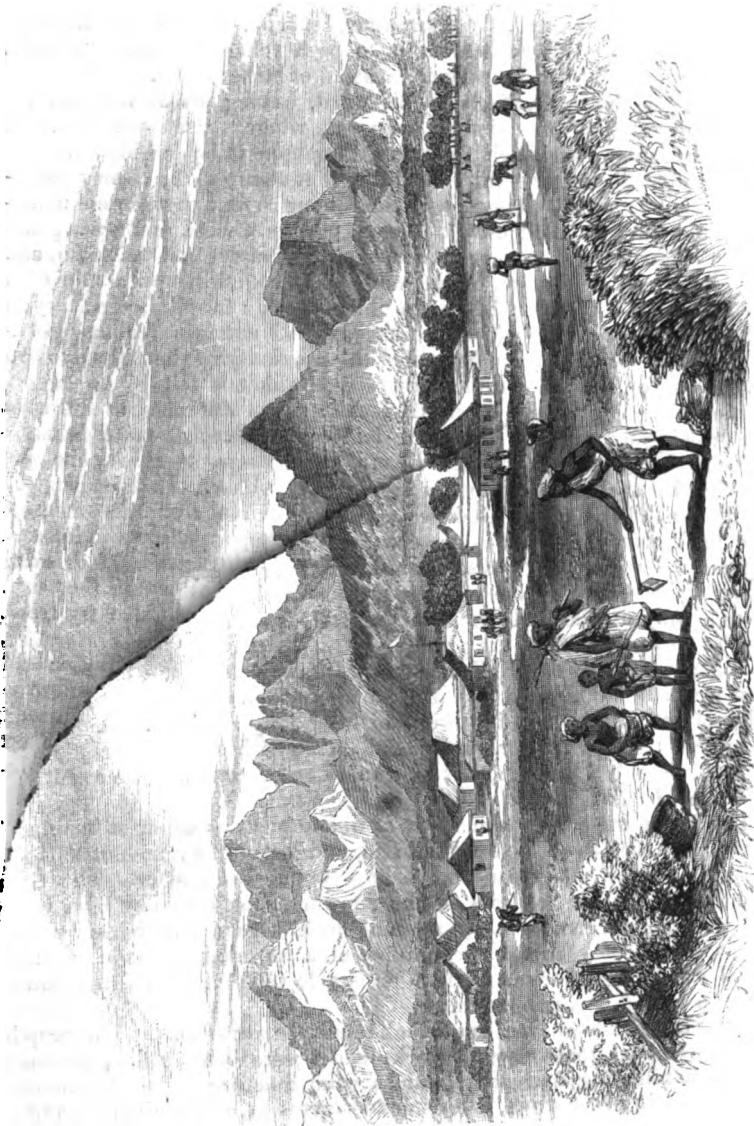
House building is a distinct trade in Samoa, and perhaps one among every three hundred men is a master carpenter. This person has in his train some ten or twelve who follow him, some who expect payment from him as journeymen, and others as apprentices, who learn the trade. If a person wishes a house built, he goes with a fine mat, worth in cash value 20s. or 30s. He tells the carpenter what he wants, and presents him with the mat as a pledge that he will be paid for his work. If he accepts the mat, that also is a pledge that he will undertake the job. Nothing is stipulated as to the cost: that is left entirely to the honour of the employing party. At an appointed time, the carpenter comes with his staff of helpers and learners. Their only tools are a felling axe, a hatchet, and a small adze; and there they sit, chop, chop, chopping, for three, six, or nine months it may be, until the house is finished. Their adze reminds you of ancient Egypt. It is formed by the head of a small hatchet, or any other flat piece of iron fastened to the end of a small piece of wood, eighteen inches long, as its handle. The man whose house is being built provides the carpenters with board and lodging, and is also at hand with his neighbours to help in bringing wood from the bush, scaffolding, and other heavy work. When a house is finished, and all ready for occupation, they have their "house warming," or, as they call it, its oven consecration; and formerly it was the custom to add on to that a heathenish dance, for the purpose, they said, of "treading down the beetles."

The system of a common interest in each other's property is clung to by the Samoans with great tenacity. Not only a house, but also a canoe, a boat, a fine, a dowry, and every thing else requiring an extra effort, is got up in the same way. And the same custom entitles them to beg and borrow from each other to any extent. Boats, tools, garments, money, &c., are all freely lent to each other, if connected with the same tribe or clan. A man cannot bear to be called disobliging. The sick, the aged, the blind, the lame, and even the vagrant, has always a house and home, and food and raiment, as far as he considers he needs it. A stranger may, at first sight, think a Samoan one of the poorest of the poor, and yet he may live ten years with that Samoan, and not be able to make him understand what poverty really is, in the European sense of the word. "How is it?" he will always say. "No food! Has he no friends? No house to live in? Where did he grow? Are there no houses belonging to his friends? Have the people there no love for each other?"—*Abridged from the Samoan Reporter.*

SHARANPUR.

SHARANPUR, or "The Place of Refuge," is a rising village, inhabited by Christians, near the town of Nasik, in Western India.

It exemplifies a hopeful phase of the Missionary work in India. Every man hath his proper gift of God, who hath set diverse orders, and



SHARANPUR, NEAR NASIK, WESTERN INDIA.

bestowed divers talents in his Church; and the proper gift of the Rev. Mr. Price seems to be the conduct of an industrial Christian village. He therefore set to work to found a new Mission settlement in the neighbourhood. The site was chosen, the land taken, a bungalow built, and the commencement made under circumstances of considerable difficulty, and not a little opposition. He called the new settlement Sharanpur, "The Place of Refuge." Some friend seemed to think that the name might have been better selected. "Sharanpur," said he, "means only a refuge sought, whereas this settlement is to be a refuge found: it should, therefore, have been 'Ashraiepur,' instead of 'Sharanpur.'"

Mr. Price, however, sticks to his word, having discovered that the word suggested means chiefly a *temporal*, whereas "Sharan" means a *spiritual* refuge; and such he desires Sharanpur to be considered.

But after all, names signify but little, if it comes to be clearly understood what they really mean, and Sharanpur is now pretty well understood by the people. The village stands upon a wide and open plain, which slightly rises between two rivers, the Nascadi on the south, and the Godavery, or Gunga, on the north. It contains now a Christian population of 160, an orphanage, a dhurumsala, a hospital, a granary, a school, a church, bungalows, workshops, and cottages for the work-people of all sorts. Notwithstanding the proximity of the village to two rivers, one of the chief difficulties is that which is felt by so large a portion of India, namely, an insufficient supply of water. But still trees are growing up, gardens are being laid out, and each year adds materially to the green aspect of the village, so necessary to relieve the eye, wearied by the surrounding dry and burning plains. In the distance, on the north bank of the Godavery, a beautiful range of hills makes a fine back-ground, as seen in our engraving: steep precipices of laterite, separated by gorges of great beauty, throwing their shadows of ever-changing loveliness, give variety to the landscape; while the city, though only a mile and a-half to the east, is entirely hidden by trees, and by an undulation of the ground.

When we reached Mr. Price's house, after visiting the city, an old man was at the door, and the Missionary, who has a competent knowledge of medicine, was ministering to his bodily ailments. A bullock had gored the poor man severely, and he was asking for some plaister, assured, though a heathen, that he would obtain there whatever aid Mr. Price could afford him.

The first thing which struck me at Sharanpur was an air of business. Everybody seemed to have work to do, and not to be reluctant to do it either. A very un-Indian-like feeling pervaded the place. The first sounds that greeted my ears in the morning, soon after daylight, were the welcome accents of a hymn, sung by Christian children's voices; and, soon after, the humanizing strains of a harmonium made me feel that I was in a land of song, where praises to God mingled with labours for man in happy combination.

After breakfast, we went out to look round the workshops. The people were assembled, tools were at work, names were being called, the busy noise of hammering, and planing, and sawing, and turning, was beginning; mail carts, in every stage, from spick-spanness to dilapidation, standing about in all sorts of postures; some balancing on newly-painted wheels

and supported pole, others rearing desparingly in air, exposing many a crack or fracture, planks, tires, naves, spokes lying about, and the clang of the blacksmith's anvil sounding from the adjacent smithy. Mr. Lang, the superintendent, a strong, hard-handed Scot, was bustling about among his workpeople, in a way that looked as if he would soon make all India a workshop.

The shastri, a venerable Brahmin, kept the roll, for he combines his scholastic duties of translation and teaching with this more stirring duty. I looked over his paper. Fifty workmen and boys were marked as present, of whom half were Christians, twelve of them boys. The best workmen are Christians, but some assistance is still needed from the Cutchi workmen, some twenty of whom are kept employed when there is much work to be done.

The only means of punishment is by fining. This has its objections; but no other means of discipline is possible.

One of the workpeople appeared to be a European. I inquired who he was, and found he was a poor dumb lad, who had been taught to work by Mr. Lang, and was now maintaining himself creditably.

While we were speaking, a man brought a thousand bamboos for sale. Mr. Price had need have some general acquaintance with all these matters, for, after a little consultation, they were at once bought. We visited the lathes, the circular saws, the furnace, and, beyond it, a new house, building for the superintendent, and then passed on to the hospital, a small building, now happily, I think, quite untenanted. From there we went on to the orphanage. It is comprised in three sides of a square, the centre rooms being occupied by the excellent master and his wife, the matron, with the boys to the west, the girls to the east of them, in the two wings; a little garden occupies the centre of the square. It was from here I heard the early hymn, sung by the boys and girls in concert, each little company standing under their respective verandahs; and, on first rising, without a leader, or perhaps any one present, they sing the sweet old morning hymn so familiar to our own childhood. A girl of fifteen was pointed out to me as belonging to the savage tribe of the Bheels—aborigines of India—and still unsubdued in their remotest fastnesses.

She was pretty, modest and gentle in her manners, and I was informed in a whisper that she is engaged to be married to one of the working boys, called James, who was brought up by Mr. Price as a carpenter, and is now, though but eighteen, maintaining himself, and building the house with his own hands, into which, as soon as it is finished and furnished, he is to lead his dusky bride. He is working like Jacob for Rachel, and Mr. Price is like Laban, without his churlishness. We may pray that the little cottage, which I saw in progress, will soon shelter a happy Christian pair.

Love matches like this, unknown among the heathen, are not unusual here, and, in their effects upon the rest, are hopeful and humanizing, while the patriarchal arrangement, which requires a proof of capacity to maintain a wife, is a bar recognised by the young people themselves against improvident marriages. In the orphanage are twenty-three girls and nineteen boys.

Opposite to the orphanage are the two playgrounds, one for the boys,

the other for the girls. In that for the boys a pole is erected, and real active gymnastic exercise encouraged—a thing a native child knows little of. There are also a few little garden-plots here, to encourage a love of simple occupation and amusements.

(To be continued.)

THE MOHAMMEDAN MISSION MOVEMENT.

(From the "Evangelical Christendom.")

Constantinople, March 1860.

THE labours of the Missionaries of the Turkish empire have hitherto been chiefly confined to the Greek and Armenian portion of the population, especially the latter, as they are more accessible, and present a more inviting and encouraging field for operation; and the labours of the Missionaries have been greatly blessed among these people. There are no less than seven different places in this city (besides various places in the environs) where the Gospel is preached every Sunday, either by Missionaries or native pastors in the Armenian tongue. Meetings for prayer and religious inquiry and conversation are also held during the week, and are excellently attended.

But the object of the greatest present interest is the movement among the Mohammedans of this empire, within the last three or four months, and we hope and expect that it is the commencement of a powerful work of God among the Turks, that will open the door of truth to the followers of the false Prophet, and succeed in turning them toward the only Saviour of lost men.

More than nine thousand Bibles have been sold to the Turks of this city during the last four years. It is now sold publicly in the streets and in the mosques side by side with the Koran; and one of the marked features of the present movement is the number of Turks who are reading the Bible. The exact number cannot, of course, be definitely known, but the Turks themselves say that it is not less than ten thousand in this city alone, who are diligently and earnestly studying the Scriptures, and there are great numbers in other parts of the empire who are enlightening themselves from the same source. A Missionary at Constantinople has received a letter from Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem, in which the Bishop states that eighty soldiers and seven officers of the Turkish army, stationed in that city, were accustomed to meet regularly with one of his colporteurs, for the purpose of reading the Bible. The same pleasing intelligence reaches us from many parts of the Sultan's dominion.

The Rev. Mr. Williams (one of the first of the Mohammedan converts, who was once banished for his religion, and now preaches the Gospel to a congregation of Turks every Sunday) was again recently on board one of the steamboats that ply up and down the Bosphorus. Some Turkish soldiers were also on board. As Mr. Williams was reading his Bible, one of the soldiers approached, and said, "Do you read the Bible? So do I;" and sat down beside him. Soon another soldier, observing that they were reading the Bible, came up and sat with them also. Thus, in this little company, were two Bible readers found,

yet neither knew the other read the Bible; and there might have been, and probably were, others on board who read it. Recently, a Turk was looking at a Bible offered to him for sale at one of the mosques, and hesitating whether to buy it or not, when a Turkish woman passing by said to him, "It is a good book. My son bought one some time ago, and we sit and read it every evening; and we like it very much. Buy it." And I have no doubt that He whose eye is in every place sees many a Turkish family group in this city every evening listening to the reading of the Bible, and many, very many, solitary Turks reading it in secret, where no eye sees them but the eye of Him who never sleeps or rests.

But what are the *visible results* of this Bible reading?

Some thirty or forty Mussulmans attend the service of Mr. Williams every Sunday. Within three years more than twenty Mussulmans have been baptized in this city, and the greater part within a year. Several have been baptized recently, and others are desirous of being so, and new cases of inquiry among them are continually occurring.

Last week the Missionaries held a meeting for the purpose of examining a Turk, who was desirous of professing Christ. He was an old man, nearly seventy years of age. He had been a Mollah, or Mohammedan priest, and, till within a few months, a bigoted follower of the false Prophet. He now seems to sit at the feet of Christ with the humility of a child. The examination was conducted in Turkish, and the old man's answers plainly showed that he had a good knowledge of the Gospel, and of the great plan of redemption by Christ alone. He was baptized last Sunday, and now is identified among the followers of the truth. Three others were baptized about six weeks ago, one the nephew of a Pasha. His uncle has since forbidden him to enter his house again. But he says, notwithstanding the persecution of his friends, he is very happy. He says he reads in the Bible that "those who leave father and mother, sisters and brothers, for the kingdom of God's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold in this present life, and in the world to come life everlasting." And this he says he is every day receiving, and every thing he needs, for Christ is all in all.

The Government appear to be rather alarmed at this new movement. The old man mentioned above as being baptized was a few weeks ago summoned by the police to answer for his change of religion. But he did not appear, as he was at Bebek, four or five miles distant, attending, with some other Turks, upon the preaching of Mr. Williams. The next day Count de Zuylen, Dutch Ambassador (who takes great interest in the spread of the truth), called upon the Minister of State, the chief officer of the Sultan's Government, to make inquiry about the matter, and to ascertain whether men were to be persecuted for their religion by the Turkish Government. The Minister said that the "Hatti-Scheriff" entered into at the close of the late war simply repealed the law which made it death for a Mohammedan to change his religion. But upon the Ambassador calling again the next day, he withdrew this statement, saying they were merely his own remarks as a private individual, and consequently the matter dropped, and the old man remained unmolested.

THE CROSS.

THE more the cross, the nearer heaven :
 Where is no cross, there God is not.
 The world's turmoil doth hide His face ;
 Hell, sense, and self make him forgot,
 Oh, where God draws a blessed lot,
 His mercy some dark lines doth trace !

The more the cross, the better Christian :
 God lays the touchstone to each soul.
 How many a garden must lay waste
 Did not a tear-storm o'er it roll !
 Refining grief, a living coal
 Upon the Christian's heart is placed.

The more the cross, the more believing :
 In desert lands the palm trees grow ;
 And when the grape is strongly pressed,
 Then doth its sweetness overflow :
 And strength lies hid in every woe,
 As pearls do in the salt wave rest.

The more the cross, the more the praying :
 The bruised plants yield sweetest balms.
 Man doth not seek to find the pole
 In quiet seas and steady calms :
 And how should we have David's Psalms
 Had he not had a troubled soul ?

The more the cross, the more the longing.
 Out of the vale, man upward goes,
 Whose pathway through the desert lies :
 He craves the land where Jordan flows.
 When here the dove finds no repose,
 Straight to the ark with joy she flies.

The more the cross, the sweeter death ;
 For man rejoices then to die,
 When, as his body is laid down,
 Much pain and sorrow are laid by.
 His cross there on his grave doth lie,
 See—man doth wear a victor's crown !

O Jesus, Lord, the crucified,
 Now let the cross more welcome be ;
 Nor let my soul complaining toss :
 But plant thou such a heart in me,
 As patiently shall look to thee,
 For gain up yonder for my loss.

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VOYAGE FROM RED RIVER TO FORT SIMPSON, MACKENZIE  
 RIVER.

OUR readers will remember Archd. Hunter's Missionary Journey to the extreme north of the Great American continent (see p. 15), and his sojourn an entire winter at Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River, not far from the ice-bound shores of the Arctic Sea, and that



simply because there were immortal souls in that direction who had no opportunities of Christian instruction. It was a reproach to us that the priests of the church of Rome had got a-head of us, and, leaving us behind in the Cree country, had occupied the Athabasca district, and commenced proselyting the Chipewyans. This people, however, are beginning to discover the deception put upon them; that, instead of bread, they have had put into their hands a stone from which they can extract no nourishment, and they are coming eagerly to our Missionary at English River for purer teaching. In addition to this, we have now pushed forward so as to get a-head of the priests, and pre-occupy the Mackenzie-River district. Arch-deacon Hunter, having returned to his family and pastoral charge at the Red River, from both of whom he had been separated an entire year, has been succeeded by the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, the narrative of whose voyage to Fort Simpson, and subsequent proceedings, now lies before us, having reached us about a week past. We think some extracts from it will interest our readers. It will enable them to realize something of Missionary life amidst the rivers and lakes of North America, and the fatigue and privations to which our brethren readily submit themselves in order to reach the sparse population which is scattered over these immense territories. The first extract describes his start from Red River.

*June 10th*—Whilst at breakfast this morning, the sound of the oars, and cheerful notes of the Canadian boat song, were suddenly heard, and, on going to the door, I saw the boats which are to take me to Portage la Loche, coming rapidly down the swollen river; and in a few minutes two of them came ashore opposite to my house: the others passed on to the lower Fort. On going out, I met L'Esperance coming up the bank, with two or three men, to carry down my luggage, which, as I have not only to take provisions for a journey of nine or ten weeks, but also flour, &c., for a year beside, is a considerable bulk; and whilst the men were carrying it down to the boats, I had an opportunity of uniting once more with my dearest wife and little ones in supplicating God's care and protection over us when separated each from the other. Dear little Rupert, though scarcely understanding, I imagine, what it all meant, sobbed as if his little heart would break; and, as I went down to the boat, he ran away so as not to see me. The churchwarden and a few other friends were on the bank to wish me good-bye, and whenever we came in sight of the houses, on our way down, the people came out to wave their affectionate adieus. We remained at the lower Fort some three or four hours, to take in cargo for Norway House; and, on leaving there, we were soon down to the Indian Settlement, when L'Esperance put ashore again to allow me a few minutes with our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cowley. After leaving there, we went on to the mouth of the river, which we reached about six o'clock, and encamped for the night. The brigade consists of six boats, each containing a crew of eight men, all being under the charge of L'Esperance, the guide, an old Canadian voyageur. The boats are about thirty feet long by eight wide, and made as light as possible, so as to be the more easily hauled over the

various portages in the route. They are propelled by the sail, or oar, or pole, or rope, according to circumstances. If the wind be fair, the sail is used; if calm, the oars; if the water be shallow, or the current too strong for the oars, the poles are used; and if the current be very strong, a rope is used, which method is termed "tracking."

As passengers, there are, beside myself, Messrs. Onion and Jones, clerks in the Company's service, who are on their way to Norway House. There are, also, John Hope and his wife, who have been engaged for the Mackenzie-River Mission. He is a Cree, and was first taken by Mr. Jones, and kept for nine years at the Mission School, after which he entered the Company's service, and was for twelve years in the Mackenzie-River District, so that he knows something of the Indians, and a little of the Chipewyan language. He has had the school at the Indian Settlement for some time, and, for two or three months in the winter, was with Mr. Mayhew at St. Andrew's, that he might have the benefit of his training. There are, also, Pierre Lafferté and his wife, who are engaged for the Roman-Catholic Mission at Slave Lake, and a few labourers and their wives, who are going out to Norway House to meet the Saskatchewan boats.

No sooner did L'Esperance tell us that we were to remain here all night, than the tents were pitched, and, in a few minutes, we were enjoying the wild luxury of a camp supper, which, as we had had no dinner, we ate with great zest. After supper, I walked for an hour or more along the shore of the lake, meditating upon some of the promises of God for the salvation of the heathen; and purposed, as an employment during the voyage, to go through the whole Bible, collecting them all, and to arrange them under their appropriate heads. On returning to the camp, I proposed having evening worship whenever we encamped together, which, I am thankful to say, was heartily responded to by my companions. I then sent John to invite any of the men who might feel disposed to attend, but out of the nearly sixty present, only Lambier and Favel, the two Protestants from the Rapids district, joined our little party. I read Ps. cxxi., and then commended ourselves, all journeying with us, and those we had left behind, to the merciful care of our covenant-keeping God.

*June 11th*—About two o'clock A.M. the cry of "Leve, leve" aroused me from my slumbers rather earlier than I have of late been wont; and though I had not heard it since I first came into the country, now seven years ago, I knew at once that it was the signal for leaving, and that, too, as quickly as possible; for no sooner is its sound heard than all is hurry and confusion, each crew endeavouring to be the first to push off, or, at least, not to be the last, especially if it be a fair wind, as it proved this morning. We had a nice, steady breeze till about ten o'clock, when it calmed, and the men pulled to the nearest point to put ashore for breakfast, of which I deeply felt my need. We afterwards rowed till about eight o'clock, when we encamped near to the Grindstone Point. After supper, I spent an hour in examining the foliated limestone rocks, which form the greater part of the eastern shores of the lake, and which were here very much torn and rent asunder by the action of the water, and, I imagine, also the ice in the spring. I collected a few fossils, but they were not of any importance. After prayers I retired to bed, but

not to sleep; for the low rumbling of the distant thunder betokened the approaching storm, which, in a little while, broke with awful fury over our heads. The atmosphere was so charged with electricity, that, for half-an-hour, we had one of the most violent hailstorms I ever witnessed; after which, for the space of two hours, it rained in torrents. My tent was but insecurely pitched on the shingly beach, and was therefore often in danger of being blown over—a catastrophe from which I was happily preserved; but not so my companions: their bedding and every thing about them was completely drenched. Poor fellows! I pitied them much.

*June 12th*—About half-past one, or a quarter to two, the wind suddenly changed from south-west to south-east, which rendered our harbour no longer safe: we were, therefore, obliged to push off to an island, which we could just see, about seven miles off. It was fearful pulling for the men, as the wind was almost directly against them, but we reached it in safety, and have been detained upon it the whole day, for which I am not sorry, as it has given us a quiet Sabbath of rest, which we should not otherwise have had. At eleven o'clock I summoned my little band for divine service, and expounded the Gospel for the day (Whit-sunday). I noticed, with much pleasure, that both Favel and Lambier had their Bibles and Prayer-books with them. In the afternoon I walked across the island to a solitary place, and spent a happy hour in interceding with God for a Pentecostal effusion of the Holy Spirit upon all the congregations of his people assembled together, but especially upon that which I have just left, and to which it was my privilege for four years to minister. I trust they have had a happy day, and that a double portion of God's good Spirit has rested upon my dear brother, who has broken to them the bread of life, and will continue to supply my lack of service till Archdeacon Hunter's return. We had evening service at six o'clock, when, after singing and prayer, I read the second chapter of Acts, and addressed my little congregation of seven from the thirty-third verse. We were few in number, but enough to claim the promise—Matth. xviii. 20. Had we gone on to-day, we should have overtaken the good Bishop, as he does not travel on Sunday, but I fear we shall not see him now till we arrive at the Grand Rapids. He left Red River the day before us on his way to the English-River Mission.

*(To be continued.)*

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NATIVE MISSIONARY WORK—INDIA.

(Continued from p. 58.)

WHILE we were talking, the young Kasar woman had called out three or four times, and begged me to come out of the temple towards her. However, I first told the poor widow something of the story of Jesus, and I also urged her to go to Ahmednuggur, and apply to the doctor at the civil hospital for some remedy for her eyes. The woman replied, "Who will ever take any pains for the relief of such a poor, friendless widow as I am? I have no husband and no parents, you are the only one from whose kindness I can have any hope." At length I told her that I would speak to my father about her, and that they would probably make some ar-

rangement for her relief. At length, on going out of the temple, I saw that there was quite a number of women collected together, and among them was the sister-in-law of the old woman, and also the young Kasar woman. On seeing me, the latter said, "Bae, I am glad you are come; now only sing that which you were singing awhile ago. I have sat here a long time just on purpose to hear you." I replied, "If you are so anxious to hear, I shall be very happy indeed to gratify you, but first I will read a little." I then read a passage, and after I had made some remarks on what I had read, I said to them, "As Christ suffered and toiled for our good, so should we all, following his example, endeavour to promote each other's happiness. Especially should we care for the poor and distressed, for widows and orphans." I said all this principally for the benefit of the sister-in-law of that poor widow, and saw from her countenance, and from her nods of assent, and from what she said in reply, that it was not without effect. After this I complied with the earnest request of the Kasar woman, and took the hymn-book and sung two hymns. As I sung, the poor widow came near and sat down. My dear father suggested then, that if we would go into the middle room of the temple and sing, the singing would sound much better on account of the echo, and so we went in and sat down there. After I had sung, I asked them whether they understood the meaning of what I said, and if so, I requested that some one would tell me. Another widow then said in reply, "It is said in those hymns that we must not worship idols of gold and silver, for it is great folly to do so. They have eyes, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not; they have a mouth, but they cannot speak; they have hands and feet, but they cannot move. We should therefore abandon them, and worship and serve only the one great God, and pay homage to Him alone. We should not lie or steal, but love all men, and treat all with affection and kindness." On hearing this, I was very much rejoiced, and filled with astonishment also; and I said, "Bae, I had no idea that you would be able to give the meaning of what I sung so well." Then all the other women answered at once, "What is there in that? She has no family cares as we have, to distract her mind, and every day she sits and hears the Shasters read. Why then should she find it difficult to understand you? It is easier to do so than to understand our sacred books, for you explain every thing."

After a good deal of conversation on this and similar subjects, all the women dispersed to their homes, and we returned to our lodging-place, filled with joy. The woman's eyes are now well, and she often speaks of the instruction of that day.

One day the Jaghirdar at Ashtee took us to his house, where we met twenty or twenty-five Brahmin women. After we were seated, I first read to them the little tract called "Good Tidings;" then my mother and myself told them of the fall of our first parents into sin, and of the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. After talking some time, a Brahmin widow, who sat in front of the others, and who was apparently a great talker, and who, I was told, was the sister of the Jaghirdar, said to me, "All that you say appears to be true, but tell me why do you not put bangles on your arms and a necklace on your neck? Is it forbidden

in your Shasters?" I replied, "No, not at all. The Christian religion does not consist in eating or drinking, or in wearing a particular kind of dress. Do you not see that my mother has bangles on, and wears a necklace? and my elder sister also wears them? but I do not fancy them, and so I do not wear them."

After conversing in this way for some time, my attention was attracted towards a young married woman, about fifteen years of age, who was sitting near the widow who conversed with me. She had very many ornaments on her person, but her countenance appeared very sad, and, feeling great pity for her, I spoke to her, and asked her name. The widow replied "She is my third mother, and that man is my father. Her name is Sukhoobae." The person whom this widow pointed out as her father, and the husband of that young woman, was an old man of eighty years of age!

I turned, and asked her where her parents lived. She replied that they lived at Ahmednuggur. I told her that I supposed she often came to Ahmednuggur, and that therefore she must know a great deal about Christianity. She replied, "I used to go there very often, but why should I go there now? My parents are both dead, and I have only one sister left there."

While we were conversing in this way, the Jaghirdar's wife spoke to us, and urged us to stop talking as we must be tired. She urged us to take some *pan-sooparee*, and, putting a little bundle into my mother's hands, she said, "Take these sweetmeats for your children." My mother replied, "Bae, we do not want any presents: we are very happy that you have sat and listened to us so attentively, and we thank you for it. If you will embrace the Saviour, and secure the salvation of your souls, how happy you will be!"

When it was quite dark we took leave of them all, and returned to our lodging. There the police-officer, having heard what conversation we had with the woman, remarked that he knew the story of the young married woman whom we saw. He said, "When she was about to be given in marriage by her parents, she was very much opposed to marrying such an old man, and she was just ready to throw herself into a well and thus commit suicide, but was prevented. Her parents paid no regard to her wishes in the matter, but looked only to the wealth of the husband." . . .

I have learned recently that the young woman's husband, eighty years old, died a few weeks ago. How painful! That poor young woman must now spend all her life in widowhood. As long as she has money these cruel and wicked Brahmins will flatter her and call her Maharaz, Bae Saheb, and give her similar great titles, and caress her until they get all her property, and then who will care for her, or inquire after her welfare?

We regard this movement among the females with great interest. The native Christians, if genuine, are peculiarly fitted to be useful to their countrymen and countrywomen. May the Spirit of the living God be so outpoured upon the native Christians in India, that they may each and all labour as zealously as the writer of the above letters, and then shall we see great things, which shall make our hearts rejoice!

WAGEN-MAKER'S VALLEY, SOUTHERN AFRICA.

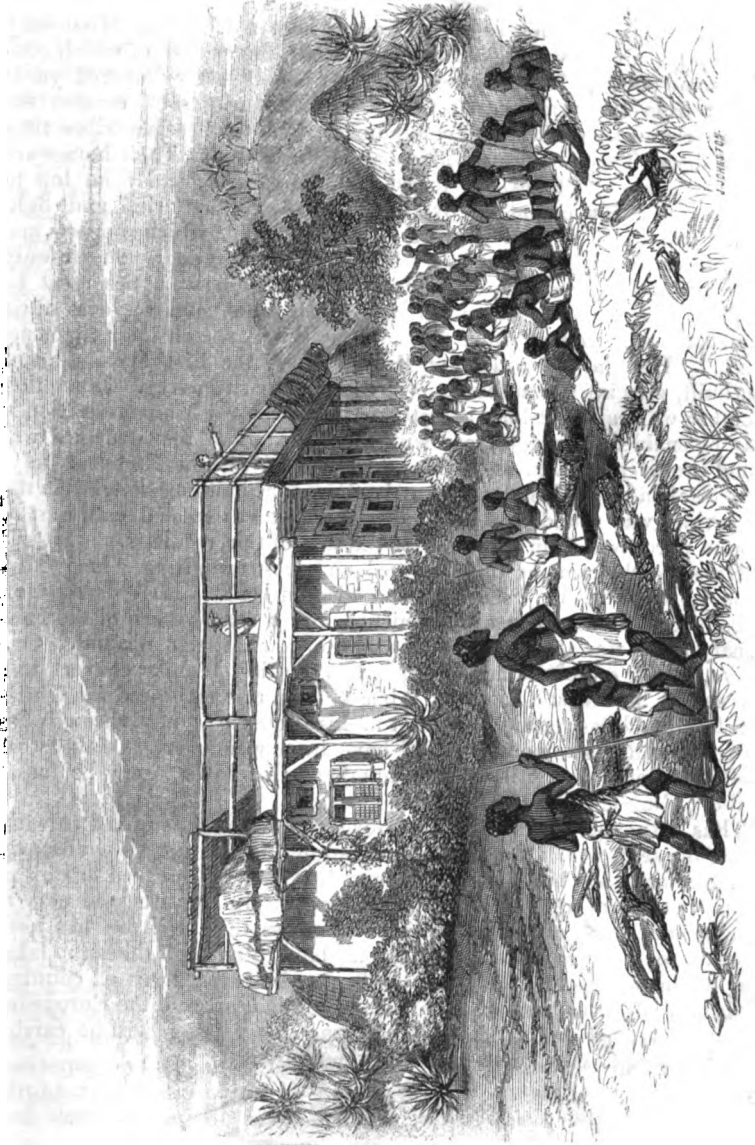
THE following interesting extract, from the pen of a Missionary of the Parisian Evangelical Society, stationed at Wellington, in South Africa, points out, that here, as well as in many other desert places of our globe, the waters of life are causing the wilderness and solitary place to rejoice and blossom as the rose. His letter is dated May 19, 1859. He writes—

On the 22d of April (Good Friday) a most affecting ceremony took place at Wagen-maker's Valley. Eighteen persons, chosen from among the candidates, received baptism, as a sign of their union with Christ. Three days afterwards we celebrated the feast of Easter, and these newly-made brethren communicated with the rest of the Christian church, by partaking of the Lord's supper. You will rejoice with us that the hand of the Lord, so far from being shortened, has been stretched out to our help, and that He has bestowed upon us many and great blessings. I will relate one or two instances to show that the word of the kingdom does not always fall on the roadside or among the thorns, but often also on good ground, where it brings forth fruit an hundred fold. A young woman, in the class of candidates for baptism, is recovering from an illness that brought her down to the borders of the grave, but this trial has been for the glory of God. This young woman has to-day openly professed the Gospel. Having been frequently called to her sick room to pray and converse with her, I have seen with my own eyes the commencement and growth of her faith in Christ. Eva, for this is her name, desiring to redeem lost time, exhorted all who came to see her, and it appears that her example and Christian conversation have made a strong impression on her parents, who are yet heathen, for her father one day said to me, "Sir, I may say that I have an angel in the house: if I do not become converted, this will increase my condemnation."

Another of our most advanced Christians, poor as to this world's wealth, tried by much tribulation, especially by bad treatment received at the hands of her husband, and enduring during her illness the most cruel sufferings, has indeed had wrought in her a perfect work. You may judge of her earnest desire to depart and be with Christ, and of her preparedness for the change, by the following conversation that she had with a pious lady who visited her every day. "Is it," said she, "since you have been ill that you occupy yourself about the salvation of your soul?" "No, dear lady: then indeed should I be to be pitied. It is when we are in health that we must seek the Lord, and give Him our heart. We cannot be sure that He will receive us if it is only the fear of death, and not a sincere wish to be his, that makes us cry for mercy." "You hope on Him, but on what do you found your hope?" "On the death of the Lord Jesus, for it was for my sins that He died. I trust in the words that He spoke—'Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.'" "But it is, perhaps, this desire to suffer no longer that makes you wish to go to Him?" "I do not think much of my sufferings: I love better to think of what Jesus, the Son of God, endured for me. I long to be up there, to tell Him how much I love Him, and to love Him more. Here I am far from Him; there I will walk beside Him for ever and ever."

KISULIDINI.

WE have given a sketch of a solitary Mission-house on the East-African coast. For a long season it was left deserted. The country became disturbed, and the one Missionary that remained retired to Zanzibar, where he employed himself in studying the East-African languages, and



MISSION HOUSE AT KISULIDINI, EAST-AFRICA.

the Mission-house was left alone like "a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." But even when it was occupied by two Missionaries it was solitary, for it was the only Mission station along a vast range of coast; the only sign that Christians in other parts of the world remembered there was such a place as East Africa; and that there were many thousand souls to be found there who were living and dying in ignorance of God.

The first place on this neglected coast where a Christian Missionary took up his abode was the island of Mombas, the capital of which contains some 8000 or 10,000 inhabitants. It is only a few hundred yards distant from the main coast, and the Missionaries soon crossed the narrow channel, and began to communicate with the heathen tribes they found there. The tribe nearest Mombas is the Wanika. Their houses are like haycocks. "Stakes are thrust into the ground, and from top to bottom there is a complete covering of grass, so that wind and light cannot enter. In the centre there is a thick stake, which supports and strengthens the whole structure. Through the low door you can only enter by stooping very much; and if you wish for light, a fire must be kindled. Lofty cocoa-palms surround their huts, and serve as their immediate wine cellars, from whence the Wanika fetch their favourite drink." Here, at the village of Rabbai Mpia, the first Mission house was built, very inferior to the one presented in our engraving. In another Number we shall introduce a sketch of it, so that our Missionary friends may be enabled to compare one with the other. The first structure was found inconvenient and unsuitable, the more so, when a European lady, the wife of one of the Missionaries, arrived; and the building sketched in the engraving was raised at a short distance. It was erected on a spot of ground purchased from the chief for the sum of thirty dollars.

Here rest the remains of a devoted and most promising young Missionary, the Rev. C. Pfefferle, who died in 1851. His death took place before the new house was finished, and a dead person of the Missionary circle was the first resident of the new Mission ground. One native, a poor cripple named Mringe, was the first Wanika convert, and fell asleep in Jesus. Another, Abbe Gunga, also embraced the Christian faith, and has remained stedfast in his profession; nay, through his instrumentality, six more Wanika have been won over. Of these we shall give some notices in a future number. His history may be found in the "Gleaner" for 1858.

Thus, although the Missionaries for a time were constrained to withdraw, the seed which they had sown sprung up during their absence. Mr. Rebmann left his station discouraged. When he returned to Rabbai Mpia, two years ago, he found to his surprise six converts won over to Christ, and nearly ready for baptism. Besides this, attention has been directed to these regions. Expeditions have been sent thither: lakes and mountains have been discovered: an immense tract of country, healthful, populous, and productive, has been laid open to the European; and we have no doubt, that after a time this Mission will be carried forward, on an extended scale, far into the interior.

SHARANPUR.

(Continued from p. 60.)

WE continue the account of this industrial Mission, for which we are indebted to the Rev. F. Gell, who, having himself visited the spot, and made himself acquainted with the various details respecting it, has embodied them in an interesting narrative, and thus added a very valuable contribution to our pages. We only regret that the brevity of the "Gleaner," rather than the length of the article, prevented our introducing it all at once.

The experiences of character in the orphanage are very varied and very interesting; many strange and happy transformations take place here. Some young lads at first are terribly unmanageable. Young Yohun, for instance, was *caught*, if I may use the expression, naked, and quite wild, near Belgaon, without friends, roving free like a harrier dog, to pick up a meal where he could. A very devil of recklessness was in him, but he was kind and affectionate at times. At first he tore off his clothes again and again. His violence seemed desperate. He said he knew clothes were the first step to subjection, and he would not submit. He hated rules. He loved the wild freedom of the jungle. But kindness and severity combined exorcised the evil spirit at length. It was a good thrashing for some reckless deed of rage that brought him round. What a change was wrought! He became the best, as he had been before the cleverest lad in the orphanage. He rose above all his fellows. He has considerable talent, and is to be educated for the medical profession at the Grant Medical College. Indeed, prayers and pains work wonders. Who will recognise in the tender physician the wild naked savage of the jungles of Belgaon. Observe another, a girl of seventeen, neatly dressed, modest in speech and behaviour, of native birth, and dark skin, but with quiet English manners. It is Francena. She was picked up forsaken near the Neilgherry Hills, a perfect specimen of untamed savagery. At nine years old she smoked, chewed, swore, and used language of the foulest description. If she could remember it now she would run to hide her burning blushes. Is it nothing that it is all a dim, dark, painful, unintelligible dream to her, and that she is now a happy Christian girl?

Noticing a little European-looking girl among the orphans, I asked her history. It was strange, brief, and mysterious. She was found in the dense jungles, four miles from Jevavapur, I think, by the Brinjarries, perfectly wild, naked, and perishing, and nearly blind, from exposure to the sun, grubbing up roots, or munching the leaf-buds of the forest, and unable to give any account of herself; but a terrible scar in her neck, part of the cartilage of which is still visible, told a dark tale of cruelty. She had probably had her throat cut, but imperfectly, and had survived the injury, to be brought to this sheltering refuge, and educated for God. Some six months after, a Brahmin came and claimed her, declaring that she was his lost child, and that such a skin and features were not unknown among his caste

Mr. Price refused to let her go without an order from the magistrate. Upon hearing the mention of "the magistrate," the Brahmin withdrew his claim and disappeared, and the little one has been fostered still at the orphanage.

The Brahmin would give no account of her, if indeed he knew any thing, and her early history is hidden, perhaps for ever, in those dark places of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty.

Passing from the orphanage by the church, we come to the neat little bungalow Mr. Ruttonji has just built for himself. It is of red brick, and nicely tiled. Here this estimable young man is studying for the Christian ministry, for which his gifts seem well to fit him. The sad story of his trials and long-continued persecutions, the deep conspiracies of his Parsee relatives to prevent his being able to become or to remain a Christian, the evil compliance with them of "neutral" English officials, his wife stolen from him and spirited away he knows not where, with his calm faith and patience through it all, will form an illustration detractors will do well to study of the difficulties and bitterness which accompany a respectable native's conversion to Christianity.

Under Mr. Ruttonji's care, in a cottage near his house, the "working boys" live together, occupying several rooms.

I could not help contrasting their lives and occupations as manifested by what I saw in their rooms, with those of their still heathen caste-fellows. There were chessboards, birdcages, bookshelves lined with books, among which I noticed the Bishop's present of a Mahratti hymn-book, "Yamanabaie," by Baba Padmanji, and on the wall a Mahratti plan of Jerusalem. Interesting to the end of time, to the whole human race, is Jerusalem, but how few such lads know why! We trust, at least, that some of these do, and have laid the burden of their souls' needs upon Him who wept over that city, and suffered on the cross for them near its walls.

Turning to the right, we reached the cottage of Krishna, the catechist, well known and loved by Mr. Price for his hearty and active co-operation in the work of the Mission. His especial charge in the village is the care of the dhurumsala, the gate of which will be observed close to his door. It is a sort of infirmary, where twenty poor old people, suffering from nearly all the ills that fallen flesh is heir to, are passing their declining days in peace. On one rupee six annas each a month for food, and two rupees a year each for clothes, they are sufficiently supported. Some rare old specimens of our common nature are here—lepers and lame, halt, maimed, and blind.

One old herdsman was shown me who had actually no mouth. He rolled all his food up into small pellets, and jerked them through a small hole in his upper lip, about the size of the hole in a cocoa-nut shell, and inside it could be seen the point of a red tongue, moving about to receive and dispose of the prey.

It seemed that a native surgeon, of no tender skill, had put so severe a plaister over his whole mouth, as a remedy for a disease of the lips, that they were found, on removing it, to have grown together, and could not be severed without an ugly use of the knife. The old man could not, of course, smile, but he seemed happy, to judge by his eyes,

which twinkled merrily at my astonishment, as, rolling up another pellet, he pitched it cleverly into the little hole, with a strange gurgle that he meant for laughter.

Under a shady mulberry tree, in the centre of the court, several old people were sitting, and some others sunning themselves in their verandah, to make the winter of their lives as warm as age and infirmities would permit.

The next day was Sunday. I had been wandering among the wildest jungles in Western India, along the precipices of the ghauts, and through some of the most celebrated haunts of Hinduism for some time before, and perhaps this was needed to make me enjoy so thoroughly the Sabbath tranquillity of Sharanpur.

There was the old quiet English Sunday feeling which, in this country, we almost forget. At eleven we assembled in the neat little church, the clean dresses of the boys, and the pretty white sarrees of the girls, as they all joined in the simple hymn, and in the responses of our Church service, were a cheerful sight. Nearly all the village was assembled, and in the back seats were to be marked the turbans of some, still heathen, who attended as inquirers. The service was in Mahratti, and Mr. Price preached from Matthew xxv., about the ten virgins.

A pleasing young native, who had come into the village just before service, leading to church a little band of rustics, was pointed out to me as Tukera, the catechist employed by Mr. Price at a village four miles to the east of Sharanpur, called Wadali, or Wurali. A short time back a movement took place in that village in favour of Christianity. It was necessary to take immediate steps to improve the opportunity. The village was without the hindering presence of the Brahmin Kulkurnee or village accountant, and consequently far less strictly closed, than otherwise it would have been, against Christian influence.

Even the Patel had been residing in Nasik, of which town the village forms, strictly speaking, a part, for governmental purposes. Wadali is inhabited by the Ramoosies and Mahars. Several candidates for baptism were under instruction. The Kulkurnee came out to stop the work, and cursed the waverers like an Irish priest, using, in addition to his influence in a sacred character, his power as an agent of Government, till a summons was taken out against him to compel him to desist from threats and violence. Mr. Price at once put Tukera in the village as schoolmaster and catechist, and there, and in the neighbourhood, there are eight candidates for baptism, for the movement has spread to four other villages, and one of them (Gungapur) is especially hopeful.

In the evening there was an English service, at which some casual residents in the city attended, and then the sun set upon the happiest Sunday, I think, that I have yet spent in India.

Mr. Price is a man of admirable ingenuity and tact, and that presence of mind so needful to meet the many difficulties which only the Missionary who is really working always gets into. An earnest man must expect to come into occasional collision with the modern Pilates, who are ever for sacrificing truth to peace. Well is it for him if he can always show that *the cause*, and not the man, or his wrong way of doing right things, is to blame, if we may so speak, for the trouble, when it comes,

as clearly as Mr. Price has been able to show it ; and much in these days do we all need of that wisdom which is first pure, then peaceable.

Perhaps in no way would at least an Indian reader understand the all-embracing, caste-rebuking character of this institution better than by a mention of the varieties found there. There are one or more of the following castes at Sharanpur living in Christian communion—Brahmin, Wydd, Dongar, Coonbie Deshmook Leedee, Mahar, Parsee, Khoombar, Mussulman, Mang, Wanee, Telin, Rajpoot, Portuguese, and Gosavi. Tastes and dispositions are studied, and a man is not made a tailor or a blacksmith because his father was. There are five blacksmiths, one painter, one tailor, one bookseller, one clothseller, one bullock-driver, and eight carpenters among them.

Of the talents of the bullock-driver I had personal experience. He must be destined to a high rank among those of his trade, if flexibility of voice and strength of arm can obtain it. He drove me with his bullocks for some miles, and, during the journey, every modulation of his pliant organ of speech was called into exercise, from piercing shrieks to his bullocks that wounded my ear, down through a whole gamut of surprised or angry ejaculations, to the most tender tones of remonstrance, succeeded by a vigorous thwack upon the bullocks' flanks, while they trolled along apparently heedless, and as anxious to get home as their driver. Let not the inexperienced deride. The art of bullock-driving is a very important one in India; and the secret of success is in those very cries and blows, together with their accompanying jerks and screwings. My vigorous bullet-headed friend was doing credit to a good education, which had really fitted him for the work of his life in a degree that ordinary education seldom does.

I am not unaware that much may be said both for and against institutions like Sharanpur ; perhaps stronger things *against* than *for* ; but I am not careful to decide. That good, great good, is being done here I feel very well convinced, and in this world good is always mixed with evil : at least it is something for the active and earnest Missionary superintendent to be able to say that " no native Christian in these parts has any excuse for idleness." F. G.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

THE following interesting narrative, by Mrs. Mullens, of Calcutta, addressed to the Ladies' Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, may help to kindle a more earnest pity for the poor females of India, doomed as they are, by their idolatry, to ignorance and debasement.

" After the opening of our school at Bhowanipore, in the house of a native doctor, in 1856, one of the first scholars who entered it was a young wife. This, under ordinary circumstances, would have precluded her from sharing in the advantages of school life ; but her home happened to be next door to the doctor's, and, on the plea that she could slip in unobserved through a back entrance, she persuaded her husband to let her go in daily to learn to read. Jotee was about eighteen, particularly bright and intelligent ; and as she was very anxious to

improve, she made rapid progress, and in the course of a few weeks, whilst the little girls were still in "the Aurora of Knowledge," their first spelling-book, she was able to read any Bengalee work fluently. Beedoo, the teacher, valued her much, and it was my delight, after the rest of the school had been dismissed, to form a separate class for these two, and read with them and to them the blessed truths of the Christian religion. We also read through together (as much for my own improvement in the language as theirs) a work in elegant classical Bengalee, 'Nobo Naree; or, the Nine Women celebrated in Hindu Story.' With the bribe of a few pages of this at the end of our lesson, Jotee would listen attentively to one of Christ's beautiful parables, and that of the Prodigal Son she even committed to memory.

"One day she told me her family story. She had a twin sister, who was entirely blind: in consequence of this she had been refused as wife by all to whom her mother had offered her; and yet, according to Hindoo law, it was necessary that she should be married: so Jotee had persuaded her own husband to take her blind sister as well as herself. He had objected at first, saying he could not support two women, especially as one of them must be perfectly useless in the domestic economy of his house; but this was overruled by his wife and mother-in-law, who said they would take the entire care and expense of the poor blind Abee, if he would only go through the ceremony of marriage with her also. He had then consented. I asked Jotee, 'Did this arrangement really please you?' She looked up at me with a half-innocent, half-surprised air, and replied, 'Is she not my sister?' Disinterested affection like this naturally interested me. Jotee saw this, and inquired eagerly, 'Would you like to see my sister? I'll go and fetch her.' In a few minutes she returned, leading a girl the exact image of herself, only with eyes closed to the light of day. How I longed to pour the light of truth into that heart! Beedoo told me that she was the sweetest and most gentle character that she had ever known, and that she had given up herself entirely to the practice of religion. Ah! if that religion had been to sit at the feet of Him who giveth sight to the blind, happy would it have been for her; but Abee was a *Boistob*, a worshipper of Krishna; and they were hymns in honour of Krishna that she sung, sweetly enough, it is true, for she had a soft, clear voice; but the moral of those hymns! Alas! they were deadly poison to the soul, instead of life and health.

"The mother of the two young women then came in, and she at once began to tell me that her blind daughter must have committed some fearful sin in a former birth to have drawn down such punishment on her head. This was all the comfort they had; there was no submission to God's will; no belief that He must have done it for some wise purpose. But of this I, as a Christian, could speak to her, and I did. I told her how God was a God of love, and how He had spared not his own Son, but had freely given Him for the sins of the world. She listened in breathless silence. How strange it must have seemed to her to hear, for the very first time in her life, that God might have afflicted her in love, and not in anger! And how she longed to see the strange speaker of this blessed truth! She turned to her sister and said, 'Let

me stand right opposite the lady;' and afterwards she asked to be allowed to feel my dress, my shawl, my hands: there were no bracelets there. She started with an expression of pain, and inquired, 'Lady, you are not a widow, I hope?' (for it is a sign of widowhood among Hindoo women to put off their jewels.) I smilingly answered, 'No, thank God, no;' but I was touched even to tears by the manifest interest she showed—all the work of a few minutes.

"I saw Abee once more after the interview I have mentioned; and then she died suddenly of cholera, after an illness of a few hours, and everybody, her own mother not excepted, said, 'It was well.' They had a vague belief, that even should her soul be doomed to occupy the body of some inferior animal, yet God would not again inflict on her the curse of blindness.

"Jotee was so anxious to learn, that she continued to attend the school even whilst 'the days of mourning for her sister were being accomplished;' although during this time (twenty-one days) she was considered ceremonially unclean, and was compelled by the other scholars to sit on a mat by herself, and not touch their books or writing materials.

"Months passed on: she progressed rapidly, and the pleasure of teaching her had become great indeed, when she was suddenly removed from our influence by one of those inscrutable acts of God's providence, on which it becomes us to be 'still,' or to say, 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' Her husband died, and Jotee became a widow for life. Her grief was intense: I never once saw a smile on her bright face after that. Both Beedoo and I tremblingly waited the verdict of the people, and the effect it might produce on the school. We expected them to say that Jotee had killed her husband by learning to read;—for such is the popular superstition, and which naturally induces ignorant husbands to prefer that their wives should not be educated. But, strange to say, such a remark was never made in this case—at any rate it never came to our ears; and I was especially thankful to discover, by a little skilful questioning, that it had not entered the mind of the poor young widow herself.

"Deprived of the husband's support, Jotee's mother proposed that they should return and live in their native village, many miles from Calcutta: it would be cheaper, she said, and it would also be more suitable for her daughter to spend the remainder of her days in a quiet place like that, than amid the temptations of a great city, where, as the old woman remarked, 'a young widow might be virtue itself, and yet the people would surely rise up and say ten things against her.' There was truth in this, which Jotee felt, so they went. Bedoo and I bade adieu to our interesting pupil with sad hearts. She carried with her a New Testament, a Christian Hymn-book, the Pilgrim's Progress, &c.

"Jotee still lives, and the last I heard of her was, that she said that the greatest blessing of her life had been, that she had been taught to read, 'for how could she live without reading now?'"

THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION.

OUR readers may like to know what is going forward on the Zambesi, the great river which Dr. Livingstone discovered, and to the mouth of which an expedition has been sent by the British Government, Dr. Livingstone acting as Consul.

H. M. ship "Lynx" sailed from Simon's Bay on the 13th July 1858, and arrived at the Zambesi Delta on the 22d August. On the 4th of the next month, the ship's boat, with two of the officers and crew, crossed the Casinua mouth of the Zambesi, which is the main and direct branch of the river. The width of the entrance was found to be nearly three miles; the channel between the line of breakers two-thirds of a mile broad, clearly and well defined; and when inside they ascertained the water to deepen evenly and gradually, (fresh at the entrance,) until arriving at the left high-tree bluff (Mydlycott's Point). There is here excellent anchorage in five and-a-half fathoms, close to a savannah ten or twelve miles in circumference, abounding in buffaloes, deer, and other animals. The footprints of elephants were seen, and there were numerous hippopotami surveying them within a few feet of the boat: they then sailed up, and, with a flowing tide, made good progress. The features of the river alter every few miles. In many parts were the cabbage-trees in dense forests, attaining an elevation of forty or fifty feet; and on the more elevated parts the formosa covered in bloom, the delicious scent of which was felt long before it was seen. The banks are in many parts precipitous, and from the rushing of the water, always running down, (except within fourteen or fifteen miles from the mouth, which is affected by the tides,) landslips are caused, and the river alters its appearance yearly. Where once a deep channel existed, an island will be formed in a short time; the sand and earth becoming conglomerated together, the great waters are impeded from taking their course. From the channel becoming smaller, the current striking with greater force in the opposite direction, an island is washed away in the space of a few weeks. The banks were covered with thousands of wild-geese, ducks, flamingoes, black and white ibis, and curlews. Wherever any natives were seen, the party landed and were hospitably received, the men procuring cocoa-nuts, mangoes, cashu-nuts, &c., whilst the fair sex, to do honour to their arrival, danced to the low sweet tunes of some curious musical instrument, until the perspiration flowed down in streams, and they only stopped from sheer exhaustion.

Large buildings and barracoons for slaves were seen in some of the villages, around which there were cultivated fields, which would vie in the care bestowed upon them with any English garden. One head of cabbage found weighed 12½ lbs. Pumpkins attain an enormous size, and vegetables grow, as well as the fruits, in great abundance. The orange has a peculiar and very delicious flavour: nothing of the same kind has been met with in any part of the world. Coffee and tobacco are found here in every village: the latter attains a great height, but is very different in flavour.

Ascending the river, they fell in with some of Dr. Livingstone's party, and ascertained from them the following particulars—

The Doctor, in the steam-launch, was at Tete, conveying up their stores, and Mr. Baines, in the *Hermes* launch, at Sonna, making a series of landscapes, which will delight and amuse thousands when the result of the Doctor's explorations are laid before the whole world.

Dr. Livingstone, Dr. Kirk, and Mr. Rea, were all well. They had ascended the third river, which runs at the foot of the Moorambeleli mountains. They have found the source of it, which comes from an immense lake, called Nyassa. The waves were running high, so that the eye could not discover the opposite bank. Many discoveries have been made by them, and many hardships and trials suffered. Mr. Baines, the artist, from his indefatigable exertions and great exposure to the sun, had suffered several severe attacks of fever. He took a passage in the "*Lynx*." He has many very beautiful sketches, which will be greatly appreciated. The Doctor and party intended, at the coming rainy season, to try and push on in the launch; the river then rises seventy or eighty feet, and the natives state that it is then on a level with the cataract.

Subsequent letters from Dr. Livingstone to various friends informs them of his discovery of the lake Nyassa. In one of them he says—

We have discovered another lake, named Nyassa or Nyinyesi. . . . The country is superb, abounding in running rills of deliciously cool water, that is, the high lands. Mr. Rea, Dr. Kirk, and Mr. Livingstone were with me; they never saw so fine a country. There are changes of climate within a few miles of each other, and the cotton-fields are superior in many respects to the American. . . . One lake, Shirwa, or Tamandua, is ninety miles long, but no one could tell how long Nyassa was. The Shire comes flowing out of it the whole year, and there are twenty-three miles of cataracts in it. * * We saw slave-trade, and are sure it could be abolished by Missions. I have applied to the Church Missionary Society to occupy this field for the Gospel and lawful commerce, which would produce great changes in the country. . . . We go up to Tete, and thence to Sekeletu's by land. This will probably be an eight months' trip.

Another letter from Dr. Livingstone's brother, addressed to Mr. Clegg of Manchester, dated River Shire, gives details respecting the country, which had been explored, where cotton was grown and manufactured to a considerable extent. The cotton was of two kinds, native and foreign. The former was preferred, because it made the strongest cloth. Every family appeared to have a piece of cotton ground, and it was gratifying to see how clear of grass and weeds they kept it. In every village men were busy cleaning, spinning, and weaving. The looms were of the simplest possible construction, and all the processes were accordingly slow. The Shire valley is about twelve miles wide at the foot of the lake, but soon expands from twenty to thirty, being bounded on both sides

all the way by ranges of hills, the range on the east, or left bank, being very lofty. Ascending this, an extensive tableland was reached, 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and from twelve to fourteen miles wide. These highlands seemed to possess a salubrious climate: the air was bracing, and an unusual number of old grey-headed men and women were seen. The people inhabiting this large cotton country lived chiefly in villages, and seemed to be an industrious race. Iron was dug out of the hills, and each village had one or two smelting furnaces.

How wide the world is opening for Missionary effort! Where shall be found the willing agents, whose feet shall be beautiful upon the mountains, as they bring good tidings to the benighted heathen, and publish peace?

ARE YOU TIRED?

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—MATT. XI. 28.

ARE you tired of labouring, servant of Christ?
Do you wish that the work were done?
Are you weary beneath the heavy load,
And faint in the mid-day sun?
Are you tired of labouring so oft in vain
For the souls you seek to win?
Is the harvest white? Are the labourers few!
Is your spirit worn within?

Are you tired of pain, poor suffering one?
Are you weary both day and night?
Have the hopes of health oft hover'd in view,
But to vanish again out of sight?
Poor prisoner of feebleness and pain,
Inactive without repose,
Do you long to break from this perishing shell,
Your suffering day to close?

There's One who wept to dry your tears,
Who was tired to give you rest:
There's One who suffered to heal your woes,
All ye with grief oppress:
There's One who was poor to make you rich—
Was wounded to make you whole,
Who fought that you might the battle win,
Who bled to wash your soul.

There's One who died that you might live,
Who put on this mortal clay,
To clothe you in robes of righteousness,
And a body without decay.
Then come to Jesus, for He it is
Who suffer'd thus and died—
Yes, come unto Him, and you shall live
At the feet of the crucified.

Songs of the Night.

A WAY PREPARING IN THE WILDERNESS.

WITHOUT the limits of the Sierra-Leone colony are various heathen tribes and nations, whom we desire to see visited by evangelists from the native church of Sierra-Leone. Many years ago, at the commencement of her labours on the West-African coast, the Church Missionary Society had stations amongst the Susoos and Bulloms, but they were crushed by the slave-trade, which was then rampant on the coast. Amongst the Timnehs, Missionary efforts have been carried on for some years past, but without any marked result.

It is with much satisfaction we perceive the Sierra-Leone authorities pursuing a wise course, and acting as peacemakers amongst these tribes when wars arise amongst them. They are thus conciliating their goodwill, and preparing the way for the heralds of God's message of peace to fallen man to enter in. The following brief paragraph from the Sierra-Leone newspaper, "The African," of May 11th, contains some interesting intelligence as to the good effects of such proceedings.

Last week our town (Freetown) was quite alive with the number of chiefs and their retinue, upwards of sixty in all, who had come over to thank the Governor for his seasonable and friendly aid and counsel, in bringing about peace between the Timnehs and Susus. There was Bey Sherbro, king of the Kaffu Bulloms, Coni Mudu his "Naing Bannah," Pa Sang Farrah his "Naing Cappa," and thirteen of his principal chiefs and followers: there was Sannasi Mudu, the present head of the Dally Mudu family, Luci Conteh his Prime Minister, and forty-two others. On the 2nd inst. they all waited upon Acting-Governor Fitzjames, and of course met with a most friendly reception. It was pleasant to hear the very grateful acknowledgments they made of their obligations to our Government, and the earnest manner in which they requested their thanks to be conveyed to the Queen. On the part of the colony, the Acting-Governor assured them that they might always depend upon the goodwill of the Colonial Government, as long as they were faithful in adhering to their treaty-engagements with us. The interview lasted for three hours, when they all withdrew. During their stay in town they have been lodged and provided for at the public expense. Bey Sherbro and his followers left for his residence at Yongroh on the 4th instant, but Sannasi Mudu and the others waited for the arrival of Dorah Mudu of Yurukah, and Sarai Mudu of Medina, brother of Sannasi, who arrived on the 5th instant, and had also an interview with the Acting-Governor. This visit had also the same object, to return thanks to the Governor for the peace. Both parties seemed very grateful; the Timnehs that they had been delivered from the encroachments of the Susus, who threatened to invade and occupy their country; and the Susus that they have been saved from utter expulsion from the Bullom territories. We hope the peace may be a permanent one, and that the resources of the country may now be developed, and attention paid to their agricultural pursuits.

VOYAGE FROM RED RIVER TO FORT SIMPSON.

(Continued from p. 69.)

WE resume the Rev. W. W. Kirkby's journal of his voyage from Red River to the Mackenzie District. We catch glimpses of our different Missionary Stations on the way, which render it specially interesting.



CROSSING_A PORTAGE IN NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

June 14th—We left at half-past two this morning, with a nice fair wind, and at nine o'clock reached the Poplar Point, where we breakfasted. As soon as the boats were ashore, the wife of one of the men going to the Saskatchewan requested her husband to put up a tent for her, which he did at some little distance off, and, almost before we had finished breakfast, she gave birth to a son. As soon as the tidings were announced, all the men who had guns loaded them, and fired three or four rounds each in honour of the event: the others blazed a tree, and cut upon it the name of the child, date, &c. In about an hour after, the tent was struck, and the young mother walked down to the boats, the husband carrying the little stranger neatly wrapped up in a moss-bag. We sailed on all day, and, at six o'clock, reached the end of the lake, and put ashore for dinner at the site of the old Norway House. We were all grateful, I trust, to our heavenly Father for having brought us over the lake in safety, and in moderately quick time, having only met with the detention of Sunday. After dinner, we re-embarked, and went on for two hours before encamping. The eastern coast of the lake has a totally different formation from the western, which, as I have before mentioned, is almost entirely composed of limestone rocks, which, in some places, rise perpendicularly from the water to the height of thirty or forty feet: in others they have been so broken by the action of frost, and the ice in the spring, as to make the water shallow for a considerable distance out, and thereby rendering it dangerous, or even impossible, for boats to go ashore, whilst the eastern coast is low and swampy. Small willows and poplars grow along the shore, and when we were some distance out, we could see the pines, which appeared to be three or four miles back. In the lake are numerous granite rocks, rising a few feet above the water, entirely bare.

June 15th—As the wind was still in our favour, L'Esperance allowed us to sleep a little longer this morning than usual, not wishing to reach the Fort too early in the day. It seems to be an established rule through the territory, that voyagers are not to arrive at a Fort either very early in the morning or late in the evening. Soon after starting, we met Bruce's brigade returning from the Fort. He left Red River early on the 9th, so that we have rather gained upon him. His brigade is the ditto of ours. They are divided into two brigades, as ten or twelve boats are too many at a portage together. Bruce always starts, therefore, a day in advance. He had two priests with him, one for Isle à la Crosse, and the other for Great Slave Lake, where they are establishing a Mission. We reached the Fort about ten o'clock. As soon as we came in sight, the flag was hoisted, the men struck up a merry song, and Sir G. Simpson, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Murray, &c., came to the landing to give us a welcome. We dined at two, when Sir George very kindly asked me to take a seat with him after dinner in a boat, to pay a visit to the Wesleyan Mission, which I thankfully accepted, and the more so, as Mr. Brooking, having heard that I was expected out, had yesterday sent a note over to the Fort, giving me a pressing invitation whenever I arrived. We went over about four o'clock, and were glad to find them quite well. Sir George made many inquiries about the Indians, the school, &c.; and I was glad to learn that the population was increasing very rapidly, and that all

matters connected with the Mission were in a very satisfactory state. In about half-an-hour, Sir George rose to depart. I was sorry the school was not in operation, the children having a holiday on account of the funeral of one of their companions, which was to take place this afternoon. We went to the house of mourning just before the time for the corpse to leave. After the coffin was fastened, Mrs. Brooking spread over it a very neat pall she had just made, and which was the first that had been used in the Mission. The corpse was carried by six girls, companions of the deceased, Mr. Brooking and myself walking in front. The service used both in the chapel and at the grave was that of our own church. After partaking of Mrs. Brooking's hospitality, and engaging in prayer, Mr. Brooking, with the aid of an Indian, paddled me over to the Fort, when I wished him good-bye, grateful for his kind attentions to me. At eight o'clock I sent John to invite any that felt disposed to come into my room for evening worship, and was glad to see him return with about a dozen men. We sung the Evening Hymn; after which, I expounded Psalm cxxx., concluding with prayer.

June 21st—The longest day astronomically, and to us laboriously. A fair wind having sprung up soon after we went to bed, the unwelcome sound of "Leve, leve!" caused us to rise again about half-past one, and in a few minutes, dark as it was, the whole twelve boats were under sail. About six o'clock we met the Isle à la Crosse brigade, and were glad to hear that the Hunts and the Watkinses were well, and that the Bishop was yesterday at the Grand Rapids. We breakfasted at the mouth of the Saskatchewan, and about eleven o'clock reached the bottom of the Rapids. I left the boats here, and ran over the portage, hoping to find the Bishop at the other end, but, meeting with two Indians, I learnt from them that he had been gone about three hours. We shall not see him now on this side of Cumberland. This is our first portage, and the longest we shall have on the journey. It measures 1 mile 150 yards in length, the fall of water in that distance being 28½ feet. This is not very much; but the stream being much contracted by the rocks, the bed of the river being covered with large masses of limestone, the current is fearfully strong, and the rapids very great. As soon as the boats were fastened, a scene of great excitement commenced, by the men carrying their "pieces," of which each man takes two at a trip. Each piece is nearly 90lbs. in weight as it can be made, that being the standard weight all through the country. It is for this reason all goods sent for the Missions here should be packed in bales or cases to that weight. Each man has a long strap, broad in the middle and tapering towards the ends; this he ties round a case or bale at each end, the broad part forming a kind of loop, into which he puts his head, causing the broad part of the strap to press upon his forehead. In this way, he raises his one piece, when the steersman puts another upon it, and the man sets off at a brisk trot, which pace is generally kept up until he is rid of his load, and then he runs back for another as fast as his legs can carry him. Our day consisted of twenty hours and a half of labour!

June 25th—We left the Grand Rapids early on Thursday morning, and encamped in the evening at the entrance of Cedar Lake. From thence

we started yesterday morning, with a good sail wind, which continued all night. About eleven o'clock this morning we reached Cumberland Mission, and I shall not soon forget the effect produced upon my mind as we suddenly came in sight of the station, with its pretty church, comfortable house, neat school, &c. The good Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, Mr. Budd, and Thomas Cook met me at the top of the bank with cordial welcome. About five o'clock L'Esperance sent for us to embark, when we were obliged to wish our good friends farewell. Mrs. Watkins, with her usual kindness, gave me a valuable present of "loaves and fishes," which will vary my diet for a few days.

July 4th—About the middle of the day we made the Frog Portage, which is considered the most northerly point of the Saskatchewan basin. After crossing it, we entered the Churchill, or English River, by which our course was changed from N. W. to due W. On crossing over to the further end, I was glad to find three tents of Chipewyans there, the first I had seen; and I must confess that the impression they made upon my mind was not very favourable. In personal appearance they were much inferior to either the Crees or Sauteaux, having neither the sprightliness of the former, nor the dignity of the latter. They were dressed principally in leather, but dirty in the extreme. Their language, especially as spoken by the women, seemed a harsh guttural stammer. But poor, dirty, and feeble as they were, an affecting consideration to my own mind was, that each possessed a soul precious and priceless—a soul for which Jesus was content to die. Thankful was I to find that they understood me pretty well, so that I was enabled to address them through John. They were glad to hear of the Bishop's visit, and promised to remain four or five days on the portage, that they might see him. I left with them a little note for his lordship, and requested them to place it on a stick if obliged to leave before he passed. May he speak some word to them that may be blessed to their soul.

July 6—The wind continued for the greater part of the day, and about eight o'clock we reached the Church Mission Point. Like Cumberland, we could not see it until we had rounded a point close to it. But as it came suddenly in sight, the elevated position of its buildings, their style of architecture, and the character of the surrounding scenery, gave it a far more imposing appearance. It must be pretty at all times, but was exceedingly so this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, with their children, met me at the boat, and I with great kindness at once invited both myself and fellow-travellers to remain all night with them, assuring us that we should be able to overtake the boats in the morning at the Mountain Portage, twelve miles distant. We thankfully availed ourselves of their kind invitation, and in a few minutes were seated in their very pretty and comfortable house. I was delighted at being the bearer of a good bundle of letters for them, several of which were from England, containing, I trust, good tidings from their distant friends.

(To be continued.)

ANALOGIES BETWEEN THE NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

IN some countries the seed-time and harvest occur together. Whilst the sower goes forth to sow, the reaper goes forth to reap. Whilst the seed is committing to the bosom of the furrow, the golden grain is garnering in the barns of the husbandman. In no country, however, is there a harvest that has not been preceded by a seed-time. The sower and the reaper may labour side by side in *contiguous* fields, but never side by side in the *same* field. The order is, first the sower, then the reaper. The seed must be deposited in the earth before it can grow. The blade must precede the stalk, and the stalk the ear, and the nascent corn must be nourished by the rains and the dew, and warmed by the breath of summer, before the full ear bows its head to the rejoicing labourer.

The interval of time that separates the sower from the reaper varies with the variant climates of the earth. In some cases the sower has scarcely time to sleep and wake again, until the buried germs give signs of life. The field he lately trod amid the dust of seed-time, is clothed with a tender, lovely, refreshing, hopeful verdure. He sleeps and wakes, and sleeps and wakes again, and lo! the maturing grain is waving and rejoicing in the fostering winds and light of heaven. In other cases there is a slow and tedious spring time, weak in vegetative power, rising gradually into a summer, in whose wings there is but little of the brooding energy requisite to an advancing vegetation. Nor is it until months pass away, that the deep green gives place to the mellow hues of a brief autumn; and ere the work of the reaper is accomplished, he finds himself amid the chill winds and pioneer frosts of a desolating winter.

The analogies that hold between the natural and spiritual in these cases, are manifest. How often does it occur that the spiritual husbandman goes forth with the seed, and in a short time returns rejoicing with the sheaves! Scarcely is the seed deposited until the dews of the Spirit distil, and the life-producing, energizing breath of the Almighty breathes upon the immortal seed, and the sower bears back with him the hundred-fold increase. The vegetative process of spring and the maturing process of summer seem to be crowded together in the one brief, busy hour of sowing. Whilst Ezekiel is yet sowing, there is an incipient vegetation which strengthens into a fruitful harvest, and the voice of the sower and the voices of spring, and summer, and autumn, join in one stirring concert over the harvest-home of the garnered Israel. And what was done by Ezekiel's symbolic ministry in the Valley of Vision, has been done on the field of an actual, spiritual husbandry. It is whilst Peter sows that the seed germinates, and the blade comes forth, and the grain ripens, and a harvest of three thousand souls is gathered into the Gospel granary.

But whilst the spiritual seed-time and harvest are often brought into very close proximity, their coincidence in time is far from being the rule. The analogy of a higher latitude more uniformly holds. Oftener is it the case that one soweth and another reapeth; that one laboreth, and another enters into his labours. The prophets laboured, and the

apostles, as Christ informs us, entered upon the harvest of their toils. This is the rule; an immediate reward, the exception. It is with God to say, in the administration of the affairs of this great theatre of husbandry, when the rule shall be suspended, and the exception take place. This is His. It is ours to labour; ours to tread the dusty field in seed-time, and cast in the precious seed, and pray for the former and the latter rain, committing the field, and the seed, and the labour to Him who hath called us to the great, but simple task of *working*.

Hear this, ye sons of toil, ye men of God, who sow the incorruptible seed of truth in youthful minds on the wide field of academic and collegiate husbandry. It is yours to sow. God holds you responsible simply as sowers. He keeps in his own power the giving of the increase. He may rejoice your hearts with a bounteous and speedy harvest; but if, in his sovereignty, he withhold the blessing, cease not, on that account, to sow. Toil on. Fling free and wide the generous grain. Scatter it on the wings of the wind. Withhold not thine hand at morn, or eventide. Thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that.

Hear this, ye chosen few who train the sowers and reapers who are to take the field when the hands that now dispense the seed, and wield the sickle, are mouldering in the dust. Commit the seed to the furrow, and the results to the Lord of the harvest. Through your hands He makes the future labourers pass. It is yours to see that they have skill to cast well the precious seed, and handle well the heaven-attempered sickle. You may not live to hear them shout the harvest home on earth; but rest assured you shall hear it. The trophies of their toils shall reach you, as angelic messengers bear home the golden sheaves to the granary above.

Hear this, ye consecrated youth, now thirsting for the harvest-field. Sow first, then reap. Be patient whilst you sow. The seed-time is as important as the harvest. The breath of spring is upon you now; improve the propitious hour. Sow, young brethren, sow. Remember the words of the great Reaper of the Gentile field: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*Home and Foreign Record*.

PROGRESS OF MISSION WORK IN THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES OF INDIA.

OUR Missionary, the Rev. H. W. Shackell, of the Agra College, has forwarded to us a brief narrative of facts connected with his work, the perusal of which has afforded us great encouragement. The storm which swept with such desolating power over the vast extent of the Bengal Presidency has passed away. Before the mutiny it was evident to a close observer that Missionary work in that part of India was suffering under some great obstacles which unduly hindered its advancement. We say *unduly*, because there are certain hindrances which are inseparable from the nature of the work itself—those interior difficulties which are connected with the natural indisposition of the human heart to the corrective power of God's truth. These we must be prepared for; but there are others which are introduced from without, through the device of

Satan, and the hostility of gainsayers and opposers. These latter have often been permitted to gather strength, until the very moment when they have reached their maximum of evil. Then, in the providence of God, some unlooked-for event has taken place, which, like the shock of an earthquake, has overthrown and levelled with the dust all these hindrances, and left God's truth free to go forth on its mission of good, and men's consciences free to inquire. The hindrances in North India have been but too evident; the unhappy policy of the Government, which, under the pretext of neutrality, has been in fact discouraging and repressing the onward progress of the Gospel, and the oppressive influence of the high-caste system, embodied as it was in our native army of Bengal, and standing out before the population in a visible form, and with a threatening aspect. In the dissolution of the Bengal army the main pillar of the high-caste system was broken, and proportionable freedom of inquiry granted to the native. We had hoped, also, to have seen, on the part of our Government, a decided change of policy; the excessive timidity on religious matters, which amounted to a virtual protection of the native systems, abandoned, and a more frank and manly course of action, equally tolerant to the native, and yet more considerate in its dealings with Christian truth and Christian men, adopted. On this latter point our expectations have not been verified; but as regards the diminution of caste influence, we are of opinion that more has been done than we could have anticipated. We are disposed to think, that in this country we cannot form an adequate conception of the relief which the removal of the high-caste army has afforded to the lower classes of the natives. It rested on the conscience like the pressure of a night-mare on a sleeping man. People now may read, and think, and inquire, and follow out their convictions, without the same dread of molestation.

It will be asked, Is there any proof of this? Is there any thing in the accounts received from North India which serves to show that the natives feel themselves more free? Are there any evidences that they are acting upon this newly-acquired conviction? We think there are such hopeful movements, and that the journal before us furnishes us with such intelligence. Let us refer to it.

In July of last year Mr. Shackell visited Delhi, that city of momentous recollections, which some seemed to think would have been rightly dealt with if utterly overthrown and left in ruins, with a curse resting upon it like that which, as a mill-stone, was flung on Jericho, "Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city;" but which remains to become, in due time, a Christianized city, and a memorial of the overcoming energy of the Gospel of Christ. Instead of being surrounded with splendid mausoleums, raised to the memory of deceased emperors and begums, it shall be filled with Christian worshippers, engaged in the service of the living God. What, then, did he find there? Were there any symptoms of life, any movement in favour of Christianity amongst its population? His testimony is remarkable:—"There is a very remarkable work going on at Delhi: there cannot, I think, be any doubt of that. Mr. Smith, the Baptist Missionary, who is a very good preacher, and working most incessantly, has more than 300

candidates for baptism, principally from amongst the Chumars, but there are also some Mussulmans and higher-caste Hindus among them. As yet the Gospel-Propagation Society Missionary, Mr. Skelton, cannot take much part in this movement, not being able to preach in the vernacular, yet he also has his candidates for baptism. The day before I left, two Mussulmans from his school asked to be baptized."

Our Missionary at the same time expresses a trust that a similar movement might show itself at Agra, and in his journal we think we can trace the first troubling of the waters, and signs that the time of healing is at hand.

A Christian troop of horse artillery is being raised in the neighbourhood of Agra by Major Mead, on the part of Government. Our authorities have been thus constrained to admit the value of a native-Christian element; so that, when they can obtain it, they are willing to entrust that increasingly powerful arm, the artillery, to the native Christian, for, taught by sad experience, they are convinced that the heathen native element is not reliable. Strange, that with such convictions the Viceroy in Council should interfere with the progress of wholesome inquiry among the Muzabee Sikhs of the 25th Punjab Infantry, instead of permitting that leaven to work its way, which would change them into a reliable and thoroughly trustworthy element. This is another instance of that fatuity which has so often betrayed itself in the administration of Indian affairs, and which can be accounted for only, by the fact that men are left to themselves, and that human wisdom, without having superadded to it the wisdom of God, is found invariably to be unequal to the pressure of responsibility.

In this artillery troop, several native Christians from Agra enlisted, and amongst others, a munshee of the Church Missionary College at Agra was induced to place his name conditionally on the list of the recruiting-officers. This man, possessing many valuable qualities which might render him a valuable helper in the Missionary work, was induced to withdraw his name, and for this purpose it became necessary he should visit head-quarters. On commencing his journey, he requested Mr. Shackell's permission to preach in the villages where they halted in their route, which was given, subject to the approval of the officer in command.

In three weeks the munshee, Nun Allah, returned, having obtained his dismissal. Nor had he cast the Gospel net in vain. Some spoils he was privileged to bring back with him. He was accompanied by a young Mussulman, aged about fourteen, who had been a servant to a native Christian at Gwalior. There he heard Nur Allah preach, and expressed a wish to come with him and have further instruction. Accordingly, with the consent of his master, he came to Agra. This youth subsequently joined the artillery corps, a step to which our Missionary had the less objection, because of the abundance of the means of instruction afforded to the levy in the fort, the Missionary having free access to them.

On August 5th another Mussulman, named Salamut, from Meerut, presented himself to Mr. Shackell as an inquirer after truth, followed

in ten days by another young Mohammedan, servant to a nawab in Allygurh, a large town of some 60,000 or 70,000 inhabitants, where we hope to establish a branch Mission. During a fortnight's stay at Agra he had heard the catechist preaching, and felt constrained to seek for more instruction.

On August 29th, Lachman, the Christian durzi from Simrao, accompanied by a friend, an inquirer, brought to the Missionary a family from a neighbouring village, who asked to become Christians, and, from the durzi's statements, it appeared that half his village, to the number of about 250 persons, had decided to place themselves under Christian instruction.

On September 11th, one of the Missionary's servants, a Hindu mehtar, expressed his readiness for baptism. He had been a servant to three preceding Missionaries, and had received instruction from them all. Another servant, a very respectable man, imitating his example, commenced to take and read Christian books. On September 12th, another man came to ask for baptism. This man was found to possess a good knowledge of Christianity, which he had learned from a Missionary or chaplain at Mhow. Three times he had made up his mind to ask for baptism at that place, but was prevented by the threats of his father to hang him. This man being a Canarese, and not knowing Urdu, proceeded to write out portions of the Scripture, the Creed, &c., in his own letters. He had been originally a Hindu, and had been proselyted to Mohammedanism, but here he could find no rest, and was led to seek a better hope. The movement now seemed to be gathering strength. The mehtar informed the Missionary of two people of his own caste whom he had been talking to and instructing, and whom he was about to bring with him as inquirers. One was introduced next morning, and forthwith asked for baptism. He had been for one year servant to an American Presbyterian Missionary, by whom he had been instructed.

September 28th crowned all these preliminary movements. On that day Mr. Shackell baptized three adults; Mr. Schneider, our other Missionary, having baptized two the previous Sunday. One was the mehtar, another the young Mussulman brought by the munshee, and a third, Turab Meseeh, the servant to the nawab at Allygurh. The other inquirers remain under instruction.

JOURNEYING ZIONWARD.

COME, brethren let us go !
 The evening closeth round ;
 'Tis perilous to linger here
 On this wild desert ground.
 Come towards eternity,
 Press on from strength to strength ;
 Nor dread your journey's toils and length,
 For good its end shall be.

The body and the house
 Deck not, but deck the heart
 With all your powers ; we are but guests :
 Ere long we must depart.

Ease brings disease : content,
 Howe'er his lot may fall,
 A pilgrim bears, and bows to all,
 For soon the time is spent.
 Come children let us go !
 Our Father is our guide ;
 And when the way grows steep and dark
 He journeys at our side.
 Our spirits He would cheer ;
 The sunshine of his love,
 Revives and helps us as we rove,
 Ah ! blest our lot e'en here !
 Come, wander on with joy,
 For shorter grows the way,
 The hour that frees us from the flesh,
 Draws nearer day by day.
 A little truth and love,
 A little courage yet,
 More free from earth, more apt to set
 Your hopes on things above.
 For this all things we dare—
 'Tis worth the risk I trow,—
 Renouncing all that clogs our course,
 Or weighs us down below.
 O world, thou art too small,
 We seek another higher,
 Whither Christ guides us ever nigher
 Where God is all in all.

A TELLING FACT.

THE following fragment will, we think, be felt to be such. It shows who they are that have confidence of the natives of India, and proves how true it is that there is no danger in doing Christian things in a Christian way.

On Monday, 4th January 1859, I visited the so-called "holy city of Benares," to which pilgrimages are made from all parts of India, and to which place very large donations and bequests are sent, by so-called "holy Brahmins," for the support of Hinduism. We entered the city a large party of ladies and gentlemen, under the auspices of Major General George Campbell, my old schoolfellow, commanding the Benares division of the army, with a retinue of elephants, &c., and were accompanied by a few military, and many civil peons. I suppose we were expected, or I do not think the feeling shown towards us would have been so universally the same: it was a dogged surliness, bordering very closely on disrespect, giving us the general impression of hatred, and a desire to make a rush upon us, and put every one of us to death. A lady said to me, "Don't you think we are in danger?" and it was clear that such feeling was not confined to this lady, for we hurried through the place, and what would usually have taken a whole day to

inspect, was got over in less than two hours, and the faces of our party brightened amazingly when we were safely outside the city.

There was an entire absence of life throughout the city, which gave us the impression either of temporary desertion, or that it had indeed fallen from the state of grandeur which the still imposing buildings led us to expect. Where influential Brahmins might have been looked for, their subordinates alone were present, so that we could gain little or no information on the various objects of interest surrounding us. I did not at all like this hasty hurry of things, and therefore, on leaving the place, called on Mr. Leupolt, the Missionary, proposing to him that he should the next day take me through the city, stating at the same time my impression of what had taken place, and asking whether he considered there would be any danger in our going alone, as I should be compelled to wear my military uniform, having nothing else with me. His reply was, "No danger, I will take you into every corner of the city, and to the most sacred spots in the opinion of Brahmins;" and accordingly, the next morning, after an early breakfast, we entered the city, spending the whole day there; and how wonderfully different was the expression of the people. We were welcomed by a friendly salaam at every turning, we found every place thronged with people, and intelligent Brahmins, and parties evidently of consequence, ready and willing to show us every thing of the least interest. We visited all the so-called holy temples, ghauts, observatories; and the heads of these places, on hearing that Mr. Leupolt, the Missionary, was present, came forward to show him respect and do him honour, and at the so-called "most holy of holies," the principal temple, I suppose, of all Hinduism, the most holy of all Brahmins, he himself receiving worship, on hearing from Mr Leupolt that he was shortly to leave Benares for a season, to visit his native land, put his hands on Mr. Leupolt, and in a most earnest tone and very affecting manner, the old man expressed his sorrow that he should be leaving Benares, and hoped he would soon return. This scene struck me as very wonderful, for I suppose that of all men, either of past or present time, who have at Benares most boldly preached Christianity, Mr. Leupolt cannot be surpassed.

The difference of treatment in these two days was so remarkable, that I could not but desire to ascertain the cause; and on speaking with Europeans and natives, in some instances directly, and in others indirectly, on the subject, I came to the following conclusion. Let me first mention that Major-General Campbell has a most pleasing and agreeable expression of countenance, is a man who is much liked by both Europeans and natives, is most energetic, and puts life into whatever he undertakes; and, during my wanderings with Mr. Leupolt, he was spoken of by natives in the city with respect, so that his individual presence as Major-General could have nothing to do with the difference. I believe therefore, that our party on the first day were looked upon as the representatives of an inconsistent Government, whose Sepoys had revolted and brought trouble and distress upon the country, and that we were entering their city in the pride of our hidden determination to trample down and destroy, by indirect means, their religion.

On reaching Calcutta, I considered it only right to make known my impressions to the Governor of Bengal. Had I only visited Benares, as on the first day, I should have conveyed to others the idea that its inhabitants were a terribly bloodthirsty, dissatisfied set, hating the very sight of a white face, ready to rise at any moment. Had I only visited Benares as on the second occasion, I should have conveyed the idea that its inhabitants were a most docile people, thoroughly satisfied with their condition, and quite enjoying the presence amongst them of a white face: And may I not add, should not the Government learn a lesson from the respect shown to Mr. Leupolt, letting its subjects see and feel that it is determined to rule on Christian principles, and giving up all talk of Neutrality? for there can be no such thing in religion, and the professing of it only breeds very justly the contempt of the Mohammedan, the suspicions of the Hindu, and the deepfelt sorrow of the true Christian.

CONVERTS AT GORRUCKPORE.

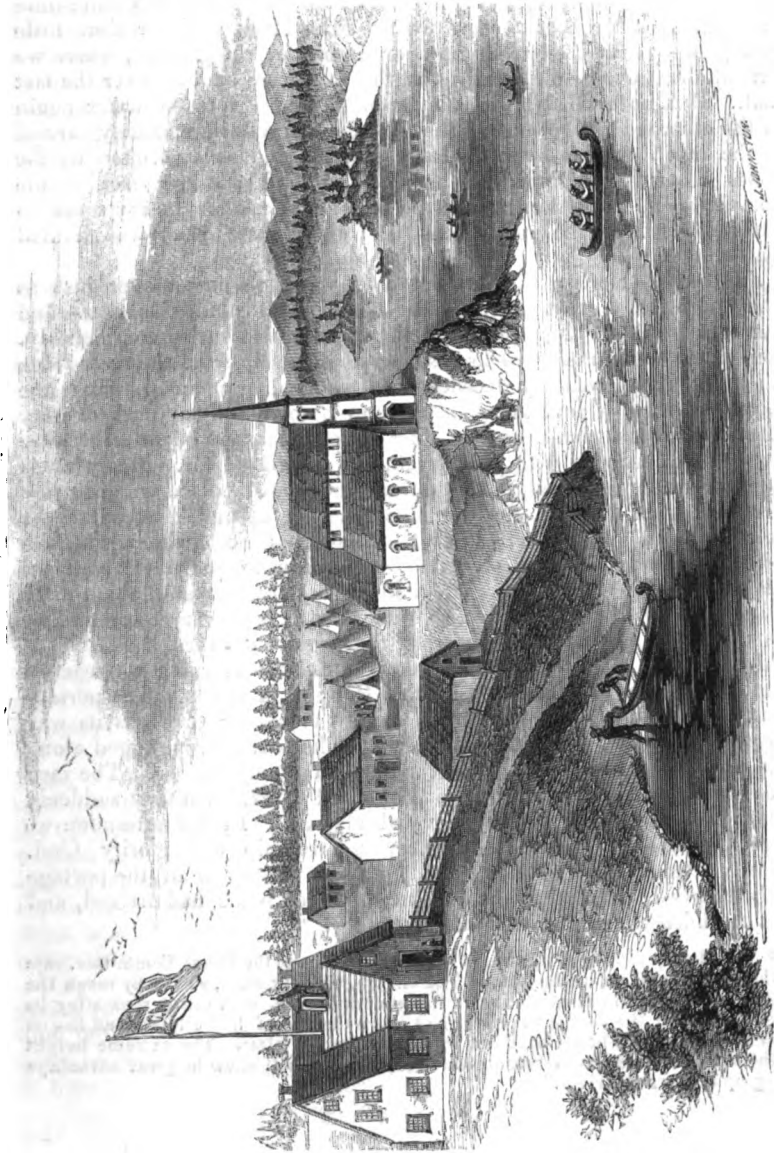
GORRUCKPORE is the capital of a district of the same name, which, in territorial extent, is about the size of Wales. The Mission work here was undertaken in 1822 by the Church Missionary Society, at the solicitation of the late R. M. Bird, Esq. The little flock which had been collected there were grievous sufferers during the rebellion of 1857. After the station was abandoned by the British officials in August of that year, the native Christians remained on their farms for two months exposed to much ill-treatment. At length they had to flee for their lives, taking refuge at Aligun, in the Chupra district of Kishnagurh. On the re-occupation of Gorruckpore by the British, they were enabled to return to their old homes, and now the word of life is taking hold on the heathen around, and converts are being gathered in. During the year 1859 there have been 50 baptisms at Gorruckpore, of whom 23 were adults.

One of those lately baptized, a *hafis*, i. e. one who has learnt to say the Korán by heart, was brought to the knowledge of Jesus, by occasionally meeting with the New Testament in his brother's—a book-binder's—workshop. The reading of this enabled him to renounce the false religion of Mohammed, and most resolutely, in the face of many difficulties, to join, together with his youthful wife, the despised band of Christians. Another, a young man of the Brahmin caste, was, by his friends, persuaded into swearing a false oath in the Judge's Court. This, afterwards, so much affected him, that, from that time, his conscience being at work, he himself having witnessed, as he had never before, the lying and deceitful practices of his countrymen, he resolved to renounce his Hindu connexions, and to become a Christian. He was lately baptized, and received the name of Joshua. Another, a fine young man, also of high Brahminical caste, and the disciple of a celebrated Guru at Ayodhya, near Fyzabad, fell in with a native preacher at a fair. Having heard from him about Christ and his kingdom, he resolved on becoming a member of his kingdom, and was baptized in September, receiving the name Meseeh Dyah. In accomplishing this he had to renounce his claims to great riches and honours

VOYAGE FROM RED RIVER TO FORT SIMPSON.

(Continued from p. 88.)

WE again continue our extracts from the interesting journal of our Missionary, Mr. Kirkby, on his way to the Mackenzie. It may be remembered we broke off his narrative last month as he arrived at the English-River station.



CHURCH MISSIONARY STATION, ENGLISH RIVER.

July 7th—Notwithstanding the comforts of a bed, which a month's camping enabled me fully to appreciate, I awoke precisely at three o'clock, our usual time for starting. Our dear friends will be as thankful to our God as I am, that we have such an oasis in the midst of the moral wilderness around as the station at English River. I send a view of it; but a much better one would have been from the east, the side we approached from. Mr. Hunt hopes to get the church sufficiently finished for the Bishop to consecrate it. When completed, it will be a handsome building.* After breakfast we wished Mrs. Hunt and her dear little ones good-bye, and stepped into our canoes for the portage, where we arrived about twelve o'clock, just as the men were hauling over the last boat. But, unfortunately, as they were pulling it into the water again on the other side, it got out of their hands, and was immediately carried by the rapid current over the large cascade, and sadly broken by the stones below it. L'Esperance had now to send two men back to the Fort for nails, wood, &c., and to the Mission to ask for the carpenter to repair it, and in the mean time the unfortunate boat was hauled ashore.

July 18th—During the last ten days we have passed over just as many portages, a great many rapids—some of a fearful character—and four or five lakes. The aspects of the country also varied considerably. Sometimes huge granite rocks rose perpendicularly from the river-side; at others they gradually receded into rounded eminences, rising one above another in succession—sometimes bare, at other times densely covered with low pine-trees; at other times the banks of the river were low and well wooded with pine, birch, and balsam-poplar. But what is more important to notice is, that during the above period we only saw three bands of Indians, four or five tents in a band. About eight o'clock this evening we arrived at Isle-à-la-Cross Fort, which, with the Roman-Catholic Mission, is situated at the south-western extremity of the lake bearing that name. The lake is very straight and about fifty miles long by five or six wide, so that they have a very commanding view, and this settlement can be seen from a great distance.

July 24th: Lord's-day—At seven o'clock this morning we reached what we had so often thought of, the Portage la Loche. The portage is approached from the lake by a narrow creek, which winds its way through dense and overhanging willows. The boats were dragged along this until it became too narrow for them to go any further. The men then carried the pieces for about one hundred yards, when they suddenly came to a large and slightly-elevated plateau. In the afternoon we were permitted to assemble together to worship and glorify God. Shortly after service two men came from the other end of the portage with the good tidings that the Mackenzie-River boats had arrived, and that Archdeacon Hunter was quite well.

* The Bishop of Rupert's Land, in his journal-letter to the Home Committee, says of the church, under date July 10—"The church, when finished, will be by much the prettiest yet raised in Rupert's Land: it has a triple aisle, with pillars separating its nave and aisles: the roof of the nave rises above the rest of the building, and has on each side five double lancet windows, with plain stained glass. The extreme height to the top of the steeple is seventy-three feet, and it will shew to great advantage going up or down the river."

July 25th—After breakfast I had the great pleasure of shaking Mr. Hunter once more by the hand. He requested me to remain with him all night, so as to have full time to talk over the past and the future. He was disappointed to see me alone, as he had hoped one or two others would have been out with me. He was also sorry to learn from the Bishop's letter that my coming was only a temporary arrangement, as he was most anxious to leave Fort Simpson permanently occupied, and that by myself, and therefore begged of me at once to assume the charge of it. Being the dépôt, it is the key to the whole district, and had been but barely saved from the hands of the Romanists; and should any break occur now, they would be too glad to step into the gap, and, once lost, it would be lost for ever. The officers, too, he thought, would be disappointed, as they had specially applied for me to be sent, being known to most of them.

August 7th: Lord's-day—About nine o'clock this morning we reached Athabasca (Fort Chipewyan), where we remained for the greater part of the day. At eleven o'clock I had divine service in the mess-room, which was very nicely attended. Preached with much feeling and comfort from Rom. v. 8, "God commendeth, &c." May the Lord follow the word spoken by his Holy Spirit! After dinner I went over to the Roman-Catholic Mission. The priests received me with great courtesy, and showed me all over their establishment.

August 12th—Arrived at Fort Resolution, on the Great Slave Lake, about eight o'clock this evening, and purpose remaining all night. Mr. Taylor, the person in charge, gave us some new potatoes for supper, which were indeed a treat. The Romanists are just commencing a Mission here. A priest has arrived to supply the place of Mr. Grolier, who is to embark with us to-morrow morning, on his way to Fort Good Hope, to commence operations there. How active and zealous they are! The whole district will be theirs if more Missionaries are not sent here. And are they to have it? Surely Protestant Christians will say, No.

August 18th.—Our provisions were all spent yesterday, but we managed to get some berries, and, as we had plenty of tea, made a pretty good breakfast. At ten o'clock we were rejoiced with a sight of Fort Simpson, and in half an hour were there. There were about one hundred and fifty Indians awaiting the return of their friends. I shook hands with most of the adults, and on doing so I was extremely sorry to see a crucifix suspended round the neck of a great many; not so much from the folly of the thing itself, as from the fact that such a mark shows that its wearers form a barrier against the truth. Directly a priest baptizes an Indian, he places a crucifix round his neck, and tells him that he is now a Catholic, and that he is not, upon peril of danger and punishment, to listen to a Protestant. A crucifix, therefore, proclaims its possessor as being already "engaged."

August 19th—Employed the morning in unpacking my things, and in giving directions to the carpenters. In the afternoon, endeavoured to find the Indians baptized by Archdeacon Hunter last year, but was sorry to find that only three were present. The others will probably be here in a few days.

Aug. 21st: Lord's-day—Rose early this morning that I might have a longer season for meditation and prayer, before entering upon the duties of the day. May I never again doubt the power and efficacy of prayer! By eleven o'clock the large mess-room was completely filled. At my request Mr. Ross had the Esquimaux in to see the service. We commenced by singing "From all that dwell below the skies;" and after prayers were ended I addressed them from the text chosen by our good Bishop when he first landed at York Factory—"We are come as far as to you also in preaching the Gospel of Christ" (2 Cor. x. 14), dwelling upon, 1st, The Gospel of Christ; 2ndly, The preaching of that Gospel; 3dly, Its application to our present circumstances. And never did I more sensibly feel the gracious assistance of my God. At the close of the service I ventured to thank the gentlemen present, on the behalf of the Society, for the noble efforts they were making to erect a church; the aid they so kindly promised to any Missionaries that may be sent into the district, and for the personal kindness shown to myself. The Esquimaux behaved with the greatest decorum throughout the whole service, standing, sitting, and kneeling at the proper times, as if they had been used to it for years.

We are sure our friends will not forget the Mackenzie Station in their prayers.

THE "WEEK OF PRAYER" IN SIAM.

WELL may Christians rejoice at the now visible fulfilment of the promises that refer to the outpouring of the spirit of prayer. Not in America alone, but in the old world, in various countries of Europe, in India,* in China, and in the dark Burman empire even, is the Spirit, like a dove, descending, causing many hardened sinners to bow the knee, and mourn over their hardheartedness. And not only among the unconverted may the effects of this blessed advent be traced, but also among those who were the children of God, but yet retaining much that was not according to the mind of Christ; holding, indeed, by the head, but yet forgetting that "the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee, nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." So much so, that the church of Christ, that, like David's harp, should have yielded forth sweet melodies of holy, living, and loving concord, had often, by its harsh discords and ill-concealed animosities, brought discredit on the Gospel itself; but now the power of that Spirit of love and of a sound mind, showing more of the things of Christ, and of the mind that was in Him, is leading his people to cement the bond between all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and to count all minor differences but as the chaff which that wind that "bloweth where it listeth" can carry away on its wings. These

* The particulars of the late Revival in North Tinnevelly are full of special interest. Full details have been published in a tract, "The Revival in North Tinnevelly," price 1d. Seeleys.

two great characteristics of the outpouring of the Spirit, increase in the spirit of prayer, and in love to the saints, are strongly brought out in the following letter from an American Presbyterian Missionary in Siam, giving an interesting account of a week of prayer spent there. He writes—

. . . "Two years ago, many of God's people in America were baptized afresh with a "Spirit of grace and of supplication." Since then we have had cheering accounts, from that and other lands, of what God has done, and is doing, in answer to believing prayer. Moved and encouraged by such news, our prayers began to ascend more earnestly in behalf of this benighted people. Nor were they altogether unanswered. This Mission welcomed one to the church of Christ. Another Mission rejoiced over the hopeful conversion of more than one. With these exhibitions of the power of divine grace before us, we looked forward with earnest and joyful anticipation to the season set apart for special prayer in answer to the call of our brethren in India. It came; and now that it has passed, we would, as individuals and Missionaries, set our seal to the truth of the Psalmist's testimony—"It is good for me to draw near to God." A sermon in English, on the afternoon of Sabbath the 8th inst., from the words, "It is the Spirit that quickeneth," had a practical illustration in the religious services that were held during the week. God was present by his Spirit, to guide, to assist, to bless. Our meetings were conducted on the Union plan. The American Missionary Association, the American Baptist Mission, and our own, met together alternately at each of the three stations, and were of one mind and one heart. The forenoon of each day was set apart for private devotion, and for social exercises at the houses of the Missionaries. In the afternoon all the Missionaries assembled at two o'clock for an English service, which lasted an hour and a half, or two hours. Immediately after, the natives from the three stations came together for a similar service in Siamese. The exercises in English consisted of prayer and praise, interspersed with the free remarks of the Missionaries. In the native meetings, more time was spent in pointing souls to Christ and entreating them to be reconciled to God. Our native audiences were mainly composed of the church-members, the scholars, and the workmen belonging to the stations. But towards the close of the week, a number not in connexion with the Missions came to hear what the "foreign teachers" had to say. I had not expected, for years to come, to see such large, respectful, and attentive audiences as we had last week. How cheering—how delightful it was to the heralds of salvation to meet with and address such assemblies in a land like this, where the people have so long heard with indifference the message of mercy! To know and feel that the Holy Spirit had come with convincing and enlightening power, gave unction to every word and fervency to every petition. Christ was held up before their perishing souls as a merciful and all-sufficient Saviour, and some, we trust, gave their hearts to Him. During the meetings, more than twenty—some of them pupils in the schools—earnestly requested the prayers of God's people, and since then others have made the same request. A few who

attended seemed disposed to treat the story of the cross with levity. But even *they* grew serious.

As it was pleasant to address such assemblies, it was no less so to hear them cheerfully raise the hymns of praise to the crucified One. Strange music that, in a land whose songs are to the honour of Buddh! It was sweet to the Missionary's ear.

For the present results of this season for special prayer, we would call upon our souls, and all that is within us, to bless the Lord. And we would do so, with the hope that the future will disclose more glorious results than those which we now see. Four, in connexion with the Baptist Mission, express their hope of an interest in Christ, and others are asking what they must do. I our own Mission, two profess to have established their hearts in the religion of Jesus. We hope they have commenced to walk in that strait and narrow way that leads to life. With several of our dear pupils, the Spirit has been striving. They all seem ready to converse on the interests of their souls, and we would fain hope that the instructions which they have received from the Word of God may be carried home to their hearts with saving power. We know not what the result will be. We may be disappointed. But whether disappointed or not, we would try to commit our cause unto God, in whom help is found. We would continue to pray for the Spirit's presence and power.

The effect of these meetings upon the native Christians was good. Some of them entered into the work with all their might. Their prayers were fervent, and their tears flowed for their perishing friends. Their entreaties were joined with ours, that sinners would believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. As a matter of gratitude, we would mention the active part taken in this work by Nai Chune, the teacher we were permitted to baptize in August last. Often might you find him in conversation with his pupils and his friends, endeavouring to show them the folly of idolatry and their own need of a Saviour. At our evening meeting, this week, he arose by invitation, and addressed the audience. He is a man of much promise, and seems to be growing in grace. A similar account might be given of some of the converts belonging to the other Missions. An old Burman, a member of the Baptist church, and just ripe for heaven, was in my room this morning. After referring to those in their Mission who have expressed a hope in Christ, and stating how much he himself had enjoyed the meetings of last week, he joined his withered and trembling hands, raised them above his head in the attitude of adoration, and exclaimed with a smile of joy, "The grace of God—how great! how good!"

I have already referred to the rich enjoyments which this season of prayer secured to the Missionaries themselves. It was not time lost. On the first day we tried to humble ourselves before God; and on the last day we could not but praise him for his lovingkindness and tender mercies. He had done great things for us, whereof we were glad. As we talked of the promises given to the church—as we plead them before the mercy-seat—their magnitude and their preciousness seemed to increase. And now it is our desire to plead those promises with stronger faith and greater earnestness than we have ever done. Our work, too,

increased in interest and importance. Its discouragements and its burdens grew less as we drew near to lay hold on the omnipotent arm of Him in whose name and at whose bidding we labour.

On the afternoon of Sabbath the 15th, after a meeting for thanksgiving and prayer, the English exercises of the week were closed with a sermon from Gen. iii. 15. Our attention was called to the great conflict that has been maintained, since the fall, between Christ's kingdom and the powers of darkness; and with the sure word of promise as our pledge, we now pointed to the great and glorious victory which Christ is to gain over all his enemies. Believing, we rejoiced, not only for Siam, but also for the certain approach of that day when "*the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.*"

PAKPUTTUN IN THE PUNJAB.

Two American Missionaries visited this place on one of their Missionary journeys. They describe it as built on a high hill, visible for miles before approaching it, and far more important than they had supposed. A mela, or fair, had been held at the city the day before their arrival, and the visitors had not all left.

Some lively sketches of Hindu life, and of the reception Missionaries meet with, will be found in the following extract—

Pakputtun is noted for the manufacture of its hookahs and lacquered wooden boxes. The name signifies "*the entrance of purity*" ("*pak,*" *pure*; "*puttun,*" *an entrance*). On the occasion of the annual fair, a small, low gateway is opened only high enough to admit of a single person creeping in. The superstition is, that every one who crawls through secures thereby an "*entrance into paradise.*" I did not learn the legend's origin.

While preaching in the city, a showy cavalcade, headed by a handsomely-dressed man and two gaily-attired boys, wearing daggers in their belts, passed us. Soon after returning to the tent, they rode up and dismounted to have a talk with the "*Padre Sahibs.*" Our small establishment was put up to all it could do, in order to furnish seats for the great man, his boys, and chief followers; but by bringing into requisition boxes, &c., we succeeded. We found our visitor to be an officer in the service of the Nawab of Bhawalpore, whose territory is within a few miles. He rode a beautifully caparisoned horse, silver stirrups, scarlet saddle-cloth, and reins and headstall stiff with gold and silver tinsel. He seemed on good terms with himself; and, in discussing religious subjects, gave his opinions in an authoritative manner. He accepted some books, and gave us a civil salaam on departing.

This evening we went together to the bazaar, and found a good opportunity for instructing the people. We stopped before a baker's shop, where four fakeers were attempting to worry the man out of a few pice. It was curious to watch their manœuvres. They were dressed in fantastic style, with large brass ornaments depending from their head-dresses, and a tuft of peacock feathers sticking up on the

crown of each. Each fellow had a bell, and they were chanting away in a monotonous but not unmusical manner, accompanying their voices with the ringing of the bells in perfect time. They sang, and sang, and sang, until the old baker did what they wanted him to do—went towards his money-box. The old man moved reluctantly though, as if loth to pay for the music. At last he drew forth a handful of cowries (shells, the smallest circulating medium in India, and perhaps in the world), of the value of about half a cent. The baker held these out; but the chief musician, after glancing knowingly at them, gently shook his head, closed his eyes, and went on with his music; as much as to say, "We birds are much too old to be caught with such chaff as that." A pause, during which the dealer in cakes sat resolutely down, as if determined to hold out no higher inducement; and the fakeers chanted away with unimpaired vigour, as though they had quite made up their minds to stay all night. At length the old man could bear it no longer; the business of his shop was at a stand-still; the evening was passing, and his tormentors gave no signs of weariness. So he fairly succumbed, drawing out some copper coins, which the head fakeer transferred to his box, with a knowing smile of triumph. The band then moved off down the street, to begin the same badgering process with the next unfortunate whom they had marked for their prey. A large crowd had assembled while the above occurrence was taking place; so, taking the fakeers for his text, brother F— told the people what a true fakeer was—one begging with humility to be saved from sin and hell. By-and-by the assembly became tumultuous, and we walked away to another part of the city, where we had a quiet and pleasant time. The people listened with fixed and almost breathless attention. He first assured them that we were not government officials; then related the manner in which good people at home support the Missionaries by voluntary contributions; told them from what part of the world we came; who we were; how we had once disliked religion and the blessed Saviour of sinners; about our conversion; and thus, having skilfully fixed the attention of every one, unfolded the Gospel plan of salvation for sinners. I have never enjoyed greater tenderness of feeling before a crowd of heathen listeners. I believe we both felt in an uncommon degree the solemnity and importance of our calling, and this feeling seemed in a measure communicated to the listeners also. How delightful is the work of the "preacher of righteousness" when the Holy Spirit seems present to soften all hearts and bestow a blessing! No one shouted after us as we walked away; but the crowd quietly dispersed, with murmured expressions of approbation.

On the whole, the inhabitants of this place have rejected our message very contemptuously. One poor man came out to our tents several times on purpose to curse us deliberately. He would not converse, but would walk straight out from the city gate as far as our encampment, invoke God's curse upon us, declaring that only fear restrained him from killing us all, and then walked away without another word.

This evening, about sunset, we went through the city to pay a farewell visit, and at the places where we had been accustomed to stand in speaking to the people, took a solemn leave; brother F— addressing

them, and calling upon them to witness that he had preached plainly to them about their sins, and the only way of escape from their guilt and punishment. He warned them that if they perished, it would be in sight of an almighty Saviour. Some looked serious, some laughed, and others openly blasphemed. God grant that the curse of a rejected Gospel may not fall upon this city!

MISSION WORK IN CEYLON.

WE have received letters from our Missionary, the Rev. Henry Whitley, who has charge of our Mission church at Colombo, Ceylon. In speaking of various points connected with his labours, and his desire to see the power of the Spirit more manifest, he makes one observation which may with advantage be put into circulation at home. It is this—"Who ought to be satisfied with an increasing congregation, so long as there is no proportionate increase in vital godliness?" Assuredly that question is most important. It is quite possible that a congregation may increase, and matters, so far as the outside goes, look fair and prosperous. But what is the word preached doing in the way of stirring men's consciences, humbling them under a sense of sin before the Lord, breaking down the pride of the human heart, and bringing them to seek God's mercy in Christ, with the yearnings of the soul, that feels it must have that mercy or be lost. Certainly there are other questions to be asked, than—"Is our church full?" "Are communicants increasing?" The church may be full, and communicants increase, and yet God's work may not be going on. But are sinners being converted? and are those who profess godliness learning to walk in love?

Generally as to our Missions in Ceylon, we find that our congregations throughout the island number 6219, and that in 106 schools there are 3723 scholars. Upon these we have to ask our readers to pray that God's Spirit may be outpoured with life and power.

One pleasing instance of spiritual fruit is mentioned by Mr. Whitley—

About ten days ago, a man, dressed as a religious devotee, was brought to me by a native Christian, as one desirous of becoming a Christian. His story, much condensed, is this—He was born in South India, at a village about twelve days from Madras, speaks Tamil, and also Telugu. About four years since he set out on a pilgrimage to Benares, during which he met with a man carrying a large book, who first told him of Jesus. After that he went to Allahabad, where he found a torn copy of St. Luke, in Tamil. The people, not knowing Tamil, gave it to him, and this he seems to have well read. After many doubts and long journeyings, he came to Ceylon, and so to Colombo, where has been supported by the rich heathen connected with the Hindu temple. But here he became acquainted with a Christian, not connected with our Mission,

who brought him to me when at length he had made up his mind to renounce heathenism. From conversations I have had with him, and his consistent conduct so far, I believe him to be under sincere conviction of sin, and firmly believing that Jesus alone can save him. At the very first interview he stripped off his robes, beads, &c., and gave them up to me. He is fairly educated, if not a rather learned man in his own tongue. At present I am employing him as a colporteur, and he has entered upon his duties with zeal. His considerable knowledge of the Gospel appears to me to warrant my giving him the work to do at once. If, as I believe, this proves a genuine case of conversion to Christ, may we not exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" and that, too, with so little of man's instrumentality? It is remarkable that he should come after we had been praying for labourers, and when two of our brethren at Tinnevely had written to say that they could not spare me one.

"PRAY AND WAIT."

In days of trouble and of care,
 I sought a message from above;
 Brief was the answer to my prayer,
 Few were the words, but full of love—
 Ye who mourn an adverse fate,
 Hear the message—"Pray and wait."

Pray—the Lord is ever nigh,
 Ready still with open ear:
 Wait—and He will yet supply
 Hope and strength for every fear.
 Pilgrim, weeping at the gate,
 Hear his message—"Pray and wait."

Pray—He knows thy every thought—
 Understands thy secret grief:
 Wait—He sends it not for nought,
 He will surely bring relief.
 Seeing all thy troubled state,
 Still He whispers—"Pray and wait."

Does the way seem long and drear,
 To thy sad bewilder'd sight?
 Pray—and thou wilt see Him near;
 Wait—He'll lead thee to the light,
 Seek him early—seek him late;
 Fear not, doubt not—"Pray and wait."

Dost thou long the day to see
 When thy Saviour shall appear?
 Pray—that thou may'st watchful be;
 Wait—the day is drawing near:
 Joyful thou wilt then relate,
 It was good to—"Pray and wait."

Weeping prayers are heard no more,
 From that home of endless joy;
 Days of waiting all are o'er;
 Songs of praise each tongue employ:
 They who enter Zion's gate,
 Need no more to—"Pray and wait."

Songs of the Night.

SCENES IN THE ISLAND OF HAWAII, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1859.

FROM the high lands of Kohala, where we now stand and look down on Waimea, the prospect is exceedingly grand. To the left, towering nearly 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, stands Mauna Kea, still retaining a portion of the last winter's crop of snow, and casting its shadow on the plain below. To the right, like a sentinel, overlooking the district of Kona, rises Hualalai, a mountain of some 9000 feet; while directly before us, but at a great distance, Mauna Loa rears its majestic dome 13,760 feet towards the heavens. Near the top of this immense mountain the fires of the volcano burst forth, in 1855, in terrific grandeur, pouring their streams of liquid fire down its side, destroying every thing in their way, trees, earth, and rocks, drinking up streams of water, till, after many weeks, the fearful element approached a place only about six miles from the bay and village of Hilo, when it ceased to flow. So, in February of this year, there occurred another eruption at nearly the same spot, though the lava stream took another direction. We can now see the smoke from some five or six mouths of craters on the slope of this mountain; and can trace for miles, by the smoke and gases, the lava stream on its way to the sea in the district of Kona. What an immense quantity of burning matter has this mountain disgorged these few years last past! What will be the end of these terrible eruptions? For a long time we gazed on these mountains, the smoking craters, and the plains below, with adoring thoughts of the power and majesty of God the Creator. "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

Again, we stand upon the brink of the precipice, nearly perpendicular, which overhangs the valley of Waipo, the most spacious and picturesque in the islands. It is filled with kalo patches, fish ponds, and habitations of men; but at this great distance they all appeared like mimic representations of those objects. Even the large meeting-house, which is being erected there, seems from this height like a child's play-house. Here is a fall of water of extraordinary beauty, and when the stream is swollen by mountain rains, it must be magnificent. The appearance of this valley is romantic and pleasing.

Again, at Kilauea, having visited the hot springs above, also the sulphur-banks, all created by the stream which ascends from below through the crevices, and having descended some 1200 feet into the great crater of Kilauea, and walked two miles or more over immense fields of lava, some of it smooth, and other parts broken up into slabs of every size we now stand on a broken ledge of lava, and look down, perhaps 25 feet, into a sunken crater which may be 500 feet long and 300, or possibly 400, feet broad. This is the only active crater at present at Kilauea, but from this we learn all. It is a fearful spot. We stand on rocks, "while fiery billows roll below."

We have been watching this area for two hours, with the deepest interest, not a single moment of which has there been the slightest cessation in the action of these fearful fires. Two or three fountains under the ledge, which, at the height of some 15 feet, surrounds the lake, have been constantly playing, rushing out from beneath the incumbent rocks, and throwing their fiery waves on to a little island (thrown up in the midst of the lake), like the surf dashing on the shore of some rock-bound

coast, or throwing their jets high in the air. Anon, near the middle of the caldron there would be a slight commotion, then a bubble would rise to the surface and break. This is followed by others, till in a few minutes an area of a rod or two is in a whirl of excitement, rolling its waves in every direction, and throwing jets into the air 20 and 30, and some of them perhaps 50 feet. This has been repeated many times during the two hours we have stood here. And now the entire lake is on the move, like counter currents of the sea. We can see them meeting in each direction as they approach the island, and opening to receive into their burning jaws huge slabs of cooled lava, which melt as sheets of dry paper would consume in a furnace of fire. We are satisfied with this fearful sight. What an emblem of the pit of woe!

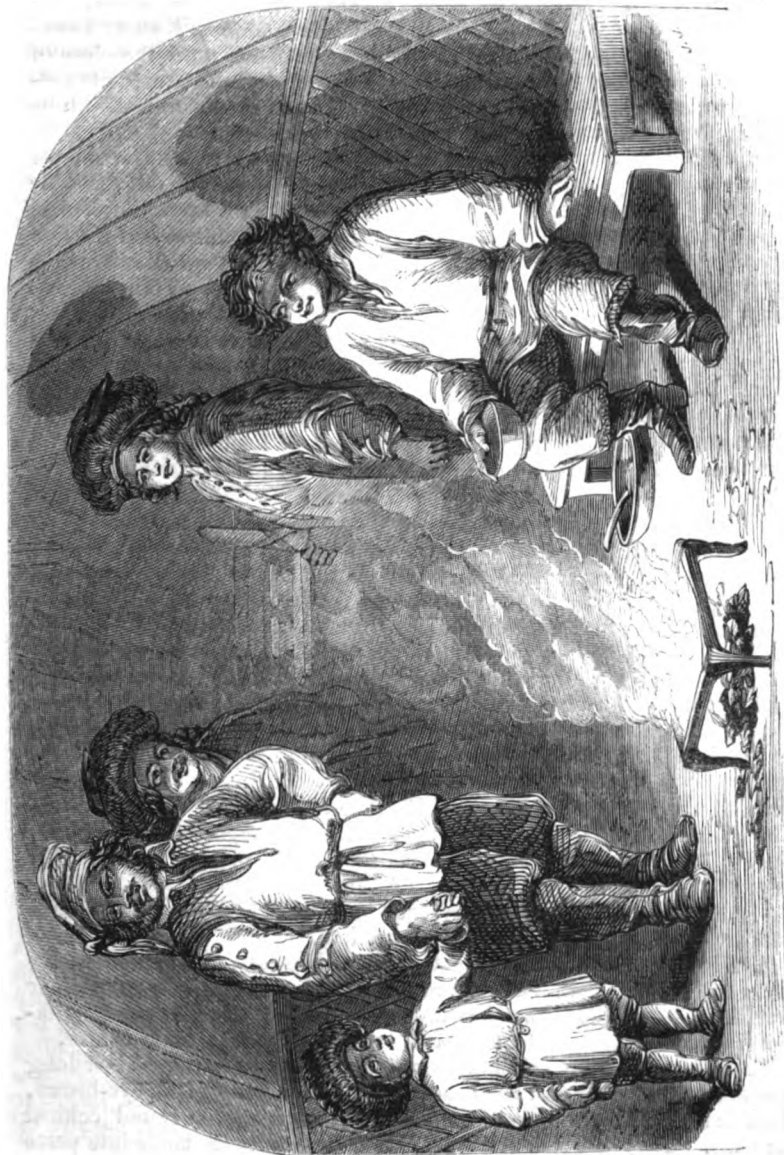
We designed to take a canoe about sunset, that we might reach the place where the lava flows into the sea at dusk, view it awhile, and return to the shore so soon as the mountain breeze should set in, being warned of the fact that this breeze would drive the smoke and gases into our faces. But happily for us, a gentle south wind blew, which counteracted the breeze from the mountain. We therefore waited till it was quite dark, when we were rowed about a mile and a half over a quiet sea, till on a sudden, as we turned round a projecting cliff, we beheld a phase of Pele, which left all we had yet seen in the background. I despair of giving any one who has not witnessed something like it, an impression of its grandeur.

There were three streams of the molten lava, which rolled down a precipice of some 25 feet on each side of a hillock of some 25 feet broad at its base, and 15 feet high. One stream we judged to be 12 feet wide, each of the others 6 feet. The two latter were separated by an island near the top of the pale, but united ere they reached the water. Though the water was said to be very deep, yet so long had the flow continued, that another hillock was forming at the base of the old one. The matter of the flow would there accumulate, till at length a huge mass, tons perhaps, would tumble into the water, causing the most furious boiling to a great distance all around, and sending up a great amount of steam. Though we were 50 or 60 feet distant, we found the water nearly scalding hot. We could see to read by the light caused by the fire as we sat in the canoe. We remained a long time, and could have sat during the night, so far as admiration of the scene was concerned. Still we felt that it was enough. We had seen the fires of the volcano in every phase, and prudence dictated a retreat from what might prove a dangerous proximity. We left, highly gratified and thankful to our guardian God and preserver. During the whole night, the heavens were lighted up with the reflected light from these raging fires.

In journeying round Hawaii, I was forcibly struck with the ruinous influence of volcanic fires. All the islands are volcanic, and all of them have not a little waste land in consequence. But no island of the group suffers so much as Hawaii. I cannot say exactly what proportion of her surface is partially or wholly ruined. But taking her three mountains, I think that not less than three-fourths of her acres are unfit for cultivation. And still her fires are burning. Her huge Mauna Loa seems to be a great deposit of hidden fires, ready to burst forth and destroy all before them.—*American Missionary*.

THE KALMUCKS.

TARTARY is a name given to an immense region, extending almost entirely across Asia, from the Caspian sea to the Eastern Ocean. The chief feature is that of immense plains or steppes, covered with herbage,



A KALMUCK TENT.

more or less abundant, occupied by wandering and pastoral tribes, whose camps are being constantly shifted over the surface.

The great Tartar family may now be considered as divided into the Mongolian, or eastern branch, and the Tartar, or western branch. The latter, or western branch, once had under its rule the whole of southern Russia, its rulers being known as the Khans of the Golden Horde. It was eventually subdivided into three great principalities, Kasan, Astrakhan, and the Crimea, the last of which lingered on until the close of the last century. All have now been absorbed into the Muscovite empire. We must not be surprised, therefore, at finding within the limits of Russia, Muscovites and Tartars strangely intermingled.

The principal members of the Tartar family on the eastern side of Russia are the Tartars of Kasan, the Bashkirs, the Kirghiz. The Tartar population of the Government of Kasan is said to be 230,000, of whom some 2000 or 3000 have received baptism, the national religion being Mohammedan. The Bashkirs inhabit the southern Urals, while the Kirghiz wander over the vast steppes between the Volga and the Irtish.

But the Mongolian, or eastern, also has its representatives in the Russian dominions: these are the Kalmucks, three tribes of whom encamp on the steppes of the Caspian.

According to their own traditions, they anciently lived in the neighbourhood of the Koho Nier, or Blue Lake, in Eastern Thibet, and a little to the south of the great Gobi desert. In the beginning of the 17th century, they were so pressed by other tribes of Tartars, on the east and north, that they had to seek a new home westward; and in 1630 as many as 50,000 families encamped on the steppes of the Volga. To these were afterwards added 10,000 families more. In their new country, they continued 140 years, sometimes a help, more frequently a plague and trouble, to their Russian masters. Meanwhile, finding the hand of the Russian rough, they often wished to get back to their old country; while the Chinese authorities, aware what a valuable body of wild auxiliaries they had lost, wished to get them back again. Intercourse was renewed between these two remote points, and in 1712—1715, an embassy from Peking arrived at the Khan of the Kalmucks, for the purpose of bringing matters to a satisfactory conclusion. At last they resolved to move, and in January 1771 no less than 70,000 families of Kalmucks suddenly took flight, and, after eight months hardship, including both war and famine, placed themselves once more under the sceptre of the Celestial Emperor. A portion remained behind under the Russian yoke. They are governed by a mixed Committee of Russians and Kalmucks, which sits in Astrakhan.

A migration of a like character, from Russian domination to regions where they shall have more of that freedom which suits their peculiar character, is going forward at this moment, of Tartar population from the regions of the Caucasus to the provinces of Asia Minor.

The features of the Kalmucks are strikingly peculiar. Their long eyes are set obliquely in their head; they have scanty black eye-brows, black hair, and huge ears. They dwell in kibitkas, or round conical felt tents. They use the brick tea, consisting of leaves made into paste

with sheep's blood, and hardened. This is boiled in water with milk, butter, and salt.

Efforts have been made by various Missionary Societies to introduce the Gospel amongst these people, who, by profession, are Mohammedans. The Moravians, who had settled at Sarepta, between the Black and Caspian Seas, had gathered together an interesting flock of converts. The Scottish Missionary Society had also a station at Karass in Asiatic Russia. At a subsequent period the Basle Missionary Society had Missionaries amongst the Tartars. But the growth of the work was checked by the Russian authorities. They would not allow the Missionaries to baptize their own converts. They might convert the heathen to Christianity, but the Russian-Greek clergy were to baptize them. Under such untoward circumstances, as there was no hope of raising up a native church, or carrying on amongst the heathen a successful Missionary work, many of the Missionaries were withdrawn; and eventually a Ukase of the Russian Emperor, in 1841, expelled from his dominions all Protestant Missionaries labouring for the conversion of the heathen.

GOOD NEWS FROM EAST AFRICA.

AFTER twelve years efforts amongst the Wanika, our Missionaries were compelled to leave the station, and retire, one to Zanzibar, there to engage himself in the study of languages, the other to Bombay. The result of their labours, after twelve years, in the great work of converting sinners, seemed to be small indeed. Two converts—one of whom had been transferred to heaven—were all that they had gained. But the Lord often reduces our efforts to apparent hopelessness before He vouchsafes the quickening influence, as the seed dies in the earth before a new vitality springs up, and we are permitted to have the sentence of death in ourselves, both as regards ourselves and our labours, that “we should not trust in ourselves, but in God, which raiseth the dead.” And so, after our Missionaries had left the coast, and all seemed reduced to hopelessness, the Lord gave the word, and the seed sprang up.

In June of last year our Missionary, Rebmann, proceeded from Zanzibar on a short visit to the old sphere of labour—the Wanika country. Instead of the customary indifference, the people rejoiced to see him—we often do not know the value of a blessing until it be removed from us—and welcomed him with the joyous expression, “You have done well to come back to us.” This decided him—the political circumstances which compelled him to leave having been removed—to resume his labours amongst this people; and, after a four months' trial, he found himself enabled to say, “The Lord has made all things well in guiding our steps back again to a people whose dark and long night is now far spent, and on whom the first rays of the rising Sun have already fallen.”

After the departure of the Missionaries, this people had been subjected to severe discipline. A wild people, called the Masai, from the interior, had invaded them, and inflicted on them great sufferings. In this state they were found by Abbe Gunga, the Wanika convert, who, after accompanying Mr. Rebmann to Zanzibar, had returned home; nor had

the chastisement to which they had been subjected been without its effect. One man was first brought to think. His name was Mua Muamba, "The one of the rock;" and such he proved to be. Resolving to turn to the living God, as made known to him in the Gospel message, he cast his idols—the charms he had been making for guarding the plantations—to the moles and the bats, and decided to go with Abbe Gunga to Zanzibar, to see the Missionary, which, considering that, previously to these visits of the Missionary natives, no Mnika had ever reached that place before, except as a slave, was quite an enterprise. During their absence fresh seed sprang up, and, on their return, three new converts were waiting to join them.

Mua Muamba has since entered into his rest, being the second Mnika gathered in to join the great multitude of all tribes and nations before the throne. As if he had a presage of his early death, he had long ago given injunctions to his wife and family that there should be no heathen ceremonies, either before or after his burial, and that instead of sitting together in idleness a whole week, as the old custom was, they should take up their hoes, and cultivate the ground. His hut was situated about a mile distant from the Mission station; and he, with Abbe Gunga, was amongst the most regular in his attendance on the Lord's-day for prayer and instruction in the word of God. His illness was short—not more than ten days—during which he was frequently visited. "His countenance," writes Mr. Rebmann, "was most cheerful and happy when I spoke to him of Stephen, the first martyr for Christ, and of all that the first Christians suffered for their Lord and Saviour. On the evening of Jan. 30th I again went, in order to take him some medicine, and arrived at his hut just at sunset, when, to my great surprise and grief, I found that he had just expired. His head was still placed on the lap of his wife, who, with tears in her eyes, related to me the pleasing fact, that, in the morning, he had, according to his custom, knelt down by the side of his bedstead for prayer."

His burial took place on Jan. 31, 1860, the anniversary of a day of national calamity to the Wanika, when, three years before, the hordes of the terrible Masai swept in upon them. On that same day "Christianity celebrated its first public victory over heathenism in East Africa; and instead of the horrible drumming and dancing, and the hellish sounds of mirth and lamentation mixed together, amidst which the heathen Mnika have been carried to the grave, the sounds which were heard over the grave of Mua Muamba, 'The man of the rock,' were those of the word of God." The young people, indeed, had made all due preparation, having brought their horns and drums, as also their bamboo canes, with which they stamp on the ground, and, as the Missionary arrived, had formed themselves into a circle, and were about to commence the funeral dance, but they soon yielded to his advice and persuasions.

Nor is it only among the people residing near the station that hopeful symptoms are to be found, but amongst those at a distance. They are ready to confess that heathenism is at once a falsehood and a plague, from which they can be delivered only "by entering the book." Accordingly they say, "We shall all lay hold on the book."

May it indeed be so; and may our eyes be gladdened and our hearts cheered by a native church being raised up on the coast of East Africa!

THE MOHAMMEDAN.

THAT that peculiar modification of false religion, known by the name of Mohammedanism, has been for centuries, and still is, one of the mightiest engines of Satan for the destruction of human souls, the following sketch of the life of a Mohammedan, his education, his home, and his faith, is given by the Rev. H. Jessup, now for many years a Missionary in Syria. It is a good photographic picture, dark indeed, as it needs must be, but the more fitted to excite in us feelings of compassion towards the various races—Arabs, Turks, and Tartars—who lie spell-bound under the influence of this baneful system.

In order to present a more vivid picture of the life of the Mohammedan man, we will take him in his boyhood, and follow his course onward to manhood; tracing his experience step by step; marking the influences which are brought to bear upon him, in business, education, and religion. We say in his *boyhood*; for in matters of religion, as in every other matter, the Oriental *man* is the only true representative. To speak of a girl, or a woman, as the religious representative of the East, would be regarded by the people themselves as the most gross impropriety. The assertion that "woman has no religion" meets with almost universal approbation; and, in the picture we propose to draw, the boy and the man, not the girl and the woman, must be the object of attention, and furnish our illustrations. The Mohammedan boy, then, stands before you. Because he is a boy, he must be sent to school; for in every Moslem city or town there is a medrice, or school, for the instruction of the boys in Arabic reading, writing, grammar, and, generally, arithmetic. The religion of Islam is a religion of *one book*, the *Korán*; and to read and recite the *Korán* is the first duty of every believer. Sitting on the floor, with his teacher and his comrades, he learns the Arabic alphabet from a little tablet of tin, or a card of paper, and then labours on, day after day, and month after month, committing to memory chapters and verses, until sometimes it happens that the boy is able to repeat the whole of that book. Many learn to read without knowing the alphabet, simply learning the sounds of words from their appearance, without knowing the constituent elements of which they are composed. A Moslem school is conducted entirely *vivá voce*. Each scholar studies aloud, and shouts at the top of his voice, so that a schoolroom is a scene of the greatest clamour and confusion.

Let us now suppose this boy to go forth into the streets, among boys of his own age. He meets a group of lads engaged in their sports. They are Greeks, Maronites, Druzes, and Jews. The Moslem boy passes by them in sullen contempt, or, perhaps, greets them with a curse, calling them dogs and infidels, having been taught to regard all persons, excepting those of his own faith, as wretched infidels, and children of perdition. He never hears the law of love inculcated upon his mind. "Love thy neighbour as thyself," is a rule he has never known, "Love thine enemy," he regards as utterly monstrous. It is the duty of the true Moslem to hate and curse all infidels.

The boy returns to his home. Is it to the abode of love and peace

and kindly feeling; of domestic purity and happiness? By one who understands the constitution of the Mohammedan family, this is hardly to be expected. Perhaps the father was united in marriage to a woman whom he had never seen until the hour of marriage; and a union commenced without a basis of affection is continued in distrust, alienation, and growing bitterness and strife. Perhaps he is the husband of several wives, and the home, amid whose influences the boy is reared, is one of jealousy, discord, and contention. He sees the contempt and severity with which his father treats his mother, and, not unnaturally, he imitates the father's example. If his mother is his father's servant, because she is a woman, why should she not be his servant because *he is to be a man*? Thus, by a logic of his own, he learns to treat his mother as a slave. His sisters he knows will one day become the slaves of some man, and hence he looks down upon them with coldness, if not with cruelty and contempt.

Amid such influences as these the boy grows up. In the school, in the mosque, in the street, in the shop, and at home, he is receiving his education. On every side there is lying, and blasphemy, and impure conversation; and he learns to regard religion as a mere outside formality, having nothing to do with the heart or the life.

We may now suppose this boy to have reached the age of twenty-one, when his educational course is completed, and he is ready to enter upon the active duties of life. According to the custom of his sect and country, he must be married. And to whom? To a person whom he has probably never seen, though the marriage contract may have been made by his parents years before. Married thus without affection, or even acquaintance, it cannot be expected that the new home formed will be one of love, and peace, and purity.

Perhaps at this time, or soon after, the Moslem youth becomes settled in business for life, and proposes to perfect himself in obedience to the requisitions of his religion, and to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca. This pilgrimage is the duty of every true believer. If one cannot perform it himself, he must do it by proxy—hiring some one to do it for him, he himself taking all the merit of the act. If, however, he be able to go, and if he lives on the east coast of the Mediterranean, he will take the French or Austrian steamer down the coast, to Alexandria in Egypt. Thence he will go by railroad up the Nile to Cairo, or on to Suez; thence by sailing vessel down the Red Sea to the port of Mecca; and then by the long, slowly winding caravan, across the desert, to the sacred city of Mecca itself. Here he remains for days, and even weeks. He fasts, he prays; he performs his ablutions, his prostrations, his vigils; he makes the seven circuits around the Black Stone; he kneels, he bows, he repeats long prayers and extracts from the Korán, until he has fulfilled, to the last letter, every requisition of that book, as interpreted by Mohammedan doctors and priests. And now he returns to his home, well satisfied with his own fidelity to his faith. Henceforth he is everywhere known as *Hadj*, or holy pilgrim; and in every Mohammedan city or town you will hear the great part of the Moslem male population addressed as *Hadj Mustapha*, *Hadj Ibrahim*, *Mohammed*, or *Ali*.

(To be continued)

THE LATE DR. CHEEK.

OUR space is precious, but we owe a duty to some of our dear Christian friends in India, and feel the claim they have upon us imperative. This consideration leads us to spare room for a notice of one justly and greatly appreciated by us as a Society; for we can truly say, "He was a succourer of many," and of our own Missionaries very especially.

We refer to the well-known and much-lamented Dr. Cheek, of Bancoorah, who finished his earthly course July 3, 1859, at Ootacamund, in the Neilgherries, Madras Presidency, whither he had gone for change, and in the hope of restoration from severe illness. This truly Christian man had long been a resident in Bengal, having, in the earlier years of his Indian life, which lasted over no less a period than forty-three years, given up promotion, and settled at Bancoorah, where he continued to reside for forty years. His house, his heart, and his purse were always open to our Missionaries, though not exclusively confined to them, for he loved and helped all who loved our Lord Jesus. His conduct was most brotherly, and many of his acts were munificent. We abstain from any particulars; he would have preferred us to do so—but his record is on high.

He was in the Peninsular war from 1812 to 1815, in His Majesty's service, and was present at Waterloo. In 1816 he proceeded to India, where he entered on the service of a still better Sovereign, and, in dependence on the grace of Jesus, he died peacefully and happily. His last days were characterized by a sweet spirit of humility and self-renunciation, and his end was truly peace.

He was the intimate friend and ever precious helper of Weitbrecht of Burdwan, during the whole of his Missionary course, and mourned for him as a son.

He was the intimate friend and associate of Brown, Thomason, and Corrie, as well as of Grant and other distinguished Christians among laymen. He died at the residence of Dr. Dealtry, Bishop of Madras, his oldest surviving Indian friend, who read the service over his grave, and preached his funeral sermon.

We feel sure we need not commend the mourning widow and large surviving family of our departed friend and brother, to the sympathy and prayers of our friends. "The memory of the just is blessed."



PEPPER, THE FIRST CONVERT AMONG THE NATIVES OF THE WIMMERA DISTRICT, AUSTRALIA.

THE editor of the Moravian Missionary Magazine thus writes—

"In contemplating the work of divine grace, which has recently commenced among the natives in the Wimmera district, it is scarcely possible to avoid noticing three of its leading features—the time of its occurrence, the individual who was the subject of it, and the means by which it was effected. As in the case of the remarkable awakening in Labrador in 1805, it took place at a season of extreme discouragement,

owing to the instability of the poor savages, and the apparent fruitlessness of twelve months of persevering effort to instruct and reclaim them; again the grace of God was first revealed to one, whose recent depravity and sullen indifference to admonition and reproof had almost destroyed the hope which had been previously entertained of him; and the manner by which it pleased the Spirit of God to break his hard and unfeeling heart was none other than the word of Christ's patience, which smote the conscience of Kayarnak the Greenlander, and led to his conversion. Like Kayarnak, the first Australian convert appears also to be growing in grace, and increasing in the knowledge of himself and of his Saviour, while his anxiety to make his countrymen partakers of the happiness he has found, and the desire for spiritual instruction which he has been instrumental in exciting among them, afford great encouragement to the Missionaries. To the continuance of the good work thus begun, letters received from them bear cheering testimony. It is indeed a day of small things, but, at the same time, a day of good tidings; and we may well give thanks to our God for what we have been permitted to see and to hear: and while we rejoice with trembling, knowing the infirmity of our common nature, and the craft and power of the great adversary, we cherish the hope that we shall see and hear yet greater things than these."

The Missionary stationed at Wimmera thus writes—

"During the past year we had abundant opportunities of sowing the good seed of the word, in spite of the wandering habits of the natives. This was especially the case with Pepper, a lively lad about seventeen years of age, who has never left us since we came to this place, and to whom we have consequently been able to make known the way of salvation in the school, in our meetings, and in daily intercourse. But in him we have had proof of the truth of the declaration of Scripture, "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." (Gen. viii. 21.) After all the natives, except Pepper and Boney, had left us on the 16th of November, and the hot weather had come on, the former gave himself up to the indolence natural to these people. He became sullen, and almost indisposed for any employment.

"On the 3d of December, we had occasion to send him on an errand to a neighbouring station; and when he returned, he brought two other lads with him. However, he remained as before, becoming increasingly gloomy and sullen, and giving us a great deal of trouble, until at last he was detected in grossly sinful conduct. What was to be done? We at first thought of sending him away; but this would have been to abandon him to ruin. We therefore spoke separately with him, pointing out the heinousness of his sin before God and men; and then prayed with him, and besought him earnestly to seek pardon from Jesus. He appeared penitent, but, as was to be expected, said but little of what he felt.

"In the afternoon of Sunday, the 15th of January, I took some large Scripture pictures, which I had obtained from friends at Altona, and went into the young men's hut. I showed the pictures to the inmates, among whom was Pepper, and gave the needful explanations. Several of these pictures appeared deeply to interest the young people, especially

two, which represented the deluge, and our Lord's agony in the garden. Shortly afterwards, I spoke in the evening meeting on the latter subject, and stated how that our Saviour had then, in a special manner, felt the burden of our sins, and how they justly deserve God's vengeance, &c.

"In the afternoon of the following Wednesday (January 18th), I took Pepper, Boney, and another young man into our hut, and translated for them some verses of Scripture, including John x. 14. When I had read this passage, Pepper exclaimed, "Oh that is very sweet!" I was also pleased, that, on this occasion, he, of his own accord, took pains to find a suitable native word for "believe," the want of which had previously obliged me to delay translating the first chapter of John.

"When I called them to the meeting the same evening, I was gratified by the promptitude with which they obeyed the summons. Pepper hurried before the rest, and put the benches in order for them to sit on. Some time after the meeting, when it was already dark, I sat down to make some entries in my diary. While thus engaged, I heard some one outside the door, making some noises, as if to attract attention, but as I had no idea what it meant, I remained quietly at my desk. Soon afterwards, I had occasion to go out to look at the fire which I had lighted for the purpose of cooking my supper. There I found Pepper standing, and addressed some indifferent remarks to him. He, however, answered, (I give his own words as exactly as I can), "Oh I wish to speak to you about my state." On hearing this, I asked him into the hut. At first he made some indistinct remarks, which I could not understand, about liking some particular book. However, his utterance soon became more distinct, and he exclaimed in an earnest tone, "Oh I do not know how I feel. I have wept over my sins. Last night I could have cried aloud. When I went down to the river to fetch some water" (which was shortly before he came to me) "I thought and thought how *He* went that night into the garden, and prayed there, till the sweat came down like drops of blood, and that *for me*." The last words he pronounced with peculiar emphasis. I then spoke with him at some length, and when I had offered prayer, we shook hands and parted.

"What my feelings were I cannot express in words. I was alone in the hut, and sat for some time in meditation. The occurrence seemed like a dream, and yet it was reality. I had evident tokens that the Holy Spirit had commenced a work of grace, and had given to this poor heathen repentance unto life. But at the same time I clearly saw what hindrances stood in the way of the growth of this tender plant. I at length became much disquieted, and felt inclined to call Pepper back, and converse further with him. However, I did not do so, but commended him to the care of the heavenly Husbandman.

"Next morning I set off to Mr. Ellerman's, and on the road met brother Hagenauer, to whom I related what had occurred. He was much rejoiced, and told me that Pepper had expressed himself very satisfactorily to him on the morning of the same day, but that he had no idea the impression was so deep. My information caused great rejoicing at Mr. Ellerman's. That gentleman had been for some time in the habit of visiting us once a week, for the purpose of joining us in prayer

for the Lord's blessing on the Mission. He therefore accompanied me back to our station. On arriving there, we called Pepper into our hut, where he, in broken accents, stated what had passed in his heart.

"What had occurred with this young man could not long remain concealed from the other blacks, as he at once began to speak of that of which his heart was full. On the Saturday following the events above related, Pepper felt stirred up to go to Upper Regions, to spend the Sunday with the blacks there, and try to persuade them to come to us. I was at first rather uneasy about this; but we thought it better not to prevent him. So he set out with Boney for the above station, which is about fourteen miles distant. On the following Monday they returned, bringing Pepper's mother with them."

"At present, there are twenty-eight blacks here, and I am glad to say that they all attend the meetings regularly. Several of them seem to be more or less brought to reflection, and to be uneasy about the state of their souls after death.

"Pepper, continues to the best of his ability, to make known the way of salvation to his countrymen, yet, as he tells me, he often finds they pay little attention. But he has need, as we have carefully warned him, to attend to his own heart, and to seek grace and help from the Lord, to enable him to show by his whole behaviour what he has experienced. Old things still strive to gain the ascendancy, but, up to this time, it is evident that the work of the Spirit is proceeding in his heart."

THE DISTURBANCES IN LEBANON.

(Compiled from letters from American Missionaries, published in the "American Missionary Herald" of August 1860.)

LEBANON is again in a very disturbed state; indeed, you must expect to hear exaggerated accounts of a savage and bloody civil war in this ill-fated but goodly mountain. There is just a possibility that such a disaster may be averted by the resolute interference of the Turkish army. Unfortunately there are but few soldiers in the country, and the Government has sent to recall most of these, to be employed in Monte Negro, where there is also trouble. This time all the Christian sects are united against the Druzes; formerly the Greeks sided with the Druzes. This convulsion resembles those in Europe in one respect; it is simply a rising of the people, against the wishes of the ruling classes, on all sides; and hence it threatens to take the ugly shape of a war of extermination. The Christians declare that they will make clean work of it, and not leave a Druze on Lebanon. They will find themselves woefully disappointed.

We have a new source of solicitude in the native Protestants who reside in various parts of the mountains. They will not take sides with either party—will not engage in a war at all, and hence they are liable to be trodden down by both parties. Besides, it is nearly certain that the main object which foreign Jesuits and the native clergy have at heart, in encouraging this mad and ruinous war, is the hope of thereby exterminating Protestantism in Lebanon. This is the firm conviction of

all our Protestants in this region, and I think there is too much reason to fear that there is such a conspiracy. Here again they will be disappointed. If such is their counsel, it will surely be brought to nought. In the meanwhile, our native friends are in great perplexity, and may suffer severely.

Up to this hour, war is not known to be actually begun, and every hour's delay, increases the chance of prevention. The Pasha is busy in collecting troops from various parts, and concentrating them about Deir el Komr. He assured our consul yesterday that he had not slept for three days and nights, from the urgency of this sudden uprising in the mountains. You are not to understand by this, however, that the Turkish Government has not looked on passively during all these past months of angry collision in Lebanon; that it has not left unchecked private murder and assassination, until such disorder has become quite intolerable. The hope is, that in this way it will be able to show the European powers that they must abandon their *quasi* protectorate over Lebanon, and allow the Turkish Government to place its own officers there, instead of the feudal chiefs who now govern. The reason why the Pasha is so much alarmed is because he now sees that the war threatens to go infinitely beyond the wishes of the Government; and also that the European powers are going to hold him personally responsible for the results of such a war.

Another letter supplies further information—

June 1—Civil war has actually commenced in all its fury. The Druzes and Maronites have plunged into deadly strife, with a savage ferocity which seems inspired by Satan himself. The war has been actually raging some four days, and during this brief period, thirty or forty villages have been burned, the country laid waste, an immense amount of property destroyed, and men, women, and children butchered, with a degree of coolness and barbarity worthy of a Tamerlane. The whole district of the Met'n, directly east of Beyrut, is a desolation. The Druzes, who are a race of warriors, have driven the Maronites before them, nearly as far as the famous Dog River, and their track is marked by smoking villages and desolation in every form. Heretofore, in the wars of the Druzes and Maronites, women and children have been spared; but now, no one is spared. The night before last, a large company of Christians—Greeks and Maronites—were coming up the sea-shore from the villages near the coast between here and Sidon, when a large force of armed Druzes from Shwifat rushed upon them, and cut down men, women, and children, without distinction. Hundreds of those who escaped are in Beyrut, and there are not less than two hundred on the Mission premises, with what few cows, sheep, and donkeys they were able to save.

June 2—In the greater part of the villages of Lebanon the people are on the verge of starvation, and the houses of the Missionaries are crowded with people pleading for bread. The Druze Governors of Abeih have nothing for their men to eat but wheat which they gather and rub in their hands and parch on the fire. If the war continues much longer, a famine is inevitable on Mount Lebanon. The wheat is unharvested, the cocoons are stolen, and the last hope of the people for support is cut

off. The Pasha of Beirut is now in the mountains, with about one thousand Turkish soldiers, but, thus far, has done nothing to arrest the bloody strife. It is even said that his men have joined the Druzes against the Christians. The English and French Consuls, who are politically interested in Lebanon matters, seem at a loss what to do. It is currently reported that the French fleet is to be here on Sunday, and many expect that the French will be likely to interfere at once in Syrian politics. The result may be a French occupation of the country, and a state of things most unfavourable to the prosecution of the Missionary work; but the Lord reigns still, and will accomplish his own work in this land, whatever may be the obstacles. At present, our educational labours, all our itinerancy and book distribution, and much of our preaching, are seriously interrupted. No one can tell where it will all end.

With regard to ourselves personally, we are safe here in Beirut, and it is probable that most of the Missionaries in this vicinity will be obliged to spend the summer amid the heat of this place. Mr. Johnson, our Consul, is efficient and active in these troublesome times, and gives us timely aid in communicating with the mountain stations. We all need the prayers of our Christian friends in this time of trial. The prospect is just now dark for the spiritual interests of this people, yet it may prove to be the very discipline which is needed to bring them to take refuge in Christ.

(To be continued.)

REVIVAL.

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord !
 Thy work of quickening power ;
 O'er earth's parched wilderness pour down
 The Pentecostal shower.

Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 In far-off Indian lands ;
 Bid Ethiopia's myriad tribes
 Stretch forth to Thee their hands.

Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Amid the polar snows ;
 Let Nature's frozen wastes rejoice,
 And blossom as the rose.

Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Among the long-lost sheep
 Of Israel's house, and bid them look
 On Him they pierced, and weep.

Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 In this our native isle ;
 With floods of light and life divine,
 Make all her borders smile.

Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 In our own souls, we pray ;
 May all for the great harvest-home
 Be ripening day by day !

L. C. W.

HINDU TRADES.

THE Hindus were far advanced in the arts of cotton-weaving, lace-making, and embroidery, long before the nations of the west had arisen from their sleep of barbarity and indolence; and even now that we can call in the discoveries of science to our aid, we have not as yet been



AN INDIAN MONEY-CHANGER.

able to overtake them in the perfection to which they have brought some of their manufactures. The cotton-plant is indigenous in Hindostan, and we know, from the writings of the earliest Greek and Hindu authors, that the natives were accustomed to pay great attention to the details of weaving cotton-cloths, and those far-famed muslins, chiefly made and delicately worked at Dacca, spoken of by the ancients as "woven webs of air." Then we have the costly shawls, woven from the flossy, silk-like hair of the goat that has its home on the grassy ravines and shady clefts of the hills that look down on the lovely vale of Cashmere; and the richly embroidered scarfs and handkerchiefs, brocaded with gold and silver laid upon white, green, and red grounds, and interspersed with the glossy wings of beetles, and other ornaments.

We must not omit the coarser, but equally useful manufactures of rope, thread, and cables, all twisted by the skilful hand of the Hindu from the fibre of the cocoa-nut tree; nor their delicate workmanship in the precious metals, the well-known rose-chains of Trichinopoly, and the inlaid work of gold and silver upon iron and steel, as practised at Benares and other cities of Hindostan; their work in jewellery, although this is hardly in accordance with the general good taste and high finish of eastern artificers; and lastly, the taste and skill which they exhibit in the graceful pottery-work of Bengal, of which some beautiful specimens, both painted and gilt, were sent up to the great Exhibition of 1851. Equal in every respect to these were the carved marble-works and productions in stone, in the shape of vases, garden-seats, &c., some of which rivalled the most finished performances of Italian artists, and were the subjects of general admiration.

Our engraving represents the Indian money-changer at his post. The same character of subtlety and dexterity, rather than of force and vigour, distinguishes his mental as well as his physical operations: his type of intellect resembles more the keen-edged and pliant sword-blade of the east, than the massive club of the ancient Briton, or the powerful battle-axe of the Saxon warrior. Yet can he become, as in some cases he has become, a useful servant and soldier of Christ.

DISTURBANCES IN LEBANON.

(Continued from p. 120.)

June 4—There has been serious trouble in Sidon, and many of the native Christians have been massacred by the Moslems, but an English war steamer went down yesterday to protect the foreigners and establish order. A Russian frigate arrived here yesterday noon, and French vessels are expected soon.

At the Arabic preaching service yesterday (Sunday) the chapel was crowded, morning and afternoon, with people from the mountains, who had fled to Beyrut to find refuge from the war. Many of them had never heard preaching before, and they listened to the word of life with earnest attention. It is our constant prayer, that many of these poor people may find Christ precious to them in these days of trial and trouble, and that this season of darkness may be followed by the dawn

of a new day of light in this wretched and stricken land. One of the members of the Beirut church is feeding two hundred people every day.

June 5—The English war steamer "Firefly," Captain Mansell, which is engaged by the English Government in surveying the Syrian coast, was despatched to Sidon, to look after the foreign residents. The massacre of Christians by the Druzes, in the country and gardens near Sidon, was one of the most brutal and fiend-like deeds ever heard of. It is of the same character with Cawnpore and Delhi, and hundreds of disarmed men, and defenceless women and children, were relentlessly butchered. The story is almost too horrid to be true. How many, if any, Protestants have fallen, we do not know. The majority of the attacking party in the region of Sidon were Moslems, who had collected from the city and neighbouring villages, and they cut down the defenceless men, women, and children without mercy. The Missionaries, Messrs. Ford and Eddy sent, in time of danger, to demand a guard for their homes from the city Governor, and he refused to allow them one, until our Consul in Beirut sent positive orders to this effect.

June 6—Since the surrender of Deir el Komr, the Druzes remain masters of all Mount Lebanon south of the Damascus road. There is no power left among the Christians to oppose them, excepting in the town of Zahleh, and yesterday it was said that all the available Druze forces in Lebanon, together with Druzes of Houran, Bedouin Arabs, and Baalbec Metawileh, were gathering around Zahleh for a desperate struggle. The Pasha of Beirut, it is said, furnishes the Druzes with ammunition, and is very anxious to see the fall of a town which for years has been in rebellion against the Sultan. If Zahleh falls, the power of the Christians will be broken. Indeed, in this whole war, the Druzes have fought like tigers, and the Christians, as a general thing, have fled like sheep.

In view of the fact that the Greek and Papal ecclesiastics have been stirring up their people to a war of extermination against the Druzes, it would seem as though reverses and defeats are a just punishment; but on the other hand, the atrocious massacre of defenceless women and children, and of men who had laid down their arms, by Druzes, Moslems, Metawilehs, and Turkish soldiers combined, has awakened a feeling of indignation among all classes, which, in the case of the Russian and French Consuls, may take the form of immediate intervention in the affairs of the country. Indeed, there is a general expectation of a change in the government of Syria. So many priests have been butchered, convents and churches plundered, and innocent people massacred, that it would not be surprising should a new crusade against Druze and Mohammedan despotism be awakened in Europe. A Russian frigate is anchored here, and three more are hourly expected, together with the French fleet; and this just after the receipt of news from St. Petersburg, that Russia and France are determined to interfere on behalf of the Christian population of the Turkish Empire. These atrocities in Syria will no doubt intensify their indignation, and you may therefore be prepared to hear of serious political changes very soon.

We have no apprehensions for the cause of the Gospel. The work

is the Lord's, and He will carry it on. He loves his own kingdom far better than we do, and will give it the victory. We ask the prayers of all who love the Lord, that these overturnings may result in the establishment of our Redeemer's kingdom in this poor desolated land.

THE NIGER MISSION—BONNY TOWN.

THE native Missionaries, the Rev. S. Crowther, and the Rev. J. C. Taylor, and the two European catechists, Messrs. Fladd and Ashcroft, left Lagos in July last, for the purpose of ascending the Niger, and resuming their labours at Onitsha and the Confluence. At the mouth of the Niger they have been detained, and remained so at the date of the last despatches. There are troublesome tribes on the delta of the Niger, who have fired upon the steamers as they went up the river, so that, on one occasion, human life was lost. An application had been made to the Home Government that gun-boats should be sent from England for the purpose of removing these obstructions, and rendering the river passage safe. From unavoidable circumstances, however, these gun-boats had not arrived according to arrangement. This delay seems to be very unhappy. The two best of the months of the year for the navigation of the river, namely, July and August, had passed away, when Mr. Crowther wrote, only two months, September and October, remained, during which the navigation is practicable, the waters of the river beginning to fall from about the 5th to the 10th of October. Our brethren had hoped to have been enabled to strengthen the infant stations at Onitsha and the Confluence. We fear that their hope, however, must stand deferred until the full-water time of next year. Meanwhile the attention of our Missionaries has been directed to the state of the tribes at the mouth of the river.

Thus, at the Bonny Bar of the river, they visited old Bonny town, a swampy place, and which, to be rendered dry, requires not only drainage but mounds being raised. It seems to typify the low moral state of the Bonny people, and their need of improving measures. A foundation needs to be laid of Christian truth, and on this a better state of things raised up.

"Trade," writes Mr. Crowther, "has been carried on with Bonny now nearly half a century, either in slaves or legitimate produce; but up to the present date the most wealthy of them are not further advanced in civilization than those in the interior who had never seen a white man, and with whom they never exchanged an article of merchandize in food or produce. From their chiefs to their attendants, the inhabitants of Bonny are cannibals. Cannibalism is openly practised in the sight of the European traders on the river. White men, who happened to go near them, when human flesh is prepared to be feasted upon, are looked upon as intruders, and the menaces of the natives towards them on these occasions show their savage state in the highest degree; so much so, that when it is known that cannibalism is taking place in the town, every one has learned to keep out of the way.

"A few days back some of my canoe men landed in Bonny town: they

came into the market-place, where there was singing and dancing, when unexpectedly they met the bodies of two prisoners who had just been slaughtered, and cut in pieces, placed on a platform made over a fire, to have them prepared for food. Being horror-stricken, they ran back ; but the unconscious cannibals hailed them in triumph to come back and see what they were doing to the bodies of their enemies. This is an answer, if one be wanting, to those who would inquire whether trade alone, without the Gospel, is sufficient to civilize a nation ?”

REST, WEARY SOUL !

Rest, weary soul !
 The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
 For all thy sins full satisfaction made :
 Strive not thyself to do what Christ has done ;
 Take the free gift and make the joy thine own :
 No more by pangs of guilt and fear distress—
 Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary heart !
 From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,
 Thy profitless regrets and longings vain :
 Wisdom and love have order'd all the past,
 All shall be blessedness and light at last :
 Cast off the cares that have so long oppress—
 Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary head !
 Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb,
 Light from above has broken through its gloom :
 Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
 Where He shall wake thee on a future day,
 Like a tired child upon its mother's breast—
 Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, spirit free !
 In the green pasture of the heavenly shore,
 Where sin and sorrow can approach no more ;
 With all the flock by the great Shepherd fed,
 Beside the streams of life eternal led,
 For ever with thy God and Saviour blest—
 Rest, sweetly rest.

MISSIONARY WORK IN THE MAURITIUS.

MAURITIUS is an island in the Indian Ocean, about 500 miles east of Madagascar, and some 70 or 80 north-east from the Isle of Bourbon. The latter island belongs to the French, as did the Mauritius until 1814, when it was transferred to the British Crown. Its shape is an irregular oval, being about 36 miles long and 18 to 27 broad. Lying as a little speck in the midst of the vast ocean, it is providentially furnished with those barriers which we so often find appended to the islands of the

Pacific, and which prevent their being encroached upon and continually wasted away by the force of the waves, the whole coast being surrounded by reefs of coral, with openings here and there, which permit the approach of vessels. Intersected by chains of mountains, which terminate in the most singular-looking summits, its appearance is striking and romantic.

As a Missionary field its importance is very great, for there is to be found, in this little island, a remarkable confluence of different races of men. Besides the descendants of French settlers, the English occupants, and the Creole population, there may be met here, Arabs from the Red Sea; Mohammedans and Hindus from Hindostan, the latter of different races, Tamulians from the south, and Bengalees from the north; Chinamen from the Celestial Empire; Malagashes of different nations; Africans from the east coast; Lascar seamen; Batavians, half Hindu, half Chinese; Armenians; Cingalese; Parsees from Bombay, &c. Of Coolies from India there are, it is computed, no fewer than 130,000 in the island.

It may be well to explain how this migration from India to the Mauritius has occurred. On the abolition of slavery throughout the British colonies, Mauritius shared in the benefit of this great national act, and upwards of 66,000 slaves were emancipated. On recovering their freedom, they exhibited that averseness to labour which might have been expected as the reaction from their previously over-tasked condition. To supply the great want which ensued, Cooly labourers were permitted to be brought over from India under certain admirable regulations, which prevent it degenerating into a kind of slave-trade. They are chiefly employed in the cultivation of the sugar-cane, the yield from which has increased amazingly; so much so, that the island, which, in 1812, yielded not quite as much as 1,000,000 pounds of sugar, in 1852 yielded 140,000,000.

Our Missionary efforts amongst the Coolies of the Mauritius commenced in 1854. On another occasion we shall narrate the circumstances in which they commenced; but at present we must confine ourselves to some interesting cases among the Cooly orphan children, who are under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Ansorgé. We cannot do better than present to our readers Mr. Ansorgé's own account of this movement. His letter is dated August 31, 1860—

“In my last letter I mentioned that the Lord, through his Spirit, was working among some of the orphan children here. The number of those desiring baptism increased. All of them gladly attended the evening special religious instruction. The most of them are able to read the Bible in their native language, either Hindui or Tamil. There is a Tamil teacher here, whom I got lately, who knows English pretty well. I used him as interpreter in instructing the Madras children. Mr. Franklin, the Missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, who is for the Tamil people, has frequently visited us, and on those occasions has also given instruction to the Tamil children. Several times, also, Mr. Hobbs, when he came here, gave a little address to them. Whilst I was engaged at home preparing a number of children for baptism, I had also several families, men and women, under preparation for the holy sacrament—fifteen adults and four children. One family—a man

and his wife, with two children—were baptized on the 5th of August, at the emigration dépôt, after the second lesson in the morning service, before the whole congregation. I left the other adult baptism for the day when the orphan children were to be baptized. Three of these adults are Tamil people of my flock; the others were almost all Bengalee people, only two being up-country men.

“The guardians of the orphans, the Procureur-General, and the Protector of Emigrants, expressed their wish to hear the children themselves, in their presence, express their desire for baptism. They came here, and the children answered with the greatest cheerfulness. The guardians also asked Mr. Franklin, as one not connected with this institution, to examine them. The answers of all the thirty-eight children were most satisfactory, some of them very remarkable. The Governor and Mr. Stevenson wrote to us that they would stand sponsors for all, and fixed August 12 for the baptism at the St. Barnabas Church at Pamplemousses, two miles from here.

“The long-expected Sunday approached. I took 110 orphans to church, and left only fifteen little ones at home. The age of most of them that went to be baptized is between from nine to thirteen and fourteen years. On arriving at Pamplemousses, I met there already the adults and a good number of my Christians from Port Louis. Before the service commenced, a companion of one of those who were to be baptized, a Hindu from the up-country, asked me to baptize him that day also. I told him that he ought to learn first something of Christianity, and therefore wait; but he replied, ‘Sir, I believe in the Lord Jesus my Redeemer; do baptize me to-day with the others. Upon that I promised him to do so. The service commenced at eleven o’clock. Mr. Wheeler, the minister of the church, took the sermon; Mr. Franklin and Mr. Hobbs the prayers. The lessons and psalms for that day were wonderfully appropriate for the occasion. After the second lesson, Mr. Franklin read the baptismal service, and I then baptized thirty-eight children, one by one coming forward, and kneeling before the font. Mrs. Stevenson gave the names for each of them. After this, the children sang the morning hymn, ‘Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.’ Before the sermon they sang, ‘See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands.’ Mr. Wheeler preached on the text, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me.’ After the English service, I proceeded, with Mr. Hobbs, whom I had asked to baptize the three Tamil adults, to the font. As the greatest number of candidates were Bengalee men, I read the baptismal service for all in Bengalee. When I had baptized the Calcutta people, Mr. Hobbs first asked the questions in Tamil, and baptized the Tamil adults. His Excellency the Governor and Mrs. Stevenson attended also the baptism of the adults. They both have really shown an interest in our Missionary work.

“After the baptism, the Governor shook hands with me, and said, ‘Well, Mr. Ansorgé, this is indeed a happy and blessed day.’ Yes, certainly, it was a day of the Lord, a harvest-day in our Lord’s vineyard. All of us—myself, Hobbs, Franklin, and Wheeler—rejoiced in the Lord; and I wished our home friends could have witnessed that holy cheerfulness which any one might have observed among those that

had, by holy baptism, been received into the church. I must mention, that, among the adults for baptism, I had missed one, an old Tamil man. When we were coming home we met him leaning on the gate, and crying that he was not baptized. He felt very sorry that he could not have come. He said, without complaining of his master, that he had asked him for leave, but did not obtain the same, but had to crush canes until twelve o'clock. He begged most heartily that I would baptize him on the premises this day. As Mr. Franklin had come again with us to Powder Mills, I asked him to baptize the old man. The children assembled in the schoolroom, and also the adults that had been baptized, and all the other Calcutta Christians, who all had come over to my place, and the old Madras man was baptized by Mr. Franklin. He had only some months ago come to Mauritius from Madras. When leaving his native land he was quite ignorant of the doctrines of Christianity. Before the ship left Madras he received on board the ship a copy of the Gospel. In reading the word of God, the love of God was so impressed upon him by the Holy Spirit, that he believed, and sought for redemption in Jesus. When he arrived here, not knowing any Missionary, he came to the English church at Pamplemousses. Mr. Wheeler, seeing the man, and hearing that he wished to become a Christian, sent him to me. I do not know Tamil, but I have Christian people here who read every Sunday the Tamil prayers and a chapter in the Bible. This old man came, and attended regularly every Sunday afternoon for two months. After all, by God's grace he has been brought into Christ's fold. May He, by his Spirit, keep him, as well as all the others that were admitted that day, in his way, and strengthen them to fight manfully under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to be faithful servants of Jesus Christ.

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### THE MOHAMMEDAN.

(Continued from page 114.)

WE now complete from our last Number the interesting sketch of the Mohammedan's faith and practice.

As our Mohammedan man has now completed the pilgrimage, and is mature and perfected in his acquaintance with the faith and practice of his religion, let us see what he believes.

In the first place he will tell you, with a dignity and solemnity of manner which is always impressive—"I believe in the existence of God. There is no God but God. 'La illah illa Ullah.' There is one God—the Great, the Omnipotent, Omniscient; the Wise, the Truth, the Way, the Enlightener, the Opener, the Revealer, the Good, the Merciful, the Infinite, the Eternal;" and so on, until he has repeated the whole one hundred names of God.

The second point in the faith of Islam is a belief in the existence of angels. Angels are divided into classes, the good and the evil. Their whole idea of these, good and evil, is evidently taken from the Scriptures, and from the old floating traditions of Arabia, and the Jewish talmudic writings. In the every-day life of the people, very little thought

is given to the existence or agency of good angels; but the popular mind is full of dark superstitions about the influence of evil spirits. The djans, or evil spirits, are everywhere. The caverns in the mountain side are inhabited by them. Hidden treasures are guarded by them. Is there an earthquake? The evil spirits have been shaking and heaving the earth. Is the sun or moon eclipsed? Some evil spirit is devouring the orb of light; and when the shadow begins to steal over the face of the bright luminary, the whole population turn out, with kettles and drums, to frighten away the cruel monster, who is swallowing the very source of light itself; and as the shadow begins to withdraw, they think that they have succeeded in their object. Does disease enter the family, or any accident occur? All is ascribed to the agency of evil spirits; and women and children bear charms of black stone on their necks, to frighten away these spirits.

The next point in the faith of the Mohammedan is a belief in the divine origin of the Korán. He believes that the Korán was treasured up in the seventh heaven from all eternity, and was revealed to Mohammed by the angel Gabriel. It was written by the finger of God: man is not its author. It is a sin and a crime to translate it or to print it; and although it has been printed by Moslems in Egypt, the orthodox Moslems of Syria regard the act with abhorrence. They write it in letters of gold and bright colours on the cornices and lintels of their rooms, but never along or near the floor. No Moslem will ever carry a copy of the Korán below his waist, or lay it on the floor. It must be laid on the shelf, or on an elevated cushion. They carry it written in elegant manuscript, handsomely bound, and commit large portions of it to memory. They say that it is the last and perfect revelation from God, a sufficient guide for the soul of man.

The next point is a belief in the divine mission of the prophets. The whole number of the Mohammedan prophets is 200,000, but there are six who are pre-eminent, superior to all the rest, standing like beacon lights on the mountain summits of history, sending out their light to the generation around them, and flashing it forward down the vista of the ages. These prophets are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Christ, and Mohammed. Each succeeding one is greater than each and all of the preceding. Moses is greater than Abraham, Christ is greater than Moses, and Mohammed greater than Christ—greater than all.

No people profess a greater reverence for the Old Testament prophets than do the Mohammedans. So far do they carry this, that to curse the name of a prophet is a greater crime than to curse the name of God.

The next point is a belief in the doctrines of the resurrection and the final judgment. Their views on these subjects are chiefly taken from the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, together with some of the traditions of the Arabian Jews. The Moslem paradise is a place of mere sensual delight. All who reach it must cross a bridge made of the edge of a drawn sword, and no infidel can cross it.

The last point in the Moslem faith is a belief in the doctrine of fate. This is not a mere abstraction: it is a dark reality. It makes man a mere dead, lifeless machine. When the Sultan proposed to establish quarantine to check the progress of the plague, the old Moslems op-

posed it with the greatest tenacity. "What," said they, "shall we resist the decree of God?" And in like manner they resisted the introduction of vaccination, which had been assigned as a preventive of another violent disease. When the cholera prevails, the greater part of the Moslems refuse to take medicine, exclaiming that it is the decree of God. There is no affection in the East stronger than that between the father and his eldest or only son, and yet, let death invade the family and remove that son, and the father manifests not the least emotion. Not a tear is shed, not an expression of sorrow uttered. "It was fated"—"God decreed it."

Let us now inquire what a Mohammedan must do who holds this faith. What is his practice? The first great duty of the Mohammedan is prayer. Five times a day all are compelled to hear the greatest truths of their system echoed in their ears. On Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, an extra half hour of prayer precedes the prayer at noon, and this is the only mark to distinguish their Sabbath from the other days of the week. There is no cessation from labour.

The second duty of the Moslem is to give alms. In Mohammedan towns and cities, the blind, the lame, and the destitute, are supported chiefly by the alms of the faithful. A blind Moslem beggar does not hold out his hand in vain to a brother Moslem. Almsgiving is one of the chief duties of the pilgrim on his way to Mecca. The reason why they are so willing to give, is generally this—Giving is an act of merit. For every gift conferred upon another, the believer is to receive ten-fold in return of the delights and joys of Paradise. Hence it may be a mere selfish, mercenary act, prompted by no higher motive than this—"Give, that you may receive." And, further, the Moslem gives alms to Moslems alone.

The third duty of the Moslem is fasting. For thirty days in every year, during the month of Ramadan, every believer must abstain rigorously, during the whole day, from food and drink, and all the delights of the senses. From the time when it is light enough in the morning to distinguish between a white thread and a black one, until sunset, not a drop of water nor a morsel of food can pass his lips. But the moment the gun upon the castle announces the setting of the sun, every Moslem betakes himself to his home, where he spends the night in feasting, thus making up by night what he loses by day. And at two o'clock in the morning the watchmen in the streets go through the Moslem quarter of the city, to awaken the faithful, that they may prepare themselves for the fasting of the day. Yet no one indulges in the use of intoxicating liquors. The Moslem never drinks an intoxicating beverage. Whatever his religion requires, he most faithfully performs; and if commanded to fast, he fasts from the first moment until the last.

The fourth and last duty of the Moslem is the pilgrimage to Mecca. But of this we have already spoken.

This, then, is the faith and the practice of the Mohammedan—what he believes, and what he does. But what is the private, moral character of a man with such a faith and such a religious practice? It is just what one would expect in a religion which makes no appeal to the conscience, and has no restraining influence upon the life. Islamism is not



a spiritual faith. It has no way of reconciliation with God. It does not teach love, either to God or man. And the Mohammedan is a man of unrestrained passions, full of falsehood and blasphemy, impure in his private character, jealous, unforgiving, uncharitable. He has no love to God, and no hope of heaven. And the moral character of the Moslem is a fair representative of the character of all the different religious sects of the East. They are all alike corrupt and immoral. Not one of them gives evidence of a saving knowledge of Christ. They have all forsaken the "fountains of living waters," and hewn out to themselves broken cisterns, which can hold no water.

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#### THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

WE often hear of the difficulties of Missionary life. There are difficulties no doubt, but not such as are usually supposed. People at home often imagine difficulties where there are none, and overlook the points in which the real difficulty consists. It is well we should know what they are, that we may be better enabled to sympathize with our brethren, and pray for them.

The greatest difficulties are those which arise from our corrupt nature. Whether it be the minister at home or the Missionary abroad, the flesh must be crucified. In order to do this successfully, the conscience must be kept alive and sensitive to the least approach of evil. Sin, in this respect, is very insidious; and, if it can only succeed in familiarizing you with its first approaches, will not fail to advantage itself, and become more bold. Now the great danger in a heathen land, is, lest, amidst its abominations, the mind become so far familiarized with evil, as that this holy shrinking from its approach be lessened. There is the more reason to watch and pray.

Friends at home not unfrequently think that a Missionary's life is necessarily attended with much want and privation and mortification of body. The fields of labour, however, are comparatively few where these are to be encountered.

But one difficulty is that connected with the acquisition of a new language. To some men this is a greater trial than to others, according to the natural gift in that direction; and in some countries the difficulty is greater than in others, from the peculiar structure of the language. It is here that patience and perseverance are so much needed. In particular is this the case in China. An American Missionary, writing from Shanghae, brings out very vividly the peculiar difficulties connected with the study of the Chinese language —

In the study of this language one encounters difficulties, peculiar to itself, not to be met with in the study of any other language. I say the Chinese *language*; I should rather say the Chinese *languages*, for really one desiring to become usefully familiar with the speech of China, has to study at least two, if not three, almost distinct languages. First of

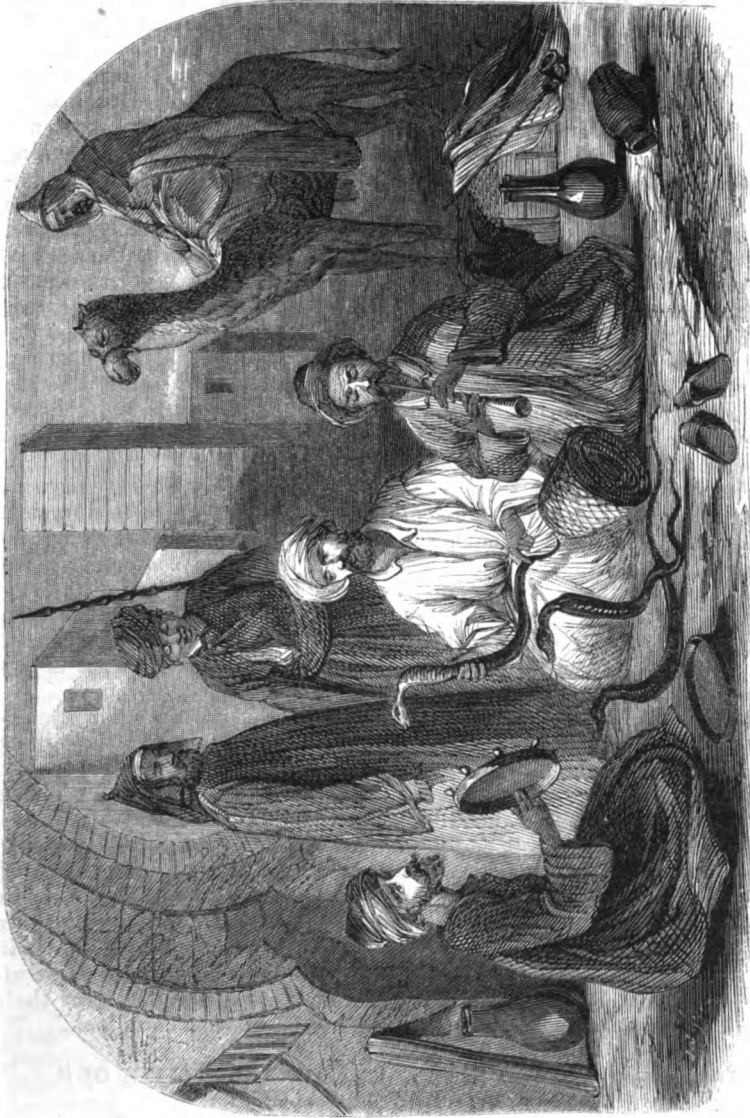
all, a Missionary has to acquire a knowledge of the dialect of the place where he is destined immediately to work. There are a great many such local dialects in the empire; almost every district has a dialect or *patois* peculiar to itself: these differ very considerably from each other, so that a native of one province can with much difficulty understand the dialect of another. Now these local dialects, or colloquials, which constitute the oral medium of communicating thought among the Chinese, are very difficult to acquire; because they are destitute of books, and books will always be the best and surest means of acquiring a competent knowledge of any language. Particularly in this the case with such as are already advanced in years; for a knowledge of a language does not consist in a mere knowledge of words of a vocabulary, extensive as it may be, which can perhaps be acquired without the aid of books, although even this not very easily with regard to words that have a bearing upon abstract subjects; but it rather consists in being familiar with its idioms and spirit, to which books are the surest, if not the only way. Now, as already observed, there are no books written in the colloquials of China.

But the greatest difficulty one encounters in learning any of the dialects of China lies in the pronunciation. The pronunciation of some of the consonants and vowels is difficult enough, so that some appear at first, at least, to be almost unintelligible. But this is not all: the Chinese, as it is well known, is very much deficient in distinct words, that is, in different and distinct combinations of sounds constituting words. The most copious of the dialects does not possess, perhaps, more than five hundred distinct syllables or words, the Chinese being a monosyllabic language, representable with the letters of our alphabet. This number is multiplied by certain inflections of the voice in the pronunciation, say by three, so that the whole aggregate of distinct words—distinct, it must be remembered, to a very fine ear only—does not amount to more than fifteen hundred. These inflections constitute the famous tones of the Chinese language; they have nothing to do with what we call accent. The words being monosyllables, the rules of accent cannot, of course, be applied to them; the tones of inflections are something like the stress or emphasis laid on certain words in public speaking. There are eight such inflections in the Shanghae colloquial, but not all the sounds have this number; some half this number, some have only three, some two, and some only one. However, each sound must have one of these inflections before it can constitute an intelligible word: it forms an integral part of the word. If the tone is missed, the sound will mean something else, or nothing at all: for instance, the buzzing sound represented by *sz*, may mean a teacher, water, the number four, time, affairs, scholar, &c. We would suppose it to be one and the same word, but having so many meanings; but since, when it ‘means teacher’ it has one inflection, and when it means ‘water’ it has another, &c., it actually forms, on account of these inflections, so many distinct words. One who desires to speak the Chinese language intelligibly, must, therefore, pay the strictest attention to these inflection tones, which implies a great deal of practice and patience.

(To be continued.)

## SNAKE CHARMING AT TANGIER.

THE Berbers are a wide-spread African race, deriving their name either from their supposed ancestor Ber, or from the Roman derivation of the word "barbarian." Occupying the northern provinces, they extended from thence to the border of the great desert, until they were forced further



SNAKE CHARMER; AT TANGIER.

back into the interior by the Mohammedans. Previously to this they had partly embraced Christianity; indeed they are still called by some Arabs, Christians of the desert: but they afterwards changed their religion and adopted Islam. However, they have preserved many curious customs which bear testimony to their ancient creed.

Our picture represents a scene common enough in North Africa. The narrator says, "A small party of Riffs, or Berbers, as the wild inhabitants of the country between Tangier and Ceuta are called, were seated just under the horseshoe arch of a gate, surrounded by grave, large-eyed Moors, lithe and slender Arabs, and stealthy Jews. One of these Riffians, with a rope in lieu of a turban-cloth round his head, from which depended the one long lock of hair so carefully cherished by them, played on a rude pipe, drawing forth most piercing sounds, whilst another kept a running accompaniment on a species of drum. Commencing with a slow and monotonous air, they gradually increased in volume and rapidity, till the snake charmer, who, up to this time, had remained perfectly passive, drew from under his dress a small basket, which he placed, the neck of it open towards him, on the ground. Ere long, apparently drawn forth by the sound of the music, the flat, spade-like head of a snake appeared, and, gradually writhing himself free of the basket, he erected and depressed his crest as though to the sound of the music. The charmer then took out a chicken from some part of his dress, and placed it before the snake, which struck at it and bit it in a moment: the chicken staggered about and fell in about two minutes. The Riff then proceeded to wind the snake round his neck; put it into his bosom, and, finally, caused it to draw blood from his forearm, and, slowly waving his arm to and fro with the snake still entwined around it, he seemed to sink gradually into a sort of lethargic stupor, apparently masticating or swallowing something. The music, which had been continuously increasing in shrillness and rapidity, now rose to a climax, and died away suddenly in a prolonged and mournful wail. At the end of about ten minutes the man seemed recovered. Whether they really possess any antidote to the bite of the snake in some herb unknown to us it is impossible to say, but the Moors religiously believe it."

Richardson, in his "Travels in Morocco," thus describes the snake-charmers:—"These gentry are a company under the protection of their great saint, Sidi Aysa, who has long gone upwards, but also is now profitably employed in helping the juggling of these snake mountebanks. These fellows take their snakes about in small bags, or boxes, which are perfectly harmless, their teeth and poison bag being extracted. They carry them in their bosoms, put them in their mouths, stuffing a long one in of some feet in length, twist them round their arms, use them as a whip to frighten the people, in the meanwhile screaming out and crying unto their heavenly protector for help, the bystanders devoutly joining in their prayer. The snake-charmers usually perform other tricks, such as swallowing nails, and sticking an iron bar in their eyes; and they wear their hair long like women, which gives them a very wild maniacal look."

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INTERESTING CONVERSION IN CONNEXION WITH OUR MISSION WORK AT CALCUTTA.

Our Missionary, the Rev. J. Vaughan, says—"I must give you an ac-

count of a convert, for I know you will rejoice with us, and I trust you also may be inclined to put up a prayer on behalf of this subject of the triumph of grace. He is a young man, about eighteen years of age. He belongs to a highly-respectable family, some members of which are very rich and influential. A few years ago he became a student of the Free-Church Institution, and there, under the tuition of that worthy man, whose sudden departure we so deeply deplore, the Rev. D. Ewart, his mind was first led to inquire into the subject of religion. Before then he had taken for granted that the religion of his forefathers must be true. During his stay in that school his faith in Hinduism was diminished. It does not, however, appear that he had advanced much beyond this, and he left that institution some two years ago, believing in scarcely any thing. He joined our school, and, after a time, began to attend a Bible class, which I hold daily with the boys of the two first classes. I well remember the infidel style in which he used to argue, for I encourage any objections they like, so that they do it in a proper way. His objections were so numerous, and put forth with so much apparent earnestness, that I was led to consider Jadoo as about the most hopeless in the class. It appears, however, from his subsequent account, that at the time when he resolutely opposed the truth, it was steadily fastening its hold upon him. At length every doubt was removed, and, against himself, he was compelled to believe that Jesus was indeed 'the way, the truth, and the life.' But he dropped no hint of this to me or anyone else: he believed in the cross, but had not courage to take it up. Nearly a year ago he left our school for a Heathen training college; but he could not withdraw from us entirely: he was constantly going backwards and forwards, and seemed glad of a little religious conversation. Then he began to accompany me and our catechists in our street preaching; then he asked to come of an evening to read the Bible with me. Now I began to detect the hidden work. His anxiety, his earnestness, his faith, could no longer be concealed. I said to myself, 'The Spirit has hold of you, and sooner or later you must yield.' But he had given hints as to the terrible consequences of decision; the loss of his wife, family, property, though he ever said the latter he regarded as lighter than a feather: it was the sacrifice of all those dear to him which he shrank from. Therefore I thought many months more might elapse before the final steps were taken. God showed that he could make short work of it. One evening he accompanied one of the preachers as usual: a congregation came around, the catechist held forth Christ to them. In the mean time a singular emotion was coming over the mind of Jadoo; his spirit waxed warm: he could not refrain himself: he, too, began to preach. No sooner had he finished than he became distracted and miserable beyond description. Thoughts, it appears, of the hypocrisy of preaching the Gospel to others which he had not embraced himself; a deep sense of his own danger; a conviction that if he died as he was, hell must be his portion; these reflections overwhelmed him: he could scarcely sleep at night, and for three or four days he wandered about in the most disconsolate manner. At length he came to me, and said, 'Sahib, it is of no use: I cannot bear it any longer. I must and will confess Christ, whatever the consequences may be.' I blessed God on his behalf. Then, laying his hand on his breast, with a countenance beaming with joy, he

said, 'Sahib, the joy of my heart is unutterable. The moment I resolved to decide, a heavy load seemed to depart, and joy and fear sprung up with me.'

"The day for his baptism was fixed. He desired beforehand to make one more, perhaps a final, visit to his wife and family. He dare not tell them his baptism was at hand, for he would certainly have been seized and confined, and probably drugged, but he especially wished to commend the truth to his wife and sisters. I prayed with him, and he took his departure. I felt, humanly speaking, it was doubtful whether I should ever see him again. To my great delight he returned after an absence of three days. He had not been permitted to see his wife, but he had spoken to the members of his own family. Then, watching an opportunity in the absence of the male members, he took leave of his three sisters, whom he loved dearly, telling them that he was going to be a Christian, and that this was his last visit home. Now followed a scene: the girls rushed upon him, embraced him, and with tears and entreaties implored him not to forsake them. It was no time for delay, for already the servants were preparing to seize him. He tore himself away, and came with haste to me. I had scarcely got him housed, when his friends and relatives came in a body, demanding, in a most exciting manner, to see him. There was reason to fear their object was to seize and carry him off. However, I felt that it would be best to let them speak with him before his baptism. So I called together a body of our Christian men as a guard, and then introduced his family. It was the first scene of the kind I had witnessed, and I shall not soon forget it. I turned to the youth and said, 'Now, Jadoo, here are your friends; they may say to you what they please, and you may answer them as you think fit; and if, after this interview, you wish to accompany them, you are perfectly at liberty to do so: act as you choose.' I then sat down in silence, with the native brethren around me, and then commenced poor Jadoo's fiery trial. They surrounded him, and one on one hand, and another on the other, literally besieged him with arguments and entreaties to abandon his purpose. He returned but one answer—'No, I will be a Christian.' A pause followed each declaration: then they returned to the charge more vehemently and imploringly than ever. Still he replied, 'No, I will be a Christian.' Then came an appeal to his natural feelings, 'Your poor little wife and your sisters have eaten nothing for three days: they are dying for hunger and grief on your account: come, and save their lives; come but for five days; come only for one day; this is all we ask; it is our last request; will you deny us?' I cannot describe my feelings at this juncture. I silently cried to the Lord on his behalf, as did also the native brethren. His lips quivered. There was a struggle; but once more he replied, 'No, I will be a Christian: I will hesitate no longer.' Thus ended his trial. In despair of success, his friends retired; and then a very affecting scene presented itself. Our Christian friends rushed upon Jadoo, embraced him as a brother, and, with one voice, ascribed glory to God, who had preserved him steadfast. The next day I baptized him in the presence of a large and attentive congregation of respectable Hindus, amongst whom were not a few of his relatives. God grant his future walk may adorn the doctrine of the Lord and Saviour."

FORT SIMPSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

It is very refreshing to friends at home when some lone labourer, who, in some remote part of the Mission field, has been labouring on single-handed, is joined by a fellow-labourer, to share with him the burden and privilege of the work. In this respect two are better than one. Therefore it was, that when the Lord Jesus sent forth his disciples to preach, He sent them out two by two. And as far as it be possible, we are anxious to follow out the same plan. But at times it is not possible; and we are reduced to the alternative, either of sending out one Missionary, or none at all.

It was precisely so some few years back, when Captain Prevost, about to proceed in H. M. ship "Satellite" to Vancouver's Island, offered a free passage to a Missionary, if the Church Missionary Society were prepared to avail itself of the opportunity. The Society felt itself under obligation to do something in this direction, an anonymous friend having placed 500*l.* at its disposal for this purpose. But the difficulty was to find the man. In this emergency an invitation was addressed to Mr. Duncan, who had passed through the Highbury Training College, to undertake this work; and, on his ready compliance, Captain Prevost's offer was accepted, and Mr. Duncan reached Vancouver's Island in Dec. 1856. Fort Simpson, at the extreme north of the British Columbian coast, was selected as his station; and there he has been alone until last August, when his heart was gladdened by the arrival of long-expected fellow-labourers, Mr. and Mrs. Tugwell.

It was full time that help should come, for his health is beginning to suffer. His experience has been one of severe trials and anxious days, with times of refreshing from the Lord. "My heart has indeed been kept in a constant flutter, but my eyes have been ever directed heavenward. God has been working in me of a truth, teaching me my utter weakness, and bringing me to the reality of seeking and trusting Him. I can say with confidence, 'The Lord hath been with me, for I have seen his hand.' When I have been ready to faint, He has graciously come to my help, and abundantly supplied all my need. To what extent He has been working by me the great day will declare. My constant prayer is, that He will mercifully pardon all my shortcomings, and bless my feeble efforts to his own glory and the welfare of souls."

The present spiritual state of the Indians, after some years of religious instruction, is thus summed up by Mr. Duncan—

"Hitherto I have been able to report, as a result of the Mission, little more than a few changes for good, of a general kind, among the Indians here; but I am happy to inform you that some few are beginning to confess the name of Jesus, and give me good hope for their future and eternal welfare.

"I am occasionally cheered by hearing and seeing fruit which I had not expected; and I have reason to believe that many truths from God's word have penetrated the mass, and that many Indians are in the constant habit of offering up simple prayers to Jesus. I will only relate one pleasing circumstance which evidences this. One night, when I was encamping out, after a weary day, the supper and little instruction being over, my crew of Indians, excepting one old man, quickly spread their mats near the fire, and laid down to sleep in pairs, each sharing his

fellow's blanket. The one old man sat near the fire, smoking his pipe. I crept into my little tent; but after a time I came out again, to see that all was right. The old man was just making his bed. A thin bark mat on the ground; a little box of grease, and a few dried salmon for his pillow; a shirt on and a blanket round him; another bark mat over all (his head, too), was to form his bed for the night in the open air, during a cold dark night in April. When every thing was adjusted, he put his pipe down, and offered up, in his own tongue, the simple prayer, 'Be merciful to me, Jesus.' Then he drew up his feet, and was soon lost to view.

"Another matter which tends to cheer me, and about which I might write a great deal, is the great affection which many of the Indians manifest towards me. I have proved that the Indians can be grateful, and that in no ordinary degree, although some, who know them better, boldly insist upon the contrary.

"The next important branch of my work has been visiting the Indians in their houses. In this duty God has tried and encouraged me much I can only say, that many times when I have gone out weary in body and dejected in mind, so refreshed have I been with what God has permitted me to do and witness, that I have returned with a heart leaping for joy.

"My great difficulty hitherto has been the language. Many times have I gone to an assembly of Indians with my heart, as it were, on fire, and stood before them with a stammering tongue, and dropped my word with fear and uncertainty; but now, thanks to God, *my tongue is loose*. I can stand now and preach the Gospel in the Tsimshcean tongue with plainness, fervency, and fluency. It is copious and expressive, and, with few exceptions, the sounds are soft and flowing. There are five languages spoken along the coast, and I have learnt a little of each; but I find the Tsimshcean the easiest."

Last February, Mr. Duncan received a letter from the Government at Victoria, and in March from the Bishop of British Columbia. Mr. Duncan then says—"At the same time that I received the Bishop's letter I also received one from Captain Prevost, and one also from the chaplain, the Rev. E. Cridge, both wishing me very strongly to visit Victoria, on account of my health, and also for the establishing of some work there among the Indians. I had long deplored, before God and my friends, the ruin which I could see had set in upon these tribes since the rush of whites to Victoria, and the discovery of gold up the Frazer's River.

"Every fresh account I heard of Victoria showed me that the condition of the Indians there was becoming worse and worse; and I felt convinced, that unless something was done, our work up here could not be expected to prosper. While I alone was trying to do them good here, a thousand bad men were tempting, corrupting, and brutalizing them at Victoria.

"Consequently, as an opportunity was afforded me in May last, I started for Victoria, and arrived there on the 28th, having had a free passage granted me by the Hudson's-Bay Company.

"On my arrival, I found about 3000 Indians congregated there from various quarters, and living in the most deplorable state. Both males and females were giving themselves up to drunkenness and riot.

"Neither the Bishop or Captain Prevost were at Victoria when I arrived. The Bishop was making a tour of Frazer's River, and was not expected

back for two months. But as the Bishop had only got as far as New Westminster, seventeen miles up the river, I determined to go after him. I started on the night of the 29th, and arrived by steamer on the morning of the next day. As I was walking up the road to Colonel Moody's house, where the Bishop was staying, who should I meet but Captain Prevost. He also was residing at Colonel Moody's. When I tell you that I had not seen Captain Prevost since my leaving Victoria, in 1857, for Fort Simpson, and that I had heard the "Satellite" was expected to leave for England in a week or two, you may imagine what happiness it was to me to meet him once more. We knelt in prayer together, and blessed God for the mercies we had each received since we parted, and implored his grace and aid for future duties.

"The Bishop also gave me a warm greeting, and we set on to talk over business at once, as he was to start up the river in the steamer that night. We agreed that it was absolutely necessary, for any Missionary prosperity up north, to start some work among the Indians at Victoria. The Bishop was quite prepared to carry on a work, if it were only begun. Who was to begin it? Any one going to do so, not knowing the Indian tongue, could not be expected to be of much use for some time. As I was the only person who could communicate with them in their own tongue, and being well known to the Indians, the work evidently fell upon me. I therefore promised the Bishop to do what I could for a little time, if some of my scholars could be brought to Victoria, and paid for while I carried on their education.

"I started two Sunday services for the Tsimshéans: one in the morning I held as a kind of Sunday school, when about forty attended. In the afternoon I went into the camp, and assembled the Indians on a rock above their camp: about 200 to 250 attended.

"On the 18th June, the Governor returned to Victoria. On the 21st, I waited upon him, to talk over Indian affairs. I had prepared a plan, in fourteen propositions, for the bettering the condition of the Indians, to be laid before him. Almost the first thing he said was that he wished to have my assistance in getting the Indians away from Victoria, for they were unmanageable. I then told him the outline of the plan I had prepared; and without speaking a word more about driving them away, he declared his intention to carry out my scheme. He then wished me to ride out at once to the Indian camp with him. We went; and, through me, he made a speech to two crowds, and told the chiefs to meet him at the Government House on the following day. They came; and he laid before them the parts of the plan of organization which he was about to introduce among them. I interpreted. The Indians received the message with seeming goodwill. Since that, in addition to my Sunday duties, I have been assisting the Governor to carry out the scheme; and I truly hope that, by another summer, we shall find it fairly started.

"My duties have kept me with the Indians from morn till night. They so appreciate my exertions for their temporal affairs, that many have come to receive religious instruction who would otherwise have stayed away.

"The Indians are continually coming to me with their troubles, and seem very glad of my assistance. I also succeeded in getting several into good places as servants. I have reason to be very thankful to God for his directing me here, and guiding and prospering my way. Had I

not have come, most probably the Indians would have been driven away from Victoria, and that might have led to a quarrel, and then a war; and we should have had a repetition of the misery and trouble the Americans have experienced with the Indians in their western territories.

“A school-house has been built. We had a public Missionary meeting on June 10th, which was well attended, Captain Prevost in the chair; 65*l.* was collected, and the Governor made it up to 100*l.* We have also built a master’s house. When the Bishop returned, he found nearly both complete, to his no small delight. He at once subscribed 30*l.*

“On Sunday, the 12th of August, we held an Indian service in the school-house. The new Missionary, Mr. Tugwell, was present. We sang a hymn in the Tsimshéan tongue first, then one in English. Then the Bishop offered up prayer; after which he addressed the Indians. I interpreted. They sang again. Then I addressed them.”

Such are Mr. Duncan’s communications. They serve to quicken our sympathies on behalf of tribes and nations exposed, without the protection of Christianity, to the dangerous ordeal of colonization. The only hope for them lies in their prompt evangelization; and to this great work our Missionaries desire to give themselves with all earnestness.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN BURMAH.

EVERY one knows well that one of the brightest pages in the history of modern Missions is that which relates to the success of the Gospel among the Karens in the Burman empire. More than 100,000 members of these scattered tribes have, within the last thirty years, been brought to the knowledge of the truth, and they include within their number as many as 20,000 communicants, whose earnest and simple faith is admired by all Christian travellers who pass through the country. These facts are well known, and we have often called upon our readers to praise for these his mercies, the great Head of the church. But that which grace has done, and what needs to be yet done, among the women of Burmah in particular, has not yet been especially noticed. A Christian lady, whose Missionary labours among the Karens of Burmah have acquired a just celebrity, Mrs. Mason, has made known many interesting facts on this subject. She returned to the United States for the express purpose of there pleading the cause of female education in Burmah, and she gives the most interesting details on the subject of the religious need of this part of the population.

“We have the blessed hope, (says Mrs. Mason,) that more than 35,000 Karen women have renounced their superstitions to embrace the faith of Jesus Christ, but among the Burmans there can be found but 1000 who have submitted to the yoke of the Gospel, and yet the long experience that I have gained of the manners of that people forces on me the conviction that the Burman empire will never really be led into the way of truth until the women have been induced to enter it, and walk therein. Here, in Burmah, the women do not in the least resemble those gentler, timid, and indolent beings to be met with in the zenanas of India, trembling at the word or look of their master, and

exercising no manner of influence on his plans and purposes. The Burman woman, on the contrary, enjoys immense influence. To personal agreeableness she joins strength of will, and it is, in reality, she who gives to the customs of the country their most distinctive characteristics. A simple desire on the part of the wife of a Kaut-Bghai is enough to induce the fierce mountaineer to bring pillage and death on a distant adversary, and even in the capital of the empire: hence have arisen disastrous wars which have had no other originating cause than this.

“The Religious Tract Society furnishes tracts, the Bible Society gives its Bibles, the Missionary Society sends its agents, and builds places of worship, but all this only for the men, and what is the result? A Burman enters the *zayat*, listens, reflects, comes home, and, having well weighed his impressions, he says one day to his family, ‘This religion is the truth; I am purposed from this day forth only to worship the Saviour whom it sets forth.’ But scarcely have the words escaped him ere his mother falls upon him and seizes with violence the tuft of hair, or threatens to kill herself; his sister curses him; his wife throws her child to him, and leaves him to find another husband. We Christians know the promises made to him, who, to obey the Gospel, shall leave mother, wife, or children, and yet how many men among ourselves would be resolved to persist in confessing Christ, when to do this required such sacrifices? Many Burmese, convicted by the preaching of the truth, would, I am persuaded, suffer imprisonment for its sake, and would bravely ascend the scaffold, rather than deny their profession of it; but, can any one imagine a more intolerable trial than the malicious and unceasing persecution of a heathen woman, given up, without moral restraint, to the paroxysm of an ungovernable temper? Among the Burmans, the women, so far from leading the sedentary life of women in the other countries of the East, are in the habit of frequenting all the places of public meeting, and it is very evident that it is they who give the tone to society. Full of ease and grace, polished, active, and very crafty, they exercise, in their own country especially, a sort of fascination which is almost irresistible; and as this very influence renders them to the highest degree overteasing and selfish, it is seldom indeed that it tends not to evil. At the regattas, at the bull-fights, at the gaming-table, it is the woman that holds the first place. It is she who transacts business, who makes the bargains, who builds houses, or, at least, who directs all operations of this kind. We may judge, from all this of the good that this part of the population would effect if their hearts were but once engaged in the cause of truth.

“The woman may be called the educator of the Burman. It is she who teaches the child all he knows of sorcerers and spirits. It is she who leads him every night to carry sand in his dress to the pagoda. It is she who may be seen travelling long distances, and mounting interminable stairs, to deposit her offering before the idols. It is she who may be seen treading under foot the “white book,” and placing the palm-leaf in the hands of her son. It is she who fans the fire of revolt, and who, in one word, may cause the ruin of an empire. In this state of things, instructing the women of Burmah is instructing the entire population; Christianizing them is the sure method of evangelizing the nation. It is not generally known, but it is literally true, that the principal instruments

of the magnificent movement among the Karens have been the women—the Karen women. These are much less handy, less independent, and they live more at home than the Burmans, and, nevertheless, their influence has been incalculable. They make but little noise, but, like the clouds, they work silently. For three years I have employed myself founding among the Karens, among whom I reside, schools for the object of educating native teachers, and at this time two of these establishments are in operation. That of Toungoun contains already fifty scholars that the chiefs of the country have themselves presented to me, as young girls who were worthy in every respect of being the objects of our care. They are taught arithmetic, geography, some elements of astronomy and physics; at the same time they learn to cook, to sew, to take care of the sick, &c.; but, above all, they are urged to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and the progress that they make gives us good cause of rejoicing. Twelve young girls, educated in this establishment, already have the charge of little schools in the neighbouring villages. The manner in which I obtained the consent and co-operation of the chiefs of the country, in the arrangement of the work, may serve to exhibit the manners and disposition of this people. Appealing to the sentiments of honour which form one of the salient features of their character, I told them that they would be honoured by being the first of their nation to educate their women, as it is done in England, and that this would be furthermore pleasing to the great God, whom they profess to serve. At first this idea pleased them, but soon there rose up doubts and objections, ‘Would it not spoil our daughters to make them learned? they would take occasion from this to despise the men; and, besides, is it proper that women should thus convey instruction?’ ‘Very well,’ I answered to these last words, ‘I shall depart to my own country, and, from this time, come no more to our Bible classes, for I am a woman, and will do nothing that seems improper to you.’ At this answer there was great surprise and complete reversion of opinion among the chiefs; for though our Bible classes have been instituted with a view to the women, many of the men assist and take the greatest pleasure in them: hence the result. No one any longer manifested the least opposition, and soon might be heard resounding on all sides in the mountains the cry of, ‘To work, to work.’ The jungle was cleared, the trees fell, the meetings for arranging the organization of the work multiplied, and in a very little time we had a native Society of Education, which came to the decision of forming normal schools in all the tribes. We have obtained in this affair a result which would not have been thought possible in this country, namely, that of causing several rival tribes to unite in a common work, and those tribes which had before never met but to fight. Many of the chiefs, who had been the most opposed to the education of women, showed themselves the most anxious to assist in the realization of our plans. They claim the services of the pupils of the normal schools for their villages, and they promise them great advantages if they will not settle anywhere but among them.”

One of the objects of Mrs. Mason in visiting the United States was, to find some young Christians, animated by a Missionary spirit, who were willing to devote themselves to the education of the

Burman women. It is interesting to know that the principal chief or king of the Red Karens, a race beforetime celebrated before all others for their habits of violence and of pillage, has assured his protection to "every foreign lady who will be so good as to instruct the women of his nation."

"ABOVE ALL, THE SHIELD."

Faith fails:
Then in the dust
Lie fading rest, and light, and trust.
So doth the troubled soul itself distress,
And choke the fountain in the wilderness.
I care not what your peace assails,
The danger is: Faith fails.

Faith fails,
When in the breast
The Lord's sweet presence doth not rest.
For who believes, clouds cannot make afraid
He knows the sun doth shine behind the shade:
He rides at anchor through the gales.
Do you not so? Faith fails.

Faith fails,
Else cares would die,
And we should on God's care rely.
Man for the coming day doth grieve and fret,
And all past days doth sinfully forget.
For every beast God's care avails.
Why not for us? Faith fails.

Faith fails,
Then cometh fear
If sickness comes, if death is near.
O man, why is it when the times are bad,
And the days evil, that thy face is sad?
How is it that thy courage quails?
It must be this,—Faith fails.

My God,
Let my faith be
Living and working actively
With hope and joy, that death may not surprise,
So let them sweetly close mine eyes.
The Christian's life to death may yield,
Hope stands—Faith has the field.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

(Continued from page 132.)

BESIDES the local dialect, a Missionary, who is desirous of having his Missionary work not circumscribed by any obstacle on the part of language, is also obliged to study what is called mandarin dialect, which is

the colloquial of some provinces, and which is spoken by all the officials, and more or less, also, by merchants and literary men all over the empire. Especially is the knowledge of this dialect necessary to such Missionaries as intend to itinerate in the interior; to which, according to all probabilities, a way will before long be opened.

And last, but not least in importance, and certainly the first in point of difficulty, is the literary or book language of China to be mentioned. This language, although to all intents and purposes a dead language, is, after all the language of China. In it the Chinese write their books, pamphlets, and letters; in short, every thing which is done in the way of writing and printing is done in this language. It contains a literature which, in point of bulk, cannot be surpassed by any other in the world. It contains the earliest records of the nation, and encloses all which this singular people has thought for the last four thousand years. A Missionary without a respectable knowledge of the book language of China, will find himself very much circumscribed in his Missionary work. He could not reasonably expect to have any access to the educated Chinese, who constitute a very large proportion of the population. The Chinese literary man, who is perhaps the greatest pedant to be met with, and who dotes very much on his classics, would hardly respect a foreign teacher who should not be able to talk scholastically, according to his ideas, that is, interspersing the conversation or the sermon with copious quotations from the "ring" or classics.

Now, the study of the book language of China is the most difficult part of what a Missionary to China has to do, in the way of linguistic study. First, it has all the difficulties and disadvantages one meets with in the study of any other dead language; but then it has difficulties peculiar to it alone. The written Chinese language, as it is well known, has no alphabetic writing: each idea is represented by a different sign, each word has its own representative in writing, and hence there are as many distinct signs as there are ideas, particles, and proper names in the whole range of Chinese literature. These amount, according to the adepts in the language, to some fifty or sixty thousand. It is true that one-fourth, or even fifth, of this number will be quite sufficient to answer all practical purposes; but think even of eight or ten thousand different characters to be committed to memory! It really looks very formidable. However, many have acquired a good knowledge of the Chinese written language, and, so far as I can judge, it can be acquired by persons of ordinary capacity; but extraordinary diligence is something which cannot be dispensed with; great patience and perseverance are most necessary. A Missionary who has gone out, or wants to go out to China, must fully make up his mind to be engaged, the first five years at least, in very laborious study. It is very hard work, but it must be done. It is, properly speaking, the only door by which he can usefully enter upon his field of action.