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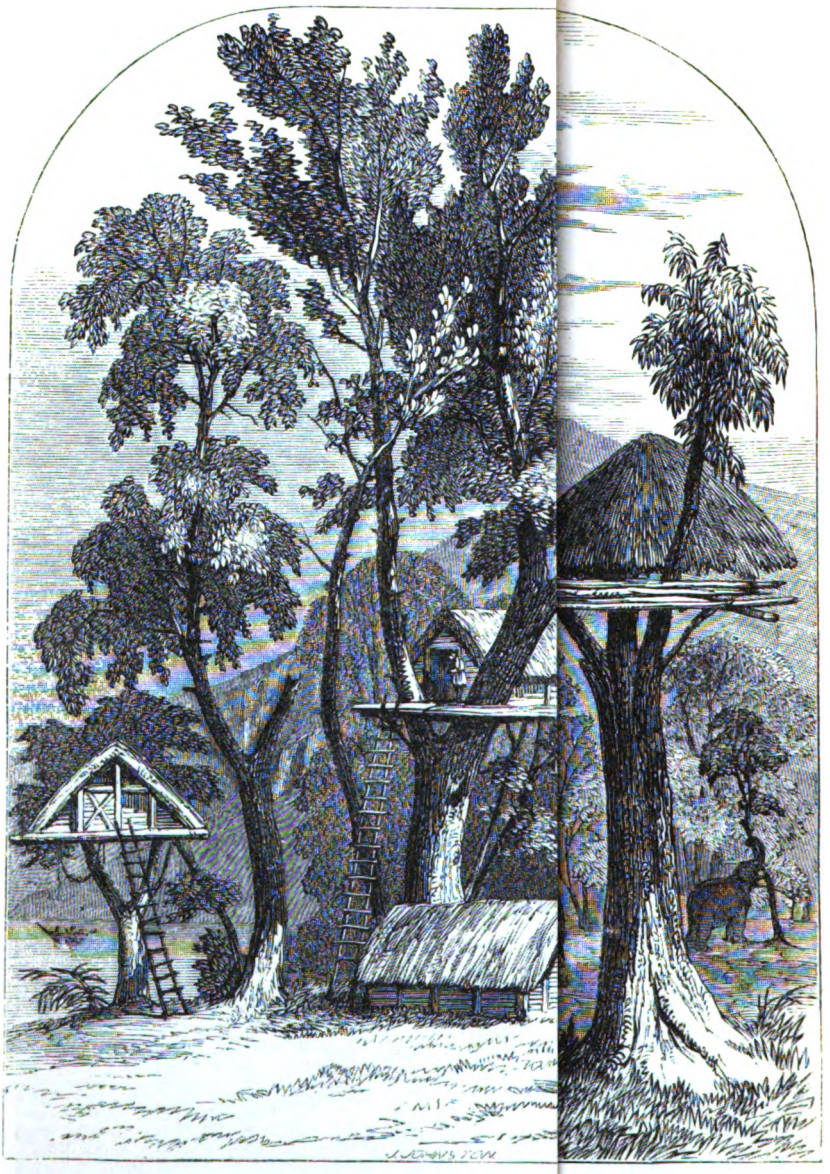
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THE

CHURCH MISSIONARY

GLEANER.

1859.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING BE LOST."—*JOHN* VI. 12.

VOL. IX. NEW SERIES.

LONDON:
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THE

CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

THE HILL ARAANS.

The villages of these poor people are situated on the mountain sides, little terraces being cut out on the steep ascents, to prevent wild elephants getting to them. Around are dense forests of splendid trees, each valley having a little stream falling over the granite rocks. Our Missionary, the Rev. H. Baker, jun., found them most anxious for instruction, needing no pecuniary help, as their hill sides yield them abundance of rice, and only desiring to know how to serve God aright, and to be shielded from the oppression and exactions of unauthorized persons. As soon as the truth was preached to them, the emblems of superstition commenced to disappear. The kudumbies, or top-knots of hair—which it is customary for those persons to wear whose office it is to offer to the spirits of their ancestors, the cower of all their seed, paddy, &c.—were removed from the heads of many. They flocked around him, adults and children, promising to build prayer-houses in each hamlet, and requesting him to come and reside amongst them, or erect a church in some central place. On that his first visit to them, they united with him in prayer, all kneeling in the open air, and, as it was night, with large fires burning: the individuals present were the representatives of 900 souls.

As the work of Christian instruction advanced, other idolatrous symbols, which lay nearer the heart of their superstitions, disappeared. The little huts in which lamps to the memory of their deceased ancestors had been kept burning were removed, and the stones which represented the spirits of the dead rolled down the hill sides. Instead of these, the promised prayer-houses were erected, the Sunday kept holy, and united prayer offered up morning and evening, as well as on the Sabbath. The Missionary was kindly treated, and solicitously cared for, when he came; so much so, that during one fortnight, in which he remained with them, they lodged him in a hut built in a large tree, some twenty-five feet from the ground, out of the reach of the tigers and elephants, with which the woods are infested. The Rev. P. S. Royston gives this account of the work which has sprung up under the energetic labours of the Rev. H. Baker, jun. — "I would mention that there are two chief centres of Missionary work in this interesting district; the one has three out-stations, the other two. In the station of Mundakayam and its associated villages, I spent seven very happy days and nights, and was much amazed at what had already been done here, and in the prospect, with God's blessing, of much further progress. Since Araan inquirers first applied to Mr. Baker, at Pallam, in 1851, the work has, by divine blessing, been gradually progressing. At present, the number of natives under instruction exceeds 790, of whom 523 are baptized, and 65

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are communicants. That the work will be permanent, should God continue his favour, we may, I think, now very well hope. In each of the villages the inquirers have built a school-shed at their own expense. The mountain jungle has been cleared over a very large space of country: that part of it which belongs to the Mission already pays for one reader, as well as other church expenses. The existing inquirers seem closely attached to their laborious and ever-ready Missionaries, and fresh applications for instruction come from time to time from other neighbouring villages." A Missionary thus describes the baptism of a large number of the converts, which he witnessed in April 1857.—"As soon as service began, and the people collected, the room being exceedingly crowded, I had scarcely space to kneel while reading prayers. Mr. Baker then gave one of his stirring, searching addresses, after which came the baptisms. They advanced by families. I must explain the reason of this. When the Gospel was first preached here, one of a family, and two of a village, only received it. These, however, became Missionaries to their several families, and ceased not to labour till the whole of their family was gathered in. It was deeply touching to see the son, or father, bring forward his relatives, and count them carefully as he placed them in a row before Mr. Baker. In this manner I counted three families of seven, five of six, two of four, two of three, and one of two members, thus brought forward. These, with eight others baptized the previous day, made a total of ninety. Some thirty more were turned back for longer probation, to their great grief. One very aged woman was baptized with her great-grandchildren. She had long opposed, then held aloof, and at last came forward the first, yet the last of the family—one called at the eleventh hour from standing idle in the world's market-place. The satisfaction of the son in thus seeing, as it were, the termination of his home-work was most ardent. Few converts in India show this mark of their earnest belief in their new faith. The Syrians scarcely dream of such a thing when they join our church."

WELLINGTON, SIERRA LEONE.

THIS field of labour is now more pastoral than Missionary and one feature of especial interest, as showing the growth of the native church, is this—that of the pastors, ten are native, and two only Europeans. One of the native agents, Mr. George Wilhelm, gives us some interesting glimpses of the work which is going forward in Wellington.

It is with unfeigned gratitude to Almighty God, that, during another half-year, I have been permitted to pursue my labours here without interruption. Although there is still much to be learnt and much to be corrected, yet, taking a general view of the state of things in our church in this place, there is much cause for thankfulness to the great Lord of the harvest for the gradual and steady increase in our number of communicants, and for the unity which exists among us.

Our number of Communicants is now 380, some of whom, we trust,

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are walking consistently in their profession. During the half-year we have committed nine of our number to their final resting-place, there to await the general resurrection. In visiting their sick and dying-bed, I often have my own soul refreshed, thank God, and take courage.

I will give a few instances of the faith of the people.—Thomas Smith was a communicant of our church: he had lost some of his fingers and toes from leprosy. Although partly disabled, he managed, with the assistance of his wife, to support a family of four children. There never was a subscription put on foot, to my knowledge, in which Smith was backward in giving something. He was very regular in attending divine service on Sundays, and the week-day's Bible class. I missed him some time in his place at church and class. I called to know what was the matter, and found him suffering from a disease in his chest, so that he could neither breathe nor speak without difficulty. After staying with him for a while, comforting and consoling him in his distress, which he seemed to bear with great Christian meekness, I told him I must then take my leave of him for the present. He said I must wait a little. He rose up from his bed, lifted up the pillow, took out a piece of cloth with something wrapped in it, which he loosed, and handed over to me, saying, "Sir, here is my class-money" (a sort of weekly contribution in aid of the Society). "Although I was unable to attend, my heart has always been at the class, and every time the bell rings I put one copper aside, and this is six weeks since I have been lying here. When you go home, look in your book: you will find it just the same." I said, "You were sick, and you are still sick: can you afford to give any thing?" He said, "Oh yes; although I am sick, I mean to do the best I can while my life is spared: my Saviour has done much for me: I ought always to try to do something for Him, whether sick or well." He did not live long after this. I visited him the more frequently, and always found him calm and composed. He seemed to be quite sensible that he would not recover from the sickness. Some friends came to see him once, and offered to get a doctor for him. He said they need not trouble him: God was about to take him, and his only doctor should be Christ.

Sept. 11, 1858—This morning, as I was going to see old Corporal William Leigh, late of the 4th West-India Regiment, who had been lingering for some time from age and infirmity, (he was about 80 years of age,) a messenger met me to say that he was just dead. This old man was one of the oldest inhabitants of this village. He came here with a part of his regiment about the year 1822, after their discharge: he was a man of some influence, and had seen better days. During a time when the other old soldiers were opposed to our Society here, he stood firmly on our side, and, since then, has been a consistent and steady member of our church. One remarkable feature in his character was cleanliness: he was also very punctual in his attention in the house of God, and was always in his place at the proper time; and few of us will soon forget the venerable-looking old man in his pew near the communion rail. I became personally acquainted with him when I came here in 1855, and, in my visits round the village, always found him reading his Bible unless otherwise engaged; and when age and infirmity, in his latter days, prevented him from coming to the house of God, his large Bible

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and Prayer-book were his constant companions. In conversing with him sometimes, some very sensible remarks generally fell from his lips. I remarked once how grieved I was for the lukewarmness and unruliness of some of the members of the Church. He said, "You must go on and do your work: the Lord Himself will sweep his house." During his last illness I visited him often, and always found him very conversable: he often spoke of the great love which God had towards him; that whilst many of his comrades fell by his side in the field of battle, the Lord had mercifully preserved him, and brought him here, to hear the glad tidings of salvation, through his Son Jesus Christ.

The day before he died I called to see him, and found that he had lost the power of speech, but was quite sensible. I told him that Christ has overcome death for all true believers, and to his merits alone he must hope for salvation. I asked him if it was through Christ alone he looked for the pardon of his sins. Though he could not speak, he looked at me and nodded his head, held my hand and pressed it. His remains were committed to the grave in the morning of the next day, amidst a large concourse of people, members of our own church, as well as Wesleyans.

I have visited many a sick and dying-bed, and sometimes incline to suspect the calmness of mind manifested at the approach of death to be but a blind submission to fate; but, in the cases above, I have every reason to believe there is something more than that: they have been for many years members of the church, and have borne irreproachable characters, which many can testify: they have received the Gospel, and have been taught to look upon death only as a change from a mortal state to that of a glorious immortality. And may we not hope that they are now at rest in the arms of that Saviour for whose glory they lived, and through whose merits alone they looked for salvation?

THE BIBLE MAKING ITS WAY IN TURKEY.

Not far from B— there is a Turkish village. One of its inhabitants had purchased a Bible at B—, and, having returned home, was in the habit of reading portions of it to some of his neighbours. One day, whilst thus occupied, an Imam suddenly appeared in the midst of the circle which were listening to him, and the following conversation ensued.

"What are you reading, there?" asked the priest of the Korán. "The law and the Gospel," answered the possessor of the sacred volume. "You are wrong: I know that at Stamboul (Constantinople) many read that book, but all those who do so become infidels." "But why so? is it not a good book?" "Yes; there are many good things found in it, which its authors have all taken from the Korán and inserted in it; but if you read it, I forewarn you that you will all become infidels." "May Allah preserve us from becoming so! If it be so we will no longer read it: but what must I do?" "Sell it as waste paper to the shopkeeper."

This counsel was followed, and from that day the leaves of the Bible served to envelope the pepper and cheese of the village shopkeeper. But

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while thus employed, one of the pages fell entire into the hands of a woman who knew how to read. Struck by the words she there read, this woman called her servant, and examined her as to where the paper came from, and sent her to purchase several articles at the shop, asking that they should be enveloped in paper of the same sort. But not content with doing so, and learning that there yet remained a tolerably large quantity of the paper (a Turkish Bible forms a thick volume), she sent to buy all that remained of the paper. Some days afterwards, the shopkeeper, who found the business profitable, presented himself at the Bible dépôt opened at B—, and wished to purchase a Turkish Bible. The agent of the Society, who had heard a rumour of the affair, asked what he wished to do with it. "I wish to make use of it to tie up my parcels in," innocently answered the shopkeeper. "Well," said the agent, "I cannot sell it for such a purpose: it is a sacred book: it is the word of God, and it should be treated with more respect." The shopkeeper persisted, and offered to pay forty piastres for the book, but the agent refused. "I cannot," said he, "for any sum, sell you that book to be treated with such contempt." Thus repulsed, the shopkeeper departed, but a little later returned. On his promise that he would not make such use of it, the Bible was given to him for forty piastres. He had most probably found a way to dispose of it; for it is known that it was not in his possession, and that no article purchased from him was enveloped in its pages, but it is not discovered how he disposed of it. Perhaps the first possessor of its pages wished to complete the book of which she had only the fragments: perhaps another, to whom she had spoken of the precious acquisition, wished to possess the volume. Time may tell. May it please God to bless the reading of that copy of his merciful revelations to some ignorant soul!

NEW LIFE IN OLD AGE.

The recent hostilities that have burst forth between China and the Western Powers, and the internal troubles to which the empire has been a prey, have not prevented the Missionaries employed at Shanghae and its environs from continuing with success their operations. That the Gospel is carrying on the blessed work of bringing souls to Jesus will be seen by the following pleasing instance communicated by one of the Missionaries of the London Missionary Society at Shanghae. Mr. Muirhead writes—

"The history of one of the members of this church deserves particular notice. It is that of an old woman eighty-four years old, but, nevertheless, in strong health, and possessing all her faculties. One day that I went to preach at her village, I remarked her for the first time; but she had often heard me, and many of our native brethren had spoken to me of her as one who had received the truth fervently. I asked her that day if she believed on Jesus. She energetically replied that she did. 'But,' I answered, 'do you know who Jesus is?' 'He is the Son of our heavenly Father.' 'Why did Jesus come down from heaven?' 'To die for sinners.' 'Where did He die?' 'On the cross.' 'And what became of Him then?' 'The third day He rose

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again; then He ascended into heaven.' 'What good did He do to sinners by dying for them?' 'He died to save sinners from hell, and to bring them to heaven.' 'Are you a sinner?' 'Oh yes, sir; my sins are heavy and numerous.' 'How have you sinned?' 'I have spent all my life without worshipping and serving God.' 'Was that, then, a great evil?' 'Yes; for as all I have comes from Him, I ought to have thought of Him, and thanked Him.' 'That is true; but now what do you think of your sins?' 'I have deserved to go to hell, but I believe that Jesus has died for sinners, and will receive me into heaven.' 'Does that hope make you happy?' 'I have never been so happy as now.' 'But do you not regret the happiness of your early years?' 'No; it was not to be compared to that which I experience now.' 'But what would you say to the happiness which the emperor enjoys, or to that of being rich?' 'Oh, I do not want such happiness: what use would it be to me? The only thing I desire is that Jesus would take me to heaven, and make me happy with Himself.' 'That is well, my good lady; but tell me if you think of Jesus.' 'I think of Him from morning till evening. My trade is spinning cotton; but although I am eighty-four years of age, I never feel tired, like other people of my age. My heart leaps up continually with joy, when I think what Jesus has done for me.' The conversation was prolonged for some time in the same style, without her showing the least hesitation or fatigue. The questions I put to her were certainly simple, and went straight to the point; but she answered them all with a straightforwardness and warmth of heart that left me in no doubt as to the manner in which she had understood and received the truth. I was, therefore, most happy to be able to administer to her the rite of baptism. She received it at the same time with another person, who had given me no less satisfactory proofs of her confidence in Christ.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE FROM THE NIGER TO THE SEA.

About three years ago, all that vast extent of African country between the Bight of Benin and the Desert of Sahara was quite unknown. There, in his heathenism, lived the poor negro, and if he escaped the slave-hunter of Dahomy, there, in his heathenism, he died. From the visit of a Missionary he was quite shut out. True it was, that Abbeokuta, fifty miles up the river Ogun, had, with its out-stations, a few European Missionaries, as had the towns of Ijaye and Ibadan, to the north and north-east; but for the whole Yoruba country the Missionaries were but as a handful; and Borgu, Nufi, Kakanda, and other countries east, west, and north, were without a messenger to teach the dying thousands of their Saviour.

At the time we speak of, those countries were unknown, at least all those portions which were not on the banks of the river Niger or Kworra, ascended in 1841, and again in 1854. The Rev. S. Crowther, our well-known Missionary, ascended that river on both those occasions, but was unable to penetrate at all into the interior. The third expedition, however, of 1858, brought forth wonderful results, and now, while we write, knowledge has become public, of regions hitherto shut up from the civilized world.

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When the expedition we speak of ascended the river last year, the vessel which conveyed it, the "Dayspring," suffered shipwreck on the rocks above Rabba, a large African town many hundred miles from the sea. When this intelligence reached home, much disappointment was felt at the apparent non-success of this, the third attempt to penetrate the country; but in the end it turned out a cause of thankfulness, and disappointment was changed to hope. By this very wreck, and the detention of the exploring party at Rabba, a highway was found from that town to the sea overland, threading the towns of Illorin and Abbeokuta, and thus saving a tedious voyage of many weeks, back by the Kworra to the sea, and round the coast to Lagos. The hand of Providence was now traced. In the wreck, not a single life was lost, and no really great inconvenience happened to any one. Mr. Crowther was at once able, in conference with the native kings, to state the intentions of the British Government, nor did he omit to show them *his* peculiar message, the preaching of the Gospel of Christ, and the founding a Mission station.

The experiment of the new road was soon tried. Letters were sent to the Missionary stations at Abbeokuta and Lagos, and they arrived safely in a short time—nay, they even reached London in three months from the time of leaving Rabba. The African continent is now, by the discoveries of Barth in the north, this expedition in the west, and that of Livingstone in the south, thrown open, and truly it may be said to have revealed a new world. Since the first transmission of letters, the new highway has been traversed repeatedly. We have had an account of it given lately by Dr. Davis, medical officer of the expedition, who returned by way of it to Europe. He left the Niger on the 10th of May last, in an invalid state, attended by two carriers and one servant. He reached Illorin by the 13th, passing through a somewhat hilly and beautiful country, well watered, undulating, and verdant, and well wooded. At Sari, a large Mohammedan town, he was much sought by sable visitors. A knife was stolen here, but afterwards restored. At Illorin he was entertained by American Missionaries, and he had an interview with the king. On the 17th, he left the place, riding through a forest, till he came to Ogbomaso, where he was entertained again by Americans. At Oyo, on the 18th, he met Mr. Meakin, an agent of our own Society, where Dr. Davis had an attack of indisposition. Recovering somewhat, he proceeded again forward, and on the 20th, arrived at Ijaye, where he met our Missionary, the Rev. A. Mann. Threading another forest, where he describes the trees as being of unusual dimensions, even for the tropics, he encountered a tornado. At Hugun he saw a slave-girl in chains being beaten by her mistress. He appealed in her behalf, and her chains were struck off. She will doubtless remember the white man and his intercession all her life. At Abutta, on the 22d, he slept, surrounded by a hundred travellers, telling their stories by the bright moonlight. Next day, he entered Abbeokuta, and soon felt at home with Mr. and Mrs. Townsend. It being Sunday, he attended the church to bear witness to the decent behaviour of the people there. The singing, he says, was good; and the sound of so many voices, uttering the Yoruba tongue, "even sweetly musical." At Abbeokuta he embarked in a canoe, and dropping rapidly down the Ogun, scented the sea-breeze next day, and heard the waves rolling over the bar at Lagos.

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All through his journey he noticed the inexhaustible produce of the country; cotton, ivory, shea-butter, palm-oil, &c. These are Africa's true wealth; not the fabled riches of Timbuctoo; not the reported gold on its coast; not the dreadful slave-traffic, with its barracoons and ships and mid sea-passage, and

Myriads of slaves that perish on the way
To Caribbean shores from Guinea's bay,
By living plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plunged alive into the main.

"SHALL WE RECEIVE GOOD AT THE HAND OF GOD, AND SHALL WE NOT RECEIVE EVIL?"

Musing on all my Father's love,
How sweet it is!
Methought I heard a voice,
"Child, here 's a cup,
I 've mixed it, drink it up."
My heart was sad: I could no more.
Oh! Father, dost thou love thy child?
Then why this cup?

"One day, my child, I said to thee,
See here 's a flower
Plucked from a beauteous bower.
Did you complain, or take it joyfully?
One day I brought thee pleasant fruit
From a rich tree,
How grateful you did seem!
You said, I love thee; grateful may I prove.
Your heart was glad; with joy
Your eyes did beam.
That flower was mine—
That fruit was mine—
This cup is thine—
And all, that 's temper'd in it, comes from me!"

Father, I 'm still;
Forgive my naughty will.
But what 's the cup? may I look in and see?
"*You* see, my child? nay, nay, that cannot be!
Christ only saw his destin'd cup of gall.
No, child, believe;
Meekly the cup receive;
Take it on trust whatever may befall;
Enough to know that love prepar'd it all!"

Oh Father! must it be?
"Yes, child! 'tis good for thee."
Then give the med'cine, I will bear the pain;
My father wills it; why should I complain?
The bitter will soon pass: the sweet remain!
Only be near
My soul to cheer;
Be by my side
Thy face don't hide:
Why should I shrink, if Thou my faith sustain?

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THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.

The Rev. A Bishop, in a report of a visit to the Marquesas Islands, as delegate from the Hawaiian Missionary Society, from which he recently returned to Honolulu, makes some interesting statements respecting the islands and their inhabitants.

"There is a peculiarity in the islands of this archipelago which is uniform throughout the group. Their appearance from the ocean very much resembles the interior of the smaller islands of our group, but there are no reefs along their shores. The mountains send down lofty spurs from the centre to the sea, which terminate in abrupt precipices, often embosoming small bays, in any of which vessels may anchor and lie safely, except when the wind blows direct into them. At the head of these bays is a landing for boats through the surf, upon a pebbly beach. Directly at the head of the bay extends a verdant deep valley into the interior. In these valleys, and under these trees, are the dwellings of the people. If they were bare of trees, like our coasts, the heat would be intolerable; but here is not only a shade, but a cooling breeze. Vegetation grows with a luxuriance unknown in our islands. The hand of cultivation is scarcely known. Yet plenty reigns around, and the fruits of the earth drop spontaneously from the trees, or the people have only to reach up and pluck them down. Such delicious breadfruits, such rich cocoanut milk, I never expect to taste again. In the enjoyment of these luxuries our Missionaries have grown fat, and have quite lost their desire after the poi of Hawaii.

"I had been two days on shore, and became much interested in the people. They are in the lowest state of barbarism. Their roads, their dwellings, their costume, and their manners, evince this. Their houses, though embowered beneath the greenest forest shade, are of the rudest construction. The roofs, thatched with breadfruit leaves, are tolerably tight; the walls consist of upright bamboos, leaving an opening between each pole; the floors of rough stones, without mats or other furniture, except the wooden trays in which is kept their food. Their dress consists of the tapa girdle and kihei; their ornaments, of a bunch of feathers or human hair on each ankle, and a small, curiously-carved sea-shell in each ear. Their bodies are hideously tatooed from head to foot; their hair tied up into a high knot above the crown of the head. They have a fine athletic form, but are besmeared with cocoanut and other oil, giving their skin a yellow tinge, and sending forth a peculiar odour, offensive to strangers, but highly agreeable to themselves. About the waist is worn a girdle, carrying a sailor's sheath-knife. Thus equipped, with a fan in his hand, the lord of creation walks forth with a stately step, as proud and self-satisfied as if he held the reality. He knows neither subjection nor real want, and why should he not be satisfied with himself?

"The Marquesan is a warrior too, and this seems to be his delight. He spends all he possesses in the purchase of guns and ammunition. Not the modern percussion lock—this he dislikes—but the good, old-fashioned flint-lock is his choice, with bayonet and cartouch-box. In order to make the greatest noise and strike terror into his enemies, he loads it

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with a double or triple charge of powder, and on this he rams down an enormous slug. But lest mischief should occur to himself in its discharge, he crouches behind some wall or tree, out of sight, points his weapon, shuts his eyes, averts his face, and pulls away. The discharge gives him an enormous kick in the shoulder, turning the muzzle away from the object covered, and goes off with a tremendous roar, and with little damage to any but himself. He never faces his enemy in open battle, but lurks in his path and waylays him. It matters little to him whether it be some unsuspecting man, woman or child of the opposite party in search of food. If the latter, there is so much the less danger to himself. He falls upon him, kills him, and, cutting off his head, returns home with it in triumph, makes a feast to his *atua*, to whom he presents the skull publicly, and claims the honour of a "brave." Such is the manner of their warfare. They never take prisoners alive, unless to be a sacrifice to their god, when they feast upon their flesh.

"Such is the Marquesan. A noble fellow in his appearance, with much good nature, sprightly in his manners and kind to his friends, with more vivacity than the Hawaiian, but wholly averse to any labour but what is necessary to cook his food, despising subjection to any one, and indignant at being called a servant, even of his chief. The Missionaries cannot hire the people to work, and have to employ strangers for that purpose. These are usually sailors or Polynesians, who have left ships touching at the islands.

"The poor inhabitants of these islands are the subjects of many absurd superstitions and foolish *tabus* that enter into their every-day acts of life, and are a great hindrance to their improvement, and prevent them from doing many necessary things. They are offended when any of these superstitions are ridiculed, and will defend them with much zeal. But it is observable that all these peculiarities cease at once when they come under the influence of Christian principles. For this reason, I advised the Missionaries not to make these peculiar customs a prominent topic in their preaching, but to preach Christ crucified for sinners as the great and only salvation, together with the moral duties inculcated in the Gospel; and when a man believes, he will, of his own accord, forsake all these foolish customs. This, they informed me, had been their experience. They feel that their mission is to preach the Gospel, not literally to pull down idols and overturn altars. This should be left to the spontaneous action of the people themselves, when they shall feel the power of the word of God in their hearts."—*Journal of Missions.*

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING DISEMBODIED SPIRITS.

IDEAS respecting spirits occupy a prominent place among Chinese superstitions, and have an important and practical bearing upon domestic and social life. Some of the diverse views respecting them may be traced to Buddhism, some to Taouism, and some have originated in works which were at first understood as principally or entirely fictitious, but afterwards came to be regarded as authentic and credible treatises.

Among the most prominent of the orders of spirits are the *Yàu-kwài*, or genii. These are supposed to be beings who by different means have

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escaped death, and exchanged corporeal for ethereal natures. They exist in endless degrees of development, or grades of attainment; and it is their continual aim and effort to rise higher in the scale, and acquire greater power. They are supposed to be able to assume different forms, animate and inanimate, or to carry out their purposes as invisible spirits, to suit circumstances. A kind of dreaming incident to certain bodily diseases is attributed to these spirits, and the consequent weakness is regarded as an evidence that the vital principle has been abstracted. Persons thus affected, endeavour to rid themselves of their nocturnal visitors in different ways. The first expedient resorted to is that of the individual rousing himself from sleep, to utter curses and imprecations on the offending spirit. If this means fail, one or more persons in robust health are called to occupy the same room with the sick person, as it is supposed that an influence emanates from the bodies of strong and robust persons which spirits cannot withstand, and that they principally attack those who are weak and delicate. Should the spirit refuse to yield to such means, a sword, which has been wet with human blood, is brandished over the bed of the sufferer; or the services of a person who professes to shoot spirits are obtained. Mirrors are suspended in different parts of the room in order to frighten the spirit, and to detect his presence and position by reflection, though he should endeavour to avoid a direct view. The last resort, when all other means have failed, is that of making a formal complaint at the office of Chang-ti'n-sz, who resides in Kiang-si, and is supposed to possess authority over spirits throughout the empire, and to have not only them, but gods, at his beck and call. This power he exercises by means of charms and enchantments, and a seal of acknowledged authority among spirits, which was transmitted to him from his ancestors. A paper stamped with this seal, and containing a statement of the name, place, and circumstances of the afflicted person, is, by being burned, supposed to be transmitted to some god, who is instructed to see that the offending spirit is caught, punished, and restrained from committing further offences. It is also said that many spirits of this class are held in durance by this personage in sealed bottles, and that their querulous twitterings are often heard by visitors. Connected with this, a singular fact may be noticed. A Missionary lady in Ningpo, accustomed to using a smelling-bottle, fell under the suspicion of using the bottle to confine spirits over which she had gained a controlling power; and different diseases and mishaps in neighbourhoods through which she had been seen to walk, were directly traced to her agency.

The largest class of spirits is supposed to be that of the spirits of the dead, called *Kwei*. As it is generally believed that the soul is, after death, required to atone for its sins by confinement in Hades until it is permitted to re-appear in another state, the Chinese find some difficulty in accounting for so many kwei upon earth. The most consistent theory is that which supposes that they are spirits whose crimes are not sufficient to keep them in hell, and whose time for re-appearing has not yet arrived. To the agency of these spirits, almost every variety of disease is attributed. Their object in inflicting these diseases is to obtain food, or rather the scent and exhalations from food. Accordingly, when a

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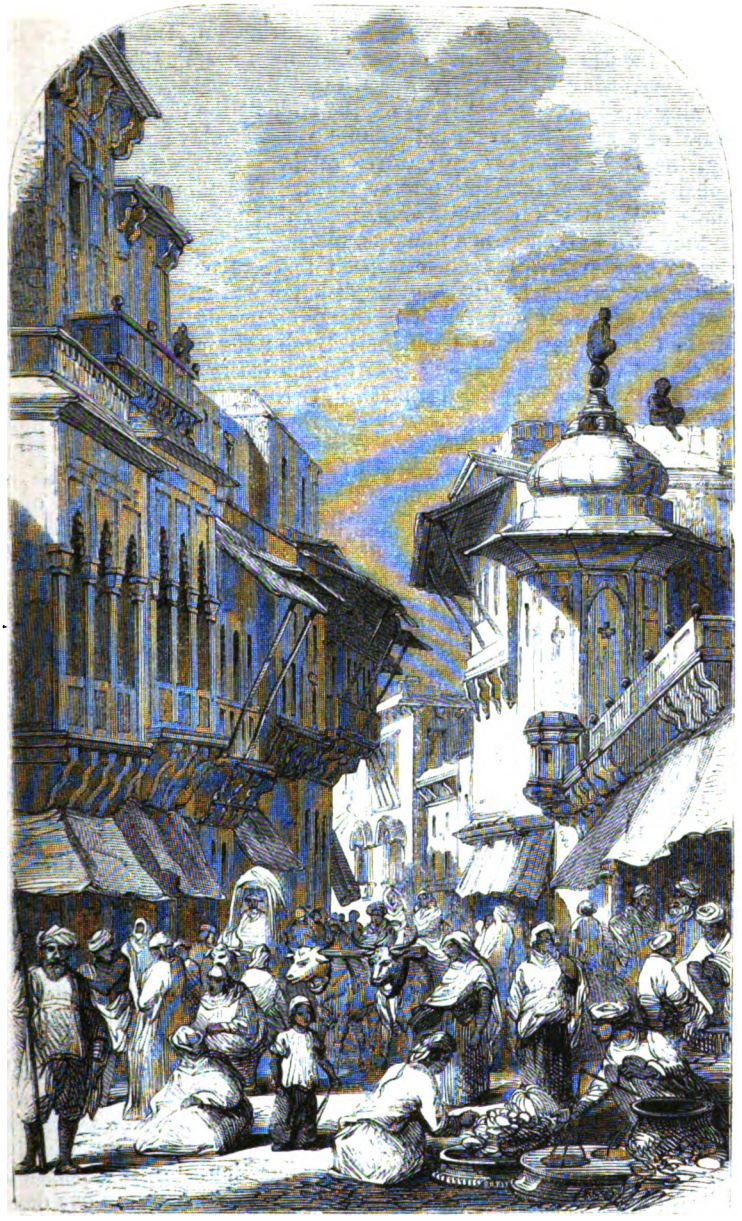
person is sick, a diviner is called to determine whether the sickness is due to the agency of spirits, or not; and if it is, to tell what kind of kwei it is, and what its demands of food are. At funerals a feast is generally prepared for the spirits, which are supposed to be the associates of the deceased, in order to secure a good understanding between him and his new acquaintances. During the months of August and September—when diseases are unusually prevalent, the people suppose that the gates of hell are opened, and the spirits turned out—they are honoured with ceremonies performed throughout the country. The object of these ceremonies is to secure health and peace to the family or neighbourhood which provides it. Quantities of viands are prepared, which are set on the table in an open place or court; representations in paper of clothes, of different sizes, styles, and colours, are suspended near the table; and a company of priests and singers is called to add variety and noise to the entertainment. After dark, lanterns are suspended from high poles to call the spirits from the distance, and indicate to them where food may be found. This food is of a very inferior quality, and is often given to beggars after the ceremony is over; but it is supposed that the incantations of the priests have the power to convert both the food and the paper into just what is required to satisfy the wants of those for whom they are intended. The amount of money spent in these childish ceremonies is immense. It is generally believed that there is a place, Sang-chau, in the province of Shan-tung, where a great part of the inhabitants are kwei, who come out in the afternoon, and mingle with the people. It is said that the kwei may be distinguished by their using paper instead of copper money, and by their not casting a shadow in the moonlight. It is also believed, that in the city Fung-tù, in the province of Sz-ch'uen, there is a street called Yin yang kiái, 'Street of the dead and living,' one side of which is inhabited by men and the other by spirits.

It is believed that there is another class of ghosts called *Kiang-shi*, similar to the European vampire, which differ from those above mentioned in the fact that their bodies do not decompose at death, and the united soul and body is permitted during the night to range about at pleasure. Some bodies change their form so as to resemble beasts of prey, but some retain their original form and appearance. It is believed that the latter class, if they eat any material food, are immediately transformed into living men, only differing from other mortals in their being unable to behold the light of day, and that if they allow the sun to shine upon them, they die instantly.

Another kind of spirit is called the *Wu-tung*, principally noted for its propensity to steal, and to frighten people. It is said to have its favourites among dwellers in the flesh, as well as objects of dislike. It is also supposed to produce spiritual rappings in and about houses, and to cause burning flames to be seen; thus frightening the unoffending inhabitants. As in the case of the common kwei, these enemies can be bought off by an idolatrous feast. It is probable that this superstition takes its rise from appearances of "ignis fatuus," and the apparent ground on which it rests, accounts for the strong hold it has on the minds of the people.

(To be continued.)

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A STREET IN AGRA.

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AGRA DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY.

AGRA is a large city in the North-west Provinces of India, on the right bank of the Jumna, distant, south-easterly from Delhi, 139 miles.

Sunday, May 10th, 1857, was a quiet day at Agra; but the next morning a slip of paper placed on the table of the officials, made them aware of the mutiny at Mírut on that very Sunday; and on Wednesday, the 13th, reports were received of the atrocities at Delhi, and the probable march of the mutineers on Agra. The thought crossed many minds, "What if the Sepoys should rise throughout the Presidency?" for they held in their hands the forts, treasures, and arsenals all over the country, and there was no European force to put them down. The excitement was great. "Every Englishman was handling his sword or revolver;—the road covered with carriages, people hastening right and left to the rendezvous at Candaharí Bagh; the city folks running as for their lives, and screaming that the mutineers from Allygurh were crossing the bridge; the badmashes twisting their moustaches and putting on their worst looks. Outside the Church Missionary College, all alarm, hurry, and confusion. Within, calmly sat the good Missionary the Rev. T. V. French, hundreds of young natives at his feet, hanging on the lips which taught them the simple lessons of the Bible: and so it was throughout the revolt. Native functionaries, highly salaried, largely trusted, deserted and joined our enemies, but students at the Government, and still more, the Missionary schools, kept steadily at their classes; and when others doubted or fled, they trusted implicity to their teachers, and openly espoused the Christian cause."*

The mutiny spread like a devouring flame over the country, and Agra, defended by only one European regiment and a few undisciplined militia, yet remained untouched. But an attack was soon expected. The Neemuch mutineers were approaching, and on the last day of June, the women and children were removed into the Fort of Agra. On July the 5th, the English, 500 strong, marched forth to meet 5000 well-armed and well-disciplined enemies. After a severe engagement, they were compelled to retreat, and slowly they fell back on the fort, ever and anon facing and firing volleys at their pursuers. All outside the walls was at the mercy of the mutineers, and the cantonments and civil lines were soon in a blaze.

"Three miles from the civil lines, and one mile from the cantonment, on a gentle curve overhanging the right bank of the river Jumna, stands the fort of Agra: with its high red sandstone walls, deep ditch and drawbridge, it looks now—what it really was when the Emperor Akbar rebuilt it in 1570—impregnable. Within are the palace, with its gilded cupolas, and rich tracery of gold and blue enamel, on which Akbar lavished millions, the moti musjid, or pearl mosque, of pure marble, and dazzling whiteness, the arsenal and other public buildings. Such is the fort of Agra. When visiting the palace, or the moti musjid in happier days, how little had any sight-seeing Englishman expected that within those walls the shattered remains of his nation would one day be crowded: yet so it was. Whatever remained unscathed, from Mírut to Allahabad, either of Englishmen or of their works, was collected

* Raikes' "Notes on the Revolt."

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here" . . . . . "In huts hastily prepared, among the galleries and gateways of the old palace of the emperors, a motley crowd assembled." Here were to be found individuals, not only from every part of the British isles, but from many parts of Europe and America. "Nuns from the bank of the Garonne and Loire, priests from Sicily and Rome, Missionaries from Ohio and Basle, pedlars from Armenia, rope-dancers from Paris, Calcutta Babus, and Parsí merchants." Some, like Job, had lost every thing, wife, children, almost all their property: their lives had been spared. But the greatest danger was to come yet. What it was, we shall in our next Number endeavour to tell.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

See 2 Kings iv. 1—6.

POUR forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou failest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,
Though flowing broad and free,
Till then, and nourish'd from on high,
It straightway staunch'd will be.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may proudly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for thee
Will soon be parch'd and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
That good thing from above:
Ceasing to give, we cease to have:
Such is the law of Love.

SUDDEN DEATHS IN THE MISSIONS.

THE Rev. F. Bultmann, of the Sea District, Sierra Leone, sends us the following information respecting the sudden death of Mr. James Barber, catechist at Ibadan, in the Yoruba country—

We have received tidings of the sudden death, on the 21st of June, of James Barber, at Ibadan. We reckon him as belonging to us, because the greater part of his life was spent among us, and many are the happy recollections we have of his memory. Though born in heathenism (for he was a liberated African), he became a very Timothy, not only for early piety, but especially for that character which the Apostle so extols in him (Phil. ii. 19—22). Nowhere, indeed, have I met with one more disinterested, and less seeking his own, than kind-hearted Mr. Barber. Our Christian intercourse ceased but with his death. "Your last letter to poor Barber," writes William Moore, from Oshielle, "did

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not reach here till his death, which overtook him while walking in the street, bearing an errand of the Mission to the King of Ibadan." And Mr. Hinderer, on the same day (the last of June), writes—"You will be sorry to hear of the sudden death of my active and faithful catechist, James Barber, on Monday the 21st. He was very cheerful and full of heart all that day, more so than usual. At four o'clock in the evening he was talking with us, just as he was going out into the town, and, half an hour after, he was brought home lifeless. You may imagine what a shock this was to us all, especially to his poor widow, who is left with five children. From his liability to swooning fits, we often thought he would die thus; and he himself used to say to his wife that he should not die at home, but in the streets; but he did not mind as long as he died in his Master's work, for he knew he was safe, through his Saviour, in God's hands. And it is a comfort to us all to know that he died while about his Master's work. . . . . I have lost a very active, faithful, and disinterested helper in him, and his usefulness in Ibadan seemed to increase every day. He was much known and respected all over this large town, and was just about to begin a station for himself in the same town, but about two miles and a half from this. His poor widow has much sympathy from his friends, Christian as well as heathen, who even begin to make her presents of such things as they have." The bereaved widow herself wrote me also, shortly after—"You will have heard," she says, "of my dear husband's death. I might have written to you sooner, but you know I must have been very weak and cast down soon after such a heavy stroke. You will rather have been glad to hear of his happy death, though sudden, for he was well prepared by his talking and acting among the family, and preaching among the congregation. Oh, he died very happy: there is not the least doubt of his going to heaven. He finished his Master's work in such a way that anybody near him could be able to witness it. I cannot now send you my children [whom I had offered to take], but I trust friends will assist me in part. I shall not be very sorry for them: the Lord will surely provide for me. Your much sorrowful yet cheering sister, Sophia Barber. *P.S.* I send a piece of gold (half a sovereign) to my mother as a present. Please let my mother send me answer shortly." But her mother died on the very day that I wrote to the daughter (the 9th inst.); and her's, too, was the end of the righteous.

Mr. Bultmann records also, in the same letter, the sudden death of J. G. Wilhelm, a well-known Christian, connected with the native church in Sierra Leone. Mr. Bultmann adds, that, during the twenty years he had been connected with his congregation, he had never been known once to disgrace his Christian profession.

A SECRET BELIEVER.

THE subjoined narrative was drawn up by Mr. Michael Sargon, a converted Jew, who has been for many years a Catechist of the Church Missionary Society at Bombay. He has never been out of India, and hence the peculiarity of his English. We print his statement *verbatim*.

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On the 8th of March I was at Barkote Beni-Israel school, being the day of my visit. The assistant teacher of this desired me, as from his mother, that I should see her after the duties in the school.

She, the patient, is the wife of the teacher of this school. She was now ill for some time, and ultimately she became consumptive; and being conscious of her illness growing worse daily, and knowing the state of her present health, she felt that her existence was short, and that she must shortly put off this her tabernacle. At such a time she felt a desire to see me and open her mind to me.

Well, after the duties of the school, and the pupils being dismissed, I went into the next room with her eldest son, the assistant teacher as stated above, and having taken the chair that was placed near her bed, she, the patient, sat up, and extended her right hand towards me, in order to take mine to kiss it; and knowing well their custom, I put forth my hand, and exchanged the salutation by kissing the hands. Now she said, in a faltering voice—"My brother, I wished to see and speak to you my mind; I tell you that I am a humble believer in Jesus: He is my only Saviour. Although I was never a learned person—I cannot read—yet my husband, being a schoolmaster under the American Missionaries, I daily heard the Holy Scriptures read in the school, and my children also used to read to me at home very frequently the word of God. And since my husband was employed in this school by you, you have been so willing and desirous to teach our children and people too, and you have surely taken much trouble in that way, although our people are so backward to attend this place on the Sabbath-days (Saturdays), and to learn the things that is for the good of our soul. Such meeting you hold on the Sabbath-days, in reading and explaining our holy books, scriptures, and pointing out about the Messiah, and arguing with our, so-called, Rabbis. I heard every word you said from this very room, sitting behind this door: I have listened attentively to the subject you have advanced out of the Bible, proving that the Messiah is already come, and that the Lord Jesus is the true one, although many of our people reject and have rejected Him; but I believe in Him, and He is my Saviour, who died that I might have life." Seeing that she became quite exhausted, I desired that she should forbear for the present. I showed her the love of God towards his fallen creature, by sending his only-begotten Son to be the ransom for our sins, and the great love of our blessed Lord to be contented to redeem a sinful world by his sufferings and death. I also related to her some of our Lord's beneficent miracles, in raising Lazarus, his conversation with his sisters, Mary and Martha; and the miracle in raising the widow's son at Nain; and how the Lord has comforted the heart of the disconsolate mother. When relating these subjects, the poor woman exclaimed now and then in ejaculation—"O Lord! O merciful Saviour! how gracious art Thou, oh my Blessed Redeemer Jesus!" I concluded with prayer. She, with her son, who was present, were attentive, repeating some part after me, especially the Lord's Prayer, and the Grace of God, &c., and, as the custom was, kissed each other's hand and left the room. The teacher, her husband, standing outside in the schoolroom, heard the whole conversation. I expressed my happy surprise to him regarding the confession of his wife. He said, "I see

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that she is a secret but true believer in Jesus, and am very glad that she has made up her mind, and has spoken to you. Now I am sure she would feel much comfort." Before I left the schoolroom, I directed Shalom, her eldest son that was with us in the room of his mother, as stated above, to read to his mother occasionally, as I mentioned to his mother already, the 14th and 17th chapters of St. John's Gospel, as I see the old woman delights to hear prayers that our blessed Saviour have made use of for his people in general. I also desired Shalom to read the 22d Psalm, and the 19th of St. John. These are all translated in the vernacular language.

My next visit was on the 15th of March. I was told that the old woman felt very happy since my last visit to her as stated above; and was desirous to see me again. After the school hour, I accompanied Shalom into the room, and there was then a relative of her's in the room with us. She extended her right hand as usual, and we kissed each other's hand. I asked her how she was. "I know," said I, "that you do not expect your bodily health improving, but I am anxious to know the state of your mind—the inner man." "I am very weak," she said, "but am not afraid to die: I am going to my heavenly Father," lifting up her hand at the time towards heaven. She continued to say, that as I had desired, her son read to her the portions from the holy book, the word of our God, and that she heard them, and derived great comfort to herself as caused by the same words. This time I spoke to her of the state of our fallen nature, and the great compassion of God to our helpless condition, by promising a divine Saviour as the sole remedy to restore us to the favour of our Creator, our offended God, whose holy commandments our first parents have broken, and became liable to everlasting condemnation. But it was the merit of the sacrifice of the Messiah which only could expiate our sins, and restore us to the forfeited image of our God, by the influence of the Holy Spirit working in our heart. This is the only channel or means to efface our sins from the book of God's remembrance by the blood of the holy Jesus. Afterwards I read a penitential Psalm (cxxx.), showing her the great distress of a repenting sinner, and his confession before that holy God, against whom he had sinned, casting himself at the mercy of his just Judge by the promised redemption through the Messiah. After prayers, I left her, commending her case to the guidance and protection of the gracious Saviour. Her husband told me that she feels much consolation and happiness by my attending on her at such a time.

The man, the relative of the sick woman, as referred to above, after hearing and witnessing the whole transaction, and having joined us in prayer, exclaimed, "What must be the comfort and consolation of the sick person, when attended to at such a time as this?" It is a good and very salutary custom among your people (meaning Christians), to visit the death-bed of the sick person with such comfortable messages taken out of the holy book, and praying at the same time, as you did, which I never witnessed before. "Ah! very, very excellent custom!" Since this, she grew weaker and weaker every day, and on the 22d she was so ill, that I could not, once more, see her. I regret it. She could not sit up, and was very uneasy about the state of her stomach; and the next day (March 23), about 11 o'clock A.M., she expired, being conscious

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of the nearness of her dissolution. She commended her children and husband to God and his gracious protection.

She retained her sense and consciousness to the last breath, and I was assured that she invoked the Saviour to receive her departing spirit.

It was not at all my intention to bring this subject to the public notice, knowing that the survivors of the deceased were unwilling to be exposed to the fury and resentment of their co-religionists, as well as to the prejudices and taunts of their people or nation. But having been urged by an interesting Christian minister, an old friend of mine, I beg to submit it. The indulgent reader will have the goodness to overlook its failures and deficiencies.

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING DISEMBODIED SPIRITS.

(*Concluded from* p. 12.)

Of all the superstitions in China respecting disembodied spirits, those respecting the class called *Sú-sien*, have perhaps the greatest influence upon the minds of the people. Sú-sien, signifying a spirit in the body, designates a familiar spirit, by the assistance of which, persons are supposed to be able to tell fortunes and converse with the dead. They are supposed to be the spirits of those who are not permitted to re-assume a body, on account of obligations incurred in a former state, from which they have not been absolved. They repay their debts of money or gratitude by serving their benefactors, who have preceded them in coming again into the world, in enabling them to acquire wealth by fortune-telling. Persons regarded as belonging to this class are visited by multitudes, particularly those who have recently lost relatives by death, and wish to converse with them through a "medium." The fortune-teller, after a conversation with the applicant, calls the spirit, whose approach and entrance into the "medium," is signalized by sundry contortions of the body, and a spasmodic jerk of the neck. Some of these fortune-tellers, and the most noted of them, who have no indebted spirit to offer his services, are obliged to devise means to secure the assistance of a spirit. With this end in view, they first obtain a little image made of the wood of the willow, for which they obtain a spirit in one of the following ways. Some go to a grave-yard, and, after feasting the ghosts of the dead, make an arrangement with one to reside in the image. The image is then worshipped for several weeks continuously, and left out of doors during the night, to be wet with the dews of heaven, and drink in virtue from moonbeams; after which it is regarded as an oracle, from which the spirit speaks infallibly. Another method of obtaining a spirit consists in writing on the little image, the characters representing the horoscope of some clever living person whose spirit is desired, and then worshipping the image, and leaving it out of doors, until this person dies and his spirit enters the image, which it is said will surely take place in a very short time. In consequence of this superstition, those who are found possessed of these images may be condemned to death, being regarded as guilty of murder.

Written communications from spirits are not unfrequently sought for in the following manner. Two persons support with their hands some object to which a pencil is attached in a vertical position, and extending

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to a table below, covered with sand. It is said that the movements of the pencil, involuntary as far as the persons holding it are concerned, but governed by the influences of spirits, describe certain characters which are easily deciphered, and which often bring to light remarkable disclosures and revelations. Many, who regard themselves persons of superior intelligence, are firm believers in this mode of consulting spirits.

It is difficult to conceive the fear, anxiety, and dread, which these various superstitions occasion. They should lead us to appreciate that Gospel which delivers us from bondage to fear, and teaches us to recognise in every event and circumstance, the hand of an unseen and Almighty Father, who controls all beings and events, and makes all things to work together for good to them that fear Him.—*Abridged from the Home and Foreign Record.*

"THE LORD OPENETH THE EYES OF THE BLIND."—*Ps.* cxlv. 8.

A MISSIONARY at the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, New York, from among the Choctaw Indians, a thousand miles up Red River, said, that when this Fulton-street meeting was first heard of by them, the Indians resolved that they would observe the same hour of prayer; and that, as they were so scattered that they could not meet together for prayer, they would set apart the hour in their own dwellings and lodges as an hour of prayer. He said he knew the hour was faithfully observed, and great had been the blessing to themselves. Many had been converted from among the unconverted. He said that the reading of the case of blind Bartimæus, at the opening of the meeting this morning, reminded him of another scene. He was travelling through the wilderness, and came to a very poor family, dwelling in a miserable hovel. He went in, and, on looking round, found a poor old Indian sitting upon the bare earth, with only a single garment on. He was blind. He spoke to him, and read to him this very same portion of Scripture which speaks of the "blind man's friend." He preached to him Christ from that same Scripture, and persuaded him to embrace him as his friend. He saw the tears running down his cheeks, and that his heart was melted. He felt in his own soul that this poor blind man came to Jesus, whom he called "the blind man's friend," and heartily embraced him as he is offered in the Gospel. He inquired of him if he would attend upon the preaching of the Gospel and go to their meetings. He said he would be glad to do so if he had suitable clothing. The old man was supplied with a suit of clothes that fitted him exactly, and he afterwards attended all their meetings regularly. The event proved his impressions true, that he had really received the "blind man's friend" as his Saviour. He rejoiced in Christ with all his heart. His condition is now very different from what it was when he first saw him in that miserable lodge, with scarcely any clothing on him. The Indians of the far west have taken a deep interest in the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, and pray in concert. May they be remembered in the prayers of those at home!

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THE GOSPEL TRIUMPHING.

It is true that we too often take desponding views of Christianity. It is aggressive, and it is progressing.

True, there was one century, during the madness of the crusades and the locking up of the Bible, when there was a decrease. But take the past, and you have an advance of 50,000,000 each century, or 140 every day. Is there not something really inspiring in such a view? Let it go on a little longer, and we may well say, "From the tops of the rocks I see them, and from the hills I behold them: who can count the dust of Jacob, and number the fourth part of Israel?"

God, in his providence, is opening the way of the church to go forth for the salvation of the nations—

1st. By commerce. Wherever it goes, the Bible and the Missionary can also go. Take as an illustration the Dutch colonies in South-eastern Africa. It is to be regretted that more was not done, but there was enough done to demonstrate that the "Gospel was the power of God unto salvation." One man came to a Missionary to relate his experience, and to the preacher's astonishment he understood the way to Christ. "How have you learned this?" was the question. The answer was a touching one: "I read it in the *heart-melter*." That was a tattered copy of the New Testament which had been carried from tent to tent, but, tattered as it was, it proved "a heart-melter!" Thus is it everywhere. Commerce carries out the "heart-melter!"

2dly, Explorations are opening the way for active evangelism. The late reports made to Congress and heads of departments at Washington, of explorations of the Amazon, &c., will be made the basis of Missionary operations. Japan has been visited by the explorer: it cannot be closed to commerce; and, when opened for that, it cannot shut out the Gospel from those masses.

3dly, Science. This, too, becomes an evangelist of mercy. The principle that heat applied to water causes it to expand, has been made to print the Bible and the tract, and to bear out the living teacher.

Morse felt that there was a principle upon which he could telegraph words to distant places with accuracy and rapidity. Almost he grasped it; then it eluded him. At last, upon his knees, he felt he had found it! *He had found it!* The first message transmitted was given him by a young lady—"What hath God wrought!" They are now carrying the wire over the mountain and across the ocean. The iron web-work is uniting nations. Ere long the great globe shall thus be belted. And as the triumph of the Gospel also moves onward, ere many centuries shall be sent all over a redeemed world, that first despatch, "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"—*Missionary Advocate.*

HISTORY AND CONVERSION OF AN OLD PRIESTESS AT LAGOS.

LAST October (says our Missionary, the Rev. G. F. Buhler, speaking of his work at Lagos) one of our communicants came to me, accompanied by a very old woman, who came to tell me that she was a Shango priestess, and had served, during the whole of her lifetime, all the idols; but now she was determined to leave this fashion, and to serve that God whom we worship, and whom she never knew. Her father and grandfather, she said, were priests of Shango (thunder god), and so was her mother.

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She herself, now about seventy or eighty years old, was a very zealous priestess. She inherited all the worshipping utensils from her grandfather, father, and mother; and as she was now the oldest priestess in Lagos, she was rather honoured, and had many followers. One of her scholars, a young woman, was more than two years ago baptized, and has walked hitherto unblameably before God. This young woman was much troubled by the old priestess for joining the Christians; but she was bold enough to tell the old woman all that she had heard, and seen, and experienced, since she had become a Christian, and she often appealed to her heart to turn from her wickedness and evil practice to the true and living God. The old woman was often vexed, and would not listen. Sometimes she listened a little, but replied, "I cannot bear these things." But whenever opportunity was afforded, our communicant availed herself of it, and laid the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ before her. The poor old woman tried her best to shake off the impressions which the word of God made upon her. Quite of late she had some remarkable dreams which troubled her much. She dreamed that somebody came into her house and deprived her of all her idols and worshipping utensils in her presence, and she could not defend herself, nor her goods, nor did her gods defend themselves. This made her mind very unquiet, and she was cast down. From this time she was much more inclined to listen to the word of God. When our communicant told her more, and took her to church, she at length said, "Ah, this is what I want for my troubled heart!" And now she was determined from henceforth to serve God the remainder of her life. She came to me. I spoke with her for a long time, and I soon found that the name of Jesus sounded sweet in her ears. She sent me all her worshipping utensils—two full loads. But many trials were awaiting her. Her relatives, her followers, many rich people among the heathen, when hearing of her change, tried their utmost to bring her back: they promised large presents; they threatened and argued, telling her everybody would forsake her now; but she was very bold, and told them plainly that as they had followed her she had deceived them, for so many years, she should be very happy if they would follow her now. "And," she continued, "when all friends forsake me, Jesus never will forsake me, nor will his people leave me." She spent now many an hour with our converts, visited me, attended class and service most regularly, and she knows now what it is to have peace. At the end of March 1858, she came to me, scarcely able to speak. She said she felt very hungry, and had no cowries, and she suffered much from cold. I immediately ordered my cook to supply her with food and cowries. As she wanted also a warm cloth (cover), I was glad to be in possession of some very strong and warm pieces, which I had received from friends at Kendal for our people. At the same time I gave some other pieces to some other very poor and sick converts. I should like our dear friends at Kendal to have seen the old woman, and the other women, how they could scarcely find words to express their gratitude. This is really much more than giving a cup of cold water. When I left Lagos, in April 1858, I saw the old priestess, joyful in her God—happy, very happy, that she had found Him who died for her, in her old age. May the Lord keep her, strengthen and comfort her, and may she daily increase in his grace and knowledge!

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JAPAN.

JAPAN is now attracting so much interest among us, that we purpose giving some account of that country over which so great a change is stealing.

Japan, comprised within the 30th and 42d degrees of north latitude, and the 129th and 143d degrees of longitude east from Greenwich, is an archipelago, of which the principal islands are those of Niphon, Kewsew, and Sikokf. In different respects it may be compared to the British isles, being much in the same manner, though in a more eminent degree, divided and broken through by corners and forelands, arms of the sea, great bays and inlets running deep into the country, and forming several islands, peninsulas, gulfs, and harbours. Besides, as the Queen of Great Britain is sovereign of three countries, England, Scotland, and Ireland, so the Japanese Emperor has the supreme jurisdiction over three separate large islands. The largest of these islands has given its name, Japan, or, according to the native pronunciation, Niphon, to the whole country. This name is of Chinese origin, and is derived from the words, *Jeih pun*, "Origin of the sun;" and hence Japan is sometimes called the country of the rising sun, or, literally, the country of the origin of the sun. The divisions of Japan, which have been caused by civil wars, or made for the purpose of government, are numerous, and have been frequently changed. In the first, or happiest ages of the Japanese monarchy, every prince, it is said, enjoyed the government of a province, with which he was entrusted by the emperor, and ruled its inhabitants in peace and tranquillity. The miseries of the ensuing times, the frequent quarrels and contentions which arose among the chief branches of the imperial family respecting the succession to the throne, by degrees involved the whole empire in bloodshed and confusion. Its princes formed parties, collected armies, and every one endeavoured to maintain himself in the possession of those lands, the government of which had been entrusted to him by imperial bounty; and those who had not been taken care of by the emperor, took care to provide for themselves. The princes divided their dominions among their sons, who, inheriting only a part of their father's state, would not be behind them in the grandeur and magnificence of their courts. No wonder, then, if the number of princedoms and dominions went on continually increasing. The empire is divided into eight grand divisions, denominated *do*, or "ways." These are subdivided into sixty-eight *kokfs*, or departments, which again consist of 622 *kohori*, or districts.

The nations of Christendom once maintained an extensive intercourse with the inhabitants of Japan. The Portuguese, the first Europeans who visited that country, were driven thither in a storm, when on their way to China, in 1542. For nearly a century from that time, they carried on a lucrative trade. The Spanish, Dutch, and English shared in the same thrifty commerce. The Japanese also, having long since emerged from a state of barbarism, had numerous fleets; and their merchantmen, like those of the Chinese in early times, visited neighbouring countries, and even those as far distant as Bengal. The nation had advanced to a high point in civilization—as far perhaps as it ever could without the peaceful, vivifying, and restraining influences of true Christianity. At this favourable junc-

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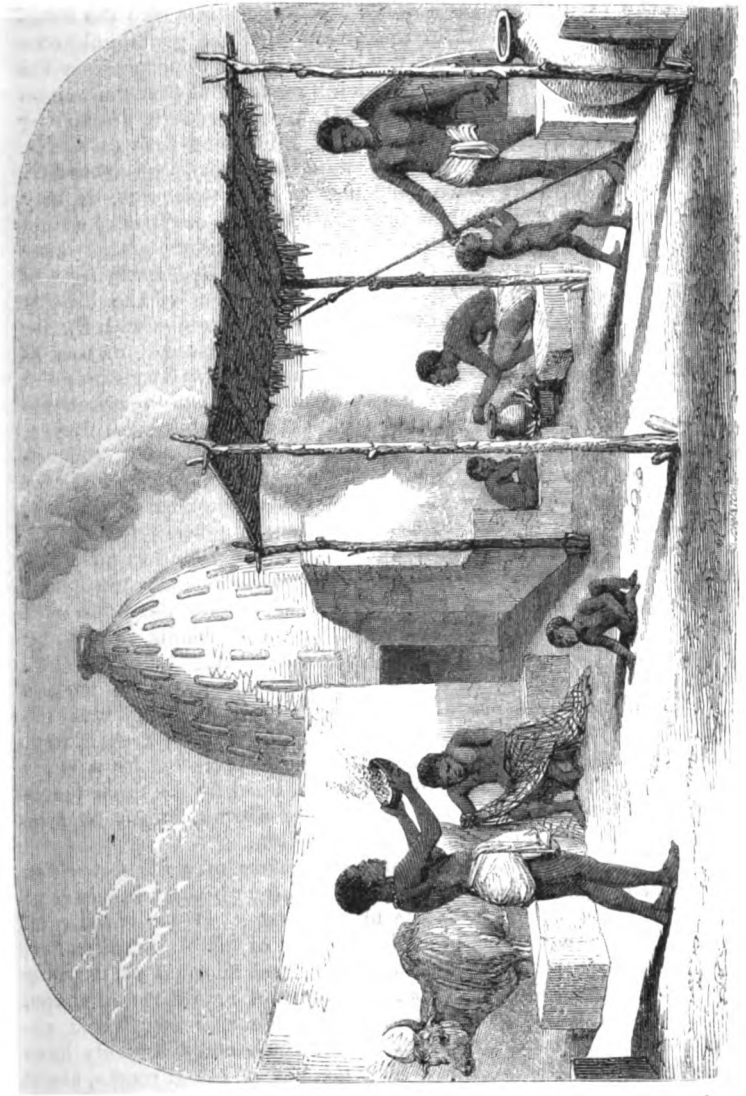
ture, Romanism came in; but it came only to hasten the sad reverses that were coming on the state. Internal discord arose: foreign merchants became jealous, and strove to supplant each other; and the Jesuits, accused of forming designs against the state, were proscribed. The English abandoned the country in 1623, the Spaniards were expelled in 1625, and the Portuguese in 1641. The Dutch, while fattening on the good of the land, dug a pit for themselves; and notwithstanding their utmost endeavours, they were soon confined to the little island of Desima, "the prison which was built for the Portuguese." In the mean time all natives were prohibited from visiting foreign countries, and allowed only to make coasting voyages, or to proceed to the isles dependent on the Japanese. Naugasaki remained the only port open to foreigners, and even that but to three nations, and under severe restrictions. The Chinese and the Coreans were each allowed to trade thither with ten junks annually, and the Dutch with one large and two small vessels. Such has been the state of affairs for nearly two centuries; and both the Japanese and their country have gone into oblivion, like the kingdoms and people of former times. Various efforts have been made to re-establish free intercourse; and now and then a successful interloper has visited the forbidden ground. Such a case occurred in 1797-98, when an English vessel, commanded by an Englishman, carrying American colours, with an American pass, actually visited Japan. That vessel was sent thither by the Dutch authorities of Batavia. Europeans who are best acquainted with Japan are of opinion that the difficulties of opening a free intercourse with that nation will be far less than are generally apprehended. Of the advantages of such a measure, contemplated in whatever light we please, there can be, we think, but one opinion. Japan is a mountainous and hilly country, and traversed in its whole length by a chain almost of uniform elevation, and in many places crowned with peaks covered with perpetual snow. This chain divides the streams which flow to the south and east, and which fall into the Pacific Ocean, from those which pursue a northerly course to the Sea of Japan. Very many of the mountains of the country are volcanic. On the great island of Kewsew, in the department of Firen, and south-east from Naugasaki, is the Ounzengada, or "high mountain of warm springs," which has several craters. In the early part of the year 1793, the summit of the mountain sunk entirely down: torrents of boiling water issued from all parts of the deep cavity which was thus formed, and the vapour arose like thick smoke. Three weeks afterwards there was an eruption of the volcano Bivo-no-kubi, about half a league from the summit: the flames arose to a vast height; the lava which flowed out extended itself with great rapidity; and in a few days the whole country was in flames for several miles round. A month after this there was a terrible earthquake throughout the whole islands, which was principally felt in the district of Simbara: the shocks were repeated several times, and the whole ended by a terrible eruption. In the interior of Figo is the volcano of Aso, which emits stones and flames, the latter of a blue, yellow, and red colour.

(To be continued.)

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THE MUSGU PEOPLE OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

It is the Lord's purpose that the command which He gave to His church should be carried out into practical execution, and His Gospel preached to every creature. It shall be so. It is the great remedy which the nations need. It was provided for universal use, and in the good pro-



INTERIOR OF A MUSGU DWELLING.

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vidence of God, and in His own time it shall be made known throughout the whole earth. And it is remarkable in our own day how a path is being opened through the wilderness, and countries and races of men brought to our knowledge, of which we had previously known nothing.

The engraving annexed to this Number of our periodical refers to one of these newly-discovered regions, and one, too, of a very remarkable character.

In the beginning of January 1852, Dr. Barth, the great African traveller, was at Kukawa, the capital of the kingdom of Bornu, on the borders of Lake Tshad; his great desire was to penetrate into the countries to the south and south-east in the direction of the great unknown regions of Central Africa, and he was therefore led to accompany the army of the Sheikh of Bornu, which was setting forth at that time on an expedition against the Musgu country. It was in truth a plundering expedition on a large scale, the chief booty sought being that of slaves. The whole proceeding was marked by mingled cruelty and cowardice. They were as ready to fly when they met a stout resistance, as they were to slay without mercy when they succeeded in surprising any of the villagers. To have accompanied such an expedition, and to have witnessed the manner in which the country was wasted, growing and ripening crops trodden down, or plucked up and used by the hungry soldiery, the poor inhabitants obliged to leave their homes and fly for their lives, leaving some behind who were either slaughtered or sold as slaves, must have been most painful. But a new country was visited, and a most remarkable one it was: not mountainous, as has been sometimes thought, but level, intersected by numerous water-courses, dense forests, and open grounds alternately, the latter often well cultivated, tobacco being grown to a great extent. So careful was the cultivation, that in some places manure had been laid on the fields in a regular manner, being spread over the ground to a great extent, a process which Dr. Barth had not before met with in Central Africa. Over the rich fields the villages were scattered, shaded by large wide-spreading trees, and presenting a cheerful and comfortable scene. Sometimes the huts were built in court-yards, containing from three to six huts, according to the number of the owner's wives, the walls being built of clay, the roofs thatched with great care, and exhibiting traces of various styles. One of the most curious objects in each dwelling was the granary, generally from twelve to fifteen feet high, with an arched roof, likewise of clay, there being an opening at the top, protected by a small cover of thatching. Broad, well-trodden paths, lined by the thick fences of a bush called "Mágara" in the language of Bornu, might be seen winding along through the fields in every direction.

The engraving presents the interior of the palace of a Musgu chief. It is sketched, as it might be supposed to have been, while yet in security; as Dr. Barth found it, it was waste and desolate. It presented "an empty court-yard of a tolerably round shape and of large circumference, surrounded by huts more or less destroyed, and adorned at the four corners, if we may speak of corners in buildings of almost round shape, by buildings of a very peculiar and remarkable character," and exhibiting a degree of order and even of art which could scarcely have been expected in such rude tribes. They were small round rooms, about eight feet in diameter, and twelve feet high to the top of a cupola, the

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clay walls of which were very neatly polished; a projecting portal, six feet high, four feet deep, and not more than fourteen inches wide, formed the portal. The outside, to the very top, was ornamented by regular lines of projecting ribs running round the building. These rooms were intended to serve as granaries; or perhaps, in the cold season, as bed-rooms or sleeping-rooms.

At the north-east corner adjoining the granary stood another remarkable apartment. It was round and uncovered, about 24 feet across, surrounded by a clay wall about 7 feet high, a foot thick, and carefully polished at the corners. On entering the door-way, which was about 4 feet high by 2 feet wide, there appeared on the left a bank of clay running parallel with a wall, and enclosing a space about 2½ feet in breadth. It was about a foot and a quarter high, and one foot broad, and ran round more than half the circumference of the room. Between the bank and the wall was probably the place where cattle or goats were kept, the clay bank serving as a hut. The centre of the apartment was covered in by a shed, about 8 feet by 6, consisting of a roof of reeds and grass, supported by four stakes. On the right of this was the cooking-place or kitchen.

The plundering expedition of the Sheikh of Bornu inflicted on these unhappy countries and people a great amount of wanton mischief, villages being consumed, trees cut down, and crops destroyed. About 10,000 head of cattle were carried away to Bornu, and about 3000 slaves, mostly aged women and children under eight years of age, who were not able to run quick enough. All the full-grown population had escaped, with the exception of about 300 men, who were taken prisoners, and, a few excepted, put to death.

Truly, the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty, and the earth may well long for the coming of Him, of whom it is said—"He shall judge the poor of the people, He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor."

AGRA DURING THE MUTINY.

In our last Number we described the mixed multitude which in the season of danger had sought refuge within the fort of Agra.

We are reminded of the true refuge—"We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks." Would that men were as sensible of the danger to which sin has exposed them! Then would Christ no longer be neglected.

Many of them had lost all—every thing that was valuable on earth. They had met Job's afflictions; sons and daughters were gone, nay, wife, sister, all had lost their property. The things that were saved were such as were of little value in a besieged state. Millinery or perfumery might be bought; not cheese, beer, wine, or tobacco. Still, although there was discomfort and privation, there was no real hardship.

In September, Delhi was taken; many of the mutineers were slain, and many more escaped. The authorities were informed that an attack on Agra by one of the most formidable of the rebel armies, the Gwalior contingent, was intended. An express was sent to hasten a column that was coming from Delhi, under the command of Colonel Greathead, for the relief of Agra. It consisted of Sikhs, Lancers, three batteries of

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Horse Artillery, and the skeletons of two Queen's regiments. But it was difficult to recognise the Queen's soldiers, so jaded and miserable did they look, as slowly and wearily they marched by. Indeed, they looked more like sun-dried skeletons than Englishmen. They wore the dust-coloured Sikh uniform.

Scarcely had they pitched their camp outside the fort, than a furious and unexpected assault was made upon them by the Gwalior rebels, and although bravely repulsed, it was not without severe loss. The wounded began to come into the fort; bleeding, lacerated, burnt, bruised. They were carried into the Pearl Mosque. There, in this marble temple, the most graceful building in Asia, rough wooden cots were hastily prepared, and mattresses, pillows, and quilts, which the ladies in the fort had long been making, in case of any necessity arising, were in full demand. Ere long the spacious corridors were filled with sick and dying men. The ladies were the nurses. "They attended day and night. To avoid teasing the men by too much nursing, they were in a small separate room, and at stated periods went round to give tea, jelly, soda-water, coffee, soup, or to help in dressing wounds." For weeks that the ladies watched over their charge, never was a word said by a soldier which could shock the gentlest ear. When all was over, and when such of the sick and wounded as recovered were declared convalescent, the soldiers, in order, as they expressed it, to show their gratitude for the kindness of the ladies, modestly asked permission to invite their nurses and all the gentry and society of Agra to an entertainment in the beautiful gardens of the Taj. There, under the walls of the marble mausoleum, amidst flowers and music, these rough veterans, all scarred and mutilated as they were, stood up to thank their countrywomen, who had clothed, fed, and visited them when they were sick. Every lady in Agra was ready to join in this good work, and not one of them but will bear testimony to the delicacy of feeling and conduct, as well as the hearty gratitude, of these brave men. We have read much of the misconduct of the British soldier in India; it is pleasant to be able to record facts of an opposite character.

MISSIONARY LABOURS AT NINGPO, CHINA.

THE journals of a new Missionary are usually very interesting; every thing is so fresh to him, and he finds so much that is strange. It is true that his judgment is not so much to be depended upon, because it needs to be corrected by experience; but he is more communicative of many things which the older Missionary never thinks of writing down, because he has become so familiarized with them. The following passages are taken from the journal of a Missionary who has recently arrived at Ningpo, one of our stations on the Chinese coast. It is dated Nov. 17, 1858, and this may serve to show us how rapid communication has become between the ends of the earth: dated Ningpo, Nov. 17, 1858, it reached London Feb. 3, 1859.

Our eyes are turned especially in the direction of China, now opened by treaty to the efforts of Christian Missionaries, and our prayers are to Him who has opened the door, to provide us with the men who shall enter in. The Rev. George E. Moule, amidst other duties, has been engaged in some journeyings to preach the Gospel more widely. He has been accompanied by the Chinese catechist Bao, a gifted man, and,

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better still, one of thorough earnestness and whole-heartedness in his Master's cause, and love of the word and truth of God. May he continue humble and useful!

Mr. Moule and his companion left Ningpo at seven o'clock on the evening of October 25th, in one of the ordinary travelling boats, and stopping for a short time at the town of Dzian-ding, reached Yü-yiao about three o'clock on the afternoon of the next day, "a very picturesque city of considerable extent. The old, or North City, lies on a delta between two branches of the river, on the southern bank of one of which the New City is situated. The latter has only the name of novelty. The walls are already dilapidated in many parts, and planted as gardens in others. We arrived just at the time of a Chinese riot. The country-people, enraged at some conduct on the part of rich merchants and others, had come up in large numbers to take revenge. This they did by plundering and pulling in pieces two or three large shops and houses, and burning, not carrying off, the plunder. As we watched them from the top of an abrupt hill within the North City, three signal guns were fired, and shortly afterwards the vast crowds were seen wending their way homewards through the surrounding plains, now golden with ripening rice. Bao and myself spoke to small groups of people, whom we found watching the proceedings of the rioters, on the great root of all evil and wickedness, and the remedy. On returning to our boat I began, and the catechist continued, an address to the people who came round to look at the 'red-haired man.' Yü-yiao has often been visited, but not so as to destroy the feeling of curiosity respecting the foreigners, whom they honour with the above general designation.

"*Wednesday, Oct.* 27—During an early walk I talked to two or three groups of people, and noticed what I had already been informed of, the idiomatic difference between the speech of Yü-yiao and that of Ningpo. I also observed a ludicrous instance of the dread which our strange appearance sometimes excites. A boy of 14 or 15 years of age, whom I met walking along the edge of a narrow canal, walked into the water nearly up to the hips, in order to avoid me. After prayers, breakfast, and some refreshment graciously furnished to me in reading the precious word of God, I started with the catechist for the temple of the city guardian (Dzing-wông-miao, rendered 'Palladium' by Dr. Williams), talking on the way of the love of Christ, of the responsibility of setting it forth in fulness and simplicity, and withal of the difficulty we mutually felt of ascertaining exactly each other's meaning. We found the temple full of bustle, on the occasion of a devotion to "the two Kings," viz. the introducer and fosterer of Buddhism. There was a large choir of priests chanting, and of women telling their beads, while they repeated the O-mi-da-veh (Amita Buddh, as some say), and made innumerable genuflexions and knockings of the forehead. We stood in one of the side sheds or chapels, and were soon surrounded. I began speaking to the people, asking them if the two kings and other objects of their worship could hear them; then speaking briefly of the *one* High Ruler, whom I came to preach, of our dependence on Him, of our sins, of the importance of 'casting away the false, and turning to the true.' I got much attention and *some* intelligence, and then asked my companion to go on. He spoke at great length. During his speech I retired a few

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steps, to draw away the boys and other restless people, who caused a little disturbance. In this way I soon had a separate crowd, to whom I spoke as well as I could in the way of question and answer, though the latter element was scanty. The catechist, in the meantime, had two or three very close listeners amongst the elder part of his audience. After a while we sat together on a stone to rest, and as the crowd around us was as large as ever, I broke silence with the children, who are always in front, and sometimes very troublesome—speaking of the importance of correct behaviour and deference to elders, and thence returning to our great theme. Then Bao got up and spoke :—'He was an under letter-carrier. God had sent tidings of grace and salvation to the world. The news first reached a foreign people. It was transmitted thence till it reached England. English disciples had carried it to China. At Ningpo he himself had received and understood the news, and now he was gladly employed in carrying it round to make known to his countrymen.' After repeating the essential characteristics of this letter of grace, we left, walking in the direction of the house of a gentleman whom we had met on the hill yesterday, and to whom we had promised a book. We failed in finding his house, partly owing to the number of persons of the same 'honourable surname' with himself. We conversed, however, severally with some scholars for a considerable time, and found that they had the Gospels, having received them from Mr. Cobbold, or other Missionaries. One of them asked for the 'Geography' published at the Presbyterian Mission Press, of which I had some copies with me. He accordingly sent a servant to our boat shortly after our return to it, and received a copy for himself and one for a friend. There was a good deal of clamour for books round the boat and in the street; but I gave very few, the number of readers and of genuine applicants being very small indeed.

"In the afternoon we went into the New City. We took our stand near a family ancestral hall, and, whilst Bao was addressing the people, I retired a few steps with an intelligent man, who asked me a question, and sat down with him on a bench, which he caused to be brought. I was soon surrounded, and as my friend got captious, or perhaps contemptuous of my imperfect utterance, I addressed myself to the crowd. At last a young scholar asked me a question, of which, after a time, I gathered the meaning. It was, 'How should we reverence Jesus?' I stood up and looked round for Bao, referring my friend to him, as the more intelligible speaker. He came at once, for my crowd had completely destroyed his audience, and presently recognised in the inquirer a person to whom Mr. Cobbold had given the Gospels during a visit to the school where the young man was a student. He therefore referred him to that book. He spoke of the person and office of Jesus from John i. and Matthew i., ii.; the office of the Baptist, from Luke iii., at great length. I added a few words of personal appeal to the young man and the bystanders, and we took our leave.

"*Thursday, Oct.* 28—Before going to the temple, to which we had promised to make a visit to-day, we walked through the Old City in a different direction, and coming to a stand in a quiet street of private houses, very near to one of the rice shops lately pulled to pieces, we began to speak to the little mob whom we had gathered during our walk. Soon our words were drowned by the gongs and pipes of a bridal pro-

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cession, which turned in at a gate just beyond us. I then began telling the story of the miracle of Cana, and, when I had done, asked Bao to supply my defects. He accordingly addressed the growing crowd, and I, standing at a little distance, spoke to a few, who manifestly paid more attention to my dress than to the speaker. My words chiefly consisted of an appeal, as personal as possible, to an intelligent young man who stood next me. We then walked on to the temple. There the worship went on as yesterday. We walked into the middle of the court, and observing among the bystanders some priests, I asked one of them whether the rites they were performing were true or false. He made no answer, but a brother priest shouted out, 'False,' and laughed. I repeated his words, and exhorted the people to 'cast away the false, and return to the true.' We were soon both employed, Bao at first addressing the old devotee women, who came round to gaze at me, and one of whom, taking me for Mr. Cobbold, expressed concern that I did not look so well as formerly. He spoke earnestly to them, and received some attention; but several of the old dames, while giving some heed to his word, and much heed to the foreign clothes, were busy telling their beads and reciting their O-mi-da-veh, notwithstanding. A man now fetched me a seat, and I was soon in conversation with those around me. Two elderly men were very attentive, one of whom afterwards came to the boat for a book. My subject was 'God our substitute.' We returned to the boat by a wide circuit, walking on the city wall, and accompanied by half-a-dozen people, with some of whom we were in constant conversation."

ANXIETY OF THE PEOPLE ALONG THE BANKS OF THE NIGER FOR CHRISTIAN TEACHERS.

Our new Mission work along the banks of this river is assuming a most interesting aspect. Let us glance at some of the places where it is going forward.

At Gbebe, at the confluence of the Kworra and Tshadda, the Rev. S. Crowther, in descending the river last autumn from Rabba to Fernando Po, found three Christian visitors waiting for him. He proceeded at once to settle them there. Ground on which Mission premises might be erected had been selected the previous year; and Mr. Crowther sought out the chief, Ama Abokko, in order that a small dwelling-house and little schoolroom might at once be commenced to be erected. The ground was under crop; corn and yams were growing upon it, and it was yet six weeks to the harvest. The chief wanted to know if our friends wished to commence building at once, because, if so, he would order the corn to be rooted out. This was, however, declined. The crops might have been paid for at a valuation, but Mr. Crowther wisely judged, that to have destroyed them would have been painful to the feelings of the farmers, by depriving them of the great satisfaction which they feel in gathering with their hands that which they have planted. The three visitors speak the Nupe, and one of them the Kakanda, languages spoken at the Confluence. They had been amongst the Bassas, to whom they spoke the word of God, with such effect, that the chiefs were anxious to see Mr. Crowther, had his time permitted.

At Idda, still further down the river, Mr. Crowther asked Ehemodina, an old friend, if a lodging could be had near his premises for any Chris-

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tian teachers who might be sent to Idda, until he could procure a place of his own. His answer is worthy of being remembered—"I have plenty of cowries, I have plenty of wives and slaves, I have houses; if you remain five years in my house, nothing shall harm you." He added that he did not look for our money and property, but that it would be his delight to see us fulfilling our promise of forming a settlement at Idda.

Mr. Crowther grounds on this an earnest appeal for two Christian visitors of upright principle, speaking the Igara language, to go amongst that people, and fulfil the promise made to them seventeen years ago. Let us pray that the Sierra-Leone church may respond to that appeal, heartily and without delay.

One place more, and we have done—Onitsha, the first station as we go up the river. Here a native Missionary, the Rev. J. C. Taylor, the first Christian teacher in those parts, has laboured diligently for the last year, although in separation from his family, and amidst many difficulties.

Here the fields are white to the harvest. The people are ready to hear. Everywhere there is a panting after the bread of life. Entreaties for teachers to come and settle amongst them is heard from places fifty to eighty miles distant; and our earnest friend writes—"I now appeal to the church for men to come forward and join in this holy cause." Surely there are hopeful signs abroad, and the promise shall be made good—"Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."

AN AFRICAN MISSIONARY RAISED UP IN THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

THE history of Mr. George Hubbard, of Boston, who is about to enter upon his labours as a Missionary in Africa, accompanied by his wife, happily illustrates the beneficent influence of Christian Missions in their reflex action.

Some years ago there lived in Boston a young man of one of the best families in the city, intelligent, well educated, of agreeable manners and address, and popular with all who knew him. Still, he was generally known as a very "fast" young man, and noted for his extravagance in the expenditure of money, his disregard for those conventionalities and moralities of which society requires the observance of all within its pale. The result of such a career need not be described. The last chance that seemed to be left for the reinstatement of the subject of our story in the good opinion of his friends, of himself, and of the world, was a voyage, in some responsible capacity that should test the sincerity of his desire to reform.

By the aid of friends he procured such an opportunity, and left his native city as the commander of a merchant vessel, bound on a long and somewhat hazardous voyage. In the course of it he found himself among the Feejee Islands, and having occasion to go ashore on one of them, he visited the rude dwelling of a native chief, who entertained him hospitably, and, as he was about to depart, requested him to pray to the Christian God, with his family.

Here was a dilemma. The attitude and act of prayer had long been strange to the youth, and he was not prepared for such a request; and in default of his ability to comply with it, the Feejee chief raised his voice in prayer, while the native of a Christian and civilized land, himself unused

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to devotion, stood by and listened! Was not this a striking scene? But mark the result. Our young sailor returned to his ship, and, in due course of time, to his home. Hastening to his brother, a clergyman of the Episcopal church, residing in the neighbourhood, he told him the story of the prayer he had heard put up by a savage islander in that far distant ocean, and confessed to him that the prayer had been followed by an answering effect, in the conversion of him who was strangely called upon to listen to it. He now desired to redeem the time he had so sadly wasted, and to devote himself actively, and in the most sacrificing way, to the cause of religion. Steadily adhering to his purpose, he became a church member, a candidate for orders in the church, and an accepted Missionary to Africa, whither he is about to go, under the auspices of the Foreign Missionary Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

[*New York Express.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S TIME OF HOPE.

"Then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."
Luke xxi. 28.

Not when the morn is bright;
Not when the noon-tide smiles;
Not when the gladsome light
Of hope the hour beguiles;
Not when the sky unclouded,
With deepest azure glows;
Not when the earth is shrouded
In mantle of repose;—
Christians! not then lift up the hopeful eye,
Not yet your Saviour's promise draweth nigh.

But when the darksome night
Creeps sadly o'er the earth;
When sorrow's chilling blight
Hath still'd the voice of mirth;
When dark the storm-cloud lowers,
And tempests rend the sky;
When your fair earthly bowers
In ruined fragments lie;—
Christians! look up! through fear and threat'ning ill,
Beyond the clouds your hope remaineth still.

Not when the summer's calm
Woos you to rest and ease;
Not when the flowery balm
With perfume lades the breeze;
Not when the ocean sleepeth,
Unruffled, waveless, still,
And peaceful silence keepeth
Her watch o'er wood and hill;—
Christians! not then lift up th' expectant eye,
For 'tis not yet the promise draweth nigh.

But when the wintry storm
Howls through the startled vales;
When terror's dismal form
Rides on the ruthless gales;

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And when with dire commotion
The elements are rent,
Earth, sky, and raging ocean,
In one wild ruin blent;—
Christians! look up! when darkest grows the night,
Nearer may faith discern the morning light.

When doubt and boding fear
Men's minds unwonted move,
And wondrous signs appear
In earth and heaven above;
When the stout-hearted quaileth
Before that hour of dread;
When ev'ry shelter faileth,
Save where *the blood* was shed;
Then lift your heads, though worlds in ruins lie,
For lo! His chariot-wheels are drawing nigh.

Then shall your hymn of praise
Your Lord's first welcome be,
As, with enraptured gaze,
His blest return ye see;
And He on whom ye rested,
The Faithful and the True,
With crimson robe invested,
Thus dyed in blood for you,
Surrounded by his angel-hosts shall come
To take his waiting ones to their eternal home. L.

MISSIONARY WORK AT IBADAN, YORUBA COUNTRY.

THE following sketch of Missionary work at Ibadan during the past year, from our Missionary, the Rev. D. Hinderer, will, we think, be interesting to our readers—

The past year has been a wonderful year of mercies and blessings to us in Ibadan. It is true my Missionary hopes were sadly beclouded by the sudden removal of my catechist, James Barber, by death (see page 15). But the Lord was merciful in the midst of judgment. The clouds dispersed, and the sun soon shone brighter over our Missionary horizon than ever before. In the room of poor Barber, I was happy to find that the two Scripture readers, whom I had brought from Sierra Leone, tried their utmost to help me in every way. They, and my schoolmaster, address my congregation on Sunday afternoon, taking it by turns, while I take the morning service. I wish I could give you specimens of their discourses, I am sure it would cheer the hearts of friends, notwithstanding that much would be lost by a translation into our comparatively stiff European language. They have also been diligent in going among the people in the town to prosecute what we may call conversational preaching in the streets and in the houses.

As regards the heathen, we meet with as open an ear as ever. You hear them frequently eulogize the Gospel as they hear it, adding, "We will all turn; only wait a little; we will all serve Jesus Christ." On the other hand, the Mohammedans show a far more decided hatred both to our work and our persons. They dare not go so far as to insult a white man, but they have done it several times to my Scripture readers, and on

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one occasion (that was after they heard of the massacre at Jeddo), even went so far as to tell one of them that our time was come, and that they had received a command from the prophet, through Mecca, to kill all the white men in the country, them, their native teachers, and all who follow them; and that they were to do it with the two-edged long sword called *tamogai*.

We have regularly morning and evening services on the Lord's-day; but a week-day service I have never introduced, as our members are either farmers or traders, and cannot, therefore, come, the farmers having their plantations frequently as far as half a day's journey and more from the town, and the traders being often on their trading journeys; and as to a heathen congregation, it is much more easily gathered in the streets or under a tree, than in the church.

Our regular attendants amount to 130 or 150; the candidates for baptism have increased from 30 to 60, and I had the happiness to receive 14 into the visible church of Christ by baptism on the first Sunday in Advent. That was a happy and blessed day to us. It was, although a small number, the largest that was baptized at one time in Ibadan, and I humbly and thankfully take it as an earnest of still brighter days. As to the conduct of the converts, I cannot but be satisfied. It is good, as far as human eyes can see, and in individual cases there are signs of vital Christianity. So, for instance, in one quarter of the town we found they had formed a prayer-meeting of their own accord, and without our knowledge, for some time: they meet on a Sunday evening after all the services are over, and the way I found it out was this. One of the men comes every Sunday on horseback to church, and for this simple reason, that he has nobody left in the house to take care of the animal, as all his household, wife, children and two slaves, come with him to church, and stop from morning until evening. One Sunday evening I said to some one, "Go and tell So-and-so he must not gallop away from the church, it is not proper;" when the answer was, "Oh! but he must make haste, because all the company his way meet for prayer in his house before they disperse to their respective homes." I sent some cowries to another sick man: his message to me was, "Tell my master it is very kind of him to send me cowries, but I don't want cowries now: I want his prayer; I want him to pray for my soul." On another occasion I had some to see the magic-lantern, and afterwards refreshed them with a cup of tea; then I spoke to them a few words of encouragement, and called upon them to say something. Some addressed a few words to their companions; but one said, "The best we can do is, let us kneel down and pray."

Such is Missionary work in Yoruba! How many large towns in that country are waiting for a Missionary! This is the great want. What shall *we* do? The best we can do is, "let us kneel down and pray."

JAPAN.

(*Continued from page* 24.)

THE most memorable volcanic phenomena in Japan occurred in the year 285 B.C., when an immense land-lapse formed, in a single night, the great lake Mitsu. At the same time when this took place, Foosi, the highest mountain in Japan, rose from the surface of the earth. Foosi is an enormous pyramid, covered with perpetual snow; the largest and most active volcano in Japan. There are among the volcanic mountains of Japan

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a vast number of warm springs. In one district there is a spot, the stony soil of which exhales an inflammable gas. The natives make use of this gas by running a pipe into the earth, and lighting the end like a torch. Six of the volcanoes of Japan, and four of the mountains from whence issue warm springs, are, according to the Japanese, the ten hells of the country. The climate of Japan is healthful. In winter, snow frequently falls, and sometimes lies several days, even in the southern part of the empire. Golownin gives Japan a gloomy aspect, and makes it truly an empire of fogs. "In the summer months," he says, "the fog often lasts three or four days without interruption, and there seldom passes a day in which it is not for some hours gloomy, rainy, or foggy."

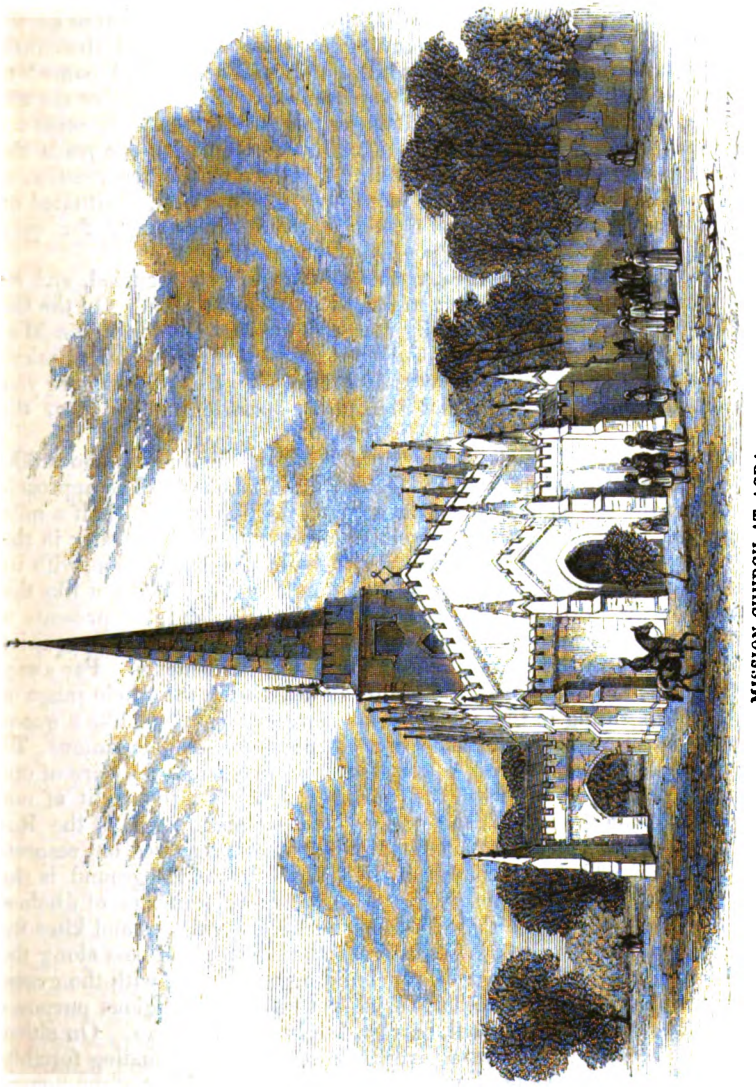
The natural productions of Japan are rich and abundant. In the mineral kingdom there are found rock-crystals, diamonds, amber, topaz, iron, lead, tin, copper, silver, and gold; also coal, lime, saltpetre, salt, and sulphur. The greatest part of the sulphur is brought from Satsuma, or rather from the sulphur island adjoining that department. "It is not above one hundred years," says Kæmpfer, who published his work more than a century ago, "since the Japanese first ventured thither. Before that time the island was thought to be wholly inaccessible: people fancied they saw spectres there, and it was believed to be a dwelling-place of devils; but at last a resolute man obtained permission to go and examine it. He chose fifty bold fellows for this expedition. Upon going on shore they found neither hell nor devils, but a large flat piece of ground at the top of the island, which was so thoroughly covered with sulphur, that wherever they walked a thick smoke issued from under their feet. Ever since that time this island brings the prince of Satsuma about twenty chests of silver per annum." Gold is found in several parts of the empire: some of it is washed out of golden sand, but the greater part is obtained from ore. Silver is found chiefly in the north, and seems not to be very abundant. Some of the Japanese copper is the best in the world. The tin is exceedingly fine and white. Brass is scarce and dear. Iron is found in large quantities. In Kæmpfer's time an extensive trade was carried on in pearls and other sea-shells, and everybody was allowed to fish for them. The Chinese were the chief purchasers of these articles. All sorts of submarine plants, corals, &c., are found in the Japanese seas, not inferior to those found on the Spice Islands and Amboyna.

Writers on Japan have described its vegetable productions as being rich in kind, and almost infinite in variety. Of forest trees there are found the oak, walnut, chestnut, maple, and fir; there are also mulberry, varnish, paper, camphor, cinnamon fig, quince, peach, pear, plum, and cherry trees. Oranges and lemons grow plentifully, and of different sorts. They plant but few vines; and their raspberries, strawberries, &c., are very insipid. The tea shrub is cultivated, but not extensively: the bamboo is common, and is applied to a great variety of uses. Hemp and cotton are cultivated; and likewise rice, corn, wheat, buck-wheat, peas, pulse, potatoes, turnips, yams, melons, ginger, ginseng, mustard, tobacco, &c. There are several varieties of rice, and some of them very excellent. The people of Japan imitate the Chinese in agricultural pursuits. Not only their fields and flat country, but their hills and mountains, are made to produce grains and edible plants. Every inch of ground is improved to the best advantage.

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CHURCH MISSION STATION AT AGRA.

We have received from one of our Missionaries in India the Rev. T. G. Gaster, brief notices of his past journey up the country from Benares to Agra, his future station, accompanied with a photographic view of the church. We present both to our readers.



MISSION CHURCH AT AGRA.

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After staying a week in Benares, we set off by dâk for Agra. Crossing the river at Allahabad, we set off by train for Cawnpur. The arrangements on the railway are as yet imperfect. The rolling stock of the Company is seriously damaged by the violent manner in which the train is started, and the faces of passengers and their clothes are every minute exposed to large pieces of lighted charcoal, one of which actually set Mrs. Gaster's dress on fire for a moment, and another set fire to the last truck in the train, causing a considerable delay while some fifty men extinguished it with their absurdly small *lotas*. Arrived at Cawnpur, we went to the dâk bungalow there, and, on the following morning, I went to see the well in which are sleeping so many of our dear sisters and their little children, until the great trumpet shall sound, and Jesus shall come "to judge the quick and the dead." The perpetrators of this murder are still at large, but we remember that it is written, "Vengeance is *mine*: *I* will repay, saith the Lord;" and it is with deep emotion one reads the inscriptions on the cross near the well, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead." Other spots of terrible interest were pointed out, all situated on ground which looks as if it had been blasted by God's anger for ever. "Verily there is a God which judgeth the earth."

Between Cawnpur and Agra, nothing worthy of note occurred, and we entered the long-desired city at midnight on October 18th. On the following morning we were joyfully received by Mr. Clinton in the Mission house close to St. John's College. Messrs. French and Shackell were out on a Missionary tour when we arrived. I shall now give you a short description of Agra, and Missionary operations in and near the city.

The city of Agra stands on the right bank of the Jumna, about 300 miles above its junction with the Ganges at Allahabad. The approach to it from the left bank of the river is by a floating bridge, half a mile in length. Imagine yourself about to cross into the city early in the morning. Before you is the heavy fort, built of red sandstone, with its massive out works, although more than a mile round. It is not like the pictures of the Fort of Agra, most popular in England, but presents a monotonous gloomy front to the river, with the top of the exquisite Moti Musjid (pearl mosque) looking over the battlements. Far away to the left is the Taj Mahal, the beauty of beauties in the whole range of architecture, sitting in the midst of an evergreen paradise, like a queen arrayed in pure white amid her less gorgeously dressed companions. To the right of the fort, and on a very elevated position, is the spire of our Mission church, lit up with the morning sun. To the right of our church, outside the city, is the curious and sightless tower of the Romish cathedral, which reminds one forcibly of an attenuated but respectable chimney added to a church by mistake. In the foreground is the river, and a variety of native boats. There are numbers of dhobies (washermen) engaged in their business, and a few vultures and kites flit to and fro over the river. Let us cross the bridge, and pass along the principal bazaar. The huge heavy building to the left, with the grass-covered cupolas, is the Jumma Musjid, not used for religious purposes now. The bazaar is, as usual, narrow, but beautifully clean. On either side are houses which have overhanging stories, reminding forcibly of the old streets in some of our old English towns. Most of the houses

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have balconies in front, some very curiously contrived, and all very neat. Every house is a shop below, and sometimes above too. Each shop has an open front in which the goods are displayed, and in the midst sits or sleeps the proprietor, who, in his strange costume, and with his hukha (pipe), is the most attractive object of all. Natives abound in every direction, and every now and then an Affghan on his camel, or a Sikh, comes solemnly through the bazaar, or one of the noisy bullock-trucks, very like those depicted in some of the Nineveh sculptures, jogs along. Passing to the left, we arrive at the college, where Mr. French has so long carried on his work, with God's blessing, to the profit of hundreds in the city. It is a building of great beauty, and eminently adapted for the climate, except the roof, which is very thin, and must quickly become very hot. Opposite our college is the Medical College, and the Kuttra church is close to St. John's College also.

THE "CAMP FOLLOWER."

AMONGST those who have played a distinguished part in our Indian empire, our camp-followers, a class little favoured, but not the less meritorious, deserve notice. They are of the "four things which are little on the earth, yet are exceedingly wise:" "though but a feeble folk, they make their houses in the rocks." Adherents of successive conquerors ever since the first Mohammedan invasion, they have given rise to a vernacular of their own—"Urdú" the language of our Courts and Governments. They have colonized districts, and, under our own rule, founded large mercantile cities from mud huts. Their merchants have furnished "the sinews of war" for our campaigns, and one of them very lately brought an action of debt against the Government, and gained his cause. Their transition state, as yet almost destitute of a religion, their cities almost devoid of temples, present a favourable field for a special Missionary enterprise to act on our native army. On service, camp-followers form ten to one of the fighting-men, mostly servants. In that trying climate, what can the European effect without his servants? Even the private soldier must have always his cook and water-carrier; and with all the risk attached to superfluous baggage, &c., many a large army has been crippled for want of native servants. Throughout the most desperate circumstances to which our countrymen were reduced at Delhi and Lucknow, wherever the European dared to show a front, he found native servants to follow his fortunes and share his dangers. In many cases their fidelity secured their master's escape. Traitors there may have been, and we will not assert their virtues as a body; but give one of not a few instances coming under our observation.

Emram Buksh was born a camp-follower, and entered on personal service about the period of Lord Lake's victories in the Duab. He had no country, knew no language, and scorned any other profession than that of the camp. As a Mohammedan, these principles harmonized with his religion. He rose gradually in his profession, having commenced as a stable-boy, entertained by some upper-servant to assist him. He came into my service as a groom from that of a subordinate medical officer, and assumed a kind of influence among my dependants, in virtue of his descent as a Sheikh. The situation was the more honourable in his eyes that he

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considered me one of the religious fraternity in consequence of my taking the lead, and conducting divine service with my soldiers. Having about that time, 1841, seen in Colonel Wheeler's household his practice of assembling his servants and reading the Scriptures to them, I soon after commenced doing the same, and the good sense of Emram Buksh facilitated my success in it. Through all the vicissitudes of the thirteen years he accompanied me, in war and peace, marching or in cantonments, I persevered in assembling my domestics on Sunday for reading the Scriptures and prayer, and during the whole of that eventful course we had "no breaking down or complaining in our streets." We shared together the two campaigns resulting in the conquest of the Punjab, to say nothing of minor achievements; yet never did I miss my horse, baggage, or food, when needed, or lost the smallest article of property, though, as is customary, they were sometimes for months together separated from me when I had to travel post, leaving them to follow by regular marches. Once, during the advance of our army on Lahore, my servants skulked in the rear with my baggage but Emram Buksh divulged their cowardice, and I promoted him to major domo in place of the head man I then dismissed. He was a very impracticable man in some things, and very crusty in his temper. I had often to interfere in his quarrels with his son, who had grown up a stout young man in my service; and in all attempts to reason with him on our religion, cool contempt was all I got for my pains. He always accompanied me in my walks, leading my horse; and when I frequently engaged a knot of villagers in conversation on religion, he pertinaciously withdrew out of hearing. When asked once by a bystander what I was doing, I heard him answer, "Who knows what Sir is chattering about?" This state of things continued till 1848-49. When the fatigues of the second Sikh campaign brought on a serious illness, whilst we were encamped in the citadel of Lahore, Emram Buksh's mind was evidently distressed, and his old wife, the only person that could manage him, was absent. She was a person of superior qualities, and still retained traces of her former beauty, with that dignity of manner common among orientals. Her husband's domestic character was irreproachable, which was most to her credit; for during the whole time they lived in my service, however frequent and loud the old man's voice was heard, I never heard hers, and their little hut or tent was ever the picture of neatness. She, too, (carefully averting her face, or seeking out the most distant corner,) was never absent from our little Sunday gatherings. Knowing her importance to him, (contrary to orders, which prohibited families accompanying the army then,) I effected her journey to Lahore, through the aid of Mrs. Colin M'Kenzie, to nurse her husband, and to this I attribute his recovery. Soon after she arrived, the old man sent for me, and abruptly declared his intention of becoming a Christian. I was amazed. He had never, to my knowledge, affected the company of the few Christians we met at Missionary stations. He well knew the persecution it would incur from the other servants, the worse that they were all Mohammedans, and regarded him as their priest. In few words, he stated his belief in Christ as the Son of God before them all, and persevered to the end in manifesting his sincerity. I was so little prepared to deal with such an occurrence, especially amidst the turmoils of active

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service, that I rested satisfied in general encouragement to watch the result. He never shrank from avowing his faith, although hardly ever meeting with a single native convert in our camp to back him. He once brought me a most interesting inquirer, a sergeant of cavalry, and was always zealous in urging the other servants, to attend the Sunday services, when slow at excusing themselves, and not unfrequently bringing in a party of his own friends to hear the word of God. He did not appear to lose caste with them, but maintained the same authority, and greater respect, as his temper manifestly improved. His wife seemed to think it her duty to obey her husband even in this, "calling him Lord." On one occasion of our usual conversations with villagers by the road-side, they were asserting the superiority of the Korán in its standard of morals in the injunction to almsgiving to the extent of all your property. Emram Buksh, who had been silently listening, suddenly broke forth, "What, are you talking of charity? Hear the charity of Jesus. He came from heaven, and died for us. There is charity: can you match that?" They were dumbfoundered, for in that district a native convert had never been known. Our camp life rather discountenanced his admission by baptism to church-fellowship, and though he occasionally met Missionaries who tested his faith, yet not being able to read, his admission was deferred. Perhaps the return of his two sons to live with him, both being opposed to the change, contributed to obstruct his progress in spiritual life; but God, who had commenced the good work in him, was preparing to perfect it.

In Agra, amongst old friends, we were, in the height of the hot winds in 1853, ordered to the extreme frontier, Attock on the Indus, 600 miles distant. He had always expressed a horror of Affghanistan, and had it not been for his Christian principles, would, I almost think, have tried to avoid going. Now it could not be; and again my baggage, all I possessed was committed to his charge, whilst I started by post. Being detained at Lahore, he overtook me there, much exhausted with his trying journey. Again we parted. He had to traverse the Punjab with its five great rivers in full flood, some of them upwards of a mile across. I had procured a cart for the benefit of his wife. After the usual time, I was greeted one day by my old servant, with baggage entire, at Attock, but there like Moses, having come in sight of that great mountain, he was "not to enter in." His work was done. He came up to me with evident emotion, which I attributed to the grandeur of the scene. There was the impressive old fort of which I was commandant; the Indus roaring at our feet; whilst the snow-clad summits of the mountains towered in gloomy majesty. His voice trembled as he gave me the keys, and recited the incidents of the journey. Robbers had attacked them, the old keys were lost, and he had actually procured a new set, manufactured by some village blacksmith. At last his voice failed him. I found something had gone wrong, and asked about his family. He told how the cart had been upset in the hills where no road had been made, and the old woman, his wife, had been hurt, but that she had gone on again for a few days, till, one day, calling him, she had said, "I am going." He tried to comfort her, and got her some refreshment, but she kept saying, "I am going: give Sahib salaam" (her compliments to me), and her spirit departed—"Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, died, and she

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was buried at Bethel under an oak." I saw he was heartbroken, and that the trial and the journey had been too much for him. He never lifted his head up, but, after quietly settling matters, and seeing my affairs in order, took to his bed, where a low fever carried him off. Early one morning, going to see how the old man was, I found him dead, sitting reclining on his bed, looking peaceful and dignified. He had been quite awakened by his affliction. In that bigoted Mohammedan place, where a convert to Christianity would not be believed possible, the old man used to walk into the bazaar, and quietly tell them all he knew; thus being the first to plant the banner of Christ. He was anxious at the last to make some more open profession of his faith. He was always rejoiced to see me, and after he had ceased to walk abroad, crawled to my door, and laid there, as if the sight of me was gladdening his heart. A conversation with that eminent Christian officer, Colonel Wheeler, providentially sent there at this juncture, seemed to afford him great consolation, the Colonel being the first person whom he had heard preach the Gospel.

I regret to say that the revival of the old man's zeal excited unusual hostility in his step-son, and the other servants, so that at last he was dependent upon me for a drink of water. But his faith brightened to the last. We buried him as a Christian, and thus satisfied his desire to leave some testimony for his Saviour; and the impression made by his end, whatever it may result in, as to that benighted city, has not been unblessed to his fellow-servants, in one or more of whom marks of inquiry after the truth manifested themselves ere I left India, not long after.

TESTIMONY TO THE LABOUR OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARIES IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE following testimony to the zeal, labours, and success of the Missionaries sent to New Zealand by the Church Missionary Society has been borne by J. Armitage, Esq., now residing in Waikato, Auckland, New Zealand, to his brother, G. Armitage, Esq., J.P., of Milnsbridge House, near Huddersfield. He says—"I feel that I could fill a dozen sheets on the subject, but for want of time I must condense my opinions into a short space. I speak only of the Church Missionaries, for the Methodists and the Roman Catholics both have Missionaries. The Church Missionaries in this district are deserving of every praise and commendation that can be bestowed upon them. Some of them are men who were sent out originally by the Society as lay teachers, with a trade, that, is tradesmen of some description, such as joiners, &c.; but by dint of perseverance and application they have educated themselves so far as to become ordained ministers; and, though not possessing the highest polish or manners, are yet clever well-informed men. It would take me too long to describe their system of religious training: suffice it to say, that, by means of monitors, or native lay teachers, who live amongst the respective tribes, and meet once a month at the minister's house to report, they possess full information as to the religious state of every man in their districts. These districts, too, extend over a diameter or radius of, say, fifty or more miles. Night and morning, in every native settlement, prayers are read by these monitors, without exception. Sunday is truly a day of rest amongst the

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natives. Each Missionary has a boys' or girls'-school. He manages the former, the wife the latter. I have frequently examined the children in geography, history, &c., and their answers are surprisingly correct, evidently showing the pains taken with them. The Missionary himself is indefatigable to an extent: he seems to consider no personal trouble or sacrifice too great to accomplish his object, namely, that of converting, or holding fast in the faith, his numerous and extensive parishioners, if I may term them so. I have known Missionaries ride fifty miles to perform divine service on a Sunday at a given station, calling, too, at each settlement in going and returning; and perhaps he would have a dozen short services in that one day. I was inclined to think, when I first came here, that they were rather lax in their duty; but personal observation has taught me the contrary. To the Missionary, we owe the peace and prosperity of this colony: they are ever found on the side of law and justice; and the advancement of this interesting people in civilization is mainly owing to their untiring and unceasing efforts. I do sincerely believe—not in the common cant of the phrase, but in reality—that God has blessed their endeavours to win souls to Christ in many instances; and I should think it a national loss if they were withdrawn from this island. These are my candid opinions, and you may make what use you like of them; and, I may add, my opportunities of judging are very great, as I am in daily intercourse with the natives, and I am in no way interested in the matter."—*Huddersfield Chronicle, March* 12, 1859.

THE HEAVENLY SOWING.

Sower divine:
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity.
'Tis a rough barren soil,
Yet by Thy care and toil,
Make it a fruitful field,
An hundredfold to yield.
Sower divine,
Plough up this heart of mine!

Sower divine:
Quit not this wretched field
Till Thou hast made it yield.
Sow Thou by day and night,
In darkness and in light.
Stay not Thine hand, but sow:
Then shall the harvest grow.
Sower divine,
Sow deep this heart of mine!

Sower divine:
Let not this barren clay
Lead Thee to turn away;
Let not my fruitlessness
Provoke Thee not to bless;
Let not this field be dry,
Refresh it from on high.
Sower divine,
Water this heart of mine!

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SOME ACCOUNT OF NAINSUKH, FOR MANY YEARS A NATIVE PREACHER AT MONGHYR.

INDIA has hitherto furnished but few interesting and instructive memoirs of native-Christian ministers; but there have not been wanting some native-Christian preachers, whose lives and labours deserve to be recorded in the annals of the church in this country, as memorials of what the God of all grace has already done, and as encouragements to expect still greater things from Him. Nainsukh, whose lamented death took place at Monghyr on the 20th October 1857, is thought to be an instance of this class.

Nainsukh was born in the state, and near the town of Jypur, it is believed, though not correctly known, in the year 1799; and therefore was about fifty-eight years old when he died.

The father of Nainsukh was a Brahmin, and a man of respectability: consequently his son's prospects at home were by no means unpromising. But a better inheritance than this world can afford was in reserve for him. In his childhood, young Nainsukh had two very narrow escapes from falling into the hands of the Thugs; but a kind Providence mercifully interposed for his deliverance almost at the last extremity. He was then ignorant of the hand that had saved him, and that had marked him for "a vessel of mercy;" but in after life he often referred to these remarkable deliverances with feelings of lively gratitude.

His father, being a follower of the Veds, despised the gross idolatry and superstitions of his countrymen. He maintained, in theory at least, that worship should be paid only to the one Supreme Being. But his mother was exceedingly zealous in her idolary. When Nainsukh was about seventeen years old, nothing would satisfy his mother but a pilgrimage to Juggernath. In vain did her husband object and remonstrate against it, and point out the difficulties and dangers of the way, the great expense that would be incurred, and the possibility of their never returning home. All was of no avail. So determined was she on this journey, that, if her husband would not accompany her, she was resolved to go alone. Finding it impossible to induce his wife to change her mind, the husband at length consented for the whole family to go together. There were in the family, at that time, Nainsukh's father and mother, himself, a younger brother, and a sister. These all set out on pilgrimage in company with a large number of acquaintances and fellow-countrymen going on the same errand. In the early part of their journey, Nainsukh's sister died, and, as they proceeded on their way, many of their party separated from them and took another road. But Divine Providence so ordered it, that Nainsukh's family and friends should go through Dinapur, where were residing at the time the Rev. Messrs. Moore and Rowe, Missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, and several native Christians. Two or more of these native brethren were zealous in preaching the Gospel to their countrymen, and one of them was the son of a friend of Nainsukh's father, and had been an inmate of his family; but for some years they had heard nothing of him. He had turned a wandering fakír, and had found his way to Dinapur, where he became a convert to Christianity. And here it was that Nainsukh first heard the Gospel message, and that the work of his conversion to Christianity began. As he and his party were passing

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along the road near to the residence of the native Christians, one of the latter accosted them with the inquiry, "Whither are you going?" "To Juggernath," was the reply. They were then courteously invited to turn in, and see the true "Juggernath," or Lord of the world. After some demur, the invitation was accepted. The party were introduced to the aged native preacher Karim, between whom and a wicked fakír, who was the guide of the party, a conversation ensued, which made a deep impression on the mind of Nainsukh. He knew nothing of Christianity, or of the Christian name, but what the native preacher had said appeared to him true and sensible, and worthy of serious consideration; and the falsehoods which he knew the fakír had uttered in the course of conversation quite surprised and shocked him. At the close of this interview, tracts were offered to the party, and were accepted by the fakír and Nainsukh. The latter inquired if no larger books were to be had; and he was told that if he would come again the next morning, a larger book should be given him. The fakír tried to prejudice Nainsukh against the Christians, by telling him they were bad people and infidels. His father, however, was more candid: he commended the tracts, and encouraged him to accept the larger book which had been promised. Very early in the morning, while his party were preparing to start, Nainsukh set off in search of the native preachers. On his way he met a man, who, to his surprise and delight, proved to be his countryman and friend, Gopál, and who was also in search of him. This good man felt deeply interested in his young friend, and used every effort to impress on his mind the wickedness of idolatry and the claims of Christianity. This conversation was never forgotten by Nainsukh, who, when he came to Juggernath, had an opportunity of testing the truth of many of his friend's remarks. They were soon obliged to part, as Nainsukh's party had determined to hasten their departure from the station; but Gopál followed them with his prayers, and young Nainsukh pondered deeply on the wonderful things he had heard. Gopál had promised that if they would call for him on their return, he would accompany them to their home; and Nainsukh cherished the hope that he should again enjoy the privilege of his friend's instructions. On the way the falsehood, deceit, and wicked conduct of the fakír, who called himself a holy man, served much to open the eyes of Nainsukh regarding the real character and teaching of these men. On arriving at Juggernath, he determined to make himself acquainted, as far as possible, with all that was done there, and to judge for himself. When he saw the indecent manner in which the worship of the great idol was conducted, the obscenity of the figures about the temples and other places, the avaricious and merciless conduct of the Pundahs and Brahmins, and the immoralities that were everywhere practised, he was quite shocked and disgusted. The conviction came strongly to his mind that all his friend Gopál had told him was true. More wickedness was perpetrated there in a single day than he had seen all his life before. It was impossible salvation could be obtained there, and he resolved, if possible, to learn more about the new way of which his friends had spoken.

On their return from Juggernath, Nainsukh's father was taken ill, and died at Hazaribagh. This painful event caused an alteration in the plans of the family. It had been agreed that Nainsukh should remain

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with a relative, a learned pundit in Benares, for a year or two, to be instructed more fully in the shásters; but the dying husband recommended his wife to hasten home with her two sons as speedily as possible, and not take the road through Dinapur, in order to avoid the Christians. The widow was very anxious to follow out this advice; but she considered it her duty to convey a portion of her husband's ashes, which had been gathered from the funeral pile, to Gya, and there to perform the usual ceremonies for deceased relatives. This being accomplished, it was considered desirable that they should go to Patna, where they could perform the requisite ablutions in the sacred waters of the Ganges. Nainsukh, who all along had been very desirous of revisiting Dinapur, now again urged his mother to take the road thither. He persuaded her that as most of their former companions had deserted them, and as Gopál had promised to accompany them, it was very desirable to secure his services, as he well knew the way. The mother yielded to her son's advice, and they took the road leading to Dinapur; but she nevertheless wished to avoid the company of the Christians, and resolved not to stay in the station longer than she could help. On reaching the outskirts of the village, it was remarkable that almost the first person Nainsukh met was Gopál. Truly glad was the good man to see his young friends, and speedily did he provide for the family suitable lodgings, and such things as they needed. Nainsukh now became a constant hearer and reader of the word of life. The native preacher Karím, as well as Gopál, were exceedingly zealous in endeavouring to explain to him the way of salvation by Christ. His mind became gradually enlightened, and his heart every day more deeply impressed by the truths of God's word. His mother was all anxiety to proceed on her journey; but he grew more and more anxious to find the way to everlasting life. Day after day did she urge her son to depart, but he daily grew more disinclined to leave his new friends. At length he came to the resolution of remaining altogether with the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. This almost broke his mother's heart, but he was firm. He made up his mind to give up his caste, his home, his father's property to which he was heir, his family connexions, his brother, yea, his dear mother too, for Christ's sake. Doubtless it was a hard struggle, but the Saviour's grace proved victorious. His weeping, mourning mother took her younger son, and assayed to return to her desolate home; but, after several futile attempts to pursue her journey, starting and returning again and again, she at length felt constrained to remain with her eldest son, of whom she was very fond. It was long before she could recover from her deep grief for the change in him, and her bitter dislike to Christianity. But God had mercy in store for her, and, after some years of enmity and opposition, the grace of that Saviour whom she so ignorantly opposed changed her heart, and she became a sincere, consistent, and lively Christian. She honoured Christ while she lived, and died rejoicing in the hope of being with Christ in glory.

After Nainsukh had remained some time on probation, he visited Monghyr, and was baptized there in the month of March 1818, by the Rev. J. Chamberlain, from whom also he received his early training for the work of an evangelist. After his baptism he was engaged in accompanying Mr. Chamberlain and the native preachers in their visits

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to the bazaars and villages, and in conversing with as many as would listen to him on the great and saving truths, in which he had professed his faith. But he did not then remain long at Monghyr. A lady who was a resident at Agra, on her return home, wished to take with her a native preacher, and applied for one. Mr. Chamberlain had sufficient confidence in the abilities and fidelity of Nainsukh to recommend him as suitable for the work. It was therefore arranged for him to go, and he began his mission without delay, by preaching and distributing tracts to such as would receive them, in the villages on the banks of the river, as he proceeded on his journey.

Having arrived at Agra, he entered on his work there with zeal and diligence. Without a European Missionary to direct or encourage him, and without any native-Christian companion, young and inexperienced as he was, he went forth alone into the bazaars and lanes, and visited the highways of the city, and the ghâts by the river-side, preaching everywhere Christ and Him crucified. No part of the town or its immediate neighbourhood did he leave unvisited with the Gospel message: the villages around also shared in his labours. To the Sepoys of one of the regiments then stationed there he found access, and a large number of them listened with interest to his preaching. Frequently were they engaged for hours together in reading the Scriptures and hearing them explained by Nainsukh. Of some he began to entertain hopes; but before any decided fruit appeared, the regiment was ordered away, and nothing was heard afterwards of those hopeful men. On one occasion Nainsukh was observed by an European officer amongst the Sepoys. After ascertaining his object, he abused him, and ordered him out of the lines; but Nainsukh answered with so much meekness and wisdom, that the officer became ashamed of his conduct, took Nainsukh up in his buggy, and drove him to his house, and there requested him to converse about Christianity with some of his domestics.

While engaged in preaching near one of the ghâts on the Jumna, he was one day violently assaulted by a wicked fakír, who, without being perceived by Nainsukh, went behind him, and struck him so severe a blow on the back of his head with a large pair of iron tongs, that he was stunned and fell to the ground. The fakír then took him up in his arms, and proceeded to cast him into the river; but he was restrained from doing so, by the remonstrances of the people, who reminded him what the consequences might be, as they were under the Company's rule. Thus the Lord was pleased to deliver his servant from the hands of a cruel fanatic, and to spare him for yet further service. This wretched man afterwards became friendly to Nainsukh, and seemed inclined to remain with him, and learn something of Christianity. But after staying a short time, he suddenly disappeared, leaving his tongs and other articles behind him; and Nainsukh never heard of him any more.

Nainsukh had received instruction from Mr. Chamberlain to confine his labours to Agra and the surrounding district, and by no means to go beyond the dominions of the Company. But he had a strong desire to preach the Gospel in Bhurtpur, which at that time was an independent state. Much at the risk of his own safety, he went, and, after some opposition, he succeeded in gaining an entrance into the city, in the open streets of which he continued to preach the Gospel for several days.

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Crowds came to listen to him, and many and bitter were his opponents, especially the Brahmins; but he had the satisfaction of proclaiming the way of salvation to a great number of persons, and of giving away some tracts and copies of the Scriptures. Observing that the behaviour of the Brahmins had suddenly changed towards him, and hearing them say that they would introduce him to the rajah the next day, he suspected they had some evil designs upon him; and at night he had a very alarming dream about being taken to the rajah and condemned to death. He awoke in the middle of the night exceedingly terrified, and arousing his companion, they both left the city at once, and fled to the territory of the British. To the end of his life he regarded this dream as a warning from God to make his escape from men who had been plotting his death.

In the last year of Nainsukh's residence in Agra, he went to preach the Gospel in the town of Gwalior. Here he met with a more pleasing reception. A pundit from this place having heard him preach in Agra, and being pleased with him, managed to have him invited to the residence of the maharajah, who was a man of liberal opinions, and entertained a number of learned men of different sects and persuasions about his court; and as long as Nainsukh remained there, he was lodged and liberally provided for. The maharajah was from home at the time, but Nainsukh found abundant employment in conversing on various subjects, bearing on religion and morals, with the learned men of the Court.

(*To be continued.*)

NOT SEEING, BUT BELIEVING.

"Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."—*John* xx. 29.

We saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,
O Saviour, this our sinful earth;
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,
And waken them to second birth:
Yet we believe that Thou didst come,
And quit for us Thy glorious home.

We were not with the faithful few
Who stood Thy bitter cross around;
Nor heard Thy prayer for those who slew;
Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground;
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side
But we believe that Thou hast died.

No angel's message met our ear,
On that first, glorious Easter-day;
"The Lord is risen, He is here;
Come, see the place where Jesus lay;"
But we believe that Thou didst quell
The banded powers of Death and Hell.

We saw Thee not return on high:
Nor yet our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Shines down upon our wilderness;
But we believe that Thou art there,
And seek Thee, Lord, with praise and prayer."

The Macedonian.

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CHINESE LIFE.

CHINESE life will now become better understood by us than previously, and we shall be enabled better to comprehend the character of this singular people, in whom such strong contrasts are to be found. Various journeys into the interior, by routes previously unattempted by Eu-



SCENE AT A MANDARIN'S TABLE.

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ropeans, have been accomplished; some of a very interesting character by the Bishop of Victoria, accompanied by one or other of our Missionaries and native catechists from Ningpo, which are being printed in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer;" and some by Missionaries of other denominations. One of the latter had its starting-point at Shanghae, and was commenced with the intention of visiting all the cities and towns along the banks of the grand canal, as far as the Yellow River.

The grand canal is 650 miles in length: it is of great importance to China, as by means of it, and the rivers which flow into it, an almost entire water communication is completed across the country from Pekin to Canton. Between the two great rivers, the Yang-tze and the Yellow River, which it connects, it is carried over an artificial mound of earth, kept together by stone walls, on the stability of which depends the safety of many cities and towns.

Along this canal are numbers of custom-houses, where suspicious persons are stopped, the most formidable of them being Hütz Gwan, about ten miles beyond Soochow. So certain were Europeans of being turned back at this point, that they were wont to take a circuitous route in order to avoid it. It was far otherwise on the occasion we speak of; for no sooner was it ascertained that four western barbarians were present, than the boat which lies across the river was swung open to give them entrance. The Europeans, as they advance into the country, must expect to be greeted for a time with that peculiar epithet which the Chinese have not yet unlearned, but which, after a season, will, we doubt not, give way to a more courteous one, at least so far as to distinguish the well-doing Europeans from others of a different stamp. As soon as the Chinese discover a foreigner in a boat or sedan chair, they cry out "Quei tze"—"Devil." One will say to another, "Behold! there is a little devil!" "Yes," is the reply: "he is, a real devil:" that is a foreigner, and not a long-haired rebel. Sometimes the greeting is varied to "Pak Quei-tze" or "white devil."

On entering a city, the foreigner is soon surrounded by a crowd. If they have the opportunity, they will form themselves in a ring about him, stooping, poking out their heads, and staring very hard, more particularly if the stranger's eyes are blue—a curiosity which they will fix their eyes upon for half an hour, every now and then looking at one another and laughing heartily. You must be careful to laugh with the crowd, else, if you lose your temper, you will probably be hooted and pelted. As the stranger moves along, the windows and doorways of the two-storied houses are crowded with faces, some full of contempt, others of wonder, others of fear. The fronts of Chinese shops are not closed like ours, and, as you pass along, you have an opportunity of seeing all that is within; and in the better class cities, as you advance from the suburbs into the interior, they are crowded with articles of great value and beauty. There are gorgeous and handsome silk fans. The fan is in common use among men and women of all ranks; in the southern parts almost all the year round; in other parts during summer. It may be seen in the belt of male and female, rich and poor, soldiers, scholars, and priests. In other shops, manufactured silks and crapes are plentiful, and of these materials are made the dresses of very many of both sexes. Besides may be seen, embroidered shoes, hats, caps,

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umbrellas, tobacco-pipes made of bamboo and nicely painted, porcelain of all kinds, and, in short, every article which Chinese life requires. Tea-houses and eating-houses abound. Very large shops are set apart for this purpose. "On the floors of these rooms stand square wooden tables, with benches and chairs sufficient to accommodate four or six people; and at the further end there is the kitchen, with ovens and stoves duly arranged, and bearing huge kettles, massive teapots, monster caldrons as large as yourself, all filled with hot water. Usually there is a good staff of waiters moving about, vigilant in their attentions, carrying small trays, with teacups of the warm decoction, and plates of cakes and dried fruits, &c. Less than a farthing will obtain a refreshing cup of comfort. At every town, morning and evening especially, the rooms are crowded."

Another feature in Chinese cities in which they resemble European cities, is the extent to which printed bills and placards are used. They may be seen on the gateways, of different sizes and shapes, acquainting "the gentry and citizens" or "ladies and gentlemen," of religious services, theatrical shows, magisterial orders, medical feats. As at home, they are not permitted to be affixed to private premises, and notices are put up to this effect—"Bills posted up will be daubed over:" "Placards will be torn down:" You are not allowed to placard here:" and sometimes the polite request, "Pray do not paste your bills here."

But what does China worship? We shall not, on the present occasion look into the temples, but into domestic life and family worship. It is new-year's eve. The members of the family are in their best attire. The principal room is tastefully lighted up, and looking unusually clean and tidy. In the centre stands a table, at other times used for ordinary purposes, on this occasion converted into a ceremonial one. At the top of it is set a high chair, over the back of which are thrown three distinct scrolls, with uncouth paintings to represent Shangte, the chief deity. Before these daubs are set three tea-cups and three cups of wines, offerings being usually placed before their idols in triplets. Further on are set twelve wine-cups, to signify the twelve months of the year. The rest of the table is spread with joints, vegetables, incense, candles, wine, sugar, new-year cakes, ornamental candles, and the *fulhe* offerings, *i. e.* offerings denoting happiness, and consisting of three sorts, fish, pork, and fowl. At the foot of the table, and on the floor, a red cushion is laid, upon which the worshippers are to kneel. The head of the family repeatedly kneeling, bows his head to the earth, continuing for some time in a kneeling posture, both his eyes cast to the ground, and his lips moving in prayer. Then come the sons, making like observances. Outside, at the firing of heavy crackers, painted scrolls, or a heap of silver paper, are burnt; while on the roof of the house a cup of wine, mixed with fulhe offerings, is emptied out, in gratitude to the demi-god Shinnung, who taught, it is supposed, mankind to cook their food, instead of eating it raw. The god of the kitchen also receives due attention. Then follows the worship of ancestors of the male branch only, their respective portraits being served with a bowl of rice, a cup of wine, and a pair of chopsticks. The conclusion of the ceremonies is a hearty supper, in which the whole family engages.

The worship of the dead is the chief superstition of China, and is ob-

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served chiefly in the month of April, when family groups set out to visit the family tombs. Neglected ghosts, it is thought, will haunt the houses of forgetful relatives. They must therefore be cared for, and provided with such things as it is thought they need—food and other comforts: gold and silver paper shaped as copper money, dollars and sycee bars: these, set on fire, pass through the smoke into the invisible world, where they become real money. Besides these, clothes, sedans, furniture made of pasteboard, are transferred to cloud-land for the use of the dead. The living relatives, having fulfilled the pious duty, hope to live the longer, and enjoy the more richly the good things of this life. What need is there not here of Gospel light to illuminate the thick darkness, and, instead of these dim and useless fables, give them the great realities of life and immortality as made known in Christ!

THE SECUNDRA CHRISTIANS.

THE Mission work at Agra, at the time of the outbreak, embraced two stations, that at the Kuttra in the city, and at the Secundra, at some distance from the city. At the Secundra is the tomb of the great Mogul Emperor, Akbar, by whom, in 1556, the city of Agra was founded, and after whom it is often called by the natives Akbarabad. The tomb is a magnificent pile, bearing on its highest story, on the very top, a spot paved with perfectly white and polished marble, on which is inscribed "Akbar."

Near this pile stood two other large tombs, one of them said to be that of Akbar's Christian wife. These had been fitted, up many years ago, as orphan refuges. In these the orphans, boys and girls, were lodged, and taught, and trained; and as they grew up, a Christian village was formed round the boys' refuge, consisting of four wide streets, corresponding with the four sides of the central building. The girls' refuge stood in the midst of a garden, enclosed by a wall. At the time of the outbreak there resided at this spot 428 native Christians, the largest flock of converts in North-west India. A printing press of a very superior kind was chiefly the means of giving them support.

Some few more particulars of what these poor people suffered at the time of the outbreak may not be uninteresting. Great alarm was felt at the Secundra during the month of May. A European lady, engaged in teaching the girls, has given some details. One night she was sitting "outside the press, to which, as it was a strong building, they all looked for a refuge in case of an attack, then hourly expected. The Christians took it by turn to go out in companies and keep watch for two hours at a time. It was a most interesting sight to see this little band, about ninety in number, all dressed in white cloths, with twenty Europeans and East Indians, who acted as officers, drawn up in four companies, in the centre of the square, with their uncovered heads, bent in devotion, and muskets lowered, while Stephen, the catechist, prayed with them, and then all united in the Lord's Prayer.

At one time it was thought the attack had commenced, and the lady went across the square to speak to the women, and beg of them to make no noise by crying; but although going with a desire to comfort others, she found them better able to comfort her. She was pale and trembling, but was met by the assuring words from one of the women, 'Cheer up,

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Missie, don't fear. By God's grace we have been hitherto preserved, and He will still protect us."*

It was so. On the memorable July 5th, 1857, when the European troops were compelled to retire into the fort from the overwhelming numbers of the mutineers, the Secundra Christians were admitted, but not until one of the Missionaries had declared, that if this were not done, he would go out to them, and his blood should flow with theirs. The women and children, about 240 in number, were first given entrance, and finally the men. They soon showed that they would prove no encumbrance, but a valuable help. They at once saved the medical stores from a house a mile distant from the fort, and supplied the place of above a thousand Hindú and Mohammedan servants, who, thinking the fort was about to be taken, had fled during the battle. The Christians were in continued request." Some baked the bread, some had charge of the guns, some were set over the workmen, and others were employed as carpenters. Poor people! during the first days of their stay in the fort, they were very badly off, scarcely a place to live in, with scanty food, all their little property being left behind, and lost. Such as were sickly and weak felt very keenly the loss of the comforts they had once enjoyed; others became ill from exertion and anxieties. But after a time, as the men obtained employment as family servants, or in the militia, their condition became more comfortable.

It should be mentioned that two of the Secundra families were obliged to remain in their houses. On the day when the church, schools, village, press-buildings, and dwellings were plundered and destroyed, they sought shelter in the neighbouring villages, and, after some days, succeeded in getting to the fort. The one family was Abel's, the teacher, and the other Daniel's, the native doctor.

During the six months of weary confinement in the fort, the Missionaries continued to collect the native flock for divine service on Sundays. A convenient place, however, could not be had, and they were constrained to gather under a tree, or, in unfavourable weather, in a verandah. Since tranquillity has been restored, and the Kuttra church repaired from the injuries it had sustained,* the Secundra Christians, to be near the church and schools, have taken lodgings close at hand.

There is an outstation to the Mission, called Runkutta. This little Mission, with its two Christian families, remained untouched by the hands of the wicked, during the time of the mutiny, while, in the surrounding villages, quarrels, fightings, and bloodshed were prevailing. The village is close to the high road, leading from Agra to Muttra, ten miles distant from the former. Several times bands of armed rebels were encamping near Runkutta, or passing through it, but no harm was done to our Christians. In the village itself there were many Mussulmans, chiefly butchers, residing, who were not friendly to our people, and had often threatened them that they would plunder and kill them. The heathen population, especially the most respectable zemindars, however, behaved nobly towards our Christian families: they guarded their

* Mrs. Weitbrecht's Missionary Sketches in North India, pp. 54, 55.

* See p. 37.

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houses, restrained the Mussulmans from violence, and would not allow them to leave the village, but promised to defend them if they should be attacked, to hide them or retreat with them if necessary. Thanks to the Lord, our people thus escaped. During the most disturbed time they could not venture to visit the surrounding villages, but limited their labours to Runkutta. The school continued to be visited by a few boys. As soon as the country became more settled, they extended their preaching excursions to the villages again, and were never molested by the people: the message of peace was, perhaps, heard with greater attention by many than before.

THE REV. H. BUDD—"IF I BE BEREAVED OF MY CHILDREN, I AM BEREAVED."

Some of our readers may remember, about two years ago, the circumstance of the death of one of the daughters of the Rev. Henry Budd, which occurred, at the cold season of the year, at the Cumberland Station. The poor child lingered in much suffering for some months, till it pleased Him who "doth not afflict in vain," to remove her to a better world. Her simple reliance in an unseen Saviour, and her strong faith that He was very near her in her affliction, and would shortly bring her to see Him face to face, were truly touching. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers," might be the appropriate prayer of every one who read the account as given by her bereaved father; but the faith, the submission, and the resignation of that father himself, was not the least thing to be noted. Let our readers imagine what it is to dwell in a remote cottage in that far northern land, and reflect what a tie must children be to parents there, and they will see the immensity of the loss when one of the little ones is taken from the parents' side. In the wilds of Rupert's Land there is, besides the souls of the poor scattered Indians, little to love, few beauties of nature, no bright blue skies, no scented breezes, no flowers, nothing but sterile deserts and vast snowy plains succeeding alternately, nothing but wide, solemn, sea-like lakes, unrelieved by the white sails of ships, and for more than half the year frozen. These are the physical features of Rupert's Land, and they are cheerless enough. No wonder, then, the parent contracts a double love to his offspring, till they become dearer to him than his own life—a love which many waters cannot quench, nor floods drown—love which is stronger than death.

Taking these thoughts into consideration, the loss of Mr. Budd's child was a sorrow indeed, and the submission of the parent more than an ordinary one. Doubtless, his consolation was more than ordinary too, for he needed it. We have now, with much sorrow, to record a like event. Mr. Budd has lost recently a *second* child, a son, who had been sent to the Red River for education, and therefore was taken away at a distance of three hundred miles from his father. The blow was indeed heavy, but the balm sent with it, efficacious. We shall let Mr. Budd himself tell us the state of his mind—

"*July* 13—Late in the night, two Indians arrived from the Cumberland Mission, with letters from the Red River and elsewhere, bringing us the truly melancholy news of my little boy's death, dear John West,

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who was in the Bishop's collegiate school, Red River. It is a heavy blow for us, the effects of which will, I fear, follow us to our grave. Among the letters I found an account of his hopeful end, which very much lessened our grief.

"*July* 14—We passed a very restless night: we could not sleep. We wished to sleep away our sorrow, but sleep fled from us. I tried to send back the men this morning after I got them ready. We could do nothing the whole of the day: we were as thunder-stricken. It was difficult to believe that he was indeed gone. Oh, what could we do now in this hour of affliction, were we not sustained by the blessed hope that he is gone to his Lord and Saviour, there to be happy with Him for ever. Hope, blessed hope! but for that we would be swallowed up with excessive grief.

"*July* 21—We are trying to go on and to get something done, but we can do but little: we can get no fish, only a few small ones, to enable us to get our work done, no Indians arriving to bring us any thing, either. But these are light afflictions when compared to what we are now suffering. Being cast among the savage heathen, grieved and vexed in soul by their continued hardness and stubbornness every day, and now to be plunged in want and scarcity, even for the support of the body, is but a mere trifle, and could have been endured ten thousand times over, if but my son, the son of my fondest hopes, could have been spared to me. But methinks I hear my Saviour quelling the storm with, 'Peace, be still!' 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'"

Yet these are not all his afflictions. We are reminded with great regret of the feeble health of Mr. Budd's *eldest* son, now in England. He accompanied the Bishop to this country in 1856, but his health has severely suffered while he has been among us. It is proposed that he shall leave England as soon as possible, with a view to rejoin his father.

Mr. Budd and his family have great claims upon the sympathies and the prayers of Christians at home. God has a purpose in his visitations, and is waiting to be besought of his people. May not that hand which has brought such grief upon our brother in Rupert's Land only be waiting to be besought, that it may send blessings tenfold, temporal and spiritual?

HEAVENLY JEWELS.

Isa. lxii. 3; Mal. iii. 17.

Of all the labours that on this dim shore
Vex the sad soul of man, there is but one,
Whose blossoms fade not, when that work is done,
But shine like stars in heaven, for evermore.

We toil and strive for that we may not keep:
Our gourds must die. The joys we call our own
We cannot stay. They vanish from our sight,
And tribulations come, and mourners weep.

And God has willed it so: pris'ners we are,
And must not love our chains, but, longing wait,
Until the Angel come, the iron gate
To open, and to loose th' unwilling bar.

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Then shall the fruits of heavenly toil be seen:
High on the Saviour's brow a crown shall gleam,
Studded with jewels. Some of brightest beam,
Set in a frame of sorrow here had been;

And some beneath the waves of sin were found,
Brought from its depths and some had been reveal'd
By lightning flash of truth—in caves conceal'd,
Or hammered from the rock that held them bound.

See how their several hues together flow,
Like varied tones forming one song of praise;
Pearls, that in meekness cloud their gentle rays;
Rubies, that in their zeal and ardour glow;

Sapphires, as heaven's blue vault, true and sincere;
And jasper, emblem of eternal light;
Emeralds, in peaceful kindliness so bright,
And diamonds, types of holiness, appear.

These are a crown of glory to our king,
And these the fruit of patient labour here.
How blest to those enchained by guilt and fear
Glad tidings of redeeming love to bring;

To labour for a Saviour whom we love,
Weaving victorious chaplets for our king;
How blest these precious souls to Him to bring,
And see them bloom eternally above!

SOME ACCOUNT OF NAINSUKH, FOR MANY YEARS A NATIVE PREACHER AT MONGHYR.

(*Continued from p.* 48.)

AFTER three years' residence at Agra, Nainsukh quitted it for Monghyr. In his way down the river he almost daily preached in the villages. When the boat put to in the evening he would sometimes persuade the lady who accompanied him to go into the village with him, in order to draw out the village females, and so to gain an opportunity of preaching to them. This plan often succeeded well, and, to his great delight, he often found himself surrounded with a large and an attentive congregation of both sexes and all ages.

At Monghyr he again enjoyed for a season the privilege of Mr. Chamberlain's instruction and superintendence. By him he was sent to preach in the neighbouring villages, towns, and melas; and on one of these preaching journeys he ascended the Kasí river, and found so much employment in the numerous villages on the banks of that stream, that he was absent for several months, and was reduced to great straits for provisions. But happily he reached the house of a planter, who knew him, and who gladly supplied his wants, and made him preach to his household and factory servants. As nothing had been heard of him by his friends at home, they began to fear he was lost, or that some accident had befallen him. But greatly were they delighted to see him return safely, and to hear his account of his journey. When the health of Mr. Chamberlain failed, and he was compelled to leave the station, to which

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he never returned, Nainsukh greatly assisted another native brother in carrying on Mission work there.

In these labours he continued with unabated energy, until the arrival of the Rev. A. Leslie, who was Mr. Chamberlain's successor. To Mr. Leslie he proved a most valuable assistant, and, after the death of Hingham Misser, he was the ablest and most efficient native preacher at the station. He was ever ready to address the little band of native Christians at their regular meetings, or to go into the bazars or streets of the town, or to converse with those who visited him for religious inquiry at his own house, or to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the ignorant village rustics. Whether at home or abroad, whether he went out in company with the Missionary, or only with a native brother, he never lost sight of his much-loved work of preaching the Gospel. When Mr. Leslie visited the Bhagulpur hills, on a mission to the Paharies, Nainsukh accompanied him, and there he, as well as Mr. Leslie, took the jungle fever, from which he did not entirely recover until he had once more visited Agra, where the climate is very similar to that of his native country. On his journey up the river he was too feeble to preach much; but after remaining some weeks at Agra, the fever entirely left him, his strength and spirits returned, and his health was gradually restored. He could no longer remain idle, and therefore put himself under the direction of the Missionary, who was glad to avail himself of his assistance. A little before that time the Chitaura native church had been formed, and the inquirers were then rather numerous. Nainsukh was delighted to witness the progress the cause of Christ seemed to be making there; and most cheerfully did he exert himself to assist the pastor in instructing the inquirers, and in encouraging and strengthening the members of the church. He so endeared himself to the people, that they tried hard to persuade him to remain permanently amongst them; but this he did not feel it to be his duty to do. He also accompanied the Missionary in his visits to the surrounding villages. In village preaching he always felt much at home; and so highly was he appreciated for this work, that the brethren at Agra would most gladly have retained him amongst them, and have given him a much higher salary than he had ever received; but he had given his word to return to Monghyr, and his heart was there. After spending some months at Agra, his health became fully restored: he therefore bade a grateful adieu to his kind friends there, and hastened once more to the station where he had so long lived and laboured.

He left his home in January 1845, and returned to it at the close of the same year. And now he seemed to be more diligent and earnest than ever. He needed no prompting: he was always ready for his work. The salvation of the heathen, and the prosperity of the little church with which he was connected, lay near his heart; and for these he constantly prayed and laboured. While at home he regularly preached, in one, and sometimes in both, the native chapels, on the Sabbath-days. He watched over the native members with the kindness and care of a father, and as such they venerated him. In their troubles and afflictions he was ready to sympathize with them, to visit them, and to pray with them. If any wandered from the right way, it grieved him to the heart. And no one more than he rejoiced

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over the returning penitent. If disputes arose, he was anxious and, grieved until they were settled; and would do all he could to promote peace. Over inquirers he watched with great interest, and by his kind and persuasive manner and apposite instruction he often did much to bring them forward. And great was his delight when he saw any earnestly seeking for the salvation of their souls, and ready to avow their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The native church at Monghyr owes much to his faithful labours and watchful care. And how constantly and faithfully he preached the Gospel in every part of the town and neighbourhood, and with what result, the day of the Lord will reveal.

In the months of February, March, and April, 1857, Nainsukh, in company with Mr. M'Cumby and another brother, went a very long journey in the Purneah district. They visited some hundreds of villages, several large melas, and many very large markets, preached the Gospel to some thousands of persons, and distributed a large number of Scriptures and tracts. This was our lamented brother's last journey. He underwent so much fatigue, and exerted himself so beyond his strength, that his already somewhat failing health gave way. Soon after his return he was attacked with jaundice. For some weeks nothing serious was apprehended; and when the disease appeared to be gaining ground, medical aid was most kindly afforded by the civil surgeon of the station, Dr. Duka, who did all that skill and kindness could dictate to relieve the sufferer; but it was not the will of God to prolong the life of his servant on earth. His work was done. The time for him "to rest from his labours" was now come.

But it pleased the Lord that the last few days of his servant's life should be days of severe suffering. There was, however, no fretfulness or impatience, no murmuring or complaining. The grace of his Saviour enabled him to bear all as a "good and faithful servant." After a paroxysm of distressing pain he would exclaim, "Blessed be God!" "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." "The conflict is severe," it was remarked. "O yes," he said: "death *is* a severe conflict, but the victory is sure: thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" He was very anxious once more to see his brother Kásí, and dictated him a most touching letter. After telling him to come without delay, as he had but a little time to live, he says, "I am quite ready for the summons of my precious Saviour. O, my dearest Lord! I long to reach home quickly." Finding his strength fast declining, and the difficulty of speech increasing, he said to the sorrowing friends around his couch, I shall not be able to say much more to you: remember, this is my dying advice. My dear sisters, live in love to each other, and let your conduct be such that it may do honour to the Lord Jesus Christ among your heathen neighbours: all of you strive to do good and to win souls to Christ. Remember what the apostle said, "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, saveth a soul from death." Addressing two aged brethren, he said, "Do not be harsh with any that may be unruly, but try to win them by love." "Take care," he said to the Missionary, "of the weak lambs of the flock." Observing his wife to be weeping, he said, "Do not grieve and distress yourself on my account; sorrow not as those without hope: all is well. I shall soon be happy, and God will provide for you." He then requested

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a friend engage in prayer, after which he appeared as if calmly waiting and longing for his dismission. He survived, however, for several days longer; and feeling at intervals some little relief from pain he would make an effort to speak a word in season to any who might be near him. He seemed most grateful for every attention that was shown him; and begged forgiveness of any to whom he thought he might have given offence. And when he could no longer speak, he still listened with evident satisfaction to the voice of prayer. Two days before his death, his brother Kásí arrived, but he was no longer able to converse. His sufferings had somewhat abated, but he was so weak that his speech and hearing had almost failed: still by signs he intimated that all was peace within. At length the hour of his dismission came, when this "good and faithful servant entered into the joy of the Lord."

"He, being dead, yet speaketh:" his name and his character will never be forgotten by his brethren; and long will they live in the remembrance of a large number of his fellow-countrymen. The European members of the church showed their affection and respect for our departed brother, by attending his funeral, and by erecting a plain tomb, with an inscription, over his grave. He was indeed respected and beloved by all who knew him. He had his weaknesses and his faults; but who on earth has not? Rather let God be praised for all that was good in him, and let his virtues be imitated.—*Abridged from the Oriental Baptist.*

RECAPTURED SLAVES AT ST. HELENA.

THE United States' steamer "Powhattan," on her voyage to Japan the latter end of last year, touched at St. Helena. A short time previously a slave-ship was captured by the British steam schooner "Alecto," and brought into St. Helena. She was not taken until after a hard chase of thirteen hours, and repeated shots from the "Alecto," and, even then, such was her great sailing power, that she would have escaped but for a calm. She had made eleven successful voyages, and was captured on the twelfth.

Now our readers may not be aware that there is an establishment at St. Helena for the reception of recaptured negroes. Slavery existed at St. Helena some fifty years ago, as in other British dependencies; and, as early as 1800, a fund was established for the relief of aged and infirm slaves. In 1825, the benefit of this fund was extended to all classes and colours on an improved plan. In 1832, the East-India Company purchased the freedom of all the slaves on the island, 644 in number. In 1840, slaves recaptured on the coast of Africa were brought to St. Helena, and an establishment organized for their reception in Rupert's Valley. This establishment, with its inmates, the negroes recaptured by the "Alecto," is thus described by an individual on board the "Powhattan"—

A boat, dashing along under the impulse of strong arms, was soon at Rupert's Valley, and I was among the Africans. A strong wall is carried across the valley close down to the shore, behind which batteries

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are erected, while two mountain ridges enclose the narrow valley, not above a quarter of a mile wide, and Longwood, the house in which Napoleon lived and died, appears high up at the head. Upon reaching the top of the wall by a flight of steps, strange scenes all at once broke upon the eye—the negro houses, considerable in size, neat within and without; the long one-story-hospitals; and, more than all, at that very moment, all the Africans drawn up in three ranks, according to age and sex, for muster and inspection. The superintendant of the establishment had the roll-call in his hands, from which he called the names in the language of the Africans, sometimes, as I observed, making a mistake, or unable to pronounce them, when a sturdy negro came up who understood both African and English, and relieved him by calling out the names in a loud voice. I walked among them; I scrutinized them; and though they were uncivilized and semi-barbarous negroes, brought to Congo from the regions of the interior, though I saw thick lips, and noses almost sunk to a level with the face, and skins very black, I did not see, with a single exception, one face which indicated ill-nature. All were decently and comfortably dressed each one having two good blankets and two suitable suits of clothes given by the English Government when brought to the island. They are fed as well as the soldiers of the garrison, and have masters to teach them English. The hospital was a long, clean, and well-ventilated structure, and, as I was glad to see, nearly unoccupied. About 150 died on board the slaver before it was taken, and the physician assured me that hardly one would have been found alive a fortnight later, if the vessel had not been captured. Dysentery is the fatal disease of the slave-ship, from which few, when attacked, recover.

When the slaver left the coast of Africa, she had on board 650 slaves, of whom about 500 were brought to St. Helena, the remainder having sickened and died on the passage. Above 300 of the recaptured Africans were located in this place, some having been taken as domestics by inhabitants of the island. I did not see an old man, or woman, or more than one or two who had reached middle age. *All nearly were children,* or youths between fourteen and eighteen years of age. The young are bought with avidity by the slave-dealers for the reason that they occupy less space in the ship, and are more likely to live, and bring better prices. Seventy-seven of those I saw were females, of whom thirty were young girls. Some of them covered their faces, and one laughed in my face; while a touching sight was seen in a little girl, a child even, who threw her arms around the neck of another of her own age, and seemed to be weeping. When the muster broke up, I was startled by sudden and strange noises, and, looking round, saw the crowd throwing up their caps, screaming, jumping, and scampering in all directions, with every expression of buoyant and happy spirits. The superintendant said the scene of misery could not be described as presented by the slaver when she arrived, or the wretchedness of these same neat and happy individuals we now saw when they were first brought to Rupert's Valley.

[We want to know what is done for these liberated Africans in the way of religious instruction.]

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DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE CHINESE.

A PARTY of English gentlemen were invited by a chief official at Ningpo to take an ordinary tiffin, and they gladly availed themselves of this opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the peculiarities of a genuine feast at a native table. Some supposed they would be enter-



CHINESE PEDLAR EXHIBITING HIS WARES.

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tained with puppy-flesh, earth-worms, rats and mice swimming in hogs'-lard; but when the time came, they were agreeably disappointed. "First came hot rolls and sweet cakes; next, sweetmeats, vari-coloured eggs, and candied marrow-bones; then duck, fowl, beef, kid, and pork; lastly, fish, soup, and rice; besides the table was loaded with fresh and dried fruits, and abundance of the best wine the Chinese can boast of. The only unpleasant thing which disflavoured their fountain of contentment was, that while each had a plate, a bowl, and chop-stick, we all had to take in common out of one central dish." Chinese spoons and silver forks were, however, brought to the assistance of those who could not ply the "nimble lads" (chop-sticks).

The invitation to dinner is sent some days before, written on a slip of red paper like a visiting card, and reading thus—"On the —— day, a trifling entertainment will await the light of your countenance. Tsan Sanwei's compliments." "Another card is sent on the day itself, stating the hour of dinner, or a servant comes to call the guests. The host, dressed in his cap and robes, awaits their arrival, and, after they are all assembled, requests them to follow his example, and lay aside their dresses of ceremony. The usual way of arranging guests is by twos on each side of small uncovered tables, placed in lines. On some occasions, however, a single long table is laid out in a tasteful manner, having pyramids of cakes alternately with piles of fruits and dishes of preserves, all covered more or less with flowers, and the table itself hidden partly from view by nosegays and leaves. If the party be large, ten minutes or more are consumed by the host and guests going through a tedious repetition of requests and refusals to take the highest seats, for not a man will sit down until he sees the host first filling his chair, for it is considered a breach of etiquette for a visitor to be seated before his host."

The civilization of China is imperfect. It could not be otherwise, because Christianity, the true element of civilization, is wanting. Amongst many other defects which might be pointed out, the condition of the female portion of the population is prominent. Although not so enslaved and secluded as in India, yet they are below their true position in society; nor are they so dealt with as to be capable of exercising that beneficial influence which in Christian countries it is their happy privilege to use. In her own domestic circle, a Chinese female, in the character and duties of daughter, wife, or mother, finds as much employment, and probably as many enjoyments, as the nature of her training has fitted her for. The young Chinese lady is excluded by the strict rules of society from forming any of those acquaintances and friendships among her own sex, which would tend to enlarge her sympathies towards others: she is confined to the circle of her relatives and immediate neighbours. This privacy impels her to learn as much of the world as she can; and if she be rich, her curiosity is gratified through maid-servants, watchmakers, pedlars, and others.

Our engraving represents a Chinese pedlar exposing his tempting wares to a lady of rank. In our own country such pedlars carry only inferior articles, and no lady of position is a purchaser; but in China the reverse appears to be the case.

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AN EXAMPLE FOR PIOUS STUDENTS.

WHILE on a tour in the early part of 1854, soon after reaching a rest-house one morning, near the line between the Madura and Tinnevelly districts, I received a call from an English Missionary, who had put up at another place in the same village. He remained but a few minutes, but, before leaving, proposed that we should unite in prayer for the blessing of God upon our labours. I invited him to dine with me in the afternoon, and he accepted the invitation. I gave him my only chair, at my little touring table, and my only tumbler for drinking, while I sat upon my cot and used a tea-cup. We, however, partook of our humble meal with a good relish, and, at its close, united again in prayer. We then parted, he going in one direction and I in another, both seeking opportunities to declare the Gospel message.

This meeting made an impression upon my mind never to be effaced. I had never met a man in whom learning, refinement, love, humility, and a self-denying spirit, seemed all combined in so high a degree.

This Missionary was the Rev. T. G. Ragland, B. D. He came to India first in 1845, and spent several years in Madras as Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in South India. On account of impaired health, it became necessary for him to visit England, and he returned at the commencement of 1854, not to live as Secretary in the city, but to labour as an itinerant Missionary among the degraded idolaters of North Tinnevelly.

He was unmarried, and lived in a tent, travelling from place to place in his district, endeavouring to make known the Gospel to all classes. Being a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, (one of his associates told me that, as a scholar, he was one of the first four out of four hundred students,) he supported himself upon an allowance derived from this source, without aid from any Missionary Society. His labours were unremitted until last July, when he became troubled with a cough, and was obliged, as he then thought temporarily, to leave his tent, and refrain from preaching. He continued to labour, however, writing and keeping the accounts of the Mission, up to the very hour in which he was unexpectedly called to a higher sphere of labour.

The following is from a note dated Oct. 28th, received from one of his associates, who had left his tent on account of the rains, and joined Mr. Ragland three days before his death. "We had just finished our usual mid-day prayers, on Friday last, with the servants. Immediately after, I heard him call me from the bath-room. I ran up and found him spitting blood. He begged me not to be alarmed, and, as he walked with me to the nearest cot, uttered a few short earnest petitions, the blood coming forth more and more freely. Then, taking off his coat, and saying with a clear voice and heavenly smile, 'Jesus,' he let me lay him down on the cot, turned over on one side, drew up his feet, and went at once into the presence of the Lamb."

He rests from his labours, and who will say that his life has been vain? Who will say that his distinguished talents and his high attainments have been thrown away or misdirected? Surely not those among the dark-minded pagans brought by him to the Lamb of God; not the Missionaries who have been animated by his bright example; not the Master

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whom he served, at whose feet he laid his honours, and whose glory he now shares! "Go, and do thou likewise."

Madura Journal of Missions. J. H.

PRESS ON.

Be brave, my brother!
Fight the good fight of faith,
With weapons proved and true:
Be faithful and unshrinking to the death,
Thy God will bear thee through;
The strife is terrible, yet 'tis not, 'tis not long;
The foe is not invincible, though fierce and strong.

Be brave, my brother!
The recompense is great,
The kingdom bright and fair;
Beyond the glory of all earthly state,
Shall be the glory there.
Grudge not the heavy cost, faint not at labour here,
'Tis but a lifetime at the most, the day of rest is near.

Be brave, my brother!
He whom thou servest, slights
Not ev'n his weakest one;
No deed though poor shall be forgot,
However feebly done.
The prayer, the wish, the thought, the faintly spoken word,
The plan that seemed to come to naught, each has it own reward.

Be brave, my brother!
Enlarge thy heart and soul,
Spread out thy free glad love:
Encompass earth, embrace the sea,
As does that sky above.
Let no man see thee stand, in slothful idleness,
As if there were no work for thee in such a wilderness.

Be brave, my brother!
Stint not the liberal hand,
Give, in the joy of love;
So shall thy crown be bright, and great
Thy recompense above;
Reward—not like the deed, that poor weak deed of thine,
But like the God Himself who gives, eternal and divine.

ACCOUNT OF ISSACHAR, A NATIVE CATECHIST AT SAHARANPUR, NORTH INDIA.

It is with sincere sorrow we record the death of Issachar, one of the ablest native preachers I have ever known. He was a man of humble birth, but of rare natural abilities. Born and brought up a Hindú, he had not only worshipped idols himself, but he had instructed others to perform this degrading service, and had even aspired to be a priest and leader to the low caste with which he mingled. He laboured from his earliest youth to become acquainted with the tangled and mystical web, so finely and elaborately spun out in the Hindú Shasters. Convinced,

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at last, that these were but a confused mass of contradictions and impurities, he soon became a Vedantist, travelling over many parts of Northern India and the Punjab, to learn from Pundits and Fakírs as much of the system as possible; but still he was not satisfied with a system in which he had detected so many contradictions. His memory was so retentive that he seemed to have at perfect command all that he had ever read or heard. The more he read, or heard, or saw of Hindúism, the darker the clouds seemed to gather around him. At last, about eight years ago, the "*Sut Mut Narupun*," or, An Inquiry Concerning the True Religion, being a prize essay in Hindú, of about three hundred pages, fell into his hands. He read it with avidity and delight. It was just the book to suit his case, and the blessed means of his conversion. Having read it so often, he had it almost by heart, and from it he drew the arguments which he wielded with so much power.

He was afterwards engaged as a Catechist, and for nearly four years he laboured, from day to day, with the greatest ability, and with general acceptance among the people. No learned Pundit has been able to stand before him in argument for a quarter of an hour. He would soon let them know that he understood the ins and outs and strange tortuosities of the Shasters as well as themselves, and then they would stand in mute astonishment, gazing on a man with the plainest of faces, but with the best replenished mind they had ever encountered—a man possessed of the greatest ability to employ what that mind contained in refuting their high pretensions, and exposing the gross absurdities and impure morals of their sacred books. On these occasions he would quote largely from the Vedas and Purans, giving slokas most appropriate to the point in hand, and which his opponents could not gainsay. Then, closing up his arguments on that side, he would open out the Gospel plan of salvation with a clearness and fulness, backed with a "Thus saith the Lord," from the sacred Scriptures, so as to fix every eye upon him, and chain the audience at his will. So long as he spoke, there were but few who could leave the assembly, while many would gather around to listen to an oratory and an utterance of truth to which they had not been accustomed.

Accompanying a Missionary to the Hurdwar fair, he day by day spoke with his accustomed ability to large crowds of pilgrims. On the morning of the 9th, about sunrise, he went to the bazaar, and soon put to silence the host of objectors that surrounded him; nor did they quit the ground, as might be supposed, when overwhelmed by arguments they could not answer, but remained attentive, often looking significantly at each other when their arguments were being swept away like cobwebs. Returning to the tent shortly afterwards, he proposed to the other native assistants to take a bath in the canal, a swift stream near the camp, and running parallel with the Ganges. Some of the others, seeing the violence of the torrent, began to hesitate, when he, in his usual bold manner, dashed in with a design to swim across, but the force of the current swept him along, and prevented him from reaching the opposite bank. He was seen struggling in the current, about half a mile from the place he entered, but finally he sank, and his associates lost sight of him, and nothing more was seen of him alive. Having offered a reward to any one that might find the body, in a short time it

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was discovered below the dam. The soul had gone to God who gave it, and we doubt not but it was received by that Saviour who had redeemed and sanctified it by his precious blood. The body was next day interred in the little Mission burying-ground, surrounded by the weeping members of the church, and many others. Even the heathen seemed moved by the sudden death of one they highly respected. His labours among them are at an end, but their results will never end.—

The Foreign Missionary.

MARRIAGE OF HINDU WIDOWS.

As indicating a gradual change of sentiment in India, against one of the long-established and ruinous customs of Hindú society, which has forbidden the re-marriage of widows, we take the following from an Indian newspaper.

The Commissioner of Burdwan has reported to Government that nine instances of widow marriages had taken place in that district. The average age of the girls when first married was only five years; when left widows, seven years; and when re-married, ten years. Two of these young ladies are of Brahmin families, and the fathers in each instance personally gave their daughters in marriage according to the Hindú custom. All were celebrated with great publicity; but as some of the principal residents of the villages evinced a disposition to interfere, and forcibly carry off the brides in the hope of putting an end to the contemplated marriages, the Deputy Commissioner was petitioned on the subject, and the police were accordingly instructed to prevent any thing like a breach of the peace. The ceremony was in consequence performed without any unpleasant disturbance. It is understood that the guardians of a very large number of respectable Hindú widows, in the neighbourhood of the same place, are exceedingly anxious to have their wards re-married.

NAZARETH.

The town of Nazareth lies on the western side of a narrow oblong valley about twenty miles in length and ten in breadth. The houses are raised on the lowest slope of the western hill, which rises steep and high above them. They are generally well built, and of stone, with flat roofs, without domes.

The view from the hill above Nazareth is very beautiful. Beneath lies the noble plain of Esdraelon; to the left, rising above the hills, Mount Tabor is seen, and Mount Carmel, stretching towards the sea; in front, the Mediterranean; and, in the north, spreads a beautiful and verdant plain, backed by long ridges of hills overtopped by mountains.

This town, around which so many scriptural remembrances are thrown, was occupied as a station by the Church Missionary Society in 1850. There is now under the care of our Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Zeller, a congregation of 127 native Protestants, together with

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thirty-eight more at two sub-stations—Kefr-Kana (John ii.) and Jaffa, of whom thirty-two are communicants. Mr. Zeller is enabled to report encouraging symptoms of progress.

Though we cannot speak of conversions, in the full sense of the word, there are clear evidences of impressions made by the Word of God, especially on younger people. The consciences of some seem to have been awakened, and the good purposes and convictions of many seem to have been strengthened. Several members of the congregation showed a sincere desire to become partakers of the blessings of the Holy Communion. Our Protestants are regular in their attendance at Divine Service, and willingly receive the public and private exhortations and reproofs of the Missionary. The state of morality gives us general satisfaction. There is undoubtedly a progress, though a slow one, in the spirit and life of our congregation. . . .

A favourable sign is, the great number of people who want to be received into our congregation. . . . The propensity of the Greeks and Latins to leave their churches is by all means a proof that the work in Nazareth has not been without effect, and that the spell which held the Christians bound under the thraldom of their priests and superstition has lost much of its power. Our Mission has already become a stumbling-block to Satan, and, although indirectly, the most powerful barrier against oppression and much wickedness; for, in another respect, the increasing importance and influence of our work becomes evident, viz. in the increasing prosperity of Nazareth; a feature especially calling our attention, inasmuch as it is rare on the coast of Syria, particularly rare in inland towns. The beginning of this happy change bears about the same date with the opening of our Mission, seven years ago. Before that time, many of the inhabitants left their homes, and settled elsewhere, on account of the oppression and exaction of the Governors. But many begin to return; for, by the interest which the agents of foreign powers begin to take for Nazareth, unjust taxes were abolished, and the arbitrariness of the Government checked. Thus it came to pass, that the Christian population became three times as strong as the Mohammedan party. During the year, forty houses were built, and about twenty-five marriages celebrated. But, more nearly related to our work, whereas, seven years ago, there existed only three schools, with about 150 children, there are now eight boys'-schools, and two girls'-schools, with altogether about 400 children. The barbarity of the people is much softened; the interest in religious subjects much excited; and the light of God's word begins to dispel some of the clouds and darkness.

ILESA IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY, AND ITS KING.

THE cruelties of the heathen are no new features to bring before our readers. But we question if the religious atrocities even of India surpass those still practised at the town of Ilesa in the Yoruba country.

The Rev. David Hinderer, our Missionary at Ibadan, visited that town last August for the first time. Having secured a lodging, he tells

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us that it was rather late before his party were settled in their new abode. Wearied with their journey, they were desirous of rest; but just as they were going to bed, their African friends—the people of the compound—that is, of the court-yard in which they had found shelter, began dancing, and drumming, and singing, and kept up their performances till after midnight. They seemed to be rejoicing at the Missionary's arrival amongst them.

"The white man of the king has arrived,
Now the world will become straight,"

formed a part of one of their songs. They seemed to have a general notion, that, from the time of the commencement of the slave-hunting wars, a god of confusion has reigned in their country, but that the white man's God will put the world, which now lies in confusion, to rights again. Well might they suppose *any* religion was better than their own, for their sufferings from it for generations had been beyond relief.

"Ilesa," Mr. Hinderer writes, "is one of the larger towns of the country; but at least half the houses lie in ruins, owing to war without and oppression within. I have never seen in this country a place so well fortified. The wall is at least fifteen feet high, and no less than six thick, with a trench around it about twenty feet deep. *Hundreds of human skulls are tempered into this wall.* At the north gate I counted upwards of a hundred, all which are those of war captives. It is awful to think the walls were originally built with the sacrifice of two human beings, who were walled up alive. These were none other than the first-born son and daughter of the then reigning king!

"The most awful thing is the wholesale slaughter of men, women, and children, on the occasion of the death of a king. My host, his first servant (or slave), with several of his household, will have to die with the present king, if they live till his death. I saw also twelve little boys with brass rings on their ankles: they, together with the same number of girls, will have to die with him too, and many others. If the girls come of age before the death of the king, they may be given in marriage; and then other twelve little ones are chosen in their stead. These poor victims have to be buried with the king, in the same grave, some under, some on both sides of him, and some at his head and feet.

"But by far the most dreadful fate is that of two individuals, who have to be *buried alive* with him, one sitting over his head, and the other at his feet, with burning lamps in their hands. The grave is generally a large vault dug in the ground: the undertaker has to put a ceiling to it before he covers it with earth, so that the whole is like a room under ground. And in order that the lampholders may not escape by a bargain with the undertaker, *their legs are to be broken* before they take their seat near the king's body. This calamity may soon befall those poor people and children, for the king is by no means a young man. But if a Missionary were there, he would no doubt prevail on the king to give up such practices, provided the under chiefs would submit to it; for he is a very kind man, and a man of tender feelings towards sufferers, which, according to what was told me, he has shown lately on several occasions.

"One of my constant visitors was the king's own son, a little boy of

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about four or five years old. On the first day of his visiting me, as he was sitting on the ground, looking intently on me, and all I did, for hours, he was called to his dinner, when he answered boldly, 'I shall not come: I don't want to eat: here I shall sit and look at the white man till my eye is satisfied." And on my leaving Ilesa, his grandmother had to tie him on her back, for he would try and run after me, saying he must go with me.

"My African scripture-reader, H. Johnson, seems to have been deeply impressed with the fierce character of the Ijesa tribes; for one evening, as we were conversing together, he exclaimed, 'I tell you for true, he who comes to teach these people, he must be like Daniel.' On my asking what he meant, he answered, 'Me tell you master, if he no able for stop the lion's mouth, he no do for this people.'"

How important is it that Missionaries may be soon sent to Ilesa, where, in their double part of teachers and mediators, these almost unexampled horrors may cease.

PECULIARITIES OF CHINESE MISSIONARY WORK—CHINESE ROMANISM.

China is open, and 380 millions of people, so far as external hindrances are concerned, are accessible to the Christian Missionary. The mind is almost overpowered by the vastness of the field of labour; and the thought arises, How shall we ever obtain Missionaries in sufficient numbers to operate effectively on such masses of human beings? We answer, China must be evangelized by preachers raised up from amongst the Chinese themselves. To raise up the native agency is the proper work of the European Missionary. His business in China will be, not so much to raise up churches, as to draw forth the native evangelists. Now there is no part of the world where, if we do not err in our judgment, evangelists are likely to be raised up with so much facility as in China. Large bodies of men are already educated. We do not mean after the European fashion, but with that kind of education which is best fitted to make them useful among their countrymen. In other fields, when men are converted they must be trained and educated before they can be used as helpers in the Gospel. But in China there are numbers, who, on their conversion, are found to be already educated. They are possessed of powers of reasoning and fluency of speech, and need only to receive sufficient instruction in Christianity to prove all which we could wish.

In our little flock at Ningpo, consisting of sixty-two converts, men, women, and children, there are as many as five evangelists. The following account by our Missionary, the Rev. W. A. Russell, of the manner in which one of them has been made instrumental in the conversion of a Chinese Romanist, will suffice to show that they are workmen that need not to be ashamed.

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Ningpo, Jan. 26, 1859—I send you an account of some interviews which have lately taken place between our catechist, Bao sëen-sang, and a Chinese gentleman, who has been some years in connexion with the Romanists of this place. I think it may prove interesting to our friends at home, as it exhibits Protestantism and Popery from the Chinese point of view. The account is a literal translation of one prepared for me by the catechist at my suggestion. It is as follows—"On the third day of the twelfth month, according to English reckoning, the fifth day of the week (Friday, Dec. 3), a man came to my house to make inquiries on the subject of religion. He appeared to be a respectable person of the literary class. He opened the conversation by asking, 'Where lies the difference between the doctrines of your religion of Jesus, and those of the religion of the Lord of heaven?' [Protestantism and Popery.] I said, 'The difference is very great: the followers of the religion of the Lord of heaven have made many fictitious additions to the truth, whereas we have not in the least deviated from it. We follow altogether the very words of Jesus?' I said, 'We have the testimony of his book.' He said, 'Will you be good enough to let me see it?' I then presented him with a copy of the Scriptures. He said, 'Why, this is Chinese: a mere translation made here: how can it be regarded as genuine?' I said, 'It can be regarded as genuine: I have examined into the matter myself; there has not been the change of a single letter." He said, 'How have you examined into the matter? Do you mean to say that you are acquainted with foreign letters?' 'I have a translation in the Roman character, in which translation I myself took a part: not a single letter has been changed.' He said, 'Well, then, let it be so: may I now ask what you think of the religion of the Lord of heaven?' I said, 'It is very like the Buddhist religion.' He said, 'But in the religion of the Lord of heaven they have no Buddha.' I said, 'They have images like the Buddhists: they have images of the twelve apostles; they have the image of Mary.' He said, 'Who is Mary?' I said, 'She is the mother of Jesus.' He said, 'Why should it be wrong to worship the mother of Jesus?' I said, 'She is a mere mortal.' Just at this time Mr. Moule came in. He then directed the conversation to Mr. Moule. Whatever passage in the Scriptures Mr. Moule turned his attention to, I at once showed it to him in the Chinese Bible. During his conversation with Mr. Moule, he inquired, 'How is it that ancestral worship is not considered legitimate in your honourable religion. Can it be supposed that all our ancestors have sunk into annihilation?' Here I replied to him, saying, 'We offer real and not false homage to our ancestors. Children should remember the nurturing favour of their parents—should be careful of their conduct, so as not to bring disgrace upon them. This is to pay true homage to parents and ancestors." Moreover, I referred him to a passage in the Book of Mencius, in which he says, 'Undutifulness does not consist in refraining from ancestral rites, but to be without propriety, respectability, good behaviour, and not to bring up your children well, this is the height of undutifulness. The ancestral rites which we present are the homage of the heart and life.' He arrived at my house at noon, and continued the conversation until near night. On taking his departure,

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he said, 'I will come again to-morrow.' I told him to come on our Sabbath-day, when he would have an opportunity of seeing and judging for himself as to our worship and doctrines. He said, 'Very good: I will do so.' On the fifth day of the twelfth English month, being our Sabbath, he accordingly came. How delighted I was! How carefully I attended to him. During the service, I handed him a copy of the Scriptures and of the Prayer-book. It so happened that the Sunday was our sacrament Sunday. At the conclusion of the morning service, I requested him to withdraw, as we were going to partake of the sacrament. He said, 'I should be glad to witness the ceremony.' I said, 'Well, as you are an inquirer after truth, you can remain if you please.' When all was over, he said, 'Very good,' and went away. On the ninth day of the month, being the fourth of the week, he again came. I was out at the time, so did not see him. Our little daughter said to him, 'Come to-morrow, and you will find Mr. Moule and my father both here. The next day he did not come, but came the day after. When I saw him, I was very much pleased, sat down with him, and commenced at once to talk to him about Jesus having come into the world to save sinners. He then said, 'Mr. Bao, you must not talk to me about the doctrines of Jesus: I already understand them all.' On this, I inquiringly said to him, 'You then, are, I suppose, a member of the sect of the Lord of heaven.' He said, 'Yes.' I also said to him, 'Come, now, tell me truly if you have entered that religion?' He said, 'I have entered it.' I said, 'How many years have you entered it?' He said, 'I have entered it three years.' I then asked him, 'With what object, then, have you come to make inquiries here?' He said, 'I have come out of deep compassion for you, and cannot bear the loss of your soul. You are dwelling inside death's door, and yet would be inviting others to enter the same: this is truly pitiable. May the Lord of heaven send down his Holy Spirit to enlighten your heart, and quickly bring you to repentance.' As he spoke these solemn words, his eyes were turned upwards, as though in prayer. At the time, I felt extremely hurt: however, I checked myself, and looked upon the man as appearing to have an air of sincerity about him, and felt that he might prove a real character, should I be able to draw him over to the truth. I then said, 'Mr. Tsiang, you have not examined the Scriptures: how then should you use such words as these? I feel deep compassion for you, and cannot bear the loss of your soul. Mr. Tsiang, it is not the words of man that will stand: he only is safe who does the will of your Father in heaven.' I then turned to the 7th of Matthew, and showed him the 21st, 22d, 23d verses, to which he was unable to reply.' After a while, he said, 'We follow the will of God; you deviate from it.' I said, 'Pray inform me wherein we deviate from it?' He said, 'You have altered the ten commandments.' I said, 'We have the Scriptures to testify to the contrary.' I then called to my little daughter to bring me a copy of the Old Testament. He said, 'You need not do so: the commandments are here on the scroll,' pointing to a scroll hanging on the wall in the catechist's-room. I said, 'Well, then, pray read?' He said, 'Your second is but a commentary on our first: our commentary upon it runs thus—"Thou shalt not worship the graven images of the

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heathen.'" I then said, 'Here you doubt the will of our Father in heaven. Your sin is very great.' He said, 'The ten commandments are divided into three on the right, and seven on the left.' I said, 'They are divided into four on the right hand, and six on the left. You annihilate the second of God's commandments altogether, and worship the graven images of the apostles and Mary: this is a very great sin.' I said, 'Moreover, you have made an addition of one to the second table. Pray read them down to me.' He read on to the words of the tenth, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife.' I then said, 'You make two commandments out of this, which is plainly one. Who are you, to alter the law of God?' Here he was quite speechless—quite put down. However, after a little, he again said, 'In receiving the sacrament, you altogether transgress. The reception of the sacrament is the reception of the Lord's body. Is it enough just to kneel down and eat it?' I said, 'When we receive the sacrament, we do so with prayer, which you have already heard. We kneel with great reverence and eat it: wherein do we transgress? How do you eat it? Do you lie flat on the ground and eat it?' He said, 'This is not what I mean. On receiving the holy body, only the priest has a right to introduce it into the mouth. You take it into your own hand to eat it. Is it right and proper for mere disciples to touch the holy body of the Lord? They have no right at all to touch it: only the priests have the privilege of doing so. Here your sin is very, very great.' I then said, Mr. Tsiang, the more you say, the further you go from the truth. We who receive the sacrament aright, the Lord preserves our bodies and souls to everlasting life: how is it, then, that we should not touch it with our fingers? Now, let me tell you, we who receive the sacrament aright are one with Christ, and have an interest in Him; whereas you, who cannot touch it with your fingers, have clearly no interest in Him at all.' He was put down, and could not reply. After a little, he again said, 'Well, then, under the whole heavens there is only one Mediator, the most blessed Mary. Your not recognising Mary as Mediator is a very great sin. Do you mean to say you can go just as you are straight to Jesus?' I then said, 'Mr. Tsiang, how should you speak so? Jesus Himself is the only Mediator between God and man.' He said, 'Mary is the only Mediator.' I then turned to the 2d chapter of St. John's Gospel, and showed him the 3d and 4th verses, where Mary, on account of the failure of wine, asked Jesus to have pity on the guests. 'Now if Jesus would not listen to her in that petty affair, how much less on the great matter of the pardon of sins. If Mary could be a Mediator, Jesus need not have become man. Do just reflect on this a little.'"

We regret our space compels us to break off this most interesting controversy here. Our reader up to this point may see that Rome is just the same in China as in Europe, in the nineteenth century as in the fifteenth. In our next, the result of the controversy will show that the grace of God is the same in the nineteenth century as in the first.

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SANGAHS.

TRAVELLING in North India is a work of no small difficulty. The half-formed rocky path, in many points not more than a foot wide, must be followed through thick and tangled jungles, narrow stony defiles, up the precipitous flanks of mountains, and over foaming torrents on the slender



SCENE AT A SANGAH, OR MOUNTAIN BRIDGE, NORTH INDIA.

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bridges called sangahs. These are often loosely formed of pieces, between which the wide intervals show the impetuous stream to the dizzy traveller, boiling far beneath him, sometimes so furious in its course that large masses of stone are rolled along by the force of the current. One thus describes his passage over one of these frail bridges—"The torrent was at this spot almost one continued cascade, so that the only possible means of crossing was by a sangah formed of pine-stems, with a few flag-stones spread over it for foot-passengers. To render it more difficult, the rock which formed the opposite buttress was several feet lower than that on the side upon which we approached this flying bridge. The sangah was not more than three feet wide, and though it was thickly strewed with boughs, I saw several dangerous interstices between the beams. Though we had all been alpine travellers, we found it rather a nervous performance. The two ponies, and one of the mules, accomplished it in safety, though I trembled for them as I saw the insecure bridge bending beneath their weight. The other mule had just reached the middle, when one of his legs went through between the pieces, and, after a brief and fruitless struggle, over he went headlong into the boiling torrent, thirty feet beneath. He luckily fell into a deep gulf free from rocks, and, after being carried down about twenty yards, recovered his legs, and scrambled to the bank, a good deal shaken, but with whole limbs."

A TRUE STORY OF LUCKNOW.

THE following touching narrative, we are informed, is by Miss Tucker, the daughter of H. C. Tucker, Esq., the Commissioner of Benares. We extract it from the "British Flag." Miss Tucker's labours in the Benares hospital during a considerable period of the mutiny were singularly laborious, and were conducted with a prayerful zeal that is unconsciously illustrated in this "true story."

"In the station of Benares, in the Upper Provinces of India, I was one morning visiting the hospitals as usual. As I entered the general hospital, I was told by one of the men that a young man of —— Regiment was anxious to speak to me. In the inner ward I found lying on his charpoy, in a corner, a new face, and, walking up to him, said, "I am told you wish to see me: I do not recollect the pleasure of having seen you before." "No," he said, "I have never seen you, yet you seem no stranger, for I have often heard speak of you." I asked him if he was ill or wounded. "I am ill," he replied. He went on to say that he had just come down from Cawnpur. "Perhaps you would like me to tell you my history. It may be you remember, a long time since, some of our men went into the hospital opposite, as you sat reading to one of the Highlanders. There were some half-dozen or more of them: they went to see a sick comrade. You went up presently to them, and told them how grateful you and all your country-people were to your noble soldiers for so readily coming to protect you all, and how deeply you sympathised with them in the noble cause in which they were now going to take a share. Then you talked to them of the danger which would attend them. You reminded them that life is a battle-field to all, and asked them if they were

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soldiers of Christ, and if they had thought of the probability of their falling in battle. I have heard all about that long talk you had with the men. Then you gave your Bible to one, and asked him to read a passage. He chose the 23d Psalm, and you prayed. They asked you for a book or a tract to remind them of what had been said, and you gave all you had in your bag. But for one man there was none. They were to start that afternoon, so that you had no time to get one. But you went to the apothecary, and got pen and paper from him. When you came back, you gave this paper to him, telling him you should look for him in heaven." As he said this, the poor fellow pulled out from the breast of his shirt half a sheet of note paper, on which I recognised my writing, though nearly illegible from wear. On it was written, the 1st 7th, 10th, 14th, 15th, and 17th verses of 2 Corinthians v., and that hymn,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

"That man," he continued, "and I were in the same company, but he was ahead of me. We met in Cawnpur, then we marched on with the rest to Lucknow. Whenever we halted, the first thing —— did was to take out his paper, and read it aloud to those who cared to hear: then he prayed with us. As we marched, he spoke much of his old father and mother and only brother, and wished he could see them once more But he was very, very happy, and ready to 'go home,' if God saw fit. As we neared Lucknow, he dwelt much on eternity, and said to me, 'It is very solemn to be walking into death. I shall never leave this ill-fated city.' ——'s reading and words came to my heart, he was so kind to me, and always called me brother. We had many fights, standing always side by side. I am an orphan. I lost my parents when a child, and was brought up at school. I never had one to love me, and life was indeed a weary burden; yet beyond, all was darker still, for I knew nothing of a Saviour. I never loved any one till I knew him. He had found Jesus, and led me to love Him too. I cannot find words to say how I joyed when at last I felt I had a Friend above. Oh! I never shall forget my joy when I first understood and believed. We had no book, only the paper. We knew it off by heart, and I don't know which of us loved it best. At last, in a dreadful fight in one of the gardens, a ball struck —— in the chest. Words cannot tell my grief when he fell—the only one I had to love me. I knelt by him till the garden was left in our hands, and then bore him to the doctors. But it was too late, life was almost gone. 'Dear ——,' he said to me, 'I am only going home first. We have loved to talk of home together: don't be sorry for me, for I'm so happy'—'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds. Read me the words she wrote.' I pulled them out from his bosom, all stained with his blood as you see, and repeated them. 'Yes,' he said, 'the love of Christ has constrained us. I am almost home. I'll be there to welcome you and her. 'Good bye, dear ——.' And he was gone, but I was left. Oh, it was so very bitter! I knelt by him, and prayed I might soon follow him. Then I took his paper, and put it in my bosom, where it has been since. I and some of our men buried him in the garden. I have gone through much fighting since, and came down here on duty with a detachment yesterday. They think me only worn

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with exposure, and tell me I shall soon be well, but I shall never see the sky again. I would like to lie by his side, but it cannot be." Poor fellow! he cried long and bitterly. I could not speak, but pressed his hand. At length he said, "So you'll forgive me making so bold in speaking to you. He often spoke of you, and blessed you for leading him to Jesus. And he it was who led me to Jesus. We shall soon be together again, and won't we welcome you when you come home!"

"We read and prayed together. He was quite calm when I rose from my knees. He was too weak to raise his head even from the pillow, but was quite peaceful and happy. "I feel," he said, "that I shall not be able to think much longer, I have seen such frightful things. Thank God! I have sure and blessed hope in my death. I have seen so many die in fearful terror." I turned to go. He said, "Dear ——, when I am gone, promise me this paper shall be put in my coffin. It gave me a friend on earth, who led me to a Saviour in heaven." I promised. Next morning I went to see him, but, oh, how sadly altered did I find him! Those soft brown eyes were glassy and lustreless. He was never to know me again. Dysentery in its fearful rapid form had seized him during the night. I took his hand in mine: it was clammy and powerless. Three of the men in the ward came up to me, and said, "Till sense left him, he was talking of home with Jesus." They knelt with me in prayer beside the poor sufferer. I went again the next day. His body was still there, but his spirit had fled a few moments previous. He was covered with a blanket, and the coolies were waiting to bear him away. I took his paper from his pillow, where it had been laid, and went to the apothecary. We walked back to the corpse, and he placed it in the hands of the departed. He was buried that evening. I have often thought since how beautiful was that heavenly love which bound these two dear young soldiers together. How it sweetened their last days on earth! They were indeed friends in Jesus, and though their remains lie parted, yet they are both sleeping in Jesus. Oh, what a glorious resurrection theirs will be in the day of his appearing!"—*Calcutta Christian Observer.*

THE MALAKAN CHRISTIANS IN RUSSIA.

Mr. Dunmore, a Missionary of the American Board, gives, in the "Missionary Herald" for February, an interesting account of a company of Christians living in Eastern Russia, hitherto unknown to the Christian world.

"We rode to the little Malakan settlement. We had heard at Erzeroom of this interesting people, and were anxious to learn more about them, and, if possible, from their own lips, and at their own homes. We were welcomed, and soon surrounded by a group of pleasant faces, men, women, and children; who seated themselves in a circle, at our request.

"One of the first inquiries was, whether they had the Bible: whereupon a printed copy was produced immediately, in the Russian language, which is their vernacular. This, they assured me, is their only book, and they acknowledge no other as authoritative. We were soon invited into their best house, and our host brought a large family Bible, in which he had preserved their articles of faith, written in a very neat hand in the Russian character, covering six foolscap sheets. He spent nearly

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the entire day with us, in looking out the proof texts appended to every article, amounting to about eighty, seventy of which I copied.

"According to their own account, some two years since, the Czar sent an express message to the Malakan Christians, demanding information respecting their faith; and they forwarded to him a copy of these articles, accompanied with the Scripture references, the first of which is Hebrews xii. 2. The others are in perfect keeping with this, and show soundness of faith. They are fully orthodox, so far as I could learn; but whether they have any practical experience of spiritual religion I was not able to satisfy myself, on account of their limited knowledge of Turkish. That they are strictly honest, moral, and keepers of the Sabbath, is well established by the testimony of all who know them. They meet on the Sabbath, at one of their houses, and, without priest or bishop, the one best qualified to edify conducts their services by reading the Scriptures, prayer, and preaching; while all join in singing the Psalms of David. They also have private devotions morning and evening. They assure us that they observe the Lord's Supper and baptism, in strict accordance with the Gospel. All, both males and females, learn to read and write; and they are the only people I have found in Turkey who have about them any signs of enterprise and thrift. They number eighty souls, in seven houses, at this settlement: there is one Malakan family near Erzeroom, and several others have gone on to the region of Erzingan. All that our host could tell us of their origin was, that the Malakan, or Donkhaven Christians, have lived in Eastern Russia from time immemorial, and their religion has remained with them unchanged.

"The Russians call them Malakan, but they call themselves Donkhaven Christians. They are represented as being very numerous, living in Gûmri, Tiflis, and other parts of Eastern Russia. Some of them are wealthy merchants, but they are for the most part tillers of the soil and mechanics. It is but a year since this little band settled near Kars, and they are still poor; but by their honest industry they command the respect and patronage of both Turks and Armenians, who are glad to secure their labour at twice the ordinary wages of day labourers. Their personal appearance and dress are entirely unlike that of Orientals, as well as their habits and their character. They are active, industrious, ingenious, frugal, and hospitable. They have high foreheads, light complexion, light hair, and blue eyes; and their whole appearance and characteristics, no less than their name, indicate German origin. They gave us the only feather-bed to sleep on that I have seen in Turkey. Our host was delighted to find that we had a common Bible and a common faith; and it was with great reluctance that he released us, after we had been reading the blessed book together, conversing and comparing parallel passages, till a late hour.

BEARING THE CROSS.

The heavier cross, the nearer heaven:
No cross without, no God within.
Death, judgment, from the heart are driven,
Amidst the world's false glare and din.
O happy he, with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the cross!

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The heavier cross, the better Christian:
This is the touchstone God applies.
How many a garden would lie wasting,
Unwet by showers from weeping eyes!
The gold by fire is purified;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

The heavier cross, the stronger faith;
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;
The vine juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the cluster'd fruit.
And courage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath the salt-sea foam.

The heavier cross, the heartier prayer;
The bruised herbs most fragrant are.
If wind and sky were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's Psalms had ne'er been sung,
If grief his heart had never wrung.

The heavier cross, the more aspiring:
From vales we climb to mountain crest;
The pilgrim, of the desert tiring,
Longs for the Canaan of his rest.
The dove has here no rest in sight,
And to the ark she wings her flight.

The heavier cross, the easier dying:
Death is a friendlier face to see:
To life's decay one bids defying;
From life's distress one then is free.
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To Him who triumphed over death.

Thou crucified! the cross I carry,—
The longer may it dearer be;
And, lest I faint whilst here I tarry,
Implant Thou such an heart in me,
That faith, hope, love, may flourish there,
Till, for my cross, the crown I wear.

MISSIONARY COLLECTIONS IN TINNEVELLY.

CHRISTIAN liberality is a fruit of God's Spirit. The soil where it grows is the converted heart—the heart touched by the love of God in Christ; and wherever this reclaimed soil exists, there will be found, in a greater or less measure, this fruit of the Spirit. Believers, wherever they are to be found, are the gardens of the Lord, where He makes his pleasant plants to grow. Thus among our Tinnevelly Christians self-denying love grows and blossoms, and sheds far as ourselves its fragrance. Let our readers judge for themselves. Our Missionary, the Rev. J. T. Tucker, thus writes—

I have just had our Panneivilei Missionary Meeting, and I must say I was highly delighted with the spirit and matter of the speeches made

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on the occasion. One member of the congregation, in particular, by the name of Vesuvasum, astonished us all with his eloquence. The substance of his speech was, that much had been done, yet that much was needed to be done for the spread of the knowledge of the Gospel; but that there was no doubt of the result, because God had declared He would give all the nations of the earth to his Son, as his inheritance. The sum collected after the meeting amounted to rupees 91, besides which donations to the amount of rupees 200 were promised, so that the result of the meeting is a collection of rupees 291 (29*l.*).

Justly does our Missionary add—"If Christians in England gave in proportion to our native converts, millions of money would be collected every year in old England for the Missionary cause."

MISSIONARY WORK IN RUPERT'S LAND.

EVERY portion of the vast field of Missionary labour has its own peculiar difficulties; but it is interesting and encouraging to observe how, by God's blessing on patient and persevering efforts, hindrances are removed, until the Lord's word has free course and is glorified. The difficulties in Rupert's Land are of no ordinary character: the dispersed state of its scanty population, the necessity imposed upon the Indians of a migratory life, in carrying on those fishing and hunting pursuits which constitute their chief means of subsistence, the short time during which they find it possible to remain near the Missionary for instruction. As the winter approaches, they encamp abroad on their hunting grounds, and weeks and months pass over before they revisit the station.

Necessarily removed, therefore, as our converts are from the means of grace, for a considerable portion of the year, they need to be furnished with God's word, which they may carry with them, and thus, in the far-off wilderness, read of God's great love in Christ to poor sinners, and his willingness to save them.

But here, again, is another difficulty. The Cree language is very cumbrous, and when written as we do English, by letters, from the length of the words, it takes up an immense space, so that a Cree Testament, and much more the whole Bible, thus printed, would be very inconvenient for the Indian to carry with him. He wants something more light and portable. Well, this has been provided for him, in the invention of the Syllabic character, each syllable, instead of being expressed in several letters, being represented by a single sign or character. These the Indians very quickly learn both to read and write. The Rev. W. Mason, our valuable Missionary of York Fort, Hudson's Bay, is now in this country, and has just succeeded in getting through the press the whole of the New Testament and the Prayer Book in the Syllabic characters. They are moderate-sized and very portable books, and their value to the Indians will be unspeakable.

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Besides this, God appears to have given to many of these poor people an intense desire to know the truth. The general feeling of the tribes is, that they want something, for they are poor and suffering. Their own superstitions help them not. Thus we find the Chipewyans, in the direction of Churchill, crying out for instruction. They say, "We wish to go where good words are to be heard;" and so earnest are they on the point, that unless they get a Missionary there, they have resolved to leave the place, going to Isle-à-la-Cross, the head-quarters of the Romish Missions, and becoming Romanists.

Those who have means of grace, prize them. They seem to be the more precious in proportion as they are scanty. In the far-off wilderness they tenaciously remember what they learned at the station, and diligently read their Syllabic books. Many touching instances of this, lie scattered throughout the journal details of the Missionaries. Under date of April 10th, Mr. Mason observes—"I saw several of our Indians this week, who came in with the expectation of receiving the Sacrament on the first Sunday of the month, but were out in their reckoning by a week; amongst them, Ooseememow and his family, and Wāwāsees. The latter spoke very well. When reading God's word, he said, tears would often come to his eyes. He felt great happiness in God's service, and delighted in devotional exercise." Again, May 26th—"A band of our own Indians arrived, and I questioned Janet Anderson to see if she remembered what had been taught her last summer. Without a single mistake, she went through the whole of the Catechism. While in the woods, during the winter, they say they had family prayers regularly every day, and rested every Sabbath, and derived great comfort from reading the portions of God's word in the Syllabic character."

Thus the means may be scanty, but the desire of the soul is strong; whereas it often happens that at home, where the means are ample, the desires of the soul are feeble. Some trees flourish where there is scarcely any soil to feed them. In the clefts of the rock they grow, where the winds have swept a little mould from off the surface of the bare rock, and the dew and rain trickle down, and there the roots are fixed tenaciously. Other plants droop where the soil is rich and abundant: the roots have lost their extractive power. The summer congregations of these poor people, when they do get together, are most interesting.

We must give a sketch of a school where the Indians become scholars, and learn the Syllabic characters.

June 7 — Opened the summer school this morning with twenty-two scholars, many of whom had never before attended. The rest are still at the goose-hunt. Commenced by singing a hymn and reading prayers. Heard the first class read a chapter out of the Epistles, and explained to them its contents. The second class then read a chapter from the Gospel

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of St. John, and I questioned them on its contents. Many of the elder scholars, both male and female, answer very correctly with closed books, thus showing they endeavour to retain a knowledge of God's holy word.

Then follow the younger children, who are learning to read, and committing to memory the Catechism; while the elder ones write from dictation. We then sing, and close the school by prayer.

We shall continue to give gleanings from our Rupert's Land Despatches.

PECULIARITIES OF CHINESE MISSIONARY WORK—CHINESE ROMANISM.

(*Continued from page* 72.)

We resume from our last Number the controversy between Baoseen-sang, our catechist at Ningpo, and Mr. Tsiang, the native Romanist. It will be remembered we broke off at the discussion on the mediatorship of the Virgin Mary.

"When I showed Mr. Tsiang the Scripture proof that Mary was no mediator, he was unable to reply, but after a little he went on to say, 'Mary is a perpetual virgin. Why do you say that she had two sons?' I said, 'She had four sons, and also some daughters.' He said, 'No, you are mistaken.' I then turned to the 13th of St. Matthew's Gospel, and showed him the 55th and 56th verses, telling him at the same time that these words were spoken by some neighbours of Mary, who must have known all about her.' He then replied, 'I have not now with me a copy of our Scriptures, and so cannot argue with you any more; I must bring a copy the next time I come.' I said, 'Do so, and then we can compare notes, so that you will comprehend how matters are, find out the way of life, and obtain salvation.' He again said, 'Well then, if Mary had four sons, why should Jesus have recommended her on one occasion to the care of John, to be cared for by him as mother?' I said, 'Mr. Tsiang, it is of no real concernment to you or to me, as to whether Mary had other children or not: the important point which it is essential for you and me to know definitely is, who is competent to be our Surety. Do bring a copy of your Scriptures, and let us compare notes.' He would have it that Mary was a perpetual virgin. He said, moreover, that Jesus had no wife, meaning thereby to cast a reproach on our ministers who marry. I referred him to the principles laid down in the 7th chap. of 1 Cor. for our direction in this matter, which I treated of at considerable length. I afterwards attacked him for their having an earthly sovereign to their religion. He said, 'This office has been handed down from St. Peter.' I said, 'Peter never went to Rome at all: Paul did so, and preached there a long time.'

"It was now near evening, so he wished me good bye, saying, 'I will come again in a little while with a copy of our Scriptures.' I said, 'Very good,' and he went away. After a few days he came again to my house. This was the fourth visit. I said to him, 'How is it that you have been absent so long?' He said, 'I have been a little indisposed.' I said, 'Have you brought the copy of the Scriptures?' He said, 'No, I have

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not.' I said, 'When you were here last you told me you would bring a copy of your Scriptures to compare notes. How is it that you have not brought it?' He said, 'I will bring it the next time I come.' He then asked me, 'Mr. Bao, does not the church at the West Gate also belong to the religion of Jesus?' I said, 'Yes it does.' He said, 'Since it belongs to the religion of Jesus, how is it that they baptize by immersion, and you by sprinkling? Whence arose this distinction?' I said, 'In the Scriptures there are traces of this distinction.' He said, 'What do you mean?' I said, 'John administered baptism by immersion in the the river Jordan. They seem to be John's followers. We have adopted Paul's mode of baptism by sprinkling.' He said, 'What proof have you that Paul baptized by sprinkling?' I said, 'We have proof.' I then directed his attention to the 16th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, where the jailer and his family must have been baptized by sprinkling, as it took place in the prison, where there could have been no canal. Moreover, I said, 'Mr. Tsiang, as to baptism by sprinkling or baptism by immersion, both are comparatively unimportant: both are only external symbols; but to know Him who has the power of forgiving my sins, and who is able to be my Surety, this is the point of real importance, in which we must not make the smallest mistake. What is all-important for you and me, is first to know clearly who this Surety is, whether Jesus or Mary.' He said 'Our surety, beyond question, is Mary.' I said, 'Mr. Tsiang, if you are determined to regard Mary as your surety, rest assured that you are still within death's door. Let me remind you of one thing, which it will be for you to reflect upon. Your priests ask our countrymen not to worship our country's gods, nor to make offerings to our ancestors, saying these things are of the devil and ought not to be done. With this we comply: it is proper that we should do so. Now, if it be unlawful for us to worship even our ancestors, how is it that they should ask us to worship themselves? Who are these priests? Are they greater than our ancestors? and can you, sir, bow down to worship *them*; Have you ever reflected on this?' He was silenced. I said further, 'The Scriptures say, whether in heaven above or in earth beneath, there is no other Mediator than Jesus: what think you of this? Will you still look to Mary as mediator? What think you of Mary? Do you regard her as man or God?' Before he had replied to me, just then Mr. Moule came in. I then said to him, 'Mr. Tsiang, when you were here last, you exhorted me in such words as these—"I feel deep compassion, and cannot bear the loss of your soul." Now let me suggest to you a way of giving a practical bearing to your benevolent heart. Could we not, adopting as our motto, "Harmony is precious," get our respective ministers to meet together, yours bringing with them their Scriptures, and ours also bringing with them the Scriptures in order to compare notes? Let them not speak in their foreign languages, but in our vernacular, which we can understand. I know your ministers can speak our vernacular very well, and ours can do so too: let them, then, read from the Scriptures in our vernacular, while we listen with our ears, and also keep the translation in the Chinese character before our eyes, and thus compare the point of difference between us.' Oh,' said he, 'this is altogether impracticable.' I then

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said, 'This is a matter of life and death, which should not be trifled with; and not only will I follow you if you are right, but we have our eighty members of our church who also will do so: and further still, if you are right, I will have a placard posted up in a conspicuous place on our church, to let all men know whose doctrine is true, when we have settled this point.' He then said, 'Your scheme is altogether impracticable. If the great and learned heads of our religion in France have been unable to bring you over to the truth, how could we expect to do so?' I said in reply to him, 'If we rely on the Holy Spirit's teaching, the thing is practicable. God is omnipotent.'

"The fifth time he came I did not meet him. When he came the sixth time I brought him to Mr. Moule's, and then went and called Mr. Russell to come and talk with him. When he came the seventh time, he seemed to have changed his views, and to be a believer in Jesus. He spoke to me very earnestly about his mother. He said, 'Mr. Bao, what is to become of my mother? Formerly, after many exhortations, I induced her to become a believer and follower of the sect of the Lord of Heaven, and now she is a devoted member of that body: she prays to Mary four times a day. How shall I now be able to induce her to give up Mary, and worship the Saviour alone? This is a matter which causes me extreme pain of mind.' On this occasion I had much opportunity of entering into the differences between Romanists and Protestants. I invited him, however, to come to me the following Monday at noon, when I hoped to be able to satisfy him as to any doubts and difficulties he might still entertain with reference to the errors of Popery. At the appointed hour he accordingly came, and, to my surprise, he suggested, as a preliminary to our conversation, the propriety of our first kneeling down together, and asking God's guidance and blessing upon us. This I gladly acceded to, offering up an earnest prayer for the Spirit's guidance and aid in what I had reason to hope, would not only prove an interesting, but an important meeting. When prayer was over I then commenced by giving him a general but brief outline of truth, beginning with the existence and attributes of God; the creation and fall of man; the call of Abraham; and the giving of the law. When I came to this point, he stopped me, and said, 'If this second commandment, as you state it, be really one of the ten given by God to Moses, then the worship of Mary, saints, &c., is idolatry. But how am I to determine whether what you tell me about the genuineness of this commandment be true or not?' I here employed arguments to show him that the second commandment, as we stated it, was really that which God gave to Moses, and that he would find it in recognised translations, even of the Romish church, if his teachers would only give him a copy of the whole Scriptures, and he had ability to examine it. Before leaving the commandments I dwelt at some length on sin, its hindrances and results. To this he replied, 'As to sin, I know it, and have long felt it as a heavy burden, too heavy for me to bear.' This naturally led to my pointing out Jesus as the only sacrifice for sin, and faith in Him as the only way of obtaining rest of conscience and peace with God.

"After giving me an outline of his previous history, he said, 'I was baptized into the religion of the Lord of Heaven, In consequence of doing

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so, I underwent a great deal of persecution from my own family and the neighbours. Still, though I was a believer, I never felt real peace of mind and conscience until yesterday, when, after having spent the day in my own house in reading the Scriptures and prayer to Jesus alone, without the intercession of Mary, towards the close I thought I saw with the eyes of my soul, Jesus dying on the cross for sinners. Then for the first time I experienced true peace of mind, and ever since I have felt happy.' This he told me in such an earnest and unaffected manner, that I felt a conviction of its truthfulness, and took this opportunity of pressing upon his mind the fact of his having found peace by looking directly at Jesus alone, without the aid of Mary, or any one else. We then went on to talk about transubstantiation and other Romish dogmas, which he surrendered one by one, after the truth with regard to them was presented to him. The next time he came to me, he began by telling that hitherto he had come under an assumed name, and that his real name was Dzing, and not Tsiang, and the reason he took this false name was to avoid detection by his co-religionists. I then told him, that though the Romanists sanctioned the principle of doing evil; that good may come, the religion of Jesus did not, and that if he became a follower of his, he must henceforth be Mr. Dzing and nothing else. He said he was now determined to make Scripture his only guide; that he was firmly convinced of the errors of Popery; and that henceforth he was purposed openly to avow his convictions, even though death should be the consequence. He left me this time in a very nice state of mind, asking an interest in my prayers, that he might be strengthened to bear the difficulties before him, and that he might be successful in his anxious efforts to bring his mother and family to that only source of true peace which he himself had found in Jesus. He expressed a desire publicly to join our church, and to receive the communion from us, which, if nothing unforeseen occurs, may take place before long."

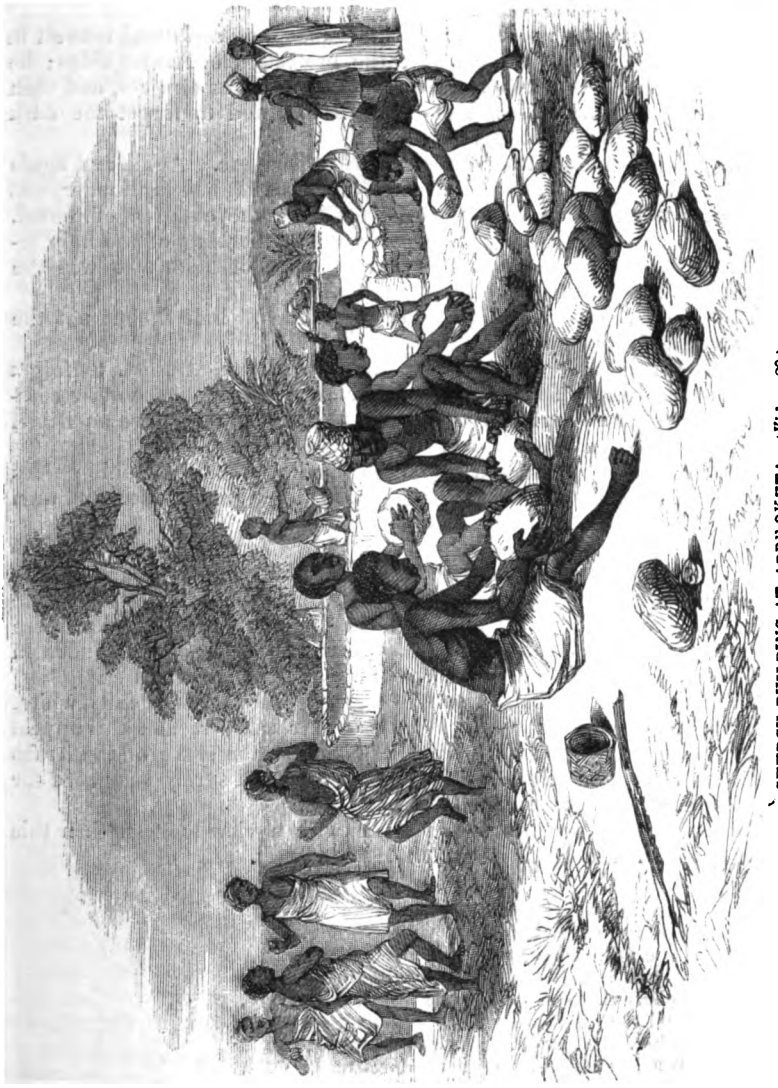
RACES AND RELIGIONS.

THE whole North-American continent has only thirty-six millions of inhabitants, hardly as much as France or Austria. The whole of Central and South America has only twenty-three millions; less, then, than Italy. European Russia, with its sixty millions, has as many inhabitants as America, Australia, and Polynesia together. More people live in *London* than in all Australia and Polynesia. China Proper has more inhabitants than America, Australia, and Africa together; and India has nearly three times as many inhabitants as the whole of the New World. The result is, that our planet bears 1288 millions of mankind, of which sum total 522 millions belong to the Mongolian, 369 millions to the Caucasian, 200 millions to the Malayan, 196 millions to the Ethiopian, and 1 million to the American race. Divided according to their confessions, there are 335 millions of Christians [Protestant and otherwise], 5 millions of Jews, 600 millions belonging to Asiatic religions, 160 millions to Mohammedanism, and 200 millions of [unclassified] heathens. *Athenæum.*

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APPEAL FOR THE ARABS.

Since the opening of the overland route to India, hundreds of British travellers have had at least a passing glimpse of the sons of Ishmael, whose wandering tribes are scattered over so considerable a part of Asia and Africa. Some of these travellers admire the picturesque ap-



CHURCH BUILDING AT ABBE OKUTA.—(*Vide* p. 88.)

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pearance of the Bedouins, their flowing bornouse, and keen black eyes; others are interested by observing the peculiarity of their customs, unchanged from generation to generation; while many, who have either experienced or heard of their predatory habits, abuse them in unmeasured language as the worst of human beings. If this be the case, which the writer greatly doubts, it is an additional reason for teaching them the truth. But how few bestow a serious thought on the neglected and darkened state of their souls!

The traveller who visits Sinai and other places of scriptural interest in the wilderness, travels there under the protection of Arab guides: he rides upon their camels, shares their fatigues, receives services, and then returns to enjoy the blessings of civilized life, and to forget the dark companions of his desert journey.

The poor Bedouin retraces his steps year after year. Again and again he looks on the spot whence the Lord sent forth his law in thunder, and treads the waste where the manna daily fell for the children of Israel. But, alas! no manna falls for him. He knows nothing of the holy interest which belongs to these scenes; still less of Him who was the "true bread that came down from heaven."

The English stranger gives him "baksheesh," indeed, but not the knowledge of salvation through Jesus Christ.

Ought this to be? Ought the *Christian* traveller, at least, to forget so soon those whose faces had become so familiar from the daily companionship of the desert? Ought he to forget that they have no Bible, no Saviour, no present comfort in sorrow, no future glory?

But *all* do not forget; and it was the thought of her Bedouin guides that first aroused the writer of this appeal to think of their race, and then to plead their cause.

Often, when seated at the tent door, the Bible on her knee, she has looked on the wild group assembled round the camp fire, and sighed over the want of language which hindered her from reading to them the words of life. That group was but a sample of thousands. Are there no servants of Christ that will go forth to seek those that wander in darkness, and tell them of Him who is the light of the world?

There are, indeed, many places where the harvest is equally white, and labourers equally needed. All the writer asks, is, that this appeal being made known, and then if the Lord lay the cause of the Arabs upon other hearts, as He has upon her's, a way will surely be opened for sending them the Gospel of the blessed Lord.

The accompanying lines were written (with a view to strengthen this appeal) by a friend much interested in the subject.

I come from the land of Araby,
From the glowing desert wild and free,
Where the trackless plains in silence sleep
'Neath the cloudless vault of the upper deep;
Where mists ne'er dim the bright orb of day,
And the sands are scorched in his fiery ray;
Where the low sandhills all barren lie;
Where the salt lake gleams deceitfully,
And the mirage taunts the thirsty eye;

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Where the blessed palm lifts her graceful head
O'er the murmuring fount in the oase shade;
Where the tamarisk waves her feathery bloom
O'er the sculptured wall of the Santon tomb;
Where the sandslip on the lifeless hill
Sounds through the wâddy wild and still:
'Tis there the sons of Ishmael roam,
And the Bedouin plants his moving home:—
These are the scenes from whence I come.

And I bear a cry from those distant lands—
I come to plead for their wandering bands;
For in darkness of soul they wander on,
They are "seeking water, and finding none;"
And their minds are like the arid sand,
Where living showers ne'er descend,
And they come their spirits' thirst to slake
In the brine of Islam's bitter lake.—
With a mirage thy fatal guide to be,
Poor son of Edom! thy sandy sea,
Thy parched land is a type of thee!

Oh! happy one of the Christian flock,
Who hast found the shade of the mighty Rock,
Who hast come when the world's poor streams were dried,
And hast drunk of the spring from His riven side,
Canst thou sit still in that blessed shade,
As if for thee alone it was made?
Is there no blessing nor rest in Him
For the travelling hosts of Dedanim?
Far, far from his shade these wanderers rove:
Oh, who will bear them his message of love?
Who will go forth with the Gospel word,
Fearless and strong in the strength of the Lord,
And preach his truth to the Arab horde?

Many there are will brave the deep
For the sake of gold on some distant shore;
Many there are will search and peep
In the dangerous mine for the sparkling ore;
Many there are who their call obey
To the battle-field, and press fearless on,
Nor faint, nor fail in the deadly fray,
If but the laurel of fame be won.
The sons of the world in the search are bold
For mortal fame, or for perishing gold;
And shall they of God's own family
Refuse to hear when the needy cry?
At fears or dangers shall they pause?
Or dare them all in their Master's cause?
Come, come where the tents of Kedar stand,
Tell of that Rock in the thirsty land,
Till they to the Lord their children bring,
Till they find, like Hagar, the hidden spring:
Oh, then the desert with joy shall sing.

Yes, tell of Him who died to save,
Till Esau's sons the blessing crave;
Till they, with tears in the flashing eye,
"Bless even me!" like their sire shall cry;
Till living streams in the desert flow.—
Your Master calls you: Who will go?

E. Z. B.

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PROGRESS IN THE YORUBA MISSION.

Our engraving represents progress. The first buildings erected at Abbeokuta to serve as churches were of the simplest character. It was right they should be so. There were then but few converts to Christianity. In the spiritual element, the souls won to Christ, consists the real value of a work: while this is but weak and feeble, let the work be unpretending also in the form it assumes. Then, as congregations increase, and the people are of themselves willing, let them enlarge and improve their churches. The Yoruba converts have outgrown the first unpretending structures; and now they do not cast the burden on the Missionary or the Society by which he is maintained, but they set to work to supply their own wants. They are all busily occupied. Some are doing the rough work of treading the mud; others are engaged in forming out of the mass the curiously-shaped bricks, which are intended to be used in raising the wall. It reminds us of what is said of the Israelites when the tabernacle was being set up, "And they came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted." It shows us the spirit in which they who have tasted of God's mercy and loving-kindness in Christ, should diligently occupy themselves in bringing in the living stones to the building of that true temple in which God dwells by His Spirit.

The present remarks are preparatory to a notice of the new church lately erected at Abbeokuta, a view and account of which will appear next month.

VILLAGE SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

The Government of India has been occupied for some years in raising the character of the village schools through the Presidency of Bengal, and rendering them such as might tend to the improvement of the people. In their original state, as set up by the people themselves, they are most inefficient, but improve much under the fostering care of the authorities. We trust that the Christian Scriptures will be permitted to have a place in all our schools under Governmental influence in India, and the young Hindú have the opportunity of making himself acquainted with them, if disposed to do so. For the preparatory schools, selections might be prepared, such as we have for our village school and infant classes at home.

Our readers will be amused at the following contrast between an old and a new school, as drawn up by one of our Indian officials—

"My first contact," writes the Secretary of the Council of Education in 1853, "with a Tahsílí school, occurred in the village of Rúrkí, immediately adjoining the magnificent canal works. Accompanied by Captain Oldfield, the principal of the Engineering College, I rode over one morning quite unexpectedly to see the system in its working dress, stripped of any of the gloss that might have been thrown over it, had the visit and its object been known to or suspected by the master or pupils. The school is beyond the circle of the Visitor-General's district: its master is of the old *régime*, and not particularly bright or intelligent: he

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is also deaf, almost a fatal defect in an instructor; and yet the state of the institution was so creditable, as to show that a system must be good which produces superior work with inferior instruments.

"The school is held in a neat, open, small pukka building, the pupils sitting upon mats on the floor. The walls were hung with maps in the Hindí and Persian characters, and a black board was at one end of the apartment. The ages of the scholars, as might have been expected, varied considerably, as did their attainments; but there was an order, regularity, and earnestness about them not to be seen in the old indigenous schools.

"The pupils exhibited, in examination, a fair elementary knowledge of arithmetic and geography; were able to trace the course of rivers on maps, and to indicate the most important towns situated on them. Some of them demonstrated with quickness, and correctly, problems from the portions of Euclid read by them, and most of them read with ease simple prose compositions in Urdú and Hindí. They also write tolerably well and quickly. The attendance seemed on the whole to be good, and the school to be popular as well as useful. It is carefully watched over by Captain Oldfield, and is decidedly better than any purely vernacular school I have seen in Bengal.

"Most opportunely there was on the opposite side of the street an indigenous vernacular school, busily employed in the laborious physical exertion of shouting out certain arithmetical tables with the whole power of the small lungs of the urchins.

"Upon visiting it, the utmost difference was at once perceptible between it and the well-ordered institution over the way. The bright-eyed little fellows were squatted upon the clay floor, without order or regularity, and were repeating, in a sing-song chorus, what was first uttered with a strong nasal twang by the master. Arithmetic was the only branch in which they exhibited any degree of proficiency, and in this one or two small boys worked out puzzling additions and multiplications of odd and fractional numbers with wonderful quickness and facility, but it was evidently a mere laborious effort of memory, without any attempt to expand the intellect or to educate the senses. Of geography, geometry, or any thing else, they seem to know nothing whatever.

"The next Tahsílí school I saw was at Allygurh, where the Visitor-General kindly collected for me some hundred pupils from the district, some of them from Tahsílí, and the remainder from ordinary indigenous vernacular schools, which had submitted to visitation. The Zillah Visitor was present, and also one of the Pergunnah Inspectors, so that I here enjoyed the advantage of a complete general review of the new and old systems at the same time.

"During my long connexion with education in India, and familiarity with the attainments and appearance of the pupils of all castes and classes, I never witnessed a more gratifying and interesting scene.

"Each school read and explained in succession passages from the vernacular readers prepared for them; answered questions in geography; exhibited a most creditable knowledge of the statistics and topographical features of their own districts; and displayed a quickness and accuracy in answering exceedingly difficult questions in geometry and arithmetic, which I have never seen surpassed by boys of their age, for the majority of them were young. The spirit of emulation was so strong among them,

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that they worked against each other, and in an incredibly short period produced accurate, well-written answers on their slates. Some of them felt aggrieved at not being more minutely and separately questioned, clamouring for a more searching examination; and the general cry from all was for more books. They had passed the standard fixed for them, and were earnestly anxious to advance further."

BUDDHISM OF CHINA.

THE Letters of the Special Correspondent of the "Times" newspaper during the Chinese war have been since published in a volume. From it we take the following remarks on the Buddhism of China, and the importance of Missionary action in that land.

Our days were passed in the great Buddhist temples and in the monasteries of the bonzes. They take us to the temple of the great Buddha —a mighty bust, 40 feet high, carved out of the rock, and gilt; thence to a still larger temple, where a moving pagoda and 49 colossal idols commemorate the 49 transmigrations of Buddha; thence across rich pleasure-grounds, where streamlets ripple and some spots are shady, but where still that knife-grinding din pursues us, for—

"Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis."

We are borne to the temple of the Fish Buddha, where enormous carp grow fat in pleasant ponds. At least a thousand of them contended for our votive biscuits, and some of them weighed to a fisherman's eye quite 40 lb.

These temples, however, great as they are in size and gorgeous grotesqueness, are but as little Welsh churches compared to the wonders of the "Yun-Lin," the "Cloudy Forest." This is a region of temples.

It is suggestive of the scenes of those ancient Pagan mysteries where the faith and fortitude of neophites were tried, and their souls purified by successive terrors. It is a limestone district, abounding in caves, and far-reaching dark galleries, and mysterious internal waters. These natural opportunities are improved by a priest and an altar in every cave, gigantic idols cut into the rock in unexpected places, rays of heavenly light which only the faithful votary ought to be able to see, but which, as they come through holes bored through the hill, sceptics sometimes catch sight of, inscriptions two thousand years old, but deepened as time wears them. The place is a labyrinth of carved rocks, a happy valley of laughing Buddhas, and Queens of Heaven, and squating Buddhas, and hideous hook-nosed gods of India. There is a pervading smell of frankincense, and the single priest found here and there in solitary places, moaning his ritual, makes the place yet more lonely; and through this strange scene you pass, through narrow paths, to the foot of the colossal terrace steps which mount to the great temple itself. The wild birds are flying about this vast echoing hall of Buddha; the idols are still bigger and still more richly gilt. In the great "gallery of five hundred gods," all that can be done by art, laborious, but ignorant of beauty, reaches its climax.

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The cowled and tonsured bonzes come forth to greet us. Excellent tea and great choice of sweetmeats await us in the refectory.

They divide their votaries into three classes. First come the learned men who perform the ritual and observe the abstinence from animal food merely as a matter of discipline, but place their religion in absolute mental abstraction, tending to that perfection which shall fit them to be absorbed into that something which, as they say, faith can conceive, but words cannot describe. Secondly come those who, unable to mount to this intellectual yearning after purification from all human sentiments, strive by devotion to fit themselves for the heaven of the western Buddha, where transmigrations shall cease, and they shall for all eternity sit upon a lotus flower and gaze upon Buddha, drawing happiness from his presence. Thirdly follow the vulgar, whose devotion can rise no higher than the sensual ceremonies, who strike their foreheads upon the steps of the temples, who burn incense, offer candles made from the tallow-tree, and save up their cash for festival-days. So far as my experience goes, this class is confined almost entirely to old women, and the priests say that their one unvarying aspiration is, that at their next transmigration they may become men.

Such is Buddhism as we see it in China. But this is not all. A Chinese poet, who, eight hundred years ago, built an ugly straight dam in the beautiful lake of Sehoo, about the same time invented the ten gods of hell, and grafted them upon the Buddhist faith, to terrify men from crime. There is also a reformed sect of Buddhists, who call themselves "Do-Nothings," and who place the perfection of man in abstaining from all worship, all virtue, and all vice. When the Jesuit Missionaries saw the mitres, the tonsure, the incense, the choir, and the statues of the Queen of Heaven, they exclaimed that the devil had been allowed to burlesque their religion.

The following testimony is borne in the same volume to the useful labours of the Chinese Missionaries—

One word upon a subject to which I shall probably not have occasion to recur. I have sometimes spoken untenderly of topics much cherished by some of our Protestant Missionaries. There is, however, no subscriber to the various bodies which send preachers forth who thinks more highly of the usefulness of these men than I do. The Missionaries are doing the work which, if China is ever to become christianized, must precede its conversion. They live among the Chinese people, they speak their language, they are known to them by deeds of charity and beneficence; their wives are the friends of the poor friendless Chinese woman; their children prattle to the natives in their own tongue, and are the messengers of their parents in little offices of love. The merchants in China are almost universally large-hearted and benevolent men: they will give largely, but they have not either time or taste for such offices as these; nor would the wildest philanthropist expect it from them. Yet this must be done by somebody if China is to be opened. Even if I had no hope that the cold speculative systems of Laotze, Confucius, and Buddha could be overthrown, that those palaces of ice would some day melt before the fervid, quickening fire of true religion, still I would say, "Plant Missionary establishments in China."

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AFRICAN EDIBLES.

In Barth's very instructive and entertaining "*Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa*" we meet with frequent notices of the articles of food, chiefly from the vegetable kingdom, used by the inhabitants of those extensive regions. The subject is interesting, both in a hygienic and economic point of view; and, as such, we now bring it before our readers, without any regard to methodical arrangement, but rather as we find it in the volumes before us. Barth's starting-point was Tripoli. He made an excursion, however, previously, in an eastern direction, through the Regency.

Soon after setting out, the travellers emerged from the palm-groves which constitute the charm of Tripoli. Then they came to the fine date-plantations of Zenzer, celebrated in the fourteenth century as one of the fairest districts of Barbary, and they pass by a great magazine of grain. Fine olive-trees pleasingly alternate with the palm-grove, while the borders of the broad sandy paths were neatly fenced with the *cactus opuntia*, or prickly pear. As preparation for their nomadic life in crossing the desert, they laid in a supply of corn and dates. The fruit called gatuf of the batim-tree (*Pistacia Atlantica*), or Barbary Mastich, is used by the Arabs for a variety of purposes. In other countries its fragrant and astringent resin is best known. The rearing of fruit-trees seems to be a favourite occupation of the Berber race, even in the more favoured spots of the Great Desert. The cultivation of the olive extends to the borders of the desert. Saffron and olives are the two staple articles of industry in the maritime region of Tripoli. The cultivation of grain is made productive by means of irrigation.

On the second departure of the travellers from Tripoli, their course was nearly due south, to Murzuk, on the border of the desert. On the oases of Mizda, and some others still farther south, barley and wheat in cultivation were found in the vicinity of olive and fig-trees. The soil around Murzuk, a little to the south of 21° N. latitude, is very arid: even in the plantations which surround it there are only a few favoured spots, where, under the protection of a deeper shade of the date-trees, a few fruit-trees can be cultivated, such as pomegranates, figs, and peaches. With great labour, wheat, barley, gedheb, (or rather kedheb,) are cultivated. Culinary vegetables, including onions, are extremely scarce: milk, except a little from the goats, is quite out of the question.

In the oases of Ghât and Barakat, Guinea-corn, gero or millet, (*Pennisetum typhordeum*,) is cultivated to a much greater extent than wheat or barley. Palm-groves are repeatedly passed, and irrigation witnessed in the fields and gardens. In the valley Nghakeli, richly overgrown with luxuriant herbage and adorned with fine tallha trees, was exhibited the first specimen of the *Balanites Ægyptiaca*, (hajilig of the Arabs,) of which we shall soon speak. In this region, at the bottom of a valley skirting mountain masses, was seen the grass *Avena Forskalii*, which is very much liked by the camels. Here, also, the travellers partook of the flesh of the Wadan, (*Ovis trugdaphos*,) an animal very common in the mountainous districts of the Desert, and found often in company with the wild ox.

Though not ranking with edibles, we may mention, by the way, that,

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in latitude 20° N., the senna-plant (*Cassia senna*) appeared in tolerable quantity. More related to our actual theme is the appearance, in this district, the valley of Gebi, of the absiga, (*Caparis soduta*,) a variety of the caper, called siwak, or lirak, by the Arabs. In the course of his travels, Barth saw it nowhere of such size as on the northern bank of the Isa, or Niger, between Timbuktoo and Ghago; the whole ground which this once splendid and rich capital of the Singhay empire occupied being at present covered and marked out by this celebrated bush. The berries, although only ripening, (August 22d,) afforded a slight but refreshing addition to the food of the travellers.

Skirting the mountain group of Tintellust, elevated 5000 feet above the ocean, Barth and his companions passed through the valley of Selufiet, in latitude 19° N., rich in trees and bushes, but without herbage. Here he met with his old acquaintance from the Said and Nubia, the dum-tree, or dum-palm (*Cucifera Nigritia*). This tree has a wide geographical range through Central Africa; but its chief region is that of Bornu proper. Its fruit is an essential condiment to the soup made of negro-millet, or Guinea-corn. At Tintellust, in the mountainous country of Air, or Asben, which Barth calls the Switzerland of the desert, he and his friends received a small supply of millet, butter, and a little fresh cheese, and they purchased two or three goats.

Leaving his companions at Tintellust, Barth made a journey to Agades, in a south-westerly direction. On the way in the village Eghellel, at the foot of a mountain of the same name, his eyes were greeted with the sight of well-fed cattle returning from their pasture-grounds. "They were fine sturdy bullocks, of moderate size, all with the hump, and of a glossy dark-brown colour." It conflicts much with our ideas of the great desert of Sahara, to be told, as we are by our traveller, that in the valley of Aideras, in Air, he saw not only millet, but even wheat, the vine, and dates, and almost every species of vegetable. A little farther south, in the valley Budde, where the mimosas attained a large growth, Barth first became acquainted with the karengia, or *Pennisetum distichum*, on the seed of which many of the Tawarek from Bornu, as far as Timbuktoo, subsist more or less. The drink made from it is certainly not bad, resembling in coolness the fura, or ghussub-water. The grass itself is a most nourishing food for cattle. The little burr-like seeds are, however, a great annoyance to the traveller in Central Africa, by attaching themselves to every part of the dress. Hence the necessity, not neglected even by the natives, to be always provided with small pincers, in order to draw out from the fingers the little stings, which, if left in the skin, will cause sores.

As the market of a place affords a pretty good indication of the dietetic usages of the people, we may begin references of this nature by speaking of that of Agades. Negro millet is the real standard of the market, and in it the merchants of the town chiefly trade. The display of vegetables was poor: only cucumbers and molukhia (*corchorius olitorius*) being procurable in considerable plenty. The butchers' market was well furnished. Barth was gratified by a present from a blacksmith friend of the place, with a large batta or leather box holding butter and vegetables, (chiefly melons and cucumbers,) and the promise of another sheep. In the more favoured valleys of Air, or Asben, there are con-

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siderable herds of cattle. A long desert plateau intervenes between Asben and the Tigama country, a region, the border one of the desert, and rich in cattle. Their slaves are busy in collecting and pounding the seeds of the karengia, or azak, the *Pennisetum distichum*, which constitutes a great part of their food. The desert region just mentioned is the home of the giraffe, wild ox, ostrich, &c. In this part of the journey the travellers made the acquaintance of another tree, a native of Middle Sudan, named magaria by the Arabs, and kusuba by the Kanuri. It produces a fruit of a light-brown colour, nearly equal in size to a small cherry, but in other respects more nearly resembling the fruit of the cornel (*Cornus*). When dried, it is pounded and formed into little cakes, which are sold all over Haussa as *tuwo-n-magaria*. It may be safely eaten by a European to allay his hunger for a while, till he can obtain something more substantial. The next district to the south, traversed by the line of the fifteenth degree of north latitude, is Damerghu, an undulating rich country, the granary of, and tributary to, Asben. The production of grain consists in millet of the white species: durra or sorghum is not seen. Here the travellers met once again with the first poor specimens of the magnificent tamarind-tree, the great ornament of Negroland.

The desert being passed, and the travellers fairly in Bornu, and of course in Central Africa, the dietary of the people, resulting from a richer soil, extensive pastoral regions, and rivers, became more abundant and varied. The change was more marked at Tasawa, where Dr. Barth made some stay. Before reaching this place, and near a village called Baibay, the caravan was surrounded by a great many women, who offered for sale "godjia," or ground-nuts, and "dukkwa," or a sort of dry paste made of pounded Guinea-corn, (*Pennisetum*,) with dates and an enormous quantity of pepper. This is the meaning of dukkwa in these districts: it is, however, elsewhere used as a general term, signifying only paste, and it is often employed to denote a very palatable sort of sweetmeat made of pounded rice, butter, and honey.

[*American Review.*

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP OF JAPAN.

THE following letter was first published in the "New-York Journal of Commerce," and was transferred from thence to "The Spirit of Missions," the periodical of the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. The facts related are so interesting, that we give them a place in our pages.

"Sunday, Aug. 1st, 1858, was a day not soon to be forgotten by the officers and crew of the "Powhattan" and "Mississippi," which had returned a day or two before from the Bay of Yeddo, and now lay anchored in the snug harbour of Simoda, about seventy miles south of Yeddo. The town contains a population estimated at 10,000, in the suburbs of which rose the tall flag-staff of the United-States Consul-General, Townsend Harris, Esq. A little back of that flag-staff, which had never before been planted in the soil of Japan, was the house occupied by Mr. Harris, over a heathen

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temple, which had just been expurgated of its ugly idols for his accommodation; but still, as if loth to yield their old domicile, they were planted against the walls around the house, grinning horribly upon those who had so sacrilegiously ousted them, and now sat in their places. The treaty which Mr. Harris had negotiated so silently and unostentatiously, and which was concluded so successfully on board our ship, the two Imperial Commissioners being present to sign it in the presence of our Commodore, provided for the toleration of the Christian religion in Japan.

"Mr. Harris wished to have the gratification of seeing Christian worship celebrated in his own house and under the American flag, in the first instance since the flames were quenched, about two centuries and a half ago, in which tens of thousands of native martyrs suffered. We had been in the city of Nagasaki, containing a population of at least 100,000 inhabitants. Once it contained churches and hospitals, a college and seminaries, one of which was for the education of the sons of the nobles for the ministry, so largely had Christianity triumphed in Japan. At one time there were 40,000 native Christians [Romanists] in this one city. I had even succeeded in discovering the place of execution, called the Mount of the Martyrs by the historians of the persecution. The old prison, also, in which the last Christians were confined, and tortured, and died, as late as about the year 1700, still remains, and I was able to discover it, and examine it, and muse over it, still gloomy in the uses to which it is devoted, but more so from its horrible memories. Not far distant from Nagasaki was the town of Simabara, on the same gulf, fortified once by a strong castle, in which the native Christians collected from the surrounding country, to the number of 37,000, driven to desperation by the persecution, and resolved to defend themselves as well as they were able, and sell their lives as dearly as possible. They were overpowered, and not one of the 37,000 escaped. All these scenes were in our memories, and almost before our eyes, although so many years had elapsed since the last martyr ascended in the flames. The atrocious deeds were done about the time the Pilgrims planted their feet upon old Plymouth Rock, and Christianity died out here at the very time it was planted there. Since that time America has become all it is in civilization, wealth, power, glory, and religion. But in that long period not one effort has been made to re-introduce Christianity into Japan, with its thirty or forty millions of inhabitants. No individual has ventured there; no Society has sent out its Missionaries there. Strangely our Americans were assembled in an idol's temple to celebrate Christian worship for the first time since Christianity was extirpated by fire and sword, and Protestant worship for the first time since the Advent! The Bible was read; prayers were offered; a sermon was preached; and the sweet hymns of Zion were sung to tunes not less sweet or sacred, familiar to every one from childhood, but never so sweet and touching as when sung for the first time in Japan, and poured out in this old heathen temple. The sun shone out brilliantly; all was hushed around and quiet; and the Japanese, instead of rushing upon us with knives and swords, looked on the strange scene, calmly, reverently, and with apparent interest. Was this a fantasy—a dream—or reality?"

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THE NATIVE-CHRISTIAN COLONY AT DHEYRA DHOON.

A NEW feature is presenting itself in connexion with Missionary work in North India—native congregations under the ministry of native pastors. We have had ordained natives who have acted as Missionaries, and we have had native congregations under the charge of European Missionaries; but now we have the native pastor and the native flock placed in their true relation to each other. One of the first acts of the Bishop of Calcutta, on reaching India, was the ordination of three native candidates, who, in the office and duties of catechist, had purchased for themselves a good degree, and much boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus. One of these, David Mohun, has been placed over the native congregation which has been transferred from the Secundra, Agra, to Allahabad; another, Davy Solomon, over the native congregation at Chunar; and the third, Paul Tulsi, over the colony of native Christians collected at Dheyra Dhoon.

It is of this latter congregation that we now speak. Mrs. Lamb, widow of our late valuable Missionary, the Rev. R. M. Lamb, by whom were baptized several of the families which are located at the Dheyra Dhoon, has forwarded to us the following interesting details.

"I have lately returned from a sojourn of three months in the Dhoon, at the new Christian colony, which commenced with seven families, who were baptized by my late husband, so that I naturally took a lively interest in them and every thing connected with the colony. It is twenty miles from Dheyra, and two miles from the Jumna, at the western end of the Dhoon, a valley which averages fourteen miles in breadth. The Christian settlement is beautifully situated in the centre, with the Himalayas stretching from east to west, and the Sewallic range on the south. There are now eighty Christians, including children; and, independent of the schoolmaster's family, I took down the names of 100 more who will join us as soon as practicable. Major and Mrs. R— and myself were rejoiced to welcome Paul as its pastor; and already we find that his presence is having a very beneficial effect on the people. Although an elderly-looking man, he is still energetic: his heart is evidently in the work, and he is anxious for the welfare of the colony. He retains his former simple manners, and yet he commands respect from all. Indeed, I am truly delighted with the spirit in which he is come amongst these people, so full of love for their souls, and "desiring to know nothing but Christ Jesus and Him crucified." He preaches and explains Gospel truths most clearly and decidedly.

"A spirit of fear seems to pervade the people, in consequence of all the terrible doings that have taken place, and, far from being interrupted, numbers besought him, with joined hands, to go on telling them about the great God and salvation, saying, "It is all true, it is all true." Paul is quite sanguine, that, if his life be spared, he shall baptize hundreds in their own villages, if it is the Lord's will that the work should progress, and men's minds continue disposed, as they now seem in many places."

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THE EXETER CHURCH AT ABBEOKUTA.—*Vide p.* 104.

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CHRISTIAN WORSHIP IN JAPAN.

In our last Number there was introduced an article on Christian worship in Japan, published originally in a New-York Journal, and thence transferred to the "Spirit of Missions," the periodical of the Board of Missions of the American Episcopal Church.

The fact referred to in that article was sufficiently interesting. In August 1858, the American frigates "Powhattan" and "Mississipi" were lying in the harbour of Simoda, Japan. An idol temple had been assigned to the United-States Consul-General, Mr. Harris, and there, on the first Sunday after the signing of the treaty, which provided for the toleration of the Christian religion within that empire, he had Christian worship celebrated.

Still, in the extract there is a want of distinctness to which we must direct the attention of our readers. Romish worship is spoken of as Christian worship; and we are told that it was the first time that Protestant worship was celebrated there since the advent; but not the first time that Christian worship had been performed, for that, two centuries and a half before, there had been Christians, and Christian worship, and Christian martyrs in Japan. There had been, it is true, that which Rome calls Christianity, an adulterated system, in which the commandments of men are taught as doctrines, and the commandments of God made of none effect by these traditions.

We hear, unhappily, very much at the present day of adulterated food. Various articles of diet are sold as pure, but they have been dishonestly tampered with, and various things mixed with them, which deprive them of their wholesomeness, and render them hurtful to the human system. Bread, sugar, &c., are so dealt with. Now, suppose a dishonest baker. He is not content with fair profit. He therefore gets hold of some material which is much cheaper than flour, and mixes it with the dough. He sells the compound as pure wheaten bread. It seems so, but it is not so. According to the proportion of bad material which he has put in it, is it unwholesome; and it is evident that this adulterating process might be fatally poisonous, and might not merely disagree, but destroy life.

Now this is what the great Romish apostacy has done with Christianity. From interested motives, the love of gain, and the desire to make a fair show in the flesh, men have corrupted the Christian religion, and Rome has gone on doing so more and more, until the whole compound has become deadly poisonous; and if sinners receive what Rome gives them, instead of saving souls, it kills souls. We would hope there are those in the Romish system who do not thus implicitly receive all that their mother church gives them. By being in contact with Protestants, or reading portions of the Bible in secret, they have got a taste, a power of discrimination, and take to the truth rather than to the error, and thus persons may be saved, not by Romanism, but, notwithstanding, they have continued to be, by profession, Romanists.

But now, suppose that a number of European bakers had gone to a distant land—Japan for instance—where that food which we call bread had never been known before, and that they began to bake bread, not however, pure, wholesome bread, but bread very much adulterated.

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The people at first are caught by the novelty of the thing. This new food pretends to be something superior, better than any thing which had been ever introduced into the country, and it becomes very popular, the more so, because the population of the islands had been in a very unhealthy state, and evidently required some change of diet; until, after a time, certain very unusual effects follow the use of it. The poison in the bread begins to tell on men's constitutions. They begin to be very troublesome and unruly in their families. They seem to be seized with a kind of lunacy. They take a great dislike to the old arrangements of the family-customs in vogue for generations. They must take the lead in every thing, and become very imperious and disagreeable. Many people, seeing that the new food so alters for the worse their friends, determine to have nothing to do with it, and view it with dread and dislike. But matters grow worse and worse. The eaters of the foreign food join the bakers, and become a distinct body. They conspire together for bad purposes, until at length they provoke the rest of the people to rise for the purpose of putting an end to their troublesome proceedings. There is a war. The foreign food-eaters are conquered. They have their choice to give up the food which has made them so unruly, but, as they refuse to do so, they are put to death, and the pretended bakers, with their ovens, and all belonging to them, are driven out of the country, with a warning never to come back again.

After very many years, true bakers reach Japan. They bring with them real good bread, wholesome and nutritious: there is no poison in it. It is made of the wheat flour which God Himself has given for man's use. How would you describe this event? Would you say, that after a long time, bread had returned to Japan, or that now at length, for the first time, bread had been introduced into the land? It is true there had been that among them which had been called bread, but which was not so, for it did not nourish like bread, nay, instead of making people better, it made them worse. We should not, therefore, say that they had bread before, but that now for the first time they had brought to them genuine instead of fictitious bread.

Let our readers apply the parable. For bread read Christianity. Romish Missionaries brought in their spurious Christianity, which made people worse instead of better. They had been in a bad state before, but now they who were proselyted became unmanageable. There was war. The Romish agents were driven out, and the Romish converts were exterminated.

But Romish superstitions are one thing, Christian doctrines are another. "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." Romish worship is one thing, Christian worship another: the one is *vain* worship (Matth. xv. 9), the other acceptable worship. Romish proselytes are one thing, Christian converts are another: the one is proselyted to a system of error, the other converted to the truth of God. He is a martyr who lays down his life rather than forego God's truth. But the man who lays down his life rather than forego error, is the victim of an unhappy delusion, and may be pitied for having been so defrauded of his life, but can never be enrolled as a Christian martyr.

There will be some difficulty in introducing good bread into Japan.

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The natives are prejudiced against every thing which goes by the name of Christianity. They think it is the same thing which got amongst their forefathers two centuries and a half before, and set them all by the ears. We must take pains to show them, that although the name be the same, the two substances are altogether different. Unhappily the deception reached Japan the first; and this so embittered the natives, that they interdicted until now every thing that bore the name of Christian. The Japanese have been shut out from the Gospel for generations. The blood of the souls which have perished rests upon the church of Rome.

The wicked bakers, we are informed, have made up their minds to try and enter Japan again, and bring with them the old bad bread, which has nothing improved by long keeping. We doubt not, that, to prevent detection, they will alter their appearance, and make themselves as like as they can to the honest bakers. We should not be surprised if the agents of Rome assumed, as much as they can, the simplicity of dress and worship which mark the Protestant Missionary, and stripped their worship of much of its luxuriance of ceremonial, the better to impose upon the Japanese. But the bread, *that* will soon show itself whether it be good or bad.

Meanwhile, let friends at home take heed what bread they use. Adulterated bread is very unwholesome, but false teaching is worse by far. Men leave a baker that makes bad bread. Shall we continue to sit, ourselves and our children, under false teaching which poisons the soul? Romish agents are very busy amongst us. They take great pains to make their bad bread look white and pleasing to the eye. Let us beware of it!

THE EXETER CHURCH AT ABBEOKUTA.

In our last Number we introduced a picture, "Church building at Abbeokuta." The Christian natives are all busy; some are treading the mud, others making the bricks, others building the walls. The work is rough and dirty. There must be soiled hands and soiled clothes, and much labour in the hot sun, and many a tired body after a long day. The beginning of every good work is rough and toilsome, but it gets easier and pleasanter as we advance. Some would like finishing work, but they do not like foundation work. But they who will not go down into the latter are not meet to be advanced to the former.

And how sweet labour is when it is successful! We doubt not that they who toiled in raising the new church at Abbeokuta enjoy it far more than those who were not concerned in it. See, there it stands, a finished building; such a building as Abbeokuta never before contained. It is a gift from English Christians to the native church in the Yoruba country, having been erected by the private contributions of friends in Exeter and its neighbourhood, as "a token of affection to the Rev. Henry Townsend, their fellow-townsman, and as a thank-offering to God for his abundant grace vouchsafed on the labours of the Society." It is built entirely of mud, prepared in the way which we have shown: it is roofed with grass, and is adorned with a tower and a clock, quite a new thing in Abbeokuta. The whole cost of the building, exclusive of

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the clock, which was a separate contribution, was about 200*l.*, although, in consequence of the improving influence which Christianity is exercising upon the social condition of the people, the value of labour and material has much increased. The late lamented Bishop of Sierra Leone, Dr. Bowen, opened it for divine service on the 18th of last March, and confirmed on that occasion 190 persons: although capable of containing 700 persons, it was quite crowded. It is the increase of inquirers and converts which renders necessary the erection of new and enlarged buildings. It is because the children are increasing that the place of the tent is enlarged and the curtains stretched forth; the cords lengthened and the stakes strengthened. There is the spurious Christianity, in which, according to the ideas that attach to it, the building sanctifies the people; and there is that Christianity, in which, according to the truth of God, the building is sanctified by the presence of the spiritual worshippers, in the midst of whom God has promised to be. According to the first notion, the building is the chief object: it is elaborately decorated, while the people are left uninstructed: according to the true idea, souls are the chief object; the building is only valuable as it affords opportunity for congregational worship and scriptural instruction, and is thus promotive of their growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The latter is the system pursued at Abbeokuta, and in the other Missions of the Church Missionary Society.

APPEAL FOR A TEACHER FROM CHINA.

THE following letter from Shanghae has been forwarded to us by a friend for publication. It is from Mrs. Hobson, the wife of the valued chaplain of the English residents at Shanghai—

British Chaplaincy, Shanghai, April 25, 1859.

MY DEAR MRS. S——. — Knowing the interest you take in all that concerns Missionary work, I venture to enclose to you a letter written by the boys in our Chinese school, and addressed to some lady in England, who will come out to China and teach them the English language, and the doctrine of Jesus. The circumstances which brought forth this letter require some explanation. The school you know is in connexion with the Church Missionary Society, and is supported by the English community in this place. It was commenced by Mr. Hobson above nine years ago, and has, in that length of time, been successively in the hands of five Missionaries, all of them, except one, taking charge of it immediately on their arriving in this country. When you consider the difficult language that has to be overcome before any thing can be efficiently done amongst the Chinese, and that in almost every instance those who had the charge of the school were obliged to leave before they could intelligibly communicate with the boys, you will form some idea of the many disadvantages this school has laboured under from its commencement. Mr. Hobson has had charge of it for the last three weeks, during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Collins at Ningpo; and as his own duties fully occupy his time, it has been out of his power to give that attention

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to the school which it required. I think the boys have felt the disadvantage of all these circumstances, and compared them with the prosperous state of a similar school in the hands of the American Missionaries, which has been kept successively, for near fourteen years, by three unmarried ladies. These ladies of mature years have been enabled, by the blessing of God, to succeed admirably with the Chinese youth, and to bring their pupils into most efficient training, and the contrast between their school and ours has forced itself upon the observant minds of the Chinese. This letter is entirely and in every thought their own, and I must recommend it to your consideration. We know the objections of our Society to sending out unmarried ladies, and I confess we are not very sanguine as to the results of this application; but were any lady to come to China, either from the Church Missionary Society, or from the Female-Education Society, you may be assured of our readiness to do all we can to assist her in this great work, and in a short time, we have no doubt, we should see the advantages of regular and systematic teaching. Meanwhile we think of trying to get one of the elder boys from the American Episcopal school, to begin at once to teach the rudiments of English to our pupils. You perhaps know it has often been a question with us how far it is right to teach English, as the knowledge of it is often a great temptation. We find that the temptations are still great, even without English, and the advantage which Christian boys acquire from a knowledge of our language quite outweighs the evil that may occasionally result from it. We feel, too, that if our boys learn English, we might probably enlist many of our young men to take weekly classes in it, and then would the advantage be returned upon our own people, in giving them some work and labour of love to engage in for the Lord. We should be truly thankful if you know of any suitable person who is willing to give herself up to Missionary work, if you will kindly forward the enclosed letter to her; and, failing this, may I beg of you to interest Major Straith in it, and ask him to do his best to send out a layman who would be content to give himself up to the teaching and training of these boys. The school is liberally supported by our own congregation, and there are at this time some very promising and interesting youths in it. Several of them are baptized, and we have a native Christian teacher, whose consistent piety has greatly encouraged us, and, with an efficient master at the head of it, we doubt not we could obtain funds for considerably enlarging our operations. I feel sure you will bear with me while pleading for a work in which we have always taken the deepest interest. China is now open, and we have need to put forth every effort to meet the claims which these teeming millions have upon us as Christians.

Translation of a letter from the Chinese boys in the Church Missionary School.

"*Shanghai, April* 14, 1859.

"In Shanghai there is a school which an English clergyman, Mr. Hobson, opened. The scholars are not able to speak the foreign language, nor are they acquainted with the foreign character. Therefore we wish a lady to come and instruct all of us scholars, so as to be able

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to understand the foreign character, and speak the foreign language. If there be any foreign lady who will come to us, who will question us of the doctrine of Jesus, and who can take the foreign language, and teach it to us; if there be such good lady to come and teach us, we will be exceedingly glad, and desire Jesus to preserve this lady by the way continually, with fair wind and smooth water, until her arrival in Shanghai. The accomplishment of this piece of business is what all the scholars hope for."

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?—Is. xxi. 11.

What of the night, watchman, what of the night?
The wintry gale sweeps by,
The thick shadows fall, and the night-bird's call
Sounds mournfully through the sky.
What of the night, watchman, what of the night?

The night is dark, it is long and drear,
But who, while others sleep,
Is that little band, who together stand,
And their patient vigils keep?

All awake is the strained eye,
And awake is the listening ear;
For their Lord they wait, and watch at the gate,
His chariot-wheels to hear.

Long have they waited—that little band;
And ever and anon,
To fancy's eye the dawn seem'd nigh—
The night seem'd almost gone.

And often through the midnight gale
They thought they heard at last
The sound of his train, and they listened again,
And the sound died away on the blast.

Ages have rolled, and, one by one,
Those watchers have pass'd away:
They heard the call on their glad ear fall,
And they hasten'd to obey.

And in their place the children stand,
And still their vigils keep;
They watch and pray for the dawn of day,
For this is no time to sleep.

What of the night, watchman, what of the night?
Though the wintry gale sweeps by,
When the darkest hour begins to lower
We know that the dawn is nigh.

Courage, ye servants of the Lord,
The night is almost o'er;
Your Master will come and call you home,
To weep and watch no more.

Songs of the Night.

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OLD CALABAR, CENTRAL WEST AFRICA.

THE West-African mail steamer, a few weeks ago, among other items of intelligence from the coast, brought word that "King Eyo Honesty, of Old Calabar, was dead." Of the multitudes who read that brief statement in the "Times" and other papers, both at home and abroad, comparatively few, probably, knew any thing about the person mentioned, or felt any interest in the matter, whether he died or lived. "A petty chief on the coast of Africa!" they would say: "it is a wonder they thought it worth while to mention his name at all." But the comparative few who knew something about him—not a small number on the whole—felt a deep interest in his life, and were much grieved at his death, for he was a somewhat remarkable and important man, and was certainly used by God as an instrument of much good in his generation. It has been suggested to me by an honoured friend, as one acquainted with the subject, to furnish your readers with a little information concerning him, his country, his people, and the work of God now being carried on among them.

In the deepest recess of the Gulf of Guinea, called the Bight of Biafra, south-east of the mouths of the Niger, the Calabar river enters the sea, due north of the island of Fernando Po. Up that river, about fifty miles from its outlet, stands Duke Town, a place of perhaps about six thousand inhabitants; and seven or eight miles further, on a branch of the river, stands Creek Town, containing, it is said, about four thousand inhabitants. These towns, though peopled by the same tribe, are the capitals of separate territories, the represensatives of different lines of policy, and the seats of different and heretofore rival kings, to one or other of whom all the other Calabar towns have allied themselves. King Eyo Honesty lived at Creek Town, was the friend and helper of Missionaries, and the leader of those in the country who were favourable to civilization and social improvement. Of a royal but decayed family, he commenced life in a small way, determined to repair its fortunes; and by indefatigable industry, great sagacity, unusual integrity, and a marvellous power of government, he accomplished his object, and attained a distinction far beyond that of all his competitors and predecessors.

Reserving, for the present, some account of the origin and history of these distinct and rival sovereignties in one tribe, and so near each other, we shall notice, first, the circumstances attending the death of King Eyo, remarkable in several respects, but especially interesting as affording the most satisfactory evidence of the complete abolition of the old, barbarous, and bloody customs, which formerly belonged to the death and burial of the chief men of that country. Next to Ashanti and Dahomey, and scarcely inferior to them in that respect, Old Calabar had an infamous notoriety for the bloody atrocities enacted on such great occasions. One hundred or two hundred persons were usually sacrificed at the death of a king, from among his own people, or those of his friends, who killed their slaves for him as proofs of their sorrow, hurried by swift-footed murder after him, to bear him company in the lower world, where his rank, it was supposed,

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would be judged of as on earth, by his following. Some of the elder wives used to be strangled, and the younger ones to be buried alive in the same grave with their departed lord. Then used to follow the poison ordeal, by means of a certain bean, called *Esere*, ground up with water, to be drunk, miscalled, in broken English, "*Chop-nut*," to determine who had killed the great man, the conviction being general that his death, unless in extreme old age by natural decay, had been caused by some enemy employing witchcraft. By this means many died, especially negligent or imprudent wives, unfaithful headmen, who may have been the executioners of their inferiors in the earlier tragadies, even freemen and gentlemen obnoxious by their intelligence, wealth, or power; in short, whoever, during the lifetime of the departed, had been offensive to him, and were not strong enough to resist his successors or executors.

These horrid customs continued unabated, unrebuked, till the settlement there of Christian Missionaries from Scotland in 1846, after which they were certainly rebuked, frequently and publicly, and severely rebuked, and, it is probable, partly abated, though it is uncertain if they were wholly discontinued till this late remarkable occasion. Happily, there is complete proof that, on the death of King Eyo, not one person, man, woman, or child, by any means, or under any pretence, were put to death for him, and that by his own express injunctions, and the zeal of his eldest son, a Christian young man. Inferior men had indeed died and been buried at Creek Town, previously to this event, without the sacrifice of human victims, so far as could be ascertained, because King Eyo, supporting the Missionaries, had set his face against it. But that could hardly warrant favourable anticipations that the bloody rites would not be renewed in the case of his own death, which, however, every friend of humanity will rejoice to learn have not taken place.

The following is a sketch of the proceedings previous to and on that occasion, as detailed at great length by the Missionaries there, in their journals and letters. Two weeks before his death, King Eyo had been at one of his distant plantations superintending his workpeople. The Sabbath occurred while he abode there, and, as usual, he intermitted all work, and assembled his people to hear the word of God, which he called on one of the Christian youths in attendance to read and preach to them. That youth was one of those educated in the Mission-school, deemed a slave, but treated as free; and there, on the river-side in the woods, he preached to his master and fellow-servants from the words, "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour," &c. The king had returned home the Sabbath following, but was sick and unable to attend church, and he sent his message to that effect, to the resident Missionary; for, though not a professed Christian, he always kept the Sabbath and attended church, and encouraged the Christian instruction of his people. In the course of the week he recovered so as to attend to business, and, among other things, had a long interview with the Missionaries of the different towns, who waited on him in a body, respecting the attempt then being made by the French ships to take away slaves from the country, under the disguise of free labourers. On that subject he gave them every satisfaction. Two nights afterwards he had

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a number of his friends at supper, but felt unwell, and ate but little. They had left him, and he was rising to retire, when he fell backward on his sofa, and never spoke again. Within a few minutes he was a corpse.

The consternation produced by the sudden death of the king was almost indescribable. With a few exceptions, his servants fled in silent horror. The exceptions were, native Christians, his house-steward, and others attending on him. His house-people, fleeing down the stairs and through the yards, were followed by the yard-people into the streets, and thence to the bush, or whithersoever they could get a hiding-place. The people in the streets took the alarm and fled; the panic became general; many asked, and few could or dare answer, "What is the matter?" Before morning the town was deserted of all but "the gentlemen" left without attendants. Two or three women of his yard, Christian women, escaped to the Mission house, but in such terror they could hardly speak to say what had happened, nor could they be quiet, or feel safe, till they got into an inner room, and under the bed, where they lay concealed till morning. Many more found their way to the Mission house during the night, who, next day, made off, under the escort of armed men, to the farms. Why were his people thus terrified? It was the first impulse of the old feelings naturally urging them, as had ever been usual at such a time, to escape for their lives. Such a man as King Eyo had never passed out of this world in that country without multitudes of slain hurried after him to attend him in the next world. They knew, indeed, that he had opposed the barbarous practice for some years past, and had restrained others disposed to it; but they also knew that some of his own family still favoured the old bad ways, and who was there now to restrain them?

The fright which emptied the town that night, though not unnatural, was happily unfounded. The Christian converts in immediate attendance on the deceased sovereign, as already stated, had not fled; and the Christian women of his yard, who, on the first alarm, had run to the Mission house to hide, next day returned to their own houses. They were not without fear, they said afterwards, but they trusted to God to preserve them, and held to their posts as in duty bound, to perform the last sad offices to their old master. Young Eyo, or Eyo Ita, the eldest son of the deceased, whom his father had some time before declared his heir and successor, is a Christian, a member of the church, as is also a younger son, Eshen Eyo. He being present at his father's decease, encouraged his fellow-Christians to stand by him and help him in this extremity, pledging himself for their safety. So the little band of native disciples, sons and servants, brethren in Christ, dug the grave deep under his palace, and interred their king. The gentlemen of the town, of course, were there to observe certain formalities of sepulture; but the Christian servants were the only ones who maintained their ground, and did their duty to the last, though the time was not long past when the grave would have been soaked with their blood.

Of the town slaves who fled during the night, some betook themselves to the farms, propagating the most dreadful rumours of what was going

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on, and terror spread through the country like fire; for every one, remembering the terrible slaughters of former times, was ready to believe every tale of horror. Others seized their guns and cutlasses, and mustered for self-defence at a village near the town, commanding both the high road to the farms and one of the king's powder-magazines. There they entered into a covenant—the most binding known in the country, a covenant of blood—by each one tasting his fellow's blood, and thus swearing brotherhood, that they would stand by each other and defend each other, and secure the lives of all before disbanding. These people had right on their side, even legal right; for the chiefs of the country had by law, at the instance of the Missionaries and captains of ships and supercargoes, some years before, forbidden the making of human sacrifices for the future; and the slaves now armed only in their own just defence against whosoever would violate the law. But they were perfectly peaceable. They had no fears, they said, of the king's two sons already mentioned, but they mistrusted some others of his family, especially two or three of his brothers, now with increased powers of doing evil, who had always opposed the king's enlightened reforming measures. The king himself seems to have mistrusted them, for, some time before his death, he made a solemn stipulation with his eldest brother and two other great chiefs next to himself in authority, in whom he could confide, that whoever of them should die first, the others would neither kill their slaves for him, nor suffer any one else to do so. He had thus secured the safety of his people, but they knew not of it. The Missionaries and young Eyo went among these armed bands to allay their fears, and induce them to disperse and return to their avocations. But while they believed their young master, for himself they would not disperse — indeed their numbers were constantly being augmented— till the king's brothers and other chief men of the town had met them and sworn to them by the most fearful and binding country oath, that no person should be killed. This being done, they went every man to his own place, some to the towns, and others to the farms, in the most peaceable manner.

The danger seeming to be past, Inyang, the eldest daughter of the late king, a large woman, proud and imperious—a heroine, had she not been a fury—was displeased that terms had been made with the slaves, and that none had been put to death for her father; and she complained before the rulers of the town of such base compliances with foreign customs, saying that it had never been known in Calabar that such a man as her father had been allowed to go out of the world unattended. They repulsed her, indeed, but her words were overheard and reported among the slaves, and her having seized and chained two women, suspected to be for the purpose of sacrificing, was reported also; and in a few days the slaves mustered, again armed as for war, every man with his musket and cutlass, to the number of nearly a thousand. This time they did not remain in the outskirts, but poured into the town, and filled the main street, taking their places in perfect order and perfect quietness. Tom Eyo, the patriarch of the family, and now chief ruler of the town, together with young Eyo, and other headmen, met, and peaceably inquired the cause of such a gathering. The chief speaker of

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the slaves stated what they had heard of Inyang's doings and sayings. Tom assured them that he and the other chiefs had not given, and would not give, any heed to the woman. The slave-leaders would not be satisfied till the haughty lady appeared and answered for herself. She spoke with natural commanding eloquence of her father's greatness and goodness, and the honour due to him, all which was admitted by her audience; but she found no one willing to be the victim of her ideas of the honour due. She must "chop blood" with them—that is, enter into the bonds of their mutual covenant. They were determined; their demands were reasonable; they could have enforced more or any thing, for she was in their hands, and the town was at their mercy. She had to submit; and others of the family also, who had not previously taken oath, were required to do so then and there, even to the youngest son, only nine or ten years old. That done, the armed bands vacated the town, leaving every thing as quiet and safe as they had found them. On this and the former occasion the king's two eldest sons, being Christians, would not take the idolatrous oath of the country, nor "chop blood" with the people; but to satisfy them all, they swore on the open Bible, in the name of the Lord their God, that they would not suffer the old murderous fashions to be revived; and if they heard of others attempting such a thing, they would call in the slaves to defend their rights.

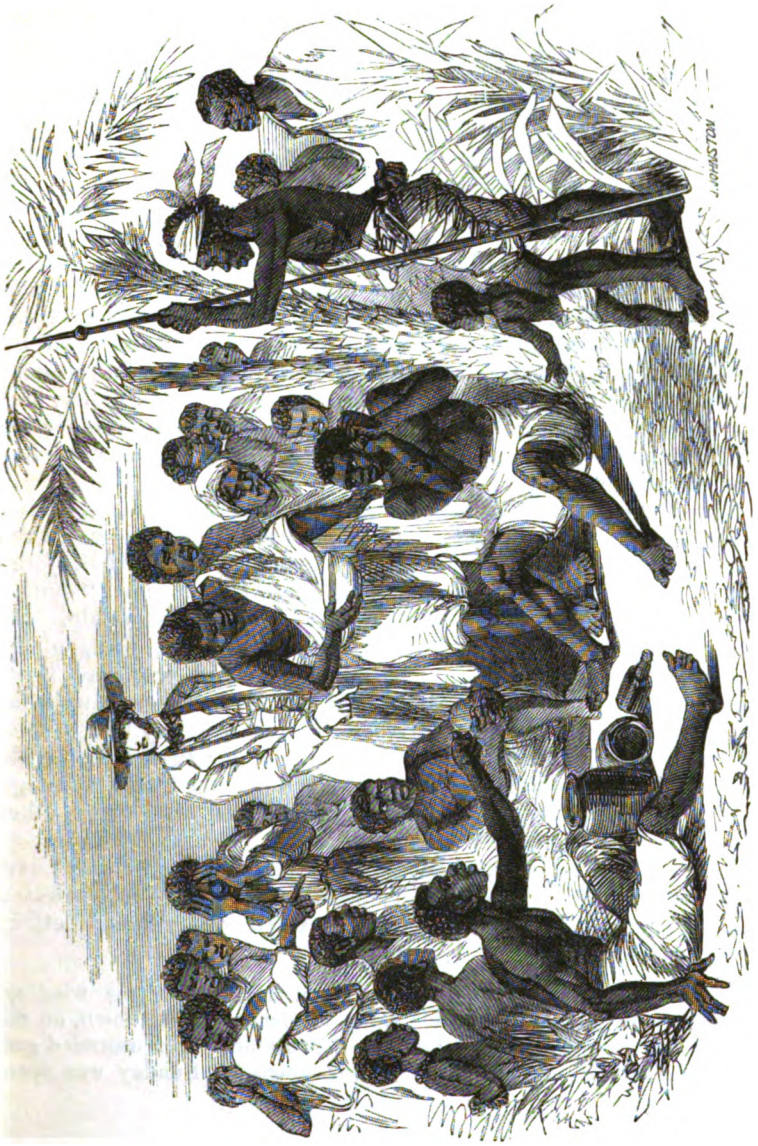
In the midst of these exciting events, we are told that young Eyo went everywhere—to his late father's farms and to the country markets, some of them forty miles off—to meet the people and allay their fears; and that no injury or insult was offered to him, though the country was in that disordered state mentioned, and the slaves were met everywhere, armed for self-defence.

There are many things worthy of particular observation in the passage of African history here related, which may be just alluded to: the Christian servants remaining faithful to their old master by their faith in God amid fears and dangers, which had created a panic among all others; the Christian sons maintaining their fidelity to the name of the true God, and refusing to swear idolatrous oaths in circumstances really dangerous; the confidence felt by the slaves in these young men as men of God; the unity, firmness, and moderation of the slaves, satisfied in securing their own safety, when their masters' persons and property were so completely in their hands, that they were able to make and enforce their own terms; lastly, the gracious providence of God, which has thus completely crowned the efforts of his servants for the abolition of the old murderous customs by which hundreds of human beings were annually sacrificed on the altar of the Calabar Moloch, down to a period which may be called recent, even since the establishment of Christian Missionaries in that country.—*Beacon.*

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THE GREBOES NEAR CAPE PALMAS.

We shall attempt in this and a following paper to give some information as to the interesting Mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States amongst an African nation near Cape Palmas. The points which we put together have been col-



A SASSA-WOOD PALAVER.

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lected from an interesting book published at New York, entitled "Day Dawn in Africa."

The native tribes to which the labours of the Missionaries are more specially directed are the Greboes and the Bassas. The former we must reserve for another paper.

The Bassas are reached from that portion of the coast which lies between Monrovia and Cape Palmas. Their country is said to present an extensive field, embracing at least ten thousand square acres, and containing a population of from fifty thousand to eighty thousand, all speaking the same language. They appear to be scattered about in groups or families, a Bassa town seldom containing more than twenty-five houses. These, however, look more substantial and comfortable than the circular and conical-topped huts of the Cape-Palmas natives. They are of square form, with roofs projecting three or four feet, so as to form a good verandah.

Entering through a high door, the stranger sees wide berths, answering for beds, elevated on either side, and neatly constructed of bamboo. Amongst the most baneful of their superstitions may be reckoned the fear of witchcraft and the trial by sassa-wood or red-water, on drinking of which, if certain physical results are not produced, the accused person is deemed guilty, and put to death. We are happy to find, that amongst a large portion of the Bassas—not less, probably, than 10,000—this custom has been discontinued.

King Peter, one of the most prominent of the Bassa chiefs, having under him about one hundred towns, is well disposed towards the Missionaries. They are hospitably received by him on their journeys. "He gave me," writes one of the Missionaries, "quite a comfortable house. It had elevated berths of bamboos within. He spread a cloth on the table, and placed a knife, fork, plate, spoon, and tumbler for me. The palm-butter and rice, were, however, served up in a wash-basin: this article, however, is used for no other purpose by the natives." The Missionary had a long talk with him about the country, his people, and their belief. He said he liked the white man's religion; but King Peter, although willing to hear, still countenances demon-doctors and many other lying deceits.

In the Bassa country, about twenty-five miles from Bassa Cove, rises a beautiful hill, called the Dja mountain, which has been selected as a suitable site for a central station. A Missionary thus describes a recent visit to it—

"*Nov.* 22—Walked twelve miles through forests, along winding, muddy, rough, almost impassable paths, in places, to Gia's town, on the side of the mountain, two miles from the summit. We ascended gradually during the last six miles of our journey. Sunday was spent

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in Gia's town, (very small and uncomfortable): preached to twenty-five persons.

"*Nov.* 24—Ascended to the summit, walking two miles from Gia's town, the road being steep in some places: found primitive forests, and an elevation of about two hundred feet above Gia's town, and perhaps five hundred feet above the sea. The sides near the top are very rocky, though the forest is fine. On the very top is a plain or level (all covered with forest) of some fifteen to twenty acres, and comparatively free from rocks and stones. The soil is a very rich loam on a sandy foundation. Abundance of the best building materials are to be found just on the spot. Springs not distant.

"The elevation of from five hundred to six hundred feet is sufficient to test the comparative health of the marshy coast and the highland interior. There are at least five towns, within three or four miles of the site I selected, and a dozen more within seven or eight miles in all directions, which, in aggregate, may number one thousand souls.

"These people not only have never heard the Gospel, but, so far as I can ascertain, will welcome and hear with pleasure a Missionary, and will give as many children as we desire for schools."

"It is to be hoped that a Mission station will soon be established on this beautiful mountain, about twenty-five miles from Bassa Cove, as it may prove a healthful and delightful resort for invalid Missionaries from the more malarious coast stations, and become an opening to an important field in the interior."

MISSIONS IN GREENLAND.

A GREENLAND Missionary wrote last summer—"The spring of 1857 had furnished our people with very scanty provisions, and, during the winter, the foxes and ptarmigans have been very rare, so that the ordinary means of subsistence possessed by them have failed. Happily, during the summer the greater majority of the population had employed themselves fishing most industriously; consequently there has been less suffering than we could have expected. This foresight is one of the consequences of Christian faith. Formerly, in their natural state, the natives never thought of thus taking advantage of the help which God provided for them. Nevertheless there are many who have much to learn in connexion with this. During winter the schools have been well attended. The children seem to take pleasure in learning: that which they more particularly like is the study of Scripture and singing. The examination they underwent last March has been very satisfactory, as far as their knowledge of holy Scripture was concerned. We have had much snow, but, notwithstanding, the cold has not been very intense. Since the 16th of June the ice has been sufficiently broken to permit the Esquimaux to put to sea in canoes, and recommence their fishing."

A Missionary at Labrador, writing at the same date, gives similar details on the condition of the station at Main. "Notwithstanding the scarcity

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of provisions," says he, "our pious families, directed by a truly-Christian spirit, had made good provision for the winter season, and would have been able to live in comfort themselves, if charity had not made it their duty to succour those who were less provident. Among the latter the winter's sufferings have led many to acknowledge that they have abused the goodness of God, and I hope that some, at least, will not, without much fruit to their souls, have felt the trial of hunger weighing upon them." We see by these details that the rigour of the climate, and the poverty of the soil, are for the Missionaries as well as the congregation, a perpetual source of suffering and disquietude. What self-denial, what courage and zeal, are necessary in order to resign oneself to such an existence, especially in one who has not been accustomed from infancy to it! Let us follow one of the pastors of Labrador into the winter residence of one of the families of his flock. "What," says he, "would be the astonishment of the friends of our work, could they for a moment glance into one of the snow houses where our Esquimaux spend a part of the winter? Picture to yourselves an entire family, old and young, in a habitation of this kind. The whole furniture consists of a lamp, often very dull, and some reindeer skins, generally much worn. It is on these that the members of the family sit, in very much the same attitude as that in which the ptarmigan likes to place himself, that is, with their heads sunk down as much as possible between their shoulders. On entering you may see the mistress of the house arranging the wick of the lamp, and sprinkling upon it some drops of oil, just so much as will keep it from going out. This economy is rendered absolutely necessary in order to eke out the precious combustible: in times of abundance perhaps she will not so closely watch its consumption. Near her is seated another woman of the family, occupied in softening by chewing it, a skin destined to be made into boots or a dress. This is a domestic work of great importance among the Esquimaux. If the master of the house is not without, detained by the heat, or fishing, you will find him squatted by the side of his wife, employing his time in mending some of his instruments, or perhaps making holes in an old stone jar, in order to join the fragments of it together, an operation which he will soon achieve with remarkable nicety. These poor people have nothing to eat (at least in times of scarcity of food) but some handsful of sea-weed, steeped in hot water, but they eat this food with an appetite that would much astonish the inhabitants of a more favoured clime. Neither must we expect to find, in the heart of such extreme poverty, discontented or despairing countenances. No; from their lips proceed neither complaints nor murmurs: they know how to be contented with what they have: they take it as God gives it them, and they are grateful for any thing that comes to lessen their privations. When I appear in the midst of the family, the chief takes his pipe, and remarks that it is very old, but that nevertheless it would still do very well if he had tobacco. Then, addressing himself to me, 'Mattius,' he says (the Greenlanders and Esquimaux always call the Missionaries by their Christian names), 'Mattius, ibet tubakuk angiladet?" that is, "Matthew, have you not got a little tobacco?' And if, putting my hand into my

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pocket, I can satisfy his demand, I see a smile lighting up his countenance, and I feel sure that my little present has excited a warm gratitude. It is just the same with all the little kindnesses you bestow on these poor people."

A FRIENDLY ADDRESS TO SERVANTS ON THE SUBJECT OF MISSIONS.

My dear Friends—Let me sit down amongst you and talk with you for a short time about Missions and Missionary Societies; for I do not think you hear so much about these things as you should, either from the pulpit, or in family worship.

You often see notice given of a Missionary Sermon to be preached, or meeting to be held, but perhaps have never taken the trouble to inquire what it is all about, or whether it is not something that you should take an interest in. You very likely think it only concerns the rich, or those who have money to spare to attend to such things. By this I see you do not understand the object of Missionary Societies. You who have been brought up from infancy to know there is but "one God and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus" —are perhaps hardly aware of the multitudes of people in lands far off, who worship idols of wood and stone, which their own hands have made, who never heard of the Bible, and who never felt the need of a Saviour. Now our Lord Jesus Christ left commandment to teach all nations about Him, and to make known to all people that blessed truth, "God so loved the world, that He gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Missionary Societies wish to obey this command, and to send preachers and teachers to our benighted fellow-creatures in every land; but this cannot be done without a great deal of money, therefore they invite all Christians to help them with their contributions, as they may be able; and it is the duty of every one, who has heard of the love of God in sending his dear Son to die for perishing sinners, to do something towards making this salvation known to others. But now I think I hear you say, "It is a very right and a good thing to send Missionaries to the heathen, but what can I do towards it? I work hard for my own bread, and what I can spare of my wages, I help my parents with." I rejoice to hear you speak of assisting your parents: they have indeed the first claim upon your savings, and God will bless those who honour their father and mother. Do not think I would have you deprive them of one farthing that you have been in the habit of giving them. Do you ask, then, "What am I to do?" Bear with a friend who has nothing but your welfare at heart in thus familiarly speaking with you, while I point out one or two ways in which you might help in this great work.

You must be aware how finely many servants dress now; but are they the better for it? Do their masters and mistresses place more confidence in them, or feel more friendly towards them because of their fine dressing? Oh, I often wish servants could know how much more becoming neat and clean, but plain dress, is to those in their station of life. Now

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in choosing a gown, a shawl, or a bonnet, if the plain but strong article, were selected instead of the finer-looking, but less serviceable one, and the difference of price put into the Missionary-box, what gainers such persons would be. To assist in making Jesus known to fellow-sinners is pleasing to God; and though no eye of man should see it, it will be recorded by Him whose "eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good," and who has said a cup of cold water given for his sake shall not go unrewarded. I have known servants deny themselves even necessaries that they might have the money to give to the cause of God. One young woman, in a service of "all work," and whose wages were only 8*l.* a year, contrived to drop her penny every week into the Missionary-box, as well as a sixpence into the plate at a sermon or meeting; yet a neater, tidier servant could not be seen, and she was always remarked both for this, and for her smiling happy countenance, by the friends of the family she served. Do you wonder how she contrived to do all this? I will tell you one of her ways. When purchasing riband for a cap or bonnet, she bought only what were neat, and calculating what more it would have taken to look smart, she set apart the difference for good works.

Perhaps you are ready to think, "But what good can the little that I can save do for such a cause?" If you alone contributed, it would indeed do little good to the Missionary Society, though still it would do good to yourself, for it would be accepted by Him who regarded the widow's mite with approval. But you forget that pounds are made up of farthings, and that a great number of small sums make up a large one: thus the united savings of the servants of one family would purchase one, two, or more Bibles for the necessitous.

Dear friends, let me entreat of you to try what you can do in this way. I will ensure you a happiness from it, which no fine dressing ever conferred. Suppose one of you were to keep a Missionary-box for the savings which all might choose to make. I merely suggest this plan: very likely a better one may occur to your own minds.

Before taking my leave, let me remind you of another and very important way in which you can assist this great and good cause. I mean, by making it the subject of your prayers. Christ has bid us pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest; and if we value the life we enjoy, we cannot omit to pray that it may be extended to those who now "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

My dear friends, think of this conversation, and rise from it with stedfastness of purpose to show that you care for your own souls, by doing something for the souls of others.

UNITED MEETING OF THE SCHOOLS OF THE WAIKATO DISTRICT, NEW ZEALAND.

IT is always pleasant to hear of the progress of Gospel-truth in New Zealand, and the growth of the native Christians there in the faith and love of the Lord Jesus. The Church Missionary Society has been long identified with the Maori race, and we think it will

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be interesting to our readers to be made aware that the first Colonial Church Synod ever held in New Zealand not only acknowledged, in a formal resolution, the benefits which had been conferred on the natives through the instrumentality of the Society, but expressed their strong conviction, that so far from the period having arrived when we might withdraw our superintendence and influence from the islands, there never was a time when their continued action was more needed to complete the work which has been begun, and aid in the establishment of the native churches. Our Missionary, Archdeacon W. Williams, has been consecrated Bishop of the eastern portion of the island, and his attention will be specially directed to the increase of the native pastorate. We are much obliged to Mr. James W. Stack, who is labouring with the Rev. R. Maunsell at Waikato, for the following interesting notices of what is doing there—

April 24, 1859.

I will endeavour to give you a short account of an interesting meeting of the Waikato school, that took place last Christmas, at Rangirui, about thirty miles from here. Besides our own, there was Mr. Ashwell's and three native schools, amounting in all to 230.

Early on Christmas morning the bell summoned us to church, and as the children fell into their respective ranks, we could not but contrast their neat and orderly appearance with the condition of their fathers forty or fifty years ago. The girls in their white tippets, and the boys in their clean dress, could not have been distinguished at a little distance from English schoolchildren.

The fine native church at Rangirui was quite full, and many were obliged to remain outside. The total congregation could not have been less than 500.

After service we partook of our Christmas dinner, in a log booth. Two long tables ran up the whole length on either side the tent: at these the children sat, on one side boys, on the other side girls; and at the end a table was placed for ourselves (that is, for Mr. Maunsell's and Mr. Ashwell's families, amounting in all to thirteen). Before each child was placed a neat basket of flax, containing potatoes, and across them two eels. The whole of the entertainment was gratuitously provided by the natives of the place, and, in addition to this, they gave food for three days to the entire number.

After dinner we held a meeting in the church on behalf of two objects, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the native schools. Takerei, the native magistrate of the district, took the chair. The meeting was then opened with prayer, and I was called upon to read the report. 14*l.* 13*s.* had been collected in the Lower Waikato during the year.

Ruini, a Kohanga monitor, was then called upon by the chairman to move the first resolution—

"Since the Bible is the foundation of all that is good, this meeting desires to thank God that the Bible is now translated into Maori."

He said "that a liberal response to the appeal for funds would be the best evidence that they sincerely accorded with the resolution."

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Paora Katuhi, monitor of the Maire, seconded the resolution. His remarks were similar to those of the preceding speaker.

Henare Ngiti, monitor of Rangikahie, moved the second resolution—

"That since we possess the treasure of God's word, it is only right that we should aid in procuring it for others."

He said—"There are many people on earth, and they may have many ways for getting to heaven, but there is only one way, and that one way the Bible tells us of. Are we to allow those who are straying to remain in ignorance of the right path?"

Tamati seconded—"As money increases in passing from hand to hand (by interest), so in blessing others we shall ourselves be blessed. The living cherry-tree sends out many suckers: if you are a living church, you will endeavour to spread the knowledge of Christ. A man does not think only of his foot, but is equally concerned for the health and well-being of every part of his body. Let us endeavour to benefit the masses of humankind who know not Christ."

Mr. Maunsell was now called upon to introduce the subject of native schools, which he did by moving the resolution—

"As the Bible enjoins the education of children, as Christian people we accord with its injunctions."

He contrasted their former state with their present condition, and traced all their improvement to the Bible. He then urged the parents to send their children to school, and not to be content to leave them in the same ignorant condition in which they themselves were.

Heta Tarawhiti, head monitor at Taupiri school, seconded. He said—"If a man wished to make a canoe, and was not over skilled, to whom would he go? Why, to the most skilful person he knew, of course. In the same way, a man who wished to build a house would employ a person who knew how. They felt they were unequal to training their children, or imparting knowledge, therefore the most sensible course would be to bring their children to those who could."

William Hekairo, of Taupiri school, moved the next resolution—

"As a Christian people we agree to support these schools, but, in particular, the native teachers' schools."

He said, "Give God the glory for every thing good among us. At one time there was only one mill at Otawhao; but no sooner did the people see the good flour than they became desirous to possess mills, and now there are hundreds in operation: so I hope it will be with the schools. You have not yet seen the advantages of them, but when you do, I am sure you will desire to possess them.

Tepene Tahatika seconded—"Several of you have said that we have met to advocate two separate causes. I deny that. He that advocates the cause of the Bible is equally an advocate of schools. You see Waikato flowing there: it has many channels, but the water in all is one. The school is the channel through which the water of life will flow to the people. Here lie India and China, like the wounded man in the parable: do not pass by: it is your duty to assist. Soon you will pass from the stage of life. Oh work while it is called day."

After a few brief remarks by Mr. Ashwell, the meeting closed with singing and prayer. The collection for the Bible Society amounted to

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5*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*, making a total of 20*l.* for the year 1858. For the schools they collected 12*l.*

On Sunday, the day following Christmas, Mr. Ashwell baptized several adults, and we all spent a very happy day.

Directly after breakfast on Monday we had an examination of the schools, which lasted about three hours. The natives appeared very much gratified at the proficiency of the scholars. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Ashwell returned home, and we followed on the next day. After staying some days at Taupiri, Mr. Morgan arrived, with Mr. Reid the Wesleyan Missionary, for the purpose of holding a prayer-meeting. We had one first for the native teachers, and then for ourselves. We all enjoyed the meetings much.

Our school is at present in a very flourishing condition: we have in all one hundred. The greater number of these are very young, between the ages of three and seven; and I do hope that some of them will turn out well. We are expecting the Bishop to consecrate our church, which is nearly finished.

PSALM LXXII. 8.

Hills of the North, rejoice,
River and mountain spring,
Hark to the Advent voice;
Valley and lowland sing.
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh;
He judgment brings, and victory.

Isles of the Southern Seas,
Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lull'd be your restless waves.
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And make your wastes his great highway.

Lands of the East, awake;
Soon shall your sons be free,
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and gray,
Has dawned the everlasting day.

Shores of the utmost West,
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song.
High raise the note that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns—the crucified.

Shout! while ye journey home,
Songs be in every mouth—
Lo, from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South.
City of God! the bond are free;
We come to live and reign in thee."

C. E. O

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THE CHRISTIAN CONVERT, RAM CHUNDRA, AND HIS ESCAPE FROM THE MASSACRE AT DELHI.

THE late Indian rebellion abounds with remarkable instances of answers to prayer, in the case of many of God's people, who, finding themselves in the midst of dangers, and knowing not whither to fly, cried to God, and were helped by Him. Many, it is true, suffered beneath the violence of the insurgents. It appeared necessary, in the purposes of the Most High, that the outbreak should be suffered to proceed to such an extent. But the Lord was with his people amidst the fiery ordeal, as He was with the martyrs of old, and a few sharp but brief pangs introduced them into the presence of their Lord; and we doubt not that in the future page of history these sufferings will be found to have exercised a powerful influence on the struggle between light and darkness which has long been going forward in that land.

One of these remarkable deliverances, which has just caught our eye, we present to our readers.

On July 11th, 1852, some five years before the mutiny, the Rev. M. J. Jennings baptized, in the station church at Delhi, two highly-respectable and intelligent natives of that city. One of them, Ram Chundra, about thirty-three years of age, was a Kayt by caste, a very large and influential class in the city. He had been educated from earliest youth in the English department of the Delhi Government school, and became mathematical teacher in the college. When he commenced his school career he was a zealous Hindu, rigidly observing the idolatrous customs of his caste; but gradually, under the influence of that kind of education which the Government colleges afforded, he learned to despise Hinduism, and, disbelieving the truth of all revealed religion, became a deist.

After a time he was led into a controversy with a learned Mohammedan, a staunch supporter of his own system, and a bitter enemy of Christianity. In order that he might be better enabled to meet him in argument, he read the New Testament and the Korán. While thus employed, he accidentally visited the Christian church during the time of divine service, and was much struck by the devotional bearing of the Europeans who were present. The impressions made on his mind by the New Testament were thus deepened, and at length, convinced of the truth of Christianity, he resolved, at whatever cost, to embrace it.

His friend, Chaman Lal, about the same age and of the same caste with himself, was baptized the same day. He also had been at the Delhi college, and afterwards had the advantage of being for five years one of Dr. Duff's pupils at Calcutta. There the good seed was sown, and, on his return to Delhi, ripened into a similar determination with Ram Chundra.

These two Christian men remained at Delhi, in the conscientious discharge of their respective duties, until the memorable month of

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May 1857. One perished in the massacre: the other, Ram Chundra, escaped. The following is his narrative—

According to my promise, I send you a very brief account of my escape from Delhi on the 13th May last, when the mutineers occupied the city. The 10th was Sunday. I saw the Sub-Assistant Surgeon, M. S. Chaman Lal, and, when we had returned from the evening service at church, I dined with him, and then went to our Missionary friends at night. As customary, we took tea, read a chapter of the New Testament, said a short prayer, and then I and the doctor both returned to our respective homes. When we were taking tea, Mr. Hubbard, Missionary, told me that he had learned from the paper that the cause of the Sepoy disaffection had now been removed, for they had been allowed to apply glue to their cartridges. I went to bed as usual, little dreaming then of the dreadful scene which was to confound us the next day. As it was the summer season, we attended the Delhi college at six A.M.; so the next day, the 11th of May, I went to the college early in the morning. At about eight o'clock A.M., when I was teaching my class in the yard of the upper room, some students told me that the mutineers from Meerut had come to the city. I threatened the students who had said such things, not in the least believing the report. At last some servant of Mr. Roberts brought the news that the mutineers from Meerut had actually arrived, and had killed an European officer in charge of the bridge. Then Mr. Taylor, our principal, thought proper to give leave to the whole college, though still he and others did not consider this as a very serious matter. I went to the college hall, and sat down with Mr. Taylor, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Stewart, junior, and we were talking on the subject. Mr. Taylor wrote a letter to the captain of the magazine, to be informed whether these reports about the mutineers had any foundation. The captain wrote only these words in reply—"Come quickly." No sooner were these words read by Mr. Taylor, than we were all struck with horror. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Heatley, the editor of the "Delhi Gazette,", Mrs. Heatley, Mr. Roberts, and all the European teachers of the college, went over to the magazine immediately. I looked on these things with amazement. When all had left the college, I also left it with Moulvie Subbhu Buksh, of the Arabic department. We went towards the Calcutta gate to see what was the matter. There we saw that it was shut up, and a number of nujjeebs, police sowars, &c., and a vast crowd of citizens. We learned that the Commissioner, Mr. Fraser, was on the city wall, watching the movements of the mutineers. We then proceeded towards the Lal Dighe (reservoir), but we saw nothing excepting the crowd of the city people and the kotwal (head of the police) on horseback. On the way I met Captain Douglass, of the palace guard, who returned my salam with a smile. Till this time I had no fear, nor dreamed that the Sepoys in Delhi were also in league. At last I, with the moulvie, reached the tank. There I saw the magistrate, Mr. Hutchinson, going on horseback, with a sowar, in full speed towards Duryagunj. After a few moments, I saw that gentleman returning in a great hurry, and lo, I observed, at a distance, some fierce mutineer troopers following him with great rapidity. Seeing this, all the people at the tank fled away, and I did the same, but I soon commenced to walk slowly; and some of the mutineers passed

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by me, and I looked at them, little thinking that if any of the city people were to tell them that I was a Christian they would shoot me down instantly. Many of the Hindus and Mohammedans passing by knew that I was a Christian, but God shut their mouths, and they did not say to the mutineers that I was a Christian. Dr. Chaman Lal was shot, because some people of the city took the mutineers to his house, and told them that he was a Christian. It was the will of our heavenly Father to take the doctor to Himself, and to preserve me in the world for a few days more. For my part, I consider it a miraculous interference of God. On the way I was informed that the Commissioner and Magistrate were both murdered. When I reached my house, I stood up in the verandah towards the bazaar side, looking at the mutineers and the crowd of the city people passing that way. I heard a man saying in the bazaar that the poor Sub-assistant Surgeon, Chaman Lal, was shot and killed. I was thunder-stuck at hearing this, but till this time I did not believe all that I heard. I sent my old servant, Boodh Sing to ascertain the truth of the murder of Europeans and Christians: in the mean time I was terrified to see a buggy in the bazaar, drawn by a horse in full speed, but without a driver or a syce (groom). Soon after my two brothers came to my house, and told me that some of the European officers and Chaman Lal were murdered, and requested me to leave the place immediately for the house in the lines. I did so, and concealed myself in the zenana. There I continued to hear of the murder of many English gentlemen, and, in the afternoon, I saw the explosion of the magazine. I also learned that the mutineers were seeking after me, and some of the mutineers actually passed in the lane where I was hid, and the chowkedar of the lane pointed them out the house of my concealment, but other people of the street soon gathered round, and assured the mutineers that the house belonged to Kayasth, who was a wakeel, so they went away disappointed. Just consider what state I was in then, expecting death every moment. In this manner the first day passed away.

On the next day, the 12th of May, I was again told that the mutineers were seeking after me in different places; when, about ten, on opening my Bible with the Prayer-book all bound in one, I found the following Psalm, to my greatest consolation—

PSALM XLVI.

"God is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In him undaunted we 'll confide:
Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piecemeal by the raging tide.

Come see the wonders He hath wrought;
On earth what desolation brought;
How He has calm'd the jarring world:
He broke the warlike spear and bow;
With them their thund'ring chariots too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.

What comfort I received from this I cannot tell.

(*To be continued.*)

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NIGHT ENCAMPMENT IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY. (See next page.)

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MISSIONARY TOURS IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY.

THE Rev. C. A. Gollmer, one of our Missionaries in Western Africa, has, during the last year, made some extensive tours to the west of Abbeokuta. He travelled with a company of native Christians, who were enabled to spread the knowledge of the truth more extensively, and to explain it more clearly to their countrymen, than the white man could do. Their caravan consisted of twenty persons, and, in the majority of cases, they were warmly welcomed, and earnestly invited to establish a permanent Mission. On one occasion they assembled under a large tree in the market-place of Ibara. Mr. Gollmer preached in Yoruba from John iii. 3; and, for the better understanding of it, he asked D——, one of the Scripture-readers, to re-preach the sermon. The people being still attentive, he called upon J——, another Scripture-reader, to speak a few words more on the same subject; and seeing that the people would listen longer, he quietly called A——, a third Scripture-reader, gave him his book, pointed to John iii. 16, and asked him to say a few words on the love of God to sinners. The elders and people were very attentive, and did not appear weary, though the service had lasted two hours.

On this tour a night encampment presented the following striking incidents—"On our journey to this place (Igbogila) we met with a long string of Ketu traders. After dark, the different parties lit about half a dozen fires close in front of us, partly to cook their supper, and partly to warm themselves. When all were settled, I called my little force of five Scripture-readers, and begged them each to join one of these different companies, and tell them of God's love to sinners. A happy scene ensued, and, I must say, it did my heart good to behold the triumph of the Gospel after the troubles of the day."

Our illustration represents a night encampment similar to that described above. The Missionary tent appears in the corner of the view. G. T.

THE THREE COMRADES.

A TALE FOR SOLDIERS.

WHEN the cry from India, in 1857, obliged our authorities to raise and send out large forces, for the relief of England's suffering ones there, it reached a small town in the west of Ireland, and three young men came forward to join the lists. Matthew, Edmund, and James had received a good plain education, but were widely different in character and disposition. On their march up-country, James and Matthew were left sick in hospital at ——, and it was there I became acquainted with them. James very readily told me their story, asking for news of the beleaguered garrisons. I then proposed reading a few verses from my Bible. I might, he told me, if I liked: he didn't care: he never thought of such things as the soul and death, now he had got his head, and was free from the home influences. I repeated some suitable verses to him, urging upon him the reason of our being placed in this world, namely, to grow like Jesus, and to glorify Him in the world; and the great motive principle—redeeming love. But all in vain. Then, turning to death and eternity, I strove to make him feel the awful consequences

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of scorning that Saviour here, who will be our Judge hereafter. He would hear no more, so I turned to Matthew, who agreed in the reasonableness of my wishes, and quietly allowed me to read and speak with him. For some days I continued to see these men. James's heart was hardened, quite deaf to the calls of grace. When I entered the ward he generally left it, to avoid hearing that truth which he hated. Matthew seemed indifferent: as it pleased me to read and speak, he listened, but he gave no evidence of loving the Lord.

James was soon well, and, on the Monday morning, left hospital: I saw him in the verandah just before he left, when he said, "You see I was right: I told you I was young and hearty; that I had nothing to do with these things—death and eternity—yet: there's time enough. I'll be up and have a hand in wiping off some of them black niggers yet." I was much grieved, and, I trust faithfully, tried to win him, even then, to Jesus.

He turned away. When I next heard of James, he was dead! And yet but a few short hours had intervened. He had gone to the bazaar, and "indulged" with some comrades. Walking back to the barracks, God's judgment fell upon him: he feel down senseless, and was borne back to that bed he had left but an hour before. He lived there but to open his eyes, and, calling Matthew, said, "I find her words true too late: I am lost!" Awful end of an unprepared sinner!

Fearful was it to stand by that charpoy, whence, a few hours previous, an unprepared spirit had left its clay to meet its offended God. Many trembled that day, for death seemed so near.

Too LATE! Should any soldier, still hardened against his God, read this, let me implore him not to let the word of warning sound unheeded. Thank God, it is not yet too late. He may yet have God for his Saviour; but remember, an hour hence it may be too late. May the Spirit grant these words may pierce the heart of each reader, and may He lead each to turn to his God, now in the day of salvation!

Matthew had seen all, had heard that fearful "too late." He trembled, and, begging me to write and inform Edmund of the dreadful event, dictated a message to him himself, to beg that he would think on the things of Jesus. The reader may believe how fervently I prayed as I wrote, that He, whose message to a sinner it was, would bless it, and make it pierce the soldier's heart. Matthew lingered on about three weeks in great suffering, able to think and speak but little. I never could feel satisfied as to his state of heart: it will be revealed to us in the great day of disclosure.

Not long after this, a soldier called on me one evening, stating that a young comrade (Edmund by name) had just come into hospital, and begged I would go to see him as soon as I could. "He's been wounded in several places up at Cawnpore, and is very weak; the fever is strong upon him: he may recover, the doctor says; but I don't much think he will, for he seems altogether too heaven-like to stay with such as us. He says such beautiful things, and rests so happy-like in all his pains." I sent some flowers and books by the soldier. On my entering the ward next morning, Edmund raised himself on his charpoy, and the colour mantled his face, as, with tears coursing down his cheeks,

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he said, "My prayer is heard: I have longed to know you. I was as hard as any other sinner till your letter came. It just made me cry downright, and I 'm not ashamed of saying to you, I 'd been taught the duty of religion, but to be given a friend, only to be asked to love Him —to be promised joy and peace here, and heaven afterwards—it seemed too big a gift to be true. One of the men who had a Bible lent it me, and then, as you bade, I searched to see if your letter was true. I read all those verses you marked, and it was true, every word of it. Then I thought I had done wickedness so long, I could not be loved by the Lord; but it said, Jesus died for sinners, and as I wanted now from that time to love Him, I believed I was forgiven. And I've been so happy since! I just wanted to see you, to tell you I loved Him, that I have minded your word, and now I've seen your face, I shall know you when you come to heaven. And now will you come to me every day, and read to me of his love, for I 'm getting too weak to hold the book, and you know I must learn more of Him before I see Him. I have been trying to copy Him ever since I first loved Him, but I 've been so much in the front: now I think, I've got this while given me, just to do nothing but look up at Him, and try to get more of Him put into me. Will you help me?"

Sweet hours were those I spent by Edmund as he neared Jordan; his spirit glowed with praise and love. "You remember," he said one morning, "you gave as a watchword to some Highlanders, 'The love of Christ constraineth us?' They gave it to me, and I have held it always since. I can't tell what that love is yet; I can't rightly hold it in my heart, it seems too great for me; but I am going to see Jesus: then I will learn a little more of it, but still I shall never know it all."

On Sunday forenoon I went to his bedside. "I am nearing the haven: read me about the voyage." I turned to Psalm cvii. 21—31. "Yes," said Edmund, slowly speaking as to himself; "so he bringeth —so—through sin, temptation, sorrow, danger—so He has brought me —He, my only friend; yes, my desired haven. I have longed for it; I have kept my eye on it: now I am almost there in the calm. I shall do well in the swelling of Jordan, for Jesus holds me. I am his, and He will be with me, and make the storm a calm."

The shadows of evening were falling, when I went to take my last look at him: he was quite exhausted, panting life away. It was very painful to see wearied nature thus battling hard. His illness had been short, and his features were not worn, nor his form shrunk; his skin was beautifully white and transparent, and his eyes shone with a brightness that told he was passing away to glory.

As usual, he welcomed me with a smile. "You are just going to join with some of the family on earth, singing the praises of our King in his sanctuary. I am just going to sing them with part of the family in heaven. My Sabbath began on earth; it will end above. If your's should be a long and stormy voyage, it may cheer you often to look back, and remember you led me to my despised Bible and Saviour." He repeated the following hymn, which I had sent him in Matthew's letter, a great favourite with him—

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"Saviour! Thy love alone can fill
And satisfy the human heart;
Can turn to good each seeming ill,
And peace impart.

Then deign to make Thyself to me,
While here a sojourner I roam,
A living bright reality—
My rest, my home!

More present to faith's inward sight,
Than earthly objects to my eye;
My hourly well-spring of delight,
Which ne'er runs dry

If of some cherished good bereft,
Too fondly prized, hard to resign,
Still, let me feel enough is left,
If Thou art mine.

In sorrow, be Thy love my balm,
A panacea, sure to heal;
In joy, to sanctify and calm,
That love reveal!

More intimately be Thou nigh,
Than e'en the dearest earthly friend;
Bound by that strong mysterious tie
Death cannot rend.

Let all around me clearly trace,
A growing likeness, Lord, to Thee;
A trophy of transforming grace
Oh, let me be!"

I repeated the three first verses of 1 John iii. His eyes grew fixed, and memory seemed failing. Once again I pressed his cold hand, and said, "Edmund, are you happy?" A joyful smile and gleam of intelligence lighted up the face of the dying man. "Oh, so happy! so Jesus has brought me to my desired . . . ." He could not utter more, his sentence was finished, when, an hour after, the happy spirit entered its heavenly home.

Reader, may this brief record of three youths, reared in the same town, and sent forth into the world together, with like duties, privileges, and temptations, read a never-to-be-forgotten lesson to your heart!

I have traced these lines with fervent prayer that they may be a saving call to some soul, and I believe they will. The remembrance of the last days of these lads is still so vividly before me, and so overpowering in its solemn reality, that I cannot give words to what I feel. I believe my Master will make the simple record touch some cold heart; and if it should be the means of helping any to value and love Edmund's Saviour more, it will have done its work.

One word only to the soldiers who may read my narrative.

Dear soldiers! I know your difficulties, continually amongst those who hate the truth, with often no quiet corner to yourselves: Jesus knows them too. But oh, you dare not say a soldier cannot be a Chris-

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tian. Some of the most beautiful Christ-like characters the world has known have been found in England's army.

Turn you to your Bibles, and see in what endearing character Jesus is presented as your friend. He only wants you to feel yourselves helpless sinners, to be sorry for your ungrateful conduct towards Him, and with sincerity to choose Him to be your Master. Soldier friends, turn not away! Oh that you would believe, and come homewards now! Remember, Jesus has died for you: you have only to believe this, and to love Him. As soon as you do this, obedience will naturally follow. Oh, say not there is time enough yet! We know not when our Lord shall come in all his glory to judge the dead and living. It may be this day, this night. Will you not come to Him now as your Saviour friend, before you *must* see Him as your Judge?

My words are feeble, but I am praying for you, dear soldiers. Prayer, "moves the hand that moves the world;" and I cannot help humbly believing some of you will have cause to thank God for this solemn illustration of the truth, that "many are called, but few chosen."—*Calcutta Christian Intelligencer.*

TROUBLES AT SHANGHAE.

THE following letter, just received from the Rev. J. Hobson, the British Chaplian at this port, will show the imminent danger to which he and other Englishmen have been exposed from an outbreak of popular anger on the part of the Chinese, one at which we cannot be surprised, when we remember how ready western nations have been to sacrifice the well-being of the Chinese to their own filthy lucre, first in the matter of the opium, and now of the Coolie traffic.

Since I last wrote to you we have had troubles in Shanghae, and my own life has been in imminent danger. When the tidings of our Thientsin disaster became known to the natives here, they became considerably elated in mind. The idea of having thrashed the English seemed to be more than they could bear without an explosion. I could not have believed that a people so apathetic and so fully impressed with the national belief in our vast prowess, would be so soon moved out of their listlessness, and disabused of their fear of us. They became at once so excited, that it was evident a very small spark would set them on fire. The spark was too soon applied. Just when we were smarting under our chastisement, and the Chinese were intoxicated with their most unlooked-for victory, there came to the port a French ship with a cargo of Coolies on board. The ship had obtained these Coolies at Ningpo, but not having a full complement, she came to Shanghae for the remainder. The first story that was noised abroad was, that a party of these Coolies had tried to make their escape from the ship as she lay at mooring, and were shot like dogs, as they were swimming to shore, by the officers on board. This was found to be too true, as numerous dead bodies were seen floating about. Then we heard that the captain, or owners, or agents of the ship, had employed some lawless sailors, En-

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glish and French, to kidnap Chinese, and to take them forcibly on board, the kidnappers receiving so much a piece.

A few cases of this kind having occurred, and bands of seamen being observed prowling about, you will not be surprised to hear that the whole native population was thrown into alarm, and roused up into a condition of fury. On the 29th of July they broke out, and we were alarmed by an excited body of Chinese hunting a party of five sailors, some of whom they had severely wounded. This occurred within our settlement, indeed, within a few yards of my house. Hearing the noise I rushed out, and assisted to deliver the sailors out of the hands of the Chinese, and to hand them over to the police for punishment, if guilty. Thus the guilty career of these men, if, indeed, they were kidnappers, was arrested, and yet their lives saved, for, but for their timely rescue, their lives would have been taken by the infuriated Chinese. We did not then know the extent of the excitement, or we might have guarded against further danger. The same evening I, my wife, and two friends, went out for a walk into the fields at the end of our settlement. On returning, we observed a mob of Chinese, who were, we were told, beating an Englishman to death. My wife and one of my friends went quietly home by another route, whilst Mr. Lay, my other friend, and myself, went to the mob to ascertain whom they were killing, to expostulate with them, and to endeavour to save English life.

Going into the midst of the mob, we found the Englishman on the ground, and a lot of fellows beating him with stones and sticks. On our begging them to desist, they said he was a kidnapper, and deserved to die. We assented to the wickedness of the deed with which they charged him, but begged them not to take the law into their own hands, but to take him to the police-office, where he would be justly dealt with. At first they listened to us, and seemed disposed to acquiesce in our suggestions, but some of them were too much excited to listen to reason, and recommenced beating the poor fellow. In particular, one lad, perhaps fifteen years old, struck him a death blow on the head with a rough heavy piece of wood. Seeing this, I instinctively sprang forward, and tried to shield the prostrate victim, and ward off further blows with my walking-stick. Thereupon the anger of the mob was turned against Mr. Lay and myself, and with cries, "Kill them! kill them!" they commenced an attack on us with stones and bamboos. Finding them bent on mischief, we burst through the crowd, and ran for our lives, the mob following us and yelling like demons, "Kill them! kill them!" My friend and I ran for some distance together, but finding my strength giving away, I thought I had better run into some Chinese house, and claim protection. Providentially my feet were directed to a shop, the owner of which knew me. He received me; he bade me rush up stairs; he took his place in the doorway, told the mob who I was, and begged them to do no violence to me. He called his assistants, and got his shop all safely shut up. Still the mob remained round the house, and, whilst sitting on the Chinaman's bed, praying for deliverance from this imminent danger, I heard them demanding that I should be thrown out to be killed. My position was not a little alarming: still God answered my prayer, and kept me as cool

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and peaceful as though I had been in my own house. At first I thought of breaking a hole through the wall, and so of getting home by a back way; but on trying the wall with my walking-stick, I found it too solid to attempt. I then resolved to abide where I was till relief came. Nevertheless, I took up my position by an open window, prepared to leap on to the roof of an adjacent house, in case the mob should break in. After waiting some time, the Chinese broke out into a furious shout, which at first sounded like my death knell, but within a few seconds, I heard the cry, "The police are here." These soon cleared the road, the mob flying before their staves like chaff before the wind. I then came out of my refuge, and reached home in safety, with the exception of being stiff and sore from the blows I received, most thankful to my heavenly Father for his gracious preservation of my life.

But what of my companion? He ran on, having outstripped me, and ran into danger. He was met by another excited party, armed with knives and swords, surrounded by them, and stabbed in three places. His wounds were of the most dangerous description, but, through the goodness of God, he was also rescued, and is now about again. I need hardly say that the poor fellow we tried to save was killed outright. Whilst attending on my wounded friend at the police-office, the murdered and mutilated body was carried in, and I could not help feeling that I owed it to the special providence of my God that my body had not been carried in a similar manner to my poor wife.

You can easily imagine the alarm that would arise in the settlement as soon as the tidings of the attack were known. Immediately a strong party from the men-of-war was landed, and the place put under military law. All business was suspended, and an attack on the settlement apprehended.

The next night the Chinese commenced a riot and fight amongst themselves, which we, in our ignorance of its real nature, regarded as the commencement of the threatened attack. Field-pieces, loaded with grape, were placed in position; many ladies and children were sent on board ship; we ourselves packed up a carpet-bag with a few necessaries, in case affairs became desperate; and so, amidst the yelling and firing of the natives, and a night that seemed like one plucked out of the history of Lucknow or Cawnpore, we waited for the dawning of the day. For several days the excitement continued; but the French ship having been made to disgorge its captives, to the number of upwards of a hundred, the mob having killed two or three more defenceless, and probably innocent sailors, and having gutted two of our Mission chapels, things have gradually subsided, and now we do not anticipate any further trouble. We feel it necessary, however, as a matter of precaution, to confine ourselves within the limit of our own settlement, and it will, I fear, be some time before we stand on precisely the same ground with our neighbours as before.

Thus, for the first time since my connexion with Shanghae, there has arisen bad blood between the natives and ourselves. (During the riot of 1854, the ill-will was on the part of the Imperialist soldiers from a distance.) And thus, after ten years' residence amongst this people, being probably better known than any other European in the place, I

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nearly lost my life as a kidnapper, or abettor of such. In truth, the Chinese themselves are now quite ashamed of their attack on me. When they look back upon it with cool blood, it seems almost too bad to be true. I am not altogether sorry myself that the Chinese rose as they did. I believe nothing less than what jeopardized the existence of the settlement would have brought the authorities, French and English, to their senses, and prevent this horrible Cooly traffic, from which Shanghae has hitherto been comparatively free, being extended to this port also. I trust, however, in their just wrath the Chinese would discern between friends and foes. It is hard to get the knocks, and blows, and cuts, for other peoples' faults.

It is not a little curious and significant, that the rage of the people roused by this Cooly affair should have been directed (I believe by the devil himself) against Missionaries and their places of worship. Handbills of the vilest description have been in circulation, attributing to us all sorts of malpractices: our chapels were described as places where all sorts of secret crimes were perpetrated, and where at this time kidnapped Chinese were confined. Hence the gutting of two chapels, one belonging to the London Mission Society, the other to the American Episcopalians.

I do not, on the whole, think it at all a bad sign that this anti-Missionary feeling has been developed. It seems to me to prove that the devil is angry with our work, and that men's consciences are beginning to be exercised about the things they have heard so long. I do trust we shall now, however, have peace, though perfect security can hardly be restored, at present. Who that looks above can avoid the swift conviction, that, in our unexpected reverse on the Chinese coast, "Verily our sin has found us out?" We are very, very guilty as regards China, and I should not be surprised if the Ruler of nations has other sore humiliations in store for us.

THE CHRISTIAN CONVERT, RAM CHUNDRA, AND HIS ESCAPE FROM THE MASSACRE AT DELHI.

(*Continued from* p. 120.)

On the 13th of May it was notified by the mutineers, that if any Englishman or Christian were found concealed in any person's house, that man should also suffer death. I feared greatly, not only for myself, but for my family, as I was concealed with them. My brother also feared, and so I determined to leave the house, but still wishing to stop two or three days more, hoping that, during that time, an English army might arrive and destroy the mutineers. Our landlady, in whose house we lived, urgently requested my mother to expel me (as I was the only Christian in the family) from the house instantly, for she feared that if I were found in her house she would also be punished. This vexed me much, and I felt grieved at her very unfriendly conduct; but this was a wise providence of God. That very day (third) I leaped over a wall, and went into an adjoining house, where I stopped till it was dark. I dressed myself like a common cooly, and, with my old and faithful servant, Boodh Singh, left the city for Dheeruj-kee-Paharee, where my servant's family lived,

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and, thanks be to God, no one recognised me on the way. Next day, I and my servant went to a village named Muttra, ten miles from Delhi, where one of his relatives was a lumbardar: there I received comfort, but still I was in danger, for some zemindars knew me to be a Christian. But the Psalm I remembered. I lived in this village about a month. "Jauts" and the "Jautnees" inquired why I lived in the village, as the mutineers were not against any native, but I could not satisfy their curiosity. At last the English army came, and defeated the rebels at Badlee-Kee-Sarai. I expected Delhi would be taken in a day or two, but it was not so. On the 10th of June last, at midnight, some rebel troops passed by the village I lived in, and some zemindar, opposed to the lumbardar who gave me protection, informed the mutineers that a Christian was living in the village. But before the mutineers came over to the place where I was, my servant learned all the particulars, awoke me from my slumber, and told me of my danger. I went inside that hut, and expected a bullet or a sword-thrust every moment. At that time God alone was my refuge, for I was certain that the mutineers would search for me in the hut, and that my days were numbered. A zemindar friend advised me to leave the hut immediately, and fly to the jungle. I did so, and my old faithful fellow followed me into the wilderness. When we had gone about half a mile from the village, I heard the noise of the mutineers entering it, and as it was moonlight, I feared lest I had been seen during my flight. They fired their muskets; then plundered the house where I had lived (as I came to know afterwards); and when I heard the galloping of horses distinctly, I then believed that they were pursuing after me into the jungles. I found a small thorny bush, into which I thrust myself, (so dear is life to man!) though many thorns went into my flesh; still, having a white kurta (tunic) on, I was in constant dread of being discovered: it was clear moonlight then. But God turned away the mutineers from that direction where I was hid; and when I ceased to hear the galloping of the horses, I came out of the bush, and met with my servant, Boodh Singh; and then we both started for Dheeruj-kee-Paharee, and the following day (the 11th of June) we went by a circuitous way to Allipore, and thence to the English camp before Delhi. On the way I was plundered by the worthy Goojurs, who robbed me of my rupees and a flannel-jacket, which was all I had. The British camp I reached with only a dirty piece of rag around my waist. Sir T. Metcalfe, Bart., assisted and comforted me a great deal, and I remained in the camp till Delhi was taken.

A FAMOUS COLLECTION.

One of the pleasing results of Missionary work is its re-action. The converted heathen is anxious to be employed in communicating the "glad tidings" to his fellow-countrymen yet in "darkness and the shadow of death," or else in furnishing the means for carrying the work by others' instrumentality. An interesting instance of this kind has lately taken place at Abbeokuta. On the 20th June, a large meeting on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held in Mr. Townsend's newly-erected church at Ake, in that town. It was crowded to overflowing, and even the windows were blocked up from the outside by

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anxious black faces, who could not obtain admittance. These people have, many of them, experienced the power of the Gospel, and we can well imagine that they would be interested in the work of a Society whose object it is to circulate the word of God in the tongue of the heathen, as well as that of civilized men. But the most remarkable portion of this meeting was the collection. When finished, it was as much as eight men could carry! Was not this a famous collection? And now for a word of explanation. The collection was made in calabashes, and, as each was filled, it was brought and emptied in a heap on the floor near the pulpit—not shining sovereigns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, &c., but cowries, a kind of small shell which the natives pass as money—170,000 cowries, in value 7*l.* 13*s.* The total collection will, in all probably amount to nearly 20*l.*, the remainder being made up of silver; but there is an absence of gold and copper. Twenty pounds at a Bible meeting in the interior of Africa! May not all Missionary friends say, "Let us thank God, and take courage; and may not the cowries of Africa put to shame many a collection in many a great town in Christian England?

G. T.

MISSIONS IN TURKEY.

Several facts show that a spirit of inquiry on the subject of Christianity is beginning to spread amongst the Turks. A former disciple of the false prophet, called Mr. Williams, preaches the Gospel with as much success as faithfulness. This man, whose Turkish name was Selim Aga, is not afraid to confess the name of Christ with a holy boldness. Finding himself lately on board a steam-vessel in the company of a large number of Turks, some one asked him what he thought of Mohammed. "I think," answered he, without the least hesitation, "I think that Mohammed was an impostor, and the Korán a lie." He then added proofs to support his opinion; and when the vessel arrived at its destination, he had the pleasure of seeing one of his auditors, a Turk of distinction, approach, who grasped his hand, and told him that he entirely coincided with him. Another fact, narrated by the Rev. Mr. Jessop, Missionary in Syria, shows that the Gospel, as it is preached by this converted Mohammedan, extends in its effects further than we are aware. "Lately," writes Mr. Jessop, "a young convert of Abeih, going to Damascus, met on the road a traveller who seemed in much trouble: he did not know Arabic, and some rogues, taking advantage of his ignorance, had tried to rob him. Our young friend, feeling for him in his difficulties, addressed him in Turkish. This man, delighted to meet a person whose appearance was so prepossessing, entered into conversation with him, and, as Damascus was the termination of his journey also, he invited our friend to travel with him for the rest of his journey. That night they were talking together in the khan where they stopped to pass the night, when suddenly the Turk asked our friend what was his religion. 'I am a Christian,' answered the young Syrian. 'But what sort of a Christian,' responded the Turk; 'Greek, Maronite, Armenian?' 'No, nothing of all that: I am a Christian of the Gospel, or, if you like it better, a Protestant.' 'Is it possible?' exclaimed the

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stranger: 'well, I am also a Christian of the Gospel. I was a Mohammedan, but I learned the truth from the mouth of Mr. Williams, the converted Turk, and now I have the happiness of believing in Jesus Christ. My friends in Constantinople are still ignorant of the change that has been wrought in me; but, on my return to Damascus, I firmly intend to inform them of it, and openly to embrace the truth.' Some moments afterwards the Turk, drawing from the folds of his dress a New Testament in his maternal tongue, began to read it with diligence. Mr. Williams, the Turkish Missionary, has one of his sons placed in the Missionary College at Islington, where we hope he will become well qualified to go and associate himself in his father's work.

"GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

LUKE ii. 10.

"Good news! good news!" the Angel cried,
"Glory to God!" the host replied,
"And Peace to all mankind!"
Glory and Peace they sing again,
As, one by one, the sons of men
In Christ their pardon find.

Good news the Church on earth shall tell
To all in every land that dwell,
Of every tongue and hue;
Apostles, Bishops, Pastors, all
Go forth to preach the Saviour's call,
A faithful band, but few.

Good news! all ye that wander wide,
Poor scattered sheep, long torn and tried
In death and sin's domain:
The gracious Lord his Spirit sheds
O'er broken hearts and weary heads,
To give them rest again.

Good news, Idolaters! no more
Your altars, black with fire and gore,
Shall leave yourselves unclean;
The atonement you can never find,
The Blood that hallows all mankind,
Christ's Holy Cross hath seen.

Good news, Mohammedans! good news!
In vain your scornful eyes refuse
The tidings that we bring;
Those murky souls must see the day,
Your deadly sins be washed away,
Jesus is Lord and King!

Good news! oh, tidings high and sweet!
Speed, heralds, with your shining feet,
Spread them where'er you can!
And, Lord, grant me the blessed gift
Some portion of the Cross to lift,
And help to save a man!

[*Gospel Missionary.*

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THE TIEN-DOONG MONASTERY NEAR NINGPO.

The Rev. W. H. Collins, one of our Missionaries at Ningpo, has kindly remitted to us some notices of Mission life in China, of which we gladly avail ourselves. The following account of the Tien-doong monastery is one of them. It is well just now to make



REST-HOUSE ON THE WAY TO TIEN-DOONG MONASTERY.

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mention of China. Disturbances with the Mantchu Government have broken out again when least expected; and very serious events are about to take place, such as will strike at the very existence of the old dynasty. How far the great mass of the Chinese people will be affected by these evils it is difficult to say, and we trust that our Missionaries at Shanghae and Ningpo will be permitted to pursue their labours undisturbed. Between the Chinese Court at Pekin and the remote provinces there is, we think, but little sympathy. Still, amongst a heathen people like the Chinese, crafty and unprincipled, and peculiarly exclusive and self-opinionated, it is difficult to say what may not take place. We ask our readers to be much in prayer for our Missionaries, that they may be preserved, and that all events may be made to work for the furtherance of the Gospel throughout China.

The monastery called Tien Doong is a lovely spot embosomed amongst wood-covered hills, about twenty miles from Ningpo, and is frequently resorted to by the inhabitants of this place for change of air. From Ningpo a boat can be taken to a village about five miles from the monastery. This latter part of the journey is usually performed in mountain chairs of a slight description: two bamboo poles, about nine or ten feet in length, are united by a cross piece about eighteen inches long, fixed between them, forming the chair-back; a narrow board suspended in front forms the seat; another piece of bamboo, still further in front, a foot-board.

To this place we went in the latter end of April, to seek restoration to health. Crossing a low pass in the hills, about a mile from the village, we descended into a narrow level valley, which, winding three or four miles between steep hills, led us to the monastery. In the valley is situated a village which stretches more than half a mile along the path, having houses on either side: a pleasant stream flows down the valley. The road from the landing-place is paved with granite: at various intervals are picturesque rest-houses built over the road, to shelter weary pilgrims from the sun while resting. These places are very needful, for though the distance is not great, by far the larger number of pilgrims are women, to whose small feet such a pilgrimage must be a painfully weary one. We were told that the whole valley, and the hills round it, covered with brushwood, belong to the monks. Much of their revenue is derived from the sale of firewood. The last three-quarters of a mile the path was arched over by an avenue of magnificent fir-trees, until we come to the front of the monastery, where it runs round the pool in which the sacred fish are kept. We entered the small arched doorway on the left-hand side, and ascending by the side of the buildings about 200 yards, came to the rooms in which foreigners are allowed to reside, quite in the rear. The building contains several idols, but the largest are in another temple behind, on a raised terrace. Still further in the rear, and on a much higher level, is a very large hall, supported on pillars containing only some ancestral tablets. Behind this latter building are two ranges of buildings, in quadrangles, surrounding a court-yard. On each side of the large temples are long buildings, dining-hall, and

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other offices. The whole is supplied with water by a stream conducted from the hill in bamboo pipes. This monastery has above 100 priests residing in it: in former days it is said the number was much larger. We were struck with the dull, unintellectual countenances of the priests, as we met them with their rosaries in their hands, busy at the wearisome task of repeating incessantly the name of their god, "O mi doo veh." Many times in the day, from dawn until ten o'clock, we heard the large bell, and other instruments used in their dreary worship. From a hill immediately behind the monastery there is a fine view; but so inanimate are the priests, that only one man knows the road through the woods to the top, and as he said he was too old to conduct us, we could not reach the top. Having spent nine days very pleasantly, and having obtained the benefit we sought from the mountain air, we returned to Ningpo.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF YESUBA SALAVE, A NATIVE CHRISTIAN CONNECTED WITH THE AHMEDNUGGUR MISSION.

It has pleased God to afflict us by the removal of our much-esteemed brother, Yesúbá Sálave. He died on the 27th of February, the third anniversary of the day on which he, with seven others, were constituted into the Chande church. That little company of eight persons has increased, till the Chande church has sent out a colony to form the Dedgav church, and there are now in the communion of the two churches about seventy persons. But adversity walks hand in hand with prosperity, and we forget for awhile to rejoice over the goodly number that, this year even, has come out from among the heathen and professed Christ, while we remember that Yesúbá has gone. A standard-bearer has fallen. He was elected to the office of deacon when the church was formed, and discharged the duties of his office with exemplary fidelity till his decease. It seems desirable that there should be some record of his life, and this is made with the hope that it may give example a wider influence.

He belonged to Sonai, a principal town of a máhal, and which lies some twenty-five miles to the north of Ahmednuggur; but for twenty years or more he has resided in Pimpalgáv, a small village lying eight miles east of Sonai. He chose the business of hedyá, or drover, buying and selling cattle at the different fairs which form the cattle-markets in this region. After gaining experience and confidence, he would go and buy cattle among the obscure villages in Khándesh and Behar, and sometimes go as far as Bombay to sell them. A hedyá is a synonym for a man of shrewdness and general information, and Yesúbá was sagacious and well informed above most of the class. He prospered in business, and was in general repute as a man of substance and ability.

He determined to give his children an education; and as there was no school in Pimpalgáv, he proposed to have a family school. While he was arranging for this, Sákharám, the late well-known catechist, came to his village and advised him to ask the Missionaries to establish a school there. He was impressed with what Sákharám said then and

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at subsequent visits. He had also the example and instruction of the catechist Sákharám, whose village is near Pimpalgáv.

Before he had gained a correct knowledge of the plan of salvation, at one time, on his way from the Wálke fair, he called on Mr. Ballantine at Ahmednuggur. He then took a bag of money he had brought with him, and, emptying it on the floor, he said with affecting earnestness, "Sahib, take this money and give me salvation."

The first indication his wife noticed of his change in belief was his giving up visiting the Wálke fair, because it was held on the Sabbath. This step he took about twelve years ago. The following cold season Mr. Ballantine and his family visited Pimpalgáv, and spent a day in instructing the people there. It was a high day for Yesúbá. He killed a sheep and made a dinner for the Missionary and those who were with him. But he did not seem prepared at that time to profess Christ. The free intercourse with Missionaries and native Christians that ensued was blessed to his further enlightenment, and he was at last baptized, March 24, 1850, by Mr. Wilder, and admitted to Christian privillages in connexion with the Ahmednuggur Mission church.

A storm of persecution at once burst upon him. It were vain to try to describe the annoyances and vexations he endured. Their force and extent may be imagined from the more tangible fact that he was soon stripped of his property. One day he took four high-priced oxen to a fair. All four of them died of poison before night. His cattle and horses were poisoned from time to time, and soon all were gone. He was frequently told, if he would abjure Christianity his cattle would cease to die. But he said, "There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job, and though my sorrows become as great as his were, I will not deny my Lord; and He will bring me out of all my distresses." At last his persecutors despaired of bringing him back to Hinduism by such means, and he was no more annoyed. He turned his attention to farming, and for several years ceased to trade in cattle. But farming was uncongenial to him, and for the last two years of his life he engaged again in his favourite business, and with his wonted success. Though old and infirm, his activity and energy exceeded those of his youthful partners in trade, and the expression of his opinion decided theirs in trading. His judgment was deemed by them almost infallible. As a Christian, his earnestness and decision were no less conspicuous. His conversation turned much on religious subjects, and he strove to let his example teach. He was so fearful lest he should be thought to retain caste feelings, that he sought occasion to drink water from the hands of Mangs.

He was remarkably hospitable and generous: the stranger was welcome to share his meal. His friends found it hard to withstand his urgency that they should stay another day. When persons of higher castes visited him on business, he would provide their food by means of the higher-caste people of the village. He did it unostentatiously, but it became generally known that he gave a rupee each month for the spread of the Gospel.

It has been said that he was a deacon of the Chande church. He magnified his office. He was untiring in whatever he thought would promote the welfare of the church. The evidence of his faithfulness

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appeared in the results in his own family. He had the privilege of seeing all who lived under his roof become members of the church. First his wife, then his four children who still remained with him, the wife of the eldest of them, and a widowed daughter, who, after the death of her husband, sought an asylum there, and also two young men employed on his farm, and the wife of one of them, professed Christ, and were received into the communion of the Chande church. If he was disposed to claim his full share of authority in the church, it was what was conceded to him in other relations in life: and if his care lest evil should creep in made him sometimes censorious, his grey hairs might suggest a sufficient apology. He was never employed as a catechist or reader by the Mission, nor did he receive any emolument or help (except from his native-Christian brethren) on account of his being a Christian; but, on the contrary, he suffered reproach and loss.

He was strict in his observance of the Sabbath and loved the assembly of the saints. He attended Sabbath services at Chande, until the Missionary began to reside at Wadale, and after that he came more than two miles to morning service at Wadale, and then, returning home, went as far the other way to Chande for the afternoon service, and in the evening he had a special service at his own house.

For several months before his death he was subject to attacks of intermittent fever, and, sometimes in the paroxysms of fever, his mind would wander; and it was interesting to notice that the tenor of his thoughts at such times was almost exclusively religious, and particularly about the welfare of the church, his pastor, the little home Missionary society of which he formed so important a part, and the conversion of individuals for whom he had been making special efforts.

He ripened fast as his end drew near. He was convinced that he was soon to leave us, but we could hardly believe it. He would not, however, give up his business, and often laboured beyond his strength. A few days before his death he laboured excessively at stacking wheat, and became heated and exhausted. He sat down to rest, and took a severe cold, which was followed by inflammation of the lungs, and resulted in his death. The disease made it difficult for him to speak, but he showed much pleasure when we had singing and reading the Bible and prayer by his bedside. It was good to pray with him and feel the warm pressure of his hand. During the night before the Sabbath in which he died he called his son-in-law three times, and made him pray at his bedside.

During his sickness he was visited by those of other castes, who, as a usual thing, would not go to the Mahár quarter. One of these, a Kinabe, talked with him about the days of his prosperity, and expressed regret that he had lost his property. "I have lost it, it is true," said Yesúbá, "but I have gained an inheritance in heaven that I shall never lose."

The morning of the Sabbath, his last day with us, found him apparently better, but he was not deceived, and proceeded to set his house in order. He assembled his children, all seven of whom were gathered there on account of his sickness, and gave each of them a few words of advice. He said he was ready to leave them all, except the widowed daughter with her two orphans. His most earnest charge to the son

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who would have the homestead was this—"F——, never forget to put the rupee in the Missionary-box on the first Monday of the month; *never* neglect it." Afterwards he had prayers, and then a visit from his pastor. He received him with his usual cordiality, and expressed his satisfaction with God's dealings, and his conviction that he was one of God's people. He was tired, and soon dozed. At noon he asked to be carried "to the outer room, where he usually had family prayers," and there he gently sunk away, till his spirit departed. He was buried, as he had requested, in his field beside his well.

His memory is fragrant. He was a sincere, earnest Christian, his enemies being judges. May a double portion of his spirit fall on the church that mourns his loss!—*Calcutta Christian Observer.*

EASTER SUNDAY AT NINGPO, 1859.

A RECENTLY arrived Missionary-labourer thus describes first impressions—

Sights and sounds, in themselves striking and suggestive of deeply-interesting thoughts, soon lose their power by frequent repetition, so the Missionary relation of events in a heathen land is an "oft-told tale," and but seldom stirs up the depths of compassion and sympathy in the hearts of those who read it; yet when, for the first time, the contrast of heathen darkness and hopelessness, with the hope and peace of Christian light, are brought prominently before us, the impression produced on our own minds is so strong, that we cannot rest without endeavouring that others may share it with us. This was peculiarly the case with me last Easter Sunday, which it was my privilege to spend in the family of an earnest, devoted Missionary at Ningpo. Sitting in my chamber, before the hour of morning service, I read of the resurrection of our blessed Saviour, the ground of the Christian's hope, when a low wailing sound rose upon my ear, and, looking out of the window, over a graveyard between the house and the city wall, I saw a funeral procession slowly wending its way among the tombs. The followers consisted of four or five men, about the same number of women, dressed in white, and with bands of white cloth round their heads. They kept up a sorrowful lamentation as the coffin was carried from place to place, one elderly woman, who followed it closely, wringing her hands, and apparently scarcely able to support herself in the violence of her grief. I know that the mourning over the dead is not always sincere; that it is customary to make great lamentation over them; but does not the very prevalence of the custom show the equal prevalence of hopelessness as to the future? The departure is generally regarded as unmixed evil, both to the spirit which has passed away and to the survivors.

On our way to the Chinese church, in a distant part of the city, our minds were vividly impressed with the sad state of those through whose busy streets we passed. For these poor heathen no Sabbath dawns: they know no day of rest—no cessation of the round of toil; and, if they hear of it, feel no desire to enjoy its privileges, as it would deprive them of one day in seven for getting money, than which they know no higher blessing. The shops were, of course, open; burdens were being carried to and fro; plays acted on platforms raised bridge-wise across the street;

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and every other occupation was in full activity as on other days. But to both these pictures a pleasant contrast was presented in the quiet congregation assembled to keep holy that day in the Chinese Christian church: on them the Dayspring has dawned, and enjoying the blessing of a day of rest here, and the glorious hope of a joyful resurrection to the endless rest above, they "sorrow not as others who have no hope."

Many of the female converts were absent on account of heavy rain; but there were more than fifty present, exclusive of the children of several schools. The Rev. W. A. Russell preached on the resurrection of our blessed Lord, and we afterwards, for the first time in our lives, partook of the Lord's supper with a little band rescued from heathenism. The service was in Chinese, but the words were addressed to each communicant in his native tongue, whether Chinese or English. The converts appeared reverent and devout, and it was truly affecting to think how different their position would have been, if they had not been plucked as "brands from the burning." Truly did we rejoice that our friends had been permitted to see such a result from their labour, trusting, as we do, that this is but as the firstfruits of an abundant harvest, which shall yet spring up from the diligently-sown seed.

OLD CALABAR, CENTRAL WEST AFRICA.

RIGHTLY to appreciate the wonderful change which, by God's blessing on his own word, has taken place in Old Calabar within the last few years, one must compare the narrative contained in our former Number of the recent events at the death of King Eyo Honesty, with those which took place at the death of King Eyamba in Duke Town, in the early history of the Mission. The Missionaries arrived there in April 1846, and in May 1847 Eyamba died. The common people were stricken with dismay, and fled in all directions, consulting only their own safety, yet no one dared to say what all understood, that the king was dead. His brothers and nephews, with trusty attendants, searched the houses, and killed whom they could find, by strangling or beheading. They sent armed men to guard the passes, and not let the town slaves escape to the farms to give the alarm, while others were despatched direct to the plantations to kill all they could find on the way, in the fields or in the houses. For his burial they dug a deep great pit, capable of containing many bodies: in it they placed two sofas, and him between them, dressed out in his ornaments, and with his crown on his head, and then killed his umbrella carrier, his snuff-box bearer, his sword-man, and other personal attendants, whom they interred beside him with the insignia of their offices, and great quantities of prepared food, money, and trade-goods.

Eyamba had a hundred wives of high families, and of them thirty were killed the first night after his death, one of them being a sister to King Eyo Honesty. When those who had the direction of this dreadful work determined who should die, the well-known message was sent to her, formerly received with pride, now with horror, "The king calls you." Knowing the fatal import of the words, the doomed woman quickly dressed herself in her best attire, drank off a mug of rum, and followed the messenger to the outer yard, where she was strangled

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either by a copper rod or a silk handkerchief. Persons of rank were never beheaded.

Every night the work of death went on in the river, so near the Mission house that the screams of the victims were heard by the Mission family, as well as by the crews of the trading-ships at anchor, for an hour at a time. Sometimes a number were sent out, bound in canoes, and drowned; at other times persons returning in their canoes from the markets of the interior, ignorant of what had taken place, chanting their paddle-song, and glad to get home, were waylaid, seized, decapitated, and flung into the river. There were also armed ruffians lying in wait along the paths, who cut down or shot indiscriminately all that came their way, young and old, male and female.

The Missionaries did all they could, by unceasing expostulation, entreaty, and rebuke, to stop that dreadful carnage, but seemingly without effect. They then appealed to King Eyo, who had always expressed more humane sentiments than others, and strong disapprobation of the system of human sacrifices for the dead; but he said, that in the affairs of Duke Town he could do nothing; that the people there would follow their fashions in spite of him; and if he should attempt to put down the customs of the country by force, they would poison him. But he promised his best endeavours to prevent the occurrence of such scenes. The efforts of the Missionaries and ship-captains to stay the awful destruction of human life were not, either, wholly ineffectual.

The horrid massacre at the death of King Eyamba coming to the ears of the British Government, it sent out a strong remonstrance against the continuance of such barbarities. It had a very good right thus to remonstrate with the chiefs of that country, having entered into formal relations of friendly character with them, in the close of 1841, for the abandonment of the slave-trade, and paying them for some years a considerable sum for any losses they might sustain thereby. This remonstrance, transmitted by the captain of one of Her Majesty's cruisers, and read in a full assembly of chiefs on board his ship, had some good effect, and led Eyo Honesty, and Archibong, Duke of Duke Town, who had succeeded Eyamba, with other principal men, to promise their best endeavours as individuals for the abolition of the cruel custom.

About two years afterwards, the death of two native gentlemen at Duke Town was the occasion for a renewal of the old atrocities in the most flagrant manner. On this occasion seventeen persons were killed and buried with their masters, and twelve more were known to be chained in one place by one long chain, doomed victims in the town, besides others in the farms, when it came to the knowledge of the Missionary there and one of the ship-captains, who immediately exerted themselves to secure the lives of those whom they knew to be under arrest and condemnation, and not without gaining their object. Then all the Missionaries, supercargoes, and masters of vessels, met and resolved to act in concert, and vigorously to resist the continued perpetration of the atrocities. They invited the gentlemen of the town to meet them for consultation, and then urged upon them the necessity of abolishing these customs by Egbo law. The Duke-Town gentry said they must consult King Eyo Honesty, and all Creek Town, before coming to any decision. The white gentlemen, Missionaries, and traders, formed themselves into

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a permanent society for the suppression of human sacrifices in Old Calabar, and proceeded in a body to Creek Town, where they had very pointed dealings with King Eyo and his gentlemen on the subject, and declared to them their feelings had been so shocked by these horrid proceedings, that all friendly intercourse between them must cease, unless within a month they passed an Egbo law for the entire suppression of human sacrifices. King Eyo entirely concurred in the proposal, and his assembled chiefs assented. He said, afterwards, to one of the Missionaries, that since the Queen had sent men-of-war to make palaver about it, he knew the thing must be done; and he had told all the gentlemen of the country that they had best make up their minds to abandon that bad old custom, and please the white people, on whom they depended for their trade and every thing; for he feared the visits of men-of-war every year to make palaver with them, as they had formerly done about the slave-trade, knowing that they would not rest till they had gained their object. A few days afterwards a general meeting of all the native gentry and all the white people was held on board one of the ships, when, after much discussion, the former agreed to have the Egbo law passed within a month, as desired, against the killing of slaves on the death of their masters.

A savage and ancient custom could not so easily die. One branch of it still survived—the ordeal of poison by the *Esere* bean, commonly called "chop-nut," to discover who, by the *ifod*, or native witchcraft, had killed the deceased great man. It was thus employed as a judicial proceeding for the detection of crime, according to native ideas; and though the Missionaries tried then, and at other times, to enlighten their minds on the subject, and, as to King Eyo and some others, not in vain, yet the chiefs generally could not be persuaded to abandon the use of the *Esere*. Advantage was therefore taken of this exemption by the followers of the old customs, to renew the murderous system in another form.

In the early part of 1852, Archibong, Duke of Duke Town, died. His mother, a great lady and highly connected and influential, sought to comfort herself for the death of her son by the death of as many others as she could lay hands on. Four distant connexions of his were charged by her before a high official, brother of the late King Eyamba, and they had to purge themselves by the poison ordeal from the imputation of having caused his death by witchcraft. They all died. Some of his wives were also put to death that day in the same way. It was generally believed that she took the short old way of killing some of her slaves off-hand, but it could not be proved against her to bring the new law to bear. The next day a host of armed slaves, her own and her family's, and others hired by promise of great reward, came from the Qua-river plantations, and filled the town, determined, they said, to find out who had killed Archibong. Supported by them, the bloody-minded woman had many more put to death, charging them with practising witchcraft against her son, and making them chop nut. These were mostly women, and the process was publicly carried on in the open town-place, and in presence of the chief men of the town.

The efforts of the Missionaries to arrest the work of destruction were in vain. Duke Efraim, who was next in authority to the deceased, was

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full of wrath that they should presume to interfere by a single word in the matter, and the murders went on, till above twenty free people were known to have died by the poison ordeal. Duke Efraim was now afraid of his life, and there was no authority in the town. Utter anarchy prevailed. The "blood-slaves," as they were called, had the town in their hands. The Missionaries having failed in their efforts among the townspeople for the restoration of order, entreated King Eyo to interfere and save the town. The rulers of the town, even the proud headstrong Duke Efraim, were now glad of his intervention, and he came down with a select force of superior people. He entered the town peaceably, but with some state, and took his seat at one side of the market-square, under his great umbrella, surrounded by his freemen and brothers armed. The "blood-slaves," in ranks three or four deep, surrounded three other sides, all armed with gun and cutlass, to the number of some hundreds. They sent their headmen to confer with him, against whom they had no complaint, and whose power they feared, and by his advice they every one left the town that very day, and returned to their farms. Thus by his prudent management the town was saved, and order restored. These "blood-slaves" were in no way connected with those who afterwards, at King Eyo's death, behaved so very differently at Creek Town.

It is not out of the way here, in conclusion, to refer to the dreadful scenes of slaughter lately presented at Abomy, the capital of Dahomey, on the death of that monster, Gezo, the king of that country. And seeing how much can be done, even in a few years, by rightly-directed human efforts, under the blessing of God, to change those infernal customs, and introduce successfully the holy Gospel among the most cruel and vilest of mankind, we may well desire and endeavour to avail ourselves of every opportunity for sending Christian Missionaries, as well as traders, to enlighten, civilize, and save the people of Ethiopia.—*Abridged from the Calcutta Christian Observer.*

THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother:
Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving: all its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Faint and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle? many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty? none but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain can its ceaseless longings still.
Is the heart a living power? self entwined, its strength sinks low,
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.

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MISSIONS TO THE TURKS AND ARMENIANS.

Mr. Wheeler, a Missionary to the Mohammedans at Karpont, describes some curious scenes.

On Sunday last, while I was preaching, a Turk entered the chapel with several Armenians. Among the latter was one of their magistrates, who, suddenly lifting his voice, summoned some of my hearers, calling on them, by their several names, to pay certain taxes that were chargeable to them. He even went so far as to strike some of them with a stick he held in his hand. Indignant at this violent interruption, I addressed myself to the Turk, and asked if he would think it becoming that I should enter a mosque where he was engaged in worship, and, striking him on the head, should demand money. He answered that he would not; and, as for him, that he had not come to ask for money. On this answer I turned to the Armenian, and, showing him the impropriety of his conduct, I invited him to sit down and listen to the sermon, adding, that as soon as the service was concluded, we would talk about the business that had brought him there. When I had finished preaching, he said that all he had heard was excellent. I asked him to let alone, until the morrow, those among my auditors from whom he had any thing to demand. He objected, urging the difficulty of finding them again; upon which I thus spoke to him—"Listen! men who love the Gospel cannot lie. If those among us who owe you any thing promise to pay you to-morrow, it will be just the same as if they had done it now. Let me take down their names, and, if any man among them fail to bring you his money, you may rest assured that we shall not look upon that person as a 'Gospel man.'" This promise satisfied our collector of taxes, and he went away. The Turk did not follow him, and Bedros, the native catechist, began to read the fifth chapter of Matthew to him. He listened in the most reverent manner, and so did another Mohammedan who arrived during the reading. They then went away together, but a few moments afterwards another Turk, a rich inhabitant of a neighbouring village, arrived. Bedros read the same chapter to him, and one observation that the Turk made aloud, addressing himself to all the assembly, shows with what intelligence he listened. It was on the subject of the twenty-fifth verse. "Here," said the Mussulman, "our 'adversary' is God, and the 'way' is life. It is, then, at once, and during our lives, that we must be reconciled to God, that, by so doing, we may have Him as a friend." This disciple of Mohammed, thus explaining the Gospel to a circle of Armenians, in a country such as this, plunged as it is in the depths of Islamism, struck me as a most curious spectacle. Fearing, however, that our Turk imagined, as do many of his creed, that he could make God his friend by means of his good works, I asked Bedros to read to him the first part of the third of John, and to ask him if he believed in the necessity for a new birth. He answered, "Yes," and, in his turn, asked if we thought that a man who had always lived in sin could, at the last hour, be yet regenerated by the power of the Holy Ghost. He then left us, asking me to go and see him in his village. The same day, during the evening preaching, another Turk came in,

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sat down on the ground opposite to me, and appeared to listen so attentively, that I thought he must belong to the very small number among the Turks who understood Armenian. It was not so, however; but after the service, when we asked him if he wished to listen to the reading of the New Testament, "Certainly," he answered: "why should I be here if such were not my desire?" Bedros then read to him the first chapter of John. These facts are not the only ones that prove the reality of the movement among the Mohammedans. We know that there is a large number of them who read the Gospel in secret; but all do not dare openly to express their thoughts on the subject.

Dr. Schauffler writes—

I have to tell you of a Turk who occupied at court, and in the Government, an elevated position, who, finding himself quite lately in a circle of the highest Turkish society, spoke there of the New Testament in terms of such approbation, that the whole company became agitated and divided into parties, some upholding his audacious words, the rest declaring themselves deeply irritated by them. On hearing of this strange discussion, I was afraid that its originator would be punished for it by poison or by the hand of an assassin, but the result was simply this, that he lost his situation, the Sultan evidently being unable to retain him in his service without declaring, by the fact of his doing so, that he shared in his sentiments. Becoming thus free as to the employment of his time, this individual of rank expresses the intention of devoting himself to the work of making a new translation of the New Testament. An interesting fact, a short time ago, occurred at Yozgat, the capital of a pachalic in Asia Minor. A dispute had arisen in that town between the Protestants and the Armenians. It was brought before the pacha sitting in council. After having carefully examined the reasons of both parties, and discovered that the Armenians indulged in ill-will towards the Protestants, chiefly because they had withdrawn from their church, the Turkish magistrate rose and made a speech, in which were the following sentences — "There reigns now in the empire perfect liberty of conscience and of worship, and all classes of the population should enjoy so precious a privilege. The Mohammedan himself may, if it so pleases him, become a Christian, and if my own son came to tell me that he wished to do so, I should not have any right to prevent him. Gentlemen, is it not so?" continued the pacha, addressing himself to the members of the council. "It is so, Effendi," answered gravely the councillors, bowing their white heads. "Consequently," rejoined the pacha, turning towards the contending parties, "I advise you to live in peace with one another. No one can any longer have recourse to violence about his real or pretended rights, and disputes should be settled in an amicable manner. Explain and try to promulgate your doctrines," said he, "but, believe me, do not go to work with the hammer and saw, for noise and cries will be the result. Take, rather, the gimlet, and pierce quite softly, and you will thus arrive at the other side of the obstruction without any one perceiving it." . . . .

The sale of the Holy Scriptures in Turkish increases, perhaps with less excitement than some months ago, but in a peaceable and regular manner that upholds our hopes.

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