

all honour, for England, your native country, and our grief for your departure will never be effaced, and your liberality and benevolence will never be forgotten. Your departure for Europe is honourable and propitious, and you leave a glorious name behind you.

"It is impossible for us to express our thanks for all your kindness. Our children and our children's children, throughout time, will be mindful of your good deeds.

"Your Honour came to this province at the time of the annexation; and you were first appointed Commissioner of Lahore: it was the commencement of a new rule, and of a new order of things; but through your kindness, and impartiality, and justice, all, both nobles and peasants, rich and poor, were contented and grateful, and the business of the State was well performed. The country was happily settled; encamping grounds and roads were made; trees and gardens were planted; and rest-houses and granaries for the use and comfort of travellers were built. By your energy and good management, thuggee, dacoity, and highway robbery were stopped, the people were secure, and the country became populated; and these crimes have been so completely extirpated, that their names are now all but forgotten.

"Schools were established in towns and villages, and a Government college and medical hall were formed, in which thousands may obtain a good education and means of livelihood; and our nobles have acquired the unfading riches of science and wisdom.

"When our good fortune appointed your Honour Judicial Commissioner, the practice of female infanticide, common in some tribes, was stopped. The people of this country were preserved from a great crime, and the lives of their infant daughters are now for ever secure. The extravagant expenditure at betrothals and marriages, which was in some measure the cause of the murder of our girls, has been, by you, regulated; and betrothals and marriage are now easy of accomplishment.

"What can we say of the Criminal and Civil Administration? The offices are full of the records of your good government: you had compiled a Civil Code, which is a clear exponent of Mohammedan and Hindu law and the local customs of the people.

"In 1857, it was much owing to the energy of your Honour that the province was preserved in peace. What you did at the disarming of the mutinous Sepoys at Meean Meer, in guarding the jails, and in extinguishing the flame of sedition which threatened the destruction of the whole province, are matters of history. The preservation of the capital

was the preservation of the entire province.

"It is owing to you that we now possess a conviction that the Government appreciates our loyalty, and knows that we will not betray its confidence: our prosperity and our loss is now one with that of the State.

"You were selected to be Chief Commissioner in Oude, and when that province was restored to tranquillity, at length our good fortune brought you again to us as Lieutenant-Governor, and your benevolence and good deeds in this office are beyond our praise. From a wilderness the country has become like a garden in spring. Upon the deserving amongst us you bestowed ranks, titles, and estates; to the great chiefs the right of adoption was secured; scattered estates have been consolidated. Punjabees have been encouraged to enter the armies of the State, and portions of our jageers have been upheld in perpetuity; our honour has been increased, and we feel that we are acknowledged as well-wishers of the Government. From the establishment of Municipal Committees the people have received much benefit, and the introduction of the new police has caused the diminution of crime, and has given confidence to the public.

"Your Honour has well commenced the education of those very girls whose lives were preserved by your labours, and whose betrothal and marriage you had rendered easy. These, and many other good deeds, will ever preserve your memory fresh amongst us.

"At the commencement of 1864 you inaugurated an Industrial Exhibition, collecting all the products of the Punjab in a stately and matchless building, which you had caused to be erected at the capital. You gave rewards and certificates to mechanics and workmen, and encouraged them to improve the manufactures of the province. The gardens and canals you have made around the city of Lahore, are proofs of your kindness and liberality. All have received benefit: what comfort and convenience have all derived from railways and telegraphs. The increase of commerce and of wealth and prosperity we have no need to mention.

"Our one regret is that you must so soon leave us. May the merciful God convey you home with all peace and safety; may He speedily restore you to us again with increased honour; and may He ever preserve a kindly memory of us in your heart!"

On the conclusion and the address, His Honour rose and replied in Urdu to the following effect.

"SIRDARS AND NATIVE GENTLEMEN,—I thank you with all my heart for your address.

"I have not done all you attribute to me,

but I have done my utmost to further your interests, welfare, and happiness.

"When I came among you, fifteen years ago, your country was indeed a wilderness, its highways unsafe, its revenues wasted, the anarchy and war, following upon the death of Maharajah Runjeet Singh, had brought ruin on the country, and misery on the people.

"I thank God I have lived to see the desolation of those days changed for prosperity and contentedness.

"But I cannot claim to be the sole author of this great change: it was commenced by my illustrious predecessors, Sir Henry and Sir John Lawrence. I have endeavoured to carry on—with the assistance of other able officers—what they had successfully begun. In so doing we have all been animated with the same feeling, an earnest desire to promote your interests and well-being, and thus to carry out the wishes of our most gracious Queen.

"The appointment of honorary magistrates from among the chiefs and gentlemen of the province—to which you allude as one of the measures of my administration—has, I rejoice to say, been attended with great success and satisfaction to all. The election of Municipal Committees for the government of your cities has been equally so. These measures have been dictated by a policy which I have ever advocated of associating, as far as possible, the people with the Government in the business of administration.

"By these means honourable employment has been afforded to a large body of native gentlemen, and their knowledge and influence

have been secured for the benefit of the people and the State.

"But this success is not only attributable to the exertions of your rulers, but to the satisfactory way in which you yourselves have responded to my call.

"The striking improvements in the capitals of Lahore, Umritsur, and other cities, the wonderful progress of female education during the last two years, bear testimony to these results at once gratifying to me, and honourable to yourselves.

"It has been my endeavour to open out your resources, by encouraging the construction of roads and the promotion of works of public utility, and to facilitate by these means an increase in your exports, and the general improvement in the trade and wealth of the province.

"I now bid you farewell, with my best wishes for your future happiness, in the assurance that your country will continue to advance in its career of prosperity, and that you yourselves will continue to prove, as you have done already, loyal and faithful subjects of Her Majesty.

"Your future ruler is one who, like myself, has long lived among you, and your interests could not be left in better hands."

Sir Robert Montgomery then left the tent, and the Durbar broke up.

It was attended by almost all the officers and gentlemen resident at Lahore, and by many who had come in from the neighbouring stations of Umritsur, Gujranwala, and Ferozepore.

We doubt not that Sir Robert Montgomery will long be remembered in the Punjab as a wise and beneficent ruler; and at home we may well concede to him, on his arrival, that hearty welcome which is due to one who, by the frank avowal of his Christianity, and the good works whereby he was enabled to adorn his profession, best commended it to the attention of the natives.

THE INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

"WHERE the white man settles, the red man disappears." That it has been so in numberless instances is indisputable. Nations, once numerous, have dwindled away, until a feeble residuum is all that is left, sparsely scattered over numerous tracts of country. Their decadence is symbolized in the mountain streams of their native land, which, in the time of the melting snow, are swollen and impetuous, but, with the advancing year, when the floods are over, and the sun has become intense, if not entirely dried up, are reduced to a feeble streamlet, which with difficulty finds its way among the rocks once buried beneath the turbid waters. How is this to be accounted for? Is it a law of Providence, or has the white man, proving unfaithful to his mission, come to the homes of

the red man, not as the benefactor, but as the destroyer of his species? Had he been true to his Christianity, and brought it with him, his goings forth would have been full of blessing to the nations of the earth. But they have been few who have done so. Usually, when going forth to emigrate, and find for himself in the far West a new home, the white man has disembarassed himself of his Christian obligations as inconvenient, and has gone forth determined to recognise no law but the strength of his right arm. Hence there have been wrongs and reprisals. The Indian suffered: he found himself defrauded in trade, or his lands were encroached upon. Taking up the hatchet, he used it indiscriminately, and the innocent suffered for the guilty. Then the white man rose to arms, and there was war between the settlers and the Indians. In these conflicts the native races were invariably worsted, and fell back before the conquerors, leaving behind them the seashore and its supplies. Becoming more and more enfeebled, they ceased to resist, and submitted themselves to the domination of the stranger. Thus they learned his vices, and became abject and degraded; and the enfeebled remnants of the tribes which once claimed as their homes the area of the United States, are now to be found in the lands assigned them eastward of the Mississippi, where the tide of civilization, so called, is rapidly pursuing them, and where, unless, under the influence of Christianity, they begin to till the ground, they must find their graves.

Shall the same sad history be reproduced in the British territories which extend along the shores of the Pacific? In those wintry regions known as North-west America, the native population, the Loucheux Indians on the Youcon excepted, is in the same sparse and fragmentary state. Although no emigrant population has established itself there and risen into states, yet, from various causes, the Indians have dwindled down to a remnant. But in British Columbia and Vancouver's Island they are yet numerous. In the latter government the male aboriginal population is computed to be from 12,000 to 17,000.

On the mainland, between the parallels of 49° and 54° 40' north latitude, are three nations of Indians, speaking different languages, each numbering 10,000 souls. The first of these is to be found at Victoria and on the Frazer river; the second at Fort Rupert and the north end of Vancouver's Island; the third at Fort Simpson, Nass river, and Skeena river: the Queen Charlotte Island Indians constitute a fourth group of about 10,000.

From contact with the white man these tribes were remarkably secluded, until gold was discovered in British Columbia, and adventurers began to flock thither. It is but a brief period since the solitude of this portion of the American continent was invaded, yet the Indians are already and disastrously suffering; not, indeed, from the violence of the white man, for as yet they are able to protect themselves, and there is, besides, British law and government in the land, but from his vices.

Predisposed to imitate the bad example of the various adventurers who throng these coasts, the Indian soon becomes infected with vices more rapidly destructive than those which of old he had been familiar with. The plague has commenced. How shall it be arrested? The Gospel message—this has power. Like Aaron's censer interposed between the dead and the living, it can stay the pestilence. But there is not a moment to be lost. It is, with the Indians of these coasts, now or never. That which is to be done must be done quickly; and they who would engage in this mission of mercy must do as Aaron did: he “took, as Moses commanded, and ran into the midst of the congregation.” It is no experiment. God has already manifested on these coasts the conservative power of the Gospel. No one can read the details of Mission work at Metlahkatlah without being convinced that, by the same means as those which have been pursued there, the Indian may be preserved from the destruction that threatens to engulf him.

Let our readers peruse the following letter, written by our new Missionary, the Rev. R. A. Doolan, on reaching Metlahkatlah in July last. The change accomplished by the simplicity yet power of Christian teaching; the contrast between the heathen and converted Indian; the opportunities for immediate and extensive effort; the urgent need that they should be speedily improved,—all this powerfully impressed him. May the same effect be produced upon the church at home, that we may arise and do the Lord's work!

On landing, I was met by most of the Christian people of the village, anxious to shake hands, and show their pleasure at my coming amongst them. Mr. Duncan tells me that this was quite spontaneous on their part, as he had never hinted at such a proceeding. The village is very suitably situated, both as regards health and beauty. It comprises about fifty double and single houses, similar to labourers' cottages at home; a large Mission house, now in course of erection, the work for the most part of Indians; a large octagonal building, used during the week for a school-room, and for service on Sundays; a store, and a sawpit. Mr. Duncan is going to erect another store, as the present one is too small for the trade that is springing up between the Tsimshéan Indians and those of other tribes. The two streets form, as it were, two sides of a right-angled triangle, the Mission premises being at the apex, and fronting the sea. Before the houses are small gardens, and the road is being made before them, also fronting the sea. A few of the Indians talk very good English, and many understand it, though they do not speak it. The contrast between the Indians stationed here, and those of other tribes, is very striking. It is especially noticeable when they meet together for trade. A few days ago, two large canoes of Queen Charlotte islanders came across to trade blankets for fish-grease: on the one side the Christian Indian, dressed in suitable decent clothes; on the other, his heathen brother, with nothing but a blanket to cover his nakedness. The Indians told us, that in former years, when

the Queen Charlotte islanders came to trade, each party brought forward their property, the Tsimshéan his grease, the others their blankets, and that all the guns were loaded ready for a fight, and very seldom did they part without bloodshed. What a change Christianity has wrought! My ignorance of the language has prevented me speaking on spiritual matters, but nothing could exceed the attention paid to Mr. Duncan whilst preaching on Sunday. It has been thought advisable that I should go to the Nass river, sixty miles north-east of this, where the people have long expressed a desire for teachers. This place is a centre of heathenism, and I trust the Society will approve of the step we are about to take. The tribe called the Tsimshéans is a most important one, and their desire for teachers, from whatever motive it may arise, is exceedingly gratifying. A door seems opened for preaching to them the Gospel. The priests have already paid them a visit, and, should the field not be occupied, they will, no doubt, next spring return. I felt some little hesitation at first in leaving Mr. Duncan, but he proposes to engage an Indian, Samuel Marsden, as teacher of the school, which will lighten his work. We also consulted on the advisability of sending a catechist to the head of the Nass river, to open a school, and had found a man very willing to go, but his wife so strongly objected that the matter is at present in abeyance. I pray and hope God will raise up some among themselves to go forth, and tell their heathen brethren the truths they themselves have learnt.

The occupation of this spot has long been desired by Mr. Duncan. It was visited by him in 1860, and the welcome which he received from the Indians on that occasion is so interesting that we shall retrace it. On entering the Nass river, which opens into Observatory Inlet, a scene of exceeding beauty presented itself. For ten miles straight before them opened up the river, with a channel two miles in width, and chains of towering mountains rising parallel to it on either side. Soon they met a very large body of Indians, not less than 2000, strangers from different quarters, who had come, some of them over 150 miles, to fish. On reaching the lower villages of the Nishkah Indians Mr. Duncan was welcomed by the friendly chief, Kahdoonahah, who had invited him thither, and who danced for joy at his arrival. The rights of hospitality having been duly discharged, arrangements were made for a meeting on the morrow, when there met together a large number of Indians. After the native ceremonial of singing and dancing had been performed, Mr. Duncan began to address them. Every coun-

tenance was fixed upon him, the Indians unanimously responding at the termination of every clause, and that with especial solemnity whenever the name of Jesus was introduced. At once every tongue uttered Jesus, and for some time kept repeating that blessed name. So soon as he had concluded, an universal cry arose of "Good is your speech; good, good, good news! We greatly desire to learn the book: we wish our children to learn."

In September 1860, Mr. Duncan again proceeded to the Nass river, with the intention of ascending it to a higher point than he had yet done, and reaching a village of the Nishkah Indians called Kitwillukshehth, a chief named Kinsahdah accompanying him from the lower villages. His narrative of this journey is so touching, and brings before us so vividly the eagerness of these poor people to be taught, that we print it *in extenso*—

Sept. 17, 1860—The river averaged 100 yards wide so far as we have gone. The banks are thickly wooded. Mosquitos, though comparatively few now to what they are in summer, I found very troublesome.

In the morning we passed a canoe with two Indians in it, fishing. They gave me two large fresh salmon. We also met the chief, Akshahtahn, floating down the stream in a small canoe, all alone. He gave me a warm greeting, and presented me with a beaver-skin, and a pole to push us up the river.

Leaving Akshahtahn, we soon came to a temporary village of a tribe we had passed.

The chief, Nagahhon, invited me into his house, and gave me a large black-bear skin. He sat down beside me, and said he remembered me. His heart told him I was from heaven (not, of course, meaning this literally). I explained to him the object of my pushing up the river, and that, on my return, I would like to speak to him and his people of God's message to us. He reiterated "ahm, ahm" ("good, good").

Finding that we should not be able to reach the Kitwillukshehth before dark, I thought it best to halt about six P.M. We pitched ourselves on an island in the river. On landing, we picked up a beautiful salmon, which had recently jumped out of the stream. The ravens had picked out its eyes, and we enjoyed the remainder of it.

After supper I had a lonely but delightful stroll. The little island on which we were encamped seemed but a small patch in the centre of a stupendous amphitheatre. The mountains and glaciers all around looked awful and majestic.

When I returned I mustered my little crew for evening devotions. The chief seemed willing to join us, and I spoke to them from the first Psalm, where God's people are compared to trees growing by the river-side. When we had sung our evening hymn we knelt in prayer.

Sept. 8—Awoke early this morning, and

found every thing about us very wet with the dew. After breakfast we proceeded on our way, and arrived at the village before noon, having encountered several difficult places in the river.

Before we reached the village Kinsahdah pointed out to me a mountain on our left, and in it a peculiar perpendicular rock. The rock, he remarked, is a great *nok nok*; and then he commenced relating the tradition they hold about the river and surrounding country being on fire. "The children of the Kitwillukshehth village were one day amusing themselves by catching salmon, and tormenting them in this way—They cut a slit under the fin on the back of each, deposited a small stone in the wound, and then cast them back into the river. At the sight of the fishes plunging about in great agony, the young people and children laughed and danced, showing how much they enjoyed their cruel sport. But a huge mountain, some distance beyond the village, and a great *nok nok*, looked on their proceedings, and felt greatly ashamed. That night issued from its bosom a tremendous fire, which made its destructive way towards the Indian village. Soon the bed of the river and the immediate adjoining country boiled and burned. The Indians fled to a distance, but the fire roared on. What could have caused the mountain to be angry? They knew of nothing but the wicked play of the children. What was to be done? They agreed to burn all the dogs in sacrifice to the mountain. This was done, but it failed to abate the fire. They then concluded it would be necessary to burn the children that had committed the sin. Some of the parents refused to give up their terrified children, and so the fire went on. At last all were led to yield: all the guilty suffered, and the fire ceased to spread further, and gradually cooled down. They marked the spot in the bed of the river where the fire stopped, and this being opposite to the peculiar-looking rock in the mountain which Kinsahdah

pointed out to me, they gave it the honour of having stopped the fire, and called it a great nok nok."

Before Kinsahdah finished his story, he took care to convince me that there really had been a fire, by showing me stones that had been fused by its power; and on arriving at the village I could see stretching before us an immense lava plain, rent in every direction by deep fissures.

When we were about two miles from the village we came to a temporary house, and the only persons I could see were a young man and an elderly woman. Without saying a word to me, the young man set off as fast as he could run to the village, to tell them of my coming.

A chief, named Agweelakkah, and one of his men, both dressed in their best, and the chief with an umbrella over his head, as a sign of his greatness, met me about a quarter of a mile from the village. I soon found that but few Indians were at home, and that these few were very busy smoking salmon, for which purpose they had erected temporary dwellings some little distance from this village.

Agweelakkah expressed his sorrow that I had found them so unprepared, he not being able to invite me to lodge with him, but asked me, as a favour, to go and sit down a little time in his rude house.

I had my little tent pitched on the stony bank, a huge fire built, and the boys cooking fresh salmon, which had been brought in by the Indians.

After we had eaten, the chief came, and said that he was preparing his house in the village for my reception, and that shortly he would send to invite me in the usual way, in order to perform the *ahlied* before me in honour of my coming. I told him that I did not wish to see them play. I had a solemn message to deliver, and their exhibiting their old customs before me would not be agreeable. He then assured me that what he was about to do was only their way of showing how welcome I was, and that I should not be shocked with what he would do. Kinsahdah seconded his remarks by saying that the beating of their drums and performance which followed was to them what the book was to us. I think he meant by this, that as we assemble to hear the book, so they assemble to hear the nok nok, or spirit, speak through their chief; or else he meant, that as we give a paper to those whom we honour and wish to remember, and be remembered by, so they exhibit their wonders to those whom they desire to honour.

As I had no desire in the least to offend

them I thought I had better go, though I felt great trouble and anxiety of mind about complying.

When they saw me approaching the house they began beating the drum. I found my seat prepared on the right side of the house. A man was standing by it when I entered, and, on seeing me, he stamped his foot, made a motion with his hand to the seat, and cried at the top of his voice, "Keah shimauket keah."

Though seated with such marks of honour, I felt very uncomfortable, and looked round the house with rather a displeased countenance I am afraid. At the head of the house, and fronting the fire and the door, was suspended a canoe's sail, acting as a curtain to hide the actors which were about to appear. Several men were pacing about in front of the curtain, while opposite me on the other side of the fire sat a group of women. All eyes were fixed on me, and many kind glances given me, but I could not return them, as I wished to show them that I sat there against my will.

Presently an elderly man came from behind the curtain, holding a long rod in his hand. He solemnly paced the floor in front of the curtain for a little time, and then said, in a strain of inquiry, "Heaven is about to put away the heart (the way) of the ancient people, is it?" A voice replied that it was even so. He then said something about the book and myself, which I could not catch, as these Indians have a dialect of their own, which differs in some respects from the Tsimshian. This sounded so strange that I began to feel interested.

Presently the chief, Agweelakkah, appeared from behind the curtain. He was dressed in his robes, and held a rattle of a peculiar shape in his hand. He had a thick rope round his neck of red dyed and undyed bark, twisted together and tied into a rose, which rested on his chest. His dress was pretty and becoming. He first turned towards me, and said something which I cannot recall; and then, putting himself into a beautiful attitude, with one hand stretched out and his eyes directed towards heaven, in a solemn voice he thus addressed God—"Pity us, great Father in heaven, pity us. Give us thy good book to do us good and clear away our sins. This chief (pointing to me) has come to tell us about thee. It is good, great Father. We want to hear. Who ever came to tell our forefathers thy will? No, no. But this chief has pitied us and come. He has thy book. We will hear. We will receive thy word. We will obey." As he uttered one of the last sentences a voice said, "Your speech is good."

As I gazed and listened, I felt as I can

scarcely describe how, for I was by no means expecting to witness what I had.

The people sat very solemn and attentive during the chief's prayer, but when he had done they commenced singing some of their chants, the leader composing the words and intoning them over verse by verse, when they are taken up and sung with great force, accompanied by clapping of hands and beating a drum. As the composer went on I tried to catch what they were singing about, but failed. On inquiring afterwards I could get nothing more from them than they were singing about us, and what their own hearts said. When the singing was over, the chief then turned to me, and made a speech to the following effect. They wanted me amongst them. They wanted God's book. They wanted to cast away their bad ways and be good. He said he had heard some of the news from God's book in a conversation with me in my house at Fort Simpson a long time ago, and he had told what he heard to his people on his return home. They pronounced it good. They loved me, and wanted me amongst them. After the speech he presented me with two beavers'-skins, to show his good heart towards me.

I then spoke a few words to them, and invited all before my tent in the evening, when I would address them from God's word.

On leaving, several pressed me to step into their house. All seemed glad to see me. Many had put on their best clothes. I saw a great many children running about dressed. Many sauntered about me: a general holiday seemed to prevail.

Before I returned to my tent three men came formally to invite me to another chief's house. They stood at the door of the house in which I was sitting, and shouted out their message. Again I heard the drum; again I was seated; and I saw we were to have a repetition of what I had just witnessed in Agwcelakkah's house. The chief (whose name is Peecap) acted, and he said a great many things like what I have just written. They welcomed me. A great epoch had come in their history. God was sending them good news, &c. He gave me two bear-skins.

Soon after the Indians began to assemble around my tent, and in a very few minutes I had nearly every man, woman, and child in the camp around me, in all about eighty souls, all that were left at home, the others being away gathering food. I judged the village to number about 400 souls. Among my congregation was an old blind chief—Thkahteen—from a village further up the river.

After seeking God's help, I began my ad-

dress. The Lord enabled me to be solemn and earnest. I set Jesus before them clearly, and I think it was one of the most affecting meetings I have ever held. The old blind chief kept on responding to all I said. He was most earnest and zealous in exhorting the people to listen and obey the word of God. He continued uttering the name of Jesus for some time. "We are not to call upon stones and stars now," said he, "but Jesus. Jesus will hear. Jesus is our Saviour. Jesus! Jesus! Jesus Christ! Good news! Good news! Listen all. Put away your sins. God has sent his word. Jesus is our Saviour. Take away my sins, Jesus. Make me good, Jesus." This and much more he said in a like strain. It was delightful to hear him. The people sat very attentively, and many, like the old chief, often reiterated the name of Jesus. It was growing dark before I dismissed them.

I had not long been seated after the meeting before Kinsahdah came, and said the old blind chief and several people wanted to come to our evening devotions. As Kinsahdah expressed it, the old man wanted to hear me sing, and then he would die; meaning, I suppose, he wanted to hear me sing before he died. We made at once a bright fire. The wind was rather too high, and blew the sparks and smoke about too much. The blind chief soon came, and we assembled, about thirty altogether, round the fire. I sang several hymns in English, and the chant in the Tsimshian tongue. After which I asked them all to kneel down and I would pray to God. They all readily obeyed, and I trust the Lord heard my prayer, and will answer it to the glory of his own name, and for the benefit and salvation of these poor long-lost people.

Sept. 9: Lord's-day—This morning I met again about eighty souls, in a house which they had cleared up for our use.

I addressed them on the life and religion of Abraham, and how he showed his faith in a coming Saviour. I then set Christ before them. They were very attentive to my address, and soon made remarks on what I said.

I then taught them to sing the little hymn, "Jesus is my Saviour," which I think some of them learnt; after which I requested them to stand up in a solemn attitude while I prayed to God. They did so. I found this better than getting them to kneel, as that often occasions so much confusion when there are children, the attitude being a novelty to all.

We finished, and I felt grateful to God for the two meetings He had permitted me to have with these people. I truly hope that the blessed name of Jesus, which they have

all learnt, and some for the first time, may prove precious to many.

I was kept very busy most of the remaining part of the day, conversing with several around my tent, and writing out papers for the children, and also for some adults.

Sept. 10—About noon I arrived again at the temporary village, which I promised on my way up to preach at when I returned. The chief again came out to meet me, when I requested him to sit down on the bank, and his people, and hear what God's word said. I had about eighty souls here too. After my address, &c., there was a general stir to gather me some food as presents. A number of women and children seized their baskets, and set off to their potato-gardens.

The chief wished me to accompany him and the party, in order to show me the site of their forefathers' village. They led me some half mile through mud and bushes, having only a very narrow trail for our road. When we arrived at the spot—which was a large flat of land, about one-third of which I found occupied by the potato plant—the chief and his party turned round and said, "This is the place where our forefathers lived, and they told us something we want to tell you. The story is as follows—"One night a child of the chief class awoke and cried for water. Its cries were very affecting—"Mother, give me to drink," but the mother heeded not. The moon was affected, and came down, entered the house, and approached the child, saying, "Here is water from heaven: drink." The child anxiously laid hold of the pot and drank the draught, and was enticed to go away with the moon, its benefactor. They took an underground passage till they quite got clear of the village, and then ascended to heaven. And," said the chief, "our forefathers tell us that the figure we now see in the moon is that very child; and also the little round basket which it had in its hand when it went to sleep appears there. Now, we ask you, is this true or not? We want you to tell us."

So I commenced, and, by a familiar illustration, and appealing to their common sense, I soon succeeded in shaking their faith in this ancient tale; for they turned to one another after I had done, and exclaimed, "Certainly! certainly! and how greatly the ancients lied. Did they not?"

Before I got away, my canoe was laden with potatoes, presents from the children.

However anxious Mr. Duncan might be to help this people it was impossible for him to do so, as he was alone; and matters remained in this state until the beginning of 1864, when the Nass Indians again claimed his attention. The Metlahkatlah Indians are, many of them, earnest Christians. On the Sunday evening, after the usual services

In an hour or two we arrived at the principal lower village.

I assembled the few, about fifty or sixty souls, on the beach. Before I began to address them I sent my boys to cut me some sticks. On their returning, with the required number, I stuck nine in one row and five in another in the sand. I then told them that the nine sticks represented nine large villages of Indians, who stood on a river far south from here a few years ago, but rum, and disease from immoral practices, had cast them down and destroyed them. They were warned before the evil day came, but they heeded not: now they are fallen and gone. Here I knocked down the nine sticks which I had set up.

Afterwards I said, these five sticks are to represent your five large villages on this beautiful river, standing now. I also come to warn you. Listen to my voice. If you follow the course you have begun, yet a little while and you will fall too. Here I dashed the sticks down. Soon you will be lost and miserable.

They seemed greatly affected at this simple illustration, and immediately a great talk ensued.

I then went on to say—Now I have told you of your enemies, I will tell you about God, your Maker, for I have his word, and if you will follow it, you will yet become a happy people.

I then set some of the most prominent truths of the Bible before them, and especially about the Lord Jesus dying to reconcile us to God, whom we have offended with our sins.

They seemed to drink in the word, and the responses many of them made when I finished were very encouraging. May the Lord open their hearts to receive his blessed truth!

I then went to the next lower village, about half a mile further down the river, but there seemed to be nobody at home. We could only muster fifteen souls.

I then told them the same that I had preached to the other villages, and begged of them not to forget to tell their relatives what I had said, when they returned from their fishing-stations.

We then moved away homewards. It was near night, so we soon put into a little creek, lit a fire, and partook of a hearty meal. I was very tired, but happy. After our usual evening devotions we retired to rest.

have been concluded, they have a meeting of their own, attended by upwards of a hundred. After singing and prayer, one or two of them exhort the meeting, the sermons preached by Mr. Duncan during the day forming the basis of their addresses.

Nor is it only within the settlement that they are thus earnest. Wherever they go they carry their religion with them, always assembling on the Sunday for worship, and getting as many as possible of the heathen to join them.

An Indian of Fort Simpson, who, although not a resident of Metlahkatlah, had yet received much instruction from Mr. Duncan, had been up the Nass river to some of the most remote villages, a distance of a hundred miles from the station. While residing there as a fur-trader, he diligently used his talent for God, setting forth the Gospel where it had never been preached before, and meeting with so much encouragement, that seven young men came down with him to Metlahkatlah, that they might hear from the Missionary's mouth the things of which he had spoken. They had intended returning the next day; but when Mr. Duncan pressed earnestly on their minds and hearts the great truths of the Gospel, they decided to remain until after Sunday, that they might receive further instruction, and carry it back with them to their waiting and thirsty tribe.

"They were anxious," says Mr. Duncan, "to carry in their hands a portion of God's word, so I wrote out for each, on a piece of paper, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' I also gave the Indian trader and teacher some further instruction, and pointed him out portions of Scripture suited to him and his flock.

"Before he arrived here, he wrote me a very encouraging letter (for I have taught him to read and write), a copy of which I would like to have forwarded to you, but I must forbear."

So inviting was this opportunity for good—and there was the more reason that it should be at once occupied, for the Romish priests are busy, like astute traders, trying to palm upon the Indians their miserable counterfeit of Christianity, and to prejudice them against the Christian Missionary. The anxiety which he exhibits to secure spiritual results is at once dispensed with, and they proceed to an indiscriminate administration of baptism. Then, provided they shut the door upon the Protestant Missionary, the proselytes are at liberty to retain their medicine work and old customs; for with the priests of Rome the conversion of the heathen is a superficial process, and if the old material of heathenism will only take their gilding, and assume the new face they put upon it, this is all they care for.

We are now happy to inform our readers that Mr. Doolan has reached Nass river. In October last he arrived amongst these anxious people, and commenced erecting a house, to their great astonishment, for they could scarcely believe that he was going to pass the long and dreary winter amongst them. He has rented from one of the chiefs an old deserted house, which he was fitting up as a school-house. The Lord bless the work, and crown it with a large and speedy ingathering of souls!

Let one remark close this article. The Lord is manifestly, and in a remarkable manner, disposing the hearts of this people to hear and to receive the truth. He knows their danger; that the time is short, and the crisis urgent. He therefore gives to them the craving after Christian instruction, and to us the opportunity and high privilege of imparting it. This alone can rescue them from the peril by which they are surrounded. Shall we fail at such a moment? That would be an indelible disgrace. Men and money are wanting: who will help?

MISSIONS IN THE MACKENZIE AND THE YOUCON DISTRICTS.

WE wish to speak in this article of two distant Missions, so distant and far removed from those scientific appliances which, in more favoured lands, facilitate communication, that, ere despatches can reach us from them, a period of between seven and eight months is required. The more distant they are, the more needful it is that they be remembered. If, of the children of a family, some are at home, others in far-off India or New Zealand, does true affection remember the distant ones less? Are they not, because far away, more the objects of anxiety, so that many prayers are offered on their behalf? And so with respect to these far-off stations: they are the children of the Society, and claim from us an affectionate solicitude.

One of these stations is Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River. The Fort stands on an island at the junction of the River of the Mountains (*Rivière aux Liards*) with the Mackenzie, in latitude $61^{\circ} 51' 25''$ N., and longitude $121^{\circ} 51' 15''$ W. This large tributary originates in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains, its feeders lying to the westward of the highest peaks. By one of these affluents, Dease's River, boats pass through the mountains, and, after much trying and perilous navigation, reach a Company's post called Pelly Banks, at the junction of the Pelly and Lewes, the distance from Fort Halkett on the River of the Mountains to this point by the winter route, which is usually as direct as the nature of the country will admit, being 540 miles. From Llyn canal to the north of the island of Sitka, on the western coast, not far north of British Columbia, native traders travel twice in the year to Pelly Banks. We are thus enabled to discern the faint traces of new lines of communication with the Missions on the Youcon, whereby they may be reached with more facility from British Columbia than by the old and tedious route of North-West American lakes and rivers.

On the Pacific coast we have pushed our Missions up the Nass river, which flows into Observatory Inlet, at the mouth of which Fort Simpson (British Columbia) is situated. This river is described by our Missionaries as opening up in a magnificent channel a mile in width. Its course is not laid down in any map in our possession, but it comes from the north-east, and probably approaches the Liard River, which, as already stated, falls into the Mackenzie at Fort Simpson (North-West America). In fact, if the Missions which we are now opening up to our readers be extended over those parts of British America which lie immediately east of the Russian boundary, and in the direction of those tributaries of the Youcon which flow in from the south, they will come into communication with our Missions in British Columbia; and thus that country, as it becomes settled, will constitute an important basis of evangelizing operations. The native-Christian community, which Mr. Duncan is raising up at Metlahkatlah, will then be placed in a position, to render important services, by influencing the tribes immediately contiguous to it, and moving them to act on the tribes immediately beyond them. Thus a series of efforts may be generated, the pulsations of which will be felt as far as the Arctic Sea.

We shall briefly state the circumstances in which these Missions originated. Stanley, English-River district, on the boundary line of the Crees and Chipewyans, was occupied by us in 1849. The Romish Missionaries pushed further north, having established a Mission at Isle-à-la-Crosse in 1846: from thence they advanced to Slave Lake.

It is not necessary to explain to our readers the teaching of the priests of Rome. They are already aware of its character. One extract from their own publications will suffice to show how grievously they have adulterated the bread of life. Monsignor Vital Grandin, Bishop of Satala, and coadjutor of the Bishop of St. Boniface, writing to the directors of the Propagation of the Faith from the Mission of St. John the Baptist, La Crosse Island, December 3, 1861, gives the following account of a death in an Indian

family, that of the second son. The father was absent, and the mother, seeing he was near death, wished to prepare him a little. "My child," said she to him, "you are God's child: Jesus is your Father, and Mary is your mother. You are going to see them." And then, her heart failing, she burst into tears. The dying boy raised his eyes for the last time to his disconsolate mother, and said to her, "Why do you weep, since I am going to see Mary, my Mother? Tell my father not to weep either, because Jesus also is my Father, and I am going to see Him." Thus the true objects of religious dependence are removed to a distance from the sinner by the intrusion of an idolatrous object.

In 1857 it appeared that the priests were intending to enter the Mackenzie-River district, and, by pre-occupying the minds of the Indians, indispose them to the Gospel message. It was resolved to anticipate them. Accordingly, Archdeacon Hunter left Red River in January 1858. At Great Slave Lake he was met by the priest Grollier, who openly declared his intention of opposing the establishment of a Protestant Mission at Fort Simpson, and doing all in his power to prejudice the Indians against our Missionaries. In pursuance of this intention he proceeded in the same brigade of boats with Archdeacon Hunter to Fort Simpson, a destination which was reached August 16th. In Archdeacon Hunter's diary of the next day we find the following entry—"Rose, and commended myself and this special work afresh in prayer to God, seeking divine wisdom and grace to direct and aid each day that I continue in the district, that I may be privileged to sow the seed faithfully, and that it may spring up to the praise and glory of God. Here, in the far north-west, the Gospel finds, at the first time of its publication, representatives from two opposite and diametrically opposed churches, Protestantism and Popery, the true and false Gospel coming in contact at their extreme out-posts, like two waves rolling from opposite directions of the ocean, which here meet and dash against each other." Assisted by the half-caste French servants and their wives, the priests laboured strenuously, and as they were told that all Protestants go to everlasting misery, the Indians were at first indisposed to hear our Missionary. The truth was permitted, however, to achieve a triumph in the conversion from Romanism of one of the officers of the Company, a French Canadian. Here, for the first time, Archdeacon Hunter was visited by some of the Loucheux Indians from Peel's River, a tributary of the Mackenzie near its mouth. Archdeacon Hunter remained in this remote field until June 1859. On leaving Fort Simpson he was enabled to look back on the results of his labours there with much thankfulness. "Surely the time to favour these poor benighted Indians is come. Surely these smiling faces I see around me will no longer be left in darkness, no man caring for their souls. They look all energy and intelligence, and listen gladly to the message of redeeming love."

He was succeeded by the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, who reached Fort Simpson in the summer of 1859, having met Archdeacon Hunter on his return. The church of Rome, alarmed at the entrance of one faithful Missionary into the field of her anticipated triumphs, threw in a strong body of priests. Mr. Kirkby therefore found himself face to face with these men. Under date of May 22, 1860, he writes—"The Romanists are endeavouring to concentrate their efforts for the conversion of the Indians of this district. When I came they were just establishing their first Mission in it: now they have Fort Resolution, Fort Rae, Fort Good Hope, and, I fear, will have Fort Liard also. There are now four priests and brothers here; and in the fall the newly-appointed Bishop of Isle-à-la-Crosse is to visit Fort Simpson, and will bring two or three more priests with him. . . . They are really heart and soul in their work, and would verily compass sea and land to make one proselyte. The worst is their zeal so completely overleaps all sense of truth and justice that the most unscrupulous means are used to accomplish their purposes. The most extravagant falsehoods and frauds are freely laid

120 MISSIONS IN THE MACKENZIE AND THE YOUCON DISTRICTS. [APRIL, under tribute. The priests all belong to the order of 'Oblates,' and therefore little else is to be heard but the praises of Mary."

In 1861 Mr. Kirkby visited Fort Liard, 200 miles from Fort Simpson and 2450 miles from Red River, Fort Norman, and Fort Good Hope, the furthest point reached by Archdeacon Hunter in 1859. On his way down the Mackenzie he met several parties of Esquimaux, who appeared disposed to be troublesome, if not dangerous. Ascending Peel's River there were found at that Fort a large number of Loucheux Indians, who received him most kindly, and listened attentively to his message. "The Indians, to a man, expressed the greatest delight in what they had heard, and thanked me over and over again for coming down to see them. Pictures, crucifixes, medals, that the priest at Good Hope had circulated among them, were all brought and cast at my feet, so that I had dozens of them. Some of the pictures were well executed; others are mere daubs; but all, of course, were illustrative of Romanism. A large one of the Virgin Mary bears the following title—'Veritable portrait de la très Vierge Marie, mère de notre Seigneur Jesus Christ, d'après le portrait peint par St. Luc Evangeliste. Des graces sans nombre sont attachées à cette image.' Then follows the picture, after which are enumerated her appearance, dress, virtues, &c., with a command to pray to her."

Mr. Kirkby now made arrangements to pass from Peel's Fort into the Youcon district. A range of mountains has to be crossed in order to reach La Pierre's House, a post on the Rat River, which falls into the Porcupine River. This latter stream, flowing in a south-westerly direction, is descended to its junction with the Youcon, where Fort Youcon stands. The Youcon is there three miles wide, flowing on in a westerly direction until it enters Behring's Sea, its embouchure being, as some think, in Norton's Sound, or, according to others, between Cape Stephens and Cape Romanzoff, where it is known by the Russians as the Kwichpack.

On reaching the summit of the ridge "a magnificent view presented itself both ways, but especially in the direction we were going. A large valley lay stretched out before us of many miles in extent, with a lovely little river playfully winding its circuitous way through the midst, the whole scene recalling the sensations I had experienced when I stood upon Portage la Loche, the highest point of land between Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Sea, and now the basin of the mighty Mackenzie is crossed. In a few days I hope to see the waters running to the Pacific. I knelt down and prayed that the entrance of Gospel light into these new regions might be abundantly blessed of God."

La Pierre's House is situated in a valley surrounded on all sides by mountain peaks. Carrying with him the good wishes of all the Indians at this place, whom he had diligently instructed during the few days of his sojourn, he embarked to descend the Rat River; at first, as it threads its way through the mountains, very narrow and crooked, until the large tributary, the Porcupine, is reached. Descending this, he entered the Youcon, a magnificent river, three miles wide, but studded with islands, the current of which they had to mount for two miles, in order to reach the Fort, where Mr. Kirkby was greeted, on his arrival, by 500 Indians, all of whom were filled with astonishment and delight on seeing him. Day by day he addressed himself to the work of instruction, and eagerly was he listened to. The hearts of these men, so notorious for turbulence of character, were powerfully moved by the love of the Gospel message. Their most renowned medicine-man arose, and, in the presence of all, renounced his curious arts. How evil and degraded they had been, they themselves confessed. Eight of them, with expressions of the deepest sorrow, and earnest purposes, God helping them, never to be such again, declared openly that they had been guilty of murder; thirteen women confessed that they had slain their infant girls; many were polygamists; but from that day they resolved that the practice should cease. When bidding them farewell, after a sojourn of a week, they were all deeply moved, and earnestly begged him

to come again next year, nor would they be satisfied until they had obtained a promise from him. A chief from the Russian territory near Behring's Straits said that to him it all seemed like a dream ; that he did not know whether he could carry much of what he had heard to his people, but that next year, if alive, he would bring a number with him, that they might hear for themselves.

The next year Mr. Kirkby fulfilled his promise. On May 26th, 1862, he left his home and family at Fort Simpson. We have his journal before us : it is deeply interesting, but too long to introduce here. On reaching Fort Good Hope he learned that the priest, Mons. Seguin, had started a month previously, on the ice, in the hope of reaching the Youcon before him, and prejudicing the Indians against the truth, so that, on his arrival, he should find the door closed.

On arriving at Peel's Fort he found the priest there. He had already, at this place, done much injury. The Indians avowed themselves perplexed, and knew not what to think. Mr. Kirkby proposed an appeal to the Bible, and sought out the priest for that purpose, but he declined all disputation. With the Esquimaux, of whom several were at the Fort, Mr. Kirkby was more successful than with the Indians. Some of these were from the coast westward of the Mackenzie. He was much struck to find that one of them wore a powder-horn, with this inscription—

"H.M.S. Enterprise, Camden Bay, July 2nd, 1854."

The priest, having decided to accompany the Missionary to La Pierre's House, and perhaps to the Youcon, Mr. Kirkby treated him with all courtesy, and they set out together, our friend with four Indians and the priest with two. Up the steep hills they clambered, reaching the "top of the mountain" by five o'clock in the evening. The prospect was lovely. Sitting down on a stone, Mr. Kirkby sang the noble Missionary hymn of Williams—

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,"

"with comfort, and with hope that the prayer it breathes might ere long be answered if only the Lord would open the eyes of the Indians to see, and their hearts to feel

"That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary."

Mr. Kirkby adds—"How great and blessed would be the change produced, as great and as beautiful as nature has produced upon the mountains around me. A few short months ago winter reigned throughout ; all was cold and dreary, uncheered and unenlivened by a single ray of the sun. But when he regained his strength, light, heat, and beauty were restored, and a hundred little bubbling streams, which are running down the mountain sides, tell forth their joy and gladness. So will it be with the minds of the poor Indians, when the Sun of Righteousness shall rise upon them with healing in his wings."

The way onward was difficult ; the mountain rivers swollen, the sun in mid-day intensely hot. They fell in with an Indian tent, and two families, who knew Mr. Kirkby, welcomed him. They gave him a good supply of fresh meat, "the half of which I gave to the priest. He was thankful for it, as I was myself, not having had any for a week or more."

On reaching the last ridge they looked into the valley of the Rat River. "It is one of the most beautiful and picturesque views I have had the good fortune to see. It is beyond comparison superior to the very extensive and beautiful one seen from the coxcomb at Port la Loche. The extended valley, with its winding stream, looking in the distance like a silvery thread, the snow-capped mountain peaks all around, with dark pines growing down their sides, form something like what I imagine rich Alpine scenery to be."

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At La Pierre's House there was found a considerable body of Indians. They gathered round the Gospel Missionary, and waited perseveringly on him for instruction. The priest was unsuccessful. But for the two Indians who had come with him, he would have been alone. For these he had full mass at his tent door. All, however, was in vain. He resolved, therefore, to accompany Mr. Kirkby no further, and to retrace his steps to Peel's River.

At Fort Youcon were found gathered many Indians, and they were soon increased.

June 27—In the middle of the day the Indians about the Fort espied a long dark stripe across the river, at a great distance up the stream. At once the report was raised, More Indians coming. My European eyes could not yet detect them, but after awhile, by the aid of their paddles and the assistance of a rapid current, they were in full view—eighteen canoes—and very pretty and picturesque they looked gliding along. They were the whole tribe of Hun Kutchin. It is the only time in the year they can visit the Fort. All were in the native dress, profusely decorated with beads and hyaqua shells. They started up a song when within hearing, the

air of which was very sweet and plaintive. The Kutchin are certainly the most musical of any Indians in the country. Indeed they are the only ones, so far as I know, that possess really native airs. Mr. Lockhart has succeeded in transferring eight or ten of them to paper, which he has kindly given me permission to copy any time I please. The strangers were all present at evening service. A few of them were here last year: the others heard for the first time to-night the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, except what they may have learned from their friends during the winter. May their visit prove a blessed one!

The next day—Lord's-day—was a really Missionary day, 400 or 500 heathen being assembled to listen; and thus, from day to day, his time was occupied, until the Indians began to break up for their hunting-grounds, and it was time for Mr. Kirkby to return homeward. "The chiefs want to know why I do not remain altogether, and send a letter for my family to come down in the fall, forgetting all about the mountain, and the difficulty of transport, &c. If ever we can have a resident Missionary here, he must be a young man requiring little, and prepared to rough it, just as the Company's officers do; and really there is no reason why we should not, for if these gentlemen will do it for furs, we may surely be content to do it for souls."

At Peel's Fort, on his return, Mr. Kirkby found the priest, who, disconcerted at his ill-success, rudely repulsed Mr. Kirkby's courtesies, breaking forth into a long tirade, which he concluded by predicting that England would yet become thoroughly Romanized.

The Youcon has now its resident Missionary, and such a one, we trust, as Mr. Kirkby wished for. The Rev. R. M'Donald (county born) reached Fort Simpson from the Red River in August 1862, and, immediately on Mr. Kirkby's return home, started for the Youcon, which he reached the middle of October. The journey across the mountain ridges was not of a summer character. Snow ankle-deep, rivulets to be crossed, the waters of which were half up to the knees and more, falling snow, no shelter, little wood to make a fire with. Notwithstanding all these, our young Missionary says—"There was no portion of the whole journey from Red River that I enjoyed more: it was, in fact, quite a recreation, after the boat travelling of more than a thousand miles." At Peel's Fort, La Pierre's House, the Youcon, the Indians joyfully welcomed him. From one of the chiefs of Peel-River Fort he had a strong speech, representing the want they felt for the knowledge of God, and earnestly pleading that he should remain with them; the chief contending that he and his band of Indians stood as much in need of a Missionary to lead them as the Youcon or any other Indians. At the Youcon he found the priest: he had not been able to effect any thing, the preference of the Indians being for pure Christianity.

Our last communication from Mr. M'Donald is dated June 1st, 1863. He had found the Loucheux language very difficult to pronounce, many of the words being

guttural and dental, but he was overcoming it, and had begun to translate. He had been on several expeditions, visiting the Indians in their camps. One was eighty miles down the Youcon; another to the Gens du Large Indians, residing among the mountains, 200 miles northward from the Fort. He found these people encamped in a deep valley between two mountains, some of the peaks of which towered up to the height of about 1500 feet or more. They were greatly rejoiced to see him, and with them he spent nearly forty days.

In another month or so we shall be expecting to have fresh tidings from Mr. Kirkby and Mr. M'Donald, and more especially as to the proceedings of last summer, when many Indians, of various tribes, were expected at the Youcon.

In one of the last journals received from Mr. M'Donald, dated La Pierre's House, June 24th, 1863, he says—"The priest, Père Sequin, who passed the winter at the Youcon, is here, on his way to Fort Good Hope. He has not effected any thing among the Indians. They all appear determined to remain firm on the side of the Gospel."*

Now, then, we have prepared our readers for the following paragraph from the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," vol. xxv., September 1864, No. 152—

The Rev. Father Grollier had scarcely landed on the Mission of St. Joseph, when, confiding it to the care of Divine Providence, he started off for Fort Simpson (63° of latitude), where the Protestant minister had directed his steps. The Father was immediately welcomed with enthusiasm by the savages, and he at once paralyzed the deleterious influences of heresy. Presents of all kinds were lavished on the Indians by the minister, but his generosity could gain neither their esteem nor their affection. They said to him, "Your presents are good, but you are bad yourself, at least your religion is bad. You are only a man like one of ourselves; you are not a priest. We will not listen to your words." The Rev. Father Grollier returned soon after to the Mission of St. Joseph, in order to make preparations for the approaching campaign. The following summer, being anxious to anticipate the approach of error, he had resolved to carry the standard of the Catholic religion as far as the Fort Good Hope, and to establish there the Mission of our Lady of Good Hope, in the 67° of latitude.

In the mean time the Rev. Father Gascon set off for Fort Liard in pursuit of the wolf who had entered the fold there, while the Rev. Father Eynard established the Mission of St. Michael the Archangel at the extreme end of the great Slave Lake. Towards the end of the following winter, Father Gascon arrived at the same post, that he might help

to consolidate his work. Their efforts were crowned with complete success. Father Grollier ascended the river, and visited Fort Norman during the summer of 1860, following the track of the Christian enemy as far as Peel's River. His apostolic zeal and his sufferings, so generously endured for the glory of God, were crowned by the blessing of a complete victory. In the same manner, and with like success, the minister was tracked everywhere. In the following summer Monsignor Grandin arrived with a new reinforcement: his presence fortified and encouraged the new-born faith of the savages. In 1862 a new Protestant minister had the audacity to traverse all our Missions, and erect his tent in Youcon, on the Russian territory. He was followed by Father Seguin, who paralyzed his attempts; and at length, in 1863, the Rev. Father Gascon established a Mission in the midst of the Esquimaux, in 69° of latitude. Thus it was that one success followed the other, until the work of the Missions has been extended to the extremity of the Polar Circle, thanks to the alms of the Propagation of the Faith, which supported the Oblate Fathers while they devoted themselves to the charge confided to them of evangelizing these immense regions. The first foundations are now laid, and there is every prospect of success, provided the assistance be continuous which will enable the Missioners to remain there.

Neither in the measures which they pursue on the Mission field, nor in the accounts which they send home, do the Oblate Fathers appear to be very scrupulous.

* Mr. M'Donald's journals are printed *in extenso* in the "Church Missionary Record" for the present month.

Recent Intelligence.

Our readers will be prepared to find this portion of our Number more fragmentary than the previous pages, into which are introduced articles on various subjects, intended to be, however they may fall short of this, of an integral character.

We have received despatches from Jubbulpore, Peshawur, and the Mission stations in China, extracts from which will be found to contain various points of interest.

INDIA.

Jubbulpore.

Jubbulpore is on the route from Allahabad to Nagpore, 222 miles south-west of the former, and 156 north-east of the latter. It is our only Missionary station in the Central Provinces. At Nagpore there is a station of the Free Church of Scotland, and then, across a vast stretch of territory, as far as Dumagudem, in the Lower Godavery, we find no Missionary station whatever. As the stations are so few, it is the more necessary that they should be hopeful, and exhibit symptoms of spiritual vitality. If the wells in the desert be few, there is the more reason that they should gush up with water. We are thankful that our Missionary at Jubbulpore, the Rev. E. Champion, is enabled, in the following extracts, to mention facts which show that God is blessing the work. The first extracts are dated December 28th of last year.

"It is with much pleasure and thankfulness to God that I write to inform the Committee of the baptism, on Christmas-day, of Moulwee Safdar Ali and another young Mohammedan. Some of the notices of the Moulwee have appeared in my journal from time to time, and you probably heard at Benares that Pundit Nehemiah had come here to confer with him and his friends, at their request. The result is as above stated.

"If I were not deeply sensible that this is all God's work I should hesitate to speak of the Moulwee in the terms I must speak of him, if I speak at all, lest I should seem to glory in man. He has, however, been so clearly a subject of the sacred influences of God's Spirit, that, in speaking as I do, I feel I am but exalting God's grace in him.

"He appears for many years to have been of a thoughtful disposition, and anxious as regards his soul. In this state his mind was directed to the consideration of Christianity, and he read, only to find fault at first, Dr. Pfander's works. Still truth seems to have gained upon him; and when Nehemiah was here about three years ago they became acquainted, and he has often told me that one-half of the difficulties which possessed his mind were cleared away by their intercourse. Up to this time he had not seen our Bible, and, at Nehemiah's suggestion, he came to me, and procured this and other books. In this way our intercourse began. He was a most thoughtful and indefatigable reader, and often visited me, and propounded difficulties, and asked for explanations, which showed he read with great care, and possessed great powers of mind. I answered his difficulties to the best of my ability, and always found what I said was received with impartiality and serious attention. He soon confessed himself much struck with the morality of the Bible, which he said surpassed any thing he had ever met with, and at length declared that Christianity was far better than either Hinduism or Mohammedanism: still some doubts remained regarding the inspiration and authenticity of the Bible. Nor was this exercise of mind a mere intellectual one. He plainly said it was peace to a troubled mind which he sought. As he came to me from week to week I wondered at the great change I saw going on within him, and could entertain no doubt as to the final results. His last request to me, as I was going to the Benares Conference, was, that I would ask the Missionaries to pray for him.

In this, and other events, the Christianity which had already imbuéd his mind displayed itself. He had given up attendance on the Mohammedan prayers long since, and was so open in the expression of his predilection for Christianity, that the Mohammedans declared he was an Isai, and his relatives threatened to take away his wife. This was the state of things when Nehemiah came, whose kind and sympathetic instructions cleared away his remaining doubts, and decided him to be baptized at once. On my return journey, when forty miles from Jubbulpore, I received this delightful information ; and on the very evening of my arrival he called, requesting, as his mind was quite made up, there might be no delay. He is the Deputy Inspector of Schools in this district, and receives a salary of some 150 rupees per month. Thus his motives were beyond doubt. He is a man, too, of sound education and irreproachable character, highly respected by his superiors and all who know him.

"The younger man is at present a Government village schoolmaster, and is the fruit of Safdar Ali's inquiries. He was formerly his servant, and, when in that capacity, began to read the New Testament with him. Two days ago, when reading part of the 11th of Hebrews to him, and explaining how we (and he especially) have to give up much here, but only, like Moses, in hope of a much greater reward hereafter, he said, 'A thousand, thousand thanks to God for his mercy. I was only worthy of eternal fire.' This seems to indicate a right sense of the sinfulness of sin and of the exceeding greatness of God's grace in Christ. The determined way in which he stepped into the water after the Moulwee (they were baptized by immersion, at their own request) was very remarkable.

"It only remains that I should ask your prayers for them during this trying time, when they have to see the sorrow of those they most love, and to endure their anger."

The movement has not stopped here. In a subsequent letter, dated January 16, 1865, a third case of conversion is referred to.

"I have again the pleasure of informing you of another addition to our church here. Yesterday I baptized Moulwee Kazim Bakhsh, a friend of Moulwee Safdar Ali, and indeed the fruit of his inquiries and earnestness. He is a man, too, I have every reason to believe, of the same stamp, a man really taught of God, a real inquirer after salvation. From the time when he first decided to become a Christian he has shown great steadfastness of purpose and moral courage. He was away when Safdar Ali and Kazim Khan were baptized, and I feared the treatment they received might deter him from coming forward ; but of his own accord he came in from Sepora, where he is schoolmaster, and asked to be baptized at once. In a day or two he leaves for his village, there, all alone, to take up the cross of his Lord. We pray God to be with him and keep him.

"The former two baptisms created a great sensation among the Mohammedans of Jubbulpore, and Safdar Ali has often been called on to give a reason for the hope that is in him. At a meeting of about seventeen respectable Mussulmans, some of them declared, that, after what he had done, it behoved them also to inquire whether these things were so. This is a great deal for a bigoted Mohammedan to say, and therefore it is no wonder that the greater number wish to suppress all inquiry, and pass the affair over as quietly as possible,

"A number of tales have been circulated in the city, such as that, at their baptism, we made them eat swines' flesh, and so on ; but one story is, I think, remarkable. They say that now Moulwee Safdar Ali's pay from Government is reduced from 120 rupees to 60 rupees per month, and that, when he goes to see any European gentleman, whereas formerly he was accommodated with a chair, now he not only does not get a chair, but not even a stool."

These first-fruits in a station, which has been hitherto so bare of results, call upon us for thanksgiving, and for earnest prayer that He who has done so much will do more, and light up a beacon-fire in the dark interior of Central India.

Peshawur.

In the autumn of 1862 this frontier station was occupied by several valuable Missionaries, who appeared to be in all respects well fitted for the work. All these men have been removed by death and sickness. The Rev. T. Tuting and the Rev. Roger E. Clark died at Peshawur, and their graves mark the spot where they laboured. The Rev. J. McCarthy and the Rev. Robert Clark have been compelled, from ill-health, to leave, the one for England, the other for Umritsur, and the station has been left in charge of two very young Missionaries, the Rev. T. R. Wade and the Rev. W. Handcock. Yet the Lord has been with them, and the work has not been without fruit. Some extracts from their despatches, more especially in the present enfeebled state of the Mission, will be read with interest. The following is from Mr. Handcock's letters—

Preaching to the heathen.

Jan. 1865—The glad news of salvation by Christ has been proclaimed in different parts of Peshawur. But in no place has it been more frequently set forth than from the steps of the chapel under the great peepul tree. In front of this chapel, which was built by Colonel Martin, sometimes in one assembly you would recognise among the Affghans people from Cabul, Persia, Bokhara, and Cashmere. Crowds of listeners can always be obtained, though they are not, as a rule, so orderly as one could wish, for the Affghan Mohammedans are so bigoted, that no sooner do they hear a doubt thrown out as to the truth of the Korán, than they become excited, cry down the preacher, and break up the assembly. Notwithstanding all this, however, three out of the seven who have this year been admitted to the church of Christ by baptism were more or less listeners to the preaching in the bazaars before they became inquirers. Indeed, the very opposition made by the Mohammedans seems to have been the turning-point in leading one of the number to inquire into the truth of Christianity. This man is a Syud, and somewhat advanced in years, and is likely to prove of great use to the Mission, seeing that he is well read in Arabic and Persian. The circumstance, however, which seems more particularly to have arrested this man's attention, was the harsh treatment which a Mussulman friend of his received. This friend went one day within the porch of our chapel, the weather being inclement, and knelt down to pray, according to the Mohammedan custom. The Mussulmans who were passing at the time, on seeing this, came up, and abused him for praying in what they considered to be a polluted place.

On the Syud hearing of the treatment which his friend had received, he rightly conceived it an evidence of bigotry. From that time he wished to know more about Christianity. He therefore read the New Testament and the Mizan-ul-Haqq. It pleased God to enlighten him, and he became a Christian. Thus the Psalmist's words were fulfilled, "The wrath of man shall praise thee."

Two journeys have been made with the object of making known the name of Christ among the Affghan tribes. One was in the month of September last. The civil magistrate, Lieutenant Sandeman, was extremely kind in entertaining the Missionary, and in affording some protection during his itinerancy amongst the wild and fanatical tribes of Euzufzaie. In looking back upon the journey we cannot but see evidences in many places of a desire to hear the word of God. No doubt we often had to contend with those who were unwilling to hear the Gospel, with pride and bigotry and angry look; but generally we were kindly received and willingly listened to; and on no occasion did any one refuse to accept a tract or a copy of the Gospels. This latter forms a very promising feature in this Mission field, for if the word of God is only read amongst them, by the help of the Holy Spirit, important results will follow. And whatever dark points the Affghans may have in their character, as a thievish and bloodthirsty people, there is much even in their present state to recommend them. Indeed, no one could go amongst this energetic, brave, and hospitable people without pitying their delusion by the false prophet, and without breathing a prayer for their conversion.

Mr. Wade confirms the expressions conveyed by the reports of his colleague—

This has not been a year full only of sorrows and trials. Many a bright bow has shone forth amidst the dark clouds to comfort and cheer us. We have been visited by a number of Pathans from the district, and some of

them have been willing to pay money in order to obtain the Scriptures in their own language; whilst to others, who were poor, we have given a Gospel, or other small book, free.

In March last, when Mohammed Rafek

Khan was here on political business as Vakeel from Cabul, he visited us twice, and received very readily a copy of the Scriptures—the Old Testament in Persian and the New Testament in Pushtoo—to take back to Amir Shere Ali Khan, his master. He also himself, together with the doctor who accompanied him, received the New Testament in Pushtoo, and promised to read it carefully.

Our little native congregation, too, has been gradually increasing. During the past year there have been seven adults baptized, and just half of them have been Pathans, so that now there are in connexion with this Mission, including women and children, nearly fifty native Christians.

Last summer two of our Pathan Christians expressed a wish to go on a Missionary journey to Kafiristan. The late Mr. Lowenthal, when consulted about it, said that the risk of

life was so great that they ought not to be allowed to go. However, after consulting other friends, permission was granted. They left Peshawur on the 7th September, and were absent little more than three months. Had they been recognised in Cabul as Affghan Christians, they would probably have been slain; and even when in Kafiristan they were not altogether free from danger, for on one occasion they saw twenty-eight Mohammedans butchered in cold blood, after being invited to a friendly feast. A few days ago two Kafiristans paid us a visit at Peshawur. One of them knew nothing but the Kafiristan language, but the other, who also knew Pushtoo, acted as the interpreter. They are a very degraded but interesting people, and we trust God will soon open a way for the introduction of Christianity and civilization into their country.

CHINA.

Intelligence from the Missionary Stations of this empire are doubly interesting at the present moment, when hopes have been entertained that, the Taeping rebellion having been crushed, peace would be restored to this distracted land. We fear, however, that insurrection is now chronic in China. It is manifest that the Tartar dynasty has lost control over the outlying provinces, and that the utmost it will be able to effect is to hold in allegiance the northern provinces. Sooner or later, in some form or another, the southern provinces will become independent.

Fuh-chau.

Our Missionary at this important city, the Rev. J. Wolfe, communicates to us, under date of January last, the following intelligence respecting the progress of his work—

Jan. 11, 1865—It will cheer you to learn, that since my last communication to you we have had four persons added to our church, two adults and two children. One of the children is the son of our old faithful chapel-keeper; the other is the daughter of one of the adults admitted to baptism at the same time. The baptism of one of the adults, a very clever young man, took place towards the end of October; the other, with the two children, took place on Christmas-day. It was very pleasing and cheering to see the latter bring his little daughter to the font in his arms, and there consecrate her and himself to God by holy baptism. We were all very much interested in this man, as he was formerly one of our most bitter opponents. He used to come to our chapel for the sole purpose of abusing the catechist, and interrupting our service, and troubled us very much. On one occasion we had to remove him from the premises. After this he did not make his appearance for some months, during

which time we lost sight of him altogether. One Sunday, however, he came again, and took a seat at the lower end of the building. When service was over, I went to talk with him. I did not at first recognise him. He said, "Sing Sang, don't you know me?" I said, "No, I do not." "You ought," said he, "to know me." After this I had some very interesting conversation with him, and I found that the Spirit of God had been at work in his mind (for I cannot ascribe the change which took place in him to any thing else). He had given up idolatry, and had very correct views of God. He said he wished to become a Christian, and to worship Jesus; that he clearly saw we had the truth. I told him we should rejoice to receive him into our little company, but he should wait, and place himself under instruction, and show signs that his desires were sincere. After this, he attended all our meetings for prayer and instruction, and rapidly grew in knowledge and in faith. He gained more knowledge of the

Scriptures for the few months he was under instruction than some of our members have gained during the whole time they have been with us. The result was his baptism on Christmas-day. At first he was unwilling that his baptism should take place on that day, "for," said he, "I am not worthy to be baptized on the day that my Saviour came down into this world." I explained that it was most appropriate that the day on which Jesus was born into the world to save sinners and establish a church should witness a soul admitted into his church. With this explanation he was satisfied. He is now very zealous, and already has brought some of his friends to inquire about the Saviour. Before

he became a Christian he carried on a very lucrative business in connexion with the idolatrous temples, &c., but he could not continue his business. He not only had to give up this business, but had to suffer a great deal of persecution from his former acquaintances. He has frequently been seen in the streets, surrounded by a crowd of people abusing him, and blaspheming that holy name by which he is now called. He was not ashamed of Jesus, but bore a simple and clear testimony before his abusers. Under these circumstances, I felt perfectly justified to help him to get a new business, in which I believe he will do well as a Christian man.

Ningpo.

Our Missionary, the Rev. A. E. Moule, in a letter dated December 31, communicates to us several points of interest, the most important of which is the occupation by his brother, the Rev. G. E. Moule of Hangchow, recently freed from the Taepings.

Ningpo, Dec. 31, 1864—One sign of life, though it be but infant life at present, is the renting and furnishing a house for divine service on the shores of the eastern lakes, *at the expense of the Ningpo and Tsong-gyiao churches*. A native is Secretary and Treasurer, and a native Committee consult together, referring matters of difficulty to my brother for advice. Our dear old brother Bao, alas! has not yet fully rejoined us. We cannot but hope, however, that God will have mercy upon him and upon us. He attended morning service regularly.

My brother's breaking ground in Hangchow will, I am sure, call forth the prayers of the Home Committee. He feels very deeply the feebleness of the effort, so far as human power is concerned, for he himself is not strong, and the only native catechist who can be spared to accompany him has but indifferent health; but we felt that, in a certain sense, the effort must be made now or not at all; now, before the people of Hangchow, just escaped from a fierce fire of trouble, grow cold and proud as before. God grant that we may at least hold the ground till reinforcements from home enable us to occupy that vast city in force.

Hangchow is some one hundred miles distant from Ningpo, and we have sometimes felt reluctant to move forward and inward so far, when districts lying within sight from our house-top are so seldom, so imperfectly evangelized. I have been making an attempt to follow, at a very great distance, the plan adopted in the Tinnevely itinerancy. The

districts around Tsong-gyiao are very thickly populated, and I am hoping to visit each place once every two months, if possible. I am, however, at present imperfectly acquainted with the number of places, and I am but feeling my way, having no good map. The district I am hoping to work extends some ten miles on each side of Tsong-gyiao, except on the south-east, where flows the river, within one mile of our chapel, and in the north-west direction, where the plain is bounded by the San-poh hills, distant some four miles from Tsong-gyiao. Z-kyi, a city, is the western limit. This city, before the Taeping invasion, was a beautiful, rich, and proud city, with some 30,000 inhabitants. It is now slowly rising from dust and ruin, and may contain half that number.

There are besides, in this district, five towns of from 8000 to 10,000 each, four of from 2000 to 4000 each, seven of from 1000 to 1800 each, besides a large number of places varying in population from 600 to 60 each. I visited in all, during the months of March, May, October, November, and December, seventy-one places, large and small. One of these I visited five times, four of them four times, six of them three times, twenty-one on two occasions, and the remainder but once. I trust, with God's help, to go through them all in order this year.

One precious fruit has, I trust, resulted from this work—the old woman baptized on December 18. She heard the Gospel in a neighbouring village last May.

JOHN IV. 35.

"SAY NOT YE, THERE ARE YET FOUR MONTHS, AND THEN COMETH HARVEST? BEHOLD, I SAY UNTO YOU, LIFT UP YOUR EYES, AND LOOK ON THE FIELDS; FOR THEY ARE WHITE ALREADY TO HARVEST."

THE Saviour, for the encouragement of his disciples, draws here a contrast between the natural and the spiritual harvest. When men are sowing the seed of the natural harvest, they encourage themselves by the reflection that their labour shall not be lost; that they shall have a harvest, but that it will not come at once; that they shall have to wait for it at least four months (v. 35). But in spiritual husbandry it is not necessarily so. There, indeed, the seed must be sown, and we must take care that it be right seed, taken from the granaries of truth (Lev. xix. 19; Deut. xxii. 9, 10); and as the spring-time, in which men sow the seed of the natural harvest, is a bleak and laborious time, so men, in going out to sow the seed of the kingdom, must prepare themselves for inconveniences. It will not answer if men will sow only when the weather is fine, and they can do so without discomfort. It will not do to speak the truth only when it is popular, and to garble it when to speak plainly would expose us to unpopularity. We must sow when the wind is in our teeth. Men, moreover, must be prepared to endure personal toil and hardship. They who would sow this seed must, like John the Baptist, gird up their loins and go to work. They must be, by the grace of God, men of resolute character, and of abstemious habits (Matt. xi. 8). What an example our Lord presents in this particular. He sowed the seed of the kingdom, yet in what a cold and adverse season; in what poverty, amidst what opposition! Behold Him on this occasion; see Him: He had made a long journey on foot, He was wearied, and He sat thus on the well. He did the best He could under the circumstances: He made use of the rough stones, and was glad to sit upon them; and He was there alone. He was thirsty: He would gladly have had of the water in the well, but He had nothing to draw with, and the well was deep. He had almighty power, and He drew largely and unsparingly from those stores for the benefit of others. He fed the thousands in the wilderness, but for Himself He drew nothing. Then let not his servants, his labourers, be surprised if, in doing his work, they have something of hardness to endure. Let them look to their Master, and be still, and go on with their work, enduring hardness.

But for the encouragement of such He brings out a special point in this passage. He comforts the sowers of the seed of the kingdom with an assurance that they shall have an harvest, and that it need not necessarily be a deferred harvest. Sometimes it is so. Sometimes the harvest is so long deferred that the labourer who sowed it is gone to his rest before it comes, and other hands are brought in to reap it. But it is not always so. The spiritual labourer has not always to say, as he sows the seed, "it is yet four months to the harvest." It this present case of Samaria it was not so. What took place there presented a pleasing contrast to the general character of his labours. His labours were usually a deferred harvest, especially as regarded the Jews. Of these He might say, "I have laboured in vain. I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain,"—"and indeed that harvest is even yet a deferred harvest." But here He had sown a little seed, and a harvest was already being yielded. He had spoken to one woman: He had not gone to seek her: it was incidentally that she came to Him; and this woman was by no means of a good character; and, moreover, she was very bigoted and prejudiced in her Samaritan notions. Yet He did not disregard it, because it was a little opportunity. Light, in its communicative action, does not despise the smallest crevice, but makes its way in where it can; and so true love for souls will not disregard the least opportunity. Neither did He decline to speak to her because she

was depraved, and say "It is no use; she is irreclaimable, and it is not becoming that I should address myself to her." He did not turn away his heart, and leave her to perish in her sins without an effort. He did not despair of her because she was so bigoted and narrow-minded. He spoke to her, and how kindly! He told her of her need, and where she might find help (v. 10). He bore with her dulness, and the difficulty she felt in taking in any thing of a spiritual nature. He stooped to explain to her that He did not mean the water in the well; He meant water for the soul. He pressed the matter home upon her by a reference to her own private character, and the guilty secrets of her own life, and reminded her what need she had of the salvation of God. He had just time to tell her all (verses 25, 26) before he was interrupted by the coming of the disciples. But it was enough. The woman's heart was touched. He had gained his first Samaritan convert; and she became an active agent in communicating to others her own convictions. She had learned a great secret; a great good had come to hand. She had found at the well what she never expected. She had in her own mind no doubt. He had told her all the secrets of her life, and yet, while He had told all, He had dealt so gently with her. Her heart was overflowing with the wondrous news. She leaves her water-vessel behind her. She dealt with the water as Jesus dealt with the bread. If to his disciples he said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of," so to any of her people who asked her, "Where is the water you went for? and what have you done with the vessel?" she could say, "I have water to drink of which ye knew not of." But she wished that they should drink of it, that their hearts might be glad as her's was. Her heart was brimful of the good news, and it flowed over so soon as she got back into the town. "Come," she said, "come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" And her words carried weight with them. Perhaps the contrast with her previous life made them the more extraordinary. That one of her character should take an interest in such subjects was indeed remarkable. It seemed to them a sort of miracle. The curiosity of the people of Samaria was awakened, their interest excited. There was a great stir and movement in the dull town. "They went out of the city, and came unto Him."

Jesus saw them coming. How soon the seed He had sown had yielded its results. "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest?" And now it was not four months; only a few moments; and He was about to gather in his sheaves. "Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are already white to harvest."

Let us, in doing the Lord's work, remember that the harvest may be deferred, but that it also may be quick and immediate. Let us desire the one, and fall back on the other. The one will stimulate zeal; the other prevent disappointment.

Let us never despise a small opportunity. The greatest results have often originated in the most unlikely beginnings. Take the first opportunity you have presented to you. Lay hold on the first persons, no matter what they have been previously. The worse they are the more they need Christ. If they have been depraved, it is because they have not known Him. But He can, and often has, transformed the worst. In the conversion of one you may be raising up a host. Let the following brief reference to the apostle of the Karens, by an aged member of the Mission, suffice for an example—

The American Missionaries, in the earlier period of their Missionary labours in Pegu, had schools and a few converts at Moulmein. The Karens, at that time, were only known as tribes, more or less savage, inhabiting the mountains and valleys of Burmah. The few Burmese converts had heard their Missionary teachers express a wish to become acquainted with them, and, finding one who was a debtor slave to a Burman, one of them paid the small debt, and took him into his family. His excessive rudeness and

passionate temper rendered him any thing but an acquisition to a Christian household ; and although he gave some attention to the new religion, it was found necessary to put him away. This was the embryo Karen apostle. Dr. Judson paid the debt that was due on him ; and, in order to give him one more opportunity, took him into the Missionary compound. It soon became perceptible that Christianity was beginning to exercise upon him its healthful power. Gradually light dawned on his dark soul. He seemed deeply penitent, confessed his sins, and sought earnestly, by prayer, the pardon of his offences, and reconciliation with God through Jesus Christ. After baptism he gave himself heart and soul to the acquirement of Christian knowledge, and then went forth to awaken and instruct his countrymen. He loved much, for much had been forgiven him ; and, having received mercy, he fainted not. The preaching of Christ crucified was, in his estimation, the work of paramount importance. He had experienced the power of the great sacrifice for sin, and felt an unquenchable desire to proclaim it to his people. His efforts were blessed. The Karens from the mountain villages of Tavoy flocked in from the distant jungle, for Ko-thah-byu had found them out, and they came in to see and hear the white teacher of whom he told them. So great was his usefulness, that he has been called the apostle of the Karens, and his labours are perpetuated in Sau Quala, for one of the first houses which he entered to make known Christ was that of Sau Quala's father, and his simple words so touched the heart of the youth, that he received and welcomed the message as the great boon which the Karen people had been waiting for.

Only let us be in earnest. Let us go fresh from Christ, and full of Christ. Let us go and be alone with Him, and then go back to our kith and kin. Then there will be a life, a freshness about us ; and there will be that about us which will carry conviction to the minds of others.

And then we may be of use, however obscure we be. See, this was but a woman, one of the lower orders ; yet, because she was genuine, what a stir she made ! And so with those who are poor and despised. They may carry such a genuine Christianity with them into their low estate, that they may be the instruments of great good. You may make a great stir in your town—a great stir for Christ. Why should you doubt the possibility of it, with this woman before you ? A woman—how great her influence for evil when so used ! but, on the other hand, how great her influence for good when, as a genuine and loving Christian, she uses it for Christ !

THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA ON THE TINNEVELLY MISSIONS.

THE following article was contributed to the "Calcutta Review" by the Bishop of Calcutta, after his visit to Tinnevely as Metropolitan, and is now reprinted by the Church Missionary Society with his consent.*

Dr. Caldwell informs us, in a note to his most instructive and interesting lectures, that on arriving at a certain rectory in England to attend a Missionary meeting, he found the clergyman and his wife engaged in a hot dis-

* As our readers will perceive, the article is long, yet to have divided it would have destroyed its interest. We therefore introduce it as we have received it, and we think our readers, forgetting its length in the interest which attaches to it, will approve of our decision.—ED.

pute as to the position of Tinnevely, the lady maintaining that it is in India, the gentleman that it is in South Africa. We do not suppose that any of our readers are in need of such elementary information as was required to terminate this controversy, but we are inclined to fear, from many recent indications, that some of them have very little conception of the work which is going on there, and of the progress which Christianity has made in certain parts of India. Partly no doubt from the fact that Missionaries often fail to write

their reports in an attractive style, but still more from a painful lack of interest in the subject, it seems the fashion to pass by even carefully-prepared statistics as "unsatisfactory and vague." Indeed, we observe with regret that some English writers take a pleasure in undervaluing what has been done, in blackening the character of their native fellow-Christians, in representing Missionaries as merely commonplace clergymen, who live in comfortable houses, and go through a certain amount of routine work, not differing very much from that of an English school or parish, and in proclaiming that the only true gospel for India is the gospel of railroads and telegraphs. We can indeed understand why Cardinal Wiseman should have asserted that Bishop Heber had "greatly exaggerated the number of Protestants in his time," though, in fact, trustworthy returns showed that he had underrated it. But it is less easy to perceive why persons who pride themselves on their Protestantism should misrepresent the reality through mere carelessness and imperfect inquiry. One writer, for example, has lately asserted that the native Christians in the whole of North India only amount to about 8000, because he finds that number given as the sum of the converts of one Society of the Church of England.* The sympathy and liberality shown towards the Mission cause are not so extensive that we can allow them to be weakened by a statement that the result is less than one-third of that actually reached. The elaborate statistics of Dr. Mullens, carefully prepared from correspondence with the Missionaries of all denominations, show that the number of native Protestants in North India, *i.e.*, the Presidency of Bengal, excluding Burmah and the Straits, is 26,075. This result is obtained by adding to the converts of the Church Missionary Society, who alone amount to the abovementioned 8000, those of the Propagation Society, the Established Church of Scotland, and the various nonconformist bodies.

We think, then, that, having met with many instances of this strange indifference to the facts of the case, we may do some good if we lay before our readers a sketch of one of the most successful Missions in India, that in Tinnevely. What we shall say is gathered partly from reading, partly from our own observation. And at least we can assure them of this, that having ventured to remonstrate with those who depreciate the work of Missionaries in this country without investigation, we shall take pains not to exaggerate

its results, even in that province where they are most conspicuous. We shall record nothing but what we either saw ourselves, or believe on trustworthy authority.

It is hard for any one who has not visited Tinnevely to form an adequate conception of the peculiar character of its scenery. If the traveller ascends one of the church towers which are now happily scattered over the district, he sees before him an undulating plain, of the colour of fire, studded with straight, stiff palmyra-trees, and diversified at rare intervals by belts of bright rich green. These barren regions are called *téries*. A *téri* may be described as a gently sloping hill, consisting entirely of red sand, and supporting no vegetation but the palmyra. Towards the lower part of this hill the water lies very near the surface, and thus the peasant is here enabled to cultivate a luxuriant garden of plantains, which relieves the otherwise desolate appearance of the country. This description, however, applies not to all the province, but to its southern portion only; for it is divided into two sections by the Tamravarni, or "copper-coloured" river, which, rising in the ghâts, passes between the towns of Tinnevely and Palamcotta, (the former the native city, with its huge temple of Siva, the latter the English station and fort,) and at last enters the Bay of Bengal a little south of Tuticorin. From the position of its sources it is swollen by the rain of both our monsoons, and hence interposes between the southern and northern portions of the province of Tinnevely a rich tract, which produces annually two abundant crops of rice. When we pass to the north of this fertilizing stream, we lose the peculiar features which have been just described, and find ourselves in a blistered black soil, from which, at present, a large number of bales of cotton are constantly travelling to Tuticorin, and are there shipped to supply our Lancashire brethren with work and subsistence.

But the scene of the tale now to be told is confined to the sandy region south of Tamravarni. In Northern Tinnevely the number of Christians is comparatively few, and the organization of the church incomplete. Those who think it wrong that Missionaries should have roofs to cover them, and complain that they "follow in the steps of a train of predecessors, and make no new experiment," will hardly be prepared to hear that in this part of the country a Mission was organized in 1854, which altogether confines itself to itineration. The Missionaries have literally no fixed home. They "move their tents from place to place throughout the district (1200 square miles), and thus, in 1862, the Gospel had already been preached to as many as

* Macmillan's Magazine, Vol. X. p. 484.

300,000 souls in 1400 villages. Four bodies of converts had then been baptized, and numerous inquirers were constantly presenting themselves.* Xavier himself did not show a brighter example of self-sacrifice than Ragland, the devoted founder of this itineration, who, after four years' ceaseless labour, laid down his life in carrying out a work for which he had abandoned the academic fame which gathers round a fourth wrangler, and the substantial comforts of a fellowship and tutorship. One peculiar feature of interest in this Mission is, that it is largely aided by the church in South Tinnevely, a regular monthly succession of catechists being supplied from the settled Christian districts, to work under the English itinerating evangelists, and supported from the funds of a native Missionary Society.

And this recalls us to these settled Christian districts, which are to furnish the main subject of the present article. They are, as we have said, situated to the south of the Tamravarni, and they are, from a variety of causes, almost co-extensive with the cultivation of the palmyra, so that, as Dr. Caldwell says, "where the palmyra abounds, there Christian congregations and schools abound also, and where the palmyra disappears, there the signs of Christian progress are rarely seen." For the palmyra is cultivated by men of the Shanar caste, to that caste Christianity was first preached in Tinnevely, and in the same caste its growth has been most rapid and extensive. These Shanars, or palmyra-climbers, who have scarcely spread beyond the limits of Tinnevely and South Travancore, are probably not of Aryan origin, but belong to the non-Brahminical or aboriginal people of India, and therefore are Scythians by race, and cousins to the Mongols, Turks, and Finns. Their language is the Tamil, the most classical and polished, and also the most widely spread of the Dravidian tongues. When the Brahmins arrived in South India, they introduced among the inhabitants the elements of civilization, and also separated them into a number of castes, which may be roughly classified under two well-defined divisions. The higher of them consists of various castes falling under the general name of *Sudra*, the middle class of the South, the merchants, manufacturers, and artificers, who form the most important section of the population. Of the second division, which mainly consists of agriculturists, the Shanars are unquestionably the first. Below them come various other grades, including Pariahs and prædial slaves, and end-

ing with wandering gipsy tribes. Though the conversions have occurred chiefly among the Shanars, yet Christianity has also spread downwards among the Pariahs and still lower castes, while its influence has now begun to be felt both among Sudras and Brahmins, of whom a small number have joined the church. Still it will be sufficient for our present purpose to confine our attention to the Shanars, as infinitely the largest and most important section of Tinnevely Christians. They are all engaged in cultivating, and the majority in climbing, the palmyra, the richer members of the caste being owners of trees, and the poorer working for them, while between them are some who are at once proprietors and labourers. The palmyra, most useful of palms, but not beautiful in the eyes of those who have seen the taliputs and kitools of Kandy, is straight as a ship's mast, from sixty to ninety feet in height, and crowned with a plume of fanshaped leaves. Its wood is used for beams and rafters, its young root is edible, and its fruit, when unripe, contains a refreshing and wholesome jelly. Its leaves, in their old age, thatch the Tinnevely houses; in their infancy they are turned into stationery, on which the natives write with iron pens. Mats, too, and baskets, are made from them, and a single leaf is large enough and firm enough to be used as a bucket. But the most precious product of the palmyra is its saccharine juice, which supplies the whole country with food. Fresh from the tree, it forms the family breakfast; boiled into a hard black mass, called *jaggery*, it is eaten at mid-day; and by its sale is procured the curry and rice, which is the universal dinner. Refined into white sugar, it is readily purchased in the European market; and crystallized into sugarcandy, it is often seen distending the greedy jaws both of native and European children. If left to ferment, it is changed into the toddy, which is commonly used as yeast, and too often, by the lower castes (though never by the strictly temperate Shanars), as an intoxicating drink. In order to procure this sap it is necessary to ascend the tree, for it flows only from the flower-stalks immediately under the leaves. Every day the Shanar labourer arms himself with a staff, surmounted by a small horizontal piece of wood projecting on each side a pail made of a palmyra leaf, some tools, and small earthen pots, in a bag attached to his waist; and then, having placed his staff against the tree, stands on the top of it, fastens his feet together, and, clasping the trunk alternately with his hands and bound feet, climbs speedily to the top, where he bruises each flower-stalk, attaches it to one of his earthen pots, or empties into the pail the

* Church Missionary Atlas, 1862, p. 39.

sap which has been collected since his last ascent. Each tree must be climbed at least twice, and sometimes three times a-day, for the purpose of either trimming the flower-stalks, or emptying the sap into the pail, for if it is left too long in the little pot it infallibly ferments. The life is a sufficiently active one, for most of the Shanars perform these operations on fifty trees day after day for eight months in the year. Their extraordinary agility may be admired every evening by the visitor to Tinnevely as he takes his sunset walk in the village or palmyra forest; and the remembrance of the scene remains behind as one of the most vivid impressions of his tour.

The religion of the Shanars, before Christian preachers came among them, was devil-worship. This is a proof of their pre-Brahminical origin, for their superstitions are identical with the Shamanism of the ancient Mongol and Tartar tribes, and may still be seen, not only in India, but among the Ostiaks and other heathens of Siberia. It prevails also in Ceylon, where it is mixed up in strange and impure conjunction with the nobler creed of Buddha; for neither Brahmins nor Buddhist priests were ever intolerant of other religions, provided they could bend them to their peculiar policy, which is merely the establishment of their own paramount influence. If this point is conceded, then the foreign superstition becomes a *religio licita*, or rather, to quote Dr. Caldwell's expressive metaphor, it is united with the Hindu or Buddhist system in a "cunningly devised mosaic." Demonolatry is purely a religion of fear: bloody sacrifices are offered to avert the wrath of certain malignant spirits, who take delight in blasting the crops, withholding rain, spreading murrain among cattle, and visiting men with sunstroke and epilepsy. They have no temples, but are honoured by the erection of white-washed pyramids, generally of mud, or of thatched sheds, open in front, and decorated with hideous figures of bull-headed monsters, or hags devouring children. Such a structure is called *pei kovil*, or, "devil's house;" and round one of them the demonolaters may be seen, from time to time, gathering for a devil-dance, the most important and essential feature, says Dr. Caldwell, of their worship.

"The officiating priest, or devil-dancer, who wishes to represent the demon, sings and dances himself into a state of wild frenzy, and leads the people to suppose that the demon they are worshipping has taken possession of him; after which he communicates to those who consult him the information he has received. The fanatical excitement which the devil-dance awakens constitutes the chief strength and charm of the system, and is pecu-

liarily attractive to the dull perceptions of illiterate and half-civilized tribes. The votaries of this system are the most sincerely superstitious people in India. There is much ceremony, but little sincerity, in the more plausible religion of the higher classes; but the demonolaters literally 'believe and tremble.' In times of sickness, especially during the prevalence of cholera, it is astonishing with what eagerness, earnestness, and anxiety, the lower classes worship their demons."

These demons, it should be observed, are supposed to be the spirits of dead persons, who, in life, were conspicuous either for their crimes or their misfortunes. It is well known that in one place the spirit of an English officer, who had been the terror of the district, was supposed to be the presiding fiend,* and was propitiated at a *pei kovil* with offerings of cigars and ardent spirits. The story is sufficiently revolting, but is important, as an illustration of the horrible superstition against which Christianity has to struggle, and of the hindrances which are too often opposed to its progress by those who profess to be its disciples.

We must now shortly sketch the course of events by which this simple race has, to a great extent, been turned from the worship of devils and spectres to the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ. The fathers of Protestant Christianity in India are the two Danish Missionaries, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plutsch, who were sent out to Tranquebar in 1705, by King Frederic IV., *great-great-grandfather* of our Princess of Wales. The work which they began, after many difficulties patiently borne or valiantly overcome, at last excited some sympathy and interest in England, and was recognised and aided by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, which, however, for a long time, only employed Lutheran Missionaries from Denmark and Germany, a striking proof, we fear, of the stupor in which the English clergy were sunk during the last century.

In 1756, when the first jubilee of the Mission was celebrated, it was found that 3000 Hindus had been brought over to the Christian faith,† and that the work had been extended from Tranquebar to Madras, Cuddalore, Negapatam, Seringham, Trichinopoly, and Tanjore. The last place was the special scene of the labours of Christian Frederic

* Eastwick's "Handbook for India," part I. p. 142.

† Kaye's "Christianity in India," ch. III.

Schwartz, who arrived in India on July 17, 1750, and may be considered the founder of the Tinnevelly Mission; for this great evangelist did not confine his labours to the province with which his name is indissolubly connected. His journeys were frequent; and in the course of them he came to Palamcottah. The first notice of the place and its inhabitants in his diary has a special interest now that the grain of seed which he planted has become a goodly tree.

"At Palamcottah, a fort, and one of the chief towns of Tinnevelly, about 200 miles from Trichinopoly, there resides a Christian of our congregation, Schavrimuttu, who, having been instructed, reads the word of God to the resident Romish and heathen; and an English sergeant, whose wife is a member of our congregation, has, in a manner, taken up the cause. A young heathen accountant had heard the truth with satisfaction. He was at Trichinopoly, listened to all that was represented from the word of God in silence, and promised to place himself under further instruction. The sergeant made him learn the five principal articles of the catechism, and then baptized him. It grieved us that he should have baptized the young man before he had attained a distinct knowledge of Christianity. Besides, such an inconsiderate step might prove injurious both to the heathen and Roman Catholics. May God mercifully avert all evil!"*

The date of this extract is 1771. Altogether Schwartz paid three visits to Tinnevelly, and succeeded in forming a small congregation in the fort, which he placed under the charge of Jänicke, another Missionary of the Christian-Knowledge Society, and a native catechist, named Satyanáden, whom he ordained after the Lutheran manner. Satyanáden made many converts among the Shanars, and these formed themselves for mutual protection into a distinct community in the heart of the palmyra forest, and built a village, which they called *Mudal-úr*, or, "First Town," a name intended to express their hope of many other Christian towns yet to come. It still remains as a station of the Propagation Society, with its parsonage and church, the latter spacious and convenient, but of a primitive ugliness, which contrasts with the excellent taste shown in some of the later ecclesiastical buildings of the province. Satyanáden, however, was recalled to Tanjore, and the Mission was for a long time entirely neglected, till, in 1815, it was visited by Mr. Hough, the excellent chaplain of Palamcottah, who wrote to the Christian-Knowledge Society

a most encouraging account of the Christian order and steadfastness which he observed among the converts in Mudal-úr and its neighbourhood. Nevertheless, small heed was paid to his statement by the authorities at home, for that was an age when Tory churchmanship was still represented by Bishop Pretyman, and Whig churchmanship by Bishop Watson. So the work must have fallen out of the hands of the Church of England altogether, had not the Church Missionary Society, from which a new life and energy was proceeding and gradually diffusing itself through ecclesiastical circles, stepped into the gap, and selected Rhenius, whom Dr. Caldwell describes as "one of the ablest, most clear-sighted, and practical and zealous Missionaries that India has ever seen," to carry on the work which Schwartz had begun. Although this Society has the credit of sending to India the first Missionary ordained in the English church, in the person of the Rev. W. Greenwood, who was appointed to Chunar in 1815, yet Rhenius, according to the precedent set by the Christian-Knowledge Society, was chosen from the Lutheran ranks. Hence it happened that, after sixteen years of labour, his connexion with his English employers was unhappily closed, in consequence of his independent action on certain questions of ecclesiastical order and government, but not till he had, by himself or his agents, added to the flock of Christ above 10,000 souls. We fully believe that the points on which he claimed free action were such as could not be yielded without violating the distinctive principles of the Anglican communion as an organized Society; but yet it should always be remembered that the result of his pastoral superintendence was to infuse a real church life into the Mission, and to establish practices which are specially valued by true-hearted members of the Church of England. By him female education was vigorously promoted, associations were established among the native Christians for religious and benevolent purposes, and the people of every Christian village were assembled morning and evening for united prayer in church. Moreover, in one vital point, his method was superior even to that of Schwartz: he was the first Missionary labouring under the English church by whom caste was systematically repressed. His body rests in the graveyard at Palamcottah; and however much we may regret the peculiar line of action which marred his thorough usefulness and loyal allegiance to the English church, yet there is hardly any Missionary whose memory we should regard with heartier gratitude, since he was the true originator of the chief evangelistic triumph

* Pearson's "Life of Schwartz," ch. XIV.

which has been won in India. His son did not share his scruples, but was ordained by Bishop Blomfield, and is now a Government chaplain in the diocese of Madras.

But our estimate of Rhenius's labours must not be limited to their immediate result. Indirectly they were of immense service in rousing from its slumbers the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which had inherited the responsibility of that for Promoting Christian Knowledge, by taking over its Indian Missions. In 1835 a Missionary was sent to superintend "the sheep that had been left to their fate in the wilderness;" and we have a strong testimony to the reality of Shanar Christianity, a forcible answer to the suspicion that, if Tippoo were again to rule in India, all the native converts would apostatize, in the memorable fact that he found more than 3000 persons who had stedfastly adhered to the worship of God in Christ, although neglected for a whole generation by their English brethren in the faith, persecuted by their heathen neighbours, and visited by a pestilence which swept away one-sixth of the population in South Tinnevely. Since that day of renewed energy in England the work has steadily and continually advanced; so that, in 1857, Dr. Caldwell, who has himself taken a conspicuous part in carrying it forward, bore the following testimony to the progress which it had made in twenty-two years—

"Missionary labourers followed from year to year, for the church at home had awoke, the Propagation Society had awoke; the Madras Diocesan Committee of that Society had awoke; and when I now look around in Tinnevely, instead of the two districts which existed when I arrived (Mudal-úr and Nazareth), I am rejoiced to see seven, in addition to a new Mission in the Ramnad country, each of which is provided not only with practical superintendence, but also, in a greater or less degree, with the means of extension and advancement. The Church Missionary Society also has been continually lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes, so that it has now thirteen or fourteen Missionary districts, where it had only six when I arrived, and has established besides an organized system of Missionary itineration in the northern and less christianized portion of the province."

It is another source of satisfaction to the visitor of Tinnevely, that whereas he may have brought out from the heated theological atmosphere of England a notion that the Propagation Society is high-church, and its sister Society low-church, and may have seen some cautious canon or rector shake his head at the one for neglecting church principles, or heard

perhaps a fervid rhetorician denounce the other for ignorance of the Gospel, he finds the Missionaries of both working together in perfect harmony, with no rivalry except the rivalry of good works, helping each other by counsel, by interchange of experience, by Christian sympathy, by intercessory prayer, and feeling that, in the midst of pagodas and devil-dances, both church principles and Gospel principles are best promoted by a hearty union of labour in preaching Christ crucified, and training those who trust in Him in the sober piety of the English liturgy.

So the work proceeded, languidly and with many interruptions, for about sixty years, vigorously and with a hearty will, for nearly thirty. Altogether almost a century has passed since Schwartz recorded his hopes and fears for the one doubtful convert in the fort of Palamcottah; and now we find in Dr. Mullens' statistics a tale of 45,361 native Christians in Tinnevely, from whom the word of life has spread westward over the ghâts into the independent kingdom of Travancore, where the Congregationalist Mission in the south numbers 22,788 Christians, still chiefly Shanars, and the Church Mission in the north (where this impressive caste is no longer found), 7919.* The Tinnevely congregations are under the spiritual care of twenty-four European Missionaries and fourteen ordained natives, besides a large number of catechists and schoolmasters. To this record of constant advances there has been one exception. As our Lord predicted that offences would come, as St. Paul said that heresies must test the constancy of those who are approved, as St. John lamented that many false prophets had gone out into the world, so the infant church of Tinnevely has been distracted by a schism. Into the events which led to that schism we decline to enter, for we should be involved in a painful and profitless criticism on the judgment of those who had to deal with a most embarrassing dispute. Suffice it to say, that, mainly in consequence of certain questions connected with caste prejudices, which too often

* Altogether, taking Tinnevely and the provinces immediately adjacent, the number of native Protestants is as follows—

Tinnevely (Church Missionary and Propagation Societies)	45,361
South Travancore (London Missionary Society)	22,788
North Travancore (Church Missionary Society)	7,919
Ramnad (Propagation Society)	4,997
Madura (American Board of Missions)...	6,372

87,437

retain a great influence over the Shanars, even after their conversion to that faith in which "all are one in Christ Jesus," a number of native Christians, amounting, as we believe, to more than a thousand, in the districts of Nazareth and Mengnanapuram, seceded from the church, and formed themselves into a community, in which caste rules were restored. They have fallen, we hear, into various extravagancies, and especially they have conceived a fanatical hatred for every thing European; so that they have even restored the Jewish Sabbath, keeping Saturday holy instead of Sunday, under the strange belief that Europeans introduced the observance of the first rather than the seventh day of the week. Still, even this melancholy perversion has furnished a testimony to the reality of their Christian belief; for amidst many aberrations from the doctrines which they were taught by their fathers in the faith, they have never shown the slightest tendency to return to heathenism. Indeed, we lately heard that about half of them were already dissatisfied with their separatist position; and it was hoped that the influence of Mr. Thomas, the valued Missionary of Mengnanapuram, who has recently come back from England to the scene of his labours, would induce them again to join the church. We earnestly trust that this expectation has been, or soon will be, realized.

Our readers may now perhaps, if they have had patience to follow us thus far, be desirous to know what a traveller actually sees in Tinnevely, and what is the aspect presented by daily life in a Christian village. Many things at once remind him of a flourishing and well-organized English parish. There is a church, which sometimes, as at Mengnanapuram, is a gothic building of considerable architectural pretensions; there is the Missionary's bungalow, a neat unpretending parsonage, standing in a pretty garden, and almost invariably provided with a capital swimming-bath; there are schools for boys and girls, generally with simple, but airy and comfortable accommodation for boarders; and there are the native cottages, often laid out in regular streets, with a large tree in the centre of the village, under which the headmen administer justice, for the Tinnevely Christians have not lost the national love of municipal organization. This system, perhaps the most striking feature of Indian social life, has afforded peculiar facilities for the consolidation of Christianity in the south. When a village becomes Christian it forms itself at once into a Christian municipality, in which Church and State are united together by bands which Arnold himself would hardly have riveted more tightly. The catechist is

received as the counsellor and director of the headmen; and the Missionary, resident at the central station of the district, is recognised as the superintendent of all the communities scattered through it. The complete acquiescence of the people in his rule was illustrated in an amusing way by an answer given to the Government Inspector, who was examining an aided Christian school in political knowledge. "Who," he asked, "has the chief authority in this country?" "The Queen," said the children, as duly taught in the catechism. "But she is 10,000 miles away: who carries on the Government in the country itself?" "The Queen sends her orders to the Missionaries." "To the Missionaries!" exclaimed the affrighted Inspector: "is there not a great man who lives at Madras, and rules over this part of India?" "Yes, Sir," replied the children, "the Bishop." The headmen employ themselves not only in settling civil and social disputes in their village, but in enforcing obedience to Christian rules and church discipline, in securing the regular attendance of the children at school, and of all the congregation at church, and in collecting money for religious and charitable objects. They are elected by the people, and confirmed in their appointment by the Missionary; but the office is almost hereditary, though it would not be conferred on an unworthy representative of a respected family. When any thing goes wrong in a village the Missionary appeals to the headmen to set it right; and, sometimes by personal visits from house to house, sometimes by assembling the people under the great tree, and haranguing them, they do their best to effect their object. Those who are discontented with their decision are apt to appeal to the Missionary; but in some places, as in Dr. Caldwell's district of Edeyenkoody, a central *punchayet*, or court of appeal (called in Tamil *nirjaya sabai*), has been instituted, to free the Missionary from the need of serving tables, and enable him to devote his time to the word of God. Though this national habit of municipal organization certainly helps to consolidate a newly-formed Christian church, yet it is not always favourable to the extension of the Gospel; for when the divine message is first brought to a heathen village, the headmen often make strenuous efforts to oppose it. Hence, too, it happens, that when a portion of a village becomes Christian, it forms itself into a separate municipality, which generally remains independent of the other, and sometimes happily absorbs it.

The catechist, as we have seen, is an official who stands by the side of the headman, a

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kind of Mikado to the Tycoon of a Tinnevely village. It must be remembered that the ordained Missionary is concerned with an entire district, comprising many villages, Christian and heathen. Thus Dr. Caldwell has the care of twenty-four Christian congregations, and Mr. Schaffter, of Suvishapuram (*Gospel Town*) superintends nearly forty, and seems perfectly familiar with the general spiritual condition of each, able to say which is "lukewarm," which "has a little strength and keeps Christ's word," which has "left its first love," and which abounds in "charity and service, and faith, and patience, and works," so as to administer to each the necessary counsel, or exhortation, or reproof. Residing himself at the central village, where are the church and boarding-schools, the Missionary is represented in each out-station by the catechist, who has sometimes been resident there from the time when a few of its inhabitants were first persuaded to abandon their idols and place themselves under Christian instruction. When the Gospel is first preached in such a village, there is of course no school there, and none of the population can read. Accordingly a native teacher, carefully trained for the work in one of the two seminaries which have been established for this purpose, is sent to live among them, to give them daily lessons in the facts and doctrines of Christianity, to guide them in Christian habits, to prepare them for baptism, to assemble them for daily prayer, and to spread the Gospel among their heathen neighbours. At first the duty of teaching their children also falls upon him; but when the number of Christians increases, this part of his work is taken off his hands by the appointment of a schoolmaster to the village. These out-stations are of course visited at regular intervals by the Missionary, and it is hoped that in time an increasing number of the catechists will be ordained and become native pastors, supported mainly by their own flocks. We have seen that the foundation of an indigenous ministry has been laid; but in spite of the impatience of some friendly and some captious critics in England, it would be very wrong to hurry its progress by presenting any native candidate for orders, till his character and qualifications have been thoroughly tested for "an inefficient or inconsistent clergyman is an evil scarcely to be endured even in a long-settled church, and, in one just struggling to maturity, would be absolutely fatal to its growth in grace and the extension of its borders."

But the chief interest of a visit to Tinnevely, or, at all events, of a Sunday in Tinnevely, centres in one of the principal stations where the Missionary resides, and where the

congregation is most numerous and most completely organized. We have said that a short service, consisting of a selection from the liturgy, followed by an exposition or catechetical lecture, is held in each church twice a day, the morning worship being chiefly attended by women, as most of the husbands are then climbing the palmyras, and the evening by men, whose wives are preparing the family dinner. But on Sunday all attend, and the sight is most impressive and encouraging. Take Mengnanapuram as an example, where is the finest church. On the floor are seated 1400 dusky natives, the catechists and schoolmasters in full suits of white, the poorer men only with waist-cloths, the women often in gay but not gaudy colours, the schoolchildren massed together in two squares, all profoundly attentive to the service, kneeling reverentially during the prayers, joining heartily in the responses, and listening eagerly to the sermon, which is often broken up into a catechetical form. "Can you finish that text for me?" inquires the teacher, or "What did I say would be the second head of my sermon?" and an answer is given in full chorus from the part of the church to which he addresses his question. Moreover, the more intelligent of the congregation keep up their attention by writing notes of the preacher's words with their own styles on slips of palmyra leaf, and any catechist from an out-station who happens to be present often uses these notes as a foundation for his own sermon when he is next among his people. When to this we add that the singing is admirable, soft, melodious, reverential, and accompanied by an excellent harmonium, we shall convince our readers that a service at Mengnanapuram impresses a visitor, even though ignorant of Tamil, with a sense of freshness, reality, and earnest Christian life, which is often wanting when he sees a fashionable English congregation lolling in their seats during the Confession and Lord's Prayer, without a single audible response, or drowsily listening to a wearisome harangue which has been chosen almost at haphazard from some well-worn stock of sermons, and is now repeated for the twentieth time.

But the Missionary's Sunday work is by no means limited to his two services. In the course of the day he generally holds an adult school, and in his instructions he is actually assisted (at least at Edeyenkoody, and probably elsewhere) by the children and grandchildren of the pupils. For it often happens that the young alone have received a regular education: the generations now in middle life were won from heathenism when their school-days were over, and of these only

a portion have been taught to read, the rest receiving *visâ voce* instruction, and learning by rote portions of the catechism, or Scripture texts, or summaries of history and doctrine.

"It is wonderful," says Dr. Caldwell, "to see how patiently and good-humouredly the older people submit to be taught by their juvenile teachers. Though they look to the teacher for the words of the lesson, and repeat them patiently again and again till they know them by heart, it sometimes happens that they have a clearer insight than their teacher into the meaning of the lesson. The teacher depends, perhaps exclusively, upon his lesson notes, while the pupil has had the lesson written on his heart by the great Teacher himself. . . . I was once examining a very old man, who wished to be baptized, and, according to custom, I asked him, amongst other things, if he could repeat the Belief, which I knew he had been taught. He made the attempt, but, after a few incoherent sentences, gave it up in despair. At length he raised his hand and said—'I'll tell you, Sir, the meaning of it. We are all sinners, and the Lord Christ undertook for us all, and if we believe in Him we shall be saved. I know that, and that is all I know.'"

There are also many special services and classes for Christian instruction during the week; often the Litany and a short sermon on Wednesday at noon, when work ceases in the Hindu villages; and Friday is not unfrequently devoted to the instruction of the catechists, who come into the chief station, and are systematically trained by the Missionary, both in the theory and practical use of theology;—in the theory, by the study of Scripture, and perhaps of Butler and Pearson; in the practice, by the preparation of sermons, and their actual delivery in his presence. In fact, the teaching and training, church-going and school-going, are so constant, and the exercise of discipline so peremptory, that a Tinnevelly village feels the influence of its pastor to an extent which would be considered intolerable in an English parish; and there seems to be some danger lest the bow should be a little overstrained, and lest difficulties should arise when Christianity has spread more widely, and education made more progress among the wealthier classes. At present, however, there is no doubt that the people heartily enter into this rigid discipline, and regard it as perfectly natural. And the problem of adapting the system to a state of things more nearly resembling the long established Christianity of a European country is one which the Missionaries of our generation will perhaps hardly be required to solve; though we should be glad to be assured that

their attention was turned to it, and that they were preparing for its solution. Especially we would have them careful about too much interference with harmless national customs, and imposing upon their converts a yoke of merely English habits, as distinguished from Christian feelings and practices.

Besides this watchful care of the older population, the Missionaries have organized an efficient system of education for both sexes. In some of the more important Christian villages the proportion of the population at school amounts to twenty-five per cent., and the general average in the part of the country occupied by the two Societies reaches sixteen per cent. According to the statistical tables of Dr. Mullen, there are in the Christian schools of the province 12,044 children, in which total are included a considerable number of heathen. Most of the schools are vernacular day-schools, and the instruction includes, besides the indispensable three Rs, Scripture, catechism, geography, and a little Tamil poetry. It is fortunate that the Tamil language possesses a respectable literature, which is constantly receiving accessions from the labour of the Missionaries in translating English books, so that its students are provided with a tolerable supply of intellectual food. There are, as we have seen, some superior boarding-schools, among which that for girls at Edeyenkoody is distinguished for the beauty of the lace made by its pupils from European patterns, and for the very efficient manner in which it is worked, partly as a training school for mistresses, and still more as a seminary in which "the more promising daughters of the native Christians are brought up to be specimens and patterns to the rest of the community of what Christian women ought to be, so that by their influence the character of the whole community may be raised." To this end they are taken into the school at a very early age, and are brought under the eye of the Missionary and his family, by whom they are "instructed, not only in useful knowledge, but in the habits and proprieties of the Christian life."

But at the head of the education of the district are five institutions, four established at Palamcottah by the Church Missionary Society, and one (which is, in fact, a combination of two) at a small village twelve miles from Tuticorin, and bearing the singular name of Sawyerpuram (Mr. Sawyer's town), by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The four institutions at Palamcottah are, a flourishing English school, attended by more heathen than Christian boys, a training school for catechists, another for schoolmasters, and the "Sarah-Tucker Institution" for mis-

tresses. The English school, which is, strange to say, efficiently conducted by a blind master, has been an instrument for bringing to Christianity several of the heathen among the wealthier classes; but in its general aspect and course of study it does not differ from the kindred institutions with which we are familiar in Bengal. The seminary at Sawyerpuram, a large training school both for catechists and masters, under the care of Mr. French, a zealous and intelligent layman, is remarkable, among other merits, for the proficiency of its pupils in music. We listened with real pleasure to the performance by them of a selection of English anthems and glees, including such pieces as "Sleepers, awake," "Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake," "Forgive, blest shade," "Come unto these yellow sands;" and it was impossible to deny that art, as well as Christianity, has a powerful effect in bringing nations together, and effacing distinctions of race and colour, when we heard these swarthy Tamil boys singing melodies with which we had been familiar of old in English cathedrals and concert rooms. On the other hand, the chief special characteristic of the training school for masters at Palamcotta is the ardour with which the pupils devote themselves to athletic sports. Not even Professor Kingsley, nay, not Tom Brown himself, could be dissatisfied with such a development of muscular Christianity, as they would witness in the play-ground. Rather, we doubt whether either of those heroes would be eager to join the embryo schoolmasters of Tinnevely in leaping and pole-climbing, under the full blaze of the mid-day sun in N. lat. 9°, and with the thermometer at 85° in the shade. Some persons who have hitherto regarded a Missionary institution as a kind of Trappist convent, only conducted on puritanical principles, will imbibe (as Coleridge said when he first read "Undine") an "absolutely new idea" from the following "Programme of athletic sports," for which prizes were given by the vivacious master of the Palamcotta Training College, and contended for last Christmas by his pupils in the presence of all the Europeans in the station, civil and military, young and old, male and female. We will only premise, in explanation of No. 8 on the second day's list, that the words *across the bath* mean *through the bath*, and that the bath is a swimming bath of considerable depth and width.

PROGRAMME OF CHRISTMAS GAMES.

PALAMCOTTA VERNACULAR TRAINING
INSTITUTION,
(Rev. T. SPRATT'S.)

On the 28th and 29th December 1863,
at three P.M.

FIRST DAY,

FOR ALL BOYS UNDER 14.

1. Flat Race.
2. Running jump—distance.
3. Ditto—height.
4. Standing jump—distance.
5. Ditto—height.
6. Throwing cricket ball.
7. Pulling match.
8. Best performers on parallel bars.
9. Ditto on horizontal bar.
10. Ditto on swinging ropes.
11. Ditto on ladder.
12. Ditto on horse.
13. Hopping race.

OPEN TO ALL.

14. Throwing cricket ball.
15. Pulling match.
16. Best performers on parallel bars.
17. Ditto on horizontal bar.
18. Ditto on swinging ropes.
19. Ditto on ladder.
20. Ditto on horse.
21. Hopping race.

SECOND DAY.

OPEN TO ALL.

1. Flat race.
2. Running jump—distance.
3. Ditto—height.
4. Standing jump—distance.
5. Ditto—height.
6. Hurdle race.
7. High cockolorum jig, jig, jig.
8. Steeple chase (round the compound across the bath).
9. Pickback race.
10. Sack race.
11. Camel tournament.
12. Scramble for squibs, &c.
13. Putting.
14. Chatty race.
15. Jumping high with long pole.
16. Hop, step, and jump.
17. Climbing the greasy pole.
18. Long race.

(There will be a display of fireworks in the evening of the second day.)

There are some, perhaps, who may think that a list of high jumps and flat races is an

incongruous element in so holy and sublime a work as the conversion of a nation to God. There are others to whom it will recall happy and healthful memories of their school-boy days, and who will not grudge to their Hindu fellow Christians the recreations which they once so heartily and, on the whole, innocently enjoyed. And all, we trust, will call to mind the Apostle's prayer, that 'spirit, soul, and body may be preserved blameless,' and so come to the conclusion that the good Missionary, who thus tries to train his boys in manliness and hardihood, as well as in Christian knowledge and mental culture, does well in regarding all three parts of human nature as alike objects of God's fatherly care, and designed for his service.

There is one difference between the educational policy of our two great Missionary Societies in Tinnevely which deserves a short notice, as it involves an important principle. The master of the Sawyerpuram College trains his pupils in English, which is not admitted into the *curriculum* of the catechists' and schoolmasters' institutions at Palamcottah. The reasons for this exclusion are not far to seek, but, with one exception, unsatisfactory. It is said that a knowledge of English tends to make a young native convert conceited, gives him European and anti-national tastes, produces in him indifference to his countrymen, and unfits him for the simple and humble employment of a village catechist or schoolmaster. But this is only arguing against the use of a privilege from its abuse. If the knowledge of English confers substantial intellectual benefits on its recipient, we may trust that God's grace will deliver him from any temptations which may follow; and undoubtedly the more truly Christian a student becomes, the less likely he is to be arrogant and unpatriotic. An illness is often made the means of sobering a reckless profligate, and weak health escapes some moral dangers to which strong health is exposed; but we do not therefore cease to take precautions against disease, or voluntarily diminish our bodily vigour. Just so we have no right to deprive our native students of the chief means of cultivating their mental powers which we are able to give them. Without English they cannot obtain that knowledge of theology which a religious teacher ought to possess. It is true that some works of our standard English divines are translated into Tamil, but translations are but broken reeds for a student to depend upon; and some of these so-called translations of theological books are mere epitomes and abstracts of the originals, like the cram-books and abridgments by which the inferior tutors at Oxford and Cam-

bridge push their pupils through the little or great, with the minimum of trouble to the crammers, and of profit to the crammed. Moreover, the study of English is spreading more and more widely among the heathen. We must not allow the Christians to be inferior to them in knowledge, and in the power of taking a proper social position. It is true that "to the poor the Gospel is preached," and we welcome a Shanar or Pariah convert with no less thankfulness than a Brahmin. But the goodly tree must push forth its branches upwards, the higher castes as well as the lower must be brought to the knowledge of Christ, and therefore the influence of native Christians should be such as gradually to leaven all society. Indeed, there is among them an increasing desire to learn English, and any hindrance to this legitimate aspiration chafes them with a sense of injustice and unkindness, as was sufficiently shown at the recent conference of Missionaries in the Punjab.* There is, however, one argument against teaching English to those who are to be masters of village schools, which undoubtedly requires attention. It is said that, as they are to teach in the vernacular, they must be trained in it, since otherwise they will never become familiar with the technical terms used in geography, arithmetic, geometry, and the other branches of knowledge which they are to impart to their pupils. Above all, they should be thoroughly acquainted with the vernacular text of Scripture, which they must quote in giving religious instruction, just as an English clergyman in preaching cites the authorized version in his sermons instead of his own translations (possibly more accurate) of the Greek and Hebrew. But these evil consequences will be entirely averted by adopting a suggestion of Mr. Spratt, the same thoughtful Missionary who so wisely encourages the Palamcottah gymnastics. He proposes that the ordinary lessons should be given through the medium of the vernacular, but that English should be taught for two hours a day as a foreign language; so that it would occupy the same place in the Training College which Latin and Greek take in a public school at home. Such a plan would, we think, be an improvement on that adopted at Sawyerpuram, where the boys receive all their instructions in English, and so incur the risk of an insufficient acquaintance with their own language. Still more marked is its superiority to the system in which English is omitted altogether.

And now our readers will be asking, What

* Report of the Punjab Missionary Conference, p. 159 ff.

are the results of this revolution? for to such a name the change which has been described is surely entitled. Are these southern Christians clearly and decidedly superior in morality to their heathen neighbours? In abandoning heathenism, have they shown signs of an inward change, a conversion of the heart to God; or have they merely adopted a new creed and profession? To this momentous subject, and another of scarcely inferior interest, the consideration of the causes which have led to so great a result, we shall address ourselves during the remainder of this article.

Now first as to results, it is almost sufficient to say that these Shanars, and other converts of the south, were demonolaters, but are now Protestant Christians; that they did worship at *pei kovils*, but do worship in churches; and that they were left in absolute ignorance of things human and divine alike, till the Missionaries came with their schools, and sermons, and Bible classes. So vast an outward change necessarily involves something of an inward change: they could not have been persuaded to prefer the peaceful simplicity of the Christian hymn to the frantic orgies of the devil-dance without a thorough alteration of their tastes and feelings; and, in truth, the visible and tangible results of the change are any thing but insignificant. The civilizing influence of Christianity is shown in the neatness and order which marks the Christian villages, in the cleanliness of the Christian compared with the dirt and untidiness of the heathen Shanars, in the social elevation of women, the happiness and purity of domestic life, the open and intelligent countenances of the children in the Mission schools. It is not shown in any diminution of drunkenness, for happily that hindrance to Christian work does not exist among the Shanars; and it is a remarkable fact, that though their palmyras furnish them with an unfailing supply of intoxicating drink, they have never formed any taste for it. But it is shown very remarkably in the liberality of the converts. The sums which they contribute to religious and benevolent objects, and the interest which they take in them, may well put to shame the nominal Christianity of too many among our own countrymen. These poor agricultural labourers have their Church-building Societies, Missionary Societies, Societies for the relief of Christians in distress, Tract, Book, and Bible Societies. Their charitable funds are managed at a *Dharmmasangam*—a public meeting duly convened for the purpose of voting grants for good objects; and Dr. Caldwell relates, as an illustration of the interest taken in such works of benevolence, that on one occasion, when he

asked why no women from a certain village were present at a *sangam*, he was told that the river was swollen, so that the women had turned back, but the men had swum. He adds that the village was eleven miles off, so that, for a purely disinterested purpose, they took a walk of twenty-two miles in one day, and twice encountered "perils of waters" in swimming a swollen Indian river. Dr. Mullens tells us that the whole contributions of the Tinnevely Christians to religious purposes, in 1861, amounted to 19,326 rupees, a sum which will appear very considerable when we also read that the wages of a good labourer are about eight annas a-week, and that there is not a single native Christian in the Edeyenkoody district whose weekly income averages more than two rupees and a half. Another tolerably fair test of the depth and earnestness of Christian conviction may generally be obtained from the attendance at the Lord's Supper. Now the proportion throughout Tinnevely of communicants to baptized persons is stated to be one in six; in some villages one in five: if it is anywhere less than one in eight, the religious condition of that village is regarded as deplorably low. Compare this with the state of any English regiment in India. Ask any earnest chaplain what would be his feelings of joy and thankfulness, if, in a military congregation of 1000 persons, including officers, soldiers, and their wives, 200 were regular communicants; and what an index such a proportion would furnish of the moral and spiritual condition of his flock. And yet the comparison is not a fair one, for in an English military station there is of course nothing like the number of children which we find in a Tinnevely village.

But though, in general, the aspect of the church in the south of India is not encouraging, yet it would be irrational to expect that all the faults of the Hindu character should have been eradicated in the first or second generation of Christians. The civil authorities of the province complain that the converts are not free from a litigious spirit, and that when a Christian appears in a court of justice, it would not be safe to assume that his evidence is necessarily trustworthy; and the same fault is found with the Kól converts in Chota Nagpore. We think it right to mention this, the one blemish alleged against Shanar Christianity by the English, who observe it impartially, and admitted by the Missionaries and the more thoughtful among the converts. But we do not think that too much stress should be laid upon it, or that it should diminish our sympathy with our native brethren, and our belief that God has worked among them a

real and vital change. The most important part of the accusation, that of untruthfulness, results partly from the national timidity, partly from the lying and roguery which are so often paramount in our courts of justice, from the influence of native *mooktears* and other rapacious animals, and through which an English Judge has to wind his weary way with infinite labour and disgust. It must also be remembered, that only the inferior section of our native Christians come into the courts: the more advanced and spiritually-minded among them never appear there at all. But even if we overlook all these extenuations, and view the sin in its worst aspect, we Englishmen must not censure too severely this hereditary taint in our Hindu fellow-Christians, when we remember, with shame, how drunkenness pollutes the poor, and selfish worldliness the rich, among our own countrymen. In comparing the Christianity of Tinnevely with that of Europe, or the English communities of India, there is one important distinction which has been well pointed out by Dr. Caldwell, and which we must not forget—

“In an old Christian country, especially in our crowded cities, many of those who call themselves Christians never enter a place of Christian worship, never bow the knee to God in prayer, never open God’s word, know nothing of God except as a name to swear by. Such persons have no right even to the name of Christians; and when they are called by that name it can only mean that they are not Mohammedans or Buddhists. In Tinnevely such persons would not be called Christians at all: their names would be erased from our church lists, and Christianity would be discredited by the supposition that they are hers. When we speak of nominal Christianity in Tinnevely, we speak of something which has a certain right to the Christian name. Our nominal Christians come to church, they send their children to school, they contribute to the funds of our various Societies, they submit to discipline in a remarkably docile manner; in short, a very considerable number of our ‘nominal Christians’ would be reckoned very good Christians, and very good church people too, in some parishes in England; and if we call them ‘nominal’ Christians merely, it is because we have not seen in them what we have longed to see, ‘the power of godliness,’ the new life of real spiritual Christianity, and find it necessary to distinguish them from that much smaller, but much more interesting class of native Christians, who show that they are animated by the Spirit of Christ.”

But this extract reminds us that we originally put the question in a graver form than

that in which we have answered it, for we asked whether, in abandoning heathenism, the Christians of Tinnevely had been truly converted to God, whereas we have only recounted certain outward signs of morality and civilization. Yet perhaps the question was, in truth, too solemn either to ask or to answer, for it is not ours to judge of a true inward conversion: “the things of God knoweth no man, save the Spirit of God.” We can only say that the Missionaries, who certainly are not impulsive enthusiasts, painting every thing around them with rose-coloured tints, but inclined perhaps to take too low rather than too high an estimate of their disciples, fully believe, amidst many disappointments and anxieties, such as St. Paul encountered among his converts, that in each congregation God has raised up a seed to serve Him, a little flock of Christians, who show the genuineness of their Christianity by their eager interest in all means of improvement, their zeal in good works, the largeness of their alms-giving, the quiet consistency of their lives, the piety which sanctifies their homes, their conquest over caste prejudices and national faults, and their devout confidence in God’s love. More than this it is not given to man to say; but we have in these signs a sufficient foundation for the belief that Christianity has not only brought to the people of Tinnevely the blessings of knowledge and civilization and outward morality, but that, in the divine book of remembrance will be recorded, the names of many among them who have “feared the Lord and thought upon his name.”

We have spoken with entire confidence as to the results of the Gospel in Tinnevely: we find it harder to add a few final words as to the human means and agencies by which they have been produced.

In comparing the rapidly successful and constantly progressive work of the Missionaries in South India with the nearly stagnant conditions of too many Missions in the Presidency of Bengal, we cannot sufficiently account for the difference by any marked peculiarities either in the method pursued or the character of those who have been brought under the influence of Christianity. The Karens of Burmah, indeed, appear to be a people specially fitted for the reception of the Gospel; and the Kóis, of Ranchi, were at least free from the prejudices of Hinduism. The Tinnevely peasants so far resemble them that they belong, as we have seen, to the aboriginal races of India, and not to the Aryan conquerors. The worship of devils is, on the whole, more revolting, and therefore more easily renounced than even that of Durga and Krishna, in

which certain truths of religion are obscurely hinted, and with which at least great national traditions are connected; whereas the ceremonial of the *pei koril* is the simple result of terror, and must vanish before a comparatively faint ray of enlightenment, or the simplest appreciation of the truth that God's essential character is love.

Still the Shanars have certain prejudices which might well have prevented them from embracing a religion which involves the principle of spiritual equality and brotherhood. We have seen that they are naturally tenacious of their caste; and latterly there has been current among them a strange notion (actively propagated, we believe, by the schismatics of the Nazareth district), that they are a princely race like the Rajpoots, and that their progenitors were palmyra-climbing kings. Some Venetian sequins are occasionally dug up in Tinnevely, relics of a time when Tuticorin was a great trading port; and these coins, like others of the republic, are stamped with a bishop's mitre and pastoral staff. Some of the Shanars believe these emblems to represent the tool-bag and climbing-stick used in mounting their beloved trees, to which they undoubtedly bear a considerable resemblance. Hence they conclude the sequins to be the coinage, not of the ancient spouse of the Adriatic, but of their own royal ancestors, cultivators of the palmyra like themselves. Fancies like these, intensified by the bitterness of caste feeling, are doubtless serious hindrances to the power of the Gospel, and may be set against the facilities afforded to its extension by the fortunate exclusion of the Hindu pantheon from the Shanar religion. And thus we must regard the success with which God has blessed the Missionaries rather as the reward of their own self-denying exertions than of the "honest and good heart" of the people among whom they have sown the heavenly seed. One difference between the system which they have followed and that which prevails in Northern India is this—they have laboured, not in large cities, but in the heart of the country, and in the very midst of the peasantry. Now in towns the personal influence of the ablest and most devoted Missionary is as nothing when compared with that of the Brahmins and the power of caste. We believe that frightful persecutions have often been set on foot to prevent conversions to the faith of Christ in a large town or thickly populated district of India; but in Tinnevely the Missionary has had a fairer field: he has taken up his abode among the peasantry, made himself acquainted with their wants and feelings, and so gradually taught them to respect his character, to place

confidence in his friendship, to value his advice, to regard him as a teacher sent from God. Personal influence, important in the prosecution of any good work, is, among the Hindus, all-powerful; and in Tinnevely the influence of the Missionary and his family has happily soon been followed by that of the small congregation, by the sight of Christian worship, the boons offered through the Christian school, the growing intelligence, comfort, and respectability of those who follow the new way. The Missionaries say that just at present our Lord's warning, that a man's foes shall be they of his own household, seems hardly applicable, in its full meaning, to Tinnevely, so frequent are the cases in which a family is brought to Christ by the influence of a single member of it, or a whole village, through the electric flash communicated by a Christian household established in the midst of heathenism.

There is, however, one policy which the southern Missionaries have not adopted, and on which we are desirous to dwell for a few moments, because of late there has been a tendency to revive the notion that it furnishes the true hope of converting India, and the starting-point from which men should proceed towards that noble object, which, of all others, is most worthy of the great name of Christian England. They have not thought it necessary to wander over the country imitating the native jogis, and casting off the amenities of European civilization. They do not feel called upon to sacrifice those very moderate comforts, such as a punkah or a glass of wine, which, though they might appear luxurious in a cold climate, are, in many cases, necessary for life and health in this. They do not think it wrong to "bathe and change their linen twice in twenty-four hours;"* on the contrary, we have commented on the wide expanse of their swimming-baths; and he who has had any experience of bazaar preaching, at the close of a hot Indian day, will hardly grudge the preacher the satisfaction of a clean shirt when he sits down to his evening meal. This same complaint, that the Missionaries cannot hope to christianize the people till they renounce their accustomed mode of life was made some years ago in an article of this Review,† and

* Macmillan's Magazine, vol. X., p. 488.

† "If the Missionaries are to have any success at all, they should be a sort of Christian Nanuks in the land, English Gooroo Govinds, lighting up the entire country into a blaze of awakened enthusiasm by the contagious spectacle of their own downright, fiery, and eccentric earnestness. We should have Christian fakeers, wild, rough, fervent, not the sober and decorous,

we may be allowed to cite the answer to it given in a charge which was then addressed to the clergy of one of our Indian dioceses—

"So far as I have observed, the charge that Missionaries lead luxurious lives is absolutely groundless. In this city, indeed, considering the expense of living, and the extremely moderate scale of your allowances, I fear that it is difficult always to procure even all those comforts which are necessary for health and efficient work in India; and in no Missionary's house in the Mofussil have I seen any thing inconsistent with the position of a man devoted to the task of building up Christ's kingdom among unbelievers, and therefore clearly bound to lead a simple and self-denying life. But when you are advised to turn yourselves into Christian fakeers, you may answer that asceticism is no part of the Gospel system; that whatever you may attempt in that line can never rival the deeds of the Mussulman fakeer and the Hindu jogi; that the attempt to simulate native practices has already been made by Robert de Nobili and the Jesuit Missionaries of the seventeenth century; and that the result was not such as to encourage a fresh experiment. In a higher and truer sense than theirs, though not certainly with more self-abnegation, which would be impossible, you will try to impress the people with the reality of your mission and the divine beauty of Christian morality, by your kindness, your devotion to your work, your earnest efforts to understand their wants and feelings, your readiness to meet their difficulties, and the entire consistency of your lives with the doctrines which you teach. In Cyprian's time the preachers of Christianity did not spread the Gospel in Carthage by any attempt to rival the devotees of Astarte, but by devoting themselves, in spite of a bloody persecution, to the work of nursing the sick and burying the dead during a time of pestilence, 'knowing that it became Christians, by well-doing, to heap the burning coals of shame on the heads of their enemies.'"^{*}

clockwork gentleman of the white-neckcloth school." — *Calcutta Review*, vol. XXX., p. 388. There is much to the same effect throughout the article, including the monstrous assertion (put into the mouth of a native), that "the Missionaries ride in proud vehicles, indulge in costly and refined observances, their doors are besieged by pampered menials, at noon there is worshipful company being received, at eventide the *huzoor* and his *mem** are proceeding forth to take the air." This same style of objection is reproduced in the recent article in Macmillan's Magazine, only in a much kinder and less unreasonable spirit.

* Primary Charge of the Bishop of Calcutta, 1859, p. 52.

We believe that the attempt to christianize the Hindus by a mimicry of the ascetic practices of their own jogis, if the Missionaries who ventured upon it escaped from it alive, could only result in a religion resembling that form of Romanism which prevails in some of the darkest corners of India, and of which it has been truly said, that "no element of heathendom is wanting in it: there are huge idols, which the native congregations appear to appreciate, under the titles of St. Christopher and St. Lawrence, as readily as if they had been called by the more familiar names of their own mythology; and except that the incense is somewhat better, and the priests somewhat cleaner, one might fancy oneself in the Black Town during the Durga Poojah."^{*} This was not the ideal which the Missionaries of the English Church in Tinnevely set before them: they aimed at building up a church of intelligent and devoted Christians, capable of offering to God a reasonable service, and of knowing that, when they turned to Christ, they were not following cunningly-devised fables. No doubt, in all real Christianity, self-sacrifice is an essential feature, and it has not been neglected by the Missionaries of the south. Among them are men who are quite competent to take their place in the ranks of scholars and divines, and of enjoying keenly all the pleasures of refined and intellectual society. Yet they prefer remaining in the wild palmyra forest, that they may seek out "the sheep of Christ who are scattered abroad in this naughty world;" they do not shrink, if need be, from the duty of "sleeping in native huts, living on native food, going afoot from village to village through the sun of June, and the exhalations of September, talking of Jesus to the ryots in the field and to the women at the well;"[†] but they believe that they are also preaching Christ practically if they exhibit, in a half-converted village, the pattern of a Christian home, and the parsonage of a Christian pastor, such as is the spring of comfort and blessing to many a poor parish in England. One advantage, indeed, they have enjoyed, which we are loth to mention, but which, we suspect, has told far more in favour of their cause than any assumption of the character of fakeers would have done. There is scarcely any part of India which is more removed from contact with Europeans than Tinnevely. Dr. Caldwell says, that in

* Macmillan's Magazine, vol. X. p. 487. It is strange that the author of the article, seeing that this has been the result of the experiment made by the Romish Missionaries, should wish it repeated by their Protestant successors.

† Macmillan, *u. s.*

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many of its secluded districts the peasants have never seen the face of an English layman. Now it is quite true that no healthier influence can be exercised over a Hindu village than that of a brave, manly, and energetic English magistrate or settler, especially if his home is graced and purified by the presence of a good wife, not uninterested in the people around her. We thankfully acknowledge that such examples of the Christian life are becoming more and more frequent; but still we must confess with shame that too often the conduct of the English in India has been quite the reverse of this, and that their lives have often furnished the most formidable arguments against the religion which they profess. We are painfully convinced that the grievous inconsistency of European nominal Christians, and not any want of self-sacrifice in the Missionaries, has been hitherto one principal reason why the progress of Christianity in India has been so slow and disappointing. Such a hindrance, however, has but rarely opposed

the truth in Tinnevely: the people have seen the Christian life exhibited to them only in its very best and purest form, and it is not wonderful that they have been attracted by it. But whatever be the cause of the success of Missionaries in this remote province, the fact cannot be gainsaid: their labour has received the seal of God's approbation, and they have their abundant and constant reward in the gradual ingathering of the harvest; for in Tinnevely, unlike the rest of India, the same men who sow the seed are permitted also to reap the crop. Their work, as we have seen, is spreading in various directions; every year fresh bands of earnest converts are admitted into the ranks of Christ's army; and wherever the holy church throughout all the world acknowledges its Lord, its members may thank Him for the genuine Christian piety which his Spirit, through the agency of these devoted pastors, has implanted in the hearts of many thousands of simple peasants in Tinnevely and Travancore.

NEW ZEALAND—

CHANGE OF MINISTRY, AND ADOPTION OF A NEW POLICY.

On the 25th of October 1864 the Governor of New Zealand issued the following proclamation—

The Governor having been authorised to extend, upon certain conditions, Her Majesty's clemency to those tribes who have engaged in the present unhappy rebellion: Now, therefore, I, Sir George Grey, the Governor of the colony of New Zealand, do hereby notify and proclaim that I will, in Her Majesty's name, and on her behalf, grant a pardon to all such persons implicated in the rebellion as may come in on or before the 10th day of December next, take the oath of allegiance, and

make the cession of such territory as may in each instance be fixed by the Governor and the Lieutenant-General commanding Her Majesty's forces in New Zealand.

All those persons who have been engaged in the rebellion who may desire to return within any part of the ceded territory, or within the limits of any European settlement, will be required to deliver up any arms or ammunition in their possession.*

Mr. Cardwell, in a despatch dated January 26th, 1865, thus refers to this measure—

I approve the step you have taken in issuing a proclamation stating to the rebel natives the terms on which Her Majesty's clemency will be extended to them. In my last despatch I expressed my great regret that some sufficient steps had not long ago been taken with this view. I cannot but think that at some former periods, as, for instance, immediately after your success at Rangiriri and the occupation of Ngaruawahia by the Queen's troops, or again after the success of Colonel Greer at

Tauranga, the opportunity might have been seized with great advantage of making known the terms on which those who had been in arms might return to their allegiance. It may be doubted now whether, after the unfortunate escape of the prisoners and their establishment in a fortified position in the hitherto undisturbed district north of Auckland, the same prospect of success attends the measure. Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to approve it.

It appears, then, that in the judgment of the British minister opportunities had occurred during the progress of the war, which, had they been duly improved, would in all probability have led to the submission of the insurgents, and the termination of

* All the extracts in this article are taken from the official Blue Books.

hostilities. Two such favourable junctures are specified, "after the success at Rangiriri and the occupation of Ngaruawahia," and again "after the success at Tauranga."

The first of these was specially referred to in our Number for August 1864. After their defeat at Rangiriri on November 20th, 1863, the insurgent chiefs made overtures for peace in a letter addressed to the Governor. It was replied to by the Colonial Minister, requiring, before any negotiations were opened, that they should surrender their arms. Dissatisfied with this reply, they again wrote to the Governor—"O Friend, O Governor, Salutation. We are awaiting the reply of our letter. Can it have reached you or not? These are the words of that letter. Restore the Waikato men (the chiefs taken prisoners at Rangiriri). Suffice for you the dead. Enough." The Governor then communicated to them his resolution—"The General must go uninterrupted to Ngaruawahia. The flag of the Queen must be hoisted there. Then I will talk to you."

To this the natives agreed. In an interview with the friendly chief, Wi Te Whero, they declared that they were afraid to give up their arms, lest they should be made prisoners of, as those had been who had given themselves up at Rangiriri; but that they would surrender Ngaruawahia without opposition, leaving the King's flagstaff, the first which had been raised in New Zealand, standing, in order that the Queen's flag might be hoisted on it. This promise they fulfilled. No resistance was offered, and Ngaruawahia was occupied by the troops on December 8th, 1863. Now, then, an opportunity had arrived. The Governor had promised the insurgent chiefs, that, on the occupation of Ngaruawahia by the troops, he would talk with them, but he never came. Instead of this, the troops continued to advance, to the great disappointment of the Maoris, and of Tamehana in particular, who was most anxious for peace. He retired to Maungatautari, a stronghold of his, higher up towards the sources of the Waikato. There he was again visited by Wiremu Nero, a loyal chief, and to him he declared his intention of ceding to the British rule all the land from which he had been driven as far as Ngaruawahia; but that if more were required, he would then resist. "The gift," he said, "to your father and younger brothers is this—Meremere has been given up, and Rangiriri, and Paetai, and Rauwhitu, and Ngaruawahia, and this flowing stream. They are my gift to your fathers and brothers: as for me, I shall remain here. If the Governor follow me here, I shall fight. If not, I shall remain quiet."

The other chiefs also were resolved on defending themselves, if, not contented with the large cession of territory which they were willing to make, the British authorities aimed at further conquests, and pushed the troops further up the river. Hence the sanguinary contests which occurred at Te Rore, Rangiohia, and at Orakau, where 300 natives, attacked in an earthwork by 1500 British, bravely defended themselves, the survivors breaking through the cordon of troops, and many of them escaping, although so hotly pursued that many native women were shot down.

The survivors having fled in the direction of Rewi's country, a friendly native was sent forward by the General to communicate with them. Rewi, on that occasion, declared that he and his people were very anxious to make peace, and to live quietly by the side of the white people, but that they were afraid of being dealt with as the natives captured at Rangiriri had been. These men had thought that they would be permitted to go free, and live within the lines of the troops. Instead of this, they had been detained as prisoners, with an uncertainty as to whether their lives would be eventually spared.

Thus anxious for peace, yet distrustful of the intentions of the Pakehas, and afraid to surrender their arms, the natives kept aloof, and the war continued, until, on April 29th, the conflict at the Gate Pa, Tauranga, took place, in which so many brave men, officers and soldiers, fell. In the portfolio of one of the officers was found a sketch of the

native fortification, taken on the morning of the day of battle. He sketched the place where he was to fall, a gallant officer, and, better still, a godly man.

How was it that the opportunity of terminating this distressing war, which occurred on the occupation of Ngaruawahia, was not improved? Where was the Governor, that he did not come and talk with the chiefs as he had promised? Tamehana, in a letter to Bishop Pompallier, speaks very decidedly on this subject—

Matamata, Aug. 9, 1864.

Greeting to you. O Sir, I received your letter of the 21st of March 1864. You desired me to reflect well on that letter, the bearing of which was to put an end to the war. O friend, the war is over; and if it had been stopped at Rangiriri we should have been since that time without war and in perfect peace, for those of us who became prisoners there, and asked for peace, had our consent; and we went in consequence to Ngaruawahia. But when I observed that the soldiers still arrived at Taupiri, then I said to the chiefs of Waikato, let us get up and go to Maungatautari, leaving, for peace sake, the land where we

are at present. When we were at that place (at Maungatautari) some of the native prisoners sent to us went there, and in the mean time the soldiers arrived there also. Hence I said again to the same chiefs (of Waikato), let us go to Pateteri. Finally, here I remained, quite disappointed (in my hopes of peace). Don't suppose, then, that I am a man wishing for war. No, I am not, and even now I remain quiet. When the above prisoners came to me, saying, "Give up Waikato," I have fully complied with their proposal. Here ends my answer to you.

Your child,

(Signed) TE WAHAROA TAMEHANA.

The responsible ministry of the day, in a memorandum dated October 10, 1864, cast the blame upon the Governor, in the following paragraph—

If, however, it be true that there was an opening for peace after the battle of Rangiriri, the Colonial Secretary can only regret the more that the advice which ministers, a few weeks later, so strongly pressed upon His Excellency, that he should open communications with the rebel natives at Ngaruawahia by visiting that place in company with his ministers, was not carried into execution. The Colonial

Secretary believes, that whether Thompson's present statement be correct or not, an opportunity was lost on that occasion, and the natives have too much reason to complain that faith was not kept with them by His Excellency, who had promised to talk with them after General Cameron should have arrived at Ngaruawahia.

The Governor, in answer, declares—

The course which I followed in this case was adopted by me on the advice of my late responsible advisers, against my own strong wishes and convictions, with an evident de-

sire of avoiding a rupture with them: they were therefore responsible for what I did, and it was their duty to have defended my proceedings, instead of objecting to them.

From the papers and memorandums referred to by the Governor in proof of this, it appears that General Cameron, on the occupation of Ngaruawahia, had suggested to the Governor the desirableness of his coming to head-quarters, and affording to the insurgent chiefs an opportunity of communicating with him, inasmuch as a refusal to entertain their proposals would probably be the means of "driving them to desperation." With this suggestion the Governor was anxious to comply, but his responsible advisers did not approve of his going alone, and thought it necessary that he should be accompanied by some members of the Government, an arrangement to which the Governor had a strong objection. The result was, that neither went. Instead of this, the expectant chiefs were informed, that if they wished to know the intention of the Governor, they must send a deputation to Auckland; a step which, with the remembrance of the native prisoners in the hulk "Marion," at Auckland, they would never venture upon.

It is not without reason, therefore, that Mr. Cardwell, in his despatch of January 26th, 1865, observes—"I cannot but think that immediately after your success at Rangiriri the opportunity might have been seized with great advantage, of making

known the terms on which those who had been in arms might return to their allegiance."

We now turn to the other favourable juncture indicated in Mr. Cardwell's despatch—"After the success of Colonel Greer at Tauranga." As the result of that victory (June 21, 1864), 133 natives, including several chiefs of high rank, came in, and laid down their arms; and on that occasion the Governor, in a despatch home, expressed his "every hope that the war in that part of New Zealand is virtually at an end."

The responsible ministry also felt the importance of the crisis, and were anxious that it should be followed up, not in the direction of peace, but of war. They proposed, therefore, to the Governor, that as soon as possible an expedition should be sent "from Waikato to William Thompson's settlements at Matamata and Peria, where it was reported the natives had stores of supplies, and were planting crops," while "another effective blow should be struck at Taranaki and Wanganui." They proceeded, moreover, to avow more openly their land-confiscation policy, by proposing the establishment of a frontier line from Raglan or Kawhia on the west coast, to Tauranga on the east.

The commander of the forces, however, found himself unable to keep pace with the eager desire of the responsible ministry for more war and vast appropriations of land. The winter rains had set in, and active military operations, even where practicable, could not be carried on without heavy loss in transport of animals and material, as well as serious injury to the health of the troops.

On the subject of the land to be confiscated, and the establishment of the proposed barrier line, General Cameron thus expresses himself in a memorandum to the Governor—

I have next to consider the memorandum of ministers relative to the occupation of rebel land.

It is proposed to confiscate and permanently occupy the following tracts of country—

1. The Waikato country, as far as a line across the island from Raglan or Kawhia to Tauranga, excepting certain portions to be reserved for such natives as may return to their allegiance.

2. A portion of the country of the Ngatimanipoto tribe.

3. Land on both sides of the town of New Plymouth, to an extent not defined.

4. Land north of the Waitotara River to a point ten or twenty miles north of the Patea River, including Waimata, which place is, I believe, sixty miles from Wanganui.

I need hardly inform your Excellency that it would be impossible to carry the whole of so extensive a plan into effect, "in a speedy and satisfactory manner," with the force at my disposal. The establishment of the proposed frontier line between Kawhia and Tauranga, that is to say, the formation of a complete chain of posts nearly 100 miles in length, and passing for a considerable distance through dense forest and mountainous country, would alone employ nearly all the troops in the province, including Tauranga, leaving no reserve for an emergency in other parts of the island; for, in addition to the garrisons of the posts on the frontier, and of those which might still be required between that line and Auckland, it

would be necessary to have the power of concentrating at the shortest notice, at any point of the line, a force sufficient to repel any attack that might be made. The supply, moreover, of so many troops, distributed over so great an extent of country, without roads, would necessitate the addition of a very large number of men to the transport service.

To ensure, therefore, the rapid execution of the whole plan of occupation proposed by Ministers, which involves the conquest of part of the difficult country of the Ngatimanipoto tribe, large reinforcements would be necessary, the exact amount of which it is impossible to estimate, without more definite information as to the extent of land to be occupied, and a better knowledge of the country than I find it possible to obtain. The number of troops required would, however, be greater than the Imperial Government would probably be induced to send, especially for the purpose of occupying territory, the defence of which might involve their detention in the country for many years, until a sufficient number of military settlers could be found to supply their place.

I do not wish it to be inferred, from the preceding observations, that I object to the frontier line between Tauranga and Kawhia or Raglan (which I consider a good one), or that I offer any opinion on the expediency of occupying the tracts of country described in the memorandum of ministers; but I wished to point out that the whole of the plan proposed

by them could not be carried out rapidly (the particular point on which your Excellency has asked my opinion) with the force at present in the colony, nor the whole frontier line above referred to taken up at once, without employing more troops than can be spared for the purpose in the present state of affairs.

Whatever plan for the confiscation and

occupation of native lands may be decided upon, I think it should not be based upon the expectation that further reinforcements will be sent from England, but rather upon the probability that a reduction of the present force will be ordered before long by the Imperial Government.

The Governor, in a despatch to Mr. Cardwell, dated July 29, 1864, expresses also his views on the measures suggested by the responsible ministry. He states his unwillingness to the immediate prosecution of active warfare, not only for the reasons urged by the general, but also because he considered it "more advisable by a short delay to give the ignorant misguided natives time to reflect, and return to their allegiance, rather than by hurried proceedings to drive them to despair, and to give them no opportunity of making terms, for they are exceedingly ill-informed as to our intentions, and the steps they should take."

On the other point he adds—

My own views on the subject of the proposed extensive confiscations of native land, not according with those of my advisers, I delayed taking any steps in reference to this subject until I might ascertain my own position in relation to it, and whether or not any powers were to be left in my hands. The receipt of your despatches, No. 43, of the 26th

of April, and No. 65, of the 26th of May last, having clearly defined the powers that are, in this respect, to be entrusted to me, I will now discuss the subject with my responsible advisers, and endeavour to arrive at some joint decision of a satisfactory nature, taking care to obey the instructions which Her Majesty's Government have recently issued to me.

In the despatches here referred to by the Governor, Mr. Cardwell had stated, that while recognising the general right and duty of the Colonial Government to deal with matters of native policy properly so called, he considered, that while active operations are being carried on under the conduct of Her Majesty's officers, and, in the main, by Her Majesty's military and naval forces, the direction of affairs must be considered as entrusted to the Governor, and that, as the representative of Her Majesty, he must be held responsible by the Home Government for the employment of those forces, and the measures in which they might be employed. This decision called forth, as might be expected, a lively protest from the responsible ministry, and in forwarding this document to the Home Government (August 26, 1864), the Governor took occasion to draw a graphic sketch of the anomalous position in which he found himself placed.

The colonial ministers at present possess and exercise here, upon all ordinary subjects, all the powers usually held and exercised by ministers in those countries where the system of responsible government prevails. In addition, they now, as I understand them, protest against not being allowed to exercise, absolutely, powers which would virtually give them a very large control over the naval and military forces and the naval and military expenditure of Great Britain.

I think that in deciding upon the protest now transmitted the following points should be considered—The colonial ministers are responsible to the General Assembly for colonial matters; but, as I will presently show, the General Assembly does not, even in such matters, exercise such an active supervision or control over their acts and proceedings as the

Parliament of Great Britain exercises over those of the British ministry. And when it is remembered that the General Assembly is in no way responsible for the mode in which Her Majesty's naval and military forces are employed, or for the naval and military expenditure of Great Britain, I think that that body would exercise little or no control over the colonial ministers in reference to those matters.

The members of the General Assembly are collected from great distances, are drawn away from their own private avocations, to which they are anxious to return as speedily as possible. The settlements from which they come are also removed by long distances from the capital, and have frequently interests of a totally different character from those of the population inhabiting districts where there

are many natives. From their remoteness from the seat of Government, the information the inhabitants of such settlements possess regarding public affairs is limited. It is frequently only such as the Ministry of the day think proper to suffer to transpire. Hence less interest is taken in what may be termed general public affairs, as distinguished from provincial public affairs, than would be imagined; and public opinion, regarding general public affairs, is, in the settlements remote from the capital, formed upon limited, often erroneous, information. When, therefore, the General Assembly meets, some time elapses before the members can thoroughly acquaint themselves with what has passed since their last meeting; and ere they have fully mastered this, the time for their separation has almost arrived. Sometimes, also, papers upon important subjects are only called for after the Assembly has met for some time. I believe, in some cases, the printing of these papers has been hardly completed when the Assembly has separated. The sessions of the General Assembly are also not only short, but by far too infrequent to enable them to exercise such a control over public affairs as is exercised by the Parliament of Great Britain.

For instance, the General Assembly met at its last session on the 19th of October 1863, and was prorogued on the 14th of December of the same year, after a session of only fifty-six days, and it may probably not meet again until the month of March 1865; that is, not until after an interval of fifteen months.

Whilst the General Assembly exercises so feeble a control over public affairs, what is termed the Cabinet bears but a faint resemblance to the strong and powerful ministry which can be formed in Great Britain. Since September 1861 there have been three ministries in New Zealand. The present Cabinet consists of five members, one of whom has been absent in England during the greater

part of the time of the existence of the present ministry. Two other members of the ministry have been frequently absent from the capital, so that the direction of affairs involving largely the interests of Great Britain in the employment of her military and naval forces, and the expenditure of their funds, has rested at such times in the hands of the remaining two members of the ministry, who are the two partners who compose one of the leading legal firms in the town of Auckland. And it was on advice thus tendered to him that the Governor was frequently expected to act in the most important affairs of imperial concern. The protest I now enclose is made by this Cabinet, and not by the General Assembly, and it is made before your last despatch is known in the colony, and before public opinion has been in any way formed or expressed on the subject.

It should also be remembered, in reference to the two distinct populations in this country, that the native population, who are the largest landed proprietors in the northern island, are unrepresented in the General Assembly. The other population, the European one, is the governing body. Necessarily, in a civil war, the feeling of race exercises some influence. Men's passions more or less lead them to adopt extreme views, and to hasty and often ill-considered acts, in which they are sustained by a public opinion to which there is little or no counterpoise; so that, surrounded by such influences, it would be very difficult for a minister, endued with the very calmest mind, to arrive at a correct conclusion. And this difficulty is greatly increased when he has to please a constituency in which almost universal suffrage prevails, and which is often composed of one race engaged in a civil war with a race which it is to govern, and which is to be subdued by an army supplied by the mother-country.

To the settlement of the land-confiscation question the Governor had now to address himself. It was necessary that the quantity to be forfeited by the natives should be decided upon, and that the more so, because the Home Government, in a despatch dated April 26th, had instructed the Governor to put forth a proclamation, granting, in Her Majesty's name and on her behalf, a free and absolute pardon to all parties (murderers excepted) who, before a certain day, should take the oath of allegiance, and cede such territory as might in each instance be required. The principles, therefore, which were to regulate the confiscation, needed to be defined. The responsible ministry wished to avoid pledging themselves to any limit, and desired that the quantity should eventually be regulated by whatever might be required to defray the expenses of the war, &c. The Governor declined to adopt this suggestion.

The views of the Governor and his responsible advisers differ also on the subject of cession of territory. They, in their memorandum, look only to the acquisition of territory

as a means of aiding, by its sale, in defraying the expenses of the war, or for the purpose of being devoted to military settlements, and they ask the Governor to give an assurance that the cessions taken shall be to the extent required for these purposes. The Governor views the cession of territory as a punishment inflicted to deter other natives from engaging in rebellion, and as a punishment which is, as far as possible, to be in each instance appor-

tioned to the degree of guilt in which the several tribes have been involved. The whole of the territory thus taken will of course be available for the objects mentioned by ministers, but he cannot take a man's land to a greater extent than the limits of justice warrant because it may be wished to get it to plant settlements on. He cannot, therefore, give the vague assurance asked for.

The Governor then persisted in a specification being made to him, as to the number of acres which would be required for emigrants and settlers, and also the number required for sale.

Thus urged, the responsible ministry hesitated no longer. They proceeded to state, that, in the province of Auckland, they would require one million of acres, and in Taranaki and near Wanganui 600,000 more; making a total of 1,600,000 acres of land.

On this requisition being laid before him, the Governor, in a despatch to Mr. Cardwell, October 8, 1864, observed—

In the memorandum of the 3rd inst. I for the first time received a statement of the quantities of land to be taken, in cessions or otherwise, which they would now deem sufficient, viz. 1,600,000 acres, although it appears that this quantity falls very far short of what was proposed in the General Assembly, and that they only made this modification for the purpose of avoiding any imputation even of prolonging the war for the acquisition of territory. Out of this quantity they required 600,000 acres to be taken at Taranaki and Wanganui; that is, more than 900 square miles. As I thought that hardly 100 miles length of territory between these places still remained in the hands of the natives, and that that country was probably, on the whole, of no immediate value for settlement for an average distance of nine miles inland, it appeared, if I was right in thus thinking, that the result would be that I should have to take the entire native territory of friendly natives and all others in that district. I therefore asked my responsible advisers to furnish me

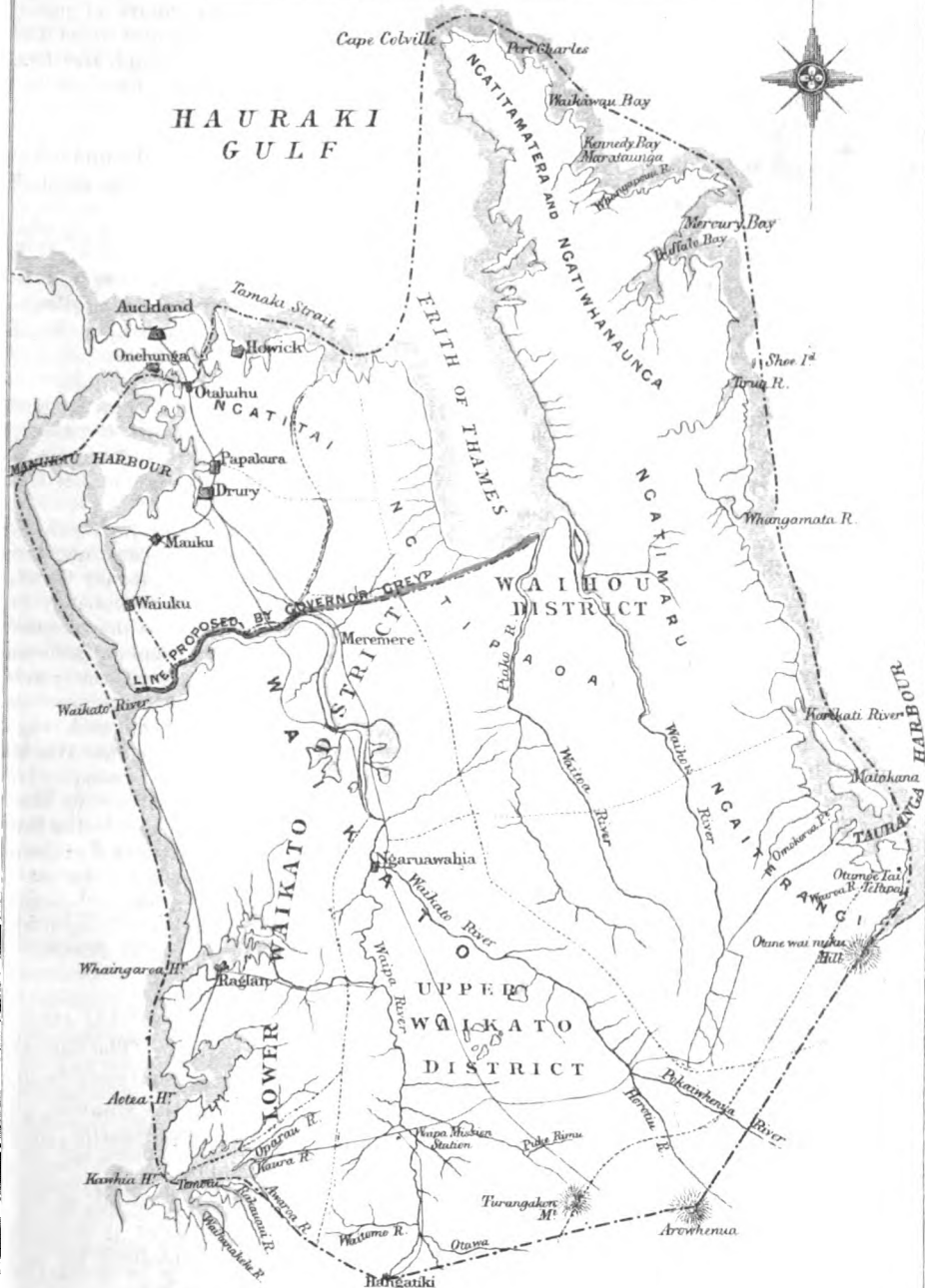
with tracings which would show approximately the boundaries of the territory it would be necessary for me to confiscate in the Waikato country and in the province of Taranaki and near Wanganui.

You will find, from the memorandum of the 4th inst., that they stated that they were, even at that date, unable to supply tracings which would show even approximately the boundaries of the territory that they proposed to confiscate, and that they had not sufficient information to determine even the precise localities.

It was impossible to act on such vague statements. It seemed wrong that Her Majesty's forces should be sent to conquer land anywhere, with no direct and certain object aimed at. It seemed due equally to the European inhabitants of this country and the natives that the aim and scope of the war should be determined, and that it should be known what we required, and the acquisition of what territory would bring the war to a close.

These tracings, when at last furnished, showed how wide a difference existed between the Governor and the responsible ministry on the confiscation question. The Governor proposed to take as the frontier line the river Waikato as far as the southern bend, a chain of military posts being extended eastward from that point to the Hauraki gulf. From the Auckland isthmus thus enclosed he proposed the ejection of all hostile natives, the lands which had belonged to them being confiscated for colonial purposes. From the southern bend of the river a line of fortified posts was to be thrown forward as far as Paetai and Ngaruawahia, places which were to remain in the permanent possession of the colonists, their connexion with the Auckland district being maintained by armed steamers on the river.

The boundary line traced by the responsible ministry was, however, far to the south of this. It commenced on the west coast, not at Raglan, but at a point still further south, Kawhia. As it went inland it dipped still further south, so as to include the

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Scale. $1\frac{1}{2}$ Miles to $\frac{5}{8}$ of an Inch.



W. Penny, Lith 57, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

head-waters of the Waipa and Waikato Rivers, and then turned north-east, until it came out at Tauranga harbour on the east coast. This frontier line then embraced the whole of the Upper and Lower Waikato and Thames districts, or a tract of country larger than that included within the Governor's boundary line by no less an amount than 1,172,160 acres.

On this disputed point the Home Government was called upon to adjudicate, and nothing could be more clear than the decision to which it came. In a despatch dated August 20, 1864, Mr. Cardwell says—

I have read with great regret the continuation, which has reached me by this mail, of the correspondence between yourself and your responsible advisers on the subject of terms of peace proposed, or to be proposed, to the natives, and of the extent to which the principle of confiscation ought to be carried. It is quite true, as stated in one of these minutes, that the principle of confiscation had been sanctioned by you, and that your sanction of it had been approved by the Duke of Newcastle; but the application of that principle is a question of degree, and in my despatch of the 26th of April I conveyed to you, as fully as I could, the views which, after the most deliberate consideration of a subject so important, Her Majesty's Government desired you to adopt. Referring to that despatch, which had then been printed by order of Parliament, I stated to Mr. Reader Wood that his acceptance of my proposal for a guaranteed loan would be regarded by Her Majesty's Government as an assurance, on his own part and that of his colleagues, of their desire cordially to co-operate with you in that just and

temperate policy towards the native race; and his reply, which was also subsequently laid before Parliament, was perfectly satisfactory and complete in this respect. I feel, therefore, that you are, on every ground, fully entitled to expect, and I trust you will have received, from your Ministers, all possible assistance and support in carrying your instructions into effect. Nothing could be more calculated to excite a strong feeling of disappointment and even of indignation in this country, than any well-founded belief that the war was unnecessarily protracted in consequence of any indisposition in New Zealand to give full effect to a just and generous policy towards the native race. I know that it is your own desire to carry such a policy into effect; and I have nothing now to add, either to the instructions in which I have conveyed to you the views of Her Majesty's Government, or to the assurances I have given you, that in using every legitimate means to give effect to those instructions you may count upon my cordial support.

By these instructions the Governor resolved to abide, and the ministry, finding it impossible to give effect to their extensive confiscation plans, tendered their resignations on September 30th.

Mr. Weld undertook to form a new ministry on the following principles—

1. The withdrawal of the British troops from the colony in order to put an end to the evil of a double Government, it being understood, when this has been accomplished, that the Governor is to be guided entirely by the recommendation of his constitutional advisers, except in such matters as directly concern imperial interests and the prerogatives of the country.
2. The appropriation of so much land, being *a part* of the territory belonging to the insurgents, and now in military occupation, as may suffice for the use of a large number of military settlers, with whom engagements have been entered into.
3. The adoption of suitable measures for the restoration of order and tranquillity in the western districts—Taranaki and Wanganui.
4. The transfer of the seat of Government to Wellington.

This policy, being the same which had been indicated by Mr. Cardwell, was substantially accepted by the New-Zealand House of Representatives in December last.

In the policy attempted to be carried out by the ex-ministry there were several injurious elements which obstructed the pacification of New Zealand. One was, that however desirous the insurgents might be to return to their allegiance, no communication would be opened with them until they had first laid down their arms. By the harsh

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treatment to which the Rangiriri prisoners were subjected, the natives were made apprehensive that if they laid down their arms they would be similarly dealt with; and then they were told that unless they did so there could be no peace. Thus they were literally driven to desperation, and the most sanguinary conflicts arose from the resistance of hopeless and desperate men. This is now rectified, Mr. Weld's ministry having agreed not to demand from such natives as may desire to return to their allegiance a surrender of their arms as a preliminary condition.

The other injurious element was the wholesale confiscation of native lands contemplated by the ministry. Even the 1,600,000 acres demanded by them from the Governor was but a modification of the vast expectations at first entertained, and made known by the Colonial Treasurer to the House of Representatives on the second reading of the Loan Bill in the following words—

If we take the whole area of land in the rebel districts, it will be found that it amounts to eight and a half million acres, and we have obtained information from persons well acquainted with the districts and the quality of the land, that one-half of it will be available for settlement; therefore we have for settlement 4,250,000 acres. If we deduct from that the quantity required for the location of European settlers and natives, there will be a balance of 3,000,000 for sale, reserves, and for the preservation of the territory of those loyal natives who may not be desirous of disposing

of their lands. I said there was a balance of 3,000,000 of acres, and supposing we set apart 500,000 acres for roads and reserves, and 1,000,000 for land that may be retained by loyal natives, it will still leave 1,500,000 acres for sale. Of course it would not be desirable, if it were even possible, to dispose of this land at once; but by bringing it into the market judiciously, it appears to us that 1,500,000 acres, economically dealt with and properly sold, will realize at the very least 2*l.* per acre, and 3,000,000*l.* will be obtained at the time these arrangements are completed.

Now, while there is to be required from the insurgent natives a forfeiture of lands, yet this cession, or confiscation, is not to be carried further than may be consistent with the permanent pacification of the island, and the honour of the English name.

Meanwhile, in pursuance of the new policy, instructions have been given to General Cameron to arrange for sending home five regiments. We do sincerely trust that, in connexion with the Taranaki district, unquestionably a subject of anxiety, no new complications will arise to prevent this being done.

BHOPAL AND ITS BEGUM.

IN our Number for December 1864 we introduced some brief notices of this native state, and the loyalty which its princes have ever shown towards the British Government, and more particularly during the fiery ordeal of 1857-58, when the Begum, by her staunch and undeviating adherence to the old alliance, and refusal in any way to compromise herself with the mutineers, rendered very important services to the British Raj, and afforded a refuge and means of escape to many fugitive Englishmen and their families. The Begum's visit to Bombay, on her way to Mecca, led to the article respecting Bhopal, to which we have referred, in which we expressed our deep regret, that within the limits of that native state no Missionary effort had ever been attempted. We are not aware that this appeal has drawn out any expression of sympathy towards a state which is deserving of so much good at our hands, but from which we have hitherto withheld the only good which could suffice to repay the debt of obligation which we owe. But the following passages from the communications of our Missionary at Bombay, the Rev. J. G. Deimler, will show that, encouraged by the intercourse which he had with the Begum's attendants while she remained at Bombay, he has been led to contemplate a Missionary journey to Bhopal.

May 23, 1864—I am much obliged to you for the thought you suggested of urging upon the Moslems the fact of our Saviour's resurrection from the dead. I dwelt upon it on a former occasion, but I am very glad to have my observation especially directed to that grand fact, which proves, indeed, the Godhead of Jesus, and which carries with it an indisputable testimony to a thoughtful Mohammedan. It is remarkable that the Mussulmans believe that Elias, Jesus, John, Chiyar, and—the Sheahs add—the Imam Mahdi, have not died, but are alive, whilst “the seal of the prophets, the Lord of all the prophets,” Mohammed, is dead, and buried at Medina.

As it is not unlikely that the Begum of Bhopal, having accomplished her pilgrimage to Mecca, will proceed to England, it will be of interest to you if I tell you that I found, during nearly two months, at the end of the last and the commencement of the new year, a very interesting field of labour amongst her followers. You will find an interesting account of the state of Bhopal in the “*Indian Gazetteer*.” The Begum of Bhopal, with her suite, and some hundreds of followers, was staying here, near my residence, on her way to Mecca. The Begum has thrown off her seclusion, and administers herself, with energy and wisdom, the affairs of the state. She is a staunch ally of the Government, and is, as a Mussulman, free from bigotry, and has some regard for Christians. The majority of her followers were, like her, Mohammedans, some Hindus, a few Roman Catholics, and a couple of Armenians. A man of note amongst the Roman Catholics was Meseeh Sahib, of French extraction, whose grandfather came from the Isle of Bourbon, whose father was a kind of Wazeer, and whose widowed mother is a Jagirdar, and lady of honour to the Begum. I found my way amongst these interesting people by distributing tracts, books, and Scriptures, which were eagerly sought for by the Christians, Mohammedans, and Hindus, the majority perhaps of whom could read. On the first of my visits to the large compound in which they were residing, I presented Dr. Pfander's works to the Nawab, a near relative of the Begum, who very courteously and thankfully accepted them. Afterwards I met him several times, when he always very politely received me. I was told that he had the *Tariq-ul-hayat* read to him. With the Christians I held much intercourse, in which I endeavoured to bring home to them the great truths of Christianity, and a conduct consistent with the Christian faith. They were intelligent, unprejudiced, always happy to see me, and to gather around the padre. They were especially eager to get Bibles in Hindu-

stanees, of which I could give them only a few copies of the Old Testament, these being out of print; but I gave them a large supply of the New Testament, a friend of mine supplying me with many copies. They also asked for copies of Dr. Pfander's works, to be better enabled to refute the Mohammedans. The Christians, as well as the Mohammedans and Hindus, called very frequently on me. The first, on my invitation, promised to come to my house on Christmas-day, for divine service, but afterwards, changing their minds, they went to the Roman-Catholic church. The Mussulmans gladly received, and asked for, the *Mizan-ul-haqq*, and were less prejudiced and more polite than any Mussulmans I ever saw in Western India or East Africa. One of them, an engineer, who spoke English, requested me to bring for him Sale's Korán, that he might be able to compare, with greater facility, the Mohammedan with the Christian religion. To him, and to another Mussulman, at their own request, I gave my address, that they might be able to write to me. These two men invited me to come to Bhopal. They said that they would be my friends: the Mussulmans there would more willingly hear my message than those at Bombay, whom they considered bad people. Also Meseeh Sahib, with the Christians, said that it would give him great pleasure if I would come to Bhopal, and stay in his house. They also said that there is a (Roman-Catholic) padre at Bhopal—I believe an Italian—who has been there about a year, who always says mass, but does not yet know the Hindustanee language. Some of the Hindus asked for the New Testament in Hindee. I went freely in and out amongst the people as the padre, and they were happy to show me their respect, and perhaps some little service. In fact, I never met any natives who were so polite, so easy of access, and to whom I could minister with such acceptance and pleasure, as these. I am sorry that Mrs. Deimler was not here: she might have called on the Begum; but I trust some book will find its way to her, and do good to her soul.

What a difference between these people and those of the Guicowar of Baroda, whose camp, with 5000 followers, I once visited during his residence at Bombay. I found nowhere a hearing. Close to the Rajah's pavilion there was an old Mussulman fakeer, occupying his own little tent, and pluming himself in his fine shawl, a very holy man, not deigning to give me an answer, and sneering at having a tract shown to him. And there was a potilwan (zero, wrestler), who, bidding me sit down, unloosened his shawl, to exhibit proudly before me his fatness and

strength, and, looking at a tract, returned it as a thing useless to him. With a sad heart I returned from that camp.

Reverting to the people of Bhopal, and calling to mind their friendly intercourse and their invitation, do you not think that this may be a Macedonian voice bidding me to make a call there? I may be enabled to do so when the railway from Bombay, in the direction of Bhopal, is finished, and to see whether the everlasting Gospel will have access there, and Christ be glorified. I am anxious to have

your opinion and advice on the subject. I also ask your prayers for a blessing on the books and tracts that have been carried to Bhopal. . . .

The Begum has returned to Bombay from her pilgrimage, and stayed during a part of the rainy season at Poona, where she was duly honoured by the Governor. I should consider it a high privilege to see a way open by which I could carry the Gospel of Christ to the native state of Bhopal.

Recent Intelligence.

MAURITIUS.

THE following instance of earnest effort put forth to bring a wretched criminal, under sentence of death, to repentance, has been communicated to us by the native minister, the Rev. C Kooshalle—

An Indian, named Jarain, was recently condemned to be hung for murder. Being informed of this unfortunate man, I went to see him at the civil prison. At first, when he saw me, he was terribly frightened, and begged me to ask for pardon from the authorities, by holding both his hands up in a piteous manner. Not being able to obtain pardon, or rather, being assured that pardon for him was impossible, I explained to him that it was useless to ask for pardon from the earthly judges, after committing such a horrible crime; that it would be better to ask pardon from the heavenly Judge before whom he stands in worse crimes, for which he will be condemned to greater punishments than that of being hung. The criminal very attentively heard my explanations about the soul he has to look after, and where and how he can obtain pardon.

When he was fully convinced of my statements, though not easily, he said, that if he had known it before he would never have committed such an act; and that, "since Jesus Christ died for *his* sins, and there is time yet to ask for pardon and to obtain it, he would not ask pardon from his earthly condemnation, but submit to it with fortitude;" and he asked me what he should do to obtain this pardon. I told him that he must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be baptized in his name. Since that time he always asked to be baptized whenever he met me, but I always put it off, to know the depth of his belief in Christianity.

It appears, in my absence one of the Romish priests went to him, and, explaining about

Christianity, asked him to be baptized, showing him the crucifix. The man replied that he understood nothing of what was said to him; that he had another priest (meaning me) who spoke in his (the criminal's) own language; and that, if he had any thing to learn, his former priest would teach him. So saying, he turned his back towards the Romish priest, who, finding that the crucifix and his French language were useless, went away without success.

When I went again to see the man, he related the above circumstances to me, and urged me to baptize him at once. When I asked on what proofs I could baptize him, he said that he fully believed in Jesus Christ, who died for his sins, and could pardon him for all his miserable sins, and give him everlasting life.

I never saw or heard of an Indian with such a memory as this man. He astonished me by repeating, in his own words, every circumstance I related to him from the Scriptures, and repeated the Lord's Prayer, to the great astonishment of the jailers, after only hearing it three times.

On the eve of his execution I baptized him, being fully convinced that he had embraced Christianity, not only by his outward appearance, but also by his words, repeating every sentence he heard from the Scriptures through me. Late in the evening I went to spend the night with him, together with a catechist and a schoolmaster. When the schoolmaster spoke to the condemned to testify his belief, he repeated the history of Lazarus, which he had

heard from me a few days before, and said, though he was a sinner he was sure that he would be borne on Abraham's bosom, as was Lazarus. He also repeated the parable of the prodigal son, and said that the prodigal not only took away half of the father's fortune, but also went away from him to spend it in riotous living, and added he believed he should be received back to his Father's bosom, as was the lost son. And from time to time he asked us to leave his room, that he might pray alone, which he did every time we went out.

On the morning of his execution he said he could not walk, being weak. After telling him that he should not be frightened, but courageous, he consented to walk, and walked faster than I and the catechist. The catechist, pointing to the gallows when we came in view, asked him if he knew what it was, and if he was afraid, to which he replied, "Why should I be afraid? I know the messengers are waiting there to carry me to Jesus Christ."

Arriving at the scaffold, I prayed that he

might be pardoned for his sins, and be received into heaven as a penitent sinner. Immediately after, he prayed a prayer, which I translate literally, as near as the language can admit—"O Jesus Christ, I am a great sinner. I have sinned so many times that I cannot count them. I have been punished in the prison for my crimes. My sins are greater than these mountains here. The stars of heaven may be counted, but my sins are uncountable. The sands of the sea-shore may be numbered, but my wickednesses are innumerable. By sin my soul is as black as coal. As the coal is made white (into ashes) by fire, so, O Christ, wash my soul by thy precious and holy blood, which thou hast shed on the cross. Amen."

A few moments after, the penitent man was no more. His immortal soul left his condemned body. May the Lord have received him by his angels into his glorious kingdom, there to praise his glory for ever and ever!

CEYLON.

THE following fact, communicated by our Missionary at Baddagama, the Rev. G. Parsons, encourages the hope that the apathy on religious subjects, which has so seriously retarded the progress of Gospel truth among the Singhalese, is giving way—

Feb. 16, 1865—You will be glad to hear of an important controversy which has just taken place at Baddagama between ourselves and the Buddhists. For some time past the common people have felt that Christianity and Buddhism cannot both be true. But to decide which is true they regard as the work of their teachers. They have found their own inability to answer the arguments put forth on the Christian side, and have long wished to see the question referred to a controversy between their own priests and the teachers of the Christian religion. These feelings have, no doubt, tended to promote the present controversy, but the more immediate cause was a conversation held between my preparandi and the priests of the neighbourhood, which resulted in a challenge to the priests to come to a formal discussion. This challenge was accepted, and the 21st of November fixed for the discussion. On that day we met. The Christians numbered about 100, and the Buddhists about 500, with sixteen priests at their head. Having no controversial leader, they put forth an abusive man as their spokesman, and his endeavour was to avoid a controversy, and the day was spent, therefore, in discussing preliminaries and arranging for a future day. Finally, the 8th of February was fixed for the

controversy to commence. Great preparations were made by them, and our people thought it right to be well prepared also. They accordingly wrote to me, as I was attending the Missionary Conference in Kandy, authorising me to invite to the controversy some special controversialists, and promising themselves to pay his travelling expenses. I was pleased at this, and requested the Rev. D. de Silva, of the Wesleyan Mission, an able controversialist, well versed in Pali, and skilled in bringing forth from their own Pali books weighty arguments against Buddhism, to attend. Mr. de Silva most kindly undertook to come down, bringing with him such Pali books as he thought necessary.

The controversy commenced on the 8th and lasted till the 13th. We met every day (except Sunday) from one o'clock until six. Our side numbered about 150 Christians, including some of our Wesleyan neighbours, who gladly joined us. On their side were over fifty priests, and more than 1000 Buddhists. In this vast assembly were the fathers and brothers of many of our dear Christian people. Among their priests they had the great controversialists, one of whom had been brought from Colombo. Our expectations, therefore, were fully realized, and the controversy became

a general struggle between Christianity and Buddhism, in which the whole of the Singha-
lese race must feel interested, although it was
confined merely to the Baddagama district.
It was arranged that five papers should be read
by each party, each paper containing a num-
ber of questions or charges against the reli-
gion of its opponents. We allowed them to
bring forward the first paper. This contained
charges of inconsistency in the statements of
the Bible with reference to the attributes of
Jehovah. This was answered; and a similar
attack made by us on Buddhism. They an-
swered this in a very unsatisfactory way, and
the battle was from that time in our favour.

In their second charge they brought for-
ward a large number of quotations from the
Bible, endeavouring to prove that its state-
ments are inconsistent and undeserving of
credit. These were all answered, and the
answers worked up by Mr. de Silva in a noble
defence of the truth, the effect of which was
withering to the Buddhist side. Our defence
was read out on Saturday evening, and when
we met on Monday they instantly proposed
to carry on the controversy on a new plan,
their aim being, without doubt, to stop the
controversy. The whole day was spent in

resisting their endeavour, and in attesting the
copies of our defence. The headman of our
district, fearing a breach of the peace from
the excited state the Buddhists had been in
since the reading of our second defence, had
officially informed the Government. On Mon-
day evening, therefore, our public controversy
was abruptly ended by the appearance of two
Government officials, who required us to cease
forthwith from publicly meeting together.
Arrangements were therefore made for con-
tinuing the controversy by correspondence,
and next day I drafted and sent to the chair-
man of the Buddhists a copy of proposed
rules, and am waiting his reply. On the same
day we held a thanksgiving service in the
church, and Mr. de Silva, before leaving us, de-
livered a heart-stirring appeal on the whole
subject. I have great reason to be thankful
to God for the whole. Much prayer has been
offered up by our Christian people, and many
plain indications of God's presence seen and
acknowledged. Our people have stood firm
to a man, and are greatly encouraged. They
took a deep interest in the whole. In some
cases I feared they would overtax their
strength.

NEW ZEALAND.

A REMARK was made recently by a friend in which there is much force. He said the
question, as regards the Maoris, was not whether they had gone to war, because that,
however to be regretted, did not disprove their Christianity, and that the more so, as,
whether justly or not, they considered themselves engaged in a defensive war; but
whether, in the carrying on of the war, there has been such a marked contrast between the
way in which they prosecuted war when in their heathen state, and their present con-
duct, as to prove that Christianity has exercised a powerful and improving influence on
the national character.

Upon this point there is no doubt. Let the noble act of the chief be remembered,
who exposed his life that he might bring water to Colonel Booth, of the 43rd, when
lying mortally wounded at the Gate Pah, and received in doing so his own death wound.

We shall keep this point in view, and, at some future time, deal with it more fully.
Meanwhile, let the two following extracts be read. The Rev. C. S. Volkner writes—

I shall allude to a few instances which
may illustrate how Christianity has shown
its fruits in the Maoris of my district during
this disturbance. While they were encamped
near Opotiki, I went to have service with
them. Some of the Ngatiporou were rude, and
said I should not have service with them, be-
cause they hated the white skin. Immediately
after prayers nearly all the people expressed
their indignation against the men who had
insulted their minister. They demanded that
they should make an apology, and attend my

services every time whilst I was there, and if
they refused to do so, they should be expelled.
The offenders apologized, and attended ser-
vice regularly and willingly whilst I was in
camp. Whilst the natives were at Otatua-
rahaui, some military and civil officers from
Maketu passed without observing a picket
that lay concealed. It was a strong detach-
ment, with their guns loaded. They knew
them to be officers, but as they had not come
then to fight, the chief forbade his people to
fire. When the officers passed them again,

on their way home, the chief stepped out, and told them in what danger they had been, and kindly warned them not to come this way again. Whilst at Maketu, they got possession of some of the commissariat cattle. The teachers considered them to be stolen property, and advised the people to drive them back. They did so, although they were so short of food at the time, that for several days they had only two potatoes each as a day's allowance.

Three days after their defeat at Io Matata, whilst they were still lamenting over those slain there, and especially over the chief who was murdered by the natives at Maketu, four men of that tribe arrived at Opotiki, in running across the country from Turanga. They were ignorant of what had lately happened. Their arrival caused great consternation amongst the better-disposed people. According to their old usage, these men must be killed as payment for the murdered chief. The widow of this chief, and also the widows

of those slain in the late engagement, already cried for payment. The men were detained, and much fear was entertained for their lives. Committees were held for two days and a night. The better feeling prevailed. It was decided by the Committee—"In the dark time of ignorance and barbarism these men would have been killed as payment for the chief who had been murdered by their tribe. But those times have passed away, and we can see in the light of the Gospel that these men are not guilty of the blood of our chief, and we will not soil our hands with innocent blood." The men were informed of the decision of the Committee, treated kindly during their stay, and, when they started on their journey, were safely conducted beyond the boundary.

At any other time this would show how Christianity has prevailed over barbarism; but at the time it occurred, and under all the circumstances connected with it, I relate it as a great triumph of the Gospel over heathenism.

The second extract is taken from the letters of the Rev. R. Taylor, our Missionary at Wanganui, dated Jan. 11, 1865. It refers to a ministerial visit paid by him to some loyal natives, up the river, who had engaged and driven back a body of insurgent natives, on their way to destroy the British settlement at Wanganui.

On the 6th of January I went up the river to Ranana, which I reached the following afternoon. I found there the natives from Hiruharuna assembled for the sacrament, so that I had a full church in the evening. I held my usual service with the communicants. Their chief anxiety was to know whether they could safely approach the Lord's table after they had been fighting and shedding human blood. I told them that this cause, being a just one, having fought against those who came with the avowed intention of killing and eating them, and of destroying the European settlement, and likewise of putting an end to the Christian faith, they were perfectly justified in taking up arms in their own defence. Still, they said, their hands were defiled with blood: was it right they should partake of the Lord's Supper? I told them that I thought they might; moreover, that the Bishop of Wellington had said the same. They said that another thing humbled them, viz. the way their foes were treated when slain: although they had carefully avoided plundering the dead, yet their Popish allies were not so scrupulous: they not only took their green-stone *meri*, but took their ear ornaments and other things; therefore they ought to make an atonement-offering to God: for although they knew that the ancient offerings of bulls and goats were only typical of Christ, still they should give some

token of their sorrow, and they proposed to rebuild their church, both as a memorial to Hemi, their late teacher and chief, who had first built it, and as a token of their sorrow to God. Hakopa, the present teacher, said he thought it wrong for teachers to fight: their business was to pray; that Moses did not fight, but continued in prayer all the day, so that Aaron and Hur had to hold up his weary arms; that, though they had pressed him to fight, he had refused, but remained at home in prayer.

Jan. 8.—I had the first service by six. It was well attended. Several communicants presented themselves who were not present at the former meeting, although they had no reason for being absent. I declined receiving them on that account. At ten I had a very full and attentive congregation. I was quite surprised at the collection: 17*l*. 16*s*. were placed in the plate. This large sum was to be devoted to the rebuilding their church. Eighty-eight received the sacrament. Hakopa gave 1*l*., and, having about ten shillings, he gave them to those who had no money to put in the plate. I had a very long conversation in the church after the service was over, and I felt quite comforted with the clear scriptural views he had of the way of life through Christ. This was very gratifying to me, for, as I went to church, I passed the Popish natives repeating their litany to Mary,

Peter, and all the saints, to pray for them. If God's word had been in their hearts, as in Hakopa's, they would not have said it. I had another good congregation in the evening. I baptized seven children. I had another long talk in the evening on the same

subject as in the morning, and was pleased to see their tenderness on blood-guiltiness. It is a singular feature in this war, that they are fighting against their head chief, who is a heathen.

CHINA—NINGPO.

THE city of Ningpo, in 30° north latitude, is situated at the confluence of two large rivers, one of which runs from the north-west, and the other from the south-west, leaving the city surrounded on two sides by rivers, and in the centre of a beautiful plain, twenty-five or thirty miles in diameter, dotted over with villages and farm-houses, and bounded by a circuit of hills, broken only for the flow of the rivers, which a few miles below the city find an outlet in Hang-chow bay. The rice-fields of the plain during the summer encourage to some extent intermittents and diarrhœa, but the winters are cold.

During the hot, and, to Europeans, dangerous season at Ningpo, our Missionaries have been at the little sanatorium which they have obtained amongst the hills, visiting the city, so as to be present at the Lord's-day services, except when prevented by illness. That this should be necessary would appear to be, at the first view, of it one of those unavoidable hindrances which occur in the prosecution of Missionary work. Yet the contrarieties are not by any means as much so as we should be inclined to think. Often they are made, very unexpectedly, to work for the furtherance of the Mission. And so it has proved to be in the present instance.

The Rev. A. E. Moule, in a letter from Ningpo, dated October 3, observes—"The daily preaching to the heathen in one or other of our city chapels was continued regularly by our city catechist, with the voluntary and unpaid assistance, for six or eight weeks, of an umbrella maker outside the west gate, who has been a Christian for some three years. Their labours were, we trust, not without fruit, for in August they reported two applicants for baptism from amongst the hearers.

"We cannot but hope that this time, during which we were obliged in a measure to be absent from the church, has been a time of some slight development of the native agency towards an healthy independence."

Meanwhile, at some distance from Ningpo signs of vitality are becoming apparent.

"A little place has been hired on the shores of the Eastern lakes, some twelve miles from Ningpo, at the expense of the church funds of Ningpo and Tsong-gyiao. An old Christian lives there in charge of the chapel, and to make the two ends meet—for his salary, paid also by the native Christians, is but 1000 copper cash, some five shillings a month—he keeps a tobacco shop, a most honourable occupation in China, tobacco here being a very far less deleterious drug than at home.

"There are resident in this town, Dao-kong-soen, which I have often mentioned in former letters, two baptized brothers; their mother and uncle, and the betrothed wife of the younger brother being also baptized. The second brother also desired baptism, and his wife seems to be in a very hopeful state of mind. I have just returned from a short visit to the lakes. May God's blessing rest upon this tender plant, and cause it to take root and bear much fruit."

The importance of China as a Mission-field is as great as its populousness and the character of its people, which, when brought under the influence of Christianity, will yield valuable fruit.

THE RECENT ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE Sixty-sixth Anniversary Meeting of the Church Missionary Society was held in Exeter Hall on Tuesday, May 2. The hall was well filled, although we think there have been anniversary meetings at which we have seen it more crowded. The Report of the Society's proceedings during the year which had just ended was listened to with much interest. The healthful growth and consolidation of the native churches, their advancement in all the important elements of self-ministration, self-support, and reproductive action, afford satisfactory proofs that they are no exotics, artificially reared, and liable, whenever exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather, to fade and perish, but healthful plants which have taken root in the land, and which will not fail to increase and spread.

These results of past labours constitute an important basis for new operations, and, backed up by the native churches, the Society is called upon to prosecute vigorously the aggressive movement, and to press onward into the "regions beyond," in the full belief that as we do so we shall be permitted to see the Gospel of Christ accomplishing still greater victories. Every thing, indeed, is favourable for such a movement: the Missionaries are anxious to break up new ground, and doors of opportunity are open in various directions; but there is one difficulty, and because of this the Society, at so interesting a crisis, is compelled to pause—the increase in the income of the Society by no means keeps pace with the increase in its expenditure. Year after year a deficiency has occurred which has been met by payments from the Special India Fund; but that fund is now exhausted, and the Society enters upon a new year of labour without any thing to fall back against, in case the current year, after the example of its predecessors, should yield an insufficient income. The Society, then, is compelled to arrest its steps. The opportunities are inviting, but, if entered upon, expenses will accrue, and there are no means of meeting them. This is the anxious point in the present position of the Society. She is like a vessel that, in entering a bay, has grounded on a shoal. Will the tide so rise as to liberate her? All on board are earnestly watching whether indeed it will be so. Have the contributions of English Christians to this great work reached their maximum? We cannot think so. We look for a spring tide, which, coming in with freshness and power from the great ocean of Christian love, will lift the Society over its difficulties, and enable it to go on.

The addresses delivered on the occasion were well calculated to stir the hearts of Christian friends, and move them to fresh effort. It would be impossible to introduce them into the pages of our periodical, as they would necessarily exclude all other matter, and leave the friends of the Society without that monthly supply of Missionary information which is as necessary to the maintenance of the Missionary spirit as the oil is to the light which the lamp emits. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury moved the first Resolution, and, in doing so, bore his testimony, so weighty and influential from one in his position, to the value of the Society—

It is a very great satisfaction to me to have the opportunity of once again in this hall publicly testifying my great admiration and my deep sense of the invaluable services to the church which this Society has rendered, and of assuring you of my most cordial sympathy in the work in which it is engaged. It is now very nearly fifty years since, in the

earliest days of my ministry, I became associated with this Society, and I used then to listen to the ardent advocacy of the cause by those holy and devoted men who founded the Society, and who have now gone to their rest. And unquestionably in those days the Society, though conducted upon the same principles which it now advocates, was one

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which was in no respect received with that favour by the great body of the Church with which, I am thankful to say, it is now accepted. It was a sort of slight and reproach to a person to be associated with it, in some quarters at any rate; and thanks be to God for the great change which He has permitted to take place. Among those who were the original founders, or, at any rate, the original supporters of this Society, I should imagine there is scarcely one who still survives; and I believe that, during the past year, we have lost one who was associated with that noble and devoted band—I refer to the venerable Dr. Marsh. I well recollect him in years past, and I can figure him to myself standing here as the advocate of the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews, and addressing the children of Hebrew converts in words of wisdom and love, his countenance beaming with benevolence. It was my privilege to be present when, for the last time in public, he addressed his parishioners and neighbours, charging them to adhere to the faith delivered to the saints, to love the word of God, the Bible, which he held to be the word of our Lord Jesus Christ, and alone able to save the soul. It was a scene and a spectacle which assuredly I shall never forget. With regard to this Report, it is undoubtedly, in some degree, of a chequered character; but there is much to encourage and cheer us in the great and glorious work in which we are engaged. If I am allowed to fix on the one feature which strikes me as especially encouraging, it is that of the increased efficacy of the native agency. Why, what an answer is that to the sneers and scoffs of those who assert that there have been no results, or next to none, from Missionary exertions. Take the case of the Niger district, and the fact of a Native Bishop having been there appointed for the first time. What an answer that again is to those who pretend to say that the African is incapable of being converted to true Christianity; that he is only capable of a religion like Mohammedanism. It is not merely that we have so many native deacons and native priests, but among them one has been found perfectly competent to superintend the interests of the church of Christ in that quarter—one who undoubtedly, from the short intercourse I have had with him, convinced me that he does possess, in an eminent degree, those qualities which specially fit him for that office. I have seen in him a calm wisdom, a humility, a firmness, and a full comprehension of the sacred and important nature of his office; and, in short, I am satisfied that he really does possess most, if not all, of the qualities which specially characterize the office he holds. Now, it is not

only in the chief pastor of the church of the Niger district, beyond the limits of the colony, that we have an answer to the scoffs of the sceptic; but let us take the condition of the church of Sierra Leone itself. There you have proofs enough of their zeal in extending their own church without calling upon the aid of this Society. You have also proof that they are willing to follow the apostolic rule of weekly collections, according as it has pleased God to prosper them; an example, I think, that might perhaps be followed elsewhere. You have proof, also, in a colony of only 40,000 natives, of 9000 persons being under instruction—children, and perhaps some adults. What proofs these are of real Christian zeal. Then, again, if we pass to New Zealand, although there, unquestionably, we have less encouragement, yet allow me to say that I have some means of knowing the condition of the church there, and also the circumstances attending some of the different tribes. There is a wide distinction to be drawn between the tribes of the north-east and of the south-west. It appears that many of the tribes of the south-west are of a disposition much less humane, and (whether converted to Christianity or not I cannot say) they have committed atrocities of a dreadful character. But, as regards the Maoris of the north-east, I can bear testimony to their condition; and I may mention an anecdote besides that which has just been read of the Christian who administered water to the dying soldier. I believe it is true that they abstained from all spoliation of those whose bodies remained with them during that night; and, in that camp or pa, when entered afterwards, were found some beautiful forms of prayer, used previous to the engagement. We thus see that a spirit of true Christian love prevailed even among those warriors, and that they were warriors civilized by Christianity. Another anecdote I may relate to prove their excellent spirit. Some of our young officers, from the camp in the neighbourhood of Tauranga, were in the habit of making excursions for amusement and sport, when the chief in a camp two miles off sent a message to the commander, desiring him to warn them not thus to expose themselves, as it was likely they might be cut off by some rifleman, and then the tribe would be accused of murder. Now I think that that was a most friendly act. Then, again, there was a chief who became a prisoner in our hands, and so grateful was he for the treatment which he met with that he sent this message to his friends in the opposite camp—"Mind you treat your prisoners well, for I have been treated kindly." I delight to

tell these anecdotes, because it proves the influence of Christianity over the mind of these people, and is again and again an answer to the calumnies which state that our Missionaries do nothing. With regard to the native organization, it is so important, that I think we should encourage it to the utmost of our power. You see that it is utterly impossible, considering the millions, not only in India, but in so many other quarters, who are still without the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the inhabitants of this small island to send out English Missionaries to meet all their wants. You must perceive the absolute necessity, therefore, of the work being carried out, to a great extent, by a native agency. We, of course, will still send out our Missionaries to plant the seed there. That seed will spring up and bear fruit, but that seed, we hope, will be planted in a field beyond, and that the native soil will produce additional native fruit. I do not know that there are any other parts of the Report on which it is necessary that I should specially dwell, excepting the somewhat discouraging fact of the great deficiency in our funds. I am sure there

is wealth enough, and more than wealth enough, in England, among those truly devoted to the service of their Saviour, to supply that deficiency, if we really set our hearts to the work; and I earnestly hope and sincerely pray that at our next meeting we may testify that the appeal made to us has not been without its effect, but that we have all been impressed with the duty we owe to our blessed Lord and Saviour, to those souls which He came to redeem, and which are still without his saving knowledge. Let there be more labourers sent into the harvest, and a more abundant supply of the means of supporting them. At any rate, I am sure you will all join most fervently in the prayer that the Lord of the harvest may again come, that his kingdom may come; that He may soon take the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; that his saving health may be known to all nations; that He who is Lord of glory may speedily come to rescue his church from her trials, and to lead the church to that kingdom the gates of which He has opened to all believers.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE MISSIONARY LABOURS OF THE LATE REV. C. W. ISENBERG.

MR. ISENBERG's first sphere of Missionary labour was Abyssinia. The circumstances which led to the commencement of a Mission in Abyssinia are so remarkable that they ought not to be forgotten. M. Asselin de Cherville, French Consul at Cairo, having conceived the idea of translating some well-known European book into one of the Oriental languages, in the hope that it would attract the attention of the literary world, selected for this purpose the Bible, and, for the language, the Amharic. Amhara is the western part of Abyssinia, its capital being Gondar. Although the province is small, its dialect is spoken throughout at least half Abyssinia. In carrying out his object, M. Asselin employed a learned Orientalist named Abraham. For forty years he had been a traveller, having accompanied Bruce in his explorations, and afterwards having resided in India, where for three years he had studied under some Englishman of learning. Born in Abyssinia, he was not only master of his native tongue, but of Persian, Italian, Greek, and other languages. For ten successive years the work was prosecuted, and at length it reached its termination. Two Abyssinians were employed as copyists, and the following portions of the work were distributed—Genesis, in quarto, to the Prince Regent; Exodus to the Rev. M. Renouard; Leviticus and Numbers to the Pope; Deuteronomy to the French Institute; Joshua and Judges to the King of France; and the Book of Genesis, in small quarto, to the Rev. William Jowett, for the British and Foreign Bible Society. Eventually the work was purchased by that Society. Abyssinia was thus brought before the attention of British Christians. The Rev. W. Jowett, moreover, in his work, "Christian Researches in the Mediterranean," introduced a chapter, entitled "Thoughts on a Mission to Abyssinia;" and this no doubt led to the commencement of a Mission to that country by the Church Missionary Society.

On August 15, 1825, the two first Missionaries to Abyssinia received the instructions of the Committee. It was a remarkable day that : we wish we might be privileged to see like ones in our time. No less than twenty-four Missionary agents were on that day dismissed to their respective spheres of labour—seven English clergymen, five Lutheran clergymen, three laymen, and nine females—some for India, others to West Africa, Jamaica, and the Mediterranean. Gobat and Kugler were the two Missionaries for Abyssinia ; and in the former of these we recognise the venerable Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem. They entered Abyssinia December 28, 1829. One year after, Kugler was removed from his earthly labours. When aware that he was going to die, he said, "I could have wished to live longer, that I might proclaim the salvation which is in Jesus to these poor people ; but the will of the Lord be done." After that he repeated several times, in the Tigré dialect, "I do not at all fear : weep not for me. It is far better for me to die than to remain here." He then began to pray in Tigré—"Lord Jesus, bless me ! Show mercy on me ! Receive me to thyself ! Thou, O God, art my Saviour—my Father ! I have no Father but thee ! I come to thee ! Receive my spirit ! Prepare a place near thyself !" He then began to pray in German, saying the same words. He added, "I give thanks to thee, O Lord, for all the mercy which thou hast manifested towards me ! Thou hast been favourable to me to this very hour !" When his voice began to fail he said to his brother Missionary, "I can speak no more. Tell these people (there were many standing by) that Jesus is my portion ; and that they must on no account weep for me, as they are accustomed to do. Perform no Tescar"—a sort of gathering of priests and people to pray for the soul of the departed. Soon after, he fell asleep in Jesus.

After his death, the country being in distraction from civil war, and the chief, Sebadias, who had befriended him, having been slain, Mr. Gobat was compelled to seek shelter in the monastery of Debra Damot. At length, after much sickness and many dangers, he left Abyssinia, where he had been for three years, reaching Cairo in February 1833, and proceeding thence to London and Germany.

Meanwhile the Committee at home had provided a successor for Kugler. Mr. C. W. Isenberg, a native of Prussia, entered the Church Missionary College, Islington, in 1830. He was admitted to deacons' orders by the Bishop of London in June 1831, and, a year subsequently, to priests' orders. Having been appointed to the Abyssinian Mission, he left immediately afterwards for Cairo. There, in August 1834, he was joined by Mr. Gobat, and, setting out from thence, they reached Massowah December 20, 1834.

The translation of the Scriptures into the dialect of Tigré first occupied the attention of the Missionaries, and towards the end of 1836 the work was fast approaching completion. Mr. Isenberg also commenced the translation into Amharic of the Book of Common Prayer ; and, in August 1836, was enabled to report it nearly finished. Portions of the Ethiopic and Amharic Scriptures were distributed, and earnestly did the Missionaries impress on friends in London the desirableness of having the whole of the Amharic Scriptures printed, and that speedily. Painful evidences were indeed presented to them of the great spiritual destitution of the people. The cholera entered Abyssinia for the first time, and pitiable was it to hear the crowds, as they went in procession through the streets, imploring—"For Christ's sake, have mercy upon us, O Lord ! For Mary's sake, have mercy upon us, O Lord ! For Christ's sake, have mercy upon us, O Mary !" In the autumn of 1836 the Rev. S. Gobat was compelled, from ill-health, to leave Abyssinia ; and the Rev. C. H. Blumhardt, having been appointed by the Parent Committee to the Abyssinian Mission, reached Adowah May 18, 1837.

In the beginning of 1838 the emissaries of the Church of Rome succeeded in prejudicing the minds of the Abyssinian ecclesiastics against the Missionaries, and exciting against them so formidable an opposition, that Oobeah, the chief who had hitherto

protected them, finding himself no longer able to do so, desired them to leave the country, eight days being granted them to make the necessary arrangements, during which their enemies were prohibited from coming near them. "Thus," as Mr. Isenberg observes, "we were turned out of the country into which we had considered ourselves happy to have been called to proclaim the Gospel in the midst of a fallen church, and concerning which we thought we had several indications implying that the time of its salvation was near."

At Cairo, in September 1838, they were joined by Dr. Krapf, who, having been attacked with fever while collecting information at Mocha, on the Red Sea, with a view to attempt an entrance to Shoa, the southern province of Abyssinia, had been obliged to return to Cairo.

Having resolved on endeavouring to reach Shoa from a point south of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf proceeded to Tadjurra, which they used as their starting-point into the interior, and, after many difficulties, succeeded in reaching the frontier of Shoa. By the king they were favourably received, remaining there for five months, during which they were diligently occupied in conversational preaching and discussion, and in obtaining a great variety of information. Mr. Isenberg having made considerable progress in the translational department, revisited Europe, with the object of printing the works he had prepared, reaching London on April 20, 1840. Various Amharic works, and others in the Galla language prepared by Dr. Krapf, were thus carried through the press.

Mr. Isenberg left London on his return to Abyssinia in the spring of 1842, the Rev. J. Muhlheisen being associated with him, in consequence of Mr. Blumhardt, his former associate in Tigré, having been transferred to the North-India Mission. At Cairo they met Dr. Krapf, and the three Missionaries, with Mrs. Krapf, sailed for Tadjurra, with the view of re-entering Abyssinia. But the door was closed. A series of obstacles presented themselves, which they found to be insurmountable. Dr. Krapf proceeded to Aden, in the hope of reaching the Galla tribes of South-eastern Africa from the Indian Ocean, an attempt which issued in the present East-Africa Mission amongst the Wanika. Messrs. Isenberg and Muhlheisen, landing at Massowah, penetrated into Northern Abyssinia, distributing copies of the Scriptures to the number of 2000. At Adowah their steps were arrested. The Abuna, to whom they addressed a letter, vouchsafed no encouragement. Oobeah, the ruler of Tigré, refused to see them, and commanded them to quit the country. Accordingly they retraced their steps to Massowah, and, falling back on Cairo, awaited there the further instructions of the Committee.

Just at this time the Bombay Mission had been visited by sickness. The Rev. H. Mellon, bereaved of his wife just at the moment when he was himself prostrated by sickness, had been placed by his brother Missionary, the Rev. G. M. Valentine, on board the mail steamer for England. The steamer, after buffeting tempestuous weather for five days, was obliged to put back to Bombay, disabled. On landing, Mr. Mellon found that Mr. Valentine was dead, having been carried off by cholera two days after his departure. A prompt reinforcement, to sustain the Mission work, was necessary, and Messrs. Isenberg and Muhlheisen were at once transferred to Bombay.

Into the details of labour presented by his new sphere Mr. Isenberg heartily entered, but without losing his sympathies for East Africa. Slaves liberated from Arab vessels in the Persian Gulf were brought into Bombay from time to time, all from the coast of East Africa. On behalf of these poor strangers Mr. Isenberg addressed himself to the Committee, praying that he might be permitted to devote a considerable portion of his time to them. He had with him at the time of his first application five boys and twenty-three women from the Galla country, thirteen women from Gurague, some from the Suaheli coast, and one boy from the kingdom of Zindjero, south of Gurague. The

projected arrangements were cordially sanctioned by the Committee, and friends on the spot were anxious to improve to the uttermost such an opportunity for good to Africa; but the Government refused their concurrence, preferring to place the boys, some in the Mechanics' Institution, others in the Indian navy, while the females were distributed indiscriminately among Christians, Mohanmedans, and other families in the island.

Still, however, Mr. Isenberg had opportunity for giving Christian instruction in the Amharic as well as in the Mahrathi language. God blessed him in both. Waifs and strays from Abyssinia drifted to Bombay, and he watched for them, and became their friend.

In 1852 Mr. Isenberg was compelled, by ill-health, to visit his native land, remaining there until October 1853, when he returned to Bombay. Immediately after his arrival he was called upon to take part in the baptism of thirteen Africans, liberated from slavery, who had been under instruction for nearly two years.

Some of the most important papers connected with the Bombay Mission work were furnished by Mr. Isenberg, for, energetically identifying himself with every branch of it, the Money school, the native congregation, the itinerancy, the translation department, he knew it all. We would particularly refer to the "Church Missionary Record" for 1857, in which will be found large extracts from his journals. We refer the more specially to these papers, because some of the places which stand out with most point and freshness in the Bombay Mission at the present time are there adverted to. Yeolah is described by him as an important place, with a population of 10,000, with much traffic and industry. "It was," he observes, "a place of peculiar interest to all of us, and, when arriving there, I prayed with fervent supplications that the Lord would be pleased to make our short visit instrumental for the spread of his Gospel and the salvation of many souls." This town is now among the recognised stations of the Society, a native minister, the Rev. Appaji Bapuji, being located there. Jalna and Aurungabad are also mentioned. Speaking of the latter place, he says—"I offered tracts for gratuitous distribution. I had with me in my cart three bundles, one of which contained Hindustanee and Persian, a second Mahrathi, and a third Guzeratee tracts and books. I went into the cart to distribute them, directing Appaji to stand behind me, to assist me. No sooner had we commenced distributing, than a complete rush was made by the people on the cart, one being more anxious to get tracts than another, and in less than five minutes the whole of the three bundles were distributed. A number of applicants remained unsupplied, whom I requested to come to the bungalow, where I would give them whatever tracts I had to spare. The people raised a loud shout when we left the place, and we lifted up our hearts to God for a rich blessing on the seed sown."

And may not this be the seed which is now springing up? Our Missionaries inform us of a spirit of inquiry which has sprung up amongst the Mang population of Aurungabad and the surrounding districts, not universal, but confined to a few families and relationships; and thus we read of ten individuals baptized at Aurungabad, the first-fruits to Christianity from amongst the population of that part of India.

That these itinerancies and the instructions given are not altogether lost is not unfrequently shown by incidental circumstances. The Rev. E. Rogers was itinerating in 1858, accompanied by Appaji. They came to a place called Jalgaum, where Mr. Isenberg and Appaji had been on the occasion of the tour to which we have already referred. On entering the town, Appaji was immediately remembered, and a little girl, about eight years of age, evidently sent by one of her own sex older than herself, came and asked him if there would be preaching, and, when evening came, she was seen among the hearers.

In 1861, during the absence in England of the Rev. W. S. Price, Mr. Isenberg took charge of the Christian village of Sharanpur, near Nasik, and here, amongst other branches of work to be superintended, he found an African asylum, commenced in 1860,

in which were twenty-nine boys, belonging to different nations. Most of these boys and youths retained a certain amount of the knowledge of their own tongues, conversing in them among themselves, especially in Galla, Kihiao, and the Zanzibar languages. They were apprenticed to different trades, blacksmiths, carpenters, weavers. Mr. Isenberg was enabled to report favourably of them. They conducted themselves well, some of them giving very good hopes of future usefulness: of two or three he entertained the hope that a work of grace had begun in their hearts. "Is it," he asks, "too much to hope that they may in future materially assist in the spread of the Gospel in their native country?"

In the "Church Missionary Record" for 1863 will be found some very interesting accounts by Mr. Isenberg of baptisms at Sharanpur. Among them were five East Africans—two youths and three girls. During the year 1862 no less than thirteen East-African boys and four girls had been baptized.

Some of these Africans—four youths and three girls, the most reliable, and who have been considered best fitted to be useful—sailed from Bombay some months back, to join Mr. Rebmann at Kisuludini.* They left Bombay about the time of Mr. Isenberg's death. He had reached Stuttgart, Germany, on the 5th September 1864, and died there October 10th, aged fifty-eight. For results such as these he had earnestly prayed and laboured. Although transferred to Bombay, he had never lost his deep sympathy for the East-Africa Mission; and although compelled to leave Bombay before the departure of these youths, he knew of all the arrangements, for he had himself prepared them. He succeeded in implanting in the Bombay Mission a deep solicitude for Africa, a sympathy which, now that Bombay has sent back to Africa some of her own sons, whom she had received and instructed in the Gospel of Christ, until they were fitted to go back and help in the evangelization of their countrymen, will, we doubt not, deepen and strengthen; and that the more so, as the Rev. J. G. Deimler, one of the Bombay Missionaries, was originally intended for East Africa, and, like Mr. Isenberg, feels himself prompted to do all he can to hasten the time when "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God."

Thus faithful men, having done their work here, the measure of work which their Lord meted out to them, are transferred to their rest. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

MISSIONARY ITINERATION IN THE PUNJAB.

IN our Number for February we availed ourselves of the Governor General's Durbar at Lahore to place before our readers the land of the five rivers, now awaiting a conquest far different from any which it has yet experienced. Many are the vicissitudes to which this

* Their arrival at Kisuludini is thus referred to in the following extract from a letter written by the late lamented Missionary, the Rev. J. Taylor, a short time before his death—"I have to mention the return to this land of six Africans, originally slaves, but liberated and trained at Bombay. They are, two married couples, and two girls for two of the Christian young men. It is a sad fact that we have only one female convert here, and she is the wife of Mr. Rebmann's housekeeper at Mombas. These Africans who have come have done so with a simple desire to benefit their countrymen. The late lamented Mr. Isenberg had the choosing of them, and he wished to send only those in whose hearts he thought the work of grace had at least commenced. With God's blessing they will be a real blessing to the station. One is a smith, the other a carpenter, and a mason is shortly to follow. Mr. Rebmann is greatly rejoiced to receive them. He feels that this of itself is an ample reward for all their labours. The Mohammedans of Mombas are astonished. They have before said that the poor Wanika converts were becoming better (*i.e.* superior) than themselves. Now they meet Africans who speak English and Hindustanee, in addition to their own language."

country has been subjected. Wave after wave of invaders, compelled, from various causes, to leave their old ancestral homes on the uplands of Asia, have forced their way through the passes of the Suleiman range, and swept like a deluge over the Punjab, on their way to the Gangetic plains and the rich tropical lands of India. Alexander the Great, resolved on universal empire, crossed the Indus more than 2000 years ago, and, overthrowing the native princes who attempted to withstand him, was at length arrested, not by hostile armies, but by his own soldiers, who, appalled at the prospect of deserts, and marshalled hosts which awaited them, refused to follow him any further. Towards the commencement of our era the Getae, or Jats, a Scythian race, bearing down the resistance of the Indian kings, established in the Punjab successive dynasties.

In due time followed the wild scourge of Mohammedanism under various forms—Arabs, Turks, Mongols. By these successive strokes the power of the Hindu dynasties was completely broken. In 1526, Baber, a prince of a nominally Mongol house, became possessed of Cabul, and from Cabul, invading India, laid the foundation of the Mongol empire.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century the Sikh religion rose like a misty exhalation from the turbid flood of heathenism and Mohammedanism which prevailed around, and by the Hindu Jats the new faith was eagerly embraced.

"The Jats are seated along the Jumna from Agra to the Himalayas, to the west of that river and throughout the Punjab." From the Jumna to the Ravee they constitute the great mass of the population, and, in smaller numbers, extend much further. Towards and along the Indus they had been, in common with other agricultural tribes, converted to Mohammedanism; but in the country between the Jumna and the Sutlej, called the Malwa, and again in the country between the Sutlej and the Ravee, called the Manjha, they had remained lax Hindus, and were rapidly absorbed by the new religion. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the execution of their high-priest by the Mohammedan governor, who ruled the country as a dependency of Delhi, changed the Sikhs from an inoffensive sect of religionists into a band of fanatical warriors. Under Guru Govind they assumed a military organization, and engaged in frequent and sanguinary contests with the armies of Delhi. Rising up as a local power between the Affghans on the one side and the Mongols at Delhi on the other, while these races were contending for the mastery of the Punjab they increased in strength, and, as the Delhi empire declined, and the Affghans, wearied out by the pertinacity of the Sikhs, retired within their own boundaries, the followers of Nanuk were left undisputed masters of the Punjab. In the beginning of the present century Runjeet Singh appeared upon the field, and, under his rule, the Sikh power reached its zenith, only to be crushed upon the banks of the Sutlej by the strong arm of Britain. On March 24th, 1849, the Punjab was annexed, and the last fifteen years have constituted an era such as that territory has never known before. There has been rest throughout the land, so far as it is possible for a nation still in heathenism to be at rest. But an equitable and firm administration has done all that has been possible to give security to life and property, to improve the character of the people, and develop the resources of the country.

And now a new element has been introduced into the Punjab, one which, amidst the alternations of former times, was altogether unknown, and, in the days of Runjeet Singh, had no permission to cross the Sutlej. Yet is it the true remedy for nations, without which there may be indeed outward glory, but no internal peace, no true, no lasting prosperity. The American Missionaries had been in the Cis-Sutlej territories since 1834; but, with the termination of the first Sikh war, they crossed the Sutlej to Jullundur, and, so soon as the Sikh armies were defeated, occupied Lahore. But England had annexed the Punjab, and the British soldiers who had wrestled for the victory felt that the Punjab must have English Missionaries. They desired to present a thank-

offering to God, and to erect a memorial of a great national crisis and deliverance, and they decided that both could best be done by the establishment of a Christian Mission. They subscribed largely; they memorialized the Church Missionary Society on the subject; and our first two Missionaries reached Umritsur in 1852.

What has been done during the thirteen years which have passed away since then? Not much numerically. We see that Dr. Mullens, in his "Ten Years' Missionary Labour in India," sets down the native Christians in the Punjab at so high a number as 1579, of whom 416 are communicants.* Admitting such to be the case, let us compare it with the population, viz. 19,500,000! and how infinitesimal it seems. Notwithstanding, however, this disproportion, a great foundation work has been accomplished: the language, the Punjabee, has been acquired; the Missionaries are no longer strangers; the people, in the vicinity of the Missionary stations, have become familiarized with their presence and labours; they purchase books, they listen to their addresses, delivered at the bazaars, at the melas, in their villages; they begin to know the distinctive truths of Christianity, and to converse about them; there is but little opposition, the instances being rare in which the Missionary is not kindly received. Little flocks of Christian natives have been raised up here and there. They are very small, yet, small as they are, they have yielded to the Missionaries several valuable and persevering helpers, one of whom is in holy orders, and acts as pastor to the native flock at Umritsur, while others help in schools or itinerate with the Missionary. In short, the leaven has been introduced into the lump, small indeed in bulk, but genuine in quality, and, by the blessing of God, it will work.

Our most central station for the upper portion of the Punjab is Umritsur; for the lower portion of the province, where the rivers converge to the Punjnad, Mooltan. Peshawur and Dehra Ismael Khan are frontier stations, both commanding the passes which, through the Pathan and Belooch tribes, open into Affghanistan.

Umritsur constitutes a most important centre for Missionary action. It is situated in that division of the Punjab which, with the exception of Jullundur, is the most densely populated. There are five districts in the Lahore division—Lahore, Umritsur, Goondaspoor, Sealkote, Goojranwalla. Of these, Sealkote has a population, according to the last census, of 475 to the square mile; Goondaspoor, 470; Umritsur, 436. In this division, moreover, is to be found an unusually large proportion of that section of the population to which our attention ought to be specially directed—the Sikhs—there being within its limit not less than 200,000 Sikhs. It must be remembered that the Sikhs, notwithstanding the supremacy which they have exercised, and the prestige which has attached to them, constitute, after all, but a fraction of the Punjab population, the calculation being that the total of Sikhs is not more than 500,000. They require attention; first, because of their manliness of character, so that they frankly avow their convictions, and, if brought under the influence of Christianity, appear well adapted to supply a valuable native agency; and, secondly, because Sikhism is dying out. The British conquest broke the power, not only of the Sikh rule, but of the Sikh creed. Other religious systems are still vigorous enough to proselyte, and aware that the Sikh religion is dead, they come like vultures to feed upon the carcass. It is astonishing how many native itinerators are at work in the Manjha, diligently endeavouring to gain Sikhs over to some of the various forms of Hinduism. The old Sikhs are dying out; the new Sikhs initiated are but few; the children of Sikhs become Hindus. Thus they lapse back to their original root; for Sikhism rose out of Hinduism, and to this it is disposed to return. Precisely at such a juncture Christianity, in its Missionary action, is providentially introduced into the land, in order to prevent such an

* See "Mullens' Ten Years in India," p. 93.

issue. As yet, however, little has been done. Two years ago, the Rev. W. Keene expressed, at the Punjab Missionary Conference, his conviction that at that time not more than sixty Sikhs had been baptized. The character of Sikh converts is thus stated by him—"They are docile, easily attached, out-spoken, and warm-hearted. They are not generally so quick and intelligent as the Mohammedan and Hindu converts, but they are pains-taking and anxious to learn." We must, then, awake to the importance of the crisis. It is an opportunity which will soon have passed away, requiring a strong Mission and energetic effort to use it while it lasts. The Sikhs present a glorious field of operation, and it is indeed surprising that from among the Christian men of England there are not more volunteers for this service.

Our staff of Missionaries at Umritsur is at present reduced to three, who, with such native help as they can obtain, are thus placed in the midst of a division comprising a population of 3,458,694, the city population *per se* being not less than 122,184. Within its limits, besides Umritsur and Lahore, there are 6 towns, containing more than 10,000 and less than 50,000 inhabitants; 11 containing more than 5000, and less than 10,000; 436 with more than 1000, and less than 5000; and besides these, 4273, containing less than 1000.

Besides Umritsur, another centre of operation amongst the Manjha Sikhs has been formed at Narowal, some few miles distant from the capital. Here, residing in their own homes, there is a little flock of Christians, of some position among their countrymen. A native catechist, Paulus, is at present in charge, but a Missionary bungalow has been erected, and we hope soon to hear of its being occupied by a European Missionary.

For so extensive a sphere of labour, and with so few Missionaries, but one mode of operation is available—that of itineration; and perhaps it is well that we are forced away from centralization, and constrained to adopt this, for it is the most effectual. Mr. Keene and Mr. Brown have both been employed in this way, and we have their journals and reports before us, from which we would select some few extracts calculated to inform our readers as to the nature of the work, and thus draw forth interest and sympathy on behalf of those who, in these far-off lands, are bearing the heat and burden of the day. Perhaps, too, there might be some who, as they read, will feel it to be a personal reproach that there are so few in a field where so much may be done, and who will find it impossible to get rid of this feeling of self-reproach in any other way than by offering themselves for the work. We find Mr. Keene, shortly after the Lahore Conference, starting in itineration from Attari, a railway station mid-way between Lahore and Umritsur. This tour lasted forty-nine days. "Nine times," observes Mr. Keene, "I struck my tents, while my native brethren and myself visited 105 villages, sometimes on foot, generally on horseback, in the time specified." In the heart of the Manjha, surrounded by the villages of the Sikh Jats, he found himself welcomed by the various classes. Such was the preponderance of Sikhs, that, during the whole tour, only two Mohammedan villages were visited. At a village, Gidari Bhagyari, he found in a dharmasala an old fakir, whom he had met on a former occasion, and to whom he had given a copy of Barth's "Bible Stories" in Gurmukhee. This the old man had read through several times, and now he received a Gospel.

In the Punjab Conference, held two years ago, D. F. McLeod, Esq., C.B., suggested that attention should be particularly directed to the devotees and separatists that are to be met with throughout India. He referred to the fact that one of the members of the Conference had himself met with a sect which acknowledged and used the Bible as their book of devotion, and he expressed his conviction that there are scattered throughout Hindustan many such sects of separatists similarly disposed. He then proceeded to observe—"I have often been inclined to think that these sects, scattered through the plains, and the aboriginal races, scattered through the hills, may be intended by the

Almighty as nuclei, round which it will be for us to build up a really indigenous evangelization; and, until very lately, I believe neither of these classes have received the attention which both seem to me to deserve at our hands." . . . "I know of no class in India that seems to me so likely to afford men suitable for future pastors as the various tribes of religious devotees and separatists, who abound on all sides, especially those that have abandoned idolatry. Amongst these devotees, Mohammedan as well as Hindu, I believe two very different descriptions of votaries will be found; one, those who adopt the mendicant's garb, as a cloak for idleness and profligacy of every description; the other, men weary of the world, or disgusted with the priesthood and the absurdities of a false religion, and searching for something which shall give peace to their souls. To this last section belonged Nanak, Kabir, and other founders of sects professing various forms of Deism; and to the same appears to me to belong the Ramaya, now settled at Chakkia, under the auspices of the Siga Missionaries."

Referring to the report of the Rev. J. M. Brown, we find that on one occasion, being unable, from the press of other engagements, to go out himself, he sent out two of his Christians on itineration.

Edward and Sadiq, two Christians, went out in December, returning in February. Unable to go myself on account of station duties, I sent out the two Christians I had then in my care. They returned with a good report, and I trust their work has not been unproductive of good, sent forth as it has

been in faith with prayer. They preached freely, no man hindering, and were heard gladly; going more than fifty miles distance from Umritsur, and returning by Narowal in time to attend the large yearly mela held there, having sold some rupees' worth of the Holy Scriptures and other religious books.

We find Mr. Brown on one occasion at Dehra Nanak, where the descendants of Nanak reside. Of his reception in this place he says—

Feb. 13, 1865: Dehra Nanak—People in my tent all day. During my stay I gave new books to all who could show any which they had received before. One showed me a large portion of the Bible in Gurmukhi, given by Colonel — many years ago. Some of the

people are anxious for an English school. The place is about thirty miles from Umritsur, in a straight line. Visitors crowding the catechist's tent all day. When here with Mr. Bruce, in the spring of 1861, the people could not be persuaded to buy a single book scarcely.

The Gurdaspore district had particularly attracted Mr. Brown's attention, and he was anxious to traverse it with itinerations. From Narowal, therefore, he advanced into the Shikargarh portion of it, accompanied by three native brethren, Elias, Sadiq, the second son of Paulus, the aged catechist at Narowal, and John.

The mode of proceeding is thus stated—

While it continued hot in the middle of the day I generally went to two or three villages in the morning, and two or three in the evening, and sent John and Sadiq together to two villages morning and evening. Returning to my camp this evening I found it all illuminated, it being the time of the Dewali mela—the favourite season for the Sikhs to make a pilgrimage to Umritsur. The Diwali is the festival of lamps. The pilgrimage to Umritsur this year threatened to be something more than common, if the reports which got about are to be relied on. Ram Singh, the leader

of the movement, was prevented from paying his respects to the Sikh temple, by being officially detained on the other side the river Bias, and several of his followers were well taken care of by the police till the festival was over. An incarnation from the east is expected to bring deliverance to the Sikhs, and the man alluded to above, according to the report of the Loodiana Mission, probably thought, since he bore the name of Ram Singh, that he must be the expected avatar.

The numbers who gathered round him at the different addresses may be collected from the following paragraph—

Dec. 5—Marched to Nyna Kot. The Gospel has frequently been preached at this place. It lies on the high road from Sealkote to the hills close to Trimmee Ghât, the spot where Nicholson, with his column, marching from Umritsur to Gurdaspore (forty-four miles) in one night, cut a large body of rebels to pieces. Round about this town there are villages in numbers. The people listened attentively in the bazaar. The village audiences now begin to be very large. Seldom less than sixty or a hundred come together, the chief part of their field work being over.

Mr. Brown then refers to some of the native itinerators, who, taking advantage of the relaxed state of the Sikh system, and the little hold it has upon its followers, are perambulating the country to make disciples—

Dec. 31—One of my native brethren met the Rattar Chhattar Maulavi yesterday. He is well known round about, and has a very great name amongst the people. They were flocking in bands to pay their respects to him. His name is Imam ali Shah, and he lives near Baba naull ka Dehra, keeping open house, when at home, for all who like to come. To-day I met Bhagwan Das, of the Ram Das Math, or college, like Imam ali Shah, going from the village to visit, receiving the homage

Dec. 8—Marched to Ikhaspur. This was our first halting-place last year, when commencing this village to village itineration. In the evening, at one of the villages, I had a very large congregation of full 150 men, women, and children, owing to a wedding-feast that was going on. I told them the parable of the prodigal son. Amongst the villages preached in the next day was Buqa. I recollect failing to reach it last year. About 200 people came together and heard what I had to say.

of his disciples, and their gifts; and two days afterwards another great man, whose name I have not noted, from Ramnagar, on the Chenab, who appeared very intelligent, taking my side against a Mussulman disputant. I have alluded to these to show that we are not the only aggressors, the only itinerators, even in this district, during the cold season. I have already alluded to Ram Singh and his new sect of followers.

We shall now run on with such extracts as we think embody points of interest—

Jan. 6, 1864: Gamraula—I have got back into the Shikargarh pergunnah to-day. At one of the villages a Lambardaress showed me no small politeness. I found afterwards that the Lambardar, her husband, was dead, and, in the absence of her son, she undertook to officiate, a more pleasant work than most widows in this country perform, and will continue to do so till the elevating and saving power of Christianity has rent the land in twain, severing living humanity from the shackles of a dark superstition and a living death. It was a new sight to see a woman holding my horse—a new sound to hear a woman arguing the question of salvation through the Saviour, acknowledging her guilt as a sinner, but also maintaining her confidence in Mohammed as a vicarious absolver.

Jan. 9—Marched to Fugwal. At one of the villages which I preached in to-day I had just mounted my horse, when a man came after me, and asked for a Gurmukhi book which contained any thing about Jesus. I replied, "How do you know that there are Gurmukhi books which speak about Jesus?" He answered, "At a certain village (Dynot) a man has got some." On reaching the village of Fugwal—a very small place, which I should not have gone to in preference to any

other, only I went to it last year, and it breaks the march better—I was at once beset with visitors. One man stayed with me several hours, showing me some Gurmukhi books he had got last year, and evincing a knowledge of their contents, well borne out by their worn appearance. He also brought his two brothers. These people turn out to be of the same caste as the man who asked for the Gurmukhi book. Their chief man's name is F—. He is of the weaver caste, and a Kabir Panthi. He and his brothers eat my bread. I have asked him to come with me and learn all about Christ, and afterwards to return and tell his disciples. His disciples are scattered over a great number of villages.

Jan. 11—In the direction of some of the villages where F—'s disciples live. At one of these a man seemed to listen very attentively. I asked him what he thought of Christ. The crowd said, "Take him with you;" and to him, "Go and be a Christian." He followed me about two miles to Dynot, where I found G—, the man with the Gurmukhi books, very ill. He showed me what he had, and said he had got them from one of the Sealkote brethren. This man believes in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour. I would fain hope, from what I have seen, that there is a movement going on amongst

the weaver Kabir Panthis round about, and amongst the Chamaras.

Jan. 13: Tera—Met another Kabir Panthi. He came from a distant village for books. I told him the Lord's Prayer, and made him repeat it after me.

The Kabir Panthi's history Professor Wilson has given, in his work on the Hindus. Kabir was a weaver, said to have been found, when a child, floating on a lotus in a pond near Benares, by the wife of a weaver named Nima. He flourished about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and succeeded to the estates and doctrine of Ramanaud. Kabir's successor was Nana Shah. Hindus and Mussulmans alike claim him for a teacher, and vie in honouring the resting spot of his remains. It is no part of the religion of the followers (Kabir Panthi) of Kabir to worship any deity, or to observe any rights or ceremonies. They render their homage chiefly in chanting hymns, exclusively to the invisible Kabir. They admit but one God, the creator of the world; and, in opposition to the Vedanta notions of the absence of every quality and form, they assert that he has a body formed of the five elements of matter, and that he has a mind endowed with the three gunas, or qualities of being. Of course, of infallible purity and irresistible power, he is free from the defects of human nature, and can assume what particular shape he will: in all other respects he does not differ from man, and the pure man, the Sadh of the Kabir sect, is his living resemblance. The essence of all religion is to know Kabir in his real form.

The Kabir Panthis, whom I have met, seem very simple and well-disposed. I could have wished to leave a Christian amongst them, but have none to spare.

Jan. 18—Marched to Bambiya in the Pathankot Tehsil. In leaving the Shikargarh pergunnah I find that, through the good providence of God, we have been able to reach 491 villages in that thickly-populated district. My map exhibits sixty-one which we did not reach. We have missed some we preached in last year, while others missed then have been reached now. This gives 552 villages in all. I am told, however, that there are 739 in the district. I cannot help thinking there is an error in the calculation. I know almost every foot of ground contained in its 500 square miles of surface, and am able to see from the map each village we preached in. Our reception has, on the whole, been very favourable, and we may hope, under the divine blessing, for good and blessed results.

Jan. 19—The pergunnah we are passing through is not a large one. Being situated

near the foot of the hill, and on lower ground than Shikargarh, it is full of rivers and nullahs, and the people lie in scattered, thinly (apparently so) populated hamlets, and are eminently stupid, even when making every allowance for my own inaptitude at speaking and understanding their tongue.

Jan. 20—Marched to Ragubili towards Umritsur, working down the hither side of the Ravee to several small villages in the morning, and to others in the evening. At one of these latter ones (Ghila Chuh) I found myself able to speak very fluently, and not at all tired or weary in proclaiming the word of my blessed Lord and Master to-day. The people in this last village were extremely attentive (chiefly Sikhs), one of whom was almost persuaded to return with me.

Jan. 23—Marched yesterday and to-day. Encamped at Dostpur. Spent Sunday at Dostpur: went to three villages in the afternoon, all within a mile of my tent; and as it will give an illustration of my plan of working, I will here relate what occurred. At the first I sent my salaam, as usual, to the Lambardar, or headman, and having found out the dharm-sala where the people collect, asked for a charpoy, or bedstead, and sat down under the shade of the village peul-tree. In about ten minutes I had got a good congregation—between twenty and thirty persons—one of them evincing, as is generally the case, more intelligence than the rest, and evidently appearing more anxious too. I had spoken for about half an hour, and arose to go. The people, however, requested me to stay longer. The man alluded to said the people were very hard of understanding, and that I had better stay a week or so, and then some impression might be made on them. In about another half hour I got up to go again. They still wished me to remain: this I said I could not do, as an east wind had begun to blow, and I should get ill. They then assisted me to the village hut close by, and we all went in, and sat down there for a long time. The native brethren with me mark a very friendly feeling in the villages (Gurdaspore Pergunnah) we are now visiting. I asked the man in the first village to-day if he would come and be my guest, and learn about Jesus, in order to be able to tell the village people, since I could not well stay so long as ten days at his village. Dostpur is about forty miles from Umritsur.

Feb. 10—We are now itinerating in the Gurdaspore Pergunnah, and marching along a line parallel almost to the route we followed when leaving the Shikargarh district for Umritsur. This time towards the hills again, and we are in the very heart of Sikh hamlets.

Feb. 18—Marched to Lakhawal. At one of the villages to-day I met a respectable man, who said he had several books, obtained some years before at Gurdaspore. He came to my tent in the evening, bringing some of them. I gave him others.

Feb. 29—At Gunja, a village on my way, the good people requested me to remain longer, which I did, and they gave me a rupee: this, having touched it as usual, I requested the Lambardar to remove; but he said, "No, you are a padre, and it is right that padres should be cared for by us." And, after a long talk, finding I could not refuse their gift, I took the rupee, saying that I would distribute it in alms. At a village in the afternoon I met two respectable Sikhs, who were shortly joined by a Nanak padre on an itinerating tour. He had come from Umritsar, and knew about the Saviour, having often heard the word preached in the bazaars, naming Mr. Keene as the Missionary he knew, and mentioning a favourite preaching spot and resort of his. He endeavoured to maintain some long and foolish arguments, and afterwards followed me to another village, when I got him to tell the people what I had already said to him. I afterwards invited him to come and live with me, and be a padre of Jesus Christ. "We are both padres: live in my tent, and eat my salt, and ride my horse, and go with me every day to tell the people about the Lord Jesus Christ." Of course he promised to do so. Not yet, however, not yet: it is too soon to expect to have a half-naked mendicant, with a great coronet of plaited hair, riding side by side with one, and preaching Jesus. Still fakirs have the real Missionary element within them, and I am only happy to bow to the long experience and sage council of our beloved Financial Commissioner, in his *Essay on a Native Pastorate*, read at the Lahore Conference in 1862-63, when pointing them out as the class from which we may hope and long for our evangelists and pastors. For we must not be led away by the view that they are all of them most wicked and depraved. Doubtless it is the case with a great majority, but there are many really in earnest after the one and the true, the real and the unseen, and the heavenly and undefiled. Oh that they might find the Lord Jesus Christ to be the way, the truth, and the life! I have omitted to mention, in its proper place, that an inquirer from Suhba Singh ka Qila, one march from Narowal, joined me at the beginning of the month. He appears very anxious to learn, and very willing to do any work that I may have. He has left his mother at Umritsar, and is himself a shawlmaker

by trade, a Mussulman by religion, and a partial Cashmeree in tongue.

March 10—To Undouri, a large Hindu town in the Kangra district, which I visited two years ago. The people remembered my visit, and one brought me a book I had given him. Another told me I had given him a book about Jesus, which was very good, and it also told him the right way to live. The people did not flock so much to my preaching, but the boys were very attentive. It being a holiday at the school, I got into a portion of a temple, and made them all sit round about while I spoke. In the evening to Mirthal bazar. One man did his best to stop my preaching, and partially succeeded. He turned out to be the school moulwee.* We have now left the Pathantot Pergunnah. It extends over a surface of 167 square miles. We have preached in nearly every village. I am now marching down the Gurdaspore district, which lies between the Bias and the high road. Spent Sunday at Sirkia, going in the morning to a village where there was a math. I called on the Mohant, but he was away. His followers showed me no small kindness, and offered to put me up when I came that way again. I preached to them in the court-yard of the math, and gave them some books.

March 14—Hitherto the native brethren have worked heartily, readily, and willingly: in truth they are getting strong on the whole, and seem to take a real and lively interest in it. Paulus, who is always ailing at Narowal, confesses that his bodily strength has been wonderfully renewed, and finds no difficulty in preaching in four villages daily, which generally includes seven or eight miles riding; and sometimes, when I go off in an evening on foot he comes after me.

March 16—Reached Kanowar. Sent Edward and Sadiq off in a slightly different direction. They were absent four days. This is my third visit here. I found the Brahmin, Hai Dyal, to whom I had lent a Hindu Testament last year. He had been reading it, and knew a great deal of its contents. He said that he understood the Gospel, and believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. He had been making inquiries for me whenever he met any Sahib. I had a large congregation in the bazaar. Hai Dyal offered to accompany me, having influence with the people, and to show me how willingly they received the truth of the book which I had given him. One evening he took me in his pant, on a

* This class of men are the chief disputants and principal opposers of the Missionary.—(Ed.)

jhil close by, and we conversed together about the Redeemer. He is one of those who seem not far from the kingdom of God. I promised to send him a Satmat Nirapan, which I have since done. In connexion with my visit to Kanowar two years ago, I may mention that, while at Sakia, a bricklayer came to me for some Punjabee books. He said I had given him the Psalms in Punjabee at that time, and he and his family read a portion of them daily.

March 23—On my road to Sugovindpur two villages were inhabited by Sikhs. At the first of these (Kathan) one of the men went some way with me, conversing as we went, and said, "I believe, as you say, that Jesus is the Son of God, and that I must believe in Him, and seek to have repentance for my sins." I made him repeat the Lord's Prayer, and promise to worship the Saviour. At a second village the Lambardar offered to accompany me to a third, whose headman was very sick. It is a mark of these people that they are always ready to let you know when any one is sick. I found the sick Lambardar under the treatment of a native doctor. A fine lot of Sikhs came together. I told them, as I had often told others, that my own impression, from reading the life of Nanak, is, that if he had lived now, and heard as much as they did of the Lord Jesus Christ, he would at once believe, and therefore it was their duty to do so too. Arrived at Sugovindpur about eleven o'clock, having started at sunrise. Ganga Rawi, the old Brahmin alluded to in the last report, is still alive. He called on me in the course of the day. Other people from this city tell me that he wishes to receive the Saviour. He stayed with me continually till we left. I pray the Lord Jesus to draw him unto Himself. If spared to lie down and die quietly on his bed, I should not be at all surprised by his sending to be baptized. Many called to see me—old acquaintances—expressing their joy. I would fain hope and earnestly pray the Lord would begin a work in this place, the people are so evidently well disposed to hear the word.

May 4—In bringing these journal extracts to a conclusion, I am further conscious how little they contain of an exciting nature: no wonderful deliverances, no providential escapes, and no extraordinary exploits, nothing of the romance of Missionary labours; and many will say, on perusing them, very little to encourage. They contain enough, however, of material which, if worked by a better hand, might be interesting to those who love so much to hear what Missionary

labourers are doing in various parts of the Mission field. As a simple record of an attempt to carry out the late lamented and beloved Ragland's plan of working, they may not, to some extent at least, be of an unattractive nature.

And, 1. I would notice, that with all the trouble and labour of continual marches, my native brethren, Paulus, Edward, (catechists), and Sadiq, Daniel, John, Nazrat, Allah (readers), have striven to work willingly as unto the Lord. What with striking our tents in the early cold morning, then preaching, and often arriving after all before our baggage, and getting no food till late in the day, they have never complained to me.

As often as possible they went two and two, which is much the best plan, as one helps the other.

Every morning and evening we had service: and while my tent was open at all times for them to come and read, or ask questions, yet my teaching was chiefly at the morning and evening services. In the mornings we have gone through the Psalms, with Mr. Owen's, of Allahabad, Commentary. They have lasted the whole journey. In the evenings I have taken them through St. Matthew's Gospel. I am in hopes that each of them can give a satisfactory answer to any Mussulman respecting it. This Gospel sufficed for our evening expositions. On Sundays I have taken St. John's Gospel, and we have got to the end of the eleventh chapter. It has thus been my object to keep up a sort of Scripture class in camp; and though it has required preparation and study, it has been of equal benefit to myself.

2. For the first two months I had a Christian colporteur with me. I am sorry not to have kept an account of the number of books parted with, but the total sum received has been about ten rupees. Of course a large number was distributed gratis, and to all who could show any which they had received on any former occasion.

3. When time allowed it I made a point of sending for or going to the village school, and, after a short examination, to give them books.

4. My plan, when reaching any village, has been to send a salaam to the Lambardar, or headman, or to find out his house, and then adjourn with him to the village dharmasala, or gati, a peepul-tree, or masjid, and then wait for the people to collect. My seat has more frequently been the root of a tree or straw matting, unless the villagers brought a charpoy (bedstead). The people seemed always glad to welcome me, though an utter stranger, in the majority of cases.

5. The avidity with which the people receive and read our books is remarkable. A large number were sold or otherwise disposed of. We realized ten rupees during the itine-

ration from this source. I really think that they value the books. Our thanks are indeed due to the Loodiana Mission.

Such is a specimen of the itineration which is going forward in the Punjab. It is as yet but the sowing time; but how important this, for the divine seed is incorruptible, and, if the sowing precede, the harvest in God's time will surely follow. But how marvellous is it not that the vast territory of the Punjab should thus be open to the labours of Christian Missionaries, and that they can itinerate amongst its population, not only with safety, but with a welcome. And how many are there not that appear to be thoughtful, inquiring, buying Christian books, reading them in private, and able to produce them on the next visit to the Missionary, whole, but well used. We see why England has been permitted so extensive an empire. Where English rule prevails, there is room for the entrance of the Gospel. To our Missionaries in the Punjab we would apply the words of the prophet—Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass!"

OUR MISSION IN VOHIMARE, MADAGASCAR.

WHEN British Columbia was discovered to be a gold-producing country it began forthwith to be diligently explored, and journeys were made into the interior with much difficulty, and no slight amount of danger, in order to ascertain its capabilities, and the places where the industry of the miner was most likely to be repaid.

Many of these explorations have been published, and, no doubt, have been perused with much attention by those who were interested in that particular matter on which they were intended to throw light.

We enter new Mission fields in search of that which is more precious than gold. We seek to rescue immortal souls from the degradation of sin, in which they have been lying, and to present them to the Lord, that in them He may be glorified. But, like the miner, we must explore, in order that we may understand how we may set to work with most prospect of success. We have to acquaint ourselves with the people, their character, superstitions, prejudices, habits. We must ascertain how the gold lies, whether imbedded in the quartz, or deposited on the bars of the rivers; whether the return will be eventually rich, although requiring the expenditure of much previous labour, or whether it be only surface gold, easily obtained, but likely to be soon exhausted. With some races the Missionary process is slow, with others there is more rapid developement. Thus we must also have our explorations and prospectings.

Such we conceive to be the position of our two Missionaries on the north-east coast of Madagascar. They are, so to speak, prospecting—examining the country and its people, and endeavouring to ascertain where and how they may, with most prospect of success, settle down to Missionary work. In this initiative state of things their journals surely will be as interesting to us as reports of exploring parties to gold speculators; and therefore we publish them as they arrive. We shall thus best excite interest on behalf of Madagascar and its people, and obtain for our Missionaries that support of earnest prayer which is a felt thing with them in a distant land. The annexed journal is by Mr. Campbell—

Nov. 17, 1864—In the evening I attended the Governor's dinner, which was served up at half-past six o'clock. Covers were laid for twenty persons, and that number sat down.

There were sixteen men and four women—the Governor's wife, and three others. The plates were nicely arranged, with a glass, knife and fork, and spoon, beside each. There

were several bottles of beer, claret, and rum arranged along the middle of the table, and four candlesticks. There were two long bottles, which were placed upon plates to prevent the grease from spoiling the table-cloth. The first dish was soup, then beefsteak; afterwards roast beef; next, curry and rice; then stewed fowls; and, lastly, cutlets. As I was pretty hungry I enjoyed a little of each of these dishes. Before dinner and after it there was a toast drunk to the Queen of Madagascar. It was drunk with the greatest solemnity, while the troops outside presented arms at the word of command from one of the officers, who bawled out to them from the dinner table. The other toasts drunk were, "The Governor and his wife," "Captain Rosalie, of the 'King Radama,'" and "The two Missionaries." The toast-drinking was not such an extensive business as it is at home, as one small bottle of beer was quite enough for eight or ten persons, and the same might be said of the claret. The Governor is a very abstemious person, and drinks scarcely any thing but water. Mr. Maundrell and I were placed by the Governor at his right hand, while the captain of the "King Radama" and a French gentleman were placed at his left. During the whole time we were sitting at dinner the band strummed away outside, and I felt it to be the greatest relief imaginable when the fiddlers stopped for a moment to rosin their bows. At nine o'clock the Governor suggested that it was time to retire, which we did, after spending a very pleasant evening.

Nov. 18—Engaged in writing letters, and making preparations for living as comfortably as possible in our new home, as the "King Radama" leaves in the morning, and we shall be obliged to look after ourselves when she goes.

Nov. 19—The Governor sent for us this morning in order to bid us good bye. He also visited us as he passed our house, the soldiers drawing up before the door. He goes to prepare a house for us at Amboanio, and will send for us and our baggage in three or four days. In the evening I visited a number of houses, reading to the people the word of God, and striving to explain it: they listened with great attention, and thanked me greatly for my visit. I paid a visit to the Romish catechist, and found him reading the Malagasy Testament which I gave him the other day. He seems to love it, and used one of the strongest words in the language to express his delight at having it. He promised to come to our service to-morrow. May the reading of the word of God lead him out of the mazes of Romanism into the freedom of the religion of Jesus Christ!

Nov. 20: Lord's-day—Our first Sunday, I may say, in Madagascar, for although we were here last Sunday, yet we had no house, and were living on board ship. At eleven A.M. I sent my servant round to inform the people that there would be a service in our house at twelve o'clock noon. At that hour about twenty-four women, six men, and a number of children, came, and seated themselves very quietly upon the floor. We had a regular Church-of-England service in Malagasy. Mr. Maundrell read a portion of the morning service and the Litany in his surplice, while I preached in my gown. We began with a hymn: Charles Le Bon and I responded, as the people had no Prayer-books, nor could they have read them if they had had them. I lent the Romish catechist a Prayer-book, and set him beside Charles: he joined in the service, and expressed himself much pleased. He told me that he should like some instruction from me, which I promised to give him daily. Who knows whether this man may not do a great work among his countrymen when he returns to Nosibé. As I did not feel competent to preach a regular sermon in Malagasy, and as I did not wish to be stumbling and stuttering, I thought that the best thing I could do would be to give them Christ's Sermon on the Mount, which was listened to with as much attention as if they had been used to such things. I interspersed a few remarks in the course of my reading, and tried to illustrate the sayings of Christ by something which was familiar to them. We have reason to be thankful to God for this beginning of his work.

In the afternoon I sat down in our verandah, and seeing two men sitting at the door of a house opposite, I called them, and read Revelation xxi., about the new Jerusalem. Before I had finished, half a dozen persons were round me. I spoke to them for about half an hour, and then retired, leaving them to think about what I had said to them. In the evening I visited several houses, and read and spoke to the people. In one house I found half a dozen young men, and read to them Matthew ii., concerning the birth of Christ. One of them, who sat by me, repeated and explained to his fellows every word that I said. They were pleased when I told them that I had left home, friends, and country, for the sole purpose of preaching Jesus to the people of Madagascar. It is my firm belief that this people will yet be brought to a knowledge of Christ. May the Lord hasten that glorious time!

After dinner Mr. Maundrell and I sang some Missionary hymns, which reminded us of our Sunday evenings at dear old Islington.

As we sang my favourite, "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness," I thought of poor Madagascar.

Nov. 21—Rose early this morning, and about the first thing that I saw was the Romish catechist sitting at his door reading his Malagasy Testament. This seems to be almost his constant occupation since he received it. He came to me for instruction, and I spoke to him for an hour and a half on the commandments, drawing his particular attention to the second, which I showed him was omitted in his catechism. I explained to him the reason of this, which appeared to satisfy him. I also spoke to him on saint-worship and Mariolatry, and caused him to read to me Revelation xxii. 8, 9, at which he was quite astonished. I told him that the priest at Nossibé would burn his Testament, as the Romish Church does not like it, because it exposes her own departure from its doctrines. He replied "that he would guard it jealously, and keep it safely in his box; and that he would read it night and morning to his wife and friends."

In the afternoon and evening I visited, as usual, a number of houses. The people always listen most attentively, and I hardly ever fail to find one person at least who repeats and explains every thing that I say.

In my walk I met with two Sakalava fishermen, who were arranging their canoe, in order that it might be ready to start early in the morning. I saw one of them mixing something, and asked him what it was. He replied, *fanafody*, "medicine." Having asked him what it was made of, he said, "sand," and showed me how he made it. He had a small piece of sandstone, which he scraped with a piece of iron, mixing the scrapings with a little water, until he had made it into a paste on the stone. Then, taking his forefinger, he dipped into the paste, putting some on the forehead, temples, and neck of his companion; then, holding forth the stone, the man whom he had anointed licked off some of the paste, and swallowed it. The remainder he put upon the bows of his canoe and on his spears. I asked him why he did it, and he told me that it was to enable him to catch many fish. He showed me other things about his canoe which he called medicine—little pieces of wood, bones, and beads strung together, not very unlike the old rags and rotten bones which the Church of Rome calls relics. I told the man that his boat did not require these things, as it could not be sick like a man. He laughed at this, and took all my remarks in good part.

May this people soon be led from their vain superstitions by the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ!

Nov. 22—This morning I gave a Sakalava, who is able to read, a New Testament, on condition that he would give me a Romish book he has in exchange for it. I told him that the book which he had contained many falsehoods, but that the contents of the Bible were written by God, and that, therefore, every word of it was true. I have been studying the language the greater part of the morning, and visiting in the evening. The people are always pleased to see me, except perhaps the little children, some of whom cry tremendously, and run away, hiding their faces in their mother's lambas. If I happen to touch one of these fearful ones, they yell, as if my hand were a red-hot poker.

Some time ago, the Sakalavas stole about forty bullocks from some of the people who live here, about thirty of which, I have been told, belonged to the woman from whom we have rented our house. Her bullocks were found yesterday in the forest, and brought home to her. She is now living in a house opposite to ours. This evening about forty or fifty women came before her door, and began singing lustily and clapping their hands, the noise of their hands keeping time with their voices. They stood in this way for about an hour, and then sat down, when rum was served out to them by the mistress of the house. They seemed to relish this after their singing, and sang for about half an hour longer; then, rising up, they went to the enclosure where the bullocks are kept, and sang there for a short time; after which they dispersed. They came, according to the custom of the country, to rejoice with their neighbour, who had found that which she had lost. It reminded me forcibly of the parables of the lost sheep and the lost piece of money.

I gave the Romish catechist, whose name is Jean Louis, a lesson on Christian doctrine to-day. He is not the only gainer by these lessons, as he is well up in Sakalava and the other Malagasy dialects, and I get him to give me the Sakalava equivalents for Hova words. The Sakalava dialect is as different from the Hova as is that of the *patois* of Yorkshire from the language of the best society in London. Jean Louis tells me that he is afraid that his superior, the Père of Nossibé, will be displeased with him, because he has made no converts since he came here. If he should be displeased with him he says that he will return here again, as his mother is in this place. He also told us that he never saw the whole New Testament until I gave him one, and the French priests only gave the people little bits of it, and kept back the best part.

Nov. 23—Studying the language during the

earlier part of the day, and in the afternoon had a long conversation with Jean Louis. I gave him a good deal of instruction in doctrine, and marked with a pencil in his Malagasy Testament a great number of texts, which strike at the very roots of the Romish system. I got him to read them to me; after which I read and explained them fully, showing him how antagonistic to the word of God were the doctrines and practices of Romanism. Though a comparatively young man, he has seen a good deal of the world. He has been at each of the Comoro islands, at Seychelles and Mozambique, as well as at St. Mary's and other places about Madagascar. We have just heard that we are to start for Amboanio in the morning. "Lord, make our way plain before our faces!"

Nov. 24.—Began very early this morning to make preparations for our departure for Amboanio. At six A.M. a number of men came to carry our luggage; and, as it had not been packed, we had to begin at once and pack up what we really wanted, leaving the heaviest of our things behind us, and a servant to look after them. Twenty men carried what we wanted, besides eight more for our filanzanas. We started, without breakfast, at nine A.M., and were jogged along for about an hour, when our bearers rested under a tree, where we ate a biscuit and a piece of cold meat, which we had brought with us. We were then carried along till we came to a Frenchman's, called Guinet, which we reached at eleven A.M. As he had heard that we were coming, he had a good breakfast spread out for us on a mat, under the shade of a tree. As we were hungry, we did justice to his oysters and his curry. When we had finished we rested in his hut till nearly two P.M., when we pushed on to our destination. We had to cross a broad and, apparently, deep river, called Mauambery, and there we found a canoe, which brought us all over in a very short time. We went on for about half an hour after crossing the river; and when we reached the brow of a high hill, Amboanio burst on our view. It is built upon the top of a little hill, and is not unlike pictures of Antananarivo which I have seen, only on a very small scale. When we got near the town four officers met us, and bade us welcome, after which we pushed on, and were carried to the door of our house. It is a fine house of the kind, built entirely of raffia. It has only one room, about thirty feet long by about eighteen broad, with one door, and three small windows, i.e. holes in the sides of the house, with shutters to fill them up. It pleases us very much, and will do for us well until we can get a better one. The Governor's wife and several others came to bid us welcome, and also to

tell us that His Excellency would be with us shortly. In about an hour he appeared, accompanied by about twenty soldiers, and as many officers, preceded by a fiddle and drum band. The soldiers presented arms, while the band struck up "God save the Queen," at which the Governor and officers took off their hats. When I heard our own national anthem played in this distant land my heart almost danced with joy. I of course took off my hat; but it was our own Victoria—whom may God preserve!—that I was thinking about all the time. After the usual salutations the Governor and all his officers came into our house, and sat and talked with us for about two hours, during which time the band played *sans cesse*. When the officers left, the Governor, his wife, and the other Christians, remained behind. They had provided dinner for us, which was soon served up. Eight soldiers guarded the house while the Governor was in it—two at the door and two at each window—with guns and bayonets crossed. This is always done when the Governor enters a house. For so far we are well pleased; but we do not yet know whether we shall be permitted to remain here, as the Hovas must hear from Antananarivo before they can permit it.

The country through which we passed this morning was really beautiful. For about three miles the whole of the country to our left was a forest of large trees, while that to the right was hill and dale, covered with grass, upon which immense herds of cattle were grazing. It still reminded me of home scenery: it was altogether English. I saw nothing to make me think that I was not in England, except the black backs and curly hair of my bearers. There are none of those unhealthy swamps here which are so numerous on the coast in the southern part of the island. We only saw one lake of any consequence, which our bearers told us was *Rano Zanahary*, "Water of God," and that it was a kind of medicine. As soon as we had passed the trees on our left, the sea appeared, and we went almost parallel with it for about four miles. From this to Manambery, a distance of about three miles, the country was almost devoid of trees, but still beautiful. When we got up to the top of a hill, and looked back, the hills, mountains, valleys, and sea looked charming: my pen is quite unable to describe it. After crossing the river we had to ascend a pretty steep hill, after which we had a comparatively level road till we got to Amboanio.

It was my first ride, and I enjoyed it much. It was made of two pieces of wood, like shafts, with a piece of canvas fastened to each, upon which I sat. There was also a small piece of

wood tied to the shafts with a cord, which made a kind of stirrup to put my feet on. I was very proud of my bearers, as they had carried Radama II. They sang, and ran along at a nice trot, which kept me laughing almost till I got to my destination. When they came to a sandy place, they cried out that it burned, and ran along quickly, until they got out of it. I felt it needful at times to be careful, as there was danger of being thrown upon the ground; but my bearers were as sure-footed as mules.

Nov. 25—Numbers of people called to visit us this morning, and we were obliged to talk with them for hours. This will help us much in the acquisition of the language, as we must listen to them, and answer all their inquiries. The Governor, having much business with his officers, was unable to visit us till late in the day; but he sent his wife to us in the morning, and she remained the greater part of the day, and saw that our dinner was properly cooked. In the afternoon the Governor came, with his officers, soldiers, and band. They called us out, and presented us with a fat little ox, in the name of Rasoharina Mpanjaka, for which we gave them our hearty *velomas*, "thanks."

The Governor, his wife, and four officers, dined with us, and His Excellency, at my suggestion, said grace, in Malagasy, in a most solemn and impressive manner.

We are not yet certain of being permitted to remain here, as the Hovas are very jealous of foreigners, especially Frenchmen. They are to hold a "kabary" on the subject to-morrow. May their conclusion be the right one!

Nov. 26—The officers, or "Manamboniahi-tra," as they are called, were engaged all day in debating the question, "Whether the two Missionaries should remain here, or at Hiarana, until the messengers which are being sent should return from Antananarivo?" We know not yet to what conclusion they have come; but we are inclined to think that we shall be permitted to remain where we are. We know that the Governor and one or two officers are our staunch friends; but if even one should obstinately refuse to sanction our remaining here, the chances are against us. The Governor sent a messenger to us this morning, requesting that, when he and the officers came, we should ask their permission to remain here for the present. I asked the officer, or aide-de-camp, what I should say to them, and wrote down with a pencil all that he told me; and when they came I read it out to them. They seemed perfectly satisfied, and nodded assent to every word, and when I had concluded, they shook hands with Mr. Maundrell and me, and went

off to finish their deliberations. I am now under the impression that the best thing we could have done would have been to go to the capital first, and get permission from the queen to go wherever we pleased. It would have saved us from much present annoyance, and perhaps future also, for aught we know. We may have difficulty in getting ground to build houses, schools, and churches, when we want them, and unless a very satisfactory answer comes from the capital, one of us may have to go there yet.

The Governor, to show his respect for us, treated us to a Malagasy dance. In the afternoon he, and all his officers and guard, came, accompanied by nearly a hundred women, and almost the same number of men. They were all dressed in their holiday attire; and the different colours of their lambas had a very pleasing effect. They danced on the level ground opposite our house. In the first dance there were twenty women, in four rows of five each. They hardly moved their bodies, and only their feet very slightly: the chief motion was made by their hands. I had some difficulty in suppressing my laughter, but I succeeded, however. In the next dance there were twenty men and twenty women: they each had a pocket-handkerchief, with which they coupled themselves by one holding the end of that of the other, and with which they manœuvred in a very nice way. After this there were several other dances of a somewhat similar kind. Though I am, on the whole, opposed to dancing, yet I saw nothing objectionable in the spectacle which I have seen to-day.

In the evening we had a great dinner given to us; and as we are not permitted at present to enter the battery, it was served up in our house, or, I should say, in the house which the Governor has kindly lent us, until such time as he hears from the capital, when we hope to be permitted to build one for ourselves; and then we shall ask him to give us our present house for a school. As the dinner was a *fac-simile* of the one given to us at Hiarana, it needs no description.

Nov. 27: *Lord's-day*—Almost as soon as we opened our door this morning the people came flocking in to us. One man, who came late last night to be taught reading, was about the first here this morning. I told him, if he came to me daily I should teach him; but as this was Sunday, I could not begin to-day. He wished me to read to him. I complied with his request; but before I had finished reading about a dozen men were crowded around me, to whom I spoke for some time. One man I found was able to read well, and I therefore promised him a prayer-book.

We had no regular church service to-day; and I question whether we shall be able to have one for some time to come, as the Governor is afraid to take any decisive step until he hears from Queen Rasoherina.

The Governor came to us at about two o'clock, and remained with us till seven in the evening. The greater part of this time we sang hymns and chants, the string band leading us. Occasionally Mr. Maundrell electrified the natives by his performances on the harmonium. The only part of the church service which we had to-day was the Litany, to which the Governor, and all who were able to read, responded. His Excellency expressed his admiration of this part of our service.

We had a very long conversation with him on Acts xv. 29. He wished to know why Christians were to "abstain from things strangled, and from blood," especially the latter. We endeavoured to explain it to him by references to other parts of the Scriptures, especially 1 Cor. x., and also by telling him something of the characteristics of the ancient idolatries. It was a difficult business to explain all this in Malagasy; but I believe we succeeded in satisfying him. In speaking of the "Pilgrim's Progress," he told us that that book was the means of leading him to Christ. I was much pleased at hearing this, as I am much indebted to the same book for my own conversion to God.

Before we separated the Governor proposed that we should have prayer. I requested him to pray, and told him that I should conclude with the Lord's Prayer. He knelt down, and prayed in a most solemn manner before all his soldiers and attendants.

Nov. 28—The Manamboninahitra came to us this morning, and informed us that we might remain here until the messengers returned from the capital. As the greater part of our baggage is at Hiarana, Mr. Maundrell went down to see it packed, and will return to-morrow. I visited to-day most of the houses on one side of the town, and the people were pleased with the visit of the *Vazaha*, "European." I read and spoke to them a good deal, and came home very tired. After dinner the Governor's wife came, and brought me some little insects, which, she said, were good for eating. I had them cooked at once, and found them very nice. I did not much like their ugly appearance; but, when I tasted them, I forgot all about that.

She asked me to teach her to read, which I promised to do with pleasure. When she left, knowing that I was alone, she sent her minstrels to keep me company, and they played to me for about an hour, when I told them they might go. The Lord seems to be

making our way plainer than it has been hitherto, although we shall not be able to do as much as we should like till the messengers return from Antananarivo.

Nov. 29—Visited many houses, and conversed much with the people to-day. I had a long visit myself also from the Governor and his wife. He showed me the letter which he had written to the Queen, requesting her permission to allow us to live here, and go wherever we please to preach the Gospel, and teach the people. It was signed by himself, the Manamboninahitra, and the chief judge. I gave the chief judge, whose name is Fojia, a New Testament some time ago, and I find that he reads it daily. Several of those who came to us to-day were much pleased when I told them that Matthew x. 28, "Fear not them which kill the body," &c., was a great comfort to the persecuted Christians in the days of Ranavalona. They read and repeated it often enough to have it by heart. One man drew my particular attention to Romans viii. from the 31st verse to the end. He appeared to think much of these precious verses. I was reminded at the same time of the words of an old Christian woman about this same chapter. "Oh," she said, "I love the 8th chapter of the Romans, for it begins with no condemnation, and ends with no separation."

Nov. 30—Had a most wonderful visit from the Governor and his wife to-day. They came before breakfast at 9 A.M., and did not leave till 8 o'clock P.M. I gave the Governor's wife her first lesson, which lasted for about three hours. I also had a good deal of conversation with the Governor himself, and with those who came to visit us. The Governor himself once knew a little English, but he has forgotten it; and he will much appreciate any lessons that we may be able to give him in that language. I stole out in the afternoon for about an hour, and visited a number of houses, and tried to teach the people a few simple truths, such as are taught to infant-school children at home. May the Lord open the hearts of this people to receive his own word!

Dec. 1—Visited for about four or five hours to-day the houses of the Sakalavas. They appear to be really a fine race, and many of them are anxious to learn. It is my earnest desire that this people should know the Gospel. They are perhaps the most numerous tribe in the whole country—almost twice as numerous as the Hovas. They are fine, tall, well-made fellows, and very brave. They might be called the Saxons of Madagascar, while the Hovas might be properly termed the Normans. If several of the Sakalavas were really converted and

sent among their own people, blessed results might follow. I shall always keep this prominently in my mind while I am here. I hope to master the Sakalava dialect, and then itinerate amongst them. In all the houses which I visited to-day I received a hearty welcome: the people thanked me for my visit, and wished me to come to them again. The Governor's wife had her lesson to-day. She is a very good pupil. I believe she will be able to read in about a month, and, if so, I shall try and get her to teach some other women. She has not much to do during the day, and I think she could not be better employed than in teaching her own country women.

Dec. 2—The messengers from the Governor start for Antananarivo shortly. I sent three letters to inform some of those in authority there that we intend commencing Missionary operations in this place. I sent one to each of the ambassadors who went to England, and who saw me at Mauritius on their way thither. I also sent one to Mr. Ellis, as he is likely to be asked who or what we are. As I have seen long since, we shall be crippled in our work until we get news from the Queen of Madagascar.

I visited the bazaar to-day, and read and spoke to about twenty people for three-quarters of an hour. They listened most attentively the whole time. I read to them a little Malagasy catechism, on some of the most simple truths of Christianity. I promised to visit them again and again, and was told I should be most welcome.

Dec. 4: Lord's day—Had a very happy time at home to-day. The Governor and his wife visited us at a very early hour, and remained with us the whole of the day. As we shall not be able to have a regular service for three or four months, we must content ourselves by doing all the good we can under our present circumstances. This may be a good preparation for our future work, as we shall get well acquainted with our Malagasy prayer-book before we are called upon to use it in a regular full service. We shall make all who are able to read acquainted with the responses, and then, when we have a church, we shall have a small congregation prepared to respond. By visiting the people, and encouraging them to visit us, we get a good insight into their character. This will enable us to manage the different races, and break down any prejudices that may exist among them.

The Governor wished to-day to have Luke xvi. 9, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," &c., explained to him. Both Mr. Maundrell and I gave him

our opinions upon it, and he appeared to think that we were right. He seems very anxious at times to have knotty points discussed: I believe he does it solely to get information.

We had six or eight persons in our house the greater part of to-day. We began our little service by my giving out a hymn, after which I read the first lesson for the day—Isaiah v. Mr. Maundrell then prayed the Litany, and those who had books, and were able to read, responded. This being finished, hymn-singing commenced, which was continued till I was quite exhausted. I think the Malagasy could sing from six o'clock in the morning till the same hour in the evening, and be almost as fresh at the conclusion as when they commenced. They have good ears for music, and excellent voices.

Dec. 5—The messengers to the capital did not leave till this morning. The Queen's messenger, Ranjiany, called to say good bye before he started. I gave him the Proverbs of Solomon in his own tongue, and when I read him one or two of them he almost jumped with delight, saying, "That is good and true." He left, well satisfied with his book, which he intends studying on his way to Antananarivo. The Governor's wife, whose name is Reniketaka, came as early as seven o'clock this morning for her lesson. I had her again in the afternoon. She seems most anxious to learn, and I am only too glad to teach her.

The Governor's attention having been directed to-day to Acts xvi. 26, he told us an anecdote about himself. Once, when he was compelled to drink the "tangena," his judges were all assembled around him. He had just finished the drink, and laid down the cup, when the house rolled and shook, almost like a ship in a storm. His persecutors were terrified, and trembled like the jailer of Philippi. The "tangena" ordeal failed to convict him, and he was permitted to return to his own house. After dark, numbers of Christian friends came to visit him, and remained with him, reading, singing, and praying, until cock-crowing, when they stole to their respective houses.

Ranavalona has been likened, by a Malagasy whom I shall not name, to "Bloody Mary" of England, and I think the likeness is striking: certainly the effects of Mary's and Ranavalona's persecutions have been somewhat similar. The blood of our English martyrs has been the seed of England's Protestantism, while from the blood of the Malagasy martyrs thousands have sprung up who love their Saviour and their Bibles. "The noble army of martyrs praise thee, O God."

Dec. 6—Visited for about four hours to-day, and tried to explain some simple truths to the people. Most appeared to listen attentively, but some "cared for none of these things." I find that I have a great deal to learn yet. I know something of the Hova language, but little or nothing of Sakalava, or Betsimisaraka. The Hovas here are in the minority, and we are debarred, for the present, from doing much with them, as they nearly all live in the *rova*, or "citadel," as we should call it, which we are not permitted to enter. The Queen's reply to the Governor's letter will, I trust, be the key which will open its gates to us. In the mean time I intend to look after the Sakalavas and Betsimarakas, and make myself acquainted with their language. I had some difficulty to-day in trying to explain a few truths to some women. These people seem neither to understand nor to like the Hova dialect. It is rather too much to expect that people will sit or stand listening to a man prating away in a strange language. The Hovas generally listen attentively, because they understand what I am saying. Lord, loose my tongue, that I may be able to speak thy truth to this people.

Dec. 7—Started this morning for Hiarana. After breakfast I visited several houses, and was teaching a woman the Lord's-prayer, when a person came to the door and said that a ship was coming. I ran out and looked, but saw nothing, as the trees were in the way. Suddenly a ship turned the corner, and walked—I had almost said—into the bay, like a thing of life. I almost at once recognised her as the "King Radama." She was anchored in about five minutes, and in five minutes more I was on board. I found several letters; some from my dear parents or relatives, and some from dear friends in Mauritius. I was very pleased with the valuable and handsome present which the Bishop of Mauritius sent to the Governor of Vohimare, and am sure he will prize it much. Captain Rosalie also brings the Governor a little pony.

Dec. 8—Engaged a great part of to-day in sending luggage up to Amboanio.

Dec. 9—After sending off some more of our baggage, I went up to Amboanio with it, intending to remain there and write my letters; but I found that the Governor had earnestly requested Mr. Maundrell and me to accompany him to Hiarana to-morrow morning.

Dec. 10—The Governor called early this morning and breakfasted with us. He pressed me so earnestly to accompany him to Hiarana, that I did not think it prudent to decline. I presented him with the watch, in the name of the Bishop of Mauritius, and some good people in England who love Mad-

agascar, and wish all its people well. I translated the bishop's letter, which was not difficult, as he wrote it in a style which he knew would be easily translated into Malagasy. The Governor was delighted, and wished us to write out the translation of the letter. He thanked the Bishop and us about a dozen times, and then shook hands with us most warmly.

The presentation finished, we started for Hiarana. As the Governor and the others preferred walking, and as Mr. Maundrell and I went in *filanzanas*, we were at the rendezvous before them.

Before I started I threw my great coat upon the *filanzana*, as I expected we would have a shower of rain, and was about to sit down upon it, when the men called out that there was a scorpion on it. It was soon taken off and killed, and we proceeded on our journey. When we had travelled for about three hours, my bearers sat down to rest under a tree, and I took off my hat to enjoy the cool breeze in the shade. Imagine my astonishment when I found another scorpion quietly sticking to the inside lining of my hat. I wondered that it did not fall upon my head with three hours' jolting, but the Lord mercifully preserved me. My bearers were frightened when they saw it, and cried out to me not to touch it with my hand, which I had not the slightest notion of doing. One of them took it out with a piece of wood and killed it. When I told the Governor, he quoted the passage, "they shall tread upon scorpions," &c.

We got a very fair insight to-day into the manner in which a Malagasy Governor travels from one town to another. The people left Amboanio in their old dresses, carrying bundles and boxes on their backs, until they got to a place about a quarter of a mile from their destination. Here they sat down and had a drink of something, water, or cocoa-milk, or what they seemed to relish most, a little rum, or "toaka," as they call it. After this they went into the houses about, and changed their garments, which they did in an incredibly short space of time. Then they "filed off," the Hova women taking the lead, with their white lambas. After these came the Governor's wife, then some soldiers, and then His Excellency, who was followed up by the Sakalava and Betsimisaraka women, singing and clapping their hands. To-day Mr. Maundrell and I had the honour, if I might call it so, of heading the procession. We pushed on rather quickly on our *filanzanas*, and as soon as we got to our own house we turned in, and left the processionists to wend their way to the Governor's house. The sun was very hot to-

day, and I had a good scorching, although I was under a thick umbrella.

Dec. 11: Lord's-day—We had a nice little service to-day in our house at Hiarana. The Governor, his wife, and about a dozen Mala-

gasy, including the Romish catechist, composed the congregation.

I left Hiarana in the afternoon, for Amboanio, to prepare letters, &c., before the ship left.

EXPLORATION EAST OF THE JORDAN, BY THE REV. JOHN ZELLER.

OUR Missionary at Nazareth, the Rev. John Zeller, has recently forwarded to us letters detailing various efforts for the spread of the Gospel in different directions; amongst others, an interesting discussion with a Druse Sheikh, and a new attempt at exploration beyond the Jordan.

Mr. Zeller's sympathies have been much drawn out towards the numerous Bedouin tribes, whose homes are in the once populous, but now desolated and neglected lands which lie eastward of the Jordan. These tentative efforts are of importance: they are preparing the way for some more settled and duly-organized plan, with a view to the introduction of Christian truth amongst these wanderers of the desert. Hitherto they have been regarded as so wild and prejudiced, that to attempt any thing of Christian effort on their behalf has been looked upon as a hopeless undertaking. By degrees, however, as they come to know our Missionaries, to receive them as their guests on occasional visits, and impart to them Arab hospitality, and as our Missionaries come to understand them better, we shall find a more ready access than we had anticipated, and the Bedouins of the desert will begin to understand the simplicity and suitableness of the Gospel message. Mr. Zeller writes—

In August I went with Seraphim Bontaji, catechist of the Bishop of Jerusalem, to Yerka, a Druse village splendidly situated on the top of a hill to the north of Acca, overlooking the plain of Acca and the sea. We went there to the house of the Sheikh Said Monaddy, who received us with hospitality and evident joy. He is a man of rare intelligence, and perfect in his manners. His house is a model of an oriental household, with its remnants of truly patriarchal customs and virtues. After having rested a little in a cool and spacious hall, from our ride up the hill under a scorching morning sun, we began to converse about grammar, history, and geography, for he takes a great interest in these things, and then we came to speak about religious subjects. Among other questions, I asked him, "Do you really believe that there are, among the initiated of the Druses [Okâl], people who strive for holiness, and who obtain peace for their souls through their religion?" His answer was, "I am persuaded that all of them enjoy perfect peace of conscience, for they are convinced that their religion is the only true one. In respect to purity of heart, I must confess I have seen many Druses who really strive for holiness, who fast, who are humble and kind in the highest degree, and never say an angry or bitter word." I said, "How is it possible

that the initiated Druses should have perfect confidence in their religion, as it can not be hidden from those, who only look even a little into their books, that the same contain evident falsehoods? For instance; the striking deceit practised in the spelling of the words *كذب* and *صدق* [lie and truth]. [The Druses write these words wrongly *كذب* and *سدق*.] The orthography of these words has been absolutely settled in Arabic literature, by the Korân and other old books written before the books of the Druses, and by common consent of all learned men. How does it now come that the middle letter of the word *كذب* [mendacium] is written by the Druses with *dal* [د] instead of *thal* [ث], and the first letter of *صدق* [veritas] with *sin* [س] instead of *sad* [ص]? The books of the Druses, in order to deceive their disciples by their interpretation, have spelt these words wrongly, namely, *كذب* with *dal* [د] and *صدق* with *sin* [س], in order to prove that the same contain a certain symbolical number. The word *كذب*, *kethib* [lie], indicates, in their religion, the devil and his agents; the word *صدق*, *sedcum* [truth], symbolizes the true religion and its agents. The devil and his agents make, according to the Druse doctrine, twenty-six persons, therefore they change the *thal*

into *dal*, for thus they make out the number of twenty-six. If they had spelt it rightly it would make a higher number than they require; namely, according to the value of the letters, the **ك** [k] amounts to 20, the **ذ** [th] to 700, the **ب** [b] to 2. The whole is therefore equal to 722. This is not the number the Druses require; they therefore have changed one letter for another, in order to prove the symbolical character of these words, and thus they have made out the number of 26. For the **ك** is 20, the **د** 4, and the **ب** 2. In the same manner, and for the same purpose, they have changed the orthography of **صدق**, 'the truth.'

The Druse Sheikh answered, "What you say is perfectly correct. I myself had my doubts about this subject, and asked several of the initiated Druses about it, but never obtained a satisfactory answer."

"In that case," said I, "you must confess, that if you have doubts, the peace of your mind cannot be real, but must be illusory. With regard to purity of heart, I must say, that true purity is only taught in the Gospel, whilst other books, whatever religion they may pretend to teach, teach only a shadow of sanctity produced by the observance of certain outward laws, ceremonies, and works. We find, therefore, many who fast, pray, practise humility, and speak honestly; but if we scrutinize the depth of their souls we find them full of worldly lusts, thoughts, and desires."

"How can an initiated Druse really obtain sanctification of heart, when we see that the Druse religion permits and prescribes deceit and falsehood, in religion and worldly matters, freely to be practised against all unbelievers for it is known that in the first chapter of the book called 'The Seven Parts,' the Druses are ordered to be truthful to their brethren only, and deception towards others is permitted to them, if such deceit is profitable. Likewise, if a stranger should have obtained a knowledge of their religion, and should question them about their doctrines, they are allowed to deny every thing. Is it, under such circumstances, possible that the heart can become really pure, if the same is taught to hate and deceive their enemies? Can such doctrine come from God, who has created all, and lets his sun shine upon the good and the bad? How different is this from the laws of the Bible, which teaches us that lying is a sin in itself against every one, and in every case; and that hatred is a crime, even if committed against our enemies; and which distinctly declares that liars have no portion in the kingdom of God, but receive utter damnation; which also says that we have rather to choose death than to obtain any worldly advantage

by a denial of our faith. The Gospel teaches us to love our enemies, and to bless those who curse us, not to return injury for injury, but by returning good for evil to heap coals of burning fire upon the heads of our adversaries. These precepts alone can teach us what kind of purity the holy God demands; and as God in his dealings with sinful men shows us so much longsuffering, kindness, and love, it is evident that the true religion must make the same claims on its disciples."

In the afternoon we went to a hill east of Yerka, covered with beautiful vineyards, and met on our way a Moslem Sheikh from Acca, whose father had been Mufti, and who is the Imâm of one of the mosques there. The Sheikh Said invited him to come with us to his vineyard, and so he accompanied us. In this vineyard are some large old fir-trees: in the branches of the biggest of them we found a little arbour, affording sufficient room for the whole company. The view from here over the country before us, and over the sea, drew forth our admiration, and we entered into conversation about geography and astronomy. But the Sheikh said he could not believe all our assertions about the movement of planets, especially not the motion of the earth and its consequences; and if I could prove it to him he would leave his religion and become a Christian, because all this was against the Korân and Mohammedan tradition. Of course he could not at once be convinced by the proofs I gave him; but it was very gratifying to see how greatly he interested himself about these subjects.

In the evening, at dinner, we asked the Imâm about the object of his journey, and he told us that he had come from Safed, where he had bought a mare, which he considered to be of peculiar value; upon which Seraphin said, "We men trouble ourselves so much to obtain always the best things of this world, though they are transient, whilst we do not care for obtaining eternal and lasting goods. From the first objects men can never obtain enough, from the last we ask but little: indeed our human nature is in opposition against those spiritual and divine things. But we have to strive against such worldliness, and to be satisfied with what God gives us of earthly things."

The Imâm said, "It is true, self-denial is not to be found in this world, even not with those who pretend to teach the same. I myself, when I address the people in the mosque on Fridays, teach them self-denial, but do not practise it. Is it possible that we should do ourselves what we demand from others?"

The Sheikh said, "With regard to Seraphin, I can testify that he practises self-denial, for

he left the wealth of his father's house, and is content with little for religion's sake."

Upon which Seraphin answered, "I confess that my heart is deceitful and inclined to evil as others: however, the self-denial I practise is not performed by my strength, but by the grace of God, by which I have obtained the knowledge of the way of truth, which forces us to deny ourselves."

The Imâm—"What way of truth is this?"

Seraphin—"It is the Gospel."

The Imâm—"Many Christian doctrines are quite to my taste; but not what Christianity says about the crucifixion of Christ, whilst they teach that He was God."

Seraphin—"This doctrine is really against our nature, and against credibility; however, if we learn the reasons why this was so, we are obliged to confess that it is nevertheless the truth."

After dinner we went to the top of the house, where there was a fine arbour, as every house has one, for conversation at night and place for sleeping. There we continued the conversation about the necessity of the incarnation of the Word of God in Jesus, and his death for us. We tried to show that sin, since the fall of Adam, is an evil of indelible character, as committed against an eternal, unchangeable God, and therefore has caused endless condemnation in accordance with the justice of the eternal God. Thus came upon Adam and his seed the judgment of death and eternal punishment, not only on account of Adam's sin, but on account of the inherent corruption of human nature. But as God's mercy wishes the salvation of humankind, and God's justice is condemnation, what can reconcile between justice and mercy to save man? Are repentance, sacrifices, good works, enough to obtain this object? By no means, for all these works are works of a terminable character, and are in themselves imperfect, and therefore insufficient to satisfy the eternal justice of God, so that all these works are unable to balance the weight of the sin of human kind. Even if we suppose that it would be possible for any one of the Prophets, or the righteous men, to atone for sin by sacrificing himself, we would deceive ourselves; first, because such a man could not be exempted from the judgment passed over all the race of Adam; secondly, because the creature cannot give an atonement for an offence committed against the majesty of the Creator; neither can this be done through the highest angel, as they are all created, and as there is no equality between them and the eternal majesty of God. For these reasons the Word of God was made flesh, that, by becoming one with us, Christ might be our representative, and thus give to his

work the dignity of an eternal, indelible character. Thus it was possible that the Word of God should, in our stead, bear the shame, the suffering, and the death which we deserved, and thus redemption and atonement was obtained."

The Imâm answered, "Even if we concede this, what does it prove? for this *Word*, is it itself God?"

We answered, "Yes, it is."

And the Imâm asked, "How is it possible for God, that He should leave heaven and be on earth? Does this coming down mean that heaven was left without his presence?"

We answered, "No," but it is Christian doctrine that He came down from heaven upon the earth, not absolutely, but relatively, for there are many books which, in speaking of the nature of God, have to use expressions of a relative meaning, and even the Korân itself uses, in many instances, similar expressions. Thus the words do not mean that God had left heaven and came down upon our earth, as if He had been limited absolutely to a certain spot; for we believe not only that God is present in every place, but also that every place exists in Him and through Him."

He said, "Very good; but how is it possible that God should be united to man?"

Seraphin answered, "In order to indicate such a possibility, we are told in the Bible, as it is also acknowledged by you, that God was present in the fiery bush on Mount Horeb. If that was possible for God, as you believe, that He should be present in the bush in a mysterious manner, how should it not be possible for Him to be present as man? And if the Bible tells us that God was thus present, why should it be impossible for us to say that God was in Jesus in a mysterious manner, as your own books testify that it was the Word of God and his Spirit who was thus present?"

At last the Imâm said, "This explanation is very good, but it is difficult to understand and difficult to believe." He then stood up and went to his place to sleep. Then we prayed that these words might not have been spoken in vain, and that the work of Christ, once wrought on Calvary for the salvation of mankind, might have its effect on the Mohammedans and idolatrous Christians of this land.

Tour to Jebel Ajtûn, March 1864.

The land of Jebel Ajtûn, with its steep and rugged mountain side towards the Jordan, and its fine hills and valleys covered with splendid oak forests, has for many years been daily before mine eyes, and often excited the wish to examine these mostly unknown regions, and to see whether the Gospel of peace might be proclaimed among a wild popula-

tion, constantly at war among themselves and with everybody else, rebellious against the Turkish Government, and, as circumstances prompt them, either friendly with the Bedouins or fighting against them, whilst the latter are accustomed to treat the peasantry as their vassals. This mountainous country is principally in the hands of two rival clans: the head of the one is the Sheikh Joseph Shreide, residing at Tibueh, possessing the northern half of Jebel Ajtûn, called El Kûra; the other half, properly called Jebel Ajtûn, is under the authority of Hassan Barakat, in Kefreuj, and the Adwân. On account of these divisions, the utter absence of any government, and the invasion of all possible Bedouin tribes, travelling is connected either with great risks or with great expenses, for lately travellers paid enormous sums to the Adwân to escort them through their country. Having been urged by the Rev. H. Tristram to accompany him, I resolved to join his party, and on March the 11th we started towards the east. Our first encampment was with Agyh Aga, east of Mount Tabor, who provided us with an escort and a letter of introduction to his friend, the Sheikh Joseph Shreide. In the evening I went to some of the tents. In one of them, belonging to the Sheikh of the Sakker, I found a large number of Bedouins, some of them of much reputation, and much too proud to speak or to stir. After other conversation, one of them asked me about my religious opinions; and when I had explained them to him, he said, "Tell us, do you think the Korân to be the word of God or not?"

I answered, "There are many religions, and each of them claims to be the true one: the Jews, the Christians, the Druses, the Hindus, believe each that their religion alone contains the truth. How can we know which of them is truly inspired?"

All said, "Speak, thou knowest better."

I continued, "I consider that religion the best which gives unto us a perfect atonement for sin, and thus reconciles us with one God. The Korân imposes alms, fasts, prayer, and pilgrimage, as necessary works, but such works are not sufficient to atone for sin; and the Korân contains so many contradictions, that it is difficult to believe in its inspiration. For instance, it says that the Tora, the Psalter, and the Gospel were sent down from heaven, and yet it requires the persecution of Jews and Christians who believe in these books. Further, Mohammed gave the law that a Moslem should only have four wives, and afterwards, when he himself had taken more, he received a revelation that the prophet of God was exempted from that law, and might

have as many wives as he liked. Mohammed, at the beginning, exhorted his disciples to patience and forbearance towards their enemies, and afterwards he himself preached war and persecution."

This was certainly the utmost they were capable of enduring. I therefore left them. Next day we pitched our tents near a Bedouin encampment at Um Keis (Gadara), where I had a conversation with some Bedouins, who asked for medicine. When I inquired from them why the peasants, whom I had found last year comfortably settled in the splendid rock-hewn tombs, had left the place to the last man, the Bedouins replied, "On account of the burden of the Government." But when I asked the peasants at Tayibeh for the cause of the desertion of Um Keis by the villagers, they said, "On account of the burden of the Bedouins." The people of Tayibeh were, some years ago, for several weeks besieged in their village by a host of Bedouins from the Weled Ali and Beni Sachee; they lost, however, only four men, the Bedouins twelve. Their crops were of course totally destroyed.

From Tayibeh we proceeded to Tibneh, but unfortunately the Sheikh Joseph Shreide, to whom we had an introduction, was absent: his brother, however, received us very kindly. We staid there over Sunday, and I had much conversation with some Christian families, who had come to see me. These Christians are scarcely to be distinguished from Mohammedans, as they adopt their habits and expressions as much as possible, for the Moslem Sheikhs are very fanatical, and have absolute power over them. They deeply bemoan their condition, and feel their degradation, but they see no hope of changing their circumstances, as they are perfectly without knowledge and without spiritual guidance. The words of Christ our Saviour seemed to them like sounds from another world, which can have no reference to them in their condition. These poor Christians even begged me by no means to speak to the Sheikh about the oppression they were suffering, as he would not fail to revenge himself if he suspected that they dared to complain about him.

Sheikh Diah, the brother of Joseph Shreide, procured guides for us, and wrote a letter of introduction to the Sheikhs of Soof, near Jerash. March the 14th we set out towards the south. After having passed several hills and valleys, covered with luxurious vineyards, whose owners were busy in ploughing, we entered the primeval oak forests of Bashan. The beauty of the forest, affording a delicious shade against the burning rays of the sun,

greatly delighted us, and we only wished to stay in this beautiful country, filled with game and swarming with wild pigeon: suddenly, however, our thoughts were turned in another direction, by the report of two guns in the distance. Our guides became alarmed, and brought one of our party, who had gone in pursuit of gazelles, nearly by force back to the road. My dragoman had ridden to the top of a hill, to look out for the supposed enemies, and soon afterwards reported that we had to prepare ourselves for a probable attack of robbers, as he had seen passing in the valley before us twelve horsemen, driving a herd of goats before them at full gallop. A few minutes afterwards we heard the war-cry of the shepherds, and several of them passed us, firing their guns, and running after the robbers.

Towards evening we arrived in Soof, in the hope of being out of danger, but this proved otherwise. My letter of introduction was of no avail, as the Sheikh was not at home, and the people of the village showed their evil disposition by gathering in large numbers around the tents, and picking up quarrels with our muleteers and servants. They declared that we should not be allowed to go to Jerash without the permission of Goblân, a Sheikh of the Adwân. Thus we spent a very uneasy night, scarcely able to avoid an attack. As one of our party was suffering from fever, we had to decide upon a hasty retreat; but when

the people of Soof learned our intentions they declared that we first had to pay a ransom, and when this was refused, one of the inhabitants took hold of a mule, and led it away, and drew his knife against the muleteer who tried to prevent him. The whole village was gathered around us, preparing their arms, and telling us that we could not go without paying the money. All my reasoning with the villagers was of no avail, and our guides from Tibuch were threatened to be killed first in case we should attempt to use force. At last, however, the Sheikhs were satisfied with a sum of 14*l*. On our way back we came on some Bedouins, driving away three oxen, which they evidently had just then stolen, and we saw here and there little bands of robbers, lurking behind the trees of the forest like beasts of prey, but we reached the west side of the Jordan without further accident. Some weeks afterwards I happened to find Goblân and some other Sheikhs of the Adwân in Jerusalem, and made him disgorge the black mail taken from us, and they, on their part, did not fail to make themselves paid by their partners and vassals, the robbers of Soof.

This shows sufficiently the difficulties in connexion with Missionary excursions to the east of the Jordan. Only by paying very large sums of money to the Adwân and other Bedouin tribes is it at present possible to travel in those regions.

Recent Intelligence.

INDIA.

HYDRABAD—SINDH.

In this Mission field, hitherto slow to receive impressions, there appear to be openings for usefulness in the direction of zenana work, which is referred to in the following paragraph, from a Sindh Missionary—

“The Amceer's ladies and their household are willing to be taught the Scriptures, if ladies are to be found who will go to them. My monitors have told me they would gladly have their wives put under instruction if I could send them anybody. There are excellent openings for zenana work.”

MASULIPATAM.

Our readers will recollect the hurricane, and irruption of the sea, with which this town was visited in November last, and the sorrow which our Mission sustained in the loss of many precious lives: more particularly the case of the ordained native, the Rev. A. Bushanam, who lost on that fearful night his wife and child, was deeply affecting. The following letter has been just received from him—

March 10, 1865—I have to convey to you, in deep affliction and sorrow, according to flesh and blood, the Lord's dealings with me

on the night of 1st November 1864. That was the memorable night which I shall not forget in all my life. Though we had heard

nearly twenty days before that a part of Calcutta was washed away by the sea, yet we did not experience any material change in the weather on our own coast, even one or two days before the first. This made us not to suspect any such terrible calamity and loss of life. The morning was cool ; a gentle breeze was blowing, first from the north-easterly direction, and in the afternoon it blew a little stronger, and the sky was more cloudy. But towards the evening we perceived that, by the force of the wind, the weak branches of some weak trees only were falling off. This was nothing at this season to what we have been accustomed to see. And at seven P.M. my dear wife and children, and myself, took our usual supper, which was their last meal on earth ; and not being able, on account of a strong north-easterly wind, to sleep in our usual bed-room, we removed our cots into the hall. But Raghavayya, a relative of mine, and my servants, were in my bed-room I had deserted. Not being aware of the danger, I was tempted to sleep a little while, but my poor wife was sitting on her cot, not being able to sleep. And about half-past ten o'clock in the night my relative, who was sleeping in the other room, came running to me, and said that salt water was coming into the room. Immediately I got up, and went to call the servants, who were fast asleep. In the mean time dear Ratam Ganam, who occupied the other side of the house, came out also, and confirmed what Raghavayya had said : and then we did not know what plan to pursue. We said—not knowing the large quantity of water that had already come into the compound—that we would surely perish if we were to stop in this old house, but let us go to Mr. Noble's house, which is at some yards distance. We ventured to open, with great difficulty, one of our doors ; but my wife, in her fright, not knowing what to do, took the little boy while sleeping into her arms, and came rushing to the door, and delivered the child to our maty, and stepped out with him and with the other two servants, to go to Mr. Noble's, while I was just at the door to help dear Ratam Ganam and his children to come out. And when I went out I found none, and the sea-water in our verandah about waist-deep already. Being sadly disappointed, I returned into the house, and got upon one of our cots, and then upon a book-shelf, tore the *chaudini*, and got up upon one of the large beams that lie under the roof. My hand trembles and my heart faints to describe the scene. I expected every moment the roof to come down : the house shook most fearfully. I thought every moment that I should join my beloved wife and child in the courts

above. But God had mercy and pity on me, and spared my life. I did not know till the next morning what had become of dear Ratnam Garu, his wife and children, and other servants, except my mother's brother, Raghavayya, who had got up, like myself, upon one of the beams of the roof. In the morning, when we came down, we found all except my dear wife, child, and a servant girl. All the outhouses in the compound were levelled to the ground, and some of the walls of the bungalow itself came down : the roof was standing on pillars, which were built with chunam. So we made efforts to go to Mr. Noble's, in the midst of pouring rain and in waist deep of sea water. We reached the house in great anxiety, not knowing what had become of Mr. Noble and his dear children in Christ. We found them all safe, and they received us all very kindly, and supplied us with dry clothes, &c., which they could get. Mr. Noble's escape was very providential. He attempted twice to come out, but God did not suffer his honoured servant to be swept away by the sea water. All those who attempted to come out on that night were either drowned or escaped death by holding to the branches of trees. In this way the most of them that perished were children and women. But, on the other hand, many were also hurried into eternity by stopping in their houses : the roofs came down, and they perished. In one house both the husband and wife, and one infant in the middle, were lying on a cot : the roof came down, and they were supposed to have perished by the fall of it. But in the morning the relatives of the deceased removed the roof, and found the husband and wife dead, but the child in the middle alive. And in another house, a very respectable woman was sitting and nursing a little baby : one little boy was standing on her right-hand side and another child on the left, and the husband was at her back. They were all found dead by the fall of the roof. Such were the many scenes at Masulipatam : each family has to tell its tale of woe or miraculous escape. When, one or two days after the flood, we went out in search of food and water, we found all orders of men, women, and children, lying dead in the open streets, perfectly naked. The sight was most touching and heartrending.

I have told you before how we all deserted our house, and went to Mr. Noble's on the following morning : we had nothing to eat but wet rice, boiled with rain water. We spent the day most miserably. Towards the evening we came to know the loss which Mr. Sharkey had sustained, and the loss of our dear young excellent Christian brother, Mallayya Gam

and his newly-married wife. It was not yet quite four months since he was married. God's ways are very mysterious, and we cannot understand them. And on the next morning, that was, the third day after the storm, I ventured to come to my house, when I found some of my furniture was gone out of the house, and some boxes with clothes, &c., brass vessels, and my wife's clothes, &c., were floating in water. With tears and sighs I gathered them all, and was only able to leave them in one of the corners of the house. The boxes being very heavy, I could not carry them to Mr. Noble's. My servants all deserted me. I left the things in the house, and went again to Mr. Noble's. Dear Mr. Noble had no proper food the previous day, and had not even rain water this morning to wash his mouth with, so he was obliged to use salt water. A few minutes after he had done this, he told me he was fainting, and asked me whether I could not go into the town, and get him some boiled rice, or any eatables. I at once ran into the pettah, and got him some boiled rice and doll, and after he had taken this he said he was feeling a little stronger. And I was once more obliged to go into the town to get us some provisions for the day. After we had our meals, &c., my relative, Raghavayya, and myself, came to the house to see and to carry some of the clothes, &c., which were in my house. Not a single useful article was left in the house: all were stolen by thieves, who came to the house in the middle of the day. There was lying in one corner the pieces of my dear wife's beautiful work-box, which was given to her by our late good old Bishop Dealtry. When it was lying in the house, covered with mud and water, the thieves saw it, and broke the box into pieces, and stole all the valuable things in it. And as for my books, I have lost all.

The town of Masulipatam is in a very confused state. It is in appearance totally different from what it was. As I pass along some streets, I see nothing but a mass of ruined houses from one end of the street to the other. The distress of the town is still very great. The people are suffering from want of good water. The authorities have taken measures to let the Kristna water come into the middle of the town. There are still dead bodies lying

beyond the town. No spot in the town is free from impure and destructive air; no house is scarcely free from sickness; diarrhoea is the chief complaint of all. Dear Mr. Noble was laid up for several weeks by the same complaint. His health, I am afraid, is very much shattered, but the good old father of the Mission still never thinks of going away for a change.

What shall I say for God's dealings with his unworthy servant on the night of the 1st November 1864? I can say nothing. My hand trembles and my heart faints to think of the sudden loss of my dear wife and child. But, however, they are not lost, as other heathen who perished in great numbers, but gone before. It was the Lord who did it. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." When I came out from heathenism I never, humanly speaking, expected that my dear partner would have been restored to me. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, naked shall I return thither." My afflictions, however great they may be, cannot be greater than those of the patient Job; and one who is greater than Job, who patiently endured the cross, has taught us how to suffer. He hath done what is right; He never makes a mistake: all will end in good. My dear wife has not left me without leaving behind her a cheering hope. She is gone to her happy home, where no sorrow, no trouble, no anxieties or distractions can molest her rest and happiness. If I call to my remembrance the sweet consistent character of my wife's Christian life, the love with which she had loved her Saviour, and the sweet and touching prayers which she offered when we both knelt down before our common Lord and Saviour, I have every reason to believe that my dear departed ones are now perfectly happy in heaven with our dear Saviour. Truly I cannot wish them to be in a better place, or in better hands. But according to flesh and blood in our present state, the departure of our dearest and nearest relatives causes us the greatest sorrow and the deepest affliction. But blessed be God for all the consolations He grants us, even in the midst of our fiery trials!

NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

The details of Mission work in the distant Youcon were placed before the friends of Missions in a recent Number of the "Church Missionary Record." Since then it is with deep sorrow we have been made acquainted with the failing health of our devoted young

Missionary, the Rev. R. McDonald. This is one of the mysterious dispensations which run concurrently with the history and development of Missionary work,—the failure of health on the part of valuable European agents, and that not unfrequently at the moment when, according to our view of the case, they can be least spared. At such times it is our part to remember that Mission work is the Lord's; that which He oversees and directs, and that He will not fail to overrule all for the furtherance of his Gospel. One important lesson has been learned in this school of affliction, the necessity that much pains should be bestowed on the development of a native agency.

To the distant Youcon post the Rev. R. Phair, who, since his arrival from England, has been stationed at Islington, has been appointed. He volunteered for this work on hearing of Mr. McDonald's illness, and his request has been acceded to. His proffered aid is indeed most opportune. So soon as the Romish priests ascertained that ill health would compel Mr. McDonald to return to Red River this summer, they declared their intention of forthwith occupying the Youcon, should it be left vacant. The notification of Mr. Phair's appointment is dated March 14th, and he was then on the point of starting for the Youcon. We trust therefore that he will arrive before Mr. McDonald leaves.

With reference to the Sioux Indians (of which tribe we purpose shortly to give some account), and of the recent visit of Little Crow's band to Red River, Archdeacon Cockran observes—

"The American war with the Sioux has perfectly paralyzed all our benevolent efforts here among the Saulteaux. The Sioux have visited us in such numbers as to frighten off all the native-Indian population. In August we were visited by 350 lodges of Sioux, about 1500 souls. The two parties made peace, but they have no confidence in each other, consequently the weakest side is always unhappy and anxious. We have had more Sioux about us this winter than Saulteaux. I have two of them for servants, who behave exceedingly well. I could have filled my schools with Sioux children, but the Americans have succeeded in filling the minds of our people with prejudice against them, so that at present I dare not show them all the kindness which I feel towards them. The Sioux are a brave people, and they are still loyal to the English. I saw a band of thirty warriors unfurl the Union Jack which their forefathers fought under in 1814. We have had sixty-three Sioux tented among us through the winter: they have conducted themselves very peaceably; and they inform me that 2000 of them intend to visit us in the spring. Should this be true they will starve us out. We could not feed such a number for a week."

From the Fairford station the Rev. A. Cowley reports—"Our good old chief Papamas, otherwise Walter Webb Woodhouse, died last night from what was supposed to be a stroke of paralysis. Ten days since he was brought home from his hunting-grounds by a train of my own dogs. His speech and understanding were a good deal impaired from his arrival to his death; but he once told Luke Caldwell, who visited him, that he was still 'holding on to the good way,' and he also told George Bruce, who has visited him night and day, that all he could do was 'to trust in the mercy of God.'

DEATH OF THE REV. J. TAYLOR, OF THE EAST-AFRICA MISSION.

We have experienced a severe loss on the east coast of Africa. European Missionaries are difficult to be obtained—increasingly so. Indeed if it were not for the aid afforded by native Christians, Missionary operations would be in a great measure arrested. When therefore a promising European Missionary, after careful training, has been sent out, we rejoice in the prospect of the help that, by the blessing of God, he will

be enabled to render. And yet how often are our expectations blighted ! for scarcely has the new Missionary reached his field of labour than sickness befalls him, and he dies.

The Rev. J. Rebmann has now for many years been the sole Missionary on the dark and dreary coast of East Africa. He and Mrs. Rebmann have borne with intrepidity the trials of their isolated position, and we admire and marvel at the way in which they have been upheld. We have long anxiously desired to send him a fellow-labourer, and at length succeeded in doing so, the Rev. J. Taylor having reached East Africa some few months back. But he is no more. He was on his way to the Mauritius to meet the lady to whom he was to be married, when he was attacked by sudden illness, and died at Zanzibar. The particulars are communicated in the following letter from Bishop Tozer to the Secretaries, dated March 9, 1865.

When writing to you, a short time since, an account of my very interesting visit to your Mission station at Kisuludini, I little thought that I should so quickly have to write again, for the sorrowful purpose of acquainting you with the death of one of its devoted clergy. My dear young friend, Mr. Taylor, has been taken from us, under very sudden and painful circumstances. We have been daily expecting his arrival here, *en route* for Mauritius, and I was looking forward with pleasure to having him as my guest for a few weeks, and of renewing an acquaintance, the memory of which is still full of interest ; but it was ordered otherwise.

The particulars of his illness and death are as follows—He had left Mombas in a Bombay dhow which had touched there, and was on his way to Zanzibar, when, about noon, only the day before yesterday (March 7th), he was suddenly taken ill, and so rapid was the progress of the attack, that he lost consciousness during the course of the afternoon. In this state, from which he never rallied, he was landed at half-past seven in the evening, and brought at once to the English consulate. Dr. Sewart, of Zanzibar, and the physician who is attached to Baron Von den Decken's expedition, was in immediate attendance, and never left our friend until the very last. Indeed, the kindness and attention of both these gentlemen deserve one's warmest admiration. I feel sure that every thing was done which their united professional skill could suggest, yet nothing seemed able to effect any change, or even to restore, for a single moment, the sufferer's consciousness.

A short half hour before his death, which took place a few minutes before one o'clock, I offered up the commendatory prayer from the visitation service, and committed him to the care and protection of the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort.

It was thought best to bury him at sunrise, and at six o'clock we carried him across the harbour to the English cemetery on French Island, where a deep grave had been prepared.

Many, unknown to him in life, stood around his tomb, while my chaplain, Dr. Steere, and I, shared between us the burial service of our church. Our sorrow was great, but, thank God, we had a deeper feeling, one of firm, trusting confidence that our brother was with the Lord.

I have already written to Mr. Rebmann and to the Bishop of Mauritius, and to the young lady, who is, we believe, even now on her way from England, expecting to become the partner of our departed friend's hopes and joys.

A sun-stroke, in all probability, was the immediate cause of death, but the medical men suspect that latent inflammation, or some derangement of the stomach, intensified its effect.

On first hearing of this sad event, you may be disposed to doubt the wisdom of filling up the vacant post. You will, not unnaturally, connect the loss of Mr. Taylor with others which occur in the chronicles of the East-Africa Mission, and you will call to mind the very recent death of Mr. Butterworth, the Wesleyan Missionary. But while admitting that all Europeans may encounter much risk and danger in coming here, it is well to bear in mind that that which just happened here is by no means peculiar to East Africa, or even to tropical countries. Sun-strokes occasionally prove fatal even in England. I trust, therefore, that your Committee will make another venture of faith, and send, at this critical moment, another Missionary to Kisuludini. The very existence of the Wanika Mission seems now to depend on Mr. Rebmann's most valuable life ; and were he to be removed. I know of no one capable of taking up and carrying on his work. Indeed I feel this so strongly, that I have written and urged him to send me down one or two of his most promising young men for training and Christian instruction, with a prospective eye to their ordination. In a case of spiritual life or death, we need not be very exacting in our qualifications for the ministry.

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

WE have observed certain animated discussions, which have taken place at sittings of the Anthropological Society, in which Christian Missions amongst barbarous races have been very freely commented upon. On a recent occasion the subject was introduced in a paper read by Mr. Winwood Reade, in which, expressing himself very strongly against the results of Missionary labours in equatorial Africa, he asserted that the attempts to evangelize the negroes had proved "a wretched bubble." He was followed by other speakers, amongst others, by Captain Burton and Dr. Colenso. The latter gentleman considered that Mr. Reade had done good service by drawing attention to the efforts made by Missionaries to convert negroes, and the results, though he did not agree with him on some points. What the points of divergence may be he has promised to explain in a paper to be read at some future meeting of the Society, and to which, when it appears, we promise our best attention. Captain Burton, however, far exceeded Mr. Reade. He did not confine himself to equatorial Africa, but, taking an extensive view of Missionary efforts in various parts of the world, pronounced them to have completely failed in effecting any improvement amongst the savage nations whom it had been their object to convert. Especially Abbeokuta, and the Mission work there, occupied a prominent position in the encouraging picture which he thus sketched. It is first described as "a nearly Christian city," and then pronounced to be "a den of abominations." If it were indeed a nearly Christian city, it would not be a den of abominations. It is because it is not so that vices prevail in it, which give to Captain Burton the opportunity of designating it a den of abominations, although we apprehend that it is not in a worse condition than other crowded resorts of human beings who are without the restraining influence of Christianity. Is Captain Burton justified in designating Abbeokuta "a nearly Christian city?" We appeal to his work entitled, "Abbeokuta, &c.," and the statements which are there given. In page 170 of the first volume he thus speaks of the amount of population—

"Mr. T. B. Freeman, in 1842, estimated it to contain 45,000 souls; in 1858, Mr. Bowen gave it 80,000; more modern travellers have raised the number to 100,000; and looking at the extent and the thickness of the population, I should not wonder if, when the soldiers return from the Ibadan war, it was found to contain 150,000 souls, nearly equal to the entire population of redoubted Dahomey."

Captain Burton also gives us the Christian statistics, so as to afford us the opportunity of ascertaining what proportion the professing Christians bear to the aggregate of population. At p. 246 of his first volume he says—"The number of converts registered is about 1500: the communicants may amount to 800."

Our readers will judge for themselves whether Abbeokuta can with truth be described as "nearly a Christian city," or whether the abominations of Abbeokuta can fairly be imputed to her Christianity.

Our readers must not be surprised at the condemnatory language which these gentlemen use respecting Christian Missions. Their principles are such that it is impossible they could do otherwise. According to the views which they entertain, Christian Missions, especially among the negroes of Africa, must be a great mistake indeed. The fact is, these gentlemen belong to a new school, the principles of which are so disparaging to Christianity, that, upon the whole, we are disposed to think that even heathen Abbeokuta has stronger claims to be regarded as Christian than this new philosophy, which, for the improvement of mankind in the nineteenth century, gives forth its lucubrations at the meetings of the Anthropological Society. The gentlemen to whom we have referred, and who were the chief speakers on the occasion, are all authors. Dr. Colenso is such, his writings

having obtained considerable notoriety ; so is Mr. Winwood Reade ; so is Captain Burton. Their operations, therefore, are not mysteries. They are not, like the secret rites of the heathen, concealed within the gloomy precincts of some grove, where none but the initiated are privileged to enter. The vestibules of the new academy are open to all, and the page of the new inspiration is spread wide for all to read. We therefore violate no confidence, we are guilty of no intrusion, in examining and exposing this new theory, which has been boldly set forth to the dishonour of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in grievous disparagement of that alone saving faith which He rendered efficacious by the shedding of his own blood.

We first turn to the pages of Mr. Winwood Reade, his work being entitled, "Savage Africa." He has been at various points on the western coast of Africa—the Senegal, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Dahomey, Yoruba, the Cameroons, the Gorilla country, the Congo. He appears to be a close observer of the physique of the African races. His descriptions are not reserved enough for us to touch upon them ; nor, indeed, have we to do with his tastes, but with his principles, and that merely for the purpose of showing that with such principles he is disqualified from forming an impartial and equitable opinion on the results of Christian Missions, and that the judgments to which he does give expression are of no value. We turn, therefore, to the last chapter, that on the Redemption of Africa.

His first statement is one with which we entirely coincide, and only regret that, finding ourselves at the same starting-point with the writer, we should be so soon constrained to part company with him. He informs us that there is "a religion," "the religion of God," that "it is the same religion which, under different names and forms, has civilized the Hebrews through Moses, and the western world through Jesus Christ." In this we fully coincide. True religion is not devised by man ; it is not the product of his conceptions ; it is by revelation of God. That revelation has been progressive in its character. It commenced at the fall, and, gradually expanding, as man was able to receive it, in Christianity attained its consummation. The revelation of God has culminated in Christianity, which claims now to be recognised as the one religion of God.

But ideas of this kind are far too narrow for the gentlemen of the new philosophy. Christianity must not be regarded as the alone exposition of the religion of God. There are other modifications of it. The forms in which it is clothed widely differ ; but "the divine element is always preserved unchanged." Christianity is only one of its many forms ; Mohammedanism is another. Mohammedanism, as well as Christianity, is the true religion of God ; it is "the same religion which, under different names and forms, has civilized the Hebrews through Moses, and the western world through Jesus Christ," and which, under the form of Mohammedanism, is to redeem Africa. "Mohammed, a servant of God, redeemed the eastern world : his followers are redeeming Africa."

Christian Missions are an interference with that which is properly the office of Mohammedans, and therefore have, of necessity, proved to be a failure. Two examples are selected of the futility of Christian Missions in Western Africa. The first is that of the Jesuits in Congo ; and this is regarded by Mr. Reade as conclusive, and for the following reasons—"The Catholic religion is, of all Christian creeds, the most likely to succeed among savages. It impresses the senses by music, by perfumes, by stately rites ; and with its charms, its relics, and its images, it affords that which is indispensable to the lower classes of intellect—some external objects which they can venerate, and which may constantly remind them of their Creator.

"But how can the Protestant creed, which is at once so naked and so sublime, be understood by uneducated Africans ? How convey to them abstract truths, when their language cannot express to them abstract ideas ?"

It is evident that the writer does not know in what consists the true force of Chris-

tianity. The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; and when that Gospel is faithfully taught, God's power works through it to the conversion even of races so savage as the Bakele, the Mpongwe, and the Fans. This is the important point which such objectors as those we are now dealing with entirely overlook, and overlook because they do not understand it. When Romish Missionaries, such as those who attempted to proselyte the people of Congo, put aside the truth, they lost the power, and the appeals which music, &c., made to the senses failed to reach the heart.

The American Missions in equatorial Africa are selected as the second proof of the futility of Christian Missions in that country. Mr. Reade does full justice to the character and abilities of these good men, but he adds—"in spite of their lives, pure and laborious as those of the ancient fathers, in spite of their unceasing efforts, they have made no palpable progress in converting the Africans." These Missions, however, are of recent origin: all new Missions are at first slow in the progress which they make. There are preliminary difficulties to be overcome: the language has to be acquired, and reduced to the service of Christianity. Time must be given that the ear and understanding of the native may adjust themselves to the new sounds and ideas which are presented to them; but we believe as much has been done as could reasonably be expected within a brief period, and under circumstances such as we have described. Certainly it is premature to pronounce these Missions a failure. Ten years more must elapse before a judgment can be formed respecting them, and by that time they will have expanded into successful Missions.

But it is evident that in so deciding, Mr. Reade is arguing from his principles, not from a patient investigation of actual results. There is, in his opinion, a great stumbling-block introduced by Christianity, which prevents the success of Christian Missions, but which Mohammedanism, by its superior action, at once evades—"Polygamy is the great stumbling-block." Marriage he regards as a purely secular question, the details of which ought to be arranged as may be found expedient. Polygamy he considers to be "as great a benefit to Africa, as in Europe it would be an evil." It is "an institution which has a most salutary effect in redeeming Africa."

Now we differ in toto from Mr. Winwood Reade. We are persuaded that polygamy, whether prevailing in Africa or in Europe, is most disastrous in its effects, nor would Christianity merit to be called a remedial dispensation, if it did not provide for the elimination of this as well as of other evils which degrade and depress man. In the pages of Mr. Reade are to be found ample evidences of the miserable consequences which flow from this so-called "civil institution." They will be found detailed in his chapter on the "Land of the Amazons," but they are not such as to permit their transfer to the pages of this periodical.

Our readers now understand Mr. Reade's principles, and they will not be surprised at the conclusion to which he comes, and the advice he tenders to us. African Mohammedans, in his opinion, are "practical Christians." And yet in the pages of "Savage Africa" we find descriptions given of African Mohammedans, as to their national customs and habits, which are intensely revolting. We mention, as an example, the details introduced respecting the Foulah, Fuli, or Pulo nation. Are the bizarre statements, which are there obtruded on the public eye, to be regarded as specimens of practical Christianity?

Nevertheless, such being, according to Mr. Reade's standard, the ameliorating influence which Mohammedanism exercises upon the African, we are exhorted to "abandon our absurd projects of converting Mussulmans." Let us rather "aid the Mohammedans in their great work—the Redemption of Africa." "The interior of Africa is in the hands of the Mussulman. We have only to gain them as our allies, to obtain the *entrée* to its mysteries and treasures."

The paper read by Mr. W. Reade at the meeting of the Anthropological Society, is simply a *resumé* of the principles enunciated in his book. But entertaining the views he does on the subjects of Mohammedanism and polygamy, we cannot be surprised if Christian Missions and their results are worthless in his eyes.

We now turn very briefly to Captain Burton's book on "Abbeokuta and the Cameroonian Mountains." In the first volume he stands forward as an earnest advocate for polygamy, as preferable to the "one-wife system;" nor, like Mr. W. Reade, would he limit this admission to Africa, but, as it appears, would render it of universal application. In his opinion, Christianity does not inculcate "the monogamic sentiment." It is only the Christian bishop that is forbidden a plurality of wives, and then "the apostolic limitation of the bishop's household was soon applied to the whole ministry," and eventually the laity were involved in the meshes of the restriction, so that in the "West penalties were attached to the practice."

Now our Missionaries in Abbeokuta have acted upon the principle laid down by the apostle—"Let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband." The language of the original is emphatic—*ἕκαστος τὴν ἑαυτοῦ γυναῖκα ἔχτω, καὶ ἑκάστη τὸν ἴδιον ἄνδρα ἔχτω*. (1 Cor. vii. 2).

The words "*τὴν ἑαυτοῦ*" and "*τὸν ἴδιον*," express the unity of the marriage relation, both expressions excluding all community, in which polygamy consists.

Of course the fidelity of Missionaries in this respect condemns the whole Missionary procedure in the eyes of the gallant captain. "Polygamy," as he observes, "is the foundation-stone of Yoruban society," and with this the Missionaries have unnecessarily interfered.—"I would assure these and other Missionaries that had less objection been made to polygamy on their part, the heathen would have found far fewer obstacles to conversion. Those who hold it their duty to save souls should seriously consider whether they are justified in placing such stumbling-blocks upon the path of improvement."

And if, in order to facilitate its progress and gain converts more rapidly, Christianity was to accommodate itself in this respect to the sensuality of man, and, like Mohammedanism, bribe him to a nominal profession by catering to his passions, how could it ever become the regenerator of society?

Captain Burton's theories, unlike those of Mr. Winwoode Reade, are not limited to savage Africa. They are more ambitious in their character, and are urged upon the consideration of Europe as deserving of attention. Are the Christians of England prepared to adopt them? Shall they abandon the monogamistic character of their institutions, and permit the Christian law of one wife to be relaxed into the Mohammedan indulgence of four? Are the noble-minded ladies of England prepared to be degraded to a level with the females of Mohammedan countries, no longer to be the help-meets, the equals, the companions of their husbands, aiding them by counsel and by prayer, but their inferiors, lowered in their own self-esteem, united in a relationship adjusted on the most inequitable principles, which requires of them the surrender of all, while they are to be contented to receive in return, not all, but only a part; a relationship, the unity of which being destroyed by the inequality of the arrangement, can never be otherwise than a source of disunion and discomfort? And what is to become of our English homes, and the children growing up under the fostering care of father and mother, united each to the other in holy wedlock? Shall Jacob's tent, with its Leah and its Rachel, the children of the one wife arrayed against the children of the other, and all the attendant exasperations and contentions, usurp the place of the Christian home? Shall English gentlemen be contented to exchange the holy elevation and cheerfulness of a Christian household, where there is mutual confidence, hearts open as the daylight to each other, for the reserve and distrust and evil passions which are harboured within the precincts of a Mussulman harem? No! Such theories may find a home in Mussulman and

Mormon lands, but the moral tone of England is too healthfully bracing to permit their naturalization. Especially we call on the ladies of England, who owe so much to Christianity, to spurn the books which give utterance to propositions so lax and subversive of all healthful influences, and refuse them admission within the precincts of those English homes, which they would despoil of their chief ornament.

But that gentlemen so philo-Mohammedan and polygamistic in their tendencies should disparage Missions, which, as purely Christian Missions, are antagonistic to Mohammedanism as a spurious faith, and subversive of polygamy as a degrading custom, is not surprising. Does it shake our confidence in Christian Missions to find that in the meetings of the Anthropological Society they are assailed. What should we think of our Missions if they met with the approval of these gentlemen? Could we regard them any longer as deserving of the name of Christian Missions?

A pamphlet, purporting to be the address which Bishop Colenso undertook to deliver on Christian Missions and their Results, has been received, and we hope to review it in our next Number.

THE AFFGHAN MISSIONARIES IN KAFIRISTAN.

AMONGST the many documents which have passed through our hands, and which, through the pages of this periodical, we have presented to British Christians, during the sixteen years of its existence, we remember none more calculated to arrest attention than the narrative which we now publish. It has been compiled from the Pushtoo diary of the two Affghan Christians, who, at the risk of their lives, penetrated into Kafiristan, and there taught and preached Jesus Christ to its benighted inhabitants. The points of interest are numerous; the series of dangers to which they exposed themselves in passing through the midst of fanatical Mohammedans of various tribes, who, had they only known them to be Christians, would without mercy have put them to death; the constant danger they were in of being discovered and betrayed by some of the many youths who, having been to Peshawur for education, knew them well; the uncertainty they were under as to the reception they would meet with at the hands of the Kafirs, when they recollected the deadly feud which for ages had existed between them and the Mohammedan Affghans, and recollected that, although no longer Mohammedans, they were yet Affghans; the dreadful butchery of several Mohammedans which took place immediately on their entering Kafiristan; and then their being moved to all this by none other than Christian motives;—who, after reading such a document, can fail to acknowledge the genuineness and vigour of native Christianity? Are these men inferior to us in courage, self-denial, and ready endurance of whatever may betide in the fulfilment of a great Christian duty? Nay, may we not learn from them? Do they not stand forth as an example? Have they not been animated by the same spirit which prompted Paul to say—"None of these things move me, neither do I count my life dear to myself, if so be I might run my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

And these Kafirs, so marvellously preserved in their mountain fastnesses amidst the fierce ascendancy of Mohammedanism, around which, like an angry sea, it has fretted against the barriers of their home, and yet never has been able to force an entrance,—have they not been spared for an object? Hating Islamism, from which they have suffered ages of cruel wrong, they are favourably disposed towards Christianity, and earnestly desire instruction. What if it please God that, in these mountain-tops, the standard of Christianity should be raised, until from this, as from a centre, it moves forward to reconquer the lands over which the fanaticism of the Arabian prophet has so long tyrannized?

In the summer of 1859, as a Missionary in Peshawur was returning alone, and somewhat discouraged, from preaching in the bazaar, he was accosted by a young man from Eusufzie, making many inquiries about the Christian religion, and requesting permission to visit him in his house. He was an Affghan police soldier, by name Fazl Huq, of good abilities and education, the son of a well-known and influential Mullah, of the village of Adeena. The New Testament was placed in his hands, and after instruction, and a delay of some months, he was baptized. No sooner had he become a Christian than he insisted on being independent of the Mission, and earning his own livelihood; "for," said he, "if I remain with you, the people will say I became a Christian for temporal advantages." There were difficulties in his remaining as a Christian in the police, and he therefore enlisted into the corps of guides, the finest native regiment in India, which had earned laurels in every frontier campaign, and lately had returned with great distinction from the siege of Delhi. There was already in that regiment one native Christian, a well-known Khuttak soldier, Dildwur Khan, who had been promoted for his bravery at Delhi to the high rank of subadar. By nature a fighting-man, in argument as well as in the field, Dilawur Khan had been fighting all his life; first against the Sikh infidels, and then in the Christians' ranks; and he had wished to fight us Christians, too, in religious matters, and had gone to the Mullahs to furnish himself with weapons with which to demolish Christianity. Instead of arguments, he met with only abuse, for thinking and talking on such subjects at all; but just at this crisis of his religious life he received a copy of the Mizan-ul-Huqq from Colonel Wheler, in the streets of Peshawur. Whichever way he fought, silenced he would not be; so Mullah after Mullah was visited again, to answer the Christian's charges, but they only called him an infidel for his pains. He then visited the Missionary, Dr. Pfander, who, with patience and great kindness, gave him all the information he sought; and after the siege of Delhi he was baptized by the Rev. T. H. Fitzpatrick, in 1858. From that time to the present his spare moments have been generally spent in attacking Mohammedanism before every one he meets, Mullah or layman, with all his powers of dry wit and quiet sarcasm. It could be wished that he had more of Christ's own spirit, which seems to be largely imparted to some other Affghan converts, but his talents lie in arguing and fighting; and although he is not building up Christianity, he is doing a great work in loosening the strong gripe with which Mo-

hammedanism holds fast the people's minds.

It was in a great measure through his protection that Fazl Huq was able to remain in a Mohammedan regiment, and in his own Mohammedan country, in spite of all opposition, for five whole years; for Dilawur Khan, in peaceful argument as well as in war, always keeps his pistols primed, and his sword loose in his belt, for he knows that the Akhun of Swat has more than once sent men to take his life. Fazl Huq here proved himself to be a good soldier, and won the favourable opinion of his superiors. From the first day that he embraced Christianity he made the determination to let no day pass without carefully reading the word of God with prayer; and it was this, with God's blessing, that kept him straight, when away so long from the means of grace, and with very few Christian helps. He boldly confessed his faith, and both Dilawur Khan, and he, and others too, are known through the whole country, and are hated as much as they are known, as renegades from the faith, who have apostatized from their fathers' religion, and embraced the Christians' creed.

His old officers, however, gradually left the regiment, and the enmity on the part of the native officers and soldiers, which dared not show itself in Colonel Lumsden's time, appeared so strong that he could no longer hold his ground; and this spring he took his discharge from the regiment. It was then that the strong desire took possession of his mind to visit Kafiristan, and teach the Kafirs the word of life. There were some Kafirs in his regiment, whom Colonel Lumsden had brought from their own country, and persuaded to take service in his corps. Fazl Huq had had much intercourse with them, for they, like himself, were infidels; and he had taught some of them to read the Pushtoo Gospel, and had spoken often to them of Christ's religion. They had no settled faith of their own, and received all they heard; and urged him to go to their own country to tell their own people what he had taught them. Two of them had returned on leave to their mountain home, and from thence they sent him another message, telling him to come. The desire fixed itself deeply in his mind, and indeed nothing could turn him from his purpose, made after much thought and prayer. He knew the difficulties of the undertaking, for he was a Pathan himself, and during the late frontier campaign he had wandered alone, far beyond the heights of Umballah, through Boneir, the home of our bravest foes; for he was a Christian, and could be trusted to bring information from the midst of the enemy's land, at a time when implicit confidence could

not generally be placed in Mohammedans. He knew the dangers he would meet with, for he had been discovered there to be a Christian, and had barely escaped with life. Another Christian convert, Nurullah, also from Eusufzie, who had himself been a Mullah and a Hafiz (who knows the whole Arabic Korán by heart), agreed to accompany him. They were supplied with medicines from the Medical Mission Fund, and also with many little presents for the people.

Kafiristan is a large mountainous country, north of Lughman, above Jelalabad, and stretching onwards to a considerable distance in the very centre of the Hindu Koosh, bounded on all sides by hills so high that it is almost inaccessible. Some of its snow-clad mountains may be seen on clear days from Peshawur. Its inhabitants were formerly supposed to be the descendants of Alexander's Greeks, but they are now thought to be those of the original inhabitants of the plains, who were gradually pushed forwards into the hills. Guarded in their strong castle, with its high mountain walls, they have never yet been conquered, though repeatedly assailed by Mohammedan armies on all sides. They have an inveterate hatred of the Mohammedans, and are always at war with them. In person they are fair, and their beautiful women are found as slaves in most parts of Affghanistan. In their native country they are wild and barbarous in the extreme.

On the 8th September the two Affghans left Peshawur. They were obliged to go as simple travellers, for there is a wide belt of Mohammedanism between Peshawur and Kafiristan, inhabited by some of the most fanatic tribes, where travelling is dangerous at all times, but where it is ordinarily death to be known to be a Christian. They could only travel, therefore, as other Affghans did; but when once arrived in Kafiristan, they hoped to appear in their proper character as Christian teachers. They had arranged in Peshawur with the leader of a caravan to conduct them to Jelalabad, but he had been told that they were Christians, and he declined any connexion with them whatever. They determined, therefore, on another route, and struck out boldly to the north, instead of the west, through Swat and Bajour, on a road not much frequented even by natives, and altogether unknown to Europeans. Only very few of the places visited are mentioned even in the latest Indian maps. They left Peshawur quietly, and arrived the same night at a village called Kangra, where, however, they were again discovered by a pupil of Fazl Huq's father, who accused them as Christians, and threatened to expose them. Fortunately he

could do no more, for they were still on British ground. To avoid further difficulties, they left the village, as if to return to Peshawur, but, making a circuit, arrived the following afternoon at Sanderai. The next march was to Baransderai, beyond which the road was dangerous, as all the border land is, and they had to travel by night with three hired men, as guides and guards, to take them to Shahr. They here left the English territory, and entered that of Swat. On the following day they proceeded alone, with their baggage on their shoulders, and had walked but a few miles when two men confronted them, whom Nurullah knew, one of them having been a pupil in our Peshawur Mission School. They turned into the rice-fields to the left, and succeeded in avoiding observation, but they had to wade ankle deep in water to the Swat river, which they forded with difficulty, by the help of a kind countryman, who carried their clothes, and assisted them across. He would take nothing for his trouble, for he did it, he said, for the sake of God. After a long march of more than twelve hours, they reached Bar Badwan, where a hospitable potter took them in, and gave them food.

On the 12th of September they arrived at Kalumanai, after passing through Wuchuna. The road was considered dangerous, but they obtained two armed men for a guard. The following day they left Swat behind them, and entered Bajour, after crossing the Malagi river, which they did in a cradle drawn over the torrent by means of a rope bridge. They halted at Walai, and, being much fatigued, fell asleep under a tree, where they had taken up their quarters; but they were soon awoken by another disciple of Fazl Huq's father, who wanted to know what he, a Christian, was doing there. They tried to pacify him with friendly words, and gave him a present of a small Birmingham looking-glass; but he demanded ashrafees and pearls as the price of not instantly giving information that they were Christians, and having them put to death. He was at last conciliated with nine rupees, and, finding that he was ill with dysentery, they gave him medicine, which relieved him, and he then took them to his uncle's house, and gave them food.

The next march was to Mean Killai (or Mean Shahr) through Shobana. They here found forty armed Hindustanees, with their two leaders, Abdool Majid and Abdool Karim, who had fought against us at Umballah. When they heard that travellers had come in from Peshawur, several of them came to ask whether the Sahibs were preparing for further expeditions; and, after some conversation, they entertained them as their guests. Three

nights had to be spent here, for the inward road was so dangerous that no one would accompany them. At last, seven men, with matchlocks, were procured, to go as far as Badan; but on arriving there no one would take them in, or give them either shelter or food, even for money. They sat down by the way-side; but after a little time they overheard a man telling another that his wife was ill. They asked what her sickness was, and sent her medicine by her husband, praying earnestly that it might be blessed to her recovery. They daily had much need for prayer; and daily they asked in faith for God's guidance and protection, and for the supply of all their wants, which, somehow or other, were all daily accorded. The woman's pain abated, and the grateful husband brought loaves and beds, and hospitably entertained them, and procured four guards on the following morning for the onward march to Ghakhai. Of these four men, they remarked that two were armed with Minié rifles, taken at Umballah, and two with matchlocks. They here left Bajour, and entered Koonur, after crossing over the Hindooraj, an exceedingly high mountain, clothed with forest on its north-west side. The first village in Koonur was Marawurm, where they were only two marches from the Nashi or Katar tribe of Kafirs, a party of whom had attacked the village two nights before, and had killed a man and a woman. They found the people all around, and keeping nightly guard in expectation of their return. They seized on our travellers, telling them either to keep watch with them, or leave their village. They sat down with them, and the following conversation with a Mullah soon afterwards occurred. "Where do you come from?" "From Eusufzie." "From what village?" "Adeena." "Do you know Mullah Pasanai" (Fazl Huq's own father)? "Yes." "Did you ever see his son, Fazl Huq (himself), whom I knew as a child, when I was the Mullah's disciple?" "Yes." "How are they all; are they well?" "Yes, they are all quite well." "Then come in," said the Mullah, "and have something to eat, for you have brought me good news." He made the people let them go, after payment of a few pice, and got them some food from the Hindu Baniya.

The next march to Pushit was a particularly dangerous one, but eight armed men were procured to escort them. On the road they met a man, Wuseek—whose brother Shafik was in the Guides—in a part of the road where they could not avoid him. They knew one another, and embraced, falling on each others' necks in proper Affghan fashion. Without giving him time to collect his thoughts, they

put a bold face on the matter, and told him almost all, throwing themselves on his honour, but hinting, moreover, that his own brother was in English territory, so that of course he would be their friend. He kept their secret, took them to his house, entertained them hospitably, and washed their clothes.

Four Sowars, who were going on their road, were their escort to Koonur, a large village, with a good bazaar, and many Hindu shops. They here crossed the Koonur river on inflated skins, and went on through Kudalai and Patan to Nurghul. On the road they passed by the ruins of a large old Kafir town. At Nurghul they again found the people expecting an attack from Kafirs. Nothing could be obtained to eat, but here again their medicines came to their aid when in difficulties. A man was ill with fever: they gave him an emetic, and then quinine, which cured him, and he then brought out both bread and cheese. They here bound five skins together, and, seated on their raft, descended the stream to Tangai, and then went on to Bariabad in Ningrahar, where five students and sepoy from Eusufzie, who knew them well, were seen sitting in a mosque, as they entered the village. They retired without observation, and, meeting a man outside the village with camels and covered kajawas, such as are used by veiled women on their journeys, they bargained with him to take them, concealed as women, to Jelalabad, giving as their reason that they had enemies in the neighbourhood whom they wished to avoid. They have often spoken since of this narrow escape, feeling that they were then in very great danger of life indeed.

The first part of their journey to Jelalabad was thus safely accomplished. They had travelled on unfrequented roads some 150 miles, in order to avoid the direct road through the Khyber pass, which, although only about seventy miles from Peshawur, was felt to be impracticable for them as Christians. They had met with many dangers, but God had delivered them out of them all. They did not, however, think it safe for them to remain long at Jelalabad, and so, after one good dinner of meat and melons and grapes—great luxuries to them after the hardships they had encountered—they entered at once on their further journey, which led them first to Charbagh, through Nazarabad, after passing by many large caves overhanging the river, which are supposed to have been built by the Kafirs of former days.

They were here obliged altogether to disguise themselves, for it was near here that two former guide-soldiers lived, who, they knew, would lose no opportunity of doing

them harm. The one was Majid, once a Havildar, whom the writer had known in 1856, when he employed him to bring down the son of a Kafir chief on a visit to him in Peshawur. Since then he had misconducted himself, and, after a year's imprisonment and expulsion from his corps, he had considered the absence of the regiment on the Umballah campaign to be a good opportunity for plundering some of the regimental hospital stores, and he went off with them, leaving a message behind him that his intention was to become physician to the Ameer of Cabul. Madin was another discharged soldier of the same corps, who, one day meeting in his village four Kafir soldiers of his own regiment, who were returning on leave to their country, robbed them in open day of all they had, and sent them on empty-handed to their homes. Such are many of the Affghans; bold, unscrupulous, reckless of life, whether of others or their own, clever, fertile in resource, by nature rogues who fear neither God nor man, though they pray five times a day, and would, some of them, sooner die than break their appointed fasts. How to avoid these men, and pass through their villages unseen, was a question requiring deliberation. At last they agreed to travel in women's attire, and cover their faces with burkas. Three guides were hired to defend and conduct them, and they hired a private apartment at Mulayan for them, as for women, and cooked their food; but, to their dismay, having brought them to the village, they refused to take them further, and it was no pleasant prospect for them to be found there at all, much less in this disguise. Our Affghan Christian travellers gave themselves to prayer, and, for a consideration, three guides at last agreed to accompany them to the next village, Niyazi, where they assumed their own proper dress. They were now in a country on the banks of the Mungo river, where every man's house is a fort, and every village a castle; and they proceeded onwards by successive marches to Rajai, Kotala, Adar, and thence to Kajgara, the village of another guide-sepoy, Shahbuddeen, who was their friend. They gave him a Peshawur turban, and cured his little daughter, who lay sick with fever, and he accompanied them to Niliar, the last Mohammedan village on their way. Here dwelt Abdullah the Sahibzada, who had visited the writer in 1856 with Majid and the son of the Kafir chief. He is a Sayad, and a great man in that neighbourhood, being the principal channel of communication between the Kafirs and Mohammedans. He frankly told them that if they entered Kafiristan they would both be killed. They said they had friends

there, and gave him presents to induce him to accompany them, with seven guards, to Malel. The road was exceeding steep, so that they could only climb the hill by clinging to the rocks with hands and naked feet.

Half way to Malel was Munli, the rendezvous of the Kafirs, where they brought their walnuts and fruit, and bartered them to the Mohammedans for salt. Fifty Kafirs were then there on this errand. Abdullah told them not to fear, and the Kafirs came forward to greet them, putting out both their hands with the palms extended in an horizontal direction, and, after enfolding theirs, they waved them backwards and forwards with the cry of welcome—"Modaji, shabase," ("Do not be tired; we are glad to see you.") They were armed with bows and arrows and knives. Our travellers inquired for Ghara, the Kafir sepoy, who had invited them to their country, and heard that he had come to a funeral to a village some little distance off. They wrote a line in Pushtoo to tell him to come at once, for Ghara had been taught by Fazl Huq to read; and they gave a Kafir seven yards of their turban to take it, money being there of no use, and perfectly unknown. They then all went on to Malel, from which place the Sahibzada and Shahbuddeen returned, being afraid to proceed further, and our travellers were left alone with Kafirs. They had now, at least, attained the object of their journey, and saw the people face to face whom they had endured danger and hardship in endeavouring to reach. How would they be received? They knew that death was the fate of every Affghan Mohammedan in Kafiristan, and they were in the dress of Affghans. Their friends had not yet arrived, and they had no present helper but God. One of them was in great alarm, but the other cheered him with words of faith and hope, and they were much comforted in their earnest prayers. Being in want of food, they bartered four more yards of the turban for bread and cheese, when, fortunately, they saw a woman with sore eyes. They gave her medicine, and she recovered, and immediately the whole village brought out their sick to be healed. Six men out of eleven were cured of fever with quinine, and the people became most friendly. They had then time to look about them. The mountain-tops were bare and bleak, but their sides were covered with forest-trees, especially fir; there were also the walnut, mulberry, and amluk-trees. The fields were artificial, built up in small terraces with stones: there being hardly any earth, they make mould with sand and dung. The houses were, many of them, five stories high.

with flat roofs and wooden doors, the people ascending from one story to the next on single sloping beams with rough steps cut in them. The fires were lighted in the centre of the rooms, and they all sat round them, leaving the smoke to escape as it could. At meals they sat sometimes on the ground, but often on low stools with tables, on which they placed their food. There were also beds in the houses, but they lie generally altogether on a coarse carpet on the floor, the end of which they throw over them. The women were not concealed, and were quite fair, and extremely pretty, with dark brown hair and eyes. They mixed with the men, and even talked with their visitors. Their dress consisted of tight trousers, black below the knee and white above, with a shirt over the body which reached almost to the knees, but was loosely bound up round the waist. Their hair was wound together, and confined by a little woollen cap on the top of the head. The whole neck was covered with necklaces of berries and beads. Their feet are generally bare, but sometimes they wear boots. Both men and women wear brass or iron bracelets, ornamented with serpent's heads, and also brass and iron necklaces. The women have long heavy earrings of beads, twined round the ear, but supported by a string attached to the cap above. The men wear woollen trousers, tied up with a girdle round the waist, with goat-skin coats wrapped round the body, and long sleeves of the same material pulled on afterwards, the hair being next the skin. The head is generally either bare, or covered with the bark of trees. They shave their heads, leaving a round patch of long hair in the centre. Sometimes they shave also both beard and whiskers, and sometimes only the beard; but when the beard is worn, it is never allowed to grow long.

The women do all the work, and cook, and grind corn, and bring wood and water. They also plough the so-called fields, one woman guiding the plough and another drawing it in front. The men are ashamed to do any work, and only feed the flocks, and fight, and meet together in counsel. Cattle are very scarce, but goats are abundant.

In three days Ghara arrived. He had run the whole way, fearing they would be killed. He expected, he said, that the Missionary was with them, but no English Missionary had ventured (though more than one had often wished) to take that road. He received them with the greatest cordiality, begging them to go on to his village, and undertaking to defend them with his life.

The next morning they all departed on the

road to Titani, which was very mountainous, almost entirely over rock, which sometimes was as steep as stairs. Two yards of the turban were still left, which they sold for eight cakes of bread. The night was spent on the top of a house five stories high.

A fearful initiation into their work now lay before them, exhibiting to them Kafir ferocity in its worst features. The next march was to Nikera, on the tops of the mountains. They here found twenty-eight armed Mussulmans, who had been invited by the Kafirs over from Mungoo. It was many years since a number of Kafirs had been slain in their village, and they thought the fact forgiven or forgotten, and believed themselves to be quite safe when they came armed, and in such numbers, to accept the Kafirs' hospitality. Their hosts feasted them bountifully, and, after removing all suspicion from their minds, had persuaded them to leave their arms in the huts assigned to them. It was at this time that our travellers arrived, and had much conversation with these Mungoo men, two of whom were Mullahs, and six students from Koonur, when suddenly their friend Ghara called out to them in Hindustanee to come away. "What for?" they asked. "Because they were going to dance." "Then we, too, will stop and see it." "But there will be a scene (*tamasha*), and you must come away." All this was in Hindustanee, which none but they understood. They withdrew quietly, and sat down on a rock above. The Kafirs brought a drum and pipes, and began to sing and dance, throwing their hands and feet about, the women looking on. Then suddenly, without one moment's warning, each Kafir knife was unsheathed, and seen poised high above his head, and, with a loud whistle, four or five Kafirs rushed on each Mohammedan, stabbing him in every part. The whole was over in a moment, and all had sunk down dead, covered with many wounds. They then beheaded them, and threw them all down into the rivulet below. Our travellers were speechless with horror, when Ghara again told them not to fear, for not one hair of them should be touched. They pointed to the dead bodies below, and gasped out that they, too, one short quarter of an hour before, had been the Kafirs' guests. He told them the reason of such dreadful vengeance. The blood feud was still unre-moved, and the Kafirs had never forgotten their own brethren murdered long before. He told them, however, never to leave him. Three days after, the Kafirs sent to Mungoo to tell them to send men for the property of the slain: for Kafirs never plunder, they only kill the Mussulman. Some people went

from Malel, and brought back their muskets and daggers (which the Kafirs so much valued, but could not take) and also their heads or hands.

From Nikera they passed over Walimund, the highest mountain in the neighbourhood, where last year's snow lay still unmelted in the hollows, to Begura, and thence the next day to Ghara's own village, Shaiderlain. They were here visited by many friends. Kachu, the Guide sepoy, came, with his two pretty wives; and Karuk, Shashi, Badshah, Wuskari, and Balo, all of whom had, at one time or another, taken service in the Guide corps. They brought their wives and children, with food and grapes, showing all hospitality to the strangers, and receiving presents from them in return. Missionary work had begun long before, for Ghara and his friends had always joined them in their morning and evening devotions, and there had been much conversation on religion at different times. But now it was carried on in earnest for the space of some twenty days. All day long, from morning to night, they were talking with the people, and answering questions, and were joined by them in their services; and at night they wrote their journal, giving, in Pushtoo, a full account of all they saw and heard, with names of persons, places, and things. This journal was written with lime-juice; and, on their return, appeared only blank pages of white paper, but, when heated over the fire, the letters gradually darkened, and assumed their proper shape. Ghara and Kachu, and their wives, were the most interested, but all listened, and all applauded, as Ghara translated into their own language the words they spoke. At times the whole village, men, women, and children, were assembled together.

The journal contains an interesting account of many of their customs. Men never marry in their own village, for all the women of the same village are considered as sisters; and they never marry without the free consent of both man and woman. When a man has made his choice, he asks his father to obtain a certain girl for him. The father sends a goat and three rams to the girl's father's house. Nothing is spoken, but the goats are bound inside the house. If the girl's father kills the goat, and keeps the rams, and sends the bearer home without them, the betrothal is completed. If he sends back the goats, the girl has refused. When once betrothed, the man can visit the girl quietly in the hills, but he neither talks with her in public (as he does with other women), nor brings her presents. When the wedding-day arrives, the bridegroom's father sends two men to the

father of the bride, with goats, and vessels, and pans, and a spit and a candlestick, or rather a torch stick (for they do not here burn oil, but pine-wood), and, if he can afford it, a gun also. The two men remain there two nights, during which dancing and feasting are going on in both villages, men and women apart; the men, they say, seem to spend their life in dancing and playing. The bride's father then gives her clothes (black ones are considered the prettiest), and the two men conduct the bride, accompanied by several women, who carry grain with them, to the bridegroom's house. When the bride once crosses the threshold, no further ceremonies take place: she is at once his wife. The women remain with her for two days, and then return, after receiving four goats. The newly-married wife may not revisit her father's house for five years. She may then go and see her father and mother for a month or two, and, when she returns, the women again carry grain with her. Afterwards they may visit as they choose.

Adultery is never known in Kafiristan, but many men have more than one wife. The breach of the seventh commandment in any form is not for a moment endured. They believe the vengeance of their gods falls on the whole village for it. If there is a time of drought, or any misfortune befalls a village, the unmarried women are suspected, for not even does suspicion ever reach the home of one who is married. An old man or a woman is deputed to discover the culprit. She is made, on pain of death, to disclose her lover. The property of both man and woman is then at once plundered, and the houses of both are burned to the ground; and, pelted and hooted by both boys and girls, they are expelled for ever from the village, and sent away to the Mussulmans. The very road on which they go is esteemed impure, for the people follow them, and sacrifice a goat at the nearest stream they cross. The god is then appeased, and it need hardly be said that this crime, so venial in Christian civilized lands, is here very rare indeed.

No thefts in Kafiristan are ever known. If a man drops a knife on the mountains, many may pass by it, but no one takes it up to appropriate it. No burglary is known. Houses are left quite unprotected. If corn falls in the leading, the owner is found out, and it is returned to him. If they kill a man, they send his weapons back to his home.

They never, however, do kill a man of their own village. If any two men have a quarrel, they meet in the presence of the village, duly take off their upper clothes, and lay down their weapons. They then have it out in

wrestling, embracing each other, both before they begin, and after all is over. If either of them takes up even a stick, the whole village interferes. No one was ever known to kill or even wound a man of his own village.

If two villages fight together, they then use their weapons. Tribes are very often at war with each other, and they kill all who come in their way who do not belong to their own tribe.

It is this killing men (and women too) which alone leads to high honours amongst the Kafirs. They have no king, and there are only two ranks of nobility or distinction amongst them; the one that of the Bahadur, and the other that of the Surunwali or Soninwali. Neither of them are hereditary, and neither are attainable except by killing four men. When a man has killed his four men he must, to become a Bahadur, feed all comers for two days with two hundred goats, six oxen, and many hundred pounds weight of corn, and rice, and cheese, together with an enormous quantity of wine. To become afterwards a Surunwali, he must wait three years, during the whole of which time he has to give eighty feasts, at periods varying from a week to ten days from each other, for the Kafirs are far too intelligent to have them altogether. The proper amount of food to be given at each feast is appointed. The smallest number of goats killed at any time is twenty; but on the sixth feast they kill 150; and on the 9th one living goat is given to every comer, besides bread and cheese, and ghee and wine. On receiving his new dignity, a particular large drum, called mundoo, which is never beaten except on very special occasions, is sounded, and there is much dancing of both men and women. He is no longer required then to kill any more people, unless he does so from choice. In order to show how many people they have killed, each man erects a high pole on the outskirts of his village, with a rude figure of a man on the top of it. For every man he kills he bores a hole in it, and knocks in a peg. If he kills a woman, he bores only a hole, without any peg. A Bahadur or Surunwali always occupies the highest place at feasts, and receives a double portion.

The following is one of their most common songs. A father, in the village of Shino, is supposed to have sold his son to the Mohammedans: when the boy was grown he kills fourteen Mussulman men and effects his escape to his home, and the mother, in proud delight, sings as follows—

Parolé bélé bató warméláwe
Badal lowe bele amá bato lausousáwe

Urá pras sagor aman bato warmiláwe
Awár paras dandako partus tatakotáwe
Pa sheristán gangare sutá.

Well done, my lad, well hast thou fought;
My old blood was drying up for grief for thee,
When thy father sold my high-spirited boy.
And thou hast killed fourteen men, and come home again,
With the bells tinkling on thy feet!

At burials the custom is to bathe the corpse, and dress it in new or newly-washed clothes. The people stand around, weeping and dancing, and beating a small drum, and playing pipes. They then make a coffin on the day of death, and one man lifts up the corpse on his shoulders, and another man the coffin, which is a large one, three spans broad and three spans high, and they carry them both to some cave in the hills, where the corpse is put into the coffin, which is then closed with wooden pegs, and left with great stones on it. If one of the same family dies within three years they open the coffin, and put the body in it. If it is more than three years they make a new coffin. No ceremony is used, and nothing is spoken, only both men and women cry. When persons are dying, women sit near them, but nothing is said. If the deceased was a Bahadur or a Surunwali, the body is kept for three days, and they feed all who come, and weep, and dance, and beat the large drum, mundoo. On the third day they carry him, with his bow and arrows and knife; and for five years they keep the day of his death by beating the drum, mundoo, and giving alms and feasts. The mundoo is also beaten for a Surunwali's descendant for five generations; and if a Surunwali's son becomes himself a Surunwali it is beaten for ten generations; and if his grandson, too, becomes one, it is then done for fifteen generations.

A widow or widower may not marry again for three years, during which time they neither anoint or wash their head, or put antimony on their eyes, or wear good clothes, or eat ghee. The men, too, do not shave their heads.

In religious matters they have no temples nor Mullahs, nor books, nor observances. They believe there is only one God, but who, or what, or where He is, or with what He is pleased, they say they do not know. They have three idols, who they believe to be their intercessors with God. The one is of wood, roughly carved into the shape of a man, with silver eyes. It is called Pulispanu, and is erected in the village of Muz-

ghal. It is resorted to on all public occasions, as when there is no rain, or too much rain, or great sickness in the land. Each Kafir brings a goat, and sacrifices it, sprinkling the blood over it. They then cook it, and either eat it there or take it to their houses. It is thought great disrespect to the idol for any woman to come near to it: they therefore bake bread and partake of the sacrifice at a distance from it. They never salaam to the idol, or prostrate themselves before it, but merely ask it to give them what they want. They have otherwise no fixed worship or posture of worship of any kind, and no great times or holidays.

The other two idols are merely common stones. The one is called Adrakpanu, in the village of Girdalares; and the other Matikapanu, in the Shaiderlam. They are used for family and personal matters, and they ask them for good harvests and for children, &c.

There are no fowls in the country: the people do not eat them, nor fish, nor eggs. They eat partridges, and different kinds of stags, including barasinghas and uriyal. There are plenty of crows, parrots, manas, sparrows, vultures, hawks, and eagles; and leopards, bears, and wolves, but no jackals. There are no horses or ponies, or donkeys, or camels, and very few cattle, or buffaloes, or dogs; but there are cats, mice, rats, lizards, scorpions, and snakes. They have a strange superstition about snakes, which they never kill, as they think some great injury will happen to them for doing so. Goat flesh is the common food of the country, which they cook in great pieces in large vessels. They eat the blood, and, indeed, most of the entrails, and almost every thing but the skin and bone. They drink wine in large quantities, and very nasty it is, if what was brought down to Peshawur may be taken as a specimen. No one was ever seen by our travellers to be intoxicated. Their drinking vessels are of earthenware, curiously worked, and occasionally of silver. They eat with their hands. The water is said to be particularly good, and the people often live to a great age, remaining strong and well almost up to the day of death. Goitres are only occasionally seen. The men are somewhat dark, but the women are said to be as fair as Europeans, and very beautiful, with red cheeks. The men hardly ever wash either themselves or their clothes: both they and their clothes are said to be often first washed on the day of the man's death. Our Affghan travellers saw no fleas; but lice are common, and there are terrible musquitos that inflict great wounds that swell and bleed. The foot of one of the travellers was still bound up on his arrival in Peshawur, from a musquito sting

that had been given him a month before.

As in all uncivilized lands, fairy tales are plentiful; and the people speak with implicit confidence of some tanks high up on a certain mountain-top, filled with treasures, but which cannot be reached because the fairies guard them. They tell, too, of a wonderful tree on another hill, watched over by peculiarly large snakes, the wood of which has the property of attracting every one to the person who possesses it. When talking, they shout with all their might. Some of them had an almost superstitious faith in the powers possessed by our travellers. A girl, Marimari, one day brought her little brother, who was crying from a bad attack of toothache, asking them to pray for him. They did so, and stroked his face. The girl thought he was cured, and led him away, and on the child beginning again to cry, she slapped his face for crying, she said, after he had been healed. Whether it was nature or the blow, the child was healed, and his recovery being attributed to their prayers, they all brought their implements, a gun or plough, or bow and arrow, to be blessed. There were, however, some who clung to their own religion, and asked for miracles, such, they said, as Christ Himself had wrought, to prove the truth of Christianity. They were, however, in numbers, only very few: the large majority listened to them with respect and attention, appearing to receive and believe all that was said.

The snows, were, however, beginning to fall, and winter was approaching; and our native Missionaries had to decide between spending the winter there or returning home. For many reasons it appeared right for them to return. Ghara, and many Kafirs, accompanied them for four days' journey on their way from Shaiderlam to Begura, Nakera, Zitani, and thence to Malel, where they sent them safely out of Kafiristan, through the Sahibzada Abdullah. They travelled by the old road to Jelalabad, and thence by water on a raft down the Cabul river, to Peshawur, after two narrow escapes from the Imám of a well-known mosque in Peshawur, whom they with difficulty avoided; and from a student who recognised them, but was persuaded to keep their secret. They arrived in Peshawur on the 10th of November, after an absence of rather more than two months, bringing with them a bow and arrow, a knife, a leathern bottle of their wine, boots, girdles, and different parts of the Kafir dress.

The following are the translations of two Pushtoo letters, sent by the Kafirs to a Missionary and his wife—

"We were very much delighted when Fazl Huq and Nurullah arrived; but we had hoped

that you would yourself have come with them. We were made very happy by the stay they made with us; but when snow began to fall we sent them away for fear that they would be troubled with the cold. But if the winter had not been approaching, we would not willingly have let them go. But they have promised to return next summer to us, and tell us much more about Christ's religion. Be kind to us, therefore, and send them again next summer, and as long as we live there shall be no danger of their death in Kafiristan; and we will attend to all their wants, so that they may be comfortable; and we will do any thing for you, too, that we can. Then send them back again, that we may receive much benefit in learning their religion; and we will all soon accept the Christian religion. We hope you will always pray for us; and if they do not come we shall be much disappointed. Kunchuk, and Ghara, and Baro, and Shashi, and Karuk, and Badshah (who all sent this letter), send you salaams with both hands; and when they come back, send us a small copper vessel to mix our food in."

The letter to the Missionary's wife was thus—

"We are well, and we arrived safely back to our own country, and we often pray for you and the children. It was a great kindness in you to think of us, and to send us men to teach us about religion. It will be another kindness if you will send them back again; and as long as we live there shall be no fear of their death. We will be attentive to all their wants; and we would be very happy to be able to do any thing for you. There is a man here who has been ill for three years with a bullet in his foot: send him some medicine; and, for the sake of God, send us some medicines, for there are no doctors or medicine here. Shagu, Gharas' wife, and Maramari, her sister's daughter, and Kunchuk's two wives, send you salaams." (This letter was from Ghara and Kunchuk alone.)

We have given the above narrative as related in their own journal, written on the spot. No doubt the Kafirs, from whom most of the information comes, have somewhat exaggerated their own virtues, and the travellers were too short a time in the country to see much of the opposite side of the picture, and detect the weak points of their too great self-praise.

We may learn from the narrative, however, first, how important a position Peshawur holds, with reference to Missionary work amongst the surrounding tribes. The young men crowd to it for education, and return as Mullahs to their own villages. Wherever our travellers went, there were students or others who had direct connexion with Peshawur. The Peshawur Mullahs are celebrated, and pupils come to them even from Cabul, Balkh, and Bokhara. Students never go from Peshawur for education to the latter places, but many come from thence, and hundreds come from all the hill tribes around.

So we observe, secondly, the great importance of Medical Missions amongst these mountain clans. The bearer of medicine is respected, and protection is at once given him, together with food and shelter, whilst other travellers are neglected, or often plundered. With medicines in his hand, a man can visit them in comparative safety, for these simple tribes are not so foolish as the learned Akhun of Swat, who, suffering under a painful complaint, declines all remedies; for, says he, God gave him his disease, and God, in his own good time, may take it away. Our travellers had only very ordinary medicines, and they had only two hours' instruction, from the wife of one of the Missionaries, who made them write down what to do.

We learn, thirdly, to sympathize with our native brethren, who have become Christians from amongst Mohammedan Affghans. We see here how Mohammedans hate them. Outside our own territory it is often death to be discovered. Inside it, they are subjected to trials which, in England, people have no conception of. Yet God has given them brave hearts, a strong will, and a fixed determination. They cannot sit still idle, and it is not in their nature to fear danger or opposition, which they are so much accustomed to. Let us help them, then, with our prayers and efforts. It may be that their fearless courage and enterprise will make them good pioneers and heralds of the cross in Central Asia, where no Englishman's foot can tread. Let our Missionary Societies at home look well to the Affghans. It may be that a few good Affghan Christians may do more to disseminate the truth than hundreds of the tamer races who live in India below them.

JOURNAL OF A MISSIONARY TOUR UNDERTAKEN BY THE REV.

R. H. WEAKLEY AND THE REV. J. F. WOLTERS, APRIL 1864.

In the present state of Turkey, and the uncertainty which exists as to the intentions of its rulers with reference to Protestant Missionaries and the spread of scriptural Chris-

tianity throughout that empire, it is desirable to place before our readers all the information we can command. The following notes of itinerancy into the interior of Asia Minor, the route extending to Philadelphia, Laodicea, and Hierapolis, will be found to embrace many points of interest.

April 8—After having been commended to the care and guidance of our heavenly Father, we were ready to start at eight o'clock A.M. Our party is larger than it was last October. We take with us our Mission servant, who is to help in the sale of Scriptures. We go forth with the earnest prayer that our journey may be prospered by Him whose the work is in which we are engaged. Without the blessing of our God we go forth in vain. Oh for an open door, and grace to enter thereby. With such thoughts and desires we rode across the hills to the north of Boujah. A steep descent on the other side brought us into the plain of Bournabat. Crossing this too, we got among hills again, and reached the pass of Kavakli-deri about eleven A.M. On resuming our journey after a short halt, we were soon overtaken by rain, which we had previously noticed to fall on the tops of the surrounding mountains. The Tmolus on our right, and Sipylus on our left, were enveloped in clouds and mist, their bases alone being visible, though every now and then some lofty peaks of the former would appear through a break in the clouds. Once we caught a glimpse of the Boz-dagh (Ice-mountain), the highest part of the Tmolus, its snowy top gleaming in the sunshine—a striking contrast to the dark masses of cloud beneath. I could not help thinking of the promises of God which remain bright and sure, even though we may lose sight of them for a time by reason of the difficulties and the darkness which surround our path.

At two P.M. we made another halt at a lonely coffee-house, where we enjoyed our meal, for we had begun to feel weary and chilly because of the rain. Here we found a poor negro suffering from dropsy. He was lying on a mat before a miserable fire; but much as we pitied him, we could do nothing to relieve his pain. Mr. Weakley then had some conversation with one of the Albanian guards at the coffee-house.

Having still a considerable way before us, we were soon in the saddle again. The rain ceased after a while, and riding became pleasanter. It was not until seven P.M. that we reached Cassaba, having been longer on the road than is usual. We found Montesanto and his family well, and gladly availed ourselves of their kind hospitality, truly thankful, I trust, for the mercies which we had received during the day.

April 9—Soon after breakfast we despatched

our Mission servant, Belisarius, to see whether he could sell any books; ourselves intending to visit the old Sheikh Buchukzade. Just before setting out, Belisarius returned with joyful countenance. He had already sold a Turkish New Testament, and was now coming to fetch a copy of Genesis and Psalms in Turkish, which had been asked for. We looked upon this as a token for good, and took courage. If only we succeed in selling Scriptures we feel that we shall have accomplished something.

The old Sheikh was very pleased to see us. He was reading extracts from the *Mesnevi*, I believe a mystic poem written by Hazreti Mevlana of Konieh, and this gave us an opportunity of coming to the point at once. The Sheikh began by reading a passage from his book, setting forth the necessity of being fitted for heaven. We asked, "How is this fitness to be obtained?" "By doing good," was the answer. "Well, but what becomes of a man's past sins?" Mr. Weakley asked. "Oh, they are all blotted out by repentance." "Can this be the case? Will a man's ceasing to increase a debt cancel a debt previously contracted? Surely we need an intercessor; one who will make an atonement for us, and pay off all our debt." The Sheikh objected to this by denying that sin is a debt. "Sin is appointed to man by God's decree: good and evil deeds are like beads strung on a string, and man cannot help committing them." When pressed, he allowed that man is responsible for his actions, and went on to talk about the four books which are from God, and therefore true, viz. the *Tewrat* (Law), *Zebur* (Psalms), *Ingil* (Gospel), and *Korán*. Mr. Weakley said the *Korán* could not be the word of God, because it contradicts the Old and New Testaments; denying, *e.g.*, the fact of Christ's death upon the cross. This evidently disconcerted the old man. His answer was, "I do not know: I only speak what we are taught in the *Korán*." After a short pause the Sheikh re-opened the attack by accusing us of worshipping three gods. Mr. Weakley produced the *Miftah-ul-Asrar*—a copy of which we had in our pockets—and told the Sheikh that here he would find the whole subject fully discussed. He took the book, and at once commenced reading, but we asked him to keep it, and read it at his leisure. Brother Weakley urged the necessity of examining the credentials of our Scriptures as well as the claims of the *Korán*. The

answer was, "Others have done this before us. Are all those numerous learned Mussulmans of by-gone days wrong?" "They might be. Were not the heathen philosophers in error?"

The Sheikh then read to us a passage from his book, the meaning of which, as far as I could make out, was the following:—The heavens do not actually exist as we see them, but there is an alternate creation and destruction of the heavenly bodies going on, with such amazing rapidity, that, to our eye, they appear invariably the same; just as a stick when lighted at one end, and moved rapidly in a circle, leaves the impression of a continuous circle of fire.

After having spent about two hours in this way, we rose to go, but the Sheikh would not hear of it, and, pulling Mr. Weakley by the coat to a seat near him, he resumed the discussion by reading a part of the Miftah, making remarks as he went on. He would have no objection to call Christ the Son of God, if by this expression we understood merely a title of honour, as men in general, and especially the pious, may be called the sons of God. After again urging upon him the necessity of searching carefully for the truth, in dependence upon, and praying for, the help of God, we left, accompanied with every good wish, and the request to renew our visit whenever we should return to Cassaba.

On reaching our lodgings we were glad to find that Belasarius had disposed of several copies of Holy Scripture. In the afternoon he succeeded equally well.

While sitting at the book-store which Montesanto keeps, a Greek merchant came in, and, after some remarks about cotton prospects, and the risk there is from several causes in doing business in that article, I took occasion to press upon him the duty of preparing in this life for eternity, so that we may receive an inheritance which fadeth not away. My words seemed to fall upon "thorny ground." Afterwards Montesanto related the following incident, which I put down as illustrative of the Greek church in some of these places. At Parsa, a village not far from Cassaba, and which we visited last autumn, there is a chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas, but no resident priest. The other day was the festival of the Annunciation. No arrangements having been made for a service, the pictures, on the eve of that day, had a battle, and it was discovered on the following morning that the picture of St. Nicholas had suffered some mishap. A priest was sent for in all haste from Cassaba, who pacified the pictures by holding a service in honour of the Virgin Mary.

We have just heard that a band of robbers,

Zeifbecks as they are called, has been taken, and several men killed. This will intimidate any evil-disposed persons during the next few weeks.

April 10: Lord's-day—Held a short service this morning with Montesanto and his family. Mr. Weakley had intended to hold a service in Turkish in the afternoon, but Gallust (our guide, an Armenian) and his assistant did not come. They are kept away by fear, most likely. We had some profitable talk with Montesanto, and were glad of a rest preparatory to resuming our journey on the morrow.

April 11—Left Cassaba at half-past seven o'clock this morning for Salikly. The morning was beautiful, and the air pure and transparent after the recent rains. The Tmolus, with the lower range of hills which run parallel to it, repeatedly commanded our admiration. These hills, being composed of a gravelly soil, are worn into fantastic shapes by the action of water, aided, perhaps, by earthquakes. Here you see what might be mistaken for the ruins of a castle, with its battlements and turrets. There you see sharp points standing out against the blue sky, with precipices and ravines in abundance. All this was clearly defined, the atmosphere was so transparent. We went on our way rejoicing, and hoping to be able to do something for our heavenly Master in the various places which we propose to visit. At one of the coffee-houses on the road I inquired after a Greek to whom I had given some tracts last October, but found that he was at Cassaba. At another I had a few words with the bahal, or keeper of a small grocer's shop. "Have you ever read the New Testament?" In answer to this question, I was shown a Greco-Turkish book, containing stories about the patriarchs and saints, in rhyme. On being told that this is not the New Testament, he said he had a copy of the latter at home. I pointed him briefly to Christ, for we were obliged to move on. About noon the Acropolis of Sardis came in sight, and, after another hour, we were resting under the shade of some willows not far from the ruins. There was not much time to spare. The hot sun, black clouds rising over the mountains, and gusts of wind raising the dust, portended rain. We were on the road as soon as the horses had rested sufficiently, and reached Salikly just in time to escape a heavy shower.

Belasarius is determined to sell as many Scriptures as possible. The rain had hardly ceased before he was ready with his bag of books. Several men came to our room for Greco-Turkish Scriptures. One Turk took a copy of the New Testament to look at, and, seating himself at the gate of the *khan*, began reading aloud to an audience of six or

seven Turks. He afterwards exchanged this copy for one of the Gospels printed in Constantinople.

Two Albanians came to have a chat with us. They have only recently come to Salikly, and are very much afraid of the fever and ague, for which this place is notorious. We told them of one or two simple remedies, for which they were extremely thankful. An attempt to interest them in higher matters failed.

April 12—We saw a little more of Salikly this morning than we did last October. It is a miserable place, although a great thoroughfare for travellers. The houses, built, as is usual, of sun-burnt bricks, are wretched in the extreme. Pools of water and deep mud everywhere. This may be partly owing to last night's rain. The clouds were still heavy when we started. The peaks of Tmolus had received a fresh layer of snow, and the air was raw and chilly. My teeth chattered with cold, until the rising sun dispersed the mists, and raised the temperature. We still kept along the northern foot of Tmolus, which sends down numerous rapid streams or torrents. These we had to ford. Here and there we espied a village prettily situated among the hills on our right. To the left, the wide and fertile plain of the Hermus stretched for several miles, until bounded by mountains on the north. The greater part of the plain appears to be under cultivation, and here and there we noticed men ploughing in their primitive style. Our first halting-place was Menamik Café, not far from a Turkish village. We found no one who could read. About noon we spent an hour at Deri Café, near Derikin, a considerable Turkish village. Here we had some talk with a Mussulman guard, but found him so ignorant and stupid that we were really puzzled to know how to speak to him about the Gospel.

Arrived at Allah-shehr (Philadelphia) about four P.M. We had caught sight of the minarets about an hour before. The view was one that I shall not soon forget. The white minarets and sun-lit landscape in the foreground contrasted beautifully with the purple mountains behind, on which rested black clouds. A majestic snow-capped peak rose to our right, and to the left, as heretofore, extended the wide plain, bounded on the opposite side by other ranges of mountains.

Our sale of Scriptures succeeds better than we had expected, i.e. among the Christians. Turks do not buy quite so readily, though here, too, we have no reason to be discouraged. We had hardly been half an hour in the khan before our room was filled, mostly with Greeks, who were eager to purchase the New Testa-

ment. A few Mussulmans also gladly accepted copies of the Sermon on the Mount, and one or two other tracts. Presently an Imâm (priest) came in to see our Turkish books. He looked at several, and then said, "You must not sell these books to Mussulmans." When asked why, he said, "There is something here about Isâ (Jesus) which is not suited to Mohammedans, seeing that the Ingil has been abrogated." On opening a copy of the Gospels, his eye fell on the words "Son of God." "This is for Giaoura," he exclaimed: "do not offer such books to Moslems, lest you bring trouble upon yourselves. We do not need the Injil; the Korân contains all the Old and New Testaments." Brother Weakley tried to reason with him, but it was of no use. It was like casting pearls before swine. At this moment another Turk came in to ask for a book. The Imâm showed him the expression, "Son of God," and frightened him away immediately. We then had a visit from three Greeks, one a doctor, such as they are in these places. He said that the Imâm who had just left was notorious as a bigot, but, although entertaining exalted notions of his own sanctity, has no very great influence over his co-religionists. There exists, on the whole, a friendly feeling between the Christians and Mohammedans in this place. The former number about 350 families, the latter 800. Philadelphia is the seat of a Greek Bishop. The doctor was anxious to hear political news. Having been satisfied, we spoke about the differences between the Protestant churches and the Greek. The doctor thought the difference is very small. I said it was very great, and instanced the doctrine of justification by faith. In the Greek church it is justification by works as well as faith.

April 13—Went out this morning to see the ruins. Great portions of the city walls—large masses of brick masonry—are still standing. In some cases these large masses are balanced upon a thin edge, the action of the weather, combined, it may be, with other causes, having worn away the parts near the base. The marvel is that the slightest shock of an earthquake, or some storm, has not brought these blocks down long ago. Philadelphia is placed on three hills, or spurs, which run out from the range of mountains behind. The streets are tolerably clean for a Turkish town. At a little distance from it are three mineral springs. One of them is warm, and is much resorted to on account of its supposed healing properties.

On returning to our room we were visited by a young Egyptian doctor, Emin Effendi. He invited us to his shop, where he not only

dispenses physic, but also deals in various useful articles. Here, while Mr. Weakley conversed with him I had some talk with the Greek doctor and a friend of his who had accompanied us. We discussed the different way in which Greeks and Romanists treat the Holy Scriptures, the ignorance of the way of salvation prevalent among the Greeks, &c. We were disturbed by the entrance of Emin Effendi's father, a fine old man—seventy-eight years of age, as he informed us—whose intellectual features were in marked contrast with those of the Turks in general. After having inquired of his son who we were, he turned to us, and asked whether we did not believe that Jesus lives in heaven after his resurrection. We said, "Yes." "These stupid Greeks," he replied, "believe that the body of Jesus is still in Jerusalem, and that is why they go there on pilgrimage."

In the afternoon two Greeks came in, one of them being in the Bishop's service. They had just been conversing with Belisarius, and wanted to know what I thought of the mediation of saints, and of praying to them. My reply was, 1. "What saith the Scripture? 'There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus.' 'Come unto me, all ye that labour.' 2. If saints can hear prayers, they must be omnipresent and omniscient; for two or more persons may be addressing the same saint in places far distant from each other: but God only is omnipresent and omniscient." They seemed to be struck with this view of the case, but said, "It may be so: our church, however, believes in saints, and in their intercession." After these men had left us I went to see the Greek schools, three in number. An elementary school for boys, another for girls, and a Hellenic, or higher school, for boys more advanced. I found them all in a poor condition, especially the elementary school for boys. The blame, as is usual, is laid on the Turks, on their bad and oppressive government. The teacher of the Hellenic school is a priest. He was tolerably friendly so long as I confined myself to general matters, but as soon as I touched upon religion he became reserved. However, he accepted a copy of my father's Greek sermons. On my return to the khan, I found the bigoted Imâm of yesterday hovering about, evidently watching lest any of the "faithful" should take our books. Later on, we had another visit from Emin Effendi, who was this time accompanied by a dervish. The latter was rather a hindrance, through his incoherent talk. His appearance was wild, his person filthy. Yet such men are treated with great outward respect, even by the higher class of Turks. Emin Effendi impresses

us favourably. He wants books on botany, medicine, &c., but such books are rare in Arabic and Turkish. He tells us that he possesses our Scriptures, and that he sometimes reads them. On a second visit such a man might be influenced still more. We trust that our intercourse on this occasion may have left some impression upon his mind and heart.

Still later we had a visit from a young soldier, who had served in the Montenegrin war. Belisarius had left a copy of the New Testament with him in the afternoon, and towards evening we saw him reading this to several Turks who occupied the same room with himself. At first he said he wanted to buy as many Turkish Scriptures as we could spare, but when he came to our room he purchased one copy of the New Testament, and seven parts, together with a few tracts. These he proposes to take to Kula, his native town, for distribution among his friends. He sat with us a considerable time, narrating incidents which took place during the Montenegrin war. We could not talk much about what is nearest to our hearts, but feel thankful that he possesses, and is likely to read, the word of God. "It is a good thing to read the Injil" was a remark he made in the course of conversation. We had thought of going to Kula, but were prevented by the state of the roads, our horses not being very good. But now we have been the means of introducing a few copies of the word of God in Kula by another way, and we are very thankful. We cannot help feeling that we are now only preparing the way for future work. It is a cheering sign, that not only many of the Greeks seek to obtain the word of God, but that even the Mussulmans do not, on the whole, offer more violent opposition. We were glad to learn that men like the Imâm are not very numerous.

April 14—Left Philadelphia at half-past seven A.M. for Ainégul. Soon after leaving Philadelphia our course took a more southerly direction, still, however, keeping parallel to the Tmolus, the snow-capped peaks of which we could not sufficiently admire. The plain which we have hitherto skirted now becomes narrower, and near Ainégul it appears to be completely shut in by mountains. Ainégul is a large Turkish village: there are but very few Greeks. Its inhabitants we found in a very degraded state: very few are able to read. Whilst walking through the bazaar, we were stared at as if we had been wild beasts. We had some talk with a Zabtieh (guard) who had been in the Crimean war. He praised every thing English, and spoke in disparaging terms of his own countrymen. By way of

directing his thoughts to something better, we told him about Missionaries going to heathen countries to preach the Gospel.

April 15—To-day we saw enough of romantic scenery. Leaving Aïnégul, we still proceed in an easterly direction; the valley becomes more and more contracted. At length there is a sharp turn to the south, and the valley is narrowed to a ravine. Through this runs a mountain torrent, feeling its way between great boulders and trunks of fallen trees. The hills are scantily wooded, indeed their sides are so steep in many places that it would be impossible for a tree to obtain a hold. The road winds along this ravine, sometimes along the bed of the stream, at others at a considerable height above it, along the sides of the rocks. Then the hills become lower and less steep, and, receding, leave a small space of open country. Here, on a declivity, lies a small village, Derbent. After a short rest, we proceed on our way. Again we wind along the bottom of a ravine, though neither so narrow or deep as the other. The hills are also better wooded. We presently emerge upon a plateau, and, looking back, catch a parting glimpse of Tmolus. Before us the scene is still more beautiful. We are at the head of a valley which widens gradually as it recedes from us. We descend into the valley; forests of pines and other trees surround us; the more distant hills fade into purple; and there, straight before us, though still far away, rises the broad mass of Baba-dagh—Mount Cadmus—covered with snow. How manifold, how glorious are thy works, O God!

Arrived at the lower end of the valley, we espy on our right the large Turkish village Bulladan, nestled high up, amidst rocks, and trees, and shrubs. Again we climb a small ascent, and a new surprise awaits us. We are still at a considerable elevation. Before us lies a great part of the Mæander, apparently well cultivated: several villages may be recognised by the trees growing near them. Towards the right, across the plain, Mount Cadmus is seen. Straight before us another range of mountains, with Hierapolis, the white incrustations of which are distinctly visible. We keep close to the side of the hills which we have just crossed, until we reach the plain below; then, crossing the Mæander by a wooden bridge, over which, for safety's sake, we lead horses, we arrive at Seraï-kioi, a little before sunset. Seraï-kioi is a miserable village, and very dirty; the khan wretched in the extreme. But we are thankful for the few comforts we do enjoy.

April 15—Market-day at Seraï-kioi. Long before daylight our slumbers were disturbed by a chorus of braying donkeys and neighing

horses in the yard below. A wet morning. Belasarius succeeded in disposing of a few books, but the rain prevented his doing more. We had proposed starting about ten A.M., but waited till noon, in the hope that it would clear up. We were disappointed, however, and at length started in the rain, preferring to move on, rather than remain in this damp, miserable place, where there was very little prospect of doing any good. We had a very short stage to-day, only four hours, but a very trying one. It rained incessantly. Deep, soft mud everywhere: the horses could hardly get on. Halted for a few minutes at a coffee-house, quite new, and uncommonly clean. Several Turks were assembled, but they were very rude, and unwilling to exchange words with us. The prospect on every side was hidden by the clouds, which seemed to rest upon the ground. On drawing near to Denizli the rain abated, and the clouds lifted a little. The effect was grand. We were surrounded on three sides by high mountains. Their bases only were visible, painted with indigo. Their tops seemed lost in the clouds. At length we espied the roofs of the houses of Denizli, and soon after we were glad to be under the shelter of a tolerably good khan.

April 18—Visited Hierapolis and Laodicea, the former about three hours', the latter one hour's ride from Denizli. The whole population of Denizli appears to have turned out to destroy locusts, great damage being apprehended from their ravages. Our road to Hierapolis lies in a northerly direction across the plain of the Lycus, a muddy stream, which we cross by a rickety wooden bridge. The incrustations of Hierapolis have, when viewed from afar, the appearance of chalk cliffs. As we drew nearer, they assumed larger proportions, the more recent formations being of a dazzling whiteness. I cannot attempt a minute description of this remarkable place, especially as, on account of limited time, we did not see all that is to be seen. I can only just put down a few particulars which struck me most. The general appearance of the incrustations, when viewed in the vicinity, is that of a great waterfall suddenly petrified. We ascend along one side of the cliff by a rough path, leading our horses. On gaining the top, we find ourselves upon a triangular plateau of considerable size, a sort of ledge projecting from the side of the mountain. This is the site of Hierapolis, called by the Turks Pambuk-kalessey (Cotton-castle). The surface of the plateau is broken by numerous ridges of incrustations, showing where the water used to flow in channels. We proceed along the top of one of these ridges, and reach the ruins of a large building, supposed to have

been a public bath. Over against this, on the mountain side, are the ruins of an amphitheatre. The seats are almost entire. We noticed several blocks of stone covered with carvings. A little further down are the remains of an ancient church. Half-way between the bath and the theatre are the warm springs, which cause the incrustations before alluded to. It appeared to me probable that a considerable part of the plateau covers a subterranean lake. One's footsteps produce a hollow sound, as if one were walking over a cavern. A basin about twenty-five feet in diameter forms the principal spring. It must have been built over in olden times, as there are fragments of marble pillars, &c., lying about on the rocky bottom. On one side of the basin there is a deep chasm, so deep, that though the water is remarkably transparent, we could not see the bottom. The water itself is moderately warm, of a greenish hue where deep, and very clear. It flows in channels formed for the purpose in various directions, and leaves behind those incrustations which are the most remarkable feature in the place. We have not much time to spare, and are soon in the saddle again. At noon we halted at a Turkish farm, and had some conversation with its owner. He told us in all earnest that many locusts had been destroyed by the Imâms reading verses of the Korân over them. The locusts have committed great ravages for some years past. This year the Government has ordered steps to be taken for their destruction. Every individual is required to bring in a certain quantity. Accordingly, in some places the whole population nearly has turned out. They form themselves into parties; a sheet or carpet is spread out, and into this the locusts, which at this season can only hop short distances, are swept by means of brooms or branches. They are gathered into bags, weighed, and afterwards buried. The Turks are very much opposed to this wholesale destruction of animal life. It goes against their ideas of fate. At Cassaba we were told that the Mohammedans say, "Oh, it is all very well to collect these locusts; but those who do so do not know that after them comes an old man with a white beard (Mohammed) who sows them broad-cast."

But to return from this digression. Leaving the farm, we proceeded to Laodicea. The desolate aspect of the place is almost oppressive. There are extensive ruins, but we could not stay to explore. How signally has the threatening, Rev. iii. 16, been fulfilled!

On our return to the khan, we were pleased to find that Belasarius had sold several books, and had discovered that there are two or three Protestant Armenians in the place.

One of them came to see us, and attended our evening prayers. Belisarius also met with a Persian, who, some years ago, was in Smyrna, and there met Dr. Pfander and my father.

April 19—The young Protestant Armenian who was with us last night called to introduce his elder brother, also a Protestant, with whom we were much pleased. He was very anxious to know how the work among the Armenians in Constantinople is progressing; and expressed his delight when he was told that several Mohammedans had been baptized. Before parting we joined in prayer.

Soon afterwards the Persian came to see us. His pronunciation of Turkish was so peculiar that it was with difficulty I understood what he said. He professes to have read the New Testament as well as the *Mizan-ul-Haqq*, and to believe in Christ as the Son of God. When asked why he did not, in that case, make an open confession of his faith, he made some remarks, not very intelligible, but the drift of which appeared to be this—The truth or falsehood of Christianity or Mohammedanism is not the chief thing. There are other more important truths which philosophy reveals: we must leave these outward unimportant matters, and proceed to higher things.

Towards evening I went out to see the suburbs. Denizli proper is a very small place, consisting almost entirely of the bazaar. It is surrounded by a wall, and access is obtained by several gates, which are closed at sunset. The inhabitants live at some distance from the bazaar, their houses lying scattered amidst fields and gardens. This is our furthest point. To-morrow (D.V.) we turn our faces homeward.

April 20—Started at about half-past six A.M., in the direction of Nazli. Our rest was much disturbed last night. A small shock of an earthquake startled us about midnight: this was succeeded by several others, one or two of which were also severe, but not like the first. They drove sleep from our eyes, though we felt safe in committing ourselves to the divine care.

Part of our way this morning lay along the route we travelled on Saturday, but how different the prospect! Then every thing was hidden by fog and rain: now all is radiant in the sunshine. At Serai-kioi we enter upon new ground, our road lying down the valley of the Mæander, which gradually becomes narrower. We pass a hot spring, emitting a sulphurous smell. The water boils up fiercely, and a considerable space of the ground seems to be undermined and impregnated with the hot fluid. At the narrowest part of the valley the Mæander approaches the mountains on the south, and here we cross to the northern

bank by a wooden bridge. Our halting-place for this evening is Ortakji-kioi, a Turkish village perched on the southern side of Mount Messogia. We ride up to it through pleasant fields and fig-orchards. As there is no khan we went to the konak, or house of the chief man in the village. This was a rude mud-cottage, one corner being portioned off to serve as a stable for horses. Food was provided for us soon after our arrival, and again in the evening. At the latter meal we were joined by one of the principal men in the village, and had to manage as best we could without knives or forks. Water was then passed round: we performed our ablutions, and, reclining on cushions placed along the walls, waited for coffee to be served. One of the attendants placed a small quantity of unroasted coffee near our host, and, after a few minutes, proceeded to roast it. This was done in our presence in a small iron pan. It was then pounded in a wooden mortar, according to a certain rythm, produced by striking the pestle against the sides of the mortar. The coffee was then boiled, and served round in small cups. Several visitors dropped in, amongst them the Agha, or headman, and the Imâm. The conversation at first was upon general subjects. They said the English were their friends, and then they inquired about the American war. After their curiosity had been satisfied on this point, Belisarius showed them a copy of the Sermon on the Mount in Turkish, and we were surprised to see how well it was received. First of all the Agha, who has only recently commenced learning to read, tried his skill in spelling out the words of our blessed Saviour; but as this was slow work, he passed it on to the Imâm, or Khojah, the literary oracle of the village, with the request that he would read aloud. We were amused, and yet deeply pained by the blundering efforts of this man. Still, as there were one or two individuals besides who were able to read a little, we left four copies of the Sermon on the Mount, as well as one copy of Dr. Schauffler's new translation of the Gospels and Acts. Three Greeks being present—the only ones in the village—I told them we had Scriptures for sale. They objected that our New Testament differs from theirs. I denied this, and asked for proof. They immediately quoted John i. 1, *ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεόν*, which, in the Modern Greek translation is rendered, *ἦν παρὰ τῷ Θεῷ*. Having explained to them that the idiom of the Modern Greek required the change, which, however, does not alter the sense, they said that the Bishop of Heliopolis (Aidin) had threatened to excommunicate all who should receive any of our books. The younger of the

three men seemed inclined to purchase a New Testament, but was restrained by his elder companions. A trifling incident showed us the growing independence of the Christians. In the course of conversation one of the Turks used the word "Giaour," when the young Greek mentioned above immediately said, "Don't you know that the Sultan has forbidden the use of that word?"

April 21—We were up betimes. After leaving a nicely-bound copy of the four Gospels and Acts for the Agha, we took leave of our hosts, thanks being the only remuneration usual in such cases, and proceeded on our way. Our road still lay down the valley of the Mæander. The plain here widens again, but we keep close to Mount Messogia on the north. On our left the river winds its tortuous way through the sandy soil, whilst beyond are other mountains connected with Cadmus. The nearer we come to Nazli, the more beautiful the country becomes. Rich fields and shady fig-plantations are interspersed with vineyards. The road we travel along is shaded by fine trees, and reminds one of a road through an English park. Every now and then we obtain a glimpse of the Messogia, skirted by a range of hills, similar to those which skirt the Tmolus on its northern side, and broken like those into the most picturesque forms. One's heart is lifted up to God in thankfulness and joy at the sight of these beauties of nature, and yet there is a sad burden which weighs one down continually, and that is the deplorable spiritual state of the inhabitants of so fair a country. When will this moral wilderness be turned into a garden of the Lord?

At half-past two P.M. we reached Nazli, just in time to escape a thunderstorm which had been threatening us for some time previously, and which prevented our going out that afternoon.

April 22—Whilst Belisarius went out with books, we took a walk through the town, and then visited Mr. Forbes, a Scotch gentleman engaged in the liquorice trade. We were very kindly received, and taken round to see a few antiquities. Mr. Forbes speaks highly of the common Turk. He is honest, and, though slow, steady and enduring. But place him in any Government position and he is open to corruption. Few are able to read, and attempts made in former years to circulate the New Testament among them have failed.

Belisarius sold but few books. He gave away, however, a good many copies of the Sermon on the Mount. A Greek, to whom Belisarius had offered a copy of the New Testament, said he must first show the book

to the priest. The result was that it was returned.

We had only just returned to our room when a Greek priest, a doctor, and another person, came to the door, and, in an imperious way, asked to see the books which were being sold. On being invited to come in, they did so, and we were soon engaged in talking about the one thing needful. The doctor, like all other Greeks who are a little enlightened, maintained that the spiritual condition of Turks as well as Greeks would be improved by a better Government. Allowing that an enlightened Government may do much to improve the condition of a people, I tried to show that more was wanted, even the Holy Spirit, to regenerate, and vivify, and lead to Jesus, the Saviour of the world. After looking over our books, they arose to go away. "Don't you like these books?" I asked. "Yes," was the hesitating and embarrassed reply of the priest. I have little doubt that they came as spies, and perhaps they thought that their appearance would intimidate our Colporteur.

April 23—Left at half-past six for Aidin. It was a lovely morning, and we still rode on through gardens of figs and vines. We reached Aidin early in the afternoon, and despatched Belisarius to look for the Protestant Armenian pastor, placed here by the Missionaries of the American Board. On inquiring about the Turks, we were told by the pastor that it would not be safe for us to make any attempts to reach them just at this time. There is a considerable amount of hostile feeling abroad. The cause is this. Some time ago the Christian population of Aidin, stirred up, to some extent, by the few resident Protestants, petitioned the Government to remove the market-day from Sunday, on which day it had always hitherto been held, to some other day in the week. The petition was favourably received, and Tuesday was fixed as the new market-day. With this the Mussulmans were highly displeased. "Why should the Giaours have their own way?" Through intrigue they succeeded in having the Sunday also recognised as market-day. At the same time they themselves kept away from the week-day market, and prevailed upon the Mussulmans in the villages around to do the same, in some cases stopping them on the road, and threatening them if they did not return. The consequence was that the Christians were unable to transact any business, and as they expressed their determination not to give in, an unpleasant feeling prevailed. We were surprised to learn that all—Greeks, Armenians, Romanists, as well as Protestants—were taking the matter very much to heart. The Greek

Bishop has recently preached on this subject, and exhorted his people to a better observance of the Lord's-day. The Protestants speak well of this Bishop. He is friendly towards them, and often preaches tolerable sermons. In the evening, Baron Boghas, the native pastor, took us to see the Bishop. His appearance is venerable. He was seated at the upper end of a large room, three sides of which were taken up by divans. As soon as we entered, the Bishop arose and received us very courteously. Coffee and pipes having been handed round, I remarked that we were glad to hear that the Bishop valued the ordinance of preaching. "Yes," was the answer, "I do what I can: I preach morality just as it is suited to these people." "Is not doctrine necessary too? How can you have morality without sound doctrine?" "Oh, our people are well instructed: they have no need to be taught doctrine." This exaggeration struck me. "Were there not thousands," I asked, "who trust in outward observances for their salvation?" No, the Bishop could not be moved from his previous statement. We then passed on to speak about the Scriptures. The Bishop is very much opposed to the Modern-Greek translation of the New Testament. It was easy to show the futility of his objections, but it would never have done for the Bishop to acknowledge a defeat, especially as there were some Greeks present. At length he broke out into the triumphant exclamation, "Never, never can the Greek church allow the word of God, which has been delivered to her in her pure and magnificent language, to be translated into the language of shoemakers and grocers." After this we thought it was better to put an end to the discussion, and we parted upon the best of terms, the Bishop shaking us warmly by the hand, and expressing his regret if he should have given us pain by any thing he might have said in warmth.

April 24: Lord's-day—Spent the morning in our rooms, where we were visited by the Protestants. In the afternoon we attended the service of the native pastor. He preached in Turkish on the words—"I know in whom I have believed." Afterwards I gave a short address in Greek on Matt. v. 13—16, "Ye are the salt of the earth," &c. Amongst others, a Greek, who holds the office of Kiatil (clerk or secretary) in the Konak, was present. With him we left copies of the Mizan, the Miftah, and the Rafl. We had intended to have made a longer stay in Aidin, but, under present circumstances, we can do little or nothing, and have decided to leave (d.v.) to-morrow morning.

April 25—We are now in Sokia, a small

but thriving place. It is divided into two parts by a broad watercourse, one side being almost exclusively Christian, the other Mus-sulman. The latter are, for the most part, re-fugees, who, during the Greek war of inde-pendence, were obliged to flee from the Morea and some of the islands. Most of them understand Greek. There are here two fac-tories for the preparation of liquorice, belong-ing to English gentlemen. We are thankful that we have arrived so far in safety. At one of the coffee-houses we heard that, only a day or two ago, a band of robbers attacked a party or Yarucks (Turcomans), taking from them all they possessed.

The habitations of these Yarucks are worthy of notice. They frequently consist of nothing more than a cloth of black goat's hair stretched across some poles, the sloping sides being turned towards the wind. Those we saw to-day are formed of wicker-work, the interstices being filled up with mud. They cannot be very warm in winter, but have the advantage of allowing free ventilation in summer.

Here we are staying in the comfortable house of an English gentleman, a pleasant change after the rough life we have lately led.

April 26—Mr. Clarke, our hospitable host, related a curious instance of the superstition of the people. On account of the ravages of the locusts, the Greeks of Sokia determined to have the skull of St. Thomas brought over from Patmos, where it is in the safe keeping of one of the monasteries. The presence of the *ἄγιον κάρα*, as it is called, is considered the most efficient means of driving away or de-stroying locusts. Accordingly the *ἄγιον κάρα* was brought, with all due pomp, under the care of several monks. Persons who had fields sown with cotton-seed paid considerable sums

of money to have the relic brought on their estates. Others, who had hesitated to sow cotton-seed, did so at once, in the full assu-rance that the locusts would do no injury. Even Turks put faith in the efficacy of this skull, and hesitate not to have it borne in procession across their fields. Of course all this while the monks reap a rich harvest.

Belisarius has been able to do but little. In the bazaar he was laughed at, though he managed to sell some books. We find the people less accessible the nearer we approach Smyrna. Contact with Europeans, or with those who have come under the influence of Europeans, seems to rob them of their simpli-city, to make them more anxious for this world's good things, and less careful about spiritual matters.

April 27—Scala-nova. We have had a short stage to-day. The road very rough over hills, whence we had a beautiful view of the sea and Samos. We are neither of us very well. Belisarius has had indifferent success with his sales. A couple of Turkish Testaments, how-ever, have been disposed of, besides some Greek books, and this makes us thankful. We do pray that the seed thus scattered may not remain without results; nor will it, we are sure. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

April 28—Through divine mercy we have reached Boujah in safety, having availed our-selves of the railway from Ephesus. We have been protected from robbers and other dangers; but what we are most thankful for is, that we have been permitted to sell a consider-able number of copies of God's holy word, and also, here and there, to speak a word for our heavenly Master. May God give his blessing!

THE SIOUX, OR DAKOTAHS.

THE territory of Minnesota extends from the Mississippi and St. Croix Rivers and from Lake Superior on the east, to the Missouri and White Earth Rivers on the west, a dis-tance of more than 400 miles; and from the Iowa line on the south to the British frontier on the north, also about 400 miles apart. It is a portion of the world of which we ought to know something, lying as it does in such close proximity to our own Red-River district, the sources of the Red River, which flows northward into Lake Winnepeg, being found amidst the elevated prairies and lakes of the Minnesota territory.

Such, indeed, is the elevated position of the territory, that it is the great water-shed of this part of the American continent, from whence the rivers, which have their sources within its limits, flow north and south. The Rivière à Jaques, which flows south into the Missouri, and the Minnesota, which flows eastward into the Mississippi, have their fountain-heads not far from those of the Shayenne, a tributary of the Red River of the

north; nay, the Mississippi itself has its birth-place amidst those numerous lakes in its north-eastern portion from whence the Red River of the north has also its parentage.

Various elevated ridges, though not of a mountain character, traverse the territory. The plateau called the *Couteau des Prairies* is one of these singular terraces, extending 200 miles, with a breadth of from 20 to 40 miles, its average elevation being 1500 feet, while in some places it rises nearly 2000 feet above the sea level.

The general aspect of the country is that of a fine rolling prairie, interspersed with numerous lakes of fresh water, whose banks are clothed with a rich growth of woodland. The land is about equally divided between oak openings and prairies, the whole being well watered by numerous rivers, navigable for steamers.

Here of old extended the hunting-grounds of the *Ojibways*, or *Chippeways*, and of the *Dakotah*, or *Sioux*, the one to the east, and the other west of the Mississippi; and here, long before America was searched out by the inquisitive eyes of the white man, many a deed was enacted of sanguinary character; and when the white man came he did not bring peace with him.

Christianity gave the white man civilization, and thus he became possessed of energy. As a navigator he crossed the seas, and discovered new lands, and, as the population increased at home, he went forth from Europe to colonize. He should have brought with him the Christianity to which he had been so much indebted. But in this, his great duty, he was defective. He brought with him his vices, and the means of gratifying them. He taught these to the heathen tribes; but as to his religion, he had either corrupted it, so that, except in name and form, it differed nothing from heathenism, or he disregarded it, neither practising it himself or teaching it to others. Thus, among the Indians of America, the arrival of the white man exasperated all pre-existing evils, and the Indian was not only armed against his fellow, but against himself.

When the *Sioux* and *Chippeways* lived in amity, a *Sioux* chief married a *Chippeway* wife, and lived in the *Chippeway* territory. But the hatchet was dug up, and war broke out. He was a chief, and had to join his tribe. He left his wife behind him, for it would not have been safe to take her among the *Sioux*; but he took his children with him, for it would not have been safe to leave them among the *Chippeways*. The wife, after his departure, married a *Chippeway* warrior, and there were sons by this second marriage, who grew up as *Chippeway* braves, while the former children grew up as *Sioux* warriors. One of the *Chippeway* half-brothers, on one occasion, went to make his fall hunts on the middle ground towards the *Sioux* territory, taking with him nearly all his near relatives. Early one morning, as the young men were preparing for the chase, they were startled by the report of several shots directed towards the lodge, and, before they could arm, another volley inflicted wounds. The *Chippeway* chief immediately sallied out with his young men, and, pronouncing his name aloud in the *Sioux* language, demanded if his brothers were among the assailants. The firing immediately ceased; a pause ensued, and a tall figure in a war dress, with a profusion of feathers on his head, stepped forward: it was the *Sioux* half-brother. The pipe of peace was smoked, and the hunting party, which, far out-numbered as it was, would have been massacred, returned home uninjured. Yet one of the children, a son of the *Chippewayan* chief, who had been present on that occasion, grew up a great *Chippeway* warrior, and led his tribe to many a fierce affray with the *Sioux*. One battle-scene was the falls of *St. Croix*, embracing the summit land between *Lake Superior* and the *Upper Mississippi*. The streams flowing each way interlock, and the natives ascend them in light canoes, which they carry over the portages, and so descend on the opposite side. The *Chippeway* chief, with his warriors, reached the waters of the *St. Croix*, which he descended, until, on the lower side of the portage of the great falls of *St. Croix*, a large body of *Sioux* and *Foxes* was discovered. On the narrow neck of rock they met and

fought, and many fell; until at length, overpowered by numbers, the Sioux and their allies fled. Such were these tribes—"their feet swift to shed blood."

The first attempts at Missions in these regions were from the direction of Canada and the French Canadians, and were connected with the Church of Rome. Marquette, accompanied by Alloe, had visited the south shore of Lake Superior in 1668, and made a map of the region, which was published in the *Lettres Edifiantes*. Having established the Mission of St. Ignace at Michilimackinac about 1669 or 1670, he entered the Upper Mississippi about three years afterwards from the Winconsin.

Upwards, however, of a century and a half after these dates, no morning had risen on these regions, and they continued to be wrapped in the same gloom of ignorance and barbarism which had brooded over them for ages. In 1834 the Sioux were without a written language. Then the American Missionaries entered in, and a genuine work commenced, at first painfully laborious. Days and years of plodding were spent by them in "picking up a word here and there, in writing and re-writing, correcting and re-correcting, learning the meaning of a word to-day and forgetting it to-morrow." But progress was made. "A strictly phonetic mode of writing the language was adopted, in which each character represented had a single sound." The language was found to be in many respects defective. For many and important ideas it had no corresponding words; for instance—roving in their habits, without any fixed abode around which their affections could entwine themselves—they had no word answering exactly to our English "home." Still it claimed to be regarded as a noble language, "fully adequate to all the felt wants of the nation, and capable of being enlarged, cultivated, and enriched by the introduction of foreign stores of thought. Nothing can be found more full than the Dakota verb. The affixes and reduplications, and pronouns and prepositions, all come in to make of it a stately pile of thought. A single paradigm presents more than a thousand variations."

Gradually the Book of Genesis, and a part of the Psalms, the Gospel by Luke, and the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of Paul, and the Revelation of John, were prepared for the press.

In prosecuting their labours at stations, which, in order that they might better approach the wild tribes of the Dakotahs, were placed beyond the settled districts, the Missionaries have had to pass through times, not only of alarm, but of actual danger. Such a crisis occurred in 1857, when a band of these people massacred forty white persons at Spirit Lake, carrying away with them into captivity two white women, who were afterwards recovered by the efforts of the Christian Dakotahs. Yet at a time when a conflict between a small guard of United-States' soldiers and a large body of hostile Indians was imminent, the Missionaries remained at their post, occupying a house, which, with many windows and without shutters, was wholly indefensible, but committing themselves to Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

These threatening appearances were, however, happily averted, and the Mission progressed slowly, yet satisfactorily, until the year 1862. At that time the heathen Dakotahs became dissatisfied. The annuities guaranteed to them, in lieu of lands which they had ceded, remained unpaid. They had suffered injuries, in some cases of an atrocious character, at the hands of traders, and could find no redress, there being no proper and effective police to protect the innocent and punish the guilty. Many of them hated Christianity and its attendant civilization, and desired to arrest its progress, that the old customs might have undisputed ascendancy. They knew how the civil war absorbed the resources of the Federal Government, and believed that the time had come to strike a blow. There is no doubt that they had suffered great wrongs, and, after the Indian fashion, they resolved to profit by this opportunity to avenge themselves.

In the summer of that year there were Missionaries in occupation of two points—

Yellow Medicine and Hazlewood—and at each of these places little flocks of converted natives had been gathered. The storm burst suddenly. On August 18th an attack was made on the Lower Agency, distant thirty-three miles: the soldiers sent up from Fort Ridgely on the Minnesota were assaulted promptly and fearlessly, and one half of their number having fallen, the survivors were obliged to shut themselves up within the fort. The Indians, for the time, were undisputed masters of the frontier settlements, and massacred the whites as they had opportunity. It was a moment of extreme danger to the Missionaries, but the Christian Indians came forward to help them, and, when they found that they were not strong enough to defend the Mission homes, counselled them to fly, and helped them so to do, first to an island on the Minnesota, and then direct into the heart of the prairies, where they remained, until reinforcements coming up the river afforded the prospect of security.

About 600 or 700 whites fell in this massacre, amidst the horrors of which, although they were themselves but a little band, the Christian Sioux succeeded, during the first week, in saving the lives of 100 whites.

The conflict between the soldiers and Indians was now resumed, and at Wood Lake the Dakotahs, being defeated, became discouraged, their chief, Little Crow, with a part of his followers, flying westward toward the Missouri River, while others in considerable numbers surrendered to the American General Sibley.

A military commission was appointed to try the prisoners, and the result was, that of 393 individuals thus dealt with, 302 were sentenced to be hung, and amongst them were three Christian Dakotahs. The belief was entertained that the civilized, and even some of the Christian Indians, had participated in the massacre, but this was not the case. Some of the heathen had put on the clothes of the first whites they had slain, in order that they might approach others without being suspected, and these men had been mistaken for civilized Indians. Again, when Little Crow ascended the Minnesota from the Lower Agency to Yellow Medicine, many of the Agency Indians had been compelled to accompany him from fear. At the battle of Wood Lake some of these unhostile Indians escaped from the warriors, bringing with them several white captives whom they had delivered; yet of these very many were tried and condemned.

To these condemned Indians, the Missionary, after some difficulty, was permitted access, and laboured diligently to prepare them for the end which awaited them, an effort in which he was much aided by the Christians who were among them. These men got together for worship, the others crowding around them as close as they could, that they might hear. Encouraged by this, the Christians began to preach to the heathen, one of them in particular, an elder of the native church, who had saved his Missionary's life, speaking in a manner highly appropriate and edifying. Eventually, of the number who had been condemned, thirty-eight suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The majority, who had been so unexpectedly spared, seemed greatly moved, listening eagerly to the instruction they received, and declaring their earnest desire to become Christians; so that 274 of them were baptized on the same Sunday, February 9, 1863. Others were subsequently added, until they numbered upwards of 300.

But besides those Indians who had been selected for trial, there was a large body of Indians who had not been tried, some 1600 in number, consisting chiefly of women and children. These, accompanied by one of the Missionaries, had been removed to Fort Snelling, on the Mississippi, opposite St. Paul, where they were confined on a low, flat spot, with pools of stagnant water, in extent about three acres, enclosed by a board fence, twelve or fourteen feet high, and having but one gate, where a guard was placed. Of this prison-house the Missionary wrote—"It is a very sad place now: the wailing never ceases: from five to ten die daily." But here also, amidst the pressure of deep tribulation, the Gospel message was welcomed. God spoke of mercy, although man did

not. The garret of a large warehouse was used as a place of worship, and here, seated on the floor, and packed away under the sides of the roof, assembled to hear from 300 to 500 persons. The word was in power, and many, convinced of the truth of Christianity, and of their own need of the salvation which it promises, eagerly embraced it and were baptized, to the number of 140.

In May 1863 the United-States' Government came to a decision respecting these remnants of the once great Dakota nation whom they held in bonds. Like other remnants of decayed tribes, they were to go far west. Thirteen hundred Dakotahs and 1800 Winnebagoes were to be taken up the Missouri River, 100 miles beyond Fort Randall. "Last Monday," writes one of the Missionaries recording the event, "an order came to Fort Snelling for 750 to embark on the steamer 'Davenport' for Fort Randall. On Tuesday evening, 530, with whom I remained, were ordered on board this steamer. The last person was counted on just at dusk, after which we shoved off. As darkness shut in the skies, these Indians looked out upon their native hills, as they said, for the last time. We were, however, hardly under way, when, from all the different parts of the boat where they were collected, we heard hymns of praise ascending to Jehovah; not loud, but soft and sweet, like the murmur of many waters. Then one of them engaged in prayer, after which another hymn was sung. So they continued, till all were composed, and, drawing their blankets over them, each fell asleep. The next morning, before 'sun-up,' they were again paying their devotions to God. So they have continued, every evening and morning since; and these services were commenced by themselves, without any suggestion from any one else. The people along the route wonder to see them so peaceable and quiet."

This has been throughout the policy of the United States, to remove the tribes from the precincts of the Old States far to the west. There is a table published by Schoolcraft on this subject. He gives the names of twenty-seven different tribes thus expatriated. The estimated quantity of land acquired from these tribes during the period between March 1829 and September 1838 amounts to 109,879,937 acres; the probable value of which to the United States is estimated at 137,349,946 dollars; while the probable expense of carrying into effect the various treaties is set down at 70,059,505, of which twenty millions and a half of dollars were in money, the remainder being the estimated value of thirty millions of acres of land granted to the emigrating tribes—that is, wilderness, unoccupied land, which did not belong to any one; in which the white man had no more right of proprietorship than the Indian, and for which no charge can with justice be made, in order to balance accounts with the emigrating tribes; so that, in fact, the United-States' Government, by the removal of these various tribes of Indians, obtained nearly one hundred and ten millions of acres, worth nearly one hundred and thirty-eight millions of dollars, for twenty millions and a half of dollars.

The territory to which the Sioux have been exiled possesses but few attractions, and offers a poor substitute for the prairies, and woods, and lakes of Minnesota.

"Hardly yet the middle of summer," writes, under date of July 8, one of the Missionaries who had accompanied them, "and all these great plains are without a speck of green! Only in the lowest valleys, by the side of the river, is there any living grass; and that is fast being dried up by the burning rays of the sun, which, in this climate, know not a drop of cooling rain for weeks! It is even too dry

to allow the dew to wet the face of the ground. The little corn that we planted in the lowest spots, after we arrived, if it sprouted at all, only came up to wither and die. Sore as this prospect is, the Indians had better bear it now, as the feeling against them is such, that, if one dares to protest in the humblest manner, he is regarded as insolent, hostile, and dangerous."

Nothing, indeed, can be conceived more calamitous than the condition to which these people have been reduced. The corn which they planted in 1863 did not come up until

August, and the potatoes never came up. Early in January it became quite clear, that, if all remained at Fort Thompson till spring, many must starve. They were advised, therefore, as many as could do so, to scatter off, wheresoever there was any prospect of their picking up a living.

About 200 went down the river, to the neighbourhood of Fort Randall, where, partly from the white settlers in that vicinity, partly from the soldiers, but chiefly from the Yankton Indians who are settled near there, they succeeded in either begging or working for enough to keep them alive. There were only about half a dozen men among these. I have had a talk with one of those who has just returned, and who is a member of the church. He says the church members always met for worship on the Sabbath, and what pleased them most was, that many of the Yanktons were interested in the services, and would fill the house full whenever they had a meeting. They had great reverence for the worship of God, always kneeling in prayer, and trying to behave just as the Christians did. One blind man, in particular, often sent for him to go and have a meeting at his house; and many children would come to hear his little girl spell, and get her to teach them their letters. But they had no books. They said they wished some one would come and settle among them, and teach them. There are something over 2000 of these Indians—a branch of the Sioux nation. They plant to some extent, but live principally by the buffalo chase. They have a large number of horses, with which they make two or three hunts in a year, bringing in great packs of robes and dried meats.

Soon after these Indians started below, a young man who had been out trapping brought in word that there were large herds of buffalo on the plains, about 100 miles north of this.

It was a doubtful undertaking, in the middle of winter, to venture out on those prairies, where one has to travel for two or three days without wood, to hunt buffalo; and these Indians were in poor plight for such an undertaking, being without horses to carry their baggage and chase the herds, and themselves very thinly clad. But they must do something. Government could give them nothing but some soup from day to day, which did not satisfy their appetites. All the men who were here determined to go, and most of them took their families.

There were probably fifty men and six or seven times as many women and children. I determined to go out and spend some time with them, and I am glad I did so, though it was a hard trip. I helped to show the Indians that they could travel over these wide prairies and keep the Sabbath; that they could kill buffalo without making charms; that they could live by the chase and worship God. By being altogether in their company from day to day, whether travelling or hunting, by eating with them and lodging in their tents for so long a time, I acquired a familiarity with their habits and language which may be of much service to me hereafter. I gratified my curiosity by seeing vast herds of buffalo, enough to supply New-York meat-market for the winter. I secured a knowledge of the country, which I was very desirous to obtain, especially of the head of the Minnesota Coteau, which I believe to be the best location for Indians in Minnesota or Dakotah.

Such, then, is the condition to which this remnant of the Dakotahs has been reduced. "In justice to this stricken and afflicted people, it should be said that they have shown not only a willingness, but also a strong desire to work; but there has been almost nothing which they could do. Especially has this proved to be the case with the women; and three-fourths of the families have no adult males with them. All the efforts made by the Indians, even with the aid furnished by the Government, have not sufficed for their comfortable support. Starvation has hung over them during the entire year, so that it has become exceedingly wearisome to see that dark cloud so near us, with no prospect of a brighter day."*

The removal policy of the United States appears to have succeeded with the principal Apalachian tribes, the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws. They had made some proficiency in arts and agriculture, and, when they left their ancient homes east of the Mississippi, it was to exchange them for ample and fertile areas west of that stream, where, up to the period of the great disruption, and the commencement of the civil war,

* American Board Report for 1864.

they had greatly increased in wealth and population. But as regards the tribes who, farther north, have been subjected to the same experiment, the removal policy has proved to be a melancholy failure.

"In their new homes they have been disappointed in the permanent and abundant supplies of game furnished by the forests and prairies of the west. When they removed far towards the setting sun, and abandoned the wigwams and graves of their fathers, we told them they would get beyond the reach of the vices and oppressions of bad white men, and that the Great Spirit they revered would supply them with the deer, bear, elk, and buffalo. Their tastes and habits made them yield a willing ear to the stories which we told them of this promised land. Their hearts saddened, doubtless, when they turned and gazed for the last time on their native heath; yet they were cheered with the hope of a bright future, to be realized in the stillness of that wild to which they were treading their way.

"The policy, when adopted towards the Indians, seemed wise and humane. Its authors never anticipated the rapid progress of the extension of our settlements and population westward. It was supposed that the Mississippi, for many long years, would mark the western confines of the Union, and present a barrier to western expansion not to be overcome. Soon, however, the illusion was dissipated, for the sturdy pioneer leaped the rolling flood of the father of waters, and began to fell and conquer the forests on the western slopes of its great valleys. In a few brief years a tier of states was formed over the waters, and then it was confidently believed that the broad plains and prairies, mountains and valleys, westward as far as the Pacific, would only be trod by the wild beasts of the forests and his natural enemy, the red hunter. A few more years, however, demonstrated the impotency of the most sanguine imagination to fix limits to our march westward. The acquisition and settlement of California and Oregon has created the necessity of converting much of the Indian wilderness into a great highway and thoroughfare. Not less than 75,000 of our citizens annually traverse the Indian country on their journeyings to and from the Pacific coast. The red man is no longer permitted to roam the wilderness free from the baleful presence of the hated pale-face: he sees the buffalo driven further and further from his lands, his lodges, and his wigwams. He finds that the annual slaughter of this noble animal for his own subsistence, for that of the white caravans that dot and enliven the plains, and for the robes to supply the wants of civilized and savage life, amounts to upwards 400,000."†

This famine is at the heels of the expatriated Indian. "The rapid destruction of the buffalo is exhausting the only larder from whence they draw their support; the broad prairie yields them nothing but game, which is now only taken by labour, toil, and privation, and, when found, the quantity is so meagre as rather to tantalize than appease the dreadful gnawings of hunger.

"Some of the tribes on the frontier of Missouri, when they leave their lodges in the spring and fall, to enter upon the precarious hunt for food, traverse several hundred miles of foodless desert before reaching the harvest-field—the herds of buffalo."

What remains for the Indian? He must till the ground or die? But what shall change his nature, and bend the obstinacy with which he clings to the old and pernicious habits of his fathers? Christianity is the potent spell. It has wrought, farther north, such wondrous changes. In the dreary wildernesses of North-west America the Indian, when brought under its divine influence, ceases to be a nomade, builds for himself a home, and cultivates the earth.

But let them have, not the *mauvaises terres* of Nebraska, but land which, when tilled, will respond to the labour bestowed on it.

† "Schoolcraft on the Condition and Progress of the Indian tribes."

We stated at the beginning of this article, that, after the battle of Wood Lake, the chief, Little Crow, with a portion of his followers, fled, as it was supposed, towards the Missouri River.

It would appear, however, that on the American side of the frontier there was no rest for him. He entered, therefore, the British territory, and, towards the end of the year 1863, was found at the Red-River Settlement.

Now the Sioux have been for generations the hereditary implacable foes of the Chipeways, the Indian nation from whence our converts at the Red River have been principally gathered, and they have ever been regarded as the most dreaded invaders of the prairies north of the boundary. Moreover, on the present occasion it might be supposed, that, infuriated by severe losses, Little Crow would spare neither Indian nor white man. The extensive settlement at the Red River was, in fact, at his mercy, if he were disposed to repeat the massacre of Minnesota. The population is considerable—some 6000—but the homes of the people are scattered along the banks of the river for a distance of twenty miles. Before, then, the men capable of bearing arms could have been concentrated the blow might have been struck. That the apprehensions of evil were considerable will appear from the following notices which we find in the journals of Archdeacon Hunter.

Nov. 23, 1863—Heard to-day of the arrival of eighteen Sioux Indians at the upper part of the settlement. They run great risk in approaching the settlement, as some 400 American troops are now stationed at Pembina, who will not spare them if they cross their path. Poor, unhappy creatures, they are reduced to a miserable state, and, within the American lines, every man's hand is against them.

Visit to the Sioux.

Dec. 15—Visited the Sioux encampment near Sturgeon Creek, consisting of about seventy tents, containing 500 souls, men, women, and children. They reached the settlement in a very destitute condition, both naked and starving, after losing some thirty of their party by the way from fatigue and starvation. This is Little Crow's band, the principal perpetrators of the massacre, and now vengeance seems to have overtaken them, and they are suffering fearfully, we must add deservedly, for the wrongs and crimes and untold agonies then inflicted. They are crowding to the houses of the settlers in search of food, and some of them have travelled down the settlement as far as our residence. They enter our houses armed, and some of the men are very forbidding in their aspect. Many of them can speak English, but are not forward to do so, but rather conceal it. How much they need the Gospel,

with its humanizing, civilizing, and, above all, its christianizing effects, to subdue the cruelty of their nature, and lead them to Him who is meek and lowly of heart, that they might find rest unto their souls.

Departure of the Sioux.

Dec. 25—Heard from Judge Black the pleasing intelligence that the authorities had at last succeeded in persuading the Sioux to leave the settlement. The judge writes—"I could not call on my way down from the Upper Fort this morning; but although it is possible you may have heard already the news of our deliverance from the presence of the Sioux, I yet cannot help giving you a line, with a reliable intelligence of the good tidings we have got of these dangerous Indians. Yesterday they were all off but one family, and that small remnant it was hoped would move off to-day. In wishing you and all around you a happy Christmas, I feel that this event is fitted to make the season much happier than it otherwise could have been. A dark and threatening cloud has been removed from us—darker than any that I ever remember hovering over the season; and surely we may well regard the peaceable departure of people who have filled the settlement with consternation and anxiety as the crowning mercy of the year."

The Sioux had received no injury from the British settlers, and they did them no wrong. So far as the settlement was capable of doing so, their wants were supplied, and they left in peace. The Indian is as he is dealt with. Kindness subdues him; injustice exasperates him. No tongue can describe, no imagination conceive, the

wrongs which the Red Indians of America have suffered at the hands of the white men who coveted their lands ; and, lo ! the lands where the life of the native owner was so pitilessly taken, and his blood so freely shed, is now saturated with the blood of the white men themselves. They have rooted out the aboriginal possessors, and the land is their own, and now they fiercely contend with one another, and human life is shed with a lavish prodigality previously unknown in the history of our race.

Verily there is a God that judgeth the earth !

Recent Intelligence.

MADAGASCAR.

THE Bishop of Mauritius, in reference to the Madagascar Missionaries and their work, in a letter dated April 24, 1865, says—

I think it better to write to you at once my impressions about our brethren at Vohimare. To my own mind the accounts we have just received are of a most favourable character. The internal evidence of the worth and weight of character of these true men, of their simplicity, and real and earnest longing desire for the spiritual good of the people, and of the affectionate and faithful manner in which they are discharging their duty, gaining access and using it rightly, and giving themselves to prayer in the ministry of the word,—all these are most instructive and encouraging. Then the stamp of genuine Missionary work ; the charm of the varied interesting scenes and incidents occurring day after day ; the history and character of their Governor ; and the process through which his scribe has been led to baptism ;—all this made me read every line of their journals with a zest sustained to the last. That my friend Raniandreaniprizenana, whose long name has caused his letter to be shown so often that it is now in shreds, should, in that journey to Vohimare as Governor three years ago, have been led to prepare, by his instructions and exhortations, a youth who was just ready for our Missionaries' further instruction, having received as a parting admonition from his former Governor and teacher, Luke xii. 4, 5,

and that this youth should be their first baptized convert, is indeed matter of thankful interest. The accounts of leading men of the Sakalava tribe, the visit of the second Governor of Ambohitsera, the opportunity of sending Bible portions by the Arab merchants, and the fact of their having each a separate preaching-place, with ten miles interval between them, every Sunday, makes me feel quite at ease on the subject of the population. A better centre they could scarcely have.

As soon as Mr. Ansorgé returns to Mauritius I hope the itinerating will go on with spirit. Kuschli has made one journey which had a great variety of interesting incidents in it. He has done his work admirably. His tact in seizing the attention of unwilling persons is very great. In one of the Indian villages they came to in their journey the people were very unwilling to receive them ; but he began to tell them of the last days of four men who were executed some time ago, and they soon gathered round him, when he had a good opportunity, and used it well. What a prospect would open out to us if the gifts of the ministry were poured out on the natives of lands where we have converts ! Have we sufficiently expected those gifts, or honoured the Holy Spirit by whom they are dispensed ? I very much doubt it.

NEW ZEALAND.

THE following brief extracts, from the Bishop of Waiapu's letters, will show that, amidst the storms which have visited New Zealand, and wrought so much devastation on its infant Christianity, the root still remains in the ground, retaining its vitality,

and, after a time, when the clouds are dispersed and calmer weather supervenes, will send forth new branches—

Dec. 20, 1864—This is the dark side of the subject, but the night is far spent, and the day is at hand. We know that the end will soon come when all false religions shall give way to the Gospel, and we have only to wait awhile, and Christ will take to Himself his great power, and will reign. In this diocese we have been encompassed with difficulties, but our work goes on. The enemy comes in like a flood, but the Spirit of God lifts up a standard against him. I may refer you to our third synod, which was held on the 2nd of March, for signs of vitality. True, we had no natives present from the disturbed parts of the country, but there was much to be thankful for. There was an evidence that there are numbers who regard religion as a reality, and that the desire increases for clergymen to reside among them. At Waipapu we have three excellent men, the Revs. Rota Waitoa, Raniera Kawhia, and Mohi Turei. They are living in a disturbed district, but they hold their ground, and their influence acts powerfully, and many of those who had been among the disaffected have come over to the quiet party. At Tokomaru we have the Rev. Matiaha Pahewa, a good and useful man. At Wairoa the Rev. Tamehana Huata has now the sole charge of an important district, and is faithful to his trust. A sixth, the Rev. Hare Tawhaa, we find of great service at Tauranga. He, together with Mohi Turei, were admitted to deacons' orders on the 25th of September. On Sunday last, the 18th of December, another of our teachers, Wetene Moeke, was ordained deacon. He will reside at Table Cape, taking a part of Mr. Hamlin's district. We have one other native deacon, the Rev. Ihara Te Ahi, living at Maketu.

The collections for the Endowment Fund are still going on. During this year of trouble and excitement the sum of 491*l.* has been given for this object from seven different districts, which is a sufficient indication of a right feeling among the natives. While, therefore, the enemy is doing his utmost to hinder the Gospel, and to draw away the people after

lying vanities, God is manifesting his power in the behalf of his people, and He gives us the assurance that he is directing all things towards the accomplishment of his purposes, the final result of which will be the establishment of his kingdom.

Feb. 7, 1865—I returned a few days ago from Waipapu, where I had been to hold the meeting of the diocesan synod. In these times of trouble it was a great encouragement to be able to have such a meeting, in a district, too, which has been much disturbed by hostile feeling against the Government. We assembled at Te Kawakawa, which is the centre village of the parish of the Rev. Rota Waitoa, and arrangements had been made for the hospitable entertainment of the whole synod upon Rota's premises, an additional raupo house having been erected for the occasion. There were, however, seven clergymen, including my son and Mr. Clarke, and thirteen synodsmen, but all were from the eastern coast. Neither Archdeacon Brown, nor Mr. Volkner, nor Mr. Spencer, were able to leave their homes. Indeed, that part of the country is still so much disturbed that travellers are not allowed to pass along the coast.

The business of our synod was not important in itself. There was no onward progress to be recorded, but still these meetings are a means of strengthening the faith, and encouraging the hope, of those who desire to hold steadfast in a right course, and are particularly beneficial to our native clergymen.

I have previously spoken of a deputation having been sent to Turanga from Opotiki, to invite the natives to rise up and join a hostile expedition against Maketu. We found at Waipapu other messengers, who had gone for the like purpose; but, by a remarkable providence, the principal person of this embassy was struck down by fever, and died; and the Waipapu natives, though there is still a strong party supporting the cause of the Maori king, were not inclined to respond to the invitation, but only sent a party of sixteen to conduct the surviving messenger back.

THE CATASTROPHE AT OPITIKI.

SOME weeks past, a telegram from Sidney conveyed to this country the startling intelligence that one of the Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. C. S. Volkner, had been barbarously murdered by the Pai Marire, at Opitiki, on the East Coast, the place where for several years he had been stationed, endeavouring by every means in his power to promote the well-being of the native race. It was stated also that his own flock, carried away by the fanatical delusions of the new sect, had offered no resistance to this cruel act, and that, in fact, he had been butchered in their presence.

We had then received no letters from New Zealand containing the slightest reference to such an event; and we waited in the hope that the report might prove groundless, the more so, as during the long and dark period of New-Zealand cannibalism, no Christian Missionary had ever suffered serious injury at the hands of a native.

It is with deep regret, then, that we find it all too true, and more horrible than we could have expected. The details will be found in the extracts of letters, which we append.

Deeply do we lament over this catastrophe, one in every point of view so afflictive. For our faithful Missionary we mourn, whose earnest labours on behalf of the Maori race had, as far as this world is concerned, so painful a termination. We feel our own great disappointment as a Missionary Society, which for half a century has been unselfishly and zealously endeavouring to raise from the depths of barbarism the Maori race. We are regretful for that people, whose position, already sufficiently critical, has been now rendered tenfold more so by this savage act of the Hauhaus, and the heartless ingratitude of poor Volkner's people, who stood by, and suffered, without the slightest attempt at resistance, the murder to be perpetrated. We candidly acknowledge that, whatever unfavourable opinion we entertained respecting the Ngatiruanui of the West Coast, we never could have conceived it possible that the people of the East Coast would have so readily yielded themselves to the wild impulse of a repulsive fanaticism, and that to such an extent as to turn against their own Missionaries and compel them to flee. And yet, while admitting all this, we must earnestly protest against the action of some amongst ourselves, who, ignorant of the genius of Christianity, would take advantage of this event to advocate alike the abandonment of Christian Missions, and the withdrawal of all sympathy from the Maori, because, in their opinion, the former are worthless and the latter irreclaimable.

We observe in the "Times" of January 7th, an article written in this spirit. Referring to the atrocity at Opotiki, it observes, "Here is the measure of the depth to which this much talked of Christianity has penetrated."

But surely nothing can be more remote from sound argument than from an extreme case of this kind to attempt to draw general conclusions as to the effect of Christianity upon an entire race.

In the case of the Maoris it is manifestly unjust to do so; for let it be remembered, that if in one part of the island fanatical Maoris have expressed their hatred of Christianity and English rule, by the murder of a Missionary, in another part of the island an influential chief, at the head of his tribe, has fought in defence of Christianity and its Missionaries, and in maintenance of English sovereignty, proving his loyalty by laying down his life in the conflict. Surely the devotion of John Williams to the cause of Christian order and civilization should plead as powerfully on behalf of the Maori as the atrocities of the Pai Marire against him. If the "Times," pointing to the death of Volkner, exclaims—"Behold the measure of the depth to which this much talked of Christianity has penetrated," we for our part would modify that conclusion by referring to the battle on the Wanganui river, where, in defence of English interests, Christian

Maoris met and defeated a persistent body of their own relatives and friends, who were intent on the destruction of the town of Wanganui. We protest, therefore, against the injustice which, while it describes in the most vivid colouring the evil deeds of bad natives, ignores the noble acts of good and Christian natives, and then proceeds to pass a sentence of condemnation on the entire race.

But while we refuse to commit ourselves to extreme conclusions, we at the same time admit that, in the presence of so dread a catastrophe, it is our bounden duty to reconsider the conclusions to which we have come respecting the evangelization of the Maoris, lest, perhaps, we may have ascribed to Christianity a more decided ascendancy over that people than it has actually attained; and whether, with this new and sad experience before us, it may not be necessary so to modify our views, as that they may coincide with the sober reality of facts. Now, we have never regarded the New-Zealand Mission as a completed work; nay, for many years we have observed it with much anxiety as a work, the progress of which towards maturity has been retarded by many and untoward circumstances. Had the Church Missionary Society regarded this Mission as a completed work, she would, several years ago, have withdrawn her Missionaries from this field; and in fact she was so moved to do, and that by individuals whose personal character, position, and experience in the native character and circumstances of the country, necessarily invested with great weight the advice which they gave. Several years ago the Bishop of New Zealand, and the present Governor, Sir George Grey, when in England together, visited the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, and in the strongest manner urged their conviction, that the time had come when the Church Missionary Society ought to withdraw its Missionaries, for that the work had so far advanced, that it might with safety and propriety be transferred to the church establishment, precisely in the same way as on a former occasion the Society had dealt with its West-India Missions; that not only indeed might this be done with safety, but that it ought to be done in presence of the vast destitution of the heathen world, which summoned us, after apostolic example, to go forward to the places where Christ had not yet been named. It was just at the moment when Sir George Grey was retiring from his first governorship that this advice was tendered, and his successful administration, and the interest which he had shown in the welfare of the native race, gave to it the weight of almost irresistible authority. The subject was a momentous one, and it was examined and sifted by the Parent Committee in a series of very animated discussions. At length, after long and prayerful and anxious deliberation, the Committee decided that the time was not come when it could withdraw itself from that island Mission, and, transferring its Missionaries to the church establishment, retire from the field. It was felt that the Mission was yet like a Himalayan river before it has emerged from the mountainous region where it had its birth; that the plain country had not yet been reached where a smooth and even course might be expected; that critical circumstances and unexpected difficulties might supervene, in which the Society, if still in the field, and retaining the position of influence which had been acquired by many years of patient labour, might tender wise counsel and yield important aid. It was content, indeed, to modify its action by withdrawing the grants which had been hitherto made to the educational department, devolving on the native Christians the duty of maintaining their own schools, which from the large sums they were then receiving from the sale of their lands they were able to do. But even for this an equivalent was obtained in the designation of one of its own Missionaries to the episcopate, and that for the purpose of correcting a great defect under which the New-Zealand Mission laboured; an evidence of immaturity so unanswerable, that so long as it remained, it were impossible that the Church Missionary Society could think of withdrawing from the field—the almost entire absence of a native ministry. Bishop Williams was consecrated for the express purpose of training

up suitable agents for ordination, and so expediting that euthanasia of the Mission which alone would justify the withdrawal of the Church Missionary Society.

The apprehensions entertained by the Committee have been verified, and the decision to which they came is now shown to have been a wise one. Difficulties have supervened more severe than could have been anticipated. The native Christianity of New Zealand, as yet in an immature and feeble state, has been subjected to a fiery ordeal. Conflicting interests on land questions brought the colonist and the settler into collision. No one, with any regard to truth, can assert that in these complications the native received fair and equitable treatment. But it is now useless to refer to these matters. We have gone over them again and again, until the subject is wearisome both to ourselves and our readers. Suffice it to say that a portion of the race, becoming exasperated, committed themselves to acts of war, and brought upon themselves the whole force of British power. After a stout resistance they have been crushed, and now in the season of adversity, where Christianity was weak and superficial, it has entirely given way, and some of the tribes have returned to their old and sanguinary superstitions, which, disinterred from the grave where they lay mouldering, and dignified with a new name, have been raised on high as a rallying-point for the Maori, and the signal of uncompromising hostility to Christianity and England.

They have cast off their Christianity, because, thoroughly alienated, and disliking every thing English, they disliked the religion they have received from us. Such a result we ought to have been prepared for. They were well disposed at one time to English rule, and to fraternization with the English colonist. They became the victims, as is admitted now by the colonial authorities themselves, of an unjust war. They found that Christianity had not taught England to be just in her administrative action towards inferior races; that might was counted as right, and, if resisted, then the resistance was denounced as rebellion; and now from England, and the Christianity of England, this section of the native race is utterly averted. There is nothing new in this. The same series of events occurred in Ireland; and there, too, land feuds, wars between the natives and the intruding race, in which the more powerful prevailed, and then confiscations on a wide scale, laid the foundations of a deep-rooted disaffection to the English power and the English faith, which from generation to generation has been perpetuated to this day. This is the reason why scriptural Christianity makes such slow progress in the sister country: it is because it is regarded as English. A powerful nation can of course deal harshly with inferior races, but she must accept the consequences, in the turbulence of a disaffected people, and their reluctance to the yoke. We regard the *Pai Marire* as a banner of disaffection to English rule, and to Christianity as identified with that rule.

What is to be done under these circumstances? Extermination is the cry with some. Of course this, if carried out, cuts the Gordian knot of the existing difficulty. "The savage can never be socially amalgamated with the white man, but must disappear before him." So says the "Times." We deny the impossibility, provided only that the native be dealt with according to those just principles which Christianity inculcates. This has not been done; and now there is a difficulty as to how the Maori shall be disposed of. But the difficulty is one which we have originated ourselves. To confess however, our own faults, is not pleasant: a more easy way is to disburthen ourselves of them by imputing them to the native. We load him with the conjoint weight of European and native faults, and then, pronouncing him irreclaimable, doom him to extermination. But does God approve of this procedure? Has He given authority to Englishmen to tread down native races and appropriate their land? What! He who hath "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation?" No!

there is no such authority. If we cannot colonize a land without exterminating the native race, let us abstain from it. The land will cost more than it is worth. It will cost a load of guilt, a debt which must be paid off in national judgments and disasters. The Spaniards have dyed their hands red in the blood of native races ; the Portuguese too ; nor have the Dutch been free from the same crime. But the Anglo-Saxon race has also participated in this dread procedure. Witness the aborigines of North America ; the blacks of Australia ; and now the Maoris of New Zealand, are they to be added to the doomed list ?

But our Missionary efforts, it is alleged, have proved a failure. This startling atrocity has dissipated the dream of native evangelization ; and now the well-intentioned but deluded philanthropists, who interposed on behalf of the Maori, and prayed that he might be permitted to live on his own land, are to be put aside, and their interference no longer suffered.

Let us consider. What does this atrocity demand from us ? An abandonment of effort ? Nay, a renewal of effort. Our work is not done : this is now undeniable. Then on the very foundation of this atrocity let us begin to build anew. A Missionary has been put to death amidst circumstances of the most revolting character. Is New Zealand then to be given up ? That is not the genius of Christianity. There was a scene once occurred, one the traces of which are indelible. It was an act of the most malignant cruelty committed against the great Benefactor of the human race. Missionaries, after all, are but men. They have their faults and imperfections. They are sometimes injudicious in their proceedings, and are liable to be misunderstood. But in Him of whom we speak there was a total absence of all these accidents. Never was there such an expression of perfect love, and never was there one upon earth on whom was poured forth such a flood of concentrated malignity. Around him raged the surges of human hatred. "Crucify Him ! crucify Him !" was the doom which they awarded him ; and they crucified Him—one of themselves ; of their own race—their friend, who had gone forth amongst them, doing good, and healing all that were oppressed with the devil ; nay, their divine instructor, their Saviour, their Lord, who would have gathered them even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and they would not. Never was there greater exultation manifested than when they saw him uplifted on the cross. But was the divine mission therefore withdrawn, and the earth abandoned to its fate because Christ had been crucified ? Nay, this very deed inaugurated new and unprecedented efforts, and the death of the Redeemer became the foundation on which was raised that superstructure of a progressive Christianity, which is yet, in our own day, advancing to its consummation. That his good should be overcome of evil is not God's way ; nay, the contrary is his principle—to "overcome evil with good." His glory is concerned in this, that his good prove itself stronger than human evil. It has been so of old. It must be so now, unless, to our shame, we would proclaim to the world, that, whilst we retain the name, we have lost the animating spirit and excellence of Christianity.

Volkner has died—the first Missionary that ever suffered mortal ill at the hands of a New Zealander. Then let us build over his grave new efforts for the evangelization of the Maori race. He suffered patiently. Like his great Master, he uttered no complaint ; he broke out into no revilings. Meekly, lamb-like, he laid down his life. His was a martyr's death. We doubt whether Christianity ever achieved a national victory, the foundation of which was not laid in the martyrdom of some of the first evangelists. The seed dies that it may rise again. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone ; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." That was true of the parent seed ; and it is also true of those who, under the direction of the once crucified but now enthroned Saviour, are engaged in reproducing his Gospel through the world. Like Volkner, at some special

crisis, one or another may be called upon to lay down their lives ; but when it is so, their death will infuse into the work a new vitality, and Christianity spring up more vigorously than it did before.

And so we entertain the hope that these atrocities will eventuate a great reaction in New Zealand. The "Times" states that the new fanaticism seems to have aroused nearly the whole native population of the province of Auckland. Yet it is only a short time since that it detailed the rough handling which the Pai Marire, in effecting their journey across the island to the eastern tribes, where they have wrought so much mischief, received, at the hands of the Arawas, the leaders of the party, and, amongst others, the chief prophet having been captured and handed over to the authorities. This we are persuaded of, that, notwithstanding all the disastrous influences of a protracted war, there exists in the Auckland province a large body of Maoris who value Christianity, and are not prepared to surrender it at the dictates of the Pai Marire. But however this be, our duty is plain, and if a great wrong has been perpetrated, we must not rest until there has been educed from it as great a good.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

IN the earlier part of 1864 Missionary proceedings in this city had assumed an interesting and encouraging aspect. A spirit of inquiry had been awakened amongst the Greek population, and this, in some measure, had extended itself to the Turks. Many from amongst this people were anxious to obtain information, and came to the Missionaries for this purpose. To facilitate such communications, rooms had been hired in a khan, an ancient building, with a court-yard, and containing a small number of rooms, opening upon galleries which ran round each storey. On the third gallery two rooms were hired, one for receiving visitors, and to this room persons of diverse nationalities—Turks, Greeks, Armenians—as they felt disposed, came of their own accord. There was no preaching outside the room ; neither did the khan stand in any public thoroughfare but was approachable only by a narrow dirty alley.

As Turkish inquirers, in intercourse with the Missionaries, became increasingly interested, so that they felt anxious to examine into the comparative merits of Islamism and Christianity, Dr. Pfander's book, the *Mizan-ul-haqq*, was placed in their hands, a treatise which, from its profound and calm tone, is eminently fitted to convince Mohammedans that Christianity, in its doctrines and precepts, and in its influence upon the human character, well deserves the most serious consideration. Of necessity such a work is, to a certain extent, controversial, because Mohammedanism, in its original structure, is an aggression upon Christianity, which therefore requires to be vindicated from various misrepresentations. It was with this object, many years ago, the *Mizan-ul-haqq* was written in the Persian language, having been subsequently rendered into the Hindustanee for the use of Mussulmans in India, by whom it has been extensively read, and more recently into the Turkish. To those at Constantinople who were desirous of having such a book, it was sold ; but this was done privately : there was no public sale, nor was colportage used on its behalf.

The Hatti-sheriff of 1856 fully justified such proceedings. It conceded religious liberty, the free exercise of all religions within the Sultan's dominions, and guaranteed that none should be hindered in the exercise of the religion he professed. A Turk, then, if so disposed, was free to embrace and profess Protestant Christianity, and, according to the provisions of the Hatti-sheriff, he was entitled to state protection in so doing, so that he should not be molested. And if free to decide upon a question of such import-

ance, and to register his convictions by an open profession of Christianity, then surely he was free in all the preliminary matters,—free to inquire, and, for the solution of his doubts, at liberty to approach any Protestant Missionary who might be accessible to him, that he might ask and receive instruction.

The Missionaries were in Turkey, in obedience to their Lord's command, "Go and teach all nations." They are under an obligation to enter in at every door which his providence had opened, and to remain there until forcibly excluded. As regards a residence in Turkey, they were precluded by no law, and, while there, it was their duty to do the best they could in order to make Christianity known. Of course their endeavour would be to fulfil this duty as quietly as possible, avoiding all needless irritation; and such, in fact, has been the action of our Missionaries at Constantinople. There have been no extravagant proceedings; no "going about preaching publicly against Mohammedanism" on the part either of Missionaries or their converts; no "irritable plan of conversion." Missionaries only did that which was absolutely necessary, if their presence in Turkey was to be of any utility whatever; and if this were not permissible, there was no use in their being there.

The Turkish authorities appeared for a season to have accepted these movements as the natural and necessary result of the Hatti-sheriff of 1856. "American Missionaries preached the Gospel in every province of the empire. They gathered converts from every church—Catholic, Greek, and Armenian; from the latter a large number. They published books explaining and enforcing evangelical truth in opposition to all other churches. In all this they demanded and received the protection of the Government. When their converts were persecuted by their former co-religionists, the Turkish authorities always protected them." So likewise, when Missionaries addressed themselves directly to the Turks, and sought to evangelize them and communicate to them Christian instruction, the Government at first seemed as though it did not disapprove of their proceedings; for in one instance, which occurred about six years ago, when a Turk and his wife embraced Christianity at Bebek, Aali Pasha visited the house of the American Missionary, and examined these persons, to see if any force had been used in their conversion to Christianity. On that occasion he declared himself perfectly satisfied, and assured them officially that they had as good a right to become Christians as a Christian had to become a Mussulman.

These appearances were, however, deceptive. There were those who viewed with a jealous eye the progress which Christianity was making. If they did not act before, it was simply because they lacked opportunity. The benefits conferred on Turkey by the Christian powers were fresh in people's minds, and the liberal tendencies of the late Sultan rendered hopeless all attempts at a retrograde movement. But time brought its changes. What was not deemed practicable in 1858 was resolved upon in 1864. The thunderbolt fell as in an instant. The book-store of the British and Foreign Bible Society, established for many years in Constantinople, and the private rooms of the different Protestant Missionary Societies—Propagation of the Gospel, Church Missionary Society, and American Board—were suddenly seized, the officials expelled, and the doors, after having been locked and sealed, guarded by an armed police, which refused all access to the premises for two days; while several Moslem converts, quiet, inoffensive persons, were laid hold upon by armed men, violently dragged through the streets, and cast into the common prison.

These violent measures were attempted to be justified by the plea that the proceedings of the Missionaries had so inflamed the popular mind, as to render the authorities apprehensive of an outbreak; but that any grounds existed for such an apprehension to this day remains unproved. Constantinople at the time was in perfect tranquillity, and the only disturbers of the public peace were the authorities themselves.

Supposing, however, that the apprehension was well founded, and that there did exist an underground swell amidst the population of the city, yet surely it was the duty of the Grand Vizier to submit, in the first instance, the proceedings of the Missionaries to the British authorities, in order that, by calm and impartial investigation, it might be ascertained whether they were in any measure blameable, and, if not, that, whatever might ensue, due protection might be afforded them. But to deal with parties against whom nothing had been proved as though they were criminals, and offer them up as a propitiary victim to popular indignation, seems to be a strange mode of preserving the public peace, and incompatible, not only with religious freedom, but with any freedom whatsoever.

Now in a country circumstanced as Turkey is, where so much depends on the private views and feelings of a few individuals, who may chance to be at the head of affairs, and in positions of influence, occasional attempts to escape from concessions made to freedom of conscience are to be expected. Protestants in Turkey are especially liable to be so dealt with, not only because the scriptural Christianity which they profess is the common foe of all false religions, but because they are as yet, in that empire, few and feeble. But at every previous crisis they had something to fall back upon. Her Britannic Majesty's late Ambassadors, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Lord Cowley, recognised Protestantism as possessing the right of free action; and, so long as its course continued to be wise and temperate, entitled not only not to be molested, but to be protected by the State; and if at any time there was a reluctance to acknowledge these rights, the British Embassy invariably befriended the Protestant interests with the same earnestness which the French and Russian Ambassadors never fail to exhibit on behalf of their co-religionists. Had the same policy been adhered to, the Turkish authorities never would have adventured upon such extreme measures. But the views which prevailed at the Embassy were not such as they had been. The Ambassador considered that the Missionaries had acted unwisely; that they had been too aggressive in their proceedings, and had themselves caused the difficulties which had supervened. The course which they ought to have pursued, according to his judgment, is thus stated in a letter addressed by him to the Secretary of the Committee of the Evangelical Society, Constantinople—

I venture, indeed, myself to say, without impugning the duty of propagating Christianity in the abstract, or conveying any censure upon you for the manner in which you regard that duty, that, under the circumstances which we have to consider, it becomes a question whether Protestants may not do more towards Christianizing the Mussulmans by practising quietly and simply the tenets of their own faith, and leaving others to do the same, gaining in this manner general good-

will, and allowing, in the mean time, the tide of civilization, which is connected with Christianity, to mount, slowly if you will, and imperceptibly, until it gradually overflows the at present semi-civilized East, than by any more violent or provocative action, any lectures or lessons against Mohammedanism, any employment of salaried converts, to spread Christianity. Remember that things "may be lawful, and yet not always expedient."

Christianity, in short, was to divest itself of all aggressive action. It was to content itself with a silent testimony, and be as a dumb man, who speaks not by words, but by signs. This is irreconcilable with the genius of Christianity. The council of the Jews commanded Peter and John not to speak at all, "nor teach in the name of Jesus;" and their answer was, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Christianity seeks not to coerce, but to win and persuade; but, if this is to be done, it must have liberty to speak; and if Missionaries may not speak, it is best they should withdraw.

It would be tedious to go through the long correspondence which ensued on these subjects. It will be found in a Blue Book published this year. But the result of it is

important, and our readers will be anxious to know what is the precise position, at the present time, of Protestant Missionaries in the Ottoman dominions. Have they freedom in their work, and are they secured against further molestation?

On the important subject of the distribution of the sacred Scriptures in the various languages spoken throughout the Ottoman empire, the British and Foreign Bible Society is for the present left free and unfettered in its action. The Turkish authorities wished to limit the sale of the Scriptures to shops or private houses, and disputed the right of colportage.

In favour of the maintenance of this right the Committee of the Bible Society assert that the practice has been for many years permitted without obstruction; that the Society never distributed Bibles gratuitously, but always sells them; that many millions of the subjects of the Sultan are Christians, and are entitled, according to the provisions of the Hatti-humayoun, to the free profession and exercise of their religion; that in many parts of the empire, such as Bosnia and Bulgaria, it would be impossible to set up shops for the sale of books; that, in fact, the common, the established, and most efficacious method of distributing Bibles by the Society is the method of col-

portage, or hawking; that in this way the Bible is eagerly sought after and extensively spread, and that no disorder or disturbance of the peace has accompanied the sale; that the Turks, far from feeling any aversion or repugnance to the practice, consider the Old and New Testaments as books containing the records of divine revelations prior to the age of Mohammed; that Turks who do not choose to buy the Bible kiss the book with reverence, and return it to the person offering it for sale.

Finally, they allege that this mode of distribution is a lawful, peaceable, and harmless method of spreading among Christians and Turks alike a knowledge of the Christian religion.

These arguments appeared to Earl Russell "conformable to treaty, to the profession of the Turkish Government, as proclaimed in the Hatti-humayoun, and to the privileges of British subjects in the Ottoman dominions." The British Ambassador, therefore, was instructed to urge the Turkish Government "to allow the free distribution of the Bible by means of travellers, or hawkers, employed by the Bible Society or other British subjects, as an essential and indispensable part of religious liberty guaranteed by the Hatti-humayoun, and confirmed by the practice of many years."

The Ambassador (Blue Book, No. 30, p. 34) states the result of his communication with Aali Pasha on these points. "I urged the request of the petitioners in every possible way, without obtaining a positive assent or dissent." "The impression left on my mind is, that the Porte will never grant the request in such a manner as to accord a positive and irrevocable right." A verbal assurance that "there is no intention to interfere with the colporteurs if they conduct themselves quietly," appears to be the utmost which the Turkish authorities were disposed to grant in answer to a direct application on the part of the British Government.

With respect to Missionaries and their labours, the Porte was willing to concede to Protestantism a *locus standi* within the empire, provided it was satisfied to divest itself of all aggressive action. "The Ottoman Government," observes Sir H. L. Bulwer, in his letter of August 1, "is willing to allow Protestants and all Christians to exercise their own religion in the Ottoman dominions in churches, or quietly at home, but it will not allow any attempts, public or private, to assail the Mussulman religion. It will allow Mussulmans to become Christians, but it will not allow them, any more than it will other Christians, to go about speaking publicly against Mohammedanism. It says its policy is to protect all religions, and not to allow persons of one religion to attack another."

Assuredly the Hatti-sheriff of 1856 must be regarded as a fictitious document, if this were all that it intended to grant in the direction of religious liberty. But such, we are persuaded, was not the intention at the time when it was promulgated, as assuredly such was not the sense in which it was understood by the representatives of the Western Powers. Can it be imagined for a moment, that at a time so critical, when

the safety of Turkey depended on the fidelity with which those Powers adhered to their engagements, such a deception would have been permitted? for what did it amount to? Precisely this—as if one who had long imprisoned a bird within a cage were to resolve thus—“Prisoner, you shall be free: I shall throw wide open the cage door; but first of all I must clip your wings, and deprive you of the power of flight: you shall be nominally free, but practically just as much within my power as before.”

British Christians were not silent at such a moment. The Committees of the various Religious Societies who were directly interested in the question memorialized the Foreign Office. The Church Missionary Society contended that the Hatti-sheriff of 1856 “guaranteed to the Mohammedan convert the exercise of all legitimate means of informing his conscience by resort to Christian Missionaries; and that it guarantees to those Missionaries the reasonable and peaceable exercise of their office. It would have been a mockery to guarantee to the inquirer immunity after he had actually embraced the Christian faith, whilst the “temporal arm” might interfere to prevent all reasonable means of his becoming acquainted with the claims of the Christian religion.” They prayed, therefore, that their Missionaries “should not be under any such restrictions as are inconsistent with the concessions of 1856, and claimed, on behalf of Turkish converts and inquirers, that they should have the full liberty of conscience and exemption from all molestation, to which the Porte pledged itself in the diplomatic agreement entered into with the British Government in 1856.”

The decision of the Foreign Office on these controverted points is contained in a despatch dated December 15th, 1864. It recognises the fact that the Hatti-humayoun had been violated, and wrong done; and therefore, while indisposed to seek redress for the past, Earl Russell proceeds to say—“I must ask assurances for the future; and if, in reply, I am to be told that the reference to the Hatti-humayoun, in the treaty of 1856, and the promises made to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, have no practical value, and that neither Missionaries nor converts can derive any protection from those documents, I am convinced the feelings of the English nation towards Turkey will be very seriously affected, and their disposition to defend the integrity of the Turkish empire much abated.”

The reply of Aali Pasha to this communication is important, as in this document, if anywhere, we may expect to find an avowal of the future policy of the Ottoman Porte in relation to Protestant Missionaries in Turkey. It is contained in a despatch to M. Musurus, the Turkish Ambassador in London.

It reiterates the charges made against the Missionaries—“My former communications have made you acquainted with the conduct of certain Protestant Missionaries, and the measures which the Sublime Porte was obliged to adopt.” The Turkish minister then refers to the Hatti-humayoun of 1856, “as establishing the free exercise of all forms of religion existing in the empire,” and to the obligation imposed in consequence on the Turkish authorities of “watching indiscriminately over the safety of all religious interests, and guaranteeing each creed against the aggression of the others, by giving to all an entire liberty in their religious manifestations.”

There is therefore no ambiguity as to the position which the Turkish authorities would assign to scriptural Christianity. It may exist in the Turkish empire if it settles down into a truce with the various creeds around, and refrains from reproducing itself. The light may be in the midst of darkness, provided that it does not enlighten that darkness. But where, then, is the “entire liberty in all its religious manifestations” which the Hatti-humayoun is supposed to have established?

The incompatibility of such an enforced reserve with the enjoyment of any thing which deserves the name of religious liberty had been pointed out by the British Secretary of State in more than one of his despatches, and to such expostulations Aali Pasha

thus refers—"Lord Russell has stated repeatedly, in his speech, the difficulties which arise in the application of the principle which is in question. His lordship declares that he cannot form a conception of the liberty of religious creeds without the freedom of recording, in the ardour of conversion, the arguments through which those creeds have been adopted. The noble lord goes so far as to allow the attack, in a private manner, of a religion which is considered erroneous, but he sees offence in the act of publicly attacking and reproaching that religion."

Assuredly Christianity could not exist with a less amount of liberty than this—that, however in public reserve be enforced, the tongue be loosed in private, and men be there free to converse on subjects of all others the most important. Is this minimum of free action at once and unreservedly conceded? We shall quote the words of the Turkish minister—

Doubtless, the liberty of opinion leads to that of recording it. Nevertheless, we believe that it is forbidden to employ other methods than that of persuasion. So far this mode of making known religious convictions is, we consider, justified on the principle of liberty of opinion. But his lordship, who condemns the aggressive expression of religious convictions when they are made in broad daylight, will not dispute that there is a great step between a spontaneous and tolerant manifestation of convictions and a systematic propagandism which makes use of powerful means, and acts with the settled purpose of effecting the subversion of other religions; which draws all its energy from the intolerance and the

hatred of those religions; which speculates not only on the ignorance of the masses and the weakness of faith, but even upon political views, and, above all, upon motives of interest; which insults and reproaches, instead of respecting the opinions of others, and fears not to have recourse to corruption when it cannot obtain its object by persuasion. It would be vain to affect in practice all the consideration which the Missionaries have too much neglected. Such a system would be none the less the contradiction of the principle of religious liberty, for by its very existence it attacks that liberty in others, and that respect for the convictions of others, without which religious tolerance would be but an empty form.

Persuasion, then, provided it avoid publicity, and confine itself to corners, is conceded. But whether in public or in private, Protestant Missionaries have never used any other method. It would not answer their purpose so to do. Converts, except on conviction, are worse than nothing. Coercion and bribery yield a fictitious material. Protestant Missionaries repudiate such a system; yet they are accused of a "systematic propagandism, which speculates upon political views, and, above all, upon motives of interest; which insults and reproaches, instead of respecting the opinions of others, and fears not to have recourse to corruption when it cannot obtain its object by persuasion." Assuredly these are procedures of which Protestant Missionaries know nothing. Such appliances scriptural Christianity eschews. They would not facilitate its progress; nay, they would prove as embarrassing as Saul's armour to David, when he said, "I cannot go with these."

This, then, if we understand these state papers correctly, is the maximum of free action, which the Turkish minister permits to Protestant Missionaries, they may use persuasion, provided that in doing so they avoid publicity. But is such an arrangement practicable? Who shall discriminate between what is public and what is private? Does the Turkish minister offer any pledge, concede any promise that the persuasive action of Christianity shall not be confounded with a dangerous propagandism? None whatever. Christianity must not be openly placed in juxta-position with Islamism, so that the truth of the one shall exhibit the erroneousness of the other. "The established religion of the country must be respected." "Can it be supposed," observes the Turkish minister, in the "ardour of his convictions," contending against "the pretensions of the Missionaries," "that whilst condemning religious persecutions, the Sublime Porte has consented to permit offence and insult to any creed whatever? that at the same time she was

proclaiming liberty to all non-Mussulman creeds, she had given them arms against Islamism?"

Such, then, is the decision of the Turkish authorities: they are opposed to propagandism, that is, to the Missionary action of Christianity. That it should commend itself to the acceptance of many as the alone true faith, however mildly and persuasively this may be done, is, in their view, a propagandism which cannot be tolerated, and which the Hatti-humayoun never was intended to sanction.

The answer of the British Secretary of State is brief. Waiving further discussion as useless, he falls back upon the clause of the Hatti-humayoun, to which the Turkish authorities have affixed so narrow an interpretation, and so closes the controversy.

I gather from this despatch that the Sultan will observe inviolably the sixth article of the Hatti-humayoun of his late brother, which is in these terms—

"Seeing that all religions are and will be freely practised in my States, no subject in my empire will be troubled in the exercise of the religion he professes, or be in any manner disturbed on this account. No one will be

compelled to change his religion."

I understand further, from the termination of the despatch, that the free sale and circulation of the Bible continue and will continue to be authorized in the Turkish empire.

If these two declarations are maintained and acted upon, I am quite willing to close the controversy.

In a future paper we shall review the aspect of Missionary affairs in the Turkish empire since the close of this correspondence in January last.

JOHN WILLIAMS, OF PUTIKI, WANGANUI.

THE war in New Zealand was transferred, about the beginning of the present year, from the Waikato country to the Taranaki and Wanganui districts on the west coast.

The country from Cape Egmont to the Houranga stream, within a few miles of Wanganui, extending over ninety-seven miles of coast, and comprising nearly 1,300,000 acres, is claimed by the Ngatiruanui and Taranaki tribes, together somewhat more than 2000 in number. These people have been throughout the most bitterly hostile to the Europeans. They commenced hostilities by the murder, on the south of New Plymouth, of unarmed settlers and boys; and when the war with the Ngatiawa of William King was terminated by an arrangement, these two tribes, on account of their bad conduct, were excluded from its operation, and reserved to be separately dealt with so soon as the war in Waikato had ended.

Is there any possibility of accounting for the embittered spirit of this people? We place before our readers the following narrative—

In April 1834 the bark "Harriet," J. Guard, master, bound for Cloudy Bay, was wrecked at Taranaki, near to the spot where the English settlement now stands. For six days the shipwrecked mariners were treated as friends; but from some unexplained cause a quarrel arose, in which twelve sailors and twenty-five natives were slain, and Mr. Guard, two children, and ten seamen were made prisoners. Guard and several sailors were allowed to depart, on promising to return with powder as a ransom for the others.

In consequence of Guard's personal representations, the Government of New South Wales sent His Majesty's ship "Alligator," Captain Lambert, and a company of the 50th

Regiment, to rescue the prisoners. On the arrival of the force at Taranaki, the captured sailors were delivered up, and the two interpreters who were sent on shore promised that a payment should be made when the woman and children were released. The soldiers were then landed, and as they formed in battle array on the beach, two unarmed and unattended natives came down to meet them. One introduced himself as the chief who had got the woman and children, rubbed noses with Guard, in token of ancient friendship, and told him that Mrs. Guard and the children were well, and that they would be surrendered on the natives receiving the promised payment. The officer in charge of the boat, attri-

bating evil motives to this man, seized him, dragged him into the boat, and stabbed him with a bayonet.

A few days afterwards Mrs. Guard and one child were released, and the wounded chief was restored to his friends. The other child was subsequently brought down to the strand on the shoulder of the chief who had fed it, and he requested to be allowed to take the child on board ship in order to receive the promised ransom. When told none would be given, he turned away; but before getting many yards he was shot, and the infant was taken from the agonizing clutch of the dying man, to whom it clung as to a friend. *The dead man's head was then cut off, and kicked about the sand;* and Mrs. Guard afterwards identified it as *the head of their best friend*. In consequence of a shot discharged, by whom and at whom none knew, the ship's guns and the soldiers commenced firing, and after destroying two villages and several canoes, and killing many natives, the troops re-embarked, and the expedition returned to Sydney.

The Government of New South Wales then urged on His Majesty's Government the necessity of supporting the British Resident with an armed force, as that officer was placed in a position neither creditable to himself nor to the English he represented.

It would have been well for the honour of the English name had the Government of New South Wales been, like the Resident in New Zealand, powerless; for the Taranaki campaign resembled the operations of insulted buccaneers more than an expedition of His Majesty's forces. A Committee of the British Parliament expressed its disapprobation of this affair; pointed out that the New Zealanders fulfilled, while the English broke, their original contract; and stated that this opinion was drawn even from the one-sided evidence of the culpable parties, the chief witness being an old convict, who said a musket-ball for every New Zealander was the best mode of civilizing the country.*

The Ngatiruanui never forgot the way in which their people had been slaughtered by the commander of H.M.S. "Alligator" in 1834, having kept, as mementoes of their treatment, some of the shot which had been thrown at them. Eventually, when estrangements arose between the natives and settlers, they became the staunchest supporters, first of the anti-land-selling league, and then of the king movement.

In April 1863, Sir George Grey, convinced, on investigation, that the colonial authorities had no right whatever to retain possession of the Waitara block, which had been wrested from William King, resolved on surrendering it to the natives. But there was another block of land to the south of New Plymouth, that of Tataraimaka, the property of the Government by purchase, but which the natives held as a pledge until the Waitara was given up. In presence of the irritation which prevailed the utmost caution was requisite, and common sense would have suggested not to touch the Tataraimaka block until the Waitara had, by public proclamation, been surrendered. Unhappily this course was not adopted. Tataraimaka was occupied before the natives were made aware of the intention to surrender Waitara, and, resolved on retaliation, the Maoris struck the first blow by cutting off two officers, two sergeants, and four men of the 57th regiment. This was done the very day month after the occupation of the Tataraimaka block, the Ngatiruanui being the perpetrators.

A month subsequently the natives were defeated by General Cameron at the Tataraimaka block, and dispersed; and immediately afterwards, the troops, with the exception of a small force left for the defence of New Plymouth, were transferred to Auckland, and the Waikato country became the seat of war, the garrison of New Plymouth acting on the defensive, and contenting itself with repelling the natives in their attempts to approach the town.

So matters remained until April 1864, when a reconnoitring party, under the command of Captain Lloyd, of the 57th Regiment, fell into a strong native ambushade, and, being completely surprised, suffered severely, Captain Lloyd and six of his party being slain. On this occasion the Ngatiruanui, casting off all pretence to be regarded as

* Thomson's "New Zealand," pp. 272—274.

Christian and civilized men, appeared in their true colours as unreclaimed barbarians. They cut off the heads of Captain Lloyd and of five others, and carried them away.

Emboldened by their success, they ventured, at the end of April, to attack the posts, which defended New Plymouth, a movement which brought upon them a severe repulse, several of the Ngatiruanui and Taranaki natives having been found among the slain.

Hating the foreigner, they have now, in their aversion to him, cast off the religion which they had professedly received from him.

Strange to say, the new superstition, which is designated the "Pai Marire," has identified itself with the head of Captain Lloyd, which appears to be regarded as the symbol and centre of the system.

Under the direction of a native, called Te Ua, who arrogated to himself the office of high priest, and professed to be inspired by the angel Gabriel, this head was exhumed and cured after the old native fashion, that, being carried through the length and breadth of the land, it might henceforth be the medium of communication with Jehovah. The following are the tenets of the new religion—

The followers shall be called "Pai Marire."

The angel Gabriel with his legions will protect them from their enemies.

The Virgin Mary will constantly be present with them.

The religion of England as taught by the Scriptures is false.

The Scriptures must all be burnt.

All days are alike sacred, and no notice must be taken of the Christian Sabbath.

Men and women must live together promiscuously, so that their children may be as the sand of the sea for multitude.

The priests have superhuman power, and can obtain for their followers complete victories, by uttering vigorously the word "Hau."

The people who adopt this religion will shortly drive the whole European population

out of New Zealand. This is only prevented now by the head not having completed its circuit of the whole land.

Legions of angels await the bidding of the priests to aid the Maoris in exterminating the Europeans.

Immediately the Europeans are destroyed and driven away men will be sent from heaven to teach the Maoris all the arts and sciences now known by Europeans.

The priests have the power to teach the Maoris the English language in one lesson, provided certain stipulations are carefully observed, namely, the people to assemble at a certain time, in a certain position, near a flag-staff of a certain height, bearing a flag of certain colours.

The following more detailed account has been furnished by a New-Zealand resident—

On the occasion of the fight at Ahuahu, Captain Lloyd's blood was drunk by the natives that killed him, and after having finished their orgies they cut off his head, and buried it. Next night the Archangel Gabriel is said to have appeared to those who had partaken of the blood, and desired them to disinter the head, and dry it in the old Maori fashion, in order that the Captain's spirit, speaking through the head, might become the medium of communication between the Almighty and mankind, and be carried through the island as a banner under which a crusade against the Pakehas was to be preached. This was accordingly done, and the head is asserted to have spoken and propounded the new creed, as well as appointed its chief priests.* The following are the principal articles of the new faith—Its professors were to be called "Pai Marire" (good and peaceable), and the word

"hau," pronounced short, like the barking of a dog, was to be their sacred watchword, the rapid utterance of which would ward off all danger, even to the extent of causing edged weapons to glance from their bodies in battle, and bullets aimed at them to change their course, and rise into the air. The proselytes were to be initiated by drinking water in which the head had been dipped, or which had been poured over the head, and took an oath to destroy every white person without any distinction of age or sex, till all are killed or driven from the land. The professors of the new faith were to be under the special protection of the Virgin Mary, who would be personally present among them; and they were to be assisted in their task of driving out the Pakeha by the Archangel Gabriel and hosts of angels, and as soon as the task was completed, these heavenly messengers were to teach them all arts and sciences known to Europeans. The professors would be enabled

* These people are adepts at ventriloquism.

to learn English or any other foreign language perfectly in one lesson by observing certain forms, namely, standing for a given time in a certain position, under a flag of a peculiar colour and pattern, hoisted on a flagstaff of certain dimensions. The priests claimed to have acquired this power, and Matene lately, when at Waitotara, got possession of a piece of newspaper in which some article purchased in town had been wrapped, and pretended to read it aloud in English, and afterwards translate it; and performed the cheat so adroitly, that one of the Waitotara assessors present, a very intelligent native, who from his boyhood has had intercourse with Europeans,

was deceived into becoming a convert, and has since been deprived of his office in consequence. All the European creeds were to be regarded as false, and done away with. All Bibles and other books relating to them were to be destroyed; the observance of the Sabbath was to cease, all days being regarded as holy; and marriage and its obligations were to be dispensed with, in order that the race of believers might increase the faster, and become as the sand of the sea in multitude. The fact that the extraordinary powers promised have not been conferred was accounted for by its being necessary that the head should first visit the whole island.

Thus these fanatics were urged to attempt the expulsion and destruction of the European race, which their prophets assured them could be easily accomplished. They accordingly divided themselves into two parties, one of which marching northward towards Taranaki, made a desperate attack on a redoubt occupied by a small party of the 57th, poor Captain Lloyd's regiment, under the command of Captain Shortt. Although this officer had only seventy-five men under his command, he repulsed the enemy, with the loss of nearly one hundred killed and wounded, while on his side only one man was wounded.

The other party moved in the direction of the Wanganui river, where, at Pipiriki, about eighty miles from the mouth of the river, they hoped to find sympathizers, and thus, having strengthened themselves, to attack and destroy the town of Wanganui.

The Wanganui river has its sources on the north-west side of the Tongariro mountains, and after a course of 200 miles, during which its volume is increased by the accession of several tributaries, flows into the sea on the western coast to the south of the Taranaki district, the town of Wanganui being situated four miles from the sea, on the western bank of the river. Opposite the town, on the east bank, is the old Church Missionary station of Putiki.

On May the 3rd of last year, as our catechist, Mr. Booth, was proceeding from Wanganui to Pipiriki, he was met by Hemi Hape, the native assessor, and learned from him that the natives up the river were in a state of great excitement in consequence of the arrival from the coast of a party who had brought with them the head of Captain Lloyd. This news was confirmed as he went further up the stream, and he was advised by the native teacher of a pa not far from Pipiriki not to go on, as Matene, one of the leaders of the new superstition, had threatened to take his life. Mr. Booth, however, for various reasons, thought it his duty to go on.

Next morning we had another warning, but I still thought it my duty to go: accordingly, after breakfast, we proceeded on our journey. When within about three miles of Pipiriki we met Hamarama, the brother of Pehi Turoa, and the old fighting chief of Wanganui. He allowed the canoes to approach each other without making a salute. When we got near enough he made signs with his hand, as if warning me off. When the canoes were opposite each other all the men in his canoe commenced barking like dogs, and continued doing so until they had got some distance away from us. When we got within sight of Pipiriki the rapid was so bad that we had to

get out and draw up our canoe. It was usual on such occasions for the natives of the place to come to our assistance. At this time they stood on the bank looking on, and although we failed in our attempt to get the canoe up the rapid, they still stood passively looking on. When at last we got to the landing, the man who had brought the head with this party, and a great number of the Pipiriki natives who had joined him, made the most violent demonstrations, barking, howling, and flourishing their tomahawks, and this they kept up for some time. I kept my seat in the canoe. Young Hori Patene, with about four or five others, came and sat down by the

water-side, and cried over us. When Hori had done crying, he told me that he was unable to protect me; that I had better return. I agreed to this, and asked him to go with me across the river, and to my brother's place (which is about a mile distant from the Pipiriki pa), to fetch the remainder of our children, with my brother and his wife and child. During our absence we heard a great noise by the river-side, and when we got down again we found that the natives had come across the river armed, threatened Mrs. Booth, and had forcibly taken the canoe, which, when they had taken to the Pipiriki side of the river, they speedily emptied of its contents, consisting of our and the children's clothing, and stores for my brother. I demanded to be sent away at once, but two men came across to say that we should not be allowed to go. Soon after this, three others came, and commenced their invocations to the Angel Gabriel, by whom they suppose themselves to be inspired (this *karakia* consists of a barking similar to the barking of a dog, making motion with the hands at the same time). They continued this for some time, and then took forcible possession of a half-caste child, who has been staying in our family nearly four years. I struggled to keep the child, but was not able to do so. A messenger then came across to say that we were not to be allowed to go away from Pipiriki: we must stay there. They wanted me to make a promise to this effect, which I refused to do, saying that they had first expelled me from the place, afterwards taken away my goods, clothes, &c., then taken away the child; and I was sure that the only purpose for which they were detaining us was that they might take our lives. Hori Patene and Haimona said that there was nothing to be afraid of now. The demonstration had been made before me merely to show their determined hostility to the Governor, because I was of the same skin, and not because of personal ill-feeling towards me. We then went across to the Pipiriki side, myself, wife, and children, my brother, wife and child; but we refused to get out of the canoe. We asked for some blankets out of one of our bags to cover us on our way down. They did not cease their efforts to make us promise to stay. We continued there in the rain until the afternoon, when Epiha Patapa, king native, came down from Ohinomutu (Pehi Turoa's residence), having heard the noise. When he had learnt what it was all about, he said to me, "Friend, continue to stay until to-morrow, when Pehi and I will come down." On this word I consented, and we all went up to the Mission house. The men still continued to

ask us to consent to stay, and said that they would set Pehi's word at defiance if he did not agree to what they proposed. With some difficulty we got rid of them, then locked ourselves in the house. In the mean time our blankets were brought up, but the boxes containing our stores and my brother's stores were kept in the pa. As soon as it was dark they commenced barking and making the most dreadful noises we ever heard, seemingly exciting each other on, and at the same time marching round a flagstaff, and this they kept up until midnight.

On the following morning (Sunday), after breakfast and prayers, a native came to ask for my brother, saying he wanted to buy something. We told him to remember that this was the Sabbath-day, and of course no business could be done. He said that Matene had done away with the Sabbath; there was no Sabbath now; every day was alike: that if my brother did not consent to sell his things they would take them. We told him that we were determined to honour God before man, and take the risk; that we also wished to be left quiet, that we might worship God in peace. About the middle of the day a woman came to say that Pehi had gone past; that he had left no word for me. We continued all day with the doors locked, and felt much comfort from reading the services of the church, especially the Psalms for that day (8th). At nightfall they commenced the noises which we had heard on the previous night, in which they continued until near midnight. On the following morning Hori Patene came up to say to my brother that they had broken open his packages, making a mock auction of the contents, giving three or four shillings for a blanket worth a pound (20s.), shirts 1s. each, and so on in proportion. He gave him the money which he had received (about 15l.); then, turning to me, said, "They have also broken open your boxes, and taken out whatever they considered valuable; and now my word to you is to get a few things ready, and go as quickly as you can. If we cannot get you away I feel sure there will be murder." With this he burst into tears. In a few minutes we had our things ready. Then a man came up to say that the angel had just said that we were not to be allowed to go; that we must stay quietly where we were. They wanted me to consent to this, and I told them, "All I can do is to stay as your prisoner." One man after another came up with the same message, and we began to feel it would be impossible to get away, Hori's efforts on our behalf being quite without avail. When all hope seemed gone, we went

into the house, and read the 68th Psalm, and prayed very earnestly that it might please God to make a way for us to escape. This was about eleven A.M. After we had prayed, I said, "There seems to be no chance of our getting away just now. We had better give the poor children some breakfast." I was going into the kitchen for that purpose when Hori ran up, and said, "It is all right: you may go." We took what we could lay our hands on just in the moment, but on leaving the house we overheard them saying to each other, "Let them get on to the canoe and get off; then we will bring the canoe on shore and tomahawk them." Hori and Haimona (old Hori's brother), with Porokoru and their

wives, helped us down to the canoe. They told us to make haste and take our seats. They were crying as though their hearts would break. I asked Hori to come on our canoe until we had passed the pa, for fear the natives, being so excited, should fire on us. Hori said, "You will be safer if we will walk on the river-side opposite to the canoe until you get well away. Make haste, and get down to Rauana, where there are Government natives, and there have some food; then go as quickly as you can to town: do not stay there, but take your passage in the first steamer, as the place will be attacked at once, and I am afraid you will lose your lives."

These Pai Marire natives now decided to attack the town of Wanganui. Before Mr. Booth left, two war canoes were being prepared to bring down the war party, and messengers had been sent to Taranaki and Waitotara, so that the coast natives might co-operate with them in the attack.

The European force at Wanganui was at this moment very feeble, and active efforts were made to bring up reinforcements. But before this could be accomplished the affair was decided. The friendly natives of Putiki and other places on the lower part of the river resolved to prevent the Gabrielites from carrying out their intention. Having in vain endeavoured to dissuade them from their purpose, they determined to act. They took possession of the island of Moutoa, almost midway in the river, about 300 yards long and twenty wide, raised some twelve or fifteen feet above the level of the river, thinly covered with manukau scrub and fern, and presenting certain irregularities of ground which afforded considerable shelter. Here, divided into three parties, they awaited the enemy. On Saturday, May 14th, Matene, the prophet, and his followers, landed, in seven canoes, on the shingles of the island. So soon as they had formed, which they were permitted to do without interruption, they forthwith commenced their incantations, shouting "Hau, hau!" (Up, up!) and using gestures not unlike the passes made by mesmerists. This continued for two hours, the advanced parties not being more than twenty yards distant from each other. At length the conflict commenced, and volleys were exchanged. The advanced party of the friendly natives suffering severely, three of the leading chiefs being shot down, gave way, carrying the reserve with them; but at the extremity of the island they were rallied by the chief, Haimoni Heroti, who, shouting, "I will go no further," with twenty men, who gathered round him, checked the pursuers, and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued. At length the rebels, having lost several of their leaders, broke and fled, being hotly pursued till they reached the river's bank. Here, with the exception of a few who escaped in a canoe, the survivors took to the river, and were most of them shot down. Matene, the prophet, although badly wounded in swimming, succeeded in gaining the bank, but was almost immediately tomahawked by a native policeman, Te Moro, who lost no time in swimming after him.

Of the friendly natives fourteen men were slain; amongst them, Hemi Hape, the assessor, and the warden, Kereti Hiwitahe. On the side of the aggressors not less than eighty fell, ten of whom were chiefs. Forty prisoners were taken, men, women, and children, and brought down to Wanganui. In this conflict the friendly natives proved that they did indeed deserve that name, for, as they said themselves, "We have fought for the Queen and for the protection of the Pakehas. We have killed in the battle of

* "Blue Book." Statement of Mr. Booth, made at Wanganui, May 12, 1864.

Moutoa many of our nearest relatives and friends;" and by this timely interposition the town of Wanganui in all probability was saved. The superintendent of Wellington notwithstanding all his efforts, did not succeed in reaching Wanganui with reinforcements until the afternoon of the day subsequent to that on which the battle was fought. He "found the whole population, European and Maori, in a state of great excitement in consequence of the news which had arrived early that morning that the rebels (composed chiefly of the adherents of the new religious sect, or fanatics, as they are appropriately termed) had been defeated by the friendly natives. As to the details of the battle the most contradictory statements were afloat. The settlers were enthusiastic in their praises of their native allies, and the Maoris, elated beyond measure with the success their friends and relatives up the river had achieved, were prepared at once to clear the Wanganui river of all kingites, and at the same time to march to Taranaki, sweeping all before them. Some hundred natives were preparing to reinforce their friends up the river. Having ascertained that our native allies were really short of ammunition and guns, and that it was more than probable that the Waikatos, Taranakis, and Ngatiruanuis, and other tribes, would at once muster in force to avenge the defeat and death of so many of their relatives and chiefs in the battle of Moutoa, he determined to furnish the friendly natives with arms, ammunition, and food, and to proceed himself up the river with the reinforcement, taking with him Dr. Fletcher to attend the wounded, and Mr. Booth as his interpreter."

Dr. Featherstone accordingly left Wanganui on Tuesday, May 17th, in a canoe, manned by a crew of some fifteen men, under the guidance of Hoani Wiremu (John Williams).

The main body, under Hori Kingi, Mawai, and other Putiki chiefs, had started some two or three hours, amidst the cheers of the Wanganui settlers, who had loaded the canoes with provisions of various kinds. Few who witnessed that scene will forget the heartiness with which the Maoris responded to the hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra, of the settlers. And yet, while these Maoris were going again to engage in a contest in which they had little or no concern, to risk their lives a second time almost solely in defence of the Europeans,

there were some few settlers who grudged them the arms and ammunition the Government had supplied them with, and deplored the infatuation of the Government in trusting them, or, as they expressed it, in arming savages against their own race. It was dusk before we reached Raorikea (Laodicea), where we found Hori Kingi and his people engaged in a tangi which lasted nearly the whole night. We pitched our tent on the opposite bank of the river.

Besides conveying supplies to the friendly natives, and so strengthening their position as to enable them to repel any new attempt which might be made by hostile natives to force the river, there was a further object contemplated—to ascertain the intentions of Pehi.

This chief had for some time aided the insurgents in the Taranaki district, and afterwards, from some cause or other, he withdrew from them, and retired into his own territory on the Wanganui river above Pipiriki. Here he occupied a dubious position, siding neither with one party or the other, his sympathies being no doubt with the king's party, yet unwilling to commit himself by an open avowal, until, by some decided success, they had made good their ground. His conduct was the more inexcusable, inasmuch as, in 1862, both he and his brother, Hori Patene, had pledged themselves not to allow the peace of the Wanganui river to be disturbed; and yet in the recent conflict with Matene and his fanatics he had given no help. He was reminded that hitherto he had stood on "the outside," and had rendered no active support to the Government; but that the time had now arrived when he must needs declare himself. Pehi, however, would give no pledge of better conduct for the time to come. He wished that the prisoners taken at the battle of Moutoa should be delivered up to him, and

when he found that the superintendent was determined not only not to accede to his request, but to take them down with him to Wanganui, he got up in a state of considerable excitement and said, "If you take the prisoners, I follow you down the river quickly;" and, in tracing the course of events, we shall find that he was true to his word.

The battle at Te Ranga, on the 21st June 1864, in which so many of their chiefs fell, and, amongst others, the renowned Rawiri, broke the power of the Waikatos, and this they themselves appeared to feel, when, immediately after, 133 natives, including several chiefs of high rank, came in, and laid down their arms. And now, Waikato having disappointed their expectations, the eyes of all disaffected natives were directed towards Taranaki, for there they felt the conflict must be decided: it was their last stronghold, the chosen place where the new superstition had set up its standard, and, if unsuccessful there, nothing remained but submission. The Governor was equally convinced that Taranaki must now become the battle-field. But to maintain the position which had been gained in the Auckland province so large a draught of men was required, that the force available for service in the western districts was not such as the urgency of the case required. Still there appeared to be no alternative. There the natives were in open rebellion, continually aggressing upon the outposts of the New-Plymouth garrison, and threatening the town of Wanganui. Accordingly, towards the end of 1864, General Cameron transferred his head-quarters to Wanganui, and commenced a series of operations with a view to the complete occupation of the country between Wanganui and the Patea. The hostile natives were not slow to meet him.

On January 25th his camp at Makumarū, near Wanganui, was suddenly attacked by a body of natives 600 strong. The outlying pickets on the right and front of the camp were simultaneously driven in, the enemy, under cover of the high fern and flax bushes, having approached, without being perceived, until close upon the sentries. The attack was pushed with resolution, nor were the insurgents repulsed until they had not only incurred severe loss themselves, but had inflicted much loss on the British, the return of casualties, particularly in the 50th regiment, being heavy. This engagement sufficed to convince General Cameron that the insurgent natives had succeeded in concentrating a large force in the western districts, and were likely to offer a most determined resistance to his advance through a difficult country. He felt that the force at his disposal was wholly insufficient for operations of a decisive character, no less than two-thirds of its strength being employed in the protection of the different settlements or in the occupation of land taken from the rebels. He applied, therefore, for a reinforcement of 2000 men to be sent out from England, and "for a still larger reinforcement if, in addition to the occupation of the country between Wanganui and the Patea, the road between Taranaki and Wanganui is to be opened, and more land to be confiscated and occupied north of the Waitara, which I understand to be the plan of the Colonial Government, approved by your Excellency."

In the mean time, so urgent was the necessity for an immediate augmentation of the force, that he had withdrawn the whole of the detachment from Wellington, and 250 men from Taranaki, besides calling upon the militia and volunteers in Wanganui to garrison two posts on the frontier. He had thus succeeded in advancing along the coast to the distance of thirty-six miles from Wanganui. The country in his rear, however, was only imperfectly subdued: many of the pas in which disaffected natives had entrenched themselves had been passed by, and their occupants, finding themselves unmolested, prowled about with the view of getting plunder or cutting off the settlers they might meet with.

And now Pehi threw off the mask, and, abandoning his pretended neutrality, declared his intention of attacking and destroying Wanganui. The troops left to defend the town

were comparatively few, but the friendly natives again interposed. As they had blocked the passage of the river to Matene and his fanatics, they resolved to do the same in relation to Pehi and his followers; and accordingly 400 of them, under the command of Hoani Wiremu (John Williams), the Putiki chief, and head catechist of the Church Mission, were placed in a favourable position for this purpose.

This was not the first time that John Williams had been so engaged, risking his life in defence of the Pakeha against the anger of his fellow-countrymen. Some nineteen years before, during the time of Rangihaeata's wars, Wanganui, then a very infantile settlement, with a population of not more than 200, was endangered by a disaffected chief called Mamaku, who, with his people, had come down the river, full of hostile purposes; but the Putiki natives barred the way, and Mamaku retired, threatening to return soon with a larger force. "This coat," he said, "is small; but I shall return at Christmas with a warmer one."

The first blow struck was on the lone homestead of a settler in the immediate vicinity of Wanganui. A band of Maoris attacked his house. The man, thinking it was only his life that was sought after, escaped from a window, leaving his family undefended. When the wife saw that the natives continued to assault the house, although aware that he had escaped, fearing for the lives of her children, she put them out of a back window, following herself with one of the youngest. She was seen, pursued, and struck down with a wood-axe, together with three of her children: the others escaped by running into a swamp, and concealing themselves amongst the flags. The marauders plundered the house, set it on fire, and then fled up the river.

When tidings of this cruel deed reached Wanganui, there was a great sensation, and on the next morning many of the settlers and officers visited the place where it had been committed. Strange to say, the eldest daughter, although fearfully gashed, was found living, the cold of the night having staunched her blood, and saved her life.

John Williams and the Putiki chiefs now held a meeting, and it was resolved to pursue the murderers.

Hoani Wiremu, taking several determined young men with him, set off without loss of time, selecting a light and swift canoe. They paddled up the river, justly supposing the murderers would hasten by that way into the interior: they called at every place to inquire, and were not mistaken. On reaching Ikunikau, they told a feigned tale to the natives of the place, who immediately manned a large canoe, and continued the pursuit. At last the murderers were perceived. The Putiki natives laid down in the canoe, lest, being recognised, the object of their journey should be suspected. On coming alongside, they jumped up and seized them; a struggle ensued, and the canoe was capsized: they however retained their grasp, and secured five of the murderers, one having

previously left their company. Having bound their prisoners, they hastened their return. On reaching Waipakura, Maketu wanted them to stay there for the night, but when they declined doing so, he fired at them. They proceeded on their way, and safely delivered up their charge to the military; not having been more than twenty-four hours from the time of their starting, during which they had paddled seventy miles. No time was lost in trying the prisoners by court-martial: the trial commenced on the 24th April (25th was the Sabbath), and on the 26th they were condemned and executed, the boy only being spared, as it was proved he did not assist in the barbarous deed; but he actually entreated to be hung with his companions.

These youths being connected with the Ngatiruaka, caused that tribe to rise in arms. They were joined by the Ngatihaua, under Mamaku, and by the Patutokotoko, and thus approached the town in considerable strength.

In the first skirmish they obtained possession of a part of the town, which they not only plundered, but coolly remained in to feast on the ducks and fowls they found there, cooking some dozens of them. The military and inhabitants took shelter every night in two stockades and three of the strongest

houses, two of which were surrounded with trenches. The town then presented a singular appearance, its entire population being thus shut up in these few fortified spots, all herding together, and, from their contracted quarters, much sickness and death ensued.

Throughout this critical time Hoani Wiremu and his people rendered most valuable aid, until at length, after two months, the besieging force grew wearied of the war, and, breaking up their camp, returned to their own homes.

The name of John Williams, as that not only of a loyal chief, but of a zealous catechist and a good Christian man, is interwoven with the records of the Wanganui Mission from its earliest period.

The seed of the Gospel was first borne to this part of the island by some of those young natives who, during the successful wars of the Ngapuhi chief, Hongi, had been brought as prisoners to the Bay-of-Islands district, and there received Christian instruction in the Mission schools. Subsequently, when on the death of Hongi the power of the Ngapuhi was broken, and they who had been detained so long in bondage were set free, they returned to their old homes, and communicated to their heathen relatives the first rudiments of Christian truth. When, therefore, Archdeacon Henry Williams, in December 1839, reached Putiki Waranui, the site of our present Mission station, the natives flocked about him with great eagerness, and, on his putting questions to them, he was pleased to find that they could answer very many. He was the first Missionary who had penetrated to this portion of the coast. So interesting did the aspect of things appear to be, that, on his return to the Bay of Islands, the Rev. W. Mason was appointed to occupy this new sphere of action, and reached Putiki Waranui in June 1840. Two years subsequently we find the name of John Williams introduced into his journals as one of the natives in whom he had special confidence, and who was wont to accompany him on his journeys. On Mr. Mason's untimely death he proved to be the same to his successor, Mr. Taylor, a steadfast, reliable Christian man, always ready to use his influence with his countrymen for good. Such has been the course which, through God's good help, he has been enabled to pursue for twenty-five years, until at length he ended it by laying down his life in defence of Christianity and civilization.

In the recent conflicts on the Wanganui, when the friendly natives barred the river road to the advance of Pehi and his men, John Williams was in command, occupying the most advanced post, and was exposed to much danger. Various attempts were made to cut him off. First a small party of four placed themselves in ambush for this purpose, but were themselves captured, and, after having being well treated, were liberated on the following morning. The next night another party, intent on the same object, was captured in the vicinity of the post: these also were allowed to return, John Williams declaring that the first shot must be fired by the enemy. This Christian forbearance did not avail to turn Pehi and his people from their purpose, and they moved forward to attack. It is not our province to enter into the particulars of the conflict. A pa, the main position of the enemy, was defended by seven redoubts. Several of these were carried, and at length the pa itself was assailed. The conflict was severe, and many of Pehi's people fell. At length a flag of truce was hoisted, and Pehi and about eighty of his people surrendered themselves as prisoners. But the victory cost us dearly. When advancing on a pa, John Williams was shot in the right breast.

He did not fall, but, although the bullet had entered deeply, and rested within him, he still could walk away erect as when he was first stricken. People thought the ball was a

spent one, and the wound not mortal; but when his hurt was examined by the doctors, they could see that the injury was fatal, and that he was suffering the intensest agony.

Mr. Taylor, in a letter dated March 8th, pays the following tribute to the memory of his friend—

This was on the 23rd of February. He was brought down to Putiki. I was called up

about three A.M., and I took him over to the colonial hospital, where he died on the

following morning, and on the 27th he was buried. Nearly all the authorities, military as well as civil, followed him to the grave, and the British ensign formed his pall. Colonel Logan, the officer in command, took a grand flag, which was to be presented to the natives by the ladies of Wanganui, and laid it on his coffin. It was then borne before it in procession to the church. At the grave a party of the militia fired three volleys.

John Williams was indeed a Christian warrior: though he fought in defence of the European community, he did not forget his dependence on God. When he went up the river, he wrote down to me, stating that he had established prayer-meetings in every place, to supplicate the divine blessing on their arms, and he wished us to do the same. He also wrote to Abraham, my head teacher, and to the women, to pray for their husbands and relatives, and all attended daily, morning and evening, with the greatest regularity.

In the removal of John Williams, the entire community has experienced a great loss. He has always been the friend of the European, and the directing mind of the Maori, and I fear there is no one capable of supplying his place. One proof of the esteem he was held in by the Europeans was given at his funeral, by some of the settlers relieving the bearers of his coffin, and carrying it up the steep ascent to the cemetery, on their shoulders. He made Hakaraisa acquainted with all his plans and intentions, and by carrying them out the

enemy was repulsed, and Hepa taken. Indeed it has surprised our countrymen that in so short a time, and with so small a force, he should have accomplished what General Cameron has not yet done, though commanding as many thousands as John did hundreds. But John put his trust in the God of battles, and kept his commandments. The Governor has arrived, and he seems to be much concerned for John's death, and has promised to educate his two sons.

I trust we shall have peace up the Wanganui, and if the Governor is equally successful, we shall have great cause for thankfulness. Our great comfort is in knowing that "the Lord reigneth."

I send a copy of poor John's last letter, written two days before his fatal wound was received—

"*Hiruharema, Feb. 20, 1865.*

"RESPECTED MR. TAYLOR,—Health to you and all your children, to Mr. Baird and Abraham. Respected Sir, your letter has reached us. Your word is good, very good, to all our hearts. Strive constantly in prayer to God for us, that He may preserve us from the deceitful and hostile men who are striving to destroy and cast down the dwelling-place of the Spirit of God. Do you strive day and night. But we too have urged the teachers of every pa to pray to God that He may go in the midst of us. This is all from your loving son.

MADAGASCAR.

WE publish another journal received from our Missionaries in Madagascar. They are beginning to understand more clearly the spiritual condition of the people amongst whom they have been placed, and they find them, as the heathen are everywhere, grievously demoralized under the influence of idolatry. It is the same as it was in olden time—"the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play." Superstitious rites and festivals are used as opportunities to excite and indulge evil passions. No one can read the details which they give without feeling convinced how vitiated the people are, and what need they have of the Gospel in its renewing and sanctifying power.

And as the Gospel is needed, so already has it begun to tell. A first-fruits has been yielded in the conversion and baptism of the Governor's scribe. Let there be much prayer on behalf of this Mission; for our Missionaries, that they may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God; and for their work, that it may be largely blessed.

Dec. 17, 1864—Hiarana. Mr. Campbell departed yesterday for Amboanio. Captain Rosalie sailed this morning at six o'clock. The Governor and his whole suite left immediately afterward, and I have remained at Hiarana, which small village has again resumed its perfect quiet.

Dec. 18: Lord's-day—Spent the most of the morning in preparing a short address for

the mid-day service. At eleven o'clock A.M. Boto, who joined Mr. Campbell and me previous to our first departure from Mauritius, and who was with us in our subsequent tribulations at Johanna and the Seychelles, began to call the people together for the meeting. At twelve o'clock about twenty-five had assembled. We commenced by singing. I read a portion of the morning prayers and the Litany,

and then I spoke to the people on the first portion of the fourth chapter of St. John's Gospel; of the gift of eternal life and its importance compared with the trifles of this world. Though those present were chiefly Sakalavas or Betsimasarakas, they appeared, as far as I was able to judge, to understand and appreciate what was said. Osini, the chief Sakalava of the village, was present. He is rather an aged man, but reads very well, and appears to be anxiously seeking after the truth. I have heard a curious circumstance relative to this man. Many months ago, when no ship had visited Vohemare for a long time, Osini, accompanied by many of the inhabitants of the village, went to the entrance of the harbour, and there, looking towards Mauritius, offered up a prayer that some vessel might speedily arrive. At the same time he threw a dollar into the sea, as an offering to God.

Dec. 19—Came from Hiarana in the morning. Arrived at Amboanio at half-past nine A.M., and found Mr. Campbell teaching the Governor's wife. The Governor himself came soon afterward, and kept Mr. Campbell and me engaged with him the whole day. Two letters arrived to-day from Antananarivo. They are frequently from six weeks to two months in coming.

Dec. 30—Mr. Campbell and I have spent the whole day in arranging our luggage. Hitherto it has been in a most higgledy-piggledy state, but at present our one-roomed house is in first-rate order. Close to the sides of the house, all round, are placed our boxes, drawers, &c. &c. At the further end of the house from the door are placed our small portable beds, while our only respectable and English-looking furniture consists of a small table, a few chairs, and a harmonium, and our only picture a portrait of our good Bishop.

With the case of the harmonium we have made a book-shelf, which affords a resting-place for a few necessary books of study and reading. Few as they are, there was doubtless never such a library in Amboanio before.

Dec. 22—During my visits to the people this evening I called on Rainibiby and his wife, the latter of whom has been suffering extremely from sore eyes, a complaint to which many of the people here are subject. I found Rainibiby and his wife and child removed to a very small house, and the former consulting the Sikidy on behalf of the two latter. This he did by means of small seeds, which, when he moved them from one position to another, were made to divine, in a manner I have not been able to ascertain, the proper course to be taken for the recovery of his wife and child. The man was astonished at the

exhibition of his folly in believing that the seeds of trees and plants are able to hear and answer his prayers. After a long conversation with him, I read the fourth chapter of John 1—24, and prayed.

Dec. 25: Christmas-day—This has been one of the happiest days I ever spent. Happy has been the contemplation of the first coming of our Saviour; happy has been the thought of his future coming in power and great glory, and happy has been the thought that this day helps to strengthen the bond of union that unites in one spirit the scattered members of Christ's church—that many have been the prayers and best wishes the one for the other; happy too, indeed, has been the work in which Mr. Campbell and I have been engaged here. In the morning, at eight o'clock A.M., the Governor, Mr. Campbell, and I celebrated the holy communion of the body and blood of our adorable Saviour. This Mr. Campbell and I had not been privileged to do from the time we left Mauritius, July 3rd, and the Governor not for many years. After this short service, the Governor retired, but at twelve o'clock he came again, followed by a large number of officers and friends, and all of them dressed in their best clothes, presenting the most pleasing sight that I have witnessed since I arrived. About sixty entered, and then commenced a most interesting service. Mr. Campbell and I read the whole morning service, and then the Governor spoke to the people from the ninth chapter of St. John; explained to them the nature of the day that we were commemorating; and told them, that unless they left their idols, and sought the only true God, they were still ignorant of the blessings of the coming of Christ in the flesh. His words were simple, and to the point. After the service, the remainder of the afternoon was spent in singing and conversation. At half-past five P.M. sixteen of our friends—thirteen men and three women—joined us at our Christmas dinner. We were all very happy. The poor were not forgotten. The Governor and his wife interested themselves on their behalf, and collected subscriptions for them from many.

Jan. 1, 1865: Lord's-day—The usual attendants at our Amboanio service came early this morning, and were with me nearly the whole day. They consist of the Governor, his wife, Ratsiza, the Governor's scribe, a few officers, and two women, viz. Raketaka and Rasoanoro. All, except the Governor and his wife, who breakfasted with us, retired to their homes for a short time at half-past nine A.M. They came again at twelve o'clock, when our morning service commenced. During the afternoon there was singing and reading of the Scrip-

tures. At half-past four P.M. Ratsiza desired that we should pray the Litany again, but I told him and the others present that there is a proper form of prayer for the evening, which we accordingly used. Most of the persons present can read, and are beginning to follow in the responses.

Jan. 3.—Studied the language during the heat of the day, and visited the people during the cool of the evening. This Mr. Campbell and I do most days, and we find it the best way of acquiring the language, for what we learn in study and reading is made use of, and stamped upon the memory in conversation. I have been much struck to-day, as on many previous occasions, at the numerous cutaneous and other diseases which are afflicting this poor people, and especially the Hovas. Go where I will, enter whatever house I will, there some phase of poor suffering humanity presents itself to my view, and with this comes the conviction that, in most cases, what I observe is the result of the most immoral living.

Jan. 4.—The Governor arrived for breakfast. The Governor came for an English lesson. Many years ago he had mastered a considerable portion of English, but has forgotten the most of it. He is exceedingly pleased when he has overcome some slight difficulty, or has mastered a new word; so much so that his look of joy and inward satisfaction more than compensates for the trials of one's Mission life. How much more the fact that the Missionary imparts the joy consequent on the reception in the heart of the knowledge of a crucified, risen, and coming Saviour!

Jan. 7.—To-day Mr. Campbell and I have witnessed the sacrifice of an ox. It was brought to the middle of the Sakalava town, and there thrown down, and made fast by the legs. Rasoanoro, a Sakalava woman, who has attended many of our meetings, placed one small vase of incense on the ground, a little distance in front of the ox, and another a little distance behind it. She then poured some water over the ox from a bottle. After this, Rafojia, the chief of the Sakalavas in this part of Madagascar, kneeling down, prayed to *Yanahary* ("God"), and to the *razana* (the "ancestors"), on behalf of a sick child, for whose recovery the ox was being offered up. When Rafojia had finished, an old Sakalava woman also invoked *Yanahary* and the *razana*, and then the ox was slain by an Arab. When the ceremony was finished, Rasoanoro and many others listened to me attentively while I told them that God is the only hearer and answerer of prayer. Oh that they may soon learn to worship Him in spirit and in truth!

Jan. 8: Lord's-day.—On our way to Hiarana yesterday I saw the remains of another bullock that had been offered up in sacrifice by the Sakalavas; and when I arrived here I found that Osini, the chief of the Sakalavas of Hiarana, had also offered up a bullock on behalf of a woman in childbed. This ignorance and superstition led me to choose St. Paul's speech at Athens (Acts xvii. 22—31) for my subject at this morning's service. Between fifty and sixty people were present, and chiefly Sakalavas. I was delighted to see such a large number. My heart was moved towards them, and I was greatly enabled to declare unto them their folly, the character of the "unknown God," and the blessings of the one perfect sacrifice of Christ.

Osini was not present in the morning, but he came in the evening, when I dwelt upon the errors of praying to the ancestors. He and many others confessed that it is wrong.

During a conversation with Kalo, a Betsimasaraka, she told me that she had been taught to believe that the falling stars are wicked men, who, when they die, go to the gates of heaven, but are driven from the presence of God; and that the earthquakes are the attempts of those who are bound in chains to escape. These are not the traditions of the Malagasy, but notions which Kalo has learned from either Creoles or Indians with whom she formerly lived as wife.

Jan. 9.—Returned early to Amboanio. The Governor and others have been with us the whole day.

Jan. 10.—While visiting to-day I found that most of the people, whether Hovas or Sakalavas, were engaged in dressing their hair, in preparation for a great festival of the Sakalavas which will take place to-morrow. Most of the women here, and many of the Sakalava men, bestow more time and labour upon their hair than any people I know, and each tribe has a different way of plaiting and wearing it. The Hova men, being soldiers, keep their hair cut short over the whole of the head, except a small portion above the forehead. They have no whiskers, but wear a moustache. Most of the Betsimasaraka and Sakalava men wear the hair plaited, but the plaits of the Sakalavas are smaller and more numerous than those of the other tribe. The customs, too, of the women of different tribes, as regards their hair, are so various, that, to say nothing of their different features and complexions, the way in which a woman's hair is plaited is almost a certain indication of the tribe to which she belongs.

To-day, in nearly every house I visited, I saw one woman plaiting either the hair of another woman or that of her husband, and not unfrequently the one whose hair was

being plaited was lying asleep on the floor of the house.

Jan. 11—During the whole of last night there was much beating of drums, dancing, singing, and drinking, in all parts of the Sakalava and Borizany towns; and as our house is situated between the two, it was with some difficulty that Mr. Campbell and I were able to sleep. To-day has taken place the Sakalava festival which is called, in their own tongue, *Manansana Savatra*, which means literally, "The lifting up of the circumcised." It has been held in honour of nine Sakalava youths who were circumcised a year ago.

The Sakalavas have no rejoicing at the time of the performance of the rite of circumcision as the Hovas have. The rite is performed privately by the father. On the following year the youth is publicly shown to the world, and a great rejoicing takes place on his behalf. After this he is no longer considered a child, but is looked upon as a man, and eligible for any of the offices of the *fanompoana*, or "Government service." It was the rejoicing on behalf of nine youths of the most influential Sakalavas in Amboanio that Mr. Campbell and I have witnessed to-day. The Governor sent to us early to inform us that he would wish us to accompany him to the festival. Rafojia also, the chief of the Sakalavas, and father of one of the nine youths, wished us much to honour him and his countrymen by our presence. We accordingly consented to comply with their pressing invitations, especially as the reason of their joy appeared so lawful. We met the Governor at the bottom of the street that leads to the Rova, or Hova town, and, having greeted him, joined his procession to go to the booth that Rafojia had erected near his house. Under this booth we sat, amidst Hova officers, soldiers, and women, and a large number of Sakalavas. All parties were dressed in their best clothes, and most of the women had silver chains round their necks, some of which were very large and handsome. The son of Rafojia wore the largest of any. It was given to Rafojia by the Queen, Rasoharina, when he went to the capital to acknowledge her as the Queen of Madagascar.

Innocent, however, as the cause and object of the rejoicing might have been, it was soon evident that Mr. Campbell and I were in the midst of heathenism, superstition, and sin. One lot of Sakalava women was singing and dancing, and knocking long slender sticks together over their heads, close to Rafojia's house. Another lot of men and women, chiefly Sakalavas, went a little distance into the field, and lugged to the meeting-place, near the booth, two stems of trees. As they brought them along they danced, and shouted,

and ran, and gesticulated as if they had been mad. One man ran in amongst the riot and sprinkled them with water, while Rasoaoro scattered rice upon them. When they had succeeded in reaching the booth, the men planted the largest stem in the earth, having first painted it at the top, while Rasoaoro and other chief Sakalava women began to make crowns for the nine lads before mentioned. These were made of rufia-wood, in the form of a sugar loaf, and covered with a lamba, a part of which hung from the top of the crown down the lads' backs.

At this time (two o'clock P.M.), I returned home. The Governor, however, soon sent for me to see the sacrifice of three bullocks. These were made fast by the legs, and lay in a row in front of the pole that had been previously planted in the ground. Then, after Fojia had prayed to Yanahary and the razana on behalf of the Queen, nobles, officers, the nine lads, and the "Varaha" i.e. the English and French, each of the fathers of the nine lads took his child on his back and began to dance round the bullocks, sometimes stepping over their necks. They each bore a musket charged with powder only, which they fired at the head of one of the bullocks; and one of them, taking a spear, stabbed one of the bullocks in the side—an act for which I afterwards reprovved him, telling him that it is not right to cause any animal unnecessary pain. As soon as the dancing was finished the bullocks were killed, and then Mr. Campbell and I returned home. During the day we had many opportunities of speaking to Fojia and many others of the folly and sin of praying to any one except God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. All listened with marked respect and attention, which greatly astonished me. Thank God for the open door we have; but, alas! how sunk in ignorance and sin are all the people!

Jan. 12—Went to Fojia's booth early this morning. I found him and many other influential Sakalavas sitting under it, and conversing together. The pole that was brought from the field yesterday was close by, and I observed that it was smeared with blood, and that the humps upon the backs of the three bullocks which were killed yesterday were placed on the top of it. On making inquiries, I was told that all this was done in the way of offering a sacrifice to God, not, however, for past guilt, but to avert future calamities, and to obtain present and future blessings. I accordingly spoke faithfully to Fojia and others of their error, and of Him who is the full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice both for past sins and for the obtaining of future blessings. I spoke to them, also, of the sin of praying to their ancestors. Fojia