

To the Editor

The Church Times.

"Evangelical Truth--Apostolic Order."

VOL. XX. HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1856. NO. 47.

Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.		MORNING.		EVENING.	
Day	Date	Text	Verse	Text	Verse
M.	21	1st John 1:9	19	1st John 1:9	19
T.	22	1st John 1:10	20	1st John 1:10	20
W.	23	1st John 1:11	21	1st John 1:11	21
T.	24	1st John 1:12	22	1st John 1:12	22
F.	25	1st John 1:13	23	1st John 1:13	23
S.	26	1st John 1:14	24	1st John 1:14	24

Poetry.

AUTUMNAL CROCUS.

(Colchicum autumnale.)

"The righteous hath hope in his death."—Prov. xiv. 32.

And art thou here, pale Crocus,
Arrived to bid farewell;
With thy bare leafless stem
Of gloom at hand to tell?

Nay, thou hast come to gladden,
Whilst yellow autumn wanes,
And for a few short hours
To deck the naked plains.

Some ray of hope to bring us
For falling leaf and sere,
Amid the falling brightness
Our drooping hearts to cheer.

Like some soft smile thou play'st
Over the dying scene,
Bidding us holy comfort
Of future joys to glean.

Oh, linger still, pale flower;
Oh, linger on awhile,
The dreary winter hours
To lighten and beguile.

Alas, thy days are numbered,
Thou too must droop and die,—
Like all fair Eden's treasures,
In vain for thee we sigh.

Yet magnify we ever
That mercy which hath given
So many joys and blessings,
Our cup of woe to leaven.

Nor weep, but learn the lesson
Thy little life doth show,—
For we, like thee must perish,
Like thee corruption know.

And may our Autumn hours
Afford some cheering ray
To gild the hope and promise
Of life's departing day.

Rev. G. H. Smytlan.

Religious Miscellany.

THE GOSPEL MISSIONARY.

Two weeks since we laid before our readers a series of extracts from the October No. of the "Penny Post," published by Messrs John Henry and James Parker, of London and Oxford. Our object was to give some idea of what we fitly characterize as a Church publication. Our intention was to follow it up by a notice of other publications, which might be interesting to churchmen in the Diocese or to their children, which we occasionally receive in exchange, or which are sent to us from time to time. We have now before us a little publication, issued by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at half the price of that which formed the subject of our first notice. The price is one half-penny sterling—it could be received here, we suppose, at ninepence per year. It is more particularly a publication for the young, and is intended to excite their ardor in the cause of missions, a kind of training which, if imbibed in youth, will very probably continue to realize the truth of Solomon's precept, by manifesting good fruits in ripener age. Every child of a family might be induced of its savings to subscribe to the "Gospel Missionary," and the effort might be improved by the consciousness that in this way its mite was added to that noble stream of Christian philanthropy which has hitherto made and is now making glad the waste places of the earth, including those of its own country. At the end of the year this little book bound up, would make an interesting Volume for future reference.—We proceed now to extract the contents of the October No. at present before us.

Around an Ornamental Wrapper is a text from Ezekiel xxxiv.—"My sheep wandered through all

the mountains and upon every high hill, yea, my flock was scattered upon all the face of the earth, and none did search or seek after them." A very appropriate introduction to the design of the work itself.

The first article is the following entitled "A School Feast in Madras."

A SCHOOL FEAST IN MADRAS.

Our readers, who have often been gratified by perusing in previous Numbers of the *Gospel Missionary* Mrs. Brotherton's *Recollections of India*, will be pleased to see the following letter lately received from her:

"MADRAS, June, 1856.—I want to tell you once more about our School children at St. Thomé, in Madras. After our return from England, we were naturally anxious to give them a little treat, as well as some new clothing, which had always been done at Easter; this year, however, we had no funds at our disposal, and we saw no way of doing it, till God put it into the heart of a kind gentleman to send us a present of 50 rupees, as a 'Thank-offering,' on the occasion of having had his child baptized.

"We then provided twenty-seven of our best children with entire new clothing, as also several poor widows and two old men. The children made their own dresses and jackets, as well as some shirts for the boys; and as they were all ready by the 14th of May, (the Revd. C. S. Kohlhoff's birthday,) Mrs. K. very kindly gave the girls a dinner of chicken curry, and rice, with plantains. This they all enjoyed exceedingly; and amused themselves the remainder of the afternoon by looking at pictures, and singing Tamil hymns, till about 5 o'clock, when Mr. Brotherton and I were able to go down and see them also.—On our arrival they sang a piece of poetry, composed last Christmas by the Schoolmaster, in which he introduced very cleverly their great desire to see Mr. Brotherton again amongst them in India.

"We are now getting on as usual; and, since it has pleased our heavenly Father to grant us our longing desire of returning to our Mission work, I sincerely hope He may graciously vouchsafe His blessing to rest upon our future labours, and grant us health and strength to work for Him with renewed vigour and earnestness.

"I need scarcely tell my readers, that all the presents I brought out from England for the School children and teachers, were received with many thanks and much pleasure. Once more permit me to commend our Schools and Missions to your prayers; and if at any time you are disposed to assist us with contributions, you can forward them to 79, Pall Mall, London.
M. A. B."

Next follows an interesting account from Pitcairn's Island, a subject which has always something to recommend it. In the following extract, it is accompanied by a scene of melancholy interest, which turned the rejoicing of the simple Islanders into a wail of woe. There are two very good engravings connected with the sketch, one descriptive of the amusements of the Islanders in singing their evening hymns—and another of the attempts of the visiting party to amuse the Islanders in turn, by dancing sailor fashion, and games of blind man's buff.

A WEEK AT PITCAIRN.

"Who is there among our readers that does not feel an interest in that far-famed and happy spot, Pitcairn's Island? Through the kindness of the untiring friend of the Islanders, the Rev. T. B. Murray, we are permitted to publish the Journal of B. T. Nicolas, Esq., her Majesty's Consul at Raiatea, who spent a week on the island:—

"At daylight, on the morning of Monday, the 24th of January, 1853, Pitcairn's Island was in sight, from the mast-head of H. M. S. *Virago*, apparently about forty-five miles off. As it appeared above the horizon it recalled the top of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"We reached the anchorage in Bounty Bay at half-past two, under steam; and being the first steamer which had ever visited the island, we made up our minds to astonish the natives, with the usual display of a ship going through the water at the rate of some six knots an hour in a dead calm. But they knew the dread monster at once to be a steamer, and although much delighted, were not equally surprised at her performances. A boat came off with the Rev. W. Holman, the chaplain of the *Portland*, who had been left to fill the place of Mr. Nobbs during the time the latter should be in England, where he had gone for the purpose of being ordained. They supposed that we had brought Mr. Nobbs back; and his wife and daughter were also in the boat to welcome him. They, of course, were disappointed; but, glad as the Islanders would undoubtedly have been to receive Mr. Nobbs, they would, I believe, have been little less sorry to lose Mr. Holman. We landed (*Virago* saluting me with seven guns), without much trouble, in Capt. Provoost's whale-boat, steered by one of the na-

tives, and experienced a hearty and truly English welcome; all of them shaking us warmly by the hand, and telling us how truly glad they were to see us— professions which their after-kindness fully confirmed.

"From the landing-place we scaled a kind of zig-zag goat-path for about two hundred yards, which brought us to the 'market-place'; but instead of buildings, benches, butchers' shops, and all that constitutes an English market place, one must fancy a floor of shrubs and a roof of cocoa-nut trees, a small space of a few yards being cleared away; and on this the different families bring their stock for sale, when any merchant vessels call at the island for provisions. Here were assembled all those who were either too old or young to reach the landing-place, and who renewed the expressions of good-will made to us by their relations below. We then walked towards their village, or rather, the succession of detached houses, each on its own little terrace, embowered in orange and cocoa-nut trees; and, as it was nearly tea time, we were billeted, generally two in a house. My friend Hassan, the Turkish lieutenant, and myself, were quartered on John Adams, with whom Mr. Holman lives.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

"In the evening, it being a beautiful moonlight night we all met in front of the house where the organ is kept. The Islanders then sang several hymns and touching melodies, one of which, from its simple pathos, and from the exquisite manner in which it was sung, to the tune of 'Long, long ago,' I believe I shall never forget. It is called the 'Sailor-boy's early Grave':—

i.
"Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Smile if the slow-tolling bell you should hear,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave,
Think who has died, His beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

ii.
Plant ye a tree which may wave o'er me
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Sing ye a song, if my grave you should see,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray;
Come, and rejoice that I thus pass'd away,
When I am gone, when I am gone.

iii.
Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord, that I'm free from all care,
Love ye the Lord, that my bliss ye may share;
Look ye on high, and believe I am there,
When I am gone, when I am gone."

"The voices of the Islanders are both powerful and sweet; and the thrill of rare and unexpected pleasure I experienced on hearing them sing the above song was never surpassed, not even when listening to Jenny Lind. This may seem going too far; and so may many other of the statements I make in speaking of the Pitcairn Islanders. I came prepared to do them justice, it is true; but no more, for I could not help believing that there must be some exaggeration in the florid accounts given by voyagers who had touched at their island.

"I came, therefore, with a mind disposed to test and to criticize; and I leave them with the feeling that few if any, of their qualities would not stand the severest test; and that their conduct generally, that is, on all points, may triumphantly challenge the severest criticism. This is my deliberate opinion, after having been domesticated among them for a week, and with every opportunity given me for arriving at a just conclusion; going in and out of the houses at any hour I chose, and asking any questions I thought proper; seeing them, too, in their joy, and afterwards in their affliction.

VOYAGE ROUND THE ISLAND.

"Captain Provoost having offered to take all the inhabitants round the island in the *Virago*, under steam on the following day, (Tuesday,) the offer was joyfully accepted; and at about ten o'clock the next morning our own boats and their whaleboats brought successive cargoes of men, women, and children on board until only six people were left on the island. We then got under weigh, and slowly steamed from point to point, and in about an hour again anchored in Bounty Bay, where, after having had some cake and wine, the Islanders were safely landed. The engine-room afforded constant interest to those who were not seasick; but, unfortunately, most of the women and children were very much so.

"We landed in the afternoon; and in the evening the Islanders again sang the songs we were never tired of hearing; and we amused them by dancing among ourselves, and playing at leap-frog, blind-man's-buff, &c., at which they laughed heartily.