

Contributed Articles.

OUR DUTY TO THE HEATHEN.

The following extracts from a letter of the sainted Dr. Judson, dated Rangoon, March 4th, 1831, to the Corresponding Secretary of the American Society is singularly applicable to the present position of many of our churches—"He being dead yet speaketh."

"Priests and people from the remotest regions, are alike eager to get our writings. I should have given away double the number if I could have obtained sufficient supplies. But poor brother Bennett can not, single handed, with bad type, and not yet familiar with Burmese printing, answer all the demands which we make upon him from different quarters. May God forgive all those who desert us in our extremity! May He save them all! But surely, if any sins will lie with crushing weight on the trembling, shrinking soul, when grim death draws near—if any sin will clothe the face of the final Judge with an angry frown, withering up the last hope of the condemned in irremediable everlasting despair, it is the sin of turning a deaf ear to the plaintive cry of 10,000,000 of immortal beings, who by their darkness and misery, cry, day and night, 'Come to our rescue, ye bright sons and daughters of America; COME AND SAVE US, FOR WE ARE SINKING INTO HELL!'

"Brother Bennett works day and night at the press; but he is unable to supply us, for the call is great at Maulmain and Tavoy as well as here, and his types are very poor, and he has no efficient help. The fact is, that we are very weak, and have to complain that hitherto we have not been well supported from home. It is most distressing to find, when we are almost worn out, and are sinking one after another into the grave, that many of our brethren in Christ at home are just as hard and immovable as rocks; just as cold and repulsive as the mountains of ice in the polar seas.

"But whatever they do, we cannot sit still and see the dear Burmans, flesh and blood like ourselves, and like ourselves possessed of immortal souls that will shine for ever in heaven, or burn for ever in hell—we cannot see them go down to perdition without doing our very utmost to save them. And thanks be to God our labours are not in vain. * * * * Oh, if we had twenty more versed in the language, and means to spread schools, and tracts, and Bibles, to any extent, how happy I should be! But those rocks and those icy mountains have crushed us down for years."

Is not the same cry for help going up to-day from our own field in India. If

ever the Lord clearly directed any people to labour in a particular part of His vineyard, we of Canada have been called to work in Cocanada; and in the Great Day of account at our hands, He will demand the souls of the men and women there. Do we realize this? Are we striving with all our might to hold up the hands of our missionaries, that their work be not hindered? Are we doing this not only with our prayers, but with our money? I take it this is a case where faith without works is dead.

Canada has been blessed with an abundant harvest, there is every prospect of a return of prosperity to our land. Shall we not render a thank offering to the Lord, by contributing this autumn as we have never done before, to His work in poor benighted famine-stricken India.

"What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits to me?" Go into all the world and preach the gospel. Brethren, sisters the time is short. Not long will it be our privilege to "Come to the help of the Lord."

M.

EARLY MEMORIES.

(Continued from page 41.)

What a surprising reserve of recuperative energy is stored away in the human frame; especially in youth. When I threw myself upon the kitchen-floor the last evening, I was tired, worn-out to that extent that life itself had lost its charm, and only because the safety of other lives had been concerned as well as my own, could I seem to justify myself for the great efforts I had put forth. But I arose from my hard bed in the morning entirely refreshed and renewed. Some one had kindly put a sack under my head, and spread a blanket over me and my sleep had been sound and undisturbed. Scarcely any effect of the preceding day's toil remained except a pair of sore hands. It was otherwise however with some of the older members of the party, and as the morning was still rainy and the weather threatening we remained in harbor during the day. We sought, in the meantime, to gain what information we could regarding the state of the river above, but from the contradictory opinions of the few people we met with, it was evident that they were about as ignorant of the facts as ourselves. Some confidently asserted that nothing larger than an Indian canoe could possibly ascend the rapids in the river. Others were just as positive that we would have no difficulty in reaching the ferry if not the forks. All agreed in representing that for 12 or 15 miles the river was still, or without current, and at the end of that distance we would encounter the first and most formidable rapids.

Early the next morning we embarked, but we were sadly disappointed in our anticipations of a pleasant sail over the said stretch of still water by a fierce head wind which baffled us all day. It was about sunset when we came in sight of the rapids. Here was a small settlement of whites. Close by the bank stood a comfortable farm house and

buildings. My father applied to the farmer for hospitality for the frailer part of the family. Upon learning that we were from the other side, he rudely replied to the effect, that his house was no place for Yankees and turned upon his heel. My father might have informed this loyal Briton, that he was the son of a U. E. Loyalist, who forty years before had sacrificed a good property and, incidentally life itself for his attachment to the British crown, but instead, he very wisely begged permission to withdraw his application.

The incident was an illustration of the bitterness which had been engendered between people of the same race and religion, by the late war, which in these remote parts, had not yet had time to subside. Along the Niagara frontier it was different. There the people, living on opposite sides of the river, had long come to consider each other as friends and neighbours; but very possibly this farmer had scarcely met a Yankee before us, since the peace of 1815.

Thrown back upon our own resources, we now set to work to provide for our first camping. Moving a few hundred yards up the stream, we found a fine verdant shore backed by a thicket of pines. Here we soon constructed a comfortable little tent. The roof was composed of the great lugger sail before mentioned and the sides were very completely enclosed and fortified with thick pine boughs. A great fire was kindled in front, for which the drift wood at the foot of the rapids supplied abundant material. A good supper was spread in front of the tent, and as cheerful a family party as can usually be met with, even in pleasant homes, joined to do it justice. It was felt by us all, that we were much happier than we should have been had any part of us accepted unwillingly hospitality from a churl. The weather was fine though a little chilly, from the late storm. The mother and her daughters slept in the tent, abundantly supplied with bedding; while we of the masculine gender, made our beds in the boat, protected by stout tarpaulins; and so we passed a comfortable night.

While breakfast was preparing in the morning a careful survey was taken of the rapids. They presented a formidable appearance indeed. The river for a quarter of a mile or more, rushed down an inclined plane with great force. The space was obstructed with boulders in every part, some of which rose above the surface, and others were barely covered by the stream. Against those the current broke, dashing the spray on every side. The water was shallow and it seemed doubtful if we should find depth equal to our draft. Near the centre of the stream however, a channel was observed which though shallow and extremely rapid, was less broken and obstructed than the rest, and this, it was agreed must be our point of attack. Against such a current our oars would be useless. There was no wind and therefore our sail could render us no assistance; and unfortunately both banks of the river were obstructed with fallen trees the tops of which projected far into the stream so that we could not use our tow-lines. We were shut up to our setting poles only. Of these we were fortunately provided with two strong ones, shod with iron at the foot. Some temporary ones were obtained from the