

REFLEX INFLUENCE OF MISSIONS.

We have just enjoyed an interview with an intelligent officer of a whale ship recently arrived from the Pacific. The account he gives of his own case, furnishes a happy illustration of the fact contained in the caption of this article.

He left his native land totally indifferent to every thing like practical religion. While the ship was at Lahina, a port in Maui, one of the Sandwich Islands, for supplies, he was affected with those pleasing reminiscences of home which were awakened by the sound of the "church-going bell," which called the natives to the house of God. He strolled to the sanctuary, curious to be a witness of Christian worship in a heathen land. He was politely conducted by a native to a seat, and found himself in the midst of a congregation of 1,500 serious and attentive worshippers. The preacher, at that time Rev. Mr. Richards, preached in the native tongue, nothing of which was understood by our sea-faring friend. But when they sang the old tune of "Greenville," so familiar at home, it brought the tears to his eyes. It deeply affected him to perceive that the sweet strains of sacred song were raised in praise to God in that dark land, and that that vast concourse of natives were uniting in a tune that had been, from his childhood, associated with the truth of the everlasting gospel. Hence originated those impressions which various other influences combined to deepen. The convictions of sin followed him as the ship went again to sea. The only pious man on board was the steward, to whom he freely opened his mind, and from whom he received the most valuable hints about the way of being saved. While the ship was cruising on the North West Coast his mind emerged from its darkness, and he became a happy believer in Christ.

The character and influence which in various forms were presented before him, of the American Missionaries and Missions at the Islands, had contributed much to awaken his mind to the value of the gospel. Among these were the affectionate and kind cordiality with which he was treated by the missionaries—their unwearied and self-denying zeal—the absence of vice and immorality, which was the manifest result of the gospel—the large and deeply interested congregations assembled for divine worship—the flourishing schools which he visited, and the active and humble piety of multitudes of the natives. Many of these expressed, by signs and in broken English, the interest they felt in his welfare, kindly patting him on the shoulder, and urging him to go on in seeking the salvation of his soul.

It is hardly necessary to add that our young sailor is an ardent friend of the Missionary cause, owing, as he constantly affirms, his own joyful hope in Christ to his visit to the scenes of missionary influence at the Sandwich Islands.

Thus does that American Christian philanthropy, which lights the lamp of life in the dark regions of heathenism, prepare a hallowed radiance into which her own sons are providentially brought to become the enlightened and happy servants of the Lord. We scatter and yet increase. We plant the mission station on the remote isles of the ocean, and our kindness returns into our bosoms, in that our mariners are, by that very agency, brought into happy reconciliation to God. We cast our bread upon the waters, and it returns unto us after many days. We provide the waters of life for the perishing heathen, and our countrymen from our own firesides drink thereof and live forever. We furnish the means of rescue from sin and hell for dark-minded men we never saw, and lo! the providence and grace of God presents us with the delightful

spectacle of those very means availing to make our own friends and acquaintances the heirs of everlasting life! What a delightful illustration of that scriptural sentiment, "He that watereth shall be watered himself."

Can we not find here one among the many reasons why our hearts should embrace the sacred cause of missions, with a grasp that shall never be relaxed? Can we faint and tire while the great God of missions is continually making such demonstrations of their value to our own land? Let us multiply these beacon fires upon all the dark coasts of heathenism, till their mingled radiance shall cause such a flood of light that our mariners, wherever they rove, shall find it beaming upon them; that wherever they drop their anchor they shall hear the church-going bell; shall find the house of prayer; shall meet with the glad tidings of the gospel; shall fall in with influences suited to guide and lead them to Him "who has loved them and bought them with his blood."—*Boston Recorder*.

HORRORS OF WAR.

TRACE the French army in the Russian campaign. On halting at night, the soldiers threw themselves down on the first dirty straw they could find, and there perished in large numbers with hunger and fatigue. From such sufferings, and from the infection of the air by putrid carcasses of men and horses that strewn the roads, their sprang two dreadful epidemics, the dysentery and typhus fever. So fatal were these combined causes, that of 22,000 Bavarians only 11,000 reached the Duna, though they had been in no action; and the flower of both the French and the allied armies perished. A division of the Russian army, amounting at the commencement of the pursuit of the French, to 120,000 men, could not, on the frontier of the Duchy of Warsaw, muster 35,000; and a reinforcement of 10,000 that had marched from Wilna, arrived with only 1500, of whom one half were the next day in the hospitals. Some battalions retained less than fifty men, and some companies were utterly annihilated!

The march of the French both to and from Moscow, was horrible beyond description. "Overwhelmed with whirlwinds of snow," says Lahaume, "the soldiers could not distinguish the road from the ditches, and often fell into the latter, which served them for a tomb. Others, eager to press forward, dragged themselves along. Badly clothed and shod, having nothing to eat or drink, groaning and shivering with cold, they gave no assistance, and showed no signs of compassion to those who, sinking from weakness, expired around them. Many of these miserable creatures struggled hard in the agonies of death. Some in the most affecting manner bade adieu to their brethren in arms, and others with their last breath pronounced the name of their mother and their country. Stretched on the road, we could only see heaps of snow that covered them, and formed undulations in our route like those of the grave-yard. Flocks of ravens flew over our heads croaking ominously; and troops of dogs which had followed us all the way from Moscow, and lived solely on our bloody remains, howled around us, as if impatient for the moment when we should become their prey, and often contended with the soldiers for the dead bodies which were left on the road.

"Every day furnished scenes too painful to relate. The road was covered with soldiers who no longer retained the human form. Some had lost their hearing, others their speech; and many, by excessive cold and hunger, were reduced to such a state of stupid frenzy, that they roasted the dead bodies for food, and even gnawed their own hands

and arms. Some, too weak to lift a piece of wood, or roll a stone towards the fire, sat down upon their dead companions, and gazed with countenance unmoved upon the burning legs. These living spectres, unable to get up, fell by the side of those on whom they had been seated.—Many, in a state of delirium, plunged their bare feet into the fire to warm themselves; some, with convulsive laughter, threw themselves into the flames, and, with shocking cries, perished in the most horrible contortions; others, in a state of equal madness, followed their example, and shared the same fate; while many were so maddened by the extremes of pain and hunger, that they tore the dead bodies of their comrades into pieces, and feasted on the remains.

"The soldiers often fired in the morning the buildings in which they had lodged during the night; and on one occasion there were three barns filled chiefly with wounded soldiers. From two of those they could not escape without passing through the one in front, which was on fire. The most active saved themselves by leaping out of the windows; but all those who were sick or crippled, not having strength to move, saw the flames advancing rapidly to devour them. Touched by their shrieks, some of the least hardened endeavoured in vain to save them. We could see them half buried under the burning rafters. Through whirlwinds of smoke they entreated their comrades to shorten their sufferings by putting them to death; and from motives of humanity we thought it our duty to do so! But some still survived; and we heard them with feeble voices saying, 'Fire on us! fire on us! at the head! at the head! don't miss!'" —*Boston Recorder*.

BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE LADY HUNTINGDON.

[CONCLUDED.]

Lady Huntingdon now became the open and avowed patroness of all the zealous ministers of Christ, especially those who were suffering for the testimony of Jesus. Mr. Romaine, on his being turned out of St. George's Church, received particular tokens of her favour; and though till then unknown to her, I was honoured with her expressions of kindness and approbation, when, as yet a young man, I suffered such persecution from Bishop Hume and the University of Oxford, and was so unjustly dispossessed of my cure in that city; without a charge, except that I endeavoured to fill it with the knowledge of the doctrine of my crucified Lord, which was construed as an intention of bringing this man's blood upon them. All the parties concerned in these transactions are gone into their graves, and whilst I record them, I am ready to touch my last hour. I can with joy look forward to the day of my Lord; he knoweth the simplicity and godly sincerity with which I then acted.

The limits to which I am restricted forbids my descending into a variety of particulars that I may advert to the subsequent steps taken by this venerable woman more immediately and extensively to spread the knowledge of salvation, and to restore the desolations of that church, which is the great object of this history.

The illness of her younger son, which proved fatal, had led her to Brighthelmston, for the sake of the sea bathing. There her active spirit having produced some awakening among the people, she erected a little chapel contiguous to her house, that the gospel might be preached to them. This was the first fruits of her great increase: it was enlarged, and that not sufficing to contain the congregation, it was a third time taken down and rebuilt. Many can say they were born there. The success attending this first effort encouraged greater. Bath, the resort of fashion, beheld an elegant and commodious place of worship raised by the same liberal hand. Osthall, Bretby, and various other places, received the gospel by her means. At first she confined herself to the ministers of the established church, as her preachers, many of whom obeyed her invi-