

ENGLAND'S DUTY TO INDIA.

In a late number we gave a brief account of the Missionary Conference at Liverpool. At the closing meeting Col. Edwardes, of the Indian Army, gave an eloquent and impressive address on England's responsibility in regard to India. We subjoin several extracts from his address.

He said:—"We are told that the Englishman wherever he ruled would carry with him somewhat of the Christianity he had drunk in with his mother's milk; but still, in spite of that, they must all know, if they were honest men, and would dare to look the matter in the face, that there were duties which they had not performed towards India. He took it that that country was not given to us—that 180 millions of our fellow-creatures were not handed to our charge for our English benefit—it was not merely that we should enrich our land with commerce and provide for the wants of our sons and daughters, or to gratify the lust of conquest or the pride of our nation. These were not the objects for which God had given empire to us. He believed in the bottom of his heart that empire was given to this country because this was the country with the open Bible. If they looked in the page of history they would see that there were foreign nations which had preceded us to that land, yet now they had not got a footing in it. We had succeeded to the charge because we held fast sternly our Protestantism and our Bible. We had had it open, and had fought for it; and he believed God looked down upon us, and said, "Here is a people that value the open Bible, and I will give the charge of this country to them." Had we fulfilled our responsibilities? He answered with shame, it had been the policy of his country to take up from the beginning that devil-learing, God-dishonoring policy called neutrality in religion. From the first this policy had been adopted; but that was not the worst. Shiploads of missionaries went out, and shiploads were driven out. Judson went out with his brave countrymen, the Americans, who had not got one acre or one rood on those shores, but who felt the responsibility that we had been so slow to feel—the responsibility of the Christian and the Protestant. Our Government repelled those missionaries: Judson was repelled from the shores of India: and where did he go? He landed on the heathen shores of Burmah, where he was received, and there he founded a mission; and twenty or thirty thousand Karens were the fruits of the labors of the great Judson, who were now holding prayer meetings and praying for the Holy Ghost on their brethren.

After animadverting further, upon the policy of the British government in regard to Christianity in India, especially in admitting the Koran or Shasters into the schools, while the Bible was excluded, Col. Edwardes continued:—

Thank God, we had at home hundreds of thousands of earnest Christian hearts, taking a different view of this great question; they had at their own charge sent out missionaries to the East, and those missionaries had reaped a harvest which might appear small

in comparison to the field, but which was not small in comparison with the means that had been employed. They had reaped a harvest of 120,000 Protestant natives: true, that was only one Christian in every 1,500 Hindoos and Mahomedans, but still it was a great reward for their labors, and an encouragement to send out more labourers into the harvest. Of course, one great element of our strength in India had been our moral power; but that moral power could never for a moment have enabled a handful of Englishmen to hold that vast continent in an imperial manner. The consequence was that the Government enjoined upon the officers not to offend the natives in their prejudices, and the native soldier, who was a quick-witted fellow, very soon saw that he was the master, and not the servant of the Government. He began to tell the Government that he would march hither and not thither, that he could not cross rivers because of his caste, that he could not go beyond the sea; and the Government, unable to dispense with them, and lacking the courage to grapple with the difficulty, wheedled the seroy, patted him, pampered him until the monster grew one hundred times the monster that he was before. At last the year 1857 came round. We, in an extraordinary infatuation, proposed to put that magnificent weapon the Enfield rifle in his hands. He (Col. Edwardes) supposes a more ingenious device was never made by the devil himself, than that the grease with which the cartridge was made up was mixed up of beef fat and pig's fat, because they hit off the prejudices of the Hindoo and Mahomedan soldier. Hindooism being a religion of externals, there was no Hindoo in our army who did not believe that if he bit the end of the cartridge—which he was obliged to do before he put it in the barrel—he would be un-Hindooised, and be turned into a Christian. Had you from the beginning opened the Bible, put it into the Government's schools, and let your schoolmasters have explained the beautiful doctrines of the Christian religion, it would have gone forth over the land that the religion of Christ was a religion which could only be made in the heart. There would have been no misconception upon that great cardinal point—there would have been perfect safety in dealing out that cartridge—and you would never have had one man suspect you of a design to convert your armies to your religion by such means as that.

Speaking of the recent war in India, by which the mutiny was quelled, the gallant Colonel pays the following merited tribute to the heroism of the Englishwomen:—

And wherever the history of that great war shall be written, he believed that no prouder page in history would be found, than that which tells us of how our Englishwomen faced the foe, helped their husbands, and attended the sick, disregarding cannons, bullets, musketry or explosions, and with their delicate fingers made winding sheets to sew up the soldiers—that was, indeed, a spectacle upon which they might look with pride: and this heroism, as it came from God, so it was blessed by God. They had their noble soldiers, their Henry Lawrence—their Henry Havelock—their Neill—their William Peel—and they had, too, their last sacrifice—their Adrian Hope. These heroes

did not fall in vain, for their blood won for them a brilliant victory. In two short years this mighty army of a hundred thousand soldiers had been subdued, and England was once more master of British India.

Miscellaneous Articles.

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

In Paed. Lib. III. of Clement, of Alexandria, is given (in Greek) the most ancient hymn of the primitive Church. It is there (one hundred and fifty years after the Apostles) ascribed to be of much earlier origin. It may have been sung by the beloved disciple before he ascended to his reward. The following version will give some imperfect idea of its spirit.

Shepherd of tender youth!
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ our triumphant king!
We come thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord—
The all subduing word,
Healer of strife!
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life!

Thou art wisdom's high priest!
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain,
None calls on thee in vain,
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

Ever be thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Out staff and song!
Jesus! thou Christ of God!
By the perennial word,
Lead us where thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
Aye, joyful sing,
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.—*Ex. Paper.*

NOT BY MIGHT NOR BY POWER BUT BY MY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD.

What can we, a poor, feeble band, do amid the multitude who tear out Gail? This question seems to savour of humility, but it is, in fact, the offspring of most unchristian pride. He who makes it must suppose that the work is his own, that man can accomplish it, and therefore the greater number of men engaged, the more early will the work be effected. Were this true, there would be force in the objection. I ask, then, how many men does it take to convert a single soul? If ten cannot do it, can twenty, or a hundred, or a hundred thousand? You reply no; it is the work of the Spirit of God exclusively. Christ alone by His Spirit can convert, renew and sanctify the soul, and make it meet to be an inheritor with the saints in light. The work of converting souls, and casting down the strongholds of Satan does not therefore depend on the number