

## MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

## T O K A T.

The following very interesting intelligence and reflections are from the Journal of Mr. Johnston, published in the Missionary Herald of May. How hallowed is the thought, that at the very place where Martyn has lain entombed for more than a quarter of a century, as if a holy influence were shed around his burial place, there now begins to be signs of reformation in the ancient and long corrupted Armenian Church.

*Grave of Henry Martyn—Armenian Bishop.*

After visiting Amasia and other towns, Mr. Johnston proceeded to Tokat.

August 13. We arrived at Tokat about two P. M. About two hours from Toorkbal we passed the crumbling ruins of a deserted village, and saw on our left the mouth of a cave in the side of a mountain, in which the struggle told us there stands a man without a head, with sword in hand, and permits no one to enter. This was an old man, and he related this marvellous story with every appearance of sincerity. The people of this country, both Turks and Christians, are very superstitious respecting ghosts. The Turks also believe in a species of invisible beings inferior to the devils, which they call *jin*, and the Christians have ignorantly incorporated it into their own creed also, as they have many other parts of the Mussulman creed. They believe them to inhabit waste places, and often to inflict diseases upon persons. They also perform some friendly offices, such as discovering lost goods, pointing out the place of hidden treasure, etc. This gives rise to an order of professional wizzards, whose business is to interpret between men and the *jin*.

When we arrived at Tokat we stopped at the first khan we found, and there rested while Senakerim went in search of an Armenian gentleman to whom he had a letter of introduction from a friend in Constantinople. By his assistance we found a more comfortable lodging in another khan, said to be the same in which the good man Martyn breathed his last.

14th. Sabbath. We remained in our room alone, nor were we disturbed by the least noise during the day, for the khan in which we lodged being occupied almost exclusively by Christians, no business was transacted on this day within its walls. In the afternoon we walked out to see the tomb of Martyn; but we found the cemetery so extensive that we despaired of finding the tomb ourselves, and sent for a priest to point it out. He conducted us near the centre of the burial ground and showed us a marble block, about three feet long lying by the side of other monuments and upon it I immediately recognized the Latin inscription and the name of Martyn. The priest did not recollect the event of his death, though his head was grey, but had the particulars from his father who was a priest before him. I experienced a peculiar sensation while I stood there and thought of the dear saint whose remains were deposited beneath my feet, but whose happy spirit now rejoices before the throne of God. I observed to the priest that he was a man of precious memory who slept beneath that stone. He replied, "God be merciful to him," and forthwith repeated a prayer in Armenian for the repose of his soul. We returned to our room and presently our Armenian friend came to see us again, and after half an hour's conversation he left us, promising to come the next day and accompany us to see the bishop.

After giving some account of the Armenian school which he visited Mr. Johnson proceeds—

15th. From the school we went to see the bishop. We were introduced to him and he invited us to a seat by his side. He is a very corpulent man apparently about fifty years old; has a keen eye and a superior mind.

There is evidence abundant that the mind of this bishop is so far enlightened as to perceive the necessity of a great reformation in his own church. But I particularly regret not having had opportunity to ascertain his views and what has been his experience

of spiritual religion. He has had the advantage of no human instruction, except what little intercourse he had with young converts in his recent visit to Constantinople. But it is hardly conceivable that he could obtain such distinguishing views of the errors of his own church from the simple reading of the Scriptures without learning at the same time the doctrine that is according to godliness. If he understands how the Gospel should be preached, his office gives him an excellent opportunity to make known the truth, for in the Armenian church the bishops are the only preachers. In fine, this man seems evidently to have been raised up of God for some good purpose; if not to be the instrument of a reformation, at least to prepare the way of the Lord before him in making ready a people to receive his word. It is too soon to speak of a reformation having commenced in Tokat, but certainly the present appearance is promising, and it is natural for a disciple of the Lord Jesus to connect this event with the death of Henry Martyn; for it was here that that good man offered up his last prayer. What more probable than that his dying intercessions were made in behalf of Tokat; and one who has read his journal can easily believe that he interceded not only with strong crying and tears, but with faith in the promises of his covenant God. And though a quarter of a century has intervened, the Lord has not forgotten one of his requests, and what he has promised he will certainly fulfil. At that time a cloud of impenetrable darkness lowered over this devoted land, and not a star of hope appeared. But now, though the darkness is still as great in several directions a light is discernible; and before another quarter of a century has rolled away, how glorious a change may be expected. What are all the strongholds of error, with all the power and craft of the prince of darkness to defend them, when the Lord reveals his arm to save?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATION.

## COUNTRY ROUND JERICHO.

LUKE X. 30.—"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves."

About six o'clock in the morning a Janissary was in waiting. Having been repeatedly assured that there was no danger on this side Jericho and scarcely believing that there was any on the other, I had resolved upon having no other attendants except him and my servant Nicholas. I was at the same time provided with a letter to the Governor of Jericho commanding him to furnish me with an escort. As we were on the point of starting Nicholas expressed a wish to see the Jordan; a horse was procured; he girded on his sword; and with my fowling-piece in his hand we sallied forth.

The route is over hills, rocky, barren and uninteresting. We arrived at a fountain, and here my two attendants panted to refresh themselves. The day was so hot that I was anxious to finish the journey, and therefore I hurried forward. A ruined building situated on the summit of a hill was now within sight, and I urged my horse towards it. The Janissary now galloped by me, and making signs to me not to precede him, he rode into and round the building and then made signs to me to advance. We came next to a hill, through the very apex of which has been cut a passage, the rocks overhanging it on either side. I was in the act of passing through this ditch when a bullet whizzed by close to my head. I saw no one, and had scarcely time to think when another was fired some short distance in advance. I could as yet see no one: the Janissary was yet beneath the brow of the hill in his descent: I looked back, but my servant was not yet within sight: I looked up, and within a few inches of my head were three muskets and three men taking aim at me. Escape or resistance were alike impossible. I got off my horse. Eight men jumped down from the rocks and commenced a scramble for me. I observed also a party running towards Nicholas. At this moment the Janissary galloped in among us with his sword drawn; and as I knew that if blood were spilt I should be sacrificed, I called upon him to fly. He wounded one man who

had hold of me and presently cut down a second Arab, and all the rest scrambled up the rocks. The Janissary then turned his horse and rode off, calling on me to follow him, which I did on foot. In the meantime the Arabs prepared their matchlocks and opened a fire upon us; but only a few of their shots came very near us. We had advanced about a league when two of the banditti made a show of cutting us off. A sudden panic seized the Janissary: he cried out the name of the prophet and galloped away. I called out to him that there were but two; that with his sword and pistols, if we stopped behind a stone we could kill them both. He rode back towards the Arabs; they had guns, and the poor fellow returned full speed. As he passed I caught at a rope hanging from his saddle. I had hoped to have leaped upon his horse, but found myself unable: my feet were dreadfully lacerated by the honey-combed rock: nature would support me no longer: I fell, but still clung to the rope. In this manner I was drawn some few yards, till, bleeding from my ankle to my shoulder, I resigned myself to my fate. As soon as I stood up one of my pursuers took aim at me, but the other happening to advance between us prevented his firing. He then ran up, and with his sword aimed such a blow as would not have required a second. His companion prevented its full effect, so that it merely cut my ear in halves and laid open one side of my face. They then stripped me naked."—Sir F. Henniker's travels.

## THE AFRICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEW YORK.

The clergyman, clerk, organist, choir, as well as the whole congregation, were all of that colour which marks the African descent, and never did a Protestant Episcopal congregation afford an example of greater devotion and earnestness in the conduct of those impressive services by which they have chosen to worship the God of their fathers. Their manner of making the responses was extremely impressive:—not a tongue was silent: the pronunciation of Amen, as in the days of St. Jerome, was like a clap of thunder; and in the singing and chanting the breaking forth of glad voices was loud and simultaneous.

## IDLENESS.

*Bishop Cumberland*,—being told by some of his friends that he would wear himself out by intense application, replied, "It is better to wear out than to rust out."

*Idleness* is the most painful situation of the mind, as standing still, according to Galen, is of the body.

*Calvin* is said to have composed two thousand and twenty-three sermons. He either wrote or dictated during the whole of his last illness; and when his friends requested him to do nothing, he used to say, "What, would you have the Lord come and surprise me in my idleness?"

## INTELLIGENCE.

## From the "Church."

## CHURCH STATISTICS.—CANADA.

*Mission of the Carrying-Place.*—The Rev. John Grier, Minister; who is laboriously engaged in serving five stations, inclusive of the Carrying-Place and Trent, at each of which places service is performed every Sunday. In the year 1836 there were—Baptisms, 68; Marriages, 25; Funerals, 14; and Communicants, 41.

*Rectory of Cobourg.*—The Rev. A. N. Bethune, Incumbent. Service is performed twice in Cobourg on each Sunday; and at stated periods on Sundays at Grafton at 3 P. M. Exclusive of the Gaol, where services are given every fortnight to both classes of persons there confined, there are three other stations occasionally served on week days.—During the year 1836 there were,—Baptisms, 110; Marriages, 23; Funerals, 40; and Communicants, 172.

*Rectory of Cavan.*—The Rev. Samuel Armour, Incumbent, is zealously and usefully employed in serving two churches in Cavan regularly every Sunday, and in performing occasional services at five other places in that and the neighboring townships on week days. In 1836, there were—Baptisms, 100; Marriages,