

Missionary Intelligence.

We have received the following letter from the Indian Interpreter at Muncytown, and give it as it is written, as it would lose much of its interest, by being altered. To those who have given of their world's substance to forward the objects of the Church Society its perusal will be gratifying, and we trust it will encourage them to double their exertions in the noble and heavenly cause.

To the Editor of the Church.

INDIANA MISSION,
Muncytown, 18th Jan. 1856.

MY FATHERS, BISHOPS,—I JOHN WAMPUM YOUR SON—I write in great love to you, the Fathers who govern in our Church in Muncytown. My love to you is great indeed, and I earnestly wish and desire that it was an easy thing for me to go and meet with you, that these eyes of mine might look upon your countenances, and that these two hands of mine might take hold of your hands and shake them,—and that thus might grow and abound my joy by my beholding the face of my dear fathers; thus do I make known my thanks to you, my fathers in Toronto, thanks for your love to me, thanks, thanks, thanks, for your love which is manifested in your sending us ministers to Muncytown, to preach Jesus unto us. This has been of great good to me and to all in Muncytown,—we were in darkness, and we worshipped idols the work of our own hands, wood and stone, made as like man or woman, has legs but cannot walk, has eyes but cannot see, and has ears but cannot hear,—but now the great light has shined; we were sitting in ignorance, but true wisdom has arrived; we were as people dead, but life come unto us the great salvation; we were just ready to fall into hell, but now we are preparing for heaven, thanks for your great love to us, and for your collecting your riches, that you might send the word of God to Muncytown, thanks for your love, which has led you to pour out your prayers for Muncytown, and I know that your prayers for Muncytown have been answered,—for I am a poor Muncy Indian man, and I can bear testimony to the value of the Holy Scripture, and of the labors of the Missionaries. I was a sinner, but I did not know this until I heard the preaching of Mr. Flood from the Gospel of Matthew, xiii, 50, but when I heard my heart was pierced, and I awoke up quickly from the sleep of sin, and I then knew that I was the chief sinner. I then knew that the wages of sin was death, and I began to repent. I was greatly afraid and ashamed; and my mind was distressed and troubled, and I knew not as then what I should do to be saved. I longed, and cried, and poured out my prayers in secret, and confessed my sins unto God; my food was bitter to me I could not relish it, but I drank my tears and ate my sorrow in fear of the consequences of sin, lest they should fall upon me and crush me before God. I continued thus until the day when Christians appointed a meeting for the Indians and I was there. I then knew that it was by faith in Jesus that I was enabled to believe then in Jesus from the very root of my heart, and I relied upon His blood, and believed in His death that I might be saved. And immediately the great love of God came to me from Heaven, for there was heard by the ears of my soul the great voice which sounded in me, and which seemed to say, thy sins are forgiven thee, and thou art reconciled unto God, and have peace through Jesus. And this was made plain to my soul that I was saved, for the Spirit bore witness with my spirit that I was saved, then began to spring up in my heart my love to the Lord, and my love to the people, and to the ministers, and to all men.—Thus do I present my almsheik or thanks to you. Thanks almsheik, for your sending us the minister to preach Jesus, by whom I am saved, and since then I have desired to open my mouth to confess crucified Jesus. I was appointed to be interpreter of Muncytown, and there God made me useful. Now I am witness to say great many poor Indians died happy, they gone home to heaven. I went last week to visit one sick man, John Williams, late of Grand River, he died on Monday last at the house of Daniel Logan of this place. I am happy to say that there is good reason to believe he died in the faith of Jesus Christ and left this world without regret. Before his death I saw him and talked a good deal to him about the love of the Saviour, and particularly of the pardoning mercy showed to the thief on the cross which much affected him. Feeling his end approaching he expressed a wish to his wife and those present to have some decent clothes for his burial, whereupon they went to my house and procured what was necessary, and when he perceived them

he said almsheik. He was very glad and calmly laid down and breathed his last to the surprise of all present, who did not expect his death so soon. Now my prayer is, that you will continue praying for us, for the cause of the Devil in Muncytown trembles, and is very weak. Many have been saved here, and I hope you will remember us and determine to send us an assistant minister to Muncytown. This is the end of my writing to the Fathers and Governors of our Church in Muncytown.

Your faithful Son,

JOHN WAMPUM,
Muncy Interpreter.

Youths' Department.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE AND THE MISSIONARY-BOX.

ABOUT twenty-four years ago, a poor, but pious widow, the keeper of a light-house on the Kentish coast obtained a missionary box, and resolved to devote to the cause of Christ all the money that might be given to her before twelve every Monday morning.

On the next Monday morning a gentleman visited the light-house, and seeing her in the attire of a widow, gave her a sovereign.

The poor woman was perplexed; so large a sum would be of great service to her present pressing wants—the doctor's bill was unpaid too—she asked the advice of friends: one advised one way, another the contrary. At last she resolved to ask God in prayer what she ought to do with the sovereign. She rose from her knees convinced that it belonged to the missions, and she at once put it into the box. God, who is a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless, was not unmindful of her faithfulness.

In the course of the day a widow lady of high rank, with her sister, called to inspect the light-house. She made several inquiries of the poor widow, and before she left put a piece of gold into her hand.

Two days afterward, one of the pages came with a letter from the lady, kindly stating that she felt much interested in the family, and begged the acceptance of £25 from herself, and £5 from her little daughter, who was also much concerned for their welfare.

The kind lady was Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent; and her little child—The Princess Victoria, now the Queen of England.

THE BROKEN PANE OF GLASS.

WHEN I was a little boy, I went into a store with a schoolmate, eating an apple. I wanted to throw a part of it out of the door; but, by some awkwardness I threw it against a pane of glass and broke it. Instantly the storekeeper asked who had broken his window. In great fear I told him I had.

"Then," said he, "you must pay for it."

I knew I had no money, and that the only way in which I could get any was by asking my father.

I went home with a heavy heart. I wanted to tell my father what I had done, but somehow I could not muster up courage. The longer I put it off, the worse I felt. I knew I ought to tell, but I kept putting it off. At last I could stand it no longer; I went up to my father and said, "Father, I broke a pane of glass in the store this afternoon."

"Well, my son," he replied, "I will give you the money to pay for it."

My dear young friends, were I to live a thousand years, I never could forget the load that was taken off my heart when I confessed to my father what I had done. I felt like another person. My heart fairly leaped for joy when I heard the kind tones of my father's voice.

Now what caused this great change in my feelings? It was because I confessed to my father, and told him just what I had done. This, simple confession made me happy.

Has no little boy or girl, who reads this story, done wrong? Yes, you will say, I have done what is wrong a great many times, and sometimes when I think of what I have done, I feel very unhappy. You have a kind Father in heaven; you have disobeyed him. Now go to some place where no one will see you, and kneel down and confess all that you have done wrong; open your heart to your heavenly Father, and ask him to forgive all your sins, because Jesus Christ died for you upon the cross. My dear young friends, confess your sins to God, and through Christ you will have peace. Read what the Apostle John says in his first Epistle, first chapter and tenth verse:—"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Selections.

Narrative of the Siege of Kara, &c. By HENRI SANDWICH, M.D., Chief of the Medical Staff. Murray.

Dr. Sandwith is one of that half-dozen brave Europeans whose gallantry and command over the minds of Asiatics in the most trying circumstances have made the siege of Kara as glorious as any action in the history of the last two years; while the terrible story is here relieved, more than anywhere else, by circumstances which compensate for the inevitable miseries of war. Set free by the courtesy of the Russian General, who throughout showed himself an opponent as generous as he was able, Dr. Sandwith gives the account of the siege in the plain, unadorned form of a diary kept on the spot. There is no better way of bringing home to the imagination the impressions and feelings of such an ordeal. The military history must probably wait the pen of one of those accomplished officers whose skill was brought to light there; but we owe to Dr. Sandwith a clear and manly and very touching record of those long days of self-devotion and cheerful energy, of activity and sickening hope, finally disappointed by the folly and inertness of more famous men; a record which we wish that he had not encumbered with some very commonplace observations on the plague, consuls, and things in general in Turkey and Armenia. The journal of the siege of Kara did not want a formal introduction.

The preparation which the Turkish garrison of Kara had received for the trials of the siege had been a disgraceful defeat, and a complete disorganization in consequence, rendered apparently irremediable by the indescribable villainy of the Turkish officers both on the spot and in Constantinople. The soldiers were brave, patient, and docile, they had some good artillerymen and sharpshooters, some regular cavalry which could neither charge nor escape, and some Bashibazouks. On the 7th of last June Dr. Sandwith arrived, with General Williams, to take their chance against Mouravieff, who was known to be advancing against Kara. The prospect was not an encouraging one:—

"Our provisions are insufficient for a siege of any duration; the exact amount is as yet unknown to any of us; some say we have three months' food, some two; while others, more brave and hopeful than the rest, firmly believe that the soldiers have, with due economy, bread enough to last even four months; but this is all conjecture. I consult one of my friends on the subject, and he thinks that there is no fear on the score of provisions.

"But," he went on to say, "we have a greater evil to dread—something more imminent still—how he it spoken. I dare scarcely whisper the secret into your ear: we have but three days' ammunition. If Mouravieff advances by approaches, and we fire liberally, in three days we shall be disarmed." "God is great," was my answer; "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

We now get a closer sight of General Williams? a man whom others actually feel delight in working under, and working for; whose good humour and cheerfulness, and elastic resolution, united with dauntless sense of duty and quickness of resource, were contagious even with European comrades, but were absolutely irresistible among men to whose experience the combination seemed something superhuman. He was "the first officer admitted to the Sultan's service with his European name, it having been hitherto the custom of the Turks to name all foreigners in their service much in the same manner as we name our negroes in the West Indies; and as these are distinguished by the names of Caesar, Castor, Pollux, so the Franks in the Ottoman employ are distinguished as *Wislam Bey*, *Councillor Effendi*." But he only became *Veiliani Pacha*. *Veiliani Pacha* soon astonished his Eastern associates; the snug and comfortable jobbers, by the vigour with which he hunted up and disposed of their arrangements; whether they were little men or big ones; the gravity of the Turkish public mind generally, by the extravagant alacrity which all his proceedings displayed. With a few words—which we hope may prove not too sanguine—he electrified the Christian population of Erzeroum, and got them to join in working on the fortifications, to the extreme amazement of the Turkish bystanders:—

"He called together the city council, and requested that the Bishops and chiefs of the Christians should also attend. Turning to the Christians, he said: 'But we look to you also. The time has come when you may shake off your thralldom, and take your place as free citizens; for the Sultan has granted you privileges, and declared all his subjects equal in the