

## Missionary Intelligence.

## Missionary Review.

In taking a cursory view of the various Missionary fields, our attention is especially arrested by the success of the Gospel in the East. The patient and persevering labours of the American mission have been signally owned and blessed of God. A remarkable movement is now in progress throughout the entire Armenian population, manifesting itself by a weakened attachment to rites and ceremonies, and an anxious desire for Biblical exposition and evangelical instruction. The movement is confined to no particular province, but is widely extended. Ten evangelical churches have already been formed; and calls from various districts for preachers, are numerous and urgent. The mission has a list of, at least, fifty places, scattered over Asiatic Turkey, in which there are converts to the truth, and a prospect of evangelical churches soon being gathered.

The progression of events, during the last ten years, in preparing a way for the furtherance of divine truth in this benighted empire, is worthy of special regard. In 1840, the national charter of rights was granted, which has destroyed the political importance and persecuting power of the Armenian aristocracy; in 1843, the Sultan's pledge was issued, that men should no more be persecuted for their religious opinions; three years subsequently, came the unthought-of application of this pledge to the relief of the Armenian Protestants, when persecuted by their own hierarchy; in the year following, the recognition of the Protestants as a separate and independent community; and, in 1850, was issued the charter, signed by the Grand Sultan himself, placing the Protestants on the same national footing as the other Christian communities in the Turkish empire. Thus every external barrier has been removed, and an extensive and promising field opened to the messengers of the Gospel. They may now preach, plant churches; educate, and ordain ministers; gather in, and baptize converts; establish schools and academies; erect presses, and pour out their productions upon a furnished population, without any molestation. In no previous period of their history have the Mahometans been brought in contact with any form of Christianity that has not been too degenerate to be worthy of their regard; to them, also, the present is a day of merciful visitation. The Turks of Constantinople have begun to seek for, and to read, the Word of God, and have purchased from the Missionaries many Turkish New Testaments and Bibles.

In INDIA the Brahmanical idolatry is rapidly losing its influence among the educated classes; and the prospects which are opening to the various missions are most extensive, and of a deeply interesting character. A spirit of enquiry prevails throughout society; and spiritual desires are awakening in the minds of multitudes, which Hinduism is utterly incapable of satisfying. No country in the world, is at the present time, so prepared for the reception of the Gospel, as India. In no equal period, since the commencement of the Missions, it may be said, have so many additions—including persons of the highest rank and education—been made to the native churches, as during the past year. Labourers, however, are greatly needed—well qualified Missionaries, to make known the gospel and circulate the Scriptures throughout the entire hundred millions of the population.

The Missions in CHINA are steadily advancing; Christianity is finding its way among the teeming population of that great empire; and converts are, from time to time, being added to the different churches. The missionaries at Ningpo are engaged in an undertaking, which, if successful, will have a most important bearing on the future propagation of the Gospel in China. We refer to the attempt they are making to write the spoken language of Ningpo in Roman characters. That this is practicable appears from the fact, that the Chinese, whom they have taught so to write, are able to correspond with each other in that character. We shall anxiously watch the progress of this experiment, which promises to

meet the wants of a large proportion of the population, and greatly to facilitate the labours of Missionaries.

The Jews at KAE-FUNG-FOO have again been visited, and six of their twelve rolls of the Law procured, for which 533 dollars have been given. They are written on thick strong sheep's skin, without points, and no division into sections, or books, which seems to indicate that they were brought to China before such divisions were adopted. They are described as beautifully written, and very legible. They are now on their way to England, and will soon be deposited in the library of the British Museum. About forty smaller books have also been obtained, which, it is thought, may contain some records of their early history and emigration to China. The whole synagogue at KAE-FUNG-FOO is said to include about 300 persons. Two of them have arrived at Shanghai, and are diligently engaged in studying Hebrew with Dr. MEDHURST. They appear keenly alive to the humiliation of having lost from amongst them the knowledge of the Hebrew language, and express their willingness to send their children, in future, to Shanghai to receive instruction.

The results of the explorations in progress in the interior of AFRICA, are becoming daily more important. The enterprising travellers, Drs. BARTH and OVERWEG, have reached a region the most commanding, as respects the whole of the African continent; and have furnished valuable information regarding the physical configuration of the country, and the different nationalities of Central Africa, deeply interesting to Christian philanthropy. A way seems evidently opening for the planting of Christian Missions in the interior of that vast and populous continent.

Of the various missions in WESTERN AFRICA, none present a more promising aspect than that of the Church of England Society at ABBOKUTA. Although this mission has only been established a few years, Christianity seems to have taken deep root in the hearts of the people, and ABBOKUTA to have become a centre, from which the light of the Gospel is radiating on the surrounding country—many of whose inhabitants are rejoicing in that light.

A remarkable conflict is going on at present among the Jews in London, between the opposite principles of superstition and infidelity—between rabbinism and rationalism—the traditions of men and the philosophy of men. Some are endeavouring to adapt the old maxims of Judaism to the standard of modern civilization. Many are diligently studying the Old Testament Scriptures, with a view to the connection of their religious system, and the improvement of their synagogue worship. Their religious teachers seem alive to the importance of imparting a more spiritual character to their public services; and seek to base their instructions upon the written word of God, and to build up their Jewish hearers in their ancient faith by a continual reference to the Old Testament Scriptures. They are, moreover, publishing the Scriptures, with an English translation of their own, which professes to rectify the errors of our authorized version.—*London Watchman.*

## Family Circle.

## The Death-Bed—A Fragment.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Come," said Helen Randolph to the beautiful girl, as she two lingered on the doorstep—"we can at least see Emma for a moment, and if there is anything repulsive we can leave directly."

"I do not wish to behold a dying person," murmured the other, shrinking back. "I never did, and I never wish to."

"But they say she is very calm and does not suffer much; we ought to go, for she was our early playmate and our dearest friend; come, forget your scruples this once and let us enter together."

So saying the young girl rang the door bell and was ushered in by an old servant, whose eyes were swollen with weeping. Helen knew the way, her feet had grown accustomed to it the last few, sad weeks. The door of the chamber in which the suf-

ferer laid was slightly ajar, and the fragrant breath of the jessamine draping the open window, filled the room with its sweet odor.

The girls entered softly; they had arrived at the most impressive hour—the last. There were many in that chamber of death; mother, father, sisters, brothers, and nearer than all these, a noble young man, who had been united with the dying woman some three years, and who stood, stern in his great sorrow, a forced calmness marshalling his features to composure. But oh! the dreamy wilderness of his eye, the pallor of lip, cheek and brow; the woe of a man so awful in its very stillness.

A slight, shadowy form moulded the thin counterpane to its own classic beauty; the white hands held a few delicate spring buds, the glassy yet still beautiful eyes moved fondly from one dear object to another, and as the two young companions entered, lighted up a wondrous fire, a marvellous, soulful look that spoke volumes of affection. She beckoned to them, and with her dying strength grasped a hand of each.

"I am dying," she whispered, "but after weeks of incessant agony, the dear Father has granted me rest, and peace—divine peace. I have no pain; I am sinking sweetly into the arms of the Saviour."

"O! Eleanor, beautiful Eleanor," she said again, after a short pause, turning to the loveliest of her friends, "if you knew how glorious it is to be prepared for death and heaven. All night long until early morning, have the heavenly minstrels, with their sweet harps, hovered about my bed, and even now I seem to see you blue firmament opening, and a white throne and the holy Jesus waiting to receive this poor trembling soul. I am filled with peace which I cannot describe; at times I seem soaring upwards, united to earth only by a silver cord, so fine and brittle that one breath will sever it from its fragile hold. I tremble with this holy delight; it is more than I can bear; come, oh! Father, come quickly!" she ejaculated fervently, while the warm radiance of morning lent a halo to her pure brow that could not be of earth.

There was a long pause; no one wept aloud, though every eye was moistened; the least whisper would have seemed sacrilege in that peaceful chamber of the dying.

She laid with her large lids closed over those beautiful eyes; how long, and soft, and silken were the brown lashes, tremulous on the blue-veined cheek; but at last she raised them languidly, and fixed her gaze upon her husband.

"Sweet husband—sweet mother—blessed ones all—farewell. Charles, kiss me for the last time;" and as he bent towards her she wound her thin arms lovingly around his neck, and pressed him tightly to her dying bosom. Then, only then, one mortal tear trembled upon her lashes; it was the last mirror from her heart in which earthly love might shine reflected.

All drew silently near and received, one after another, a pressure of the cold hand; many glided from the room to give vent to the choking sobs that they could no longer restrain.

She moved her pale lips, and gazed imploringly at her husband. The motion was understood, and her mother brought towards her a beautiful babe, asleep. They laid it on the pillow by her side, and a soft smile parted her lips as she whispered slowly and distinctly, "My Father will take care of him."

And then she clasped her hands and raised them as if in triumph; a bright light seemingly broke all over her features, rays of glory and beauty shone in her dying eyes; her brow grew whiter and more transparent, and with a loud outburst of "glorious God, heavenly home—I come, I come," she fell asleep.

The two friends had stood, the one in calm sorrow, for she was a Christian—the other in transfixed wonder. Nought was heard now, but mourning and lamentation; the lonely husband had thrown himself down by the bedside, and his heavy groans pierced every heart. Eleanor wept, and as she passed from the chamber of the happy dead, she exclaimed,—"I never before felt the force of these words, 'let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his;' what are wealth, station, beauty, alas!"

"Come with me, then, Eleanor, and let us both walk in her footsteps that we may depart as serenely," murmured Helen Randolph in a low tone.

And like music sounded the answer to her ears, "thy Redeemer shall be my Redeemer, thy God my God."—*Boston Olive Branch.*

## General Miscellany.

## The Marshals of France.

The last of the eighteen marshals created by Napoleon on the 19th of May, 1804—the day after the proclamation of the Empire—is dead. We give the order in which died the knights of the modern Charlemagne: Lannes, Duke of Montebello, was killed in 1809.

Bessieres, Duke of Istria, was killed in 1813.

Berthier, Prince of Wagram and Duke of Neufchatel, died in 1815.

Count Bruue was assassinated at Avignon in August, 1815.

Murat, Grand Duke of Berg, afterwards King of Naples, was shot in October, 1815.

Ney, Prince of Moskowa and Duke of Elchingen, was shot in December, 1815.

Angereau, Duke of Castiglione, died in 1816.

Massena, Prince of Essling and Duke of Bivoli, died in 1817.

Marquis de Perignon, died in 1819.

Count Serrurier, died in 1819.

Kellermann, Duke of Valmy, died on the 12th of September, 1820.

Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzick, died on the 14th of September, 1820.

Davout, Prince of Eckmuhl and Duke of Auerstaedt, died in 1823.

Count Sourdan, died in 1833.

Mortier, Duke of Treviso, was killed by Fieschi, in 1835.

Moncey, Duke of Congliano, died in 1842.

Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, afterwards King of Sweden, died in 1844.

Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, died in 1851.

Marshal Soult was created, in 1847, general marshal of France, a dignity which can be compared with that of marshal and general of the camp and armies of the king, successively conceded, during the reign of the ancient monarchy, to Turenne, Villars, and Marshal de Saxe.

Marshal Soult has been marshal of France for forty-seven years and a half. There is, in the history of France, but one other example of such an eminent dignity—it is that of Henry, Duke of Montmerency, created marshal by Charles IX., in 1566, constable by Henry IV., in 1593, and who died under the reign of Louis XIII., in 1614.

Two other marshals had been in possession of that dignity during forty years. They were—

Anne de Montmerency, father of the above named, who was created marshal in 1528, constable in 1538, and was killed at the battle of St. Dennis, in 1567.

Francois Annibal, Duke of Estres, brother of the beautiful Gabrielle, who was created marshal in 1626, and died in 1670, being over one hundred years ago.

By the death of Marshal Soult, the title of senior marshal belongs by priority to Marshal Marmont, Duke of Raguse, promoted to that dignity in 1809, with MacDonald and Oudinot; but, as this veteran of the imperial armies has for a long time resided in a foreign land, and all the marshals created by Louis XVIII. and Charles X. being dead, the Count Gerard, the first marshal named by Louis Philippe, in 1830, is entitled to that dignity.—*Translated from the Journal des Debats, of Paris.*

## Rare Instance of Nerve.

An Indian sword-player declared at a great public festival that he could cleave a small lime laid on a man's palm without injury to the member: and the general (Sir Charles Napier) extended his right hand for the trial. The sword-player, awed by his rank, was reluctant, and cut the fruit horizontally. Being urged to fulfil his boast, he examined the palm, said it was not one to be experimented upon with