

is cut from their bones while living. O, I could say much—too much of the manner in which the poor heathen grope in darkness, endeavoring in vain to propitiate their dark and cruel divinities—of their wearing iron collars—of their rubbing their bodies with ashes—of their counting beads—of their long and wearisome repetition of vain and foolish prayers, one word of which they do not understand—of their burying themselves in the earth—of their swinging on hooks—of the fearful funeral pile, the fires, the horrid fires of which yet burn in more than twenty Indian provinces—in all, indeed, which are beyond British authority. One king recently died, whose funeral was celebrated by the burning of seven queens, two concubines, one servant, and four female attendants—fourteen human beings burned to death. I could tell of 120,000 infants murdered annually in Bengal—of the revolting abomination of a heathen temple: But I must not—they are too awful, and cruel, and disgusting to be told. And a heathen religious procession, it is beyond the powers of description, and too horrid for recital—so horrid that a French Abbe justly said of it, that it presented a more vivid picture of hell than any other earthly spectacle. Heathenism with its dark orgies, its terrible sacrifices, its polluting practices, its soul-destroying influences—O, heathenism, its misery, its crime, and its blood, no one can know whose eye has not been pained, and whose heart has not bled to behold it.

But blessed be God, there are also bright spots on the dark landscape—spots made radiant and beautiful by Christianity. There is the district of Tinnevali, where are 15,000 native Christians. There is another luminous point at Travancore, where 6000 are Christians, and at Tanjore and Madras, are also many who love the Lord. I could point you also to Bengal, where thousands have been baptized, and to Ceylon, where are other thousands, converts from among the wild-men of the forests, who have lived among the rocks, and fed upon berries—these tamed, clothed, and in their right mind, are praising Jesus.

CHINA.—REV. MR. GUTZLAFF.—Our readers will be gratified to hear from this indefatigable missionary. The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Gutzlaff to Rev. J. J. Roberts, Baptist missionary in China. It is dated Ningpo, Jan. 6, 1842:—

“ You have perhaps already heard that our next march will be upon Peking. The present plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Pottinger, is a firm, determined and undaunted man. I live myself with the General, Sir Hugh Gough, who treats me very kindly, and occasionally talks upon Christian subjects with great fervor. He is a praying man, never undertaking any thing before having bowed his knees before the Saviour; and considers it the highest honor to be the means of opening a way for the gospel. He always says, ‘ I was sent here solely as

an instrument to execute the grand designs of my God; and only so far as he will direct me, I shall fulfill his will.’ You can form no idea of the terror inspired by the appearance of our troops. You might at Tau Mun have taken a stick and driven two hundred soldiers before you without the least trouble. Still the Emperor is determined to exterminate us, root and branch, and intends to do it very soon. May the Lord bless your work abundantly, and always be with you.”—*Christian Intelligencer*

POETRY. A NAME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

“ Let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad.”
GENESIS xi.

MAKE to thyself a name,—
Not with a breath of clay,
Which, like the broken, hollow reed,
Doth sigh itself away;
Not with the fame that vaunts
The tyrant on his throne,
And hurls its stigma on the soul
That God vouchsafes to own.

Make to thyself a name,—
Not such as wealth can weave,
Whose warp is but a thread of gold,
That dazzles to deceive;
Nor with the tints of love,
Form out its letters fair;
That scroll within thy hand shall fade,
Like him who placed it there.

Make to thyself a name,—
Not in the sculptured aisle;
The marble oft betrays its trust,
Like Egypt's lofty pile.
But ask of Him who quell'd
Of death the victor-strife,
To write it on the blood-bought page
Of everlasting life.

HUMAN LIFE.

From “*Sonnets, by Edward Maron.*”

Ah, what is life! a dream within a dream!
A pilgrimage, from peril rarely free!
A barque that sails upon a changing sea,
Now sunshine and now storm; a mountain stream,
Heard, but scarce seen, ere to the dark deep gone;
A wild star, blazing with unsteady beam,
Yet for a season fair to look upon,
Like as an infant on Affection's knee.
A youth now full of hope and transient glee;
In manhood's peerless noon now bright, anon
A time-worn ruin, silvered o'er with years.
Life is a race, where slippery sleeps arise,
Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,
And when the goal is won, the grave appears.

MONTREAL.

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