

a sort of improvement; but their lawlessness proved their real motives. Within two months, the whole prefecture was in commotion, commerce of every kind interrupted, and many large towns and cities seized, and Canton beleaguered. There was no co-ordinated action among the leaders, nor any acknowledged head over them; no regard for private rights and property, nor discipline in their ranks. The authorities beyond the capital succumbed to the storm; many of them, were killed; and anarchy followed their defeat. The insurgents levied on all the rich inhabitants as soon as they took a place, and made a show of efficiency, but soon their demands exhausted the supply; and everything was in anarchy, and the place burned, if it was not too large. The conduct of the imperialists was nearly as bad towards such villages as they retook; and rapine, violence, licentiousness, slaughter and destruction had full swing. Many villages informed the authorities that they had combined their volunteers, and placed guards to keep their limits; and these guards were ordered to kill every man, from either camp, who entered without permission. Every prisoner was put to death by both parties; every village suspected of harbouring the enemy was sacked; and no boats were allowed to pass by the insurgents.

It were needless to detail the horrors of such a civil strife, and the sufferings it has involved, until the present time, when Shantung, the last stronghold of the insurgents has been taken, and their union destroyed. Our object is to show that no expectations of permanent good to China could be founded on such elements. The provincial authorities have depended entirely on their own resources to suppress the insurrection; and nearly every one is a Chinese. All their efficient troops have been volunteers, raised and paid by villagers and townsmen, who felt that the pest of such banditism must be removed by any sacrifice.

CHANGE IN RESPECT TO FOREIGNERS.

The extracts which follow, have an important bearing on the missionary work in China.

During the past year, the Chinese in these parts have been brought into increased contact with foreigners. The imminent danger in which Canton was for a few weeks, led the Governor-general to apply for aid in defending it from the insurgents; but the application failed by reason of his unwillingness to allow foreign officials to be within the city walls. It is well that it did fail; for the commencement of foreign intervention in the affairs of China, by force, will endanger the stability of any government which its people may adopt. They readily admit, however, that the measures taken by foreigners to defend themselves in their factories, mainly contributed to preserve the city from capture. The insurgents invited foreigners to come to their quarters near Whampoa; and foreign vessels have gone to many places which they held, as native boats were pillaged. Many towns were visited, whose importance and position were previously little known, and their inhabitants received the strangers kindly. The visits of missionaries have been pleasant in most places; and their books were taken; and we hope that this species of labor may be continued, until it assumes the importance which it justly possesses.

Besides the assistance rendered in defending their city, the Cantonese feel that they owe much to foreigners in supplying them with food during the past few months. Last year the insurgents seized all the breadstuffs which they could find; and they have prevented labor in fields near them this spring; so that there was danger of a dearth. Rice rose from two and a quarter cents a pound to six and seven cents; and thousands of the poor have died of starvation within twenty miles of the city. Native merchants could not introduce a single cargo, and confessed that their sole reliance was on foreign shipping, which did actually import over fifty-five

millions of pounds in less than three months, and proved to the Chinese that they cannot do without help in such an emergency. That one thing works with another, the love of money against national pride, the fear of famine and riot against the conceit of ignorance, to break up the fallow ground, and smooth the way for the gospel. The missionaries are quite confident that the obstacles to the preaching of the Word in China will be removed faster than the church of Christ is prepared to occupy the ground; and they are doubtless justified in giving utterance to such an opinion. In this case, as in others, God will keep far in advance of his people.—*Missionary Herald*.

TROUBLES IN FEEJEE—MISSIONARY DANGERS.

The late arrivals from Australia have brought very extraordinary news from the Feejee Islands. The Rewa Station, which was abandoned, of necessity, some years ago, had been re-occupied by the Rev. H. Moore, who for some months had to witness the horrible cannibal practices of the chief and his people. On the 26th January, the chief died, just as he was about to carry on war against Tui Viti, the Christian King of Bau. On the 9th February, Mr. Moore's house and store were fired in the night and totally destroyed, the loss to the Wesleyan Missionary Society and Mr. Moore being from £700 to £1000. A plan appears to have been formed for the murder of Mr. Moore and his family; a club was lifted at the head of Mrs. Moore during the conflagration, but the murderous plot was happily frustrated, and an escape to Bau was safely effected, by Mrs. Moore without bonnet or shoes, and the children in their night-clothes. Mr. Moore returned at once to Rewa, and continued his labours among that nation of murderers. The rebel Bau chief, Mara, who had joined the King of Rewa in his hostile intentions, proceeded to carry on the war. Meantime, George, King of Tonga, arrived on a visit to Tui Viti, with a fleet of thirty-nine canoes, and two thousand men. The Ovalau rebels fired on one of his small canoes, which had been despatched with letters entrusted to George by the French Governor of Tahiti to the Popish priests Ovalau, and killed the chief in charge, and wounded others. Other provocations and violence were offered to George and his people, who, although on a Christian and peaceful visit, were forced into war on behalf of Tui Viti. The conflict was short; victory declared in favour of the allies, but not without a severe struggle, and the loss of some valuable lives. All the opposing heathen chiefs are either slain or humbled; and the people, being now at liberty to act for themselves, are embracing Christianity by thousands. But there are not missionaries or native teachers to meet one-tenth of the demand for their services.—*Watchman*.

HENRIANA.

A faithful lover of Christ may have a son a bigoted Pharisee—grace does not run in the blood.

The consolation of Israel is to be waited for, is worth waiting for, and will be welcome to those who have waited for it, and continue waiting.

We take Christ like Semion, into our arms when we receive the gospel record with lively faith; and the offer, which it makes of Christ with love and warmth—never any that hoped in God's word, were made ashamed of their hope. The eye is not satisfied with seeing till it has seen Christ.

What a poor spectacle does this world present to him, who has Christ in his arms and salvation in his eye.

SELECTIONS FOR CHILDREN.

THE INWARD VOICES.

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Jerry. He had a kind mother and father, and two brothers younger than he. Jerry's mother often read the Bible to him, and told him how to be a good boy. And Jerry, as soon as he had learned to read, used to read about little Joseph and Moses, and Samuel. He thought no stories were so pretty as Bible stories. He wished he could be like Samuel;—he wished God would speak to him, and call, "Jerry," just as he did to little Samuel. Then he would say, "Here I am I;" and he would mind everything the Lord told him.

"Mother, if I could only hear God speak to me," said Jerry.

"Every time you think of doing wrong, Jerry, if you listen, you will hear a still small voice in your heart, saying, 'Jerry, Jerry!' That is God's voice; it is bidding you to do no sin."

"Shall I hear it with my ears, my own ears?" asked he, taking hold of his ears with his fat hands.

"You will hear it with the ears of your heart, perhaps," said his mother. "If you ever are upon the point of doing what is not right, stop a moment—stop still, and listen in your heart, and see if something there does not seem to say, 'Jerry, do it not!'"

"And that is God, my mother, is it," asked Jerry, looking very sober, "telling me not to?"

"Yes, it is God."

"And does he speak to everybody so?" asked Jerry.

"Yes; and he speaks very loudly to little children, because he wants them to begin aright. It is not listening to him which makes so many bad boys."

"Then God does speak to us now?" said Jerry, after thinking a little while.

"Yes; both in the Bible and in our heart."

"Putting us back?" said Jerry.

"Yes, pulling us back from sin. How very good God is, to think so much of us!"

"Mother, cried Jerry, "I mean always to hearken. I mean to be like little Samuel. I mean to hear God, and mind him. I am sure I ought to; God is so kind, so good to us, mother, giving us every thing. He gave me my new shoes, didn't he? I should not have had them if it had not been for God, mother." His mother prayed in her heart that Jerry might ever hearken and obey the voice.

Not many days after this, when Jerry came home from school, he found his mother had gone out. "I wish I had something to eat," he said.

"You can go into the parlour-closet, and get one of the green apples that are in the smallest basket up in the corner," said Nancy; "your mother will let you have one of those."

Jerry skipped away after one. He opened the closet and went in. It was a deep large closet, where the children did not often go. The apples looked good, and he took one. As he turned to come out, he spied the little cupboard door ajar, where he knew his mother kept her nice things. A basket of rich cake peeped out, with plums in it, and sugar over it. "Oh," thought Jerry, smacking his lips, "oh, how good it looks!—how good it would taste! I should like a bit." Jerry looked. "Take a piece; your mother need not know it," said a noisy voice in his heart. "Take it; it is a good chance; nobody sees you; snatch it!"

"Jerry! Jerry!", spoke the still, small voice. "Jerry!"—it only seemed to say "Jerry," and Jerry knew it. He let it speak, and he minded it. In a moment he shut the cupboard close to, and ran away as fast as he could. "I must not take that cake without mother's leave. I know I must not, if it looks ever so nice, or tastes ever so good." And he tried to think no more about the cake, while he went out in the garden and ate his apple. Jerry was very glad he hearkened.