

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

MAHARAJA DULLEEP SINGH.

THE recent conversion and baptism of this distinguished individual has attracted much notice throughout India. A letter which we have seen, states that some of the newspapers have attributed the prince's conversion to Dr. Logan's influence: "But that gentleman in consequence of his delicate position as the prince's guardian, and in consequence of the known policy of the Government which he represented, sedulously abstained from exercising any influence. The Lord's doing is really marvellous! A Brahmin attendant of the Maharaja, who had himself studied in a Missionary School, introduced the word of God to his highness' notice. Dulleep Singh was strongly impressed by what he read, and panted after further instruction in the doctrine of the cross. So unexpected a movement in the mind of a heathen state-prisoner, the son and successor of Runjeet Singh, and lately the lord of the Punjab, and the head of the most valiant Indian race, was immediately reported to the Government, and communicated to the Court of Directors. The Court ordered that, if the prince were earnest in his wishes, then no impediment should be thrown in his way; and that he should have the benefit of further instruction if he desired it. Dr. Carshore, now Chaplain of Fettehgar, accordingly gave the desired instruction.

The prince is now admitted into the bosom of the Church—but the Brahmin attendant is still a heathen. What a wonderful exhibition of the power of Divine grace! Heathenism itself is made to contribute to the progress of the Truth."

Our readers will peruse with pleasure the following eloquent remarks of our able contemporary, *The Missionary*, of Calcutta:

"The baptism of an Indian Prince may be celebrated as a new era in the annals of the Church. There are but few instances, in the whole history of Christianity, of crowned heads being washed by the waters of regeneration after the deliberate renouncement of Paganism and conviction of evangelical truth. Nor does the addition of forced baptisms, such as those under Charlemagne, and of others which were stipulated for as terms of peace with Christian monarchs,—as in the case of Alfred and Guthrum,—enlarge the catalogue much. Those on which the thoughtful Christian can look back with most satisfaction, are instances like Clovis of France, or Ethelbert of Kent, where the heathen husband was converted by the silent, yet most eloquent persuasion of the virtuous example of a believing wife.

We venture, however, to think that the case of convert Dulleep Singh contains in it elements of greater interest than any of these.

Here the mind had to be emancipated from a system which was associated with civilization and learning, and, until lately, with political advancement. The veneration naturally due to the memory of an illustrious father, whose greatness as a king was consistent with his antipathy to Christianity had to be corrected. Whatever was dear to human feeling, or flattering to human pride,—whatever hope might possibly lurk in the mind of restoring the army of Runjeet Singh, and of making a last effort for the recovery of a throne lost during the convert's minority, might well be supposed to be marshalled against the progress of the Truth.—Runjeet, while he lived, was the hope of the Indian followers of the Vedas—perhaps of those of the Koran also. The English power, and the Christian religion, which it represented in their estimation, (would that it really represented it, in all purity!) they all equally hated. There was but one prince whose policy might some day successfully eradicate that hateful power from the plains of India, and that prince was Runjeet.—Could his son be insensible to his position as the successor of the man to whom India looked for deliverance from Christian influence? Could he embrace the very religion which his father and all his race hated? What a hot conflict must have passed in Dulleep's mind before he could place himself under the Banner of the Cross! He must also have been aware that many Sikh hearts, though humbled by their defeats, still beat for his restoration to the throne of Runjeet, and that if ever there was a conjuncture, their blood and treasure would be at his service. But they would not bleed for a deserter of Runjeet's religion and a follower of the system hated in all India. By renouncing the faith of Nanak and Guru Gobind, Dulleep sacrificed every hope of regaining his patrimonial crown.

Nor could the system of Nanak itself, when once in possession of the mind, be easily dislodged. While it takes credit for anything good that may be discovered

in the Vedas and other Shasters, it does not profess to be responsible for their faults. It accordingly imposes fetters which it is impossible to break by ordinary weapons.

Nothing short of the Holy Spirit could have broken those fetters. No monitor short of Divine grace could have taught young Dulleep that, while he was sacrificing his hopes of ever regaining an earthly crown, he was becoming an heir to a heavenly crown which fadeeth not away, and that the exchange was indisputably an infinite gain to him. And we believe the fact is that no other monitor than the grace of God has taught that lesson to the royal convert. The British Government is perfectly indifferent to the progress of Christianity. Notwithstanding the credit which the Hindus ignorantly give it of aiming at the conversion of India, it is indifferent to a fault to the extension of God's kingdom. It is far more unwilling to appear as the favourite of the Gospel than of the religion of its subjects.

Everything on the merely human side was against his embracing Christianity. Nothing but a rational conviction of the truth of the Christian system could be an adequate inducement to such a step. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.—Human agency had deprived the prince of an earthly crown—Divine agency has now made him an inheritor of a heavenly kingdom. Man had deprived him of his *Koh-i-noor*—God has given him 'the pearl of great price'—the *true Mountain of Light*. Dulleep Singh has by his deposition gained a large loss. In the midst of the corruptions and intrigues which disgraced the Court of Lahore after the death of Runjeet Singh there could be no prospect, humanly speaking, of his escaping the vortex of dissipation and wickedness in which his relations and ministers were engulfed. The fall of an empire is in itself no preservative against vice and immorality. But the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord; He turneth it whithersoever He will. God overruled his temporal humiliation to his spiritual welfare. He was placed under circumstances which were sanctified by Divine grace to lead to his conversion.

Such an event is no doubt intended in the counsels of God to give a more than ordinary impulse to the progress of the Gospel in India. But it was not in man to lift up the veil which shrouds the future. We may however, venture to say that Dulleep may, with God's blessing, prove another and a holier Nanak to his countrymen. Born to be the sublunary head of a valiant race, he may still maintain his position as their leader—not indeed, in a secular point of view, to make conquests of their decaying soil on the earth's surface, but in the spiritual warfare against sin and Satan.—He may yet rally his late subjects around the standard of Christ, and prove their master and guard, in subordination to Him, by inducing them by his example to lift up their eyes 'unto the hills from whence cometh our help.'

Youths' Department.

GOD WILL PROVIDE.

BY GEORGE A. CROOKE, A. M.

MOTHER! o'er thy pale boy weeping,
Fearing soon his life may end,
His, whose eyes is never sleeping,
Succor unto thee shall send.
Remedies have not succeeded,
What in fondness, thou hast tried
What thy wisdom most is needed,
Fear thou not, God will provide

Lone and lonely, mourning maiden!
Reft of every friend on earth,
Sore-afflicted, sorrow-laden,
Gloom sits brooding round thy hearth
Aid may come whence least expected,
Mercy's hand has not been dried,
God, whose Son was here rejected,
If you trust HIM, will provide.

Brother! thou who'st lost thy brother
Cherished from thy earliest youth,
One who was but self another,
Loving life-mate, living truth,
Draw now nearer unto Jesus,
Cling more closely to His side,
His, mid sorrows, pitying sees us,
God, for His sake, will provide.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.—My young friends, you are now in the vigor of youth and the morning of your days. You are about to prepare yourself for a profession. Many are the paths in life before you. Which do you intend to pursue? We think we hear you say, "The path that will secure most happiness." Where is that path? Is it in the pursuit of wealth, in

the busy mart? Suppose after many years' toil you gain it, and with it power, position, and every earthly pleasure; believe one who has looked abroad among his fellows—they are all hollow. They will not satisfy your soul. They will not give rest to the "divinity that stirs within you."

Like the apples upon the shore of the Dead Sea, they are fair and tempting to the eye, but full of bitter dust and burning ashes. Even to "gather gear by every means that's justified by honor," is a poor business for an immortal soul. Wealth, and the eager pursuit of it, call the mind away from the "one thing needful," harden the heart, fill the soul with things "of the earth, earthly." The rich, with wealth, build barriers between themselves and heaven; their money is too often a curse to themselves and to their children. Oh! how often in the midst of his plans, does God say to the rich man, through his black winged messenger, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee. Then comes the judgment. He who made the world and the heart of man says, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but rather lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." "Most happiness" is found neither in wealth itself nor in the excitement of its pursuit. Then poison not your soul against a wedge of gold.

Do you wish to lay the foundation of your happiness in public applause? Better far "build upon some icy lake when summer's suns begin to shine," than strut and chafe your soul in the dust upon the political arena. Have not our intellectual giants toiled on like battling Titans, to threescore and ten, and gone down to their graves disappointed men? Where did they find happiness at last, when life's lengthening shadows told them their sun was almost down? Not in the huzzas of the multitude.

Is "most happiness" to be found in the winding mazes of the law? When pleading the cause of right, and glorious truth, it is a noble profession. When the lawyer flings the broadegis of the law over the helpless orphan, and strikes down with a heavy hand the robber of the widow, the oppressor of the poor, it is a noble profession. But how, when villainy holds out the purse of gold, and iniquity pays a fee to be defended? How, when rich and respectable rascality employs the aid of counsel against justice, the widow, the orphan, and the poor? How, when it is paid to darken counsel with words—to make the worse appear the better cause? This, some will do; many say they must do. Will you arm and array the soul the Almighty God of truth has given you, against the truth? Will you fight a mental mercenary, for error and for sin? Do so, and you will sear your soul, weaken your conscience, and break down your moral principle.

Is "most happiness" to be found in the daily walk of the physician? Ecclesiasticus says—"Honor the physician with the honor due unto him for the use you may have of him; for the Lord hath created him." Next to the minister—the man of God—he is perhaps the most useful member of society. Our Saviour himself was a physician, and "He healed all manner of diseases." It is a high and honorable profession, and there are many enthusiastic, liberal and philanthropic men, who love the profession for its own sake.—The physician is next to the minister in all the social relations. But unquestionably the highest of the professions, socially and usefully, is that of the minister of God. Happy, indeed, if God should call you to the arduous duties of this office. But this, unlike others, is not to be taken up or laid aside at pleasure. Yet is there not reason to fear that young men sometimes feel themselves drawn to the office of the ministry, and yet repress their inclinations, supposing the sphere too humble and too closely linked with toil and poverty? Humble as it may appear to ambitious, worldly-minded men, it is full of the highest honor. The other professions are full to overflowing; here the harvest is white, and the reapers few. Put in your sickle, and reap for the granary of God, and your reward will be great. Labor for forty years, and only save one soul, and there will be joy in heaven; your work will not be in vain.

All other professions sink into insignificance before that of the minister of the Gospel. "I magnify mine office," said the apostle Paul as its vast importance loomed up before his gigantic mind.

As the meridian sunlight exceeds in glory the feeble gleam of the glow-worm in the grass, so does the humble minister, with his torch of living fire, dim the brightest luminaries of earth. Compare other professions with his. The physician heals our bruised and broken bodies, smooths the dying pillow of the pain-racked, sinking to his last, long rest, and here his