

We cheerfully comply with Mr. Paton's request to make public the statement of his views. We may explain that we published the statements of Mr. Geddie and Mrs. Johnston partly that the church might have the fullest information on the subject of Mr. Johnston's death, but principally because it was the desire of Mrs. J. that there should appear a correction of what she deemed erroneous in statements published.

Letters to the Missionaries should in future be addressed to care of

REV. AARON BEZACOTT,
Darlinghurst,
Sydney, Australia.

Rev. Mr. Inglis states that if otherwise addressed, they may lie a twelve-month at Port-au-France, in New Caledonia.

Family Reading.

Nargis, the Nestorian Girl who was carried off by Mohammedans.

'I have been engaged,' says Dr Perkin, 'in a trying ordeal, to recover a poor Nestorian girl who was stolen by night from her bed by violent Mohammedan ruffians, with the purpose of compelling her to profess their faith and marry one of their number. Her story I give in her own words.

'Sep. 1862.—On Thursday night, I was asleep on the roof. About midnight, I partly awoke, and perceived a hand taking hold of my arm. I thought it was some of my friends waking me; then a hand was placed on my mouth. I was frightened, thinking they were Mussulmans. I screamed, "They are seizing me by force." They raised me up in their arms. As I stood, I looked into the yard of our neighbour, and saw a long ladder placed there, and five or six men standing below. They carried me that way, and passed me down to them while I was weeping and screaming. There was nobody to rescue me from their hands. I saw them bring a horse to place me on it. Again I screamed, till the horse was frightened by the sound of my cries for help. They could not place me upon the horse. Then the artilleryman who wished to steal me away, mounted, and they put me behind him, he seized my hand over his shoulder. I threw myself from the horse, and spoke very reproachful words to him. Then they pulled my hair to

frighten me, and beat me with their weapons, and tore my clothes to pieces, most of which I lost. They placed me upon the horse again, and held me tight by my feet and hands, and tied a handkerchief over my mouth. By the alarm of my cries and screams, my uncles came (from their vineyards) to fight with them. The Mussulmans turned about, both the artilleryman and their Koordish companions, and wounded my relatives severely. One of them is laid up in a dangerous state. They fired a pistol-ball into one arm of my other uncle, and brake his other arm with clubs, so that he could no longer contend with them. So they went on till they brought me into the city, and carried me into a Mussulman's house. There many Mussulman men and women gathered about me, saying, "You must say, I have come here of my own accord; I have espoused the Mohammedan religion." Say so to the Moollahs, and to Meerza Alkbar (the chief Mollah), that they may perform your marriage: if you do not say so, we will hide you away here, or will send you off among the Koords, and not bring you back for five months. Why will you not be a Nestorian? Become a lady; you need not work; eat and drink, and dress.

'I was dreadfully frightened. I besought the Lord for help. They never told me that my friends were already petitioning for me. I cried and said to them, "I wish my friends to come here; I will not become a Mussulman, if you kill me."

'They brought to me fine garments; I threw them aside. Again they brought them; I said, "I will tear them in pieces."

'They said, "You must go to the hall of judgment before the Prince." So on that morning they took me to the Prince. The Prince and his wife came to me and said, "Why do you say I will not become a Mohammedan? Such clothes as we will buy for you, and will make your father so great; and whatever you desire among the Mohammedans we will give you for your husband."

'I replied, "I wish nothing; I am a Christian; I will not become a Mohammedan." Then the wife of the Prince said, "I will have you beaten. I will call in the executioner, and have you beheaded on the spot; who can deliver you out of our hands? Can the missionaries? Then she reviled the missionaries.

'I said, "I will not become a Mohammedan; it may be nobody can deliver me, but I will not become a Mohammedan."

'Then she, too, tried to coax me. She said, "I will make you my own daughter." I said, "If you love your God, give me back to my father and mother." Then the Prince said, "But that man wishes to marry you, and he says you wish it." I