

such violence, that we thought we should have sunk; it washed away one of our oars, and we were all wet through, but still the Almighty preserved us, glory be to his holy name. Lieut. Douglass and myself had a prayer together, in which we thanked God for all his past mercy, and asked his future protection; we were very cold, but felt comforted. Thursday, the 17th, we boarded another boat, and asked them to take us to Chusan, which they promised to do, but to which the master of the party would not accede. However they took us up a canal, and told us that was the way. It now began to rain a little, and at night we found ourselves in a small creek, with numbers of China-men around us. They appeared kind, and brought up a little boiled rice. Wonderful to say, although we had been so long without food, not one in the boat complained of hunger, and of the rice now brought very little was eaten: the rain now fell fast, and we all lay down in the bottom of the boat and laid the old mat over the top.—About 12 o'clock I thought I heard footsteps, and, on looking up, saw about 20 Chiaamen round our boat, carrying gay lanterns. I awoke Lieut. Douglass in alarm; however, they still appeared kind, and gave us more food.

In the morning, it being very wet, we went barefooted to a Chinaman's house. After sitting a short time, they told us they would get us something to eat, and then take us to Chusan. We followed; they took us to a temple for shelter from the rain. One of the party now left us; and we began to suspect that all was not right, and set off to regain our boat. Alas! it was too late. We had scarcely ascended the bank, when, on looking behind, we saw a large party of soldiers, a mandarin, and numbers of Chinese pursuing us. We saw at once we were betrayed; flight was impossible, resistance as vain. I was leaning on Lieut. Douglass' arm; he stood boldly in my defence, but it was no use, they struck me several times. They then put chains around our necks, hurrying us along a path, not half a yard in breadth, to a large city, through every street of which they led us. The people thronged by thousands to stare, so that we could scarcely pass. Their savage cries were terrific. From this they led us to a temple full of soldiers, and one of the wretches stole my wedding ring from my finger, the only thing I treasured. Alas! that I was not to keep that one dear pledge of my husband's affection. They then set a table and wrote Chinese, asking whether we understood it. Never shall I forget that temple, their fierce grimaces and savage threats. Hitherto Lieut. Douglass had been my only friend, and I think I may say that we had been a mutual comfort to one another throughout our sufferings. But we were now to part.

The soldiers bound Lieut. Douglass' hands behind him and tied him to a post, and in this situation I was forced from him. We took an affectionate leave of one another, as friends never expecting to meet again, until we meet in Heaven. He gave me his black silk handkerchief to tie round my waist, which I shall ever treasure as a remembrance of that truly sad moment. We anticipated death in its most cruel form, and I think I could say, surely the bitterness of death is past. I now felt indeed alone. Mr. Wits, one of the boys and myself were now again dragged through the rain, and my feet being bare, slipped at every step, and they were at last obliged to bring me a pair of sandals. I was obliged to hang to the coat of a tall man who held me by the chain. We must have looked wretched in the extreme, our clothes being much covered with dirt as well as drenched with rain. My hair hung dishevelled round my neck.

In this state we must have walked at least twenty miles, and passed through numberless cities, all the inhabitants of which crowded around us; their hooting and savage yells were frightful. We twice passed through water nearly up to our waist. After having reached a temple, we were allowed to rest ourselves on some stones. They gave us here some prison clothes and food. At night they laid down some mats and a quilt, on each side of a large temple. Mr. Wits and the boy took one side, and after a short prayer to my Almighty heavenly Father I lay down, but not to sleep; the chain round our necks being fastened to the wall. Would that I could describe to you the scene; the temple beautifully lighted up with lanterns, our miserable beds and more miserable selves, all the dark faces of the frightful looking Chinese, (of whom I think there were eight) the smoke from their long pipes; the din of the gongs and other noises which they kept up all night were indeed horrid.

To be continued.

THE ORPHAN SCHOLAR.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee," was the divine command to the ancient Israelites. Their review of the dealings of the blessed God with them could not but excite gratitude to him, while it would greatly humble them. It not unfrequently happens that we are placed in circumstances when we are compelled to throw ourselves, as it were, on years that are past; to recall the wonderful doings of divine providence, and to exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" Such was my happiness a very few months ago.

I was invited to meet a party of Christians at the fireside of a generous friend of humanity and religion. The party included a missionary and his wife, who had returned for a season from a foreign land in search of health, several ministers, and the wives of two or three of them, and other friends. The evening was spent in a manner which would be approved by Him whose we were, and whom we professed to serve. We had interesting facts, elicited by conversation, of the success of Christianity in more than one missionary station, illustrating the power of the Gospel on the hearts of the aged and the young; we had instrumental and vocal music, raising our souls into a state of sympathy with the inhabitants of the world where they worship the Lamb, "having every one of them harps;" and more than once the voice of prayer ascended to the throne of our common Father. In a word, the evening was delightful, and its recollections will prove agreeable in the hour of death, and in a future state.

I knew not during the evening how to account for it, that the wife of a Christian minister from a distant part of the kingdom, whose name I had scarcely heard till that evening, made several inquiries in reference to transactions with which I had some connection more than twenty years ago; I answered her inquiries, and the conversation once and again turned its current. With a cheerful countenance, however, she seemed pertinaciously determined to call back the events with a pleasing but most provoking mystery. At last the name of a Sunday school in one of the midland counties was introduced, and one or two remarkable minute circumstances were mentioned by her, which led me to remark, "With that school, madam, you must have had some connection."

"Look at me," was the reply, "surely you know me?"

I looked, but alas, still ignorant.

"Do you remember distributing six Bibles to as many girls, who on that day were dismissed from the school; and addressing them on their duties and dangers, and entreating them to acknowledge God in all their ways, that he might direct their steps?"

"Yes, I remember the circumstance well."

"So do I," was her reply; and stepping aside from the company, who were just commencing a discussion in which all appeared interested, she added, "I was one of those six girls."

Yes, it was indeed Sarah——, both of whose parents were dead before her introduction to the Sunday school, whose circumstances induced a

spirit of Christian sympathy, and led many to take more than common interest in her welfare.

And now for a few words of her history. Neither of her parents were religious; they died, and left her with a brother to the mercies of God and of his people. A distant relation took Sarah into his family, and sent her, simply that she might learn to read and write, and without any regard to her spiritual interests, to the neighboring Sunday school. Here Sarah received her first religious instruction; here she acquired the first elements of useful knowledge; and here, on the occasion already alluded to, she first became the owner of a Bible. While in the school, the seeds of divine truth were sown by a devoted and holy teacher, now with God, who unceasingly labored and prayed for the salvation of her children.

The week following her dismissal from the school, and while the solemn feelings excited by the farewell address were yet powerful, Sarah emigrated with her relations to a foreign land. No more was heard of her among her former connections; deaths and others changes had completely altered the character of the district she had left; and but for this unexpected interview with her, nothing might have been known of her subsequent history, or of the usefulness of the Sunday school to her, till the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

On her voyage to a distant land, it was not possible that Sarah could indulge in the thoughtless merriment, and the unhallowed conduct of the passengers generally. Her teacher had instructed her in the ways of God; her heart had been deeply affected with divine truth; and her Bible became unspeakably precious and useful, because it was almost her only counsellor to direct her path. She now discovered the value of religion more fully than she had ever done before. After a passage of six or seven weeks, she reached the land of her adoption, and soon began to inquire after the house of God. Alas, she discovered that little was known of the Saviour whom she now loved; two or three weeks passed away after her arrival before there was public worship in the town where she was living. At length a devoted missionary, whose labors covered a vast extent of country, visited the district, and dispensed the bread and the water of life. Sarah, whose soul indeed hungered and thirsted after righteousness, embraced every opportunity of divine service. Her zeal in the service of Christ became distinguished, and about three years after she became the wife of that missionary of the Lord Jesus.

Her happiness now appeared to be complete. Her opportunities of usefulness became numerous and extensive, and gladly did she embrace them. At one time, she told me, she had more than two hundred children in Sunday school, whom she had collected together, and of whom, for some time, she was almost the only teacher. Not a few proofs were given her of the divine approbation of her labors in this department.

But O, the mysteries of Providence! Her husband died; difficulties surrounded her path; and, most unexpectedly, the hand of God directed her back to England. She arrived a perfect stranger in her native land; was singularly directed into a family where she became a governess; and a year or two since was married to a Christian minister, who cordially enters into her plans of usefulness, while they gratefully unite in adoring the Being of whom Sarah was counselled, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Sunday school teachers! are you sure that none of your present scholars will not prove as happy and as useful as this orphan girl? Labor earnestly for God, and confidently expect success.—*Altered from the (London) S. S. Teachers' Magazine.*

A CHINESE PAINTER.—A Chinese, who was present at the martyrdom of a Christian missionary, was so struck with the firmness with which he died for his faith, that he himself became a Christian. He made his way to Europe, went to Rome, and studied painting; he has been successful as an artist; and there is now here, in the Church of St. Guillaume, a fine picture by his hand, well designed and strongly coloured. The subject is, "The Death of the Christian Missionary," to which he was a witness, and which changed his faith and his life.—*Art Union.*