

views of sin and the atonement are remarkably clear and satisfactory; in this respect these inquirers contrast favourably with most of those who have been received into the church at Ningpo. This work on the hearts of the people is not only characterized by a deep sense of sin, but by warmth of zeal, the absence of interested motives, and meekness, and Christian fortitude under opposition and persecution. Interesting instances of these traits of Christian character might be given did time permit.

The fruits of this movement are already apparent in the neighbourhood. Several families have cast away their idols, refuse to engage in idolatrous ceremonies, and have commenced the observance of the Sabbath. One of the men who visited us, in speaking of what God had done for him, informed us that his wife also now believes, and that she, with his two little children, kneels down with him every morning and evening to thank and worship the God of heaven. Such scenes as these, occurring where Satan has so long held his seat, must have caused the angels of heaven to rejoice with no common joy. We hasten to give you what might almost be regarded as a premature account of this movement, that you may be able the earlier to rejoice with us, and above all to pray for us that these indications of promise may not pass away like the morning cloud and early dew, but that the Holy Spirit may remain with us and work wonders of grace among us. It is worthy of remark that this interest commenced when outward circumstances looked unfavourable, and it was feared by some that missionary work for the present would be suspended.

Writing on the 6th of March, Mr Nevins communicates some additional particulars concerning this work of grace; and on the 23d March he expresses the hope that several persons from his neighbourhood would be admitted to the church in Ningpo at the next communion service. He thus writes on the 6th March:

Two of our native helpers returned from San-poh yesterday. The religious interest seems to be gradually increasing. A larger house has been procured for the better accommodation of the numbers who assemble. As formerly, from twenty to fifty persons are present every night, some of whom remain till a very late hour.

A very severe test for these new converts is the observance of the Sabbath. This draws at once a line of separation between them and the own people, creates serious difficulties in families, and generally results in loss of employment. We are glad to say that these difficulties have been cheerfully met, with a fixed determination to obey the law of God, and simple faith in the guidance and protection. The trials of different kinds to which these converts are exposed can hardly be appreciated, by those living in Christian lands, and should excite our deepest sympathies and most earnest prayers.

At Shanghai, the missionaries of the London Missionary Society report, that their operations are not at all hindered by the warlike operations at Canton.

A Chinese periodical is published at the cost of something less than one penny. It is extensively circulated by some of the Chinese native merchants.—*Exchange Paper.*

STATE OF THE PATAGONIAN MISSION.

At a late meeting of the friends of the Patagonian mission in Dublin, it was stated that at Keppel Island the work was going on satisfactorily. Three catechists were employed at the mission, one being the son of Captain Allan Gardiner. He was not an ordained missionary, but went out in the humbler position of a simple catechist, in order that he might not be precluded from doing servile work, and at that moment he actually worked as a labourer. The missionary party cooked for themselves, and

worked laboriously to raise the mission buildings as fast as possible. A letter was from a physician on board a man of war, who had recently had an opportunity of forming an impartial judgement; he stated—"The mission, humanly speaking, seems to be a dangerous and hopeless undertaking, but the issues of this and every other human project are in the hands of One who will crown it with success, if after His will. Seated in our comfortable homes, surrounded by affectionate and sympathizing friends, we can but little conceive the privations and hardships the missionary has to undergo, who, forsaking his native land, takes up his Master's cross, to proclaim the glorious gospel of a crucified Redeemer to the wild and savage inhabitants of little known and far distant lands. Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was present, and addressed the meeting. He said—"Notwithstanding the apparently disheartening circumstances which attended the first efforts made in the present direction, I see very considerable openings for hope. Although it be an exceedingly difficult task to civilize such savages as we are now aiming to convert, yet the accounts you may have all heard of some Fugians who were brought over to England, and who seemed susceptible of cultivation, afford a great degree of encouragement. There is this advantage with respect to both the Fugians and the Patagonians, that they have a great deal to learn with respect to the arts of life. If you can teach persons how to build houses, and how to make pots and pans that will stand the fire, how to improve the construction of their canoes, and to bring their lands into cultivation, they will at once see that you are friendly to them, and are desirous of giving them useful instruction, and they will listen to you with increased attention; and this is a mode of proceeding that has been found extremely useful by a Church which certainly stands foremost among all the Christian churches of the present day in a missionary point of view—namely, the Moravian Church. They have had great success in civilizing savages through the medium of the useful arts of life; and by means of the advantages thus gained, they have had astonishing success in communicating to them the truths of Christianity."—*Notes of the Churches.*

Miscellaneous Extracts.

THE RECENT DISASTER NEAR QUEBEC.

(The following was intended for last number but had to be laid aside owing to press of matter.—*Editor.*)

In our last number we mentioned the sad occurrence which had just then taken place near Quebec, involving the loss of nearly three hundred lives.

The following is an extract from a Sermon preached by the Rev. R. F. Burns, of St. Catherine's, with special reference to the disaster. His text was Matt. xi., 28, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest;"—

I cannot conclude without referring to that appalling disaster which casts even the massacre of the Bridge into the shade, and revives those impressions, too fast fading, which that ever memorable event produced. Is anything better fitted to commend to us the precious invitation of our Text, and the momentous importance of an immediate compliance with it? Have we not to, in our Text here, that which could alone support the hapless victims at that dread crisis when compelled to choose between the fire and the flood; and that which can alone

soothe the stricken survivors, "heavy laden" beneath the tremendous pressure of this stunning bereavement. Here truly is a scroll like that of the prophet, written all through with "lamentation and mourning and woe," the simple perusal of which is enough to make the head waters and the eyes a fountain of tears. Here seem to concentrate all the elements of sadness. "There is sorrow on the sea," cries the same weeping prophet. In this River of Death is it not verified? "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by. Come and see if there be any sorrow like unto this sorrow?"

Wafted by favoring gales, these worthy emigrants from our loved fatherland, have been borne safely across the mighty deep. He who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand, has smiled propitiously on them. "Then they are glad because they are quiet, so he bringeth them to the desired haven." Now safely moored they deemed their perils over. The sight of the rich carpet of green spread out before them, and of each new object bursting upon them, is cheering, after the long sight of the trackless ocean, and of the changeless blue. Memory is busy with the past; fancy with the future. They yet revert with lingering regret to the scenes of home and the sunny hours of childhood. But hope is on the wing, and buoys them up. Happy days rise before them in this Land of Promise. All goes "merry as a marriage bell," when in a moment, the grim King of Terrors confronts them in his most fearful form.

Then rose ——— the wild farewell;

Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;

Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave.

And first, one universal shriek there rushed

Louder than the ocean, like a crash

Of echoing thunder; then all was hushed,

Save the soft wind, and the remorseless dash

Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,

Accompanied with a convulsive splash,

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry

Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Turning from the victims to the survivors, what pictures of distress we meet! Ties the most tender, riven in a moment. Rama revived! Brothers bewailing the loss of sisters. Sisters sitting by the stiffened corpses of brothers, or standing on the bank vainly imploring the watery sepulchre to give up the dead that were in it; in some instances imploring in vain, for "the river swept them away—that ancient river." Husbands, the desire of their eyes taken away with a stroke. Wives made widows in a moment. Children whom father and mother have forsaken. Parents weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not.

Who can bind these bleeding hearts? None but He who has a salve for every sorrow—who "healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds." Who can befriend and bear up these powerless, heart-broken wanderers?—None but He who is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother—who is the brother born for adversity—the father of the fatherless—the husband of the widow—the orphan's stay—the stranger's shield. Who can give rest to these weary troubled souls? None but He into whose lips grace was poured, and from whom these gracious words have flowed, "Come unto me all ye that labour and that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless, prove a friend."

We trust too that not a few of them sorrow not even as others which have no hope—that, though it be with brimful eye and bursting heart, they can look up and say

This is the solace to our sorrow given,

That they were borne in fiery car to Heaven,