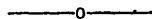


staff at present, but the well-trained veterans it received from the Church of Scotland keep up its institutions in all their old efficiency. The principle which the Serampore missionaries, Carey, Marshman, and Ward, first advocated, which was first carried to extensive practical operation in the establishment of our Calcutta mission, is now almost universally accepted, viz., that the great lever for the Christianization of India is an educated native ministry, and therefore that the churches should concentrate their chief attention and strength on that great end. Within the last twelve months, the Church of Scotland has sent to India not only several newly appointed chaplains, but four additional ordained missionaries, and it is contemplating to send two or three others immediately. One of the four has been sent into Bengal, to the city of Gya, to begin a new mission there, as Gya is one of the great strongholds of Hindooism. Formerly the British government received annually £36,000 of pilgrim-tax from the devotees who flocked to its celebrated shrine from all parts of India. And when the agitation commenced for putting an end to British connection with idolatry, the old Indians ridiculed the idea of giving up two lakhs of revenue at the bidding of "fanatics;" but the fanatics triumphed, and now, instead of receiving, we are acting the more blessed part of giving. Two of the others have been sent to Sealkote in the Punjab, to take the place of the murdered Mr. Hunter; and their prospects of success are most encouraging. The Punjabees are an infinitely nobler race than the timid peasants of Bengal, or "the fat and greasy" citizens of Calcutta; and many of them are engaged in searching the Scriptures independently of missionary teaching. Not long since, for example, a considerable number of the 24th Punjab Native Infantry avowed themselves Christians, and requested baptism and further teaching from their officers and the chaplain; and the Indian government, when appealed to on the subject, refused to interfere with officers who conversed and joined in worship with such converts. At Sealkote, too, our missionaries, Messrs. Taylor and Patterson, have met with several influential Christian men, warm friends of the Church of Scotland, who are eager to aid them in their work: and as nearly £1000 have been raised to build a "memorial church" there, the mission, it is to be hoped, will soon be permanently established, and prove a centre of evangelistic labors for the whole of the surrounding country. However, we are yet doing little compared with what ought to be done, and we must on no account rest satisfied with "the day of small things." The Church of Scotland will not have done its duty to India until it has linked all its chaplains and missionaries there into one system, and having increased them tenfold, spread a great Presbyterian organization over the length and breadth of the land,

which every succeeding year will become more and more compacted and consolidated, till it be worthy of being called "the Presbyterian Church of India;" all which may God hasten in his own good time!



OUR CHURCH—A SHORT HOMILY FOR THE TER-CENTENARY.

BY SENEX.

The Kirk of Scotland! fairest daughter of the Reformation! unadorned in thy beauty, rugged, but faithful nurse of a somewhat stern but sterling progeny! we love to think of you, and talk about you with affectionate yet reverential garrulity. We can almost imagine we see the resolute face—the piercing eye, and the well-filled brow of that dauntless long bearded man who first waved thy banner over his head, and called on Scotland to rally under it. The great of that glorious land responded with a cry, echoing from furthest north to most distant south—from Cape Wrath to the Tweed. Tyrants trembled and gnashed their teeth, whetted the dagger, sharpened the Maiden, unsheathed the sword, made ready the thumbkin, the screw, and the iron boot; gathered the faggots, knit the brow and hardened the heart. Power was summoned to preside, cruelty and bitterest hate to minister. *Nec tamen consumebatur*. The fire may burn, but truth walks through the fire, and comes forth seven times purified, and with the strength of ten thousand giants seizes on the land which welcomes it with stern sobs of joy. Beaton, the Scottish Cardinal, cruel and courtly—subtle and savage—relentless as a Cobra, cowardly as a Hindoo Sepoy, for a moment thou didst think to stamp out in blood and ashes, the truths preached by the great Reformer. How thou didst laugh and roll thy sensuous sides when the first martyr was in thy toils—the gentle, the good, the generous, George Wishart! Glorious, though suffering apostle! we see thee now in our mind's eye,—with thy tall spare form muffled in thy dark cloak—thy thoughtful student face—pale with care, but lighted with the intelligence of Heaven. To face death, tries the courage. Well didst thou come out of the fiery trial. See yon proud Cardinal, lolling at the window of his lordly palace; look beneath; follow those basilisk eyes, glittering with devilish triumph; there is a crowd, and within it, piled up faggots, and a stake, and an iron chain, and a man, formed in God's own image, tied thereto, and a greedy flame devouring his living flesh. Turn away from the harrowing scene, and ask to-morrow how he died. You need not; it is proclaimed from every housetop, and every hill—that strange, calm fervor, that burning faith which the fire could not touch, which spread like wild fire from heart to heart, warming, rousing, resolving, till like a sea of flame it covered the land. Look again; what