THE PROTECTOR
AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

Vol. 1. Charlottteown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, December 23, 1857. No. 43.

The Protector and Christian Witness,

GEO. T. HASZARD, PUBLISHER.

Edited by a Committee of Protestant Gentlemen. Terms 12s. per annum, in advance; otherwise 15s. will be charged. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

"How Sweet are thy Words unto my Taste:"

PSALM CXIX, 103.

How sweet to the soul that in Jesus believes,
How sweet to the soul that salvation receives,
How sweet to the Christian the Bible is found—
Its doctrines and precepts so richly abound.

How sweet to the mourner when the first dawn of light
Breaks in and begins to dispel the long night;
How sweet are the promises written therein
To the heart that is trembling oppress'd with sin.

How sweet to the soul that is panting for God,
How sweet to the guilty his pardoning word,
How sweet to the soul when contending with foes—
By the word it prevails, and sings as it goes.

In the day when the billows of trouble arise
How sweet is the hope that the Bible supplies.
It comforts the mourner, it hushes his fears,
It strengthens his heart, and dries up his tears.

How sweet to the pilgrim when tempted and tried,
'Tis his rod and his staff, his counsel and guide—
Confiding in Jesus alone as his friend,
He safely holds on and holds out to the end.

How sweet to the widow, bereaved and alone,
Her chief earthly object just faded and gone,
To know that her Maker who dwelleth on high,
To help and protect her forever is nigh.

How sweet to the soul is the word day by day,
How sweet when earth's pleasures have all fled away;
How sweet to the sick, the afflicted, the poor,
How sweet to the dying till dying is o'er.

THE TOPAZ.

I was walking one day by the sea-shore at one of our western watering places, when my eye was suddenly attracted by a stone of rather an unusual appearance lying amongst a heap of others. The tide was washing over them, and it was with some little difficulty that, by the help of my walking-stick, I at length succeeded in obtaining possession of the stone. No sooner, however, had I got it than I felt tempted to throw it away again, it looked so trumpery and common. However, after the labour it had cost me I determined not to trust to my own powers of discrimination, but carried it straight to the lapidary's shop. I was rewarded for my prudence by being told that the stone was one of no ordinary value: "But" added the lapidary, "the cutting will be a long, and difficult, and expensive process." "Never mind," said I, "if the stone is worth it, I am quite willing to incur the expense." So I left my stone in the lapidary's hands, and went several times during the next few days to watch the process of cutting and polishing. I was greatly interested in seeing it gradually assume a more beautiful form, but on my last visit I almost failed to recognize in the bright, transparent, and well-defined topaz that lay before me, my old friend of the beach which I had saved from a watery grave.

It suggested some thoughts to my mind. What a picture, thought I, of the Christian, and of God's dealings with him. First, there is the Father's hand separating him from his fellows, and drawing him from the waves of this troublesome world which are ready to overwhelm him. But God does not leave him there. By His word, by His ordinances, by the dealings of His providence with him, He purifies, and sanctifies, and enlightens him, till, like the sun in the firmament, he shines more and more unto the perfect day, and is at length fit to form one of the jewels in God's own diadem. It seems to me that Christians do not always think as they ought of the pains (if one may so speak) that God is taking with them, to render them not only *fit* but *beautiful*, for his kingdom. They look to his kingdom. They look to his Word, to all the means of grace that he has appointed, and to his more striking Providence, but do they regard every incident of every day—every little trial, every little joy, every little blessing—as coming with a purpose from their Father's hands—that purpose the increase of their faith, the purifying of their affections, the sanctification of their lives, that they may grow more like the Saviour who died for them, and "who is not ashamed to call them brethren?"

PIETY OF THE AGED.

Pliny writes of the crocodile, that she grows to her last day; so aged saints grow rich in spiritual experience to the last. An old Christian being once asked if he grew in goodness, answered, "Yea, doubtless I do, for God hath said, 'The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree. (Now the palm-tree never loseth its fruit, says Pliny.) He shall grow like the cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God: they shall bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing.'" Psalm xcii. 12, 13.

It is a blessed sight to see ancient Christians like the almond-tree. Now the almond-tree doth flourish and is full of blossoms in the winter of old age; for, as Pliny tells us, the almond-tree doth blossom in the month of January. Experience in religion is beyond notions and expressions; a sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue: no man so rich, honourable and happy as the old disciple that is rich in spiritual experience, and yet there is no Christian so rich in his experiences, but he would be richer. As Julianus said, that, when he had one foot in the grave, he would have the other in the school; so though an old disciple hath one foot in the grave, yet he will have the other in Christ's school, that he may still be treasuring up more and more divine experiences; and by this you see what an honour it is to be an old disciple.—*Apples of Gold.*

ABDUCTION OF PROTESTANT GIRLS BY ROMANISTS.

The London *Morning Advertiser* lately stated that two of the daughters of a Protestant family, named Mary and Catharine Seiler, aged respectively eighteen and fifteen, natives of Suarburg, have been, in the absence of their parents, inveigled away and abducted by the emissaries of Rome in the French village of St. Genis, and are still kept in forcible and secret confinement. When the bereaved parents demanded from the Popish cure of St. Genis the restoration of their daughters, he not only did not affect to conceal the abduction, but announced "that they were well taken care of, and would be properly instructed in the true religion. Should they, however, afterwards feel inclined to abandon that religion, then they would be permitted to rejoin their home." Notwithstanding all that has been done, no redress has as yet been obtained by the parents, or promised; and it appears that the parents, after spending their all in their efforts to obtain restoration of their daughters, travelled on foot from Geneva to Berlin, where they are at present making a final attempt to rescue their beloved ones. The Scottish Reformation Society has memorialized Lord Clarendon to adopt all necessary measures, through her Majesty's representatives at the Courts of France and Prussia, with a view of aiding the parents to recover their daughters.

THINGS IN FRANCE.

The Paris *Univers* is doing its best to increase its unpopularity, and that of its religion, by throwing vulgar aspersions on the national poet of France, laughing at his *cortege* to the tomb, and abusing his memory in its choicest slang. The secret is, that in some of his songs, Beranger gave sly hits at the black fox-like men whose rule is mystery, and such an offence is never forgiven. Beranger never confessed to man, and stood thus on a par with the ninety-nine hundredths of his fellow-countrymen. Lamartine has devoted magnificent pages to the poet's memory in the last numbers of his *Cours de Litterature;* burning pages of eloquence, studded with the purest diamonds of his lofty mind. No contrast could be more striking, nor more *apropos.*

While some of the liberal Paris journals are branding the foolish and wicked tracts published by the clergy and their friends as offences against good French, good taste, and good sense, as much as against good morals, the *Univers* and its party are passing sleepless nights on account of the Protestant tracts now inundating France, as they express it. The old-fashioned pedlar is transformed, embellished; and even railways lend their aid to abet evangelizing crinolines, for all sects and sexes join in the deed of darkness! The Bishop of Strasbourg is wofully distressed at the perseverance of the distributors; for where the detestable publications find no admittance through doors, they slip in at windows; where they have no purchasers, they await finders on the public roads! And the worst part of it all is, that the Government stamp is upon every one of them! I must add though, in justice to Monseigneur, that he repudiates all connection with the pious fraud that passes off electric bands for miracle working chains from our Lady, whose sacred image is engraved upon them. The public, alas! are becoming more learned than their would-be guides.

The Jesuits are straining every nerve, however, boldly calling on French Catholics to unite with the Austrian ones "to combat the Revolution and its mother Heresy." They are raising up the memories of dead saints of the eighteenth century, before whose miracles the suspensive properties of St. Cupertin grow pale—who actually multiplied—not works of faith or charity only—but their own bodies, so that they were seen in many places at the same identical instant of time. They are accusing us of priest-murder, declaring that the knowledge that a Protestant church was on the point of being erected at Chamouny hastened the death of the Cure of that place! They have, however, it is said, received a check at Paris, where they wished to erect a monument commemorative of the promulgation of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. This monument, it was proposed, should be like the one at Rome, but the foreseen impossibility of obtaining ground from the Government for such a purpose caused a change of projects, and a church, with an immense bas-relief representing the Pope alone proclaiming the new dogma, was thought of, and a subscription commenced, but when the adhesion of the new archbishop was asked for, the peremptory answer was returned "Let me never hear another word on the subject!"

Our Protestant works are going on in their quiet way. The Evangelical Society has determined to add to its Training-school for School-masters a special class for young men desirous of entering the ministry. The Lyonese annual assemblies are taking place to-day. Next Monday evening the Evangelical Alliance will meet at Taitbout Chapel to hear the reports of the delegates to the Berlin Conference. Last month the Pastoral Conferences of the Gard were held at Alais, in presence of fifty-seven pastors and theological students. The lives of Alexander Vinet and Samuel Vincent were told and discussed, and the interesting report of the Inner Mission in the south of France, with its works of charity and itinerating ministers, was read. Meetings were also held lately at Lorient of all the pastors employed in the difficult work of evangelization in Brittany. Christian love and hospitality pervaded the assembly. A captain in the British navy, passing through Lorient, was delighted to aid liberally the little flock of that place in their intention of building a suitable place of worship. At present they meet in the Court of Justice, lent to them by the authorities.—*Paris Cor. of the London Christian Times.*

DR. DUFF ON THE MUTINY.

We make the following extracts from a letter from Dr. Duff, dated at Calcutta, October 6:—From the fragmentary way in which details have been reaching us, it is impossible to ascertain with absolute accuracy the number of British Christians that have met with an untimely end in the midst of the prevailing awful whirlwind of fire and blood. One thing is certain, that, at the lowest calculation, the number cannot be under thirteen hundred. Of that number, about 240 have been British military officers, about a tenth of the officers of the Bengal army. Great as is this number, the marvel is that, amid such terrific scenes, it has been so small. I now speak of those who have been actually massacred, and not one of those who have fallen in open battle with the enemy.—The rest of the thirteen hundred consist of civil servants of the East India Company, assistants in Government offices, bankers, traders, agents, and ladies. The number also includes four chaplains, and ten male missionaries with their wives. Of the latter ten, two, belonging to the Propagation Society, fell at Cawnpore, and three at Delhi; four of the American Presbyterian Mission, at Futtegbur; and one of the Established Church of Scotland, at Sealkote, in the Punjaub. The destruction of mission property in the north-west has been immense. At upwards of twenty stations there has been much devastation, and at some of them total ruin. The mission bungalow residences, the schools, the churches or chapels, the libraries and stores of books, have been completely destroyed. The extensive printing-presses of the American mission at Allahabad, and of the Church of England Missionary Society at Agra, with the founts of types, and Bible, and tract, and school-book depositories—the accumulated results of the knowledge, experience, and toil of many a devoted spirit for many years,—have all disappeared. In pecuniary value alone, the aggregate of mission property thus wantonly and wickedly demolished and swept away cannot, at the lowest estimate, be reckoned under seventy thousand pounds. To prevent all misconception with reference to missionaries, it ought to be emphatically noted, that nowhere has any special enmity or hostility been manifested towards them by the mutineers. Far from it. Such of them as fell in the way of the rebels were were simply dealt with precisely in the same way as all other Europeans were dealt with. They belonged to the governing class, and, as such, must be destroyed, to make way for the re-establishment of the old native Mahommedan dynasty.—The same actuating motive led to the destruction of native Christians, and all others who were friendly, or supposed to be friendly, to the British Government.—In this way it is known that many of the natives of Bengal, who, from their superior English education, were employed in Government offices in the north-west, and were believed to be favourable to the continuance of our rule, were made to suffer severely both in life and property. Some of them were sadly mutilated after the approved Mohammedan fashion, by having their noses slit up and ears cut off; whilst others amid exposures and sufferings, had to effect the same hair-breadth escapes as the Europeans. In short, I feel more than ever persuaded of the reality of the conviction which I entertained from the very first, that this monster rebellion has been mainly of a political, and but very subordinately of a religious character; and that the grand proximate agency in exciting it was a treasonable Mohammedan influence brought skilfully to bear on a soil prepared for its action by many concurring antecedent causes of disaffection and discontent. Brahminical and other influences had doubtless their share in it; but the preponderant central element has been of Mohammedan origin, directed to the realization of the long cherished dynastic designs of Mohammedan ambition.

THE ARAB SHIEK AND ENGLISH CHRISTIAN.

During the time I was in Asia (said my friend) I had occasion to cross part of the Arabian desert towards the Red Sea. Of course, on this journey it is necessary not only to have a guide, but a body-guard; and mine was composed of eight or nine as wild and picturesque Bedouins as you could wish to see, true sons of the desert and Ishmaelites of pure descent; there could not be much doubt about it.

They were faithful to me, however; and it was pleasant to gallop, day after day, amidst this lawless troop, sometimes conversing with the shiek in such Arabic as I had contrived to pick up, and at other times witnessing such feats of horsemanship as my guards pleased to exhibit for my amusement, or to practise for their own. In the heat of the day we struck our tents (such tents!) and rested, as we did also at night. Our mid-day slumber was often the most profound and the most prolonged.

One evening we had encamped, as usual, beside a muddy fountain, secured our horses, lighted our fire, and drank our coffee. My guards were seated around the fire, smoking and talking, while I made an effort to sleep under the cover of the tent provided for my special use. It was all in vain. The shiek had advised me of a night attack of marauders, not of his tribe, whom he supposed to be in our neighbourhood, but had begged me not to be alarmed, for my life was precious in his hands; he would defend me to the last drop of his heart's blood.

It might be that I half believed the report and then half distrusted my respectable friend's bravery; or it might be my *siesta* had taken off the edge of my drowsiness, or that thought of home kept my mind, busy, or that the coffee I had drank had served as an anti-soporific, or that the loud talking Bedouins disturbed me. In short I could not sleep, and, tired of inaction, I left my tent and drew near to the fire, which was pleasant; for, hot as are the days of desert travelling the nights are often chilly.

My guards made room for me as I came near; and seating myself beside the shiek, I lighted my pipe, and looking at the grim countenances of the ragged fellows around me, each of whom was armed with pistols stuck into the belt, and a musket within reach of his hand, I wondered what my friends in England would think, if at that moment they had seen me.

My presence did not much disturb the loquacity of my guards; but I paid little heed to their rapid conversation, till the shiek, turning suddenly around upon me, exclaimed:

"What strange men you Englishmen are!"

"How so?" I asked. "Why?"

"You never fast," said he.

"Not often," I replied laughing; "that is, when we can get anything to eat."

My Arab friend laughed too, for that evening we had supped sparsely from necessity; "but," said he, "is it not part of your religion? You don't pray; you don't give alms; you do nothing."

This was a home-thrust, and my conscience felt it, I had looked on the poor fellows around me, so bigoted in their faith, and had considered myself so completely in their power that I deemed it prudent to avoid every topic that might rouse their passions. In my solitary tent at mid-day I read the word of life; but I had concealed with jealous care from my guards the knowledge that I had carried about with me the "Christian's Koran," and when at morning and night I commended myself in prayer to God my Maker through Christ my Saviour, I had drawn close around me the curtain of the tent and whispered low and fearfully, lest I should be overheard.

"You have no religion," said the shiek; "You don't pray; you do nothing."

"God forgive me," I thought. "The rebuke is not altogether unjust."

"Now, we," continued my reprover, and he went on boastingly to tell what their prophet required of them, and how faithful was their obedience in matters of devotion, charity, and self-denial; and while he spoke I lifted up my heart to God and sought courage to bear a feeble testimony to His word. When the shiek paused, I put my hand into my bosom, and drew forth a New Testament.

"I have religion," I said. "Would you like to hear what it teaches on these high matters?"

"By this time the attention of all my guard was directed to me. Their quick, sparkling eyes were fixed fiercely, as I thought, upon me, their dark visages looking more grim by the flashing fire around which they were seated; and their hands were ready to grasp a weapon that would speedily bring down vengeance upon the infidel dog who dared to blaspheme against their prophet.

"Listen," I said, as I opened the Testament at the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. "You speak of alms giving; hear what my Koran says about alms;" and I rendered into Arabica the first four verses, "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them," etc. When I stopped I looked up, and the dark countenances around me were glistening, but not with anger.

"Good;" exclaimed the shiek; "this is very good! go on."

I gathered courage, and read again—"And when thou prayest," etc. I read, translating as I read, to the fifteenth verse. Again I looked around me.

"Bismillah! but this is wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed one to another, stroking their beards "wonderful!" and every harsh and forbidding feature was softened down to quiet calm attention, "More! more!"

"I read on: "Moreover, when ye fast," etc.

"Bismillah!" exclaimed the shiek;—"this is wonderful!"

I needed no further urging on. Verse by verse, paragraph by paragraph, I read on to the close of the chapter, interrupted by the exclamations of wonder and approbation.

"Wonderful!" said my worthy friend, the shiek, when I at length closed the book; "but this is wonderful! *And what good people you Christians ought to be!*"

I never (continued my friend) forgot, and I hope I never shall forget, the lesson taught me by the desert fire. In the first place I saw as I had never before seen, that caution may degenerate into cowardice; and I learned in the second place, the enemies of Christianity themselves being our judges, that if the professed followers of Christ were but in all things as they ought to be, "like-minded one towards another according to Christ Jesus," then would they, "with one mind, and one mouth, glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;" and the constrained verdict of the unbelieving world will be, "Nay, but this is wonderful!"

THE BIBLE AND FRENCH VILLAGER.—"*That* is the book they call the Bible," said a poor French villager, "and of which I have heard so much;" then going to the middle of the street, she called all her neighbours with a loud voice, and they came running to her. "There is the Bible," she exclaimed, holding the volume high above their heads. "In that is found all that God would tell us about himself, about ourselves, about heaven, about earth. Let us all read it; let us all believe it, and we shall be saved."

"And what will the priest say?" asked a woman. "If he says what God says in this book, we will listen to him." "Amen," said all the women; and they went to the colporteur to buy more copies.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.—Direct thy heart to the Holy Scriptures, and there learn what thou wert, what thou art, and what thou shouldst be. If thou comest with a lowly heart to the Holy Scriptures, thou wilt assuredly find in them that grace which raises the fallen, guides them in the right way, and finally brings them to the bliss of the heavenly kingdom.—*Fulgentius.*

FERNANDO PO.—The island of Fernando Po, which has been recently changed from Spanish to British rule, is situated on the West African coast, a few miles off the river Niger. It has a surface of about one thousand square miles, and an estimated population of fifteen thousand souls. It is noted for its salubrity for whites. The intention of the British Government is to establish there a commercial depot for its exploration of the Niger, and for the purposes of trade on that great natural highway of Africa.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S MISSIONARY TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The fame of Dr. Livingstone preceded the publication of this volume, which will largely add to his well-earned reputation. On his arrival in England after an absence of sixteen years, passed in danger in the pursuit of the noblest objects, he was honoured with a special meeting of welcome by the Royal Geographical Society. He received a similar mark of attention and an equally cordial greeting from the directors of the London Missionary Society; and publicly announced his intention of communicating to the world a narrative of his adventures, investigations, and discoveries. He has redeemed his promise in a manner that will elicit universal admiration. Though modestly disclaiming all literary pretensions, Dr. Livingstone has displayed the capabilities of an accomplished writer—his style being clear and vigorous, and free from all meritorious decoration.—But the great charm of the book, which imparts to it an enduring interest, is the novelty of the materials of which it is composed.—He has penetrated into regions on which the foot of the white man had never trod; and beheld flowing rivers where only sandy deserts were supposed to exist. Races of men with whom no European had communicated have been his friends, companions, and disciples. His voice has not been a voice crying in the wilderness, with none to heed its sound; for he has planted the seeds of the Gospel in the interior of Africa, and been the pioneer of a new commercial enterprise. The extent of service that he has rendered to civilisation cannot be appreciated in our days. Years may elapse before the good work he has commenced will bear its fruits; but he is not the less entitled to the warm gratitude of his contemporaries; and, when the fulness of the harvest is gathered in a future age, monuments will be erected to his memory. If commerce will avail itself of the opportunites he has afforded, slavery will disappear from the whole of Africa, and a new market will be opened to us for the supply of cotton unpolluted by the degradation and torture of the negro. We consider this work of such novelty and importance, both as regards the narrative and the illustrations, as (by consent of the publisher) to transfer to our pages eight of the scenes of vivid interest which Dr. Livingstone has pictured; and to quote with these engravings his life-like descriptions.

Before entering upon the details of his volume, it will gratify our readers if we give a slight sketch of this benefactor of mankind. He is a native of Scotland, descended from a respectable, though not opulent line of ancestors; one of whom, on his death-bed, called his children around him, and said, that having carefully searched through the traditions of his family, he could not discover a dishonest man among their forefathers. He parted from them with these words. "Be honest." The father of Dr. Livingstone was a farmer in Ulva; but the expense of a large family induced him to remove to the Blantyre cotton-factory, near Glasgow. There his son was placed as a weaver at ten years of age; but attended a school where he was taught Latin. At nineteen he became a cotton-spinner, and his wages enabled him to attend the Medical, Greek, and Divinity classes at Glasgow, where he was subsequently admitted an associate of the Faculty of Pysicians and Surgeons. He joined the London Missionary Society, of which he highly approved, it being founded on wholly unsectarian principles. To use his own words, "it sends neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterians, nor Independency, but the Gospel of Christ, to the heathen. It was his intention to have gone to China, but he was prevented by the opium war. Embarking for Africa in 1840, after a voyage of three months he reached Cape Town, whence he started for the interior, travelling round Algoa Bay. From 1840 to 1856 he devoted his time to medical and missionary labours, without cost to the inhabitants. Shortly after his arrival in Africa he determined to obtain a general knowledge of the language, and especially of that spoken by the Bechuanas, called Bakwains, and to make himself acquainted with their laws and customs, their habits and modes of thinking, for which purpose he secluded himself for six months from European society. In 1843 he removed to the beautiful valley of Mabotsa, selecting it as a site of a missionary station, and there his first perilous adventure occurred. The lions of the neighbourhood not only attacked the cattle pens by night, but the herds in the open day. It is known that, if one in a troop of these animals is killed, the whole quit that part of the country. The Doctor determined personally to assist the people in making war against the common enemy; and the native leader of the party was the schoolmaster, named Mebalwe.—The encounter, in which Dr. Livingstone narrowly escaped from death is thus related:—

THE MISSIONARY'S ESCAPE FROM THE LION.

Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulders as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. This shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain, nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe who see all the operation but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.—Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed towards Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at this moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few minutes, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcase, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm. A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gun shot wound; it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt periodically ever afterwards. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affray have both suffered from the peculiar pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in the limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded showed me his wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year. This curious point deserves the attention of inquirers.

The chief of the tribe called Bechuanas or Bakwains was named Sechele. He was a very remarkable man, and had embraced Christianity. His father had been murdered by his own people while Sechele was yet a child. The friends of the family invited Sebituane, the chief of Makalalo, to reinstate them, which he did, and the usurper was put to death. Sechele afterwards married the daughters of his three under-chiefs, and thus secured the allegiance of his tribe, but he became a polygamist before he was a Christian. When Dr. Livingstone made his acquaintance, Sechele's authority was fully recognized; and as it was the custom of the country when any new subject was introduced to interrogate the propounder of it, of that privilege Sechele availed himself. He asked the teacher if his forefathers knew of a future judgment, and he answered in the affirmative, beginning as described the scenes of the "great white throne, and Him who shall sit on it, from whose face the heaven and the earth shall flee away;" on which the chief said, "You startle me; these words make all my bones to shake; I have no more strength in me; but my forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going." Sechele was an apt scholar, studied diligently, and soon acquired knowledge; but he had a low opinion of the moral power of truth over his tribe, and proposed to flog them into Christianity with whips of rhinoceros hide, saying that they ought to be only too happy to embrace Christianity at his command. For three years he made a consistent profession of his faith, but hesitated to part with his three wives, deeming it ungrateful, as he owed his power to their fathers. At length he made up his mind firmly, made them presents, and sent them to their parents, "with an intimation that he had no fault to find with them, but that in parting with them he wished to follow the will of God." He and his children were baptized. The relations of the wives opposed the new religion, and both the attendance at school and church became greatly diminished. A very curious dialogue then follows between our missionary and a rain-doctor, which arose from the continued drought. We are next introduced to a hunting scene, which we have illustrated by two Engravings. The first is descriptive of the chase, where the hunters are seen driving into the hopo or trap; in the second the beasts are entrapped, and in their confusion and terror fall an easy prey to their pursuers:—

THE HOPO OR TRAP FOR DRIVING GAME.

The hopo consists of two hedges in the form of the letter V, which are very high and thick near the angle. Instead of the hedges being joined here, they are made to form a lane of about fifty yards in length, at six or eight feet deep, and about twelve or fifteen in breadth and length. Trunks of trees are laid round the margins of the pit, and more especially over that nearest the lane where the animals are expected to leap in, and over that farthest from the lane where it is supposed they will attempt to escape almost impossible. The whole is carefully decked with short green rushes, making the pit like a concealed pitfall. As the hedges are frequently about a mile long, and about as much apart at their extremities, a tribe making a circle three or four miles round the country adjacent to the opening, and gradually closing up, are almost sure to inclose a large body of game. Driving it up with shouts to the narrow part of the hopo, men secreted there throw their javelins into the affrighted herds, and all the animals rush to the opening presented at the converging hedges, and into the pit, till that is full of a living mass. Some escape by running over the others, as a Smithfield market dog does over the sheep's backs. It is a frightful scene. The men, wild with excitement, spear the lovely animals with mad delight; others of the poor creatures, borne down by the weight of their dead and dying companions, every now and then make the whole mass heave in their smothering agonies.

The account given of the Boers of the Casban mountains, otherwise named "Magaliesberg," is highly unfavourable; but we are cautioned not to confound them with the Cape colonists, nor to imagine that Boer is synonymous with our wood boor; the term, as used in Africa, simply means farmer. These people are hostile to missions, as preaching the doctrine of human liberty, and object to English law, which places black and white men on terms of perfect equality. Among them are English deserters and men of desperate character. Whenever they gain the ascendancy they reduce the natives into bondage, considering that good government will always enforce compulsory labor. They are descended from Dutch and French Huguenot ancestors, claim to be among the chosen, and insist that the heathen are their inheritance, regarding the coloured race as black property. In 1852 the Boers made war on the Bakwains, killed many of the adults, and "carried off two hundred of our school children into slavery." In this foray Dr. Livingstone's house was plundered, his stock of medicines smashed, leaves were torn out of the books in his library, and all his furniture and clothing sold at public auction to defray the cost of this predatory expedition. Our missionary has traced this outrage up to its true source. "The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country."

Our traveller then proceeded to the Kalahari desert, of which he gives an interesting description, minutely noticing plants and animals as he approached its confines. Nor is it a useless tract of country as its name denotes. Accompanied by Messrs. Oswell and Murray, Dr. Livingstone started for the unknown reign on the 1st of June, 1849. All round Serotli the country is perfectly flat and composed of soft white sand. The sky is cloudless. A bright sunlight glares over the whole scene, and the clumps of trees and bushes are so uniform in size and appearance that no one can be distinguished from the other. It is a remarkable fact that the elands, a beautiful variety of antelopes, fed round the travellers where water was inacessible to them.—*Illustrated News.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC FEELING AND CONDUCT IN RELATION TO ENGLAND.

The London *Watchman* says:—The following "notes" of what was said at a meeting of Roman Catholics, held on Wednesday evening, at 14 New street, Bishopsgate-street, have been forwarded to a morning paper for publication, as showing the spirit by which the adherents of Popery in this country are animated towards England in the present crisis in our affairs:—

"The Catholics have for a long time determined to form themselves into an association to obtain their rights and privileges, and to enjoy the right of private judgment. This meeting is, therefore the indication of something else. Is it to be a matter of words or deeds? Deeds. You have the means, I tell you, in your own hands to assert your rights."

"In respect to the oath, look at the Queen, she is bound to take an oath to uphold the Protestant form (if form it be) it has no dogmas; it is nothing—a shadow, no substance. Nothing in it to soothe the dying bed, or ease the aching heart. The Queen, I say, is bound in chains. Her conscience is not her own, and she cannot follow the blessed faith of the Catholics (which she would I feel sure if she could,) which in a few years will be the religion of this puny England. The Protestant soldiers are taught to sneer at the Catholic priests, and say they are not gentlemen. Therefore I say, use all, any means to do away with Protestants.

"Thank God the Sepoys were ever created. The *Times* is always lying about us. We have plenty replies for them, but we need not insert them."

"The Catholic soldiers are not like the Protestant beasts, who go to the battle field singing the song of 'The girl I left behind me.' No, they go with holy inspiration,"&c.

"The Irish Catholics shall not enlist. It shall not be that Catholics shall shed their blood for English Protestants, if men are not to have their children educated as Catholics."

"The Protestant system works like the serpent in its social and civil societies. It is an under current; we cannot see it or take hold of it, but it pursues us like a phanthom."

"Now I assert we can get what we want, if we will. Let us unite. We must get a firm hold of the right of private judgment. One thing we know, England is in want of soldiers. I advise, therefore, that not an Irishman or a Catholic enlist. We are told 'What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his own soul? Let the English Protestants perish rather than one Catholic soul should perish from the earth."

Mr. E. Lucas then said:—"You have received a hint; let me advise you to follow it up. You will be encouraged if you will unite to put down Protestants. Let the working class take the work in hand and means will be provided to put down the Protestants, and Government dare not prevent our own power, and in a few years England will be a Catholic country."

Sir Culling Eardley is endeavoring to organize a scheme of missionary combination in reference to India. "I have (he writes) already seen the Archbishop of Canterbury about it. One of the last things which the King of Prussia did before his painful illness was to converse on the subject.