# THE PROTECTOR
## AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

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

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### THE INDIAN MASSACRE.

. . . "But ah me! Who will give us back our dead?"—*From a letter of an officer who has been thirty years in India.*

"Ah! who will give us back our dead?"
Who can our martyred ones restore?
Loved faces that from earth have fled,
Sweet voices we shall hear no more?

The brave, the holy men, whose light
A darken'd land might clearly see,
The wives, who made our homes so bright,
The little ones, who climbed our knee?

"Ah! who will give us back our dead?"
Who, who shall tell us not to weep."
"I heard a voice from heaven, which said,
Blessed are they, in Christ who sleep."

Though rugged was the path they trod,
And tribulation sore, their share,
Yet if it brought them home to God,
O give them joy that they are there!

"The little while" of scorn and pain,
The moment's agony is o'er,
While everlasting is their gain,
The glory is for evermore.

Soon shall the earth her blood disclose,
And no more cover o'er her slain,
The Lord of life who died, who rose,
Shall give us back our dead again!

M. A. S. D.

### HOW MUCH TO GIVE.

To give systematically is to give intelligently, for system presupposes forethought, purpose, prudence, and a good degree of resolution. Systematic giving recognizes giving as a matter of *principle*, and not mere impulse. It perceives the duty which it enjoins, and lays plans to fulfil it. It is a giving which costs something, and therefore is worth something.

The giving of the Hebrews was made systematic by law. Under the new dispensation, it is committed to the voluntary choice of Christ's redeemed people. The Christian is left to greater freedom of action, to show that his piety is not born of outward constraint, but is eminently a principle within, an internal devotedness of himself to his God and Saviour. Its external duties are *fruits*, and not *seeds*; not planted to gain eternal life, but *fruitful evidence* that eternal life is already his. So Paul, thanking the Philippian Christians for their contribution raised and sent to him, calls it "an odor of sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God;" "not because I desire a gift," he says, "but I desire *fruit*, that may abound to your account."

In this light what significance is there in our giving to Christ's cause, and how important that they be systematically arranged for, in the circle of our religious duties. What evidence have we that we have given ourselves to him, unless we cordially and prayerfully give also of our means, be they little or much, to extend his kingdom in the world? Our Christian duties begin, indeed, with ourselves at home, but they are not bounded there: we are to befriend souls in the far West; we are to spread the Gospel in China, and gather infants to Jesus on the banks of the Indus; but this must be done by proxy—by stretching out our influence and Christian sympathies through our money, or other equivalent means, to the farthest bound of a fallen world.

As this is a personal work, it commends itself with the same urgency to believing *women* and to believing men, to *children* as well as to their fathers and mothers. Believing women, how is it with you? Do you arrange your expenses, spring and fall, winter and summer, with direct reference to this subject? Perhaps some of you may think you have so little to spend that the question is scarcely worthy of your regard. But giving much is not the Scriptural measure of obligation; it is rather giving *what you can*. I was once told of a poor, aged, and infirm Christian, who used to give one cent to five different religious objects, making the sum of five cents a year for her Christian charities. "When I first suggested it to her," said her pastor, she could see no way of getting five cents, but I told her to trust to God for it; it came, and never shall I forget the look of gratitude and joy which shone in her face as she handed it to me; and now there is not a member of my church that *prays so* for these objects as she does." If giving follows prayer, it is quite certain prayer will follow the gift, and who can tell what a blessing it can bring with it?

Systematic giving must, in a great measure, come from *saving*. Lavish living, thoughtless purchases, selfish indulgences, must necessarily limit the purse for religious charities. Now, where can we retrench? What purchase, what new style can we forego, for Christ's sake? We need spend no time in vainly wishing for more to do with, or cheat ourselves out of present duty by imagining what could be done under more favoring circumstances, but may graduate what we have to give by this strictly personal question, "If I have been bought with a price, and redeemed from sin and death by the blood of the Son of God, how much shall I give; rather, how much shall I *not* give, to make known redeeming love to others?"—*American Messenger.*

A Pious Wife.—"I would not (said one who was not himself pious) marry any woman who was not a Christian. I would feel it such an honor to share a heart in which God dwelt." It was a fine thought and deserves to be specially remembered.

You want a friend in whom you can have entire and unlimited confidence, one who can be your counsellor in all circumstances of difficulty or trial, one who is to be identified with you through life, in hope and fear, in joy and sorrow. She is to be a sort of presiding divinity at thy family board, and her countenance the mirror in which must be reflected the faithful image of thy domestic bliss or woe; one who will be discreet, affectionate, and firm in governing her children; in short, who will love you for your own sake, be happy with you in a cabin, and when the storm of adversity or persecution shall have swept away or withered every vestige of earthly comfort about you. Now, bear these things in mind, and then to your prayers and the exercise of a becoming prudence, and you will not be likely to fail.—*Bishop Andrew.*

The Poor Boy.—Don't be ashamed, my good lad, if you have a patch on your elbow, it is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips, or smell the fumes of tobacco in your breath. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. Fear God, my boy, and if you are poor, but honest, you will be respected—a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man and addicted to bad habits.

How to Ruin a Son.—1. Let him have his own way.
2. Allow him the free use of money.
3. Suffer him to rove where he pleases on the Sabbath.
4. Give him free access to wicked companions.
5. Call him to no account for his evenings.
6. Furnish him with no stated employment.

Pursue either of these ways, and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, or you will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone mourning to the grave.

### NOTES ON A SERMON,

PREACHED ON THE FAST DAY, NOVEMBER 13TH, 1857, ON REVELATIONS 15: 4.

By Rev. Dr. Kier, Princetown.

(*Continued.*)

Having, in the first part of the discourse, pointed out some of the national sins of Britain, particularly in the great and rapid increase of crime in the land; in the many lives sacrificed in extending and maintaining her colonial empire in India; in neglecting the opportunities enjoyed by her for propagating the gospel in that country, and rather hindering it and encouraging idolatry; and, above all, in giving countenance and support to Popery, the preacher then, in the second part of the discourse, proceeded to speak of the judgments of God made manifest on the nation for these sins. It was observed that, as communities or nations, as well as individuals, are characterized by some prevailing form of iniquity, which may be called their national sin, so also they may be subjected to temporal punishment for their sins, which is to be viewed as a national judgment. Nations, for the sins of nations, may, in their collective capacity, have executed upon them the judgments found written in God's word. They may, as the Scriptures declare, be spoiled, broken in pieces, plucked up, made a desolation, and an astonishment, a hissing and a curse. We have examples of such judgments recorded both in sacred and profane history. The destruction of the old world by a flood,—the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah and the cities of the plain by fire and brimstone, rained upon them from the Lord out of heaven,—the plagues inflicted upon the Egyptians,—the extirpation of the seven nations of Canaan,—and the overthrow of the Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman empires, are all examples of national judgments executed by God for national sins. In modern times, also, we have examples to the same purpose. Without referring to other nations, it was observed, that God's judgments, indicative of his deep displeasure with our own nation, on account of multiplied and aggravated iniquity, have often been made manifest in times past, as in the potato rot,—in the famine which followed in consequence of that rot,—in pestilence,—in war, particularly in the Russian war, which was a sore national judgment,—and now, last and worst of all, in the Indian mutiny. Thus the Lord has been dealing with the British nation as with the Jews of old—sending one judgment upon it after another, "whilst the people turneth not to him who smiteth them, neither do they seek the Lord of Hosts," so that it may be said—"For all this his anger is not turned away, but his hand is stretched out still."—Isaiah ix, 12 and 13.

This last and present national judgment, like all others, is inflicted by the hand of God. And wherefore has he sent it? The only satisfactory answer that can be given to the question is—He has sent it because of men's sins; as a judgment upon them,—as his witnessing against them,—as a warning that they may turn from them, lest greater evils befall them. The curse, causeless, does not come. God does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. It has before been observed that the great national sin of Britain, in the present day, is giving countenance and support to Popery. This sin, in former times, has brought severe judgments upon the land, and is now bringing them down in a most alarming manner. This will appear from reading the history of the British nation. One thing is observable that, through the three hundred years last past, amidst all the changes of men and measures, there has been a regular connexion of national misfortunes with the introduction of Popish influence; and a national triumph and prosperity with its exclusion. There has been a regular interchange of punishment and preservation, according as Popery has been supported or discountenanced in the nation.

How greatly was the nation worn down by disaster, and the national arms disgraced, during the reign of Bloody Mary, when Popery was in the ascendancy? But how again did it prosper during the succeeding reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, when Popery was suppressed and lost all power, and the Protestant religion alone was encouraged and maintained? Again, during the reign of Charles the First, how were God's judgments made manifest on England, when the king formed a popish alliance, and lent himself to Popish intrigues, and when Popery began to receive encouragement among some classes of the subjects? Suddenly did ill-fortune gather round his Majesty, and God's judgments were made manifest in the nation in civil war and bloodshed. But now, again, did the nation prosper in the time of Cromwell, who was the great champion of Protestantism, and sternly repelled the advances made by Popery? England under him became the most conspicuous power in Europe—feared and honored by all surrounding nations. But how greatly did England fall, and God make manifest his judgments upon her during the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second—the one a concealed, and the other a publicly professed, Papist? Then the cup was filled up, and the Stuarts and their dynasty were cast out for ever. How greatly did England prosper after William and the Brunswick line were called to the throne? The great principle of their government for several reigns was Protestantism, and under each succeeding king the country rose to still higher rank. But of late, since countenance and support have been given to Popery greatly, how has Britain been involved in trouble, and the judgments of God made manifest on her for her national sins! In giving way to Popery, we, as a nation, sin against the most solemn warnings, and expose ourselves to the most dreadful denunciations, of Scripture, as may be seen by reading the following passages: 2 Thessalonians, chap. ii. 1 Timothy, chap. iv, and Revelations, chap. xviii. See "The Preface to the New Interpretation of the Apocalypse," by the Rev. S. Croly, LL.D.

The things which have now been mentioned are facts—stubborn facts—facts of history, which cannot be called in question, and establish the point of connexion between the introduction of Popery and national judgments. The whole experience of our Protestant history has pronounced that national judgments follow the introduction and support of Popery in the nation. Popery is now a spreading evil in this country. It receives every encouragement from government. It is opehly proclaimed, and triumphantly predicted as the universal religion. "It is a new element at once of control and confusion in the Legislature—a central faction, which hath both sides at its mercy—possessing all the influence of office without its responsibility, and engrossing unlimited patronage for the purpose of unlimited domination." Witness how it operates in Nova Scotia, in Canada, in this Island, and in other British colonies, and even in Great Britain itself. It places its foot upon cabinets trembling for existence; and the British government, under its control, is fast filling up the cup of its iniquity, by giving the most ample and systematic support to it, at home and in all the dependencies of our vast empire. While the plans of Protestant Churches and Missionary Societies for the conversion of the millions of India to the faith of the gospel are openly counteracted by the representatives of our own government, they give ample endowments to the priests of Antichrist for plunging the poor Hindoos into a deeper spiritual degradation than that in which they are at present sunk. An immense step of progress, in the direction of Romish endowment, was made in India just a little before the mutiny broke out in that country, as may be seen from a despatch of the Governor-General, lately published; the position of the Roman Catholics is now, not only equal, but in some respects superior to that of Protestants. Is it to be wondered, then, that the judgments of God are made manifest on account of this, the great national sin of Britain? And the fearful judgments now inflicted upon her in India are probably but the beginning of sorrows; unless she repent, and turn from her apostasy, and from the national sin of giving countenance and support to popery, and from her other national sins, which are now bringing down heavy judgments upon her.

What has now been stated respecting national sins and national judgments will more fully appear from considering the connexion in which the text stands. This 15th chapter of the Book of Revelation is an introduction to what is afterwards more specially predicted in reference to the judgments of God, which are described under the emblem of seven vials, which are called the seven last plagues, because in them will be filled up the wrath of God. We are not to extend these last plagues to the final judgment, for they are not called the last plagues with reference to the last judgment, but with reference to the end of the wrath of God previously to the glorious period of the Millenium. They are the last plagues or judgments of God to be executed nearly at the termination of the 1260 years of Antichrist's reign, and of the witnesses prophesying in sackcloth. There has been considerable difficulty, and much difference of opinion among commentators concerning the commencement, and consequently the termination of those 1260 years. Without at present going into any detail on the subject, it may only be observed that the most generally received and probable opinion is, that they commenced in the year 606, and will end in 1866. We are living, therefore, near the time of the pouring out of the last of those vials of wrath, and of the death and resurrection of the witnesses. For the witnesses are to prophecy 1260 years clothed in sackcloth. And when they shall have finished their testimony, that is, at or near the end of the 1260 years, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit, or Antichrist—the man of sin, the Romanists—combined, probably, with infidels and mohammedans, shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them. The witnesses are all real Christians, who boldly profess their religion, and protest against the corruptions of Antichrist. The missionaries and their families, and their converts, and other Protestants in the East Indies, who have been, in the most cruel manner, slain by the mutineers, were witnesses, as all faithful Protestant professors are, wherever they may be found standing up for Christ and his cause.

Those who are to kill the witnesses are their enemies, and the enemies of God and his cause—the sympathisers with the Sepoys wherever they are to be found—in Great Britain and Ireland; in the United States of America, in the British Colonies, or the Continent of Europe. Almost all the secular newspapers throughout the world sympathise with Britain in her present contest in India. But on the other hand, all the papers under the influence of the Romish Hierarchy or Priesthood, sympathise with the Sepoys, and would be exceedingly glad at the overthrow of Britain. This they now openly and unhesitatingly declare. What do we now hear and see but that in all countries, the men who are distinguished for their devotion to Rome are the very men who mock at, and rejoice in the sad calamities that have befallen England in her Indian Empire; and if opportunity be afforded them, are the very men who everywhere will rise up to crush England and the Protestant religion, now that the regular army is drawn off to the East. Government seems to be aware of this, as they have given orders to all governors of Colonies to put their Provinces in a state of defence. For we learn from the public prints, that a circular has been issued from the colonial office, addressed to the governors of the various British Provinces, calling on them to look to the provincial defences, and take care that a reasonable amount of warlike preparations be every where maintained. We may well be alarmed and tremble when we think of the amount of dissatisfaction and disloyalty that prevails in the Romish body, and say that the mutiny in India is but the beginning of sorrows. In the midst of us are already planted the seeds of a more terrible catastrophe. Cawnpore and its atrocities may be re-enacted, and assuredly Rome's little finger will be thicker than the Sepoy's loins, and if they have chastised with stripes she will beat with scorpions. We have reason to look for a time of trouble at the termination of the 1260 years, as it is the end of various events or actions mentioned in scripture. And according to the latest and best chronology, the end of the 6000 years of the world, and opening of the seventh Millennium. May the Lord prepare us for it, and make us ready to wait for God in the way of his judgments.—Amen.

### MOTHER TOLD ME NOT TO GO.

Allen was sent to the city when quite a lad. The new scenes and new objects which there met his eye, so unlike the quiet and unchanging life of his native village, filled him with interest and excitement. He never felt tired of looking and walking about in the time spared from his employment. Among other places of which he had heard much was the theatre. Some of his associates went, and there was no end to the wonderful stories they told of what they saw and heard. Allen felt a rising desire to go too. He manfully resisted it, however.

"Come," said one of his companions, "go with us to-night."

"No," answered Allen, "not to-night."

"So you always say, not to-night; come, decide at once to go."

"No, not this time. Not to-night," still replied Allen, walking away.

"You shall have a ticket, if you'll only come," again urged his companion.

Allen shook his head "No, no," he said; "no, no; keep it yourself. I cannot take it."

"How obstinate!" rejoined the other. "Why, what can be the reason?"

Allen hesitated for a moment. "My mother told me not to go to the theatre; therefore I cannot go," he at length firmly replied.

His companion ceased to urge him longer; he beheld in Allen's face a certain purpose to obey, and he left without saying a word more. That was his mother's last injunction: "My son, do not go to the theatre."

Under such circumstances, some lads might have said, "Why, I see no harm in the theatre; why should not I go? I see no reason why I cannot. My mother, I fancy, did not know as much as she thought she did; she, away off home, cannot tell what is what; besides, other young men of my age go." I say, some might have reasoned thus, and disobeyed, and gone. Not so with Allen. His mother bade him not to go; that was sufficient for him. He trusted in her knowledge, and confided in her judgment, and he meant to obey her; yes, and what was better, he was not afraid to say so. It was a wise decision; and if every youth away from home had moral courage enough to decide doubtful questions in the same way, there would be many better men for it. Allen is now an excellent clergyman.—*Christian Witness.*

### A RELIGION FOR ALL WEATHERS.

There is a fishing village on the coast of Cornwall, where the people are very poor, but pious and intelligent. Last year they were sorely tried. The winds were contrary, and for nearly a month they could not go to sea. At last, one Sabbath morning, the wind changed, and some of the men whose faith was weak went out towards the beach, the women and children looking on sadly, many saying with sighs—

"I'm sorry it's Sunday, but—if we were not so poor."

"But, if," said a sturdy fisherman, starting up and speaking aloud, "surely, neighbours, are your buts and ifs to break God's law?

The people gathered around him, and he added:

"Mine's a religion for all weathers, fair wind and foul. 'This is the love of God, that ye keep it holy.' That's the law, friends. And our Lord came not to break, but to fulfil the law. True, we are poor; what of that? Better poor and have God's smile, than rich, and have his frown. Go, you that dare; but I never knew any good come of a religion that changed with the wind."

These words in season staved off the purpose of the rest. They went home and made ready for the house of God, and spent the day in praise and prayer. In the evening, just when they would have been returning, a sudden storm sprung up, that raged terribly for two days. After the tempest came settled weather, and the pilchard fishery was so rich and abundant that there was soon no complaining in the village. Here was a religion for all weathers. Remember the words, "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

There should be as little merit for loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity, both being usually subject to change.

### ONE BAD CONSEQUENCE.

We may, at least, hope that the sad dispensation of Providence, by which the promising appearances of national wealth and prosperity have been so suddenly overcast, will not be without some moral improvement. Whatever may have been the proximate causes of the disastrous state of things under which we now suffer, the finger of God in it is not to be disregarded. The word of God had before warned us, that "they that will be rich fall into a snare," and now his providence is confirming his word. In the midst of seeming prosperity, while the rich were glorying in their riches and pride, fashion and luxury were indulged with an extravagance seldom paralleled, God, who holds the hearts for all men in his hand, struck the multitude, who had forgotten that he reigned, with a sudden and mysterious panic; and the lofty structure of our pride and ambition trembled from its top to its base, and tottered to its fall. The lesson of the providence evidently is—Trust not in uncertain riches, but in the living God. We say, it may be hoped that some will give heed to the warning; and instead of labouring for earthly riches hereafter with a heart entirely engrossed in the pursuit, will moderate their expectations, and remember that the care of the soul, and the moral improvement of those around them, are objects of deeper interest than the acquisition of worldly wealth.

That it should be so with all, is not to be expected. There is a class of men—and alas, it is a very large one—which will rebel the more they are stricken. They will not listen to God, however impressively he may speak to them. The world may play them false, but still they will cling to it. They neither relent nor reform. They become stupefied under the very means used to arouse them, and hardened by the process which should melt them. Should the pressure be relieved for a season, they would rush on in the race for riches with an appetite not only unabated, but rendered more eager from the temporary check; and by the same vicious policy which has brought them into their present straits, they would again strive to heap up the unrighteous mammon." Thousands are already concocting their schemes, and those not always the best or the most honest, by which, at the first opportunity, they may repair their losses. For such, a righteous God will prepare another crisis, and another downfall, for nothing can be more certain than the ultimate unhappiness and ruin of those who persist in neglecting and forgetting God.

Such a shock as that which our nation has received is often attended by consequences still more fearful. It often inflames the worst passions of men, and stirs up within them the most desperate intentions. Not only are outlaws rendered more reckless, but those who, dependent upon their daily labour for subsistence, find the sources of their supply cut off, are indisposed to submit to the providence, and at once turn with enraged feelings against all who have more abundant means. We make all due allowance for the exasperation which may be suddenly aroused by unexpected impoverishment, while we as heartily condemn any thing like a systematized invasion of the rights of others. Working men, as called merely by way of distinction—for earnest and exhausting working is not confined to the hands—have a perfect right to meet together for mutual counsel and advice, and for the adoption of any proper measures for their own relief; but they have no right to hold factious and incendiary meetings, which point to unlawful measures which threaten the peace of the community. This only complicates the difficulty, and must result in the increased embarrassment of its promoters.

Many of our readers have already been apprized, through the secular press, of a late meeting of certain German residents of Philadelphia, and similar meetings have been held in New York, which was designed to be of this incendiary character. With the usual disregard of sacred institutions, these foreign unbelievers called the meeting on the Lord's day, and on that day it was held. The outbursts of insane passion which characterized it we shall not report. The impression of those assembled appeared to be, that great wrong had been done to them because they had been thrown out of employment; regardless of the fact, that the pressure now felt by them, had been first so felt by their employers as to cripple their operations. When these men emigrated to this country, it was entirely voluntary on their part and at their own risk. No one either invited or compelled their presence among us. They came to seek their fortune. They should have known that there were chances of failure. They had experienced difficulties in their own country, and who promised them exemption here? Now they are involved in a calamity, which, more or less affects the whole community, embracing alike the rich and the poor. Instead, however, of submission to what was inevitable, these men, who have been protected by our laws, and participated in our prosperity, utter the atrocious cry, "Bread or battle!" which means, we presume, they will have bread if they take it by violence. Before they adopt such an alternative, a little reflection might be salutary. Sympathy may give what force cannot constrain. Men may be as ready to defend their property as others may be to invade it. These same Germans are among the most improvident of our foreign population. Pleasure and amusement are more influential with them than honest thrift, and we have abundant evidence that their Turner celebrations and other amusements, tax them to the utmost extent of their incomes. While others lay aside something for a day of adversity, their policy is to enjoy life while they can. Such a time as the present finds them unprepared, and yet with less claims on public sympathy than many others, they complain most loudly, and make demands which we are sure our citizens will not submit to.

### NEGATIVE RELIGION.

A contemporary journalist describes a large class of professors, made up of those who have received a religious education, have been trained up to an outward conformity to the precepts of the Gospel, who abstain from the open follies and corruptions of the world, but remain quite satisfied with a negative religion.

They do not defraud their neighbor.
They do not neglect the poor and needy.
They do not run a round of gaiety and folly.
They are not drunkards.
They are not swearers.
They do not bring up their children without some regard to religion.
They do not cast off the *fear* of God.
*But*—They do not *love* Him.
They do not experience his love shed abroad in the heart.
They do not enjoy vital, heart-felt religion.
They do not give God their hearts.
They do not delight themselves in him.
They do not esteem his Word more than their necessary food.
They do not *love* the habitation of his house, and the place where his honor dwelleth, though they attend it.
They do not enjoy the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.
They are not the temples of the Holy Ghost.

### CAN'T HELP IT.

A little girl often followed her father round when he came into the house with this question, "Father what can I do for you?" And never was she happier than when he gave her something to do for him. Once he said, perhaps tired with her asking, "Child, why do you ask that question so much?" "Oh, Father," she answered, with two tears swelling in her eyes, "because I can't help it." It was love that put the question; and her readiness to undertake whatever he set her about, was proof of the genuineness of that love: she wanted always to be *doing something* for father.

People sometimes are in doubt whether they love God or not. I will tell them how they can find out. Are you often asking your heavenly Father the same question this little child was asking her earthly father? Is it one of your first thoughts, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" And do you keep on asking because you can't help it? It so fills your heart that it must come out. And you not only ask, but are on the look out all the time to hear what he says, and do what he bids. This is the way to know whether you love God or not. And if we love him and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ who died for us, we shall keep his commandments, that is, do what he says. This is the proof of the genuineness of our love. Cannot all the children try themselves by this test, and learn if they really love God?

### GLEANINGS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

#### CHUSAN.

The following sketch of his walk through the town of Chusan (one of the five trading ports) is given by the *Times'* correspondent in China:—

"Along the shore of the strait, to the full extent of the string of our bow, runs a green embankment. You would think it a dam thrown up as a protection against high tides, but that at regular intervals embrasures are left. The hill which stands in the centre of the chord of our arc has been fortified with walls and parapets of stone masonry; and is still surmounted by the same joshouse which seventeen years ago obtained for it the name of Joshouse Hill. There are stone batteries also upon several of the islets; all the narrow channels are thus commanded, and there is a large battery far up the valley.

"Except that the harbour contains, instead of a mandarin fleet, some 60 small trading junks, the place must now look much as it did when our fleet first sailed in; when the Chinese admiral so feelingly expostulated with us upon the injustice of revenging insults put upon us by the Cantonese by slaughtering the defenders of those weak intrenchments, when the old man with a dignity and courage worthy a better fate, acknowledged that our power was too great to allow him to hope for success, but declared that his orders and his duty enjoined him to die at his post, when smiling down the side of our flagship, resigned to meet the doom which too surely awaited him in its most painful form on the morrow.

"If I recall the memory of these painful scenes, it is to protest against their recurrence. If these places are to be again occupied, let it be done suddenly, before any peremptory orders for a desperate defence can arrive from Pekin. Not that Tinghai is, under proper conditions, incapable of defence. Garrisoned by English troops, it is difficult to conceive a place more impregnable. Approached by narrow, rock bound channels, covered by commanding heights, and having its own citadel hill, it is formed for a place of strength; but the Chinese at Chusan seem to have learnt only one lesson from the last war—the inutility of all defences. Yes; I think they have learnt one other lesson; it is that British dollars follow hard upon British bayonets. I landed and walked along the embankment; there was not a gun. I climbed the Joshouse Hill. The masses of masonry that look so imposing from below are all loose blocks which a shot would toople over; still no gun. In the joshouse was an old priest muttering and beating upon his little drum, another smoking his pipe, and a third asleep. A half-starved dog seemed perishing under the same vice of idleness which pervades the place. His diet in a Buddhist temple could not be very succulent, and his skin was worn raw from lying all day long upon the stone floor. Sloth had eaten into his bones. Two or three Chinamen, sailors from the junks, were venting their 'Ey yaw,' as they examined the representations of the punishments of the Buddhist hell. Not without reason, for the josshouse of Tinghai is richer than any temple I have seen in ingenious tortures. The kings of hell sit in judgement like Chinese mandarins. The executioners are braying the victims in mortars, boiling them in furnaces, skinning them with knives, throwing them to tigers, squeezing them between boards, cutting them up and hanging the bits on hooks, beating them with mallets, tormenting them with hot irons—all represented in coloured plaster groups with a horrible fidelity of detail, and with an ingenuity of conception as to the instruments employed, which would argue that the Buddhist priests are no contemptible mechanics, and that it is well for the barbarians they are not employed in the invention of warlike *tormentari*.

"No one, not even the dog, took any notice of me. I looked from the top of the hill down into the city of Tinghai—into the suburb which extends from it up to the water side—upon the pagoda and the Artillery Hill—and upon the English tombs which cover the descent of the hill upon which I was standing. Everything was swamp and paddy. Everything had the same listless, unprepared, care-abandoned air. There was not a gun visible from the spot, nor a muzzle lurking behind any one of the hundreds of embrasures which I could count around. A few junks were working up the canal or river which runs from the harbour up to the city, and some others were unloading josshouse furniture upon the wharf below me. I had heard men of the last war talk of gravel walks and parade grounds. European houses and drained spaces. No vestige of any such innovation remains. All is gone back to Chinese notions of propriety—squalid houses of Chinamen to herd in, paddy crops for Chinamen to eat. These paddy fields were now full of water; the city also was slightly flooded. The Chinamen seemed to have clustered like flies upon the only foul spot in this beautiful island. I walked down into the English burial ground. The inscriptions have been torn away from the square tomb, and the obelisk had been broken. The Chinese have crowded the place with the coffins of their own dead. A fellow who was working there at this 'pigeon' addressed me in the jargon they use for English, and told me there had been an insurrection in the city two days before. The 'soldiers' had assembled from their shops and had beaten the mandarin almost to death, because he had paid them their pay in the new depreciated cash. He ended by a patriotic wish that we English would come and take the island again. His English acquirements showed that he had found his account in the last occupation.

#### NANA SAHIB.

The Dinapore mutineers, with Koor Singo's people, and probably the soldiery of the Rajah of Rewah, have, it is feared, got as far up the country as Banda, to the westward of Allahabad, and north of Bundeclund. In connection with them is again brought into notice the detested name of Nana Sahib—not Nena, as, owing I suppose to an indistinctness in my writing, it appears in your columns. You may see a report that Nana Sahib was wounded in an encounter with Havelock's force in Oude. But there seems reason to suppose that he is not in Oude at [illegible] There are nine or more Richmonds in the field. On the authority of his own cousin, lately arrested near here, and a Brahmin friend of that cousin and of himself, it may, I suppose, be announced with some certainty, that the Nana has several men in various places with the rebels dressed like himself and bearing his name. He himself, as I have said, is probably not in Oude. By information which I know to come from Scindia in person at Gwalior, he has an agent at Moorar, the cantonment of that city, endeavoring to incite the mutinied contingent—hitherto, as I have before written, held in check by the Maharajah—to join the rebels at Banda under his leadership. He himself, according to the same authority, is, or at least was thought to be, when on the 5th and 6th instant the information left Gwalior, at Jaloun, some 70 miles to the eastward of Scindia's capital. If the projected movement is effected, the Nana will have at his disposal a large body of disciplined mutineers, and whether he crosses into Oude, or, still worse, moves downwards into Bundeclund, he may yet do us much mischief. Agra—where Mr. Colvin's successor is Capt. Fraser, of the Engineers—he is not in the present state of things likely to attempt. It would be satisfactory to believe that the reward of 50,000 rupees, said by a Calcutta paper to have been placed upon the head of this miscreant, is likely to lead to his speedy apprehension.—*Bombay Correspondent of the Times.*

#### RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

The *Bengal Hurkur*, of October 8, contains the following:—

"No sooner was the good news of Delhi received at Calcutta than it was followed up by good news from Lucknow. It had been known some days before that General Havelock's force had again crossed the Ganges, and advanced into Oude. It was accompanied by Sir James Outram, who upon this occasion waived his superior rank with a magnanimity which does him high honour, and left to General Havelock the command of the expedition and the glory of the achievement. Sir James accompanied the force in his civil capacity, as chief commissioner of Oude, and served as a volunteer. In this character he did good service with the Volunteer Cavalry, and charged the enemy in a preliminary engagement, with a daring worthy of his best days. The telegraphic despatches are obscurely worded, but the main facts are apparent enough. Baleeguard was first relieved by General Outram,