

reception of the Gospel has been as life from the dead. On the western side of the Ghauts, the great mountain-range of southern India, Christianity is also making progress. The missionaries of the *Basle Missionary Society* have been labouring for the last twenty years in the provinces of Malabar and Canara, on the Malabar coast, and when I last heard of their progress, their converts from heathenism amounted to 1,600.

#### "MAWKISH MERCY" TO THE SEPOYS.

A number of persons seem to apprehend great mischief at present from a spirit of what they term "mawkish mercy." How far is this apprehension a real one? And, first, what is the spirit in which English authorities are executing judgment in India? Let us read some extracts from the letters which appear from time to time in English newspapers.

Here is a sketch of the mode in which justice is administered in the North:—

"But we are awake now. From Delhi to Peshawar the gallows have been made fixtures at every station, and they are constantly at work. Positively, to be a Hindostanee is now to deserve hanging, and to be a Hindostanee deserter is, when caught, to get that desert. We have no formalities, no technical investigations, before the would-be murderer is made safe for ever. In my wreck of a regiment at U—, the other day, four men were overheard reading a letter from their former comrades, now with the rebels in Delhi. They destroyed and ate the letter when surprised, and the same evening they were all hanged together. At Peshawar a non-commissioned officer was found in possession of a letter from a mutineer, advising him when he killed a Sahib always to end by killing his wife too. Little question was asked before the wretch was swinging."

So in the South. "The column pressed forward," writes an officer serving with General Havelock, "along the same noble road, passing here and there evidence of our people's handiwork in the shape of men hung by fours and fives on the trees by the roadside." Here again is an off-hand summary of the fate of some insurgent regiments:—

"Of the 36th I told before, and the difficulties they struggled through to Delhi. The 55th were attacked by my old Punjab corps, and beaten, and taken to the wild hills about Peshawar to be made slaves of. The 14th were annihilated by her Majesty's 24th at Jhelum. The 46th and the 9th Cavalry were caught on the Ravee by her Majesty's 52nd, and all who were not slaughtered were driven into the river, whence few ever emerged."

Of those who did emerge, seventy-eight were caught by Gholab Singh and made over to the Assistant Commissioner. That officer at once executed sixty-eight, and reserved the others, not for mercy, but for a more public example.

Passages illustrating the spirit of the soldiers meet us in every column of the newspapers.—"Mercy seems to have fled from us for ever," writes one officer. "He is a clever man," he presently adds, "who can keep back an European from driving his bayonet through a Sepoy, even if in the agonies of death." The officer of Havelock's noble army whom we have already quoted, brings before our very eyes, as it were, the men's state of mind:—

"The Highlanders rose, fired one rolling volley as they advanced, and then moved forwards with sloped arms and measured tread like a wall, the rear rank locked up as if on parade, until within a hundred yards or so of the village, when the word was given to charge. Then they all burst forward like an eager pack of hounds racing in to the kill, and in an instant they were over the mound and into the village. There was not a shot fired or a shout uttered, for the men were very fierce, and the slaughter was proportionate. 'I've just got three of 'em out of one house, sir!' said a 78th man, with a grin, to me, as I met him at a turn of the village."

Men so fierce that they do not fire a shot, or utter a shout, or move a limb beyond the iron line of "sloped arms"—so fierce that while advancing against a storm of bullets, their whole mind and soul is absorbed in a desperate self-contest for the sake of what it is to secure, are no ordinary avengers. They bear an almost awful likeness to that other great army of vengeance, of whom it is written "they shall run like mighty men, they shall climb the wall like men of war, they shall march every one on his way, and they shall not break their ranks. Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk every one on his path, and when they shall fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded. They shall run to and fro in the city, they shall climb up upon the houses, they shall enter into the windows as a thief." The result is stated with a stern and almost solemn shortness:—

"You may observe that I give no return of the killed and wounded. I do not pretend to do so. I only know that no man of the enemy was ever spared that was caught."

Yet these men did not know all. They had heard of the massacre of those whom they hoped to rescue—but they had not seen the horrible slaughter-room. That sight has induced a different punishment:—

"According to the last accounts General Noill was compelling all the high-caste Brahmins whom he could capture among the Sepoys to collect the bloody clothes of the victims, and wash up the blood from the floor, a European soldier standing over each man with a "cut," and administering it with vigour whenever he relaxed his exertions. The wretches having been subjected to this degradation, which of course includes loss of caste, are then hanged one after another."

We are not scrutinising the right and wrong of all that has been done. It is almost impossible to do so, at least at present, in the appalling struggle for more than life and death which is passing almost under our eyes. We are not cool enough. Our habits and powers of judgment have not yet expanded to the measure of the events which surround us. But one thing is certain. Our countrymen in India need much from us—man, money, comfort, sympathy—but they certainly do not need exhortations against "mawkish mercy."

Do we ourselves need any such exhortations? Surely no man who knows himself, and attempts to judge himself by anything like a Christian standard will say so. Who experiences in himself—who sees in others any symptom of an insufficient indignation? How many of us are there who do not feel a difficulty in controlling that rising hatred—that desire for unusual forms of vengeance—which ought to tell us that a righteous anger, a just determination, so far as in us lies, to punish, is transforming itself into unchristian animosity! What ought to be a hateful duty is becoming the gratification of an appetite.

And if it is true that our passions need at present no stimulus, there is one form of news which we trust that we shall hereafter be spared. There are atrocities of which we have now all heard, and of which it is enough to have heard. We can never forget what has been told us. Let us be told no more. To reiterate details—to parade and establish all that survivors would almost give their lives to be allowed to doubt or disbelieve, is reckless and heartless cruelty. All is sufficiently known for any good purpose that the knowledge is likely to answer.—*London Guardian.*

#### News Department.

##### Extracts from Papers by Steamer Niagara.

##### BERLIN CONFERENCE—EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

The Berlin Conference of the Evangelical Alliance commenced on the 8th inst., when a kind of preliminary committee meeting was held, at which Sir Culling Eardley presided. Among those present were—Rev. J. Jenkinson, vicar of Battersea; Rev. Baptist W. Noel, Rev. Dr. Steane, Rev. C. Jackson, Rev. R. H. Baynes, Rev. Ridley Herschell, Rev. J. H. Hinton, Rev. S. H. Rigg, Rev. W. M. Bunting, Rev. J. P. Dobson, Rev. J. H. Bernau, Rev. H. Schmettan, &c. At 5 o'clock the public services began at the Garrison Church, which is capable of containing 2,500 people. There was a very good attendance, the middle aisles of the church being nearly filled by Lutheran clergymen. The service, says the *Record* correspondent was wholly of a devotional character, prayer being offered in the German, French, and English languages, for the abundant blessing of the God and Father of all on this great assembly of his professing people. Mr. Noel prayed in English:—

The next morning there was a very full attendance in the Garrison Church to hear the address of salutation and welcome by Dr. Krummacker, the Court Chaplain at Potsdam. The address was in German, and appeared to be of a very eloquent character. Mr. Cairns, of the Scotch Church, gave a brief analysis of it afterwards in English, from which it appeared that the chief points touched on were the great central truths of the Gospel, in which we all united, notwithstanding our ecclesiastical differences. Dr. Krummacker, in the name of all his brethren in Germany, gave a most cordial welcome to the assembled Christians, and earnestly prayed that the result of the Conference might prove of great and lasting good:—

Responses to his address were then made by members of different churches and nations.

On the motion of Sir C. Eardley, committees were appointed to inquire into the religious state of Christendom.

In the afternoon these committees held their first sittings in the Church of the Holy Ghost, close to the Garrison Church. This is a very small building, with a communion-table, having a crucifix, candles, and flowers upon it! A strange looking place for such a committee!

The Garrison Church was again filled at five. Professor Jacobi, of Halle, and Dr. M'rie D'Aubigne of Geneva, were the speakers.

Letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury were

read, declining, on the ground of official duties, the invitation to attend these conferences, and the offer made him by the local committee of a furnished house to be placed at his service for the term of his stay here.

On Friday, at 9 a. m., the committees met to discuss their different business. In the Garrison Church at 10, the subject before the meeting was, "The unity and diversity of the children of God." The sitting, however, was but a short one, for all the company left early to prepare for visiting the King at his palace at Potsdam:—

His Majesty provided a special trait, by which means more than nine hundred, chiefly clergymen of all sections of the Church, were conveyed to the Royal Palace. No less than six large reception rooms were prepared for the guests, and the tables were filled with wines, fruits, and refreshments of all descriptions.—Finer fruit I never saw. It was a sumptuous repast, and well worthy of the Royal munificence that had afforded it.

The clergy and laity of different nations were arranged on the lawn according to their countries, and the King and Queen drove up through the garden to the Palace, and alighted in front of the great assembly. It was a striking sight. A clear brilliant sky, beautiful scenery around, and so many ambassadors of the one common Lord and Master met together to receive the welcome of his Majesty the King. His Majesty made a short but excellent speech in English, in which he expressed his deep interest in the Conference at Berlin, and earnestly trusted that it might prove a second Pentecost to the Church at large.

Sir Culling Eardley replied on behalf of their English brethren, tendering to the King their most cordial and respectful thanks for his Majesty's great courtesy and Christian kindness. He rejoiced that the same Saxon blood flowed in the two nations, and felt glad at the approaching union between the two countries; but, above all, he experienced a deeper joy at the thought of that one bond of living union which was theirs as servants and disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The different nations were then presented to the King, who received them all most courteously, speaking a friendly word occasionally to those whom he had heard of before.

Meanwhile the Queen was graciously conversing with the English ladies, who were seated on a kind of balcony. At seven o'clock the company returned by special train, highly gratified with what they had seen and heard. The scene altogether was certainly a truer illustration of kings and queens being nursing fathers and mothers to the Church than any I ever before witnessed. May God in His goodness overrule these great events to the furtherance of His blessed kingdom in the world.

Saturday, the 12th inst., was the third day of the congress of the Evangelical Alliance at Berlin. At the morning meeting, Dr. Nitsch, of Berlin, delivered an address on the *Universal Priesthood of Believers*. He complained that order was made a means of grace by some, but that was a Catholic error. Ministers ought alone to be actuated by authority of love. At the evening sitting the King and Chevalier Baccen were present. The transactions of this sitting consisted of statements from different members of the foreign religious communities as to the state of Protestantism in their respective countries:—

La Pasteur Grandpierre in French, and Prediger Fisch in German, laid the whole state of Protestantism in France open before the meeting. An Armenian thankfully recapitulated all the services that Prussia was rendering to Protestant Christianity in Turkey; and his discourse, delivered as it was in Turkish, was translated sentence for sentence by a German minister who had long resided in Constantinople. They were followed by a German clergyman from Milan, who portrayed the melancholy state of Protestants in Italy, and bespoke the sympathy and assistance of the Evangelical Alliance to support and assist the feeble spark of evangelical truth in those benighted countries. The least dark portion of this melancholy picture was Sardinia; the darkest, the Italian territories under Austrian rule, such as Venice, and most of all Parma and Modena, where thousands of Protestants are living without any Protestant priests, and where the children necessarily receive Baptism into the Roman Catholic Church, and can only by stealth be instructed in Protestant truths. The last of these discourses was delivered by a Spaniard in his own language, and from his account the state of Protestants in Spain was only a little less gloomy than that of the Protestants in Italy.