

dry, with its leafless branches extended into the air, and he said to himself, "That tree I will cut down; it is dead and dry; fit only to burn."—And at that moment the thought rushed into his mind. "Am not I a dead tree, fit only to burn?" He tried to banish the thought, that it was an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. He went to the tree and struck a few blows with his axe. But the thought still rankled in his heart, "Am not I a dead tree, fit only to burn? Will not God say concerning me, 'Cut him down, for he cumbereth the ground?'" Again and again he tried to drive away the unwelcome and harrowing thought. But there it was, a barbed arrow fixed in his heart, and he could not tear it out. He plied his axe with increasing vigor, but every blow seemed but to deepen the conviction of his own spiritual deadness. At last he could endure it no longer. He shouldered his axe, returned to his home, went to his chamber, fell upon his knees before God, and cried for mercy. With a penitent and broken heart, he implored forgiveness through the atoning blood, and found the peace which the penitent never seeks in vain. He erected the family altar in his dwelling, united himself with the Church of Christ, and is now apparently journeying fast to heaven, a new creature in Christ Jesus.

We may mention the case of a man who, a short time since, was lured by curiosity into the court house in Boston, to witness a trial. Suspended upon the wall there, there was a large clock, whose pendulum, exposing a broad disk of glittering brass, vibrates to and fro, in measured movements, naturally arresting the eye of any one who enters the apartment.

The man stood listlessly watching the vibrations of the pendulum as it measured off the swiftly flying moments, and the thought came to his mind how many scenes are transpiring in the world with every movement of the pendulum. How many are shouting with joy—how many are shrinking in despair? How many are in halls of revelry; and how many with desolated hearts are weeping at the bedside of death? How many during such vibration die—how many by the hands of the executioner—how many struggle amid the waves of the ocean—how many with suicidal hands destroy themselves—how many are thirsting to judgment, and are driven in dismay to hell or welcomed to heaven. And is this the world for which I am living, thought he. Oh, how soon will the pendulum measure off the moments and the days of my life.

The arrow of conviction was fixed in his heart. The barbed point had pierced deeply, and could not be torn out. He left that room, a praying penitent, and commenced a life, it is believed, of faith in Christ. And thus did he who had resisted for years the most powerful appeals of the pulpit, who had heard without emotion the denunciations of heaven and of hell—who had stood by the bedside of dying friends, and followed their remains to the grave; who did he hear an appeal from that mute pendulum which convinced him of the folly of sin and led him to the Saviour.

How instructive are such facts. How continually is God teaching us that all spiritual power is with him, and that he can give efficacy to the weakest instruments.

So it is. Some distinguished preacher will pour forth floods of truth and light, in burning, blazing, volcanic eloquence; it would seem as though nothing could withstand the cogency of his arguments and the fervor of his entreaty. And perhaps not one of the thousands who are riveted around him in breathless attention, will have excited in his bosom a single emotion of penitence, or will be induced to offer to God a single prayer for holiness. Again, some humble preacher, whose literature and science begins and ends with the Bible, whose talents are naturally small—whose imagination never even attempted to rise, will tell the affecting story of a Saviour's love; and while many are perhaps sleeping, beneath what they deem his dull discourse, many others will be crying out, in anguish of their convicted spirits, "what shall we do to be saved?" And as he proceeds in the quiet narrative of the sin of man, and the plan of salvation, the Holy Spirit will flood the assembly in tears of penitence. It is thus that God teaches us that all our dependence is in him. It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but it is God that showeth mercy.—*New York Evangelist.*

THE TRAVELLER.

HONG KONG.

HONG KONG, CHINA, September, 1843.

A SHORT account of Hong Kong will probably have some interest for your readers. It is now pretty generally known, that it is one of the larger islands of that group near the mouth of the River Tigris, which leads up to Canton. In size it is about eight miles from east to west, and the widest part is not more than six miles; but it is very irregular, the land jutting boldly out here and there, forming a succession of headlands and bays. Imagine, then, an island considerably longer than broad, perfectly mountainous, and sloping in a rugged manner to the sea; having here and there, almost at equal distances, all along the coast, deep ravines, which extend from the tops of the mountains, and gradually become deeper and wider as they approach the sea. Immense blocks of stone (granite) are in these valleys, or ravines, which have either been hared by the rapid currents of water, or which have tumbled into them from the mountain sides at some former period. In each of these ravines there is abundance of excellent water, flowing at all seasons of the year; and hence the poetical name which the Chinese choose to give this island—Hong Kong, the island of fragrant streams. During the wet season (for it rains in torrents then) these little streams become very soon swollen, and then rush down from the mountains with a velocity which sweeps every thing before it.

From the description, you will readily imagine there is very little flat ground capable of cultivation on the island. Indeed, the only place of any size, is a small valley, of a few acres in extent, lying to the eastward of the town of Victoria, called "Wang-nai-chung" by the Chinese, and sometimes the "Happy Valley" by the English; and here we have numerous small gardens and paddy fields, very well managed by the inhabitants.

The principal Chinese towns on the island, are Little Hong Kong and Chickchow, both of which are on the south side. At the latter there is now an extensive military station for English troops. The town of Victoria, as it is now called, is building, on the north side, all along the shores of the bay. The houses are planned in the most irregular manner, but this is, perhaps, not of much consequence; at least not so much as to have them built in a safe and substantial way. But you will be astonished when I tell you that, in almost all instances, the Chinamen build the bricks all one way, without a single tie crossways, so that they of course frequently tumble down, even before the building is finished. Architects, however, are now out here, who will see that the houses are built in a more substantial manner. Already there are hundreds of excellent Chinese shops opened in the town, containing many articles as good as one can find in Canton, although I think, generally, higher in price. There is also a good market-place, abundantly supplied with its various commodities, particularly fowls, fruit, and vegetables. A firm broad road has been made all along the shore, forming the principal street in the town; and various other roads of lesser note have been made in different parts of the island, by the Government, for the recreation of the inhabitants. There are various public buildings worthy of notice; for example, the Medical Missionary Hospital, the Morrisonian Education Society's House, the Roman Catholic Church, Government House, &c. It is worthy of remark, perhaps, that while the Roman Catholics have a splendid chapel, the English Episcopal Church is a mat shed.

The Bay is a fine one, completely sheltered by the mountains of Hong Kong on the south, and those of Cowloon on the opposite shores; the anchorage is excellent, and ships can ride here in safety during the strongest gales. I am sorry to inform you that I cannot add to all these things that the place is healthy, for most certainly it is very much the reverse. Fever prevails to a great extent during the hot season, and it is extremely fatal. Those who are seized generally fly to Macao, which is considered much more healthy. The inhabitants of Macao, who generally look with a jealous eye upon Hong Kong, say they are astonished if they see any one coming from that place without his head being shaved. The south side of the island is comparatively healthy, and

there are certain parts of the north much more so than other; but the part near the west end of the Bay called West Point, and valley of Wang-nai-chung, before mentioned, seem to be most unhealthy. It may be possible to improve such places, to a certain extent, by draining, and by removing the rice fields, but I fear the principal cause can never be got rid of, which I believe to be the situation of the town—on the north side of the hills, and sheltered from the breeze of the south-west monsoon.

Throughout all my wanderings in the island, I found the inhabitants not only perfectly harmless, but particularly civil and kind. I have visited their glens and their mountains—have strolled on their villages and towns—and from all the intercourse which I have had with them, I am bound to give them this character. But I always make it a rule to put no temptation in their way; and at the same time, while I stowed in my department that I wished to be friendly, I always had the means of defending myself, should I happen to be attacked. I believe that the Chinese, in the Canton province particularly, where they have had much intercourse with foreigners, are generally deceitful, and not to be depended upon; at least they bear this character here. Hong Kong swarms with thieves, and the more wealthy of the inhabitants find it absolutely necessary to keep a private watchman walking all night round their premises, to prevent them from being broken into, and this independent of the regular police. Pirates swarm all about the islands near the mouth of the Canton river; and Lorchas, which leave Hong Kong or Macao with passengers and cargo, are frequently cut off: a most melancholy case of this kind happened lately, when a doctor belonging to one of the regiments here was murdered. I can assure you, from experience, that one does not sleep very soundly on board of a vessel of this kind, in a dark night, amongst the islands between Macao and Hong Kong.

The Chinese in this part of the country are particularly independent, and are rendered more so by the English who reside here. A boatman who would not make a dollar in a fortnight amongst his countrymen, thinks nothing of demanding this sum for rowing you with your luggage from the ship to the shore; and as his clothing and food are comparatively cheap, a sum of this kind makes him quite independent for a long time. In fact, the Chinese, in their dealings with the English, seem to think as little of dollars as we do of shillings at home.—*For. Cor. of the Athenaeum.*

A CALL FROM CHINA.

VICTORIA, Hong Kong, Nov. 22, 1843.

MY dear Br. Hollock, Sec. Am. Tract Soc.—Your favour of June the 21st came some weeks ago, informing us of your new grant, \$1000, (since received,) and of your intended supply of volumes and Tracts in English and other European languages.

The Protestant mission to China are now on good vantage-ground, and probably will need all the funds that your Society can possibly place at their command. The first grant, \$1000, is nearly all expended; and the money recovered from blocks, &c., just in coming from Singapore, will also be expended before any new grants from you can reach us.

Our work in future will be on a much more economical scale than formerly; and our publications will, we hope, be of better quality—better suited to the end we have in view, of saving lost men.

By an early opportunity you shall have specimens of the works now being printed here, with accounts from some of us of the manner in which the books are circulated. We all hope to see this good seed taking root, and yielding an abundant harvest. The Spirit of the Lord only can make it prosperous.

Excuse this short letter, which I hope will be followed by longer ones from my fellow-labourers, brothers Ball, Williams, Parker, and Abel. Yours very truly,

E. C. BUDGEMAN.

Whether such appeals as this from missionaries of sound judgment, long-trying and loved, shall be met, must depend on the liberality of the churches. The call is palpable, and who can doubt that it is the voice of God. At least \$20,000 are now needed for foreign lands, and will be promptly remitted as soon as received.

W. A. H.