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Poetry.

To whom shall I go but unto Thee.

I come, O Lord, to *thee*;
In sad and grievous *thought* I hear thy call;
And I *must* come, or else from thee I fall
Deeper in misery.

I have not kept thy word,
And yet thou biddest me to taste thy love—
Shaming my faithless heart that e'er could rove
From thee, O gracious Lord!

Shame wraps my heart around,
Like morning gloom upon the mountains spread;
Indignant memory, avenger dread,
Deepens each restless wound.

Yet I must come to thee;
Thou hast the words of life, and thou alone;
Thou sid'st upon the Mediator's throne:
Where should a sinner flee?

Nor saint nor angel's will
Could lift the burden from this loaded breast:
Weary I come, and thou wilt give me rest;
Thou will thy word fulfil.

I come to thee. Since all
To faith is possible, in faith I come;
As blind, and deaf, and halt, and maim'd and dumb,
Before thy feet I fall.

Whom didst thou turn away?
From what distress was hid thy pitying face?
What cold rebuke e'er checked the cry for grace?
Can I unheeded pray?

Saviour! O, come to save;
Speak but the word—thy servant shall be whole,
Turn, Lord, and look on me. Quicken my soul
Out of this living grave.

Enter my opening heart;
Fill it with love, and peace, and light, from heaven;
Give me thyself; for all in thee is given;
Come, never to depart.

—*Scottish Guardian.*

Religious Miscellany.

The Dying Miser.

[The following touching sketch was written many years since, by George Lippard. Mr. Lippard died in Philadelphia, about three years ago, in utter abandonment.—Would that he had always written as powerfully and unexceptionably.]

They brought him a dollar.

He took it, and clutched it in his long, skinny fingers, tried its sound against the bed post, and then gazed on it long and intently with his dull, leaden eye.

That day in the hurry of business, Death had struck him even in the street. He was hurrying to collect the last month's rent, and was on the verge of the miserable court where his tenants herded like beasts in their kennels; he was there with the handbook in his hand, when death laid his hand upon him.

He was carried home to his splendid mansion. He was laid upon a bed with a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the relations, and the preacher were sent for. All day long he lay without speech, moving only his right hand, as though in the act of counting money.

At midnight he spoke.

He asked for a dollar, and they brought one to him, and, lean and gaunt, he sat up in his bed, and clutched it with the grip of death.

A shaded lamp stood on the table near the silken bed. Its light fell faintly around the splendid room, where chairs, and carpets and mirrors, silken bed and lofty ceiling, all said, Gold! as plain as human lips can say it.

His hair and eyebrows were white, his cheeks sunken, and his lips thin and surrounded by wrinkles that indicate the pattern of Avarice. As he sat up in bed with his neck bared, and the silken coverlet wrapped about his lean frame, his white hair and eyebrows contrasted with his wasted and wrinkled face, he looked like a ghost. And there his life was centered in the dollar which he held in his clinched fist.

His wife, a pleasant faced, matronly woman, was seated at the foot of the bed. His son, a young man of twenty-one, dressed in the latest touch of fashion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat by the table, pen in hand and gold spectacles on his nose. There was a huge parchment spread before him.

"Do you think he'll make a will?" asked the son.

"Hardly *compos mentis* yet," was the whispered reply. "Wait. He'll be lucid after a while."

"My dear," said the wife, "had I not better send for a preacher?"

She rose and took her dying husband by the hand, but he did not mind. His eye was upon the dollar.

He was a rich man, He owned palaces in Walnut and Chesnut streets, and hovels and courts in the outskirts. He had iron mines in this state; copper mines on the lake somewhere; he had golden interests in California. His name was bright upon the records of twenty banks; he owned stock of all kinds; he had half a dozen papers in his pay.

He knew but one crime, to be in debt without the power to pay.

He knew but one virtue, to get money.

That crime he had never forgotten, this virtue he had never forgotten, in the long way of thirty-five years.

To hunt down a debtor, to distress a tenant, to turn a few additional thousands by a sharp speculation; these were the main achievements of his life.

He was a good man; his name was upon the silver plate upon the pew door of a velvet-cushioned church.

He was a benevolent man; for every thousand dollars he wrung from the tenants of his courts, or from the debtors who writhed beneath his heels, he gave ten dollars to some benevolent institution.

He was a just man; the gallows and the jail always found him a faithful and unswerving advocate.

And now he is a dying man; see! as he sits upon the bed of death, with the dollar in his clinched hand.

O! holy dollar, object of his life-long pursuit, what comfort hast thou for him now in his pain of death?

At length the dying man revived and dictated his will. It was strange to see the mother and son and lawyer muttering, and sometimes wrangling, beside the bed of death. All the while the testator clutched the dollar in his right hand.

While the will was being made, the preacher came; even he who held the pastoral charge of the great church, whose pew doors bore saintly names on silver plates, and whose seats on Sabbath day groaned beneath the weight of respectability, broadcloth, and satin.

He came and said his prayers and in measured words, but never once did the dying man relax his hold of the dollar.

"Can't you see I'm going?" at length said the rich man, turning a frightened look toward the preacher.

The preacher, whose cravat was of the whitest, took a book with a golden clasp from a marble table.

And he read:

"And I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

"Who said these words—who, who?" fairly shrieked the dying man, shaking the hand which clinched the dollar at the speaker's head.

The preacher hastily turned over the leaf and did not reply.

"Why did you never tell me of this before? Why did you never preach from it as I sat in your church? Why—why?"

The preacher did not reply, but turned over another leaf. But the dying man would not be quieted:

"And it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God, is it?—Then what's to become of me? Am I not rich? What tenant did I ever spare? What debtor did I ever release? And you stood up Sunday after Sunday and preached to us and never said one word about the camel."

The preacher in search of a consoling passage, turned rapidly over the leaves, and in his confusion came to this passage, which he read:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire; you have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped, are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth!"

"And yet you never preached that to me!" shrieked the dying man.

The preacher who had blundered through the passage from James, which he had quoted knew not what to say. He was, perperchance, terrified by the very dying look of his dying parishoner.

Then the wife drew near, and strove to comfort him, and the son (who had been reading the will) attempted a word or two of consolation. And with the dollar in his hand, he sank into death, talking of stock, of rent, of copper mine and camel, of tenant and of debtor, until the breath left his lips. Thus he died.

When he was cold, the preacher rose and asked the lawyer whether deceased had left anything to such a charitable society, which had been ingrafted upon the preacher's Church.

And his wife closed his eyes and tried to wrench the dollar from his hand, but in-vain. He clutched it as though it were the only saviour to light him through the darkness of eternity.

And the son sat down with dry eyes, and thought of the hundreds and thousands which were now his own.

Next day there was a hearse followed by a train of carriages nearly a mile in length. There was a crowd around an open grave, and an elegant sermon upon the virtue of the deceased, by the preacher.

There was a fluttering of crape badges, and rolling of carriages, and—no tears.—They left the dead man and returned to the palace, where sorrow died even as the crape was taken from the door knob.

And in the grave the dead man still clinched the dollar.

The Darkness of the Crucifixion.

The true greatness of the event which we commemorate at the Lord's Table, is impressively taught by these marvels It was, therefore, not a teacher, nor a martyr, who was dying, when the heavens were spread with sackcloth; he was more than a man who expired on the tree; his sufferings were not those of one come to set men an example. The scenery was exaggerated, if only a good man and a prophet were dying.

If darkness came to mingle her dreary influence even amid the scenes of love and mercy of the cross, surely nothing can prevent the perfect usurpation of her power over those who finally reject their mercy, and are not won by that love. Even now, to those who do not receive Christ and his sacrifice for their sins, the doctrines of the Gospel not being viewed in connexion with that sacrifice are dark; the understanding is darkened, the future is dark, and so is the providence of God. The Scriptural emblem of the forlorn state of the wicked, darkness, conveys a fearful idea of their future condition. Long and tedious are the night watches on a sick bed, when we toss to and fro, with no power to sleep, and a disordered fancy fills with direful images, and the morning seems as if it would never come.—But what must it be to lie down in sorrow and endless night, where the day star never rises, and the night grows darker and darker, and despair peoples it with horrors?

But to the believer, the darkness of the crucifixion is only an emblem of that darkest time of night, which, according to the proverb, is just before the day. By thy death, O Saviour, in the midst of darkness and sorrow, we shall soon pass from under these shades and their gloom, to those scenes where they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord giveth them light, and they shall reign forever.—*Rev. N. Adams, D.D.*

Carvosso Obtaining Holiness of Heart.

"In the same happy frame of mind which God brought me into at my conversion I went on for the space of three months, not expecting any more conflicts; but, O, how greatly was I mistaken! I was a young recruit, and knew not the warfare I had to engage in. But I was soon taught that I had only enlisted as a soldier to fight for King Jesus; and that I had not only to contend with Satan and the world from without, but with inward enemies also; which now began to make no small stir. Having never conversed with any one who enjoyed purity of heart, nor never read any of Mr. Wesley's works, I was at a loss, both with respect to the nature and the way to obtain the blessing of full salvation. From my first setting out in the way to heaven, I determined to be a Bible Christian; and though I had not much time for reading many books, yet I blessed God, I had his own Word, the Bible, and could look into it. This gave me a very clear map of the way to heaven, and told me that 'without holiness no man could see the Lord.' It is impossible for me to describe what I suffered from 'an evil heart of unbelief.' My heart appeared to me as a small garden with a large stump of a tree in it, which had been recently cut down level with the ground, and a little loose earth strewed over it. Seeing something shoot up I did not like, on attempting to pluck it up, I discovered the deadly remains of the carnal mind, and what a work must be done before I could be 'meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.' My inward nature appeared so black and sinful, that I felt it impossible to rest in that state. Some, perhaps, will imagine that this may have arisen from the want of the knowledge of forgiveness.—That could not be the case, for I never had one doubt of my acceptance; the witness was so clear, that Satan himself knew it was in vain to attack me from that quarter. I had ever kept in remembrance

'The blessed hour when first to me
I first received the pledge of love'

What I now wanted was inward holiness; and for this I prayed and searched the Scriptures. Among the number of promises, which I found in the Bible, that gave me to see it was my privilege to be saved from all sin, my mind was particularly directed to Ezek. xxxvi. 25–27: 'Then will I sprinkle clear water upon you and ye shall be clean,' &c. This is the great and precious promise of the eternal Jehovah, and I laid hold of it, determined not to stop short of my privilege, for I saw clearly the will of God was my sanctification. The more I examined the Scripture the more I was convinced that without holiness there could be no heaven. Many were the hard struggles which I had with unbelief, and Satan told me that if I should get it I should never be able to retain it; but keeping close to the Word of God, with earnest prayer and supplication, the Lord gave me to see that nothing short of it would do in a dying hour and the judgment-day. Seeing this, it was my constant cry to God that he would cleanse my heart from all sin, and make me holy, for the sake of Jesus Christ. I well remember returning one night from a meeting, with my mind greatly distressed from a want of the blessing: I turned into a lonely barn to wrestle with God in secret prayer. While kneeling on the threshing floor, agonizing for the great salvation, this promise was applied to my mind, 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.' But, like poor Thomas, I was afraid to believe, lest I should deceive myself. O, what a dreadful enemy is unbelief! Thomas was under its influence only eight days before Jesus appeared to him; but I was a fortnight after this groaning for deliverance, and saying, 'O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' I yielded to unbelief, instead of looking to Jesus, and believing on him for the blessing; not having then exactly discovered that the witness of the Spirit is God's gift, not my act, but given to all who exercise faith in Jesus, and the promise made through him. At length, one evening, while engaged in a prayer-meeting, the great deliverance came. I began to exercise faith by believing 'I shall have the blessing now.' Just at this moment a heavenly influence filled the room; and no sooner had I uttered or spoken the words from my heart, 'I shall have the blessing now,' than refining fire went through my heart,—illuminating my soul,—scattered its life through every part, and sanctified the whole. I then received the full witness of the Spirit that the blood of Jesus had cleansed me from all sin. I cried out, 'This is what I wanted! I have now got a new heart.' I was emptied of self and sin, and filled with God. I felt I was nothing and Christ was all in all. Him I now cheerfully received in all his offices; my Prophet to teach me, my Priest to atone for me, my King to reign over me.

'Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my Lord, should'st die for me?'

This happy change took place in my soul, March 13th, 1772.

Hard Wages.

'I want your boy in my store,' said a shopkeeper to a poor widow. 'I have had a great deal of trouble with boys; and now I want your boy because he is honest.'—The widow was glad that her son would now be in the way of earning something.—So, when the boy came home, and was told he was as much pleased with his good fortune as his mother. But neither the mother nor son knew anything about Mr. T———'s store. However, on Monday morning the boy went to his new post. As he returned at night, his mother asked him how he liked it. At first he said, pretty well; and next he didn't exactly know; and then not very well; and on Saturday night he told his mother plump, that he did not like it at all and was not going to stay longer. 'Why,' exclaimed his mother, grieved, 'are you so hard to please? Do you know how very important it is that you should stick to your business?' 'Mother,' said the boy, 'the store is a grog-shop, and I cannot stay there.' The mother's mouth was stopped as after that she had no wish to have him remain.

When the master paid the boy on Saturday, and he told him that he could not stay, the man was surprised. 'How is this,' said he; 'have I not done well by you this week?' 'Yes,' answered the boy, 'I cou'd not expect to find fault with the pay?' 'No sir, it is good.' 'Well, then, what is the matter of difficulty?' The boy hesitated. 'Come, come, you wont leave me, I'll raise your wages.' 'Oh, sir,' said the boy respectfully, 'you are very good; but I cannot be a dram-seller. I am afraid of the wages, for I cannot forget that the Bible says, 'The wages of sin is death.' The boy left, and the man said, on referring to the matter afterwards, it was the greatest sermon he ever had had preached to him, but like Felix, he trembled and turned not, for a few years after, this man died a drunkard's miserable death; and within six months his son, in a fit of intoxication, fell into the river and was drowned.

Reader, tamper not with that which you know to be sin, for remember the wages of sin is death.—*British Messenger.*

The Resurrection of Christ.

Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all was yet quiet at the sepulchre; death held his sceptre over the Son of God; still and silent the hours passed on; the guards stood by their posts, the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow; the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wonder at the depth of the ways of God.

At length the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended; the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the earth; his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was white as snow; he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre and sat upon it.

But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength? It is thy prince, O Zion!—Christians, it is your Lord. He hath trodden the wine press alone; hath stained his garments with blood; but now, as the first born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave; he returns with blessings from the world of spirits: he brings salvation to the sons of men.

Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious! It was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy: the father of mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world restored; he saw his work, that it was good.

Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessing of the eternal descended as the dew of heaven for the refreshing of the nations.—*Scotch Preacher.*

David's Syllogism.

Thomas Fuller, in his "Scriptural Observations," says:

Lord, I find David making a syllogism, in mood and figure: two propositions he perfected. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

"But verily God hath heard me. He hath attended to the voice of my prayer."

Now, I expected that David would have concluded thus:

"Therefore, I regard not wickedness in my heart."

But far different he concludes:

"Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me."

Thus David hath deceived, but not wronged me.

I looked that he should have clapped the crown on his own, but he put it on God's head. I will learn this excellent logic; for I like David's better than Aristotle's syllogism, that whatever the premises be, I make God's glory the conclusion.

Occupation of the Jews.

It is a singular fact revealed in the last census of the United States, that while there are seven hundred thousand Jews in this country, only one person who is a jew, is registered as a farmer. So literally is the decree of their dispersion fulfilled, that they are strangers to that occupation which, above all others, implies a resting place and a home. "For, lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations." The jews are traders, not attached to the soil where they are found, but ready on an instant to change their abode. In California they follow the universal rule.—In all the towns they are found in large numbers. They nearly monopolize the retail business of the country. We have never known of a Jew who was engaged in mining, although there may be many such so occupied.—*Buffalo Advocate.*

If men can read the characters of God's image in their own souls, those are the counterpart of the golden characters of his love, in which their names are written in the Book of Life.—*Leighton.*

Religious Intelligence.

Missionary Visit

TO THE CHINESE CONSULAR PORTS.

NO. II.: NING PO.

(From the London Watchman.)

NING-PO, January 28, 1858.

DEAR SIRS,—Leaving Shanghai on the date of my last, by the gracious care of Almighty God I arrived safely at Ning-po, and found a hearty welcome and comfortable quarters in the house of Dr. Macgowan, an American Missionary. The main purpose of my visit to a colder region is, by the blessing of God, likely to be accomplished. I feel greatly invigorated physically, and trust ere I return to Macao to gain a good preparation for the heat of summer in the South of China.

But to revert to my design in writing to you, viz., my effort to furnish you with a correct view of the present results of Protestant Missionary effort at the consular ports. Ning-po (Peaceful Wave city) is the chief city of a department of the province Cheh-Kiang. It is considered to be the second most important city of the province,—Hang-chau being the provincial capital,—mainly in consequence of its foreign relations. It is situated at the junction of three streams, in latitude 29° 55′ N., and longitude 121° 22′ E., the united river flowing on to the ocean under the name of the Tatsich, or Yung river. Its population may be one third of a million, but no true estimate can be given. In regard to its position and surrounding country, the Rev. W. Milne has well observed,—"The plain in which Ning-po lies is a magnificent amphitheatre, stretching away from twelve to eighteen miles, on one side to the base of the distant hills, and on the other to the verge of the ocean. As the eye travels along, it catches many a pleasing object; landward, it will see canals and water-courses, fields and farm houses, smiling cottages, family residences, hamlets and villages, family tombs, monasteries and temples. In the opposite direction, you perceive a plain country, descending to the ocean; but the river, alive with all kinds of boats, and the bank, studded with ice-houses, strongly attract the attention. From without the city, and while still upon its ramparts, looking within its walls you will be no less gratified. Here there is nothing European," except three or four Missionary chapels, "consequently little to remind you of what you have seen in the west. The single and double-stoned houses, the heavy, prison-like family mansions, the family vaults (tombs) and graveyards, the glittering roofs of the temples, the dilapidated official residences, the deserted examination halls, and the prominent sombre pagoda," one hundred and fifty feet high, "are features of an entirely Chinese city. The attention is also arrested by ditches, canals, and two small lakes, with many wooden bridges and stone arches."—The walls are about five miles in circumference, twenty-five feet in height, with battlements four or five feet higher, twenty-two feet wide at the base, and fifteen at the top of the wall, solidly built of stone, and very little dilapidated. These ramparts afford a delightful promenade, of which some of the Missionaries, whose residences he contiguous, frequently avail themselves. The Chinese, who seldom fell the need of walking as an exercise, seem unconscious of the healthy recreation so easily and cheaply at their convenience. Three faces of this wall are surrounded by a broad moat, running nearly three miles. It is a grand thoroughfare for boats, and no doubt greatly promotes the cleanliness and health of the city. There are six gates, called North, South, East, and West-gate, also the Salt-gate and the Spiritual Bridge gate, which last opens out to a floating bride, two hundred yards long and five broad, connecting the city with a very large suburb on the east side of the river.

The temperature, as at Shanghai, varies greatly; in summer the heat is extreme, the hills, however, are much nearer, and temporary residence can be had for invalids at different monasteries, pleasantly situated on these elevated and cooler spots. The drinking water used at Ning-po is chiefly rain water, as the wells without exception are brackish and unfit for this purpose.

Missionary labour was first begun at Ning-po in 1842, by the Rev. W. Milne, an English Missionary in connection with the London Society. He left in 1843, and the next labourers who entered the field were from America. Drs. Macgowan and McCartey opened an hospital in 1844, and soon were followed by other American brethren. The English Church Missionary Society sent out agents in 1847, who have, as may be seen, successfully sown the good seed in this city. Miss Aldersey,—whose name and devoted efforts are widely known, and need no aid from my pen,—has long laboured for the enlightenment of the female sex, and has been instumental in providing good female Teachers for girls' Schools, and several of her scholars are also found in the list of Chuch members which I give below. Educational efforts have had a large share of Missionary labour here, and with the devine blessing many trained in day and boarding schools have been won to Christ, and are now the most intelligent and earnest specimens of Chinese Christians. As at Shanghai, very able men are found among the Missionaries labouring here, who for talents and piety are amongst the eminent of the earth. At this port, as at Shanghai, a system of printing the local dialect in Roman alphabetical characters has been introduced by the Missionaries, which in the opinion of many is a very useful help to instruction in schools and Bible classes, and an easy means of enabling the illiterate and aged to read the Word of God. Nearly all the New Testament and part of the Old are printed in Romanised vernacular.—These books, on first handling them, to one accustomed to nothing but the Chinese character as a printed help, appear strange and strike one as very un-Chinese, but if useful one's prejudices give way. The employment of this system, of course, is restricted to those who are taught it in schools or in some other way are led into it. To the ordinary Chinese reader, however well educated, it is of no service whatever. At Shanghai, the same character is used, and colloquial books are printed in it; these can be read by all who have had an ordinary education in a common school, yet so many sounds have to be used for which no character can be found, that these books must have a very strange, foreign air about them.—An easy book style may be acquired that to the mass of Chinese readers is intelligible, and books printed in this can be read throughout China, and thus be generally useful. At these two ports are found men who hold this view, in which I coincide, while many others use the colloquial books alone, either printed in the Chinese character or Roman letter. Both ways no doubt may be made the means of much good, but differing as to general and particular application.

Many parts of the interior of the Province of Cheh-Kiang had been visited, and the Gospel message has been declared to the people; the inland cities and towns can be visited with equal facility as those in Keang-soo, as mentioned in my last. Permanent out-stations have been secured at three or four places, and there Missionary effort is more systematic and regular. The Island of Chusan, held by the British in the last war, affords a good and promising field as an offset from Ningpo, it now being regularly visited by the Baptist Missionaries. Several have already been baptized there, and others are encouraging inquirers feeling their way to the light. Chin-hai, at the mouth of the river, is another of the out-stations, visited by the Presbyterian brethren. The Church Missionaries are much encouraged at another place, where a somewhat extensive awakening has taken place. In the more casual visitation of the interior, and in the opening of these branch stations, with a view to the Gospel penetrating the interior of China, the brethren sent out by the Chinese Evangelisation Society are expected by their friends in England to take, I believe, a very active part. They are at present four in number at Ning-po. The other Missionaries are so anxious to extend their efforts to the "regions beyond" the consular ports, and some of them are of such an enterprising spirit, that they have not been yet, nor are they likely to be, surpassed by the brethren of the above-mentioned Society, who are, however, most estimable and indefatigable men. In carrying out "the idea of propagating the Gospel in China by means of native labourers," these brethren will not be able to do more than others, though this appears to be a special object aimed at by their Society. The employment of native agency is admitted by all to have been carried as far as possible, and every Missionary band has to regret the employment of men too early in their Christian career, and thus having marred their usefulness. This is acknowledged even by the agents of the Chinese Evangelisation Society, who as their experience enlarges, are seeking to modify and correct the misrepresentations of Dr. Gutzlaff and other German minds.—The practical order of the English mind now employed by this Society, and, I may add, the high moral integrity of the Englishmen who are now their agents, are gurantees that the supporters of this Society will soon have sound views of the nature and difficulties of the work of evangelising China. The only wonder to my own mind is that the Directors have been so ready to receive the statements of foreigners, and so slow to believe the testimony of good English witnesses sent out by themselves. At Ning-po, the brethren directly or indirectly connected with this Society are regarded as very valuable Missionaries. There is no interference with the labours of others, although their efforts are at present nearly altogether confined to Ning-po.—Missionary labour is assiduously carried on by all. The Sabbath congregations, the schools, the Bible classes, and other modes of operation, all are pleasing objects to my mind, and I only regret that I cannot devote a month rather than a week to the inspection of these interesting matters. The very kind and frank way in which all my inquiries have been responded to, and the details of their operations opened out to me, together with the general suavity of feeling manifested by the brethren here, combine to greatly endear these heralds of Christ to my heart. As long as I feel any interest in Christian Missions, my visit to the Northern Ports will not be forgotten. What the present results are in regard to converts, candidates for baptism, number of those under instruction, the subjoined list will show.—Hoping soon to send you a few lines from Amoy,

I remain, dear Sirs, truly yours,

GEORGE PIERCY.

Societies.	When first Established.	Missionaries.	Assistant Missionaries. Female.	Native Helpers.	Stations.	Out Stations.	Chapels and Preaching Places.	Church Members.	Candidates for Baptism.	Baptized from the First.	Baptized in 1857.	Children baptized.	Excluded.	Died in the Faith.	Day Schools.	Boarding Schools.	Scholars—Male.	Scholars—Female.	Average Attendance at Divine Worship.
English Ch. Society	1847	2		6	1	1	57	13	10	70	13	8	5	5	6	1	70	50	•
American Presbyterian Society	1844	5	1	6	1	2	52	14	12	60	14	17	0	3	5	2	50	73	300
American Baptist Society	1843	3		3	1	1	20	5	1	24	5	0	2	2	3	1	23		200
Chinese Evangelisation Society	1845	4			1		1	2	5	1	2	1	1		1				20
		14	1	15		4	130	28	156	34	25	11	12	9	14	4	143	123	

(From the Christian Advocate and Journal.)

Letter from Rev. William Butler.

Journey to Delhi—Description of Delhi—Splendid Desolation—Visit to the Battle-field—Hope for our Mission—Jumna River—The Magazine—The Jain Temple.

DELHI, INDIA, January 7, 1858.

DEAR BROTHER,—We were detained at Dehra-Doon by the movements of the Rohilcund rebels, who had crossed the Ganges into the Mozuffarnugger district, but by keeping off by Kournal, a few miles west, we avoided any unpleasant proximity with them. The country over which we came looked very well, the cultivation fully attended to, and the people were extremely civil. We encountered no difficulty whatever.

As we came down the "Grand Trunk Road" from Kurnaul to this place, the scantiness of the traffic was quite remarkable; the road had a very deserted look; several of the mile-stones were down, most of the police stations unrooted and wrecked, and some villages utterly destroyed; innumerable evidences of the stupid wickedness of those wretches who wanted to show how much better *they* could rule India than the English had done!

It was two hours past midnight when we approached the outskirts of *Delhi*. The first object we saw was a wooden screen, on two wheels, standing close to the road. It was about six feet high, and perforated with two loop-holes. It at once told its own tale, having been used to screen two riflemen, who pushed it before them while they picked off the enemy. We next saw the carcass of a camel, and then several houses knocked to pieces, which told us we were in the Subzee Mundee. We rolled down the empty street, rattled on to the bridge over the moat, and hailed the sentry, who, seeing a white face, asked no further question, but opened the ponderous gates, and we were in *Delhi!*

There was something so solemn in passing through the deserted streets of a conquered city. We could see every door was open, and all things in utter confusion.—Having reached our resting place, and taken a cup of tea, my curiosity led me to take my lantern and go down the Chaudney Chowk, the principal street. All was as still as death; indeed the silence was dreadful; not a ray of light anywhere, except the one I carried. Not a human being to be seen. Every door, whether of shop or private house, lying open or prosirate on the pavement. I entered five or six shops. No words could describe the wreck; benches knocked to destruction, the remnants of the wares in utter confusion on the ground, the walls and floors poked open by the "loat" seekers. One was a native doctor's shop; there were his drawers all out, to see what they contained, half the bottles still on the shelves, and the rest overturned and smashed. Everything valuable in each case had been carried off, and there lay the worthless remnants, (boxes, wares, shelves, books, and papers, all torn to pieces on the floors,) where, in some places, a heavy fermentation was going on, causing an insupportable smell. Even the flagway, in front of the houses, was occasionally torn up.—The wretched cats were silently moping about, and the poor dogs howled mournfully in the desolate houses; and this was Delhi, ("the bloody city,") and this was her recompense! Far rather would I see a city knocked down and covered in its own ruins, than behold a scene like this. A tomb on Herculaneum can be contemplated with interest, but Delhi is now like *an open grave*, rifled of its ornaments, and its dishonored condition lying open to the gaze of day.—No wonder that its excluded Mohammedan population, as they prowl round its vicinity, say, "This is a worse punishment than even that of *Nadir Shah* He gave up the city to massacre and pillage for a few days, and then all was over, and the surviving inhabitants returned to their homes and employments, so that everything went on as before. The English took no such vengeance; but they drove us out, and month, after month, they keep us excluded, and will not let us return."

I have no doubt such language correctly represents their feelings. This decided exclusion of them, this calm, quiet, and continued investigation by the civil and military authorities; this searching out and bringing to justice the perpetrators of the outrages of May and June; this discrimination; this justice even to the most suspected wretches in its power, to whom it gives every opportunity of proving their innocence, (one trial alone having lasted ten days,) and then their prompt execution when found guilty; this manifest anxiety to separate friends from enemies, and to take care that only the guilty shall suffer; all this, together with the disposition of the government to acknowledge and reward fidelity, is producing an immense impression. It is all so contrary to the rash and indiscriminate mode of Oriental despotism, and argues, in their estimation, resources, and justice, and calm resolve that are invincible, and which it is, therefore, folly and madness to resist. We have seen, I presume, the *last rising* against British authority that India will ever witness.

As I stood that night in the midst of this stern desolation, I was forcibly reminded of the regular *lesson* in the calendar of the 14th of September, (*the day the assault was given;*) it was Nahum iii., and begins: "Woe to the bloody city!" etc.; as applicable to Delhi as ever it was to Nineveh. And here was her "*Woe.*" She is "naked," "a gazing stock," and "laid waste;" her "nobles in the dust," her "people scattered;" so that with equal truth it may be said of her: "There is no healing of thy bruise; thy wound is grievous: all that hear the bruit of thee will clap their hands over thee, for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?"

I picked up the Hindostanee account-book of a merchant, and walked home and went to bed, my mind deeply impressed by the thoughts of a retributive Providence, and the sad miseries of war among which I lay.

Early the next morning I was out again, rambling through the streets. The Chaudney Chowk, the principal street and thoroughfare at Delhi, with a few of its leading tributaries toward the palace, are the only portions of Delhi where you meet any number of people. The rest of the city is a desert, where you may ride a quarter of a mile, and not meet a human being; and this