

observations and reflections for many years past, confirmed by what I have seen and heard while in the Levant, that the department of labour to be fostered and guarded with the most jealous care in missions, is the public, formal, stated, frequent preaching of the gospel, at every station. Every missionary, who has the language and health for the purpose, should prepare himself with study and prayer, and preach at least every Sabbath-day, if he can get anybody to hear him; and if, after proper exertions, he cannot get anybody to hear him, he ought to go where he can. To this end, the learning of the language soon after entering the country should be regarded as an imperative duty, and day and night and everywhere it should be the business of the new missionary, until he can communicate his ideas in the native language correctly and freely. And if a missionary finds that he cannot learn the language so as to preach in it, I doubt in general the expediency of his continuing his mission. In most cases he had better return home, undesirable as such returns are in themselves when they involve a relinquishment of the work.

DR. WINSLOW.

We noticed lately the death of this eminent Missionary. He died at the Cape of Good Hope on his way to the UNITED STATES where it was hoped his health would be recruited. The Rev. Dr. THOMSON, an English Missionary at the Cape, gives the following account of Dr. WINSLOW's closing hours:

"Our honored and beloved friends, Rev. Dr. Winslow and Mrs. Winslow left Madras in the *Barham* and arrived in Table Bay on Thursday last, the 20th inst. (October). Their intention on leaving India was to proceed to America by way of England.—Our Father in Heaven had made different arrangements, even to the receiving of his servant to himself from the shores of South Africa. On the vessel's coming to anchor, Rev. G. Sewell, who had been his fellow passenger, came on shore and made known to me the situation of our venerable friend. We, without loss of time, went together on board and made arrangements for his removal to the shore. Although Dr. Winslow was very weak, we did not apprehend immediate danger, and in fact we hoped that he might rally a little by a sojourn in Cape Town and its neighborhood, and in a few months, if it should please God, be enabled to proceed on his voyage to his native land. It was not so to be. As the ship was about two miles out, and the

wind strong, the passage by boat was somewhat unpleasant; but our friend did not suffer as we feared he would, and he was conversable and cheerful. . . . The following morning, Dr. Abercrombie, a kind Christian physician of this city, paid him a visit and expressed his fears that the inroads of disease were greater than we had imagined. . . . On the afternoon of that day I saw nothing to increase the anxiety already felt on his account, and nothing that betokened immediate danger. It was not from an apprehension that his end was so near that Mrs. Thomson and myself visited our esteemed friends on Saturday afternoon, but rather to inquire after his condition and to show our sympathy. We were quite startled by his altered appearance, and at Mrs. Winslow's request I went to inform Dr. Abercrombie. The doctor was from home, and I returned without him. Dr. Winslow was still quite conscious, and although the sense of hearing was nearly gone, he followed me in prayer, as I sought to commend him to the Good Shepherd while he was passing through the valley of the shadow of death. He manifested that he heard my words, and that the prayer was his own. After a few minutes our venerated and beloved brother passed away. This was about twenty minutes past five o'clock. . . . This afternoon at four o'clock, "we bury our dead out of sight," and in the case of our deceased brother we have no doubt as to his future; we shall 'commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' The English mail, which is to convey this, will then have left. The funeral will be largely attended, and many hearts will offer prayer to God that the bereaved widow may be comforted. Even if time allowed me, it would be unnecessary for me to speak of the character of Dr. Winslow. . . . It is worthy my own note that two loved friends whose personal acquaintance I made in India, in the early part of 1837, friends connected with each other as the late Dr. Scudder and Dr. Winslow were, should have come to this colony to die, and that I should have been permitted to have so much to do with both of them in their last hour."

Dr. Winslow and Dr. Scudder now sleep side by side in the cemetery at Cape Town. It is fitting that the mortal remains of these pioneers of missionary labour in India, of men so long and intimately associated in the same great and good work, should finally repose together beneath the same soil, while their glorified spirits are now re-united above amid the higher and unceasing activities of heaven.