

word, the offering will be most acceptable, and the blessing will follow.

Trusting that you will have a place in the *Record* for the above, that justice may be done my people, and that their example may be an inducement to others to go and do likewise.

I am, Yours &c.,

D. WIGGANT.

MADOC, 9th Feb., 1858

### Missionary Intelligence.

#### INDIA—LETTERS FROM REV. DR. DUFF.

A series of most admirable letters has been addressed to the Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church, by Dr. Duff, on the subject of the sad outbreak in India. One of these we published in a former number of the *Record*, and should have given others, if our space had allowed. In one of his latest communications, Dr. Duff strongly brings out the fact that is a mere delusion to call the present commotion "a merely military mutiny," and that is in truth a rebellion,—a rebellion of no recent or mushroom growth, but a rebellion long, and deliberately concerted,—a rebellion sustained by the entire population of Oude, and aided or sympathised with by nearly half of the neighbouring provinces. Although a rebellion like this is not to be expected to be "stamped out" at once, or to be suppressed by a few victorious however brilliant, yet we confidently hope that by God's blessing on the means and efforts employed, peace will be ere long restored, British power more firmly than ever established, and christian missions more energetically and extensively carried on.

The extracts which follow are from a letter from Dr. Duff, containing a most thrilling account of the sufferings endured by some of the native christians, and of the faith which enabled them, not only patiently, but heroically, to endure these cruel sufferings. It is unnecessary, by any words of ours, to ask attention to these interesting statements:—

CALCUTTA, 6th Nov. 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—It is no longer doubtful that India has now had its first *Protestant native martyrs*—martyrs, who have laid down their lives for the testimony of Jesus—martyrs, who have been cruelly put to death by relentless Mohammedans, simply for professing that "only name given under heaven whereby men can be saved." God, in mercy, grant that their blood, as in the days of old, may become the seed of the native Evangelical Church of India!

These bloody butcheries of native Christians, by the hands of the followers of the false prophet, took place chiefly at Delhi, Bareilly, and Futtchghur. To the case of one of these, Gopi Nath Nundi, I think it reasonable to draw special attention, as he is one of the earliest converts of our own mission—having been one of the first set of converts baptised by me, as far back as the close of 1832. He has, for some years past, been an ordained minister in connexion with our missionary brethren of the Old School American Presbyterian Church. A year or two after he was baptised, he had gone to the north-west to take charge of a Christian school, maintained by pious British officers at Futtchpore, between Allahabad and Cawnpore. Naturally attached to Presbyterianism, he was very properly led to join the American Presbyterian Missionaries when they settled in that quarter. To them, especially on their first arrival, he was enabled to render very essential service. And ultimate-

ly, finding him in every way worthy, they solemnly ordained him as a minister of the gospel. From his excellent talents, remarkable consistency and integrity of conduct, gentlemen high in the East India Company's Civil Service repeatedly pressed him to accept of honourable situations under them, with a salary double, treble, or even quadruple what he could ever expect to obtain as a native missionary. But, to his credit it must be stated that he steadfastly resisted.

After labouring very successfully with the American missionaries at Futtchghur, which lies between Cawnpore and Bareilly, he returned, some years ago, to his old station of Futtchpore. There he laboured alone. Futtchpore being a civil station, he ministered to the British as well as to the natives; and to the right-minded of the former, his services were always most acceptable. By his untiring energy, and indefatigable industry, he succeeded, chiefly through the contributions of British residents, in building mission-houses, rearing chapels, and planting schools. And what is better, through God's blessing on his faithful, prayerful labours, a native church, numbering several scores, inclusive of men, women, and children, was gathered by him, and carefully nurtured. His work attracted so much attention that about two years ago, the late Hon. W. Colvin, Governor of Agra, visited him, inspected his schools, &c., and expressed the highest satisfaction with all he saw and heard.

In May last, after the terrible massacres at Meerut and Delhi, alarm and panic spread, with electric rapidity, northwards to the awful defiles of the Khyber Pass in Afghanistan, and southward to the Bay of Bengal. On the 24th of that month, the horizon looked so threatening, that the magistrato of Futtchpore advised all European ladies and native Christian females to leave the station for Allahabad. Gopi Nath, deeming it to be a duty to act on the advice, proceeded with his wife and family, together with the wives and children of the native converts to that city—intending to return to his post so soon as he saw them all lodged in the fortress. On reaching Allahabad, however, he soon found the things there looked just as ominously as at Futtchpore; only that at the former, they had the great fortress, which commands the Ganges and the Jumna, to fall back upon. But even the fortress looked as insecure as the city; since it was guarded chiefly by Sheiks, whose loyalty was at that time doubtful, and by a company of the 6th N. L., the very regiment which so soon mutinied and killed their officers—there being in it only sixty or seventy *invalid* Europeans, hurriedly brought up from the Fort of Chunar. Concluding also that, as natives, he and his family might have a better chance of escaping, in the event of an outbreak, if they were outside the fort, he went on the very morning of the day on which the mutiny broke out, and took possession of one of the mission houses on the banks of the Jumna, at a distance of about three miles.

Dr. Duff gives a graphic and vivid account of the flight of Gopi Nath and his wife, and of the trials and sufferings through which they passed. At length they were captured by fierce Mussulmans who began to clamour for their lives and who doubtless would have put them to death, had not God put it into the heart of a Hindoo Goldsmith to shelter them in his house, and to defend them even at the risk of his own life, and the lives of his son and his brother. The letter proceeds:—

In the meanwhile, a Maulavi, or learned Mohammedan, had, in the name of the king of Delhi, proclaimed himself acting ruler of Al-

lahabad and neighbourhood. And, when the goldsmith could protect them no longer from the thousands that sought for their lives, they entreated the infuriated mob not to kill them there, but to take them to their own acknowledged head, the Maulavi, that he might pass on them what sentence he pleased. So eagerly bent were they on their destruction, that it was with extreme difficulty that this request was complied with. Even on their way to the Maulavi, they were again and again on the eve of being butchered. As one who kills a *Kafir* or unbeliever—and all Christians are such in the estimation of Mussulmans—is declared to be rewarded by being carried to the seventh or highest heaven—there was a burning impatience on the part of the phrenzied multitude to earn a share of this transcendent felicity by at once imbruing their hands in *Kafir* blood.

At length, however, they did reach the Maulavi, who had taken possession of a European garden house. There he was seated, like a king on a throne, surrounded by men with drawn swords. Then followed a notable interview, which I shall give as nearly as possible in Gopi Nath's own words:—

*Maulavi*—Who are you? *Gopi Nath*—We are Christians. *M*—What place did you come from? *G*—Futtchpore. *M*—What was your occupation? *G*—Preaching and teaching the Christian religion. *M*—Are you a *padre*? *G*—Yes sir. *M*—Was it you who used to go about reading and distributing books in streets and villages? *G*—Yes, sir; it was I and my catechists. *M*—How many Christians have you made? *G*—I did not make any Christians, for no human being can change the heart of another; but God, through my instrumentality, to the belief and profession of His true religion, some thirty or forty.

On this, the Maulavi lost his temper, and exclaimed in a great rage, "Fy, fy; shame, shame; this is downright blasphemy. God never makes *Kaffirs*, (Christians being such); but you *Kaffirs* pervert the people. God always makes Mohammedans; for the religion of Mohammed, which we follow, is the only true religion."

*M*—How many Mohammedans have you perverted to your religion? *G*—I have not perverted any one; but, by the grace of God, about a dozen Mohammedans have turned from darkness unto the glorious light of the gospel.

Hearing this, the Maulavi's face became as red as hot iron, and he cried out in great wrath, "You are a rogue—a villain. You have renounced your forefather's faith, and became a child of Satan, and have been using your every effort to bring others into the same road of destruction. You deserve no ordinary punishment. Yours must be a cruel death. My sentence, therefore, is, that your nose, ears, and hands shall be cut off at different times, so as to prolong your sufferings. Your wife must be dealt with in the same manner, and your children shall be taken into slavery."

On this, Gopi Nath's wife, with undaunted courage, was enabled to say to the Maulavi, "Since we are to die, the only favour I ask for is, that we be not separated in our death; and that, instead of torturing, you order us to be killed at once."

Evidently taken aback by so unexpected a reply, the Maulavi next asked Gopi Nath if he had ever read the Koran? The answer was, "Yes, I have." "Ah," said he, "but you could not have read it with a view to be profited by it; you can only have been picking out isolated passages in order to argue with the Mohammedans."

After a little further reflection—being evidently puzzled what to do—his final sentence was this:—"Well, out of pity, I will allow you three days to think over the matter; during these days you may have proper help in studying the Koran. At the expiry of these,