

govern the Arabs, and shall be the destruction of traitors. To them he shall be an exterminating sword."

The prophecies may be very like a mad rhapsody, but they have a marvellous tendency to fulfil themselves. That of Sidi Aissa was half-fulfilled by Bou Maza. Every one believes in them. Even those few Arab chiefs whose fortunes are bound up with those of the French, grow pale at the mention of the Moule-Saa. If a whisper vibrates through the tribes that a prophet has appeared, the most lax Mahometan sums up his acts of subservieney to the French as acts of treachery to his religion and his race, and he thinks with terror of 'the exterminating sword.'

"How can you who believe in the Moule-Saa, receive your power from us, and lean on us for support?" asked a French officer of a Caïd, who held his station by means of French bayonets. "Perhaps the Moule-Saa may not come in our time," was the answer. "If he should, we have confidence in your word that you will not forsake us. When you abandon the country you will take us with you. If the Moule-Saa comes we shall certainly see France."

When Bou Maza arose and proclaimed himself the Arab Messiah, Abd-el-Kadar sent secret messengers to compare the features of the pretender with the description of El Benna. If he had been satisfied of the identity, he was prepared to resign to him his command. Abd-el-Kadar believes in the Moule-Saa as implicitly as the meanest Arab. Abd-el-Kadar was the Moule-Drua, the representative of the principle of force. The Moule-Saa is the man of destiny, the agent of Almighty will. Every Arab goes to sleep with the conviction that he may awake to look upon the great deliverer.

From the American Spirit of Missions.

SUFFERINGS OF AN OREGON MISSIONARY.

"PORTLAND, OREGON, June 17, 1856.

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—I have the pleasure of again being able to take a pen in my hand, and write a few lines. While confined to my bed in the hospital in Panama, I dictated a short letter to be written to you, which I hope reached you.

"In the gracious providence of God, I have arrived at the place of my destination, but am not yet able to engage in the duties of my office. Considering, however, what I passed through in Panama, on the awful night of the 15th of April ult., it is wonderful that I am here in Portland, Oregon, and able, with my own hand, to write this letter to you. I arrived here on the 9th instant. My brother and his family arrived here in safety and in health some two weeks previous. We were all of us, from the oldest to the youngest, in imminent danger of our lives, but God has spared the life of every one of us; we, however, lost all our money, and various other things likewise, besides considerable missionary funds intrusted to my keeping, to pay our travelling expenses, &c., by friends of the mission in South Carolina.

"I received my wounds from the mob. I was in the railway depot when the police (it is said by order of the Governor of Panama), after firing volley after volley into it (not a shot having been fired from it, to the best of my knowledge and belief), broke into it, and commenced murdering and robbing as many of the passengers who were in it as they possibly could. In order to escape their hands, I fled from the building, when I fell into the hands of the mob, who quickly surrounded me and endeavoured to kill me. I received, in the first instance, two or three most severe blows with a weapon of wood, having

sharp edges. At the same instant a pistol was fired at me. The ball passed through my body, close to the heart. It passed so close to it, that one of my attending physicians at Panama said to me, the week I left the hospital, 'I look upon your escape as a miracle. The ball passed so near the heart, that it must have passed at the instant of its contraction; for had it passed at its expansion you must have been killed. Just the one-tenth of a second made all the difference in your case between life and death.'

"On receiving the pistol-shot, I fell to the ground as dead, when immediately those who surrounded me drew their long knives and cut up my clothing, and robbed me of all I had about my person. My right hand was likewise most severely burnt with powder, and my left grazed by a ball. The wounds I received have marked me most conspicuously for life, in my forehead, over my right eye, and the backs of both my hands. My right hand, besides the mark of the burn, shows a large quantity of powder remaining in the flesh. I cannot see as well with my left eye as I did before, and the bone of my nose, immediately between my eyes, is beaten in, which prevents me from breathing through my nostrils when I have a cold. For the first two weeks or more after the affair, I could only breath through my mouth.

"All my wounds are healed, with the exception of my pistol-shot one; and that will not be healed for some time. Although my forehead is healed externally, yet, internally, every thing is not in the state it was before I received the blows. In consequence of the feeble state of my body, and the injuries received in my head, I cannot yet engage in the active duties of the ministry. I require, for a season, rest instead of labour. Previous to leaving Panama, my attending physicians gave me the strictest injunctions to make no mental or bodily exertions for a season, after my arrival in Oregon, accompanied with the assurance, if I would do so I should afterwards be able to attend to the duties of my profession.

"The mental effort required to write only the above lines has been almost too much for me,—it has cost me very many hours of preparation, and has made me feel quite unwell in my head. I was compelled to stop in the midst of writing, and rest on my bed for a long season. My fingers are stiff for holding a pen; but I have not lost a finger on either hand,—they are only stiff.

"After I was robbed of all I had about me, I was left for dead on the ground. Here I lay for several hours; at length, with other wounded prisoners, I was carried to a place where my wounds were dressed. The doctor of the steam-ship—the *Illinois*—that I came over in from New York to Aspinwall was at Panama, and dressed my wounds. At first he had not the remotest expectation that I could recover, and he said to me,—'You are a dead man.' I liked his candour, and felt grateful to him for it. After he had dressed my wounds, however, he changed his mind, and considered that there was some prospect of my recovery, with care,—that care I had extended towards me; and, in the all-wise and gracious dispensation of Providence, I have already recovered in a wonderful degree, with the prospect, after an interval of rest, of being able again to engage in the delightful work of preaching the gospel of Christ.

"In reflecting on what happened to me at Panama, I have sometimes feared least the cause of missions in Oregon should be retarded by it. Such, however, ought not to be the case. Let no one who feels it his duty to devote himself to the missionary work