

their children in the seminary has been so great, notwithstanding the strong probability that they will there become Christians, that the mission has resolved no longer to give board to any in their preparatory studies. The parents will bear the expense.

Of books and tracts in the Tamul language, 346,500 copies and 8,947,800 pages were printed the last year; making 14,785,400 pages from the beginning. Three presses are in operation. This mission has been blessed with as many as seven gracious visitations, or revivals of religion, since its commencement. As a consequence of the sixth, 61 were added to the churches; and 77 as a consequence of the last.—*A. B. C. F. M.*

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

INTERESTING REVIVAL.

A Letter dated Island of Oahu, May 1, 1837, says:—

The past year has been one of special blessings with us. All the stations on Oahu, the stations at Hilo, on Hawaii, and the stations at Wailuku on Maui, have enjoyed in some measure the reviving influences of the Spirit. Our protracted meetings have been evidently and signally instrumental of good. At Wailuku, where I am located, we held a protracted meeting in November, and another in March, both of which were well attended, and productive of much good.

In these meetings we adopted no new measures. The state of the people forbids it. But simply and powerfully as we were able, we preached the word from morning till evening, in the house and out of it, in the sanctuary and by the way side. The order of exercise was as follows:—A morning meeting for prayer and conference at sunrise, at which the native church members were allowed to take a part—a meeting at eight o'clock for the children—for whom we make special and separate efforts at these meetings—a sermon at eleven o'clock—a prayer meeting at two o'clock for church members—another sermon at four o'clock, and another at candle-light.

Sometimes a special meeting or two are held for the aged. One of these at our station was one of the most interesting and affecting that I ever attended. About forty

aged people were present; some were almost blind, and some nearly deaf, others were bent to the form of a semicircle with age, and most of them so poor as not to be able to conceal their nakedness. There they were, persons who had lived half a century in the lowest pit of heathenism. Some of them were mothers who had destroyed their own children. Others were men who had fought in the wars of Kalaiopu, Kehekili, and Kamehameha, and they were all familiar with the ancient, foolish, disgusting paganism of the islands. I always find it difficult to communicate truth to these old people, and therefore called Bartimeus, a native Christian of extraordinary attainment—and one or two others, to my assistance. Bartimeus was in his element. His spirit stirred within him, as he arose to address this antiquated group. He took them back to the times of old, pointed them to the absurdities of their ancient belief, to the cruelties of their religious rites, the severities of their tabus, the horrid despotism of their chiefs, and the blackness of darkness that covered them—and then held up in contrast, (with an eloquence too and pathos that would not disgrace the American Senate) the pure, peaceful, holy religion of Jesus, with its elevating hopes and immortal consolations. In short he made one of the best addresses I ever heard in any language. He is a blind man, and the circumstances grouped together, brought to my mind most strikingly the inimitable description of the “blind preacher” in the British Spy. The old people felt the force of what was said. They were melted. Their almost sightless eye-balls, as if restored to youth, sparkled with joy, and plainly indicated the teeming emotions of their hearts, while tears flowed profusely down the furrowed cheeks of several. I could not but say, “It is good to be here.” And my soul did magnify the Lord, while I looked upon this affecting group of ancients, sitting in the very gate of heaven.

One poor old man, I should think eighty years of age, was too full to hold his peace; so, interrupting the speaker, he said, “I have lived in the reign of four kings of dark hearts, and now behold here I am in my old age, in the kingdom of Jesus Christ. They were all bad. He is good—I love him. That is my thought.”

I hope to see some even of these old people in heaven, although it is with them the eleventh hour. My heart yearns over the poor old folks, and I always give them a seat next the pulpit in the meeting-house, so that they may hear.

Yours, &c.

R. ARMSTRONG.