

Missionary Record.

From the Report of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, 1852.

CALCUTTA.

Last year the Society had to record the loss at Bishop's College, of a distinguished servant of the Church—Professor Street. The present Report is of the same melancholy character. A sudden visitation of God has deprived the institution of another valuable member of the college staff, the Rev. Professor Weidemann. The accident is thus related in a letter dated April 7th, 1852, from the Rev. Principal Kay:—

"On Saturday April 3d, he went up in the College dinghy to Calcutta and Howrah,—to the latter place to make some inquiries about the mission affairs, of which I shall probably have to write to you by-and-by. He left Howrah about six o'clock; in about ten minutes after he had got into the middle of the river a very sudden and violent gale—the most violent, I think, that I have known—came across the river, and it would seem from the account of the boatmen, capsize the dinghy at once.

"He was to have preached a sermon in chapel on the text, 'I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished.' It is a very striking sermon, and shows clearly that much of his thoughts had been spent upon death. One who knew him most intimately had observed a more than usual thoughtfulness about him this Lent; and there is comfort in the thought that he has been as truly preparing—let me rather say, prepared—for his end, as if he had been laid on a bed of sickness.

"He had been very diligent during the last eight months in mission matters. The Letter on the Southern Missions, signed G., in the January No. of the *Missionary*, p. 58, and especially the article on 'Catholicism,' in the March No., will show you his practical earnestness. He had intended to spend the Easter vacation in a tour through the Baripur Missions, and had made all his arrangements with the Rev. C. Driberg for doing so."

A letter from one of the Society's missionaries to a friend in England, will show the affection with which the departed Professor was regarded by those to whom he was best known:

"On the very day that I had the pleasure of receiving your most welcome letter, the melancholy tidings of Professor Weidemann's fatal accident also reached me, and I then abandoned my purpose of writing to you by the mail which was just then going out. Ere this reaches, you will have received the most distressing communication of our second visitation. We had recovered from the gloom and sorrow which the removal of dear Street plunged us in, when it has pleased God to afflict us again. May we be enabled to say, *Thy will be done!* I do not know if the coincidence of time will have occurred to you. Poor Weidemann was lost on the very anniversary of the day on which his predecessor was seized with the mortal illness when anchored off Geonakly—the eve of Palm Sunday. Thus in less than a twelvemonth we have lost two valuable men, whose places cannot easily be supplied—our oldest and tried friends. May God, of His infinite mercy, bring good out of this apparent evil! It is of all duties most difficult to persuade one's mind readily to believe that all this happened for our good, though believe it we must. Ever since Street's departure, Weidemann had taken a deep interest in our missions, being solicitous to supply Street's place. It was but two days before his death, when I was at the College, that he arranged to spend Easter week in going all over our missions, in order that he might become personally acquainted with the villages, the readers, and the Christians. He had within the last two or three months organized a conference of the S. P. G. Missionaries that met once a month at the Principal's for the consideration and discussion of all matters tending to promote the growth and stability of the missions; and having recently been appointed the Bishop's deputy in the S. P. G. missions, he devoted a great part of his time to the conscientious discharge of his duties, which he so conducted as to gain the confidence of the Missionaries. . . . But I must not dwell on our sad loss any more; I have no doubt your heart has been lacerated by the heavy tidings which the last mail conveyed."

At the beginning of the present year there were 25 students in residence at the College. Mr. Henry Sells was admitted on Epiphany day (Jan. 6th) to Deacon's orders, and placed by the Bishop in temporary charge of St. Paul's School, Calcutta, until the arrival of the Rector, when on his way from England.

The zeal with which Professor Binney entered on

his office, demands the warm sympathy of the Society. On taking his seat at the council board he delivered a liberal sermon to the missionary cause of a thank offering. In a letter dated 1st May he writes:—

"It is now nearly twenty years since I first trod the grounds of Bishop's College, and was introduced to Drs Hill and Withers. Almost ever since, the conviction has been strong in my mind that this Institution was peculiarly adapted to lead, under God, the work of India's evangelization; and that Bishop Middleton conferred an immense boon on the country by founding it. . . . The students now in college appear to be very exemplary in their character and conduct; and, if I may be allowed to add, the Principal is a blessing to us all. It does one's heart good to labour here. . . . For the students our isolation is a great advantage: and we have a small village at the back where one may occasionally go to speak before unbelievers of 'Christ and Him crucified.'"

Louth's Department.

THE CHILD'S FOOTSTEPS.

BY MRS F. H. EVANS.

THERE is a sound most musical and sweet,

A sound that ever bringeth joy to me,

And thoughts of innocence for angels meet.

The warmest love in all its purity;

Tis the light bounding step, all gay and fleet,

Of happy childhood, with its tiny feet.

No noiseless gliding, as on sin intent.

Nor slow or measured entrance at the door,

Each foot-step, with a music-sequent.

Sounds clear on winding stair or polished floor;

And ere the little dimpled face appears,

The quiet, sweet bound hath charmed away my cares.

Whether in satin slippers delicate,

Or in its native freedom springing by;

If in proud palace halls it petteled state,

Or in the lowly home of poverty;

Alike its buoyant gladness charms the ear,

And bringeth thought of heavenly beauty near.

I wonder not, if, in his lowly guise,

Surrounded by the hardened and the vile,

A sudden splendour lit the Saviour's eyes,

And his lips parted with a holy smile.

When with their upward, sunny gaze drew nigh

The little fearless forms of infancy.

Oh, blessed little ones! Their rosy charms

Leaned on his bosom, all unpalpated by fear,

Serenely resting in his mighty arms

Who framed the glory of each starry sphere,

No thought of evil years for them uprose;

No grief or sorrow to mar their sweet repose.

Then let his lowly followers not disdain

To guard such flower-like beauty for their Lord,

Nor deem the moments wasted while they train

Fair infant minds obedient to His word;

Nay rather let us, as their bloom we view,

Seek our own innocent pleasures to renew.

"SHE DIED LIKE A LAMB."—One cold, dreary day in the month of December, 1850, a city missionary entered a dirty looking house in a court in his district. He groped his way up a dark staircase, and knocked at the door of the top front room. It was opened by a woman who seemed to be under the influence of drink. When a tract was offered to her, she uttered an oath and said, "She wanted bread, not tracts." The missionary told her about the true bread that came down from heaven. While he was speaking, the woman opened the door a little wider, which served to show him that the room was the abode of filth and poverty. The floor and window looked as if they had never been cleaned. There was scarcely any fire in the grate, but a heap of ashes underneath. The furniture consisted of three old chairs, a table, and a bed covered with rags. The missionary's attention was arrested as he cast his eyes upon that bed; for he met the earnest gaze of a little girl, whose flushed cheek and glistening eye plainly showed that disease had marked her as a prey. "Is your child ill?" he asked. "Yes," said the mother; "she is only twelve years old, and they say that she is in a consumption; she is going fast. You may talk to her, if you like. I must go out." The missionary went up to the bed, took hold of the hand of the little girl, and said, "You seem to be very ill. Are you in great pain?" "I am sometimes, sir," she replied, but when I pray to Jesus I do not feel it." "And who taught you to pray?" asked the missionary; for he felt surprised to find one of the Saviour's lambs in such a place. "My Sabbath-school teacher," she replied; and then, in her own simple way, told the visitor that another little girl had taken her about two years before with her to a Sabbath-school; that she there learned to read the Bible and to pray to Jesus; "but O sir," she added, as the tears started from her eyes, "my father and my mother are so wicked I they

drink and swear, and make me so unhappy. Do you pray for them, sir?" "Yes," said the missionary, "we will both pray for them; for God hears prayer, and he can break the rocky heart. He then knelt beside her bed, and breathed the earnest desire of their hearts to God. When prayer was ended, she rose from under the bundle of rags which formed her pillow, a small hymn-book, and read several of the pleasing verses which were cheering the dark passage through which she was passing to glory.

Two days after, the missionary again went up the dark staircase. His heart was happy for he felt that one of his Master's little ones was there. The door was opened by the mother, in whose face he saw the look of grief, the window was darkened, but sufficient light remained to show the small elm coffin, which was placed in one corner of the room, partly covered by a sheet. "What!" said the missionary, "and is she dead?" "Yes," said the mother, "she died the night you were here. I was sitting by the fire, when she asked me to listen to a hymn she was often reading.

"Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne."

Her cough prevented her from finishing the hymn. She lay down upon her bed, and about an hour after, she died like a lamb." While the mother was speaking, the father came in. The missionary told them about their child's concern for their salvation, and asked them if they intended to follow her to heaven. The appeal made them sob bitterly, and they knelt while a prayer was offered in their behalf.

The following Sabbath her body was laid in the grave. Her teacher, and twenty scholars from her Sabbath-school, followed with the mourners; and when the clergyman had finished the burial service, they sang the hymn which ushered her happy spirit into the presence of her Saviour:

"Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne."

My dear young readers, perhaps you have many more blessings than this little girl had. You have kind parents, who want to lead you to Jesus, and to see you happy in him. Your heavenly Father has given you a comfortable home, and a great many things to make you happy. But do you love Jesus? Do you, like this little girl delight in praying to him? Will you seek to meet her in heaven?—*Children's Missionary Magazine.*

Selections.

ANECDOTES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A weekly paper publishes the following anecdote of the late Duke of Wellington from a Correspondent:—

The Duke's manner in society was not so brilliant as Lord Wellington's, and he seldom spoke except to those who were immediately about him. I can remember, however, his describing, apparently with great interest, the circumstances of a young ensign who had been embarked with troops from the Cape, and who, when the medical officer happened to die on board the ship, in which there was great sickness, had taken upon himself the duties, instructing himself, and acting to the best of his abilities. The Duke remarked that he certainly deserved his promotion; admitting, however, that it was very difficult to advance an officer out of his turn; but he hoped that it still might come under Lord Hill's notice.

Speaking of the tree under which he is said to have taken up his position at Waterloo, some one mentioned that it had nearly been all cut away, and that people would soon doubt if it had ever existed. The Duke at once said that he remembered the tree perfectly, and that a Scotch sergeant had come to tell him that he had observed it was a mark for the enemy's cannon, begging him to move from it. A lady said, "I hope you did, Sir." He replied, "I really forget, but I know I thought it very good advice."

On another occasion his deafness was alluded to by Lady A—, who asked if she was sitting on his right side, and if he had benefited by the operations which she heard had been performed, and had been so painful to him. He said, in reply, that the gentleman had been bold enough to ask him for a certificate, but that he had really been of no service to him, and that he could only answer him by saying—"I tell you what, I won't say a word about it."

He sometimes read aloud, commenting upon such works as were interesting to him, and was never seen to lounge about, or to be entirely idle. I have heard that Lord Doury one day found him reading his own early despatches, and that he said, "When in India I thought I was a very little man; but now I find that I was a very considerable man." What greatness there is even in this simplicity.