

as possible an accurate estimate, and still, besides Romanists, there remain 80,000 for whom no place is found in the house of God. To these 80,000 however, totally alienated from all public worship, we must add not a few thousands more, who set not the slightest value on the public ordinances of religion; for we have, in the preceding calculation, supposed that all our places of worship are constantly crowded, which is far from being the case. There are thousands who are giving only an irregular attendance on the means of grace, and who are thus on their way to that condition into which many have already preceded them, of total neglect in reference to all spiritual things. We may safely say, then, that besides 70,000 Roman Catholics, there are 90,000 of our fellow-citizens who stand as much in need of our missionary assiduities, as any objects we can find in Jamaica, or Caffreland, or Calabar.

The wide-spread demoralisation which such an extensive neglect of religion implies, and the serious dangers thence arising, are most imperfectly known to the great body of those who are bound to grapple with them in the use of christian means. The church is sinfully neglectful of the heathenism of the city. Crime and misery naturally betake themselves to seclusion, and are therefore not to be known by any mere passer through the street. These evils must be followed to their haunts and homes, and "sought out" by detailed and diligent search, before they can be effectively alleviated or arrested. It is probably but few of our church-going people who in moving through our crowded population, reflect on the fact, that of every nine men we pass, four are the professed adherents of false religion, or of no religion—that every fifth man we pass is a Roman Catholic—and that every fourth is a despiser of the means of grace. A wide chasm is spreading between the church among us, and these aliens from our christian commonwealth. We have been too easily repelled by the aspect of their physical distress, and have too readily shrunk from their dwellings, where, instead of "the melody of joy and health," we should often be forced to listen to the rude sounds of strife, and blasphemy, and intoxication. With the one and sole cure for all their woes in our possession, we have kept aloof from their homes, where want and fever have been frequent visitors; and meanwhile God has been rendering it impossible for us to "hide ourselves from our own flesh;" for wide as the chasm is between us and those we have been neglecting, it has been crossed by the stern demands upon us, of a pauperism, and the more stern demands of a pestilence, which tell us that those whom we have been forgetting are "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh."—*Jur. Miss. Magazine.*

JAMAICA MISSION.

JAMAICA MISSION, AND LOSS OF THE AMAZON STEAM SHIP.—Ere these pages are in the hands of our young readers, they have probably all heard of the dreadful fate of the steam-ship *Amazon*. This splendid vessel sailed from Southampton on the 2nd of January. She was a perfectly new ship, was well stored with every thing needful for her voyage, and carried altogether 156 souls. A large concourse of persons assembled to witness her departure, and raised three hearty cheers as the gallant ship stood out to sea. But who knoweth what a day may bring forth? She proceeded on her way without accident till Sabbath the 4th January.—"Early in the morning, while it was yet dark," and while the passengers were reposing in fancied security, an officer discovered fire and smoke ascending to the deck. Immediately the alarm bell rung, and the terrible cry of "fire," startled the ear of every sleeper. But a few moments elapsed till the captain and the whole ship's company were on deck. Every effort that skill and promptitude, quickened by the energy of despair, could exert to extinguish the flames, was without effect. The scene of horror that now presented itself baffles description. "The rapidly extending flames—"the stormy wind fulfilling His word"—the darkness all around—the terror-stricken men, women, and children, who now crowded on deck—the shrieks of some who fell into the burning hatchways—the piteous cries for mercy from those who shrunk back from death, and felt it "a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God"—these, and such like details, it sickens the heart to dwell on. The small boats were speedily prepared to be launched on that raging sea; but the eagerness of many to get into them before they were quite free of the ship, only hastened their own destruction. The two boats that were first lowered were immediately upset, and their unhappy occupants found a watery grave. Some of the other boats were, however, better managed: they contained some of the crew of the ill-fated vessel, who, by their skillful seamanship, contrived to make their frail boats rise to the towering billows, and so out-live that terrific night. They were even able to rescue several from the waters, who would otherwise have been lost. The ship still blazed on, and its lurid glare revealed all the horrors of the scene. In the course of a few hours, the fire reached the powder magazine, when part of the vessel blew up with a terrible explosion, and the wreck of the *Amazon* sunk beneath the waves. Of all that company who had left England full of trustful hope in their noble ship, we have yet learned of but 57 who have survived to tell the tale. Of these a party of 25 were picked up by a Dutch vessel, and conveyed to Brest, a town on the French coast, where they were hospitably received and entertained; and 21 in another boat were rescued by an English outward-bound brig, which returned with them and landed them safely in Plymouth harbour. By this sad event many persons have perished, who have left to lament their loss many widows and orphans.

The reason why we have inserted the preceding sad narrative is that

one of our missionaries has, we have no doubt, lost his life in the terrible disaster to which it refers. The Rev. Mr. Winton had been for some months in Scotland, and he and his wife had taken their places in the *Amazon* intending to land at Jamaica. God designed, however, that they should land on a far brighter and better shore, and there is every reason to believe, that through a brief but terrible passage of fire, they ascended into heaven, leaving us to say, notwithstanding the horrors that accompanied their late moments, "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

We wish to guide you to some sound and useful reflection suggested by this event. As it is the part of an atheist, not to see God's hand on the creatures that exist around us, so it is atheism not to see his hand in the events that pass before us. You must remember that providence moves in subordination to the interests of the Church, for providence is in the hands of Christ. It is a system that belongs not only to nature, but to grace, and therefore it cannot but be true, that "all things work together for good to them that love God." This is a high lesson which is taught by grace, higher than any ever taught by nature. It is a lesson too lofty for mere reason, but it is set before the eye of faith. Reason seems to have a piercing eye. Science seems almost to look through the earth, as if it were transparent like the air; and it looks through the air and counts and measures the worlds sprinkled over the sky; but Faith has a more piercing eye, it sees Him who "sits invisible above these orbs." Reason calculates the outward causes of events, but Faith penetrates beyond the second causes, and sees the hand of God controlling all. Men will often tell you of a "philosophy in history"—it is well for you to learn from them all that they can make you understand; but be sure that though you cannot find a philosophy, you may always find a *divinity* in history—that is God speaks as well as acts in providence; and when *He* speaks, you are bound to be still and know that he is God.

Now God has been speaking to us for a series of years, and speaking very plainly, in connection with our missions. And as a kind and wise father, after he has begun to use the rod for the correction of his child, does not cease to use it, until he has in some measure gained his end; so, our Father in heaven, when one admonition fails, often sends another, until his object in the hearts of his children has been attained; and every time he lifts the rod, he seems to say, "why should ye be stricken any more?" In this light we are bound to view that whole train of admonitory facts, to which has now been added the sad termination of Mr. Winton's brief missionary life. His predecessor, for example, found a grave in the broad Caribbean sea.—A hurricane overtook the ship in which he was returning to Jamaica, from another island, on which he had seen a brother missionary settled. That ship was never heard of more. Within a few months three other graves were opened for our missionaries,—two in Western Africa, and one in Caffreland.

Since that time our mission church in Jamaica has been sadly lifting up the cry, "Return, O Lord, how long, and let it repent thee concerning thy servants." Out of seventeen missionaries seven have died and five missionaries' wives—all this within about five years. Little more than two years ago, a few months gave us in Jamaica six graves, in which were laid four missionaries and two missionaries' wives. Since that time Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Winton have been added to the number. In Caffreland, Calabar, and Jamaica, besides the wives of missionaries already referred to, the following missionary brethren have died—the larger number very recently—and all within a period of about five years: Edward Miller, William Jamieson, Jas. Robertson, William Chalmers, William Niven, William P. Young, Thomas Caldwell, John Scott, Thomas P. Callender, Walter Turnbull, David Winton.

In yet another form God has been speaking to the Jamaica churches and to ourselves. In a short time cholera has swept away, it is believed, about 50,000 inhabitants from Jamaica, having greatly thinned some of our missionary congregations; and that desolating plague is, at this moment, working death in the northern region of the island.

Nor is this all; in Caffreland a new war, more terrible than any that has swept over that country before, is at this moment raging.—Our sister church in Caffreland laments and suffers, and "she being desolate, sits upon the ground." Her teachers are scattered and silent. Her hymns are hushed, and instead of "the melody of joy and health," is seen and heard "the battle of the warrior, with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood."

Surely when all this succession of trials has fallen on us as a missionary church, it is needful to pause and look upwards, saying, "show us, O Lord, wherefore thou contendest with us." If we neglect this new admonition, God may soon send us another. When the Jews slew one prophet, and stoned one whom God sent unto them, God sent another to quote the message of the slain messenger, and perhaps to add some new and more tremendous oracle. And when God smites one of our missions and shivers it "like a potter's vessel," if we mark it not as we ought; and when he lays in the grave one missionary after another, almost at the threshold of public life, if we observe it not as we ought, He can easily speak to us with a nearer and louder voice, in some more tragical disaster.

If we use the admonition aright, the correction it has in it will not be against us. Adversity comes to God's people as a "heavy footman," a servant sent down from "the most excellent glory" with this message (and comes with a finger pointing to former adversities), "Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out