

and under any circumstances. Have we wants? He can supply them. Are we in trouble? He can extricate us. Do afflictions press our souls? He can mitigate and remove them. Does sin pollute our joys? With him is the fountain of cleansing. Does Satan vex our souls? He invites us to his arms as our refuge. All relief and every blessing is from God.—*Newton.*

It is pitiable and melancholy to hear with what accuracy a sick man will describe all the marks and features of his disorder—how every passing pain, every change, every symptom, and every fluctuation of health and strength, is treasured up, and amplified and discussed. What a physician does the sick man become in his own case! Nay, with what seeming pleasure does he dwell upon each circumstance!—With what fond and longing eloquence can he explain them because they were his own! But if you inquire into the health of his eternal soul, its sickness, its symptoms, its peculiar constitution, its signs of life and death,—all dumb, all languid, all flat and unprofitable! Before we go further, is not this a sufficient proof that all is wrong,—that the spirit within him has been left to take care of itself, while the heap of dust to which it is attached has excited such an interest, that every grain of it seems to have been weighed and counted! O that it would force itself upon our senses, and burst itself upon our notice! O that this mysterious stranger within us could appear to us in some palpable shape, that we might inspect, and handle, and examine it,—that we might be able to feel the beating of its pulse, and watch the changes of its complexion,—that we might know when it looked pale, and sickly and death-like! and when it wore the fresh and rosy hue of health! But it hides itself from my view; it muddles itself from my observation; and though I can amuse myself with looking at the perishable body in which it is contained through a microscope, and studying its very infirmities with a fond and melancholy delight, I do not feel a sufficient interest in the immortal and unseen spirit within, to follow it into its hiding-places, and pursue it into its recesses.—*Wolf's Remains.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

MISSIONARY PROSPECTS IN CHINA.

THE following letter from Rev. D. Abel, to the Rev. Dr. De Witt, has just been received. It is dated from his new Chinese missionary station:—

KOOLONGSOO, AMOY, March 4, 1842.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I have at last reached the province, whose language I have been learning during the greater part of my missionary life. The Rev. Mr. Boone of the Episcopal Church, and myself, arrived here a week ago, and are already quite at home in our new habitation. Letters from the English Plenipotentiary to the commandant of the station procured for us a very favorable reception. One of the best houses has been assigned us, and all facilities afforded for having it repaired. The Chinese themselves, in connection with the camp followers, have made sad work with the houses—turning many of them into ruins, and leaving the greater part of them without doors or windows, or wood-work of any description, which they could conveniently carry away. But for this unnecessary destruction, there would have been no need of repairs. As it is, our own dwelling can be put in a habitable condition with but little trouble or expence. The island of Koolongsoo, which the English have now in possession, is small, but well situated for missions. In peaceful times it is fully inhabited. The large and populous mart of Amoy, the most commercial city in the province, lies within half a mile of us. We have been invited by the chief man of the place to go with him through the city, which we hope to do before long. The surrounding country we have reason to hope will be accessible to us. If so, who can tell where "the measure of the rule which God distributes to us" will reach? Now my object in writing thus early is to bespeak a supply of laborers. From a recent visit to Borneo, I can speak from a pretty accurate knowledge of the comparative claims of the two fields. As our joint letter informed you, we are all agreed that the Borneo mission ought to be continued and sustained.

But I have no hesitation in saying that China is far more important and promising in every respect. To this unlimited and opening sphere the majority of our best qualified missionaries ought to come. Here we need not go long journeys to find a scanty and scattered population. They press upon us, and can scarcely be excluded from our gates. They have minds, too, to appreciate arguments, and habits favorable to reflection. Zeal and faith and Divine assistance have become the chief requisites for success in this long inaccessible Empire. To say there are more facilities and fewer obstructions, and a far more extensive and promising field here than at Borneo, would be saying but little. In all these respects I know of no heathen country in the world which presents such a demand upon the hearts and energies of the best young men in the church. Another advantage over all other countries in Eastern Asia is the adaptedness of its climate to European and American constitutions. The climate, especially of the northern provinces, is probably as good as any other. I have no doubt I have written all these things before; but I wish to impress them at this time with more power than ever. I want help. I want our Church to enter into this sphere. I know of no place where we are likely to labor with so much effect. Would it not be well to direct the brethren Doty and Pohlman to join me? They are both devoting themselves to the Chinese, and the few thousands of strangers living in different parts of Borneo bear no comparison to the multitude here. I am not selfish in this request. It is my deliberate judgment, and the choice which I should make myself, if I were situated as they are, and knew as much of China as I now do. While together, we were agreed in the belief that they had better remain where they are. But circumstances have changed. China is now partly open, and there is every reason to conclude, it can never be shut as before. Let the Malay missionaries remain there. But let the Chinese come to China. I merely suggest this change, though I am not alone in the opinion here expressed. May God direct you my dear brother, and the members of your Committee, in judging aright of this matter. My health is good. To your family and all our mutual friends, please give my Christian salutation, and believe me your very affectionate,

D. ABEL.

ONE TALENT IMPROVED: OR, THE FAITHFUL DOMESTIC.

DOMITILE B. was educated a Romanist; but while living in the family of a pious lady of Champlain, who frequently read the Bible to her, she became convinced of the sinfulness of her heart, and of the errors of her belief. During the visit of the missionaries from Grande Ligne, Lower Canada, to the town where she lived, the truth was brought home with saving energy to her soul, and she was enabled to confess her full confidence in Jesus as her only and all-sufficient Saviour. Her health had failed in consequence of over-exertion, and she wished to obtain a situation in which she could find some repose for her exhausted frame, and instruction for her thirsting soul. She offered her services to Mde. Feller, the missionary, at extremely low wages, who consented to receive her, having then but little work for her to do. After a short time, however, new members were received into the mission family, and it has continued to increase till the present time, when it numbers between twenty and thirty. Mde. F. urged her, as her task became heavier, to receive higher wages, but she constantly declined, and it was only by positively insisting on it, that she could be prevailed on to accept a higher remuneration, when her work had increased a hundred-fold.

She would frequently come to Mde. F. and say—"It grieves me to take money from you. I do not think I am doing right. It is a little that I can do to show my love and gratitude to my Saviour, that I beg you will let me freely give that little." Mde. F. answered that she thought her scruples unfounded—that she could serve God as acceptably while receiving the means of her own support, and advised her to seek direction in much prayer.

As she continued to urge her request, Mde. F. said, "But what will you do for clothes?" "You will give me what you cannot use," she answered. "But often I am so poor," said Mde. F., "that I cannot supply my own necessities; how

can I give to you in such a case?" "Then," she said, "I can do as you do—when you suffer, I will suffer too. I have no talents, no ability to teach my poor fellow-countrymen. Let me serve God, then, in the only way left me, by serving His children. You will not then be obliged to interrupt your good work of teaching the knowledge of the Saviour, to attend to household affairs. While I prepare food for their bodies, you will distribute to their souls the bread of eternal life." Unable to turn aside the arguments of persevering love, Mde. F. yielded to her request. "Henceforth," she said, "Domitile, you shall be to me as a daughter. What I have I will share with you, and when I have nothing, we will suffer privation together." "Understand me, however, Madam," she said, "I do not in the least change my condition by this arrangement—I am your servant—only your servant still: that is the sphere of duty in which God has placed me, and in it I mean to continue."

From that time her love and fidelity seemed, if possible, to increase. Her toils are very laborious. She is on her feet from morning till night; preparing food for the numerous family, in a kitchen much too small for so large an establishment, and consequently heated to a very high temperature. Sometimes, when it seems impossible for her to complete her day's work, she leaves it for a few minutes and goes aside to pray for strength to accomplish it, lest a failure to do so should oblige Mde. F. to leave her all-important charge to do it herself.

The influence of Domitile over the younger members of the mission family is of the best and strongest character: which is a happy circumstance for them, as they are necessarily thrown into frequent contact with her,—being early taught to render what assistance they can in domestic affairs.

Her daily life and conversation is a model of Christian excellence ever before their eyes.—Prayer is indeed her "vital breath." She almost literally prays "without ceasing." And her whole conduct is a beautiful manifestation of the fruit of that faith which reigns so triumphantly in her heart.

While Mde. F. was sick, her many toils were greatly increased; yet though the invalid could be lodged nowhere but in the garret, and Domitile's peculiar sphere of duty was in the lowest story of the house, she waited on her and nursed her with the tender solicitude of a daughter. When her day's work was finished, she would ask permission: as an especial favor, to come and pray at the bedside of her beloved mistress, who ever found in the humble, fervent, heart-warm supplications of this faithful girl, a comfort and refreshment which few other means brought to her. She would often say to one of the other missionaries—"Who of us is doing so much for the Lord, as this poor girl? A man of the highest genius could not offer more than she does. He could but consecrate his all of talents and faculties to God's service, and this she has done." Happy shall we be if permitted to have a place in heaven next after Domitile.—*Mother's Jour.*

THE WILD MEN OF THE JUNGLE.—In the interior of the Island of Ceylon, there is a tribe of wild men called Veddahs. When first visited by the Wesleyan missionaries they seemed to be the lowest specimen of human nature that had been found in all the dark region of heathenism: It is difficult to see how any thing short of idiocy could place them nearer to the brutes.

The Missionary thus describes them: "They have no knowledge of God, they have never heard of such a being. They wear scarcely any covering, and have no houses. In dry weather they range the Jungle, and often sleep under trees; and in the wet season they creep into caves, or under overhanging rocks. Their beds are a few leaves; they eat with their fingers, with leaves for dishes. Sunk almost to the brute, they live and die like their shaggy companions of the forest. Even on this people the Gospel has tried its power. More than fifty families have permanently settled down, forming two pleasant and now Christian villages. They have school masters and Christian teachers. The gospel has given them improvement in civilization and the comforts of home.

Under the date of July, 1841, the missionary writes, "they have already begun to meet together for prayer, and one has become an exhorter."