

my kind regards and gratitude. The Lord grant you his abundant blessing for your goodness towards me, and hereby towards my congregation.

In Christian and brotherly love, yours,
A. POST."

Russia.

Account of the "Molokaners, or Milk-eaters." Extract of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Roth:—

The Milk-eaters separated themselves from the Greek Communion, avowedly on account of the invocation of saints, the various masses, the worship of pictures and relics, the prescribed use of the sign of the cross, and similar superstitious observances, insisted on by the Greek Church. In short they took conscientious exception against every part of the public worship of that Church, excepting the sermon, which however, (more especially in the country parishes), is almost always omitted as superfluous. After enduring in their birth-place, which was situated in the interior of Russia, unspeakable hardships and oppressions, and seeing, year after year, many of their leaders exiled to Siberia, as obstinate heretics, it was matter of thankfulness to them when the Russian government came to the determination, some eight or nine years since, to banish the whole of this pestilent sect to the Schamachian district in the province of Grusia.

This punitive measure was no doubt meant for their hurt, but God turned it to good, and as, like Israel of old, the more they were oppressed the more they multiplied and grew, the Russian government may well have felt surprise at the amount of immigration to which this sentence of banishment gave rise; for there now exists in that wild region, from sixty to eighty villages containing many thousand families. The *norm* of their faith is simply the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, their hymns are the Psalms of David, and the Bible knowledge possessed by both men and women among them may be justly termed extraordinary. Their public worship commences with the singing of a psalm; then follows an extempore prayer by one of their elders, who afterwards reads and expounds a chapter of the Bible, much in the manner, it would seem, of our Wirtemberg scripture readers.

* * * The children of both sexes are, generally speaking, instructed by their parents, although, where a person fitted for the task can be found in a village, a regular school is maintained. But, however accomplished, the result is a most happy one, since not one child above twelve years of age can be found among this people who does

not possess a competent knowledge of reading and writing, as well as a rich store of Scripture passages committed to memory. In respect of morals, they are so exemplary, that few denominations of German Christians may bear comparison with them. When, for example, a dispute arises between two Molokaners (which is said to be a very rare occurrence), they feel bound in conscience to so literal a fulfilment of the apostolic admonition, "let not the sun go down upon your wrath," that they make a rule of seeking out each other and shaking hands before sunset. A liar or a drunkard is unknown among them; indeed, the majority of them drink no species of fermented liquor (although the use of such is not absolutely forbidden), and hence the appellation of Milk-eaters, by which they are now generally known. Whether this name was at first assumed by themselves, or given in derision by others, I am unable to determine.

India.

The Romanists have long had a mission at Bangalore. The only effects of it which came under my notice were these: one day when entering the pettah, near the fort, I observed a rude erection, something like the booths built by mountebanks in fairs, and on asking what it meant, was told that it was the Christians, who were getting up a play, in connexion with some of their religious feasts. From the hints I received as to the subject, it appeared to be, the holy family, or the Saviour's history. The Romish priests have carried into India the profane habit obtaining in Popish countries, of making the holiest themes of Scripture subjects for the drama, and the Hindus learn to judge of the purity and the dignity of our religion, from barbarous theatricals. One morning in approaching the same gate, I overtook an old man, and began my conversation with him in a way which was very much my custom, by asking, 'Who is your god?' He said *Nanagay Antownay dayvaru*, 'Antownay is my god.' I observed that, of all the gods with whose names I was familiar, I had never heard of that one before, and repeated my question. He simply replied, 'Antownay is my god.' Puzzled, but resolved to learn who this new god was, I said, 'What caste are you of?' 'I am of the Roman caste,' said the man; and in a moment I saw that the strange name was Anthony, that Portuguese saint being a favourite among his fellow countrymen in India. Still it seemed impossible that the man could mean what he had said; and I asked, 'Do you say that he is your god?' 'Yes,' replied this *Christian, Antownay dayvaru*, 'Anthony is God.' I asked, where he was,