

the plain. Not daring to look back, we strained every nerve. The roar of a distant cataract seemed gradually advancing on us—the wind increased—the howling tempest was maddening behind us—and swift winged beetle and healthens instinctively drew their straight lines over our heads. The fleet-bounding antelope passed us also; and the still swifter long-legged hare who leaves but a shadow as he flies! Here was no time for thought—but I recollect the heavens were overcast—the distant thunder was heard—the lightning's glare was reddening the scene—and the smell that came on the winds struck terror to my soul.

The piercing yell of my savage guide, at this moment, came back upon the winds—his robe was seen waving in the air, and his foaming horse leaping up the towering bluff!

Our breath and our sinews, in this last struggle for life, were just enough to bring us to its summit. We had risen from the sea of fire!—"Great God!" I exclaimed, "how sublime to gaze into that valley, where the elements of nature are so strangely convulsed!" Ask not the poet or painter how it looked, for they cannot tell you; but ask the naked savage, and watch the electric twinge of his manly nerves and muscles as he pronounces the lengthened "Hush!—ah!—sh!"—his hand on his mouth, and his glaring eye-balls looking you to the very soul.

I beheld beneath me an immense cloud of black smoke, which extended from one extremity of this vast plain to the other, and seemed majestically to roll over its surface in a bed of liquid fire, and above this mighty desolation, as it rolled along, the whitened smoke, pale with terror, was streaming and rising up in magnificent cliffs to heaven.

I stood secure, but trembling, and heard the maddening wind, which hurled this monster over the land—I heard the roaring thunder, and saw its thousand lightnings flash; and I saw behind the black and smoking desolation of this storm of fire!"—Callin's "Notes of the North American Indians."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE GRAND LIGNE MISSION, LOWER CANADA.

BEREA continues to prosper under the blessing of God; the school is flourishing; ten of the pupils give evidence of conversion. Our courageous sister, Madlle Perrusset, perseveres in her labours in this desert settlement, with increasing zeal and devotedness; full of faith and love, she is scarcely conscious that her life is one of constant self-denial. I have not seen herself this winter, but I have learnt, from those that have visited her, that she begins her school at five o'clock in the morning with a class of male adults, (Catholics) who would be unable at any other time to come and learn to read. They continue till seven o'clock; the children then attend from eight to twelve, and again from one to five. At six in the evening she has another class of adults, and closes the exercise by reading the Scriptures and prayer, which lasts till ten or eleven o'clock. On Sunday she has no school, but devotes the day to visiting the Catholics who inhabit these vast forests.

At some distance from Berea there is a small settlement where the Gospel begins to take effect; Madlle Perrusset often visits it. One day, last autumn, she went there as usual, having no other guide to direct her way than the marks upon the trees, there being no beaten path. She passed the day among the people, happy in finding some well disposed to receive the Word of God. On taking leave of them, she supposed she had time to reach before night; but darkness overtook her on the way—she could no longer distinguish the marks, and lost the track. Perceiving that further attempts to proceed would only lead her more astray, she decided to pass the night where she was, notwithstanding the cold. At that time bears and wolves had been seen in the woods, and their howlings warned her that they were not far off. In spite of all that was calculated to alarm her under such circumstances, she passed this dreary night without suffering the least fear; with her God she felt happy and ready to meet whatever might happen to her. The first dawn of day discovered to her the way, and she reached her home, praising the

faithfulness of her good Shepherd, who had so well protected her.

HENRIETTE KELLER.

ALLAHABAD MISSION.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF THE REV. J. OWEN TO A FRIEND IN BEDFORD, N. Y., DATED SEPT. 19, 1843.

"Dear — has gone before us to our Father's house. May we be ready to follow her when our Saviour shall call us to occupy the mansions that he has prepared for us! Our days of toil will not last very long. But we would not wish them shortened when we see so much to be done. Yet what can we do without Him, and cannot He do all without us? In many, many ways, He is teaching us to do what we do with all diligence, and also that He is able to do without us. In building up his mighty kingdom He renders his glory and wonderful condescensions conspicuous in using as his instruments those who are less than nothing. And yet we are too apt to think that we are of some importance in the Church. How very foolish pride is, and how very right and reasonable is humility. Scarcely any thing tends more to make one feel his weakness than the sight of a heathen world sunk in all that is degrading and abominable, mad on their superstitions, and either giving no heed to the pure gospel that he brings them, or laughing at him as a fool for offering to them Jesus, and him crucified. Hence it is good to go and cast one's self at the feet of an Almighty Saviour, and exercise faith in the power of his arm, which is able to subdue all to himself. "Though the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing, and take counsel together against Jehovah and his Anointed," their devices shall be of none effect when He who has been anointed King of the holy hill of Zion shall arise to scatter his enemies, or make them bow in grateful subjection beneath his sceptre.

When he shall gird his sword upon his thigh, and ascend his chariot to ride forth in his glorious career among the nations, his sharp arrows in the hearts of his enemies will cause thousands of them to fall under him, that thus they may rise to newness of life, and become heirs to immortal glory. What great and glorious things are promised in regard to those poor people. It is well often to look above the things around us, and contemplate the everlasting purposes of God in regard to the salvation of a lost world. Almost every thing around seems dark and discouraging, yet the prophecies of God are encouraging. This dark land of India is to be a scene of amazing displays of God's sovereign grace and saving power. I shall probably not see much of this with my bodily eyes, but I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that his blessed kingdom shall be established on this now polluted soil. His enemies associate themselves, but they shall be broken in pieces; they may take counsel, but it shall not stand, for God is with us. O that I could tell you of many souls recently converted through our instrumentality, as proofs that he is with us. We have to trust in his Word of assurance that he is with us—to the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." And is not this a sufficient ground for faith to rest upon? If we saw proofs of his being among us, perhaps we might be tempted to the exercise of less faith. "Faith is the evidence of things not seen." "It is good for a man to hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God." Prophets and apostles did so, not only in regard to themselves personally, but also in behalf of the perishing Jews and Gentiles. They saw quite as dark and unpromising appearances in the moral world as any we are called to behold. Yet they knew in whom they had believed, and were sure that He who is at God's right hand, head over all things to the Church, would eventually render that Church triumphant, and not suffer the gates of hell to prevail against it. Satan has been very busy among us of late, and almost destroyed the little native church under our care. Some who stood high in their profession of attachment to Christianity have sadly fallen, and given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme. These events I hope may humble us; perhaps they have occasioned some of us to depend more than is right, but I trust they will lead us to the exercise of more care, diligence, faith, and prayer.

During the very hot weather and the former part of the rains, I was not able to do so much; I was weak, and scarcely well any of the time.

I cannot say that I am yet entirely well. . . . Yet I feel strong, and in other respects better than I did some weeks ago. This is the trying season of the year, the season for fevers, when the sun sheds his most sickening rays, and fills the air during the day with vapours from stagnant marshes and decaying vegetation. The nights also are becoming cooler, the contrast of which with the heat of the day tends to create chills. The mornings are delightfully cool and pleasant, but exposure to the sun is unsafe when he is more than an hour high.

MISSIONARIES IN TAHITI.

It is impossible not to admire the resolution and perseverance of those worthy men, who, at the sacrifice of life, health and comfort of every kind, leave their native country, their homes, and friends, traversing the ocean for many thousand miles, from pure conscientious motives, for the sole purpose of benefitting a multitude of benighted human beings, living a depraved life, without law, without morality, and without religion. Mr. Ellis, in his "Polynesian Researches," published after a residence of ten years in the islands of the Pacific, has placed their labours in that favourable point of view which cannot fail to win for them the approving regards of all thinking and reasonable men. Their zeal for the propagation of the Christian religion and morality, was found to keep pace with the docility of their pupils and their desire of knowledge. They found the Tahitians a people of strong natural intellect, and encouraged by the king, Pomare I., they were disposed to gratify the desire for information even beyond the original intention, not only by employing their time in establishing schools for education of both sexes, but by instructing them in the management of property, and in teaching them the comforts it can procure in the articles of clothing, food, and lodging. And let it also be recollected, that they have completely succeeded in abolishing human sacrifices, and the murder of infants, formerly carried to a most lamentable extent; they have prevailed on the natives to destroy every vestige of those stocks and stones to which those sacrifices were made; and they have succeeded in shaming the lower classes of females, inhabiting the ports, from those indecent practices which were encouraged by their communication with the seamen of the whaling ships that frequent those ports.—Edinburgh Review.

THE REV. DR. WOLFF'S MISSION TO BOKHARA. Our letters from Trebizond, to the 29th of November, announce the safe arrival there on the 27th, of this venturesome traveller, from Constantinople. On the 28th he gave a discourse at the British Consulate (where he was most hospitably housed by the consul Mr. Francis Jiff Stevens,) detailing his former and expressing the object of his present journey to Bokhara, and on the 29th he preached a sermon to the European residents and families of the American missionaries. He would proceed on his mission early in December.—Morning Chronicle.

BAPTISM OF A JEW.—On the evening of 24th Dec., a Jew named William Miller, was publicly baptised at St. Jude's Church, by the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, and received into the Church of England. It appeared, from the sermon preached on the occasion, that the convert had been induced to change his opinions at the Institution for the reception of Inquiring Jews, in Richmond-row; and that this was the thirty-eighth convert to Christianity since the time the Institution was founded.

OBITUARY.

DIED.—On the 10th ultimo, at the residence of her father, New Ireland, Megantic County, aged 27 years, MARY EMMA ANN REDFERN, wife of Mr. WILLIAM HARGRAVE. For many years she had been a member of the British Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada. During the last year of her mortal life, she evidently grew in grace, and a preparation for a blissful immortality. She suffered much during the wasting progress of pulmonary affection, but no murmur or complaint was heard from her. After expressing her perfect willingness to leave all things below, she fell asleep in her Saviour, saying, "Come, Jesus—take me now, Lord." She has left a husband and two lovely children to mourn their loss.