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WHOLE No. 636.

Religious Miscellany.

Canadian Boat Hymn.

Air—Canadian Boat Song.
Sweetly let's join our evening prayer,
And give to the winds all earthly care,
We'll sing and row o'er life's rough sea,
We're sailing to eternity.
"Blow breezes, blow the gales of grace,
The haven of glory's our resting place."
The dark's the night in which we sail,
Our Pilot's on board, we cannot fail;
The winds and waves his voice obeyed,
And the great deep by him was made.
"Blow breezes, blow the gales of grace,
The haven of glory's our resting place."
Make, make the port, the tide runs high,
Unfold the white sails, the haven is nigh,
The hills and dales of life look dim,
We'll sing to our friends the farewell hymn.
"Blow breezes, blow the gales of grace,
The haven of glory's our resting place."
And when the port of glory's gained,
And full redemption we've obtained,
With spirits and angels we will sing
The glories of our God and King.
"Blow breezes, blow the gales of grace,
The haven of glory's our resting place."

Palestine.

Stanley—the most picturesque writer on the Holy Land—gives an idea of the very remarkable scenery of Palestine. It is most peculiar, different in many respects from any other, yet not less wonderful for this reason. From almost every point in the country its whole breadth is visible, from the long wall of the Moab hills on the East, to the Mediterranean Sea on the West. Two voices are there—one is the sea. One of the mountains, and the close proximity of each—the deep purple shade of the one, and the glittering waters of the other—makes it always possible for one or other of those two voices to be heard now, as they were by the Psalmists of old. "The strength of the hills is his also; the sea is His, and He made it."
"I have set Jerusalem in the midst of the nations and countries that are round about her; Palestine was then the vanguard of the eastern, and, therefore, of the civilized world, and stood midway between the two great seats of ancient empire, Babylon and Egypt. It was on the high road from one to the other of these mighty powers, the prize for which they contended, the battle-field on which they fought, the high-ridge over which they ascended and descended respectively into the deep basins of the Nile and Euphrates. The battle in which the latest hero of the Jewish monarchy perished, was to check the advance of an Egyptian King on his way to contest the empire of the then known world with the King of Assyria, at Carthage. The whole history of Palestine, between the return from the captivity and the Christian era, is a contest between "the Kings of the North and the Kings of the South"—the descendants of Seleucus and the descendants of Ptolemy for the possession of the country. And when at last the West began to rise as a new power in the horizon, Palestine, as the nearest point of contact between the two worlds, becomes the scene of the chief conflicts of Rome with Asia. There is no other country in the world which could exhibit the same confluence of associations, as that which is awakened by the rocks which overhang the crystal stream of the Dog River, where it rushes through the ravines of Lebanon into the Mediterranean Sea; where side by side are to be seen the hieroglyphics of the great Rameses, the cuneiform characters of Semnachib, and the Latin inscriptions of the Emperor Antoninus.
We have in the sacred history the life of a Bedouin tribe, of an agricultural people, of seafaring cities; the extremes of barbarism and of civilization; the aspects of plain and of mountain; a tropical, of an eastern, and almost of a northern climate. In Egypt there is a continual contact of desert and cultivated land; in Greece there is a constant intermixture of the views of sea and land; in the ascent and descent of the great mountains of South America, there is an interchange of the torrid and the arctic zones; in England there is an alternation of wild hills and valleys, with rich fields and plains. But in Palestine all these are combined. The patriarchs could here gradually exchange the nomadic life for the pastoral, and then for the agricultural, passing almost insensibly from one to the other, as the desert melts imperceptibly into the hills of Palestine. Ishmael and Esau could again wander back into the sandy waste which lay at their very door. The captives could still be sent from the temple-courts into the unshaded wilderness. John, and a greater than John, could return in a day's journey from the busiest haunts of men into the solitude beyond the Jordan. The sacred poetry which was to be the delight and support of the human mind and the human soul in all regions of the world, embraced within its range natural features of almost every country. The venerable poet of our own mountain regions used to dwell with genuine emotion on the pleasure he felt in the reflection that the psalmists and prophets dwelt in a mountainous country; & devotions of our great maritime empire find a natural expression in the numerous allusions, which no inland situation could have permitted, to the roar of the Mediterranean Sea, breaking over the rocks of Acre, and Tyre. There was the earthquake, and, possibly, the volcano. There was the hurricane with its thick darkness and the long continuous roll of the oriental thunderstorm. Palestine is not merely a mountainous country, but a mass of mountains.
The approach to Palestine (from the desert)—nothing can be more gradual. There is an interest in that solemn and peaceful landscape, of one like the striking passage in Thabala describing the descent of the mountains, with the successive beginnings of vegetation and warmth. Most striking anywhere would have been this protracted approach to land, after that wide desert-sea; these sands and plants, as it were, drifting to meet us.
Rounded hills, chiefly of gray color—gray partly from the limestone of which they are

formed, partly from the tufts of gray shrub with which their sides are thinly dotted, and from the prevalence of the olive, their sides formed into concentric rings of rock; valleys, or rather the meetings of these gray slopes, with the beds of dry water-courses at their feet—long streets of bare rock laid, like flagstones, side by side along the soil—these are the chief features of the greater part of the scenery of the historical parts of Palestine. In the spring the hills and valleys are covered with their grass and aromatic shrubs. But they also glow with what is peculiar to Palestine, a profusion of wild flowers, daisies, the white flower called the star of Bethlehem, but especially with a blaze of scarlet flowers of all kinds, chiefly anemones, wild tulips, and poppies. Of all the ordinary aspects of the country, this blaze of scarlet color is perhaps the most peculiar; and to those who first enter the Holy land, it is no wonder that it has suggested the touching and significant name of the "Saviour's blood-drops."

Advice on Preaching.

In the official charge of Rev. W. W. Stamp (ex-president of the British Conference) at the ordination of the young ministers the present session, we find the following forcible passage which all our youthful preachers would do well to ponder:

There are two modes of setting forth the doctrines and duties of our holy religion which you will do well to avoid. Some preach before their congregation, their professed elucidation of divine truth being mainly a display of critical argument, of historical research, of learned lore, of mental superiority. All such display must be avoided. Whatever borders upon ostentation, or the mere setting forth our own attainments or skill, is in the pulpit altogether out of place. With the great Apostle Paul, your motto must ever be, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." In you and through you Christ must himself be seen and heard. Some preach at their people, their observations in the pulpit often assuming a painfully personal character. This, too, must be avoided, not only as discursive and unjustifiable, but as indicating a want of true fidelity and manliness; taking an undue advantage, and gratifying, it may be, propensities and feelings wholly inconsistent with your high position. Sin must, indeed, be denounced. Truth must be set forth, that each individual concerned may receive the word as specially addressed to him; but all directly personal allusions are wrong. Yours it must be to preach to the people of your charge. To instruct, to reprove, to rebuke, exert with all long-suffering and doctrine," regarding them as, equally with yourselves, sinners before God, equally needing the salvation you proclaim; taking the same temptations, and conflicts, and sorrows; entitled to the same high enjoyments and hopes; heirs together of eternal life. Greatly diversified as to their state and character, the varied classes of your hearers must be suitably addressed, and a portion given to each. The formalist must be aroused, the mourner cheered, the faint-hearted invigorated, the Church at large built up in her most holy faith. And this must be done with all fidelity and earnestness; your enforcement of divine truth must be uncompromising; your denunciation of that which is evil must be bold and fearless. "Whether men will hear, or whether they forbear," it must be yours to declare the whole counsel of God, keeping back no part of that counsel; accommodating no portion thereof to the depraved and sensual inclinations of men, but testifying against formalism, worldliness, and sin in every form and under every guise; warning every man, and teaching every man, that you may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.

Lost in the Catacombs.

A bold adventurer once undertook to explore the catacombs of Rome, those gloomy caverns of darkness and death into which the most daring enter with misgivings. In order to render his return perfectly safe, he fastened a thread at the entrance, and taking a torch in one hand, and this thread in the other, he set out alone on his explorations. Being led on by the objects of curiosity and interest that met him at every step, before he is aware of it, he is far in these deep caverns; while his mind is so taken up with the strange scene that surrounds him, that he forgets all else, when suddenly his foot slips, he stumbles, the torch falls from his hand, the string slips from his fingers. Now total darkness surrounds him, and in vain he feels for the thread. What can he do? If he attempts to make himself heard, his voice will not reach half way to the entrance; if he attempts to retrace his steps, he will lose a thousand ways to which he has turned, and but one that will lead him out, every step may be taking him further away, while at any moment he may plunge into some deep chasm. It is said, that he was so overcome by the hopelessness of his condition, that he fell to the ground insensible.
After some time he comes to himself, when, to his great joy, he feels something in his hand; it is the lost string he had grasped in his agonies. Hopefully he bounds up, and, slowly and cautiously, threads his way, following wherever his little guide may lead. At length a faint light is seen in the distance; his guide has quickened him. Joyfully he presses onward, with quicker step and firmer tread as the light increases, until he is soon greeted by the "laughing sunbeams" of a bright day.
Kind reader, does not our pathway of life lead through "catacombs" of death, over which sin has thrown a darker pall than that which covers the catacombs of Rome? "What am I? whence? and whither go?" are questions that every thinking soul has propounded to itself. Reason can give no answer; it dimly points out an eternity behind, an eternity before; but it can tell me nothing about that eternity, or what will be my condition there should I reach it. It is true there is a voice within that whispers "Immortality," but it whispers only to condemn. But all thanks to God, He has not left us without light on such important questions, but has given us a torch by whose light we may safely make our way through the tombs and darkness of earth to a brighter world. In His hand He also holds a thread which has followed us through all the shifting scenes of life. His Holy Spirit would ever draw us back to Him. When first our childish feet tread the

paths of vice, we felt it check us; a thousand times through life we have felt it gently draw us heavenward, as if to say, "Sinner, return, why will you die?" Have any of us been so taken up with the pleasures or cares of this world, with the many objects of apparent interest that meet us at every step in life, that we, too, have stumbled and dropped our torch in this dark world of sin? Has our Bible been neglected? Can we find no time to read and study, if? no time to attend the house of worship?

Then darker by far, is our way, and a thousand times more dangerous every step we take, than would have been those of the torments man in the catacombs. Are we losing our interest in matters of religion? Does the Spirit seldom warn us? Can we sin with less compunction of conscience than formerly? Oh, let us beware! these are fearful indications; that thread will finally run out; it may follow us to the end of life, it may not; "My spirit will not always strive." If that Spirit leave us, and we have lost ourselves in God's Word, then there are no other guides that can lead us out of the darkness of sin into eternal day. Reader, if we travel without these, we must soon plunge into the darkness of eternal night. Sin has dug many deep chasms between earth and heaven, across which we can never make our way without these guides. Then let us turn and follow them while we may; they will not mislead us; and soon the light may dawn on a new-born soul, and we may be led to rejoice that we have escaped eternal death.

Hymn from the German.

We find in the Lutheran Standard the following fragment of a hymn by Lange, translated from the German:
Our beloved have departed,
And we tarry, broken-hearted,
In the dreary, empty house.
They have ended life's brief story,
They have reached the home of glory,
Over death victorious.

Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly;
On we travel, daily, nightly,
To the rest that they have found.
Are we not upon the river,
Sailing fast to meet forever
On more holy, happy ground?

On we haste, to home invited,
There with friends to be united
In a sure and hand that never
Meeting soon—and meet forever!
Glorious hope! forsake us never,
For thy glimmering light is dear.

Al! the way is shining clearer
As we journey, ever nearer
To the everlasting home,
Comrades! who await our landing,
Friends! who round the throne are standing,
We salute you, and we come!

Religious Intelligence.

France.

PARIS.—The spirit which pervaded the annual meetings was good and prayerful. Steady progress, both in results and funds, have marked the course of the various societies during the twelvemonth.

The French and Foreign Bible Society held its anniversary on April 10th, under the presidency of Pastor G. Monod, whose opening speech made a deep impression.

The general conference treated subjects of the greatest importance, one of which was—Is there an infallible authority? and where? The answers were so strongly evangelical that none of the Rationalists protected against the clear declarations by pastors Grandpre, E. de Pressac, Rognon, and others; yet, there is an infallible authority, and it is the Bible. Other topics were,—The doctrines which produce good works;—Military exemption from forced participation in Roman ceremonies;—and, "The causes which prevent France from participating in the reviving grace bestowed on other lands."

M. Triet offered his gymnasiun, gas-lit to the roof, freely for the meetings, which, wonderful to say, were authorized by the government for French and English. Herz's concert-room was used alternately with the gymnasiun, and papers distributed, and bills posted on the walls, brought in many, who otherwise would probably never have come under the sound of the gospel. It was indeed something new to see throughout Paris, for three weeks on the walls, in glaring French characters, after the announcement of days and hours,—Free admission. All are invited to come. The subject of the discourse will be the GREAT LOVE OF GOD. "Herein is love, and that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another"—(1 John iv. 10, 11). Surely the power of faith and prayer was rarely brought out so strongly, as when a French audience of thoroughly mixed character, could listen to the translation, paragraph by paragraph, of an Englishman's discourse, surging into intense interest, and interest softening down into emotion, until the hymn—
"Just as I am."

of which there is an admirable French version, "There is fountain filled with blood," was irresistibly joined in, and private conversation was solicited, leading, in repeated cases, to an open confession of Christ on the spot. A policeman, on duty, said to a military officer, "Oh, if these meetings were only multiplied, we should soon have no one in prison!" The conversions, after the address, and more public part of the devotional proceedings, appear to all who have joined in them, a most happy innovation, and pregnant with mighty results. Some of the French pastors have already adopted the plan after their usual service.

The Christians of the capital who have been for so long past praying that Paris should come into remembrance before God, and receive the blessing granted to more northern cities of Europe, were scarcely ready to receive what they asked for. It came in an unlooked-for way. It was like a stream of warm air from a more genial climate, floating into our cold atmosphere. Some already prepared by close communion with

God, and by what they had seen or heard of in America or Scotland, glowed at once with delight; others have been longer in experiencing its quickening power, but are at length rejoicing. There are still some frozen ones, but were a man in a mountain of ice (as Bunyan has it) yet if the Sun of righteousness will arise upon him, his frozen heart shall feel a thaw.

The Bishop of Jerusalem.

On Sunday, the Right Reverend Dr. Samuel Gobat, who has recently arrived in England, advocated the claims of his diocese fund in Charlotte-street Chapel, Pimlico, of which his chaplain, the Rev. W. J. Veitch, M. A., is the Minister. It appeared from his lordship's statements, and from papers circulated with reference to the Mission Fund, that it was established as a meeting held at the residence of the Prussian Minister on the 17th of September, 1852, when there were present the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prussian Minister, the Earl of Chichester, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M. P., the Rev. Prebendary Venn, Capt. Trotter, R. N., and other gentlemen. The income now amounts to about £1,300 a year, a very small fund when compared with the great objects the Bishop desires to accomplish. The Bishopric in Jerusalem was founded by the King of Prussia, in conjunction with the Queen of England. During the brief episcopate of Bishop Alexander, a community in Lebanon prayed to be admitted into the communion of the English Church, but this request the Bishop felt compelled to decline. When the present Bishop arrived, he discovered that the character and disposition of the people had undergone a signal change since his previous visit to them, twenty years before. Formerly they cared not for the Bible, or for Christianity, or for knowledge. Now they willingly received the Scriptures. Ere long, Nabous (Sychar) took the lead, and sent a deputation to the Bishop at Jerusalem, to declare their fixed determination to separate themselves from the communion of the Greek, and beg him to receive them into the communion of the English Church. This the Bishop refused. After the lapse of four months they returned again, asking for the establishment of a school. He directed them to petition the Greek Patriarch at Jerusalem, who twice refused the prayer of the petitioners. Then the Bishop granted their request, and purchased at his own expense premises for a school, which was placed under the superintendence of a member of the Greek Church. The first examination of the school at Nabous, attracted so much notice, that applications immediately poured in for similar institutions from Tiberias, Nazareth, Jaffa, Gaza, Ramleh, Bethlehem, Kerak, (an important fortress on the cliffs which overhang the Dead Sea,) and from Salt, on the eastern side of the Jordan—the Ramoth-Gilead of Scripture. It was to encourage such schools, to provide instructors with books, to aid the pilgrims who flocked to Jerusalem—frequently as many as 10,000 Christians a year, in addition to Jews and Mohammedans—and for other similar objects, that the Bishop asked for aid toward his "Diocesan Fund." His appeal was warmly responded to, and it is understood to be his lordship's intention to hold meetings throughout England during the year, in order that he may make the circumstances of his diocese fully known.—*Watchman.*

Caravan of Rescued Christians.

The arrival at Beyrout of the first caravan of rescued Christians from Damascus is reported in the *Times* paper, dated Beyrout, August 8th:—"They left Damascus on Thursday at noon—a column chiefly composed of women and children, and variously estimated at from 2000 to 3400 souls; for the Turkish authorities had provided cattle for the conveyance of 15,000 persons, but many travelled on foot, or on beasts of burden of their own or friends. They were widows and orphans whose husbands fathers, and brethren had all been slain before their eyes, with every indignity and cruelty the most barbarous fanaticism could devise, and whose most comely maidens had been sold to gratify the brutal lusts of filthy Arabs. Nearly all were afflicted with ophthalmia; five women had died on the journey, and one was taken in labour. Babies might be seen striving to suck food from breasts that were dried up. Young children were so dirty, so disfigured by sores on their faces settled continually, as to be loathsome to look upon. Old men and women tottered under doorways, and sunk down exhausted, heedless of the crowd that pressed upon them, looking like so many bundles of dirty rags, and incapable of reaching out their hands to take the water for which they famished."

Visit of a Missionary.

One of the most successful female missionaries on record has just paid a visit to Montreal. We allude to Miss Fisk, of the Persian Mission to the American Board. When this lady went to Oromiah, 17 years ago, to labour as a teacher among the Nestorian women, there was not one who had any just conception of the truths of the Gospel; and when she left last year, to re-visit her native land, she had the inexpressible pleasure of partaking of the communion with 98 women, mostly her own pupils, many of whom are teachers in various parts of that country. Miss Fisk addressed the children of the American Presbyterian and Congregational Sabbath Schools, in a singularly interesting and happy manner, besides recounting portions of her missionary experience to several select assemblies of adults, all of whom were well acquainted with the truths of the Gospel, and who were respectively designated:—The Rev. Townsend Stone, B. A., of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, proceeds to Lucknow; the Rev. William Hooper, B. A., of Wadham College, Oxford, proceeding to Colombo; the Rev. Thomas Stringer, M. A., of Brazenose College, Oxford, late Curate of Compton Bishop, Somerset, proceeding to Hong Kong; the Rev. J. Wolfe proceeds to Pouchou, China; the Rev. John Sharp, B. A., of Queen's College, Oxford, proceeding to the Telugu Mission, South India; the Rev. J. Whitechurch, proceeding to Timnevelly.—*ib.*

Church Missionaries for India and China.

The Church Missionary Society have engaged the following gentlemen for Missionary work, who will forthwith proceed to the stations for which they are respectively designated:—The Rev. Townsend Stone, B. A., of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, proceeds to Lucknow; the Rev. William Hooper, B. A., of Wadham College, Oxford, proceeding to Colombo; the Rev. Thomas Stringer, M. A., of Brazenose College, Oxford, late Curate of Compton Bishop, Somerset, proceeding to Hong Kong; the Rev. J. Wolfe proceeds to Pouchou, China; the Rev. John Sharp, B. A., of Queen's College, Oxford, proceeding to the Telugu Mission, South India; the Rev. J. Whitechurch, proceeding to Timnevelly.—*ib.*

The Bishop of London on Education and Home Missions.

The Bishop of London has addressed the following letter to the laity of his diocese:—"Notwithstanding the great efforts which have for some years past been made for the extension and improvement of elementary education throughout the kingdom, the metropolis, considering the vastness of its population, is still so deficient in the number and quality of its schools, that the committee of the London Diocesan Board have requested me to bring the subject before the laity as well as the clergy of the diocese. The great object of the London Diocesan Board of Education is to enable schools in poor localities to qualify themselves for receiving Government aid. The operations of this Board have extended over 22 years, during the whole of which period it has laboured unostentatiously, but zealously and effectively to promote the religious and moral well-being of the rising generation. Within the last seven years it has annually inspected upwards of two hundred schools, and has succeeded in raising upwards of a hundred from a state of lamentable inefficiency to a standard high enough to satisfy the Queen's inspector, and to obtain the valuable aid afforded by the State. The efforts of the Board are rendered more necessary by the recent diminution of the Government grants, and the committee are continually receiving urgent and important applications from the eastern and other poor districts of the metropolis for aid in building, enlarging or repairing school-rooms, in securing competent teachers, and improved school-books, apparatus, as well as in establishing evening schools, for young persons, whose education has been neglected. It is to meet these numerous applications, and to bring elementary education into a state more worthy of this metropolis, that your contributions to the funds of the Board are now earnestly requested.—(Signed) A. C. LONDON.—16.

Loss of the Maronites.

Le Monde of Paris gives the following losses suffered by the Maronites:—1. Schools destroyed, twenty-eight. 2. Scholars in these schools, eighteen hundred and thirty. 3. Churches torn down, five hundred and sixty. 4. Convents burned, forty-two. 5. Villages destroyed, with the loss of animals, three hundred and sixty. 6. Religious establishments belonging to Europeans, nine. 7. Harvests lost: all the cereals, silk, mulberry-trees, etc., which Mount Lebanon produces, from the district of Mout to the plains of Nazareth; an extent of country, 120 kilometers in length, and about 50 in breadth. All the harvests of the garden of the plain of Coelo Syria—this is to say, an extent of country 100 kilometers by 16. Also all the products of anti-Lebanon, from the town of Hama to Hauran, which embraces 220 kilometers in length, by more than 80 in breadth. All the harvest of Hauran, the richest part of all Syria, 120 kilometers by 80, which makes a total of 116,300 square kilometers, where all kinds of produce and buildings have been utterly destroyed.

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Le Monde of Paris gives the following losses suffered by the Maronites:—1. Schools destroyed, twenty-eight. 2. Scholars in these schools, eighteen hundred and thirty. 3. Churches torn down, five hundred and sixty. 4. Convents burned, forty-two. 5. Villages destroyed, with the loss of animals, three hundred and sixty. 6. Religious establishments belonging to Europeans, nine. 7. Harvests lost: all the cereals, silk, mulberry-trees, etc., which Mount Lebanon produces, from the district of Mout to the plains of Nazareth; an extent of country, 120 kilometers in length, and about 50 in breadth. All the harvests of the garden of the plain of Coelo Syria—this is to say, an extent of country 100 kilometers by 16. Also all the products of anti-Lebanon, from the town of Hama to Hauran, which embraces 220 kilometers in length, by more than 80 in breadth. All the harvest of Hauran, the richest part of all Syria, 120 kilometers by 80, which makes a total of 116,300 square kilometers, where all kinds of produce and buildings have been utterly destroyed.

men being found daring enough to attack him in front, and by any other way it would take a body of men hours to work their way, even in daylight, over the granite rocks, which, sea-worn and honeycombed to their very summits, are evidently of volcanic origin.

"During the day, the general was very much engaged, but towards evening he mixed with his friends, and conversed freely; and when by ourselves, in his own room, feeding the fire with coals—his only fuel—he spoke festively and warmly of the British people, and of the stand made by Lord John Russell in favour of the Island, and variously estimated at from 2000 to 3400 souls; for the Turkish authorities had provided cattle for the conveyance of 15,000 persons, but many travelled on foot, or on beasts of burden of their own or friends. They were widows and orphans whose husbands fathers, and brethren had all been slain before their eyes, with every indignity and cruelty the most barbarous fanaticism could devise, and whose most comely maidens had been sold to gratify the brutal lusts of filthy Arabs. Nearly all were afflicted with ophthalmia; five women had died on the journey, and one was taken in labour. Babies might be seen striving to suck food from breasts that were dried up. Young children were so dirty, so disfigured by sores on their faces settled continually, as to be loathsome to look upon. Old men and women tottered under doorways, and sunk down exhausted, heedless of the crowd that pressed upon them, looking like so many bundles of dirty rags, and incapable of reaching out their hands to take the water for which they famished."

"Being anxious to scrape acquaintance with Pio Nono, and to redeem a promise I had made to a friend, I found the celebrated little gentleman scratching his long ears; but when I looked at his other end I could not find it in my heart to extract a single hair. Poor little fellow, he had, or a small donkey for so world-wide a name; and Tam O'Shanter's mare Greg brought her rider safely over the Brig O'Doon with as much of a tail to swear by. His, or rather her brother was not there; possibly, as the English in Naples have named him Lord Robert Montagu, he may have gone to England on a visit to his name-father, to obtain the usual candle gift given at christenings.

"Senora Teresa, the general's daughter, is a very pleasant and unaffected young lady, but she speaks no English, neither does her brother Memmo; he is taller than his father, has very much the look of a fine young sailor in his red shirt, and bronze, not dark complexion; he bids fair to be a very strong man, is now twenty years of age, and you are aware has already distinguished himself in the late campaign. Nothing pleased me more than his modesty and self-possession in the various circumstances which I saw him placed in among his father's friends, both at home and elsewhere. When I left the general he bade me assure my friends that he trusted in better times to come among them and thank them for what they had done for his country; and to thank Joseph Cowen and the men of Newcastle for his sword and the telescope, which he has used through all his battles. I will reserve his remarks on the present circumstances of Europe for the consideration of the committee for whom I am acting; suffice it for the public that he is anxious, but hopeful. And it is to be hoped that the British friends of the great man, who must assist him in the coming struggle, will forego little differences of opinion, and fight shoulder to shoulder, for all will be needed in the coming death struggle of European despotism."

British Guiana as a Cotton Growing Country.

A professional gentleman, who a short time ago left this town to enter upon the duties of an important appointment in the island of Essequibo, writes as follows:—"I wish to draw your very special attention at the present time to the resources of this colony for the growth and cultivation of cotton. Though it will continue the sugar growing colony of Great Britain, just as its mighty neighbour in the south is destined to become the coffee growing country of the world, British Guiana has unlimited resources for the growth of cotton. Millions of the finest acres are waiting its growth. The seaboard of Guiana, as is well known here, is lying fallow for the return of the cotton planters who once lived there; and Hog Island, in the Essequibo, an island large as Barbados, at present in bush, was two sugar estates, is capable of growing cotton equal to St. Lucia cotton in quality. The cotton plant grows wild here, and why should it not be cultivated? We only need labourers and capitalists with this object. Why should not Liverpool and Manchester form a cotton growing company for this purpose? It is true that the labour must be imported, but a brisk flow of immigration from Africa and Hindostan would people the cotton estates for a labour. Consider the great advantages in the home market of obtaining cotton easily so near, the facilities with which it could be sent home, and the shortness of the voyage. Freight could at all times be got with this increased trade, and coals, calico, and beer are always in increasing demand. It is well to look the world over for cotton fields, but the eye appears to have passed by British Guiana because the head is accustomed to it with sugar only. Accustomed will grow in it; and a more valuable produce could not be introduced on the large scale. It is easy of culture, and furnishes a large harvest. Its quality would always command the market. I am delighted to think that Mr. Time, during his short visit to his valuable estates here, has introduced the coco and the vanilla as articles of produce. Both are admirably suited for the soil and climate of Demerara; and it should be better known that the British rule extends over a land so near, possessing such natural richness."

Female Education in India.

The Female Missionary Intelligence gives the following view of recent efforts for the instruction of Hindu females:—"Efforts for the instruction of the secluded ladies in the Zenanas are carried on by more than one of the Society's correspondents; each of whom has had some encouragement to cheer her on, although the difficulties of the work are necessarily very great. In one district, heathen gentlemen themselves invited native Christian agency to carry on a school for their daughters. From another, a Missionary lady writes:—"There is much more doing among the females of this country than even people in Calcutta have any idea of; yet, on asking a Hindu gentleman why the women of his house were not taught to read, she received this reply:—"They no learn—they stupid. You see her," pointing to his wife, "she heath, she never learn." Christian perseverance, however, triumphed, and three times a week eleven ladies, in that very house, receive instruction in those truths which alone can make them wise unto salvation. An educated native, writing to a Missionary friend in England, says—"The

middle and rich population of Calcutta have begun to teach their females, either by private teaching, or in private schools. You will be glad to hear of several cases that have happened in rich families in Calcutta, concerning the marriage of their daughters. The rich educated natives were disinclined to marry them, because they were ignorant; so now it has been felt that females ought to get education."

Remedies for Dyspepsia.

Hall's Journal of Health says:—"There are some general principles of cure applicable to all, and which will seldom fail of high advantage."
1. The entire body should be washed once a week with soap, hot water and a stiff brush.
2. Wear woollen next the skin the year round, during the day-time only.
3. By means of ripe fruits and berries, coarse bread and other coarse food, keep the bowels acting freely once in twenty-four hours.
4. Under all circumstances, keep the feet always clean, dry and warm.
5. It is most indispensable to have the fullest plenty of sound, regular, connected and refreshing sleep, in a clean, light, well-aired chamber, with windows facing the sun.
6. Spend two or three hours of every forenoon, and one or two of every afternoon, rain or shine, in the open air, in some form of interesting, exhilarating and unwearied exercise. Walking with a cheerful and entertaining companion is the very best.
7. Eat at regular times, and always slowly.
8. That food is best for each which is most relished, and is followed by the least discomfort. What has benefited or injured one is no rule for another. This eighth item is of universal application.
9. Take but a teaspoonful of any kind of drink at one meal, and let that be hot.
10. Confine yourself to coarse bread of corn, rye or wheat—to ripe, fresh, perfect fruits and berries in their natural state—and to fresh, lean meats, broiled or roasted, as meat is easier of digestion than vegetables. Milk, gravies, pastries, heavy hot bread, farinas, starches, and greasy food in general, aggravate dyspepsia by their constipating tendencies.
11. It is better to eat at regular times as often as hungry, but so little as to occasion no discomfort whatever.
12. Constantly aim to divert the mind from the bodily condition, in pleasant ways; that is half the cure in many cases."

Economy of Space in Steam-Engines.

Many of the inventions pertaining to the steam-engine, which have been brought forward of late years, have been specially directed to the economy of space. The tubular boiler is a contrivance for that end, offering, within the same bulk, a greater surface to the action of the heat on one side, and of the water on the other, than any other form of boiler. In marine engines this economy of space has a special value and importance. The direction which invention has taken, with a view to this economy, is shown in the numerous expedients for the direct action of the piston-rod upon the crank of the paddle-wheel, or of the screw propeller, without the intervention of the beam. A rotary steam-engine, if one could be contrived, whose rubbing surfaces were perfectly steam-tight and durable, would effect a remarkable economy of space, and would be better calculated than any other to drive a screw propeller. Nor is this problem less likely to be solved now than that a gain of power is no longer looked for from the use of rotary engines, but only a simpler and more convenient mode of applying it. There is no doubt that all these difficulties are destined to yield, at no distant day, to the achievements of inventive ingenuity.

The atmosphere extends about 45 miles above the surface of the earth. It is 815 times lighter than water, and yet presses upon a square inch of the earth's surface with a weight of 16 pounds.

