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# The Christian Instructor,

AND

## MISSIONARY REGISTER,

OF THE

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NOVA SCOTIA,

MARCH, 1858.

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1858.

THE  
CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTOR.

March, 1858.

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“THAT THE SOUL BE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE, IT IS NOT GOOD.”—PROV. xix. 2.

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C. H. SPURGEON.

NO. I.

IN the last two numbers of the *Instructor* there has appeared an account of the life and labours of the Rev William Jay, of Bath, in England. He was a burning and a shining light, and for upwards of fifty years the Evangelical Churches of Britain, as well as his own congregation in Bath, willingly and gladly rejoiced in his light. And being dead he yet speaketh. The works he has left, the Churches will not willingly let die. So long as practical godliness, quickened into life and energy from the cross of Christ, distinguishes the genuine christian from the mere formalist, and so long as Divine truth, clothed in the dress of simple yet impassioned eloquence, can charm the intellect and melt and sway the heart of man, so long will his writings minister instruction and impart delight to all whose spiritual tastes have been trained to discern alike the true and the beautiful. The death of such a man is an event in the history of the universal Church of sufficient magnitude to command attention and awaken concern, and were it not that there is the assurance in the covenant that there shall never be wanting men to meet the need of the Church, and that the residue of the Spirit is with the Saviour for this end, among others, to qualify such men for her work, despondency would darken her prospects and despair break her heart, and the interests of truth and godliness would soon be overborne and undermined by the fell influence of the god of this world. Such a man has been raised up within these few years in the person whose name stands at the head of this article or else general opinion is mightily at fault. Living on this side of the Atlantic and depending for information respecting him from the critiques of the British press and from his published sermons, it is impossible to form such an estimate of him as is desirable, even with all the aids that are available, and which are increasing every day. It seems dutiful however to the readers of this journal as well as the Churches generally, and especially to the Churches in this Province who hold and acknowledge as their symbolical books the Westminster Standards, that as correct and impartial an account of this extraordinary man be given as is practicable in our circumstances.

Mr Spurgeon is known as yet chiefly as a preacher and as pastor of the Baptist Church assembling in Park Street Chapel, Southwark London.

He has written a volume entitled "The Saint and the Saviour," but the character of this work is all but unknown in this Province, if it be known at all, and therefore it is simply as a preacher that any thing can be said of him with certainty as a public man.

And as a preacher his popularity is unique and his fame unparalleled.—London has ever been famous for her pulpit, and at this hour there are men ministering in her Churches whose names are known throughout Christendom and whose posthumous will be far more brilliant and lasting than their living fame. The three great Presbyterian bodies have each a distinguished representative in London—John Cumming, whose tongue is as the pen of a ready writer, and whose pen, readier than his tongue, has written volumes on sacred subjects from the Church before the Flood till the Church after the Millenium, which have been wafted wherever the English language is spoken—James Hamilton, the eloquent and the elegant, whose stores of literature, as varied as profound, are ever at hand to illustrate the gospel he preaches, and of whom it can be said, as of no other living writer on sacred themes, "*ornavit quidquid tetegit*"—Thomas Archer, the massive thinker and bold propounder of the Church's duty in these perilous times, and who has won for himself a place of honour and influence among the leading minds of the Metropolis simply by the manly energy and force of his character. And then there is Melville, the English Chalmers alike in style and thought and elocution, in the Establishment, and Binney among the Independents, and Angus among the Baptists, and the Alders and Buntings among the Methodists, men whose names are familiar as household words for all that is great and good, talented and devoted, industrious and successful in the several denominations to which they belong, and who shall live on the pages of the Church's history as do those mighty dead who never die. These are the men who, with their compeers, give its character and power to the London pulpit, and whose influence is diffused and acknowledged not only through Britain, but wherever Evangelical Christianity is known and valued. He must be an extraordinary man who attempts to equal any of these men in pulpit power—a more extraordinary man still who equals and surpasses any of them in public estimation.

Charles Hadin Spurgeon has done both. By what means shall be shewn by and bye. The fact is wonderful—the proof of the fact is abundant and varied. That a young man, not more yet than twenty-five years of age, comparatively illiterate, not even an alumnus of an obscure Baptist Seminary, who never rose higher in the regions of learning than an usher in a common Grammar School, who never attended a Divinity Hall, and probably never read a system of Divinity in his life, whose means and appliances for storing his mind with varied and useful knowledge were extremely limited, who apparently, or rather really so far as name was concerned, was ignorant of the principles of Rhetoric, should burst forth on the London Churches with a splendour which eclipsed their greater as well as their lesser lights, should *per saltum* ascend the first place as a pulpit orator in the first christian city in the world, and should show himself master of the art in all its extent, from the simple statement of his theme in the plainest terms all the way upward and onward through the most elaborate argument till he entrance you amid the glories or the gloom of his rapt imaginings, and melt and overwhelm you with the force and fervour of his appeals, is verily a wonder which may well command attention and make thoughtful men ask for what end has he come.

When he first appeared in Park Street Chapel, there was a miserable amount of empty pews. The congregation, once numerous and flourishing,

had, through a variety of causes, dwindled away to a mere handful; and the Church, one of the oldest in London, was in "the condition of Sardis," and "ready to die." Every thing connected with the temporal and spiritual affairs of the society was in the most languishing state, and a spirit of despondency had settled down upon its office-bearers. They were induced, however, to invite Mr Spurgeon to supply the pulpit, in the hope that, by the blessing of God, he would strengthen the things that remained and that were ready to die. The invitation was accepted, and the change to the Church was as life from the dead. The first service over, his fame began to spread. The evening audience was larger than the morning one. The following Sabbath there was a great increase, and each successive week witnessed the rapid progress of the congregation, till ultimately, and within a very short period, the house was crowded, and every available piece of room rented and filled with an ardent and astonished audience.

So rapidly did he rise in public esteem that it was determined to enlarge the Chapel as extensively as the limits of the property would admit, and in the meanwhile the congregation were accommodated in Exeter Hall. But even this world-renowned building, capable of containing three thousand persons, was filled every Sabbath day to overflowing, and soon the place became too strait for the multitudes. For some reason or another, the preacher, with his people, had, in the most unexpected manner, to leave the Hall, while yet their own house was unfinished. But they were not disheartened. In their difficulty they rented the Surrey Music Hall, an edifice three times larger than Exeter Hall and capable of containing ten thousand persons.—With increase of room there was a similar increase of hearers. Even this vast building was filled the first time he preached in it, and this event is marked with a catastrophe the very mention of which makes the ears which hear of it to tingle. On that memorable Sabbath a panic was created among the vast multitude, in some way unknown as to the safety of the house, whether through design or unwittingly no one can tell, but, in consequence of the endeavours of the audience to get out of the house and the confusion and terror into which they were thrown, sixteen persons lost their lives and many hundreds were seriously injured. Such a disaster well nigh overcame Mr Spurgeon, and for a considerable time fears were entertained of his reason and of his life. But after a little space he rallied, and the effect of the calamity was seen in his still greater popularity. If the writer is not mistaken the building is still occupied by him and his congregation, and Sabbath after Sabbath up till this hour it is as crowded as ever. Such a scene has not been seen in London for a generation at least. Nothing similar to it has been witnessed since the days of Whitfield. The present powerful and popular preachers never caught hold of the public mind to the same extent.—Edward Irvine, whom the world wondered after for ten long years, did nothing equal to it. Even Rowland Hill, with all his popularity and eccentricity, his wit and wisdom, did not affect the masses in the same style, and Thomas Wilkes, who was in his day the greatest preacher in England, had no such charm to draw the admiring crowds. Whether a parallel can be seen between Whitfield and Spurgeon in other respects one thing is clear—in this they agree—their talismanic influence over the popular mind, swaying and rousing and melting and welding it at will.

The material of his audience moreover is worth the noticing as another proof of his popularity. There can be no doubt, notwithstanding the most contradictory reports, that the audience generally is drawn from the middle and working classes of society, especially the latter. It is his praise that the

common people hear him gladly, as it was the praise of the "great preacher." But, even as with him, the extremes of society sit at his feet and under the same roof, and, it may be, in contiguous pews may be seen sitting equally spell bound the Lord Chief Justice of England and the Ticket-of-leave-man, "just returned from our" penal colonies.

As another proof still of his unprecedented powers the weekly sale of his sermons must be mentioned. For three several years his Sabbath morning sermon has been carefully reported, and, after being revised by himself, is printed in the course of the week, and the sale has in most cases amounted to the astounding number of sixty thousand copies. Nor is even this all, for these sermons have been gathered into volumes, reaching to the third series and edited by himself also, and their sale even on this Continent is altogether extraordinary and only excelled by that of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Such is the man who most largely bulks in the eye of the religious community at this hour and such his popularity. To account for this popularity must be an interesting task, even though it should not be done successfully, but this can only be done in another number. In the meantime let Mr Spurgeon beware, and let the admirers and lovers of Mr Spurgeon beware. Each separately and both together are standing on slippery places, nay, they seem to have begun to slide down, down, down, the one into a mere popular idol, the other into a crowd of mere hero-worshippers. The accounts of the Spurgeon Bazaar, in aid of the building of their new place of worship, are humiliating in the extreme. Among the articles of sale were figures of the minister himself in all variety of posture and attitude—Spurgeon at prayer—Spurgeon as preaching—Spurgeon as baptizing—Spurgeon as *usque ad nasum*. Now this is wrong. It is weak and vain. It is worse. It is sinful. It is running in the teeth of the Apostolic command, Let no man glory in men, for who is Spurgeon but a minister after all by whom ye believed, but an earthen vessel liable every moment to be broken to shivers, but a poor, imperfect, sinful man, of whom the words are as true as they were of a greater than he, "Lest when I have preached the gospel to others I myself should be a cast-away."

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## CHRISTIANITY THE SOURCE OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

WE hear much at the present day of different kinds and degrees of "natural development"—as the cant of certain schools of modern philosophy, generally *sceptical*, affects to designate the various ways in which the designs and agency of Providence are evolved in the economy of nature and in the history of man. From the gradual evolution of suns and systems out of the primeval fire-mist—with which, forsooth, they would have us believe the universe was filled in the unbeginning ages of the bye-gone eternity—down through the successive changes by which this earth of ours was converted from a shapeless mass of thin and fiery vapour floating in the "void immense" of space, to a solid and beautiful globe, bearing on its bosom along its circling course a race of rational animals of the noblest physical organism—we are to believe that all has taken place simply through the operation of "natural causes", in virtue of the mechanical and organic laws inherent in the chaotic elements of the universe—laws, too, which, somehow or other, it required no *Lawmaker* or *Lawgiver* to originate or disseminate, and *motion* generated independent of a *motive power*! Inconsistent as are these notions

of creation with the intuitions of every unsophisticated mind, as well as with just views of the character of the Creator, they are not more absurd and groundless than the theory held by this class of philosophers of the gradual development of the race of man from a condition bordering on, if not coincident with, that of the brute, up through the various grades of progress to the highest pitch of civilization and knowledge of which as intellectual animals we may be susceptible. It is moreover argued that Christianity cannot be the highest form of human development—that it is hostile to the free and full evolution of human powers and efforts—and that, therefore, man must ultimately pass through and beyond it to a condition higher and nobler—a condition which in its turn may also be superseded by another, grander and more exalted, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Now, that human nature is destined to attain to high and yet higher positions as regards enlightenment and religious improvement, will be readily admitted by every intelligent reader of the Bible; but that man has hitherto advanced, is now advancing, or will continue to advance steadily towards the goal of perfection by virtue of his own inherent unassisted powers—is an assertion opposed alike by the testimony of history, of experience, and of reason. The history of ancient nations affords ample proof that mankind do not progress in a steady and ever-increasing ratio. Continuous motion there may be, and certainly there generally is, among the different nations of the earth, but it is as frequently retrogressive as progressive. Look at Rome, Greece, Carthage, Persia, the greatest nations of antiquity, and what do we see? Have these fulfilled their early promise? Have they been moving steadily forwards, and are they at this moment, (as they *ought* to be, were the theory of our Sceptical Philosophers true,) leading the van of civilization, intelligence, and moral worth? So far from this being the case, have they not fallen infinitely behind many nations, which, when *they* were young, vigorous, and full of promise, were in the very rear of enlightenment and civilization? Rome, Egypt, Carthage, Greece, have all allowed nations less favoured by nature and circumstances than themselves, to outstrip them in the race of improvement. Britain, America, France and Germany, now the acknowledged leaders of the civilized world, when those exulted in the prime of their manhood, were sunk in darkness and savage superstition.—Can Rome, Egypt, Carthage, Greece, *now* compare, either in intellectual strength or moral worth, with these comparatively youthful giants? Are they not rather humble dependants and wondering admirers of the very peoples they once oppressed or despised? Do they not, in a great measure, owe to them their present existence as nations, and are they not indebted to them for many of the advantages of modern civilization? These queries admit of but one reply, and that is fatal to the hypothesis of natural development. These nations began well. In their first political, military, philosophical, and literary successes, they accomplished what seemed to be an earnest of still mightier achievements, and gave token of a course of progressive advancement. Such indications proved, however, after all, but the meteoric blaze soon to be quenched in blackness—the lightning flash serving only to deepen the supervening gloom—the futile attempts of proud weakness to stand alone and unsupported.

In the face of such facts, it seems strange that any one should persist in affirming that perfection is attainable by the regular development of human resources; but alas! the intellectual pride of man is loath to stoop to the humiliating acknowledgment of the feebleness of his unaided strength. He would fain believe, or have it believed, that he is able to stand alone—that

by his own exertions he can achieve even to the confines of the impossible. But neither dogmatic assertion nor arrogant assumption can bridge over the chasm between the limited and the limitless—can help him to reach the mountain peaks of excellence, or tower upwards to the heaven of absolute perfection.

It may be objected however to what we have just advanced, that those very nations to which we refer as now occupying the front ranks of civilization, have attained their present honourable position in the natural order of things—that *their* progress is a proof of man's inherent power and tendency to advance from one degree of excellence to another. To this it is sufficient answer, that if the theory of natural development be true, *all* the nations of the earth would by this time have emerged from the savage to the civilized state, and that those who, so to speak, had the start of the rest should still have been the foremost in the field. This, however, being very far from the truth, we must look elsewhere for the cause of the mighty disparity in question; and we hesitate not to assert that it is to be found in the fact that, more than other nations, those we have mentioned have been favoured with light and aid from above. It is owing to the introduction, extension and practice of Christianity among these that their natural energies have been stimulated, directed and rendered successful: and it may confidently be asserted that the want of the vivifying principles of Christianity was the chief source of the internal weakness and consequent dissolution of the nations so illustrious in antiquity. And at the present day where is it that Art and Science, Literature and Religion, with all the features of modern civilization, are found in fullest and most active exercise? Where—but in those countries, and among those peoples whose reception and practical application of Christian principles has been the most cordial and complete? It is an undeniable fact that wherever Christianity exists and acts in greatest purity and freedom, there have the people as individuals and as nations reached the highest stage of development; and that in proportion to the purity and vitality—the corruptness or coldness of a people's belief in the doctrines of the Cross—is their status in intellectual and moral worth.

It is to Christianity then that we look for the progressive improvement and ultimate perfection of the whole human race. Through it, and through it alone, can we hope that mankind shall ever realise true dignity and happiness. And, when impartially considered, how admirably adapted does it appear to accomplish the end in view! Providing as it does with matchless wisdom for the wants and necessities of man's nature, it cannot fail of success. To his *intellect* its doctrines, their bases, and the reasonings by which they are supported, furnish matter for the deepest research, the most careful study and the severest application. In its wide range it embraces the universe—God, his character, perfections, laws, works and providence—is surely a theme in which the loftiest intellect may find boundless material for thought. A lifetime of study here is only as a drop from the great ocean of celestial knowledge. To the *soul* again, or moral part of man, with its large wants and insatiable necessities, Christianity is an inexhaustible storehouse of supply. Here there is purity for depravity, pardon for guilt, peace for distraction, consolation for sorrow, food for hope, knowledge for ignorance, light for darkness, and strength for weakness. It is suited for man in all circumstances and in all ages. It illumines the Present with heavenly radiance and gilds the dark horizon of Futurity. Its hopes, consolations and rewards concern not this life alone—are not “clasped within the limits of mortality” but extend far beyond death and the grave. It holds out to its true followers a prospect, not merely of an immortality of spirit, but also an eternity of



*humanity.* Not only shall their immaterial souls enjoy everlasting happiness, but their earth-born bodies likewise, through the vivifying, purifying, glorifying power of the Resurrection, shall be rendered immortal as their undying tenants! And during the countless cycles of Eternity, their minds, freed from every earthly taint and imperfection, shall range unchecked through limitless, ever-widening fields of endlessly diversified knowledge.—Then shall they know even as they have been known. Then no film shall dim the soul's perception—no prejudice fetter its elastic powers—no sin defile or disturb its calm purity and repose—everything shall work together to favour the deepest investigation, the loftiest research, and the acquisition of largest stores of knowledge. The emotions shall have the highest and best objects on which to centre, and from which they shall radiate—God in his tri-une existence of Father, Son and Spirit—the companionship of kindred natures, human and angelic! The physical frame, rejoicing in heavenly strength and beauty, and freedom from disease or decay, instead of, as here, holding the soul's best powers in abeyance, stifling its God-ward aspirations, and clogging its exertions, shall appear as the graceful and willing servant of the spiritual nature; and thus man in his three-fold capacity, as a physical, moral and intellectual being, brought into harmony with himself, and the universe and his Creator, shall enjoy an Eternity of purest bliss.

Thus Christianity purifies, refines, sublimates and eternizes human kind! Were Infidelity to assume the reins, and direct the chariot, of mortality, whither would it lead us? To an Eternity of spotless purity, of unclouded happiness, and of *infinite intellectual attainment* like that to which the religion of Jesus conducts men? Ah! no. It would carry us on blind-folded, at hap-hazard, through the dangers and perplexities of life, and hurry us, with reckless speed, to a dreary and hopeless *Annihilation*. It promises us no bright Futurity—where the “dark moral knots” of life shall be for ever severed—where the mysteries of time shall be unrolled and made intelligible—where we shall find the antitypes of the shadowy forms of bliss and hope which flitted before us during our earthly sojourn, displayed in full and glorious relief—and where the mind shall have “ample room and range” to gratify its insatiable thirst for knowledge. The wonders of the infinite heavens—the secrets of the boiling deep—the profound philosophy of the elements—the mighty problem of existence—the unravelled mystery of mind and matter—in short, all the problems which here engage and baffle Reason's most earnest efforts to solve—these and much besides, the ages of Eternity may disclose. Where then lies the force of the Sceptic's sneer that Christianity is a foe to knowledge, and that it cramps the powers of the human intellect? Is it not rather the only system through which true freedom of thought, acuteness of perception, and depth and height of conception can be reached, and does not it alone hold out rational hope of ultimate perfection, and the means by which that is to be attained? Let us hear no more then of the *narrowness* of Christianity. It is the most genial and expansive thing under heaven, for its relations extend throughout the universe, and include every order and degree of thought—every kind and rank of intelligence. Christianity *narrow* and *limited*, forsooth! It is Infidelity alone which is so. It really cramps the energies, stifles the aspirations, crushes the hopes of man, and confines the range of his thoughts and feelings to his own insignificant globe, which after all is but an atom in the immensity of creation. Oh! no, Infidelity is not for man. It is repulsive to his best feelings—blighting to his mental faculties, and deadly to his dearest interests.—Christianity, and it alone, is adapted to the wants and necessities of the race,

and not until its influence be universally and deeply felt, and its power and promises realised, shall we ever experience the full "development" of our nature.

J. S. H.

THE DAYS IN MOSES' ACCOUNT OF CREATION ARE TO  
BE UNDERSTOOD AS NATURAL DAYS, AND  
NOT LENGTHENED PERIODS.

As soon as geology began to attract attention, as a subject of study and speculation, the religious world quickly perceived that there was likely to arise some discrepancy between its claims and Moses' account of creation. By the latter the world is represented, apparently, as having been created in six days, at the origin of the human race, not more than 6000 years ago; whereas the investigations of geologists have satisfactorily shown, that the earth must have had a lengthened existence before that period,—that there must have been successive epochs of great duration, during which the laws of nature must have been all along in active operation, as we now observe them, and the land and water replenished with diversified species of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Various attempts have been made to reconcile the apparently jarring testimony of the rocks, on the one hand, and the record of Moses on the other; and certain theories have been devised for that purpose. The ostensible reason assigned for making these attempts,—made less by geologist themselves, strictly so called, than by the religious world,—were to rebut the attacks of infidels, and to defend scripture from their sceptical insinuations. It is doubtful, however, if there was any great call for this undertaking. There is reason to believe, that those theorists and pretended advocates of divine truth, were prompted more by a desire to gratify their ingenuity, than any real necessity in the case. At all events there have been two great mistakes committed. First. They have begun too early. The science, so called, is, but in an embryo state. Much still remains to be settled. It is undergoing daily changes. Many mistakes in its nomenclature have yet to be corrected. The favorite term "primitive formation," has already to be abandoned, even by Lyell himself, and replaced by another bearing no *chronological* import. Second. Partly as the result of premature attempts, the theories commonly formed for this purpose, are exceedingly inadequate and unhappy. They are doing more damage to scripture than the shafts of the infidel, and are calculated to revolutionize the whole system of divine truth.

My object is to make an effort to confirm these points, and to shew that the *really ascertained* facts of geology can be best reconciled with Moses, by taking his days in their natural and common acceptation; and by rejecting this mode of reconciliation, geologists have run into great error, and equally great absurdity.

Various theories have been formed in connexion with the subject. There is, 1st. the old and popular one, which ascribes all the phenomena of geology to the Deluge,—a theory utterly inadequate. 2nd. Dr. Pye Smith's local chaos and local Deluge. This was a step in the right direction, if he had had sufficient courage to carry it out. But there was a spell on his mind. 3rd. the Rev Baden Powell's, of *accommodation* to the ignorance and vulgar notions of the Jews. Here the germ of fearful and daring aberration boldly springs up which reaches its full maturity in the next theory with which it is my object principally to grapple. Mr Powell is one of those authors of loose

notions in religion, whom the amiable Dr Kitto, in the excess of his latitudinarian idiosyncrasy, was fond of employing as contributors to his Bible Cyclopædia. Powell's theory may be seen there in the article "Creation." He says that the work of creation which Moses professes to describe, never had an existence. He maintains that the narrative is a mere "apologue,—a fable: "it may be poetry, but it cannot be history." 4th. the pre-Adamite theory, as it may be designated. This theory rests upon the supposition, that there was no chaos at the period of man's creation,—that there was no change in the condition of the earth, and, like Baden Powell's, nothing for Moses to describe,—that the anterior condition of the earth, with all its plants and animals, passed unchanged into its present condition, and all the alteration that took place was merely the creation of man. Farther, instead of Moses' narrative of creation belonging to the present system of things, or being designed to give us any account of the manner in which the present system of things began, it goes back to past durations, and is exclusively occupied in describing,—contrary to the whole analogy of scripture,—the condition of the earth, before the present system of things had a beginning. And therefore the days of creation are not to be understood as natural days, but as denoting so many lengthened epochs, anterior to the creation of man.

The solution of the problem is encompassed with many difficulties, whatever mode is adopted; and it calls therefore for the exercise of caution and diffidence. The theory that involves the fewest difficulties,—least opposed to the *well-ascertained* facts of geology, and most in accordance with the analogy of scripture—as the works and word of God must necessarily agree—is likely to be the true and correct one. Now, this pre-Adamite theory is deficient and objectionable in all these respects:—

1. It is unreasonable to expect from the Bible an account of physical laws, or their effects; more especially as it respects the condition of the earth prior to the present economy. The Bible belongs to the present, it has no reference to past durations, any farther than to trace the *origin* of all things to God as the adorable creator of heaven and earth. The narrative of the six days' work of creation, represents all that took place during these days, as the immediate effects of God's *almighty power*, and not the result of natural laws,—as intimately associated with the present system, and as exercising a vastly important bearing on its moral condition. On the contrary, the theory objected to supposes that Moses teaches geology, and gives a meagre account of mere physical laws and their effects, which, at the same time are entirely dissociated, as will be shown, from the present economy of the world. At least, the attempt to give them a moral bearing on it, shrouded as they are in such vague and dim uncertainty, is, in my humble opinion, truly ridiculous.

2. Another serious objection against this theory is, that its advocates strenuously deny the existence of a chaos at the era of man's creation. And on what grounds do they deny it? These are specified by Hugh Miller, in his late very able work. He felt, not only that the existence, or non-existence of a chaos was a very important point; but that if it could be confirmed, his theory must fall to the ground. He felt that the settlement of this point was the standing or falling of his whole superstructure, and therefore he sets to work zealously to disprove it. He contends that the earth underwent no *change* at the era of man's creation; that there was no "break or blank" in its condition, and that the animals and plants of the present epoch, are identical with those in existence prior to the age of man, which, it is alleged, could not have been the case, had there been such convulsions of nature as

were requisite to produce a chaos. Farther, he alleges, "that the present creation was not cut off abruptly from the preceding one, but that on the contrary, it dovetailed into it at a thousand different points. We are led also to know," he says, "that the scheme of reconciliation which would separate between the recent and extinct existences by a chaotic gulf of death and darkness, is a scheme which no longer meets the necessities of the case." Now, all these statements are gratuitous, and fallacious assertions. Mr Miller, in making them, has relied too implicitly on the unwarrantable conclusions and speculations of certain geologists, by which his attachment to theory, has suffered him to be misled. Here are the observations of his reviewer,—an eminent geologist, a decided friend of his own, and a great admirer of his theory. "It has not yet been proved, we apprehend, that any of the fossils of the tertiary formation,"—the last formed before man,—are *identical* with those that now exist. It is therefore somewhat rash to express so confident an opinion. We are by no means sure that there is any very sufficient reason for saying, that the present creation dovetails into the preceding one at a thousand points." There has been a break, then; the two creations have been separated from each other. There has been the extinction of life on the one hand, and a new creation on the other, and therefore the necessities of the case do demand a chaotic gulf of darkness and death.

There are other arguments in favor of a chaos, but they must be given with greater brevity. *First*, some fossils found in the lower Silurian, among the oldest stratified, fossiliferous rocks, contain animal remains belonging to genera still existing. *Second*, the same species of animals may have been reproduced at the commencement of the present existence. It is incorrect to say that a *different* race of animals was created at every successive revolution. Professor Phillips says, "they are the same, but not as the offspring is a continuation of its parent. They passed away before the birth (?) of man." *Third*, if the scriptural account of a deluge were admitted by geologists, it would be found to have stamped its impress on many superficial strata, and to have entombed many existing plants and animals. *Fourth*, Mr Miller sneers at the idea of a chaos, "which existed," he says, "no one knows how." Must we then like the infidel, deny everything in the works of God which we are unable to account for. But we can account for a chaos, as will afterwards be seen. Mr Miller's reviewer admits "successive submergences," but guardedly puts in the caveat, "without any convulsions so violent as greatly to effect its external aspect." How near a man may approach the truth, and yet have his mind blinded, and his way barred up by a vicious theory!

It is a violent and rationalistic perversion of scripture, to assert that the six days of Moses denote as many epochs of indefinite duration. The narrative of Moses, being a portion of sacred scripture, must surely be interpreted on the same principles that guides us in the interpretation of all other portions. To deny this is pure rationalism. We may just as well give up God's Word at once into the hands of such men as Strauss and Theodore Parker. Every passage of scripture is to be understood literally, unless the context, or the nature of things, requires it to be understood metaphorically. Now, the context imperatively demands that the narrative of Moses be taken in a literal sense. The whole system of divine truth is not only closely associated with the six days' work of creation, but it is actually founded upon it. Does the *nature of things* forbid the literal sense? Let us see.—*First*, there has been a great effort made to transform the geological epochs into days, and to present them in such an aspect as would make them look

like days, and to render it warrantable to call them days; and in doing all this great blunders have been committed in Hebrew Philology. But it will not do, Nothing can be more absurd. Hugh Miller adverts to the fact of the term day being used in chap. second in an indefinite sense; and thus corrects the philological blunder of his prototype. It is freely admitted that *your* is used in an indefinite sense, under certain restrictions, as well as the corresponding term in all languages. But what of that? Moses' days are definite periods, as is evident from the import and use of the terms, evening and morning; and therefore never can denote periods that are of indefinite duration. *Your* in the 2nd chap. denotes the brief period of creation,—a short series of natural days. How would it look to call the present epoch a day?

Moses' narrative, then, is not to be understood as giving us the history of any facts, or occurrences in the pre-Adamite earth, under the aspect of either days, or any thing else. Such a supposition would do as great violence to the settled canons of interpretation as B. Powell's *accommodation* theory, which represents Moses' account of the creation as a mere fiction. But *Second*, geologists assert that however unnatural it may appear to attach such a sense to the narrative of Moses, yet the progress of *science* and the *facts* of geology render such an interpretation indispensable. Now, if this were clear and undoubted, we should have to bow, implicitly, to the weight of such testimony. But it is not so. The science, so called, comprises, probably, more conjectures than facts. And the facts of geology relied on,—many of them, as we have seen,—are mere gratuitous assumptions, without proper evidence, and without proof; while well-ascertained facts, in some cases, are wilfully ignored, or denied. The nature of things, then, "when rightly understood," are not opposed to the literal sense of Moses' days.

This is made more apparent by the difficulties which geologists experience in dividing the strata formed during past epochs into six periods, to correspond with the six days of Moses' narrative. Hugh Miller hardly attempts this; although, if his theory were sound, he ought to experience no difficulty in carrying it through all the six days. He says, "As a geologist I am called on to account but for three out of the six." It is true that a previous writer has made out what he calls a *conjectural outline*, embracing all the six, and Mr Miller borrows this in his general sketch of creation, according to his notion of it. But how did that respectable writer make out his outline? Why, by splitting and "shifting and shuffling the solid strata of the earth, and then dealing them out in such a way as to play the game of an ignorant or dishonest hypothesis." And in *this manner* he makes out six periods in the progressive history of the pre-Adamite earth, and says, these are Moses' six days of creation! Can any thing be made to appear more ridiculous? Can there be any thing more discreditable than thus to shuffle and shape the *works* of God, at random, in this conjectural and arbitrary manner, for the unworthy purpose of getting rid of the obvious and natural sense of the *word* of God? This is rationalism in high perfection; and the scheme that requires such aids, is fallacious and unsound.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

## C A S T E .

## NO. II.

A pressure of official engagements compelled me abruptly to close my last communication, ere I had finished the illustration of the nature and influence of *caste*, and the same cause must, in the nature of things, not unfrequently occasion irregularity in the transmission of future communications. I proceed, in the present paper, to lay before your readers a few further illustrations and facts which may not be uninteresting, as tending to convey to them something like a correct conception of that singular and most unnatural state of society which characterises so many millions of our fellow-subjects in the east, and which certainly is no small obstacle in the way of their becoming with us fellow-subjects of the King of Zion, and fellow members of his holy and happy family.

Caste, indeed, has such a predominant influence in Indian society, that the very formation of their towns is regulated by it. This, it is true, is not so perceptible in large mercantile towns, such as Bombay, where stances for building are valuable and scarce—although even there the arrangement is anxiously attended to—but go into the country, and the truth of the remark I have made is, in every town, strikingly verified. Your eyes rest first on a cluster of houses finely shaded by large trees, surrounded each by its garden, and you may spare yourself the trouble of asking to what caste this is appropriated. That is the Brahmin *Wad*—the Brahmin district—is an answer that is certain to be returned to you. The next prominent object is the Bazaar or public market place, and from it, in general, branches off the goldsmith wad, the coppersmith wad, the Marratha wad, &c., but ask where, where, amongst all these, is the Purwaree wad, and no such is to be found. No! one should be even be considered much lower than himself, but for a Purwaree, an out caste, to take up his abode amongst caste men, whether high or low, would be sufficient to set the whole town, and even the whole surrounding country, in a ferment. You will find, by casting your eye to the outskirts, or to the side of some adjacent hill, a number of sequestered houses, and, if you wish to find Purwarees, you must betake yourself there. Their dwellings will be found, in general, as commodious and comfortable as those of the common Marrathas, and not a few of these families are in easy circumstances. It is no uncommon thing, on entering a Purwaree village, to have your attention arrested by one or more respectable looking houses, more so, indeed, than those of their haughty neighbours beneath; and, on entering them, you will find them occupied by individuals who have served as officers in the native regiments, and have retired on a respectable pension. In intelligence they are far superior, in character as respectable, and in wealth more abundant, than the greater portion of the inhabitants around them, and yet the *caste men* will neither eat nor drink with them, nor enter their houses, nor allow them to build near them, and although they have returned to their native town, rich in comparison with the great bulk of the people, they must take up their abode amongst the despised class to which they originally belonged. Most obsequiously, indeed, will the shop-keepers, and others, try every art, in endeavouring to get hold of their money, but they are Purwarees still, and are treated as such.

I cannot here help remarking, in passing, that the Company's Indian regiments are, indirectly, doing a great deal to break up, at least, a part of this unnatural system. They pay the Sepoys—native soldiers—well and regularly, and hence men of almost all classes enter the service. A very large portion of the Sepoys are Purwarees, and excellent soldiers they make. There is no intermingling of castes, it is true, regarding eating, drinking, marrying, &c., but caste distinctions, in other respects, are attended to only in a very limited degree. Their houses, for example, in the cantonment, are built in lines according to the company to which the men may belong, and in the parade, you will find Purwarees shoulder to shoulder with a Marratha, or other caste man, or even with a Brahmin, although this last is but of rare occurrence. By the excellent regulations of the military code, promotion has no reference whatever to caste; and it is very common to find a Purwaree a Subhadar Major, that is, the highest officer in the regiment. Allow me here to notice still further, although apart from my subject, the constitution of the Indian army, as it may be new to a large portion of your readers. Most of them are aware that there are in India many European regiments, some of them belonging to His Majes-

ty, and others to the East India Company, but these form but a very small portion of the standing force. To protect and govern the country, indeed, by European soldiers, would be at a ruinous expense, for I have heard it calculated, that, by the time the enlistment and passage money is paid, the equipment furnished, and the men landed in India, each costs the Company nearly one hundred pounds; and when, in addition to this, there is taken into account the mortality that prevails, occasioned first by the climate, and then by the dissipation of the men, it will be seen that to support a sufficient number of European soldiers there is simply impossible. It is hence that the great body of the Indian army is composed of native regiments. These regiments are officered first by natives, but then, over these native officers, are placed European officers; and the authority of the one class is entirely subservient to that of the other; a native officer has no power but what is communicated by the European officer who is over him. At first view, one would think that such an arrangement would be felt as degrading, at once by Sepoys and native officers, but such is not the case in point of fact. The system has hitherto been found to work well, and frequently is it remarked, that let but a European officer lead, and the Sepoys are certain to follow.

But, to return to my subject, I intimated in last paper, that I intended to illustrate the nature and influence of caste by a few anecdotes; and the throwing together a few facts may convey to your readers a more correct idea of the whole matter than lengthened dissertations. I had not been many days in India, when the subject of caste arrested my attention. A poor woman came to the door asking charity, and, as I was at the time engaged, I told the Pundit, who was sitting by me, to give her a few pice—a small copper coin—he haughtily threw them to her, and, on my asking why he behaved rudely, he calmly and complacently replied, “She is a Purwaree.” I expressed my surprise and displeasure at his conduct, and next time she returned, when he was employed in the same office, he was determined to shew his condescension, and not to throw, but to give the pice. He accordingly gathered up his flowing garments about him, that they might not come in contact with her person, and bending forward as much as possible, that he might not by any chance touch her, dropt the pice into her hand, and returned very self-complacently, as if he had performed an act of unspeakable humility.

I have already mentioned, that the Purwarees are not allowed to enter any of the houses of the Hindoos. It, on the other hand, was of course, our object to invite them to come to ours, which they freely did; but had any of them chanced to come when the Pundit was present, they would instantly start back, and speak from a respectful distance. Should any of them have approached without observing that the Pundit was with me, he would loudly have warned them to beware of entering, and, on his mandate being reversed, by my inviting them to come in, he would manifest much sulkiness, as if the dignity of his order were grossly insulted. As a further illustration of the same state of society, it may not be out of place to mention the following occurrence. I left home one morning, with the intention of spending the day in the village of Angleria, preaching to the people. On coming to the river, which must be crossed in a boat before reaching the village, I was accosted in a very suppliant manner by a Brahmin, who complained loudly that the boatman would not take him across; and, amidst all the apparent humbleness of his entreaties for my interference, he failed not bitterly to speak of what a hardship it was, that, under the British government, Brahmins should be treated with such insolence. I immediately called the boatman, who very calmly replied, “Sir, it is not my fault; it is his own. You are aware that this is pay-day at Bankote; that many of the Sepoy pensioners are Purwarees; each time I have come to this side of the ferry, I have found some of them here ready to cross, but the Brahmin insists that I shall leave them and take him alone, and that is the sole cause of the delay.” It was by that time ten o'clock, and the proud man had sat on the bank of the river from six to that time, rather than cross in the same boat with a man not in caste. I need scarcely add, that he obtained no redress from me. I plainly told him he might sit there six months before I would indulge his pride by any interference of mine. This state of society, it may well be conceived, occasioned us much inconvenience in the managements of our Schools. It seldom happens that there are located in one place such a number of Purwarees as to afford a sufficient number of children for a school to themselves, and the other castes will not allow their children to sit

with them on the same floor. It was but in a few instances we were able to have them placed in an outer verandah, and that not without occasioning dissatisfaction, and had we insisted on their sitting promiscuously amongst the other children, the schools, would have been instantly broken up.

If such be the influence of caste amongst the natives themselves, your readers will naturally ask, what influence has it in their intercourse with Europeans. There can be no doubt that they regard us as the lowest of the low; yet the situation Europeans occupy, as having the government of the country in their hands, and the ideas they have of our superior science, &c., greatly modify the expression of their feelings, and the hope of gain renders them obsequious to a disgusting degree; yet are we esteemed and treated, in some respects, only as Purwarees. No man in *caste* will either eat or drink with us, nor will they even touch us without bathing previous to their returning to their families, or sitting down to a meal. A Pundit, for example, while engaged teaching a European the language, has a dress for the purpose—not different in form from his ordinary dress, but appropriated to his visits to him. This dress he put on on his leaving his own house in the morning when he is considered defiled, and none of his family will touch him; on his return home, he lays aside this dress until next day, and, after bathing, resumes his ordinary habit, when he is again pure, and may mingle with his family. Many of this haughty class of men are so proud, that even while earnestly begging books from your missionaries, they will not put forth their hands to receive them, lest they be defiled by contact, but the books must be placed on the ground, to be by them lifted, or dropt into their hand; and indeed, no Brahmin whatever, after he has bathed, must reperform his ablutions. A striking influence of this pride of caste joined with poverty, which occurred to myself, may here be noticed as a fair illustration of the spirit of the whole system. I was travelling between Hurnee and Bankote, and stopped at Kelsee during the heat of the day. It was during that happy period of my life, when occasionally in my journeyings, I enjoyed the fellowship of my beloved partner, now in glory, and she was then along with me. The Bramhinee, the mistress of the house near which, under a tree, we were sitting, expressed a great desire to see a European female; and, although her request was accompanied by the no very humble message, that she was a person of high caste, and must not, on any account, be touched, she was invited to visit us. She soon made her appearance, attended by a person of lower caste, but her progress towards us was but slow, for, such was her idea of her own mightiness, that she conceived the very ground to be polluted by our presence. Cow-dung—the universal purifier in that country, diluted in water, was spread before her to cleanse her path; and again and again were we reminded, that she was of very high caste, and must not be touched. What do you, readers, think, was the ultimate object of this mighty personage's visit? Why, to beg a rupee for herself and children, as they were so very poor!!

I might enlarge my paper to any extent by similar illustrations, but let me not be tedious, but rather close this part of the subject, by relating the following occurrence. It is pretty generally known to your readers, I presume, that if a man of another caste enters the cooking circle of a Hindoo, or touch his prepared food the whole is considered polluted, and will instantly be thrown away; but the following is an instance of even something beyond this. There was one day a great feast in Angerla, a few miles from my usual home, and I happened to be passing through the village at the time the company were sitting down to dinner. It was given in the open area, in front of the temple, and a long train of cooks were carrying in the dinner from the opposite side of the street, at the very time I was passing. I was on horse-back, and riding at a pretty smart pace, little thinking of the hubbub my presence was about to occasion, and I was amongst the cooks ere ever they or I were aware. One part of them hastened into the temple, and the other were still on the opposite side of the street. No sooner had I rode through them, than a cry rose from all quarters, "All's gone. All's gone. Sahib has destroyed the feast." I calmly turned my horse's head toward them, and stood still to observe what they would do in such a fearful dilemma. A consultation was held, as to how the dinner after all might be saved, for it was certainly very provoking, after so much trouble and expense, to return home with empty stomachs. That part of the provision that was in the temple before I came forward, was safe, and



so they appeared to think was the part yet on the other side of the road, for neither I, nor my poor polluted horse that bore me, had touched any of it, but then, the ground over which I had passed was polluted, and how then could the other half of the dinner be brought across. All appeared to be of one mind, for "Bring cow-dung, bring cow-dung," was vociferated by several voices, and a man soon appeared bringing a basketful. It was spread on the part of the road I had passed, and the remainder of the dinner was then brought in, to the no small satisfaction of the anxious guests, who were beginning to look rather chop-fallen at the prospect of no dinner, just when they had sat down to enjoy it. Although I am conscious that solemnity of mind was one of my prominent feelings, amongst a people where there was much, so very much to induce it, yet, really, there were occasions when they exhibited such monstrous absurdity, as to give rise, willing or unwilling, to very different feelings. This was one of them, and I could not help indulging in a hearty laugh at the idea of a man bringing a basket of cow-dung to purify a dinner which my presence had polluted!!

Every reflecting mind will at once perceive that caste must form a mighty barrier to the progress of the gospel in India, and yet, saw we ever an evil that, in the good Providence of God, may not be productive of, at least, some good? Frequently have my brethren and I said to each other, well after all caste has its advantage, for without such a test of the sincerity of our converts, how could we admit them into the Christian church—they are a people naturally so deep and deceitful, that we require some very strong proof of the reality of their conversion, ere the ordinances of the gospel can be communicated to them with confidence or comfort. Missionary records are full of instances, of how difficult it is for a Hindoo to break through caste, and the following may not be improperly added to their number. A convert belonging to the American Mission, Bombay, was of low caste. After much examination and prayer, he was admitted to the ordinance of baptism, and our friends had good reason to believe him to be a sincere and humble Christian. Eating and drinking however, with others, is considered the grand turning point in the law of caste; and, as the Lord's Supper was not to be dispensed for a few weeks, this ordeal had not been passed. The evening at last arrived, and the young convert was found in his place with the other members of the church, at the sacred table. He remained during the first part of the service, but so soon as the bread and wine were about to be dispensed, he abruptly rose and exclaiming, "No, I will not lose caste yet," he hurried out of the chapel. He was thrown into great distress of mind on account of his conduct, and yet, he had not the resolution to follow Christ fully; and in this state he was, I believe, up to the period of my leaving India, which must have been nearly two years after his baptism. I was in the chapel the day he was excommunicated, after having been dealt with in every possible manner; he was present and appeared to be deeply affected, yet, what with the entreaties of friends, and other causes, he still halted between two opinions.

Well would it have been had the influence of caste extended no farther than this, but it has, alas! made its way even into the Christian Church itself, although I am happy to say that this is in connection only with one mission. What would your readers think of a chapel built with one door appropriated to high caste men, and another for low caste men, that they may not be defiled by touching each other in entering or retiring from the worship of the Father of all? What would they think of one communion cup for high caste members, and another for low caste members, in that very ordinance that very peculiarly reminds us that we are all one in Christ Jesus? What would they think of a scene such as the following, which took place in a church near Madras, and which was related to me by an eye-witness? The sacrament was dispensed according to the rites of the Church of England, in which, your readers perhaps know, the communicants kneel in small companies around the altar. The high caste members came first, and, at their last service, there were a few places empty. Several of the low caste members perceiving the unoccupied place, presumed to come forward and take their places, but, no sooner was this perceived by the high caste members, who were already kneeling at the altar, than they disdainfully rose and would not communicate! It is very melancholy that such a state of matters should exist, and it is still more so to find it palliated by a Christian Bishop. Those who are familiar with the life of the late Bishop Heber, will remember that there is a good deal on this subject amongst his letters, and

that he speaks in no very measured terms of these Missionaries who would seek to break up the existing state of things. I am happy to find that the present Bishop of Calcutta takes quite a different view of the matter, and have lately read with much pleasure, a long letter from him on the subject, in which he appears to me to set it in a very scriptural light. It will no doubt be found a very difficult matter entirely to get rid of such an unchristian state of things, especially after it has long been borne with, and more especially when the opinion of two of the highest authorities in their church are at variance regarding it, yet Bishop Wilson, I should suppose, is just the man to carry into effect such a necessary reform.

Having introduced this subject as it naturally came in my way, I must particularly beg your readers to remark, that the abomination of caste of which I have spoken as existing in some churches in India, *is not tolerated in any of the Missions they are in the habit of supporting.* There is no such thing in the Missions connected with the Scottish, the London, the Baptist, or the Methodist Societies, nor with the General Assembly's Mission, nor even with the Church Missionary Society. It is confined exclusively to the churches in the south of India, connected with the Old English Society, denominated "The Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts."

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## Christian Biography.

### SIR ANDREW AGNEW, BART.

Sir Andrew Agnew was born at Kingsale, Ireland, March 21st, 1793. His father died before his birth, and only four months after his marriage with the eldest daughter of Lord Kingsale, premier Baron of Ireland. In his boyhood he was distinguished for his amiability and generous kindness, which ripened in his manhood into that integrity and conscientiousness, urbanity and philanthropy, which made him so estimable and so useful. He had the advantage of the training of an excellent mother, and was encouraged by his grandfather to love the right and abhor the wrong.

In 1816, he was married to Madeleine, daughter of Sir James Carnegie, Bart., of Southesk, a lady whose virtues have made her beloved by all who know her.

Though brought up to high honour and strict morality, he had not been religious; but circumstances occurred which opened his mind to evangelical truth. By a quiet and progressive process he passed through the conversion-crisis, and became a sincere Christian. The works of Dr Chalmers and the Rev Edward Bickersteth greatly aided his enlightenment; and no sooner did he receive the truth than he revealed the change in private and public life.

He gradually gave up parties of pleasure, erected a family altar, and regularly attended the house of God. He patronised the Bible Society and Sabbath Schools, which then had few of the gentry among their supporters.

In 1828, being in Edinburgh, he had a desire to hear the Rev. Dr. M'Crie, whose life of Knox had pleased him greatly, and on a Sabbath found his way to the obscure place of worship where the great divine preached. The text was "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The sermon was a clear exposition of the divine institution and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath, a subject on which Dr M'Crie preached twice only during a long ministry, yet heard on this occasion by Sir Andrew Agnew, it proved the means of moulding his future life and labors. It was the uoing of the Lord.

In 1830 Sir Andrew entered Parliament as member for Wigtonshire. He was no party man, but made a high rectitude his political guide. It was a time of great excitement, and in course of four years he had to solicit the suffrages of the electors *four* times. After the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, he became acquainted with the Lord's Day Society in London, and was selected by the committee to bring the subject of Sabbath desecration under the notice of the Legislature. Strong conviction of duty overcame his reluctance, and he became the leader of the Sabbath defenders.

There were not many religious men then in the House of Commons, but those who were, had a secret and growing strength. They regularly met for prayer before the business of the House. Animated by this sanctifying fellowship, they combined to promote the Sabbath cause.

The first attempt was to move for a Committee "to inquire into the laws and practices relating to the observance of the Lord's day." This was gained, and, after the examination of many witnesses, a Report of 306 pages was presented to Parliament. The amount of Sabbath labour which these investigations disclosed was appalling, and the Committee recommended new legislation to arrest the evil. Upon Sir Andrew Agnew devolved the great burden and odium of preparing and introducing the measure. It is true, he was strengthened in his work by a conscious rectitude of purpose, and the sympathy of the religious community, from whom emanated more numerous signed petitions than had been presented on any question except slavery; but the storm of opposition was fierce and strong, and insulting. The first and second bills were cast out on their second reading. The press attacked them and their author. The *Times* called Sir Andrew a "Scotch fanatic," "this Draco of devotion." Honorable members designated the measure "A Bill to promote cant." Songs were sung in the street, and at Sir Andrew's own door, against him; caricatures were printed to ridicule him; and some of his fellow-members in the House shewed him disrespect. His views and his objects were misrepresented, and charges of Asceticism, Judaism, and Puritanism were hurled against him. It was not easy for flesh and blood to bear all this; but Sir Andrew trusted God, maintained his testimony, and lived down all reproach by his blameless life.

"He loved the world that hated him. The  
tear

That dropped upon his Bible was sincere.  
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,  
His only answer was a blameless life.  
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,  
Had each a brother's interest in his heart."

His clear consistency, and his rare philanthropy, gained the respect of his very enemies. His own life was guided by religious principle. His Sabbaths were days of rest for himself and for his servants. No dinner was cooked, no work was done on that holy day. But he was no man of gloom. His was a religion of joy. His sunny spirit was the life of every company with which he mingled.

After the unsuccessful attempt of some members to introduce less sweeping measures on Sabbath reform, Sir Andrew carried the second reading of his bill in 1837. Meanwhile King William IV.

died, Sir Andrew lost his seat, and Sabbath Legislation has remained unfinished. What, then, was the usefulness of Sir Andrew Agnew's agitation? It was, first, a testimony to the truth, which is ever a duty, whatever be the results. Secondly, it aroused public interest, revived the tone of Sabbath keeping, and put to shame many open desecrations of the day. The religious sentiment of the country must have been strong when 600,000 signatures were attached to petitions on the Sabbath during one session of Parliament! Many societies were formed for promoting the better observance of the day of rest. In ten years eighty of these arose, one of which in Derbyshire had eighty-one auxiliaries. The speeches delivered, tracts circulated, and sermons preached upon the subject gave much information to the popular mind; and to the efforts of Sir Andrew and his coadjutors may be traced the fact, that when, in 1847 a few prizes were offered for essays on the value of the Sabbath to the labouring classes, no fewer than 1095 were sent in, the composition of working men. To these efforts we owe the tone of society by which in the seats of greatest worldly business, London and Manchester, Sunday bands have been overthrown. He that created this feeling throughout the country in his day, and left it with accumulating interest to a succeeding generation, has surely not lived nor laboured in vain.

Sir Andrew's labour did not end when he left Parliament. The railway system of travelling was then extending. Sabbath desecration on a gigantic scale was threatened. But the veteran of the sacred cause came to the rescue, and if he did not succeed in all he sought, he mightily aided to restrain the dreaded evil. The Glasgow and South Western Company were made Sabbath-keeping. The Edinburgh and Glasgow line gave it up. Other lines ran only mail trains. In this conflict Sir Andrew had the old battle to fight with calumny, and the unworthy assaults that had been made before; but faith rose above fear. Against Post-Office business on that day he loudly protested, and so long as he lived he wrought for the sanctity of the Sabbath.

Though devoted chiefly to this one object, Sir Andrew was not a man of one idea—he was interested in all philanthropic movements. Intemperance was a growing evil, demoralising the people, and producing disease, poverty; and

premature death on every side. Looking at its causes and effects, Sir Andrew resolved to abstain from the use of, and to endeavour to put down the traffic in Intoxicating Liquors. At a meeting of magistrates at Stranraer, he said, that "all his experience and information went to shew that the sale of ardent spirits, and the constant and unnecessary use of them, had been attended with the most pernicious and demoralising effects upon society, prostrating both mind and body, and that he considered what they were now doing as nothing better than *licensing the sale of poison.*" Brave and true words, the full import of which many are beginning now to see. The prohibition of this traffic we believe to be the only cure of our national intemperance. It is a practical measure which has been tried with success in several American States, and it is as necessary, and may be as effective here.

Church Extension also engaged Sir Andrew. He induced Dr Chalmers to begin his great movement in Wigtonshire and himself set a good example. Though brought up an Episcopalian, he sympathized with the Non-intrusion party in the Church of Scotland, and went, in the memorable Exodus, arm in arm with Dr Chalmers to Canonmills. Of the Free Church he was a liberal benefactor, and

at his death he left a devoted son to adorn one of its pulpits, and a daughter to grace one of its manse.

The evangelical Alliance and the Sabbath Alliance which embraced many religious parties in common movements, were warmly hailed by Sir Andrew Agnew.

In his domestic circle the subject of our sketch was singularly happy. There his piety, excellence, and loveliness, shone most brightly.

In 1849, after attending a railway meeting, he caught cold, and was seized with scarlet fever, in a relapse of which he was taken away. His death was peace on April 12th, 1849.

Reader, this was no aimless life. Sir Andrew Agnew had an object, and pursued it with a single eye and an earnest heart. He believed the truth, and sought to uphold it. He united prayer with action. He endeavoured to do, and induce others to do the will of God. Can you not through grace follow such a course? "Whoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do, and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."—*British Messenger.*

## Religious Miscellany.

### THE MIND OF JESUS.

#### DEVOTEDNESS TO GOD.

*"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"*

Luke, ii. 49.

"My meat and my drink are to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." That *one* object brought Jesus from Heaven—that *one* object he pursued with unflinching, undeviating constancy, until he could say, "It is finished."

However short man comes of his "chief end," "Glory to God in the highest" was the motive, the rule, and exponent of every act of that wondrous life. With us, the magnet of the soul, even when truest, is ever subject to partial oscillations and depressions, trembling at times away from its great attraction-point. His never knew one tremulous wavering from

its all-glorious center. With Him there were no ebbs and flows, no fits and starts. He could say, in the words of that prophetic psalm which speaks so preeminently of Himself, "I have set the Lord *always* before me!"

Reader! do you feel that in some feeble measure this lofty life-motto of the sinless Son of God is written on your home and heart, regulating your actions, chastening your joys, quickening your hopes, giving energy and direction to your whole being, subordinating all the affections of your nature to their high destiny? With pure and unalloyed motives, with a single eye, and with a single aim, can you say, somewhat in the spirit of His brightest follower, "This *one* thing I do"? Are you ready to regard all you have—rank, name, talents, riches, influence, distinctions—valuable, only so far as they contribute to promote

the glory of Him who is "first and last, and all in all"? Seek to feel that your heavenly Father's is not only a business, but *the* business of life. "Whose I am, and whom I serve,"—let this be the superscription written on your thoughts and deeds, your employments and enjoyments, your sleeping and waking. Be not, as the fixed stars, cold and distant; but be ever bathing in the sunshine of conscious nearness to Him who is the sun and center of all happiness and joy.

Each has some appointed work to perform, some little niche in the spiritual temple to occupy. Yours may be no splendid services, no flaming or brilliant actions to blaze and dazzle in the eye of man. It may be the quiet unobtrusive inner work, the secret prayer, the mortified sin, the forgiven injury, the trifling act of self-sacrifice for God's glory and the good of others, of which no eye but the Eye which seeth in secret is cognizant. It matters not how small. Remember, with Him, motive dignifies action. It is not *what* we do, but *how* we do it. He can be glorified in *little* things as well as *great* things, and by nothing more than the daily walk, the daily life.

Beware of anything that would interfere with a surrender of heart and soul to his service—worldly entanglements, indulged sin, an uneven walk, a divided heart, nestling in creature comforts, shrinking from the cross. How many hazard, if they do not make shipwreck, of their eternal hopes by becoming *idlers* in the vineyard; *lingerers*, like Lot; *world-lovers*, like Demas; "do-nothing Christians," like the inhabitants of Me-roz! The command is "Go, work!" *Words* tell what you *should* be; *deeds* tell what you *are*. Let those around you see there is a reality in walking with God, and working for God!

"ARM YOURSELVES LIKEWISE WITH THE SAME MIND."

## SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

### ACCOUNT OF THE RECHABITES.

JEREMIAH XXXV. 5-8, 18, 19.

"And I set before the sons of the house of the Rechabites pots full of wine, and cups, and I said unto them, Drink ye wine. But they said, We will drink no wine: for Jonadab, the son of Rechab, our father (2 Kings, x. 15), commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons forever: neither shall ye build house, nor sow

seed, nor plant vineyard, nor have any: but all your days ye shall dwell in tents; that ye may live many days in the land where ye be strangers. Thus have we obeyed the voice of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, our father, in all that he hath charged us. . . . .

"And Jeremiah said unto the house of the Rechabites, Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel. Because ye have obeyed the commandments of Jonadab your father, and kept all its precepts, and done that he hath commanded you; therefore saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever."

The following account of the Rechabites is given by the Rev. Joseph Wolff, missionary to the Jews:—

"On my arrival at Jukooha, I saw Jews wandering among the Arabs, and believing them to be Rechabites on account of their wandering about in the desert, I asked them the question, they answered, 'No; but here is one who comes from the deserts of Mecca. I saw a man standing before me, with the wild look and dress of an Arab, holding his horse's bridle in his hand, I showed him the Bible, both in Hebrew and Arabic, he read both languages, and was rejoiced to see the Bible; he was not acquainted with the New Testament. After having proclaimed to him the tidings of salvation, and made him a present of the Hebrew and Arabic bibles and testaments, I asked him, 'Whose descendant are you?' Mousa (this was his name) said with a loud voice, 'Come, and I will show you;' he then opened the Bible at the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah, and began to read from the fifth to the eleventh verse. I asked 'Where do you live?' Referring to Genesis x. 27, he replied, 'At Hadoram, now called Samar by the Arabs, at Usal, now called Sanaa by the Arabs, and [Gen. x. 30] at Mesha, now called Mecca, in the deserts around those places. We drink no wine, and plant no vineyard, and sow no seed, and live in tents as Jonadab our father commanded us; Hobab, the son of Jethro, was our father too: come to us, you will still find sixty thousand in number, and you see thus the prophecy has been fulfilled, "Therefore thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever."'

"Saying this Mousa mounted his horse

and galloped off, leaving me more convinced than ever of the truth of the Scriptures.

"The Rechabites are descendants of Midian, son of Abraham by Keturah; and the example of the father of the faithful seems to have been handed down through Hobab and Rechab, through many generations, as it is written, 'I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment.'"

"Recent discoveries," observes Mr Keith, "have brought to light the miraculous preservation and existence, as a distinct people, of a less numerous, but not less interesting race [than the Arabs] 'a plant which grew up under the mighty cedar of Israel, but was destined to flourish when that proud tree was levelled to the earth.' 'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever.' The Rechabites still exist a 'distinct and easily distinguishable' people. They boast of their descent from Rechab, profess pure Judaism, and all know Hebrew. The account given of them by Benjamin of Tudela, in the twelfth century, has very recently been confirmed by Mr Wolff; and, as he witnessed, and heard from an intrepid 'Rechabite cavalier,' there is not a man wanting to stand up as a son of Rechab."—See *Wolff's Journal* (1828), vol. ii., pp. 265, 331-336. *Keith on the Prophecies*, pp. 348, 350.

## TWO TRACTS FROM A WOMAN'S HAND, AND THEIR EFFECT.

The following narrative first appeared in a French newspaper, published in the Canton de Vaud. We learn from it that a great blessing may flow from an apparently feeble effort. Let every Christian learn from it to do what he can to scatter abroad the pages of printed truth. A few seeds sown in faith may produce a glorious harvest.

In June, 1855, a Christian woman in the south of France was employed in gathering mulberry-leaves for her silkworms, when two soldiers passing by, overcome by heat and fatigue, sat down to rest near her, and entered into conversation. One of them asked her if she was a Protestant? "Yes," she replied, "I am a Protestant, and a Christian." This answered to a religious conversation. "We are too young," said one of the

soldiers, "to think of these things. When we are old we shall think of them." "Do you know," inquired the woman, "whether you shall live to be old? She then asked them whether they read the Bible; and, being answered in the negative, she gave them two tracts, demanding of them a promise to read them. They bade her, then, good-bye, and proceeded to join their division.

Eighteen months afterwards, the woman was sitting alone one evening in her cottage. A knock was heard at the door, and two young soldiers entered. Seeing that she did not recognize them, one of them said:—"You surely recognize these," at the same time handing her the two tracts. A glance explained the whole, and her eyes were filled with tears of joy. "We are destined for the Crimea," continued the soldier, and could not go without seeing you. We were afraid our captain would not allow us to come, but the Lord heard our prayer, and inclined his heart to grant our request. We might have missed your house, or found you not at home; but the Lord has fulfilled all our wishes." Then they related the history of their conversion;—how they had read the tracts again and again, and lent them to many of their fellow-soldiers, and how they had bought New Testaments, through which the Lord's work in their hearts was carried forward, and, finally, that in spite of the abuse and railery of many, there were now eight of them who met regularly to pray and read the word of God.

The joy of the woman, the bliss of their brief interview, and their solemn parting, after having united together in prayer, can be better imagined than described.

The next tidings she received of them was through a friend who had been brought to the knowledge of the truth by their instrumentality.—The letter was as follows:—

"Crimea, Feb. 9th, 1855:—What do you think of our long silence? Do you imagine we have forgotten you?—No, that would be impossible. But we have been so occupied that not a moment could be found for correspondence. I am now writing upon the ground; my hymn-book serves me for a desk, and my fingers are so stiff with cold, that I can scarcely hold my pen.

"I have sad news to tell you—sad for me, but joyful for my two friends—sad for you also, for I know you loved them:—

they have both entered into the rest which remains for the people of God. The one died of dysentery, on the third of February; the other was obliged to be out in a severe night, and was frozen to death. He died several days after his friend.

"You will be interested to know something of the last part of their lives. When we embarked at Marseilles, a priest came on board to distribute medals (Catholic charms). Joseph refused to accept one. When the other soldiers reproached him, he said, 'We ought to be faithful in small things as well as in great.' The priest offered him the medal, but he replied, 'I thank you, I have one.' 'That is no matter,' said he, 'your medal was given you for another purpose.' 'Pardon me,' said Joseph, 'my medal is suited to all circumstances that can occur.' And with this he drew out his New Testament.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Soon after our arrival, Joseph was taken sick, and in three days he died. I only saw him for a short period at a time; but I was always struck with his patience and submission. On the evening before his death, he said, to me, 'I think I shall die, but the Lord's will be done. May God comfort my poor mother. Write to her that I die happy. I should love to see again the beautiful land, where I first received the joyful tidings which now fill my soul with peace; but I am going to a land more beautiful. The Lord bless that dear sister.' He made me promise to write to you. I was obliged to leave him; and, when I returned, he could not speak, but seemed to enjoy the presence of Christ. Again he pressed my hand, and in a few minutes ceased to breathe."

The other I saw no more; but a brother, who was with him when he died, informed me that he was happy in the confident expectation of meeting again his companion who had gone before.

### OUR SUNDAY EVENING VERSES.

#### "WALK IN LOVE."

"He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

"'Walk in love.' This is a short verse to remember this week, and one easy enough to practice," says a little girl as she reads aloud the *Gazette* in the home-circle. It is, indeed, a short

verse, but one that is too frequently forgotten by most people. Why do we so often hear unkind words, see impatience stamped on every feature, little hands raised in anger to give the retaliating blow, unwillingness to yield one's own wishes or plans, unheeding the feelings or desires of others? Is it not that love is absent from the heart?

"If we love not our brother whom we have seen," that is, every person with whom we are in any way associated, "how can we love God whom we have not seen?"

He that hath true love in his heart, an earnest desire to "walk in love," will show by his daily practice that he is sincere. He then "prayeth best who loveth best;" for he feels that God is the Father of all, and therefore all, the ignorant or learned, the poor or the rich, the young or the old, the sick or the suffering, or the joyous and happy, are his brethren; and Christ is the "elder brother" to lead them to the father.

Then, if we "walk in love" we shall keep the commandments of Christ, and shall hear the words spoken even to the youngest who is thus faithful, "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father."

### THREE BABES IN HEAVEN.

A Christian woman said the other day, "I have three little babes in heaven." It was hard, O! so hard to give them up! When she saw the vacant place at the table, and heard the pattering of tiny footsteps no more, it seemed as if her heart must break. She listened in vain to hear their sweet innocent prattle; she looked in vain to see their little forms pass in at the open door. One by one they passed away, as the dew-drop exhales from the heart of the rose in the light of the morning sun. She saw one after another, draped in the habiliments of death, laid in its little coffin, and lowered into the cold, damp grave. She mourned *then*, but *now* she rejoices, when she remembers that they have escaped from all the temptations and sorrows of this inconstant life.

She believes that her lambs have entered the heavenly fold. Would that Saviour who on earth took little children in his arms and blessed them, repulse her darlings from the celestial gates! O no! If he blessed children on earth, he will bless the spirits of children in heaven. That mother rejoices; she has "three

little babes in heaven! She is not fearful that their morals will be corrupted because they have for companions the prophets, apostles, martyrs, and all who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

She has no fears that any accident will befall them, that sickness may waste their frames, or that death will hush their cherubic songs. Thank God! no funeral processions sweep through the golden streets of the New Jerusalem! The flowers of heaven bloom over no graveyards.

Had those babes grown up and gone out into this cold world of ours, they might have known want, but the mother indulges in no such fears now. They shall never hunger or thirst so long as golden clusters ripen on life's fair-tree, so long as the streams of the river of life make glad the city of our God.

The mother of these babes indulges in the hope of meeting with her long-lost treasures beyond the river, to be separated from them no more. And it rejoices her, too, to remember, when the resurrection trump shall sound, that

"These new risings from the tomb.  
With lustre brighter far shall shine;  
Revive with ever during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.

#### UNION OF GOOD MEN IN HEAVEN.

If the mere conception of the re-union of good men in a future state, infused a momentary rapture into the mind of Tully; if an airy speculation, for there is reason to fear it had little hold on his convictions, could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel, who are assured of such an event by the true sayings of God! How should we rejoice in the prospect, the certainty rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth; of

seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected, 'with every tear wiped from their eyes,' standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, 'in white robes, and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, Salvation to God, that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever.'—What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat, and the labour of the way, and to approach not the house, but the throne of God, in company, in order to join in the symphonies of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves amidst the splendors and fruitions of the beatific vision!

To that state all the pious on earth are tending; and if there is a law from whose operation none are exempt, which irresistibly conveys their bodies to darkness and to dust, there is another, not less certain or less powerful, which conducts their spirits to the abodes of bliss, to the bosom of their Father and their God. The wheels of nature were not made to roll backward; everything presses onward to eternity; from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile, heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent and divine; leaving nothing for the last fire to consume but the objects and the slaves of concupiscence; while everything which grace has prepared and beautified shall be gathered and selected from the ruins of the world, to adorn that eternal city, "which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—Robert Hall.

### Children's Corner.

#### THAT MOTHER'S PRAYERS!

In the spring of 18—, a convict was committed to the charge of Mr W—, warden of the State prison. The warden who was a benevolent Quaker, felt deeply interested to reclaim him from his vicious course, if possible, but the prisoner seemed resolved to maintain his proud

and haughty bearing. He received every act of kindness with ingratitude and disdain. In vain did the warden attempt to gain his affection or his confidence. He would sometimes enter his cell and read to him from the Bible. But the prisoner would turn his back toward him, and stop his ears. He would sometimes



try to talk with him in accents of kindness and affection ; but he could rarely get any more than the monosyllables, "yes," and "no," uttered in a harsh, guttural tone, in reply. His three years of punishment passed away, and he left the prison the same hardened, ungrateful villain that he was when he entered it. But a few months had elapsed, and he was again convicted of a crime and brought back, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Again did the pious and faithful warden renew his efforts, and try to awaken in the prisoner some virtuous emotion. But he seemed dead to all moral influence. He maintained the same obstinate, sullen mood, as when in prison before, and, if possible, was more morose than ever. Still Mr W—— was not entirely discouraged, and he resolved to make one more effort. With his Bible in his hand, he entered the prisoners' cell one evening, just after he had been released from his toil. He began to read the fifty-first Psalm. The prisoner turned his back as usual, and tried to seem indifferent to what he read. When the warden had done reading, he said, "Friend K——, how old art thou?" After a sullen pause, he replied, "Thirty-five." "Thy parents are dead; are they not?" "Yes." "They died when thou wast young?" "Yes." "Dost thou remember thy father?" "No." "Dost thou remember thy mother?" "In a soft and tremulous voice he replied, "Yes, I remember-my mother." The warden saw that there was one chord of feeling still alive, that he then touched that chord, and it vibrated, and he continued, "How old wast thou when thy mother died?" The prisoner raised his eyes, and looked the warden in the face, and the tear-drops started as he replied, "I was eight years and five months old when she died." The warden resumed—"Was thy mother a pious woman?" "Oh, yes; my another was a godly, pious woman, and she is now in heaven." "Didst thou ever hear thy mother pray?" "Yes, she prayed every night and morning, and she taught me to kneel by her side and to pray also. *Oh, that mother's prayers!*"

Here the prisoner burst into tears, the pious Quaker wept also; they mingled their tears and their prayers. The prisoner seemed melted into contrition; he asked the warden's forgiveness, and the forgiveness of his God. From that time he manifested an entire change in conduct and feeling. He seemed humble,

submissive, and penitent. After some months, the governor of the state was petitioned, and the prisoner was released. He had now become a new man; he removed to a distant part of the country, joined the church, and is now an honest man and a devoted Christian.

#### PRAISE FOR THE WORD OF GOD.

The Bible! the Bible! more precious  
than gold  
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;  
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of his love,  
It shows us the way to the mansions above.

The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,  
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;  
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,  
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy;  
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;  
We'll sing of thy triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,  
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,  
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;  
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,  
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

#### HOW THE HEATHEN DIE.

When a poor suffering man is thought near death, he is hurried off by his friends, willing or unwilling, to the Ganges. There, stretched on the muddy bank, often without a mat to lie on, exposed to the piercing rays of the sun by day, and to the chilling damps and dews of night, the unhappy sufferer breathes his last. If you see the poor creature writhing in agony, and offer to do something for him, the bystanders will scornfully answer, "He was brought here to die; he cannot live now." Here, by the side of the stream, is a dying boy. His father and mother are busy sprinkling him with the

muddy water. This is all they are doing for him, except singing to him in a plaintive tone, "Tis blessed to die by Ganga, my son;—to die by Ganga is blessed, my son." Look a little further. There is a dying man, seated up to the middle, in the waters of the river. The leaves of a sacred plant are thrust into his mouth. The mud is spread over his breast and forehead: then it is poured down his throat. He implores his friends to leave him alone: he begs them not to kill him; he does not wish to die. But they drown his cries with their shouts of "Hurri bol! Hurri bol!" and persevere in filling his mouth with mud and water, till the wretched man,—stifled, suffocated, murdered, breathes his last.—*Miss. Repos. for Youth.*

### NO SABBATH SCHOOLS IN DENMARK.

Five years ago, when I was at Copenhagen, (the capital of Denmark,) a Danish lady was very much surprised when I told her about our Sunday schools; and she said, she was "sure that the children there would not attend, if they had schools; for that they look upon the Sabbath as a holiday to amuse themselves in, and not as a day for being taught anything." But yet there is a hope that better days are coming. The Bible is being more read; the Tract Society is sending out its little silent messengers; and God's truth is now faithfully preached in many Danish pulpits. Will you not then pray, that God would send down his Spirit's influences upon that land,

that its people may no longer serve him with the lip only, but from the heart? —*Ibid.*

### THE MISSIONARY CHAPEL IN GOOBEE, INDIA.

There are many temples in Goobee, very costly and magnificent. Close by some of these temples there stands a house built of mud, and whitewashed. A small and lowly house though it be, the God of heaven and earth does not pass it by. It is the Missionary Chapel. Here the servants of God proclaim his word. Here the blessed Spirit is poured forth, and makes that word sink deep into the hearts of them that hear. There is no place in the whole town so honored as the Missionary Chapel.—*Ibid.*

### THE HINDOO SISTERS.

One day, a person found two little girls begging in the streets of Calcutta, and took them before the magistrate. The youngest of them was a fine, healthy looking child, and her bright eye and pretty form delighted all that looked upon her; but the oldest was weak, thin and sickly, and seemed almost starved to death. The magistrate asked her how it was that she was so thin, and her sister so stout. "Oh" she answered, "I do not often get much to eat; for when any food is given me, I always give it first to my little sister, and she eats her full, and, if any is left, then I get it; sometimes it is only a very little bit I get, and often she eats it all, and then I have to go without."—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

## Temperance.

### 'FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!—TO-MORROW.'

Such have been the *texts* chosen by the new pulpit orator, the Rev Arthur Mursell, for his Sunday-Lectures, in the Great Free Trade Hall, Manchester.—On Sabbath week, the youthful preacher lectured on the first to an audience of 7000, and last Sabbath the spacious building was crowded in every part, and thousands went away unable to gain admission. The *Manchester Examiner* gives lengthened reports of these addresses, from which we give the following extracts:—

### THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

It is a small cottage, thinly furnished, and the furniture, like the wife, seems wasting away. Half of it is at the pawnshop, and it is all gently sinking into the same vortex. He has a wife and only daughter—a fair child of 15 years, just budding into life. Cruelty and hard usage, together with starvation, have told their tale upon the mother's form and face; and when the lord and master of the house comes staggering home at midnight, he finds that they have stretched her, dying, on the tattered bed—the daughter's tearful face is hidden in her

mother's bosom, and her thin white hand is clasped about her neck. The conscience-stricken sot stands rooted on the threshold, and stays his staggering feet by grasping at the door-post, and as he stares with bloodshot eyes upon the death bed that his selfishness prepared, he hears his daughter's sobbing voice exclaim—'Thy will be done!' and then his gasping wife sighs forth the struggling prayer—'Lord, lay not this sin to his charge.' And as the dying intercession floats from that broken heart to heaven, the spirit leaves its clay and follows it; and the father is alone with his orphan daughter. Bitterly did he weep as he looked upon the mortal remnant of that patient partner of his life—so still, so cold, marble white. He would have madly tried to warm the bosom back to life; but his child withdrew him from the bed, because she knew that bosom bore the mark of a foul, savage blow, and she did not want that blow to recoil upon her father's heart. The night rolled slowly by, and the morning sun fell full upon the upturned face of death; and as the drunkard looked towards it then, he saw that the love-light had not faded from the glassy eye-balls even, yet—Another day and night, and it is time to take a last fond look, before the coffin-lid shall shut out the vision for ever; and a sad look it was. A parting pressure of those marble lips, and a hot tear upon the cheeks; and then the daughter comes to place a lily in the bosom, and twine a sweet white rose within the raven hair; and then amidst the tolling of the passing bell, and the tramping of the black procession, the scene is closed. But oh! the weary, weary hours of remorse which prey upon the widower when left alone—his life insupportable—what shall he do—what cordial panacea can quell his fears, and soothe his torturing reflection? His child creeps softly to his side, lays an open book upon his knees, from which she whispers in his ears, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' The words seem to revive him for a moment as he again asks, 'What shall I do?'—'Prayer is the best cordial for a wounded spirit, father,' says the child, 'my mother taught me that.' Prayer!—what is prayer? 'I'll try to pray at all events,' he says, and he turns to fall upon his knees. But, all at once, a cold and nervous tremor chills his veins, and he turns round again, and says 'No—I'll pray to-morrow—I can't pray now. Give me my

bat!' The door has swung upon its hinges, and he is in the street; the daughter follows to the door, and watches him as he goes down the pavement, till he turns into a house. She follows quickly after him, and gets there just in time to hear him call hoarsely for some brandy. Down on her knee she begs him, by the memory of the loved and lost—for pity's sake—to come away; but he thrusts her out, and tells her to be gone. Arrived at home, she kneels once more—not now before an earthly, but a Heavenly Father. She prays for help to lead her only relative from ruin into peace. The clock strikes ten—eleven—twelve—one—two—and three, before the shuffling footstep can be heard against the door; and then it is opened by the strange hand of some ruffian companion who has helped her father to get home. He gives his drunken charge into her care, with many a coarse and brutal jest, and leaves them alone. His glaring eye happens to rest upon the open Bible he had set aside; and as his child placed her trembling hand upon his breast, his tears once more gushed forth like the water from the rock beneath the prophet's rod. But, oh, it is a too-late repentance. Next day he dives down to his hell again, to drown his grief in streams of liquid fire. And while he is away, another shadow darkens the threshold of his house; and the poor orphaned girl is listening to the glib and slippery flatteries of some deceitful libertine, and the chaste casket of her fame is in peril of being ransacked of its pearly jewel—virtue. Day after day the father rolls home with his legion of evil spirits revelling in his heart; and day after day the plastic visitor comes with the velvet touch of his soft hand, and foul cajolery of his dainty lips. Is it any wonder that she should in her unguarded and untended innocence, with the bleeding tendrils of her trusting heart trembling to twine around some true support, with every fibre of her woman's soul torn from the objects that should win its love—is it a wonder, I repeat that she should fall beneath the wicked wizardry of the seducer's sorceries, and sink from innocence to be the prey of the libertine, and the toy of the destroyer? And on whose head, O drunkard—on whose head, O beast, miscalled a man—shall her blood most heavily descend? Yes! let the thought torture thee—let it lash thee as with a whip of scorpions, and lacerate thy very soul with its envenomed smart

—you killed your wife with your own selfish, beastly appetites—and you have worse than killed your daughter! After a long, lone absence—which you have filled up by pining about your pretty Jane—she comes back to your roof—dishonoured and abandoned; and as you stretch your arms to fold her to your heart, she laughs a hoarse and gipsy laugh—a weird and hollow sound—in which you cannot recognise those tones that read the Bible in your ear, and called on you to pray. You look upon the face but it is not the same; the blushes—once so modest—have faded from the cheek like withered flowers; and brazen, stolid insolence is mantling in its place. What wonder—hell-babe—what wonder that upon some black and stormy night, she hurls herself from the dark parapet of the bridge, and seeks a refuge from the cold and sluggish earth, in the colder and more sluggish water! Drowned!—yes, drowned!—and gone into eternity before you—a ministering spirit to usher you to hell. Don't you remember when her trembling finger pointed you to heaven, and when it traced the lines that spoke of Him who was the way, the truth, the life? But you would not follow it, and you have not only turned away yourself, but have strewed blasting ashes on her flowery path. O! be not surprised to see, as you are hurried through the ébon corridors of the nether world, the pallid phantom of that child whose early love would, had you cherished it, lifted your hopes and thoughts to heaven, laughing to see you writhing in the lake of fire. O fathers! be tender to your children, and be jealous of your daughter's love. Guard her honour as you would guard your life. Never uplift a recreant hand against a woman's breast for that man is a monster who can bruise with a miscreant's blow that tender bosom, or terrify with a coward's curse that angel presence.

#### THE BIRTH-RIGHT.

“Now, courage come to me,” whispered Nard as she saw the guests turning their attention to herself, “can I brave it, yes I will, I'll never be a coward—a moral coward.” She threw back her stately head and pressed one foot more firmly on the carpet as though she would tread beneath her such an unworthy thought. The glasses were filled with sparkling wine, and one, a gentleman in look and bearing, rose and called on all

to join him in pledging the health of the fair maid—the queen of their festival, and in wishing that each birth-right as it comes around may be more heavily laden with blessings. “Stay, gentlemen,” the sweet voice was imperious, and all turned to the speaker as she stood so proudly erect, in all her womanly grandeur before them, “and let me tell you what I have seen and heard this morning. Not far from here is a house that few of us would think of entering. Thither I was led this morning. I entered a door, it closed noiselessly behind me and I stood looking on what we, the thoughtless giddy ones, ought to look on and tremble. Before me lay a man in the prime of his life; but, oh! that face, the hair was coarse and matted as it hung around the dying brow—his eyes were sunken and closed. When he opened them he looked around so fearfully, so anxiously, nay! so agonizingly that it appalled me; his wife was kneeling by the bed. You talk of ‘enshrined women;’ you should have seen her, pallid, haggard, soul-stricken and death-stricken; her daughter knelt by her side. ‘Agnes come here,’ he murmured. ‘Oh! Aggy speak to me again Are you gone already? You have never left me. Don't go now, say once more I am forgiven; I cannot die with this weight of misery oppressing me. Agnes, Agnes, even your pardon does not remove it, what shall I do? Don't! don't! your kisses torture me now, I cast them away once—bartered them away for what it blisters my tongue to name. Health, wealth, happiness, life—all gone for bitter—cursed drink.’ The darkness was gathering thick and fast and the shadowy presence of death grew more distinct and terrible. ‘Agnes, again said the poor weak voice, ‘this is death with his sigh. How awful; it is agony of spirit to have all the past before me, you more vivid than all. When you gave your life to me in all its youthful glory and I threw it away as worthless compared with,—you know—the kisses that madden me now would have been my sweetest pleasure. Oh Aggy, pray, I dare not, that even madness may come again. Assuré me I shall not have to answer for it all. I cannot; it would crush ten thousand men; none to blame but myself,’ he continued murmuring, ‘No tempter, no hidden snare or poison. Oh God have mercy! Agnes, wife, my child, not gone? I cannot leave you. Give me only a few months to be husband, fa-

ther. Let me taste for a few weeks only what I might have enjoyed a life-time. Oh! God is there no pity. Oh! agony of remorse. Agnes, Agn—, her name was ended in eternity. No, no, not that; give me a little water for the very thought of it unnerves me now, but wait I have something more to tell you. I left the mourners with their dead, and was soon face to face with a woman nearly as young as myself, crouching down in a corner. She eyed me maliciously, muttering, 'she'll do, clever and handsome, all the better.' I went up and spoke soothingly to her, she looked at me wonderingly. 'Can I do anything for you, I asked.' 'Anything for me,' and

the shriek of laughter that pealed forth appalled me. 'No, no, go away; yet stay, stop, lower yet. I want to whisper in your year. Don't let them drink your health. They can't help it; they say good words and wishes but there are bad spirits in the glasses, and they have more power than their good wishes. Now go, I've warned you,—go and beware.' Gentlemen, will you even risk my happiness. No, no, you say. Then push back your glasses and wish me a long life, unstained, unsullied, and pledge it in the draught pure from the hand of its Giver." The wine was untouched that night by all, by some forever afterwards.—*Canada Temperance Advocate.*

## Religious Intelligence.

### ENGLAND.

#### MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The marriage of the Princess Royal of England with the Prince who is likely soon to succeed to the Prussian throne, is an event which will probably exercise much influence on the future of both England and Prussia—the two great Protestant powers of Europe. It has been the anxious desire of all the greatest English rulers since the Reformation, to bring this country into closer alliance with the Protestant kingdoms of the continent. Oliver Cromwell whose clear insight into the true national interests, cannot be disputed, whatever opinion may be held of his character and motives, kept this object always steadily before him. On occasion of the massacre of the Vaudois, he took advantage of the opportunity to suggest this idea to all the Protestant princes. Writing to the King of Sweden, he says,\* "As often as we behold the busy councils and various artifices of the common enemies of religion so often do we revolve in our minds how necessary it would be, and how much for the safety of the Christian world, that the Protestant princes should be united with our republic in a strict and solemn confederacy." The whole career of William III. had one great aim—the raising up of a strong Protestant alliance against the threatening flood of Romish influence as represented in the then strongest pil-

lar of the Papacy, Louis XIV. of France. The key to his policy and wars, is always to be found in this one idea, whether we regard his earlier life in Holland, his landing in England, or his battles and victories in Ireland.

Both England and Prussia need the protecting influence of a strong alliance, now no less than at any former period of their history. The Papacy has, for at least the last ten years, arisen with renewed vigour; its guiding minds have formed gigantic plans, and have skilfully spread their snares over the greater part of Europe. Much skill has been brought into exercise for the purpose of sapping the independent power of England and Prussia especially. The higher classes of both countries have been plied ingeniously with every motive which could allure them into the ranks of Rome. In Romish countries everything has been done to raise national prejudice against us, and to prepare the way for future conflicts. The Spirit of Ultramontanism was strongly displayed some months ago, in the triumphant tone in which its organs, all over Europe, hailed the misfortunes which befell us in India.

The Prince of Prussia, the father of Prince Frederick William, has long been the warmest supporter of the idea of a close English alliance on the grounds of broad policy. He is also the determined opponent of that movement Romeward, which has appeared in the Protestant Church of Prussia, as well as in

\* See Letters of State in Bohn's translation of Milton's Prose Works.

the Church of England. He feels that the true strength of his kingdom is to be found in the maintenance of an evangelical Protestantism, equally opposed to Rationalism, on the one hand, and high Lutheranism on the other. Already, in the short period of his regency, and with only limited powers, he has markedly indicated his tendency. He was understood to be, like the king, most friendly to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Berlin.

The alliance of the royal families, which is one, happily, springing from affection, and not from motives of policy, begins thus, under the most favourable auspices, and it may, we hope, long endure, to be made, under the guiding hand of Providence, the means of strengthening the cause of Protestantism, and of true religion, in both kingdoms.

#### FUTURE INDIAN POLICY.

The question of our policy in India is now more earnestly than ever engaging the attention of thoughtful minds. In a few days, that Parliament assembles which will be invited to decide upon questions of the highest importance to India's future destinies. In preparation for this, meetings have been held of great influence during the past month. The first was a meeting under the auspices of the three great dissenting societies, the Wesleyans, London and Baptist. A meeting was also held of the Church Missionary Society in London, and a branch meeting in Dublin, at both of which speeches of much weight were delivered by men in high ecclesiastical po-

sition. An Indian Association has been formed in Glasgow. The Christian public of all denominations are thus becoming aroused. There is much need of this, for there is every reason to believe that there will be a very stern and strong opposition to every attempt to change the old policy. Mr Vernon Smith, and with him the majority of the Government, are said to be vigorously opposed to making any inroads upon the former system of respect for caste privileges, &c. It was reported that Mr Vernon Smith had demanded lately, from the Company, the names of all officers subscribing to missions, in consequence of Lord Ellenborough's attack; while it is said, also, that Lord Canning has censured Sir John Lawrence in India, for his most Christian proclamation. Many old Indians at home are starting up in defence of things as they were.

The battle is far from won, and, if great watchfulness and energy be not used, it will probably be yet lost. We still consider that the idea to which we referred in an article two months ago, of holding, this summer or autumn, a great Conference in London, in which all our ablest councillors might be assembled, and to which ten or twelve of our ablest missionaries in India might be invited, is worthy of much consideration. Such a demonstration would ensure perfect accuracy of information, and would, above all, be calculated to make a strong impression upon the country, and to tell upon the Parliament and Government. We hope that this idea will be more generally taken up.

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## Editorial.

### PROTESTANT ALLIANCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

In common with other ministers of the Gospel, we have recently received the Circular of the Nova Scotia Protestant Alliance. It gives a list of the names of the Committee, a statement of the objects contemplated, and of the means proposed for securing these objects, with an explanatory address to Protestants.

The objects and measures proposed are precisely the same as those aimed at by the Protestant Alliance of England, with Lord Shaftesbury at its head, and such men as Rev H. McNeile and Rev Canon Stowel among its supporters. As the design of circulating the statement is, doubtless, the formation of affiliated branches in every part of the province, we think it is due to our readers to lay these documents before them, for their attentive perusal, adding at present only a few remarks in explanation and approval.

The objects of the Alliance are such as must recommend themselves to all true-hearted and intelligent Protestants. The work to be done is to counteract the machinations and operations of Popery, which stands forth the unchanged enemy of knowledge, of human freedom and progress, and consequently, of the Bible and of religious education. Jesuitical organization must be met by Protestant union. Information respecting the nature and designs of the Papal conspiracy must be diffused by tracts, lectures, sermons, and periodicals. We see that it is farther proposed that the Alliance, if properly sustained, shall attempt some missionary movement, after the example of similar efforts in Ireland and Canada, to give divine truth and the gospel of Jesus Christ to one or more of the races which, in this province, blindly obey the Papal Priesthood.

It is high time that such a mission was instituted. We rather incline to the idea that it will be more efficiently carried out by Churches through their own ecclesiastical judicatories. The Baptists and Free Church have had the subject before them, and have had committees on Popery for several years. We feel rather more sanguine of success by such instrumentality. The Alliance, we trust, will at least stimulate such movements. Only let the thing be done, and we shall rejoice that a reproach which now rests on the Protestantism of the province will then be wiped off. At present, Nova Scotians are carrying the glad tidings of salvation to Polynesia, to Burmah, to Patagonia, and to Damascus, while there are *within the province many thousands who have never read a single chapter of that Revelation which God has given to enlighten and to bless all nations.*

So far as the Alliance intends to aim at exercising *political influence*, it has defined its position in a manner (see that portion of the address which we have inserted *in italics*) which must prove satisfactory to all except Romanists, and those who are bidding, or who intend, whenever they have the opportunity, to bid for their political support. To such parties, the Alliance will always prove distasteful in the extreme. Even its members individually may lay their account to meet with their embittered hostility. We trust that none of these things will move them, but that, through good and evil report, they will continue "earnestly to contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints," and present an unbroken front against all the enemies of our "common salvation."

We have noticed with satisfaction that nearly all the Protestant denominations of the Province are represented on the committee. The Presbyterian and Wesleyan elements seem to prevail. There are many who are willing that the Bible should be maintained in our Schools, and our Protestant institutions maintained, but *they wish the battle to be fought by others.* It was not by such caution and worldly prudence that our Protestant rights and privileges were won; nor will they be secured, if Christian ministers and men pursue an undecided and temporising policy. The aggressions of Romanists have aroused the friends of religious freedom in Canada, and the time has come in the lower provinces, when that *alien power* within them which wars against their free Protestant institutions, must be watched with jealous care, and a "combined opposition organized against all claims which any sect or body of men may advance inconsistent with the general good."

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## O B J E C T S .

To maintain and defend, against all the encroachments of Popery, the Scriptural doctrines of the Reformation and the principle of religious liberty, as the best security under God for the spiritual welfare of this province as an integral part of the British empire.

## AND FOR THIS PURPOSE.

To awaken Christians of various classes, and of different opinions on Politics and Church Government, to such a sense of Christian patriotism as shall lead them, in the exercise of their constitutional privileges, to regard the interests of Protestantism as a chief object of their concern, keeping minor and merely political differences in subordination to this great end.

To unite the Protestants of the province in efforts to secure the recognition of the Holy Scriptures as the basis of all sound Education, and in a firm and persevering demand that the provincial support and encouragement given to Popery of late years shall be discontinued. In this demand would be included all endowments of Popery, in every form, and of every kind, drawn from the public revenues—the concession of rank and precedence to Romish Ecclesiastics,—and the allowance of Conventual Establishments not subject to the inspection and control of the law.

To join with the Protestant Alliance of England, as far as may be practicable, in extending sympathy and support to those in foreign countries who may be suffering oppression for the cause of the Gospel. And so seek to call forth the influence of the British Government to obtain for Protestants, when residing in Popish countries, religious liberty equal to that which is granted to Romanists in Great Britain, especially the liberty of public worship, and of burying their dead, according to their own rites,—and, above all, freedom in the use and circulation of the Word of God.

## M E A N S .

Lectures, Sermons, and Public Meetings.  
Issue of Periodical and Occasional Papers.

Use of the Public Press.

Petitions to the Legislature.

Memorials and Deputations to the Government.

Communications to Members of the Legislature.

Correspondence with Protestants in the neighbouring provinces and other countries.

Formation of Committees for Local Action.

## C I R C U L A R .

Protestantism must be *antagonistic* till the system which calls for the *Protest* be "taken out of the way." The Protestant Churches still stand before the enemy which first marshalled their ranks. There is the old foe to combat: and while Popery exists, Protestants must maintain their position, and vindicate the truth once delivered to them. It is not allowed to Protestants to be contented with the freedom they have won, but that freedom, gained at such cost must be defended, and its enemies met with the same weapons which confronted the Diet at Worms, and secured the Confession of Augsburg. The falsehoods of a system, whose singular design it is to keep the world in chains, have to be exposed, its machinations unmasked, and its projects counteracted. Popery exists, and that demands vigilance



and activity on the part of Protestants, to defend all that is dear to them as Christians, and important to them as citizens,—essential at once to their civil and their religious liberties. It is difficult to imagine what can be the motives of a system, which, pretending to receive a revelation from God, renders that revelation useless to the great masses of the people, perverts its doctrines, substitutes other saviours in the room of the alone Redeemer of the world, exalts mediators to a place of equality with Christ himself, imposes the worship of relics and of saints, makes a ceremony a sacrifice, disparaging the only propitiation, and inculcates beliefs which the understanding refuses, and the mind revolts at. The growth of ages, and the product of worldly aspirings answering in many respects the tendencies of our nature, but using religion for the purposes of ambition and earthly aggrandizement, the system is adhered to, and its projects are pursued, from the same false motives, and the same sinister designs. Grasping at power, it wields it, though to the enslaving of the mind, and the ruin of its highest and its eternal interests. It is for this that the political influence is seized, and the current of legislation is sought to be diverted into the channel of ecclesiasticism, or priestly power. It is not proposed to interfere with the rights and liberties of any body of religionists, not even of Romanists, within their own legitimate domain: but Popery is not content within that domain, but would control others in their proper actions, would secure to itself the very functions of legislation, while it unquestionably operates as an obstructive to the most salutary measures for general improvement. Its strenuous efforts for separate schools, and determined opposition to any enlightened system of education, is an instance of this. *What is demanded especially at the present time is that an undue advantage should not be given to Papal influence, in the power which is manifestly accorded, of turning the balance of parties, and thus securing objects which otherwise would be resisted by a united Protestantism. The danger of yielding to the demands of Popery, as the price of its support, should be effectually provided against by the combined action of parties which have common objects of legislation in the common good of the community. An alien power, if not an alien people, should be jealously watched and zealously resisted. No acts of legislature should play into its hands.—Protestants should not prefer their party to their religion. A combined opposition to all claims which any sect or body of men advance, inconsistent with the general good, must be organized. This is simply the object of the Protestant Association, so far as it has any political character. It does not aim at political objects, but it would combine politicians for Protestant purposes. The general objects are apart from politics, and have exclusively a Protestant bearing. It is intended to diffuse information, by tracts and otherwise, on the character and designs of Popery. Manifestly, too great an apathy exists in reference to these, and just because they are not known, and their dangerous tendency is not feared. The citadel is taken while its defenders slumber. Why should Popery receive a larger share of political patronage than it is entitled to? Why should it be suffered to frustrate all efforts at obtaining an adequate system of education, simply because it is opposed to the reading of the scriptures in the daily schools? The province is called upon to say, as with one voice, that no opposition to the Word of God can be allowed, much less countenanced, by a nation calling itself Protestant, by a nation that values its own liberty of action. Who has proscribed the Word of God?—The church can alone interpret it! Let no such pretence fetter a Protestant community in the paramount object of securing a religious system of education, or the reading of the Sacred Scriptures in the daily schools. Protestants must act in concert for this object; and this is above all party strife, all ephemeral quarrels.*

A mission among Roman Catholics is one important object which the Protestant Association may contemplate; and this should enlist the united and zealous co-operation of all Protestants. Canada has its missions to the French Canadian population. Why should Nova Scotia neglect its Acadian population, and the Romanists from Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland? Missionaries and Colporteurs may well be employed in disseminating the Word of God among the thousands who are deprived of it by their own system of faith, and in preaching to them a different gospel than that which Popery announces, even the pure gospel of the grace of God. The success which has attended such missions in Ireland, where Popery is now trembling for its very existence, and in Canada, where many converts have been won over to the true faith, is at once an encouragement and a rebuke to Protestants

in these provinces. It tells us to go and do likewise : It holds out to us the prospect of similar results; and at least the effort should not be wanting, even although success in an equal degree should be denied.

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### PRESBYTERIAN PSALMODY.

THE PRESBYTERIAN SOCIAL PSALMODIST, with a selection of Psalms and Hymns, from the Assembly's collection.

THE PRESBYTERIAN JUVENILE PSALMODIST, by Thomas Hastings. Presbyterian Board of Publication.

We cordially recommend these two little works to every lover of Sacred Vocal Music, and to all who feel anxious to elevate the character of this most interesting department of religious worship. The first contains upwards of one hundred and thirty tunes, with a great number of Hymns to which they are adapted. Very great care appears to have been taken in the selection of the music. The *Airs* are usually sweet, and the harmony is at once simple and scientific. Many of these tunes have already become popular in Nova Scotia, but there are others which are by no means so well known as they deserve to be. In looking through the Book we have marked a few of these—such as “Rest,” “Rockingham,” “Sutherland,” “Shawmut.” The music contained in this volume is calculated to hold an intermediate place between the slow Scottish tunes, which either are, or resemble the old Choral music of the middle ages, and which, as vehicles for expressing some classes of devotional ideas, cannot be surpassed—and the fugue tunes that have been so generally popular in Nova Scotia, and which, fine as many of them are, require to be sung with much more skill and taste than can usually be found in our congregations.

The Presbyterian Juvenile Psalmodist, the smaller of the two works, is calculated, in our opinion, to be even more extensively useful than that already noticed. The greater part of our Church music is of too slow and heavy a character to suit the tastes of children, who, on the other hand, when they have a natural turn for singing, eagerly pick up snatches of such songs, often silly and sometimes worse, as have tunes which please their fancy.—It was the saying of an ancient statesman, that if he could make the songs of a people he would not care who made their laws; and if this be true of men and women, it is eminently true of children. To “marry Music to immortal Verse” is to adopt by far the most efficient, because the most delightful, means, of interesting the childish mind, and of impressing the majesty of God, the loveliness of the Saviour, and the joys of Heaven, on the infant heart. When witnessing the pleasure which children take in singing such hymns and music as are contained in this little book, we could not but feel that the formation of classes for teaching them in connection with all our Sabbath and week-day schools, would do much to implant the seeds of Morality and Religion in the hearts of our children, and prove a powerful aid to other means of instruction.

We should like to see a copy of the “Juvenile Psalmodist” in every family of our Church, and well would it be if the parents of every family had sufficient musical knowledge to train their children to sing its hymns. Both books may be obtained from the Rev John I. Baxter, who is Agent for the sale of the books published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. We are not acquainted with their price, but presume that like all the other works published by the Board, they are issued at a price which places them within the reach of all.

# THE MISSIONARY REGISTER,

OF THE

## Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia.

LORD, bless and pity us, shine on us with thy face,  
That th' earth thy way, and nations all may know thy saving grace.—*Ps. lxxvii. 1, 2.*

Vol. 9.

MARCH, 1858.

No. 3.

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### REPORT OF COMMITTEE OF SYNOD OF THE PRESBYTE- RIAN CHURCH OF NOVA SCOTIA ON REVISION OF FORMU- LA OF QUESTIONS FOR PRES- BYTERIAE VISITATION, 1856-7.

#### I. TO THE MINISTER.

1. Do you preach the gospel faith-fully?
2. Do you hold diets of examination in the various sections of the congrega-tion, and how often?
3. Do you visit the congregation mi-nisterially, from house to house, and how often?
4. Do you visit the sick, and afflicted, attentively?
5. Do you keep a Record of Baptisms, admissions to the Church, Marriages and Deaths, as they occur in your congrega-tion?—if so produce it.
6. Are you regular, and conscientious, in your attendance on Church Courts?
7. Do you administer baptism only when a congregation has been regularly assembled?
8. Do you administer baptism to any but the children of such as are in the communion of the Church, and to such as, unbaptized, are seeking admission to the fellowship of the Church?
9. Have you any Bible Classes, and what is the average attendance?

#### II. TO THE ELDERS.

1. Do you, as an elder, steadily visit,

advise, and pray with the families of your district?

2. Do you watch carefully over the members of the congregation, and, as you have opportunity, over those of the Church in general?

3. Are you attentive in visiting the afflicted?

4. Do you regularly, and conscientiously, attend meetings of Session, and according as you have been appointed, the meetings of other Church Courts?

5. Do you regularly attend, superin-tend, and take a part in, the proceed-ings and exercises of Prayer Meetings?

#### III. TO THE SESSION.

1. Have you stated, and special, meet-ings for conference and prayer?

2. What special modes of dealing are you employing with those, who, by bap-tism, have been recognized as members of the Church?

3. What attention do you give to Sab-bath Schools? State number of Schools—Teachers—Pupils—course of instruc-tion—extent of Library if any, and what means are used to render the Schools efficient?

4. What countenance and encourage-ment are given to the different Schemes of the Church, Missions, Education, &c.?

5. Are you careful not to admit to sealing ordinances persons under suspen-sion in other congregations?

6. Have you a competent number of elders, and are they district, or general?

7. Have you a Book in which are recorded the proceedings of Session, and if so produce it?

8. Have managers been appointed to transact the general business of the congregation, and if so name them?

#### IV. TO THE MANAGERS.

1. What salary do you give your minister?

2. Do you deem that a competent support?

3. How have your obligations to your pastor been fulfilled?

4. What is the degree of liberality and promptitude with which the congregation meets its liabilities?

5. What system is pursued in raising the salary?

6. How often do the managers meet

for business, and when does your ecclesiastical year terminate?

The 2nd question to managers may be put or not, as circumstances may warrant.

The following is the minute of Synod on the report now printed:—

*“Truro, June 27th, 9 o'clock, A.M.*

“Mr McCulloch read report of Committee appointed to revise questions put at Presbyterial visitations. It was agreed that the revised questions be printed and sent down to Sessions to examine and report upon, at next meeting of Synod.”

By publication in the *Register* they are hereby transmitted to all Sessions and their attention to the subject requested.

P. G. MCGREGOR, *Synod Clerk.*

## Foreign Missions.

### A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE FOURTH VOYAGE OF THE “JOHN WILLIAMS”

*To the Australian Colonies and to Mission Stations in Eastern and Western Polynesia—1856—7—*

BY GEORGE N. GORDON, MISSIONARY TO WESTERN POLYNESIA.

Having been requested by a minister of the gospel in London, before I left that city, to write something in the form of a tract on our voyage in the “John Williams” through Polynesia, especially in relation to the Mission stations which in the providence of God we might be permitted to visit, which was in accordance with the wishes of other esteemed friends, after due consideration of the subject since I came to the Pacific, I feel, at least, the force of some of the reasons urged for doing so, and although I am assured that I possess but little talent for writing to the edification of others, yet I feel that it is my duty to make some effort to give my friends a little more information about the Mission stations which I have visited than I could cram into the space of a common letter sheet. I trust that I may be guided by the Spirit of truth and wisdom in writing of persons and things as I have seen them in Oceania, and that what I may write may be acceptable to my friends.

As I have previously written an account of our voyage to Cape Town and the Australian Colonies, I shall only give these places a passing notice in this communication and confine myself to a notice of missionary operations in this “Island world,” giving, at least, a little information on some of those features of Polynesian missions on which information has been solicited.

The “John Williams” on her fourth voyage to Polynesia left on 23rd July the busy Thames, on which gallant ships, richly laden with the world’s commerce, are continually going and coming, and arrived at South Africa on the 1st of October, where we remained five days, during which time I had some favoured opportunities for gaining some important information relative to the Cape Colony, both politically and religiously, which has enjoyed some advantages by British rule and the abolition of slavery. The climate of this thriving Colony seems favourable to Europeans in general, although, it is said, but few of the Anglo-Saxon natives live to an advanced age. Some of the missionaries sent to this Colony labour among the Dutch farmers, while others penetrate into the interior far beyond the bounds of the Colony, preaching the gospel to the heathen.—The Dutch and Episcopal Churches are supported by grants from the Govern-

ment, which in all probability will soon be withdrawn, as there is a strong feeling rising up in this, as in the Australian Colonies, against the principle of State support to any Church. The Trans Vael Boers oppress the aborigines very much since they have been permitted by the British Government to obtain firearms, and the latter, while weeping in the bitterness of their souls, like Rachel, for their dear ones who are not, ask the white man the stern question,—“Why do the English help the Boers who destroy us and our children?” When parents lie down at night they ask for their children, and in the morning ere the drops of the night are dried up reiterate the same—“Where are our beloved children?” and, because there is none to answer, they weep and still anxiously enquire—“Why do the white men (who are bound to obey the Word of God as much as the black man) help the Boers?”

We sailed from Table Bay on the 6th for the Australian Colonies, after a delightful visit to this Colony, which was made especially so through the kindness of the Rev Mr Thompson and family and the arrival from England of the “Sutlege” for India, and arrived at Tasmania in forty days. We encountered several gales, and were mercifully delivered from shipwreck in the Indian Ocean, where we lost our bowsprit. It was on a peaceful Sabbath morning, while all nature was at rest, we entered the beautiful Derwent, in the kind providence of God, and our barque was soon wafted up its placid waters by a gentle breeze to Hobart Town—a place which was once the home of the savage and of Britain’s vile outcasts, who have been as a torch in a sheaf to the former, but now an interesting city with temples to the praise and honour of Him to whom the ends of the earth are promised for his possession.

“Jesus lover of my soul,  
When the storm of life is past,  
Safe into the haven guide:  
Oh! receive my soul at last.”

I preached on the evening before we landed on the text, “Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off,” and soon after we landed, by a singular providence, on the subject, “In Christ,” which the Rev Mr Miller had selected for that evening, to improve the Memoir

of my esteemed friend Capt. H. Vicars, and, for the first time in a sermon, I made some use of the life of this beloved disciple, whose race has been so glorious. The congregation, as might be supposed, was somewhat surprised when it became known that I was altogether ignorant of Mr M.’s arrangements for improving this interesting work till the following day.

The convicts have been a great curse to this Colony, and especially to the aborigines, and their withering influence, which is now much checked, is not, I am sorry to state, confined to this Colony alone. The countenances of some of these miserable men are remarkable indexes to the depraved heart, out of which are the issues of life. They, for the most part, appear to be like the devil and the enmity of the human heart—unreformed and unreformable. A chaplain who laboured among them for several years, states that he only knew of one case of reformation—of a young man whom he received as a servant; but had subsequently sufficient reason to know that it was not genuine—by the loss of his silver plate. One of them, who was banished to New South Wales about sixty years ago for the crime of house-breaking, came under the influence of the truth in the Colony, and for a series of years proved himself worthy of much confidence; and there is some reason to believe, that he was beneficial to the souls of his fellow sinners; but, on his return to Scotland, he fell under the baneful influence of some of his former companions, and was in the end executed for house-breaking. This sad circumstance teaches us an important lesson, which missionaries in general know how to improve, for they find a sad tendency in their converts from heathen practices to return to their former habits. Where the duties of the pastorate are neglected in any way, the consequences are most conspicuous, even in the cases of the most strong. It is, to say the least of it, a very inconsiderate act of the British Government to scatter such incarnate demons, as the convicts generally are, by thousands among the unoffending heathen. The inhabitants of Cape Town, certainly had mercy on the heathen of South Africa as well as upon themselves, when they refused to allow a convict ship, a few years ago, to land her destructive cargo in that Colony; and, if the Home Government had not desisted from sending convict ships to

New South Wales, the colonists would have been excited to a state of rebellion. As there was a science or philosophy among the ancients, falsely so called, so there is a philanthropy among the moderns, falsely so called—a philanthropy which, at the expense of justice, too frequently screens the culprit from the sword of the civil magistrate, whom the apostle designates as the minister of God to execute just vengeance on the guilty. This philanthropy, which ignores the principle of capital punishment for any crime, has brought forth some of its legitimate fruits in the Australian Colonies and Polynesia; and the votaries of this principle would do well to consider this Scripture, "He that justifieth the ungodly, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord." The colonists of Van Dieman's Land prevailed with the Home Government to send the convicts to Norfolk, from which island they have been of late removed to give place to the Pitcairn Islanders, and they also got the name of this beautiful island changed to Tasmania, in honour of the name of Tasman; but they have as much of the *maniac* in the latter as of the *demon* in the former. Some of the convicts escaped from Norfolk at the cost of the lives of some unwary mariners, and are diffusing their baneful influence more widely over Polynesia.

The climate of Tasmania is salubrious, and the land, for the most part, fertile, even to the summit of some of the highest mountains, on which some trees grow to a prodigious size. There is a tree lying a few miles from Hobart Town into which, I have been told, horsemen can ride on horseback. A gentleman, who returned from Sydney to Britain a few years ago, made some novel statements about the trees and plants of these Colonies, among which was, that nettles grow twenty feet high! He was subsequently informed, that those who listened to such statements said, "He thinks we are such fools as to believe him."—The same gentleman told me, that on his return to the Colonies, he found that nettles grow in some places fifty or sixty feet high. After fulfilling our mission satisfactorily to Hobart Town, we bade our warm-hearted friends an affectionate farewell and sailed on the 3rd of December for Melbourne, where we arrived on the 12th. We had a very sickly passage, which was oppressive to several of

the passengers. As we sailed up Hobson's Bay we obtained some fine views of the surrounding country, some of which has of late been turned into fruitful fields; and when we neared Melbourne and saw the large number of splendid ships which lay at anchor off William's Town, the stirring population of Anglo-Saxons moving in every direction, the steamers skipping about in the Bay, and the locomotives flying about on land, and above all a large city beautifying the scene, whose temples to the honour of the Lord of all were built but yesterday, we felt that God's designs in relation to this country, which may be termed *terra paradoxa*, must surely be higher than those of gold-seekers. From observations which I obtained by the glass of much of the land about the Bay before we landed, I felt confident that much of it must have been submerged not many years ago, of which we had ample evidence when we landed. Some are of opinion that the whole country originally existed in separate islands.—That a country like Australia, with such immense riches in mineral and agricultural resources, and a good climate, situated in the southern hemisphere in the midst of myriads of the heathen, should have been reserved till the Nineteenth Century for another branch of the Protestant British family, to which they only could have been drawn in any considerable numbers by the strong attraction of the precious ore, which was discovered in due time, in the wise providence of God, for higher ends than man's ambition contemplated, is a remarkable circumstance in the world's history, which, I have no doubt, will soon appear more clearly to illustrate the wisdom and grace of that God who has promised to enlarge Japhet. The aggregate population of these Colonies is now not far short of one million—the nucleus, no doubt, of a great nation. There were but three houses in Melbourne in 1838. The system of letting land by auction in all the Australian Colonies at too high upset prices, is very inferior to that of the American Republic, and, as it is unfavorable to agricultural emigrants, must, if not modified, retard the progress of these Colonies.

On the 26th we visited Geelong—a thriving town sixty miles from Melbourne, with which it will soon be connected by railroad. A prayer meeting was holden on behalf of the cause in

which we are engaged, soon after we landed, at the termination of which, an alarm of fire was given, at which many all around were moved to run and enquire, who, no doubt, have not yet been so moved by the cry of alarm sounding in their ears from God's holy mountain. The Rev Mr Cooper and I went to the scene of conflagration and busied ourselves in saving property. I worked on the roofs of some of the houses like a tyro till I was quite exhausted, and feared ill consequences, but in the good providence of God was delivered from any evil results. Some who were in one hour left homeless, were much troubled by this afflicting circumstance, while others exposed themselves to peril in order to snatch their goods from the flames. Oh! that I may henceforth profit by the lesson God taught me on this occasion, and seek more earnestly to snatch brands from the eternal flames. The noblest deed, however, done on this occasion was by a young woman ruling her own spirit in doing good for evil to a lady left destitute by the fire who had been at enmity with her, for this young heroine, seeing her in distress, spake kindly to her and took her own bonnet off and put it on her head. The property lost was estimated at £50,000. We received but £70 for the cause of Him who gives men power to get wealth, and takes it at pleasure, and some thought we did well. I visited the Chinese boarding-houses while I was in Geelong, and got some young men to take the Scriptures in their own tongue from the Depot of the Bible Society. There are several thousands of them in the Colonies, and still they come, although they have to pay each £10 for landing. Some of them have subscribed towards the building of a Church. We returned to Melbourne on the 30th, and concluded our meetings in that city by attending to a farewell meeting held at the Mechanics' Institute, after which a steamer waited on the missionaries and bore them and a large number of sincere friends down the Yarra to Hobson's Bay, where, on board of our barque, we were affectionately commended to the care of the God of Missions, and in a few hours we were off for Sydney, where we arrived on the 6th of January. While we were sailing up Port Jackson to Sydney, which is about seven miles from the Heads, we were much delighted with the fine harbour and varied scenery on either side,

which gives a magnificent aspect to the landscape. The entrance of Port Jackson is very narrow—not two miles across—but it gradually expands to a capacious basin, which stretches nearly twenty miles into the country, into which a thousand sail of the line might manœuvre with ease. There are about one thousand coves in this splendid port, which are formed by rocky, yet wooded necks of land, which afford shelter to ships from every wind, and the scenery about them, being diversified by narrow cliffs and woodland hills, is highly striking and picturesque. Sydney is built of white freestone, and exhibits all the greatness and wealth of a first-rate English town. It is delightful for situation, the more so, of any town in Australia.

A few days after we landed in Sydney Mr Howe and I visited Newcastle, and Maitland, a small town containing five thousand inhabitants, which is situated twenty miles from the former up the fertile banks of the Hunter, which, like the Yarra, has the appearance of a small, narrow canal cut through a meadow.—The soil about this river is formed of an alluvial deposit of many feet deep, and being irrigated by the streams which flow from the melting snows of the Australian Alps, yields two crops annually without much culture—some say—for forty years! I spent some happy hours while in Maitland with the Rev Mr McIntyre, who is making some self-denying and laudable efforts to promote Academical education in the Colony. Newcastle is a small town, and is retarded in progress by its convict population. It has a fine harbour and abundance of coal, which might be made a source of much wealth to the place. There is a magnificent hill above the town, from the summit of which Mr H. and I had a fine view of the surrounding country. While I was in Newcastle I had a strong desire to see some of the aborigines of this part of the country, and, having been disappointed on the morning of the 14th by the steamer not calling in due time, I had my desire fulfilled about noon, by part of a tribe coming in from Port Stephen, with whom I sat down upon the grass in one of the squares in wigwam fashion. The chief and one or two more could speak English, and I was therefore enabled to converse with them about the salvation which is through Jesus unto eternal life. They seemed to have much better ideas of God as the Creator than Redeemer

The tribe of this district, as those of Maitland, Sydney and Melbourne, may now, with a few individual exceptions, be numbered among the things that were. Why do they so fade away before Europeans? is a question which has frequently been asked, but to which, many suppose, it is difficult to give an answer. I shall only here endeavour to remove some of the difficulties connected with this question, which, however, will be sufficient to show that the Puritanism, which the *Westminster Review* denounces as the cause of the destruction of the Polynesians, has not injured this race. The Wesleyan ministers in their report make the following statement:—"The condition of the aborigines becomes more deplorable as colonization advances. Their lands are rapidly passing into the hands of the settlers, their gain is driven away by new-comers, and their esculent roots are destroyed by the white man's sheep. Thus deprived of the means of subsistence, and not daring to venture into the interior, lest they should be murdered as intruders by other tribes, they generally resort to begging or pilfering from the colonists, with whom they are in consequence often brought into painful collision. Loathsome diseases still further aggravate the evils under which they are wasting away." "The shooting of a native," says Mr Jameson, "is not regarded in the jurisprudence of the bush—as a murder." Their traffic with Europeans is almost exclusively in intoxicating liquors, which their constitution cannot stand as well as that of Europeans, and the demoralising influence of the convict population on them can hardly be estimated. The remnants of tribes, consequently, which are found scattered about the seaport towns are poor specimens of this race in general; and these circumstances account for those erroneous views which have been entertained by some ethnologists about this people as an inferior race to whom the term *Alforas* has been restricted. Some tribes are much blacker and more diminutive than other tribes, which are not inferior in personal appearance or intellect to the New Zealanders. The former obviously belong to the black race of Polynesia. Missionary operations among them have been almost exclusively confined to the remnants of tribes which are scattered among the European settlers, which circumstance goes far to account for the failure of Missions to this

ruined people. Their Polyglottism presents peculiar difficulties in the way of missionary success among them, but not greater than those of the Polyglottism of the Western Polynesians. The Moravian missionaries which were labouring among them in Victoria, have of late, returned from their work unsuccessful, complaining of Government interference as the cause, and but few now seem to care for their souls, as there is a general prejudice against them as an unimprovable race,—which is a great mistake.—Some of them who have been taken into schools learn readily, and some travellers speak in high terms of their aptness to learn the English language. Major Mitchell says, "I am convinced that the New Hollanders are not so debased in intellect, as some writers would lead us to suppose, and by kind and good treatment it is easy to gain their lasting affection." My heart bled over those with whom I conversed, for whom I could do but little more than pray. The chief had his war club bound up in a piece of cloth, and, when I found out what it was, I gave him a handkerchief for it. In the evening two New Zealanders called at our hotel, one of whom was tattooed, and the other had rosy cheeks like a good-looking European, which is a common circumstance among their children in the south of their island. They are a superior race and far advanced in the arts and sciences. Some of them are ship-owners and captains of vessels, and transact business with diligence at the Banks of the Colonies. These two young men had been to the New Hebrides, and knew the missionaries at Aneiteum.—The number of aborigines in Australia has been estimated at fifteen thousand, but, as there has only yet been a small part of this great country explored, for the want of more navigable rivers, the population of the aborigines cannot yet be correctly estimated. In the evening the steamer called and we were soon off for Sydney. Meanwhile the heavens were black with clouds, and loud peals of thunder broke over our heads, which soon gave way to a serene sunshine, while every whit in God's temple uttered his praise. On the 28th, after fulfilling our mission to the Colonies by preaching missionary sermons and addressing religious meetings, at which about £900 were collected for Foreign Missions, we sailed for Eastern Polynesia.

Sydney and Melbourne are much bet-



ter supplied with ministers of religion, in proportion to their population, than some small towns and country districts, where there is still an urgent demand for pastors. Some congregations however, who while destitute of pastors, were loud and clamorous for pastors to break unto them the bread of life—when supplied—soon became satiated like the Church in the wilderness, and loathed the light bread. A goodly number of faithful ministers and pious, intelligent church-members have emigrated to these Colonies, who form nucleuses of apparently thriving congregations, among whom are two or three excellent Episcopal bishops. I enjoyed the company of Bishop Perry very much, who on the platform of the Bible Society in Melbourne turned round to the various ministers about him and said, "It would be too little for me to say, you are my brethren—you are my fellow labourers in the gospel of our common Lord." My heart's desire is, that Nova Scotia may be much blessed by such men. Innovations, I am sorry to state, which modify the simplicity of the worship of God in the sanctuary among English Nonconformists, of late years, are not wanting in the Australian Colonies, which are too generally the concomitants of a smooth preaching ministry. From several numbers of the *Ecclesiastical Review* of 1856 and reports of Evangelical Alliance, it is obvious, that a considerable number of ministers in England wish to be smoother preachers than Christ and his apostles; and hence they have smoothed eternal punishment out of their sermons altogether. I fear that a world-pleasing spirit too frequently finds its way into the pulpit in these Colonies, as in Britain, to the injury of souls. I endeavoured on a certain occasion to preach a plain, simple sermon to a congregation, in which, I trust, I succeeded, but was subsequently told by the pastor that such plain preaching would be unacceptable to many, and that such preaching by himself would injure his standing in the community, which he seemed to deplore. The civil governments favour Antichrist as much, if not more, than Christ; and infidels have no reason to object to the views of some christians in relation to subjects, which sometimes demand the scriptural attention of governments. The Roman Catholics have considerable influence in all the Colonies, and if the Emigration Company send out five thousand Irish women to make up the disparity of the sexes, as

proposed, they will rapidly gain more influence. In this proposition, however, they are opposed by the Victoria Government of the South, which is now a powerful rival of the Government of New South Wales.

While the religious communities of these Colonies are forward to many good works, it is somewhat surprising to find how backward they are in the support of religious periodicals, several of which they have allowed to die and be buried without any obsequies, although worthy of a nobler end. The Wesleyans of these Colonies are very active in the missionary cause, and have taken the whole responsibility of the Wesleyan Missions of the South Seas upon themselves; and the Congregational Churches of Sydney have had a Foreign Mission Board for several years, which of late supports Messrs. Creagh and Jones at Mare. But it is vain to think of obtaining efficient missionaries from the Australian Colonies to labour in Polynesia, for many years to come. We did something towards promoting union between the Independents and Presbyterians of these Colonies, but I am not sanguine about any important results, further, than an increase of contributions. The last contributions which I received for the cause of Christ were from the children of Dr Fullerton's congregation, after preaching to them from the text, "Lovest thou me," which I endeavoured to improve practically by answering the two following questions: why should we love Christ? and how should we show our love to Him?

Isaia, the Rarotongan, interested some of our meetings very much, by relating the changes effected in the domestic state of the natives of Rarotonga by the introduction of the gospel. He never saw an idol till he saw the idol of his forefathers in the Museum of the London Missionary Society in London. He says, "He is a great big fellow, and when I saw him I was greatly astonished, and climbed up and broke off a piece of his nose to take to Rarotonga, and I asked Dr Tidman to let me take him back to Rarotonga, to show the young people the queer thing their fathers worshipped, but he say, 'No let you do that.'" The present king of the Sandwich Islands, in like manner, never saw an idol, till a few years ago he saw the idol of his forefathers in a Museum in Boston. "The idols He shall utterly abolish."

(Conclusion in next No.)

## Other Missions.

### FATE OF THE MISSIONARIES OF FUTTEHGURH.

(From New York Observer.)

We have received from the Mission House, New-York, the following extracts from a letter of the Rev Joseph Owen, dated at Calcutta, Nov. 6th. Mr Owen had made great exertions to learn all that can be known concerning the missionary families of Futtehgurh. It seems painfully certain that they were put to death at Cawnpore, in company with a large number of Europeans, early in the month of June. Mr Owen says:

"I have a sad tale to tell about Futtehgurh. I would have mentioned it sooner had I not been indulging some faint hope that it might not be true. About the end of June a rumor reached us at Allahabad that all the non-military residents of Futtehgurh had left that station, in several boats, and while coming down the Ganges, were arrested and all murdered at Cawnpore, in number 132. This led us to fear the worst regarding our dear brethren and sisters of the Futtehgurh station. A few days afterwards, however, we heard that the regiment at that station had not mutinied, and this gave hope that our dear friends might still be safe. Several days after General Havelock's column reached Cawnpore, I received from Hanukh, (Enoch,) one of our Futtehgurh catechists, a letter informing me that the station of Futtehgurh, had been destroyed, that he had with great difficulty escaped and reached Cawnpore and that all our dear missionary friends of the Futtehgurh station had been massacred at Cawnpore. I immediately wrote to Hanukh to come over with as little delay as possible to Allahabad. At the same time I wrote to Mr Sherer, a gentleman in the Civil service, who had accompanied Havelock's column, asking him to give Hanukh any needed assistance, and inquiring for any particulars he could give me about the missionaries of Futtehgurh. He wrote that he knew nothing beyond the fact that they had undoubtedly been murdered, and kindly furnished Hanukh with expenses for his journey to Allahabad. In a letter of an officer with Havelock's force, I saw the statement that the missionaries of Futtehgurh were supposed to have been murdered, with others, in Mr McLean's Indigo Factory

at Mehaidee Ghat, a place on the Ganges between Futtehgurh and Cawnpore. But Hanukh gave the clearest statement of any I have yet received. I requested him some time since to write it out. He did so partially, and I requested him to add several particulars which he had given me verbally. His paper was not ready when I left Allahabad, and, though I wrote long since for it, it has not yet been sent me. His statement, as I recollect it, is this:

"On the 13th of May the brethren at Futtehgurh heard of the Meerut outbreak, and were warned to be in readiness for the approach of the mutineers. They went with the residents into the fort a few times when danger seemed most imminent. The rest of the time they were all together in the compound at Rukka, and met daily for prayer. A native landholder promised to give them protection in case of an outbreak, and they had native costumes prepared for making their escape. The brethren took turns in watching at night. While they were thus occupied, Bro. Freeman wrote me a letter, one of the last he ever wrote, which I received and answered just as our postal communications were closing. Probably my answer never reached him. His letter perished with all my other correspondence. He took a desponding view of the state of things, mentioned the murder of the missionaries at Delhi, said the list of those massacred at Delhi, when known, would be even more frightful than we had imagined: "but," said he, "perhaps none of us will be here to read it." At length the commanding officer advised all the non-military residents to leave the station and proceed to Cawnpore or Allahabad, or some other place of safety. They embarked on the night of the 3d of June on several boats, but did not actually leave before 1 or 2 o'clock on the morning of the 4th. Hanukh says our missionary friends went on the boats of Mr McLean and Mr Guise, brother of our valued friend Dr Guise. I have just received a short note from Ishwari Das (Adam), dated Futtehgurh, June 5th, saying that they were living in daily fear of an outbreak, and that all the non-military residents had left in boats.

"A letter has appeared in the Bengal Hurkaru, a Calcutta daily paper, written by one of the very few Futtehgurh sur-

vivors, giving a list of all who embarked on the night of the 3d of June, which quite agrees with Hanukh's account. In this list are the names of Mr and Mrs Freeman, Mr and Mrs Campbell and two children, Mr and Mrs Johnson, Mr and Mrs McMullin. After their departure Hanukh remained in charge of Mr Campbell's house and property. While there he had heard that the party had reached Cawnpore in safety. Not many days after, the mutineers from Seetapore in Oude entered Furrukhabad, and overcome the native regiment there, took possession of the station. They were immediately joined by the soldiery of the Nawab of Furrukhabad, and the Nawab became their commander and took charge of the whole station and district. On their approach the Europeans who remained at the station had gone into the Fort. All the European houses and property at Futteghurh were soon destroyed, including all our mission property. Mr Campbell's bungalow, being on the road of the mutineers as they entered the station, was burnt first. Hanukh fled, and with Dhokal Parshad, the head native teacher of the High School, took refuge in the house of one of Dhokal's relatives. Finding he could not remain there in safety, after a day or two, he with his family managed to reach the Fort, and remained there until all the Europeans left. Poor Dhokal is reported to have been killed, with many other native Christians of Futteghurh, and a native report reached me that he and others had been blown from a gun, of course by order of the Nawab of Furrukhabad. The Nawab set a price of Rs. 300 on Hanukh's head, and Hanukh saw himself minutely described in an order which the Nawab had issued for his apprehension. He immediately cut off the 'long beard,' shaved off his hair, and removed every distinguishing mark by which he had been described in the Nawab's order, and dressed like a faquir. While in the Fort he took a musket and assisted the gentlemen in its defence. The walls of the Fort were old and crumbling, but as the enemy had no artillery the handful of Europeans within held it about a fortnight, and could have held it longer had not their provisions failed. The ladies and children suffered extremely from want of tea, milk and flour. For several days they had nothing but grain, and no salt. At length about the first of July, after several had been killed in defending

the Fort, the survivors left at night in three boats. Hanukh and his family were on the baggage boat in the rear. The party were soon attacked, the boatmen left, and the gentlemen had to row and fight their way at the same time. Many were killed by the enemy's musketry, others jumped into the river and were drowned. Those who survived to reach Cawnpore, 47 in number, were all murdered by order of Nena Sahib on the 15th of July, the day of the awful Cawnpore Massacre. In their flight down the river they were obliged to abandon the baggage boat. Hanukh and his wife escaped to the Oude side, and wandered about unknown as beggars, gradually making their way towards Cawnpore. At length when they heard of the re-occupation of Cawnpore by British troops, they entered that station and were kindly received by some of the British officers. Here Hanukh, from various sources, learned the sad fate of the party, who had left Futteghurh on the 4th of June. On their way down the river some of the land-holders arbitrarily levied a toll on the boats. In order to secure if possible, a peaceable passage, Messrs. McLean and Guise complied with these iniquitous demands so far as to Rs. 1500. Finding however that this did no good they began to fight their way, and thus reached Bithoor. At that place was Nena Sahib's palace on the banks of the Ganges. His guns were ready, and at once opened upon them. The river was low, the boats came to and struck on the opposite side, and all the occupants, men, women, and children, jumped out and ran towards the jungle for their lives. Troopers immediately crossed, seized and brought them all into that fiend's custody. He kept them a day without food, then took them to Cawnpore and placed them on the parade ground in front of General Wheeler's entrenchment, about 4 o'clock P. M., on the 10th of June. The heat was extreme, and they were almost dying from thirst. Some of them asked for water to drink. Water was brought and given them in earthen vessels. As they began to drink, the Sepoys, by order of Nena Sahib, shot the whole party; then cut their bodies into pieces and threw them into a well.

"Henry Trissler, one of our Futtehpore native Christians, on his escape from that place at the beginning of the outbreak, went to Cawnpore. He could give me no clear account of dates, but said

that on the afternoon of the day after his arrival at Cawnpore he saw a party of Europeans, ladies, gentlemen and children, being shot down on the parade ground in front of Sir Hugh Wheeler's entrenchment, and that Nena Sahib was there inspecting and directing the whole proceeding. They were made to stand in two lines, and the Sepoys stood between and fired. Henry was near enough to see all that was going on, but could distinguish no individuals among the Europeans. This was probably the party of the Futteghurh fugitives and I fear we can have no hope that our dear missionary friends who embarked with them escaped. We have from time to time heard of one and another of the Futteghurh survivors turning up from some place of concealment, and I have fondly clung to the hope that we might yet hear that at least some of our Futteghurh mission friends are in the land of the living. Had any of them been still alive I must have heard from them before this time, for we have friends at Cawnpore and with General Havelock who would certainly have got some traces of them. Knowing how exceedingly valuable any relics would be to friends at home, I wrote in July to Mr Sherer at Cawnpore, asking him to secure any articles he might meet with, bearing the names of any of our mission party. In reply he wrote, that as they brought very few things with them from Futteghurh, it was not probable that any of the articles could be found or identified, but that he would keep an eye on the things then collecting in the Assembly Rooms, and if he saw any of their property, would claim it in my name. For many reasons I am desirous of returning to Allahabad as soon as possible. One reason is, that I may be able to proceed to Futteghurh as soon as it may be safe to do so, or go with troops, if they will allow me, and see whether any of our mission property there, public or private, can be recovered. The sudden death of so many beloved brethren and sisters would, in any circumstances, be a deep affliction and sad loss to our mission here as well as to the church at home. But the very thought of death in such a form is frightful. The struggle with them was doubtless a sharp one, but short. One would gladly know their last words with each other, and, from a more minute knowledge of their circumstances, be able, if possible, still more vividly to sympathise with them. But we shall pro-

bably learn no further particulars of their last hour until we meet them in the next world. We cannot doubt that they fell asleep in Jesus and, having kept the faith, received from Him the crown of life."

## SOUTH AFRICA.

### CAFFRARIA.

#### *Frightful Results of the Famine.*

The Rev Tiyo Soga, of the United Presbyterian Caffre Mission, gives the following frightful details of the famine now raging among the Caffres, in consequence of their having madly followed the advice of their false prophet, in destroying their cattle and grain, and refusing to cultivate their fields:—

"The result of this madness is a famine, which, in point of severity, surpasses that which followed the failure of the potato crops in Ireland, in 1846. The sight of their misery has awakened, even among their enemies, the best feelings of human nature. The colonists who, might be supposed to glory in the downfall of a foe who did them much evil in days gone by, are organizing committees of relief in several towns. Caffreland is already deserted of more than half its inhabitants. Thousands of starving creatures have come to seek employment in the colony. Hundreds have already died in the neighbourhood of King Williams Town, where they are to be found most thickly congregated, it being a place in the immediate vicinity of Caffreland. My brother, Festiri, who was lately there, told me, that, in travelling, one is afraid to step out of the road, lest the eye might be greeted with the melancholy sight of the dead bodies of starved men, women, and children. It is no exaggerated tale which I am now attempting to unfold you. What think you of the following cases, which are an illustration of what is now taking place in Caffreland? In Beaufort, an English town, police, who are always on the look-out for cattle thieves, descried one day a smoke issuing out of a woody cloof or ravine. They forthwith set out to ascertain by whom and on what account this strange fire had been kindled. They were not far from the place, when three women came out of the ravine, and entreated them not to approach, for they might see a revolting sight.

"This, of course, became an argument to the police to press forward; and, oh, dismal story, when they came to the place, they saw *three heads* of children,

whose bodies had been devoured by their own fathers and mothers to appease the cravings of hunger. Here is another case, about the veracity of which there is not the slightest doubt. A husband and a wife, with a child, were, to escape from the scene of suffering, making their way for the colony. The man had been carrying the child on his shoulders, which either must have been too young or too weak with suffering to be able to walk for itself. The man gradually slackened his pace, until the woman, who was leading the way, lost sight of him. In vain she waited for his gaining upon her. She immediately returned, when she found he had severed her child's head, and had been roasting one of the arms on a fire which he had first kindled. Frantic with grief, and knowing not what she was doing, she, with an axe she had been carrying, inflicted a mortal blow on the wretched man's neck; and there father and child lay lifeless beneath her feet. In our way up to this place, we met with crowds of men, women, and children, entering the colony to seek for means of subsistence. One day, in a place in which we had rested our weary oxen, we had an opportunity, for the first time, of seeing for ourselves a sight which we had before only heard of by the hearing of the ear. There we saw little children with heads which seemed too large and too heavy for their bodies, and with arms and legs thin and attenuated like a straw. I assure you it was a sight that deeply affected us. The parents having resolved to spend the night among the bushes contiguous to the place where we had outspanned, I went up to speak with them, and at the same time carried a few crusts of bread for the children.

"I am sometimes disposed to say that the grown-up people are well chastised for their infatuated folly. But oh! who can think of the suffering innocent little ones, without deploring their misery! They are reaping the fruits of that which they had no hand in sowing. The worst of this distress is not yet over. The only thing that will stem the devastating torrent in Caffreland will be an abundant harvest. It is indeed a question whether, when that harvest comes, it will after all, prove an abundant one. For, in the first place, having neglected to cultivate their gardens last year, they have little or no seed with which to sow. And, supposing they were supplied with ample seed, how much ground will a ske-

leton be able to dig? But the harvest will not be until seven or eight months from this date shall have passed. What a dreadful interval of suffering that will be!

"In the midst of all these things, you will be ready to ask, What of your missionary work? Our missionary work is safe; in fact, it never had brighter prospects. All that we need to do is to make immediate commencement. The sight of a missionary station will attract hundreds of Caffres to it. They will come to it with the object of obtaining a little employment, or of being fed. But whatever be the motives which will impel them to come, some will be brought under the influence of the truth. It is in order that we might be able to employ those that might be able to work, and to help a little those who may be too weak to work, that we solicit your aid. Missionary stations in Caffreland are already swarming with Caffres, driven from their homes by the general distress; and as soon as we begin to form our own, we are sure of an inundation.

"Another source of encouragement is in the fact, that all probability of those wars from which our mission suffered much formerly, is now at an end. God has put the rod with which He intends to humble, and with which He has already humbled the Caffres, into their own hand. They have, by giving heed to lies, destroyed themselves. Their nationality is broken up; and those guns and assogais, in which they formerly gloried, they have been compelled to sell for trifles to their enemies. God, I trust, has purposes of mercy yet in store for my afflicted countrymen. The present affliction may be a means in His own hands to put an end to former desolating wars, and to subject my perverse countrymen to the obedience of the truth as it is in Jesus. Let me beseech you, my dear friend, and my friends, the ladies of the Association, to labour and pray for Caffreland. You have laboured and prayed before. I think the time when we shall reap the reward of these prayers and labours is not far remote. God will not cast away the benighted Caffres. Yea, I see in the present affliction the means by which He is working out their ultimate redemption."

#### INDIA.

*Continued Government support to Idolatry.*  
The *Bombay Guardian* contains the

following statement, which maintains that the support of idolatry has not been, entirely given up, but still exists to a very large extent :—

“ In a late article, the *Madras Christian Herald* speaks of the Government patronage of idolatrous shrines in India, as something belonging to the past. A similar expression of opinion meets us in various quarters. It is quite erroneous. There are now 8292 idols and temples in the Madras Presidency, receiving from Government an annual payment of Rs. 876,780. In the Bombay Presidency, there are 26,586 temples and idols under State patronage; receiving grants to the amount of Rs. 305,875, to which, add the allowance for temple land, and we have a total for this presidency, of Rs. 698,593. The entire patronage of the Hon. Company, for all its territories, amounts to Rs. 1,712,586, between 17 and 18 lakhs paid annually in support of idolatry. We have no time at present to do more than just notice this error, but we hope to return to the subject shortly.”

The *Bombay Guardian* states in another Number :—

“ Nothing can be more erroneous, then, than the idea which seems, to some extent, to have got possession of the public mind, that Government patronage of Hindu idolatry is a thing of the past. It exists; and to an enormous extent. There are no less than 26,589 temples and idols receiving the support of Government in Bombay Presidency alone. This figure is immense. The churches and chapels, the places of worship of all kinds, in the whole of Great Britain, are less in number than the idolatrous shrines receiving aid from Government in the Bombay Presidency. It is not the amount bestowed in aid that expresses the magnitude of the evil; it is the number of idols patronized. Everywhere, in every nook and corner of the land, there are shrines, the worshippers in which are well aware that Government aid is extended to them. Everywhere we find the people referring to the fact, that there is this connexion.

“ There are a great many shrines in the land that would soon go to decay and be abandoned, if the responsibility of maintaining them rested with the people themselves; they do not care sufficiently about them to be at the expense of keeping them up; but this expense is met by Government either giving money

directly from the treasury, or lending its authority to insure the collection of the sums required. Government has the credit of giving a great deal that does not probably appear in the financial accounts of the Company.

“ We do hope that the English public will soon awake to a perception of the facts of the case, and no longer indulge the pleasing hallucination, that the Government patronage of Hindu idolatry is a thing of the olden time. Even the *London Times* seems to partake the common misapprehension. We know that there are gentlemen, in the service of the Honourable Company, to whom it is a source of deepest pain, that they should be obliged to have pecuniary transactions with Hindu idol shrines. Complaints, for instance, are sometimes made to magistrates, that the Poojari of a certain temple, enjoying support from Government, does not perform the daily worship and ablation of the idol; and, in these cases, it is the duty of the magistrate to summon the offender, admonish him for his neglect of the idol, and compel him to perform the diurnal pooja.”

The following instance of reported participation on a late occasion, in heathen ceremonies, is published in the same paper :—

“ It is stated, without comment, by the *Pooné Observer*, that a couple of sheep were sacrificed the other day, in honour of the successful conveyance of a locomotive engine to the top of the Bhoze Ghaut. The sheep were brought up on the engine, and were then offered in sacrifice.”

The nature of the surrender by Government of the support of the worship of Juggernaut, is thus explained :—

“ On the last day of his Indian administration Lord Dalhousie signed a minute, by virtue of which, the last link that bound the Company to the ear of Juggernaut was ostensibly severed. Long before, the Government had given up the revenue it derived from the pilgrim tax; but the annual contribution in support of the idol, its priests, temple, festivals, &c., had continued to be paid. What was the device by which this last link was severed? It was to invest a sufficient sum of money in a piece of ground, the annual produce of which would be equal to the sum that had been yearly paid in support of the idol; and to make over this land in perpetuity to the administrators of the temple. Opinions

will differ as to the real character of this measure, whether it actually clears the skirts of the Honourable Company of their stains or not. To us, it appears like sinning in the lump, instead of sinning by detail, year by year. Let us suppose the case of one who is accustomed to defraud his master of a certain sum weekly; his conscience upbraids him with the wickedness of his conduct; he, therefore, resolves that he will take one very large sum, equal to what he would have obtained by several years of ordinary peculation, and then live an honest life, daring any one ever to impute dishonesty to him. The illustration may seem indecorous; but we use it simply as an illustration of what we conceive to be the principle involved in the plan mentioned above. To the parties connected with the temple, and to the Hindus generally, the arrangement will appear to be a mere form, and it will be affirmed, as much now as ever, that the Government supports their deity. They will point to the piece of land, and say, This is the gift of our Honourable Masters to Juggernaut, by which they have made provision for his perpetual honour and glory."

—

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE ON CASTE.

The following order was issued some three or four months ago, under the direction of Sir John Lawrence:—

"The sufferings and trials which the Almighty has permitted to come upon His people in this land during the past few months, though dark and mysterious to us, will assuredly end in His glory. The followers of Christ will now, I believe, be induced to come forward and advance the interests of His kingdom and those of his servants. The system of caste can no longer be permitted to rule in our services. Soldiers and Government servants of every class must be entertained for their merits, irrespective of creed, class, or caste.

"The native Christians, as a body, have, with rare exceptions, been set aside. I know not one in the Punjab (to our disgrace be it said) in any employment under Government; a position to employ them in the public service six months ago would assuredly have been received with coldness, and would not have been complied with; but a change has come, and I believe there are few who will not eagerly employ those na-

tive Christians competent to fill appointments.

"I understand that in the ranks of the army at Madras there are native Christians, and I have heard that some of the guns at Agra are at this time manned by native Christians.

"I consider I should be wanting in my duty at this crisis, if I did not endeavour to secure a portion of the numerous appointments in the judicial department for native Christians, and I shall be happy (as far as I can) to advance their interests equally with those of the Mohammedan and Hindu candidates; their future promotion must depend on their own merits. I shall, therefore feel obliged by each missionary favouring me with a list of the native Christians belonging to them, who, in their opinion are fit for the public service.

"The following suggestions will aid the missionaries in classifying their men. For burkundages (policemen in the ranks) able-bodied men are required.—If the candidate can read and write, and is generally intelligent, he is pretty sure to rise rapidly to the higher ranks.

"For assistants in public offices, and for higher appointments in the judicial and police departments generally, it is imperative that candidates should read and write oordoo in the shil kostele hand fluently, and be intelligent, ready, and trustworthy.

"Candidates must be prepared at first to accept the lowest grade of appointments, in order that they may learn their duties, and qualify themselves for the higher posts. Arrangements can sometimes be made to apprentice a candidate for a few months, with a view to teaching him his work, but during this period the candidate must support himself.

"It is suggested that no persons be nominated whom the missionaries do not consider, by their character and attainments, to have a good prospect of success; better wait till a candidate qualifies himself fully than recommend an inferior man.

"R. MONTGOMERY."

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THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The annual statement of the American Board refers to the churches in the Sandwich Islands, which have now grown into a fully-organized ecclesiastical body, and have ceased almost entirely to be dependent:—

"None of the labourers at the San-

which Islands now sustain any other modified relation to the Board. There are twenty-nine clergymen residing at those islands, who either sustain this modified relation, or have formerly been missionaries of the Board. Only two clergymen and two laymen, connected with education, derive their entire support from its treasury, and only nine of the clergymen depend upon it in part. As yet there are but four native pastors of churches, and as many formerly licensed native preachers. Not fewer than thirty-five or forty native preachers have been li-

censed informally. The past year has been distinguished neither by prosperity nor adversity. For a time there has been unusual religious interest at Honolulu. One thousand one hundred and sixty-nine hopeful converts were received into the twenty-one churches during the year, and those churches now contain 21,943 members in regular standing. The schools of all grades, supported almost wholly by the Hawaiian Government at an expense exceeding \$40,000, embrace nearly 12,000 pupils."

## News of the Church.

**PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU.**—The Presbytery of Pictou met at Antigonish on the 9th Eeby. The greater part of the time of their sitting was occupied in the consideration of matters affecting the state of the congregation. A petition was presented from the congregation of West Branch praying the Presbytery to appoint one of their number to moderate in a call to one to be their pastor. Mr John Grant appeared as Commissioner, who stated that the congregation were unanimous in their application, and that they authorized him to promise the sum of £130 per annum to their pastor payable quarterly in advance. The Presbytery agreed to grant the prayer of the petition, and appointed the Rev David Roy to moderate in said call on Tuesday 2nd March at 11 o'clock. It was agreed to meet in conference with the Free Church Presbytery of Pictou, at such time and place as that Presbytery may agree upon, should that Presbytery agree to the proposal, it being understood that a similar motion would be introduced in that Presbytery which was to meet on the following day. A committee was appointed to make arrangements with the brethren of the other Presbytery, for the conference should it be agreed on, and also for holding a public meeting at the same time. The Committee on the Charlotte Town church reported their proceedings, and they were continued with power to prosecute their efforts as they may see cause. Supply of preaching until the next meeting of Presbytery was appointed to the congregations of West River, Central Church, West River, West Branch and New Annan. Meetings of the different

sections of the New Annan congregation were appointed to be held, and they are directed to report their proceedings in the payment of arrears due to the late Rev. Robert Blackwood, and also their wishes as to arrangements of future supply of preaching in the different sections of the congregation, at next meeting of Presbytery which will be held at New Annan on Tuesday, 9th March. Mr George Roddick under call to the congregation of West River was appointed to give in his trials for ordination at the same meeting.

**CALL.**—We understand that the congregation of Economy and Five Islands, have given a unanimous and cordial call to Mr James A. Murray to be their pastor.

**PRESENTATION.**—The Ladies of Middle Stewiacke presented their pastor, the Rev. ALEXANDER CAMERON, with a superior set of Buffalo Robes, as a New-Year's gift.

A correspondent writing of Shubenacadie, says that a Presbyterian congregation there which a few years ago hesitated at paying a salary of £130 to its minister, paid £165 for the year 1857, and gave the minister a waggon valued at about £20. In addition to this, an amount about equal to the salary was contributed for other church purposes. For the present year the ministers salary is to be increased to £200. This looks like prosperity.—Sun.

### Notices, Acknowledgments, &c

Monies received by the Treasurer from 20th January to 20th February, 1858:—



1858. Home Mission.	
Jan 22.	2nd Presbyterian Church, Maitland & 5 M. Riv. £4 5 0
	Religious and Missionary Society, Green Hill 7 17 10
	A Friend, Miramichi, per Rev J. McCurdy 1 10 0
Feb 1.	Philip Peebles, Quebec, per Rev P.G. McGregor 1 0 0
	12. Missionary Society, Popular Grove Church, Hx. 8 0 0
	19. Noel section of 2nd congregation, Maitland Barrington section of Shelburne congregation 2 0 0
	20. Antigonishe 16 10½
	James Tate, Canso, per Rev J. Campbell 1 5 0
	3 9
Foreign Mission.	
Jan 21.	Additional to collection, Prim. Church, N. G. £0 7 6
	22. Penny a week Society, E. District, Prince st cong'n 18 5
	Religious and Missionary Society, Salem Church, Green Hill 8 9 6
	A Friend, Miramichi congregation, per Rev J. McCurdy 1 10 0
	Annual collection, do, do 8 4 7
	A Friend in Newcastle, do 5 6
Feb 1.	J. F. Chipman, Queen's County, N. B., per Rev P. G. McGregor 1 0 0
	Philip Peebles, Quebec, do 1 0 0
	Benjamin H. Coffin and Augusta St Croix Coffin, children, St Peter's, P.E.I. 4 0
	10. Juvenile Missionary Society, James' Church, per Rev D. Roy 8 10 0
	John Arthur, Middle River, per do 1 0 0
	Union Sabbath School, Albion Mines, for Missionary Schr., per do 1 5 0
	Prince st Church Sabbath School scholars, for Missionary Schooner 4 0 0
	12. Missionary Society, Popular Grove Church, Hx. 8 0 0
	19. Barrington section of Shelburne congregation 9 4½
	20. Children attending Sabbath School, U. Presby. Church (D. Taylor's), Montreal, donation to aid Aneiteum Mission 9 0 0
	Hugh McDarmid, Peidmont, Merigomish 5 0
	Antigonish 12 11 3
	A Friend at Cape George 10 0
	James Tate, Canso, per Rev J. Campbell 3 9
	Ladies of Still Water, St Mary's 1 0 0

## Seminary.

Jan 22.	Rel. and Miss'y. Society, Salem Church, G. H. 3 11 6
	A Friend, Miramichi congregation, per Rev J. McCurdy 1 0 0
Feb 10.	Philip Peebles, Quebec, per Rev P. G. McGregor 1 0 0
	20. Antigonish 1 14 7
	Mrs Sarah McKean, Baddeck, per Rev J. Campbell 10 0
	Synod Fund.
Jan 22.	A Friend, Miramichi congregation, per Rev J. McCurdy 1 0 0

J. & J. Yorston acknowledge receipt for Foreign Mission of two parcels school materials, viz., one for Mr Geddie's school and one for Mr Gordon's—value, £2 each—from Prince Street Church Sabbath School.

One of the boxes goods from Prince Edward Island acknowledged in the November number of the Register was contributed by the Rev J. McLeod's congregation, St Eleanors, and was valued at £30 Island currency.

Pictou, February 20, 1858.

The Treasurer of the Mission Education Fund acknowledges the receipt of the following sums:—  
Prince st Sab. School, Pictou £2 14 0  
Alexander Frazer, Esq., N. G. 10 5

MONTREAL, Jan. 27, 1858

To the Treasurer of the Nova Scotia Foreign Mission Fund.

DEAR SIR,—

At the Annual Soiree of the children attending the United Presbyterian Church (Dr Taylor's) Sabbath-School, held here on the evening of the 21st instant, the amount collected in the School during the past year for missionary purposes was voted away.

In accordance with their resolution (which I subjoin) I have much pleasure in enclosing you Bank B-N. A. Draft for the sum of Thirty-six Dollars (\$36).

In acknowledging receipt, a short extract from the last report of the Rev Mr Geddie, with a copy of your publication, addressed to the children, would be very acceptable, and might tend to stimulate to increased zeal in this good work.

With christian regards,

I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,

WM. ROBB.

Resolved, "That the balance in hand, say eight pounds (one pound has been added since), be forwarded to the Treasurer of the Foreign Mission Fund in Nova Scotia as a donation from this School to aid the Aneiteum Mission."

CHATHAM, Jan. 13, 1858.

REV SIR,—Enclosed is Five Pounds, which you will be pleased to apportion among the four Funds of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, and oblige,

Yours very truly,  
A FRIEND.

To the Rev John McCurdy.

CHATHAM, Jan. 22, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in forwarding the enclosed Five Pounds from "A Friend," and request that you will apportion it as follows: One Pound Ten Shillings to the Home Mission, One Pound Ten Shillings to the Foreign Mission, One Pound to the Theological Seminary, and One Pound to the Synod Fund.

Yours very truly,

JOHN MCCURDY.

To Abr. Patterson, Esq., Treas. P. C. N. S.

The Agent acknowledges receipt of the following sums for *Christian Instructor* and *Missionary Register* :—

James Rutherford	£0 7 6
Rev Henry Crawford	1 19 2
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Hugh Dunlop	1 10 0
Kelly	5 0
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William Creelman	5 0
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Newcombe	5 0
Miss Mitchell	5 0
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Rev Daniel McCurdy	7 6
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James McCallum	1 7 6
Samuel McLellan	1 6
George Runciman	5 0
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*Board of Home Missions.*—Rev Professor Ross, Rev Messrs Patterson, McGilvray and Walker, together with Messrs John McKenzie, Roderick McGregor and Samuel Cameron, Ruling Elders. Rev George Patterson, Secretary.

*Board of Foreign Missions.*—Rev Messrs Baxter, Kier, Roy, Walker, Bayne, Watson, and Waddell, and Messrs Jasper Crow, Kenneth Forbes, R. McGregor, M. Archibald, John Adamson and E. Langille, Ruling Elders. Secretary, Rev J. Bayne.

*Seminary Board.*—The Professors. ex officio. Rev Messrs McCulloch, Baxter, E. Ross, Wyllie, Cameron and McKay, and Currie, and Messrs Robert Smith, David McCurdy, Isaac Fleming, William McKim, Fleming Blanchard, and Adam Dickie. Mr McCulloch, Convener; Rev E. Ross, Secretary.

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Communications to be addressed to the Rev George Patterson, Alma Way Office, West River, and must be forwarded before the 10th of the month preceding publication. Small notices may be sent to him or the Rev P. G. McGregor, Halifax, up till the 22nd.

Orders and remittances to be forwarded to Mr James Barnes. Remittances may also be sent to the Synod Treasurer.

*Joseph Patterson*

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PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,  
MEMOIR  
AND  
A FEW REMAINS  
OF THE  
REV. JAMES M'GREGOR, D. D.,  
COMPILED BY  
His Grand-son, the Rev. George Patterson.

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THE volume will consist of a Memoir embracing all of his Autobiography that has been preserved, with a large number of facts and incidents collected with much labor from various sources, not only illustrating his character and labors, but also exhibiting the state of Nova Scotia in its early settlement; and also a few of his Remains, consisting of Letters, Pamphlet on Slavery, Essay on the Millennium, &c.

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*January, 1858.*

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Persons receiving a copy of the Prospectus are requested to use their influence in obtaining subscriptions in their respective localities. Others willing to act as Agents may communicate with the author, who will furnish copies of the Prospectus.

It is requested that subscription list be returned before the 1st December next.

*Green Hill, Pictou, February, 1858.*

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