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THE  
HOME AND FOREIGN RECORD

OF THE  
*Presbyterian Church*

OF THE  
LOWER PROVINCES  
OF  
BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

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JULY, 1862.

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HALIFAX, N. S.:  
JAMES BARNES, 179 HOLLIS STREET.  
1862.

## OUR CHURCH NEWS.

### PRESBYTERY OF TRURO.

The Presbytery of Truro, according to appointment, met at Parrsboro, on Wednesday, the 4th inst., for the ordination of Mr D. McKinnon. Sederunt, the Revde. John Currie, Moderator P. T., Wm. McCulloch, E. Ross, A. L. Wyllie, J. McG. McKay, and Jacob McLellan, ministers; and Messrs James Graham and George Fullerton, ruling elders.

The Presbytery, convening in a private house, took order, respecting matters preliminary to the ordination services. They then repairing to the church found assembled there a large congregation waiting for the deeply interesting, and to them, long to be remembered services of the day. The devotions began with the singing of Psalm cxxxii. 7-11. It was soon evident that Parrsboro, in its rapid advancement, had not yet risen to the refined mockery of leaving their choir to do all their singing. They with one united voice, and we doubt not, heart also, responded to the preacher's words "Let us praise God." After prayer was sung Psalm xix. 7-10.

The preacher, Mr Currie, then proposed as subject corresponding with the special object of the meeting Isaiah lv. 11. He began with a reference to the various ways by which in former dispensations the word of God had been set forth to men, and brought to operate upon him. He then spoke of the appointed way under the Christian dispensation, the reading of the word, but specially the preaching of the gospel.

Thus set forth it would accomplish the designed object in the case both of the believer and also in that of the unbeliever. He pointed out how the word of God came to the believer in every condition, supplied him with whatever he required, and accomplished in him all that was needing to be done, and ultimately to the glory of God made him perfect in Christ Jesus. He would also accomplish the designed object in the case of every unbeliever hearing it. The preacher described the various classes of unbelievers, shewing in respect to each how the word read and preached accomplished the divine purpose, and magnified the perfections of Jehovah.

After prayer the congregation sang Psalm cxix, 13-16. Mr McKay narrated the steps showing that all things re-

lative to the Call and settlement of Mr McKinnon had been according to scripture and as set forth by the rules of the Church.

The questions of the formula were put by Mr Ross and all readily assented to by Mr McKinnon. The Presbytery then by prayer and the laying on of hands ordained Mr McKinnon to the work of the holy ministry and the pastoral oversight of the Presbyterian church and congregation of Parrsboro and Maccan, the Moderator conducting the service. Being ordained, he received from the Presbytery the right hand of fellowship and part in the ministry. He was then suitably and feelingly addressed by Mr McCulloch on the duties, trials, encouragements and rewards of the gospel ministry. To enforce his remarks he applied very happily the truths presented in the opening sermons. One unacquainted with the speaker's high gift of ready application, would have thought that the whole address had been prepared after hearing the Moderator's sermon. At some parts of the address every minister might have trembled saying, "who is sufficient for these things." At other parts the words and the very tones of voice were calculated to inspire with the triumphant feeling, "Our sufficiency is of God."

He was followed by Mr McKay who set faithfully before the people what they owed to their minister. He had a claim upon them in spiritual things and he had a claim upon them in carnal things. They owed to him as well as to themselves to wait upon his preaching, to attend to his instruction, to respect the words he uttered, to second his plans in the advancement of godliness, to love him for his work's sake and to pray for the success of his ministry. To them belonged his support in all temporal good things. This support should be liberal, punctual, and cheerful. If in any of these matters they failed, their minister would be discouraged and disheartened and they would be the losers. It might be that he would become so cast down as to feel unable to continue among them. But let them attend to all that they owed to him, he would go on increasing in his usefulness, love would grow and increase no inducements would entice him to dissolve the relation this day formed.

The lengthened services were concluded with prayer, praise, and the benedic-

# THE HOME AND FOREIGN RECORD.

JULY, 1862.

## DISASTROUS INTELLIGENCE FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

By the letters of Mr. Paton, which we publish in another part of our present No., it will be seen that the trials of our New Hebrides Mission have been crowned by the entire breaking up of our Mission on Tana. For some time every communication from that island has been looked for with the deepest anxiety. The ceaseless perils by which the Missionaries were surrounded for twelve months, had prepared us for the worst intelligence that could be received, so that now we receive these tidings almost with a feeling of relief, since the lives of all are safe. Still God has been laying his hand heavily upon us. The loss of Mission property is serious, but it is far more sad to contemplate the total cessation of all Missionary labour on that island, after years of arduous toil,—after so much self-denial—after the endurance of privations and the encountering of dangers, such as have been the portion of few modern Missionaries—after so many prayers—and even after the precious lives that have been freely given for its evangelization. The fact is all the more striking and mysterious, that the new danger like the past has originated in another remarkable visitation of Divine Providence. He who gathereth the winds in his fists has let loose the hurricane, scattering desolation in its track, and Satan has taken advantage of this to excite the ignorant and superstitious natives, to drive away God's servants and extinguish his work on that island.

Distressing as these events are, we have reason for the deepest gratitude to God for the mercy which has been mingled with this cup—especially in the remarkable interposition of Divine Providence by which the lives of his servants were preserved. At Mr. Matheson's station there is no harbour, and access at times was so difficult, that at the last visits of the *John Knox* and the *John Williams*, it was found impossible to hold communication with the shore. It is therefore the more surprising, that a vessel should arrive just at the moment of danger, and that the wind and sea were in such a state that the Missionaries could take refuge on board. He must be blind or hard hearted, who refused to see and gratefully acknowledge the hand of Him who ruleth over all, and who has said said, "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within thee, bless his holy name. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercy."

For the present of course the work on Tana may be considered as definitely abandoned. It would be madness to think of attempting to resume it, until a great change has passed over the island and the disposition of the inhabitants. Indeed one almost doubts whether we ever had a call to go

there. Certainly, it has from the first been a hard soil on which to sow the good seed of the word. With all that has taken place on Erromanga, it has been a more hopeful field than Tana. There never has been, so far as we have heard, on the latter, any indications of that prepared state of mind, which has in some instances been found among the heathen, which has induced them at once to listen to the instructions of the Missionaries and which has rendered their work of evangelizing them an easy task. When the American Missionaries went to the Sandwich Islands, they found that the inhabitants had cast away all their idols. When the Baptist Missionaries went to Burmah, they found after laboring among the Burmans for some time with little or no success, that the Karens had the expectation handed down by tradition, that white men were to bring them the word of God. And most readers know that the Missions among these two races have been among the most remarkable instances of rapid and extensive success, which the modern Missionary enterprise exhibits. Examples of this kind teach the church an important lesson. They teach us to follow where God leads—to cast in the seed where he has broken up the fallow ground, and caution us against *our* choosing where the gospel shall be preached. The Apostles and early Missionaries were not suffered to preach the gospel in certain places, where their own inclinations would lead them (Acts 16, 6, 7, &c.,) and they were divinely guided to other quarters, where they met with most remarkable success. We cannot expect inspiration to guide us, but in prayer and in humbly watching the leadings of divine Providence, we may expect similar guidance. We saw it stated lately in a sermon by a bishop of the Moravian church, on the vision to Paul of the man of Macedonia, that it was the rule of that church never to commence a Mission, but where they had such a distinct invitation as appeared to be a call of God; and we know how extensive and successful their operations have been. We have not information enough to speak decidedly regarding Tana, but certainly the history of the work there is fitted to raise doubts as to the undertaking. At all events there can be no doubt as to our duty, and it is a relief in abandoning the work to know that we are following the will of the great head of the church.

“When they persecute you in one city flee, go into another” is the divine doctrine, and our Missionaries must now seek other fields of labor, and it is gratifying to know, that at the present moment there are other important fields inviting occupancy. It is pleasing to see that the faith and zeal of our Missionaries have not abated, and that after all that they have encountered, they are neither discouraged nor faint hearted in their work. And now that God has rendered their departure from Tana necessary, we doubt not that it is only that they may reap a more abundant harvest in some other portion of his vineyard.

But is all hope gone for poor Tana? We can scarcely bring ourselves to think so. We cannot bring our minds to believe that such arduous toils shall have been endured—such painful sacrifices freely offered—so many and such ardent prayers presented—and such precious lives expended—and *all in vain*. No, no, our trust is in the promises of him who hath said that, “the word that has gone out of his mouth will not return to him void,” is such, that we believe that the seed sown with so many toils and tears, shall yet spring up and bear fruit abundantly to the praise of divine grace. “He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” The promise however carries, and we must wait for it. There only remains one thing that we can

now do for poor Tana, and that is earnestly to pray to God that "the day-spring from on high may yet visit its inhabitants, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide their feet into the way of peace." Let the church avail herself of this resource—let her wait upon God humble, earnest, believing, and persevering supplication, and the dark clouds that now hover over that island will be dispersed, and "the sun of righteousness arise upon it with healing under his wings."

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### LETTER FROM LONDON.

I have had the pleasure of an interview with the Rev. Dr. Turner the Polynesian Missionary, and we had a long conversation on the history and the prospects of the New Hebrides Mission. Though "Nineteen Years in Polynesia," Dr. Turner is still in the vigor of manhood, and he expects shortly to return to his old field of labour. At the Bible Society meeting he was able to exhibit to the audience and hand to the noble President a complete copy of the *Samoan Bible*, with references and chronological tables.—An edition of ten thousand copies is to be issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and I hope on my return to Halifax to take a copy with me for the College Library. Dr. Turner is at present engaged in putting through the press, Notes on various books of Scripture and a Scripture Geography. Mrs. Turner also looks as sound and happy as if she had never breathed the air of the tropics or sought shelter under the shadow of the bread-fruit tree. She loves the Mission work and contemplates with pleasure the prospect of soon returning to the "high places of the field."

I learn that the *John Williams* will be at Sydney, Australia, in August next. She will not visit England for at least two years to come. She will be due again at Sydney on the first week of August, 1863. It is at this date probably that she would be met by our Nova Scotia Missionaries.

Dr. Turner handed me a letter he had recently received from MR. GEDDIE, dated the 13th of last November. The Church on Aneiteum has been re-opened. Twenty-nine had joined the Communion for the first time—a larger number than had ever done so before on one occasion. He speaks cheerfully of Tana affairs. It seems probable that Mr. Copeland will take hold of the Erromangan Mission as soon as Mr. Inglis (who is now in Scotland) will return to Aneiteum. There is nothing else in the letter that we have not had before—and perhaps these items have reached my readers before now. No matter: good news bear to be twice told.

Nothing could be more gratifying than the prospect of Mr. Copeland going to Erromanga. He cannot go however till relieved by Mr. Inglis, and Mr. Inglis cannot, at soonest, relieve him before the fall of 1863. By that time one of our new Missionaries will, by God's help, be on the ground to share the toil, the danger and the honour of the work. Mr. Copeland will probably learn a good deal of the language of the island from the seventeen *refugees* on Aneiteum; and these *refugees* expect to return with him to their old home.

Dr. Turner called my attention to a communication in the "*Missionary Magazine*" from the Rev. A. W. Murray, who having recently visited Erromanga with Mr. Geddie, furnishes some items of a hopeful nature; he also gives currency to one or two sentiments which might lead to an unjust impression with regard to the lamented death of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. "The

natives declared it to be their conviction that if Mr. and Mrs. G. had remained in the Bay instead of removing to a place two miles distant and living alone, they would have been safe, notwithstanding the misrepresentations of Rangi. [this is the name of the wicked Malayan who incited the natives to the devilish deed] and the consequent anger of the people at a distance.— In that case they would have been among their friends, who would have stood by them and made common cause with them. That Mr. G. took the step referred to is matter of universal regret among all his friends and the friends of the Mission. His reason for doing so was a conviction that it was necessary to the health of Mrs. Gordon.”

DR. TURNER is decidedly of the opinion that Mr. Gordon was not only justified in removing his house to the mountain and away from the Bay, but that he could not have done otherwise without either leaving the Mission or seeing his wife die before his eyes in less than three months. The Bay, Dr. Turner assured me, would have proved fatal to Mrs. G. in a very short time, so unhealthful is it. On the mountain, she enjoyed robust health. And that mountain home built with so much toil by poor Gordon, was the means of saving Mr. Matheson's life—for it was there that he recovered from a disease that threatened to cut him down very speedily. Nor was there anything like a village in the Bay, anything of a permanent population who “would have stood by” Mr. Gordon. The natives are migratory, passing frequently from place to place, unsettled on account of ceaseless wars, and as easily accessible on the mountain as on the plain. These facts show that Mr. Gordon took the only course that was open to him, except going off to New Zealand—and he was not the man to forsake his post!

It is easy to be very wise after the event,—to tell how things might or should have been mended: but it is poor generosity, poor justice, poor wisdom that would reflect on the silent dead, who have lost their lives nobly in the noblest of enterprises!

Dr. Turner spoke of the Gordons with the most cordial affection. He evidently appreciated them rightly. He expressed great gratification at the prospect of our Church sending out three new men.

That RANGI, that malignant Malayan, should be put upon his trial for the murder of our Missionaries. He was undoubtedly accessory to it before the fact. He is a British subject and amenable to British law. He has nine wives, the daughters of the principal chiefs on the island, and it is this that gives him influence. It is suggested that he should be expelled from Erromanga on the next occasion that a man-of-war visits the island.

May 17th, 1862.

R. M.

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### THE SYNOD OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

This Court met on Monday evening and closed last evening at 9 o'clock. I attended as many of its Sessions as I could consistently with other calls on my time. There are features connected with the Synod which I will note first and then I will give the Statistics.

The attendance amounted to about one hundred and fifty between ministers and elders; the latter being almost equal in number to the former.— The facilities for travelling here are such that members can come from the most distant districts in a short time, and at a comparatively small expense.

None of these members while in London was more than a day's journey from his home. The elders were not merely present, but took a very useful part in the proceedings. Some of them are men of great wealth and equal liberality. Men are as pugnacious, and indulge the same feelings, and exhibit those feelings in the same manner, here as in our younger world. In point of the orderly transaction of business, the Synod here does not come up to that of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces. Some of the proceedings caused surprise, and could only be accounted for on the ground that the Presbyterianism of England is juvenescent.

The Church here is characterized by a most promising spirit of missionary labour at home and abroad; still, I felt disappointed in the small increase shewn in home extension. It is hard work to live and flourish under the all encompassing shadow of the State-Church. England has not yet ceased to love and venerate the Episcopacy of the Established Church; and Presbyterianism is only beginning to make itself heard and felt. In the eyes of the bulk, even of intelligent men, Presbyterianism is regarded as a thing essentially *Scottish*; a thing that may do very well for broad-tongued, oaten-folk from beyond the Tweed, but a thing never intended for England.—The fact that the majority of Presbyterian ministers come here from Scotland fosters this feeling; but it is the earnest endeavour of the English Church to *Anglicise* itself thoroughly, as did the Presbyterians of the Westminster Standards era. The old fire so rudely quenched to outward appearance in 1662, still smoulders in some districts and crops out from beneath the ashes—especially if the blasts of heresy are blowing. The measures of the Puseyite Bishop of Exeter led to the erection of a Presbyterian congregation there; and no sooner was that step witnessed by regions round about than they began to enquire into the matter, and some found that till very recently they themselves were Presbyterians and this was the Church they were seeking for. The same thing has happened in other parts of England.

The contiguity of other Presbyterian Churches strengthens the hands of our English brethren. Here they are honoured with a visit from D'Aubigne, Revel, Candlish, Buchanan, Robson and other great men whose presence tends to give a powerful impetus in the right direction, and to give a valuable prestige in the public eye.

"O tell me where my dove has flown!" Well, I cannot tell; but I can testify as the result of considerable observation, that the dove of perfect peace has not yet found her way into any human assembly. Here they have a standing struggle about Organs, besides the other little or large questions that always turn up and make ministers differ. There was quite as much feeling, quite as much fierceness, displayed here as I have seen in our transatlantic gatherings. One man gives a hard blow; his brother feels bound to return it with interest, and so the battle continues; yet here as elsewhere the warlike spirit subsides as the closing hour approaches, and above all the din of contending tongues rises at last softly and sweetly the still small voice of love.

The proportion of able and venerable men in this Synod is large; Dr. Hamilton, Dr. McCrie, Dr. Munro, Dr. McKenzie, Mr. Welsh, Mr. Wright, Mr. Ballantine, are men who would take a respectable standing in any Church. Mr. Chalmers too, is a man of admirable debating powers, and good at business. He is the leader of the liberal side in favour of allowing organs, and I must confess I had no idea till now that the case was so strong in his favour. He and Dr. Munro are fond of pitched battles and neither likes to give in.



I was struck with the transparent pains taken by the Scotchmen of this Synod to speak pure English with a pure accent. Some of them almost attain to the point while they keep their temper, but the moment they become a little roused the *Scot* comes to the surface. I noted the same thing with regard to Principal Tulloch whom I heard preach last Sabbath evening; and it was strongly marked in Dr. Andrew Thomson one of the U. P. deputies who addressed the Synod.

The retiring Moderator Rev. Mr. Blythe, having preached a sermon, Rev. Mr. Ballantine was chosen as his successor. Mr. B. is one of the best Moderators I have ever seen, calm, mild, firm, knowing how business should be transacted and keeping every one to the point. His *inaugural* was admirable. He is one of the London ministers.

The first discussion was quite an unexpected one on the Organ. The congregation at Exeter say they cannot do without it, and some members of Synod think it cruel to make it so stringent a matter as to risk the well-being of a congregation on so indifferent a question. This is the ground taken by Mr. Chalmers: neither Scripture nor the Standards of the Church condemn the use of instruments in the public praise of God, and the Church should not bind where God has not bound. Dr. Munro takes high ground on the other side, and the older members of Synod sympathize with him. The whole question will come up next year. How thankful I am that our Provincial Presbyterianism is not troubled with this question! I hope our congregations will be always contented with the "good old way."

The Foreign Missions of the Synod are doing well. In China they have 355 Church members, being an increase of 70 in 1861. They have a Mission to India and to the Jews. The accounts show that financially the Synod holds its own, and like a prudent house-keeper makes both ends meet. The congregations of seven Presbyteries in England contributed £8,529 for the following objects:—£342 to the School fund; £896 to the College fund; £983 for Home Missions; £4,038 for Foreign Missions; and £268 to the Synod fund. The Synod School fund showed the receipt of £620, including a balance from the preceding year of £278, and the payments during the year left a balance of £345. The Home Mission fund balance at the end of the year was £589. The Home Mission and Supplemental fund had received £983 and disbursed £808. The Foreign Mission fund from May 17, 1861, to May 31, 1862, had received, including £560 balance, £3,053, and had disbursed this sum, including £554 balance. To the Indian Mission fund £662 had been contributed, and the remaining balance was £465.—The College fund account showed a balance of £375, the outlay having been £960.

The Presbyterians are endeavouring to make themselves heard in connection with the Bicentenary movements of the present year, and recalling to the memory of the people of England the obligations they owe to the men of 1662, who were mainly Presbyterians. Dr. McCrie having submitted a report and overture on the subject, the Synod adopted the following resolution moved by Mr. Chalmers:—

"That the Synod, approving of the overture, should express their sympathies with the leading principles held, as well as with the spirit displayed by the 2,000 ministers ejected on the 24th of August, 1662; and, without intending to pronounce any judgment thereon, they cannot but admire, and admiring record to the praise of Divine grace, the conduct of our Presbyterian forefathers, who were enabled to bear such a noble testimony to the power of Christian principle, and who chose rather to suffer violence for

their nonconformity than to forfeit the inestimable privilege of having a conscience void of offence towards God and man; and the Synod recommends that steps be taken by the ministers of this Church to bring before their people that memorable example of love and loyalty to the Divine Head of the Church, notwithstanding whatever tribulation and persecution may arise—an example which has had so important a bearing on the social and religious interests of these lands.”

Let Nova Scotia Churches take a hint from the manner in which this Synod raises funds to meet the expenses of its meetings;—each congregation within the bounds is assessed for its proportion of the sum. This year the expenditure amounts to 1½d. for every communicant in the Church—not a large sum, but twice as large in the aggregate as the sum expended by the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces. The congregations here are not so mean as to neglect paying their share of such expenses.

DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNE made a very brief visit to the Synod on Wednesday morning. As no one expected him, I was not present, and I have not yet seen him; but I hope to see him in Scotland next week. He announced that two additional volumes of his History of the Reformation are nearly ready.

DR. REVEL of Florence was present for two days. He is a well-built, swarthy man, about fifty years of age—his hair is gathering whiteness, but his eye is bright with the fire of youth. His English is very lame, but still there is a wonderful power in his broken sentences. In response to his address, the Synod resolved to raise a collection in aid of the Waldensian Church on St. Bartholomew's Day, this year.

The Free Church deputation, Drs. Candlish and Robert Buchanan addressed the Synod on Wednesday evening. Both these distinguished men approved highly of the efforts put forth to promote Union, and expressed a hope that England would soon follow the example of Nova Scotia and Canada and Australia. On Friday evening the United Presbyterian deputation addressed the Synod. Dr. Robson's speech was admirable. Professor Lindsay's was good but tedious. Dr. Thomson's was good but too rhetorical.—Dr. Scott's was good but too querulous.

This is the proper place to say a word in regard to the prospects of Union here. The main obstacle at present is that the United Presbyterians here are reluctant to be severed from their parent Church in Scotland. The English Presbyterian Church is very strongly in favour of Union. I was quite astonished with the fervour and solemnity with which Drs. McCrie and Hamilton pled the cause of Union; and you may be sure I felt a thrill of delight when I heard their frequent references to what had been done in Nova Scotia. The United Presbyterians in Scotland are quite willing to let their brethren here go in peace, and in a year or two I believe they will have to go, and the Union will take place. There is some prospect of a Union with the Welsh Presbyterian Church.

The closing Session of the Synod was like the happy calm that comes on the land at the sunset of a windy day. Every one looked pleased and pleasant; and the Moderator's closing address was exceedingly touching and appropriate. The next meeting of Synod is to be held on the third Monday of April next in Manchester.

The London Presbyterians behave very hospitably to their Synod. Not only was every minister and elder provided with lodgings, but all were invited to dine together at one of the best Hotels. Tea was furnished in the

Lecture Room attached to Dr. Hamilton's Church where the Synod's meetings were held. I was honoured with an invitation to all the Dinners of the Synod and was able to be present at two. They were most agreeable and enjoyable, and tended greatly to diffuse the kindest feelings among members. The largest dining Room of the "London" was well filled; the provision made was most bountiful. A few short speeches were generally made after dinner; but they were not at all "after-dinner speeches" in the common acceptation of the term. I think this dining system might be advantageously copied in the Colonies.

The Synod is putting forth a special effort to raise £10,000 for the College here. One gentleman gives £500, and offers a good deal more on certain conditions. The College is attended by 12 Students, all in Theology. Drs. McCRIE and LORRIMER have sole charge, but they are assisted by a Lecturer. The building in which the classes are held is an eligible one, in a good part of the city. The Library is rugged and old, but there are plenty other Libraries accessible to the Students and Professors. Dr. McCrie is still exploring with success the annals of English Presbyterianism. He recently discovered a biographical treasure in manuscript, which will probably be published.

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### THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S ANNIVERSARY.

The anniversary gathering of this noble Society, in EXETER HALL, is second only to that of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Yesterday morning there were about 700 ministers, and as many lay-folk as the Hall could contain, assembled together to hear what had been done during the past year. The Report was long and elaborate, and was read by Dr. Tidman. A number of ministers addressed the audience, among others Dr. Turner and Mr. Cuthbertson. The meeting lasted from 10 o'clock till 3 o'clock. The facts adduced in the Report and by the returned missionaries, prove that abundant blessing has rested on the labours of the Society during the year. The receipts have amounted to £79,576 and the expenditure to £77,935. Special attention has been paid to Madagascar where the prospect is most cheering.

The following mention is made in the Report of our lamented missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon:—

ERROMANGA, beyond all other islands of the Pacific, has obtained a mournful notoriety by the barbarous murders perpetrated by its savage inhabitants, more than twenty years since, upon WILLIAMS and HARRIS, and recently upon Mr. and Mrs. GORDON, who, impelled by Christian compassion, had nobly settled on its blood-stained shores. But although the shadow of death has rested so heavily upon this Island, we are thankful to learn from the journal of Mr. Murray, that there is yet hope for Erromanga.

MR. CUTHBERTSON has just arrived here on a visit, partly for his health and partly to see old friends. He appears thoroughly recruited by the long voyage. He has brought with him most of the effects of our dear departed friends; but they are not yet unshipped, and I am unable to say what has come and what has not.

The sympathy with our Church in her severe loss and in her day of deep sorrow, is fresh and strong here; and the fact of our being ready to send three new men, and our having found three ready to go, excites a delightful

surprise. I have experienced much kindness here—for Mr. Gordon's sake. I cannot speak too highly of the piety and Christian hospitality of Mrs. Gordon's family.

London, May 17th, 1862.

R. M.

## FOREIGN MISSIONS.

### FLIGHT OF MR PATON, MR MATHESON, AND MRS MATHESON FROM TANA.

TANA, 30th January 1862.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—My last letter informed you that about sixty persons were now attending worship at my station ; that they had put on clothing, that they were busy preparing to erect a new church ; that they were eager to receive spiritual instruction ; that a number of young men had begun to attend worship ; and that, by God's blessing, our work was prospering as it had never done, which had so increased the hatred and opposition of our enemies that war between the two parties seemed inevitable.

Nauka, Miaki, and Karewick united against our people, and gave the challenge to war by killing a fat pig of Sirania's, cutting down my fences and bananas, killing three of my goats, and attempting to kill a chief's son who had come to stay at our house ; and, though fourteen chiefs and their people were on our side, yet, notwithstanding of all these provocations, I got them to promise not to go to war unless some person was killed. Miaki and Nauka now said they would kill Jau by witchcraft, and then they would make a hurricane to destroy Missi's house, and kill him and all who attempted to worship ; for they hated Jehovah and his word, as it caused the people to disregard their word and customs.

Jau, who was one of the most powerful chiefs on my side of the island, and one of my best friends, took ill and died in a few days ; and a week after that we had a fearful hurricane, which destroyed yams and bananas, fruits and fruit trees, fences and houses, but left our mission-houses uninjured. Therefore, the inland people assembled in thousands to assist Sirania, Manuman, and our friends, to take revenge on Miaki and our enemies for all their base conduct.

The day after the hurricane Miaki came with all his associates to shoot me ; but on seeing his forbidding appearance I asked for his wife, who was about to be confined, and gave him a blanket, a piece of calico, and a piece of soap, which he received, and after consulting with his followers, and shewing much hatred to us, they left.

Next morning (Saturday 18th) the war began ; and as I had done my utmost to prevent it, both parties now urged me to keep my house, and they would do us no injury. But Miaki and his party took shelter, and fought round our houses, and though the balls fell thick near to it, God protected us from all harm. Nauka's people now retired, and Nauka and Miaki gave a large present of food to the Inkahi and Kasirumini people to help them to fight Missi and the natives who now attended worship. The present was accepted, and they agreed to "kill and cook Missi and his two Aneiteumese at every village on Tana, to steal all their property, and to burn all their houses." Our bodies were to be cut into small pieces, so that they might be sent to be cooked at all the public villages. So at five P. M. the whole party left to raise reinforcements for next morning, and Miaki and his friends assured me that the present was given to keep them from doing me farther injury.

Next morning (Sabbath 19th), at daylight our house was again surrounded by thousands of savages, howling and yelling. Miaki again sent them word to "kill Missi, steal all his property, and burn his houses." So, headed by Karewick, Esukarupi, and Ringian, the Inkahi and Kasirumini people began by discharging muskets at our house, and then they tried to beat in the walls with their clubs. They then smashed the window and door of my store-house, broke open boxes and casks, tore my books to pieces and scattered them about, and stole all that they

could carry away, both of mission and of personal property. They also broke into my Aneiteum teachers' house, and stole all it contained. They next made a rush at our house, firing muskets and howling fearfully. A chief called me to the window, professing great kindness, but instantly sent his axe through it, calling to all, "Come and kill them now." I said, "God will punish you for such bad conduct, and if you kill me, a man-of-war will punish you;" but he said, "It's all lies about a man-of-war," and instantly hundreds of muskets were presented at me, when again the chief cried, "Come on, let us all kill him," and aimed to strike his axe into my forehead; but on observing a revolver in my hand, he fell back and said something to the people, who instantly lay down for a few minutes, and then all fled for the nearest bush, where they kept howling and showing their firearms; and by this means God preserved our lives till about five p. m., when they all left.

I then went to see Miaki and Nauka, who professed great friendship, and seemed sorry at what had taken place: but assured me they would not return to-morrow, as they had given them a large present to do me no more injury; but our friends said the present was given to encourage them to kill us, steal our property, and burn our houses. Miaki said, "Missi, where was Jehovah to-day? There was no Jehovah to-day, to protect you. It's all lies about Jehovah. They all came to kill you, and Abraham and his wife, and to cut your bodies into small pieces so that they might send you to be cooked and eaten at every village on Tana." I said, "If such was your design, surely God has prevented you and them from doing so, and protected me, or I would not have been here; and rest assured God will punish such wickedness." He said, in great wrath, "Where is Jehovah? Where was Jehovah to-day? There was no Jehovah to-day; and we have given up all fear of a man-of-war. The man-of-war dare not punish us, just as they durst not punish the Erromangans for killing Missi Gordon the man, and Missi Gordon the woman. We have no fear of a man-of-war now. His punishment is all lies; he will talk to us, that's all. And the Inikahi and Kasirumini people are resolved to kill and cook you; but I tell you the truth they will not return to-morrow." I now offered to conduct worship, when, after consulting Nauka, Miaki called all the people present to come near and sit quietly till after worship, when he appeared a little subdued, and professed great friendship. He said, "Missi, if a man-of-war had punished us for stealing from you long ago, this would not have taken place. I say it would be good for them to come and punish such bad conduct. Nauka and I love you, Missi. They killed your Aneiteum teacher, Namuri; they broke into your house twice, and stole your property: they killed your dog and your goats, and were not punished, and now they will kill you, and steal all your things. I speak the truth; mind this is the talk of all Tana. We killed foreigners, and Samoan teachers, and Aneiteum teachers, and were not punished, just like the Erromangans; and now we all say the punishment of a man-of-war is lies, and if he comes here we will fight him and take the vessel." I said, "Remember such punishment can only reach the body, and that for a short time; but Jehovah's punishment will reach both soul and body, in time and in eternity." Again he answered, "What is the odds about Jehovah's punishment? He was not here to protect you to-day, or to punish those who stole your things and broke into your house. Where was your Jehovah to-day?" I answered, "Our Jehovah is in heaven, and he is present here, and has heard all your talk, and knows your hearts towards me, and my heart and talk towards you, and will reward or punish us accordingly." We left with heavy hearts; for, from his inconsistent manner of speaking and acting, we found he was deceiving us. On my way I conducted worship with a large gathering of people at another village. I now sent Abraham to see Nowar, who, in trying to protect us, had got an arrow into his knee, which broke, leaving the barbed point in his knee, so that he was lame. He also was blamed for making the hurricane; and when he came to intercede for us, a host of men rushed on him, but his young mensurrounded him, wounded two of the enemy, and saved his life. He sent a canoe with Abraham, and advised us to take some of our property to his house during the night, and he would try to protect it, as Nauka, Miaki, and Karewick were deceiving us, and had hired all our enemies "to return to-morrow, to kill Missi and steal all his property." Therefore, towards morning I got a few things which I

could lay hold of in the dark put into the canoe and taken to Nowar's, but no native durst assist me, so we could do little. Abraham and I returned, and waited to see if the Inikahi and Kasirumini people would return. And, as the sun rose, Miaki blew his large conch, and a mass of howling savages began to rush down the Inikahi hills; and continued increasing till the shore was covered with them, reaching from the mission-house as far as I could see; and as they were all yelling and pressing on for our house, I thought it prudent to lock up the house, and retire through the bush to Nowar's village, where we found the people all crying, quaking with terror, and running about in despair, at seeing so many armed savages assembled on the shore so near them, scarcely a mile distant. A large party went to our house, but as they found it locked and no person about they returned to the assembled thousands on the shore.

Nauka and Miaki now went to them and advised them not to steal, or burn my house to day, and I would likely return to obtain more property at night, when they would watch and kill me and my Aneiteumese. Nauka and Miaki said, "Let us all go, and fight, and kill Manuman and his people, for Kamimi, his brother killed Jau by sorcery, and he loves Missi and the worship, which we all hate. They made the hurricane to destroy our food, and they have plenty of pigs, yams, and kava; let us go and kill them, and steal all, and then we will kill Missi." To this they all agreed, and went to Manuman's, where, on reaching his first village they killed two men, two women, and two children. The inhabitants fled, and all feeble women and children who fell into their hands were murdered, and cooked here and there by groups of the Inikahi and Kasirumini people, who, headed by Miaki, burned seven villages, and carried off all the native property.

About midday, Nauka, Miaki, and Karewick sent Jonas to tell me that they had all agreed to love me and the worship; therefore I was to return to my house. The war was going inland and would not return to my house. But, though he was very urgent, Nowar and Abraham would not allow me to return, as they were only deceiving us. Abraham went to see our house, which was as we left it; but the Tannese had enlarged the path to it, and a party of Miaki's armed men were concealed near to it, and asked many questions about me; therefore he returned, entreating me not to go, as he was sure they were preparing to kill me. At sunset, Abraham and his wife, and Mr Matheson's servant, who had come on Saturday with a letter, went again to our house, and found Nauka, Miaki, and Karewick's Inikahi people, and the Kasirumini people, concealed among the reeds along the path leading to our house. They inclosed my Aneiteumese to kill them, but Nauka and Miaki cried, "Don't just now; what is the odds against them when Missi is not there?" On reaching the house, Abraham sent back his wife and Mr M's. servant, to tell me on no account to follow, but on seeing them again, the savages closed up the path along the shore. On seeing this, Mr Matheson's servant fled, and got through the bush to Nowar's, but Abraham's wife went on, keeping close to the sea, and, by Nauka's orders they let her pass; and Miaki said, "Go and tell Missi to come to his house, and we will not kill him." Soon after Abraham returned, saying, he believed they were prepared to kill me; so Nowar and his people urged me not to return.

"Towards morning, when Miaki and his party saw they were disappointed, they went, broke in the door of my house, stole all they could, tore my books to pieces, and scattered them around the house, also scattered about the type of my printing press, and with their axes destroyed what they could not carry away. I lay concealed on the ground in Nowar's hut till morning, and it was a sleepless, anxious night, not only to me, but to many of his people. "

"*Tuesday, 21st.*—This morning they renewed the attack upon poor Manuman and his people, burned the villages of two other districts, killed all who came in their way, and carried off all their property, and resolved at night to murder me in Nowar's house. Towards evening Miaki sent for me to go and speak with him, but Nowar and his people entreated me not to go, but to send Abraham, who went, and found Miaki very gloomy, and seemingly only wanting to know in what house I slept. Soon after Nowar was informed that they had agreed to kill him also for protecting me; and at sunset he informed me that I must now leave his house,

or this night they would kill him also. In protecting us I had been wounded, the barbed point of the arrow was still in his knee, his men were all very much afraid, and now he could do no more. He urged that the sea was good, and, to save our lives, we ought to haste to Mr Matheson's station, and he would follow us, but he objected to us taking any of the few things we had saved with us.

I had hired a canoe for a large roll of cinnet, to take me ten miles round towards Mr Matheson's station, for they had stolen my own Aneiteum canoe, and refused to assist me to launch my boat, as Nauka and Miaki had claimed the boat, and threatened to shoot any person who would assist us to get her into the water. Having got possession of the cinnet, the man now refused to give his canoe, and demanded an axe, a sail for the canoe, and a pair of blankets as payment before he would let it go to sea. I had only saved two pairs of blankets and a quilt, and being entirely in their power, I had to give the quilt for a sail, and a pair of the blankets and an axe, but having got these things secured in his house, he said, "Now I have two canoes; two persons can sail in the one, and four persons can sail in the other. I will not give you the large one: but, if you like, you can go in the small one;" and he only mocked and laughed at my reasonings. So, when about to leave, and try to find our way by land, he said, "My wrath is done, now you may take it." We went to the shore, but he refused to let us sail till the next morning. We had to sit down till the moon rose, when he said, "You may go now;" but, when drawing down the canoe, he said, "Where will you get paddles for it? I have none." We had now to return to the village, and get three paddles from friendly natives, but yet he refused to let us go. Now a chief who was paid to go with one of his men to help us, refused to go, and withdrew from our company; and only a boy, who lived where we were going, would consent to go with us. Again I proposed to go by land, when Firmingo, a friendly chief belonging to Mr Matheson's district, who spends much of his time at our harbour, and is often about our house, now came forward and said, "Missi, they are all deceiving you. The sea is rough; you cannot go by sea, for Miaki and Karewick have men appointed to go out and kill you all as you pass the black rocks, and you cannot go by land, for they have all the paths by which you can escape guarded by men with muskets to shoot you. They say they will kill you, and also Nowar for befriending you. I tell you the truth Missi; I heard all their talk, and Miaki and Karewick hate the worship, and are resolved to kill you, and have killed your goats to day, and stolen your things." On hearing these statements we resolved to go to sea, and try it if possible.

The man to whom the canoe belonged had withdrawn himself, as we supposed, because he thought Miaki and his party were not going to attack us for that night. Having got into our frail bark, being five in number, we got on well for about a mile till we began to turn for Mr Matheson's, when we met a fearful sea, with almost every wave breaking over our heads. Abraham cried out, "Let us turn, Missi. We are all drowned now. I knew we could not go by sea. We are food for the sharks, but God will reward us with life in Jesus in heaven." I said, "Yes, turn! Trust in Jesus, and let us pray to him, and ply our paddles with all our might." Mr M's servant and the native boy were so overcome with fear, they could do almost nothing, and Abraham's wife was very sick, so with difficulty we got turned, when we had to bale constantly, so as to keep her afloat, and Abraham and I had to ply our paddles for about four hours without a moment's rest; and, by God's blessing, we succeeded in again reaching the shore, drenched and weary, and with the skin literally worn off our hands with incessantly working the paddles. Though many natives were about, they would not assist us to draw our canoe ashore, so in our exhausted state we had to leave her. The boy instantly fled from us, and we lay down as we were on the sand, and had an hour's rest. As daylight approached, I called my Aneiteumese together for worship. After which Firmingo, our inland friend, came again to inform us of our immediate and increased danger, for all Nowar's men had fled and hid themselves among the rocks along the shore. I said, "Firmingo, if you will shew us the path to your district, we will follow you, and give you three axes and other mission property, as soon as a vessel comes. The late hurricane had so destroyed the paths that none but a native could find them. He trembled, and his eyes instantly be-

came bloodshot, when he said, "Missi, you will be killed; Miaki and Karewick will shoot you, and to-day they two will kill you if you remain, and I dare not go." I entreated him to go and show me the path and we would follow. He said, "Well I will go; but remember, I think you will be killed." He then called his men, seven in number, other thirteen of them were with Miaki, but he avoided them, saying, "As soon as they hear I am gone, they will follow." He now got a large bundle of my stolen goods on his back, and ordered us to keep near him. I had only been able to save a little box of rice, which I entreated Nowar to keep for me; but he said, "My food also is done; I'll eat it;" and though he had got two of my poor goats brought to his house, and one killed and cooked, yet not a morsel was given to my poor starving Aneiteumese, and he urged us to be off, or he and his people would all be killed for us. From his conduct it seemed as if he felt certain that our lives would be taken, and had allowed us to take a few things to his house, more with the desire to possess them than to protect them; yet both he and his people expressed great sorrow at our having to leave them, and one of his under chiefs said, "Missi, we all love you here, and many of us are weeping because you are forced to leave us. We have not taken any of your things, but if you are killed, your trade in Nowar's house will be ours."

We now started with our trembling guides, in whom we had little or no confidence; but it was our only hope of escaping, and of saving our lives. We passed several armed parties who were all friends, and were glad to see us escape. When about three miles on our way, we came upon a large party of Miaki's men and friends, but, fortunately, he was not with them. Part resolved to kill us, and part opposed it. Firmingo poised his great spear to defend, saying, "No; you will not kill Missi to-day." Even Sironia, who had been one of our best friends, and who was with this party, Judas-like, gave me his hand, saying, "My love to you, Missi;" but, turning to Firmingo, said, "Don't take them away. Your conduct is bad. Leave them to us to be killed." I said, "Ah, Sironia! I love you all, and have sought your good." I would hope that Sironia only said this to save his life, by trying to please his enemies present; for his people had all turned against him, joined the enemy, burned his village, destroyed his property, and forced him to seek protection from Miaki and his party, in whose power he now was, and forced by them to fight against his own people. However, this incident shewed us how our danger had increased. After we got past them, much noisy wrangling occurred among our friends and enemies, but they did not follow. We now came to another party, who acted in a friendly manner. After which, we walked for about three miles without seeing any person, when we came to Mannitonga's village; and though he had always professed himself to be among our friends, yet now he urged Firmingo to allow our lives to be taken, and with difficulty we got away. A friendly party here came up, saying that our enemies, had just killed other two of Manuman's men, and burned the villages of another district. A party of enemies came up, and were eager to take our lives; but Firmingo firmly opposed their desires; and here all his men came up, when he said, "I am not afraid now, Missi." From this we walked six miles under a burning sun, and only saw a few women and children, till we came to Aniai, where a large party of the fighting men having heard we were on the way, had left the fighting ground, come to our path, and were resolved to kill us. Again and again they surrounded us, and aimed their weapons at us; but undoubtedly God restrained them. Here a part of Firmingo's men said, "Missi, you and the Aneiteumese men move on before, and we will follow." Knowing that this indicated that they also were now willing that our lives should be taken, I said, "Firmingo, are we to leave you? why are we to leave you here?" He answered, "No; I go before Missi. We two go together. Don't leave me, Missi." When we left, they all followed; but I kept close to my guide, thinking they would not shoot at me for fear of shooting him; but at a turn of the path, where we were right opposite to each other, a kewas was thrown, and fell on the path a few inches before me; however, I took no notice of it, but moved on quickly. They said, "Miaki and Karewick say, Missi stops here to make the winds and sickness, and we must kill him." Firmingo answered, "It is our own bad conduct that makes us sick: they lie about Missi." They said, "We don't know who makes us sick, but we know



it is right to kill all the foreigners." But, clenching his club and spear, Firmingo said, "You won't kill Missi to-day;" and so we got away from them. He now left the common path, and ascended a mountain, so as to evade the villages of some of our enemies, and the long line of unfriendly armed men who followed us gradually fell off, till again we descended to the sea, nearly opposite to his own village. We passed several streamlets, and though we were very thirsty, we durst not stop or bend to drink, for fear of being killed in the act. On making the shore, a very large company of men again interrupted our path, and urged to get us killed. Much threatening language was used on both sides, during which we got away, and reached Firmingo's village in safety. He soon followed, and sat down, saying, "I have now fulfilled my promise, Missi, and I am so tired, and so much afraid, I dare go no farther; but three of my men will go with you. My love to you, Missi. Make haste, and go on quickly. The three men only went a short way, till they said, "We dare go no further, for Firmingo is at war with the chief and people here." Long ago the Aneiteumese had joined in a war against the Tanese of this district, and a desire for revenge still exists among our natives here, who had promised to Miaki to kill us all, if we got that length. But providentially the men were all absent on a war expedition, and we only saw there lads, with many women and children, who appeared afraid of us, and so we got away in safety. But in the evening a host of enraged warriors came from the fighting ground to kill the people of this district for letting us pass. They spared their lives, but cut all their spears and clubs—a severe punishment to them in such times, so that their hatred to us is greatly increased. Now we met with crowds of men here and there, in every district all along the shore; and though many are unfriendly, some were friendly; and we pressed on till, by God's blessing, we got near to Mr Matheson's station, where a man sold us four cocoa nuts, of which we stood much in need; for we had got no food that day, and very little since Sabbath morning, so that we could scarcely keep our feet with exhaustion; yet our danger, and the excitement of all around us, kept us up till we reached Mr M's in safety, and feeling thankful that God had preserved our lives in such imminent danger, and that we were now together to encourage and strengthen each other, we implored his guidance and protection, and resolved calmly to wait the result.

Before leaving the harbour, I wrote a letter, which I gave to Nowar to give to the first captain that might call at Port Resolution, entreating him to come and move us to Aneiteum, as my life, at least, was in great danger, and Mr Matheson was almost without food, as his supplies were at my station or destroyed; and we had to eat very sparingly, to try and keep life in till a vessel would call, or till we saw what God had in store for us. Our faithful Aneiteumese also suffered much from hunger, but without grumble or complaint, and I felt much encouraged by their resignation and strength of faith in such trying circumstances.

**Thursday, 23d.**—Yesterday, other three of Manuman's people were killed, and another district was burned. Poor Manuman has now been chased from village to village, with his remaining people, half over Tanna, and every day some are murdered, and villages are burned. Women and children, young and old, are murdered and cooked as they fall into the hands of the enemy, and some are sent as presents to friendly chiefs. I even heard our friend Nowar saying, "When they are killing so many children, why do they not send me one for food to me and my wife and children? They are tender and very good, just like young fowls. Already Miaki, Karewick and their allies, have burned a line of thirteen or fourteen or sixteen miles inland, and all belonging to Manuman's tribe, and many lives have been taken. Oh, when will Tanna enjoy the peace of the gospel?"

Mr. Matheson sent for Kati, Kapuka, and Taura, his three principal chiefs and spoke with them, asking if they would protect me or not till a vessel came. They pledged themselves to do so, and were very friendly; so I gave them a present of a razor, a piece of tortoise shell, and an ornamented scarf, which I had brought for the purpose, and which each individual seemed to value very highly, and accepting of which was a pledge that they intended to fulfil their promise. But, alas! of what value is the promise of a Tanna chief.

**Friday 24th.**—Miaki learned that a friendly chief had hidden two of Manu-

man's young men, and he and Karewick went and forced the chief either to bring them out and kill them for a feast, or they would kill and feast on him, and so the chief instantly clubbed them both; and yet Miaki says that chief must be killed also, for shewing them any kindness. It is reported to day that Manuman's people are so reduced by famine, that they are now killing and eating their own wives and children. They are on a hill top, surrounded by the enemy, and cannot get food.

Had most interesting and encouraging conversations with Taura, Kapuka, Viavia, on spiritual things, and nine persons were at school. Abraham and our Aneiteumese heard a good deal of threatening talk, and that nearly all the natives had agreed to take our lives, and that the friendly chiefs were only deceiving us.

*Monday 27th.*—Yesterday thirty persons came to church, and afterwards Mr. Matheson and I went and conducted worship at our village with fourteen persons, at a second with thirty persons, at a third with twelve persons, and on our way, with four different groups of men, women, and children, about thirty persons in all. Thus, in the midst of our trials we were privileged to preach the gospel to about 116 persons; and, oh, that God may grant his blessing on the seed thus sown, so that much fruit may be produced to his glory!

On leaving the village at which we met with thirty persons, a boy took my hand, and accompanied us on the path; and a man followed us with a huge club, smiling and talking in a friendly manner. As I was foremost, the boy tried three times to lead me into by-paths, which Mr. M. prevented, and got the savage with his ponderous club before him, so as to watch all their movements: and thus God prevented them from doing us injury, till we got to the next village, when they returned to their own. As Mr. M. was collecting the women and children, the boy with a handful of arrows, and the man with the large club, were brought to the public-ground, and a loaded musket was also examined, and many strange questions were asked sneeringly at me, regarding rains, winds, disease, death, and the death of Mr. Matheson's child, which took place without a moment's warning, about ten days before; and much scoffing went on among a group of unfriendly men. At other places I also saw strong evidences of a very unfriendly feeling existing among the natives toward us and our worship. Our Aneiteumese were in another direction, were severely threatened, and informed that our houses were all to be burned, and our lives taken; and that even Taura was deceiving us, and had speared his own wife on Saturday, so that she was confined with the wound, which, on inquiry, we found to be a fact. On Saturday, the brother of a friendly chief who attends worship, came to our house, and kept hiding about all day with his loaded musket, appearing as if he would like to shoot some of us, and attempted to shoot our Aneiteumese, and said to Abraham, they had agreed to shoot us all, which our friends admitted to be "the universal talk of all Tanna." A vessel has been at the harbour, supplying the natives with the munitions of war for my stolen property.

*Tuesday 28th.*—This morning at daylight we observed a vessel out at sea, and though we put up a flag to try and induce her to come to us, he headed about, and went off for Aneiteum. We could only say, the will of the Lord be done.

*Wednesday 29th.*—A young chief, Kapuka, came at daylight, and gave Mr. Matheson his father's war gods, consisting of a basket of small stones, well worn with his hands. Thus, when many are hating the worship, and desiring to kill us, a few are renouncing their idols, and professing to seek and serve Jesus, and weeping at our abuse and its consequences.

*Friday 31st.*—The feeling against us is evidently increasing. Our Aneiteumese are constantly threatened, and all our lives are in great danger. A large party of Miaki's friends are here to-day, influencing the natives against us and the worship. Manuman, Nuarau, and their people are still hunted and shot down daily.

As Firmingo had come from the harbour to-day, he came to see me. He says eleven chiefs and some of their people met at our house on Sabbath for worship: they united in praise and prayer, and tried to encourage each other in seeking and serving God, and lamented our absence. This was comforting news. He said Nauka, Miaki, and Karewick were still resolved to kill me and my Aneiteumese, and also all the natives who had attended worship. Mr. M. and I went to visit

some sick persons about three miles off: the natives were all sulky and unkind.

Met with Rabitouja. Manuman's adopted son and heir, who had been sent to try and get to me, to tell me of their trials. They are distressed on all hands, and Nauka and his associates are resolved to kill them all if possible. Rahi's wife was a chief's daughter, near to Port Resolution, and being of another tribe, she went to her father for protection when the war began; but yesterday these savage cannibals went to her father's, and Miaki ordered him to bring her out and club her, that they might feast on her, or they would feast on him; consequently her father bound her to a piece of wood, killed her with a blow of his club, and gave her body to them. Many have been so killed of late.

*February 1st.*—Much threatening and bad feeling have been displayed to-day, and all say our houses are to be burned, and our lives all taken.

*Monday 3d.*—Yesterday thirty-two persons were at church. I addressed them on the flood, its cause, consequences, and lessons; and exhibited a doll, shewing that such things (kumisau) were only wood and stone, and ought not to be worshipped or feared. After examining it carefully, they all agreed that such things could not hear and help them, and that Jehovah ought only to be worshipped.—Soon after worship, a large party came and asked many questions about (kumisau) the doll, examined it carefully, and asked about the worship of Jehovah. Afterwards, Mr. Matheson and I went inland, and conducted worship at seven villages, addressing about 100 persons. Some appeared friendly, others were very gloomy; but all listened attentively, and so we felt encouraged.

At one village the inhabitants were prepared to kill us, but, as we went in an opposite direction, they came at 10 P.M., and set fire to our church, evidently intending to burn our house also, and take our lives. We were all asleep; but, as they approached, my little dog awoke me, barking and rubbing my nose, and striking my head. I threw her off me, but she returned with increased fury, when I rose, and from a window saw a party setting fire to the church, which had been blown over by the hurricane. Mr. M. and our Aneiteumese being awake, I went out and cut the fence of reeds which was joined to our dwelling house, and which was already on fire. A party of seven or eight of our worst natives, who had evidently kindled the fire, surrounded me, and others from the bush whispered, "Kill him, kill them;" and a man with a large club got behind me, and another offered to take hold of me, when I drew a revolver from my pocket, which I simply held in my hand till I got the fence sufficiently separated to preserve our dwelling house from the fire. On seeing this they stood back, each urging his fellow to kill us, till I got again into the house, when they stood whispering and shewing their hatred before the window; but God restrained them from carrying out their purpose. As the church was close to the dwelling house, probably both would have been burned; but, though the sky was clear when the fire was kindled, instantly a dark cloud from the south came, with a strong breeze, carrying the flames away from our house, and pouring such a torrent of rain over the houses, that the fire was soon extinguished. Now our enemies said, "Jehovah is helping them; that is his rain, let us run," and so they fled; but I kept watching nearly all night for fear of them returning to burn our house also. At daylight, our enemies came rejoicing, and our friends weeping and lamenting, as they had all agreed to come and burn our dwelling house, and kill us all, that evening; but, as the excitement was increasing, "Sail, Ho," was heard, and a vessel appeared on the horizon.—After prayer and consultation, though it was heart-rending for us to leave our dear people and God's work, yet he seemed to force us to retire for the present; so we put up two flags on the roof of our house, a dark and a white flag, and made fires in front of it, if possible to draw the vessel to us, and providentially those on board saw and made direct for us. Having again united in prayer, we began the painful work of packing up, and soon a Mr. Lewin came off from the vessel with a boat, and a number of armed men. He had letters from Mr. Geddie, who had heard of our trials, and he kindly offered to take us to Aneiteum, to which we reluctantly agreed. Leaving a part of his men at the house to protect us, with another part he took some of Mr. Matheson's goods to the boat, which being loaded he took to the vessel, and returned with two boats, which he again filled; and at dark we all left, leaving a part of Mr. Matheson's property in our house, and a

part at his boat-house on the shore. The vessel had drifted away, so that we could not see her, and were forced to sail for Port Resolution, where we cast anchor in the mouth of the harbour till next morning.

*Tuesday, 4th.*—At daylight, Mr Lewin left with one of the boats to look for the vessel, and we weighed anchor, and went as far as possible, so as to be out of gunshot. During the night, we had lost our rudder, so that we could not follow with a heavy loaded boat, and were forced to remain till the vessel came about 5 p. m. As our boat's crew, our Aneiteumese, and ourselves, had been without food since yesterday morning, and the evening drawing on, but no appearance of the vessel, I got our friend Nowar, to bring us a few cocoa-nuts, and two small roasted yams, which were a morsel to each of us, but only made our thirst and hunger more severe.

On seeing us, Nowar and Miaki came off in a canoe. Nowar was dressed, and kind, and sympathizing, but influenced by Miaki's presence. Miaki was frowning, and urged us, and especially me, to go ashore and see our house; but as we saw a number of armed men near our house, we refused to go. Miaki said our house was uninjured, just as we left it; but Abraham and a party went with him to see it, and found the windows all smashed, my books torn to pieces and scattered around it among the cocoa-nut trees, the type of the printing press also scattered, three casks of flour and two bags of rice partly scattered on the paths to and from our house, and partly taken away; and with their axes they had smashed and cut the piano and other things they could not carry away; and a large body of armed men at the house wanted to kill the Aneiteumese, but Miaki prevented, and urged to kill Missi first. Though the well I had sunk, produced the only drinkable water in Port Resolution, they had filled it with disgusting filth; and all our friends said that Miaki and his friends had carried away even books and chairs to sell to the traders for tobacco and powder (indeed, a white sailor in our boat had one of my stolen shirts on), and that they had completed this work of destruction only two days ago. When the vessel came, Mr Lewin went ashore, and Nowar gave him nearly all the few things of trade I had left with him, and if we could have taken him, he and many of our dear friends would have gone with us to Aneiteum. Miaki said they hated the worship, because, as the people came to worship, their talk and customs were disregarded; but, as their fathers did not destroy Mr Turner's house, so they would not destroy mine, but they would destroy everything else, and us if they could. Two nights before that Miaki and his accomplices had attacked a district in which a chief lived of whose men Miaki killed ten last year. The people having gone to sleep, they filled the large village, placing some at every hut door, and at a given signal murdered men, women, and children indiscriminately. A few fled into the bush, a few ran into the sea and were drowned, and a few others got away into a canoe; but seeing some of their wives and children crying after them on shore, they turned back and clubbed them, for fear they would fall into the hands of the enemy. Thus one of our most powerful Tanna chiefs and all his people have been almost entirely cut off in one night. Such was the statement of Nowar and all the natives we saw, and now they were set on destroying Nowar and his people also. May God restrain them, and bring good out of these shocking events.

At sunset we got to sea, and though our vessel was not much larger than the *John Knox*, we had thirty-two persons and nine dogs on board; but Capt. Hastings was very kind, and did all he could to make us comfortable. We left Tanna, with heavy hearts, imploring God to preserve our friends, and soon to open up the way for us to return and prosecute our work among them; for, though degraded, yet they are our dearly beloved people, for whose spiritual instruction we would spend and be spent. We reached Aneiteum on Saturday the 18th, and found all the members of the mission in good health, but very sorry at our Tanna mission being broken up so unexpectedly. Mrs Matheson, though very weak, stood the voyage better than we expected, and now with kind attentions and changes of society she may improve a little.

My boat is left at Port Resolution. All my personal property, and nearly all my mission property, to the value of about £600 has been stolen and destroyed. This does not include mission houses. And alas! our worship is suspended for

the present. Some may regret that we had not left sooner and prevented such loss, and others may think we ought not to have left. To all such we can only say we remained at our post as long as possible, and thought it to be our duty to do so, and we entreat them to judge sparingly, and rather to give us and our work on Tanna a continued and deepened interest in their prayers. Do not lose heart. Satan's apparent triumph may be only of short duration. True, to some Tanna may appear to be now what it was twenty years ago; but I believe that there is an amount of religious knowledge communicated and believed even now on Tanna, that all the powers of darkness will not be able to withdraw; and even now on Aneiteum, Mr Matheson has twelve of his Tannese living with him, and daily under his instructions. Let us then examine and learn from the past, diligently improve the present, and hope for victory at no distant day. "They will be done." //

We had resolved, before leaving Tanna, to prosecute the study of the language, the translating of the Scriptures, and our work as far as able; but it appeared desirable to all the missionaries that one of us should at present visit the colonies, and bring the interest of the mission before the Presbyterian Churches there, and to urge their Sabbath schools to assist us to procure a vessel of about 70 tons, so as to be able to carry on and extend our work among these islands. Being unanimously appointed, at the urgent request of the other members of the mission, I have reluctantly undertaken this very important and responsible mission. On account of the many reverses and trials of our mission, I go at the worst time; and feeling myself ill qualified for this work, on which so much depends, I entreat the prayers of the Church for God's blessing, which alone can give success; and Oh that he may overrule our trials for good, and greatly increase the missionary zeal of his Church in the extending of Christ's kingdom everywhere among the heathen, is the prayer of, yours, &c.,

JOHN G. PATON.

Rev John Kay, Sec. R. P. F. M. Com.,

Castle-Douglas.

P. S.—Since we left, a white man has been killed, and another severely wounded.

#### LITERAL TRANSLATION OF A PETITION

SENT SUBSEQUENTLY TO THE FLIGHT OF THE MISSIONARIES, BY CERTAIN CHIEFS OF TANNA, TO THE GOVERNOR OF N. S. WALES.\*

The prayer of the Tannese who love the Word of Jehovah to the Great Chief of Sydney.

To the Chief of Sydney, the servant of Queen Victoria of Britannia, saying, We great men of Tanna dwell in a dark land. Our people are very dark-hearted, they know nothing good.

Missi Paton the man, Missi Matheson the man, and Missi Matheson the woman, have dwelt here four yams (years) to teach us the worship of Jehovah; their conduct has been straight and very good, therefore we love these three missionaries, and the worship of Jehovah which they three have taught us Tannese.

Alas! a part, as it were, only three of our chiefs, whose names are Nauka, Miaki, Karewick, Ringian, Enukarupi, Attica, and Namaka, they and their people hate the worship, and all good conduct like that which the word of Jehovah teaches us, and the people of all lands. These men all belong to four villages only; they have stolen all Missi's property; they have broken into his house; they have cut down his bananas; they have scolded and persecuted him, and they desire to kill Missi and to eat him, so that they may destroy the worship of God from the land of Tanna.

We hate exceedingly their bad conduct, and pray you the great chief of Sydney to punish these dark Tannese who have persecuted Missi, who have deceived Missi, who have altogether deceived the Great Chief (Commodore Seymour), and the Chief (Captain Hume) of the men-of-war, and who deceived the chief and other missionaries in the *John Williams*, who murdered one of Mr Paton's Aneiteum.

\* The original in the Tannese language has been forwarded, but the translation will probably prove to be most for edification.—Ed.

teachers, who fought Messrs Turner and Nisbet, who killed Vasa and his Samoua people, who killed the foreigners, who have now fought and driven away out three missionaries; their conduct has been exceedingly bad, they destroy the kingdom of Tana, kill the people and eat them all, and are guilty of bad conduct every day; our hearts hate their bad conduct, we are pained with it.

Therefore, we earnestly pray you the chief of Sydney to send quickly a man-of-war to punish them, and to revenge all their bad conduct towards Missi. Then truly we will rejoice, then it will be good and safe for they three missionaries to dwell here, and to teach us men of the devil; our hearts are very dark, we know nothing, we are just like pigs, therefore it is good for Missi to teach us the word and the worship of Jehovah the Great King. Long ago he was unknown to us here, Missi brought his knowledge to us here.

Our love to you the Great Chief of Sydney, the servant of Queen Victoria, and we earnestly pray you to protect us, and to protect our missionaries, and the worship of God in our land, the land of Tana. We weep for our missionaries; they three gave us medicine for our sickness, clothing for our bodies, taught us what is good conduct, taught us the way to heaven; and of all these things long ago we had no knowledge whatever, therefore we weep and our hearts cling to these three, our missionaries. If they three are not here, who will teach us the way to heaven, who will prevent our bad conduct, who will protect us from the bad conduct of foreigners, and who will love us and teach us all good things?

Oh compassionate us, Chief of Sydney? Hold fast these three, our missionaries, and give us them back and we will love you and your people. You and your people know the word of Jehovah, you are all going on the path to heaven, you all love the word of Jehovah. Oh! look in mercy on us dark-hearted men going to the bad land, to the great eternal fire, just like our fathers who are dead.

May Jehovah make your hearts and the hearts of your people sweet towards us, to compassionate us, and to look in mercy on our dark land, and we will pray Jehovah to make you good, and give you a rich reward.

The names of us the chiefs of Tanna who worship towards Jehovah:—

YARISI × his mark.	NUARU × his mark.
KUAWA × his mark.	NEBUSAK × his mark.
KAPUKA × his mark.	KAUA × his mark.
TAURA × his mark.	NOWAR × his mark.
FIRMIINGO × his mark.	MANUMAN × his mark.

P. S.—This petition was written at the urgent request and dictation of some of our leading friends on Tanna, to be presented to the Governor of Sydney; at the meeting on Aneiteum, we thought it better not to present it publicly, but when I saw the Governor I told him about it, and he wished to see it, so I will send a copy next week. I send you a copy, thinking it may interest the Committee of our Mission.

JOHN G. PATON.

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## OTHER MISSIONS.

### TURKISH MISSION.

Though at present the Missionary operations of our Church in Turkey are suspended, our readers will be interested in hearing from that quarter. We therefore give from late Nos. of the Free Church Record a short appeal on behalf of that country, with extracts from Mr Philip O'Flaherty's correspondence.

WHAT ARE WE DOING FOR THE TURKS?

Turkey is dying, it is said, by which

it is meant that the present state of things, viewed politically, must ere long come to an end. Such prognostications point to the subversion of exclusive Mohammedan rule, and may be held to imply that the upheaval, and the scramble which is to follow, will issue in a reconstruction of the empire and the enfranchisement of the subject races. It is impossible to fortell the precise aspect of coming events. Certainly there are symptoms enough of political change in the East. We have only to look at the

notorious corruption of officials, with rapid changes in the ministry; troubles and outbreaks in outlying portions of the empire, with the weakness of the central government; and the gross ignorance which prevails among the several nationalities, to be persuaded that while this bundle of peoples, so diverse from each other, has been held together thus far by a special Providence, the time is at hand when, either by a sudden and extensive revolution, or by the quiet operation of powerful principles, political and social life within the Turkish empire will become more healthy and prosperous than now.

The gospel of Christ is the healer of the nations, and the extensive reception of Bible truth would be the salvation of Turkey in every sense. Has any progress been made in this direction? None seemingly adequate to the great result of securing a social reformation throughout the empire at large. Yet let us not despise the day of small things. The American missions have been wonderfully successful in Syria, Asia Minor, and Roumelia; while other Christian Societies have been privileged to kindle a light in various parts of Turkey, and within Constantinople itself. Hitherto, however, the gospel has made way mainly among the Rayah population. Till recently the Mohammedans were unapproachable. Now times are changed. While, in some quarters, Moslem fanaticism has broken forth into bloody excesses, in other places, especially in Constantinople, there is the utmost readiness, on the part of Mohammedans to listen to the truth. The Turks are beginning to feel that the crescent must give way to the cross, and a persuasion of the approaching downfall of Islam is paving the way for the reception of the gospel. At this moment several missionaries are engaged in seeking the good of the deluded Turks. Perhaps the most eminent of these is Dr Pfander, so well known by his successful labors in Northern India. In the Providence of God the Free Church has been brought into the same field. Our sole agent, it will be remembered, is Mr Philip O'Flaherty. We have abundant evidence of his diligence and success. He seems to possess peculiar aptitude for a kind of pioneer work, which is specially called for at this stage of Mohammedan missions. He visits the coffee-houses, and moves about on land and water, seeking op-

portunities of conversing with Mohammedans. Having considerable linguistic powers, and being possessed of tact and readiness, he manages in the course of conversation to introduce the great gospel themes, and not a few, arrested in this way have come to his house for private instruction in the things of the kingdom.

The Church has every encouragement to persevere in the support of this mission, and to reach forward towards an expansion of it. The committee charged with the management of the matter have just taken a step which requires to be explained. Application has been made to three hundred ladies, in as many congregations, to raise not less than £1 each during the current year for the continuance of the mission. It is earnestly hoped that not only will these ladies undertake the charge, but that many throughout the Church will take a lively and practical interest in the attempt we are now making to effect a breach in the fabric of Mohammedan superstition, which yet constitutes so great a barrier to the triumphant progress of the Redeemer's progress in the East.—*Free Church Record for Oct.*

#### OUR TURKISH MISSION.

We regret to learn that Mr O'Flaherty is at present suffering from illness, brought on by his too abundant labours. His medical attendant has ordered him to take entire rest for six weeks, when he hopes he will be restored to health and work. The following is an extract from Mr O'Flaherty's deeply interesting private letters, which are full of similar instances.

"You will observe an interesting feature in last month's account, namely, twenty-four visits made at my own house to enquire more fully into the gospel plan and its leading truths. I always am glad of such visits. . . . Another particular I would like to mention is, that a few friends whom I visit, invite their friends—nine or ten—so that we may form a prayer-meeting. But let me now tell you of one or two cases which happened lately. A clever and respectable young man, who had met me several times, came to my house, together with a captain of police, a friend of his, to enquire more thoroughly into the subject of Christianity. We searched the Scriptures for a few hours. He expressed his satisfaction as to the doc-

trines under consideration, namely, the Divinity and Sonship of Jesus Christ. On his taking his leave, I gave him a New Testament, which he read carefully at home. He always took care, however, to hide it. His father at length found the Testament in his hands asked what book it was, why he read such a book, and called in many of his neighbours, and indignantly demanded the book, threatening vengeance both on it and his son. Many of the neighbors came in.

"The young man stood up and said, 'Father, I am old enough and educated enough to know which is a good book and which is a bad one. If this be a good book (and it certainly is the best ever I read), how can it corrupt my morals or injure my soul? If it were a bad book, you know, father, I would at once throw it aside.' The father and the neighbors were quite satisfied with the reply, and now the book is read to an admiring circle of friends. Parables and portions which set forth the depravity of human nature and the completeness of the salvation provided, are read regularly.

"Another little instance: A dervish, who often withstood me in a friend's house, came to my door, and sent me word that if I came down to meet him, he would come to speak with me. I accordingly went down stairs, and brought him up to my room. I read a portion of Scripture, in which the words, 'What a man soweth, that shall he also reap,' occurred. We talked of death, judgment, and eternity. I asked what seed he had sown during his life-time—sin or holiness. He hung down his head and after a short time retired. The following Friday he came again, and brought two other men. I followed up the same question, adding, that for 'every idle word a man shall speak, he shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'

"The following Friday he came with a captain in the army. I spoke of God's infinite holiness, man's total depravity, who Christ was, what he did, and why he did it. . . . After a few hours' conversation, the dervish, from whose eyes the tears trickled down, told his friend the officer that it was time to start—that the steamer would soon leave. The officer said, 'I never heard our preachers speak like this. This is what my spirit desires; let us stay another half hour.' And so they did. Both of

them expressed their feelings of satisfaction. The officer often requests me to have a talk with him. The dervish is ever wishing to come, but my delicate health will not permit it now for a time. If I went on supplying instances like these, I might write a pamphlet.—*Free Church Record for Decr.*

#### OUR MISSION IN TURKEY.

Mr O'Flaherty's work is rich in interesting incidents. We extract the following from his last letter:—

"You recollect my having mentioned that a dervish, who is in the habit of bringing many inquirers to my house, brought a military captain, who, after hearing how sin is pardoned and heaven gained, said to the dervish, on being reminded the steamer was leaving, 'I never heard these things before. Let us remain one half hour longer.'

"I went to this captain's guard-house a few days ago. An officer, who has come from Beyrout, came in. For some time he conversed as to the state of matters in Syria. I asked what regiment he belonged to. He told me. I asked him if he knew lieutenant I——, agha of that regiment.

"'He belongs to my company.'

"'How is he getting on?'

"'Oh, he is a Christian now. He always keeps on reading a New Testament some one gave him in this city. In fact, a good many of the non-commissioned officers have copies, which they read with great regard and pleasure. We all sometimes read it in turns. I have none. Would I had! for it makes time pass pleasantly on. It keeps the men from mischief. In fact, there is not a company in the regiment more respected than ours, and in which there are fewer defaulters. At first we were all very much opposed to the reading of the book; but I—— kept on plodding his way, till at length we took a fancy to it. I certainly attribute the diminution of disobedience and crime to the men's possessing a few of those *Jugils*. If I knew where to procure them I would take some to the officers on my return.

"Both officers were much rejoiced when they heard it was I who had taught I—— to read, and who gave him and the men the *Jugils*. I gave him eight copies more, for which he felt thankful. We prayed that God would bless those books for his own glory, preserve the regiment, and bring Syria and Turkey to



the knowledge of the salvation of Jesus Christ.

"Thus you see the Word of God is being read where you least expected it. If I were to mention all the copies of the Scriptures that discharged and other soldiers carry with them to the interior, and the anecdotes connected with them, I could fill an interesting paper. Suffice it to say that the Word of God is being spread far and wide,—that the heaven of truth is permeating the community, and that very visibly."—*Ibid for Jany.*

#### A MONTH'S WORK AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Mr O'Flaherty, our solitary missionary to the Turks, reports to the Secretary for the Mission, on his work for the month of December, as follows:—

"It is to be regretted that our Church does not make greater efforts to form a mission in this city or empire, and that she employs an instrumentality so weak and insignificant, the most unqualified of all her agents. . . . It has pleased God to open up a door of usefulness which becomes wider daily, and which, I trust, will be wide enough to admit our Church's entry and occupation. During the last five months, I have, besides many others, discussed gospel truth and proclaimed the way of salvation to an average of one hundred and twenty souls per month, *who have invited me for that purpose*; and while that number is increasing, and part of the old inquirers seek other means to learn the truth more fully, those numbers are for the most part different every month.

"But you will ask me, What is the result of all this? I cannot tell you. All that I wish to say is that four individuals desire baptism, four wish to place themselves under instruction, in order to be employed at a future time as native agents, and there are many who request me to establish a Scriptural class and devotional exercises in some central position, so that I might direct their studies, and encourage and give an impulse to their devotional feelings. The judgment alone can reveal the results. I am constrained to say, however, that the opportunity and privilege of fully and freely exhibiting Christ and his great salvation to one hundred and twenty souls per month, in-doors, and by special invitation, is of itself a work of sufficient magnitude to enlist the sympathies

and call forth the efforts of our dear Church. Is not this a mission in itself? It is true, the most of them are afraid to come to a place of public meeting. But many are ready to come.

"There is one aspect of this month's labor which is worth mentioning. A number of anxious and hopeful inquirers, ten in all, have come to me and have spent many hours in asking questions and in searching the Scriptures. Some have stayed till evening, others have stayed till late at night, others all night and next day in order to learn more. . . . Some of them have come twice, thrice, or oftener, so that I have done as much this month as formerly in the way of strengthening former impressions and clearing away objections. and have been thus able to realize the promise, 'When I am weak, then am I strong.' . . . .

"The son of the head physician of Turkey has requested me to give him lessons in English. The young man is a major in the army, and son-in-law of the richest pasha in Turkey—the late commander in chief. He has studied in France and Germany; has been in London, to which place he also intends to go to see the Exhibition. I have had many an interesting conversation with him on the impossibility of the Koran being the word of God, &c. One day this month he came to me requesting me to give him lessons in English three times a week. I consented. The lessons are to be in his own house. When I went to give the third lesson, there was a very learned mufti there, who requested me to allow him to join the first pupil. I agreed. The mufti are those higher order of clerico-legal gentlemen from whom the Sheik-ul-Islam is taken. In Rome they call them cardinals, from whom the Pope is chosen. This mufti has studied the philosophy of the East very deeply; and besides, he has studied science five years in Paris; so that he is altogether a clever and interesting man. I procured the necessary class books, and they have furnished themselves with copies of the Scriptures in Turkish, Arabic, Persian and English. Another has joined, and ten more now wish to join.

"After having conversed as to the necessity and benefit of the English language in the present state of Turkish affairs, there was a proposal from the mufti, seconded by N. Effendi, the physician's son, that I should be proposed

as a member of their literary society, which was formed a short time ago. Although they said it was strictly for Osmanlis, yet 'to one who knows the Turkish language as he does, and who knows and sympathizes with our habits of thinking, and who, moreover, is a native of that country which leads the world in all learning and fame, and which is our staunch friend, we do not see why we should not request him to become a member of our society.' I was then requested by the gentlemen present to become a member. It was necessary to procure the consent of the society at their next meeting. But they consulted the leading members who expressed their cordial willingness.

"You will at once see the importance of this, as bringing me in contact with Turkish minds and Osmanli litterateurs. Some of those gentlemen despise the Koran, and think it is the great weight which presses down their country and its genius. They say, 'We must never flinch from the task of declaring that God's word and works cannot be at variance.' The only thing which keeps me back from this important offer is feeble health. But enough of this for the present. You will, perhaps, tell me that my letters are rose-colored: that such openings are scarcely to be expected in Turkey. I reply that my letters are characterized by the very opposite thing. They are far *below* the truth.

"Let me call your attention to one fact I have mentioned. Setting aside the hundreds of people I meet and speak to about Christ and God's plan of salvation, out of doors, is it a light thing to preach the gospel to an average of one hundred and twenty souls a month; and some of those, the greater part of them, are always changing? You, dear friend, have a fair idea of Constantinople, and you know its extent and difficulties. Have you such a mission carried on by any single agent *without funds*? If I speak of this I am met by the reply, 'We cannot provide for our own salary, much less anything else.' I wish I could do without a salary; I would soon get rid of this objection. I do not require much. I only desire of you as much as will provide a place of worship and instruction, and as much as will board three young men as students. I suppose you cannot do anything now in the way of assisting me with the education of these young men; but the

more the committee keep this in view the better. . . .

"I hope that the Church will send out to this land a thoroughly equipped mission. They will then find their way paved; but it is not very likely that they will find *me*, if my health continues to sink as it does now."

#### SYRIA.

MURDER OF MR COFFING, AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY, BY ROBBERS.

The following sad intelligence is conveyed in a recent letter forwarded to us for publication:—

ALEXANDRETTA, *March*. 31, 1862.

REV AND DEAR SIR,—Last Wednesday, whilst preparing for the journey to Aleppo, I received a note from Mr Levi, our Vice-Consul at Alexandretta, informing me briefly that Mr Coffing, in coming from Adana around the head of the Gulf, had been attacked by robbers and most dangerously wounded, and asking me to come down immediately. Mr Calhoun kindly consented to accompany me. We had a sorrowful and anxious journey, as you may imagine, and two hours before reaching, we met a man conveying the intelligence that Brother Coffing was no more. This to our great grief, on our arrival we found to be true, and instead of doing what was in our power to save his life, the sad consolation of cheering his departing spirit was denied us, and we could only look upon his mutilated remains. I will now give you a narrative of such circumstances of the case as we have been able to gather:—

Brother Coffing left Adana, Monday morning, March 24, and was accompanied by the native preacher at Adana, and some other Protestants, as far as Missis. From this place he took three mounted guards, and reached an Armenian village named Najjarly, being about thirty six miles from Adana, and next morning continued their journey to Koord Koolak, whence the guards returned, and they took three others, who accompanied them nearly to Pargas, ten hours from Najjarly, and four hours from Alexandretta (an hour is about three miles.) Soon after leaving Koord Koolak, they fell in with a number of guards, who had been in the direction of Adana with the Turkish post and were returning to their station, a village two hours north of Pargas. Here Bro

ther Coffing took one of the post guards to journey with him to Alexandretta. His party now consisted of himself and servant, two muleteers, a Turk on foot who had fallen in with them, and the post guard mentioned. The remainder of the route was considered less dangerous than that already traversed, and altho' some of the party, on account of danger and fatigue to their animals, urged Mr Coffing to give up his plan of reaching Alexandretta that night, he determined to pass on. When some two and a half hours from Alexandretta, and crossing a stream of water, they were overtaken by two suspicious men, who passed them and disappeared. A half hour further on these men were seen by a number of villagers retiring from Alexandretta, and that they might not be recognised, turned aside from the road. When the villagers were opposite them, one of the villagers called out, "Who are you, and where are you going?" They replied, "We are going to Alexandretta." The villagers, on meeting Mr Coffing's party, warned them of the danger that was before them from the men they had seen; but Mr Coffing's party being large, and some of them armed, he determined to proceed, and passing in safety the spot where it was supposed they would lie in wait for them, they hoped all danger was over. But on reaching a point about an hour from Alexandretta, the robbers who were concealed among the high bushes, without warning, without ordering them to stop, or throw down their arms, fired upon Mr Coffing. The party was proceeding in the following order:—first the guard, then Mr Coffing and servant, the muleteers, and Turk on foot. Mr Coffing was struck by two balls, whether from one or two guns it is impossible to say. They both entered the arm above the elbow, shattering the bone, and making a comminuted fracture, the upper ball from the arm entering the breast. The horse of the guard (as he says), on hearing the guns, ran away, and Mr Coffing, to escape, put his horse into a gallop for a short distance, but soon, probably from pain, was obliged to dismount, and was overtaken by the muleteer leading his horse. The guard had gone off to the nearest village for aid, as he says. The muleteer assisted him to remount, and he rode on for some distance. They were soon met by some soldiers from a neighbouring guard house, who had heard

the firing, and came out to learn the cause. The soldiers assisted Mr Coffing, as the hemorrhage from the wounds had quite exhausted him. He came on with great perseverance, occasionally dismounting, till within twenty-five minutes of Alexandretta, when he could get no further, and dismounted for the last time, and lay down upon the sand of the beach. One of the guards remained with him, while the other at Mr Coffing's request, galloped to Alexandretta, to give notice to Mr Raly, the English vice-consul, who immediately informed the Governor of the occurrence, and without delay called the medical officer of the quarantine, Dr Grabschied, an educated European physician, and having procured a litter to convey the wounded man, went to the spot where Mr Coffing had laid down. He found him lying clasping the wounded arm, as if to stop the flow of blood, his head resting on the knee of the soldier. It was evident that he was most dangerously wounded, and had lost a great quantity of blood. His mind, though correct in its action, was exceedingly weak, doubtless from the exhaustion of his physical powers. Mr Raly did not at first recognize him, but Dr Grabschied did, having seen him with me at Alexandretta four weeks before. Mr Raly asked him if he was Mr Coffing, and he replied that he was. They then got him upon the bier, he himself making some exertion, and started for Alexandretta.

The report of the occurrence having spread in the town, great crowds soon assembled to meet them, among whom was Murir Bey, the Governor of the town. They met on their way Mr Levi, the American vice-consul, to whose house he was immediately taken, and on a careful examination, his wounds were found as above described, and directly attended to, and everything done for his comfort. It was evident that amputation would have been necessary, but his strength was so much reduced that he was unable to bear the operation. He conversed little, only giving answers in a broken feeble voice, sometimes replying to a Turkish question in English, or *vice versa*. They spoke to him of sending for me, but he said that I must have already left for Aleppo. They asked if he had any message for his wife, and he only answered in Turkish the name of God, as if he would say to her this sad event was by God's permission, and that

he left her to His fatherly care. About half-past four next morning he seemed easier, so that some who had been constantly by his side left him to get a little rest. Soon after he said that his pain was all gone, and expressed his thanks to God for the rest he had given him. He then lifted up his right hand, his left lying shattered, and prayed aloud in English, and a few minutes after expired on the morning of March 26th.

On the arrival of Mr Calhoun and myself, we found preparation made for his funeral and accordingly the next morning we committed his remains to the tomb by the side of numerous English residents who have from time to time been buried here for the last two hundred years in the cemetery of the Greek Church. The funeral was attended by the whole consular body, and by a great number of the inhabitants of the town, and much interest and sympathy was manifested by the whole population.

I have followed out the case relating to Brother Coffing, and will now return to the remainder of the party.

As before stated, the servant was riding behind Mr Coffing. The robbers after shooting Mr Coffing, turned on him and shot him through the chest, the ball entering just above the heart and penetrating the left lung. He lingered on, in a peaceful and trustful state of mind until Sunday morning, when he also was released. He was a Protestant, and a member of Aintab Church. I will write still further on his case.

The robbers also wounded the poor Turk on foot, breaking his arm with a ball; they also fired at the mulcters, but only inflicted a superficial wound on one.

My time has been so much occupied following up the case to secure the arrest of the murderers, that I have with difficulty written the above.

In times like these we can only find comfort in God's precious truth; but this is a heavy blow to our missions.—

I remain yours most truly,  
(Signed) H. B. MORGAN.

Rev. G. R. BIRCH,

Turkish Missions' Aid Society.

#### ARABIA.

##### THE BEDOUINS.

The subjoined details have been communicated to a contemporary by the Rev. Dr. Muhleisen-Arnold, Hon. Secretary of the Moslem Mission Society, who writes from East Ham :—

A report having gone round in some of the religious periodicals, as if the wonderful movement of the Bedouins in the deserts of Aleppo had been prematurely arrested, I should feel greatly obliged if you would kindly insert a few lines into your paper, to put matters in their true light.

After the settlement of various tribes to agricultural pursuits, the Turkish Government thought fit to nominate a Governor of the Desert. Meanwhile, two able native agents (one of them an aged servant of Christ, who was formerly a priest of the Maronite Church, but for some twenty years past a member of the Church of England), were stationed at Tadif, in connexion with the Moslem Mission Society. The new Governor found the great inconvenience of the presence of these men, and, under the pretext that they acted as spies upon his conduct, he sent them back to Aleppo.

Consul Skene, in protesting against the man's conduct, was at first reminded by the Turkish authorities that this concerned a question of a purely Turkish character, and for awhile it seemed as if the whole of the Moslem antagonism was to be set in motion against the hopeful mission.

"But thanks be to God," Mr Skene writes, December 13, 1861, "I have nothing further to fear from the counter influence of the Governor of the Desert, who has resigned, and has been put on trial." Thus the field was cleared again for action, and the trial seems to have left nothing but the blessing which at all time accompanies the trials of any real work of God.

The settled Arabs themselves remain just the same, maintaining the same earnest, unheard of desire to have their children reared in the truths of Christianity, which prompted their volunteering to contribute sixty dollars a year, in provisions, towards the maintenance of each Christian teacher, sent among them by this Society. In addition to this, the plan of a trading mission has been started among the Bedouins, which answers remarkably well.

As a direct result of the trials of this Bedouin Mission, I may add that, at the earnest entreaty of the European residents at Cairo, another station has been established at Cairo, where the Moslems are awaking to inquire after the truth. It seems God caused a momentary cloud to arise upon the Aleppo

Mission, with a view to encourage the Society to multiply its stations.

The Bedouins inhabiting the Desert of Sinai are equally anxious to exchange their nominal Islamism for Christianity; and as soon as our funds will permit of

it, another mission on their behalf will be started. Nor are these the only openings. At Oran, in Algiers, an English clergyman offers his gratuitous services among the Arabs, provided the Society supply him with an assistant.

## MISSIONARY MISCELLANY.

### MOUNG MOUNG AND HIS FATHER.

AN INCIDENT IN DR JUDDSON'S WAYSIDE PREACHING.

One day as the pair came in sight, the missionary, beckoned with his hand, and the child, with a single bound, came to his knee. . . .

"You have a fine boy there, sir" said the missionary, in a tone intended to be conciliatory. The stranger turned with a low salaam. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, as though struggling between his native politeness and his desire to avoid an acquaintance with the proselyting foreigner. When taking the hand of the little boy, who was too proud and happy to notice his father's confusion, he hastened away.

"I do not think that zayat a very good place to go to, Moung Moung," said the father, when they were out of hearing. The boy answered by a look of inquiry strangely serious for such a face as his.

"These white foreigners are ——." He did not tell what, but shook his head with mysterious meaning. The boy's eyes grew larger and deeper, but he only continued to look up into his father's face in wondering silence.

"I shall leave you at home tomorrow to keep you from his wicked sorceries. .

"Papa, hush, Moung Moung!"

"Is it true that she *shikoed* to the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Who dares to tell you so?"

"I must not say, papa: the one who told me said it was as much as life is worth to talk of such things to *your* son. Did she, papa?"

"What did he mean? Who could have told you such a tale?"

"Did she, papa?"

"That is a very pretty *goung-boung* the foreigner gave you."

"Did she, papa?"

"And make your bright eyes brighter than ever."

"Did my mother *shiko* to the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"There, there! You have talked e-

nough, my boy," said the father gloomily; and the two continued their walk in silence. As the conversation ceased, a woman, who, with a palm leaf fan before her face, had followed closely in the shadow of the stranger—so closely, indeed, that she might have heard every word that had been spoken—stopped at a little shop by the way, and was soon, seemingly intent on making purchases.

"The one shall be taken and the other left," sighed the missionary, as he tried to divine the possible fate of his bright-eyed little friend.

The desponding words had scarcely passed his lips when, with a light laugh, the very child who was in his thoughts, and who somehow clung so tenaciously to his heart, sprang up the steps of the zayat, followed by his grave, dignified father. The boy wore his new Madras turban, arranged with a pretty sort of jauntiness, and above its showy folds he carried a red laquered tray, with a cluster of golden plantains on it. Placing the gift at the missionary's feet, he drew back with a pleased smile of boyish shyness; while the man, bowing courteously, took his seat upon the mat.

"Sit down, Moung Moung, sit down!" said the father, in the low tone that American parents use, when reminding careless little boys of their hats; for though Burmans and Americans differ somewhat in their peculiar notions of etiquette, the children of both races seem equally averse to becoming learners.

"You are the foreign priest," he remarked civilly, and more by way of introduction than inquiry.

"I am a missionary."

The stranger smiled, for he had purposely avoided the offensive epithet, and was amused by the missionary's frank use of it.

"And so you make people believe in Jesus Christ?"

"I try to."

The visitor laughed outright; then, as if a little ashamed of his rudeness, he

composed his features, and, with his usual courtesy, resumed, "My little son has heard of you, sir; and he is very anxious to learn something about Jesus Christ. It is a pretty story you tell of that man—prettier, I think, than any of our fables; and you need not be afraid to set it forth in its brightest colors, for my Moug Moug will never see through its absurdity, of course."

The missionary threw a quick, scrutinizing glance on the face of his visitor. He saw that the man was ill at ease, that his carelessness was entirely assumed, and that underneath all there was a deep wearing anxiety, which he fancied was in some way connected with his boy. "Ah, you think so? T. what particular story do you allude to?"

Why that of the strange sort of being you call Jesus Christ—a great *nat*, or prince, or something of the sort—dying for us poor fellows, and so ——— Ha, ha! The absurdity of the thing makes me laugh; though there is something in it beautiful, too. Our stupid pongyees would never have thought out any thing one half so fine; and the pretty fancy has quite enchanted Moug Moug here."

"I perceive you are a *paramat*," said the missionary.

"No; O, no; I am a true and faithful worshipper of Lord Guadama; but of course neither you nor I subscribe to all the fables of our respective religions. There is quite enough that is honest and reasonable in our Buddhistic system to satisfy me; but my little son"—here the father was embarrassed, and laughed again, as though to cover his confusion—"is bent on philosophical investigation—eh Moug Moug?"

"But are you not afraid that my teachings will do the child harm?"

The visitor looked up with a broad smile of admiration, as though he would have said, "You are a very honest fellow after all." Then regarding the child with a look of mingled tenderness and apprehension, he said softly, "Nothing can harm little Moug Moug, sir."

"But what if I should tell you I do believe every thing I preach as firmly as I believe you sit on the mat before me, and that it is the one desire of my life to make everybody else believe it—you and your child among the rest?"

The sah-ya tried to smile, tried to look unconcerned; but his easy nonchalance of manner seemed utterly to forsake him when he most needed it; and finally,

abandoning the attempt to renew his former tone of banter, he answered quietly, "I have heard of a writing you possess, which by your leave, I will take home and read to Moug Moug."

The missionary selected a little tract from the parcel on the table beside him and extended it to his visitor. "Sah-ya," said he solemnly, "I herewith put into your hands the key to eternal life and happiness. This active, intelligent soul of yours, with its exquisite perception of moral beauty and loveliness,"—and he glanced towards the child,— "cannot be destined to inhabit a dog, a monkey or a worm, in another life. God made it for higher purposes; and I hope and pray that it may yet meet you, all beautiful, and pure, and glorious, in a world beyond the reach of pain or death, and above all, beyond the reach of sin."

Up to this time the boy had sat upon his mat like a statue of silence, his usually dancing eyes fixed steadfastly upon the speakers, and gradually dilating and acquiring a strange, mystic depth of expression, of which they seemed at first incapable. At these words however he sprang forward. Papa, papa, hear him. Let us both love the Lord Jesus Christ. My mother loved him; and in the golden country of the blessed she waits for us."

"I must go," said the sah-ya hoarsely, and attempting to rise.

"Let us pray," said the missionary, kneeling down.

The child laid his two hands together, and, placing them against his forehead, bowed his head to the mat; while the father yielded to the circumstances of the case so far as to reset himself. Gradually, as the fervent prayer proceeded, his head drooped a little; and it was not long before he placed his elbows on his knees, and covered his face with his hands. As soon as the prayer was ended, he rose, bowed in silence, took his child by the hand, and walked away.

Meanwhile, that terrible scourge of eastern nations, the cholera, had made its appearance; and it came sweeping through the town with its usual devastating power. Fires were kindled before every house, and kept burning night and day; while immense processions continually thronged the streets, with gongs, drums, and tom-toms, to frighten away the evil spirits, and so arrest the progress of the disease. The *zayat* was closed for lack of visitors; and the mis-

sionary and his assistants busied themselves in attending on the sick and dying.

It was midnight when the over-wearied foreigner was roused from his slumbers by the calls of the faithful KoShway-hay.

"Teacher, teacher, you are wanted."  
"Where?"

The man lowered his voice almost to a whisper, but putting his hands to each side of his mouth, sent the volume of sound through a crevice in the boards.

"At the sah-ya's."  
"Who?"

"I do not know, tsayah; I only heard that the cholera was in the house, and that the teacher was wanted, and so I hurried off as fast as possible."

In a few minutes the missionary had joined his assistant, and they proceeded on their way together. As they drew near the house, the Burman paused in the shadow of a bamboo hedge.

"It is not good for either of us that we go in together. I will wait you here, tsayah."

"No, you need rest; and I shall not want you—go!"

The verandah was thronged with relatives and dependents, and from an inner room came a wild, wailing sound, which told that death was already there. No one seemed to observe the entrance of the foreigner; and he followed the sound of woe till he stood by the corpse of a little child. Then he paused in deep emotion.

"He has gone up to the golden country, to bloom forever amid the royal lilies of paradise," murmured a soft voice close to his ear.

The missionary, a little started, turned abruptly. A middle-aged woman, holding a palm leaf fan to her mouth, was the only person near him.

"He worshipped the true God," she continued, "and trusted in the Lord our Redeemer—the Lord Jesus Christ; he trusted in him, he called and he was answered; he was weary—wearied and in pain; and the Lord who loved him, he took him home, to be a little golden lamb in his bosom forever."

"How long since did he go?"

"About an hour, tsayah." Then joining in the wail again,—*"An hour amid the royal lilies, and his mother, his own beautiful mother, she of the starry eyes and silken hand—"*

"Was he conscious?"

"Conscious and full of joy."

"What did he talk of?"

"Only of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose face he seemed to see."

"And his father?"

"His father!—O my master! my noble master! he is going too! Come and see, tsayah!"

"Who sent for me?"

"Your handmaid, sir."

"Not the sah-ya?"

The woman shook her head. "The agony was on him—he could not have sent if he would."

"But how dared you?"

There was a look such as might have been worn by the martyrs of old upon the woman's face, as she expressively answered "*God was here.*"

In the next apartment lay the noble figure of the sah-ya, stretched upon a couch evidently in the last stage of the fearful disease—his pain all gone.

"It grieves me to meet you thus, my friend," remarked the visitor, by way of testing the dying man's consciousness. The sah-ya made a gesture of impatience. Then his fast stiffening lips stirred, but they were powerless to convey a sound; there was a feeble movement, as though he would have pointed to something; but his half-raised finger wavered and sunk back again, and a look of dissatisfaction amounting to anxiety, passed over his countenance. Finally renewing the effort, he succeeded in laying his two hands together, and with some difficulty lifted them to his forehead, and then quietly and calmly closed his eyes.

"Do you trust in Lord Gaudama, at a moment like this?" inquired the missionary, uncertain for whom the act of worship was intended. There was a quick tremor in the shut lids, and the poor sah-ya unclosed his eyes with an expression of mingled pain and disappointment, while the death heavy hands slid from their position back upon the pillow.

"Lord, Jesus, receive his spirit!" exclaimed the missionary, solemnly. A bright, joyous smile flitted across the face of the dying man, parting the lips and even seeming to shed light upon the glazed eyes; a sigh-like breath fluttered his bosom for a moment, the finger which he had before striven to lift pointed distinctly upward, then fell heavily across his breast, and the disembodied spirit stood in the presence of its Maker—*Mrs. E. C. Judson, in Wayland's Life.*

tion. The large congregation remained earnestly interested to the close. They then gave their young minister a hearty welcome shaking hands with him as they dismissed. His name was then added to the roll of presbytery. Having attended to some other business the Presbytery adjourned to meet in Primitive Church, New Glasgow, on Thursday the 26th inst. at nine o'clock in the morning.

A. L. WYLLIE Clerk.

#### PRESBYTERY OF HALIFAX.

The Presbytery of Halifax met in West Cornwallis on Tuesday last at half-past ten o'clock. A. M., for the purpose of inducting the Rev. Howard D. Steele into the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian congregation there, and also transact other business.

The Rev Mr Crawford preached the induction Sermon, from Matt. xxiii. 37v. Rev Mr Forlong who presided on the occasion gave a brief narrative of the proceedings in the case—put the questions of the Formula to Mr Steele,—admitted him into the charge and addressed him on the duties and solemn responsibilities of his position. The Rev John McLeod addressed the congregation. The attendance was good, and the proceedings solemn and interesting.

In the afternoon the Presbytery met and heard the greater part of the trials for ordination of Mr D. S. Gordon the pastor elect of the Congregation of Annapolis and Bridgetown. These trials were sustained, and as a whole declared to be highly satisfactory to the Presbytery.

The Presbytery then adjourned to meet at Bridgetown on Thursday the 11th inst. at 10 o'clock A. M., to hear the remaining trials of Mr Gordon and then to proceed with his ordination.

On the 14th April two Sabbath school scholars called at the residence of their pastor, the Rev Samuel Johnston, Harvey, and presented him with the following address. The same parties also waited on Mr Matthew Piercy, Elder, the other teacher engaged in the Sabbath School, and presented him with an elegantly bound Bible as a token of their esteem, and appreciation of his labors.

TO THE REV SAMUEL JOHNSTON.

Rev and Dear Sir,

In behalf of the Sabbath Scholars un-

der your ministration; I present you with this purse containing four pounds, which I beg of you to accept as a token of the love and esteem in which you are held by your pupils in the Sabbath School; and in regard of your zeal, indefatigable exertions, and devotedness in imbibing into their young minds, a knowledge of the Love of God, and the way of salvation, through the merits of a crucified Redeemer, hoping that you may long be upheld through the goodness and mercy of God, to admonish, instruct, improve, and direct, not only the youth, but all under your administration to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. And may your worthy and amiable companion, through the Grace of God given unto her, be the means in God's hand, of strengthening your hands, and encouraging your heart, in your works of grace and labors of love; and may the children which God hath given you, be as olive plants round about thy table; may your paths be as that of the just which shines more and more unto the perfect day.

Signed in behalf of the Sabbath scholars.

HENRY SWAN.

THOMAS COCKBURN.

#### REPLY.

I thank you for this expression of your esteem, and the substantial token of affection with which it is accompanied.

Your present is highly acceptable, "not because I desire a gift, but I desire fruit that may abound to your account."

The few years which I have been among you have been spent in ceaseless toil. But my pleasures and rewards have been as abundant as my labors. The younger portion of my flock have engaged a large portion of my attention, and your appearance here this evening is an evidence that my labor has not been spent in vain, and to this evidence of profiting by my labors I hope you will add the still better one, of fearing God and keeping his commandments.

I thank you for your expressions of regard for Mrs Johnston, and assure you that they are received and reciprocated.

And that "the great Shepherd of the sheep may make you perfect in every good work to do his will," is the prayer of your Affectionate Pastor.

SAMUEL JOHNSTON.



## PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU.

The Presbytery of Pictou met in James Church, East River, on the 3rd June.

The Rev. D. B. Blair reported that he had moderated in a call in the congregation of French River, which has come out unanimously in favour of Rev. A. P. Miller. The call signed by 89 members and a paper of adherence signed by 116 persons were laid upon the table of Presbytery. The call was sustained and presented to Mr. Miller and he intimated his acceptance of the same. His induction was appointed to take place on the 24th, the Rev. Thomas Downie to preach, and Rev. A. Campbell to preside and address the minister, Mr. Blair to serve the Edict on the 15th inst.

A letter was read from Rev. Adam McKay, intimating his intention to accept the call from the congregation of Culross, C. W. The call from Goshen was accordingly set aside, and the Clerk was instructed to furnish Mr. McKay with a certificate of standing, up till the time of his departure from the bounds of the Presbytery.

Mr. William Sinclair, Student of Theology, laid before the Presbytery certificates of his attendance at the last Session of the Theological Hall. These being satisfactory and Mr. S. having received subjects of trial for license from the Halifax Presbytery; it was agreed to hear the same. Mr. S. accordingly delivered a popular sermon, a lecture, an exercise with additions and a Homily. He was also examined in Hebrew, Greek, Church History, Systematic Divinity, and his motives in desiring to enter the ministry, in all which he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the Presbytery. And he was in the usual manner licensed to preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

The Presbytery proceeded to consider the remits of Synod. On the first of them, viz., the right of ordained ministers not having a pastoral charge holding seats in Church Courts. The Rev. D. B. Blair moved that ordained ministers having pastoral charges, elders representing Sessions and Professors of Theology, be the only constituent members of Church Courts. It was moved in amendment, that ordained ministers having pastoral charges and the representation elders of Sessions, be the only constituent members of Church Courts. On a vote being taken, the amendment passed by a majority of three.

The Presbytery entered upon the consideration of the formulas sent down for consideration, but after examining the first, several members having left, it was agreed to defer the consideration of the remainder till another meeting, to be held on Tuesday 24th inst., at 6 P. M., in James Church, New Glasgow.

DEPARTURE OF REV. A. CRAWFORD.—The Rev. A. Crawford, who for eight months has occupied the pulpit of Chalmers' Church, concluded his public services in that congregation last Lord's day, by preaching two faithful and appropriate discourses, which were highly ap-

preciated by most attentive and deeply interested audiences.

Mr. Crawford while officiating in this City, has performed his part well, and we believe it is not too much to say has given universal satisfaction. As a preacher, he has proved himself, able, faithful and attractive; as a visitant of the afflicted, diligent and tender; and as an instructor of the young, winning and successful. By his ministerial brethren in the City he was esteemed and loved, while the Christian community generally did not fail to mark that Missions, Proto-tantism, Christian Associations, and Temperance, all found in him a prompt and fearless friend and advocate. Good wishes and prayers will follow him in his intended provincial tour West and East, and during his subsequent anticipated voyage to his home in old Scotia. We trust that he will not forget that laborers are more urgently required in the Lord's vineyard on this side than on the other side of the Atlantic.—*P. Witness.*

## PAYMENTS FOR THE HOME AND FOREIGN RECORD.

The Publisher hereby acknowledges the receipt of the following payments:—

Rev. J. Morton, Bridgewater,	\$3.08
Prussia Birch, Port Hill, P. E. I.,	4.00
Adam Logan, Stewiacke,	8.30
Mrs. Balcorn, Salmon River,	0.60
Gavin Bell, New Annan,	4.00
Geo. B. Johnson, New Annan,	4.00
W. A. McKee, Whycooman,	5.00
Wm. Cunningham, Cape Island,	0.60
Dougald Kennedy, River Denis,	1.75

Rev. Donald Morrison, accepted Missionary of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, begs to acknowledge the following collections made by the congregations which he visited, with a view to aid in defraying the expenses of his outfit.

Collection at Cavandish,	£3 0 0
“ New London North,	1 7 0
“ Cascumpec,	6 12 0
“ Lot 11,	0 5 10
“ Lot 14,	1 17 8½
“ Princeton,	5 14 6
“ Lot 16,	1 10 0
“ Summerside,	3 10 0
“ Bechoque,	6 13 3
“ Tryon,	0 17 7
“ West St. Peter's,	1 13 6
“ East St. Peter's,	2 8 3
“ Bay Fortune,	0 19 3
“ Dundas,	3 3 8
“ Cardigan,	1 14 9
“ Murray Harbor North,	1 5 0
“ Murray Harbor South,	2 5 0
“ Brown's Creek,	6 16 9
“ New London South,	1 17 0
“ Queen Sq. Church, Ch. Town,	2 2 0

£55 18 0½

Charlottetown, April 24th, 1862.