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W. & W.

THE
MISSIONARY
 AND
TRUTH
RECORD.

VOL. XI.

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1854.

No. 8.



The Heathen World.—No. II.

In the last number you had an account of one half of the world, and the heathen living in it. In the picture above you have a view of the other half, and to it I must now direct your thoughts.

You will notice that the land lies quite differently from what it does upon the other side. There, it lies across, but here it runs down from the top almost to the bottom, while a large ocean stretches itself out upon the left, containing many islands. The long tract of land is called America—the upper part is North America, and the lower South America. In North America, look to the right side, and

you will see two letters, U.S. They stand for "UNITED STATES." All along there the people profess to be Christians, and the Gospel is preached as freely and extensively as it is in Britain. There are Bible Societies, and Tract Societies, and Missionary Societies, the same as here; but to the left of this, great numbers of heathen live. These are the countries where the *Indians* dwell, about whom you have no doubt read. There is a very interesting mission to these *Indians*, and one to the tribes living in Canada, to the north of these, about which you shall hear again.

Look higher up the map, a little to the right, and you will see a track of land marked G. That is *Greenland*. It is a cold country, and the people once were very savage. Now they have the gospel, and good men live amongst them to teach them to read, and also to practise many useful arts. There the people live in houses made of *snow* all through the winter, and dress in furs, and ride in sledges drawn by dogs. When the Missionaries first went to them they had ideas about God, and had no form of idolatry among them. They were in the great-

est ignorance, and eight years were spent before on was converted to Christ.

If you look at the part of the sea between North and south America, you will see some small islands marked w. i. These are the West Indies. This part of the world was discovered by Columbus about 400 years ago, but was unknown to Europe before. It is here where the negro slaves, about whom you have heard so often were kept, but set at liberty a few years since. Most of our sugar and coffee comes from the West Indies. It was to this part the first Protestant Missionaries were sent about 110 years ago. They went from Germany, and were so anxious to preach the gospel to the poor slaves, that when they heard there was no way to do it but by becoming slaves themselves, they said they were quite ready to sell themselves as such, if any one would buy them. There are now many thousands of these slaves converted to God.

In South America very little is being done for the conversion of the people. There are a few mission stations along the northern and eastern coast, but none in the interior, and there the people truly "sit in darkness and the shadow of death."

You will notice a number of islands lying to the west, or left of South America. These are the groups of South Sea islands, where the Missionary Williams used to labor, and where so much good was done by him. The people in many of those islands were very savage. They often feasted on human flesh, and murdered and devoured all that fell into their hands by war. They were idolators also and very ignorant and very wicked. Mr. Williams built a ship, and sailed amongst them, and taught them how wicked it was to live as they were doing. Many of them soon gave up their idols, and destroyed their temples, and believed in Christ to their salvation. And now,

if you were to land on the very islands where only a few years ago you would have been killed and eaten, you would see pretty villages and neat churches, and you would hear the people singing the praise of Christ instead of raising as formerly their fearful battle cries. In some of the islands the war hatchets are turned into bells to call the congregations together to worship, and the old spears and clubs made into hand rails to help the minister to ascend the pulpit to declare to them the Gospel of peace.

Many of the islands, however, are still as ignorant and cruel as ever; but we are hoping, that before long they too will be brought to submit to Christ.

The two islands down at the left side of the map are called New Zealand. The natives were savages, and many are so still. For some years there has been a mission there, which has been very successful, and many of our countrymen have gone to live there and have built towns.

I promised to point out to you in this map the Isle of Pines, mentioned in the last number. New Caledonia is an island above New Zealand, near the edge of the map. The Isle of Pines is a small one just below it.

And now I must draw my description of the heathen world to a close. I have said very little about each country as I passed, but I hope to give fuller accounts in future. My only object has been to give you some correct ideas as to the places where the heathen live, that when I write about them you may know the spot in which to find them. We long for the time to come when there shall be no such heathen to write about, but "when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the channels of the great deep," and when the shout shall be heard through heaven, "Hallelujah! The kingdoms of the world are the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ!"

May you and I, dear readers, help forward that glorious time!

The Two Loaves, or the Contrast.

In June, 1843, Messrs. Riggs and Hopkins, with their families, ascended the Minnesota, in an open barge, as far as Traverse-des-Sioux. There they commenced a mission station among the Dakota Indians. This trip on the river occupied, as was usual, about a week; and the traveling party enjoyed and endured both shade and sunshine. Sometimes the bright sun, reflected from the water, was very oppressive by day, and the encampment on land, where they were stung and serenaded by mosquitoes, was no less trying by night.

On the last day of the passage, the ladies, tired of the bread ordinarily supplied in such trips, determined to try a loaf of "home bread." The yeast cakes furnished by a Galena friend, were produced, the kettle of water, warmed on shore, was carried on board the boat, the bread made, and placed in a sunny spot "to rise." In the afternoon, a strong head wind caused us to land and take an early supper. Then the loaf of bread was duly watched, and as nicely baked in a 'dutch-oven' as the circumstances would admit, and put away, uncut and untasted, in the provision-basket, for breakfast.

The wind lulled at sunset, and we re-embarked, while the sky and the water were tinged with its purple beams. Late in the evening we reached Traverse-des-Sioux. The tent was hastily pitched, the beds, &c. arranged, and all gladly sought repose. In the morning, breakfast was early prepared. As some of the party slept on board the barge, at some distance from the tent, they were sent for, before the loaf was cut which had caused so much labour and diversion, the day previous. Imagine the surprise felt when, knife in hand, the provision-basket was opened, and behold, no bread was there! A Dakota had silently taken it while we slept. Other bread had to be prepared before the breakfast was eaten; and all of the hungry group who could,

assisted in baking it in frying pans, by a camp fire.

Nearly eleven years after this well-remembered breakfast, one of the families then encamped on that beautiful prairie at Traverse-des-Sioux, that of Mr. Riggs, was rendered homeless, by the burning of the mission houses at Lac-qui-parle. Very little of clothing, and less of provisions, was saved. It was early in March, and desolate and destitute, we took refuge in the church, a little after noon, without a dinner or the means of preparing one. An Indian woman kindly promised to supply us. She stewed some beans. They were brought to the church. The benches were drawn near the stove, and the family group seated. A blessing was asked, and the beans served,—two eating from one plate or saucer, a few of each having being sent in by a neighbour. The meal was nearly finished on beans alone, without bread or butter. The door opened, a Dakota widow entered, bringing a large loaf of light bread—all the bread she had. The astonishment and joy were greater than were the surprise and regret when the loaf was missing at Traverse, in 1843. This was not her only offering. The unexpected liberality and warm sympathy of the native church members caused tears of joy. The contrast between the heathen and Christian was so marked, during and after the fire, we could not but say, "Lo, what hath God wrought." Although the external change may be small, truly a great change has been effected by the gospel.

Let those who deride missions and missionaries, because the Dakotas as a tribe have not exchanged skin tents and bark huts for frame houses, and the Indian garb for white men's dress, be silent.

Let faithless Christians, who have, in despair, ceased to pray and labor for the salvation of these degraded Indians, because the glorious promises are not fulfilled, hasten to their closets

and call upon the Lord, lest they stay his chariot wheels by their unbelief.

And let his fainting, doubting, hoping missionaries, who still at their posts are toiling and waiting for a refreshing from on high, thank God for what he has done, and with humble faith gird on anew their armor, ready to do or suffer the will of their Lord and Master.

Lac-qui-parle, March, 1854

The Praying Shoemaker

Not many years since, there was a poor man in the village where I lived, who, with a family of young children and a wife in feeble health, found it extremely difficult to obtain a livelihood. He was at length compelled to work by the week for a shoe dealer in the city, four miles from the village, returning to his family every Saturday evening, and leaving home early on Monday morning.

He usually brought home the avails of his week's labor in provisions for the use of his family the following week but on one cold and stormy night in the depth of winter, he went toward his humble dwelling with empty hands, but a full heart. His employer had declared himself unable to pay him a single penny that night, and the shoemaker, too honest to incur a debt without knowing that he should be able to cancel it, bent his weary steps homeward, trusting that He who hears the ravens when they cry, would fill the mouths of his little family. He knew that he should find a warm house and loving hearts to receive him, but he knew too, that a disappointment awaited them which would make at least one heart ache.

When he entered his cottage, cold and wet with the rain, he saw a bright fire, brighter faces, and a table neatly spread for the anticipated repast. The teakettle was sending forth its cloud of steam, all ready for "the cup which cheers, but not inebriates," and a pitcher of milk, which had been sent in by a kind neighbor, was waiting for the

bread so anxiously expected by the children. The sad father confessed his poverty, and his wife in tears begged him to make some effort to procure food for them before the Sabbath. He replied that he had kind friends in the neighborhood who he knew were both able and willing to help him, and that he would go to them and ask relief. "But first," said he, "let us ask God to give us our daily bread. Prayer avails with God when we ask for temporal good, as well as when we implore spiritual blessings."

The sorrowing group knelt around the family altar, and while the father was pleading fervently for the mercies they so much needed, a gentle knocking at the door was heard. When the prayer was ended the door was opened, and there stood a woman in the peltings of the storm, who had never been at that door before, though she lived only a short distance from it. She had a napkin in her hand which contained a large loaf of bread; and half apologizing for offering it, said she unintentionally made a "larger batch of bread than usual" that day, and though she hardly knew why, she thought it might be acceptable there. After expressing their sincere gratitude to the woman, the devout shoemaker and his wife gave thanks to God with overflowing hearts.

While the little flock were appeasing their hunger with the nice new bread and milk, the father repaired to the house where I was an inmate, and told his artless tale with streaming eyes, and it is unnecessary to say, that he returned to his home that night with a basket heavily laden, and a heart full of gratitude to a prayer answering God.—*American Messenger.*

Happy Death of a little Caffre Girl.

It is just three weeks since I was called to part with a dear affectionate child, aged nine years; her end was, indeed, peace. Her name was Katarrena; she was a mulatto, had been in the school little more than three years,

and in person and manners was most prepossessing and retiring; she was always diligent and attentive, and I, felt almost proud of the rapid progress she had made. When she entered the school, she knew not a letter, nor could speak a word of any language, except the Dutch; but for a considerable time before she died, she could read or converse fluently either in Caffre or English with the girls of the first class. She was ill fifteen days, and during the time became very communicative, and was frequently engaged in prayer, and at first expressed a desire to recover, in order that she might serve God and pray with her school-fellows. To be fit for heaven appeared to be her great desire; it was sweet though painful to hear her earnest, child-like prayers, "Please to take away my sins." "Make me holy." "Give me patience to bear my pain; I want a patience like Job's." "Make me fit for heaven." She would frequently send for Mr. Laing, and ask him to seek for her the same blessings. A few hours before she died, she looked very earnestly at me, and repeated some verses of a long hymn, the subject taken from Eccles. xi. 6, very distinctly. It begins:

"Sow in the morn thy seed
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land;"

and you may suppose my feelings, for I had never heard it before, but have since found it in the Weston Hymn Book for Children, two copies of which was sent me about three years since, and one of them I had given to this dear child.

Here is an instance, dear children, of the benefit resulting from missionary efforts. What would little Katarena have known of Jesus, had not a kind Christian lady left her own happy country to instruct the daughters of the poor Africans. Give your pence freely, then, and at the same time pray that God will give still more abundant blessings to the labors of the missionaries. Pray also that when you die,

you may be as happy as little Katarena.—*Juv. Mis. Herald.*

A Missionary Lesson for Children.

By JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PART I.

A grain of corn an infant's hand
May plant upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks may spring, and yield
Enough to stock a little field.
The harvest of that field might then
Be multiplied to ten times ten,
Which, sown thrice more, would furnish bread
Wherewith an army might be fed.

PART II.

A penny is a little thing,
Which e'en the poor man's child may sing
Into the treasury of Heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.
As seven! nay, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a million fold.
For lo! a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.
That soul can scarce be saved alone:
It must, it will, its bliss make known.
"Come, it will cry, "and you shall see
What great things God hath done for me.
Hundreds that joyful sound may hear—
Hear with their hearts as well as ear;
And these to thousands more proclaim
Salvation in the "Only Name."
That "Only Name" above, below,
Let Jews, and Turks, and Pagans know;
Till every tongue and tribe shall call
On "Jesus" as the Lord of all!

The Little Karen Child.

A little Karen boy named Jesse, the son of the assistant at Ulah, about four years old, was taken sick and died. While he was very sick he prayed to God, and said, "Oh God, have mercy on me. Amen." Then he sung a couplet in his own language, the translation of which is,—

"Jesus Christ came to die,
To save a sinner, such as I."

He could sing no more. Just as he was about to die, he prayed again, and then expired. He had been in the habit, for some time before going to sleep, to sing and pray. Dear children who read the "Herald," is it your habit to do as little Jesse did?—*Juv. Miss. Herald.*



A Scene in South Africa.

South Africa has long been a favorite field for missionary labour. Above a hundred years ago, the good Moravians sent their missionary George Schmidt, who tried to teach and save the, till then, wholly ignorant, and entirely neglected Hottentots. Some laughed at "his folly," as they thought it; others persecuted him, and tried to hinder his work; and the Dutch government at last ordered him to leave the land. Some souls were saved, however, by Schmidt, and so a good beginning made; and though he never went back to carry on his work, but died on his knees praying for South Africa, others have followed in his train, and now several great societies are seeking to convert its degraded tribes. You have all heard of the travels of John Campbell, the labors of Dr. Venderkemp, and the successes of Robert Moffat, with many more.

So far, however, the labours of these good men have been confined to a very small portion of the land. At first, the missionaries labored wholly within the parts where white men had planted their stations, or over which the English government

had good power to defend their lives. But by degrees they got farther and farther north, till at last Mr. Moffat fixed his dwelling at the river Kuruman, and there formed a missionary station. By and bye, Mr. Livingston went two hundred miles still further north, and was enabled to form the station of Kolobeng, where he has now laboured for some time.

Further than this it was thought no missionaries could well go, at least till more travellers had examined the country. A few miles to the north from this place, a great desert crossed the land, and though reports were often brought of rivers and lakes, beautiful country, and many tribes beyond that desert, few could venture to try to cross it, and of those that did, all came back unable to gain their end. What lay beyond that desert, who the people were, and what state they were in, was all involved in mystery. Last year (1849) however, Mr. Livingston resolved to try to reach the unknown country, and two gentlemen, Messrs. Murray and Oswell, offering to bear the greater portion of the expense and to go with him, he set off from Kolobeng on the first of last June. The party

consisted of these two gentlemen, Mr. Livingston, some native converts, and a number of Bakwains as guides. They travelled in the true South African fashion, in large clumsy waggons drawn by oxen, and laid in a store of such provisions as they thought they might require, especially water which they knew they should need in the parched up desert. Nothing particular occurred at the first part of the journey, they pushed on as fast as they could over wide spread plains of desert land for about 300 miles, when on July 4th they reached the banks of a magnificent river, the windings of which they resolved to follow. The country now became extremely beautiful, and the abundance of water enabled them to travel with greater comfort than they had expected. Day after day they thus journeyed on for about 220 miles, when finding it very difficult to travel with all their waggons, they betook themselves to Mr. Oswell's alone, and left the others till they should return to them. The river was still their guide, and keeping it in sight, they journeyed on for another 180 m^s, when they reached the shore of a large and noble lake, a sort of inland sea. Of this sea reports had often reached them before, but no European had ever seen it; and till they stood upon its shore, much doubt was felt as to its size and character. This lake is called Nami, meaning "The great water," and it is said to be about 70 miles long, and perhaps 15 wide; but the travellers did not get round it, and so had to depend on what the natives told them. The river they had followed is called the Zonga, and the people said a similar river flowed in at the other end; they also saw the mouth of the Tamunakle, a large river flowing from the north, and entering the Zonga near the lake. The scenery of both these rivers seemed to them more beautiful than

any they had ever seen excepting some parts of the Clyde. The banks were covered with gigantic trees, and the Boabob and palm-trees gave quite an Indian appearance to the country. They measured two of the Boabob trees, and they found them 70 and 76 feet in circumference. The river Zonga was clear as crystal, and they were told that it rose and fell twice every year, at the beginning and middle of the dry season. The travellers were there in the dry season, and during their stay it rose three feet. The natives could give no good reason for this, but the travellers thought it probably might be found in the melting of the snows on the mountains where it took its rise. The natives foolishly believe that a great chief living far to the north, kills a man every year, and throwing him into the river, makes it overflow. Whatever is the cause, it is a great blessing to the people, as great shoals of fish are brought down by the flood, which they catch, and on which they live a long time.

The travellers found the natives tolerably friendly on the whole, though in some things they shewed themselves opposed to their views. They are of a darker complexion than the Bechuanas, and call themselves Bayeiyo (men), while the Bechuanas call them Bakoba (slaves). They speak quite a different language from the Bechuana, and support themselves mostly by fishing in the river and lake, and by hunting the hippopotamus which lives along their shores. Their canoes are made of the trunks of single trees hollowed out, and their nets of a weed that grows in abundance on the banks. They kill the hippopotami by harpoons attached to ropes, and show great cleverness both in taking it and the various kinds of fish they catch. Several of them spoke the Sitchuana language very well, so that the missionary could converse with them, and they showed great kindness in paddling the party to

the little villages amongst the reeds along the banks, and giving a good deal of information. A chief living some ten days journey still farther north had already expressed a wish for teachers. The missionary sent him a present, but could not reach him; and after spending sometime amongst the natives, the whole party turned again towards home, and reached Kolobeng on October 10th.

By these new discoveries, fresh fields have been opened up for the spread of the Gospel of Christ, as well as some good information gained of an hitherto unknown land. May God raise up some faithful laborers to go in and claim the land for Christ!

The engraving at the commencement of this article is not a view of the river Zonga, but intended to give you an idea of the beautiful kind of scenery to be found about the rivers of South Africa, and is a view on the Kowee River, Cape of Good Hope.

The Missionary and S. S. Record.

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1854.

A Bonabe Scholar.

The following extracts are from the letters of the Rev. P. Moniah, missionary at Moyrus. This is a very wild district:—

Dr. Gulick in speaking of his school on Ascension Island says, "Three of my pupils are chiefs. Their studious mien would please you. I must give you a more particular account of one. His title is 'Nangro in bon taka.' He is of considerable rank in this tribe, and about thirty-five. There is nothing peculiarly prepossessing in his appearance; but I think him an uncommon native. Till about a year or two since, he was a very dissipated man, and the dread of his subordinates; but he is now strictly temperate, having reformed, as he told me, because his dissipa-

tions were killing him. He is a man of unusual business promptitude and exactness, for a Bonabe native. It was principally by his efficiency that I was able to build my house so rapidly. My engagements with him for timber, &c. were always fulfilled to the very hour, and often before. His manner is very far removed from haughty assumption or self-consequence. I am often surprised at his modesty, yet uniform self-respect. Before removing from Kittie I asked him to be my protector; he feels, therefore, a special care regarding me. He has a house, built on quite a foreign plan. I visited it a short time since, and saw several civilized conveniences and luxuries. While I was engaged in building, three of the foreigners went one evening to his house. While absent they were drenched with rain; and on their return they had each a shirt and trowsers from Nangro's wardrobe! A few days since he brought to me several certificates of character, received from captains and others. I do not know of another Bonabe native who takes the least pains to secure such. I was in want of chalk while building, and I bought several pounds from him, which was after all only a part of his stock. He comes frequently to see me, and always wishes to be taught to read, and to use his pencil on a slate, which belongs to him by inheritance from some sailor. He is not however, a bright scholar. I need not tell you that I hope for much good from 'Nangro in bon taka.' His influence would be great and most happy, should he be brought under the transforming power of divine grace."

Scriptural Schools in Ireland.

The Committee of the Ladies' Industrial and Relief Association, in connexion with Irish Scriptural Schools, desire through the editor of the *Sabbath School Record*, to offer their grateful acknowledgments to many young

friends in Canada, from whom, though personally strangers, they have received substantial evidences of interest in the object of the Association. As the best thanks for past assistance, the Committee offer a selection from their Report, which is mainly composed of a letter from one of their Secretaries, who spent several months in Ireland last summer:—

EDINBURGH, October 30.

In 1849, Outerard and Glan were the only stations connected with Castlekerke, then under Mr. O'Callaghan's charge. In Glan, a cabin was the school-room. The children sat on the earthen floor, attenuated by famine, and all but naked. Even then I found them mighty in the Scriptures. they are now in a large schoolhouse; in which, when there is service on Sabbath, a congregation of between eighty and ninety assemble. The attendance at school during my visit was not above fifty, as in summer the elder children are a good deal occupied carrying home the winter store of turf. The scriptural knowledge possessed by these young Glaners is extensive and accurate;—there was no random answering. They have also a considerable acquaintance with geography and arithmetic;—the teachers are intelligent and very painstaking; and they had also received much attention from the missionary clergyman of the district. The people are in much destitution from want of employment, and a convert dare not go to seek for work at a distance, as others may. One fact connected with Glan which speaks highly for the character of its people, is that this little district, with that of Castlekerke, has given for the service of the mission thirty-nine readers, many of whom are among its best. This is of itself a great thing; for not six years have passed since the feet of them who brought glad tidings first trode these mountain paths.

The Rev. J. O'Carroll, who was missionary there during the last twelve months, gives, in a letter dated January 26th, the following interesting testimony to the character of the converts:—

“We have a large congregation at Castlekerke—between 200 and 300—consisting almost exclusively of converts, sober, zealous, industrious, and, for the most part, well instructed in the truths of the Gospel—regular attendants on the means of grace, and on the ordinances of the Church. Whilst the Roman Catholics round about are sunk in gross darkness, the converts are remarkable for intelligence and good conduct. In short, none of them, as far as I can learn, is a disgrace to the Church, and very many are a credit to our cause, or rather *God's* cause. The school is well attended by young people, all anxious for instruction, and some, too, gifted with no ordinary talent. Their knowledge of the sacred Scriptures is remarkably great and accurate. I have never seen it surpassed in the catechizing of children in the Dublin Sunday schools and elsewhere. Even the Romanists are anxious that their children should have the advantage of scriptural instruction. Not long since, I received an address from several heads of families, most of them Romanists, praying that a school might be established in this village. What makes this application for a school more remarkable, is the fact that a National School has been, for some time back, established in their immediate neighborhood. The school at Glan, also under my superintendence, is numerously attended, and ably conducted by an excellent teacher. I am happy at being able to report very favourably of the great proficiency of the children in religious knowledge. The converts in Glan are numerous, and regular attendants at divine worship, and willing and apt to learn.”

In the town and neighbourhood of Outerard, the change is very striking. The only specimen of missionary

work to be seen in August 1849, was a small room without forms, or desks, or books, in which sixty children were crowded,—miserably poor, knowing little English, some with hardly a vestige of clothing, and all were in rags,—their long matted hair, large bright eyes, and sallow faces, giving them a most unnatural and elf-like appearance. A very decided improvement was apparent in 1851; and now, this school would, I am satisfied, stand a favourable comparison with any parish school in Britain. The children meet in a large light school-room furnished with all requisites; and by the unanimous consent of many English visitors who examined them, the amount of talent and information displayed was altogether astonishing; they have been very fortunate in teachers, who have given them a great deal of useful knowledge,—geography, grammar, and writing, are carefully taught. The girls can work neatly both at plain needle work, crochet, and muslin embroidery; and they are generally very clean and tidy. In nothing was I more gratified than by finding how little the praises of strangers had interfered with the simplicity of their manners; they seem to love learning so thoroughly for its own sake, and to feel such ever fresh enjoyment in the Word of God, that, as yet, I do not think the idea of mere display occurs to their minds; there may be, of course, a few exceptions; this remark is applicable to all the mission schools. The next object indicating how much has been gained, is the new church, seated for 400, and added to the old one, which held only 100. Till the end of 1848, the congregation seldom exceeded twenty,—often not ten; about that time a few converts began to attend, and small additions were made from time to time. A great impulse was given when the Lord Bishop of Tuam, in October 1851, appointed Mr. O'Callaghan to the parish of Killcummin, of which Outerard is the capital. The congregation is now nearly 300, and

few Sabbaths pass without some addition. The respectable appearance of the people, their earnest intelligent faces, and their devotional repetition of the prayers, was noticed by all strangers; several of whom remarked that they never saw at home so large a proportion of apparently real worshippers as in these congregations. A very solemn impression is made, that the Lord himself hath done it; that he has come forth in His strength to destroy the works of the devil, and in His love to set the captives free: "The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light;" in this light they rejoice, and "walk as children of light." As to their moral conduct, I made anxious inquiries, and am thankful to be able to say, that friends and foes are alike witnesses to the fact, that none of the converts in the Western Missions (and I believe the same is the case elsewhere) have ever been convicted by the police and magistrates of the pettiest offence; though every means are taking to ensnare them, and many watch for their halting. Their patience under suffering and persecution is most exemplary. I spoke to a very poor woman at Glan, knowing some mischief had been done her a year ago, and asked about it. She described a scene of savage violence, which the priest personally directed; she was thrown down and beaten, her ribs broken, and so injured as to be confined to her miserable straw bed for nine weeks; but she added, with a most expressive look upwards, and a strong pressure of the hands on her breast, "The joy I have in my heart since I learnt about Jesus my Saviour, makes up for all that." Such violence has not ceased even around Outerard, where the numbers and respectability of the converts are so considerable. The day after the confirmation, I met the Scripture-reader from Ross going to the magistrate with two converts. One had been so terribly beaten that she had thrown up a quantity of blood,

besides having many external injuries; another of the party had to complain of his little child being thrown into a bog-hole, and nearly drowned; and the reader, some time before, had his stack of turf, worth £2, burnt. He knew who did it, but justice in such cases is hard to be got. Every day the most harassing system of annoyance is carried on, and much loss sustained. These things are not easily borne; and while we thank God for the grace given, let us remember these our brethern, praying always for them that their faith fail not.

Another school belonging to this district is that of Glengowla; and as it illustrates the plan on which the missions are worked, I shall give a full account of it. The inhabitants of this and a number of adjacent banlets were remarkably ignorant and bigotted. Eighteen months ago, neither clergyman nor reader would have gained admittance into one of the cabins; but the day of its visitation came,—the debased condition of these poor creatures incited Mr. O'Callaghan to put the power of God's Word and the faithfulness of His promises to the proof, as he had often done before; and in January last, he located there two Scripture readers,—a school-master and mistress. Through the kindness of Miss Dixon of Clapham, a neat schoolhouse had been built. It is prettily situated on a slope, at the foot of which lies a clear little lake, and opposite a range of hills thickly dotted with cabins. The school opened in January with three children of a Scripture-reader; then other three boys, sons of two protestant farmers, came; and there the number stuck for a good while. Gradually the readers awakened the curiosity and gained the confidence of the people, scholars began to come in, and the lectures by the clergymen on weeks days were attended by several of the parents. The 28th of July was a very happy day there. Miss Dixon, and other

friends had come to Outerard; and having already done so much for Glengowla, Miss Dixon wished to give a treat to the children. The afternoon sun shone cheerily into the schoolroom, which had been prettily ornamented with evergreens and flowers, under the direction of Mrs. Willis of Clairville, to whose unwearying kindness the children owe so much. Thirty-five were present, (the daily attendance averages thirty,) and at least twelve of their parents who are converts; also a large party of spectators. The children looked very nice, and so quietly happy. After a plentiful supply of bread and treacle, currant cakes and milk, which were fully appreciated, Mr. O'Callaghan examined both old and young, and elicited a most creditable amount of knowledge. Just think of the contrast between the condition of these children six months before! Then only six out of the thirty-five understood a word of English,—now all speak it, and many read easily; then they knew not the name of Jesus,—now their memories are richly stored with texts, exhibiting all the essential truths of Christianity; then they were dirty, half-naked, neglected creatures,—now we looked on clean bright faces, decent clothing, and gentle manners. Their young hearts, and those of their parents, I am sure, gave back a full response when their pastor called on them to thank God for the friends He had raised up for them. First, Mr. Dallas, the origin, as far as man could be so, of all the good that they had ever known; then one Christian lady, through whose exertions their schoolhouse had been built, and their daily meal supplied; and that other friend, by whose weekly visits and liberality they had been so much encouraged and improved. To these, how rich even the present reward!

The girls have been taught plain work and crochet. In the last they particularly excel.

In the parish of Headford, on the

south-eastern side of Lough Corrib, a powerful impulse has been given to the Protestant movement, under the energetic ministry of the rector, the Dean of Tuam, assisted by his own family and two active curates. For years past the Headford schools had been well taught and well attended, and from them many young people had gone forth, prepared for taking a respectable position in society, and whose conduct has repaid the care bestowed on them.

Another very iraproving place is Spiddall, on the Bay of Galway. The country is desolate in the extreme; and the naturally depressed condition of the peasantry has been sorely aggravated in the case of the converts, from the landholders being almost entirely Roman Catholics, and very persecuting. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the Rev. J. Macredy has made a successful inroad on Popery. A pretty little church, seated for 250, has a stated congregation of above a hundred; and the school is attended by seventy children. I had the pleasure of hearing them examined by Mr. Dallas, who was much gratified with their answers and improved appearance. Mr. Macredy had nearly finished a long two-storied building, which contains, on the ground floor, a large school-room, girls' work-room, library, and reading-room; upstairs, the factory for gingham looms, and a dormitory for orphans. Great success had attended Mr. Macredy's exertions to introduce a woolen manufacture at Spiddall; and his stall at the Exhibition displayed most excellent tweeds and friezes; but the expense of carrying on this trade has induced him to exchange it for gingham weaving, which has been commenced with large promises of support from several wholesale houses.

We visited, also, one of the schools of the Invern mission, under the charge of the Rev. C. Connolly. In this school the poor children looked as wretched as all those in Galway

did during the famine years. Miss Dixon of Clapham had supplied their daily meal; but the poverty of the district is intense. In this school forty-five were present, of whom eleven were entire orphans, and twenty-nine had lost one of their parents.

One of the most interesting of the mission districts, taking all its circumstances into account, is that of Tuam. The Rev. C. Seymour, the vicar, gave me the following statement in reference to it:—

“Sept. 1853.—In November 1850, having, in the providence of God, been made responsible for the spirital duties of this large union of six parishes, with an area of 67,000 acres, and containing a population of about 50,000 souls, of whom only 350 were professing Protestants, I felt it to be my imperative duty to try and make an impression on the minds of my Roman Catholic parishioners. In September 1851, the Society for the Irish Church Missions sent readers here. Shortly after, a most fiendish persecution ensued, which lasted, with unabated violence, for several months. Blessed be God, throughout which both my fellow-ministers and our lay assistants shewed such patience, meekness, and forbearance, that some of the hired inobs and Roman Catholics of the town confessed we were undeservedly persecuted; and God has graciously pleased to protect us from serious personal injury, and, in course of time, to prosper our labours.

“The statistics of the present state of the mission are briefly these:—The missionary operations of the Society are carried on in four stations and their immediate neighborhoods,—namely, the town of Tuam; the village of Lavally, about six miles east of Tuam; the village of Kilshanny, about seven miles westerly of Tuam; and Clonkeen, about three miles south of Tuam. In each of these localities there is a mission school; and the number of scholars attending, until lately, amounted in all to about 150,—nearly all being Roman Catholics, receiving scriptural and secular instruction, together with one meal of food per day, and partial clothing. The result of this instrumentality, together with the labours of the Scripture-readers among the adult population in those districts, has been the conversion of a considerable number of Roman Catho-

lies from their erroneous faith to the Church of England. And we have now upwards of one hundred professing converts, doing credit to their religious profession, and many more Roman Catholics are consenting to hear the Gospel message. With scarcely a single exception, the converts who have thus reformed have remained, from the first, steady to their profession of Protestantism amidst the most galling persecutions, and without the commission of an act disgraceful to their new character while several of them who have been sent from Tuam to situations in distant localities, have given much satisfaction to their respective employers.

"The expense of feeding the children at our schools costs, on an average, about $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per child per day; and since the schools commenced there has been expended, in this way and in clothing, about £85. We intend, if the funds can be procured, to open an additional school in a new and favourable locality, where seventy children have promised to attend. In contemplating this addition, we cannot reckon upon the attendance of less than 200 children daily, which will require an expenditure of about £2 per week, at $\frac{1}{2}$ d per day, for five days weekly.

"Amidst my many perplexing cares, I feel none more painful than the prospect of being compelled to break up all, or some of these schools, at a period when destitution is beginning to be most felt, and which is likely to be aggravated this year by the growing failure of the potato which, till now, promised so fairly"

Directly opposite the episcopal palace are the college of St. Jarlath, and Dr. M'Hale's house. There are a number of monastic establishments in the town, in which there are large schools, where many advantages are given. The Misses Plunket and Mrs. Seymour could not visit the schools without going through the town; and for many months these ladies were subjected, day after day, to the infliction of being followed by a crowd of blackguards, hooting and yelling, and using the most shocking language. The noise often was so great, that they could not hear each other speak; and on some occasions, mud was thrown on them. Repugnant as this was to

every feeling, it was courageously endured, knowing that if they were driven within the palace and vicarage gates, a great triumph would be celebrated. The readers and converts suffered actual violence,—houses were set fire to, and property injured; but the more their enemies afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew.

Besides the schools mentioned in Mr. Seymour's letter, the weekly controversial class for adults is well attended, seventy often being present during winter. The larger number were Protestants; but it is most valuable for them. In the mission premises, two dormitories have been fitted up for orphan boys and girls, of whom twenty-three are at present supported by the exertions of the Bishop's family. They are under the charge of a Scripture reader and his wife, and attend the schools like the other children. The girls wash, and prepare the meals, and the boys are learning printing, a small press having been put up in one of the rooms. Such establishments are needed in connexion with all the missions. Some of the girls have learnt muslin embroidery, which they do beautifully, and, if employed, could nearly support themselves. Mr. Seymour mentioned to me, as an illustration of the comparative value of Protestantism and Popery in regard to this life, and as a proof that the change in the converts is real, that a good many of the labourers in the Bishop's employment had joined the church, who are in precisely the same circumstances in regard to wages as they were, and are not better paid than those who remain Romanists. But there is no mistaking them; the rags, and dirt, and debased look, are exchanged for cleanliness, good clothes, and an intelligent happy expression. Several persons, in a highly respectable position, have lately joined the congregation in the parish church.

Another of the recent missions is that of which Boyle is the centre. The missionary, Mr. Dalton, has encour-

tered fierce opposition. On one occasion, when Messrs. Lockhart and Rinolf arrived in the town on their crusade of violence, he was nearly killed, and for long could not appear in the streets without having a mob after him, uttering their usual horrid expressions. This mission school had collected sixty pupils; but when I was there in September, they had been entirely dispersed by the violence used to deter them. Mr. D. was not at all desponding, however, as he expected soon to have them back again. A coach-house and stable had been turned into a very good school-room; Mr. D. pointed out the advantage of the situation,—there being three ways to it, and one not a thoroughfare, so that the children could steal unobserved to school. The food and clothing for this school was supplied by the ladies in the neighbourhood. In consequence of Mr. Lockhart's denunciations, fifteen girls had been withdrawn from a very fine school of Lord Lorton's,—the children of labourers constantly employed by his Lordship,—nine left the industrial school; but as an off-set to that, seven went to church. Several incidents were told me, shewing both the desire for the Scriptures, and the Tuscan-like depotism which overrides the land. One (not a convert, but simply an inquirer) had to keep her Bible in the meal-bag, as the priest often searched for it. Another hid his under the cabbage in the garden when a visit was dreaded. A third, whose family were very much opposed, sewed her Bible in her pillow. As soon, as the early light enabled her to see, she unripped the case, and while others were sunk in slumber, the glad light of the summer's dawn shone upon the precious volume, and the light of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ, shone, we trust, upon her awakened heart.

One day, when with Mr. Dalton at the mission house, (in which the readers live,) a very intelligent decently clad man came up to us. Mr. D.

asked how his neighbours were treating him. The man said, "Indeed, sir, some bad enough, but others are very friendly; and if I were made of Testaments and tracts, they would have them all from me." He then told us of a girl who dared not have a Bible in her own house; so every day he placed one under a stone, and as opportunity offered, she stole to her hidden treasure.

Hitherto attention has been chiefly rivetted, as it was at first attracted, by the missions in Galway. We fondly hope that these may ever retain the interest which gathered round their early days, and more than fulfil the promise of their youth; but I believe that no part of the mission field is better worked, and merits more consideration, than that which lies within the metropolis itself. The Dublin mission owes much of its present position to the labours of the Rev. C. F. M'Carthy, who has superintended it for four years. From his controversial class in the schoolroom of St. Michan's, an impulse has been given to the minds of the people of Dublin which can never be neutralized, and the circles of that impulse are multiplying and widening every day. The first winter, Mr. M'Carthy thought great things had been done when, on successive Tuesdays, from ten to twenty men seated themselves round a table, and discussed with him the doctrines of Rome and those of the Bible. Slowly the numbers increased; one and another were convinced of their errors, and gained courage to confess it. The staff of Scripture-readers was increased; additional parish churches were opened for the controversial lectures, and school-rooms for the classes.

The true reason why the world is not reformed is, because every man would have others make a beginning, and never thinks of himself.

A diamond with some flaws is still more precious than a pebble that has none.



THE BISON.

The Bison.

This animal is of the Ox tribe; and by Buffon and other naturalists said to be the *Bonassus* of the ancients. He is to be found chiefly in the prairies (or plains) of North America, where countless herds of them roam at large. About the size of the ox, the appearance of the Bison is much more fierce, his colour is nearly black; he has a hump upon his shoulders, from whence flows a long mane over his neck and fore parts, which reaches down to his knees; he has a thick tuft upon his head; a long beard under his chin; and, when enraged, a fiery-looking eye. His flesh is excellent eating; and owing to the coarseness of his wool, his skin is so valuable that, as Dr. Richardson tells us, a good one is worth from fifteen to twenty dollars. This wool, he says, has been manufactured into a fine and beautiful cloth in England. The herds (four or five thousand head, each) feed quietly if unmolested; but when they turn upon the hunters, they bear all down before them. Cuvier says, "if wolves offer to attack them, they form themselves into a circle and repel them." They are the favourite game of the Indian, who sometimes kills them by hunting, and at others, by stratagem, when he destroys them by hundreds at a time. In the latter case, the Indian disguises himself in the skin of a Bison, so that the head part may appear like the original; he then places himself between the herd and the edge of a precipice, having, however, first insured to himself a place of retreat and security. His companions then secrete themselves at convenient distances, so as nearly to surround the herd (somewhat like the wolves in scaring deer), and at a signal agreed upon, start up, uttering hideous yells; the alarmed creatures rush towards their disguised enemy at the edge of the precipice, who secures himself, and countless numbers, all rushing forward with impetuosity, fall headlong on the broken rocks below to meet a certain death.

The Bible in Spain.

We inquired personally and particularly at the principal book-stores in Madrid, and other Spanish cities, for the Bible; for the New-Testament, in order to learn if they were kept for sale. Not one simple Bible or New-Testament, without note or comment in the Spanish language, did we find. We found a copy of the Bible in six volumes, in Spanish and Latin, with copious notes, the price of which was \$14, and another copy in three languages, including Spanish, in nineteen volumes, with notes, price \$75. A Priest detected a Bible or New-Testament, in the hands of a woman, as we were informed. He tore out the contents, and gave her the cover, telling her that was enough for her safely to read. An accomplished young lady inquired of her Priest or confessor, "Who was Jesus Christ?" and he told her that he was a noble knight. The Priest related the conversation to our Spanish friend, who repeated it to us. We record it as an illustration of the religious aspect of things. We were walking near the palace with our Spanish friend just as evening had closed over the city. A procession, with a coach and two horses in the van, attended with torches, passed near us. The multitude dropped on their knees with hats off. A father and his son were just in advance of us. The father said, put on your hat again, my son; His Majesty (meaning God) has passed. We followed till the procession stopped at the door of the church, and God was taken out of the carriage by two Priests with lighted lamps, and carried back into the Church, from which he had been taken to a street at a little distance to heal a sick person. So the people understood it. So the Priests meant they should understand it. The idea of thus carrying the Deity about the city in a carriage, was a most solemn and profane mockery.—*Corr. N. Y. Evangelist.*