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# The Christian Instructor,

AND

## MISSIONARY REGISTER,

OF THE

### PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NOVA SCOTIA.

MAY, 1858.

#### Contents.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
<b>CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTOR.</b>			
C. H. Spurgeon—No. II. . . . .	193	ington, . . . . .	217
Life and Labors of John Kitto, D.D. . . . .	197	do in Boston, Pittsburg, Utica . . . . .	218
Pastoral Recollections and Gleanings— The Blacksmith and the Christian Minister, . . . . .	206		
<b>POETRY.</b>		<b>EDITORIAL.</b>	
First Grief, . . . . .	211	Romanism and our Public Affairs, . . . . .	219
Just as I am, . . . . .	211	Great Religious Movement in the United States, . . . . .	222
<b>RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.</b>		<b>MISSIONARY REGISTER.</b>	
The Reading of the Young, . . . . .	212	<b>FOREIGN MISSIONS.</b>	
Methodist estimate of Calvin, . . . . .	212	Later intelligence from the N. Hebrides, 225	
An old Irish Story, . . . . .	213	Letter from Mr. Geddie, . . . . .	226
The Action Sermon, . . . . .	214	Extracts of Letter from M <sup>r</sup> s. Geddie, 225	
<b>CHILDREN'S CORNER.</b>		Letter from Mr. Gordon, . . . . .	227
Jesus once a Child, . . . . .	214	A brief account of the fourth voyage of the "John Willams," by Rev. G. N. Gordon, . . . . .	228
A Treasure of a Daughter, . . . . .	214	Letter from Miss C. A. Geddie, . . . . .	238
A Child's Logic, . . . . .	215	<b>NEWS OF THE CHURCH.</b>	
<b>RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.</b>		Presentation at Harvey, N. B. . . . .	240
United States.		Missionary Meeting in Princeton, P. E. Island, . . . . .	240
The Great Revival in New York, 216		Call. . . . .	240
do. in Philadelphia and Wash-		Notices, Acknowledgments, &c. . . . .	240

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THE  
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May, 1858.

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

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C. H. SPURGEON.

NO. II.

In the March No. of the *Instructor* the popularity of Mr. Spurgeon was the subject of the first article, and it may be as well that that article be read in connection with, or rather as an introduction to the present theme—which has for its object to account for such extraordinary powers in so unlikely a person—unlikely in the mere preparatory training under which he had been placed.

According to the old Roman Song, and the song is imbued with sound philosophy, as truly as with genuine poetry,

“*Poeta nascitur, non fit,*”

But with equal truth it may be asserted,

“*Orator nascitur, non fit.*”

The Orator is born, not manufactured—and so the Preacher is born, not manufactured. There behoves to be the original inherent elements which constitute the commanding and successful public speaker, whatever these elements be. No mere code of rules can be substituted for these elements. The application of these rules where the elements are wanting, resembles the effects of machinery on an automaton, or of galvanism on a body from which the spark of life has just fled. All that Rhetoric can do, and all that should ever be sought from it, is simply to keep each in its own place, and to manifest each in its due power and proportion, those several qualities which, taken together, go to make up the true and acknowledged master of eloquence.

Mr. Spurgeon is gifted with these qualities in an uncommon degree, and had they been otherwise disciplined, or at any rate had a little more care been taken in their education,—extraordinary as he is, and wonderful as are the results of his preaching, it is certain that he would have commanded a still larger measure of admiration from all competent judges; the occasions for snarling and ribaldry in which his slanderers have been wantoning,

would have had no place, and his influence over the public mind would have been indefinitely increased.

We on this side of the water labour under considerable disadvantages in trying to form a just view of his power as a speaker. We have indeed the opinions of the press, and, as it happens with most uncommon men, these opinions run from point to point,—and then we have the opinions of the secular as well as of the religious press,—as varied as they are curious—and from the number and contrariety of these criticisms something like the truth may be drawn. We have his works besides, and with the helps which they afford, (for they are the mirror of the man,) we may arrive at a measure of accuracy, which ought to satisfy us; but just as the impassioned reader of one of the orations of Demosthenes said, when he saw the effect which his reading produced on his audience, “If it be thus you feel by the simple reading of this oration, what must have been your emotions if you had heard Demosthenes deliver it,”—so to be appreciated Mr. Spurgeon must be seen and heard, and no critique can do complete justice to the man and his manner, which is not based on actual observation.

As it is, however, we may approximate somewhat closely to the truth, and guided by the views which have already been advanced by so numerous and varied authorities, and especially by an examination of his sermons, an attempt will be made to account for that “*altogetherness*,” to use a Chalmertian word, which has set the world and the Church a wondering after him.

Mr. Spurgeon’s *physique* is remarkable. We have seen his portrait, said to be a good likeness, and an anatomist would say respecting it, that his chest was just of the shape and the size to contain a set of lungs that could breathe out such a volume of sound as would easily and distinctly fill on the ears of ten thousand people at a time. His voice too, is not loud but deep; of the character which the Latins expressed by the well known phrase “*ore rotundo*,” and he has it under perfect command. Naturally flexible, he can use it histrionically, and make it the vehicle as well of all the emotions, from the sublime and terrific to the melting and the sorrowful, and adapt it to every variety of style, from the familiar and conversational, in which he excels, to the descriptive, and didactic and hortatory, and even to the tenderness of pity, and the fierce and fiery outbursts of objurgation and threatening. It was said of a late eminent actor, that his whisper was as distinctly heard in every corner of Drury Lane Theatre as his loudest wail, and that he thrilled his audience more by the one than by the other. A similar flexibility of voice, and as skilfully managed, is one of this great preacher’s peculiarities, by which he wields at will the passions of the multitudes who hang on his lips.

His *gesticulation*, moreover, is as striking as are the modulations of his voice. It is natural—not studied. He complies with the canon, though in the artlessness of simplicity, and suits the action to the word and the word to the “action.” There is no doubt that the workings of his mind prompt his action in the pulpit. From the fact that he does not preach memoriter, we may be sure there are no studied “gestures,” and that the glance of his eye, and the wave of his arm, and the movement of his finger, as well as the thud of his fist and the stamp of his foot, are but the indices of the motions of his spirit, as he labours in the might and the majesty of the glorious gospel to win sinners to the Saviour, and to make Christians more Christ-like in their whole deportment.

His *style* embodies another element of his power. It is, or as nearly as may be, purely an English style. It is the style of Swift and Defoe rather

than of Johnson. It is the style of Tillotson rather than of Jeremy Taylor. It is the style of the Bible and of John Bunyan rather than that of Robert Hall or of Thomas Chalmers. If he has formed his style on any model, which is extremely doubtful, the great puritan writers and divines of the seventeenth century are his masters. On reading his sermons one imagines there is one of the old Non-Conformists risen again. Baxter, and Bates, and Charnock, and Flavel, being dead yet speak in their devoted pupil, and the sturdy terseness and piercing power of the olden English tongue, with which these great masters were in use to pierce to the dividing asunder of the soul and the spirit, and the joints and the marrow of their hearers, is just the style which rivets the attention, and entrances and enchains the heterogeneous crowds, as it falls from the lips of this gifted man.

His *perspicuity* is another element still of his power. There is no ambiguity about him, or at least there is no studied or affected ambiguity. He does not bury his ideas under a heap of words, and his words are generally fitly chosen. He is the very opposite of the preacher of whom after hearing him one friend said to another, What a deep preacher that is,—not so, was the reply, not deep but drumly. No matter how profound the theme on which he treats, he is transparent, and whether you approve, or coincide, or differ, you cannot fail to understand him. One of the causes of this peculiarity is the fact that he has the rare excellence of clothing the doctrines of the Cross in the language of every day life. He himself says he uses “market language,” and when men go to hear him they are amazed that the preacher thinks as they think and speaks as they speak, even when dealing with their souls and the interests of eternity, and as it was with the Lord himself, not only do the common people hear him gladly, but they go away wondering and saying one to another “we never heard it after this fashion.”

It is necessary also to look at the *personality and directness of his preaching*. He indulges, some would say to a fault, in the use of the personal pronouns. He avoids vague generalities. He makes his hearers feel that it is to them *each one* he is speaking. “I have a message from God to thee” is his motto. “Thou art the man” is his manner of dealing with his audience. His classification of gospel hearers, in general so accurate and comprehensive—his stating and resolving cases of conscience—his manner of disposing of the objections of the wilful, or the hesitating, or the unbelieving, all better treated by a skilful workman in the use of the singular number than in any other—imparts a measure of the individual and direct to his teaching from which almost none of his hearers can make their escape. And thus it is that under his preaching the man is forgotten in the message—the feeling of personal interest awakened by the closeness and pertinency and pungency of the spiritual trial to which he is subjecting them, making them for the time forget that it is one of the chief men of the age who is conducting it, and leading them to fix their thoughts on themselves and on their destiny, inasmuch as the Judge standeth at the door. It was thus that the Pentecostal converts felt and acted under the thundering accusation of the great Apostle. “Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God ye have taken and with wicked hands have crucified and slain.” Wonder at the preacher was overmastered in their souls by sorrow for the crime, and instead of repelling the charge and silencing the accuser by the power of the law or the fury of their own ungovernable anger, they looked each other in the face awe-struck and conscience-smitten, and in an agony of concern cried one to another, Men and brethren what shall we do. It was thus that the French monarch felt under the preaching of Massillon, “When I listen to

any other preacher I go away well pleased with the preacher and the subject, when I hear Massillon I go away ill pleased with myself."

It is impossible to read his sermons and not be struck with his *courage*, perhaps his boldness. It is clear he has refused to be hampered with the proprieties or confined to the trammels of modern pulpit conventionalism.—There is as great a difference between his preaching and that of the mass of metropolitan and provincial ministers in this respect as there was between the teaching of John the Baptist in the wilderness and that of the Scribes and Pharisees in the Synagogue. This courage he manifests in a great variety of modes. It is seen in the getting up of his discourses. What modern minister, when about to discourse on the doctrine of election, would proceed on this wise in the ordinary course of instruction—take some half-dozen volumes to the pulpit and now read the authoritative article of the Church of England and the similar chapter from the Westminster Confession, and still farther a corroborative section from the *Helvetic* or *Ausburgh* Confession, and yet again another from a Baptist manual of doctrine some two hundred years old, and clinch up the whole evidence of this great and blessed doctrine by a very long and most judicious series of quotations from the Bible itself. It would be a strange sight this in some of our modern pulpits, yet so was it seen, as is plain from reading the sermon on election, in his, and it would be strange if many or any, after such a mode of treating the subject, would hesitate or wrangle about this fundamental truth.

But it is as the exposer and reprover that his boldness appears. He is not afraid to enter the chambers of imagery in the great modern Babylon and drag out to light the abominations that be done there—no false delicacy restrains him—no fear of offending ears polite. He calls things by their right names. He describes them in their true colours. He judges of them by their immediate results. He denounces against them the righteous judgment of God, and with pencil dipt in the lurid light which flashes from the flames of hell he shows what a fearful thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God. Nor is it only thus he is bold with the sinner bolder than he till he make him, as Paul made Felix, tremble, as he reasons of righteousness, temperance and judgment—he is bold with the hypocrite, as was the Saviour in the house of Simon—he is bold with the backslider, as was the Saviour with the Church at Ephesus—aye, and in this age of decorous and deadening formalism he is bold with the punctilious ritualist, as was the Saviour with the Church of the Laodiceans, to whom he said in spite of their external order and their seemly service, "Thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked."

Mr Spurgeon's *doctrinal honesty* may fairly be regarded as another element of his power as a preacher. He is a Calvinist, and it is something as accounting for his influence that he is not ashamed of his creed. As the celebrated Bolingbroke said of John Calvin, he handles the doctrines of grace in a masterly manner, and is as ready and willing to prove and defend the sovereignty of God in the election of his people to everlasting life as he is to illustrate and commend his merey, as it flows through the righteousness of Christ to every one that believeth. Such preaching, and after such a style, could not fail to be attractive. It is attractive by the force of contrast. In few pulpits even in evangelical Churches is there such decisiveness now-a-days. Ministers are afraid of the offence of the Cross and imagine that it is better to give prominence to the broad views of the plan of salvation, which seem to include all varieties of the evangelical creed, than to insist on those which from their peculiar singularity cause a manifest and a wide divergence,

and all this would be very well if it did not cover an unwholesome compromise. Mr Spurgeon seems with many others to be aware and afraid of such a compromise, and convinced of the fearful and fatal nature of all such compromises he proclaims boldly what he conceives to be the truth of God most sure. With the murmurs of the Rivulet controversy sounding in his ears—with the emasculated Arminianism of the Wesleyan Church adopting the garb and apeing the language of sturdy Calvinism—with the utter ignoring of the teachings of her articles in the teachings of her pulpit which he everywhere sees around him in the Church of England—he seems to feel that there is a necessity laid on him to contend earnestly for what he conceives to be the faith once delivered to the saints. And probably the history of these doctrines has had some influence in determining his choice and fixing his preference. It was with these doctrines that the Apostles converted the Roman world. It was with these doctrines that Luther, and Calvin, and Knox overthrew the papal throne. It was as taught by Whitfield that they were in the experience of the Churches of both hemispheres, and that he himself was, the mighty power of God. The greatest of the Sons of Men in modern times, Jonathan Edwards, through their instrumentality began an era in the history of modern christianity which the American Churches designate “The Great Awakening,” and the fruit of which remains to this day, and it may be that reasoning from the past, and mourning over the present, in all its rampant ungodliness and questionable activity, and imposing forms destitute of the power of godliness, this man feels the promptings of the higher life within him, leading him to consecrate his rare gifts to the revival and extension of the truth as it is in Jesus.

A sentence or two might have been added on Mr. Spurgeon’s *apparent consecration to the work of the Ministry, and on the genuineness and fervour of his piety*, as finishing this attempt to account for his popularity, but these are topics which it is too soon to discuss, and which in most cases, when we are attempting the solution of such a problem, had need to be handled with wisdom and care. Had he finished his labours and fulfilled his ministry, it might have been proper to bring them into the account; but as it is, and when his star is but rising—as it is, and when his fame has scarce culminated, and when from the very nature of the case, if he live and labour he will pass through many a vicissitude, which will test and establish his character as a man of God, prudence will dictate the propriety of modesty and caution, in estimating that of which no man is judge but God.

Enough, however, has been advanced to shew the secret of his immense influence over the eyes, and ears, and minds, and hearts of his fellow-countrymen, and when they are looked at together, as meeting in so great perfection in one man, it would be a poor tribute to pay to the discernment and taste of the inhabitants of the metropolis, and of Britain generally, if they did not value, and use, and profit by his rare and attractive gifts and graces.

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## LIFE AND LABOURS OF JOHN KITTO, D. D.

The biographies of eminent men which of late have been given to the world, are numerous. No man of any mark whatever, has passed from this terrestrial scene, whose memoirs have not immediately after his decease, been published in some form or other. But, few of these memoirs are more interesting, more useful, or more astonishing than those of Dr John Kitto. His, truly was a marvellous life. Nothing so wonderful has been publish-

ed for many years. The victory which he gained, has never been paralleled. We use no exaggerated figure when we say, it surpassed any victory gained by a Wellington, a Napoleon, or a Washington. It was a complete victory gained over himself; it was a triumph over his unfortunate position, a mastery under providence, of his peculiar circumstances. It is true, the field in which he fought was not so conspicuous as that in which these conquerors battled; it did not bulk so much in the public eye; but the mind which it displayed, the resolute perseverance it manifested, the invincible fortitude it exhibited, the determination to conquer difficulties it unfolded, the resources he evoked and the singleness of eye with which from the very commencement of his career, he held to what he himself considered to be the true sphere of his usefulness—all these prove that he was one of the strongest minded men that ever adorned this or any preceding generation. Nor should the holy, the sacred cause to which he devoted these noble talents, be forgotten. It was always with a view to enlighten mankind, that he employed them, and especially to enlighten them in reference to the oracles of the living Jehovah. Above all, this life holds up to imitation, the advantage of fixing early on *some one useful work* to perform for our fellow men; the necessity of holding fast to the performance of that one work; and it assures us that no difficulties are too great, not to be vanquished by a decided, firm, principled mind. While then, we give a bird's eye view of the life of Kitto—for our space will not permit us to do more—and while we would endeavor to extract a few useful lessons from it, still, the grand lessons we would read are just those alluded to; and the facts which we shall produce, will have a bearing principally upon these. To the young particularly we would say—read the life of Kitto and copy his decision and perseverance; and, as in his case, let your faith in Christ and trust in God's Providence, tower over and above all.

Dr John Kitto was born in Plymouth, England, December 4th, 1804. The name of his father was John, who originally belonged to Gwennap, a large parish in the south west of Cornwall. He was by trade a mason. In 1803 he and his brother William removed to Plymouth; and as he was a skilful workman, and for a time, of steady habits, soon rose to influence and respectability. He married Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of a widow Picken, who resided in the same street with him in Plymouth. When John, the subject of our memoir was born, he was a small sickly child, and for some time, it was thought that he would not live. He was carried about in the arm long after the period at which children generally walk. His grandmother Mrs Picken had a great fondness for him; and perhaps that fondness was in no small degree generated by his sickliness. At four years of age, "Johnny," as she long and familiarly called him, was transferred altogether to her care; a circumstance which had no small influence upon his future character. Mrs Picken was a very superior woman; and she put forth all her kindly energies in the training of her little pet-grandson. Possessing genuine and unsophisticated piety herself, she failed not to be the instrument of infusing it, at an early period, into her grandchild. The lessons which he then received were never forgotten, and the impressions made were never effaced. Mrs Picken's system of training included the cheerful as well as the useful, the pleasing as well as the severe. She was accustomed to take him out with her to walk in the fields, which gave him a love for flowers, for all the beauties of nature, and for solitary rambing, that clung to him till the close of life; she got him books to read, told him stories—some instructive and some of the hobgoblin style, which imprinted



ideas on his mind that are seen cropping up through his writings in after life; she encouraged him to draw pictures with a four penny box of colours which he had received as a present; taught him to sew patchwork and tea kettle holders; and on Sabbath coaxed him to read out of her big Bible with plates in it, which Johnny did only on condition that the bottom should be taken out of a chair to be used as a pulpit, in which he held forth imitating as nearly as possible the manner of Dr Hawker, vicar of Charles, Plymouth, a proceeding which the good old lady did not overlike, as it seemed to her to savour too much of profanity. Like all grandmother's children, Johnny was somewhat spoiled, in getting too much of his own will, to which he refers with some regret in after years. Still, he was an amiable child. The most striking features of this early period of his life, were, his love for books and reading, and his precocious attempts at composition. We find him, about this time, writing notes, asking the loan of books, composing a story-book and after having adorned it with a coloured picture in front, selling it to his cousin for a penny, that with the same penny he might purchase another book for himself; and reading all the books which came within his reach, from King Pippin up to Gulliver's travels and Pilgrim's Progress. All this is the more astonishing as he attended school only three years in whole—as that attendance was partial and very irregular on account of his sickliness—and as even during that short period, he was under the superintendance of no fewer than four different schoolmasters. It speaks volumes for both Johnny and his grandmother.

In 1814, Mrs Picken having been attacked by paralysis, gave up house-keeping and John once more returned to live under the parental roof. His father by this time was very much reduced in his circumstances, having become intemperate in his habits; for he was working now as a common journeyman mason. In the spring of 1815, as Kitto himself informs us in his journal, he was engaged with one Whetmore to learn to be a barber; but he lost this situation by allowing a worthless woman to run off with a bundle of razors, which seems to have been Whetmore's whole stock in trade at the time. As the family required every assistance for their support, the only alternative left young Kitto was to accompany his father and endeavor to acquire his trade. This accordingly he did, and it was this circumstance brought about the great crisis in his life,—that event to which might be traced many of his sorrows, but at the same time, the determination of that line of life, which he afterwards pursued with so much honour and success. The event to which we refer was a fearful accident which befel him on February 13th, 1817. At first it was thought to be fatal, but he recovered from it, with the exception of *the total loss of the sense of hearing*. His biographer, whose work now lies before us, (*Memoir of John Kitto, D. D., and F. S. A.* By J. E. Ryland, A. M., in 2 vols.) thus describes it:—

“On that memorable day, about half-past four in the afternoon, he was engaged with his father in repairing a house in Batter Street, Plymouth. He had just reached the highest round of a ladder with a load of slate, when his foot slipped, and he was precipitated from a height of *five and thirty feet* on a stone pavement in the yard beneath, along which was a gutter for carrying off the waste water into the street. No limb was fractured, but consciousness was lost except for a few moments, during which he perceived that he was borne along in his father's arms, attended by a crowd. He then relapsed into unconsciousness, in which he remained for a fortnight. At the close of that period, the first symptom of recovery was his noticing one morning, on opening his eyes, that it was at least two hours later than the usual hour of rising; but on attempting to leave his recumbent posture he found himself utterly strengthless. His proof of debility, and the total silence in the room when his friends were present, convinced him that he was an invalid, but he could not at first detect

the real cause of the absence of all sounds, articulate or inarticulate. When he noticed persons apparently in conversation, yet inaudible, he thought it must be carried on in a very low undertone, from a kind consideration of his weakness; and some time probably would have elapsed before the mystery was (*would have been?*) cleared up, had he not made earnest and somewhat impatient enquiries about a book which the town-crier's wife had lent him just before the accident, and in which he had taken a very lively interest. At length he querulously complained: "Why do you not speak? Pray let me have the book!" Still there was no reply; the bystanders looked now at each other and then at Kitto, evidently perplexed. At last it struck one of them to take a slate and write upon it, "that the book had been returned to its owner (the town crier) at his special desire, and if it had not, he was too weak to be allowed the use of it." The information thus given was to a certain extent, satisfactory; but how strange that it was not conveyed in tones of kindness, by some well known voice! "Why do you *write* to me," exclaimed the poor sufferer; "Why not speak? Speak! speak!" Again there was an interchange of looks and seeming whispers! the fatal truth could no longer be withheld. Again the scribe took his pencil, and wrote in characters but too legible—"You are *deaf!*"

Such was *the great event* in Kitto's life. From that time forward his ears were shut against the ingress of all sounds whatever. The sweet strains of music, the accents of the human voice, the divine message of the man of God, the prattling of children, the eloquence of orators, the roar of the cascade, the thunder of artillery, and the pealing thunders of the heavens—all became one total blank—all were hushed into one profound and enduring silence! Frequent attempts were made to regain his hearing, but they were in vain. At last he bowed submissively to the lot assigned him by Providence, and calmly took rank among *deaf men*. Oh! it was a hard lot. A youth only 13 years old, cut off from so many of the enjoyments of life, and cut off at a time when these enjoyments are beginning to have their sweetest relish. How thankful should we be, when all our powers and faculties are preserved to us; but alas! how few think of this! How seldom do the best of us call it to remembrance! From that period forward—the period when he was convinced he would never regain his hearing—commenced the struggle on the part of Kitto of triumphing over position—the determination to prove to the world what a deaf man could do notwithstanding the paucity of his privileges. This was the struggle with which he began life; it was continued through every stage of life; and it terminated only with life—only when his remains were laid in the peaceful grave.

The present is perhaps the best time to urge upon the reader to bear in mind, that the idea of *authorship* entered early, very early into the plans of Kitto. It seems almost to have been born with him. We have already mentioned some of his attempts at composition, when a mere child; but after his accident, and when left much to his own lonely musings, and isolated meditations, this idea ripened and strengthened, till it took such a hold, such a firm grasp we may say, upon him, that he himself could never shake it off, nor could any of his friends ever eradicate it; it was with him in his dreams by night, and his journal-keeping by day; it attended him at his toils in the workhouse, and in his studies in Plymouth library, it found an outlet when he was acting as dentist in Exeter, and it followed him with increasing freshness to Malta; it accompanied him amid all his wanderings, through Russia on to Bagdad itself, amid plague and siege, and inundation, it lived, and grew, and deepened; and when he came back to England—his loved and heart cherished England—there it was as bright, as vigorous, and as lively as ever. Never did he acknowledge, much less

feel, that "the right man was in the right place," till he was engaged by Mr E Knight to write for his publications, and particularly the Pictorial Bible. It was here that he found for the first time employment thoroughly congenial to his soul; and the ardor with which he entered upon that work, and the success with which he completed it, may now be said to be "matters of fact," in our wide world's history.

After the melancholy accident above referred to, the first question with Kitto was, what would he do now, to support himself? Must he remain for ever dependent upon his friends and relatives, who had enough to do to support and maintain themselves? Must he be cast upon the sympathies and tender mercies of an unthinking and unfeeling world? Particularly must he be deprived of all opportunities of reading and writing, and of realizing his fond dreams of authorship? Hard as the task might be, he immediately set himself to execute it; and that task was, to conquer his position, and take his rank as high and independent among men, as if he had *five* senses, and not *four* only. The resources, to which, from the very commencement, he had recourse, were most astonishing. His resolution never failed. If one plan did not succeed, immediately he was at another. Nothing daunted or discouraged him. Amid his deepest and darkest perplexities, the restless monitor within still said, "go forward;" and forward he did go, like one impelled by an irresistible instinct or invincible passion. The fire was kindled, which could not be quenched. Attempts to smother it, only made it blaze deeper.

The love for reading and writing grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. But to purchase books and paper he must have some coppers. To secure these few pence, how varied were the schemes which he adopted! We find him wading knee-deep in Sutton-pool, "a sort of swamp of black mire, rendered more intensely fetid by the influx of the town drainage;" and picking up bits of rope and yarn, for which he received one half-penny per pound; and old iron, for every 3 pounds of which he received one penny. But this did not prove a profitable concern. Four pence was the greatest amount he realized for one week's labours. But worse still, the speculation ended unfortunately. While wading as usual one day, he trod upon a broken bottle, and cut his foot so severely, that he was laid up for several weeks. But even when laid up, books and paper he must have, and some new plan must be adopted. It was not long in being concocted and carried into execution. Once more he betook himself to drawing pictures, and placed them in his mothers windows for sale; and when novelty ceased to attract there, erected a stand at Plymouth fair, giving to the world like other artists, "an exhibition of paintings." Scanty, however, was the artist's remuneration. Even the fair week, with all its attractions, produced only 8d. Another scheme was adopted. He observed *labels* in many windows, and not a few of them wrong spelled, such as—"Logins for singel men." He wrote out a number of these labels, correctly spelled and ornamented tastefully, as he thought, with his pencil and paints; and offered them where needed at the small charge of one penny. But this did little for him, less indeed than any of the preceding speculations. His customers had no relish for correct literature, and less for the beauties of painting; and the consequence was, that two or three were the most that he sold. These incidents we mention to show how fertile his invention was, even at this early period of his life; and this faculty he richly possessed to the very close of his existence. But notwithstanding all his expedients, it was found that as the last resource, he must be

placed in the Poor's House, or as it was called;—"The Hospital of the Poor's Portion."—an institution endowed with £2000, and producing a rental in 1812 of £374 12s. applied to the maintenance and education of poor children. To this place Kitto had a thorough aversion; particularly because of its confinement, and the restraints it laid upon his time. It was, therefore, only by stratagem that he was located there on Nov. 15, 1819, when he had nearly completed his 15th year. His dislike to the place, however, was afterwards greatly removed by the kindnesses of Mr Roberts the governor, and Mr Burnard clerk to the Board of Guardians. They not only indulged, but encouraged him in his taste for letter-writing; and permitted him to remain over night in his own favourite little room at his father's house. The letters which he wrote while an inmate of the Poor's House were numerous, and discover a power of composition almost incredible, for one of his years. But in nothing, perhaps, did Kitto so much excel as in letter writing. In reading his communications to his friends both at home and abroad, one is always reminded of the beautiful and vivacious productions of Cowper; of the touching melancholy effusions of Kirke White; and of the bold, masculine strokes of Hugh Miller—strokes as pithy and well directed as those of his mallet in early days; for the letters of Kitto may be said to combine the prominent qualities of all the three. It has been somewhere well remarked—"Each of his letters on his travels, is a fine specimen of picture-writing."

But Kitto's time, while in the Poor's House, was not all devoted to writing letters and keeping a journal, which he now for the first time began to do. He was set to shoe-making, an occupation which seemed best fitted for one in his circumstances. Nor in this occupation was he found deficient. In seven months he mastered the making of what is called "list shoes"; but as he was held to this work and this work only for five months longer, he tired of it; finding it nothing but a repetition of the same manual and mechanical operations, without a single particle in it to exercise the mind, or to arrest the attention. During the twelvemonth he "made 78 pairs of list shoes, besides mending many pairs." He received as a premium one penny per week.

At the close of the twelvemonth, or nearly so, a Mr Bowden applied to the Poor's House for an apprentice, and Kitto was the individual selected and regularly bound over to him. This man proved to be a complete tyrant, a perfect type, as his biographer remarks, of "the Legree stock," in Uncle Tom's Cabin. He maltreated him in every imaginable shape; struck him and cast his awls and other tools at him; besides exacting from him a most unreasonable amount both of time and labour. In this situation, as is to be supposed, Kitto was most unhappy. He maintained firmness in the presence of his tyrant; but in secret, he poured forth floods of burning scalding tears. To such a degree did the treatment of this cruel and unprincipled wretch, prey on the tender and sensitive mind of Kitto, that, seeing no prospect of immediate relief, he resolved on committing suicide; and so determined had he become in his resolution, that he had fixed on the very night and the very place for performing the deed. But after repeated complaints to his friends of the Poor's House, they, in a fortunate hour, interfered, brought his case before a magistrate, got his bond of apprenticeship cancelled, and restored him to his former position in the Hospital.—In reference to this period of his life, it is necessary only farther to remark, that while in the Poor's House, he proposed and was encouraged to write a series of lectures on the government of the boys in that institu-

tion; and that he had figured out in his mind almost the very course of travels, which by a kind Providence, he was in after life permitted to pursue. His religious exercises at this time, were regular, sincere and interesting; and were beginning to manifest that independent and manly thinking, for which, in after life, he was so very remarkable.

In July, 1823, Kitto was removed to the Poor's House. It was agreed that he should lodge and board with Mr Burnard and give his time wholly to study and mental improvement. This arrangement was secured through the influence of a number of literary friends in Plymouth, who had become acquainted with Kitto's talents, from perusing many of his letters privately and reading some of them in the *Plymouth Weekly Journal*. A subscription was raised by these gentlemen through means of a circular; and the subscription turned out to be something handsome. In this situation Kitto continued till May 1824. Often does he refer to the period, as one of the happiest in his whole life. He was permitted to visit the Reading-room of Plymouth Library, to read or consult whatever book he pleased, and to study whatever appeared to him most enticing or most useful. At the request of Mr Harvey, the Mathematician, he applied himself to Mathematics, but he could not then, and he never did make any progress in them. He tells himself, he could never "cross the asses' bridge, without falling into the water." He read all the best writers on this subject, and studied the works of the deepest thinkers. He expresses regret in one of his letters, that he spent so much time on this science; he says: "I do not care a pin for Metaphysics now. That head-breaking subject, the origin of our ideas, chiefly interested me; and the uncertainty in which I was, after all my labour, left, as to whether we had any innate ideas—or any ideas at all—gave me disgust to metaphysical enquiry, so that I have, I believe, not looked into any metaphysical work since." These remarks he afterwards somewhat qualifies; but to the end of life he believed and said, he was no metaphysician. Metaphysics is a noble and useful study for the youthful mind. It is a first rate practical trainer. Its immediate use may not be discerned by the student, but the effects it produces, are beyond all price. It invigorates every power, and braces every nerve, so that the youth when he becomes the man, is toughened and furbished for the real, the material battles of life. This very result occurred in the case of Kitto. His mind felt its effects; his powers were invigorated by it; his writings have caught its spirit. Hence it is that we see, especially in his letters, that Metaphysics are ever and anon peeping out; and some of the noblest passages of his works are noble—are splendid, just because of the Metaphysical speculations which they contain. Yes, John Kitto, thou wast a true Metaphysician in thy day, although thou didst not know it and would not believe it. It was during this period that he published a small volume of essays, but all that can be said of it now, is that it brought him little of fame, and less of cash.

The Plymouth subscription could not last for ever. Accordingly, in about a twelvemonth, we find his friends busily engaged in looking out a new situation for him. Some thought of sending him to college, with a view to his taking orders, but this idea was soon given up. Others thought of engaging him with Mr Groves, a dentist, in Exeter, where he was to be employed four or five hours each day, and the rest of the time he was to have to himself. Of the latter situation he accepted, and in May 1824 bade adieu to Plymouth and commenced his weary wanderings through the world. During his residence at Exeter, he was very happy, and found in Mr Groves

a father and a friend.—Two things occurred while he was at Exeter, worthy of attention. The first is that while here, he believed that a great spiritual change had taken place in his soul, even the new birth. The truly devout character of Mr. Groves, the earnest and unwavering obedience he gave to the dictates of scripture, and the scrupulous fidelity with which he carried out into practice the principles he professed,—these, and such circumstances as these, would lead Kitto to look more thoroughly and more intensely into his own soul, and to hold more frequent and serious communings with the inward man. As his biographer well remarks, probably this change had taken place at an earlier period of his life—and several circumstances lead to this conclusion—but it was not till he entered the genial atmosphere of Mr Grove's house, it became so developed as to attract his own attention. It is to this period, however, that he always assigns his conversion to God. The second thing is, that while here, he was introduced to the Church Missionary Society, London; and was for a time, engaged as a printer to them. His object, however, was merely to learn the art of printing, and then to go out as an assistant to one of the Missionaries, on some of the Foreign stations. But the one favorite idea of his life, broke in upon him here, as well as elsewhere, and nearly upset all his arrangements. Whenever there was a spare hour or two that there was no employment for him at the office, instead of waiting on, as other workmen did, till employment came, Kitto was home to his lodgings, seated down at his table, and drowned either in reading or writing. Besides, engaged in the same employments, he frequently sat up till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning; and although he appeared punctually at the office at the appointed hour, yet he often appeared jaded and worn out. The result was that he was dismissed from the mission, after being seriously reasoned with, but to no effect. Through the kind offices of Mr. Groves and other friends however, he was restored to his situation, and continued so long as to go out to Malta with some of the missionaries.

It was on June 20th, 1827, that Kitto embarked at Blackwall in the *Wilberforce*, and sailed for Malta. His companions were Dr Korek, a German physician, who had lately taken orders in the Anglican Church, and Mr Idownicky, a converted Polish Jew. He arrived at Malta on the 30th of July, and left it January 12th, 1829; so that he was upon that island more than 18 months. The employment in which he was engaged in Malta, does not appear to have been very definite; at least it does not seem to us to be very definitely brought out by his biographer. Printing, circulating tracts, and publishing a few Arabic works seem to have taken up the greater part of his time; and he was regularly occupied from half-past seven in the morning till four in the afternoon. But Kitto's old predilections again mastered him, as they had already done at Islington; for he was soon at his late readings and compositions; and the same consequences ensued. He was found fault with, but was unwilling to acknowledge a fault; and the final result was, that the Society intimated to him, that they had no further need of his services. Back he came to England, as poor, as unsettled, and as much unprovided for as ever. Most honourably, however, did the Society act towards him; for when they gave him his discharge, they at the same time presented him with £30. It was while sailing along the Mediterranean, and while residing at Malta, that he first discovered to his friends his great power in picture-writing. His numerous letters from Malta abound with many specimens of this; they are not very remarkable for anything else; for, the information they communicate as to

scenery, local customs, and manners, has long ago been made familiar to the reading world, by various authors and under different forms. Still there is a loveliness and a freshness about them which makes them truly interesting. This mission, though apparently a failure, contributed a share in preparing him for his great work.

In the year 1829, and towards the close of it, we find Kitto in Bagdad, writing from that city, that on December 6th. he and his party had safely arrived there. Although the account of this journey occupies a large space in his biography, we consider that a very few sentences will suffice to communicate the principal facts, and its general bearing on the formation of Kitto's character, and his future circumstances. In May of this year, Kitto, after his arrival from Malta, again met with Mr Groves in London, and agreed to go with him to Persia. Mr Groves was a truly religious man, but he had adopted some very eccentric views on the duty of every Christian to the heathen. He had also adopted Baptist views respecting Baptism, and those of the Quakers respecting war. Following out his own peculiar opinions, he gave up his business and proceeded, at his own expense and that of some private friends, on a mission to Bagdad in Persia.

The missionary party consisted of nine persons, of which Kitto was one. He went out as tutor to Mr Grove's children; and deaf though he was, succeeded well in this undertaking. The route they pursued to Bagdad was by Denmark, Petersburg, Moscow, Astrachan, the Caucasian mountains, Teflis, Tabreez, and Koordistan. From all these places and about them all, Kitto writes many letters in his usual graphic style; but the ground has been gone over by so great a host of travellers and writers—such as Clarke, Richardson and Stephens—that very little save personal incidents, can be considered as new. While at Bagdad the missionary party had sad, melancholy, trying times. The plague broke out among them; there was an inundation of the Tigris; and the town was besieged by an army of the Arabs. Mrs Groves and several others of the Mission staff, died of the plague; one calamity succeeded another so rapidly, that not only Kitto, but Mr Groves himself, deemed it prudent to give up the undertaking. Accordingly, Kitto started again for England, returned by Constantinople and the Mediterranean Sea, landed in his native country in the end of June 1833, and in the beginning of July fixed his abode at Islington. But for some time he was quite unemployed, as usual, however, he was busy devising plans of usefulness, none of which ever came to perfection. The result of these devisings is given in one graphic stroke in a letter to Lady McNeill. "Mary dear, plans of my own were, in a very short time, blown to atoms; and I was striking down into despondency, when a kind and influential friend was the means of introducing me to some gentleman connected with the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." This was his first step to a literary life. It was now that he was about to enter on the great business of his existence, and to realise his fond, his bright, and long cherished dreams of authorship.

The remaining, and perhaps most interesting portion of Kitto's life, we must reserve for another article—in which, probably, we shall give a short review of the works he has written—of the manner in which he was led to write these works—of the effects they have produced on the Christian world—and of the practical lessons of which they are suggestive. We shall also attempt a short description of his sickness and death, and of the honours paid him both by foreigners and by his own countrymen. To this part of his life, all that we have written is merely preliminary. In the estima-

tion of some acquainted with Kitto's life, we may have seemed to have been too minute in our references or narrative; for our general readers, however, we consider this necessary; because on their acquaintance with specific facts, will depend the practical lessons to be adduced.

## PASTORAL RECOLLECTIONS AND GLEANINGS.

### THE BLACKSMITH, AND THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

"I need a cleansing change within,  
My life must once begin again.  
New hope I need; and hope renew'd,  
And more than human fortitude;  
Now faith, new love, and strength to cast  
Away the fetters of the past."—COLERIDGE.

The Blacksmith, as related at the close of last month's sketch, was waiting till I should proceed.

"Now, my dear sir, you will pay special attention to what I am going to say to you"

"Ay, that I will."

"But before I begin, we will pray to Jesus Christ to enable you to understand, and feel what I may say."

"I hope, sir, your good prayers will be answered,"

I began by reading the first verse of John iii.—"*There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews.*" "Nicodemus was a man of distinction among the Jews, and held in repute as a religious man. He had heard of the miracles which Jesus Christ performed, and he now sought an interview with him, and thus addressed him—'*Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.*' Jesus Christ is attentive to this respectful address, and replies—'*Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.*' But his reply startles Nicodemus, who does not understand the meaning of what he says: '*Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?*' You see Nicodemus does not call in question the correctness of Jesus Christ's statement, that a man *must be born* again before he can see the kingdom of God; he merely intimates the difficulty he feels to conceive how such an event can take place."

"Ah, sir, that's the case with me. I can't understand it."

"Well, but stop; don't get flurried. What appears difficult at first, may, by explanation be simplified; we gain all our knowledge by degrees."

"Very true, sir; a lad must learn to make a nail, before he can shoe a horse."

"In the seventh verse Jesus Christ says—'*Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.*' 'This new birth is necessary to fit you for the kingdom of heaven; and, therefore, as I am a divine teacher, you should not marvel at my enforcing what is necessary to prepare you for a state of future happiness.' And as Nicodemus could not go to heaven till he had experienced this great change in his soul, neither can YOU, or myself, or any else."

He now rose up in his bed, his countenance undergoing frequent and rapid changes of expression; and, with his fists clenched, and his long arms extended, he thundered out the following sentence, which, by its suddenness and its vehemence, startled me.

"What a rascal that parson is, to say nothing to me about the necessity of this new birth! Why, he came to lead me blind-fold into hell."

"Now, my dear sir, be composed. This excitement will unfit your mind to receive the instructions I am going to give you."

"No, no, it won't sir; I am only giving vent to my feelings, which, if kept pent up in my soul, would make me burst with rage. It was an act of cruelty to stay so long after he was sent for before he came; but to say nothing about the necessity of



this new birth when he did come, was a greater act of cruelty. Well, sir, I'll be composed. Explain it to me, and tell me all about it."

"You are a sinner, guilty and depraved. You have committed many sins, and are now under a sentence of condemnation. The word of God says, '*Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.*'—Gal. iii. 10. You have felt through life a propensity to sin, and you have taken delight in sinning. This proceeds from the depraved state of your heart. Your heart is wicked. You have not loved God, nor feared him, nor have you sought, by intense prayer, the manifestation of his pardoning mercy and grace. You have taken more pleasure in sinning, than in repenting; more pleasure in swearing, than in praying; more pleasure in profaning the Sabbath, than in keeping the day holy; more pleasure in drinking hard, than in working out your salvation with fear and trembling; and have felt more disposed to forget God, than to think of him with delight."

"Ah, sir, you have hit off my character to the life in these few words. But what am I to do now—what is to become of my poor soul? Why, this absolution and sacrament of the parson is, after all a regular piece of humbug—a bit of priestly trickery—a mere farce, to end in a terrible tragedy."

"Well, this wicked heart of yours must undergo a change of principle, of propensity, of taste, and then you will have a moral capacity, and an inclination to hate sin, which you once relished, and to fear God and love Jesus Christ, whom you once contemned and despised."

"Did you ever know a man, sir, who got born again?"

"Yes. I trust I have undergone this great change."

"And how, sir, did you do it? Tell me, that I may set about it at once, as I have not long to live. Will it take much time, sir?"

"My dear sir, it is a great and a glorious change; but it is one which you cannot produce yourself."

"Indeed, who can do it for me? Can you, sir? If you can, I hope you will. I will let you do anything to me; because I see if I don't get this job done, I shall never get into heaven. I shall then get out of a state of delusion, and get into a state of despair. One state will be as fatal as t'other; but despair will be the most horrible while it lasts."

"This great change cannot be produced by man. It requires the exercise of the gracious power of God to effect it."

"Then, sir, what must I do? Must I lie here till God is pleased to change my heart, and make me fit for the kingdom of heaven?"

"I will now read to you another part of the word of God, which will tell you what you are to do—'*A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them.*'—Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27. You see that it is God, that changes the heart, and puts a new spirit into the soul of man. This is His work. He alone can do it. And it is of great importance that you should understand and believe this."

"I see, sir; that's plain enough, and no mistake."

"Now, attend to what follows this statement of his own work—'*Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them.*' The heart must be changed—God alone can change it; and yet he requires you to pray to him to do it for you. He thus brings a test to try your submission to his authority, to try your recognition of his power and grace, and also to try your earnestness in prayer."

"I see, sir, this is all plain and easy to be understood; but then how must I pray? and if I pray, will he hear me?"

"Yes, he will hear you. I will now read to you another part of his holy word—'*Thus saith the Lord, the heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool:*' '*but to this in in will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.*'—Isa. lxvi. 1, 2. What I have now read from the word of God will teach you in what manner you ought to pray. You may cast these verses into the form of prayer, and with very great ease and propriety. 'O Lord, be pleased to give me a new heart, and put a new spirit into me, that I may be a new man in

principle, in propensity, and in taste. Take away, O Lord, this stony heart; this hard heart; this heart that feels no awe of thy justice and thy purity; this heart that feels no love or gratitude to thee; this heart that feels no hatred of sin—no sorrow for sin; this heart that takes no delight in walking in thy statutes, and in keeping thy commandments.' Now, till you have this new spirit, this feeling heart, you would not be happy even if you were to go to heaven, because you would be without a disposition to love God; and because you could not join with the holy and happy spirits in their songs and ascriptions of praise to Jesus Christ for redeeming and saving them. They would shun all fellowship with you, as they would shun the fellowship of an evil spirit of hell, if one could get there. And you should pray with great earnestness of soul, as a man would pray to be healed of a dreadful disease, if he knew a person who could cure him."

"I see, sir, what you say is quite plain, and it strikes home upon my heart, which begins to feel a bit; but I'm afraid when you are gone I shan't mind it."

"You must pray to have it kept in your mind. But there is another view of your character and condition which I have yet to place before you. You are not only depraved,—you are guilty, under a sentence of condemnation, and are liable to be sent to hell. To save you from this tremendous condition he tells us, that *'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'*—*John iii. 16.* Here you see you are liable to perish—that is, to go to hell when you die; and your death is very near. How awful to go out of this world into hell, and live there for ever in a state of hopeless misery!"

"Oh, sir, the thought of it makes me sick at heart. But can't I be saved, as I am yet out of hell?"

"Yes, you can; and may. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, to save such as you; and he is able and willing to save you, if you believe in him—that is, if you rely on him to do it, as you would rely on the veracity of a friend who promised to do a thing for you, which you could not do yourself—which thing was essential to your safety and happiness."

"But will he save such a great sinner as I am, and now I cannot sin any longer? It does not seem very likely."

"Yes, he delights to save the chief of sinners. When on the cross he forgave and saved the thief who was crucified with him; and in the evening of that very day he admitted him into paradise, amongst the glorified spirits of heaven! Only think, in the morning he was in prison, at noon on the cross, at night in heaven! You thus see that Jesus Christ *can*, when he pleases, do a great work in a little time."

"I wish he would do such a grand work for me. Why, I would sing his praises for ever; and louder than any of the rest. But what must I do, to get him to do it for me?"

"Why, be willing to let him."

"Oh, sir, I am willing; yes, I am. And may I hope he will save me?"

"Yes, you may."

I now prayed with him, and left him; but I was with him in imagination during the whole day. His looks, his attitudes, his thundering voice when giving vent to his indignant feelings at the gross imposition which had been practised on him by the priest, with his absolution and the sacrament, made such a strong impression on me, that I could not disengage myself from him during the whole of the day. In the evening I felt restless, as I thought it possible he might die in the night, as the fatal relief from great physical suffering had continued for nearly two days. I, therefore, resolved to go; and finding no one below, I stole softly up into his room, and saw a sight which gratified me. His wife was sitting by his bedside with the Bible on her lap, which she had been reading to him, and repeating to him, as well as she could, the comments I had given on the verse to which I had especially called his attention. When he saw me, the tear moistened his eye; and holding out his hand, he said, "I thank you, sir, for your kindness in coming again. I did not expect you before the morning." But after a pause he added, with great solemnity, "In the morning I may be beyond your reach."

"I hope you have been thinking over what I said to you in the morning."

"I can't think on anything else; and I don't want to think on anything else. Ah, sir, I should have thought about these holy and good things when I was in health;

and if I had, and had felt them, I had not been now on a dying bed. I have sinned away my health; I have sinned away my life; I feel it is going from me; and unless Jesus Christ prevents it, as I hope he will, I shall have to say, I have sinned my soul into hell."

"Did you understand what I said to you in the morning?"

"I understood two things just as well as I ever understood any thing in the course of my life. I understood, first, that I must have a new heart to fit me for the kingdom of heaven; and that I must depend on Jesus Christ to take me there. And besides this, I recollect you told me I must pray to the Lord with all my soul, to give me a new heart, and to give me grace to believe in the blessed Saviour."

"And have you prayed with all your soul?"

"Yes, that I have. I can't pray so long as you can, sir, nor can I pray in such words as you can. My prayers are short, but they come from the bottom of my heart."

"And do you feel any change in your heart?"

"I feel a change in my thoughts and feelings, but I can't say that this is the great change which is to fit my soul for the kingdom of heaven."

"If you feel any change, you ought to be thankful to God for producing it."

"I tell you what, sir, I would not be again the same stupid sinner I was yesterday for a thousand worlds. But still I am not quite sure that I am born again. At times I think it impossible that such a wicked man as I am, can within a few hours be made fit for the kingdom of heaven."

"In general, to fit a man for the kingdom of heaven is a lengthened process; but God, when he chooses, can do it in a few hours."

"Ah, I now recollect,"—his countenance lighted up with a ray of intelligence, tinged with a complacent joy—"when I was a boy, hearing a Methodist minister preach in the open air at our village, from these words—'*With God all things are possible.*' Why, sir, if it should please him to change this vile heart of mine, at this awful hour of my existence, and save me from perishing, it will be a grand proof indeed that all things are possible with him. There is one question which I wish you would be so kind as to reply to: If God should be pleased of his great mercy to give me a new heart, how shall I know that he has done it?"

"You will feel yourself to be, as the Apostle Paul expresses it, a *new creature in Christ Jesus*. You will have new thoughts of God, of Christ, of sin, of heaven, and of hell—new feelings, new desires, new emotions of sorrow for your sins, and new hopes and fears. And your soul will cleave to Jesus Christ, to whom you will look for salvation."

"I feel, sir, very different to what I did before you came to see me. After the parson absolved me, and gave me the Sacrament, my terrible agony of soul left me; but with the exception of this agony of soul, I was the same man I had been all my life long. No thoughts of God or of Christ, or of preparation for heaven, came into my heart. I did not once lift up my heart in prayer for mercy or salvation. The Lord be praised for sending you, my dear sir, to rescue me from the awful delusion the Oxford parson came and practised upon me; which, if you had not come, and talked with me and prayed with me, would have proved fatal. I should have died, and gone to hell, when expecting to go to heaven."

I again prayed with him, and left him. Early on the following morning I repeated my visit, but the darkened windows of the house told me that its former inhabitant was gone. His widow received me in silence, interrupted only by her sighs and tears.

"He has left you, madam?"

"Yes, sir; his spirit took its departure—to a better world I fully believe—about four o'clock this morning. Just before the event occurred, he took my hand in between his, and said with great calmness of soul, 'Give my love to Mr——, and tell him the Lord spared me just long enough to get a good hope that I am born again of the Spirit; and I die a guilty and worthless sinner, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ to save me from perishing, and to give me everlasting life.' He closed his eyes the moment he had finished uttering these words; and with only one deep sigh, he left me, never again to return." She then arose, and taking my hand, said, "I cannot, sir, by words, give full expression to the feelings of my heart. You, with God's blessing, broke the spell of delusion which the priest, with his

absolution and sacrament, threw over my dear husband; and he died, I believe, in the Lord, and is now with him in heaven. Oh! had you not come, where had his soul been now! I shudder to think."

"And, madam, if the Lord had not come with me, I had come in vain. To him we will ascribe the glory of this triumph of free and and sovereign grace."

We cannot advert to the fatal activity of the Tractarian priests of the Church of England but with mixed feelings of pity and indignation. With the delusive absolution, and the sacramental apparatus in their pockets, they prowl about,—the incarnation of the lying spirit, seeking whom they can deceive. From the respectability of their *status* and their character, they have easy access to the rich and the poor, and are equally welcome to the intelligent as to the unlearned; and in the chamber of sickness they perform their mystic incantations, which lull into a state of insensible delusion the soul of man, when trembling on the verge of an eternal world of woe. The Rev Mr Binney is reported to have said, "The Church of England destroys more souls than she saves;" and there is reason to believe that this is no libel, but a truth, and to an extent beyond human calculation. The case of the blacksmith is no solitary one. I have known some, and I have heard of many others, both in the higher and humbler circles of life, who, have been terror-struck when reviewing, in prospect of death, the history of their past life; but when the lulling influence of this absolution and sacramental incantation has been thrown over their guilty and affrighted spirits, they have sunk into a perfectly apathetic state; lying as calmly in their beds as though they had never sinned; having, as the current phrase expresses it, MADE THEIR PEACE WITH GOD.

With what surprise must these deluded spirits enter the eternal world; and, after recovering themselves from the first terrific shock, on finding themselves shut up in hell with the devil and his angels, in what terms of reproachful and indignant abhorrence must they advert to the regular Oxford and Cambridge men who, under the disguise of the ministers of Christ, came and practised such fatal delusions on them! And with what fierce and terrible looks may we suppose they gaze on these soul-deluding men, on seeing them descend to the same place of torment! Nor will they forbear casting on themselves the severity of their self-inflicting reproaches, for allowing such delusions to be practised on them, instead of going to the New Testament,—the grand charter of our faith,—and learning from thence, especially from the third chapter of John, what is necessary to fit a soul for the kingdom of heaven.

And if in Scotland there are no priestly officials, with the exception of a few straggling Episcopalians, traversing the land, armed with the ghostly power of absolution, yet are the people living and dying under no fatal delusion? Only a few Sabbath evenings since, after the labours of the pulpit, I accompanied a friend to see an aged female, who had been a member of a church for nearly half a century, and who admitted that she did not expect ever to recover from the illness which then confined her to her bed. After a few pointed and searching interrogations, my suspicions awoke, and I trembled for her safety, now on the verge of the next world. I at once took my favourite chapter, the third of John, and began a calm and plain explanation. After pressing upon her attention the words of our Lord—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God"—she interrupted me by remarking to her pious friend who sat by her side, "I never heard that before." O, you highly favoured Scotch, trained up under the teaching of your incomparable catechism; accustomed from early childhood to attend your kirk, with almost undeviating regularity; receiving the sacrament administered with apostolic simplicity; and altogether free from the grosser vices of humanity, yet, are you in no danger of self-deception? I reiterate on your attention *the* question, which in importance takes precedence of all others,—ARE YOU BORN AGAIN? If you have no good reason to believe that you are, and if the question sounds harsh, and is felt to be unintelligible, then turn your thoughts far away from the kingdom of heaven, as it would occasion a less violent shock of astonishment to anticipate the loss of your soul, than to be damned by surprise. Awake, awake, awake, O man—the eternal world is coming, it is near at hand; in a few years—nay, in a few hours—your salvation may be impossible. Now is the accepted time.—*U. P. Magazine*, 1851.

## Poetry.

## FIRST GRIEF.

The following poem was written by  
James Hederwick, a Scottish poet :

They tell me, first and early love  
Outlives all after dreams ;  
But to the memory of a first great grief  
To me more lasting seems.

The grief that marks our dawning youth  
To memory ever clings ;  
And o'er the path of future years  
A lengthened shadow flings.

Oh ! oft my mind recalls the hour  
When to my father's home  
Death came ; an uninvited guest  
From his dwelling in the tomb :

I had not seen his face before—  
I shuddered at the sight ;  
And I shudder yet to think upon  
The anguish of that night !

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek  
Became all cold and wan ;  
An eye grew dim in which the light  
Of radiant fancy shone.

Cold was the cheek and cold the brow,  
The eye was fixed and dim ;  
And one there mourned a brother dead,  
Who would have died for him !

I knew not if 'twas summer then,  
I knew not if 'twas spring ;  
But if the birds sang in the trees  
I did not hear them sing ;

If flowers came forth to deck the earth.  
Their bloom I did not see ;  
I looked upon one withered flower ;  
And none else bloomed for me !

A sad and silent time it was  
Within the house of woe ;  
All eyes were dim and overcast,  
And every voice was low ;

And from each cheek at intervals  
The blood appeared to start,  
As if recalled in sudden haste.  
To aid the sinking heart.

Softly we trod as if afraid  
To mar the sleeper's sleep,  
And stole last looks of his sad face  
For memory to keep.

With him the agony was o'er,  
And now the pain was ours ;

As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose,  
Like odor from dead flowers !

And when at last he was borne far  
From the world's weary strife,  
How oft in thought did we again  
Live o'er his little life.

His very look, his every word,  
His very voice's tone,  
Came back to us like things whose worth,  
Is only prized when gone !

That grief has passed with years away,  
And joy has been my lot ;  
But the one is long remembered,  
And the other soon forgot ;

The gayest hours trip lightly by,  
And leave the faintest trace ;  
But the deep, deep track that sorrow  
wears  
No time can e'er efface !

## JUST AS I AM.

" Him that cometh unto me I will in  
no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

*Just as I am*—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God I come !

*Just as I am*—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark plot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each  
spot  
O Lamb of God, I come !

*Just as I am*—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,—  
" Fightings within, and fears without,"  
O Lamb of God, I come !

*Just as I am*—poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

*Just as I am*—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

*Just as I am*—Thy love, I own,  
Has broken every barrier down :  
No, to be thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

## Religious Miscellany.

### THE READING OF THE YOUNG.

We once sent a Sunday-school book to a lady patient of ours, as a present to her little daughter. On inquiring afterwards how she liked it—"Indeed, Doctor, I have not given it to her, as I have not yet had time to read it myself." That mother soon passed away, and, doubtless, to a better land, and long years have passed away also, but we have never failed to admire that mother's heart as often as the remembrance of her ceaseless vigilance has occurred to us, accompanied with the earnest wish that all parents should emulate that mother's care. Up to the age of fifteen at least, and as long after as the affection for the parents will prevent the child from doing anything contrary to the wishes of father or mother, no book should be read by a child without the parents' permission. Impressions are made for life, for eternity, on the mind, and heart, and memory of childhood—impressions which would mould the character for aye, or open up the channels of thoughts which fix the destiny.

Untold mischief has been done to the minds and morals of the young, by reading books on "Physiology," so termed, causing apprehensions which have acted as a ceaseless torture to multitudes, until by consultation with honourable physicians, the groundless apprehensions have been removed, which had been excited by plausible falsities and brazen-faced untruths.

Equal care should be exercised as to the religious, moral, and miscellaneous reading of the young. Very few of our daily penny-papers are fit to be read at the family fireside. Certainly many of the city weekly papers not connected with a daily issue, are chargeable justly with the veriest trash, to say nothing of their frequent obscenity, their spiteful hits at religion, its ministers, its professors, and the Bible itself.

A drop of water will ultimately wear through the solid rock, and drop by drop will empty the ocean, and so is the influence of the repeated exhibition of bits of sarcasms, and profanity, which portions of the press are steadily throwing out. Not only are the minds of the young injuriously affected by these things, but persons of maturity of intellect, of mental culture, will suffer by them.

It is not long since that the death of Percival, the poet, recalled to many memories his early promise, his later failure. How, with a heart, a mind, a culture capable of achieving great things for humanity, his light went down in the night of misanthropy and almost atheism. What was it that froze the heart, and made desolate the whole character of that gifted man? Reading in the spring-time of life the obscenities of "Don Juan," the malignant diatribes of Lord Byron. Had other books been placed in the hands of this unfortunate man at that critical period of his life, books which would have cherished the better feelings of his nature, which would have invited out his sympathies towards his brother man, he might have died a Howard, or a Harlan Page, about whom sweet memories will arise for ages to come, instead of dying, as he is said to have done, an uncomely oddity, a misanthrope, and an infidel.

Parents! have a ceaseless eye to what your younger children read.—*Pastor's Journal.*

### METHODIST ESTIMATE OF JOHN CALVIN.

The following is extracted from a book of travels by a Methodist Doctor of divinity and of law, endorsed in the preface by Bishop Morris, and published, as the title-page shows, at Cincinnati, "for the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Western Book Concern." That it should show some marks of prejudice and of error in estimating the character of this great man, is not remarkable. Rather is it astonishing that these should be so few, and that an estimate of his talents and services, so appreciative, and so nearly approaching the truth, should emanate from such a source. There is unquestionably a generation of men arising in the Methodist Church, who show the liberalizing effect of that more thorough system of education, of late years, set in operation by that body. There are rhetorical beauties in the extract which will not fail to interest the reader.

"The guide said, pointing to the pulpit arched by canopy, 'There is the canopy under which John Calvin preached, and Knox, too.' I ran up the steps, and seated myself; I rose up and looked around, and sighed for the inspiration of

the mighty dead. Great Calvin! thou shaven son of the church, and lean lawyer of the Loire; thou lively-tongued teacher of dead languages; thou severe commentator on Latin morals, and self-styled Roman citizen; thou fomenter of free thought, and excommunicator of free thinkers; thou Hebrew student of Basil, and famous seeker of obscurity; thou great author of confessions, and stern opposer of Synods; thou vigorous executor of consistories and refuge from oppression; thou tyrannical enemy of tyrants, and mighty advocate of reform; thou prince of Protestants, and burner of heretics; thou learned, laborious, loving child of God; thou analyzing, philosophizing, governing son of man; thou great counsellor of kings and provinces, and lawgiver of States and Churches; thou advocate of sanctity, and punisher of plush breeches, hail! Here in thy favourite Geneva, Farel detained thee by his curses, or the magistracy by its blessings—God knoweth which—and made thee at once minister and professor. Well, thou art earnest and honest—a man and no make-believe—glorious with all thy errors. It is a pleasure to stand where once thy voice rolled in thunder, and thy pen scathed as lightning; thou wast mighty in truth and in God, thou second Augustine, but greater than the first—a heart on fire is thy symbol. If we could contemplate Calvin apart from his theology, he would, nevertheless, be an object of veneration to a citizen of the United States—indeed, to any freeman; for he was the father of the Pilgrims and the friend of civil liberty; and his pulpit was the nest that hatched that great bird, the American Eagle.”

Has any loftier enthusiasm been felt, or any other eulogium been attempted by a professed believer in the theology of Calvin? The book referred to, is “Letters from Europe, by E. Thompson, D. D., LL. D.,” and is lively, judicious and entertaining throughout.—*Am. Presbyterian.*

## AN OLD IRISH STORY.

BY THE REV. JOHN HALL.

Nearly fifteen hundred years ago, three children were playing one day upon the sea-shore, somewhere in the North of France. The eldest was a boy of about fifteen or sixteen, named Succat, the others his two young sisters. Very likely in gathering shells, or some other cheer-

ful sport, they wandered too far from home. A boat full of barbarian pirates was hovering near the shore, on the watch for plunder, and suddenly it swept up to the place where the three children were amusing themselves, made them captives, and hurried off with them across the waters to a strange land. I cannot tell you what became of the poor girls; no doubt they were sold into slavery. Succat was bought by a chief, who sent him, like the prodigal son, “into the fields to feed swine.” It was a sad life for him, tenderly cared for as he had been by loving and Christian parents; for the father and mother of Succat were followers of Jesus. They had only lived a little while in France; their homes were in Scotland, on the banks of the Clyde, and they had been amongst the few Britons who, in the time of idolatry, had learned and loved the Gospel. Their son had not thought much of their instructions once, but now, enslaved and wretched, he remembered what he had been taught. He thought with sadness of the boyish, careless, wicked life he had led, and began to pray. He said himself, in after days (and I think I remember almost his very words)—“In that strange land the Lord opened my unbelieving eyes; and although late, I called my sins to mind, and was converted with my whole heart to the Lord my God, who regarded my low estate, had pity on my youth and ignorance and comforted me as father comforts his children.” By night as well as by day, on the lonely mountain-side, amid snow and frost and rain, this poor youth was constantly on his knees, beseeching the mercy of God. He found peace and joy in answer to his prayer, and was often happier there in the midst of his herd, and far away from all who loved him, than he had been when he played with his little sisters, without one anxious care or serious holy thought. After a while, his parents found out where he was, and procured his liberty.

He returned home, but not to stay there peacefully. Strange, yet grand thoughts, began to come into his mind. He remembered the barbarians among whom he had been a slave. They knew not Christ—they had no love to God. Was it not his duty to try and do them good? Must he not become a missionary to them? His parents could not bear the thought of losing him a second time. His friends thought him mad for wishing to go again to that wild country. But it

was in vain that they attempted to turn him from his purpose. After days of anxious thought and talk about it, when he fell asleep at night, it was only to hear voices in his dreams calling to him from the midst of the dark woods where he had wept and prayed, "Come, holy child, and walk once more among us." His mind was made up, he bade farewell to his sorrowing parents, and went forth alone on his pilgrimage of love.

I wish I could tell you exactly how he was received, and what he had to pass through before the savage tribes of that country began to attend to his word. But the accounts we have are so mixed up with strange wild fables that it is hard to make out, after Succat's arrival, what did happen. We do know, however, that in time he became very useful then at last, whenever he appeared in a neighbourhood, beating a drum, as was his way to gather a congregation, great crowds assembled, that chief and people in large numbers believed, and that, before Succat died, he had the joy of knowing that the greater part of the people had put away the idols of their fathers, and professed the faith of Jesus.—Now, was not this worth living for? Who can wonder that the missionary who had done so much should be honoured and loved?—But I have not yet told you the name of the country where he laboured. It was Ireland and Succat himself, for some reason or other, had his name changed to Patricius or Patrick. Roman Catholics call him Saint, and often address their pray-

ers to him. That is sinful, and Patrick would have been grieved and shocked if he could have foreseen it.—Our island was not a Popish country for more than seven hundred years after Patrick's teaching.

### THE ACTION SERMON.

This is the name usually given in Presbyterian churches to the discourse pronounced immediately before the administration of the Lord's Supper. A writer in the *Presbyterian* offers the following explanation of the origin and meaning of the term:—

The action sermon was preached by the pastor of the church in which the communion service took place, and in it he commonly expounded the freeness and fulness of the gospel. It was an exhibition of the invitations of mercy to the "coming sinner;" and the old English and Scottish word for to invite is to *aks*—it was, therefore, called the *aksing*, or, as it is now, *asking sermon*; and was followed by an address by another minister, which was called the *baring*, *debaring*, or *fencing of the tables*, the one being the counterpart of the other. An English word, of no meaning in the place, in the progress of refinement, has got into use in town circles, but in the country parishes the old people still call it the *aksing sermon*, and comprehend its meaning. In old Scottish, to *aks* or *bid* is used for inviting or requesting; to *speer*, is a word used only is asking a question.

## Children's Corner.

### JESUS ONCE A CHILD.

Let children to the Saviour come,  
From cottage and from hall;  
For in his Father's house is room,  
And in his love, for all.  
He calls them by his gospel yet,  
With tender words and mild,  
As one who knows their wants and woes—  
For Jesus was a child.  
And they that come will learn of him  
That wisdom from above,  
Whose thoughts are purity and peace,  
Whose words and deeds are love;  
Will learn to flee the serpent's snare,  
Man's childhood that beguiled,  
And something of his semblance wear—  
When Jesus was a child.

### "A TREASURE OF A DAUGHTER."

About twelve years ago, in one of the quiet, out of the way villages of the West, lived a little girl whose name was Kitty Morgan. Her father was a merchant and kept a small store, where the people from the neighbouring towns used sometimes to come, to buy calico and flour and butter and nails and crockery, indeed anything they wanted; for Mr Morgan had a little of everything in his shabby looking shop. Still, the country was so thinly settled in those days, that the customers were few, and consequently Mr Morgan made little money, and found it hard to support his family. In that place the strong, healthy



women were accustomed to toil from morning to night, without thinking their work a hardship. But Mrs Morgan was in feeble health, and would have sunk under her many cares, had she not been blessed with such a good little daughter. Kitty, when very young, learned to sweep and dust, and help her mother in various ways. She could set the table, and watch the children, and make the beds, and quiet the crying baby, and it was wonderful how much those small hands could accomplish.

When Kitty was twelve years old, her mother was suddenly taken very sick, and of course could take no care of the family. Kitty was the oldest daughter, and the only one who could make herself useful now; for the elder of her two sisters was away visiting her New England friends, and the little girl who was at home was only large enough to run about the house and disturb her sick mother, or wake up her baby brother when he had just begun a nice nap. Kitty was a brave-hearted child, and did not for a moment do as most children of her age would have done, sit down and cry, and wonder who would do the work. No; she resolved to see what she could do to comfort her sick mother, and went to work as briskly as possible. Every morning she was up before the sun, and running softly down the stairs, would busy himself in the kitchen, making the fire and preparing the breakfast almost as nicely as her mother herself. Then she would go into the sick-room and put everything in order, arranging her mother's pillows and giving her her medicine or her gruel, and often placing a vase of fresh flowers on the mantle piece to make the room look cheerful and pleasant. Then she had the children to dress and keep quiet, the dishes to wash, and all the many little things to do about the house which her mother had been accustomed to attend to. Sometimes she became weary and discouraged; but when her father came home, and found his house in order, his dinner nicely cooked, and his wife well cared for, he would kiss Kitty and stroke her flushed cheeks, and tell her she was a treasure of a daughter; and Kitty's heart would grow light at the thought that she could make her father so happy. So she went on from day to day, busy as a bee, working in the morning, and amusing herself in the afternoon by mending and making, or playing with the children, till "the time to put on the tea-

kettle" arrived, and brought with it a renewal of her labours.

How happy was Kitty, when her mother was able to sit up in her rocking-chair, to see her pale face lit up with a smile of affection and approval, and to feel that she had been the means of doing so much for the comfort and happiness of those who had so long and tenderly watched over her! Years afterward, Kitty showed me a pretty dress her father gave her, as a reward for her labours of love.

It is a sweet privilege that is given to children, to minister to the comfort of their parents; and even the youngest child can find many ways of aiding her dear mother, and gladdening her father's heart, if she is disposed to do so. The day may come when these dear friends will be taken from her, and then she will shed bitter, bitter tears, as she thinks of all that she might have done for them, which she neglected to do. Only when we love our dear heavenly Father, and ask him to aid us, and make us blessings to all around us, can we be sure that our efforts, our feeblest attempts to do his will and make others happy, will be successful.

#### A CHILD'S LOGIC.

In the vicinity of D—, lived a poor, but industrious man, depending for support upon his daily labor. His wife fell sick, and not being able to hire a nurse, he was obliged to confine himself to the sick-bed and family. His means of support being thus cut off, he soon found himself in need. Having a wealthy neighbor near, he determined to go and ask for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay as soon as his wife became well enough to leave, so that he could return to his work. Accordingly, he took his bag, went to his neighbor's, and arrived there while they were at family prayers.

As he sat on the door-stone, he heard the man pray very earnestly that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the needy, and comfort all that mourn. The prayer concluded, the poor man stepped in and made known his business, promising to pay with the avails of his first labors. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, but he had provided to lend a large sum of money, and had depended upon his wheat to make it out; but he presumed neighbor A— would let him have it.

With a tearful eye, and a sad heart, the poor man turned away. As soon as he left the house the farmer's little son stepped up and said.

"Father, did you not pray that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort the mourners?"

"Yes—why?"

"Because, father, if I had your wheat, I would answer that prayer."

It is needless to add that the Christian father called back the suffering neighbor, and gave him as much as he needed.—*Religious Herald.*

## Religious Intelligence.

### UNITED STATES.

#### THE GREAT REVIVAL.

NEW YORK.—In this city the revival deepens and spreads. The meetings are daily attended with increased numbers and interest. In the John-street Methodist church, the basement, lecture-room and the body of the church are filled.—The attendance at the corner of William and Fulton in the upper and lower rooms of the lecture-room of the Reformed Dutch Church is the same as usual, and equal to the capacities of the house. In the other parts of the city we learn that the meetings continue to enjoy even more manifestations of the Spirit of God. The cases of anxious enquiry reported and of hopeful conversion are many and deeply interesting, being found in all classes of the community, and almost all grades of sinners. We are told that some merchants have set apart private rooms in their warehouses, where their clerks are in the habit at certain hours of meeting for prayer. The revival has been peculiarly precious in its influences upon persons belonging to the mercantile community. But it has also reached the masses whose business can scarcely be defined, and of these, multitudes have been hopefully converted.

At the noonday prayer meetings, it is customary to have short prayers and addresses with the communication of facts calculated to engage the interest and affections of the people; remarkable cases of conversion; requests for special prayer in behalf of individuals or families or particular classes; news from other places where God is pouring out his Spirit; and in some instances individuals in answer to an invitation have stood up to signify their wish to have prayer made in their behalf.

The attention given to the progress of the work by the secular press, shows more strikingly than any other fact, how wide-

spread is the excitement, and what a deep hold it has on the popular mind. The *Times*, the *Tribune* and the *Herald* do not occupy whole columns and pages with matters of partial or narrow interest. They seek for matters of which the public wish to be informed.

A most interesting feature of the present religious movement, is the fact that the secular press feels itself called upon to notice its progress. Some of the daily journals of this city devote several columns to revival intelligence, for which they find themselves amply remunerated by an increase of circulation. The *New York Times*, of Saturday, had an editorial on the present revival, from which we take the following extract:—

The truth is, that in various absorbing employments of such a life as prevails in this country, we forget what a man really is. We see people sunk in business, or lost in the plots of politics, or enjoying society here and there—and they seem utterly matter-of-fact and worldly, and given up to having a good time while they live, and very much forgetful of everything else. So our whole nation appears to foreign travelers. Yet it is not so at all. The dry, sharp man, who meets you on 'Change, or talks politics so eagerly in the morning car, is very possibly fighting within himself—a struggle to which all the strifes of business and politics are child's play. We do not know men—each man sometimes becomes aware what it is to live. The tremendous problems of existence—sin, character, salvation—grow then and press fearfully upon him, and drive out for a period every other interest. It is most impressive to think that over this great land, tens and fifties of thousands of men and women are putting to themselves at this time, in a simple, serious way, the greatest question that can ever come before the human mind—"What shall we do to be saved from sin?" Calamities

have come upon the people and have taught them how unreliable mere material good must be ; that may be one occasional cause of this general feeling ; but the secret cause is individual ; it is in the stirring of the individual consciousness in men and women, however awakened, which reveals to them their weakness in the presence of the strong trials, and of the armed temptations of life.— There are times in the history of every one, however worldly his manner of life may be, when within himself the blind thrill of a vague revival is felt—when his old life suddenly appears to him in lineaments of shame, and the prospect of a new career flashes suddenly upon his brain.

Why should not the whole community together sometimes reach these turning-points; and come to such resolutions? For our own part we can see nothing in the nature of religion or of the human mind which should make such a revival unreasonable.

PHILADELPHIA.—The following letter from a Philadelphia correspondent gives a cheering account of the progress of the "good work" in that city :

PHILADELPHIA, March 22, 1858.

The good work continues to make progress in our city, gathering strength and volume as time moves on. The Jayne's Hall prayer-meeting, of which you had an account in last week's issue, loses none of its interest. The meetings for prayer from 12 to 1 o'clock, and for preaching from 4 to 5 o'clock, P. M., are attended by thousands, and an evident advantage is being gained over the great adversary. Men who would be unwilling to concede so much to religion as to be seen in attendance in our churches, come to these meetings, and will have their prejudices abated by witnessing the harmony, and kind Christian feeling manifested by ministers and men of different denominations, while co-operating on the same platform to advance the cause of our common Christianity,

During last week, meetings have been opened in several of our large halls to accommodate people in different sections of the city, and the attendance has been full to meet all expectations. So long as Christian ministers and laymen keep to the post of duty, and exercise a *controlling* influence, the work will be blessed by God, by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

The *Philadelphia Presbyterian* of the 27th March, says:—The remarkable awakening continues to spread in all parts of the country. Daily prayer-meetings, after the manner of those in New York and Philadelphia, are held in increasing number of cities and towns. We observe notices of them in Baltimore, Washington City, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Louisville. In most cases they are very numerous attended. The *St. Louis Presbyterian* says the gracious work in that city is extending amongst all denominations. That journal for the last week has about an entire page occupied with short notices of revivals. Surely there is reason for wonder and for gratitude at these manifestations of the stately steppings of the Lord. It is a time when a great responsibility rests upon Christians. Let there be no slumbering professor—no Achan in the camp.

WASHINGTON.—Our Washington correspondent writes to us, March 13th: During the past week, we have had a prayer meeting in the 1st Presbyterian church, Rev Dr Sunderland's, which has been increasingly well attended ever since it began, on Monday. The services commence at a quarter before 5, P. M., and continue one hour. The meetings are opened by singing a hymn, followed by two short prayers in succession, with singing, reading a portion of Scripture, or exhortation for five minutes interposed. Thus six or eight earnest supplications are offered at each meeting. It is emphatically a Union Prayer Meeting. Christians of various denominations are present. The doors are opened a few minutes before the time of meeting, and very soon the house is filled. On Saturday afternoon last, every seat in the body of the church was occupied, a number standing in the aisles near the doors, and others could only get seats by repairing to the galleries. The prayers were solemn and fervent, and the songs of Zion were sung by the whole congregation, and, as I thought, with the spirit and the understanding also, making melody in their heart unto God. It was earnestly recommended to keep together, until one house would no longer contain these who should convene. The meetings for this week are to be held in the E street Baptist church, where all were invited to attend, and when one house shall be found too strait to accommodate those who may assemble other places for

prayer and worship will be opened. The good work in the Presbyterian church, in Georgetown continues, and at almost every meeting some new cases of submission to God and rejoicing in hope are reported.

BOSTON.—A Boston letter to the Philadelphia *Leidger* says: "The religious interest has no abatement, but is rather on the increase. It is a remarkable movement. It is not excitement. There is none of that wildness so often manifested in seasons of religious interest.

"The work has reached the 'Black Sea,' our Five Points. 'Publicans and sinners' are awakened, and are entering the prayer-meetings of their own accord. Some of them manifest sincere signs of repentance, and a movement is on foot to make them a home, to place them where vice shall not find them, nor temptation allure them."

PITTSBURG, PA.—The Banner and Advocate of last week says:

A day prayer meeting was commenced in the Central (formerly the Fifth) Presbyterian church, of this city, on last Monday, with the most cheering prospects. At least three hundred people of the various evangelical denominations, were present, and the day following, certainly one hundred more. The exercises are conducted, each day, by some two ministers, of different denominations, who select the Hymns or Psalms, make brief addresses, and call on persons, mostly laymen, to lead in prayer. It is expected that no one of these services will occupy more than five minutes. The meeting assembles at half past 11 o'clock A. M. and continues one hour. Such an attendance of business men, mechanics, laborers, and ladies, at such an hour, and for such a purpose, is unparalleled in the history of this city. Jesus of Nazareth is evidently passing by; and the triumphs of grace are being achieved in almost every church. A delightful spirit of christian affection prevails among the denominations taking part in this good work.

UTICA, N. Y.—A correspondent writes to us from Utica, March 12th, 1858:

We are just now in the midst of a most precious work of grace, it is the still small voice of the Spirit, gently, quietly doing a powerful work. Great numbers are inquiring the way to eternal life, and some are rejoicing in a new found hope

in Christ. About the first of this month the "Young Men's Christian Association," then but just formed, established a daily morning prayer meeting in the basement room of one of our churches, which has already grown too large for the audience room in the body of the same church. Every morning the house is filled with anxious prayerful listeners. The influence of these meetings has been good. Christians have been revived; hearts of parents have been gladdened by hearing their children singing the song of salvation. Our Sabbath schools too, have been blessed, and several members of Bible classes are rejoicing in a hope in Christ, and we feel that we have great encouragement to labor and to pray, and that God will give us a still greater blessing.

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* says: "From far and near come tidings of the great awakening. The religious element with renewed power and momentum pervades all classes of society, in all parts of the country. From Maine to the mountain passes of the Sierra Nevada, in miners' camps and theatres, we listen to the prayers and exhortations of multitudes who feel the influence of religion urging them into the fold of the churches. In this city there has been and is at present existing, the greatest religious interest ever known in the community. Hundreds have made open profession of religion, and hundreds more are seeking the consolations afforded by the general awakening of the religious sentiment of society. We are told that similar excitement followed the financial revulsions of 1837. Men who placed implicit reliance upon their own schemes and efforts have discovered their futility. Conscience and the moral dormant element reassert their sway, and the daily services of the churches are thronged with crowds of earnest seeking men, who hitherto have been strangers to the feelings which now actuate them.

The *Christian Era* gives an account of the remarkable conversion of a gambler at Uxbridge: "While sitting at the table, with the cards in his hands, he was smitten almost like Saul of Tarsus. He could neither hold his cards nor play the game. His companions urged him to take another glass of liquor to quiet his nerves. He refused; and leaving them at their games he started at once

for home, and found no peace until he felt an inward evidence of forgiveness.

At Newburyport a pious wife entreated her dissipated husband to go to meeting with her; he replied that he would if she would give him a pint of rum on his return. Knowing that he would

have the rum whether she gave it to him or not, she agreed to his terms, and he went to the meeting. When they returned she procured the liquor for him, but he shoved it aside, saying he had found something better, and he now gives evidence of being a changed man.

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## Editorial.

### ROMANISM AND OUR PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Since our number for May last we have not directed attention to this subject, but we have not been uninterested spectators of what has been going on, and in our present remarks we design reviewing the events during the past summer, and the present posture of affairs in reference to this subject. We then remarked in reference to the Romanists,—

“As to their future policy there are two courses open to them. They may press upon the new Government, as they did upon the last, until its Protestant supporters become disgusted with them, as the Protestant Liberals were. In this case a change of Administration will soon be necessary. Or, what we fear much more, they may assume an air of great moderation—they may press for no offices—the *Halifax Catholic* may vent no more disloyalty—the wolf may assume the aspect of the lamb—there may be no more riots at the Railroads—and the lives and limbs of Protestants may be safe—*till after the next general election*. Then the Government may go to the country saying, “what moderate, reasonable men these Catholics are, how quiet and civil they have been, and how those Liberals were slandering them.” Then, at the general election, by displacing those Protestants who represent Catholic constituencies, and by dividing the representation of others where they are in considerable strength, they will be able to augment their number in the next House to twelve or fifteen, and *then they will make the Government feel their weight*. This course would only put farther off the day of their downfall. From their conduct at the time the Government was formed we expected that the latter would have been the course adopted. At present, however, it is more doubtful. Whatever form the matter may assume, however, the Protestant feeling will not continue to suffer our public affairs to be subject to the insolent dictation of a *Romish Ecclesiastic*.”

Were we asked now which of these two courses they have followed, we would say that they have been cunning enough to adopt a judicious mixture of the two. At one time they seemed all mildness, and to be making no unreasonable demands, and, where there was danger of trespassing too far upon the forbearance of Protestants, and of exciting Protestant feeling against them, there was a prudent holding back. And at other times they made the most insolent manifestations of their power, as if determined to show that they held the reins of government in their hands. The Archbishop has played with the members of Government, as an angler does with a fish that he has hooked—at one time giving him line, and allowing him to run as if he were still free in his native waters, and then bringing him up when it became necessary to show him that he was now in the power of ano-

ther. When the new Government was formed there was no asking that heads of departments should be filled by Children of the Church, and the disunion of the Cabinet on the subject of Condon's restoration, was relieved by a gracious message from the Archbishop, that he would take him into his own hands, the separate school measure was kept in abeyance. All this was only a blind, as the members of Government soon found. The result of the four elections, where the return of the members of Government depended upon the Romanists, seemed to show that Protestants were so far under the influence of party feeling, as to be willing to purchase their support at the expense both of their loyalty to the British Government and the interests of the Protestant religion, and only fixed more firmly in the minds of Romanists the conviction that they held the balance of power, and that the alliance between them and the Conservatives was safe for the next election. Hence they soon began to manifest their power. Though Condon's restoration was deferred, yet the recent discussions in the house shew that a pressure was soon exercised upon the members of Government for his appointment, which they were unable to resist. The significant hints used with the Provincial Secretary, by an Irish shoemaker, (the Provincial Secretary will not allow us to call them threats, though ordinary people will regard them in no other light,) shewed the miserable state of subserviency in which the Government was placed. And acts of violence and lawlessness through the country, shewed that they held themselves free from the restraints of law.—An Irish Catholic, who had stabbed a Protestant, was permitted to walk out of jail, without even the formality of a trial,—Protestants were brutally maltreated by Irish ruffians, and the graves of the dead were violated, accompanied with circumstances to make the insult as offensive as possible to Protestants,—the guilty parties proceeding through the settlement, with shouting and firing of guns, and being entertained in the house of the priest, with fiddling and dancing, not to speak of abundance of liquor; and yet the Government *dare not even attempt* to bring the perpetrators of such acts to justice.

We cannot however but express our conviction that much good has been done by the discussions of the last summer. The claims and character of the Romish Church never had such an exposure in our Province, as they have had since the overturn of the late government. The public press has done the work most thoroughly. Of course it will be said that this was by politicians and for political purposes. No matter, it has been done, and done thoroughly, and we care but little by whom; but is it not a burning shame, that any portion of the *religious* press should have proved recreant to the Protestant cause, and left *its* work to be done by others—that the *Christian Messenger* should have proved silent as the grave, regarding the Roman Catholic Bishops denunciations of the Bible or the other aggressions of Romanism. It is well that even worldly statesmen should be roused to a sense of the evils of that system, and expose the danger to our civil and religious liberty and the best interests of our social state from its aggressions. The result has been that Protestant public sentiment has been roused to resist the encroachments of Romanism, and though many Protestants are yet insensible of the danger to their institutions, yet the question of establishing a Government on a basis free from the control of the Archbishop is only a question of time. Light too was breaking in upon the Children of the Church, and it was found prudent to withdraw from the discussion. Hence the discontinuance of the *Catholic* at the close of last year. No one can believe that if Archbishop Walsh had wished it, means would have been

wanting for its continuance, if this were considered advisable; and although another has been issued in its stead, yet the change was significant. One cannot help seeing that among them too there is a subdued tone of expression on subjects on which they would formerly have spoken out without reserve. There was none of the sympathy expressed for the enemies of England, in the recent struggle in India, that was shown during the Russian war. Not that the feelings of Irish Romanists were changed on the subject. In Ireland and Canada and in the United States, they showed the same sympathy with the Sepoys, that they had done with the Russians, but their brethren in Nova Scotia, who were loud in the expressions of their hatred of England in the former struggle, have in the late one been mute as mummies, and the Archbishop has gone so far as to send a donation to the fund for the sufferers in India. This we regard as an evidence, not that their feelings were changed, or that they were really different from their brethren in Canada and Ireland, but that they had been whipped into better behaviour, for which we give the chief credit to the *Presbyterian Witness* and the *Morning Chronicle*. Other journals, both in the city and country, have also given valuable aid. In their public position the Catholics are far from having gained anything. Two years ago and two political parties were bidding for their support, now one party repudiates them altogether, as dangerous allies, while a large portion of the other party are sick of their connexion with them, and heartily wish deliverance from their present position.

While this is the case, we cannot but observe on the other hand that there never has been in the history of our Province such contemptible cringing to the Romanists high and low, as there has been exhibited by some of our public men during the present season. To have public men in such high positions as the Attorney General and the Provincial Secretary, attending nunnery schools, and distributing prizes,—to have the same parties resorting to the Archbishop for counsel in public matters is humiliating to the whole Protestantism of the country. What would be thought in England of Earl Derby or Lord Palmerston being closeted for hours with Cardinal Wiseman, and humbly asking his permission to introduce this or that measure for the good of the public. No man in England calling himself a Conservative would for one moment think of such a thing, and we venture to assert that any ministry that allowed its measures to be guided by such an influence as this would not hold power for a week. What a position too for public men to place themselves in a Protestant country, that to hold power they must please the “Romish Rabblement” by venting on the floors of the house the wholesale abuse of Protestant ministers. It is all the more discredit that this has been done by men, who make loud professions of religion in a Protestant Church. Other public men, who are deemed as mere wordly politicians, never stooped so low.

But we have not yet seen the full developement of the Romanist power. There is evidently a holding back in the meantime. Their leaders feel that the pressure which they have been exercising has been doing injury to their cause—that there is danger of rousing up the spirit of Protestantism—which with an election near at hand might prove fatal to their power. The members of Government too feel the necessity of keeping them quiet at least till after the next general election, and their whole policy now is to pacify them till that is over. Hence some important demands are not pressed or not granted, hence Dr Forrester is permitted to hold his position, for fear of driving off the whole of the Free Church from their support, hence the demand

for Separate Schools is not pressed, and the whole subject of education is shelved for the present. But let Protestants at the next general election pursue the same course as they did last winter, and the Popish Alliance obtain a new lease of power, and then there will be demands which will show their power. Then not only may Dr Forrester expect to be, perhaps not exactly dismissed, but decently shelved, then may we expect schools for teaching mediæval superstition to be supported out of the public funds, and then the dismissals complained of this year will be a trifle to the dismissals which will take place among all those from Mr Forman downward who will have shown that they value their Protestantism too highly to sacrifice at the shrine of party feeling, or at the dictation of party leaders.

There is every reason therefore for Protestants to be on their guard, and to be prepared for the future. Circumstances more and more show that the Government as at present based, cannot do justice to Protestant principles or even the higher social interests of the country. It cannot move but as Archbishop Walsh wills. And hence the most important measures must be either so crippled as to become useless or to be entirely laid aside. We have been credibly informed, that a bill for the improvement of Education was even drafted with the aid of the Superintendent of Education, but—but—the Archbishop did not approve of it, and it had to be dropped, and for the present nothing is to be done on the subject. We say nothing of the members of the Government personally. We speak merely of their position, and surely a Government so helpless for good cannot meet the requirements of the country? The late Government found themselves in the same position.—Besides too a Government which cannot punish crime if committed by a Romanist is surely not such as Protestants should be satisfied with. The attacks made upon the Protestant Alliance by members of Government show that they are themselves conscious that their Government cannot be true to the Protestant institutions of the country. If it were, they would not need to fear the formation of any society formed for the advancement of Protestant principles or the protection of Protestant interests.

The call then is for Protestants to be more united, and to aim at the formation of a Government free to pursue its work for the temporal advancement and social well-being of the country, independent of the pressure of people, whose religious system is opposed to all the higher interests of the country. But should Protestants act otherwise, should they resolve to maintain an unholy Alliance like the present, then we say in the words of the poet :

“To that poor county—wo—wo—wo, where commoner and peer  
Lay down what valor wrung from fraud, through ignominious fear,  
Give in to errors harlotry, to smooth her rebel frown,  
Pen up the wolf cub with the lamb, and bid them both lie down,  
Betray religion's tower and trench to sacerdotal sin,  
And turn the key on freedom's gate, that slaves may enter in.”

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## GREAT RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

We have devoted all our Religious Intelligence department for the present month, to extracts from the American papers, on the subject of “the Great Awakening,” as the special work of grace now experienced by the



Churches of the United States, is generally designated. It is truly a GREAT AWAKENING, and a SPECIAL WORK OF SOVEREIGN GRACE. given in answer to many prayers offered up by the Lord's people. Fully persuaded of this in our own mind, we have thought it best to lay as many facts as our space would allow before our readers, and let these speak for themselves.— We would now farther call their attention to some statements published in the *New York Observer* of April 15th, being a "Narrative of the State of Religion" within the Presbytery of New York, and signed by its Moderator, the Rev. Samuel D. Alexander.

In support of the view that the existing religious movement, so deep and so widely extended, is a work of God's Spirit, the following considerations are submitted :

" 1. The *means* used to carry forward the work have been legitimate : that is they have been Scriptural, and they have been such as the Holy Spirit is *used* to honor for the conferring of grace. Prayer, exhortation, and the preaching of the Word, have been, in at least a majority of cases, the only resort ; and these have been followed by blessed and in many instances by very extensive results.

" 2. These *results* have been such as agree with the proper effects attending an outpouring of the Holy Ghost. A general seriousness has prevailed among the people :—there has been a striking accessibility among almost all classes, to approaches on the subject of salvation :—there has been a hearty desire to be instructed in the things which belong to our eternal peace :—there has been a conviction of sin in those esteemed moral and amiable, and a consequent breaking up of that false peace which a merely outward morality had been conferring for years :—there has been an evident quickening of the graces of God's people, particularly in the excitement of an unusual earnestness among them in behalf of the salvation of the perishing :—there has been the reclamation of backsliders and the ingathering of many into the church of God, who in the judgment of charity must be regarded as truly converted. And these results have not been confined to our own land. Evidence is not wanting that, in cases not a few, vessels on entering our ports have testified to the conviction and conversion of souls out upon the wide sea.

" 3. It is also to be noted as a remarkable feature of the case, that the work has been carried forward without reference to any prominent man or men as the chief instruments. God himself has been the leader of the people.

" 4. And again, as little have we observed that this work has been dependent on the presentation of any one-sided views or doctrine, such as has marked some former periods. On the contrary, we have been gratified to observe that CHRIST is made the central point to which attention has very generally been directed. References to His person and work, and publications setting forth the truth as it is in Jesus, have been chief instruments in giving this work its peculiar character."

The results of this general Revival, as affecting the Presbytery, are thus stated by the Moderator :

" Out of the twenty-three churches within our bounds, all but two report more or less increase in religious interest. In some, the signs of it are very decided. The more obvious manifestations may be classified as follows.

" A very evident and general solemnity pervading our congregations, accompanied with a fixed attention and an apparent desire to profit by the word preached.

" A decided increase in the attendance on all the meetings for worship.

" A quiet and yet very perceptible increase in the demands for personal instruction.

" A readiness to abandon old defences and refuges of lies, and to seek earnestly and immediately an interest in Christ. This remark extends to many heretofore noted for outward moral deportment, to cases of long continued, and yet unfruitful seriousness, as well as to those more openly opposed to God.

“And lastly conversions: among which the children of the church have been brought in—sceptics have been convinced—backsliders have returned to God—and not least, spiritual despair has given place to cheerful faith and hope in God.

“In this enumeration of blessings, we would not pass by the manifestations of God’s mercy to the seamen in our port.”

With these facts before us, we cannot withhold our assent to the view that there has been a Pentecostal effusion of the Holy Spirit on the Churches and people of the neighbouring union, and we rejoice in the continuance and progress of the work. But surely *our duty*, whether we are Ministers or Members of Christian Churches, is not exhausted by such general acknowledgments. We feel constrained to offer a few remarks suggestive of our duty in present circumstances.

*First.* We should offer *praise and thanks to God* for this great mercy. If we had no commercial relations with the cities of the Union, we would still feel constrained to praise the Lord for such a display of grace in the salvation of sinners; but when we farther consider the intimacy of our commercial relations, the constancy of the intercourse maintained, and the mighty influence of the citizens of the Great Republic on our people and of their Churches on ours, we will see that we have many and distinct causes for fervent gratitude and praise. On our own account as well as on theirs we should feel at once joyful and thankful.

*Secondly.* We ought earnestly to pray that the efforts of Satan, and other enemies of the truth, to mar and hinder the Lord’s work, may be thwarted.

Hitherto the movement has been remarkably free from the animal excitement and other extravagances which in this Province have brought discredit upon revivals, and caused everything of the kind to be regarded with suspicion. Even in the times of Edwards and Whitfield, the tares sown by the wicked One produced a melancholy harvest. Let us pray that Heavenly wisdom may be granted to *guide and strengthen* the Pastors of Churches and others who may take a part in securing the precious harvest.

*Thirdly.* We ought to *unite in earnest prayer* for the influences of the Spirit on the Churches of Nova Scotia.

Our need of revival is evident. How few comparatively of the young people in our Churches are coming up to the help of the Lord! How many heads of families have been for twenty years hearing the Gospel and still are not even “almost persuaded.” In all directions we see valleys covered over with dry bones, and they are very dry. The breath of the Lord, and no inferior power, can cause them to live. Meanwhile the living are to cry, “Come from the four winds O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live.” Union prayer meetings are now being held in all the large towns in the British Provinces, and also in many rural settlements.

We trust that the Ministers and Elders of our Church in these Lower Provinces will not be inactive spectators of this work, but will initiate meetings for prayer. A most attractive feature of the whole movement is the united heart and effort among all lovers of Jesus, though of different schools, in theology and Church government. May the spirit of grace and of supplications, of brotherly love and tender compassion for perishing souls, come down upon us in refreshing and invigorating showers. “God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us, that thy way may be known upon the earth, thy saving health among all nations.”

# THE MISSIONARY REGISTER,

OF THE

## Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia.

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

Vol. 9.

MAY, 1858.

No. 5.

### CONTENTS:—

FOREIGN MISSIONS.	PAGE.		PAGE.
Later intelligence from the N. Hebrides, . . . . .	225	Letter from Miss C. A. Geddie, . . . . .	238
Letter from Mr. Geddie, . . . . .	225	NEWS OF THE CHURCH.	
Extracts of Letter from Mrs. Geddie, . . . . .	226	Presentation at Harvey, N. B. . . . .	240
Letter from Mr. Gordon, . . . . .	227	Missionary Meeting in Princetown, P. . . . .	
A brief account of the fourth voyage of the "John Williams," by Rev. G. N. Gordon, . . . . .	228	E. Island, . . . . .	240
		Call, . . . . .	240
		Notices, Acknowledgments, &c. . . . .	240

### Foreign Missions.

#### LATER INTELLIGENCE FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

We are happy to announce that since our last number was issued letters have been received from our Missionaries, from Mr Gordon of date, Nov. 23rd, 1857, and from Mr Geddie dated Nov. 18th. These communications do not contain much additional to their former letters, but we are happy to learn the continued health of the missionaries, and that their work is still making progress. We give the latest letters in our present No. We have still on hand a long letter from Mr Geddie of older date which we must reserve for our next No.

#### LETTER FROM MR. GEDDIE.

REV. JAS. BAYNE.

*Aneiteum, Nov. 18th, 1857.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

I send these lines by a vessel which has called at this island on her way to China. I write rather to keep up correspondence than to communicate information. I have recently sent letters to you by way of Sydney to which I refer you for all information about the mission. The vessel which takes this letter has twenty-six Chinese passengers on board, to whom I have given portions of the New Testament in their own language for which they appear to be thankful.

They are now returning home from the Australian gold diggings and are now mourning the loss of £13,000's worth of gold which they attempted to smuggle without paying the required duty and which was seized from them. I had a letter from Mr Gordon lately. He and Mrs Gordon were well when it was written. The sandal-wood men and the natives of Erromanga have lately been quarreling. The result has been the burning of a sandal-wood establishment, and the shooting of some of the natives. As far as our information goes the white men appear to have originated these unhappy quarrels. But as the vessel which takes this will also call at Erromanga you will probably have full information from Mr Gordon on the subject.

Our latest news from Tana is very favourable. I mentioned to you in my last letter of the burning of the teachers' house at Port Resolution. We sent off our chief Nohoa, who speaks the language and knows the people, to investigate the matter and report to us. He spent three weeks on Tana and returned a few days ago accompanied by some Tanese. The deed was done as is supposed by a heathen man living at some distance from the harbour. But the people among whom the teachers live were so indignant that they burnt the principal house in the place where the suspected man resides. We deeply regret such an act as this. The Tanese at present are

anxious for more teachers, and we hope to send two married teachers next week in the *John Knox*.

The Bishop of New Zealand visited this island about three weeks ago on his return from the northern islands. He has been absent from this island about three months and touched at most of the islands between this and the Solomon group. He visited in all 66 islands and landed on 62 of them, and held friendly communication with the natives. He had on board of his schooner 33 natives, speaking ten different languages, whom he intends to take to Norfolk Island.—The Bishop has kindly offered to give us every assistance in his power to extend our operations northward.

I send with this the first three chapters of Revelation, which we have just printed. We do not intend to go further with this book at present. The Acts of the Apostles is now in the press and we have taken off the first sheet to-day.

Mrs Geddie has not been very well lately but is much better now. The other members of the mission are well. The summer rains have commenced and the weather is very hot and oppressive. We hope to visit Mr and Mrs Inglis to-morrow. Mr Geddie unites in kind remembrance to Mrs Bayne and yourself.

Ever yours, &c.

J. GEDDIE.

#### EXTRACTS OF LETTER FROM MRS. GEDDIE.

ANEITEUM, Oct. 30th., 1857.

Our kind friend the Bishop of New Zealand arrived yesterday from a three months' voyage among the islands. He has brought young men with him from the different islands, whom he intends to take to New Zealand, where they will remain for some months under instruction and then return to their own islands. In this way he hopes to make a good impression in the various islands which he visits and in time settle missionaries. The Bishop is accompanied and assisted by a young clergyman of the name of Pattison. He is an excellent young man and his whole soul appears to be devoted to his work. The Bishop and Mr Pattison took tea and spent last evening with us, and we did enjoy their company. We have had Mr and Mrs Gordon spending a fortnight with us; they returned to Erromanga last week. While they were here we visited part of our district,

so that they might see how we carry on missionary work here. We had a very pleasant and I trust profitable visit. They left here on Wednesday. I had sent over some of my girls the day before to Umetah to get our house in order for us. On the way we visited a school, and when we had finished examining the school finding the people had made a *Netta*, that is cooked an oven of food for us, we adjourned to the teacher's house and dined. Our dinner consisted of fowl, taro, and an Aneiteum pudding made of taro and cocoa-nut milk—our beverage being the refreshing water of the young cocoa nut, and I assure you we all did justice to our fare although we were minus plates, knives and forks, having sent them before us to Umetah, not intending to dine by the way. When we arrived at Umetah, we found the house put in order, the table laid, and a good dinner of taro, fish, and fowl awaiting us. On Thursday we visited the inland villages. The day was very fine and the scenery so wild and splendid, that we enjoyed ourselves very much. We walked, were carried, or rode on one horse by turns, namely, Mrs Gordon, Charlotte and myself. We had a large party of natives with us. I wish you could have seen us, we had three nuhuts or Palankeens. We visited three villages in that part. At every place we were presented with large quantities of food both cooked and uncooked. On Friday Mr Gordon and Mr Geddie visited the remaining villages in that part of our district, we ladies remaining at home to recruit after our two days' travelling. On Friday afternoon we met with the people of Umetah, examined the school, and returned here where we found everything in the best order, the natives having whitewashed the dining-room and verandah, and everything looked neat and nice. Mr and Mrs Inglis came round on Tuesday. On Sabbath following we had our Sacrament, and a very large gathering of people. On Monday evening Mr and Mrs Gordon left in the *John Knox* for Erromanga.

I am thankful to say we are all well, and our work is progressing. Our people are surrounded with many temptations now, we have so many sojourners here and so many vessels calling, yet I trust they may be preserved from falling into sin or bringing disgrace upon the cause. Charlotte is quite well. She teaches every day. John and Lizzie are

improving fast under her instruction. She also teaches three children of Mrs Underwood's and three of Henry's. We consider it our duty to have them taught as they had no school for them there. Of course Charlotte teaches them gratis, their parents could well afford to pay for them, but we did not wish to confine C. too much, and we told their parents if they chose, to send them on condition that Charlotte could dismiss at any time, that it was not convenient for her to attend. They were very glad to send them on these conditions.

We have delightful weather just now. It is the most pleasant time of the year here. The mornings and evenings are really delightful. The harbour, too, looks so beautiful, it is as smooth as glass. We have such a fine situation, I never tire admiring the beauties of the scenery which surrounds us. Before the windows where I am sitting, there is a beautiful oleander covered with splendid pink blossoms, there is also a trumpet plant with its pure white trumpet shaped flowers and a handsome tamarind tree. The monthly and creeping roses are in bloom and everything looks so spring like.

I must now say good-bye to you all. The Bishop sails to day and I have several letters to write. He and Mr Patison are to be ashore soon and I must hurry.

With love to all,

I am, yours affectionately,

C. L. GEDDIE.

#### LETTER FROM MR. GORDON.

EROMANGA, Nov. 23rd, 1857.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

As I have now an opportunity for sending letters to my friends by way of China, I feel constrained not to let it pass without sending you a few lines, although my present circumstances hardly permit of letter writing. An epitome of news is all you can now have.

You will be happy to learn that we are all in health and strength, working away each one at his own proper work, like a busy gang of diggers, sowers and planters on a farm in the spring, and that the good things of God's providence towards us are preponderating—as they generally do—far above the evil, so that we have more reason to sing than to weep at our work, although the silent tear will sometimes steal over the cheek.

If I were to relate to you some of the bloody scenes which have taken place of

late on this island, effected both by foreigners in revenge for some of their party who have been killed and eaten, and by the natives at some of their late feasts, you would, perhaps, think our situation really worse than what it is, and I therefore merely notice these circumstances without details.

A severe epidemic has visited this island of late. Mrs G. was one of the first who was seized by it after the prostration of her strength by a sea voyage, and she was so far gone, that we despaired of life for some minutes, while the pulse nearly ceased to move, and the springs of life seemed only kept in motion by friction. The affection of some of the natives for her was then peculiarly and strikingly manifested, and will not soon be forgotten. She is now at her wonted work, in God's good providence, as in times past; but one of the teachers and his wife are still prostrated. I hope to have them all off to the highland districts in a short time, whither I am going, where the climate is much more salubrious than in the lowlands.

The natives are manifesting much confidence in my medical knowledge, which alas! is too limited. None have yet died under my treatment of this malady. My medicines are now rapidly decreasing.

I am now busily engaged in translating simple and easy passages of scripture, such as the first chapter of Genesis, and hope to be able in May next to preach the first principles of the gospel to nearly all the Eromangans—(God-willing)—on a missionary tour which I purpose then to make and for which much preparations are necessary.

None of the chiefs has yet favoured us here in our work, and when I hear of the terms delight and desire used in relation to this people in their supposed wishes for missionaries, I of course, have my own thoughts on the subject. With the exception of those who have been to Samoa and two or three more, so delighted are the natives here with a missionary, that they will not help me to build a house nor give me even a yam or taro without payment, and the principal chief who was spoken of as wanting a missionary would not consent to allow me a path in a suitable place to the mountain while death was staring us in the face, and I had to purchase the privilege of a path from a native, so delighted are they moreover, that they would rather take from a missi-

onary than give him anything, and some of them have helped themselves to our best poultry—the good chief, we have been informed, or some of his wives who are liberal with ovens of food perchance. Now I expected to find such things among the heathen, and am therefore not the least disappointed by them.

I have recently received a note from Mr Geddie, from which I learn that they are all well on Aneiteum, and matters have again taken a favourite turn on Tana. He thought seven years ago that Tana could not be more open than it then was, but I hope he will find in 1858 a more favourable state of things there.

Many, many thanks, my dear Mr Bayne, for your care in giving me so much of the home news which will ever be acceptable to me. The missionary news is very cheering. All, all whom God called by his grace and providence come, come, come over and help us. A necessary question for a man to ask himself before leaving his home and coming to the foreign field, what have I done for the good of souls in the former?

Send letters, and all your periodicals Mrs G. would like to have a web of homespun from some of our kind friends with you when most convenient.

I must conclude as the vessel is leaving. Direct my parcels to Eromanga as it is possible more vessels will call here in future than Aneiteum on account of the failure of Sandal-wood there, which I wish was the case here.

Yours in bonds of love,  
G. N. GORDON.

Rev. J. Bayne.

#### A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE FOURTH VOYAGE OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS."

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

BY GEORGE N. GORDON, MISSIONARY  
TO WESTERN POLYNESIA.

(Continued.)

On the morning of the 6th, Mr Gill's family and furniture being on board, we were ready to depart for Rarotonga, when a circumstance took place which delayed us for two or three hours—Isaia's marriage. He has married a half caste whose father is a Frenchman, who was very reluctant to part with his daughter, and Isaia could not obtain his consent, till our barque was about to sail. Isaia said,

he never met with such a stubborn Frenchman. It was therefore quite a stirring scene when we were about leaving, for many flocked to the marriage, while others assembled on the mission premises, to bid Mr and Mrs Gill an affectionate farewell. Some rejoiced, while others wept bitterly, especially some of Mrs Gills' servants who had to carry away the children. After the marriage, Mr Gill thought it well to call on the father of the bride, and we therefore called on him before we went on board, who was much pleased with our visit, and gave his daughter \$150, and some boxes of clothing. We then bade Mr and Mrs W. W. Gill farewell and pressing our way through the multitude we got safely on board, and were soon off for Rarotonga. When Isaia and his bride came on board, Mr Turpil the first mate, called the sailors to give him three cheers.—Meanwhile the ducks, turkeys, and pigs which were taken on board, treated us to some discordant airs—by no means pleasant—which were superseded during the evening by the sweet notes of some of the native passengers who sang very melodiously. The following day, we landed on Rarotonga, which is the largest and most important of these islands, and consists of a mass of high mountains which give the island a remarkably romantic appearance. The sketches of the mission premises of this island, which are given in the "Gems from the Coral Islands," are very good,—but they are certainly defective in their exhibitions of the magnificent works of the Creator. The weather being unfavourable the *John Williams* was delayed at this island till the 15th, during which time we were much privileged with the company of Mr and Mrs Buzacott and family, who entertained us very hospitably. Mr B. has superintended the Normal School on this island for several years, and a printing establishment in which he employed six printers, and some book binders. We attended to several interesting meetings at this island, at one of which, five teachers and their wives were commended to God in prayer for His work in other islands. They seemed very much attached to Mr Buzacott and family, and parted from them with many tears. We bade the mission families an affectionate farewell on the evening of the 14th, and sailed for Aitutake the last island of this group at which the vessel is now to call. On the evening of the 16th we sighted

Aitutake, which is a low beautiful island, something like Mangaia, and our mission party which now only numbers 3, landed in one of the native boats which came to meet us, about sundown, and we were soon met after landing by the Rev Mr Royle—the faithful and devoted missionary of Aitutake—who received us with every mark of Christian affection. Some of the natives who took us on shore were neatly dressed, and having been in whale ships, could speak English. They said, that when they first saw the *John Williams*, they supposed she was a whale ship, but when they found out their mistake, they returned home to put on their best clothes. When the boat came near to the shore, a multitude of them rushed out into the water, and seizing the boat carried her with us all away upon the beach. They were loud in their praises of Mr Royle, to whom they seem to be very much attached as their spiritual father, pastor, and law-giver, or political counsellor.

I heard something of the silent progressive good work of Mr R. on this island before we landed on it,—but the one-half has not—and cannot be told till the day of “multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision.” I feel persuaded that if the churches would obtain anything like correct information in relation to the progressive success of the gospel in these islands, they should seek it more from the records of such laborious missionaries as Mr Royle, than from the reports of swallow visitors, who naturally write of things as they seem to appear, more than as they really are. It has been justly remarked of Mr Williams, that he could not content himself within the limits of a single reef, and it is in some degree, well that he could not,—but it is certainly for the eternal welfare of not a few souls in Polynesia, that such men as Mr Royle have been willing—against their natural will—if I may so speak—to content themselves within the limits of a single reef, and concentrate their labours, *for the most part*, on a circumscribed field of labour. Mr Royle, some of whose fearful conflicts with the powers of darkness on this island Mr Gill has so well described, was preceded by several native teachers, who, with but one or two exceptions, did more mischief to the cause of missions, than they ever did good. It were good, says Mr R., if foreign missionaries were never preceded in the field by some of these

men. It is obvious from the admirable address which Mr Williams delivered to some of the teachers whom he sent to these islands, that he knew well what kind of men evangelists to the heathen ought to be, although he was not very particular about the character of all he sent on this great work, for he did not consider it indispensably necessary that they should be all members of a Christian Church; and hence, nearly all the teachers whom he sent to Samoa fell into the sins of the heathen around them.—Such is the testimony of some of the Samoan brethren who have laboured for nearly twenty years in that group.

While we remained at Aitutake (which was not quite three days) we were much pleased to witness the excellent order which seemed to prevail in all ranks of society—among the aged and the young, who were much better clothed than the natives were at some of the islands at which we called. Women are not found here loitering about the wharves or markets. We visited one of their large school rooms to see their contributions of clothing for the Western missions, and were not only gratified, but much surprised to see such an industrial exhibition of native articles in Polynesia, as that which presented itself to our admiring vision when we entered the room. The room was lined with 200 hats, which sell for 3s. each in America, 150 bonnets, and 60 European garments, obtained from whaleships, besides 2916 yards of native cloths which were laid on the tables and benches very tastefully. They have also, during the past year, and part of the present, made up in money, arrowroot, &c., the sum of £312: 10s. for the London Missionary Society, besides large contributions in pigs and poultry to the mission ship. Their contributions in the aggregate amount to at least £450!! It is just to state, that the Mangaian who gave £500 (?) for their Bibles were forward, as the natives generally are, to supply the vessel with fruit and some other necessaries. We ceased to wonder at what we saw and heard of this people's zeal in good works when Mr Royle told us that some of them had been, of late, numbering and writing down the benefits which they had derived by the gospel, and found them to be 180! I gave them a short address on “faith which worketh by love,” as that by which a Church stands, which Mr Royle interpreted. They said that

they felt "it is more blessed to give than to receive." A grave looking man, whose son is a teacher to the heathen, came to bid us farewell. This is the man who was sent with a party of heathen to kill the first men who received the word of God in Aitutake, and to present their bodies as an offering to their god. He showed us how his spear—when uplifted to salute—trembled in his hand, at the mere mention of the name Jehovah—so that he could not fulfil his purpose. A strange feeling, he says, came over them, for which they could not account. We bade Mr Royle and family farewell, being grateful for benefits received from them, and on the 18th sailed for Samoa. Five or six boats, with large crews, accompanied us on board, and, on leaving the mission barque, reciprocated hearty cheers with our sailors. Our barque has lost one special attraction which she formerly had for them—the Godly, lovely, and loving Capt. Morgan.

We had an agreeable and prosperous voyage to Samoa, and cast anchor in Apia Harbour, which is the only harbor of Upolu, one of the chief islands of this group, on the 27th. We called by the way at Manna and landed a teacher and his wife, and took away the Rev Mr Powell and his family, who go yearly, if convenient, from Tutuila to look after the mission of this island, which retrogrades, Mr P. says, in the long absence of foreign missionaries, although an excellent teacher labours on this island. The islands of this group are not in general so romantic as some of those further east, but they are nevertheless exceedingly picturesque, being clothed with a dense forest of varied and beautiful evergreen trees to the very skirts of their coasts, some of which produce abundantly the richest and choicest fruits of tropical climates, so that Samoa may be called—"The garden of the Lord," and its inhabitants a generation of independent gentlemen. Soon after we anchored in the fine coral reef harbour of Apia, the Rev. Mr Murray who has laboured with considerable success for 20 years in this field, came off to give us a hearty welcome to this part of the Lord's vineyard, and we soon found ourselves comfortably situated under his hospitable roof, as Mr Geddie and family were when first landed on Tutuila—Mr M. being at that time labouring on Tutuila. We were sorry to find Mrs M. in a declining state of health, although she is convalescent dur-

ing the cool season. She is very devoted to the mission work, and seems content to live and die in the foreign field. This group consists of four islands, Manua, Tutuila, Upolu, Savaii, and contains a population of about 35,000, of whom 2000 have been gathered into the Christian Church, by the faithful missionaries who have been labouring in this group—some ten, and some twenty years. Those who are christians most properly so called, have kept themselves separate from the war parties, which have greatly disturbed these islands for the last few years. Peace is now established, and the missionaries are enabled to prosecute their arduous labours with fewer obstacles in their way, and brighter prospects of more general success. The evils resulting from these civil wars, are however, still manifest, for those who engage in war, though partially reclaimed from heathenism, soon, for the most part, return to their lewd night dances, tattooing, and other heathen abominations.—They believe they can do nothing worse than to fight. Some of their worst practices are the concomitants of war. There are nearly as many now enquiring the way to Zion as have been received into the Church, so that, if the missionaries were to do the work of the Lord carelessly, they might soon have a much larger number of church-members to report.

As the month of May is the season for holding missionary meetings and receiving annual contributions for the cause of Christ here as in Britain, I had the pleasure of attending one of these meetings at the Rev Mr Drummond's station, 12 miles from Apia, on the 7th inst. The natives took Mr Powell and I there in a whaleboat, which is the safest and quickest way of voyaging about these islands. Mr Williams advised the early missionaries of this group to get a little schooner to visit mission stations on the different islands, and they tried two, but found them dangerous, troublesome, and impracticable for their work, and were glad when they were lost. After trying schooners and large boats, they now find that no kind of a vessel is so suitable for going about the islands of this group as a whaleboat, which the natives manage admirably well in all weather, by the dexterous use of their paddles. There were 16 paddling our boat, and they sang songs like sailors pulling on a rope, the chorus of one of which was, A foi a,



O paddle. We had an adult meeting in the morning, and a juvenile meeting in the evening, both of which were well attended, and the collections which they made amounted to £45. They were all well clothed, and some of their dresses, especially the guinea dresses of the ladies, exhibited some of the best specimens of native cloth which I have yet seen. The little boys and girls came to the meeting in two distinct parties, each as uniformly and neatly clad as a regiment of soldiers. One of them, born of native parents, is as white and fair as a European child, which is not an uncommon circumstance. Mr Drummond, as Mr Royle and the missionaries in general of this group, protests against the practice of the Churches sending out clothing to the natives, as most injurious, in general, to the cause of missions.—And the reasons for such a protest are most palpable: 1st. They are all wealthy gentlemen here, among whom Mr Poverty was never permitted to have a night's lodgings; 2nd. They contribute largely to the wants of others; 3rd. It is impossible to distribute boxes of clothing in one settlement without awakening feelings of jealousy in neighbouring settlements or islands. Mr D. says that one of his teachers, who unaccountably became very careless, came to him one day and said, "Misi, the reason I don't care to teach your school now is, that the missionary at the other station gives his teachers more goods than you." Another missionary told me that he lost 16 teachers, who at first became disaffected in this way. Messrs. Royle, Drummond and several other missionaries, have prevented their friends from sending the natives clothing for several years, for they found that their friends from the purest motives, who thus sought to advance the cause of missions, did but retard the cause very materially. Contributions however of school materials, and small quantities of clothing for infant missions and training institutions, may be still received and advantageously appropriated.

It is worthy of remark that the missionaries sent to this group, who in general profess Independency, having been left, according to the constitution of the London Missionary Society, to follow out whatever form of church-government might seem to them to be most Scriptural, have slidden into Presbytery, and a modified form of Episcopacy, in relation

to the native teachers of each missionary's district, having for the most part found Independency an unwieldy, unworkable, and impracticable thing, for Polynesia at least. They found it necessary, at an early date, to establish a Church Court with all the power of a Presbytery to act in carrying on their missionary and pastoral operations, and to exclude from their number worldly-minded men if necessary. No book is permitted to be received for the benefit of the Churches here unless it has the sanction of this Church Court, which would have very quickly decided the "Rivulet" question in England last year. The best form of government in Israel was certainly not that which existed when every man did that which was right in his own eyes. When I was invited to attend their Committee I said, you mean Presbytery. "Yes," replied a brother, "that is just it; there is no need of going round about it." I heard a gentleman in Sydney say that Captain Erskine might be excused for such a little mistake as calling the Samoan missionaries Presbyterians. I think so too.

As the Polynesians are generally Cretans, they are much addicted from the womb to the natural sin of lying—thus showing their connection with the father of lies; and intelligent missionaries who have long laboured among them say, they are very slow in attaining any right knowledge of sin as sin, or of appreciating virtue as virtue. Mr D. preached to his congregation a short time ago on this sin, and made some plain statements which stuck in the conscience of one man especially, who came afterward to his pastor and said, "Misi, who told you about the mats—and—and—?" "Ah! I see," said Mr D., "that when a neighbour comes to you for a mat you tell him 'you have none,' while you have several stowed away." "And do you think, Misi, that any Samoan does otherwise?" "You do not mean to say that the church-members do so?" "Yes I do." The deacons or elders are called, and subsequently the Church, to investigate this matter. The first persons called upon to pray stick fast. This matter however is investigated thoroughly, and guilt generally confessed, and amendment of life promised. It is just to state that they sometimes use the negative, as above, when they only mean "I have none to give you." They nevertheless have some good practices among them of

long standing, such as successful fishermen dividing with the unsuccessful, and one settlement supplying visiting parties from another with abundance of cooked food. The people of Mr D.'s district gave our men 200 baskets of taro and nearly as many bunches of fish, besides several pigs, and they gave Mr Powell and me each a Benjamin's portion.

At this season our hearts were again made sore, and they bled afresh from the old wound which they received off the coast of Africa, by the sad tidings which came to our ears early on a peaceful morning when we were all at rest and happy—"The long boat, laden with goods for Mr Harbutt's station, sprung a leak last night three miles off the harbour and suddenly sunk with all on board, and but two natives have escaped from a watery grave by swimming to tell the sad tale. Meanwhile tears bedew the cheeks of some of our hardy sailors while the flag goes up for a pilot, and the word of command is given to unfurl the sails, weigh the anchor, and get the ship underweigh. All being done as was not wont to be done, the "John Williams" silently glided out of the harbour in search of the boat and the lost men, and returned in the evening without any tidings either of the boat or the men, one of whom was the second mate, who had the charge of the boat. Such questions as the following, during this time, were being seriously asked in relation to Mr. Griffin, the second mate, of whom it became known at an early part of the day, that he was the only one of whose safety no hope could well be entertained:—"Was he decidedly a pious man? How did he spend his last Sabbath?" to which no satisfactory answers could be given, although he was known to be a respectable young man, belonging to a good family. And another question was quietly asked by the servant of Christ who had last preached the gospel to him,—“Did I preach the gospel to him as one that must give account of souls to God?” While these questions were being asked, a voice was heard, before the sun went down on our sorrows,—Mr. Griffin is safe!—for which we gave God thanks. He had reached the reef to the south of the harbour late in the morning, and some women who were fishing assisted him to one of their houses. He had nothing but an oar to which to cling, and nearly lost his life after he reached the reef by being dri-

ven back again. It is quite possible that his mother, or some other relative, was praying for him, that his summer days of grace might be lengthened out, while he was hanging over the side of eternity.

Mr Murray has collected quite a congregation of Europeans on this island, to whom I have preached on several occasions; and there is some reason to believe that Mr M. has not preached the gospel to them in vain. There are some respectable families at Apia, among whom is a son of Mr Williams the missionary. In some islands nearly nine-tenths of the burdensome trials which missionaries have had to endure have arisen from runagate prisoners and sailors, who are monsters in wickedness.—The conversion therefore, of one of these men, magnifies the glorious conquering power of the gospel very much. Without Christ these unhappy men seem to be the most wretched of the wretched, while they wander up and down in this island world, which the Creator has so gorgeously ornamented and supplied with all that is needful for man for this life; and their minds are so little in unison with the beautiful, the sublime, and the good, that each of them might truly say of their new Paradisean home,

“With what delight could I have walked thee round,

If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods and plains;  
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest  
crown'd,

Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these

Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
Bane, and in heaven much worse would be  
my state.”

Oh! what would heaven be to the unregenerate, even to the most refined of society, if they were permitted unregenerated to enter that blissful dwelling place, but what edenic Polynesia is to these miserable souls, who have lost their God, and what have they more? Hell, methinks, would be more tolerable to an unconverted soul than heaven; and hence that dread prayer of the lost: “Rocks and mountains, fall on us and cover us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne”—the face of the Lamb!

*Decrease of Population.*—There is an opinion now too generally entertained in Britain and America, that the aborigines

of those countries which the Anglo-Saxons have taken for the extension of commerce and colonization, are doomed by some strange fatality to waste away before the latter, and that the aborigines of Polynesia are likewise destined, in the mysterious providence of God, to fade away as Europeans settle among them, and such sequences are consequently too readily received without careful enquiry into their accountable antecedents. I am happy to learn of late that this subject is now engaging the attention of such an eminent man as Dr Norris of the Royal Asiatic Society, and am sanguine that something more satisfactory on this subject will yet appear from his pen than anything which has yet been written on this important subject. Decrease of population, not accountable by epidemics or endemics, is no modern phenomenon. There was a time in the history of Britain when the decrease of her population became not only the subject of general attention, but of repeated legislative enactments; and there is, even now, a remarkable tendency in the wealthy and aristocratic bodies of Britain and Europe to decrease. Sir Eden, in his "History of the State of the Poor," says: "From 1488, and a century and a half after this period, *depopulation* continued to be the theme of the legislature." Thus, the stat. 4 Hen. VII. c. 19, asserting and lamenting the desolation of certain towns, affirms that "where in some towns 200 persons occupied, now there are two or three herdsmen;" and again, an Act of the fourth year of this reign, chap. 16, asserts that there is a great decay of people in the Isle of Wight. In the reign of Henry VIII. there were nine acts of Parliament passed for the express purpose of compelling the restoration of decayed towns and villages. And Mr. Doubleday, the author of a modern work on population, says "The peirage of England, instead of being old, is recent, and the baronetage, though comparatively of modern origin, equally so. In short, few, if any, of the Norman nobility, and almost as few of the original baronets families of King James I. exist at this moment; and but for the perpetual creations, both orders must have been all but extinct. Of James I.'s creation in 1611 only *thirteen* families now remain." The Roman, Venetian, and French nobility, have all exhibited the same extraordinary decrease, and nothing can save such families from anni-

hilation, but due attention to the laws of God. Mr. D. in his enquiries into the laws of population, comes to the conclusion, from statistics which he has collected on this subject, from India, Europe, Britain, and Ireland, that "the plethoric state is unfavourable, and the depletoric state favourable to increase." The effect of this general law which pervades alike the animal and vegetable kingdom, as applied to mankind, he states to be "that amongst the poorest classes of society there is a rapid increase; among the affluent there is a constant decrease; and among those who are tolerably well supplied with food, and are neither overworked nor idle, the population remains stationary. The population of a country is increased when a species is threatened with extinction, and decreased when the peril springs from a surplussage of food; and the transmission of disease, usually the consequence of luxury, is checked and remedied. Thus carefully is the species guarded from extinction by want on the one hand, and by implanted disease and vitiated and irregular action on the other. Now it is apparent, that during the period of general decrease in England, ease, plenty, and comfort, were predominant in the nation. Sir I. Fortescue, Chief Justice under Henry VI., in his celebrated treatise on the laws of England, asserts "That the men of this land are rich, having abundance of gold and silver, \* \* \* and are furnished with all other things necessary for a quiet and wealthy life, according to their states and degrees." Mr. Doubleday, in running up the testimony of several authors on this subject, says, "In short, the statutes against luxury went hand in hand, during this period of English history, with those complaining of the decay of towns and the decrease of the people." This decay of the British population seems to be now almost exclusively confined to those families which absorb the wealth of the nation, consuming it upon their lusts, for which some families of the nobility, in every reign, have obtained an unenviable notoriety.

But what reasons can be assigned to account for the decrease of population in Polynesia during this century? Some writers seek a solution of this question in the mulatto constitution of some of the Polynesians, which is supposed to be the result of an early commingling of races totally dissimilar, and others by attribu-

ting their decay to the introduction of alcoholic liquors, their own orange rum, tobacco, &c., while the author of a virulent article, of late, in the *Westminster Review*, seems to think that he has found the solution of the whole problem most successfully and satisfactorily in the destructive influence of Puritanism.

Now during my visit to several islands of the Pacific, where a decrease of population has taken place, I was most anxious to obtain all the information available on this important subject, and for this end, I consulted with the missionaries with whom I met, and wrote to others, while I carefully studied the works of Polynesian voyagers, for I was not satisfied with the causations which have been alleged for the depopulation of this fair portion of the world, which the beneficent creator has so richly garnished and fitted up for the accommodation and sustenance of a large population,—and after due attention to this subject, I have come to the conclusion, that the decrease of this race in several islands, is more to be attributed to the introduction of the *venereal disease* among them, than to any other cause whatever. This disease, has injured the stamina and lowered the tone of their vegetarian system, and left it more defenceless against the inroads of epidemics and endemics, than, perhaps, all other destructive evils combined. It is well known, wherever this dreadful curse of heaven upon the unclean, takes hold of the constitution of a people, so circumstanced, especially as the Polynesians generally are, it cannot be completely wiped away in one generation—if indeed it can in the second or third. Capt. Cook visited Tahiti; but two or three years after it was discovered, and he thus speaks of the fearful ravages which this disease had made among the Tahitians at that time:—"Their commerce with Europeans has already entailed upon them that dreadful curse which avenged the inhumanities committed by the Spaniards in S. America—the venereal disease. As it is certain that no European vessel besides our own, except the *Dolphin* and those under Mons. Bougainville ever visited the island, it must either have been brought by one of them or us. That it was not brought by the *colphin*, Capt. Wallis has demonstrated, and nothing can be more certain than that when we arrived it had made most fearful ravages in the island." He goes on further to state, that as it caused their

nails and hair to fall off and their flesh to rot upon their bones, they called it by a term which signifies *rotten disease*, the same as that, it is supposed, to which Solomon refers when he speaks of the flesh and body being consumed. The Tahitians asked some of the first missionaries who laboured among them, "How can your God be a good God, seeing his worshippers from Britain has brought us this horrible disease?" They did not at that time know that *Bougainville's vessels* were from France. I need not state, that their intercourse with the French latterly has not diminished the evils under which this unfortunate people is wasting away—although it has not entailed upon them any of the deprecated evils of hated puritanism. It is the opinion of a missionary who is well acquainted with the Tahitians, that they will cease to have any natural increase in about 10 years, which is now the case with the aborigines of Tasmania.

The missionaries who have been labouring among the aborigines of the Australian colonies, frequently refer in their reports to a *withering disease*, which some of them place in the climax of the evils under which that unhappy race is withering away. And if God, in mercy to the Malayo-Polynesians, had not sent them the gospel soon after they became known to the Christian world by men, who, in some degree were able to administer to their physical as well as their spiritual wants, the decrease of population among them would have been much greater than it now is. In the Austral Islands e. g., once populous, but where no European missionaries have resided since they have been visited by foreigners—"are now supposed to contain but one thousand."—O thou false tongue! that would charge the self-denying benefactors of this race with the crime of destroying them. They all say that this disease came to them by *Bougainville's vessels*. Dr Paley, speaking of the sin of uncleanness, says, "It is observable that this particular sin corrupts and depraves the mind and moral character more than any simple species of vice whatsoever. It prepares an easy admission for every other sin. In low life, it is usually the first stage in a man's progress to the most desperate villainies, and in high life, to that lamentable dissoluteness of principle which manifests itself in a contempt of the obligations of religion and moral probity." And another

faithful servant of God, justly remarks, that "when Job vindicated himself from the calumnies of his friends, and declared his innocency in relation to this sin, he asks, 'Is there not a strange punishment to the workers of iniquity? And is there not now a strange punishment occasioned by lewdness? Is there not a loathsome, painful, disgraceful, *destructive disease* introduced by this vice, such as marks with peculiar infamy the offending victim, clearly manifesting the anger of God against it?'"

It is just, however, to state, that the decrease of population in Polynesia is not nearly so great as some voyagers have supposed who have frequently made great mistakes in their estimates of the population of several islands. Tahiti, e. g. which was never known to contain more than 18,000 inhabitants, was at one time supposed to contain 120,000. In the Samoan group and some other islands where missionaries have laboured for more than 20 years—no decrease of population has yet been ascertained, further than that which has been occasioned by war, while in some few islands, it is said, the population has increased.

*Polylottism.*—From all the information which I have been enabled to obtain on this subject, from a variety of sources, I think there is much reason to believe, that that the aborigines of Australia and Polynesia spoke but two languages each of which though diverse from each other in vocabulary and dialectic distinctions, nevertheless bears much analogy to each other in their grammatical construction. That of Eastern Polynesia has been termed the Malaya-Polynesian language; and that of the West, which seems to be spoken by the black race generally, may be termed the Papuan language, which is much distinguished from the former by hard consonantal sounds and wide dialectic distinctions. The Tana dialect of this language has not only the exclusive and inclusive property of the Pronoun and Dual, but also a Triptial or Trial, as may be seen in the following example:—

## PRESENT TENSE.

Sing. v. To make.

1 Jau—Jakamo.

2 Jik—iko.

3 Jin—ramo.

D. ex. 1 Kamrau—irao.

D. inc. 1 Kararau—karao.

2 Kimirau—irao.

3 Jrau—karao.

Trip. ex. 1 Kamrabar—ihaniaro.

" inc. 1 Katabar samaro.

2 Kimirabar—igmaro.

3 Jrahbar—hamaro.

Pl. ex. 1 Kamaba—iahamo.

Pl. inc. 1 Ketaha—samo.

2 Kimiaha—iamo.

3 Jlah—hamo.

## PAST TENSE.

Sing.

1 Jau—Jakanauro.

2 Jik—ikanamo.

3 Jin—ramo.

D. ex. 1 Kamrau—irao.

D. inc. 1 Komirau—karao.

2 Kimirau—irao.

3 Jrau—karao.

Trip. ex. 1 Kamrabar—ihameio.

Trip. inc. 1 Ketahar—samaro.

2 Kimirabar—iamero.

3 Jrahbar—hamaro.

Pl. ex. 1 Kamaba—iabamo.

Pl. inc. 1 Ketaha—samo.

2 Kimiaha—biauro.

3 Jlah—hamo.

## FUTURE TENSE.

Sing.

1 Jau—iako.

2 Jik—iko.

3 Jin—ro.

D. ex. 1 Kamrau—iaro.

D. inc. 1 Karau—karo.

2 Kimirau—ira.

3 Jrau—karo.

Trip. ex. 1 Kamrabar—iahawaro.

Trip. inc. 1 Ketahar—saro.

2 Kimirabar—kiero.

3 Jrahbar—baro.

Pl. ex. 1 Kamaba—iabo.

Pl. inc. 1 Ketaha—karo.

2 Kimiaha—bio.

3 Jlah—ho.

There seems to be a deficiency of verbal particles in this dialect as far as it is known. The only thing, says Mr. Turner, which we found in the shape of a substantive verb was SE RA. The Taneses count by their fingers; hence, to make up the number 24, they say, "Sina nic minanu aremama riti kefa," none left of one man and four of another.—"The natives of this island," Mr. Nesbit says, learn the English language readily, and speak sentences correctly, before they understand their meaning." On one occasion, Mr. N. says, while he was teaching one of them something he did not understand, he looked up and said, "You gooe."

*Mythology.*—Their religious rites and ceremonies seem to have been nothing but a corruption of the Jewish Ritual, as their refuges, altars, sacrifices, and rite of circumcision clearly demonstrated. In the western islands they do not worship idols of their own hands' making, but attach superstitious belief to the power of charm-stones and some living crea-

tures. The Tanese wash their bodies in water after touching a dead body.

*Native Agency.*—No one who knows anything about missionary operations in heathen lands, where there is such a dearth of labourers, can doubt the importance of native agency in disseminating the knowledge of the true God; and among converts from heathenism in all countries, some have been always found more suitable than their fellows for this blessed work. The following address, delivered by a Tahitian some time ago at a prayer meeting, on our Lord's exhortation to His disciples to "watch," will illustrate the truthfulness of this remark: "We know who saith this; it is Jesus. He saith it to us. "Watch, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh." We are to watch lest we be tripped by sin and fall; we are to watch lest death overtake us unprepared. We should have our lamps burning that we may see every danger. You have heard of the death of the prince of Tairapu. It was war time, and his canoe rode upon the water near to the shore, and he and his attendant warriors watched; but at length sleep stole upon them. At the approach of cock-crowing, the cry of the curlew came, and the watchman awoke his prince, and said, "the cry of the curlew breaks upon mine ears—an enemy is near—awake, my prince." The prince replied, "The morn approaches, the curlew will cry, and the cock will crow; wherefore do you disturb me? let me alone." Again the cry of the curlew came to the watchman's ears, and he awoke his prince, and said, "The curlew cries again! an enemy is near—awake, my prince!" The prince raised himself, and said, "The morning glimmers, the curlew will cry, and the cock will crow; leave me to my sleep!" Once more the curlew's cry\* was heard—then the tramp of the warrior—the blow of the enemy's trump,—and the prince was dead. It is the voice of Jesus that here awakes us; his language comes to our ears—"Watch, for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh." Let us not die the death of the prince of Tairapu; let us not, as we are awaked again and again, sleep on in sin, lest our death be as sudden and terrible as his was."

\* This bird frequents streams, and when disturbed, gives a shrill cry. The missionaries call it the Cur.

I am however strongly inclined to believe, from all that I have heard and seen of native pastors and teachers in this mission field, that the most legitimate sphere of native agency in the missionary work here, is one similar to that which the Church Missionary Society generally assigns to the worthy school-teachers, whom that Society trains in its Normal Institutions. Some parts of this field is suffering more for want of efficient pious school-teachers than native preachers. Some of the missionaries in the eastern islands state that it is easier to find ten preachers among their Churches than one good school-teacher. In no country can a staff of good school-teachers be of so much importance as in a country like this, where the inhabitants, previous to the introduction of the gospel, were all ignorant of letters.—Every island therefore of any importance requires as an indispensable requisite for the right instruction of such a people two or three missionaries at least, and a Normal School, especially in Western Polynesia, where there is such a great distinction of dialects. Some of the native converts are invaluable assistants in the missionary work, but as they are too generally, when left to themselves without an instructor, as unstable as water, they cannot excel, and therefore, missionaries say, they cannot find any of them fit to take the absolute charge of a congregation. Many sad proofs of this statement could be easily given, which would all go to prove the truthfulness of the following statement of the Rev Mr Buzacott, who has been for several years an instructor of young men in the Rarotongan Seminary:—"The most efficient teachers soon become inefficient when left to themselves." That there are fields in Polynesia efficiently worked "by native teachers and pastors" is a mere assumption.

*State of the Mission in Eastern Polynesia.*—Exceedingly critical, very much more so than the Churches of Britain and America are, alas! willing to believe. This peril arises from three causes: 1st. The number of Protestant missionaries are decreasing; 2nd. The number of Roman Catholic missionaries are increasing; 3rd. The French are extending their influence, in opposition to Scriptural missions, over Polynesia east and west. About twelve years ago there were 45 missionaries of the London Missionary Society in Polynesia, and

there are now but 16 efficient missionaries of that Society in this important field. Some of the original number have entered into rest, while others have gone to Britain and the Australian Colonies; and still they go. Those who remain are thus proportioned over the field:—Tabiti and the Society Islands—the Rev Messrs. Howe, Barff, junr., and Chisholm—3; Hervey Islands—the Rev Messrs. Royle, George Gill, and W. W. Gill—3; Samoa—the Rev Messrs. Turner, Murray, Nisbit, Pratt, Harbut, Powell, Stalworthy, Drummond—8, one less than the number of Popish missionaries now in this group; Loyalty Islands—the Rev Messrs. Craigh and Jones—2. The Rev C. Barff, who has been 40 years in the field, is about to retire to one of the Colonies, and the Rev Mr Buzacott has to leave the field, after a valuable service, on account of ill health. Mr Ella, the mission printer of the Society in Samoa, expects to leave the field in a short time. The Roman Catholic missionaries claim the Polynesian mission field as their own, because the Pope has given it to the Society of Marists, who are now actively engaged in seeking to supplant Protestant missionaries and subduing Polynesia under the influence of Rome; and they have succeeded in wresting Wallis islands and Rotuma out of the hands of the Wesleyans, and they are succeeding in wresting Tahiti and some other islands out of the hands of the London Missionary Society. In relation to the Samoans they write thus:—"Can we forget that they are our own children, since they belong to the mission of Marists; and already the fruits of salvation wrought by the intercession of Mary, Our Lady of Victories, are very great. Many of the chiefs of Upolu join their entreaties to those of our christians in order to obtain missionaries." One of these chiefs says that he would receive missionaries from the Devil if they would bring him property.—The first idol\* which the Upolucans ever saw was introduced among them by the Roman Catholic priests. It was introduced among them in the following novel manner:—"A vessel called the 'St Mary' got wrecked some time ago at Upolu, and a native got the figure head, in a maimed state, and disposed of it to the priests, who got new arms put on to it, and they sat it up in their holy place.

The natives, in general, look upon it as an idol. The priests at Samoa expect that the French Government will soon assist them in evangelising the Samoans, and there were rumours of the French coming to take possession of Upolu while we were at that island.

I am sorry to state that some of the senior missionaries of the Wesleyan Society at the Tonga Islands, who withdrew their agents from Samoa to suit the arrangements made by the Directors of the London Missionary Society with the Directors of the Wesleyan Society about the respective portions of the Polynesian mission field which each Society should occupy, have shown a disposition of late to disregard those arrangements, and have sent their agents to Samoa, who are setting up opposition to those of the agents of the London Missionary Society, than which it is difficult to conceive of any thing more injurious to the cause of missions.

The excellent Wesleyan brethren of the Fiji mission I have been informed, disapprove of the conduct of the Rev Mr Turner of Tonga in this matter. Mr Turner and Mr Williams were originally much interested in the conversion of the Samoans. Mr W. was chiefly instrumental in diffusing some knowledge of the Gospel among 50,000 of the Eastern Polynesians, of whom the missionaries of the L. M. S., who have laboured faithfully for the last twenty years in the Pacific, have gathered into the Church of Christ about 6000. *Eighty thousand* is the aggregate number of Church members reported by all societies. It is marvelous that the talented author of the Martyr of Eromanga, should have allowed his zeal to have run away with his wits, in some of his exceedingly extravagant statements about the success of the gospel in Polynesia about the time of the death of Mr Williams. When the Christians of England began to idolize Mr Williams, God took him away, and carried on his work by weaker instrumentality; and when too high statements about the piety of the Tahitians were being reiterated at Missionary Meetings, God sent them a sifting time, and the result already teaches us some important lessons in relation to God as a jealous God.

[The conclusion of this Narrative, being his voyage to and arrival at Aneiteum, and settlement on Erromanga, will be found in our February No.]

\* The first idol made by human hands.

LETTER FROM MISS C. A.  
GEDDIE.

ANKITEUM, July, 3d. 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—

We left London on July 22nd. on board the good ship "John Williams". Our company consisted of Rev John Barff and lady, missionaries returning to the Society Islands, Rev W. B. Philip and lady, missionaries to South Africa, Rev. Mr and Mrs Gordon, Mr and Miss Stower, relatives of Mr Howe at Tahiti, three children of missionaries returning to the Cape of Good Hope, and myself. My dear sister Lucretia and a kind lady accompanied me to Gravesend. It was a sorrowful day to me as I left so many kind friends in England. I was placed under the care of Mr and Mrs Barff. We had a very pleasant voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, and fine weather most of the way, so we were able to work and read as we did not suffer much from sea sickness, and in the evenings we used to sing.

When a vessel came in sight it caused great excitement, as we were very anxious to send letters, but no such opportunity occurred.

We arrived at the Cape on the 1st of October at six o'clock in the evening. As soon as we anchored Rev Mr Thomson came off and invited us all on shore.

The sun was just setting as we landed, and I never saw anything more beautiful, great dark Table Mountain with the town just at the base, and the smooth bay. I spent the time at Mowbray at a missionary's house six miles from the town, his daughter was an old school-fellow of mine.

The day after we arrived some of us took a nice long walk, and never did grass look so green, or flowers so beautiful, and never did I so enjoy my tea (after our passage of 10 weeks) at a table where tea-cups, saucers, &c., did not tumble about, as at the Cape. The Town itself is not pretty, it is half Dutch and half English, in going through the streets you would notice very much the mixed population, English, Dutch, Malays, Malagasee, Hottentots, and a great many half castes.

On the 6th of October we left and, for the first week we had very fine weather, but after that it began to get rough and cold. In Lat. 43 South we saw a very large iceberg, the first one that I ever saw, it looked very beautiful, but

made us rather uneasy, as we were afraid we should get among the icebergs. Soon after this we had a heavy gale, in which the bowsprit was carried away; we were in considerable danger, the ship was rolling so much, that it was difficult to secure the masts, which were loosened by the loss of the bowsprit, and we sighted some islands not down on the Chart, and which we could not have seen in the dark nights. One of the boats was also carried away.

Within six weeks of leaving the Cape we arrived at Hobart Town. The town is situated 30 miles up the river Derwent, so that after entering the Heads, we had quite a pleasant sail, and admired the scenery very much. As soon as the vessel anchored the Independant minister and several other gentlemen came on board and invited us on shore. When we got there we found that we were all invited to different places. I spent a short time at Mr Hopkins out at New Town. A large party went down the river in a steamer to visit the remaining aborigines of Tasmania. There are only 17 of them and the Government have settled them at Oyster Cove. They live in small weather boarded houses on three sides of a square of grass. Their Queens name is Mary Anne. She is a very large woman, but all the others are very small indeed. The Queen's house was rather better than the others and very neat. She had a small library of English books, for she reads and speaks English. As we had to return that night, we could not spend so much time as we would have wished with them.

We spent three weeks at Hobart Town and then eight days' sail brought us to Melbourne. The town is situated on lowland, three miles from Hobsons Bay where all the large vessels anchor, so passengers have to go up in the train or omnibus. There are some fine wide streets in Melbourne, and a great deal of business appears to be going on. As it was the first visit of the "John Williams" to Melbourne, much interest was taken in her. One day all the Sunday School and other children in the town and suburbs visited the ship. Between two and three thousand persons were on board that day. The children seemed to enjoy themselves very much. They all came down to the wharf in the train, some of them had never been on a railway before, so it was a double treat to them.

The morning we left Melbourne (Jan.



1st., 1857) a farewell Breakfast in the Public Hall of the Mechanics Institute, and then a number of speeches were made. Some friends accompanied us on board the "John Williams" in a steamer engaged for the purpose. We arrived in Sydney on the 6th of January. Dr Ross kindly invited me to stay at his house, I enjoyed the time in Sydney very much. We left Sydney January 27th and reached Tahiti after a voyage of six weeks. We had brought Mr Howe from Melbourne, where he went for his health. He left Mrs Howe in Tahiti, he was very glad to get back again. The French have made quite a town at Papiete. We were only four days at Tahiti. We made short visits to Huahaine and Raitea, at Raitea we saw Queen Pomare, who had come over from Tahiti in the French steamer, she looks rather old and careworn. She was dressed in a loose black silk gown, and no shoes on.

We were five days going from Raiatea to Mangaia, where the Rev. G. Gill and Rev. Wyato Gill labour. It is a very small island, but the most romantic one I have seen. The mission premises are situated on a small piece of shore, and a hill rises directly behind them, as steep as a wall. The natives have cut steps (fine broad ones) by which to ascend as all their houses are on the top. I had a delightful ride on horseback across the island, the rocks covered with creepers look exactly like old ruins. One morning a great many of the natives came from the other side of the island with presents of food for us. My heap consisted of Taro, Breadfruit, Cocoa-nuts, Sugar-cane and Oranges. There is no harbour at Mangaia, so we had to cross the reef in canoes, and I think you would have laughed to see Mrs Gordon and myself in one of them and a native with a paddle waiting for the proper moment and wave to take us over. We spent six days at Mangaia and then sailed for Raratonga, we were only 36 hours going. Mr Buzacott has a very nice place there, and the students have very pretty little houses. We were a week at Raratonga, the bad weather obliging the Captain to go out to sea as there is no harbour. In three days we reached Aitutaki, the last of the Hervey Islands we called at. Rev. Mr Royle is the missionary there. We remained only two days and sailed for the Samoas. We were seven days going, we called at Manua, then went on to Upolu the principal island. The missionary

Mr and Mrs Turner with whom I stopped when in Samoa before, kindly invited me to go there again. He lives about twelve miles from the harbour, and the sail down was very pleasant, we left in a boat early in the morning, we had ten natives paddling, and they sang native songs and all kept time.

We were nine days coming from the Samoan Islands to Aneiteum, it was rather rough, two nights before we arrived a squall of wind took us suddenly and carried away one of the sails, and broke one of the yards. You may think how impatient I was to get on shore. We entered the harbour just as the sun set and the moon rose. Papa with a crew of nicely dressed boys came off in the boat, and took me on shore. I did not recognize my parents at all at first. I saw my dear brother John for the first time. The "John Williams" remained over Sabbath. On that day we all went to church, first there was native service, and I saw how great the change is since I left. When I was here last there was a very small church and I never saw it filled, now the large church was filled with an attentive congregation. In the afternoon we had English service. On Monday afternoon, a missionary meeting was held, Mr Harbutt and Mr Drummond made speeches, which my dear Papa translated; then several of the natives spoke. The people had made a large quantity of mats for Mr and Mrs Gordon also some dresses of a plant for clothing for the heathens at the other islands. I am sure you would have enjoyed the sight, although you could not understand the speeches, for I could not.

We are now looking every day for the arrival of the "John Williams" from the islands beyond this. Mr and Mrs Inglis have gone round in her, she has been away three weeks. Papa will tell you of his going to Erromanga in our pretty little vessel, the "John Knox" to help Mr Gordon begin.

I am longing to be able to speak the language. Papa has fitted up a very nice little schoolroom where I am to teach my dear sister and brother. I am going to begin when the "John Williams" has returned and left again. We have some very beautiful walks here, there is a hill behind our house, and from the top we can see a long distance along the shore and every here and there a neat white school house. I have only seen the bright side of things yet. Papa and Mamma are bu-

sy from morning to night, and I think if any one has cause to be proud of their parents, I have.

Believe me to remain,  
Your grateful and  
affectionate young friend,  
CHARLOTTE ANNE GEDDIE.

## News of the Church.

MR. EDITOR,—

As you often provoke us to love and good works by acquainting us with what others are doing to encourage their spiritual instructors, we feel that it is right you should know what we are doing in this remote part of your Church.

Some of the scholars of the Rev Samuel Johnston's Sabbath School waited upon him on the 23rd of February to express their affection to him and their appreciation of his labours by presenting, him with useful articles of household furniture to the value of £5 12s. 10½d. This in addition to a handsome clock and a set of chairs presented by Robison & Co. it is hoped will be serviceable to him in furnishing his house. In making presents to ministers should not the ministers wife be more regarded than she commonly is.

Yours sincerely  
RALPH BRIGGS.  
Sab. Sch. Treasurer.

Harvey, N. B.

On Tuesday, the 9th of March, the Annual Meeting of the Bible and Missionary Society of the Presbyterian congregation of Princetown was held in the church, after an excellent and suitable discourse by Mr John McKinnon, preacher of the Gospel, from Isaiah xlv. 22-25. The President, having opened the meeting with prayer, made some statements respecting the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Mission of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia to the South Seas, and read extracts from Bible and Missionary Reports. The Secretary then stated the amount of the funds which had been collected for the present year which were then appropriated as follows:

To the Foreign Mission,	£27	12	5
To the British and Foreign Bible Society,	10	0	0
To the Domestic Mission,	5	0	0
To the Jewish Society,	5	0	0

To the Seminary of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, with whatever amounts still to be collected,

1 0 0

£48 12 5

The meeting was then addressed by all the Ministers of the Presbytery, which was immediately thereafter constituted by the Moderator, and heard a homily from Donald Gordon, student.

CALL.—The congregation of Baddeck on the 22d. March gave a unanimous and cordial Call to the Rev James Watson to be their pastor. The Rev James Thomson preached on the occasion.

### Notices, Acknowledgments &c.

Monies received by the Treasurer from 20th March to 20th April, 1858.—

For Foreign Mission.

April 1—Wm Irvine, Barney's River	£0	5	0
James McDonald, do		5	0
Mrs McDonald, do		5	0
13—Juvenile Miss. Soc., 2d cong'n, Maitland	3	0	0
Ladies' Rel. & Ben. Soc., Saint John's Church, Chatham, NB	2	10	0

Home Mission.

April 1—Juvenile Miss. Soc., 2d cong'n, Maitland	3	0	0
Collection taken in Primitive Church, N. G.	23	11	7
13—Ladies' Rel. & Ben. Soc., Saint John's Church, Chatham, NB	2	10	0

Seminary.

Ladies' Rel. & Ben. Soc., Saint John's Church, Chatham, NB	2	0	0
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### Terms of the Instructor and Register.

INSTRUCTOR and REGISTER, single copies, 5s each. Any person ordering six copies, and becoming responsible for six copies, will receive one free. For Register, single copies, 1s 6d each. six copies to one address at 1s 3d each. One additional sent for every twelve copies ordered. Where parties wish them addressed singly, 1s6d will be charged.

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

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