



# *The Church Missionary Gleaner*

Church Missionary Society













THE

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# CHURCH MISSIONARY

## GLEANER.

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A SHEAF OF THE FIRST-FRUITS.

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THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



NATIVES OF ABBEOKUTA.

#### A FEW WORDS TO OUR READERS.

IT is painful to remember how many millions there are of our fellow men who are suffering, not from a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but a famine of hearing the words of the Lord. A famine of bodily food is most fearful. When the rice crops have failed in India, or the potato crops in Ireland, the scenes of distress which have followed have been sad indeed. Who could be present in the midst of a suffering people, and refuse to help to the utmost of his power? But when the bread of life is withheld from men, do their souls suffer less than their bodies when they are destitute of needful food? Does not the sickness of the soul, the pestilence of sin, rage fearfully wherever the bread of life is wanting? And is it not true that the sickness of sin, if not healed, is indeed a sickness unto death?

Shall we behold unmoved the misery of man, the darkness which covers the earth, and the gross darkness the people? How necessary that they should be more felt for, that they should be helped more willingly! And this is the object of the present Publication, the first Number of which we now present, to bring before our readers some of the realities of distant lands, that they may have an opportunity of comparing the condition of their inhabitants with our own. How great the difference between the English Christian on the tranquil Sunday morning, going with his family to Church—the full Congregation, the sounds of prayer and praise, the welcome Gospel coming with such refreshing power on the soul—and the dark deeds of heathen lands, the war Chief leading forth his followers to strife and bloodshed, the cruel murders, the cannibal feasts! How different the scenes that are going forward on the same day in different portions of the earth! When we find our own spiritual privileges welcome, how slow we are to think of the numbers who have none! How little we have of the mind of Him, who, when He was in glory, thought of those who were in sorrow; and though He was rich, yet for our sakes became He poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich.

But we would wish to bring before our readers, not only what is sorrowful, but what is encouraging and joyous. We would tell what God has done among the Heathen; that He has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. The means we have used, and the efforts we have made, God has blessed beyond all we could have expected. Missionaries have been sent out to distant lands, and light has been kindled where there was none. Sinners have been converted, and souls have been saved. Congregations have been collected, and they who wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way, who found no city to dwell in, have found Him who is as “the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” There are bright specks

on the dark wastes of Heathenism: there are the Missionary Stations where the Gospel is beginning to shine. How bright they seem amidst the gloom around! And at these places many wonderful things are going forward, of which no English Christian ought to be ignorant. We would wish to bring near these happy scenes, to make more fully known what is so delightful and encouraging.

Such are the objects we propose. We would glean here and there from the wide field of Missionary labour. We do not promise more than gleanings. Still, we have eaten good bread made of the gleanings of the corn-field; and when the field of Missionary information has been reaped for our larger publications, we doubt not that more than enough will remain for the benefit of this.

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#### OUR MISSION AMONG THE YORUBAS.

THERE is no part of the world which has a stronger claim on the pity of Englishmen than Africa. In every portion of the earth, man, left to himself, without light from above, grows worse and worse: horrible superstitions get power over him, and he is drawn away into fearful crimes. But Africa has been a sufferer, not only from the evils which have arisen from the corrupt hearts of her own children, but from evils which have come upon her from without. The slave-trade did not *begin* with the Native: he was taught it by others. The Moors on the north, and White Men on the western shore, taught him to be a man-stealer. At first he was averse to such a traffic. He would have preferred to give his ivory, or indigo, or gold-dust, in exchange for the European goods which he wished to have; but the trader's law was—Slaves, or no trade; and the temptation was too strong for him; and thus Africa has been for ages wasted with the slave-trade. Its working on the coast has been felt far in the interior, and has made nations to sorrow who have never seen a White Man.

As the Sheik of Bournu said to Major Denham twenty-five years ago, "You say true, we are all the sons of one father. You say, also, that the sons of Adam should not sell one another, and you know every thing: God has given you great talents. But what are we to do? The Arabs who come here will have nothing else but slaves."

Perhaps there are few of the African nations which have suffered more severely from the effects of the slave-trade than the Yorubas. They were once the most populous and powerful nation of Western Africa, even more so than Dahomey, which is now in great strength. But the slave-trade has wasted them.

The slave-dealers began to frequent their coasts, and the people began to taste the profit of slave-dealing. They had now the opportunity of having European goods, if they could only find the means of purchasing them. About the year 1817 tribe rose against tribe, and they began to wage deadly feuds with each other.

Petty quarrels, like sparks falling among combustibles, kindled bitter wars. The worst people in the country, uniting in a strong body, went from place to place, attacking one town after another, until the whole country was in disorder. The prisoners were driven down to the sea-shore and sold as slaves. The part of the Yoruba kingdom which suffered most from these causes is the Egba province, which lies between the Kong mountains and the sea-shore. It used to have a King, who was subject to the King of Yoruba; but the town where he resided, called Ake, was ruined in these times of trouble, and since then the Egbas have had no King.

It pleased God, in His providence, that many of the Yorubas, who had thus been sold as slaves out of their country, should be brought to Sierra Leone. The Rev. Samuel Crowther was one of the first of these. He reached Sierra Leone in the year 1822. He did not come from the Egba province, but from Eyó, the upper part of the Yoruba kingdom, beyond the Kong mountains. The wars in this part of the kingdom commenced before those in the Egba province. Mr. Crowther was soon followed by very many others of his own nation, and especially, after a time, from the Egba province. These people were thus brought within the reach of Christian instruction. Heathen in their own country, they had now the opportunity of learning Christ, and many of them did so: they became sincere Christians; and as Christianity, whenever it obtains influence over a man, and becomes the religion of his heart, wonderfully changes him for the better, they became very different from what they would have been had they continued in their own heathen land.

Meanwhile, in the Egba province a new town had been commenced. Several of the Egbas had fled for security to a rocky lonely place called Olumo. Here, under a great rock,\* was a large cave, where they hid themselves, living as well as they could on roots, and such wild animals as they could catch. Others found out the same hiding-place; and, as their numbers increased, they built a town around the rock, which they called Abbe-okuta, or Under-stone. When their enemies heard this, they came to fight with them; but they defended themselves valiantly, and the population of Abbeokuta continued to increase.

In the year 1839 some of the Egbas went back to their own country, and sent to Sierra Leone such encouraging accounts of what they had seen at Abbeokuta, that many were persuaded to follow them. The pious Yorubas in the Colony also wished to go back to their own land. They remembered the relatives and friends from whom they had been separated, and hoped to find them again. They were long prevented from returning, by a dread of losing their Christian privileges; and often, with tears in their eyes,

\* An Engraving of this rock is given in the Church Missionary Paper for Lady-Day 1850.

they begged that a Missionary might be sent with them. At last their entreaties prevailed. The Rev. H. Townsend was sent, in the year 1842-43, to examine what encouragement there was for the commencement of a new Mission, and his report was so favourable, that a Yoruba Mission was begun. Our Missionaries, after long delay on the sea-coast, in consequence of fresh wars which had broken out, reached Abbeokuta in 1846.

Mr. Townsend, when he lately visited England, published some engravings of the people of Abbeokuta, their customs and idolatries, accompanied with notes of explanation.\* Our Frontispiece is one of them. It represents a group of Abbeokuta people, and the different dresses worn by men and women. The figures are thus described by Mr. Townsend—

The figure in the centre is dressed in short trowsers, and a sort of white frock without sleeves, adorned with braiding disposed in fanciful forms. This garment is made of a strong material, and commonly worn by those engaged in the active business of life. The cap resembles an English hat without the brim, and is such as is commonly worn.

The figure to the left wears a large cloth of ample size, passed over the left shoulder, under the right arm, over the breast, and then again over the left shoulder, terminating at the back, and leaving the right arm at liberty. This cloth is not fastened, but is merely held together by the left arm, and frequently needs re-adjustment. Old and respectable men usually shave their heads, and wear no covering on them, except occasionally a sort of handkerchief, which is laid flat on the head.

The female figure on the right is attired in two or three cloths, tied round the body under the arms: in her left hand is a small calabash. The women frequently go about without a head-dress; but sometimes wear a piece of narrow cloth tied round the head in a knot behind, the ends of which are fringed, and hang down to the back, forming a sort of tiara. They take great pride in plaiting their hair, in which they display much neatness and taste.

Both males and females are fond of adorning themselves with beads, metal armlets and ankle rings: they also tattoo the face and various parts of the body, each family or tribe possessing a mark of its own.

At the end of three years we find that this new Mission in its growth has surpassed all we could have hoped for. What can be more encouraging than the following account, which we lately received from Mr. Crowther—

*Aug. 3, 1849*—This Mission is to-day three years old; and if we look back during that period, we have much cause for thankfulness for the protecting care of our Heavenly Father in the midst of superstitious enemies who would have swallowed us up, or driven us from the field. What has God wrought during this short interval of conflict between light and darkness! At the lowest calculation, we have 500 constant attendants or the Means of Grace, about 80 Communicants, and nearly 200 Candi-

\* Published by G. Townsend, 5, Bear Street, Exeter. The Engraving mentioned at the foot of the opposite page was also copied from Mr. Townsend's Engravings.

dates for Baptism and the Lord's Supper. A great number of Heathen have ceased worshipping their country gods: others have cast theirs away altogether, and are not far from enlisting themselves as soldiers to serve under the banner of Christ. The Gospel has been preached nearly in all the remote ends of this extensive town. The religion of Christ becomes a topic of conversation and discussion in their war expeditions, in the farms, and in markets remote from this place.

Thus there is a dawn of hope for this distracted country. The Gospel alone can give the Yorubas continued peace. Without this the same causes will produce the same results, and towns rise out of their ruins only to be again destroyed. The same bad practices which brought down all these evils on their country are still pursued by a large portion of the Abbeokuta people. They love to make war and capture slaves. But the Gospel is contending with these evils; and there are very many among the Chiefs and people who are convinced that all such practices must recoil on themselves, and who are becoming more and more resolute in opposing them. May He who said to the winds and waves, Peace, be still, and there was a great calm, by the power of His Gospel calm men's minds, and give peace to Yoruba.



#### CULLAPILLY, IN THE TELUGU COUNTRY.

THE Memoir of the late Rev. Henry Watson Fox, B.A., Missionary to the Telugu people, South India, and afterward Assistant Secretary to the Church Missionary Society, has just issued from the Press. It is a deeply-interesting and instructive book, which we would strongly recommend every one to read who has the opportunity of doing so; interesting, because full of descriptions of Missionary life and labour among a nation—the Telugus—of whom we knew little, and, so far as the Church of England is concerned, had done nothing, until the Rev. Messrs. Noble and Fox reached Masulipatam, their chief town, in 1841; and instructive, because it makes us acquainted with a Christian of no ordinary devotedness, one who could say, like Peter of old, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." Through the kindness of the publishers of this valuable Memoir, Messrs. Seeley, we have been permitted to introduce one of its Engravings, the Goparam or gateway of the temple at Cullapilly, with the idol car. Cullapilly is a considerable village, about twelve miles due south of Masulipatam, on the northern branch of the river Kistna. It is dedicated to the god Siva, under his common name of Nagavara-waka, or the lord of snakes. Mr. Fox went there in 1847, on the occasion of the great annual bathing festival, which takes place on Siva-râtri or Siva night. He thus describes his visit, and what he witnessed of the practices of a people who seemed to be mad on their idolatry—

As I neared the place I had no difficulty in discerning my way, for I



found crowds of people streaming in from all directions along the main path; and for the last two miles I was continually passing a string of people trudging to the festival, the majority on foot, and a few in common bullock-carts. There were old and young, the tottering and bent figure of the old woman, and little children toddling alongside their parents, or carried on their sides. There was about an equal number of men and women, but nearly all were of a poor and shabby appearance. On reaching Cullapilly, I found the pagoda very prettily situated on the side of a tank full of water-lilies, both red and white, and the whole place alive with the visitors to the festival.



After giving directions about the pitching of my tent on the bund (embankment) of the tank, about a quarter of a mile from the pagoda, I rode down toward the river, which lies at about half-a-mile distance from the village. There was a solid stream of people the whole distance—a few returning from the water-side, but the majority on their way thither; and

already I could hear the roar of the voices of the multitude engaged in their ablutions, and the occasional screechings and drummings of music proceeding from them. As we drew near to the river we passed several small raree-shows, consisting each of a box, gaily painted with strange figures, and opening with folding doors so as to display inside the tawdry image of either Vishnu or Siva: these were placed in the road by their owners, who stood by begging for money. When I asked some of them why they provided mere toys for worship, instead of serving God, they made the common answer of patting their stomach, to show that it was their livelihood. There was also a large number of clamorous beggars, lining one side of the road for the distance of about a quarter of a mile: each beggar spread out a long cloth or mat by the roadside, and as the people came back from the river they threw a few grains of rice, or now and then a single chili, or less frequently, a cowrie-shell—in value about one fiftieth of a farthing—on each cloth; so that there was a prospect of two or three handfuls of rice being gathered from each cloth. I found the crowd of bathers lining the river-side for a distance of six hundred yards, or half a mile: in the river itself stood hundreds in the act of bathing. The process appeared to be generally of this kind: the party, after scrambling down the steep and slippery bank, proceeded into the water till a little beyond the knees, of course without removing any part of their dress. Some friend commenced by pouring a number of potfuls of the water over their heads and backs; then there was the raising of a little of the water to the mouth in the two hands, and drinking it; then the throwing two or three handfuls of water upward by way of libation; then some over the head backwards; and then plunging the whole body several times in the water. Men and women were mingled together promiscuously. I stood watching them for a considerable time. The noise of so many voices rendered conversation of scarcely any use; so I was a silent observer of many hundreds going through a ceremony which they all believe to acquire for them a great amount of religious merit, and which many believe removes their sin. I saw two or three men with little baskets, which they took into the water with them, and dipped in the water. On inquiry, I found that the basket contained the little household god of the party, an image a few inches long.

On my return I found a boy going about chaunting and begging, with a long wire thrust through both his cheeks. Siva is the bloody deity, and it is in honour of him or his wife that cuttings and mutilations are made. This is the only one I have seen to-day; but I am told this evening, that, near the temple, there are some men cutting themselves and piercing their flesh. As I returned, I found the same close streams of people still moving down to the river: there could not have been less than four or five thousand in all, either on the river banks or on the way thither, during the three-quarters of an hour that I was there. There were about twenty bullock-carts, covered with mats, in which women of the wealthier class changed their dress, and about a dozen palanquins, in which those who could afford the expense had come to the festival; but the mass were on foot. Before I left Masulipatam I was told that not many people of wealth come out to this festival, on account of the sums they are expected to expend in case they do so. I found this to be the case: the majority of the visitors seem to be of the lower classes. On coming back

I found a considerable part of the road leading to the temple lined with temporary booths for the sale of toys, bangles, ornaments, or simple articles of food. The booths reminded me much, as indeed did much of the scene beside, of the outskirts of an English race-course: of course the booths had no table, or any thing to raise them from the ground: they consisted of a few sticks so arranged as to allow a cloth or mat to be stretched on them, which sheltered the seller and his goods from the sun. I was glad to take rest and get my breakfast in my tent. It was not long before all the neighbourhood was covered with groups of people cooking their food, eating it, or lying down to sleep after it; for out of the six or seven thousand strangers who have come for this occasion, none seem to have any place to lodge in: the open field is their parlour and their bedroom. The continual noise of their talking, and the unceasing hummings of the large drums at the Pagoda, have been far from agreeable all day. In the afternoon, finding that no one came to my tent for conversation, I went out into the crowd, and wended my way to the temple, after two or three conversations by the way. The people were loitering about, with no other occupation than that of a few jugglers and mountebanks to amuse them. While waiting about the temple gateway, watching the continual passing of the crowds in and out, there came forth a bridal palanquin, in which was placed a small brazen trident, eight or nine inches high, half wrapped up in cloth. This is the "Trishúlam," and is, I believe, a representative of the god. By the side walked a man with a horse-hair flapper, to drive away the flies from the god. Before the palanquin went a Brahmin, who laid down on the ground, every here and there, a large leaf, and on it placed a handful of boiled rice: he was followed by a boy, who gathered leaves and rice into his basket. I found that nearly every one that went into the pagoda purchased as he went a little earthenware saucer, such as is used for a lamp, with a wick and a few drops of oil, to offer to the idol inside. There was no uproar or riot, or excitement, only a large crowd. I obtained a good many opportunities of speaking to groups of people, and two or three times went over the history of Christ as the only Saviour from sin.

I had no opposition, for which I was thankful. On returning, after about a couple of hours' ramble, I brought with me to my tent a crowd of people, and, sitting there, I continued for two hours more to talk to successive groups who sat on the ground, until I was quite tired. A good many asked for Tracts, which I supplied.

It is a serious reflection that I am here alone in the midst of Satan's kingdom: here he is rampant and triumphant. Not a soul out of the thousands here but is a sworn servant of his: he has all his own way with them, and would do his worst toward me. It is a consideration to make me run to Christ more lovingly and earnestly, as my only defence against the powerful and evil one.

Who would venture into scenes like this, without such a hiding-place and refuge? But, with Christ to run to, the Christian can say, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

## NEW ZEALAND.

NOWHERE has the power of the Gospel more remarkably displayed itself than in New Zealand. The Natives in their heathen state were accustomed to tattoo their faces. The marks once made could never be removed; and the features were disfigured, and deprived of the expression which God had put upon them. This practice in a figure explains how sin had spoiled the character of this people. The crimes they practised, war and cannibalism, made them hideous to look upon. But very many amongst them have been "transformed by the renewing of their mind:" they have put on Christ, and been renewed in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness. A pleasing instance of this is mentioned by the Rev. R. Davis in one of his late Journals.

A Chief named Maika, of Mangakahia, together with several of his people, was baptized a year back. Anxious to see how he was getting on, Mr. Davis recently visited his Pa. He found there proofs of rapid improvement. A new, decent, slab chapel had been built, sufficient to accommodate a hundred people. Many of the Chief's young men had learned to read the Scriptures correctly; and nearly the whole of his people, both old and young, were well acquainted with the Church Catechism. A great change had taken place in the neighbourhood. Of course, like all other persons who try to do good service to Christ, he met with difficulties, which only served to show more clearly the reality of his Christian character. Some vicious young men, who had fallen away from their Christian profession, had resolved on taking possession of some rich land in the neighbourhood, which the owner, an elderly Chief and a Christian, whom Maika calls his elder brother, had kindly permitted them to cultivate for a time. The old Chief was angry; and serious consequences might have followed, had not Maika interposed. He warned his old friend that this was a device of the enemy to hinder him in his Christian course, and recommended him to suffer evil, and give up the land. The young men, ignorant of what was going forward, and supposing, from Maika's friendship for the old Chief, that he would take part with him in the quarrel, came to his place to challenge him. Maika soon undeceived them, and spoke to them most closely on their falling away.

The Society, on the occasion of the Jubilee, addressed a Letter to its Native Converts throughout the world. Amongst other places, it reached Mr. Davis's district in New Zealand. It was read to the Native Christians, who were much pleased with it, especially the Mangakahia Chief Maika, who sent back the following answer—

TO THE ELDERS OF THE CHURCH.

*Kaikohe, July 16, 1849.*

This is my love to you [in thus writing] that you may know that I love you in Jesus Christ. There is a God above who has caused my children to grow [in that which is good]. I have considered my salvation

to be of God, because His loving-kindness toward this land has been great: yes, His love to this land has been very great, and the people of this Island have been much strengthened from the clothing of the Holy Spirit. On this account my heart loves my Father which is in Heaven, because He has given, through your gracious design, [His] saving grace to this Island. It is true, it was from the Missionaries you sent that we heard the words of this salvation. And my prayer to God is, to strengthen my heart and my body by His Holy Spirit, that I may be sacred to Him, in order that I may be strong to give the saving word to my children, to my fathers, and to all the people of my place. I am well acquainted with the wickedness of the world: it is my desire to cast off the world with all its evil. Let Christ [now] be a Father to me and to my children. When I go to God [in prayer] He pours His loving-kindness into my heart: He is the spring of the water of life: these are the riches I am seeking after. As soon as I was baptized I built a House of Prayer for my people, and fenced it in: I am now waiting to receive a bell from you. Be gracious, and send a bell for the House of Prayer—a calling voice for my children both morning and evening.

Your loving Friend,

REWETI MAIKA.

The following is the reply of David Taiwanga, one of the oldest of the Christian Natives in New Zealand—

TO THE ELDERS OF THE CHURCH.

*Kaikohu, July 12, 1849.*

It was in this the year of Jubilee that your Letter came to our Minister, Mr. Davis. He is wise in looking into our sins, and in proclaiming to us the Word of God. Mr. Marsden was the first messenger to us wicked people of New Zealand: the second messengers were Mr. Williams and Mr. Davis: these are the elders of the Church in this country. The desire of my heart with regard to your words is, that I may seriously consider them in my mind: the consideration must be an inward one. And I pray to the Father to help me—to give me earnestness in prayer to Him, and the sanctification of the Holy Spirit. I rejoice at your words, which come, through you, from the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who is the director of all things in heaven and earth. You are the sanctified people of that God. Jehovah has chosen you to devise means whereby His Word may be disseminated. My heart's desire is, to bow down and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," a sinful man. O God, Thou hast seen, Thou knowest my ignorance, nor are my sins hid from Thee! "Search me, and see if there be any wicked way in me." I will smite upon my breast and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Yes, you shall behold me, and I shall behold you, at the last day, although some are living in the north, south, east, and west.

From your loving Friend,

DAVID TAIWANGA.

What a glorious moment that will be to which this faithful Christian would have us look forward, when God shall gather together in one all things in Christ!

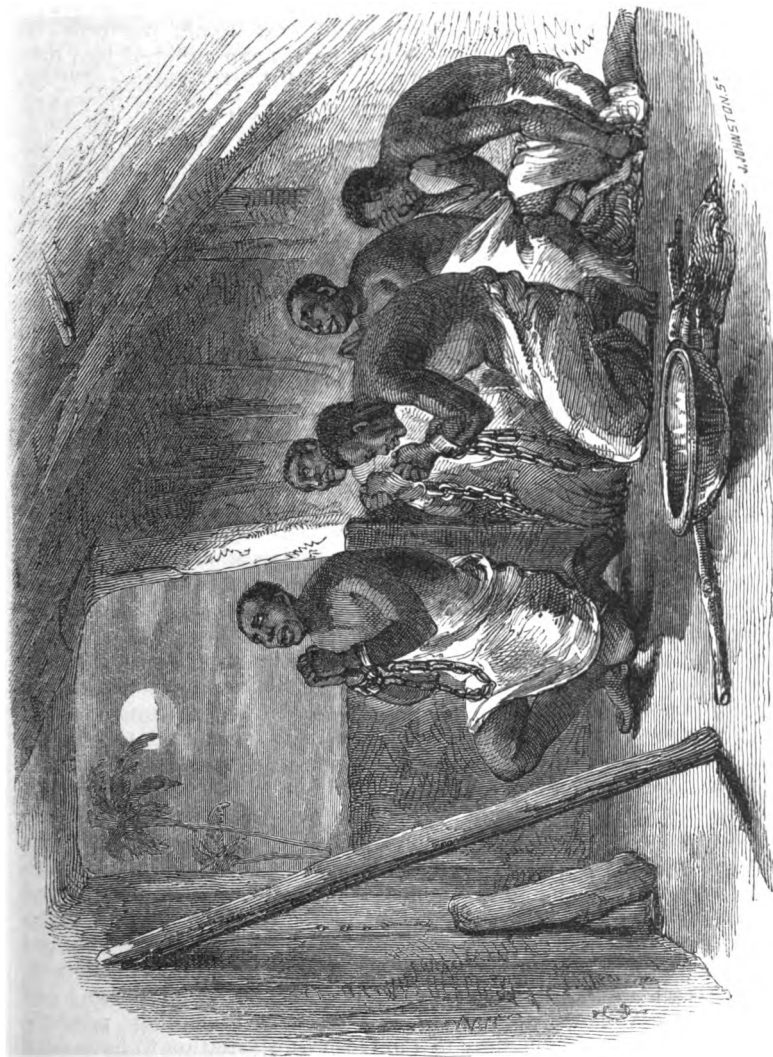
As o'er the features of the dead  
 The covering of death is spread,  
 And he who lifts that veil must see  
 Something of dread solemnity—  
 Mysterious traces which declare  
 The life is gone which once was there —  
 So, as the gloomy mists which hide  
 Far distant tribes are drawn aside,  
 And heathen nations, long conceal'd  
 From observation, stand reveal'd,  
 We see but death—the vital spark  
 Of life extinguish'd, all is dark!  
 The heav'nly love which Godward lives,  
 And while in healthful action gives  
 Superior life, this grace has fled,  
 And men are left, while living, dead!  
 Shall it not come—the glorious hour,  
 The time of manifested pow'r,  
 When, midst these gloomy graves of sin,  
 The Resurrection shall begin?  
 When the strong voice of Christ shall sound  
 Far as the world's remotest bound,  
 And nations, quicken'd by His word,  
 Rise from their sins to own their Lord?  
 Rise, Saviour, rise! ascend Thy throne,  
 And claim the nations as Thine own!  
 Put forth Thy strength, for Thou art strong:  
 Honour and pow'r to Thee belong!  
 Rend the high heav'ns! in light descend!  
 Scatter Thy foes! Thy cause defend!  
 The victim from the spoiler wrest,  
 And in Thy glory stand confess'd!  
 Thy faithful people long to see  
 Thy kingdom in its majesty;  
 The vict'ry won; the work complete;  
 And all submissive at Thy feet!  
 Then shall the world be hush'd to peace;  
 The conflict of the nations cease;  
 The crash of war, the bitter strife,  
 The stern demand of life for life,  
 Be heard no more: the angry tide  
 Of human passions all subside.  
 Idols shall then be cast away,  
 The heathen tremble and obey;  
 The East shall hasten to believe,  
 And the far West the truth receive.  
 On many a dark and distant shore,  
 Where hope had never dawn'd before,  
 O'er lonely isle and mountain height,  
 Truth shall diffuse its golden light;  
 And absolute dominion be  
 Conceded, Lord, by all to Thee!  
 Come, then, expected morn, break forth!  
 Rise from the East, refresh the North!  
 Westward and South extend Thy sway,  
 And yield us universal Day!



No. 2. NEW SERIES.]

[MAY, 1850.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



JAMES GERBER AND HIS COMPANIONS PRAYING FOR DELIVERANCE.—*Vide* p. 22.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. W. JOWETT, AT THE OPENING OF THE  
MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN'S HOME, ISLINGTON.

THE children of our Missionaries have strong claims upon us. Some are orphans: they have neither father nor mother living, both having died in the service of the Gospel. The parents of others are in distant lands: they have been sent home, not only on account of their bodily health—which must have suffered had they been kept in the hot climates of Africa and the East—but also because the sinful examples of the heathen would have been injurious to their souls. Thus, far distant from a father's watchful eye and a mother's tender care, they are, in a certain sense, orphans even during their parents' lifetime. These lambs of His flock the good Shepherd, "who gathers the lambs in His arms, and carries them in His bosom," would have us "feed" and cherish.

At the Jubilee, the Missionaries' children were not forgotten. It was then resolved, with the blessing of God, to provide a Home for them. An excellent Clergyman and his wife, the Rev. S. H. Unwin and Mrs. Unwin, have been placed over it; and they will endeavour to be in every possible way as parents to the children. We are now enabled to present to our readers the truly paternal address of the Rev. W. Jowett on the opening of the Children's Home in March last. The portion of Scripture read on this occasion was Colossians iii. 14 to iv. 4. After a few remarks of a preliminary nature, Mr. Jowett proceeded to say—

I will first beg to throw out a few general suggestions on the position occupied by our brother and sister in Christ, Mr. and Mrs. Unwin; and then show how these suggestions are supported and strengthened by the passage of Scripture which I have just read.

1. With regard to YOUR TWO SELVES, let me briefly observe, that it is because you are one in the Lord, that the Committee have confided to you this important and interesting charge. And it is their earnest prayer, that, through the supply of the Spirit, you may be enabled to conduct the affairs of this House, as those who are perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment.

2. Next, in reference to YOUR ADOPTION OF THESE CHILDREN, let me offer a remark or two. Our desire is, that you should adopt them with a kind of parental affection. You are the Father and the Mother of this whole house. The children in it are, for the time, committed to you as *your* children. We are not ignorant of the difficulty of your maintaining this kind of affection, especially as it will sometimes be put to severe trials. There is in the heart of parents a natural affection toward their offspring, implanted by the Divine Parent of all things: and when this is violated or cast off, we deem it something perfectly unnatural. Now it is the glory of the Gospel-dispensation to have fully revealed to us, that corresponding to this instinct there may be, and there often has been, a kind of spiritual instinct, infused into the soul by the abundant influences of the Holy Spirit, leading persons to adopt others with the fulness of parental affection. Such, pre-eminently, was the

case with the Apostle Paul. He cared for the Thessalonians, as "a nurse cherisheth her children." He speaks of the Galatian converts as his "little children:" and, standing in doubt of them, he declares that he a second time travailed in birth of them. He speaks of Onesimus as a son, whom he had begotten in his bonds. And still more remarkable is his language concerning Timothy; to whom he writes (1 Tim. i. 2), calling him his own son in the faith, "a genuine son:" and more than this, he alludes to this same Timothy as being "like-minded" with himself in his love for the saints at Philippi (Phil. ii. 20), caring "naturally" (with a genuine, own love) for their state. Perhaps we may apprehend the idea more distinctly, if we take an instance in contrast—the case, namely, of Moses, the great legislator of Israel; who, under the temporary influence of impatience and irritation, even deemed that office an affliction, which was his highest honour: "Wherefore hast Thou afflicted Thy servant? . . . Have I conceived all this people? have I begotten them, that Thou shouldest say unto me, Carry them in thy bosom, as a nursing father beareth the sucking child?" "How can I myself alone bear your cumbrance and your burden, and your strife?" (Numbers xi. 11, 12. Deut. i. 12.) Thus, by contrast as well as example, you may perceive the nature of that spiritual affection, with which we trust your hearts are now adopting and embracing the young Missionary children of this Home.

3. To this let me add a remark on YOUR MANAGEMENT OF THEIR DISPOSITIONS. You will soon find that tempers, habits, and inclinations of every kind, are here collected together under your notice. Even among children of the same parents we often see dispositions wonderfully diverse. How much more may this be expected in the offspring of so many parents! I might delineate many varieties of temper; but I will notice only that some of them you will probably find so violent, that it will be no easy matter to curb them; while others will be so torpid, inert, and weakly, that it will be a difficult task to rouse them, or to have patience with them. Besides which, as they have all come into the world inheritors of our common nature, with hearts "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," you will often have to deal with that most inconvenient and unhappy temper of all, a cunning one. And all these dispositions you will find further aggravated by the circumstances through which the children have previously passed. Foreign climate will have affected them; so that you would almost be able to tell the geography of their birth from their temperament. And foreign false religions will probably have affected their minds: they will have seen and heard sights and words that do harm; sometimes infecting the tender mind with a taint or a stain, which years of education scarcely suffice effectually to remove. I can never forget the anxiety of a Missionary mother at Bombay, when, with her little boy in palanquin with her, they passed the heathen temples; and the little fellow's inquisitive mind must needs be informed, "Whose temple is this? who is in it? let me look at those figures on the wall." And then he would clap his little hands, in imitation of the cymbals; repeating, in an under tone, the name of the heathen deity, "Narayunu! Narayunu!"\* Add to all this, that the parents of these children

\* *Vide* page 30 of the "Church Missionary Record" for February 1835.

will, in some instances at least, have furnished you with a charge somewhat neglected. The fathers abroad have been too deeply absorbed in their work, or separated from the family by their journeys; the mothers may have been delicate, and too much overpowered by the climate to give due attention to the house: these various circumstances, you, dear brother and sister, will take into your view. We are persuaded that you have well studied the subject, and counted the cost of feeling which you must expend.

4. This brings me to a fourth remark, which must be touched very briefly; the necessity of your being PREPARED FOR DISCONTENTS. I allude more particularly to what the parents of these children may feel. Some may possibly be expecting that you are to make their children Missionaries: a fallacious idea, this; for grace, in general, and Missionary grace in particular, is not an inheritance. But, usually, all parents view their own offspring with partiality; and are prone to fancy that their children, if not successful, have not had their due share of attention. On this point it may suffice, by way of encouragement, to say—Use your own best judgment: serve God in truth and simplicity: consult with the Committee: and when you have satisfied your own consciences, leave consequences with God. You cannot please every body: the attempt would be vain: but you may be blameless. And it will be for your comfort, viewing the work as a whole, to fall back on that general principle, “Wisdom is justified of all her children.”

5. I might here very properly add a few remarks on the duty and privilege of your constantly committing this House to the blessing and protection of Almighty God. He is a Father! With peculiar condescension, He calls Himself the Father of the fatherless: and such, in a sense, are the children of this Home. So that you are standing, not only in the place of their natural parents, but in God’s stead for them. May He pour out abundantly His Spirit upon you all! Then shall these children “spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses. One shall say, I am the Lord’s; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel” (Isaiah xlv. 4, 5).

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

#### SWINGING-FESTIVAL AT PEDDANA, NEAR MASULIPATAM.

THROUGH the kindness of Messrs. Seeley we are enabled to introduce an engraving of this scene, from the recently-published Memoir of the Rev. H. W. Fox. The description of it has been forwarded to us by the Rev. G. T. Fox, of Durham, from amongst the unpublished papers of his brother.

On the 26th of December 1844 I left Masulipatam, and rode over to a village called Peddana, distant about five miles, for the purpose of witnessing a swinging festival which was going on there in honour of Paidamma, the Ammavaru, or village goddess.

As soon as our tent was pitched, just outside the village, my companion, Mr. B ———, and I went to look at the pagoda of the goddess, which was to be the scene of the festival. It lay about 600 yards off the village,

and was prettily situated on the raised mound of a large tank : it consisted of a small room about eight feet square, surmounted with the usual irregular dome, and had a few rude pillars in front, on which a shed might be erected. Its materials were brick and mortar, and it was altogether of a superior character to the ordinary temples of the village goddesses. Some men who were hanging about very willingly opened the low door, at our request, to let us see the idols : there were two of them, both representing the same deity. The oldest and most sacred one was a stone about three feet high by two broad, on which was rudely carved a female figure : it was at that time daubed all over with a yellow powder, and dotted with red spots, to make it look beautiful. The other image, though less sacred, was much gayer : it was a wooden figure of a woman about three feet high, and had only just come from Masulipatam, where it had been in the painter's hands, and had been freshly bedizened with every bright colour. It was dressed in a cloth like a native woman, and had a few garlands of flowers hung about its neck, and a nosegay stuck into one of its four hands. The people who showed us them maintained that these idols were the very goddess, and that she was deserving of all honour and worship.

There was no swinging all this day, nor had there been any before, though this was the fourth or fifth day of the festival, which was to last ten days. The only ceremony which took place was the sacrifice of a sheep, by cutting off its head, before the temple. On the 27th, however, about four o'clock in the afternoon, we were made aware of the approach of the swinging car by the rude music and shouting of the crowd who were accompanying it from the village. It soon made its appearance, and passed our tent in the direction of the temple : it consisted of the wheels and axle of a rude cart, with a long beam placed lengthwise across the axle to balance it, and a stout beam, ten feet high, fixed perpendicularly in the axle : across the top of this was another long beam working on a pivot, from which the victims were to be suspended. We accompanied it toward the pagoda, but found that nothing could take place until the offering of rice was ready for laying before the idols.

While this was being prepared by being boiled in four large earthen vessels, we mingled with the crowd, who amounted to about 200 persons, and talked with them about the folly and wickedness of the idol-worship. Some earnestly expressed their belief in the deity of the idols, and in the mighty power of the goddess, but the majority treated it as a laughing matter. When we urged them to abandon the worship, and particularly the brutal swinging-festival, their answer repeatedly was to this effect—"Why should *we* give it up? the Company have hitherto encouraged us in it. Till a few years ago the Collector used to give money to the festival, and gentlemen used to come out from Masulipatam, and sit down on their chairs to look at it along with us. Why should *we* give it up? Let the Government forbid it, and we will stop at once; but till they do so, why should we take any step in abandoning it?" We fell in with the man who was to be swung that evening, and used every argument to prevent him from swinging, and at times he seemed half persuaded; but he was already somewhat stupefied by liquor, and his answer was, "I have often swung before"—and so saying he showed us about a dozen scars on his back—"and besides, I have received four rupees to swing, and have already

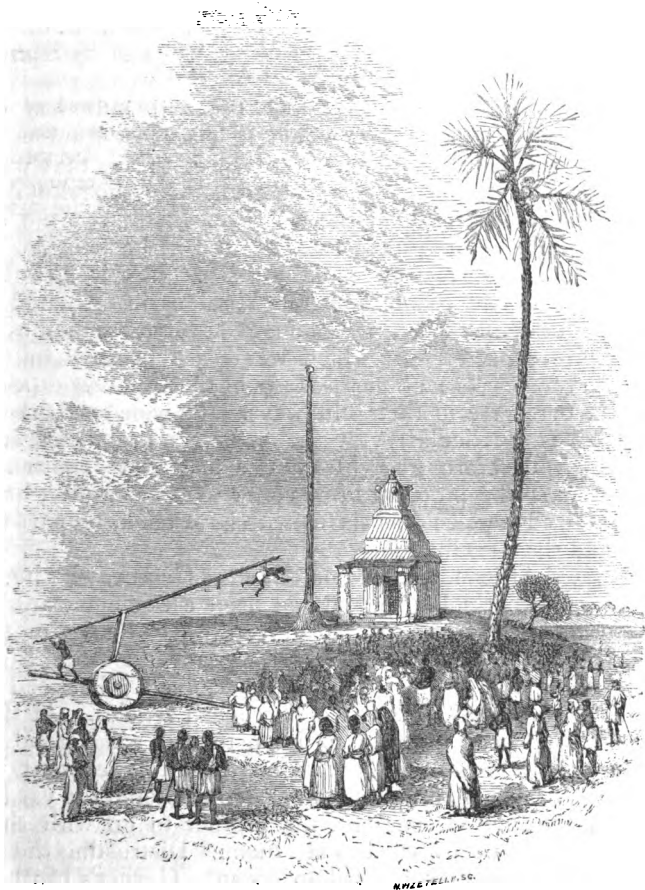
‘drunk half of it.’ While we were talking with him, the man who was to act as executioner came up, with the hooks in his hand, to call him away to the village to prepare for the ceremony; so taking off his dress, and giving it to his daughter, a girl about twelve years old, he went away in spite of all we could say.

In the course of twenty minutes more the rice was ready, and laid out in a great heap upon a mat before the door of the temple; and presently the poor victim made his appearance in the distance, prepared for action. He was now rubbed all over, from the crown of his head to his feet, with turmeric—a yellow powder—and had his feet striped with red: a small cloth round his waist, and a small turban on his head, formed the whole of his dress, while round the calves of his legs were tied strings of little bells, which rattled as he moved. He came along dancing and leaping, flinging his arms and legs about like a maniac, sometimes bellowing, sometimes screeching, sometimes shouting in praise of the goddess, and altogether presenting a most disgusting and degrading appearance. The crowd of spectators were highly delighted, and called out, “See the power of the Ammavaru!” “Great is our goddess!” with other like expressions; and telling us that now he was possessed by, and actually represented, the goddess.

For the next ten minutes he was a quiet and an unnoticed object, for two sheep were brought forward as victims to the goddess: one had its head quickly struck off, the other was led away a short distance to the swinging-car. When brought under the end of the swinging-beam, it was held down on the ground by three or four men, while the officiating priest, or executioner, produced his hooks, which were of the size and appearance of two shark-hooks, and, fitting on a moveable sharp point to one of them, ran it through the skin of the poor sheep’s back: it took a little twisting and wrenching of the hook already in the back before the second hook, which was attached to the shaft of the first, could also be run through the skin, the sheep meanwhile twisting about in some pain. When both the hooks were inserted, the rope attached to them was tied to the end of the swinging-beam, and the sheep further secured by another rope, so that but little strain bore on the pierced skin: it was now well fastened, the beam was hoisted up by lowering the other end, and then run round on its pivot by four or five men, while the poor sheep hung at the end of it, about twenty feet from the ground. After this it was again lowered, the rope untied, the hooks drawn out, and the sheep let go: they told us it was now sacred, and would be allowed to roam at large without any risk of its being slaughtered.

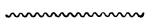
It was now the man’s turn to undergo similar treatment; but instead of being swung near the pagoda, the car was rolled back about 150 yards from its former position, the man all the while dancing and shouting before it: he was then brought under the end of the horizontal beam, and the executioner drew near with his hooks. He first struck, but not smartly, the part of the back which was to be pierced, and then pinched up the flesh two or three times in order to get a good hold of it. After fixing on the same little moveable point to the hook, he ran it through the skin of the small of the back of the man, taking up the flesh about an inch wide and a quarter of an inch deep. With a little twisting and wrenching the second hook was similarly inserted. All this time several

men with drums kept up a great noise, and the crowd round about shouted as they saw the hooks applied. It is their saying and belief, that the man who swings does not feel any pain, in consequence of the protection of the good goddess; but on this occasion I heard the cry of pain which the poor man uttered, as the hooks entered his skin, clear above all the noise of the bystanders, and the expression of pain in his face was not to be concealed by all the daubing upon it. When the hooks were well secured in his back, the rope attached to them was fastened to the horizontal beam, about two feet from its end; and then, with no other support for his body, the poor victim was hoisted up aloft. At first he suffered a good deal, for he held himself steady by a loose rope hanging from the beam over his head by holding it with both his hands; but as the car was rolled up toward the pagoda, and when it had got about half way, he let go that rope, and began flinging his arms and legs about, so as to make us fear lest, by his exertions and jerkings, the skin of his back might give way, and he be thrown to the ground.



As soon as the car was brought back to its original position near the pagoda, he was let down, and the rope unloosed from the beam—the time during which he was suspended was exactly two minutes. The hooks, however, were not taken out of his back, and he ran wildly about, with the rope attached to them dangling after him. After some minutes they were taken out, and he was laid down on his face, while the executioner rubbed and pressed the wounds and the flesh round about them to squeeze out the congealed blood, and then rubbed into them turmeric powder to prevent further bleeding. This ended the day's ceremony, and the people began to move slowly toward the village, highly pleased with the afternoon's entertainment: the whole was over before sunset.

The next day we did not stay to see a repetition of a scene which had so sickened us; but as we rode away in the afternoon we found much larger crowds than those of the preceding day gathering from the neighbouring villages, and preparations were being made on a larger scale for fresh swingings.



#### THE SUFFERINGS AND DELIVERANCE OF JAMES GERBER, A TWICE-LIBERATED AFRICAN.

IN our last Number we described the evil influence of the slave-trade, and the troubles which it has caused amongst the people of the Yoruba kingdom. We regret to say that wars for the purpose of capturing slaves still prevail. In Abbeokuta, where the Gospel is being preached, the people begin to see the evil of such practices; and as light increases they will be more and more anxious that the slave-trade should cease. But it is not more than three years and a half since our Missionaries reached Abbeokuta; and although much has been done—much more than we could possibly have expected—for which we desire to be thankful, yet much more remains to be done. Many of the Chiefs and people of Abbeokuta persevere in their old ways. They harass the neighbouring tribes, particularly the Ijebbus, and are themselves attacked when they are going from one market to another. On these occasions the innocent often suffer with the guilty, and persons are seized and sold as slaves who have taken no part in kidnapping and slave-trading.

A Liberated African of the name of James Gerber, who had lived fifteen years at Sierra Leone, and had been a Communicant of the Church at Hastings, arrived at Badagry, with his wife and one child, in 1843. He was at first employed as a labourer in the Society's service. After a time he became a trader, dealing between Abbeokuta and Ijaye in various kinds of European articles. At the end of August 1848 he proceeded to Ijaye to sell some goods, and, having a brother residing there, a slave-dealer, he went to his house. A few days after, a number of people entered the yard of the house, and required Gerber and his brother to go with them to Ikumi, the Chief, who wished to see them. Distrusting the intentions of these men, they refused to do so. Gerber's brother was



immediately seized, his hands were tied behind his back, and he was then dragged, with one of his slaves, into the Chief's yard. While this was going on, Gerber had contrived to escape from them, and ran into his room, where he resolved to defend himself to the last. They then began to parley with him, assured him that there was no intention of injuring him, that the Chief had no thoughts toward him but those of peace, and wished only to see him. After such repeated assurances, Gerber at last yielded, and went with the people, who, however, were not satisfied until they were in possession of his weapons. On entering Ikumi's yard, Gerber, his brother, and his brother's slave, were commanded to prostrate themselves; and while they were in the act of doing so, Ikumi seized his sword, and smote, with the intention of killing one of them, he cared not which. The blow fell, not on the poor slave, nor on Gerber, but on his brother, and it slew him. The two survivors were immediately led away from the presence of the Chief, whose slaves they were now considered to be. Not long after, Gerber was taken, with many other Egbas, to a town called Ibatang, and sold there. Poor fellow! from the ill treatment he had met with his head and body had become all covered with sores, and when his new master wished to sell him, there was no purchaser. This enraged the man. He accused Gerber of practising witchcraft to prevent any one buying him. In his rage and fury he began to treat him with barbarous cruelty, such as poor slaves, when they become sick and unfit for sale, often meet with at the hands of their masters. He tied Gerber's hands upon his back, and fastened his head to two sticks, notwithstanding the entreaties of his two wives and his brother, who said he had committed no fault. "Let him die," was the man's answer: "I am able to pay for him." Poor Gerber's strength was gone, and he fainted away, when they loosed his bonds.

Who can fully conceive the miseries of a slave, the injustice and cruelty of which he is the subject? Mr. James Richardson, who travelled in the Great Desert in the years 1845 and 1846, thus describes some of these sad scenes, of which Africa is full—

This morning Haj Essnousee [the owner of the slave caravan with which Mr. Richardson was travelling] being on foot, called out for his camel to stop, in a tone which showed he had something of importance in hand. I turned to see what was the matter. I saw Essnousee bringing up a slave girl, about a dozen years of age, pulling her violently along. When he got her up to the camel he took a small cord, and began tying it round her neck. Afterward, bethinking himself of something, he tied the cord round the wrist of her right arm. This done, he drove the camel on. In a few minutes she fell down. A man attempted to raise her up. The slave-dealer cursed him, and desired him to let her alone. The wretched girl was then dragged on the ground over the sharp stones. Her wounded legs bled profusely, but she never cried or uttered a word of complaint. At length she was lifted up by some of the Arabs, and continued to hold on, the rope being bound round her body

so as to help her along; and thus she was dragged, limping, tumbling down, and crippled, a long day's journey.

To return to Gerber—an Ibu man, pitying his wretched condition, bought him for six heads of cowries. He was then carried to the Jebu Country, where severe trials awaited him; and at length reached Lagos, where he was sold to the Portuguese, and immediately put in chains.

Several attempts were made to ship him on board a slave-ship; but the men-of-war were cruising about, and it was found impossible to do so.

During the time in which slaves are detained on the coast they are kept in barracoons, which are enclosures of considerable spaces of ground, with sleeping-houses and day-sheds for the slaves. In the barracoons the men are generally fastened two and two, one ankle of each being fettered. The women and girls are made secure by a brass ring round the neck, through which a chain is passed, and they are thus grouped together in companies of forty or fifty each. Bad as their state is here, it is as nothing when compared with the horrors of the slave-ship.

Meanwhile Gerber's friends had discovered where he was, and were anxiously endeavouring to accomplish his redemption. There existed, however, but little hope of their being enabled to procure a sufficient sum for this purpose in time to prevent his embarkation. The slave-dealer had received information that a slave-ship was daily expected at Benin, and thither the poor slaves were despatched in all haste. It was only a four days' journey, and on their arrival they expected to be shipped immediately, when nothing remained save the prospect of hopeless bondage, unless, in the providence of God, the British cruisers interposed for their deliverance. Gerber felt that it was indeed a critical period of his life; but he knew of One who could help; One who had died to redeem his soul from the bondage of sin, and who was able to rescue him from the chains of the slave-dealer. To Him, therefore, who is a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, the poor African looked in the time of his trouble: nay, he called his companions in slavery together, who, unlike himself, were poor ignorant Heathen. He told them God could help them; he told them what He had done for sinners; and encouraged them to believe that He, who had given His Son to die for them, could save them out of their present trouble; for "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" He exhorted them to ask God, if they were put on board the slave-ship, to deliver them into the hands of the British. In bitterness of soul, and strong cries and tears, these poor creatures all prayed together, as represented in our Frontispiece; and He who compassionates the afflicted saw and heard them. On reaching Benin they found the dreaded slave-ship had not arrived. Four weeks they lay hid in the bushes: still it came not. At length tidings

arrived that she had capsized at sea, and that all lives, save one, had been lost. Thus it became necessary to send them back to Lagos. His friends soon arrived with his ransom, and Gerber, twice rescued from bondage, went back to Abbeokuta, where he now lives.

And does not God see the misery of Africa? and does He not hear the cries of those who pray for her deliverance? Is there not One who considers all the oppressions that are done under the sun? Is there not One who sees the tears of the oppressed, and how many there are who have no comforter, on the side of whose oppressors there is power, but they have no comforter? Is His hand shortened? Has He no power to deliver? Nay! He shall break in pieces the oppressor.

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### THE TRUE REPORT.

THE Rev. S. W. Koelle, in a Letter dated Fourah Bay, Jan. 21, 1850, mentions the following deeply-interesting circumstance with regard to two Bournu Mahomedans, who must have travelled from 1000 to 1500 miles to effect the object they had in view—

I had invited to-day two men, who came last week from Bournu and Haussa, to take dinner with me, which pleased them exceedingly; so much so, that they promised to mention my name—Abdul Isa—to any King whom they might meet with on their long journey homeward. They had heard, on their way to the Gold Coast, of a country where White Men, for God's sake, liberate all slaves whom they capture at sea; so that now, in this country, all African nations lived together as free men. Upon this they determined not to return home before they had seen that country. They are filled with amazement by what they have seen here; but the liberation of slaves, for God's sake, made such an impression on them, that they said, "Truly White people are a God-people: if one does not fear White Man, he can also not fear God." I gave them each an Arabic New Testament, which they promised to take home with them.

Redemption without money! the slave from bondage freed!  
His liberty recovered! can this be true indeed?  
A welcome for the stranger—a quiet home for those  
Who long had been oppressed and crushed by unrelenting foes—  
Where men are kind, for God's sake, to do each other good,  
To yield the homeless shelter, and give the hungry food—  
Where each may sow and gather the produce of the soil,  
And hordes of robbers come not, his heritage to spoil—  
We heard of such a country: we thought it might be found,  
And came, resolv'd to seek it in earth's remotest bound.

Our journey has been tedious from Bournu's distant land,  
Where round the sea of Soudan its wide domains expand:  
We've passed through mighty Haussa, at Sockatoo have been,  
Have traversed many a region, and marked each varied scene—  
Each Sultan in his grandeur, each Moslem in his pride—  
Until our wearied feet we bathed in Niger's flowing tide.

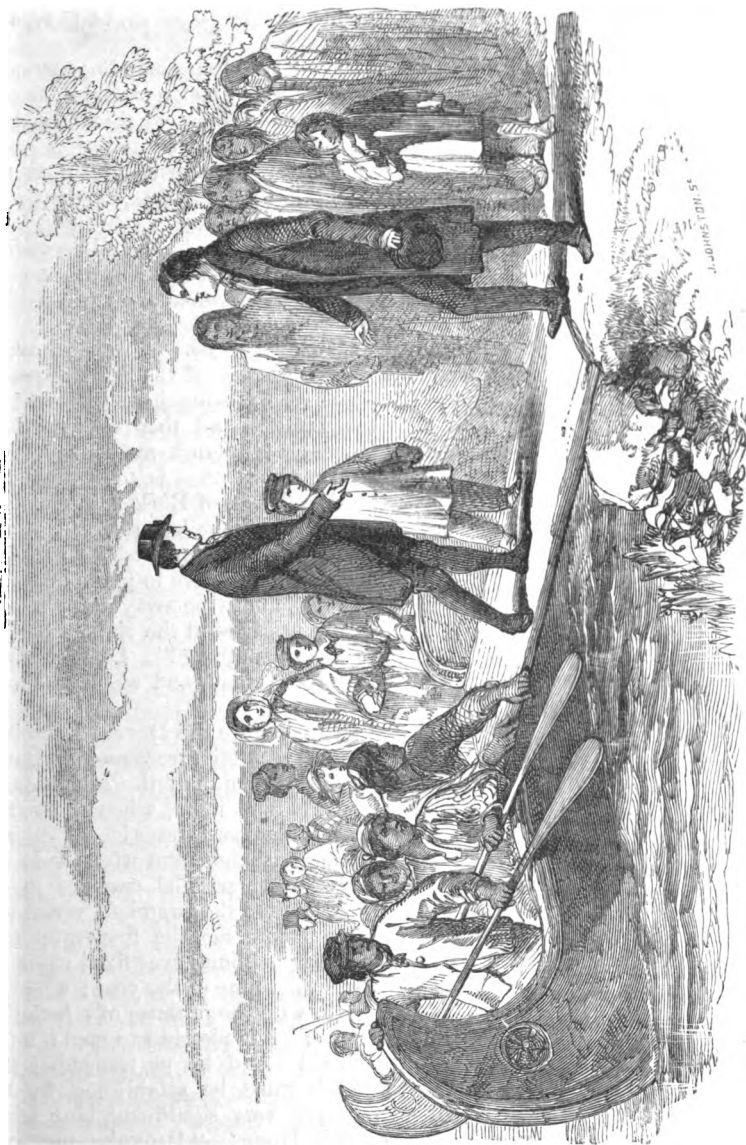
And still, where'er we journeyed, oppression met our eyes—  
 The groans of the defenceless; the widow's tears and sighs;  
 The ruined town and village, of busy life bereft;  
 The blackened walls and wasted home in desolation left;  
 The troops of cruel rovers; the poor degraded slave—  
 No rest for him until he sinks unpitied in the grave.  
 Such, such has been our pathway, though God with open hand  
 His gifts of royal bounty has poured on ev'ry land:  
 Some universal evil, some deep mysterious woe,  
 Embitters man's condition where'er we've sought to go.

But strange reports had reached us, so wonderfully new,  
 So different from all beside, we scarce could think them true—  
 That where the mighty ocean, with never-ceasing roar,  
 Wars with the rock-bound barriers of Afric's western shore,  
 A stranger race of White Men, from lands beyond the sea,  
 The destitute befriended, and set the captive free.  
 We've come to prove this story, solicitous to find  
 If man to man, for God's sake, can cease to be unkind.  
 'Tis true, indeed! here homes are safe, the spoiler is not near,  
 The day continues tranquil, the night is without fear,  
 The gifts which God has granted—the earth, the air, the light—  
 Are free for each to use at will if only used aright.  
 To walk abroad, and look above, and know that we are free;  
 To rest within our homestead, and unmolested be;  
 How wondrous this! Oh, White Man! we wish you to explain,  
 Why other lands in Africa so different remain.  
 There tribe with tribe is struggling, and contests never cease:  
 Here men of various nations are harmonized in peace!

#### THE WHITE MAN'S ANSWER.

Yes; there's a cause: 'tis well to know  
 This bless'd preservative from woe.  
 Earth yields it not—it comes from heaven,  
 And God Himself the boon has given;  
 A soothing balm which lulls to rest  
 The troubled passions of the breast.  
 The secret this—that God above,  
 The Lord of earth and heaven, is LOVE!  
 Perverse, rebellious from the womb,  
 Man well deserves a sinner's doom;  
 But God a precious Ransom gave,  
 From endless pain mankind to save.  
 He help'd the helpless; sent His Son  
 To die for sins which we have done.  
 He breaks the adamantine chain,  
 And sets the captive free again.  
 Mercy received subdues the soul,  
 Bends the whole man to just control.  
 Once slaves ourselves, we long to see  
 Our fellow man from bondage free.  
 Redemption taught, delight to break  
 Th' oppressor's yoke for Jesus' sake.  
 But to remove the chains of sin,  
 To liberate the soul within,  
 This is the Saviour's office: He  
 Alone can give this liberty.  
 This is Redemption: ask in prayer,  
 And you this privilege shall share.

# THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



ARRIVAL OF THE BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND AT THE INDIAN SETTLEMENT.—*Vide* p. 34.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. W. JOWETT, AT THE OPENING OF THE  
MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN'S HOME, ISLINGTON.

*(Concluded from p. 16 of our last Number.)*

BUT I hasten to recur to that passage of Scripture—Col. iii. 14 to iv. 4—  
which I have selected for the present occasion.

And here our dear brother and sister will find broad standing-ground :  
such a developement of Christian principles and Relative duties, as will  
meet all their circumstances. And let me add, here our foot “standeth  
in an even place :” we shall not slide : we shall never be moved.

Not as intending to give a commentary or a paraphrase on the  
passage, yet let me touch rapidly on the several verses, as they may  
bear on the case of this Missionaries' Children's Home.

And first observe (ver. 14) that holy love is to be the all-pervading  
principle in this house. Let it penetrate everywhere : let it encircle  
your dwelling. It will bind all together in harmony. It will perfect  
every thing.

And let the peace of God rule here ! (ver. 15.) Peace, through  
faith in Christ's atoning blood : peace, the fruit of the Spirit : peace,  
established as a law : peace, first in the heart—for here all must be  
felt and done “heartily, as unto the Lord”—and then ruling all in  
the house. And our sister, Mrs. Unwin, will permit me to say, that  
Peace depends very much on Order : your office is to “guide the  
house.” The late venerable Inspector Blumhardt, of Bâle, told me, that,  
addressing a person in a similar office to yours, he had said, “You are  
the centre of order :” words most worthy to be remembered. Thankful-  
ness is also here mentioned ; which is very conducive to peace of mind.  
It would calm many a ruffle of our tempers, and wipe away many a tear,  
both with old and young, could we ask ourselves, at the right moment,  
“What have I to be thankful for ? What ! nothing !” Little children  
should often be taught to call their mercies to mind, and so have cheer-  
fulness.

Then (ver. 16, 17) we are next shown what are the Devout Exercises,  
which will unceasingly resound in this place. Scripture verses, Scripture  
stories, prayers, hymns and spiritual songs, form half the education of  
our little children. And how delightful will it be, when grace fills  
every heart, and all is done in the name of the Lord Jesus !

On the next verses, (18, 19) concerning husbands and wives, I do not  
dwell particularly ; referring you only to the parallel passages in the  
Epistle to the Ephesians. But when I come to the twentieth verse, and  
look upon that little group of children before me, the first-fruits unto  
God in this house ; when I see those bright young eyes fixed upon me  
as I speak ; it awakens feelings like the spring-time of the year ; when, as  
at this season, all nature is budding forth, with the promise of a beautiful  
summer. “Children, obey your parents :” it is pleasing to man : much  
more is it well pleasing unto the Lord ! And let us remember that  
obedience is best won by love ; but it must be established by the  
authority of wisdom. And here enters a very significant hint to the  
Father as well as the Mother of this Home. “Provoke not your  
children to anger :” severity hardens some, and discourages more : strict-

ness, not severity, is the rule of parental authority. And here it seems to me as if the affections of the two parents, in blending, almost interchange their natures. The mother must have her fondness strengthened into firmness: the father must unbend the masculine rigour of his hand, too heavy and too hard for little children, and condescend to gentleness.

Yet further, the relative duties of Masters and Servants (ver. 22—iv. 1) claim your attention: dwell on them for a moment. Christian servants are here reminded of their obligation to serve the Lord Christ: while masters are kept in awe by the admonition that they also have a Master in heaven: "and there is no respect of persons." Were I asked to sum up in one word this and all other relative duties, I should refer my inquirer to that word with which the Fifth Commandment opens, "Honour." We are commanded to honour all men. Let, then, the servants of this house honour both the parents and the children: and let these honour the servants. This one word is the basis of all duty in every circle of society, from the smallest to the widest.—It will not be deemed, I trust, any deviation from the respect due to servants, if I just advert to the necessity of keeping a strict eye on their intercourse with children and young persons. This I may do the more freely, because, in our well-ordered country, Christian servants better know their place, than those living in most foreign lands. Many years did I spend as a family-man in a foreign country; and on no point have I more reason to remember the vigilant maternal character of the late Mrs. Jowett than this. Among her papers I found one Letter—addressed to a Missionary sister who had been residing in Mount Lebanon, but was retiring for a season to Malta—so exactly to this purpose, that an extract from it will not be inappropriate to the present occasion. "Such a country," she writes, "as you have been residing in, affords very few advantages for the training up of children, and very many hindrances or disadvantages: the example of the people around them, their religion, manners, and morals so exceedingly depraved! Malta, perhaps, is somewhat better; but even there you will find much to lament. Especially there is a necessity to guard against the many evils they may learn from servants, whose language children will learn sooner than that of their parents. I hope your dear little ones may be mercifully preserved from those many snares and temptations, which the most vigilant parent cannot prevent; yea, of which she may be utterly ignorant. After all our care and attention to them, our only security will be in committing them continually in prayer to our Heavenly Father, who alone can restrain the evil passions of mankind, and give our dear children grace to choose the right way." This Letter, dated London, March 25, 1829, exactly three months before her removal to a happier world, may be regarded as her dying testimony on a subject of the tenderest solicitude to parents.

But returning to the passage before us, our thoughts are directed, finally, to the need of persevering prayer, watchfulness, and thanks giving: all which imply a deep sense of our dependence on God, our manifold dangers and temptations, our helplessness, and our unworthiness; together with a lively enjoyment of His perpetual presence in the midst of us, and of His good will toward those who, as dear children, walk before Him in love. Humility, although not expressly named in all this passage, yet is implied in every part of it; and it is

the fundamental grace of the Gospel. It is that feeling which sends us continually to the throne of grace, and keeps us there, low in our own eyes, patiently waiting on the Lord, until He have mercy upon us.—But there is one subject for prayer here specified by the Apostle, which it is peculiarly important to notice in its bearing on the present occasion. He says, (ver. 3, 4) “Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds: that I may make it manifest, as I ought to speak.” The exhortation suggests to my mind, that in this house prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, will be made continually on behalf of our beloved Missionaries labouring in distant lands. They will be severally named from time to time according to their various circumstances; their joys and their sorrows, their labours, sufferings, successes, trials, sicknesses, and occasionally their lamented deaths—all these will be personally noted by those who lead the devotions of this mingled family: and to keep alive the interest felt for Africa, for the Indies, for China, for New Zealand, for America, and other regions of the earth, there will be present in this very spot young Representatives of those various countries, in the children collected under the shadow of this roof; some of them the children of Missionaries who are yet bearing the burden and heat of the day; others, the orphans of those who have spent their lives in the Lord’s service. Happy family! In many a Christian household the worship is limited, or nearly so, to the personal and domestic wants of those assembled, with allusions only occasional and brief to the state of our country and of the world. But from this house there will be a continual out-breathing of prayer on behalf of Missions; which will prove a source of rich blessing to the great human family, and of choicest consolations to those who are privileged to join in these devotions.

Suffer me, dear brother and sister in Christ, to quote, in conclusion, a saying, which I have heard attributed to that eminently wise and holy man, Jonathan Edwards. It has been told me—for I have never seen the statement in print—that he was wont to express himself in some such terms as the following—“When it is well between me and my God, then it is well between me and my wife: and when it is well between me and my wife, then it is well between us and our children: and when it is well between us and our children, then it is well between our family and the servants: and when it is well with the house, then it is well between me and my people.” Here, as reported to me, the saying ended. But in your case, the circle must be enlarged far beyond this. When it is well between this Home and those two other Establishments of our Society, the Church Missionary House and the Church Missionary Institution—a threefold cord, we humbly trust, not quickly to be broken—then shall it be well with our Church, with our Missions, and the cause of the Gospel throughout all the world. Therefore, brother and sister in Christ, let us return to the first principle. Let it be your prayer for yourselves, and ours also on your behalf, that, now and evermore, it may be well between you and your God!

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## MANIS, OR PRAYING-MACHINES, OF THE PEOPLE OF THIBET.

THIBET is the highest part of the great continent of Asia. It is separated from India by the great mountains called the Himalaya. The plains of Thibet, on the north of the mountains, are much higher than the plains of India on the south. Thibet, of which we know little, is supposed to consist of stony and sandy plains, with mountains of moderate height occasionally rising. For three months of the year, between October and March, the cold is very severe, especially in the parts to the south, which lie nearest to the snowy mountains. Near these mountains fish and meat are frozen in autumn, and thus preserved through the winter.

Thibet is unfavourable to vegetable life—rice is not grown, and wheat is very scarce: barley and coarse peas are the principal crops—but it abounds in animal life. The quantities of fowl, wild-beasts, flocks and herds, are astonishing. It is remarkable how God has graciously suited the clothing of the different animals to the coldness of the climate. The sheep in the district near the mountains have very thick and heavy fleeces. The goat has a very fine fur at the root of his long and shaggy hair: these goats are called the shawl goats. They are smaller than the smallest sheep in England, and are of different colours, black, white, faint blue, and light fawn colour. Shawls are made of the soft, light, firm material which grows next the skin, and which is covered over, and protected from the weather, by the long coarse hair. This goat cannot be reared in any other country.

The religion of the people of Thibet is Buddhism, the same which prevails in Ceylon and Birmah, and which is professed by many of the Chinese. It is the most widely-spread of all false religions. Buddh is a general term for Divinity, and not the name of any particular god. There have been, as they say, four Buddhs, and there is to be a fifth. Each of these Buddhs lasts only for a time, and then comes to nothing. Until the next Buddh appears, the image of the last Buddh, called Goudama, is worshipped, and temples, called pagodas, are built to his memory. The Buddhist Priests in Thibet are called Lamas, and the ruler of the country is called the Grand Lama. Each Grand Lama is considered as an incarnation of the divinity, which, when one Lama dies, is supposed to enter into another. The Grand Lama is nominally the temporal as well as the spiritual ruler of the country. He lives, however, in his palace, shut out from the world, only appearing in public once a year. As Thibet is subject to China, the real power of the state rests with the Chinese officer, called Tazin, who resides at Lassa, the capital.

There are many orders of Priests. Some are dressed in yellow, others in red. They live in monasteries, where they lead a lazy life, mumbling over their prayers, counting beads, and performing useless ceremonies. Vain repetitions of mindless prayers, both by

Priests and people, seem to form one leading feature in their religion. The merit of the individual is according to the number of prayers which he repeats; and our Missionaries at Kotghur, in the Hill country, and who sometimes in their journeys meet with the people of Thibet, describe the following strange mode they have of multiplying their prayers. When our readers have perused it, they will be disposed to think that a human being muttering over a number of prayers in which his heart is not engaged, is no better than a Mani, or Praying-Machine.

I met a company of Tartars and Lamas with their cattle, in the Sutledge valley: some had Manis, but would not sell them. Some time ago I met one here turning his Mani most quickly whilst he walked, his small bundle of property being on his back. I stopped him, and asked him if he would sell it to me, as I have been asked frequently by friends to procure some of these Manis (Prayer-wheels), for forwarding to Europe. He refused it; but entering into conversation with him, and telling him he should fix his own price, he asked three rupees for it: it was, however, a very inferior one, made of leather, whilst the valuable ones are made of copper, inlaid with silver letters, &c. I paid him the money, and he gave me the Mani; when all at once, after a little while, he asked me to give it back to him. As soon as he had it in his hands again he put it three times to his forehead, made his salaam to it, and returned it to me, poor fellow, and off he went. It is difficult to get these Manis here, as very few like to part with them. Once, at the Rampur fair, I asked a Ladak man to sell me his; but he refused to do so, on the ground that I might turn it round the wrong way—from the right to the left, as it must always be turned to the right—in consequence of which he would have to suffer if he sold it to me.

These little Manis are a remarkable invention. They are wooden, or iron, or copper cylinders—filled with a long, but narrow roll of paper or cloth, on which their idols and symbols are painted, and, below, prayers, either printed or written in the Thibetian character—about two inches in diameter and three inches long. It moves on points like a horizontal wheel, and in a small string is a kind of iron or brass frame attached to the wheel to make it swing nicely. Not only the Buddhist clergy, but also any of the laity who feel inclined to do so, use this wheel. Those who are too poor, buy at least the prayers without the wheel, and carry the roll of paper on which they are written, or printed from a wood block, on their chest, sewn in a rag. A part of the Lamas procure their subsistence from writing or printing these prayers or sacred sentences. In Upper Kanawr they have very big Manis in their temples, which one man turns round by a handle. In 1845 I saw a very fine one at Sabrung: one turned it, and a number of people sat near it, so that the wind caused by turning it might touch their face, which is considered not only fortunate, but also blessed. The people have such Manis or Prayer-wheels built even in small streams close to their houses, so that the water, by turning the wheel, performs the necessary prayers for them!



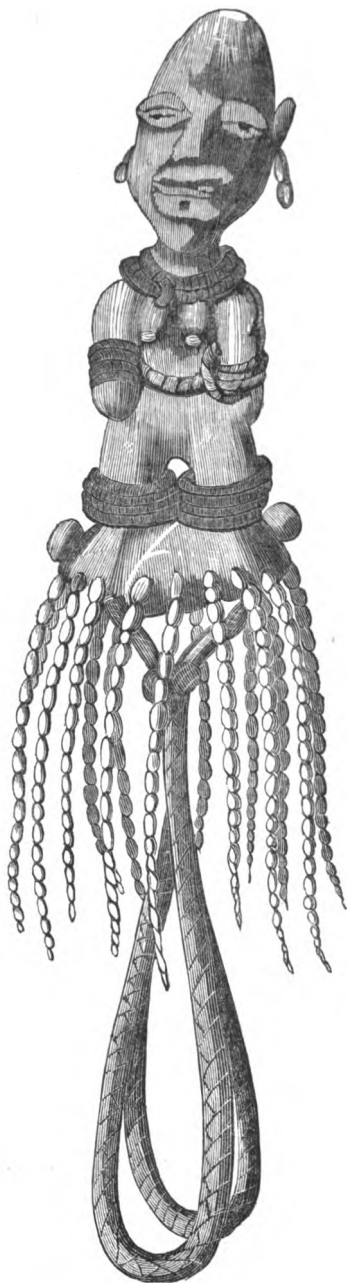
## AN AFRICAN IDOL.

OUR Engraving represents Igbeji, the god of twins, one of the many gods the poor benighted Africans worship. It is worshipped as a substitute for twins, or a twin child, that may have died; or else with a view to obtain such. The people think it an honour to have many children.

The idol from which the drawing was made was obtained by the Rev. C. A. Gollmer, our Missionary at Badagry, from a man who came to look at his house. It was suspended from his wrist by the loops below the figure. The idol itself is rudely carved in wood, the ears, neck, body, arms, and legs, being adorned with coloured beads. The round leathern pad or cushion, on which the idol stands, has several strings of beads suspended from the edge—with the loops in the centre, made of plaited leather, similar to the cushion.

Mr. Gollmer spoke to the man about the vanity and sinfulness of worshipping such things, and pointed out to him the nature of the one only true God, and the worship due to Him alone; and then desired him to give him his idol, to which request the man reluctantly consented.

Painful as it is to the true Christian's mind to hear of such sinful practices, we know that the day is coming, and is probably nearer at hand than many imagine, when "the idols He shall utterly abolish;" and when there shall be but one Lord known and loved and served throughout the earth.



## RED-RIVER COLONY—ARRIVAL OF THE BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND.

THE North-West parts of British America, beyond the boundaries of Canada, called Rupert's Land, consist of large lakes, arms of the sea running far inland, rivers, wide plains called prairies, without a tree, and barren hills and hollows tossed together in a strange and confused manner. By one person it was called the fag end of the world. Here and there are spots which, with much care, may be made productive; but the country generally is barren, and how to rear and preserve a sufficient quantity of food is a source of constant care to the inhabitants. In many parts no corn can be grown; and the potatoes and other crops which can be raised are often cut off by summer frosts.

The Indians, who are the Natives of this country, are divided into many tribes, and are thinly scattered over it. They have no settled habitations, but—as they live principally by hunting and fishing—wander about from place to place. They are naturally unsettled, thoughtless, and wasteful: they are also drunken when they can succeed in getting spirituous liquors. Aged parents are entirely neglected; and one-half of the aged men and women are left to starve, or perish of cold and want. The drudgery and heavy labour are thrown upon the women. An Indian, in moving from place to place, if he travel on foot, loads his wives with the heavy burdens, and spares himself. War and hunting alone rouse him to effort: at other times the women toil, while he lounges smoking and basking in the sun the live-long day.

Quarrelsome and revengeful, the different tribes have deadly strifes with each other. On the banks of one river, called the Saskatchewan, about forty Indians were killed the summer before last, at no very great distance from one of our Missionary Stations. Nineteen Blackfeet Indians having ventured near the camp of another tribe, called the Crees, the latter sprang to their weapons and horses, and in less than one hour the whole party of nineteen were killed, their scalps floating in the air, suspended to long poles, and their hands and feet hung to the tails and necks of the horses.

For such a sad state of things there is but one remedy — the Gospel of Peace; and our Church Missionary Society has been engaged for many years in this good work. It is impossible that a Missionary could wander about with the Indians, or while doing so be able to teach them. In order that they may have line upon line, and precept upon precept, they must be persuaded to settle down in villages, and till the ground. An attempt of this kind was made by our Missionary, the Rev. W. Cockran, in 1832, at Red River, to the south of Lake Winnipeg, at a short distance from a Colony of British settlers who were first planted there in 1811. Many looked upon it as a very wild scheme; and, no doubt, to try and persuade men to change their habits of life while their hearts and incli-

nations remain the same is a discouraging task. The plan which the Christian Missionary pursues is very different. While he is teaching a wild Indian to build a log house, or dig a garden, or sow seed, he is also teaching him the Gospel of Christ. This, by the blessing of God, changes the heart; and when the heart is changed, and the man's desires become different from what they were before, his way of life will soon change. It was thus with some of the Indians amongst whom Mr. Cockran was labouring: they built houses and prepared the ground, and they did not wish to stray away, because they found the word which they heard to be sweet to their taste. They remained themselves, and encouraged others to do the same, and thus the work prospered.

The Indian Settlement at the Red River is now like an Indian parish. There is a nice Church—a wooden building painted white, fifty feet or more in length, with a cupola over the entrance—attended on the Sunday mornings by a regular Congregation of 350 Indians, except when a portion of them are absent on hunting expeditions. The Services are conducted with the greatest order and regularity: the singing is altogether Indian, and very sweet. The Indians behave most properly, joining in the prayers, and listening attentively to the instructions given them. They are not the same people there, which they are in their wild state. The blessed Gospel has changed them, and the Red-River Settlement shows what may be done with a savage Indian.

Other Settlements were afterward formed; one at Cumberland Station, a little to the north-west of Lake Winnipeg, 500 miles distant from the Red River; and another at Lac-la-Ronge, 200 miles further north-west from Cumberland Station. The Indians in different directions are anxious to be taught. They feel themselves to be wretched, and that they want something to better their state, and many of them come long journeys to inquire. At a place called Fort Chippewyan, more than a thousand miles from the Red River, they are wishing for instruction. Our great difficulty has been the want of Missionaries. If God would graciously enable us to raise up Teachers from amongst the Indians themselves, who might be able to instruct their countrymen, then we could help many a suffering tribe, and visit many a distant place which the Gospel has not yet reached.

It is with the view of raising up such help, and providing for the spiritual wants of the Indian tribes, that a Bishop has gone out to Rupert's Land. He landed at York Fort, in Hudson's Bay, in August last, and after remaining there a fortnight, proceeded to the Red River. Two boats were placed by the Hudson's-Bay Company at the disposal of the Bishop and his party, which included his three children and his sister, and our Missionary, the Rev. R. Hunt, and Mrs. Hunt. The boats, or canoes, used on these occasions are made of birch-rind: the largest are about thirty-six feet long, and are manned by a crew of fourteen men.

The Bishop had hoped to reach the Indian Settlement by the last Sunday in September, but was delayed by contrary winds in Lake Winnipeg. It was not until Wednesday, the 3d of October, that the Indian Settlement was reached. What pleasant, thankful thoughts, must have been awakened in the minds of the Bishop and his companions! The neat Church and Parsonage, the nice laid-out garden and premises, the village, and its Christian Indians coming down to welcome the Bishop, with their Pastor at their head, as seen in our Frontispiece—what an evidence of the power of the Gospel! how agreeable to the gracious promise, “I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water. I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together: that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it.”

Pigwys, the old Indian Chief, who has been many years a Christian, had hoisted his flag in honour of the Bishop's arrival. He afterward came up the river to see the Bishop at the Colony, who on that occasion presented him with two handsome bows which he had brought from England, and also with some books, with which he was much pleased: nor was he less delighted at hearing some sacred music played by the Bishop's sister on an instrument which had come out with them from England. The Chief wore a medal, one of George III., which is with them a badge of royalty, the same as a crown with us.

The Bishop expects, after the necessary arrangements have been made, to have, as a commencement, six Natives under his instruction. But this, and other interesting particulars of his arrival, we must reserve to another Number.

#### ~~~~~ VISIT TO A BOILING SPRING IN NEW ZEALAND.

WE extract the following from a recent Journal of the Rev. R. Taylor, one of our Missionaries in New Zealand—

*March 19, 1849*—I arose early, and after prayers, accompanied by Mr. Lowry\*, I went to see the large puia, or boiling spring, called Te Tarata. Its first appearance is that of an immense flight of steps, of a circular form, with water running over them, which seems to have frozen as it fell, assuming the colour of snow. The water is of a different character from that of the Tukupurangi puia†: it is of a blueish milky hue, and has a very soft and slightly saline taste. I pulled off my shoes and stockings the better to ascend it, as an inch or two of water was constantly trickling down the steps. I found that in some parts the water was quite cold; in others, warm or hot. On some of the steps

\* A gentleman who was travelling in New Zealand, and had accompanied Mr. Taylor from Wanganui.

† An account of Mr. Taylor's visit to this spring is given in pp. 279, 280 of the “Church Missionary Intelligencer” for April last.

there was a very slippery deposit—a brown ochre; on others, a formation closely resembling a kind of moss slightly petrified. As I ascended, I found the steps increase in height and width, each containing one or more baths, some of cold water, others of warm, and some of both in the same basin. In one of the largest my companion, and some of the Natives who accompanied us, entered. As I wished to ascend to the higher steps to see the boiling gulf, I requested Mr. Lowry to call his dog to stay with him, which he did, and the animal immediately ran to him. In going up I found the water almost too hot for the naked feet, and therefore crept up along the sides, where the manuka and fern were growing luxuriantly; and, strange to say, though hanging over the steaming water, it felt extremely cold to the feet, and was dripping with dew. On ascending to the top step I found the siliceous deposit had formed a level pavement, over which about one or two inches of very hot water was flowing; beyond which was a small pool, and close to that the profound gulf from which the boiling stream proceeded, sending forth volumes of steam which completely concealed it from the view. In the middle of this platform was a rocky mound, which, overhanging the chasm, enabled those who could reach it to gain a nearer view of the abyss. To facilitate this, a row of stepping-stones had been laid for the visitor to pass over. As I was going along these, the poor dog—which, without our being aware, had followed me—ran past, and, finding the water scald his feet, he bounded on with a yell of pain, splashing my naked feet as he went, and causing me nearly to lose my balance. In an instant he plunged into a pool of hot water several feet deep: he made a vain attempt to get out, and then rolled over and over, and in a minute or less was dead, and sank to the bottom. The poor creature's agonizing struggles quite unnerved me: it was one of the most distressing and painful sights I ever witnessed. We could render no aid, and knew, if we had, we should only have prolonged its torments. We therefore retraced our steps, when we saw it lying at the bottom of the clear water which had thus suddenly become its grave. I had its dying struggles constantly before my eyes the rest of the day, and offered up a silent prayer of thanksgiving for that protecting care which had preserved me from the fearful death which overtook the poor dumb creature. As I returned, I could not help meditating upon the different views which different circumstances give us of death. The Christian, when called forth to meet it by the gun, the sword, or the hatchet, may do so with unshrinking courage; but, standing on the verge of a boiling gulf, death appears most horrible.

I learned that two poor children met a similar end some few years back in a neighbouring puia. The elder one, who was carrying an infant, went to take out a basket of potatoes which had been cooked in it, and, when standing on the verge, the infant struggled in its little bearer's arms, and, it is supposed, fell in: the other, without thinking, jumped after it to try and save it. The place has ever since been tapu.

The poor dog's death seems to teach us a lesson which should never be lost sight of. When we find we have left the right path, we should immediately strive to retrace our steps. It first got its feet into hot water an inch or two deep; but instead of going back, he bounded madly on, and plunged into a boiling pool. One false step thus led to another, and

to certain death. How many, like the poor dog, have persisted, and so perished, when, had they stayed to reflect, they would have returned and been safe! The prodigal, when he reflected, returned, and again was clasped in his father's bosom.

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THE GOSPEL.

In seasons of profound distress,  
When cares innumerable press,  
And earthly scenes are wrapped in gloom,  
What comes, the prospect to illumine?  
The Gospel.

When youth is gone, and health gives way,  
And the frame weakens day by day,  
And, sick and faint, support we need,  
What tells us of a Friend indeed?  
The Gospel.

When they who climbed with us the road  
That upward leads to Heaven's abode  
Are caught away, and few remain,  
What whispers, We shall meet again?  
The Gospel.

When children in succession die,  
Like flow'rs that droop when winter's nigh,  
And anxious parents see them pine,  
What helps such loved ones to resign?  
The Gospel.

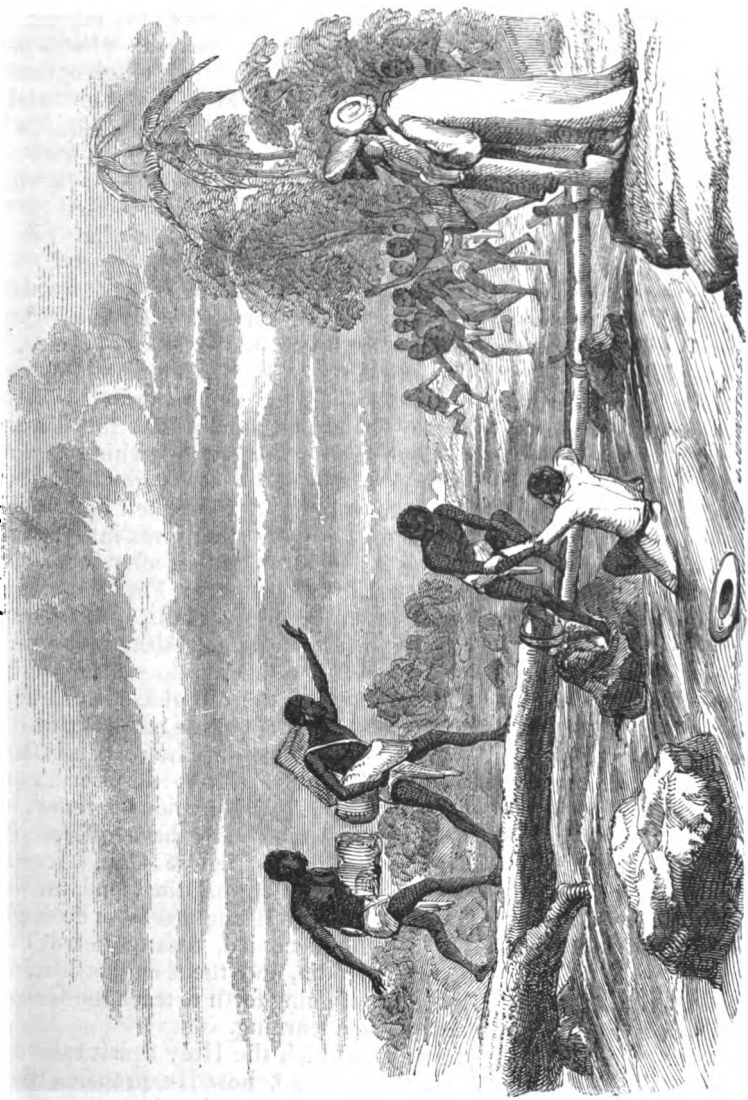
What gilds the mourning time with light,  
And makes impending clouds look bright,  
Illuminates the op'ning grave,  
And points to One supreme to save?  
The Gospel.

What tames the savage, makes him mild;  
What purifies the heart defiled;  
And comes majestic to control  
The wayward passions of the soul?  
The Gospel.

Message of mercy from above,  
Which publishes that God is love—  
The rainbow on the cloud portrayed,  
Which tells us how the flood is stayed—  
The outstretched olive-branch of peace—  
The voice that bids the tempest cease—  
The soldier's strength—the pilgrim's staff—  
The joy that makes the mourner laugh—  
The living water from the well—  
The words which love of Christ to tell—  
Speed onward, glorious Gospel! speed  
On wings of light to those in need!  
Compass the world—the joyful news  
Wider, and wider still, diffuse!  
Gladden the North, the South illumine,  
Break through and dissipate the gloom;  
Extend thy conquests East and West,  
Till all in Christ the Lord are blest!



THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



MERCIFUL PRESERVATION OF THE REV. J. REBMANN.—*Vide* pp. 45, 46.

#### LIVES OF MISSIONARIES.—THE REV. C. F. SWARTZ.

WE desire, in this our new Periodical, to glean from the past as well as from the present, especially from the lives of the earlier Protestant Missionaries. It is now nearly 150 years since the first Missionaries went forth from the Churches of the Reformation. Numbers of devoted Christian men have gone to labour in different heathen lands, and their lives are rich in wholesome instruction. The manner in which they were led to give themselves to God, and to the special work of Missions, their trials, their labours, their lives and deaths, all are full of interest. It is good to read how these men prayed and toiled. It may lead us, by the help of God, to follow their example. We shall have what is interesting and what is useful united. We shall be led on to read, and be the better for our reading. We shall see what it is to be a real Christian, and the blessedness of being so.

We commence with the life of Christian Frederick Swartz, who died at Tanjore on the 13th of February 1798, aged seventy-two years, forty-eight of which were spent in Missionary service.

Bartholomew Ziegenbalg was the first Protestant Missionary to India. He was sent out by the King of Denmark in 1705, to labour at Tranquebar, on the Tanjore coast, amongst the Tamil-speaking people. Here the seed was first planted, which is now becoming a great tree. He was followed by other good German Missionaries, who carried on the work, and completed that which he had begun—the translation of the Holy Scriptures into Tamil. One of these good men, whose name was Schultz, after labouring for twenty years in India, returned to Europe in 1742, in consequence of ill health, and took up his abode at Halle, in Germany. The Tamil Mission was not forgotten by him. Although absent in body, he was present in spirit. He wished to do something for it, and resolved to print a new edition of the Tamil Bible. There was in the Grammar-school at Halle a student of the name of Swartz, the son of pious parents. His mother died when he was an infant, but on her death-bed she had dedicated him to the Lord, and her prayers proved to be a rich legacy. When pious parents are dead to their children, the prayers which they have offered for them are not dead, but live on their behalf before God. It was thought that this lad might give help in the printing, and he was told to try and learn something of the Tamil language, that he might be more useful. While he was thus occupied, Swartz heard that new Missionaries were wanted for India, and the thought then, for the first time, came into his mind, of going forth to teach the Gospel to the people whose language he was learning.

It is very remarkable, the way in which the Holy Spirit calls out men for the work He wishes them to do, how He prepares them for it when they have other objects in view, and, when the proper time arrives, bends their will to His own purpose.

Swartz went home to tell his brothers and sisters of what had come into his mind. They seemed to think his father never would consent, because he was the eldest son, and looked upon as the chief prop of the family. He, however, very seriously opened his mind to his father, who told him that he must take two or three days to consider before he could give him any answer. This was an anxious time to Swartz, and no doubt a time of much prayer. All the members of the family expected very anxiously what the father's decision might be. At length the hour that had been fixed upon arrived, and his father, coming down from his chamber, gave him his blessing, and bade him depart in God's name, charging him to forget his native country and his father's house, and go and win many souls to Christ.

Thus, like Abraham of old, this pious father was willing to surrender his son at the command of God. How privileged the fathers are who have such an opportunity of showing how much they value God's work, by giving up that which is of such value to them—an eldest son, and one of promise, and who thus humbly imitate the love of Him who spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all.

Swartz reached Tranquebar, his first Station, on the 30th of July 1750. The pains which he had taken to learn the Tamil language before he left Europe now proved of great use to him, as he was enabled to preach his first Sermon in Tamil on the 5th of November of the same year, little more than three months after his arrival. His text was one rich in the love of the Gospel—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and the message of mercy which he then declared he continued to make known, both by preaching and living, for nearly half a century.

He was soon permitted to see that his labour was not in vain in the Lord. He spoke to the people simply, affectionately, and yet with power, and God gave the increase. Many were turned from their evil ways: some even of the most obstinate Brahmins began to inquire. In 1767 he became a Missionary of the Christian-Knowledge Society, and commenced a new Mission at Trichinopoly. This is a much more populous city than Tranquebar, and Swartz had more opportunities of doing good. In 1771 he mentions that he had six Native Helpers, who were of great service to him in enabling him to extend his labours among the people. They were indeed very necessary, so rapidly was his Congregation increasing; so much so, that, during the year we have just mentioned, no fewer than 140 persons were added to it, of whom 99 were grown persons.

The Heathen listened in thousands to the Word, and would gladly have come under instruction, but for the Cross. The great difficulty is, that their idolatry encourages them to indulge themselves, while the Gospel commands men to crucify and deny sinful

self. Once a Brahmin said, "It is the lust of the eyes and of pleasure that prevents us from embracing the Truth." This was a true confession. Swartz remarks—"The Apostle Paul numbers idolatry among the works of the flesh, from which the sinful flesh derives support in more ways than one. If it were only an error of the understanding, the greater number of the Heathen would already have forsaken it. But being a work of the flesh, and Christianity requiring the crucifixion of the flesh, they hang there. May Divine Power rescue them from it, through Jesus Christ ! Amen."

Swartz, however, persevered in his own faithful and affectionate manner. "Were we," he says, "to address the Heathen in an angry and cutting manner, it would be just as if we were to throw sand in a man's eyes, and then bid him see distinctly and accurately. But addressing them in love and meekness, or, when overhearing some evil speech, we graft on it a representation of Christianity in its loveliness, they usually listen with attention and reflection.

The following is a pleasing account of one of his Converts, given by Swartz—

A young man from the country was met by a Helper, who brought him to us. He remained with us several days, heard in silence, and declared he was convinced of the abomination of Heathenism. He then desired to go into the country, intending to return with his mother and his betrothed wife. After a few days, he arrived with the mother, and they then placed themselves under instruction. Both were of a quiet, and, in the eyes of the world, of a moral disposition. The young man began to attend to reading, which he had before almost forgotten. At the Evening Prayer hour—when we read a chapter in the New Testament, and when the Helpers inquire as to what is difficult to them—he was very attentive. Beside the other instruction given him, he had to read over to himself frequently, during the day, the chapter to be read at the evening hour of prayer, when he read it aloud before us all, distinctly, and without hesitation. By this daily exercise he soon learned to read. He and his aged mother prayed most earnestly, and we all remarked with joy that God was in the youth. He received the name of Sattianaden, or, Possessor of the Truth. His friends and relatives were ill-content. He, after this, went into the country to bring his wife and mother-in-law back with him; but this was attended with sorrow, for the wife came in much distress, would listen to nothing, and wept when she was addressed. The aged mother-in-law came likewise from a distance, but soon returned; "for," said she, "there is no standing it: every day there are twenty coming to me to converse about Christianity: this is not to be borne;" and so she returned into the country. Our Sattianaden now learned the Truth more and more; went forth and returned with the Helpers; carried my bag for me in my journeys very humbly; and showed his humility in little things. His brother-in-law came one day from the country, and set on him with so much wrath, in public, that the whole street was full. He would not enter the house, but insulted as he sat on the threshold. The Helpers wanted to set him right,

but it proved in vain. After a day his anger lessened, and he became more sociable. He was civilly invited to attend the Evening Prayer, which he did. We all conversed with him, and he acknowledged that he was in fault; promised that he would soon come with his wife, and place himself under instruction; confided to us his son, a dear little lamb, six years of age, to be instructed in the School; and then returned to the country. Sattianaden I have received as a Helper, and he now goes forth in peace; only I never send him forth alone, but in the society of an elder Helper; so that should he be roughly treated, which is no unusual case here, he may have some one with him to console him

Sattianaden was afterwards ordained.

*(To be continued.)*

#### THE INDIAN SETTLEMENT, RED-RIVER COLONY.

In our last Number we related the arrival of the Bishop of Rupert's Land at the Red-River Colony. We now proceed to mention some of the many encouraging circumstances which serve to show how truly and deeply the Christian Indians value their privileges. The Bishop had arranged to spend Christmas-day at the Indian Settlement, and on the 24th of December he proceeded thither. He thus describes the circumstances of his visit—

The ride from the Fort to the Indian Church is the prettiest in the Settlement, and the day was bright and beautiful, so that I saw it to great advantage. The greater part of the way you drive through the woods, until you suddenly come on the river at a small island, where the river widens and forms a larger sheet of water, almost like a lake, between the island and the Indian Church. The flag was hoisted in front of the house of the Chief Pigwys, and before Mr. Smithurst's house, in honour of my arrival. In the afternoon I visited the Chief, and conversed with him for some time; and, hearing that his grandson was to be baptized the next day, I promised to do this myself. In the evening, according to good old English custom, Mr. Smithurst distributed some meat and vegetables among the poor: he gave six pounds of beef and a quarter of a bushel of turnips to each of the widows of the Settlement: their number he found to have increased by deaths to 23. We had Service in the Church in the evening, as they have always a short Indian sermon, bearing on the Sacrament, the evening before every administration of the Lord's Supper.

The following morning, the weather had entirely changed: a very high wind, with a severe and drifting snow-storm. We found, notwithstanding, no empty places in Church. Above 250 assembled to celebrate the birth of their Saviour, and out of these 86 joined together in commemorating His dying love at His Holy Table. There is a remarkable stillness during Service in the Indian Church, great reverence of manner, and we noticed that many of them were in tears while kneeling to communicate. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had joined us, having been prevented from attending the Lord's Supper with us at St. Andrew's Church. I preached in the morning from St. Luke ii. 15, telling them that I

felt grieved that, as it happened, they were the last to hear my voice among them from the pulpit; but that I could not have had a more suitable day, to appear for the first time, than that on which we hail the glad tidings of great joy, the birth of the Infant Saviour for the redemption of a lost and guilty world. In the afternoon the first part of the Service was read in English by Mr. Hunt; the remainder, from the Second Collect, in Cree by Mr. Smithurst. I then baptized the little grandson of the Chief, the son of his *eldest Christian* son; after which there was a short Indian sermon, a translation of one, on "the Image of God," in Jowett's Christian Visitor. This was read by the Schoolmaster. He prepares it over-night, and reads it off fluently. This is found here, as in New Zealand, to be much better than to have the words of the Clergyman translated by an interpreter, sentence by sentence. The singing in the afternoon was remarkably good: they seem to enjoy it themselves; and, having been well trained by Mr. Smithurst, with some additional instruction by Mr. Hunt, they can now sing, taking parts, extremely well. We had the usual Christmas Hymns—'While shepherds,' 'High let us swell our tuneful notes,' 'Hark! the herald angels sing,' &c.—and, at the conclusion, the Evening Hymn. I could not restrain the expression of my pleasure after all was finished, and told them how much I had enjoyed the Services of the day, and how much I was delighted to find that they could join in such a way in the praises of our Heavenly Father.

Next morning, before I left Mr. Smithurst's house, the Chief called. I found it was to present a Calumet of Peace. It is a pretty one, with an ornamented handle. The mouthpiece is from the celebrated red-stone quarry mentioned by Catlin. It had been given to the Chief in a war with the Sioux, and he begged my acceptance of it. Immediately after, I took leave, with many very pleasing recollections of my first Christmas in this distant and remote land.

The history of this Mission is most instructive. It teaches us never to disregard the smallest opportunity of doing good. To do so is just the same as if a man should despise a seed because it is small, and say there is no use in sowing it. Yet, small as it is, what great things grow from a little seed! The noble oak, with its immense trunk, and huge branches stretching out in every direction, beneath which it is so pleasant to sit on a summer's day and find shelter from the heat, sprung from an acorn! He who first commenced the work among the poor Indians of Rupert's Land had learned not to despise the day of small things. He showed this when he took home with him two Red-Indian boys, whom their parents had entrusted to his care, that he might teach them about the true God and Jesus Christ. We give on the next page a picture of the Rev. John West, in his log house at the Red River, with these two Red boys before him, teaching them their letters. It required great pains, and greater patience; but Mr. West was a good man, and a great man, because he was willing to become as nothing for Christ, and because he contented himself with very small beginnings, in the hope that God would bless them to great

results. He taught the boys a prayer. It was short and simple—"Great Father! bless me, through Jesus Christ our Lord;" and in



the Letter in which he told the Society of this, he added, "May our gracious God hear their cry morning and evening, and raise them up as heralds of His salvation in this truly benighted and barbarous part of the world!"

How remarkably God has answered the prayers of this devoted Minister! One of these Indian boys is now the Native Catechist, Henry Budd, whom the Bishop hopes to have with him next winter to prepare for Ordination, and who already has done much good amongst his countrymen.

In another Letter Mr. West says, "Those boys, who have been with me since last year, can now converse pretty freely in English, are beginning to read, and can repeat the Lord's Prayer correctly. The other day I gave them a small portion of ground for a garden,

and I never saw boys in Europe more delighted than they were in hoeing and planting it."

The little Red Indian boy working at his garden has grown up to be a Christian man, and his sphere of labour has changed. He is a labourer in the husbandry of God, watching over the plants which his Heavenly Father has planted. May many such Labourers be sent forth to break up the hard soil, and sow the good seed, until the dreary wastes of Rupert's Land become as the garden of the Lord!

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### PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS.

AFRICA is a very large continent. The greater portion of its interior is as yet unknown to us; and hitherto, when a map of Africa has been printed, the centre part has been left blank. Europeans have been curious on the subject. They have thought it strange, that, although Africa is nearer to them than either Asia or America, it should nevertheless be the least known. From our own country many brave men have been sent out, from time to time, to try and reach the centre. None of them have succeeded, and most of them have died from sickness and fatigue.

We have some Missionaries on the East Coast of Africa, and they have been enabled to travel some hundred miles from the coast, and to make some very remarkable discoveries.

The surface of the earth is divided into five zones, or belts. One is very hot, two are very cold, and two temperate. We live in one of the temperate zones. The hot or tropical zone lies to the south of us, and occupies the centre part of the earth's surface. The greater portion of Africa lies within this hot zone. Our Missionaries on the East Coast are near the centre of it. Yet here, where it was least expected, our Missionaries have discovered mountains covered with perpetual snow. Mr. Rebmann discovered one mountain of this kind in a journey which he made in the year 1848; and Dr. Krapf, in a long journey which he accomplished in November and December of last year, discovered another. Central Africa may therefore prove to be a hilly and mountainous country. Now we know that the higher we go the colder it gets. We find, from the East-African snow mountains, that even in the parts of the earth where the sun has most power there is a height where there is snow, and snow which never melts away all the year round. Thus the centre of Africa may be so high that it may be a temperate climate like our own. We also know that such climates suit man best, that they are the most populous, and that man there has most power of mind and body. What a field for Missionary effort may there not be in the heart of Africa waiting for the Gospel! numerous and interesting nations, who have never seen its light nor heard its joyful sound.

It is from love to souls that our Missionaries have made these



journeys, to try what openings might exist for introducing the Gospel into the interior. They have undergone many fatigues and dangers. Wild beasts of various kinds—the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros—abound in these lands. The latter is especially formidable to the traveller, as, if he is met in the jungle, it is almost impossible to get away from him. But their principal danger has been from selfish men. Mr. Rebmann, on his last journey, suffered much in this respect.

A great ruler in the interior, called Mamkinga, had promised Mr. Rebmann once before, that when he came again he would help him on his way to new countries beyond; and about a year ago Mr. Rebmann proceeded to visit him, in the hope that he would do as he had said. This was not, however, the case. It soon became plain that this King would not suffer him to go further, and that he would keep him there until he had robbed him, by beggary, of all the goods he had brought with him to pay the expenses of his journey. Day after day he sent, or came himself, for presents. Mr. Rebmann saw his goods lessening rapidly, and, with them, his hopes of getting on. This troubled him very much; so much so, that one day, when he was obliged to tear off, with his own hands, the pieces of cloth which the King asked for, he could no longer restrain himself, but burst into tears. When they saw him weeping, they said it was because he was losing his goods. But he said this was not so: it was because good people in Europe had given them to him that he might visit the nations of Africa so far as he could, and teach them the Gospel, and now Africans themselves were preventing him from doing so.

Moreover, the weather was wet and cold, his miserable hut generally full of smoke, his food very bad, and not enough even of that, and Mr. Rebmann at length became very ill. His bearers became discontented, and nothing remained but to return. Afraid to take the beaten road by which they had come, lest they might be ill-treated by the Chiefs when it was found they had no more presents, it was resolved to leave the beaten path, and go home through the wilderness. This, however, was no easy task. Some of the people who had hatchets went first to open a way through the thick jungle. Others climbed the highest trees, to find out, the direction they ought to take, for they would not trust to Mr. Rebmann's compass. Sometimes, during the dark and rainy night, no fire could be lighted. They could neither warm themselves nor cook their food, and Mr. Rebmann's bedding and clothes were soaked with wet.

After having passed many small rivers, they reached one larger than the rest, and it caused much thought to know how they were to cross it. At length a tree was cut down and thrown across the river, the rocks catching it so as to prevent it being swept away. It came short of the other bank by about fifteen feet, and stakes were therefore fastened to the end of it, and to some large stones which were above the water. In crossing by this rude bridge, Mr. Rebmann lost his balance, and fell into the water. The danger was that he

would be swept away, for the current was very strong, and the water so deep as to reach beneath his arms. But God had mercy on him, and not on him only, but on us also, lest we should have sorrow upon sorrow. He was enabled to get hold of the stakes, and even then, such was the force of the stream, he could scarcely hold on while wading through to the other bank. One of his porters assisted in getting him out of the water, as represented in our Frontispiece. The next bridge of this kind Mr. Rebmann dragged himself over in a riding posture.

Mr. Rebmann says—"On praying to God amidst the thorns of the wilderness, my heart melted within me, and my eyes overflowed with tears, in remembrance of the experience which I had made on this journey, which showed me much more of the wickedness of these African Heathen, but also of my own heart."

It is indeed in times of trial that we learn most of ourselves, and most also of the goodness of Him who bears with us, sinful as we are, and continues to watch over and protect us. We are also on our journey—the journey through life; and the road is often sharp and thorny, and there are difficult and dangerous places—temptations which must be met, and sins into which we may fall, and so be swept away. What need, therefore, have we to place ourselves under the care of that merciful Father, who spared not His own Son, but delivered him up for us all! He will be near to help when we most need it. "He sent from above, He took me; He drew me out of many waters."

#### ENCOURAGING INSTANCE OF PAROCHIAL EFFORT IN THE CAUSE OF MISSIONS.

THE following sketch of the growth of Missionary work in a country parish of small capabilities is interesting and instructive. It shows what may be done where there is a willing mind, and remarkably verifies a passage in our Report for the present year—that the funds of this Society are mainly dependent, under God, upon individual exertion, springing from a sense of personal responsibility.

A small agricultural village in a southern county, without one landowner resident within its bounds, has, since the year 1828, contributed 240*l.* 18*s.* 6½*d.* to the funds of the Church Missionary Society. Of that sum, 127*l.* have been raised, since the year 1844, by annual instalments of, on an average, 24*l.* From that date, Evening Meetings have been held in the National Schoolroom, once, and sometimes twice, every year. At those Meetings, friends from the neighbourhood, and Deputations from the Parent Society, have spoken. But before 1844—that is, for the first sixteen years of the existence of the Association—only three Meetings, the first in 1835, were held in the place, and no Public Meetings within six miles.

Yet during that period the Income from this little Branch steadily increased, from 5*l.* to 10*l.* 10*s.* per annum, amounting in all to 113*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

How is this to be explained? How did the work begin? How was it carried on? It began with a young tradesman of the village. He came down from his business employments in London, full of what he had seen and heard at a Public Meeting of the Church Missionary Society. He began, and first his mother, then his brother, carried on the humble work of collecting penny and halfpenny weekly subscriptions, and circulating from month to month, with untiring regularity, the Church Missionary Record. Thus the work went on, steadily and noiselessly. Many were its discouragements: at times all things seemed to be against us; but the hand of the Lord was with His servants, and after many years of patient labour He cheered them by sending them a Pastor who loves the work as they do.

The brother is still a warm friend of the Society; while his daughters from month to month circulate the periodical publications of the Society; and the little annual gatherings in the School-room are such as cheer the Minister's heart, and refresh the spirits even of men who, like Bernau, have seen and addressed much larger and more influential assemblies.

We add a statement, which may, we trust, in connexion with what has already been advanced, tend to encourage some fainting ones, and perhaps, also, may rouse to exertion some who, under circumstances equally—but scarcely less—hopeless, are tempted to say, “The time is not come, the time that the Lord's House should be built.”

Midsummer	1829	£5 14 6	Midsummer	1840	£10 10 0
„	1830	3 18 0	„	1841	10 10 0
„	1831	4 0 0	„	1842	10 10 0
„	1832	3 10 0	„	1843	10 10 0
„	1833	5 5 0	„	1844	10 10 0
„	1834	5 5 0	„	1845	20 7 11
„	1835	5 5 0	„	1846	22 10 9
„	1836	6 10 0	„	1847	23 7 4
„	1837	6 10 0	„	1848	22 15 0½
„	1838	7 7 0	„	1849	25 12 0
„	1839	7 7 0	Jubilee Fund . . .		13 4 0
			£240 18 6½		

State of the Funds of the Association at Midsummer 1849—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collection at Annual Meeting,	3	0	10	Twenty-two Missionary Boxes,	10	13	10
Annual Subscriptions . .	3	19	0	Other Sums . . . . .		11	0
Twenty-five Weekly ditto						£25	12 0
at 1d. . . . .	5	8	4				
Eighteen ditto at ½d. . .	1	19	0				

Population of the village in 1841, 600.

THE RUINED TEMPLE.

THE Rev. G. G. Cuthbert, in visiting the Krishnaghur Mission, discovered a singular temple near the Station of Bholobpur. It had evidently been built with great care and at much expense, but it had been cleft in twain by a peepul tree, which had rooted itself in the building, and, with its swelling roots and branches, had torn the whole asunder.

Where, by Jelingha's tide, the Hindu youth  
 Welcomes with joy the sound of Gospel truth ;  
 Where Krishnaghur its rip'ning hopes displays,  
 And Christian Natives join in prayer and praise ;  
 A Heathen shrine is found, by zealous hands  
 In former times constructed—there it stands,  
 An ancient pile : ages had passed away,  
 And left it little injured by decay.  
 But something now despoils it : on the ground  
 The scattered fragments of its strength are found,  
 Stone rent from stone, the massive walls upturned,  
 And its high dome of decoration shorn.  
 Life in its growth has rent the pile in twain,  
 And strewed the shapeless ruins o'er the plain.  
 A seed fell there, within some crevice blown  
 By the strong wind, and there, in secret sown,  
 It grew : the dews refreshed it, and the rain  
 Helped in its turn the seedling to sustain.  
 Its roots so flexible an entrance found  
 Through many a tiny aperture around.  
 Insinuated thus, they grew apace,  
 And, as they grew, required more ample space.  
 The contest then commenced ; a wond'rous strife  
 Between the inert mass and swelling life.  
 The solid walls resisted, but, at length,  
 The slow but sure expansion, in its strength,  
 Burst the stone barriers, and scattered wide  
 The masonry which had its strength defied.

There is a gloomy pile of vice and guilt  
 By Satan's pow'r elaborately built ;  
 Innumerable idols placed within  
 Teach, by their bad example, men to sin ;  
 And, tainted by religion such as this,  
 Men serve their lusts, and call this service bliss.

But there a seed has fall'n, so small and mean  
 That men despised it ; but it fell between  
 Opposing hindrances, and, through God's grace,  
 Found, where it least was hoped, an entrance place.  
 The truth was introduced, and there it lay,  
 Preserved of God, and nourished day by day.  
 And now it grows perceptibly : it shoots  
 Through the hard mass its penetrative roots.  
 Strange sounds are heard, and sudden flaws appear,  
 Which tell the time of dissolution's near ;  
 And now and then, from the enfeebled walls,  
 As ominous of more, a fragment falls ;  
 A living stone rolls off—a village prays  
 To be instructed in the Saviour's ways ;  
 Sinners with willing ears the Truth receive,  
 And come with haste, impatient to believe ;  
 Men break from caste, and friends and home resign ;  
 The fibrous roots grow vigorous and twine  
 Around each buttress, tearing it away,  
 And op'ning the dark building to the day.  
 Soon may it prostrate fall, and in its place  
 Churches of true believers India grace !

No. 5. NEW SERIES.]

[AUGUST, 1850.]

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE MISSIONARY'S HUT IN THE TREE.—*Vide* p. 55.

VOL. I.

F

## LIVES OF MISSIONARIES.—THE REV. C. F. SWARTZ.

*(Continued from p. 41 of our last Number.)*

SWARTZ was a holy man. God's grace enabled him to live consistently. This, as we shall see, gave him much influence, and won for him the respect of all people, Natives and Europeans. There is nothing gives such weight as character. Men know from their own experience how difficult it is to lead a holy and self-denying life; and when they see a fellow-man like Swartz enabled to do so, then they know that he has a principle and a source of strength within him which they have not. Such a man will be respected, and numbers, who cannot persuade themselves to give up the guilty pleasures of a sinful life, in the depths of their own hearts feel how well it would be for them if they were real Christians also. What the Holy Spirit wrought in Swartz, He can do for us; only let us humble ourselves before our God, and ask for grace in the name of Jesus Christ.

Our readers would wish to know something of the personal appearance of Swartz, of his habits and way of life. He is thus sketched by the pen of his friend, Mr. Chambers—

I had often heard mention of Mr. Swartz, before I went to see him, as a man of great zeal and piety, and learned in the languages of the country; but my ideas of him were very imperfect, and I had a notion that I should find him very strict and austere-looking. The first sight of him, however, made a complete change in my mind as to this point. His garb, indeed, which was very well-worn, seemed foreign and old-fashioned; but in every other respect his appearance was the reverse of what might be called forbidding. Figure to yourself a stout, well-made man, somewhat above the middle size, erect in his carriage and address, with a complexion rather dark, though healthy, black curled hair, and a manly engaging countenance expressive of unaffected openness and benevolence, and you will have an idea of what Mr. Swartz appeared at first sight.

At Trichinopoly his means of living were very narrow. His whole income was about 48*l.* a year; and an European may live in England much better on 24*l.* a year than he could in India for 48*l.* Let us see, then, how he managed with this income. He obtained of the Commanding Officer, who perhaps was ordered to furnish him with quarters, a room in an old Gentoo building, which was just large enough to hold his bed and himself, and in which few men could stand upright. With this apartment he was contented. A dish of rice and vegetables, dressed after the manner of the Natives, was what he could always sit cheerfully down to; and a piece of dimity dyed black, and other materials of the same homely sort, sufficed him for an annual supply of clothing. Thus easily provided as to temporal wants, his only care was to "do the work of an Evangelist."

This he was indeed enabled to do. He preached incessantly to the Natives, both in the town and in villages around. There was before him abundance of work. The country of Tanjore

is one of the richest in Southern India, and the wealthy Hea-then in former times had spent immense sums of money in the building of pagodas, of which there are great numbers. One of the largest is at the Isle of Seringham, about fifteen miles below Trichinopoly. It is one mile long, and, being square, is four miles round. In the centre of each of the sides is a great Cobrum, or tower. The central space within the walls is filled up by one square within another, the innermost square being the seventh. There is the idol, Shiva being the false god worshipped. The hall of reception is supported by no fewer than 1000 great pillars, each being one stone hewn out of the rock. Around are huge figures of the false gods of India in great numbers. The great idol Shiva is of pure gold: it is made in pieces, so that it can be taken down and put up again at the festivals. One of the pieces, forming the hand to the wrist, would reach from a man's elbow to the end of the fingers, so that the whole image when set up cannot be less than fifteen feet high. Conceive an image of gold fifteen feet in height. Beside, there are precious stones, wherewith to dress the idol so as to hide the joints at the wrists, neck, and other parts, in wonderful quantities, chest after chest being full of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, so as to dazzle the eyes. The Brahmins say that the treasures of the temple are worth no less than 625,000*l*.

In a country and amidst a people so wholly given to idolatry, Swartz laboured. He did not seem to know what it was to be discouraged. He believed the Truth was great, and that it would prevail. He went forth in simplicity of spirit, trusting to the power of God. What he said was pointed, and full of meaning. Once a Mahomedan asked him, "What is the difference between your religion and mine?" Swartz replied, "We both have a heavy burden of sin to carry: you have none to remove it, but we have, in Jesus Christ, a powerful deliverer." Another said, "Show me God, that I may see Him, and I will become your disciple." "You speak," said Swartz, "like a sick man who wishes to become well without taking medicine. There is a sure way made known by God Himself: follow it, and you will see Him."

On one occasion he visited the great mosque at Trichinopoly. This mosque is said to contain the remains of a celebrated faqir called Natter, who was supposed to have performed many wonderful miracles 700 years before. At the tomb of this saint the Mahomedans come to worship every Thursday. On the occasion of Swartz' visit, two Mahomedans, entering into conversation with him, began to praise the merit of good works. "I will not," said he, "enter into a long discussion with you, as you have just used the Persian proverb, that 'He who disputes loses every time a drop of blood from his liver.' I will therefore simply state the truth of the Gospel. We are sinners, and deserve to be punished. That punishment we must either bear ourselves, or some other person, duly fitted to do so, must bear it in our stead.

This other person is no other than Jesus Christ. He is now the foundation of all grace; so that unless you seek through Him the forgiveness of your sins, the guilt will rest upon yourselves, and you must bear the punishment."

Nor did he only think of the souls of the Heathen. He found at Trichinopoly a large English garrison without a Chaplain. To these he tried to be of service, and his kind, simple manners soon made him welcome. He persuaded the soldiers in the first instance to meet in a large room in an old Gentoo building. They then resolved to build a Church. Being appointed Chaplain, at a salary of 100*l.*, Swartz expended the first year's income in building next the Church a Mission-house and a School-house.

Thus he sowed beside all waters, and his work at Trichinopoly was owned and blessed of God. Every day he assembled such of his Catechists as were sufficiently near, and instructed them how to explain to the Natives the truths of the Gospel. In the morning they joined him in prayer, and meditation on God's word; after which every one was directed whither to go that day, "trying," to use Swartz' own words, "whether they might not be so happy as to bring some of their wandering fellow-creatures into the way of truth." In the evening they gave an account of their labours, and the day closed, as it began, with meditation and prayer. During the day many of the Natives, of various ranks, came to visit and converse with him, as well as the officers of the garrison, who valued him. One marked feature in the character of Swartz was his love of children and earnest desire to do them good; and we shall end this paper by an extract from a beautiful Letter written by him to the daughters of his valued friend, Colonel Wood, Commandant of the Fort at Trichinopoly, after their father's death.

Oh, my dear young friends, regard the admonitions, example, nay, and the correction, of your pious mamma; despise them not; prize them higher than all jewels. Rejoice her heart by your humble and obedient behaviour, as I hope you have hitherto done. Doubtless you see and hear much, in so large a city, which should not so much as be named by Christians. But the Church is at present like a field which is overgrown with weeds, thorns, and thistles. You are happily guarded by your Christian education against the evil influence which the prevailing wickedness might otherwise have over you. Shun those places; turn away your eyes and hearts from all which might vitiate your mind, or at least tempt you, or retard you in your way. Be sure, you may pray, nay, be fervent in prayer; but, except you watch, you will lose all most miserably. Watchfulness is the soul of Christianity. Be therefore careful. Watch: above all, watch over your heart, over your conversation, over the company you keep. In short, be wise virgins. You will then be ready to go out to meet the Lord. You read, you pray, you sing hymns; but take care that all these excellent things may improve your hearts and lives, that by your reading you may grow in the knowledge of Jesus, in faith, in a sincere love towards Him, in willingness to follow Him, in hating and rejecting all things which hinder you



in your desire of winning Christ, and the happiness of being found in Him. I remember you all frequently: my heart wishes you all the riches of grace, of strength, and comfort, which are to be found in Jesus.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### THE HILL ARAANS.

THE centre of India is much higher than the countries next the coast: it is what is called a high table-land. You climb up from the shore by steep valleys and mountains; and when you have reached the top you find yourself in a vast plain country, raised, by the mountains you have ascended, far above the plains below. In these mountains, called ghauts, which separate the highlands from the lowlands of India, and on the sides of the still higher mountains which border India on the north, amidst the jungles and forests, are to be found very many races of people altogether different from the Hindus.

The attention of our Missionary, the Rev. H. Baker, jun., of Palam, in the kingdom of Travancore, has, within these few years, been drawn to an interesting race inhabiting the forest-clad hills and mountains which are to the east of his Station, at the distance of about forty miles. They are called the Hill Araans, and live by cultivation. Mr. Baker describes them as a most interesting people in manners and appearance, and proverbial throughout the country for their truth, their modesty, and industrious habits. They have well-cultivated fruit and other trees, and a large tract of ground for the growth of rice adjoining each village. They number about 2000 in a circle of forty miles, their villages being separated from each other by tracts of thick jungle. Living in villages on the sides of the ghauts, until visited by our Missionary they never had an European among them, with the exception of those who surveyed the country thirty years ago.

About two years ago the Headmen of these people, from five different hills, applied to Mr. Baker, asking for Schools, religious instruction, and protection against some persons who oppressed them. Mr. Baker, thinking they asked for religious teaching only in the hope of being protected, questioned them on this point, and in some measure found that such was the case. But when one of them, the head of thirty-two families, said, "Sir, we worship our ancestors, beside other gods: we know nothing aright. Will you teach us, or not?" and when another said, "The cholera last year, and the fever this spring, killed all but two of my relations: they died like beasts, and we buried them like dogs. Ought you to neglect us?" he felt he could not do otherwise than promise them all the help he could give. He therefore set out to visit them, accompanied by his brother. They had to walk the whole way, often having to wade across the hill streams, and passing the nights in

the houses of the Natives. He found about 500 willing to come under instruction. They said that they wanted no pecuniary help ; that their hill-sides gave them abundance of rice ; and that all they wished was to know how to serve God aright, and that they might not be obliged to obey other than the proper officers.

Afterward a very encouraging Meeting was held, which Mr. Baker thus describes in one of his Letters, dated May 24, 1849—

Ten days since we had a grand Meeting of heads of villages : more than 100 men assembled from a dozen different hamlets. Only a few among them who are office-bearers in each hamlet, and who offer to the spirits of their ancestors the *cover* of all their seed, paddy, &c., wear kudoom-bies, or top-knots of hair : all others wear it long, like women. They agreed to cut off these top-knots, or have the whole head covered with hair ; to learn prayers morning and evening ; abolish all practices contrary to Christianity ; deliver up to me the signs or symbols of Kali\* ; and have all boys and girls, and themselves, taught. They also promised to build a Prayer-house in each place, and requested a Church in a central place ; and begged of me to live amongst them. After this I prayed with them, all kneeling in the open air, and, it being night, we had large fires burning. They repeated the Lord's Prayer, and I blessed them in the name of our Redeemer and Father, praying the Comforter to enlighten their souls. All this was fifty miles from home, in the centre of the ghauts, and these men were the heads of families containing 900 and more souls.

Another Letter, dated three months later, contains more information.

About 190 of them have learned the Lord's Prayer and Belief, and are now getting on with the Ten Commandments. More than 300 are under instruction now ; and many other villages of them have asked for Teachers. I am able to spend a week with these people about once every month.

I consider these mountaineers to be the most promising part of the vineyard entrusted to me. The villages are situated on the mountain sides ; little terraces being cut out on the steep ascents to prevent wild elephants getting to them. They are surrounded by dense forests of splendid trees, every valley having a little stream falling over granite rocks. The Headman of one of the villages, who has joined me, is considered very wealthy. His place is called Combukuthie, from the mountain having at a distance, in their idea, the appearance of an elephant fallen with the tusks to the ground. Copara and Magapata are the two other villages. My Readers and Schoolmasters take it in turn to stay a month each with them ; and, as I have already mentioned, Prayer-houses have been built ; the Sunday is kept holy ; the little huts in which lamps to the memory of their ancestors were kept burning have disappeared ; prayer, morning and evening, as well as on Sundays, is offered up unitedly ; old and young, all capable of learning, are doing so ; and I hope before long I shall have some young men among them capable of teaching others.

\* Kali, or the black mother, one of the false deities of the Hindus, is supposed to be particularly pleased with the shedding of blood. She is much worshipped near Calcutta, which has thence its name—Kali-ghaut, or Calcutta.

The habits, figures, and customs of these Araans are very different from those of the people we have been accustomed to. Truth is very rarely departed from. Industry, hospitality, and freedom of speech appear marked in their character. There is no fawning nor cringing about them; so that even while teaching them, if any thing is told them beyond their understanding or belief, they say so at once. The heathen customs of the women in the lower part of Travancore are not known among them.

Since then Mr. Baker has been several times amongst this interesting people. Their god-houses have been pulled down, and the stones which represented the spirits of their ancestors rolled down the hill-side. Last December he remained an entire fortnight with them, during which time he was the inhabitant of a strange habitation—a hut built in a large tree some twenty-five feet from the ground, which we have endeavoured to represent in our Frontispiece. When our readers remember that tigers and elephants abound in these jungles, they will feel disposed to think that this nest in a tree was, after all, not a bad place to live and sleep in for a time, provided the inmate was careful not to fall out of it. At this place the jungle has been cleared; eight houses for native families built; a School-room, to be used as a Place of Worship, finished; while the whole is to be surrounded with a high bank of earth and granite stones, with a ditch to keep off the elephants. In the centre, instead of the house in the tree, there is to be a bungalow for the Missionary. Meanwhile, until the enclosure is made, they put him in the most secure place they have. As this spot is central to the other villages, all the boys are to come there to School, and several families intend removing to it. Mr. Baker has got from the owner of the soil a space of two miles round the spot, which they can cultivate. As the neighbourhood becomes safe, each house will be built separate in its own garden; and the central enclosure will become the Mission Compound, which will then contain only the bungalow, Church, and School-house.

Let us pray that these poor people may be as a little flock gathered within the fold of Christ, and safe under His care; so that the enemy of souls, who goes about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, may not be able to touch them.

#### THE OLD CHIEF TUMUWAKAIRIA.

IN April of last year our New-Zealand Missionary, the Rev. R. Taylor, who had been at Tauranga, on the north-east coast, for the purpose of meeting and taking counsel with his brethren from other Stations, set out on his return home, a long journey on foot, to his own District, Wanganui, which lies directly across the island on the opposite, or south-western coast.

In this journey several things occurred which our readers may find interesting. Mr. Taylor, wishing to borrow a canoe to take

him some distance down one of the rivers, one of the New Zealanders wrote a Letter to his friend, asking him to oblige Mr. Taylor in this matter. The Letter was wrapped up in a bit of brown paper and tied with flax: it was then fixed in the cleft of a stick, which was tied again at one end to keep it safe. With this stick in her hand the messenger ran on before them. Great numbers of the Natives have learned to read and write, many of them after they had grown old: thus they read their New Testaments diligently, and when they meet a Missionary have many questions to ask him, and they can communicate by letter with their distant friends. They are very fond of writing, and make much use of it.

At one of the villages where he held Service, many of the Natives came afterward to his tent to speak with him. One of them asked what was the meaning of Agrippa's word, Almost a Christian—in native speech, a Christian all but a little bit or space.

Now it happened that, some time before, Te Heuheu, a great Chief, with many of his relatives, had been buried beneath a heavy mass of stones and mud which had fallen from the side of the mountain which rose behind his village. The old Chief, who was nearly seven feet high, might have escaped, for he was warned of the danger; but instead of this he stood at the door of his house and prayed to the sea-god or monster in whom he trusted to turn away the evil, for he was not a Christian, and while he was doing so sudden destruction came upon him. This calamity was spoken of all through New Zealand, and all the Natives knew of it.

Mr. Taylor made use of this to answer the man's question. He said that Te Heuheu was all but a little bit from being saved; that his house was only a little bit from the spot where the rush of mud had ceased, and that had he fled to it he might have been saved; but he did not do so, and so he perished. Thus Agrippa was all but a little bit from being a Christian, but, that little bit remaining, he died without becoming such. Another said that to be almost a Christian was like a bad shilling, which, although almost like a good one, was not altogether so, being only silvered without and copper within.

We now give some very interesting passages from Mr. Taylor's Journal, which will both show the difficulties and hardships of a journey of this kind in New Zealand, and also the affectionate kindness of the Natives to their Minister, and the efforts they will make to help him forward on his way.

*May 22, 1849*—We crossed over Mokau iti by a couple of slippery poles, and very thankful I was when I got safe over, for it is a deep though narrow river. It turned out very rainy. In a dense forest we found a little party of four men, and twice as many women and children. One of the men was a great Chief of the Maniatepoto, named Tumuwakairia, who pressed us to stay the night, although it was only 1 p.m., and declared his intention of accompanying us himself to show us the road.

*May 23*—Another rainy night, and very rainy morning. The Chief's daughter said that had I been an ordinary Pakeha—European—she would not have suffered her father to have gone on any account, espe-

cially on such a rainy day as this. The first part of our journey was through a dense forest, up water courses, and to the summit of a lofty mountain named Taurua, which also gives the name to the road. We then passed over a great extent of pretty level table-land, chiefly covered with grass, which, as we advanced, became more hilly. Alternately passing over fern hills and grassy valleys, we again entered the forest; and, at 3 P.M., encamped for the night, together with the old Chief and his daughter. He went before me with his patiti—small war-hatchet—chopping down obstructing branches to show his regard for me. We found it difficult to light a fire. We were all dripping wet. My tent and every thing in it were so wet that it felt like entering a well.

*May 25*—Another rainy night and day. We found the road very much grown up; but the old Chief, dressed in a ragged blanket, full of patches torn from the extremities to make good the centre, with a feather in his hair and a dirty bunch of albatross-down stuck in the lobe of his right ear, went before us with his little war-hatchet in his hand, with which he kept clearing away an occasional branch which obstructed us more



than usual. About 10 A.M. we came to the banks of a river which we had feared we should not be able to ford, and to our great joy we found the flood had diminished sufficiently for us to cross it. We passed by a nettle-tree, which the old Chief immediately cut down, as being a very disagreeable thing for naked feet to come near. I remarked that nettles abounded in England; when he said he supposed that was the reason Europeans left their country for New Zealand. The place abounds with pigs, so that the road was quite effaced. We passed through an uneven plain of grass and flax, bounded by wooded mountains, most beautiful except when seen in pouring rain. We then again entered the wood, through which the old Chief had to make a path. He remarked, if we had not had him as our guide we should certainly have been lost in the wilderness. I replied, "And if, in the same way, Jesus had not come on earth to be our guide to heaven, we should never have found the road." I had a very interesting conversation with him. He kept asking questions on spiritual subjects, showing that he thought for his soul. The other evening, asking him relative to their native traditions of the creation, when he had finished the account, he added, this was what he had received from his forefathers; but since the Word of God had reached him he knew it all to be false, and had ever since given up his native religion. He reminded me of the eunuch asking Philip the meaning of Scripture as he journeyed through the wilderness. The Lord sent Philip, and bade him join himself to the chariot. It pleased the Lord to send me by this old Chief's residence, and order him to join himself to me as my guide, that, as I trust, I may also become his guide in the way of life. At last we came to a part so overgrown with fern, from six to ten feet high, through which no road was visible, that I feared the old man would soon be too exhausted to force a way. The pouring rain and cold being a sufficient reason for our staying in a little clump of trees close by, a fire was now lit, and the tents pitched.

*May 26*—We had an awful night, loud peals of thunder, and continued torrents of rain. The rushing sound made by it amongst the trees had something very solemn in it. It continued to rain heavily this morning, but although my boys seemed very unwilling to move, I was determined to make an effort to get a little further on our way. We left our encampment about 9 A.M., and proceeded slowly in pouring rain. The road chiefly laid along a ravine, which in fine weather would be dry, but now was a rushing stream knee deep. Afterward we ascended a steep and lofty mountain, which was a work of some difficulty, from the slippery nature of the soil and the many obstructions in the way. On reaching the summit, we found the timber, which had once thickly covered it, had been burnt, and the ground was strewed with fallen trunks, amongst which high fern had grown, which rendered our further progress most fatiguing. The old Chief, however, perseveringly acted as our pioneer, until at last he pulled off his pakikau—a rough flax mat—which he cast down a precipice, that no one might find it again. I asked him why he threw away a good garment, and did not give it to one of my boys to carry for him, as he found the heavy rain had made it too heavy for him to carry any further. He replied, it was tapu—sacred. The garments of Chiefs, even if only filthy rags, are too sacred for others to wear when they cast them off, and formerly were thrown into a wahi tapu (sacred place)

when done with. Our road continued for some miles along this narrow mountain-ridge, in many places not two feet wide, and almost a precipice on either side, and yet most heavily timbered. About 3 P.M. we descended to a little spot which leads to another mountain-ridge. We therefore determined on staying here for the Sabbath, as my boys were wearied, and we should not reach the termination of the next range before dark. We had first, however, to dig with our hatchets and tent-poles a sufficient space of level ground for our tents to stand on. We had some difficulty in getting a fire to burn; and though we had tents, yet, being dripping wet, and carpeted with wet fern-tree leaves, they felt very cold; and all our things being wet also, we sat shivering by the fire, watching until it attained sufficient heat to warm our benumbed bodies. It continued to pour all the evening, and put out the fire of the oven which my boys had made. A warm cup of tea, with some remains of my bread well toasted to destroy the taste of its mouldiness, soon made my body comfortable, and the remains of a pig which they had killed most materially assisted in making them feel the same.

*May 27: Whit Sunday*—Thank God for a comfortable night's rest in wet blankets, tent, &c. ! A rainy day. Our two tents being opposite each other, with a large fire between us, I had only to sit in my tent to preach to my little congregation in the other, which, with the old Chief and his grand-daughter, numbered six. It continued very cold and rainy, and in the evening we had a heavy fall of snow and hail; but this did not hinder us from carrying on a nice conversation on spiritual subjects, my boys selecting passages for me to explain.

*May 28*—We broke up our encampment, and left by 8 A.M. It was very cold, and the trees dripped so that we were soon as wet as though we had been walking in pouring rain. The road was, in places, completely obliterated by the pigs, and in other places very steep. We passed through two large and deep streams. Our guide pointed out a singularly-shaped stone, called "Te kowatu o ta kanga nui," which he informed me was one of their tupuna—ancestors. We kept along another ridge, from which we ascended to a considerable hill of fern, and then descended by a very bad road in a water-course to another plain, which brought us, about sunset, to the Okura, here a fine river, broader than the Waipa. We called to the people of the Pa, and one in a little canoe soon came and put us over one at a time. I only found a man and two women there, the principal part of the inhabitants having gone to a hahunga—disinterment of bones—at Te Rarapa.

*May 29*—This morning I gave Tumuwakairia a large blanket. Although I do not find those I have brought as bedding at all too many, yet from his labour, and readiness to accompany me, I felt that he deserved one. He was much pleased with the gift.

We trust the old Chief carried away with him what was better than the blanket—not only clothing for his body, but the garments of salvation for his soul; and that, while he guided Mr. Taylor through the forests, he had been guided himself to that Saviour, whom to know is life eternal.

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## MEMORIALS OF OTHER LANDS.

THINK of those distant lands, for God has plac'd  
 Memorials on our tables. They are grac'd  
 With foreign contributions. India yields  
 Sugar and rice from her productive fields;  
 And densely-peopled China, o'er the sea,  
 Sends us the grateful beverage of tea.  
 From the Moluccas fragrant spices come,  
 Some from Malacca, from Sumatra some.  
 The sago-palms in those far isles abound,  
 Whose pith with us so nutritive is found.  
 Arabia grows its coffee for our use;  
 The South-Sea isles their arrow-root produce.  
 From Mexico, or rich Potosi's mines,  
 Purg'd from its dross, the glittering silver shines  
 The ivory that decks each polish'd blade  
 Adorn'd some noble elephant which stray'd  
 Amidst the wilds of Africa. This wood  
 Once in the forests of Honduras stood,  
 Now fashion'd into tables. Thus we bring,  
 From earth's remotest parts, some useful thing.  
 Spreading their canvas to the welcome breeze,  
 Our merchant vessels cross the stormy seas.  
 The fearless tar, by dangers undismay'd,  
 Steers for some distant port, where busy trade,  
 The trusty ship disburdening of its store,  
 Yields it a richer cargo than before.  
 Thus we increase our comforts. Shall we use  
 The fruits of other climes, and yet refuse  
 Their deep distress to realize, who need  
 The one thing needful? This is want indeed!

'Tis true their homes are beautiful: they seem  
 Like earthly Edens. Hills and valleys teem  
 With rich munificence: man's daily toil  
 Seems scarcely needed there, so good the soil.  
 Yet vain all this, till something more be given—  
 The gift of Christ, that better gift from heaven.  
 Burden'd with sin, men groan, they know not why;  
 Pine for a rest they find not, droop, and die.  
 Thus sinners come and go, the path between  
 Their birth and death all darkness, Christ unseen.  
 We traffic on their shores: then why not give  
 The Gospel to these tribes, that they may live?  
 Why not the message of salvation send,  
 As God commands, to earth's remotest end?

Compassionate the Heathen! When around  
 The social board in happiness are found  
 Parents and children, loved relations meeting,  
 Each in their place, and each the other greeting,  
 Think on these distant lands, and breathe a prayer,  
 That as we share their gifts, God's gift they soon may share.



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THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



GUNGOOTREE, THE SACRED SOURCE OF THE GANGES.—*Vide* p. 66.

## LIFE OF THE REV. C. F. SWARTZ—SWARTZ AND TULJAJEE.

*(Continued from p. 53 of our last Number.)*

SWARTZ did not confine his labours to Trichinopoly: he also visited Tanjore, a city thirty-seven miles eastward, a wealthy and important place. There is a large fort, with lofty walls, built of great stones, and a ditch round it cut out of the solid rock, and within this fort is the pagoda. When the Mahomedans entered India they destroyed numbers of the Hindu temples, but they had never remained long enough in the Tanjore country to do this; and therefore, in this part of India, the ancient places of idolatrous worship remain untouched. These buildings are different in form from such as remain in North India, and are called pagodas. They are very numerous, not confined to the great cities, but in almost every village there is one. Some are very magnificent, like that at Seringham, which we described in our last Number, and none more so than the pagoda at Tanjore. Its great tower, called the Cobrum, a square-sided building, tapering upward to a point, is 199 feet high. It is built over the shrine where the image is kept, in the centre of the pagoda, and over against the entrance into this place stands the figure of a bull, carved out of a block of black stone. Millions on millions have been spent by the Heathen in building these temples to their false gods. A few thousands of pounds are all that Christians can be prevailed upon to give, in order that sinners may be converted to the faith of Christ, and lively stones brought in, to build up, on the one Foundation-stone Jesus Christ, the true temple of God.

On his first visit to this city, Swartz sat down under a tree not far from the fort. Near the tree was an idol. Some of the people said he ought not to sit so near the tree, as their Swami was there; on which he civilly asked them, "Why do you speak for him? let him tell me himself to go away." They laughed, and gathered round him, and he began to tell them of the Gospel of Christ. The king's servants came to hear, and, as fresh crowds of people approached, he continued to declare the same blessed truths, until at length, seeing he was very weary and entirely covered with perspiration, some of the people brought a fan to his relief.

But now the King, Tuljajee, sent for him. Swartz found him to be a man in the prime of life, of mild and dignified manners. He was seated on a couch, supported from above by pillars, so that he could rock himself in it. His chief servants sat on the right and left at his feet, and opposite the King was placed a seat for the Missionary. It was a very interesting moment. We might draw a picture of it in our own minds, and conceive Swartz taking the seat that had been prepared for him, and about to converse with the King, yet first silently in his heart asking God to assist and bless him. Here Swartz found how well it was he had been diligent in learning the native languages, as every Missionary ought to be. The conversation commenced in Persian. It soon appeared that Swartz

knew more of this than the King, and it was changed to the Tamil, which is the language of the Natives of Tanjore, although not of the royal family, who are Mahrattas, from another part of India. Afterward, at the King's request, that they might converse more freely, Swartz learned the Mahratta language.

The King asked the Missionary how it happened that among the European nations some worshipped God with images, and others without them. This gave him an opportunity of showing very faithfully how sinful it was to worship idols. "We Europeans," he said, "once did so: we made images, and adored the work of our own hands with salams and salams, but God delivered us from it." The King laughed, and said, "He speaks plain." Swartz then went on to show the true way of calling on God, and how sinful man may be saved through Jesus Christ. After this, refreshments were brought in. Swartz was a true-hearted Christian, of simple habits: he was not to be prevented from doing what he knew to be right from the fear of being laughed at. He therefore said, "We Christians are accustomed, before we partake of food, to praise God for His goodness, and ask Him for power to use what He gives to His glory." He therefore offered up his usual prayer, and, at the King's request, sang some verses of a hymn.

From this time Swartz seems to have gained the good opinion of the King, who sent for him often, as Herod did for John the Baptist, and heard him gladly. Tuljajee was in the prime of life, of good natural talents, which he had cultivated more than was usual with men of his rank in India. He was at this time by no means unkind or oppressive to his subjects, but, like most Hindu Princes, he was fond of ease and self-indulgence. These were the rocks on which he was in danger of being wrecked. From these the Gospel, if believed, was able to preserve him, and there was abundant opportunity given to him of hearing it from the lips of Swartz.

Swartz at first preached outside the fort. It was well known that each morning and evening he would be at his usual place, and the Heathen came in flocks to hear him, and there he declared the counsel of mercy in Christ, although he was often quite covered with the dust which the land-wind blew around him. At length the King sent word that he should come into the fort, and twice a day he preached before the palace, the King himself listening to him from an upper room, and sometimes saying, "He makes out our gods to be downright devils. We must keep him here, in order to instruct this foolish people."

Many of the King's officers and people now became very uneasy lest he should have the Missionary constantly with him. They did not want to have the light so near them, as they knew it would expose their evil ways. It was evident there was a great conflict going on, the King wishing to have Swartz near him, and interested

persons trying to hinder it. Again and again the King sent for him, and again and again Swartz was prevented from seeing him. At last Swartz sent to say that he was ready, in the cause of God, to serve the King from his heart; and that, if the King wished him to stay at Tanjore, it would be necessary that he should get some one to take his place at Trichinopoly, where he had been labouring. He wished, therefore, to know what the King intended. The answer came the next day. It was to this effect—that, for this time, Swartz might go back to Trichinopoly, but that the King looked upon him as his Padre. How dangerous it is not to be honest in acting up to our convictions. “Whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have.” How sad to halt between two opinions, and to put off doing that which ought to be done now. Tuljajee unhappily acted like Felix, when he said to Paul, “Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.”

Alas! each future moment, as it came, was found to be less convenient than the one which had gone before it. Two years passed over before Swartz again saw the King. The first day he called, the King did not appear: he had given himself up in the meanwhile to drunkenness and other vices, and very likely was not sober. The next morning Swartz was led beneath a shady tree which stood in the court before the King's chamber. Before he was aware, the King came to him, holding a yellow umbrella. He was much altered, so much so, that Swartz at first did not know him. He had grown very thin. “The way of transgressors is hard,” very hard; for, to indulge their sinful pleasures, men ruin health, and character, and happiness, here and hereafter. His convictions had not yet altogether left him. He was evidently disquieted in mind, and restless. “Padre,” he said, “I want to speak with you privately,” and he took Swartz apart into a detached square. But interruption was at hand. Scarcely had they been a few minutes together, when the great Brahmin, a kind of Court Chaplain, joined them. He was busy in his vocation as the minister of a false religion. Of every false religion the object is, to interfere with the conscience in the wholesome workings of repentance, to prevent the sinner turning to God, and divert him from the grand business of sound conversion by vain substitutes. So soon as the poor Prince saw him, he prostrated himself on his face before him. Men's vices make them the slaves of superstitious influences; and he who bows beneath the yoke of sin, prostrates himself in abject submission at the foot of his Priest. Not far off was an elevated seat, with a mattress and a cushion to recline on. There the Brahmin went and seated himself, while the King stood before him with folded arms, as before a god. So crafty Priests have often ruled through the uneasy consciences of Kings, whose vices they have not reproved, because through these they ruled the conscience. The

King then gave a sign to Swartz that he should address the Brahmin, which he did, repeating, at the Priest's request, conveyed by a servant, the substance of a sermon he had preached the day before. The Brahmin heard it, and was silent. Afterward, the conversation with the King was resumed, and Swartz had an opportunity of setting before him, with all fidelity, the evil of sin, and the need of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Five times during this visit the King spoke with him. Once, when he was entreated to give his heart to God, he answered, "Alas! my Padre, that is not so easy a matter."

Year after year passed away, and Tuljajee improved not. First the Brahmins hindered him, then his own sins and lusts. There was nothing about him of that genuine repentance which breaks down the heart before God, and leads the sinner to cry in earnest prayer to Him who is mighty to save. Swartz, after a few years, came to live in Tanjore; but months passed away without his seeing the King, of whom he was told that he lived a sensual life, and indulged much in drunkenness. He had put aside that which alone could have rescued him, and what was there to prevent him sinking down deeper and deeper into sin? He was the more guilty in this, inasmuch as he professed to have some sense of the value of the Gospel. "I am convinced," he said on one occasion, "that the Christian religion is an hundred thousand times better than idolatry."

But trying times were at hand. Hyder Ali, of whom we shall speak in our next Number, came down with a great army and wasted the country. They who had heard and not profited by the Gospel were brought into deep affliction—their idols taken from them, their houses burnt, their cattle driven away, their children torn from them and sent into another land. The King was reduced to great straits from want of money. Afflicted by a disease which could not be cured, he lost his son, his daughter, and his grandson, his only lawful heirs. Had he been a true Christian he would have had comfort; but he became gloomy and desponding, and shut himself up in his palace. There, as he brooded over his troubles, his character quite changed. He became harsh to his people, extorted money from them without any pity for their sufferings, until they fled in crowds from the country over which he ruled. Several populous towns and villages were deserted, and whole districts, for want of labourers, were left waste and uncultivated. Compelled at length, by the English Government, he promised to deal more mildly with them if they would come back; but they doubted him, nor would they return until they had the promise of Swartz that the Rajah would be true to his word. On receiving this, 7000 came back at once: others followed. The proper season for cultivating the land was nearly gone, but they promised to work night and day, to show how strongly they felt the kindness of the Missionary, and the harvest was more abundant than it had been the previous year.

The King, now growing feeble and infirm, resolved, as he had no heir, to adopt a child from one of the branches of his house. He sent for Swartz, and, pointing to the child, said, "This is not my son, but yours: into your hands I deliver him." The Missionary immediately replied, "May this child become a child of God!" promising to do what he could for the boy in the way of education, but carefully guarding himself against having any thing to do with the political affairs of the kingdom, which the King, by the advice of Swartz, committed to the hands of his own brother. A few days after, Tuljajee, who had once promised well, and who, amidst all his sins and evil ways, had never been unkind to Swartz, died, but without any expression of faith in the only Saviour.

*(To be continued.)*

#### GUNGOOTREE, THE SACRED SOURCE OF THE GANGES.

THE Ganges is a very large river: it runs a course of 1500 miles. It has its source in the great mountains to the north of India, called the Himalaya, and receives, on its way between the mountains and the sea, eleven rivers, none smaller than the Thames, beside many lesser streams. Thus the great plain of India is watered and made fertile. The rivers that run through it are like the veins in the human body, through which the blood runs, on the circulation of which health and life depend. When the snows melt in the mountains, and heavy rains set in, the rivers become flooded, and overflow their banks, especially as they approach the sea, where the country, at such seasons, is covered with water to the extent of 100 miles, the villages and trees just rising above the water. This happens about the month of July, when the Natives may be seen rowing over the fields in boats to market, having with them their families and domestic animals, lest, during their absence, the waters, rising suddenly, should drown them. But for these rivers, of which the Ganges is the trunk, the great plain which occupies the northern part of India, at the foot of the mountains, would be a desert, instead of being a rich and fertile country inhabited by millions of people.

Thus God mercifully provides for the need of man. In every land may be discovered abundant proofs of this, and in the suitability of the gift we ought to see the goodness of the Giver. We ought to see that if God's gifts be good, God Himself must be still more so: that if we should be grieved to lose the one, how much more sad should we be to be deprived of the other: that if God's gifts gladden us, what happiness and enjoyment may we not find in God Himself. Alas! how differently sinful man acts: he uses the gift; he disregards the Giver. He estranges his heart from the one, that he may bestow it on the other. This is done by professing Christians, and in heathen lands they go further: they worship and

serve the creature with the worship which belongs to God alone. Thus the Ganges is worshipped, while He who formed it is not thought of. From Gungootree, its mountain source, to its mouth, where it enters the sea, the Hindus pay it the most wonderful veneration. The touch of its water, nay, the very sight of it, is supposed to take away sin. Its very mud is considered a remedy for all diseases. Drowning in it is an act of great merit; and thousands of sick people cause themselves to be carried to the river, that they may die on its banks. In the courts of justice, Hindus coming forward as witnesses have been sworn on its water, as the most sacred form which could be used to bind them to speak the truth. Gunga is said to be a goddess, the daughter of mount Himavut, and all castes worship her.

Great festivals are held in honour of Gunga at different places along the river—at Saugor island, where the river meets the sea, and, beside several intermediate places, at Hurdwar, where it leaves the mountains and enters the plain country of India. The festival at Saugor island is held in January, when thousands of Hindoos assemble, some of them from a distance of 500 or 600 miles. There crowds upon crowds of men, women, and children—high and low, young and old, rich and poor—may be seen bathing in the water, and worshipping Gunga by bowing and making salaams, and spreading their offerings of rice, flowers, &c., on the shore, for the goddess to take when the tide arrives. Men not only sprinkle themselves with the water, and daub themselves with the mud, but carry them hundreds of miles on their shoulders. Formerly, people used to give themselves and their infants to the sharks and alligators, but this is now forbidden. How sad to think that God's merciful arrangements for the good of man should be abused to such sinful purposes!

Hurdwar is also supposed to be peculiarly holy, and there, for generations, Hindu pilgrims have been in the habit of going, to bathe in the stream just as it frees itself from the mountains. This fair is in the month of April. Numbers of persons come to it, not only to bathe, but to buy and sell and get gain. The roads are crowded with thousands of travellers—on elephants, camels, bullocks, horses, and on foot—all shouting, as they pass the pagodas, “Mahadeo Bol!” At the river-side immense crowds may be seen thronging down the ghaut or stairs, so as to bathe in the river at the most suitable moment. Formerly, a narrow passage led from the main street to the ghaut. In this the crush used to be dreadful; and in one day, on one occasion, no fewer than 700 persons lost their lives.

But the poor Hindu is taught to believe that the higher he can climb toward the source of the river, the nearer he approaches toward true happiness; and, not content with a pilgrimage to Hurdwar, he sets forward on his perilous journey to Gungootree. Bad as the way is, through rocks and snow, where the dwelling-



place of man is not to be found, nor supplies for his use, it is made still more dreadful to him by superstitious stories of a poisonous wind, which is said to blow over the highest ridge from noxious plants. Still he presses on—now over flinty, pointed stones, often so loose that they seem about to give way under his feet—now he has to climb from cliff to cliff—sometimes by ladders he has to mount the face of a rock—sometimes over a frail spar to cross fearful chasms; but although the great body of the pilgrims come no further than Hurdwar, there are some in whom superstitious feelings are so strong that they turn not back. At length, from a height, two miles from Gungootree, the sacred spot is seen, and the drooping spirits of the pilgrim are cheered; until his foot stands upon the threshold of this wildest of glens, around which are heaped piles of pointed rocks, and peaked mountains crested with snow. There, in this lonely place, is to be seen the Ganges, its shallow waters murmuring over a bed of shingles, while here and there, in a little soil, some small cedars grow by the river's side, the margin of which is strewn with masses of rock. Its source is some distance higher up, where it comes forth, not from a cow's mouth, as the Hindus fable, but from a low arch at the foot of a great mass of frozen snow, nearly 300 feet high.

On a piece of rock, about twenty feet higher than the river's bed, stands a small temple of stone, containing small statues of Gunga and other Hindu gods. There are also houses for the Brahmins who have charge of the temple, and a few sheds for pilgrims. Here the pilgrim bathes, bows himself before the temple, marks his forehead, and goes through his other forms.\* Alas! they have no more virtue at Gungootree than at Hurdwar. The worshipper is not made "perfect, as pertaining to the conscience." He is the same slave of sin that he had been before. He pays his fee to the Brahmin, and departs to boast to his own countrymen that he has performed the pilgrimage to Gungootree, and either to feel in himself the consciousness that it has done him no good, or, if he thinks himself to be the better for it, to be in a worse state than he was before.

Blessed be God! we need not to travel on pilgrimage that we may find the true river of God—the true waters of life, in which we may "wash, and be clean," and of which we may drink and be refreshed. "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God:" there is "a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness:" there are waters which heal wherever they flow, and give life to every thing they touch. They gush forth from the Rock of ages: "this is He that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ." It is not by change of place, but by change of mind, we shall reach Him: it is not by the feet of the body, but by the faith

\* This is the scene represented in our Frontispiece.



of the heart, that we shall climb up to Him. "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord," and in Him the weary and heavy laden shall find rest. In Jesus the love of God is made known to sinners, and gushes forth from Him who "dwelleth in the light which no man can approach unto," to gladden and make fertile the desert wastes of this world.

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### SINDE.

SINDE is a part of India which was conquered by England about seven years ago. It is watered by a large river called the Indus, the sources of which, like those of the Ganges, are amongst the snowy mountains called the Himalayas. As the summer advances, and the snows begin to melt, the waters of the river are greatly increased, and, overflowing the banks wherever they are low, cover the surrounding country for many miles. As the Indus approaches the sea it separates into many channels. Its waters are so loaded with mud and clay, that the sea is discoloured by them three miles from land. Opposite its different mouths numberless brown specks may be seen; which are called "pit" by the Natives. They are round globules filled with water, and covered with a brown skin: they give an oily appearance to the water.

It is thus that the inundations of the river manure the lands. A slime is left behind, so rich that the ground will give regularly two crops every year, and sometimes three. The Natives can raise wheat, barley, &c., as we do; but there are many things which we cannot grow that the rich soil of Sinda produces abundantly, as rice, cotton, sugar, &c.

Some of the people are occupied in the cultivation of the land. They make use of the one-humped camel in their farming work—a most useful and hardy animal, wonderfully patient of thirst. The finer camels are used for the saddle, carrying generally two persons, the rider and his attendant. The Sindians also keep buffaloes in great numbers in the swampy tracts, where they may be seen wallowing in the mud, with their heads just raised above the water.

Others of the people are occupied on the water. They are called Mianis, and are the boatmen and fishermen of the Indus. Some of the boats used on the river are not unlike a Chinese junk. They are very large, so as to be like so many floating houses, in which boatmen transport their wives and families, kids and fowls. These boats are called Doondies, and are flat-bottomed. The boatmen will wade in the water all the day. They swim and sport about, coming back now and then to the boat to drink bang—an intoxicating liquor made of the seeds and stalks of hemp—or to smoke. Their pipes are very large. They are placed on stands, made of a large piece of earthenware, and are too heavy to be lifted.

When one of the crew wishes to smoke, he goes to the stern to inhale the weed, which is mixed with opium.

There is a fish called the pullah to be found in the Indus: it is about the size of a mackarel, and tastes like a salmon. It is only found from January to April, and never goes higher than a certain part of the river, where there is a rocky island called Bukkur, on which a fort is built. The Sindians say that the pullah goes there to do honour to a great Mahomedan who is buried there, and that he never turns his tail to the holy place. The mode of catching the fish is very curious. Each fisherman provides himself with a large earthen vessel, open at the top, and somewhat flat. On this he places himself so as to keep the mouth of the vessel closed with his stomach. This buoys him up, as he paddles with his hands and feet into the middle of the stream. He has a net made like a pouch, fixed to the end of a pole about fourteen feet long: this he pushes down under him into the water.



As the pullah always swims against the stream, the fisherman floats down the current, which, meeting the net, keeps it open, and the pullah swims into it. There is a check-string attached to the net, the other end of which the man holds in his hand, and the jerk of this tells him when a fish is caught. He immediately closes the net with the string, and hauls it up. In his girdle he carries a short dagger, with which he kills the fish, and then puts it into his jar, and so goes on fishing until he has caught enough for his purpose.

These poor people are all Mahomedans. This false religion sprung up about twelve centuries ago. Mahomed, the author of it, was an Arab. He gave out that he was the true prophet of God, and set aside the Gospel of Christ, giving men, instead of the Bible, a book of lies called the Korân. He put himself at the head of armies, and prevailed by the sword; and so this false religion extended itself. It is a very unholy religion; for it tells men they may indulge their passions, and yet, if they are Mahomedans, go to what Mahomed calls Paradise, but which, as he describes it, is as unholy as the persons who are to find entrance into it.

The Mahomedans are very strict in the forms of religion. Their places of worship are called mosques. Each mosque has a minaret attached to it, which is a slender shaft or pillar, with a gallery at the top of it. Here the criers, or muezzin, go up three times a day to proclaim the hour of prayer. They chant forth words such as these—"God is supreme! God is supreme! I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mahomed is the apostle of God." Immediately, all within hearing of the sound stop their employments, and, turning their faces toward Mecca, a city in Arabia where Mahomed was born, offer up their prayers: the fisherman stops his net, the boatman his labour of dragging the vessel against the stream, and, getting on shore, wet and covered with mud, go through the ceremony. Alas! it is only form: their vices are not served the less.

We have just sent out a Missionary to Sinde. He is gone to a town called Kurrachee, where the English residents have built a large School-house, and collected a number of Sindian children, who are taught by a converted Brahmin. Let us pray that the Gospel, which he goes to teach, may be mighty through God to the pulling down the strongholds of sin and Satan.

#### A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTIANS.

What, Christian! not unite  
 With those who seek to give  
 To Heathen Tribes the light  
 Of Truth, that they may live!  
 And it is true thou can'st refuse  
 To spread abroad the joyful news!

## A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTIANS.

What, Christian ! live at ease  
 While millions round thee perish  
 Far better on thy knees  
 A holier thought to cherish :  
 To be like Him who freely gave  
 His life, a sinful world to save !

We do not ask for more  
 Than thou can'st well forego :  
 Some portion of thy store  
 'T were healthful to bestow.  
 Oh, pity those who have no balm,  
 No hope, the troubled soul to calm.

Think how thy brethren fare  
 Who labour far away ;  
 How cheerfully they bear  
 The burden of the day ;  
 What sufferings they undergo  
 To rescue men from sin and woe.

Obedient to their Lord,  
 They go at His command ;  
 Anxious to preach His Word  
 In many a Heathen land ;  
 And to benighted men proclaim  
 The virtue of the Saviour's name.

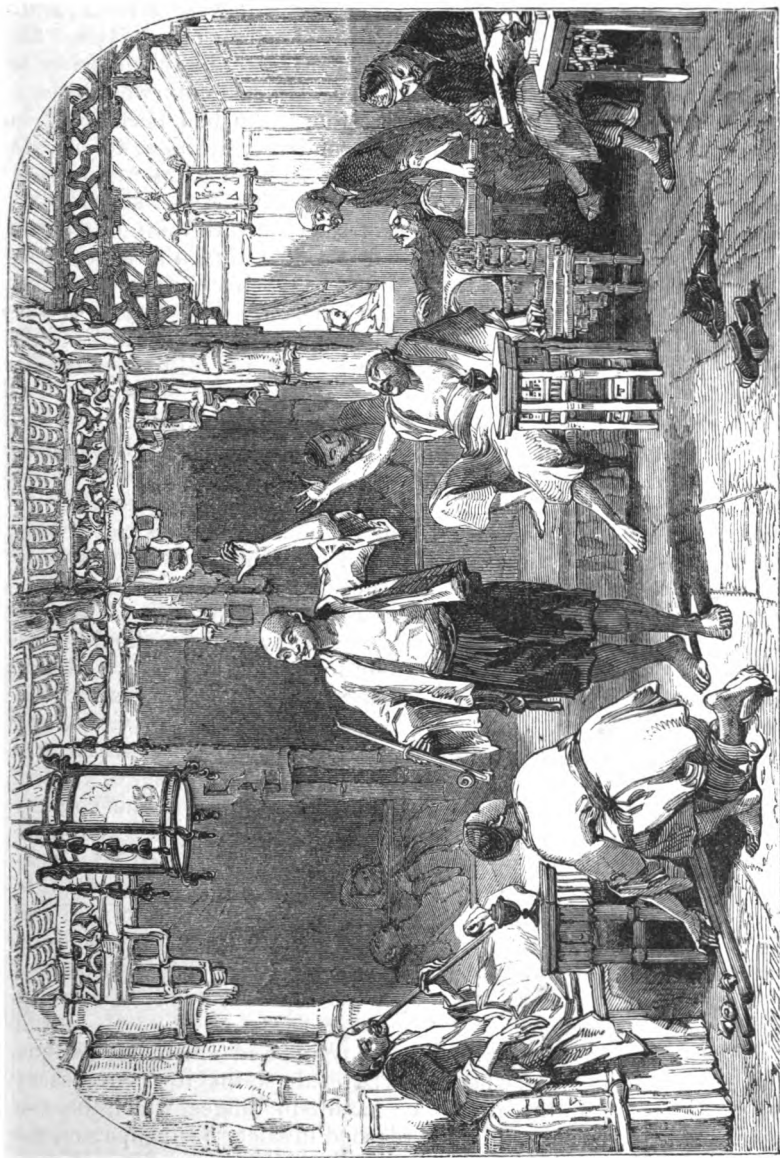
They cross the desert plain,  
 The forest's gloom explore,  
 Hunger and thirst sustain,  
 Sleep where the lions roar,  
 And find it strengthening to depend  
 On God, as their Almighty friend.

What efforts do we make,  
 What proofs of faith afford,  
 What earthly good forsake,  
 That we may serve our Lord ?  
 What self-denying works attest  
 The love our lips have oft professed ?

We give what we can spare ;  
 Express no little zeal ;  
 We languish forth a prayer,  
 And say how much we feel—  
 The *work itself* is left undone,  
 And men decline it, one by one :  
 "It is too arduous," they say :  
 "So, then, have me excused, I pray."

Not *thus*, with willing love  
 The gracious Saviour rose,  
 From His high throne above,  
 To taste of human woes ;  
 Not *thus* the penalty endured,  
 Despairing sinners reassured,  
 And grace for guilty man secured !

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



CHINESE OPIUM-SMOKERS.—*Vide* p. 78.

## LIFE OF THE REV. C. F. SWARTZ—SWARTZ AND HYDER ALI

*(Continued from p. 66 of our last Number.)*

THE wars which prevailed, first between the French and English, and then between the English and Hyder Ali, were serious difficulties to Swartz in carrying on his Missionary work. Hyder Ali was the ruler of a large kingdom called Mysore, in the interior of India. He was not the rightful King. He had contrived, by evil practices, and by great ingratitude to those who had been kind to him, to raise himself, from an obscure and low position, to be the ruler and governor of Mysore. The rightful King was indeed suffered to live, and retain the name of King, but Hyder kept all the power in his own hands. Nor was he satisfied with this: he wished to have more. There is in the mind of a wicked man a restlessness which cannot be quieted, and which is in itself a punishment. Hyder wished to have all India to himself. The rulers of the countries around him, becoming alarmed, united with the English in trying to prevent him; and there was war, and all the calamities which are attendant on it.

In these trying times Swartz was enabled to let his light shine, and to show more clearly, amidst the sad scenes around, the love and compassion of the true Christian.

At the end of two years peace was concluded, and the country had rest, but only for a season. The English authorities had reason to believe that Hyder had not changed his mind; that he was only waiting his opportunity, with the design of more advantageously attacking them, and driving them out of the country. They resolved, therefore, on sending some one to Hyder who should have influence with him, and persuade him to remain at peace. Swartz was the person selected, such was the confidence that was reposed in him. They knew that he would not have any selfish views, and that he might be depended upon. Such a proposal surprised and perplexed Swartz, and he requested time to ask counsel of God in prayer. He felt it to be a dangerous undertaking. The country through which it would be necessary he should pass was little known to Europeans; the Prince he was about to visit was treacherous and cruel; but he thought that it might please God to use him as an instrument in preventing the miseries of war, and he resolved to go, trusting in Him—with this determination, however, to receive no present or reward for doing so, and to accept nothing save his travelling expenses. He took with him his Catechist, Sattianaden.

Mysore is part of the table-land of India, and much higher than the country of Tanjore, where Swartz lived; so that it was necessary he should climb up the ghauts, or mountain ranges, which bear it up from the plains beneath. He reached in safety Seringapatam, the city where Hyder dwelt. He had built a palace for himself, very beautiful, of hewn stone, with numerous pillars. Here he ruled

with great strictness. The fear of Hyder was upon all. He kept in readiness near him 200 men with whips. If any man displeased him, no matter what his rank might be, he was forthwith punished: nor did a day pass without many suffering this chastisement. Sometimes it was fearfully severe. The culprit was tied to a post, and two men flogged him with a whip in the most cruel manner, the pointed nails tearing the flesh.

Such was the man whom Swartz had come to see; and it seemed like putting his head into the lion's mouth, for Hyder at this time was very angry with the English. Swartz saw him often, and conversed with him, and was careful to explain why it was that he, a religious teacher, who had nothing to do with politics, had come to him—that it was in the hope of preserving peace. Hyder was a sharp-sighted man: he soon perceived that Swartz was no ordinary person; that he could neither be deceived nor be alarmed; and he learned to respect and to regard him: and if other Europeans had presented the same character to Hyder, and gained from him the same measure of confidence which Swartz was enabled to do, there would perhaps have been no war. So beautiful, so lovely, is real Christianity. It is remarkable, that, while Swartz was at Seringapatam, he had very much opportunity of making known the Gospel of Christ. High and low came to inquire of him the nature of the Christian doctrine, so that he could speak as long as his strength allowed. Thus, in Hyder's palace, as of old by Paul in Cæsar's palace, Christ was preached. After taking his leave, Swartz, on entering his palanquin, found a bag of 300 rupees, sent by Hyder to defray the expenses of his journey. This he wished to send back, for he "coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel;" but the officers told him it would be at the peril of their lives to take it back. Swartz then wished to go himself, and return it with his own hands; but he was told that, as he had taken leave, he could not again see Hyder. On reaching Madras, he delivered the bag of money to the English authorities; but, being desired to keep it, he set it apart as the first fund for an English Orphan School at Tanjore, which was afterward successfully commenced.

The next year Hyder invaded the parts of India which belonged to the English and their allies. His army was an immense one, of 100,000 men. His cavalry overran the country. Swartz viewed it as a judgment from God on the people for neglected opportunities. The three succeeding years were indeed years of great suffering to the people of South India. Their idols were broken, their houses burnt, their cattle driven away, and, what was the heaviest affliction, the children taken from the parents and sent to Mysore. During all this time, Swartz was unwearied in his efforts to relieve the wants and lessen the sorrows of his fellow men. His visit to Seringapatam had convinced him that war was at hand; and he had therefore purchased 12,000 bushels of rice, with which, in the time of scarcity, he was able to relieve the wants of others.

Amidst the desolation which Hyder spread around, and the cruel treatment that he dealt out to all whom he considered as connected with the English, there was one remarkable exception made by him: he gave orders to his officers that Swartz should be suffered to go backward and forward without any interference, and that respect and kindness should be shown him; "for," as he added, "he is a holy man, and means no harm to my government." Thus he was enabled to go about through the midst of Hyder's troops. No one injured him. He was known among them by the name of the "Good Father."

We shall conclude this paper with the following interesting anecdote. Swartz had been travelling all day on Missionary work. He had with him a son of one of his converts, a boy named Christian David, who was afterward ordained by Bishop Heber at Calcutta. Arriving at a village about sunset, Swartz sat down under a tree, and conversed with the Natives while the evening meal was being prepared. When the curry and rice were spread on the plantain leaf, Swartz stood up to ask a blessing. His heart was full of thankfulness to God, who had preserved them through the day, when travelling was so dangerous, and he prayed long. The poor boy was very hungry, and at last, no longer able to restrain his impatience, reminded his master that the curry would be cold. He himself has told us how Swartz reasoned with him. "What!" he said, "shall our gracious God watch over us through the heat and burden of the day, and shall we devour the food which He provides for us at night with hands which we have never raised in prayer, and lips which have never praised Him?"

*(To be continued.)*

#### OPIUM AND ITS VICTIMS.

CHINA, until within the last eight years, was closed against the Gospel. Missionaries were not permitted to enter that kingdom, to live amongst the Natives and teach them the truths of Christianity. It has pleased God that the closed door should be opened, and opportunity be afforded for the preaching of the Gospel. There are now five cities along the coast where Missionaries may live, and endeavour to bring these dark Heathen to the knowledge of a Saviour. How merciful it has been of God, in the present period of China's history, to accomplish such an alteration! Destitute as its inhabitants have for ages been of the light of true religion, their need is stronger and more urgent now than at any previous time. A new evil has been introduced among them—a drug that destroys soul and body—the opium. About sixty or seventy years ago the people of China first became acquainted with it, and from year to year the use of it has been rapidly increasing. It is now purchased by them in immense quantities, and the evils and



miseries which this baneful drug is bringing on them cannot be fully described.

Opium is the thickened juice of a white poppy, which is extensively grown in British India for the special purpose of the Chinese trade. The growth of opium is forbidden in China, and the Natives cannot cultivate it for their own use. It would have been well if its introduction from without could also have been prevented. The Chinese authorities attempted this, and, by distinct laws, prohibited the trade; but the covetousness of Europeans, and the lust of the Natives for the drug, could not be thus restrained. The opium continued to be smuggled in, in despite of all efforts. The officers, whose duty it was to carry out the law, failed to do so. They wished, themselves, that the opium should come in, and so they winked at what was going on.

On boarding an opium ship, the native dealer proceeds to examine the opium previous to purchase. A chest is opened, a number of dry poppy leaves cleared away, and the opium is seen in oblong cakes or round balls of a brown colour. Each ball weighs four or five pounds, and there may be, perhaps, forty of them in a box. Each box is sold for nearly 200*l.*: it is paid for in dollars, or in Sycee silver, which is more valuable than any other because it contains a portion of gold dust. This silver is weighed out in large lumps somewhat the shape of a shoe, and paid into the iron chest of the ship. It is painful to witness the busy scene that goes forward on the deck of an opium ship—people of different nations crowded together, engaged in putting into circulation a baneful temptation to the poor Heathen, which few of them have the power to resist, and which slays its thousands.

But let us trace the action of the drug. The merchant who has sent it to the coast has had his money: he has sold it to the Chinese, being well aware that they will use it to their own misery and ruin, and in doing so he incurs a fearful responsibility. He gets more for it than he paid, as they who sold it to him received more for it than they paid to the grower. Thus the price goes on increasing. The native merchant, who purchases it on the coast, sells it to the proprietors of the opium shops, who retail it among their numerous customers in the large cities, in some of which, as in Foo-chow, half the population are supposed to be consumers of opium, from the Mandarins down to the lowest beggars, who will deprive themselves of the necessities of life to procure this poison. So general is the use of opium, that persons may be met with in almost every street who get their livelihood by making bowls for opium pipes, which are exposed for sale in every quarter. The Mandarins and higher classes use the opium at their own houses, and their servants may be seen in search of the best opium, which they bring back in little boxes, or on bamboo-leaves, for their masters' use. The lower classes go to the opium shops. There, in the evening, after the labours of the day are over, numerous Chinese flock. They may

be known by their sunken cheeks, their glassy watery eyes, their idiotic look, and vacant laugh. There is a restless craving within them, which, by indulgence, they have fed and strengthened, and which hurries them on to their own ruin.

Our Frontispiece\* is intended to give you an idea of an opium shop. There is, as you may perceive, a smoking room, and off that a gambling room, gambling being another leading Chinese sin. The opium room is furnished with wooden couches placed around the walls, each having a place for the head to rest on. The attendant brings the pipe and the opium. The pipe is made of reed. In the bowl of it there is an opening for the admission of the opium, about the size of a pin's head: so small a quantity is sufficient to charge the pipe; and yet so strong is it, that a single pipe, from which not more than one or two whiffs can be inhaled, will have an effect on a beginner. An old practitioner will, however, continue smoking for hours. A lamp is also placed beside each couch, as, while being inhaled, fire must be held to the drug.

In the den represented may be seen the wretched victims of this vice in all the different stages of its influence. One is in high excitement: he is laughing and talking wildly; another is just beginning to have his mind filled with those dreamy illusions which the opium produces, and is lost for a time in forgetfulness of himself; another is just sinking into total unconsciousness; and a fourth, who has been so for some time, is being carried on a bier to a room behind the building, a kind of dead-house, where he is left to lie until morning. Then he awakes, and what an awakening! The whole frame shattered, the nerves unstrung, the man broken down under the effects of the tremendous excitement to which he had submitted himself! He rises up a wreck, a miserable wretch even in his own estimation; and from this fearful depression knows no escape, but in returning, as soon as he can, to the same mad excitement.

Individuals of all ages may be found amongst the victims of this ruinous propensity. The youth, the man of middle age, and the grey hairs which show that the prime of life has passed, all alike sufferers, enslaved to a vice which they know to be destroying them, but from which they are unable to free themselves. Not unfrequently has it happened, when Missionaries have pointed out to them the injury they were inflicting on themselves, that they have replied by asking, "Why, then, do the foreign ships bring us opium? Go and prevail with your own countrymen not to do so." Others have earnestly entreated to be furnished with some medicine which might cure them of the habit. There is one medicine,

\* Copied, by the kind permission of Mr. P. Jackson, Angel Street, St. Martin's-le-Grand, from Fisher's "China." The View of Gungootree, also, in our last Number, were allowed by Mr. Jackson to copy from Fisher's "Hindustan." We much regret that this fact was announced in only a part of our impression.

and one only, that can be effectual. The disease is of the mind. The weakness is there. They want the power to overcome a depraved habit, and repel temptation when presented to them. They need the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Our Missionaries at Shanghai, Ningpo, Foo-chow, and Hong Kong, are diligently occupied in dispensing amongst them the true medicine of Gospel truth. We have now eight Missionaries at these different places on the Chinese coast, some of whom are able to preach to the Natives in their own language.

In another paper you shall hear something more of their efforts on behalf of the dark Natives of China. Meanwhile, let us pray God to bless their labours; that the work of conversion may begin and go forward rapidly, and that in the Lord Jesus they may find One who is able to save from this and every other vice which has power over man.



#### HIDDEN GEMS.

THERE is much that is precious in our work which never meets the eye of man; which is only seen by Him who searcheth the hearts—good done to souls in secret, which the Missionary, by whose instrumentality it has been accomplished, has never had an opportunity of knowing—hearts touched by the convincing power of God's Word—men brought to feel their own sinfulness before God and their need of a Saviour. Could we trace the Gospel word as it works upon the hearts and consciences of men, we should find much accomplished that we had not thought of. Could we follow each copy of the Scriptures that, in many different languages, is put into circulation in our day, and number those by whom it is read, and the effects produced on those who read it, we should find, not much less, but much more good done than we could have thought. It is said that in the jungles of India beauteous flowers bloom which human eye has never rested upon. God has fashioned them, and there, in the solitary place, they unfold their rich colours. But although man sees them not, He sees them. Thus it is with many in whom a work of grace has been wrought, more beautiful than the most lovely flower: man does not see them, is not aware of them; but they are God's workmanship, and by Him they are not unnoticed.

Sometimes instances of this kind, proofs that more is done than they are aware of, unexpectedly present themselves to our Missionaries, and afford them great encouragement. The following is one of these. It is related to us by the Rev. R. Maunsell, one of our New-Zealand Missionaries, in a Letter written by him in March of last year, and we give it to you in his own words—

I am thankful to have to report well of the District in which I am labouring: true, we do not meet with much fervour of feeling, or strong

proofs of high spiritual-mindedness ; but there is a steadiness of attendance on our Services, which gives hope. We wait for the moving of the waters : God's Spirit alone can effect our desires.

Not unfrequently, however, some remarkable case turns up which excites my wonder. The Sunday after I began this Letter I was returning from a village by a new road, and suddenly came upon a very feeble old man, sitting by himself, naked, on his mat, in the sun.



"Why have you not been to Church?" said I. "How can I, who cannot walk two steps?"—"Well, I hope you pray to yourself." "Yes."—"Repeat your prayer." He immediately commenced a very simple, figurative, spiritual prayer, of which I fear I can give but an inferior report. I was struck with the emphatic abruptness of the commencement—"Have mercy upon me! have mercy upon me!" He then proceeded—"Place me upon the mountain's peak! place me upon the rock! place me upon the height where my view may be clear! Christ is Thy Son: He died to save me." This old man, as far as I can

recollect, I never saw before, and certainly none other of my brethren, for he is in my District; and yet I was delighted to hear that prayer is his constant practice, and that, a few Sundays previous, my Native Teacher, sent by me to the same village, on returning by that road heard in the house a person loud in prayer, as with a number. He waited to see who they were, and found this old man by himself, without a person near him. On passing by the same place last Sunday week, he stood up, feeble as he was, to meet me, and presented me with two melons. He is not baptized.

This is one of the hidden gems, and there are many such: like the particles of gold that are found embedded in the sand of the rivers by which they have been washed down. In the day of the Lord's appearing, when He shall separate the precious from the vile, how many such fragments will appear that human search never discovered!

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#### THE FEMALES OF INDIA.

THE state of women in India is very sad. In England much pains are taken with little girls to teach and train them, that when they grow up they may be useful members of society; and when they become heads of families they are the companions of their husbands, who give honour to them as to the weaker vessels; and, if they be pious husbands, pray with them as heirs together of the grace of life. In India, how different their treatment! The native girl learns neither to read nor write. Needlework is not necessary for her. Her own dress consists of one long piece of silk or muslin cloth: there is no seam, and no stitch is needed. Moreover, to sew is the tailor's business, with which a Hindu female has nothing to do. Even washing is done by men of a particular caste. Thus her person grows, but her mind does not, except it be in the knowledge of what is evil; for the human mind will think of something, and if it is not supplied with what is wholesome, it will fasten on what is hurtful. Thus, when she is married she is ignorant, and her husband despises her. She is not his companion, but his servant. The inside of an English home and a Hindu's home are very different. However poor the home may be, yet, if it be an English home, husband, and wife, and children, take their humble fare together; and if it be a Christian home, God's blessing is asked and thanks returned. There every one is cared for, and each seems to think more of others than of himself. But in a Hindu's home there is nothing of the kind. The father never thinks of eating with his wife or children. He sits down on the earthen floor; his wife has prepared his rice; a few leaves sewn together answer for a plate; and his fingers convey it to his mouth. His wife is there, but she is standing by as his slave; and when he has finished his silent meal she takes away what he

has left, and eats it in another room. Here there is nothing cheerful, nothing joyous; none of the bright sunny looks which may be seen in a happy Christian family. Blessed Gospel, to which we owe so much, which opens our closed hearts to God, and teaches us to be kindly affectioned one to another!

It is the happy light of this glorious Gospel which we wish to introduce within the house of the Hindu; but in accomplishing this there is much difficulty. The home of a Hindu is carefully closed against all who are not of the same caste with himself. An European may therefore live for years in a town, and be on friendly terms with the people, and yet never enter within their houses, except, perhaps, in an outer apartment, he converses with the men of the family. Even English ladies have very rarely been admitted. Hitherto, our principal hope of doing good to the females of India has been through the means of Schools. Native prejudice has so far given way, that Schools for native girls are on the increase. In our South-India Mission there were in December last 2509 native girls in the Schools.

The following Letter is from the wife of one of our Missionaries at Masulipatam, among the Telugu people of South India. It is very interesting, as it not only speaks encouragingly as to the prospect of having little girls to attend her School, but affords the hope of her being able to gain access to the native women in their own houses.

You will, I am sure, rejoice with us, when you hear how abundantly our gracious Father encourages us in this blessed work. Already even Brahmin and Sudra girls have been to call upon us. On these important occasions the dear little girls were brought through the Compound the most secret road. On arriving near the house, one of the four or five boys that were with each girl came to see that no friend was with us, when, all the servants having been ordered out of the room, our little visitors were very secretly brought in. Our interviews were only short, when they were taken away as stealthily as they were brought. We have also two little children who come regularly every morning: they are learning work and English. Shortly we hope to commence some other study. Kalthama, the elder of these little girls, about eleven, gives me great satisfaction. The pleasure she had on her first visit seems to have induced her to try a regular attendance. I then asked her to come and learn to work, which she promised to do. On her return home she told her mother, who immediately said, "But they will make you a Christian;" to which the dear child replied, "I don't care: I will go, I will go." The piece of needle-work which she is now doing much interests her. The Alphabet she nearly knows, and tries to remember. Dear little Kalthama not unfrequently brings her little sister with her, accompanied also by her cousin, who is one of Mr. Noble's pupils.

You will be pleased to hear that we have twice paid a visit to a Brahmin's family, at their request. My feelings on proceeding through the pettah\* to their house I hope I may never forget.

\* The native part of the town.

It is impossible to describe to you the feeling which stole over me, knowing the whole of the place through which I was going was Satan's kingdom: I longed for the time when the prophecy should be fulfilled—"I will be exalted among the Heathen." I never before saw such expressions of countenance as I did that evening, of both men and women. They were truly fiendish. If the melancholy appearance of the wretched Heathen of any other country could stir up a Missionary spirit, surely what I then saw would do so. At length we arrived at the house, the aged grandfather, with many of his friends, waiting our arrival on their cleanly-washed steps. When we were seen coming to them, very many polite salaams were made to us ere I stepped from my tonjon.\* We were ushered into a large hall, and, walking arm-in-arm—having never seen a native man and woman walking thus, the poor females seeming to be thought unworthy of such companionship—entered their apartment. Here two chairs were placed for our accommodation. After being seated a few moments the room was quite darkened, and we soon discovered that it was owing to the great crowd around the windows, wishing to see what was going forward. After delivering a present of some cotton and a pincushion we departed, amid many salaams, and receiving many small oranges and lemons. Since then we have again been; but the mother wishing to see us quite alone, her neighbours were kept in ignorance of our visit. We were permitted to go into her apartment without any other person being with us, excepting her son. The woman is pleasing, but, being unable to speak to her in the Gentu language, we could say but little.

Last night we went to see a Sudra family. This visit was most interesting. After my husband and Mr. Noble were seated, the Sudra, taking me into another room, introduced me to his wife and two daughters. A hearty welcome was given, and a request to come often. I asked the Sudra to set an example to his countrymen by sending his daughters to me. I regret to say this interesting family is yet in bondage to the cruel prejudices and customs of the Hindus. He tells me I shall very soon have a good School. His son is one of my drawing pupils. I had the pleasure of hearing his daughters read in a little book we gave to them, translated into the Telugu, "Peep of Day." His daughters are quite an exception in their being able to read.

We trust our Christian friends will bear in mind the request with which this lady ends her Letter, that we will offer up our earnest prayers on behalf of these poor Telugu families.

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#### SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

STILL on the shore the wild waves play,  
 Ebbing and flowing day by day.  
 Now, as if emulous to reach  
 The highest point, they climb the beach;  
 Fling o'er the rocks the sparkling surge,  
 And furiously the onset urge—

\* A chair with a head, carried on men's shoulders, like a palanquin.

The billows, breaking at your feet,  
 Compel you to a quick retreat.  
 'Tis but a momentary reign :  
 Th' inconstant tide recedes again.

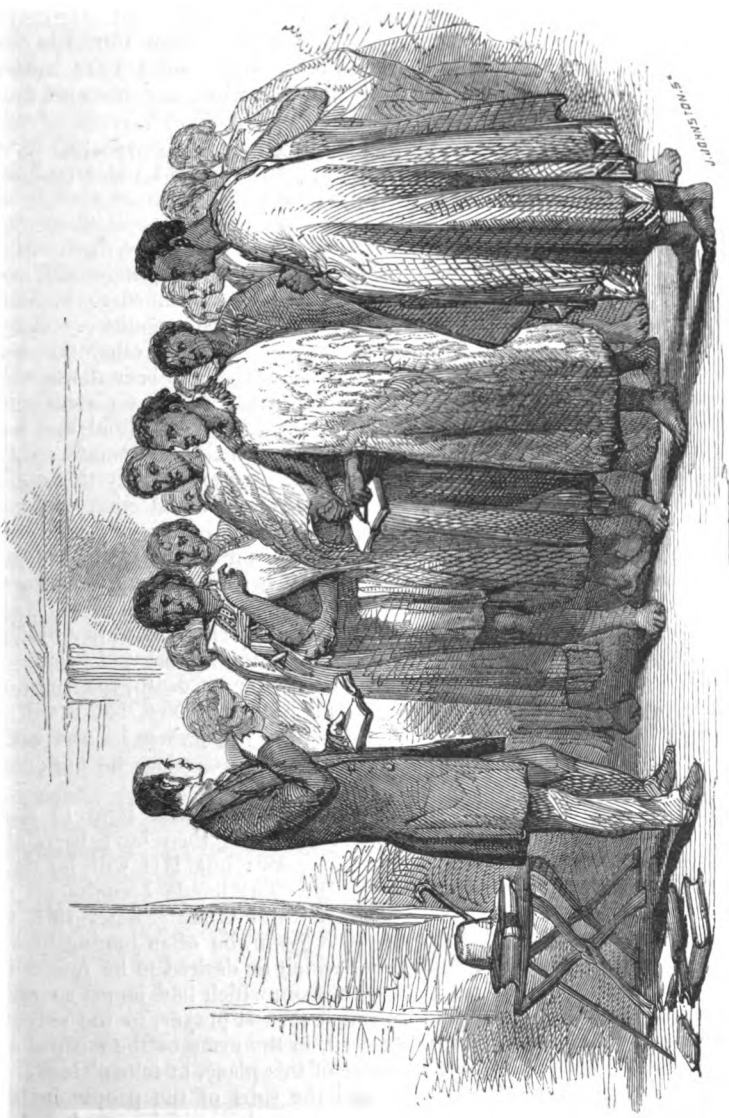
Who made the sea ? who bade it roll  
 Continuous from pole to pole ?  
 Who spread it forth, that it might be  
 Type of His own immensity ?  
 God placed it there : it owns His sway,  
 And the strong waves His will obey.  
 Mark ! when, in winter's stormy hour,  
 The troubled main puts forth its power,  
 Stirred from their depths the billows rise  
 In shifting mountains to the skies ;  
 The thunders peal, the lightnings flash,  
 The elements in uproar crash ;  
 Ships, caught amidst the wild commotion,  
 Are tossed like playthings on the ocean ;  
 The landsman, from his safe retreat,  
 Marks how the wind and waters meet,  
 Nor fails to pity such as be  
 On fearful nights like these at sea.  
 Yet God controls it as He will—  
 He holds the waters in His hand ;  
 They rise and fall at His command ;  
 He speaks the word and all is still ;  
 The waves break gently on the shore,  
 And all is peaceful as before.

Men's wills are like the troubled deep,  
 Whose restless waters never sleep :  
 They have the tide's inconstant play,  
 And what was coveted to-day  
 Is with to-morrow cast away.  
 And hurricanes of passion rise,  
 And man, in his rebellion, tries—  
 As the seas struggle with the sand—  
 To free himself from God's command.  
 But He who curbs the furious tide  
 Controls the waywardness and pride  
 Of sinful man, and frowns on those  
 Who impiously become His foes.  
 The troubled waters rise in vain :  
 God can the rage of man restrain,  
 Bid the wild controversy cease,  
 And hush the tumult into peace.

Rise in Thy majesty, O Lord !  
 Subdue the nations to Thy Word !  
 Let but these untaught millions prove  
 The influence of a Saviour's love ;  
 In Him shall troubled hearts be blest,  
 And angry passions sink to rest.  
 Then, as the waters fill the sea,  
 So deep, so strong, so vast shall be  
 The love of men, O Lord, to Thee !



# THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



BIBLE CLASS AT MATAMATA, NEW ZEALAND.—*Vide* p. 90.

## DEATH OF SWARTZ.

SWARTZ grew old, but not wearied in the service of his Master. Of sickness he had known little or nothing; and, when 69 years old, although no longer able to travel into the country districts, he continued to discharge the duties of his Church and School, and to visit the Christians in the adjoining streets. A fall in November 1797 was followed by a severe illness, and from that time his constitution began to sink. In the beginning of the next year inflammation of the foot was followed by mortification, and his end drew near.

The following simple and touching account of the closing hours of his life is given by the Rev. C. W. Gericke, who had been for upward of thirty years his fellow-labourer.

I returned to Tanjore from a short journey I had made to Trichinopoly, on February 7, 1798, and found that Mr. Swartz's foot was become very bad, and full of black spots, which continued to increase. The physician had begun to employ the bark as a poultice. As we expected the end of our beloved Brother every hour, the other Brethren besought me to remain with them, and assist them to bear the burden. It was a great benefit, to witness in our dying friend an awakening example of faith, of patience, and of hope. When spiritual and heavenly things were spoken of; when he prayed, exhorted, comforted, or spoke of the repose and peace of mind which he enjoyed by the mercy of God through Christ, no failure in his powers of recollection could be perceived. He often introduced a text of Holy Scripture, or a verse of a hymn, which were very appropriate; and was continually engaged in conversation with those around him. Until the Friday evening previous to his death, he often said that he did not consider his end as so near, and that it would not take place until after much suffering; but after that, he sometimes said, "I shall now soon depart to my heavenly Father." Being asked whether he had the hope that, after his death, the kingdom of God would break out in this land, he replied, "Yes, but it will be through affliction and trouble." At another time, when he was asked if he had any thing to say concerning the Congregation, he answered, "Assist them to come to heaven."

Shortly before his death he said, "Had it pleased Him to spare me longer, I should have been glad; I should then have been able to speak yet a word to the sick and poor: but His will be done. May He in mercy but receive me! Into Thy hands I commend my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, thou faithful God." After this, the Malabar helpers sung the last verse of a hymn, he often joining in with them. He then rested a little, after which he desired to be raised up; and unexpectedly he opened his mouth, from which had issued so much instruction and consolation, and so much earnest prayer, to the seventy-second year of his life, and thus expired, in the arms of the faithful and truly grateful Malabar fellow-labourer of this place, at four o'clock.

Very moving were the weeping and the sobs of the people in both the Christian villages on each side of the garden, which were heard the

whole night through. The distress, that now their instructor, their comforter, their guardian, their benefactor, their counsellor, was no more, was general. Not only we, the Congregations, the Schools, and the Missions, but the whole land, has lost a parent. Whoever knew him, the same bewails him.

On the day following, between four and five in the afternoon, we committed his body to the grave we had made for him in the Church. Serfojee, the Tanjore Prince, whose guardian he had been, came to see him before the coffin was closed, bedewed him with his tears, and accompanied him to the grave. The Malabar helpers asked permission to bear the corpse; but as Europeans had been appointed thereto the day before, it was declined. We purposed singing on the way, but the wailing of the people did not allow of it. There was singing in the Church before and after the interment; and when the Europeans were departed, the Malabars of themselves began a hymn, and awaited an address from me; but I could hardly utter even a few words, and was obliged to make a vigorous effort to read the prayers. The servant of the departed stood near me, and said, like one about to swoon, "Now is our desire gone!" The exclamation went to my heart; but this is not the language of one but of many, old and young, great and small, near and afar, Christians and Heathen.

On the next evening, the Malabar Congregation gathered together in the Church, and wished to hear a sermon. I chose the words of the dying Jacob, "I die, and God will be with you!" I introduced many things that the deceased had said concerning the Church, and his expectation that the kingdom of Christ would come here. I endeavoured to awaken them to the attainment of such a spirit as the departed had possessed, whose grave was then visible before them. On the following day I again prayed with the Brethren, and departed.

"He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness."

#### BIBLE CLASS AT MATAMATA, NEW ZEALAND.

NINETEEN years had passed away since the arrival of the first Missionaries in New Zealand, and no Station had been commenced to the south of the Bay of Islands. From the unsettled state of the Natives, the districts to the south had continued closed against the Missionaries. At length, five new Stations were occupied in that direction, one of them at the native village of Matamata, of which the aged Waharoa, a man well known as a warrior and cannibal, was the Chief. When visited some months previously, he declared his willingness to give up his hatchet, if a Missionary came to live with him. The promise was made him that some one should be sent; and in fulfilment of this promise, the present Archdeacon Brown and the Rev. J. Morgan reached his Pa in May 1835. They were heartily welcomed by the old Chief. Two rush houses with boarded floors were soon finished, together with corn-stores and out-buildings; and a field, orchard, and gardens, covering a space of about

ten acres, were inclosed with a good substantial fence. Schools were commenced, and many of the Natives taught to read and sew.

A year, however, had not passed over, when the difficulties of the new work on which the Missionaries had entered began to appear. A furious war broke out between the tribes living at Matamata and along the great river Waikato, and the people inhabiting the borders of the Rotorua lake. Waharoa, whose manners had seemed mild and his countenance pleasing, then appeared in his true character. The savage was roused. The people of Rotorua had murdered a Chief, a relative of his, and he thirsted for revenge. "How sweet to me," he said, "will the flesh and blood of the Rotorua Natives taste, along with their new kumera (sweet potatoes)." Dreadful fights took place, and numbers were killed and eaten. A fearful spectacle it was to see the Natives passing the Mission-house at Matamata on their return from battle. They carried with them the proofs of the victory they had gained—a heart stuck on a pointed stick—a head secured to a short pole—baskets of human flesh with bones, hands, &c. protruding from the tops and sides—and, what perhaps was more affecting than any other object, one of the infant children of the School dandling on his knees, and making faces at the head of some Rotorua Chief, who had been killed in the battle. The situation of the Missionaries was most dangerous. Even in Waharoa, who had invited them there, no reliance could be placed. Proposing to Mr. Brown one day that he should have some human flesh to eat, he was told in reply, that he would find eternal death to be the wages of iniquity, when he gave utterance to the following savage threat: "If you are angry with me for what we have been doing, I will kill and eat you and all the Missionaries." The Rotorua Mission-house had been already plundered and burned, the Missionaries with difficulty escaping with their lives, amidst the furious crowds which thronged around them; and threats were now uttered that the Matamata Station would be similarly dealt with. It was indeed a time requiring the exercise of strong faith and prayer. Soon after, a body of armed men, with blackened faces, headed by a Chief named Marupo, which signifies "murder by night," entered the tent where some of the Missionary property had been placed previously to being shipped, and broke open every package except one hair-trunk, belonging to Archdeacon Brown, upon which a woman took her seat, and preserved it from destruction for the time. She afterward broke it open, and robbed it; and on being asked what her reasons were for preserving the box from destruction, she replied, "I saved it for myself, not for Mr. Brown." Immediately books, shirts, and various articles of wearing apparel were strewed about in all directions.

Yet amidst these dark scenes, the Lord graciously showed our Missionaries that their labour had not been in vain. Two or three Chiefs proved by their conduct that they had received good. One of them, Taiepa, son of the second Chief, refused to go with his

father in the war-party against Rotorua, although repeatedly urged to do so; nor did it appear that he was kept back from any other motive than a sense of the evil of doing so. It was evident that his heart had been touched, and that he had begun to seek after Christ. Tarapipi, Waharoa's eldest son, also attached himself to the Missionaries, and rendered them essential service.

Such was the greater part of New Zealand fifteen years ago—a dark and bloody land, where man loved to kill and eat his fellow man. How changed since then! With few exceptions the whole island is now professedly Christian. Cannibal practices have ceased; wars have so diminished, that the Natives, who used to be crowded into fortified villages, are being dispersed over the face of the country, and beginning to occupy detached hamlets. It is a rare thing to find a New Zealander who cannot read and write. They grow large quantities of wheat, and flour-mills are rapidly increasing. Many of them possess shipping, with which they trade; and although their rapid increase in civilization has hindered their spiritual growth to some extent, and many, like numbers at home, are careless and indifferent about heavenly things, yet is there much inquiry. Very large congregations meet in their Chapels, for Christian worship, Sunday after Sunday. The Communicants have wonderfully increased—from 280 in 1840, to 5822 in the present year. Many there are who are endeavouring in sincerity of heart to serve the Lord; and in the Journals of our Missionaries we are continually reading of one and another from amongst them who have gone to sleep in Jesus.

We have described to our readers what Matamata was fifteen years ago. Perhaps they might like to know in what state it is now. Our Missionary, the Rev. C. P. Davies, has been recently there, and the mention of its name in his Journal brought its past history to our recollection.

Our Missionary was indifferently lodged, the house being in a very dilapidated state, many parts of the reeding torn down, and all the panes of glass broken. Missionary work in New Zealand is often of a very rough kind, and requires men who will be willing in various ways to "endure hardness." The night was bitterly cold, so that he could scarcely sleep. The next day was one continued series of work: Morning Prayers at half-past six; then settling disputes, and arranging other matters among the Natives; afterward, an examination of sixteen Candidates for Confirmation, among whom were some grey-headed old Chiefs, who probably had been busy actors in the deeds of blood we have spoken of. After dinner, Natives came to have explained to them various passages of Scripture, which evidently had occupied their minds. The people now began to gather in from the neighbouring villages, and Evening Prayers were held, Mr. Davies preaching from 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. As soon as prayers were over, a party came and stuffed up the broken windows of the house, and then asked whether they might not come to a Bible class; when, permission being given, thirty-five assembled in a large room. The 10th chapter of Romans was read, on the

meaning of which they were questioned. This went on to a late hour, when the Meeting closed with prayer. It is this Bible class—a mode of instruction which is used very extensively, and with great profit, in New Zealand—that is sketched in our Frontispiece. We wish our readers could have seen the reality. Surely the New Zealanders are a changed people. If New Zealand was still the same that it once had been, the Chiefs and people of Matamata would have presented a very different subject for an Engraving: their hands would have clutched the rifle, and their lips have uttered curses and angry words. Now they hold the Book of Life, and their eyes are drinking in precious truths to refresh their souls.

The next day was Saturday. Many of the Native Teachers from the different villages had collected, and texts were given them, on which they were to make observations, in the same way as if they were addressing their flocks. On the Sunday the Chapel was filled with a Congregation of 287, who listened most attentively to a sermon from John xvi. 7—11. We shall now give an extract from Mr. Davies' Journal.

As it was raining very hard, I had Sunday-school immediately afterward: 119 remained, formed into seven classes. I went round to examine them, and found the scriptural instruction given was most satisfactory. After the classes had finished, they all marched in regular order, and took up their places, according to their classes, in seven lines. I then asked questions, and they gave me the scriptural answers with the texts. I am sure the sight would afford much pleasure to friends of our Society, when we remember that, a few years back, this very tribe, Te Ngatihaua, with their Chief, Waharoa, were the terror of all neighbouring tribes: his eldest son, who has taken his father's name, was most forward in giving the Scripture references. I do not mean to infer from this that they are all converted characters: far from it. There are, no doubt, many of Christ's hidden ones amongst them; but, alas! the great majority have "a name to live only," and are contented with the outward form. But do not we find the same at home in our highly-favoured land, the dépôt of all Religious Societies? Many profess to know Christ, while by their works they deny Him. All we can say is, that we can see what the Gospel has wrought, in outwardly transforming men, whose delight was in shedding their fellow-man's blood, but who are now sitting at peace one with another.

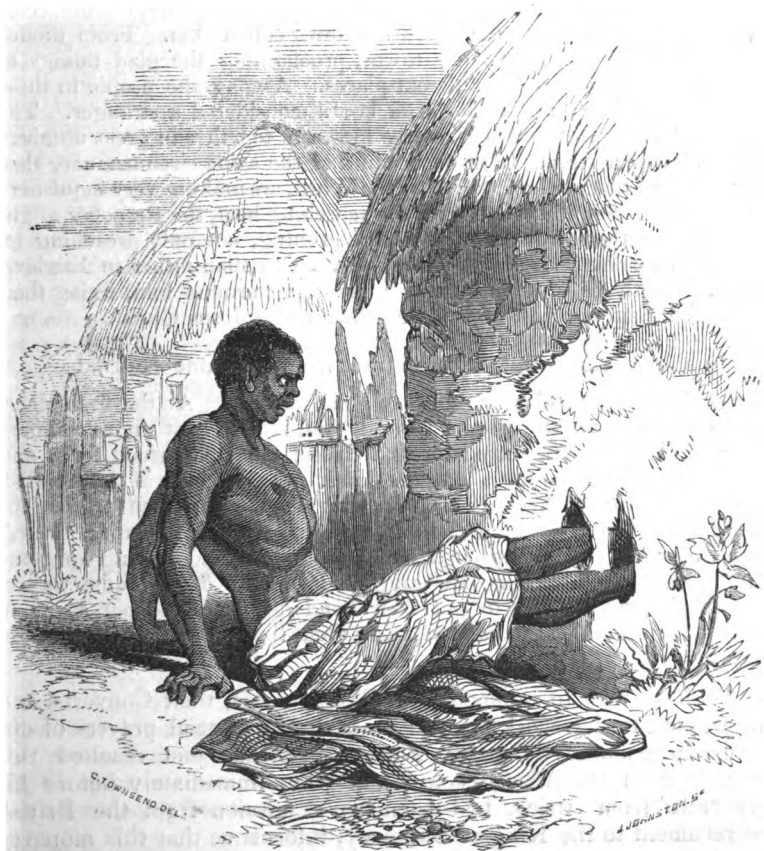
Assuredly we have abundant encouragement to go forward with Missionary work amongst the New-Zealanders.

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#### CONVERTS PATIENT IN TRIBULATION.

IN our Number for April we narrated the circumstances in which our Mission at Abbeokuta originated, and the remarkable manner in which it has been blessed of God since its commencement in 1846. Our Missionaries there have been as sowers scattering the seed over the ploughed fields that lie waiting to receive it.

It cannot be a matter of surprise that the heathen priests became alarmed. Their craft was in danger, for they saw that many of the people had cast away their idols; and that, if the Missionaries were permitted to go on preaching and teaching Jesus Christ, the whole population, after a time, would do so likewise. Full of wrath, they stirred up a grievous persecution: the city was filled with confusion; the drums beat furiously; and a great multitude, armed with bill-hooks, clubs, and whips, dragged the converts to the Council-house, where they were unmercifully beaten and cruelly tormented. They were then subjected to a very trying punishment, which is inflicted on gross offenders. Holes were made in walls, sometimes two feet high from the ground: through these the feet are passed, and made fast in stocks on the other side. The body is then thrown on the shoulders, and the man compelled to prop himself on his hands and arms: the sinews are all strained, and the sufferer can find no rest. The annexed Engraving will enable our readers to understand the painful position of persons who are thus punished. One hour in



such a state we should think hard to bear: our Converts remained so for five days, the scorching sun glaring on them during the day, and floods of rain pouring on them in the night. It was a mercy that not one of them died. Had this been the case, it is said that all would have been put to death, on the principle that, for the same crime, all ought to have equal suffering; and it was a still greater mercy that not one was moved from his fidelity to Christ. Had they consented to worship the idols again, they would have been immediately set free; but they chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. At length their persecutors, finding that these proceedings were displeasing to a large body of the Chiefs and people, and that the Converts remained steadfast, were compelled to let them go. All this took place exactly a year ago. The following extract from a Journal of our Missionary, the Rev. D. Hinderer, will show that this persecution has not made the Missionaries less resolute to preach, or the people less anxious to hear the Gospel.

*Feb. 1, 1850*—I went this morning to the Bagura forts on the river side, and began to speak the Word in a town called Oba. From thence I went through all the smaller towns, proclaiming the glad tidings to great numbers of people at different places. Among the people in these parts of Abbeokuta the White Man is still considered a stranger. The people, therefore, as soon as they see him, run together in great numbers to see and hear him. It is on account of the same circumstance, also, that many of them, when they hear the Word, are making very inquisitive questions; so that, if it was not for the scorching heat, the Preacher might stand among them from morning until evening, not only preaching to, but rather teaching them, just in the way a Christian father in England would do with his little ones, who are standing around him, fixing their eyes upon his lips whilst he is telling them about Jesus Christ.

We shall give another short extract from the same Journal—

*Feb. 19*—I went this morning to Keri market. At the first place, where I addressed the people from 1 Tim. i. 15, I got an uncommon large audience. After my address to them, one man stood forth and made a fine speech to me about the kindness and power of the English people, and the wickedness of his countrymen. He then praised the Word of God as a good and strong word and a word of truth; “But,” added he, “we people put our hands upon the pot, and nothing can come out.” After he had done speaking, I made use of the same figure, encouraging my hearers to put their hand deep into the pot, so as to take out of the fulness thereof, assuring them that the pot shall never get empty.

We have now to commend our Missionaries, their Converts, and the whole Mission work at Abbeokuta, to the special prayers of our Christian friends. Captain Forbes, who has just reached this country from the African coast, and who, immediately before his departure from Africa, had been on a mission from the British Government to the King of Dahomey, informs us that this monarch



was then preparing for a war expedition against Abbeokuta, for the purpose of destroying it, and carrying away the inhabitants into slavery. He is the scourge of that part of Africa, and, in the spring of last year, destroyed a large town called Okeodan, lying between Abbeokuta and the sea. Vast multitudes of the people had been put to death, their bodies burned without the walls in large heaps, and their heads carried home by the King, together with 20,000 captives. At this moment his forces may be drawing near Abbeokuta, and our Missionaries be on their knees, like Hezekiah of old when he spread the blasphemous letter of Rabshakeh before the Lord, and cried, "Now therefore, O Lord our God, save us from his hand!"

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### CONTRIBUTIONS IN KIND.

THE Rev. R. Maunsell, of Waikato, New Zealand, to whom we are indebted for the interesting account of the old New Zealander and his touching prayer, which appeared in our last Number, has at his Station a prosperous Boarding-school, containing, by the last accounts, 76 Natives, children and adults, beside 3 European pupils. The grown persons who are in the Institution are expected to teach in the School and work on the Station, receiving nothing in the shape of payment, with the exception of very plain food and a duck shirt and jacket; and yet so anxious are the Natives to have the benefit of Mr. Maunsell's instructions, that he has now six young Chiefs contentedly discharging these duties, and many more are anxious to be received, if he had the means of supporting them. This important Institution is carried on by him without any expense to the Society. At the same time, as the cost is considerable, aid, from those who are able and willing to afford it, will be thankfully received by him; and in our "Record" for September last we inserted the following passage from one of his Letters—

"You might urge our friends at home to be more liberal in donations of strong rough clothing, blankets, &c.; to send supplies of kitchen utensils, iron plates, dishes, knives and forks; and to procure for us pictures, maps, and other illustrations."

Shortly after, the following Letter reached the Church Missionary House—

*Wolverhampton, Sept. 16, 1850.*

SIR,—Allow me to refer you to page 204 of the "Church Missionary Record" of this month, where you will find the Rev. R. Maunsell writes of the wants of his School. Among other articles, he enumerates kitchen utensils, tin plates (dish), knives and forks, pots, spoons.

I shall be very happy to make up a small cask of these articles for him. I am engaged in shipping merchandize of this kind, which is the peculiar manufacture of this neighbourhood, and I take a lively interest in the success of our invaluable Church Missionary Society. If the Committee will be pleased to accept the same as a free-will offering to a cause very dear to me, then you have only to forward me the necessary

instructions as to the time when you shall be shipping for this district of New Zealand, and I will prepare the same.

I will have an inventory of the articles made out for Mr. Maunsell, to whom I would also address a Letter under cover to your Committee.

In all these matters I prefer the suppression of my name. It is, I think, too blessed a privilege to contribute to such a cause to need commendation from our fellow-men.

Since then a cask of kitchen utensils, cutlery, and tin dinner plates has been received at the Church Missionary House from the writer of the above Letter, and forwarded to Mr. Maunsell. Perhaps some other friends may be disposed to follow this good example; one to give blankets, another rough clothing, another pictures, maps, &c. We are of opinion that Working Associations of Ladies throughout the country, for the purpose of supplying with rough clothing the pressing wants of our New-Zealand and Rupert's-Land Schools, would be most serviceable. Ladies might not only work themselves, but employ in this way many of the poor cottagers' wives and daughters, and thus in many instances supersede the necessity of their going into the fields to work. We trust that some of our active female friends throughout the country will act upon these suggestions. Much good in this way might be done at home and abroad.

#### THE GATESHEAD TEA PARTY AND LECTURE.

WE have heard of tea parties, and we have heard of lectures; but we believe that the happy union of the two is a bright idea, for the novelty of which, as well as its success, we are indebted to that well-known Missionary beehive, the Rectory of Gateshead.

Gateshead is well known as the densely-populated manufacturing outskirt of Newcastle, from which northern emporium it is separated by the "Coaly Tyne." It is a peculiarly difficult sphere of ministerial labour, having to contend, perhaps almost beyond any other town, against the innumerable evils of chartism, popery, ignorance, and infidelity. The great object to be effected in such a parish is to obtain access to the people, many of whom are sunk in lukewarmness and ignorance: when such access can be effected, the first great difficulty is removed, and the way is open to impart useful instruction, as well as to enlist their feelings and affections. To effect these desirable objects, tea parties afford very considerable facilities, and the results of the two which have been held in Gateshead prove their efficacy.

Whoever has been in Gateshead can hardly fail to have observed the large Elizabethian pile which rises amidst the smutty brick buildings which enclose it: a large Girls'-school, capable of holding 500 persons, forms the upper story; whilst the lower, of equal dimensions, is devoted to the boys: such was the scene of the tea party in question. Great efforts, by all interested in the cause, had been made during the previous week, to dispose of the tickets, which were one shilling each for children and adults; also to prepare the

needful supply of cakes and other viands. Over a great fire in the schoolroom might be seen, on the evening of the feast, a large cauldron or boiler, capable of containing thirty gallons of water; and around, the cheerful faces of busy girls, employed in bringing ten or twenty large tea-urns, not to contain water as usual, but in which to make the tea, both as being more capacious and less fatiguing to the tea-makers.

The Gateshead "tea party and lecture" this year took place on the evening of Thursday the 26th of September. When the hour of six arrived, the Girls'-school presented one of the most beautiful and interesting sights we ever beheld. Across its high peaked roof were hung, in graceful festoons, beautiful garlands of evergreens, whilst the west end of the room was richly ornamented with dahlias, chrysanthemums, and other autumnal flowers, through the midst of which appeared, in large letters, the motto—

"CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, INSTITUTED 1799."

Down the room were ranged, side by side, as many long tables as could be placed, covered with neat white tablecloths, and cakes and other substantial eatables were placed in abundance. Beautiful as the room appeared, lighted up most brilliantly with gas, the decorations above described were far less interesting than the happy faces with which it was crowded. Every table was filled, and many had to give place, when satisfied, to admit fresh applicants for tea and cake. The principal table was presided over by the Lady Mayoress, whilst the room was honoured by the presence of the Mayor and many of the principal gentlemen of Gateshead.

After all had been satisfied, the more important and interesting business of the evening was entered upon; when, after a few words from the Rector, the party was addressed by the Rev. R. G. L. Blenkinsopp, Northern Secretary, the Rev. G. T. Fox of Durham, and the Rev. H. Linton of Diddington, Hunts, in what were termed "speechlets," a word happily coined to limit their eloquence within the space of ten minutes each.

By this time the atmosphere of the crowded room had become more than sufficiently close, and it was therefore a great relief to adjourn to the room below, where a most interesting lecture was delivered by the Rev. John Tucker, Secretary of the Parent Society. This was the great point of attraction for the evening, and it was with very great pleasure, as well as benefit, that his deeply-interesting written lecture was attended to. When it was concluded, the Meeting was dismissed, after a few appropriate remarks from the Rev. Dr. Davies, Rector of Gateshead.

Three hundred and eighty tickets were sold, amounting to Nineteen Pounds, and about Six Pounds were received in the plates at the door after the lecture was over, which latter would nearly defray the expenses of the tea, leaving about 19% clear gain to the Church Missionary Society.

The general feeling was, that a more agreeable or instructive

evening had seldom been spent by those present; and it is much to be desired that the example of Gateshead, in its having instituted an annual Church Missionary Tea Party and Lecture, should be generally followed.

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WHERE SHALL I LOOK FOR HAPPINESS?

A LESSON OF EXPERIENCE.

I JOURNEY'D far from my native land,  
 Far from my early home;  
 I travers'd Africa's burning sand,  
 And India's torrid zone;  
 I went where the lovely azure sky  
 Reflects a brilliant light,  
 And where the glittering lantern-fly  
 Illuminates the night;  
 I wander'd long in the myrtle grove,  
 Where flow'rs are blooming fair,  
 And plaintive notes of the turtle-dove  
 Are echoed through the air;  
 And I sought for happiness—it was not there!

I climb'd with hurried step the seat  
 To regal pow'r assign'd,  
 Where riches, honours, and glory meet,  
 To satisfy the mind:  
 The diadem has adorn'd my brow,  
 The sceptre fill'd my hand,  
 And thousands came in their haste to bow  
 To Him who rul'd the land;  
 And my splendour was great, but soon I found  
 That thrones have their weight of care,  
 And hearts oft sad, while the head is crown'd;  
 And I sought for happiness—it was not there!

I fled to the hermit's lonely cell,  
 From the world and all its ills,  
 And there in the still, sequester'd dell,  
 Beside its murm'ring rills,  
 I mus'd on the works of Nature's God,  
 But grief my heart oppress'd;  
 I bewail'd my sin, and I fear'd His rod,  
 And my soul could find no rest.  
 And I found it not till He reveal'd  
 His wondrous love to me,  
 And open'd the heart that once was seal'd,  
 And set the captive free.  
 Then, joyful I learn'd, that, through the blood  
 Of One who pleads above,  
 The God once fear'd as an angry God  
 Is now a God of love.  
 The peace I had vainly sought elsewhere  
 I sought in God, through Christ, and found it there!

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



WORSHIP OF JUGGERNAUT AT MAHESH, NEAR SERAMPORE — *Vide* p. 106.

It may be interesting to our readers to hear of Missionary labours carried on by English Protestants so far back as 200 years. This is one of the earliest instances. The good man, whose name is given above, was appointed in 1642 Pastor to the English Settlers at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, North America; of which, with some adjacent islands on the coast, his father was Governor. The Settlers were but few in number; and he resolved, with the help of God, to try and do something for the poor Indians around, who, without God, and having no hope, were living under the painful yoke of Satan. They were indeed plunged in the deepest gloom. Some thoughts they had about the Great Spirit, but of His love and tender mercy over all His works they knew nothing, and they neither loved nor feared Him. Their habits and mode of life were miserable; their houses, a few crotched stakes thrust into the ground and overlaid with bark, a fire being kindled in the middle, and an aperture left at the top to carry off the smoke; their dress, a blanket girt at the waist and thrown loosely over the shoulders, to which the women added a petticoat, and the men, in winter, stockings of blanket and socks of deer skin; their pastime, war carried on by treachery and cruelty, for they never fought in the field, but skulked and attacked by surprise; their most glorious ornaments, the scalps of those whom they had slain, which often proved to be the scalps of women and children. Their feet were swift to shed blood; and when they buried the hatchet, they were not slow to take it up again.

Knowing that he could do but little until he could speak with them in their own tongue, Mr. Mayhew commenced to learn their language, which, from the extraordinary length of the words, and the strong guttural sounds that prevailed in it, he found to be a difficult undertaking; but assistance was given him in a young Indian, of a thoughtful and inquiring mind, named Hiacomés, who was converted, through his instrumentality, in 1643.

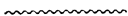
He now began to speak to the Indians one by one as he had opportunity, and to visit such families as seemed most willing to be taught. Hiacomés also told his countrymen all that he learned from Mr. Mayhew, and God blessed their united labours.

In 1646 a great meeting of the Indians was held, at which Mr. Mayhew was called upon to make known to them the Word of God in their own tongue, one of the Chiefs addressing him in the following striking language—"Thou shalt be to us as one that stands by a running stream, filling many vessels: even so shalt thou fill us with everlasting knowledge." That Chief's heart, like that of Lydia of old, was opened to receive the Truth: he helped Hiacomés in his work, and the number of believing Indians increased. The Powaws, or sorcerers, who pretended to be able to cure sickness and foretel

future events, fearing they should lose their gain, tried to hinder the good work; but Mayhew, encouraged by the tokens of God's blessing, redoubled his diligence, travelling from place to place, lodging in the smoky wigwams of the Indians, partaking of their homely fare, and gladly enduring fatigues and hardships to show them the way of life. Two of the Powaws, who had violently opposed him—convinced of sin, and especially of the sin of witchcraft—began to entreat that God would have mercy on them. "It was very affecting," Mayhew remarks, "to see these poor naked sons of Adam, and slaves of the devil from their birth, come toward the Lord as they did, with shaking joints and troubled spirits, uttering words of sore displeasure against sin and Satan." There was indeed a powerful shaking amongst the dry bones to whom he preached.

Mayhew's labours were carried on with untiring zeal until the year 1657, by which time he had the great joy of seeing "many hundred men and women" united in Christian fellowship, and proving, by their intelligence and holy walk, that the Truth had come to them, not in word only, but in power. He then undertook a voyage to England, in order to confer with the benevolent persons who had greatly aided him in his work, and to take measures for the further benefit of the Indians. From this voyage, however, he never returned, the ship, it is supposed, having foundered at sea. Thus mysteriously was his course cut short, in the midst of his usefulness, before he had completed his thirty-seventh year. This devoted man had so endeared himself to his Indian flock, that the place where he took leave of them was remembered with sorrow during all that generation; and for many years after his death his name was seldom mentioned without tears. Had other Settlers acted like Mr. Mayhew, and, while they occupied the lands over which the Indians had for generations hunted, been careful to give them compensation by making them acquainted with the Gospel of Christ, the fearful wars, which afterward broke out between the White and Red races, would have been happily prevented.

After Mr. Mayhew's death, Hiacombs continued to do the work of an evangelist amongst his countrymen. In 1670 he was ordained Pastor of an Indian Congregation in Martha's vineyard; and, having persevered with fidelity in his work for a number of years, died in a good old age.



#### ONE TAKEN, AND THE OTHER LEFT.

AMONGST the various tidings, some of joy and some of sorrow, which reach the Church Missionary House from the wide circle of our distant Missions, there is one which every now and then recurs with a sound peculiarly solemn. It is that which announces that we have a Missionary less in the field—that some one well known, often written to and heard from, has been removed—that another death

has taken place. The interval between one and another of these is never long. Within the last few months there have been several—Haslam of Ceylon—Greenwood of Ceylon—Clemens of Sierra Leone—Müller of Abbeokuta! As to the dead, they are sounds of encouragement. They say, Our brother sleepeth! As to the living, whether at home or abroad, they are warning and quickening sounds. They say, The time is short! They counsel, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." They urge, "Redeem the time"—for yourself, that when your summons shall come you may be ready; and for others, because, when death comes, our work is done: our tongue, silent in death, can no more speak of Christ to a fellow-sinner, nor can we any longer help forward that best of works, the making known of Jesus Christ and Him crucified to perishing sinners. Who can read the following account of the Rev. C. Greenwood's death, contained in a Letter from the Rev. G. Parsons, of Baddagame, in Ceylon, and not feel solemn thoughts rise within him, which seem to say, Are you ready?

The Brethren here had determined that Mr. Greenwood should remove to Cotta, to supply the place of our late dear friend and brother, Mr. Haslam, and that I should fill his place at Baddagame. Accordingly, a few days before the 21st of June, Mr. Greenwood began to prepare for his removal.

He finished his accounts on Thursday night, the 20th, and Friday evening, about five, the packing, and sent off the last waggon there was ready. Saturday was intended for handing over the accounts and affairs of the Station to me; Sunday for taking leave of the people; and Monday for starting for Cotta; but God ordered otherwise. Having finished packing, Mr. Greenwood proposed our usual bathe in the river. We went; and after being in the water about five minutes, as we were both making for the bank, I was a little in advance of him, when I heard a plunge and a call. On looking round, I saw my friend in difficulty. I turned, and reached him just as he was sinking for the last time. Before I could catch hold of him, he had thrown both his arms round my body. We both sank together; and I thought I should never be released from his grasp, nor be able to save either myself or him. But the same loving Father who took my companion to Himself, spared me to serve Him longer. I got away from him, rose to the top of the water, and reached the bank as soon as I could, quite exhausted. I then obtained assistance; but the body was not found till next day, at 2 P.M.

As for myself, I feel that then I as good as died, and was buried. My life, therefore, is a new one, and shall be doubly devoted to Him who has renewed it to me, and who so distinctly and solemnly calls upon me to work while it is day, seeing the time is short. I am aware that the heart of man is deceitful above all things; yet I feel assured that so solemn an instalment will never be forgotten by me, and that it has left a lasting impression upon my mind, to quicken me to be diligent and zealous for the glory of my Saviour.

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## NEW MISSION AT THE GALLINAS RIVER.

THE Gallinas river, about seven days' sail to the S. E. of Sierra Leone, has been, for the last thirty years, one of the most fearful slave-marts on the West-African Coast, not fewer than 15,000 human beings having been shipped from thence every year. The barracoons in which the slaves were chained while waiting for the slave-ships, and the factories in which were stored the goods used to purchase them, having been burned by the British squadron in the beginning of 1849, and the slave-traders having been driven away by the Native Chiefs, over whom they had tyrannized, the Chiefs seem disposed to give up slave-trading altogether, and live on good terms with the English. We know, however, that it is only by giving the Gospel to these people,\* that we can have any security as to the steadfastness of their good intentions; and it has been felt by the Society at home, and the Missionaries at Sierra Leone, that Missionary work ought to be at once commenced amongst them. The Chiefs, indeed, seem to have invited us to do so, for they have sent three of their sons, one the son of the principal Chief Manna, to be educated in our Grammar-school at Sierra Leone.

Accordingly, one of our Missionaries, the Rev. J. Beale, proceeded to the Gallinas, from Sierra Leone, in February last, in order to see whether the opening was such as to justify us in the commencement of a new Mission. The well-built houses of Prince Manna's chief town Gendama, and the European furniture to be found in them, such as chairs, sofas, pier and other glasses, crockery, &c., much surprised him. The people also were kind to him, and the King's wives and brothers—the prince himself not being at home on his arrival—conversed freely with him, many of them speaking in English; nor did he fail to improve the opportunity thus given to him of speaking to them about Christ. Poor people! they need the Gospel much, for around were sad sights, which showed that cruelty had not ceased at the Gallinas. In the prison at Gendama, Mr. Beale saw thirty-one men in heavy chains, and fastened, in different ways, by blocks of wood and irons so that they could not lie down. They were persons who had been sentenced to pay a fine for crimes of which they had been guilty, and until the fine was paid they were left in this state, without food or water, dependent on the compassion of the town's people. This painful sight of miseries which he could not relieve caused Mr. Beale to groan within himself.

Mr. Beale visited the site of the barracoons and factories taken by our cruisers in 1849, when property to the amount of half a million, intended for slave-trading purposes, was destroyed. He says—

On the bar, the sea, as usual, was breaking fearfully. There, only lately, a large canoe was upset in conveying the Spanish slaves over to

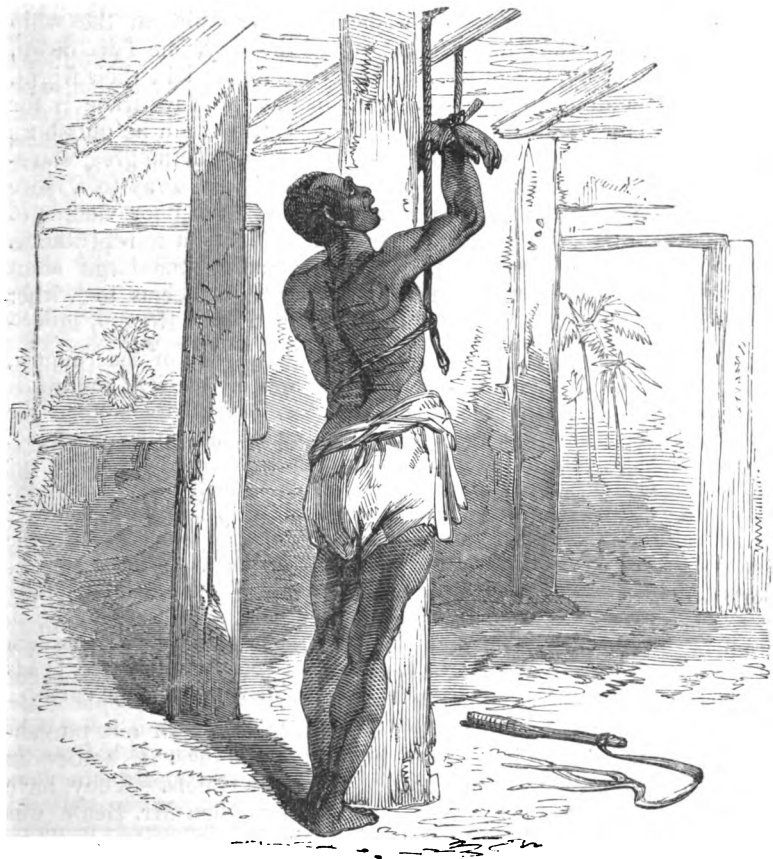
\* When Mr. Beale told them the Spanish slave-dealers would never be allowed to come back, many of them grew quite angry.

the men-of-war, and twenty-three unfortunate beings perished. At this point, when leaving for ever the lands of his fathers, many a wretched captive has obtained the only relief to be found from the iron yoke of the slave-dealer. Not unfrequently, both the slave and his European master have been engulfed in the same breaker. The Chiefs tell of many of their relatives whose bodies have become a prey to the shark, whilst engaged in the same nefarious traffic. One barracoon only is now standing: it had in it, when the British landed, 100 slaves. At different points now in sight there were then more than 800 ready for embarkation. All these have been rescued by the British from slavery, and sent to Sierra Leone. Whilst these poor wretches were thus lying in chains, the slave-dealers themselves were living in the greatest luxury. Specimens of their household furniture, of the most costly description, have escaped the flames, such as solid rosewood sofas, chairs, &c. All their furnitures were nearly committed to the flames, with thousands of pounds' worth of dry goods—silks, satins, tobacco, rum, gin, wine, and about 150 barrels of gunpowder. These buildings must have been very large, as the foundations are more than 100 to 120 feet long. Now the places are trodden by wild deer and other animals from the woods.

Mr. Beale shall now relate, in his own words, his visit to one of the Chiefs, and what he witnessed there.

We went to see Western Rogers, a powerful Chief, the descendant of an English slave-dealer. Most of the Chiefs trace their origin to this source. After an hour's walk through a light white sand, we reached the river, on the opposite side of which his town is situated. We crossed the river in a small canoe, and were kindly received by the Chief. He is a fine specimen of an African Prince—of middle size, stout, well proportioned, with an intelligent open countenance, but quite black. The town is well built, and much the same as Gendama, with a barricade all around. This Chief possesses no religion whatever, and has very few charms round his towns. He dislikes, and will not allow, Mahomedan charms to be in his place. His town may contain 500 people. Mr. Parker, the British Agent, says 2000; but, as nearly all are now absent in the war, I cannot judge. The houses are not so many; but, as the people live together in large numbers in one house, possibly the town may number so many when full. His house is well ornamented with European pictures, such as the battle of Waterloo: the outside walls are covered with ludicrous native figures. On our reaching the house, he presented us with a large Muscovy duck, which was prepared for dinner. On the north of his yard stands his own circular house; to the west, a large shed, used as a day prison; to the east, the night prison; and to the south, a store, all enclosing the yard, and adjoining his own house. To have this arrangement shows a vicious heathen taste. When he sits in his fine lofty piazza, all the prisoners, enduring different kinds of torture, are in his sight. There were many poor objects there in heavy chains, fixed around their bare necks. One prisoner, from his youthful and intelligent look, excited my feelings of compassion much, as well as from the torture he was undergoing. His back had already been lacerated with the whip. His hands were put around one of the posts of the building, and then his wrists were tied tightly together with a small cord.

Another rope was tied to his hands, put over the beam above, and fixed around his waist, so that he was kept perpetually standing; or, on attempting to relieve himself, his hands were drawn up till he was suspended. The Chief was quick enough to observe that I was making many



inquiries about him. After a short absence from the yard, I found he had released him: his only crime was breaking an empty bottle by accident. In the days of slavery he would doubtless have gone across the seas. Several articles of plate were on the table: the knives and forks were of silver. The Chief gave us an excellent dinner, and seemed not a little surprised that I took none of the fine liquors, spirits, or fermented palm-wine, which he placed before me.\* During the dinner we were waited upon by twenty-five of his sons, from seven to twenty years old.

Western Rogers, when conversing with Mr. Beale, described the

\* In this whole journey I took *no stimulant whatever*, and never enjoyed better health.

cruel way in which the traders treat the poor slaves which they purchase. They beat them very badly, sometimes even to death! The slaves wear a collar with a ring, through which a chain is passed, and thus many are fastened by one chain. When many of them are on the chain, and they are not able to get out of the canoe as quickly as the slave-dealer wishes, he lays hold on the whip to flog them. In their haste to get out of the way, one falls down, and is strangled by the others, as, hurrying forward in their fright, they drag him along the ground. Yet, bad as the slave-trade is for the slave, it is worse for the slave-dealer. Every chain he puts on a slave is a new fetter rivetted on his soul, with which the great slave-dealer and enemy of man is preparing to lead him away to a more fearful prison than the hold in which he stows the poor victims of his cruelty, unless, through God's grace, he be brought to repentance.

The slave-trade lays waste. Notwithstanding the large sums paid for slaves, the country where it is carried on seems to wither under its blight. Mr. Beale, while in the district of Rogers, says—

I observed that the palm-tree was nearly cleared out of the country, and asked the reason. I was told that, in times of scarcity, and when large numbers of slaves were in the barracoons, they fed them upon the palm-cabbage. Being an entire slave-dealing country, they have not been in the habit of growing provisions: they have been dependent for supplies of food on other countries; so that occasionally they have been subject to great want. At such times the beautiful palms were cut down for the cabbage. In consequence, the whole country looks a waste, the stems of palms strewing the path in every direction. What a curse is slavery and the slave-trade! The day of final account will alone fully make manifest its horrors. But even here it has turned men, made in the image of God, into demons; rendered them dead to the common feelings of nature, so that a man will sell his own offspring for a few heads of tobacco; whilst it lays desolate the most fertile regions of the earth.

But this is not all. How often indulged sins work out punishment for sinners! So it seems to be in the Gallinas. Numbers of slaves have from time to time escaped from the Chiefs. They have flocked together, and are now so strong, that, when Mr. Beale was there, they were carrying on war with their former masters. They are called Zaros, and have now thirteen barricaded towns. The slaves at the Gallinas, of whom Prince Manna has no fewer than 10,000 groaning under his yoke, sympathize with them, and are anxious to join them on the first opportunity. The situation of the Gallinas Chiefs is, therefore, very critical; and the probability is, they would have been crushed by the Zaros before now, but that they have been assisted by the men-of-war, whose big guns have checked the Zaros as they roved about seizing upon the smaller towns, and carrying off and selling hundreds of the people; for the Zaros also practise slavery, nor have their past sufferings taught them mercy to others. What, save the Gospel, can effect this?

What a noble field of usefulness opens to our Missionaries in the

Gallinas—to make peace between these contending parties, and preach the Gospel, not only to the Gallinas people, but to the Zaros; that, as they rise in power as a nation, of which there is every prospect, they may occupy themselves, not in enslaving, but in liberating their brother African.

Our readers will rejoice to hear that a Missionary has been appointed to the Gallinas.

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#### VISIT TO A HINDU MELA.

OUR Missionaries in India are in the habit of attending, as often as circumstances permit them so to do, the idolatrous feasts or Melas held by the Hindus in honour of their false gods. At these Melas crowds of people are gathered in from the surrounding districts. They afford, therefore, opportunities of usefulness; and as Satan uses them for an evil purpose, by making the people drunk with the excitement of idolatry and wickedness, the Missionaries feel that they ought to try and bring good out of evil, by being at such places as often as they can, in order that, by preaching and conversation, and the distribution of books and tracts, they may spread abroad the salt of Gospel truth amongst the corrupt mass of Hinduism. At these Melas they behold idolatry without disguise, showing itself in all its evil as the religion of Satan, which he suggests, and in which he is served; and when they see such multitudes of their fellow-men led captive by him at his will, their hearts are stirred within them to labour for their emancipation. One of these Melas is thus described by our Missionary the Rev. S. Hasell, of Calcutta.

In June 1849 I paid my first visit to a Hindu Mela. It was the day for the return of the Car of Juggernaut, which had been drawn out eight days preceding, and was called the Rath festival. We started at about six o'clock A.M. from Calcutta, and reached Mahesh, a village about two miles from Serampore, by eleven o'clock. The crowd was already great. Men, women, and children, seemed to be all pressing forward with one object in view. We followed the multitude, and presently came in sight of the huge car of the professed god of the world. It is an unsightly machine, of an immense size, and bears evident signs of having seen better days. Many of the carvings have been executed in a style worthy of a nobler and holier cause; but as the white ant and age together have destroyed many parts, the repairs have been done in a most slovenly manner. Report says, that, formerly, the sides of the car were covered with paintings of the most licentious character; but at the present time their place is supplied by roughly-coloured boards. This huge mass of rotten timber is, however, the object of religious homage to thousands. I saw many touching the feet of the images around it, and then touching their foreheads in token of adoration. This car is second only to the renowned car of Orissa, and thousands from all places within a circuit of twenty or thirty miles come together to join in the services of the day. Having seen the car, and said some few words to the people standing about, we went in search of the god. We found him placed for receiving the offerings and homage of his worshippers, in the lower

apartment of a Native's house. Of all the unsightly and ungodlike images I have seen, this of Juggernaut was certainly the worst, and yet I *saw* men and women lying prostrate before it! \* Formerly, it seems, the offerings used to be only in the form of fruit, &c., but, latterly, money has superseded the use of fruit. On this account, for the first time for a hundred years or more, Juggernaut has not been associated with another idol, Radhabullub, for the purpose of receiving the gifts of the crowd. It seems that the priests of the temples of the two idols could not come to terms respecting the division of the proceeds of the people's superstition; and consequently, instead of one great shrine, there were two rival ones, about two miles distant from each other. It has been usual for Juggernaut to mount his car, and be drawn from Mahesh to Bulluppur; but this year the car was only drawn about fifty yards, and then the god was taken to the private house where we saw him. When we attempted to enter the house, the Brahmin at the gate asked us for "the offering;" but, after some few remarks, they made way for us to go in, and also to return. On leaving the house, we proceeded to the temple of the god, which is close by, and endeavoured to gain admittance; but that appeared to be impossible. It is a large, substantial, red-brick building, approached by six or seven steps. They allowed us to ascend the steps, but not to stand upon the top one, unless we would take off our shoes and stockings!

We retraced our steps, and, on our way, fell in with several who understood English, and stated that they had been educated in Calcutta. Certainly they had not profited much, for they were selling pictures and small models of the god Juggernaut. By the road-side a brother Missionary had erected a temporary Preaching-house, or rather shed, to protect him from the rain and sun, and there, for hours, he and his Native Readers endeavoured to preach to the people. A more unlikely place for sowing the seed of eternal life I never saw. Every little way was a crowd of singing-musicians, pretending to sing the praises of Krishna, &c., and accompanying their discordant voices with still more discordant instruments. Here there would be a crowd of boisterous men, and there a company of noisy women, and one and all much excited, so that the poor preacher seemed to fight like one "beating the air." The Tracts they gave away were, as we saw, torn into pieces and scattered to the winds; but still they persevered. We came at last to the temple of Radhabullub, where, in years gone by, the two "enthroned sat," but now he sat alone. The anxiety of the crowd here surpassed that of the other place. Men, women, and children, were all anxiously struggling to present their mite, and get in return a wreath of flowers, or a few drops of holy Gunga water! I saw one old woman stretch forth her attenuated arm to get about a teaspoonful of water in her hand, which she drank with all the avidity of one in earnest, and then most carefully absorbed the least moisture that might have remained upon her hand, by rubbing it upon her face and head. I stood and watched the wretched crowd, and felt ashamed for myself, and for my professedly-Christian countrymen. These people, ignorant and degraded idolaters though they be, put us to shame in many things. O that the Lord would open their eyes, and make them as earnest in seeking Him who is Lord of lords, and is the water of life to them that come unto Him. We

\* *Vide* Frontispiece.

may see, perhaps, in this dispute and division between the priests of these idols, the indications of a tottering in the system. It is, at least, no ordinary thing to observe, that, for the first time upon record, the two idols have been separated, and their interests divided. May the time soon come when they may be utterly abolished, and Christ, the true Juggernaut (Lord of the world) be exalted upon their ruins! We returned to Calcutta early in the evening, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow—joy that there was a shaking among the dry bones, and sorrow that there were no more reapers ready for the fields ripe unto harvest.

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#### THE NEW-ZEALAND CHIEF MAMAKU.

THE name of Mamaku has often occurred in the Journals of our Missionary, the Rev. R. Taylor of Wanganui, as the name of a turbulent and fighting Chief, and one bitterly opposed to the Gospel. Mamaku headed the New Zealanders who fought the British troops in the valley of the Hutt, near Wellington, and on several subsequent occasions. When his party was defeated and broken up, and he was compelled to return to his own place up the river Wanganui, he could not rest quiet, but came down in the year 1846, at the head of 200 men, to plunder and burn the English settlement at Petre, at the mouth of the Wanganui, from which he was prevented only by the bold interference of the Christian Chiefs who live near Mr. Taylor, on the opposite side of the river. This man is now another proof of the power of the Gospel to change hard hearts, soften rugged tempers, and turn men's thoughts and desires into a channel different from that in which they had been wont to flow. Blessed be the name of our God! New Zealand affords many such: many a man whose name was "Legion" has become so changed as to sit meekly at the feet of Jesus. Whether Mamaku is changed, our readers must judge for themselves. Here we have him presented to us under a new aspect in Mr. Taylor's Journal. Mr. Taylor had reached Mamaku's Pa the evening before, and had occupied himself in giving instruction to the Natives, examining Candidates, &c., until after midnight. His account then proceeds—

*Jan. 31, 1850*—Mamaku called me before it was light; and, after prayers, we left for the Rakura about seven, accompanied by nearly all the people of the place. Mamaku went with me in the same canoe. He said, "Now we will have a nice talk;" and, whilst his nephew was poling the canoe, he came to my side, and, pulling out his Testament and Prayer-book, said, "Now, explain the 133d Psalm—the oil running down Aaron's beard, and the dew on Hermon;" which I did. He seemed extremely interested. His nephew gave his pole to another, and asked me to explain it over again to him: he seemed jealous lest he should lose any portion of what was said. Mamaku again returned to his post, and proposed other questions; until, entering a rapid, where we were in some danger of being capsized, he immediately jumped up, and, seizing a pole, pushed the canoe through with great strength and skill, and then gave his pole to another, and resumed his seat by my side. He is an extraordinary man, with an excellent memory, and great shrewdness.

**"ALL SHALL KNOW THE LORD."**

YES! all shall know Thee, Saviour!  
 The broad earth shall be Thine,  
 And o'er its ransomed myriads  
 The light of truth shall shine!  
 E'en now we see the earnest  
 Of this expected day,  
 When ev'ry land and kingdom  
 Shall own Messiah's sway.

Where, by the Brahmaputra,  
 The lofty palm-trees wave;  
 Or by the flowing Ganges  
 The Hindu finds his grave;  
 The message of salvation  
 By anxious crowds is heard;  
 The dead to life are waking,  
 And torpid hearts are stirred.

From distant Abbeokuta  
 Is borne a mingled voice  
 Of gladness and of sorrow—  
 They weep, and yet rejoice:  
 The fire of persecution  
 Has raised its lurid flame;  
 The Christians have endur'd it;  
 Their faith is still the same.

Two warrior Chiefs are praying  
 On far New Zealand's shore;  
 The sun shines brightly on them,  
 More bright than e'er before.  
 They once were bitter foemen,  
 Each wish'd the other slain;  
 The love of Jesus chang'd them,  
 They ne'er will strive again.

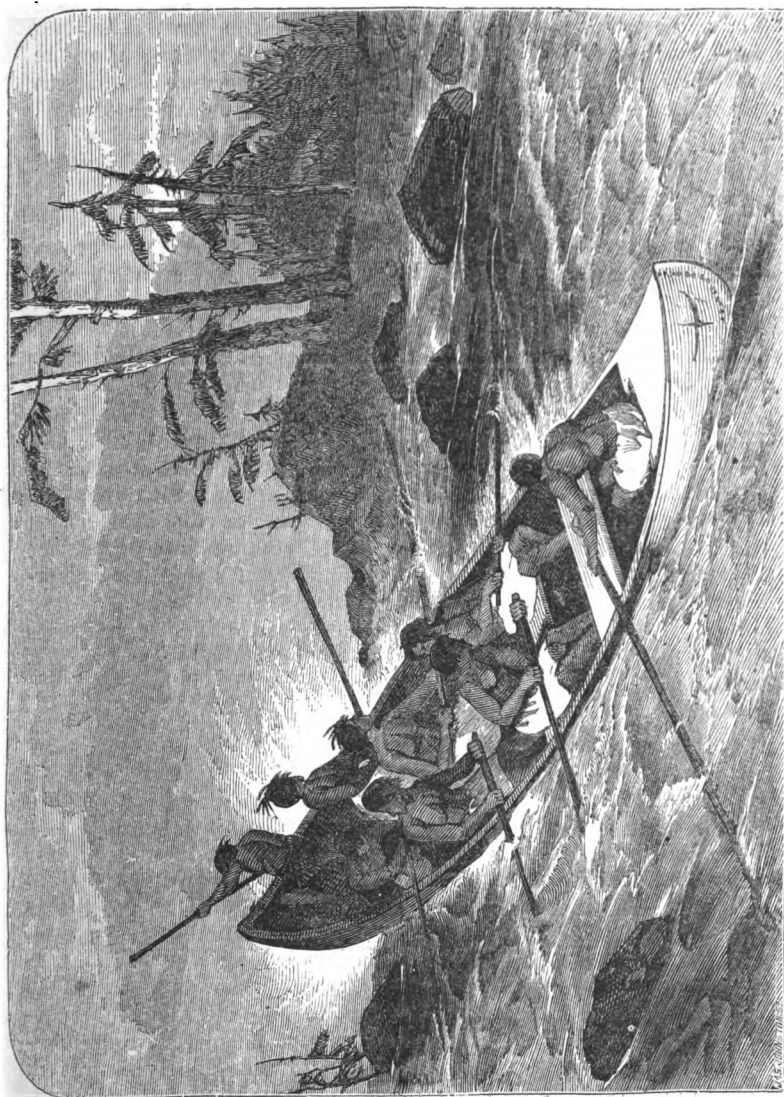
Yes! all shall know Thee, Saviour!  
 Where southern breezes blow,  
 Or northern hills are shrouded  
 With oft-returning snow;  
 Where eastern summers lavish  
 A rich profusion round,  
 Or midst the vast seas westward  
 Man's island home is found;

Wherever bird hath wandered;  
 Wherever foot hath trod;  
 All flesh shall yield Thee homage,  
 The true and living God!  
 And he who sows with weeping  
 Shall come again with joy;  
 For thou, O Lord! the idols  
 Shalt utterly destroy!\*

\* Isaiah ii. 18.



THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



CANOE-TRAVELLING IN RUPERT'S LAND—*Vide* p. 114.

## LIVES OF MISSIONARIES.—THE MAYHEWS.

IN our last Number we presented a brief remembrance of the Rev. Thomas Mayhew, and his early labours among the Indians of Martha's Vineyard. On his death the work was not suffered to expire. Mr. Mayhew's father, the Governor of the Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and Elizabeth Isles, originally a Southampton merchant, laboured amongst the Indians as a Lay-Evangelist, upholding the work by his prayers and ministrations, and cherishing it as the best memorial of his lamented son. In 1674 the native families in Martha's Vineyard, and a small island adjoining it, were about 360, of whom two-thirds, or about 1500 persons, were supposed to be praying Indians. The good old Governor died in 1680, in the 93d year of his age, to the great grief of the inhabitants.

Before his departure he had the satisfaction of seeing his youngest grandson, the Rev. John Mayhew, treading in the steps of his father. He knew the language of the Indians thoroughly; and, even when he was a very young man, they were wont to come to him for counsel and advice. After his grandfather's death, his interest in their welfare greatly increased, and he gave himself more unreservedly to the work in which his predecessors had so diligently laboured. Like his father's, his period of service in this world was brief. He died nine years after his grandfather, in the 37th year of his age, and the 16th of his ministry. During his last illness he expressed a wish, that, if it were the will of God, he might live a little longer, and do some more service for Christ in the world; but his heavenly Master saw fit otherwise to dispose of him. He had the consolation of leaving well-instructed Teachers over the Indians, 100 of whom were Communicants, walking in the fear of the Lord.

His eldest son, Mr. Experience Mayhew, was only sixteen years of age at the time of his father's death; yet, exactly five years after, we find him taking up the interrupted thread of the labours of his forefathers. During the previous quarter of a century, the number of Indians throughout the English Settlements had greatly diminished: the Settlers and Natives had come into collision. In 1675, under the command of Philip, the Chief or Sachem of a tribe living within the boundaries of Massachusetts, the Indians rose against the Settlers, and many lives were sacrificed. The Settlers collected to defend themselves; and a desperate battle ensued, in which 1000 Indian warriors were slain. From that time the Indians began to withdraw themselves from amongst the Whites; and in 1694 the Indian families in Martha's Vineyard were only 180, precisely one-half of what they had been twenty years before. This rapid diminution of their numbers seemed to point out that the opportunity of usefulness among them would not be of very long continuance, and that, while it lasted, it ought to be diligently improved. Although only twenty-one years of age, Mr. E. Mayhew gave himself up to its improvement; and the Lord was pleased so remarkably to bless his labours, that, a few years after, only two individuals remained in heathenism. Being considered one of the greatest masters

of the Indian tongue, he was employed to prepare a new translation of the Psalms, together with St. John's Gospel, which appeared in 1709, the Indian and English being printed in parallel columns. He died in 1754, after nearly sixty-five years' labour for the spiritual welfare of the Natives.

Nor was he the last Mayhew: one other was raised up to prolong the work—Zechariah, the son of the preceding. In the beginning of the present century this venerable man lived, an Indian Missionary, on the same spot where his forefathers had so diligently laboured, closing, by his death in 1803, the Missionary service of the Mayhew family, which had been shared by five successive generations, and extended over a period of no less than 160 years.

#### CHINESE MISSIONARY WORK.

THE Chinese are, in some respects, a civilized people, and very different in their manners from the wild Heathen of America or Australia: They are a social people, and like to crowd together in towns and villages. They are very quiet and orderly in their behaviour, and industriously pursue their occupations, of whatever kind they be, often with very small reward. The painful feature in their state is, that they are so completely without God in the world. Not only is it true that God is not in *all* their thoughts, but that He is not in any of their thoughts. Of one true and living God they have no distinct idea; and there is no word in their language which expresses the same with our word "God." The Missionaries have had great difficulty in fixing what word had best be used; and there is no word that is precisely what is wanted. The Apostle Paul tells us of God, that He is "not far from every one of us: for in Him we live, and move, and have our being;" yet so blind have the Chinese become, that they have quite lost sight of Him.

Instead of God they have many idols, to whom they make prayers and offerings, in the hope of obtaining a larger share in this world's goods, which is all they care for. The world is every thing to them, and they have no desire beyond it: they "mind earthly things," and are as wholly taken up with them as if they believed that with the death of the body human consciousness terminated. Yet they do not think this, for they worship the spirits of their ancestors, believing them to be still alive. This is the kind of idolatry which has strongest hold on them. There appears to be something in this sin which remarkably suits the fallen nature of man; and, when Christianity was corrupted, this evil was introduced with many others. Thus we find large bodies of nominal Christians—such as Romanists and others—as well as the heathen Chinese, worshipping the spirits of dead men and women. It is not more sinful and absurd for a Chinese to make prayers to the spirit of his ancestor, than for a Romanist to pray to his patron saint; nor is the invoking of Confucius a grosser error than the invocation of the Virgin Mary. Yet even in this, their strongest superstition, the Chinese are earthly-

minded. The Rev. T. M'Clatchie, one of our Missionaries at Shanghai, in describing the manner in which they observe their New-Year's Day, which is one of their principal holiday times, thus expresses himself respecting them—

*April 5, 1849*—Wealth is the “*summum bonum*” in the estimation of a Chinese. Their common salutation on New-Year's Day of “*Fah-dsay ! Fah-dsay !*”—“*May you become rich (this year) !*”—is abundant proof that this people little suspect how very difficult it is for a rich man to “*enter into the kingdom of heaven.*” Even their most solemn worship, viz. that of ancestors, seems to be engaged in by them from an expectation that their imagined dutiful conduct may be rewarded by the acquisition of wealth. The present time is the season for the performance of that form of worship, which undoubtedly occupies the highest place in the affections of the Chinese. Whilst crossing a ferry, I entered into conversation on the subject with a man who stood near me. He asked me whether we worshipped ancestors in foreign countries, or not. I told him that we did not observe any such ceremony, because we considered that to engage in such worship would be a breach of God's First Commandment, which says that Jehovah alone is to be worshipped. On hearing this, another man exclaimed, “*Why should you imagine that foreigners worship ancestors ? They have plenty of money, and therefore need not do so !*” From this remark it would seem to be the case, that, although the Chinese look upon the performance of this form of worship as a necessary part of filial duty, they nevertheless engage in it from interested motives, and expect to be rewarded for their filial piety by becoming rich.

Of their spiritual deadness, their ignorance of their sinfulness and need of mercy, painful evidences are continually occurring. One instance we may mention, which took place on the opening of our new Church at Shanghai, which can conveniently hold about 300 persons. It was opened in January last, when Mr. M'Clatchie preached from 1 Kings viii. 22. The Congregation was quiet and orderly. After the Service was over, and the people were dispersing, a man, who had been listening very attentively to the sermon, came and asked the Chinese Teacher what the Missionary meant by pressing on them so strongly that they ought to seek forgiveness of their sins. “*I,*” said he, “*cannot understand this. I certainly have never committed any sin : why, then, should I apply for forgiveness ?*” Such statements are often made by them. “*They that be whole need not a physician.*” So it is with these poor people : thinking themselves whole, the true Physician is neglected. The Chinese are dark indeed ; yet He “*who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, can shine into their hearts, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.*”

Amongst other persons who attend the Church is a poor blind man, led by a boy : his name is Dhay. One Tuesday evening in March last, when there were present at Service about 200 persons, the subject was Jesus and the resurrection. All the people were very attentive, and the greatest silence prevailed. Mr. M'Clatchie says—

After Service, Dhay followed me into the vestry, and, falling down on

his knees in the centre of the room, bowed his head several times to the ground, exclaiming, "Ah, Jesus! Jesus! thus I worship Jesus!" I



raised him up, and placed him in a chair. He then asked me, with earnestness of manner, "Can you assure me that Jesus forgives sins?" I spoke to him for some time on the certainty of forgiveness being extended to those who repent of their sins. He told me that he daily worshipped Jesus, and besought Him to forgive his sins.

Let us pray that the Holy Spirit may open the eyes of his understanding, and enable him to perceive a better light than that which gladdens the world, beautiful as it is; even that light for the soul, which He sheds who is "the Sun of Righteousness."

#### LAC-LA-RONGE.

LAC-LA-RONGE, in Rupert's Land, is one of the most remote Stations of the Society. Our Missionary, the Rev. R. Hunt, who arrived there in July last, mentions, that articles sent out from England for his use in May 1851, will not reach him before July 1852; so distant is the beacon-light that has been kindled at this place in the hope

of benefiting the tribes of Indians that wander through the wide wildernesses of Rupert's Land. Sometimes Missionary efforts are commenced where the people have never expressed any wish to be instructed: the Missionaries go there unasked for, and undesired by the people, and perhaps have to labour many years before they see any thing to encourage them in the hope that they are doing good; but at Lac-la-Ronge it was at the urgent entreaties of the Indians themselves that the Station was commenced. Some of the Christian Indians from Cumberland Station, in their hunting expeditions, had met with the poor Natives of Lac-la-Ronge, and had spoken to them about their souls, and told them of the Saviour who had come from heaven to seek and save that which was lost. The words which they heard sunk deep into their hearts. What they were told made them anxious to know more. One of them, an Indian called Great Chief, travelled several times backward and forward to Cumberland Station, that he might have the opportunity of conversing with the Indian Catechist, Henry Budd. So eager were they for instruction, that one of the Christian Natives of that place went and passed a whole winter with them. On his return to his family at Cumberland, in the spring of 1846, James Settee, another Christian Indian, was appointed to go and reside at Lac-la-Ronge as Catechist. Through his efforts many of these lost sheep have been brought to the Good Shepherd; and a little flock has been gathered in the wilderness of more than a hundred souls. The Roman-Catholic Priests, who "compass sea and land to make one proselyte," have been long watching about, endeavouring to lure them away; and the Indians, sensible of their danger, have been very anxious that a Protestant Missionary should come and live among them.

Our Frontispiece, therefore, presents to you the birch-rind canoe, manned by Indians, in which our Missionary, the Rev. R. Hunt, and his wife, made their way up the rivers to this distant place. They have just gone ashore, to walk along the bank, while the boat ascends a rapid. It is toilsome work indeed. The current is strong: it rushes impetuously down, gurgling and foaming amongst the rocks, as if it would sweep every thing before it; and against this the men have to pull, so as to be enabled, however slowly, to make way. How strongly this resembles the faithful Christian, toiling against the strong tide of sin and temptation, and, by the grace of God, labouring to overcome! "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance." The boat, if not manned by living men, would soon be swept away. Just so we must have within us a living power, the indwelling of the Spirit of God, or we shall drift down with the tide and swell of corruption, like a dead and helpless thing, until we make shipwreck of our souls.

But Mr. Hunt, who has passed through all the difficulties and dangers of this kind of travelling, can best describe it. Let us, then, listen to his account of it.

We have slept, suppose, on some island in a large lake. We resume our journey about three o'clock in the morning, and soon are out of sight of land. We are in a heavily-laden open boat, a thunder-storm is coming on, and we are making all sail toward some friendly harbour, if there is a hope of reaching one; or perhaps we are flying before the wind under close-reefs, to try the doubtful mercy of a rocky lee-shore, where we hope to toss out the cargo, and before the boat is broken to pieces, haul her up on a few yards of shingly beach at the bottom of perpendicular rocks. Such danger is often experienced on Lake Winipeg, which we have crossed three times, and such a coast is there found, extending fifty miles from Old Norway House toward the Saskatchewan. Although this river is large, tongues of land running out into the lake so conceal its mouth, that a stranger must actually enter it before he suspects that it is near; but advance a little up its stream, and its broad and boiling waters are a sheet of foam.

Here begins what is called the "big fall," a series of struggling and foaming rapids, to avoid which the boats are emptied of every thing, and, if the crews are strong enough, are lifted here and dragged there, with much labour, across the land for about 1100 yards. If the men are not equal to this land navigation, the empty boat is manned with the strongest crew possible, including an experienced steersman, using a very long and strong oar, called a sweep, instead of a rudder; and a bowsman, with a long and strong pole. They begin the traverse of the rapid by cautiously stealing up the stream as far as they can along the shore, till they get abreast of the most boisterous part of the fall, when the word of the steersman is heard above the thunder of the water—"Towidge, soky!" i.e. "Dash out, and pull stoutly and quickly!" Instantly every muscle is strained at every oar, and the affrighted boat is leaping and bounding upon the swell, making no progress onward, but tumbling backwards and sideways across the waves. "Soky!" again from the steersman, and presently a shout of triumph rises from the crew, who have managed to prevent the boat's further descent in the stream for a moment. Sometimes the powerful tide, as it rushes down, bears the boat backwards with the speed of an arrow, passing rocks on all sides. If there is a little wind, the crew are covered with spray; and any one, seeing such a sight for the first time, would momentarily expect to see her overthrown or dashed to pieces in the surge. "Tabiscocoh!" from the steersman—i.e. "Strike all at the same time!" for some of the crew have lost the time of the stroke, their oars being often buried in the swell. Now a wave of the bowsman's hand: he wishes to avoid a whirlpool, or some such danger. Instantly it is followed by a stroke of the sweep, and the steersman has turned the boat broadside to the stream, and on she darts toward the opposite shore. Again her bows are breasting the descending flood, and the like movements are repeated again and again, till, far below the starting-point, she strikes the opposite shore, the blow being rendered harmless by a powerful backward stroke of all the oars, assisted by the bowsman's pole. Now the "middlemen" leave the boat, climb the rocky bank, and attach themselves to the main-line by means of leather straps, and pull her, foot by foot, up this less boisterous side. It requires all their force, while, with sure foot, and cautious eye, and strong arm, they struggle on, treading here on a narrow ledge, here jumping, one by one, over a chasm, and here swinging them-

selves over the water, round the side of a projecting tree, while two men, with hands and feet and poles, keep the rope as clear as possible from rocks and stumps of trees upon the side and top of the high bank. Presently they all descend, and wade round a little headland, holding each other up against the stream. That passed, up they climb again, and haul the boat into a hollow in the rocky side, where she waits while they detach the main-line, and carry it forward round the back of a rocky height, whose base is washed by a strong and deep current. The line being brought to the edge of the water, some distance in advance, one end of it is tied to a portion of the trunk of a tree, which floats it down the stream, within reach of the bowsman's pole: it is attached to the boat again, and the hauling, &c., is renewed, till by such means they have accomplished the ascent of the "big fall;" above which they re-cross in smooth water, the boat is reloaded, and they press on to encounter similar toil.

Such is the upward progress of the Christian. His hinderances are frequent, and of various kinds. He is often perplexed, yet not in despair. If overborne for a little while, he soon recovers strength, and contends more earnestly than he did before. He strives: He strives in "prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that is able to save him from death;" and, finding "grace to help in time of need," he perseveres. There is a principle within him whose power of resistance increases with the difficulties he has to deal with—"this," says the Apostle, "is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith"—until at length, made more than conqueror through Him that loved us, he finishes his course, and finds how sweet is rest succeeding toil.

#### THE LAST FOUR YEARS OF AN EARTHLY PILGRIMAGE.

THE individual referred to in this paper was one who had spent a long life in the discharge of important offices connected with the Government of India. He had long felt the value of the Gospel, and was the well-known friend of all who were faithfully engaged in making it known to the Heathen. For the last four years of his life he retired from the business of the world, and settled on the Nilgherry hills, at a spot called Kaity, with the intention of spending his remaining strength in making the Gospel known to a secluded tribe of Hindus, amongst whom little had been done. At the foot of the Doddabett, the highest mountain of Southern India, in a fruitful valley where winter is unknown, lay Kaity. Of the place itself, and the aged Christian who inhabited it, the following account is given by a Bâsle Missionary, who had been sojourning in that part of India—

The house is surrounded by beautiful garden grounds, a little neglected, and by clusters of Badaga (Burgher) villages, which [it was his fervent wish, and daily prayer] should in due time be watered from Kaity with the waters of eternal life. At Kaity I first had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Casamajor, a fine old gentleman, a foot taller than other men, stooping to us, while he conversed kindly and gravely. He was kind to



all people, but peculiarly to Missionaries, having, as it were, joined their ranks himself. The evangelization of the Hills was the great and holy theme of his thoughts and prayers, day and night, and to this object of his heart he turned all his energy, impaired, but not broken, by a long residence in a tropical climate. At the age of fifty-five he began learning the Canarese language, a dialect of which is spoken by the Badaga population. When others go to rest, he rose to earnest exertion, as if the evening of his life were the morning of a fresh day to be spent in the Lord's service. From our Society\* he obtained first one Missionary, and then two more. In Canarese Mr. Casamajor made very respectable progress, being assisted by his knowledge of the Tamul and Telugu languages, so that after two years he was able to superintend a large Badaga School, established on his grounds, and supported by his liberality. Every day, his health permitting, he would walk up at noon to that School, built at some distance from the dwelling-house, on an open high ground, praying as he went—for he was eminently a man of prayer—in order to hear the lessons of the poor half-clad, but smiling and intelligent Badaga boys. You would there see the honoured gentleman, who had sat on the bench of justice in the chief seats, who had held counsel with the rulers of the country, who had been the object of veneration to the good, and the terror of evil-doers, resting on a wooden box in the place of the Schoolmaster, rejoicing in the glory of thus serving his Lord, and overflowing with love to the poor heathen lads, for whom a day of Gospel light and grace, he firmly believed, had now dawned.

Being full of love toward these people, he was not content with relieving their spiritual wants, or rather preparing the way for the deliverance of their souls, but did not think it beneath his dignity to attend to their bodily diseases, and to remove them as far as was in his power. There was a room in Kaity house, a sort of hospital, where Mr. Casamajor for a long time attended every morning from seven to eight o'clock, giving medicines to the fever patients, putting plasters upon the wounds and sores of the poor, giving clothes to the naked, and alms to the destitute.

To our brethren he was a friend indeed, uniting the kindness and wisdom of a father with the cordiality and good fellowship of a colleague in the common work. I myself look back with sadness and joy to many a happy and hallowed hour spent in his company. He had the experience of a man arrived at the end of an active and long life spent in important offices: he was a wise counsellor, but he had also the simplicity of a child. His mind was richly stored with various learning, but his chief book, and the constant object of his meditations, was the Word of God.

I have said above that he was a man of prayer. That he was. I know no man who is so careful, as our departed friend was, of spending a due proportion of his time in secret converse with God. He used to rise at five in the morning, but, with the exception of the hospital hour, he was accessible to nobody—not to the greatest personages—before ten or eleven o'clock. In the same manner he would spend the end of each day in solitude, retiring after five o'clock, and returning to the library or sitting-room after six. With social prayer, when there were guests—which was

\* The German Evangelical Mission.

rather the rule than the exception at Kaity—the day was closed, when, indeed, he spoke as in the presence of the living God, never making a speech instead of a prayer, but addressing in holy awe the almighty and righteous Lord of all in the name of Jesus, in whom he believed. His prayers will be heard in God's time, and his works will follow him.

After his departure—he fell asleep on the afternoon of the 29th of May—his last will, if any further proof had been wanted, bore testimony to his unreserved devotion to the cause of the Gospel on the Nilgherries. With the exception of a few legacies, he bequeathed all that he had to the Nilgherry Mission.

Among the whole population of the Kaity valley, and further, he was held in the highest veneration. When he died, they said they were sure “he would return soon.” His name will long be remembered. After his death, which was indeed a peaceful falling asleep in Jesus, those who wished to see his body were admitted into the house. The villagers came to take leave of their friend. “He will come back,” they said. One of our Mangalore youths, now on the Hills, gave an account of Mr. Casamajor's death to some of his brethren here, and added, “We were permitted to enter the room and to see the body. It lay upon a bier, very beautiful—the face full of smiles, very beautiful.” But the glory of the resurrection will be greater, when He will have fashioned our vile bodies according to His own glorious body, by His almighty power.



#### THE AGED CHIEF OF TAUPO.

TAUPO is a very mountainous district, lying in the centre of the north island of New Zealand. The Natives have long been most anxious to have a Missionary settled amongst them. They have sent many messages, and some of them have made long journeys, in the hope of obtaining one. The Society has been most anxious to comply with their wishes; but the difficulties of making due provision for Missionary work in New Zealand have been very great: nor was it until February last that the Rev. T. S. Grace left England to labour amongst the Taupo people. The following touching anecdote will show with what anxiety his arrival has been looked for.

Our Missionary, the Rev. R. Taylor of Wanganui, has been lately travelling in this district, accompanied by a young man, the son of one of the Taupo Chiefs, at whose village, Hiniharama, the Natives have set apart a piece of ground as a site for the house of the expected Missionary. They had passed the night at a village so remarkably situated that we cannot forbear describing it to our readers. The place where it is built is full of boiling springs, one of which at intervals shoots out water to a considerable height. Another displays a fearful gulf, opening down to a great river, the Waikato, which is seen far below foaming and struggling with the rocks that hinder its course. Around the brim of these boiling springs has been deposited, from their continual overflowings, a pavement of dazzling brightness. The hissing and boiling and bubbling of these springs made our travellers' feet very insecure, and

led them to ask the Natives why they made choice of so strange a spot to live in. They said they did it to spare their women the trouble of gathering wood for fuel. They seldom have to light a fire, every thing being cooked in these springs. From some of the openings there issues no water, only heated gas. Here they hollow out a space like an oven, which they carefully line with mamaku branches, and on them place the basket containing the food, covering it over with some more branches. It is soon cooked. There is a slight taste of sulphur, and the Natives who constantly use food so prepared have their teeth quite discoloured.

Leaving this village, Mr. Taylor and his party were met by some Natives from the young Chief's village, to tell him that his father was "mate," which signifies, in New-Zealand language, either dead, or at the point of death. Piripi understood it in the former sense, and commenced the tangi, or native lamentation, as he went along, bursting out every now and then into loud sobs, until he reached the river which formed the boundary of his own district, when his Natives crossed over and sat down, weeping loudly, whilst he remained on the other side doing the same—a very affecting sight. At length they reached Hiniharama, and Mr. Taylor shall now tell us what happened there.

*March 18, 1849*—I went to see the spot set apart for a Minister's residence, which they have already enclosed with a neat and substantial totara fence, and marked out the site for his house. The place is regularly laid out for a town, but, as yet, few houses have been built. I walked round the place, and afterward inquired where the corpse of Piripi's father was laid. They pointed out the spot. I went with Piripi to see it, and great was my astonishment at finding a human figure, with death strongly impressed on his features, sitting up, and holding out his shrivelled hands to welcome me. I expressed my surprise to my companion, who told me that he also thought his father was dead, from the message delivered to him. Such is the uncertain way in which a Native speaks of the sick, that even they are sometimes, as in this case, deceived: hence how liable are foreigners to be so. I spoke to him of the world to come, and also read portions of Scripture which appeared most applicable to him. He seemed to be leaning in simple faith on the Redeemer's merits.

But now comes the touching part of the whole story. Mr. Taylor adds—

His illness was occasioned by over-exertion in making a fence for the residence of the future Minister of Taupo, and his chief concern appeared to be about him. The inquiry was, "When will he come?"

Alas! how many there are, in different directions, whose eyes fail in looking toward us for help. How many, for whom just so much has been done as to convince them of their need; who have long hoped that a Missionary would be sent to them, but who have been disappointed, and who are now disposed to ask of us, "Wilt thou be unto me as waters that fail?"

## THE RED INDIANS.

LIKE snow in the heat of the noontide ray ;  
 Or like autumn's leaves, when the wintry blast  
 From the parent branches is sweeping them fast ;  
 Like rivers which once with impetuous force  
 Overflowed the plains in their onward course,  
 But diminished in summer are scarcely seen,  
 Concealing their weakness the rocks between ;  
 The tribes of the Red Men are wasting away.  
 Their glory has left them, their vigour is spent,  
 Their arm grown feeble, their bow is unbent.

Despoiled of the lands where their fathers reign'd,  
 And in rude independence long remain'd ;  
 Controlled and impeded on every side  
 By colonization's advancing tide ;  
 No longer permitted at will to roam  
 Where the Settler has fixed his stated home ;  
 The dispirited warrior seeks for rest  
 In the wilderness wilds of the further West ;  
 The buffalo hunts o'er the prairie plain,  
 And rejoices to think he is free again !

Alas ! there are fetters around his soul,  
 Imperious passions he will not control.  
 No pow'r of the Gospel is there to stay  
 The warrior's hand in the wild affray :  
 He will not the sweets of revenge forego,  
 Nor forbear from the scalp of a prostrate foe.  
 On the Indian's brow is the deep red stain  
 Of life he has taken again and again ;  
 And he must be blind who can fail to trace  
 In its curse the dread doom of the Indian race.

And now you may wander o'er wide-spread plains,  
 Where a sullen solitude only reigns ;  
 Save when the howl of the wolves is heard,  
 Or the air by the thunder peal is stirred,  
 Or wild horses rush in their frantic flight,  
 Or on some strong carrion the vultures light ;  
 But the village home, and enlivening sound  
 Of social enjoyment, is nowhere found ;  
 For the human stock, that might all possess,  
 Instead of increasing, grows less and less.

And something is needed these tribes to save  
 From digging their own untimely grave ;  
 To remove the mysterious blight of sin,  
 And an healing process at length begin.  
 And what *can* the wasting decay arrest,  
 Save the Gospel of Him in whom men are blest ?  
 Let the heralds of mercy lift their voice,  
 And then shall the lonely place rejoice :  
 No more in their weeds of mourning clad,  
 But in harvests robed, shall the plains be glad ;  
 And the Red Man's stock shall again spring forth,  
 To fill the West and replenish the North.

No. 11. NEW SERIES.]

[FEBRUARY, 1851.

THE

CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



## LIVES OF MISSIONARIES.—THE REV. JOHN ELIOT.

It is remarkable that the Colonists who left England in the reign of Charles the First, for the purpose of planting the Province of Massachusetts, in North America, and who received a charter from that Monarch authorizing them to do so, bore on their seal the device of a North-American Indian, with the cry of the Macedonian in the vision of St. Paul, "Come over, and help us," as the motto. They declared to the King that the great object they had in view was to make the Gospel known to the native Indians; and, in accordance with this, we find an Act passed in 1646 by the General Court of Massachusetts, recommending the elders of the Churches to consider in what way the Gospel might be most effectually extended. The Rev. John Eliot, distinguished as he has been by this honourable title, "The Apostle of the North-American Indians," was one of the first to obey the summons. Educated at Cambridge, he had afterward assisted a Nonconformist Minister in the charge of a School at Little Baddow, Essex, and reached America in 1631. The ignorance of the poor Indians excited his compassion, and the love of Christ constrained him to seek their salvation. The barbarous character of their language did not prevent him. Many of the words were of enormous length, so much so, that Dr. Mather said, "One would think they had been growing ever since Babel;" and some of the examples which he gives are indeed extraordinary, as, for instance, "nummatcheckodtantagannunonash" (our lusts): yet, in a few months, by the aid of a young Native who knew English, he was able to speak intelligibly. He translated the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and many texts of Scripture; and at the close of a Grammar, which he composed and afterward published, he wrote the following sentence—one that well deserves to be remembered—"Prayers and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do any thing."

Accompanied by three or four of his friends, he next proceeded to meet the Indians at a place, which he had himself appointed, four or five miles from his own house. He was conducted into a large apartment, where he conversed with them for three hours on the great truths of the Gospel. On a second visit, a fortnight afterward, a still greater number attended, all of them appearing very serious and attentive; and after Mr. Eliot had done speaking, an aged Indian, with tears in his eyes, inquired whether it was not too late for such an old man as he, who was now near death, to repent and seek after God. After a third interview, some of them began to manifest an anxiety for the welfare of their souls, and were heard to utter prayerful words like these—"Take away, Lord, my stony heart! Wash, Lord, my soul! Lord, lead me, when I die, to heaven!" Convinced, also, that their wandering, gipsy kind of life was hurtful to them, they requested that a piece of land might be given them, where they might settle and dwell together, and cultivate useful arts. The Court of Massachusetts complied with their request, and they built

their first town, which they called Noonanetum (Rejoicing). At Mr. Eliot's advice, they enclosed it with a stone wall and ditches, and living in houses, built, not with mats, but with the bark of trees, and divided into several rooms, they began industriously to occupy themselves; the women spinning, and making various little articles, which they brought to market for sale; the men learning the most necessary trades; and such was the progress which they made, that they were enabled to build a Church, in a very workmanlike manner, fifty feet in length by twenty-five in breadth. They also made laws for their better government: intemperance, sorcery, falsehood, theft, were made punishable by heavy fines; while to murder and adultery the penalty of death was awarded.

In June 1647 Eliot delivered a Lecture at Cambridge, New England, which was attended by great numbers of Indians from all parts, very many Ministers, Magistrates, and people being also present, rejoicing with Eliot to see such a blessed day, and to find the Lord Jesus so much known and spoken of by those who, so short a time before, had been altogether ignorant of Him. Thus encouraged, Eliot extended his Missionary labours into all parts of Massachusetts, making known the glad tidings of salvation with unwearied zeal. "I have not," he says in one Letter, "been dry night or day from Tuesday to Saturday, but have travelled from place to place in that condition; and at night I pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and put them on again, and so continue. The rivers, also, were so raised, that we were wet in riding through them. But God steps in, and helps me. I have considered the exhortation of Paul to his son Timothy, 'Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'" The Sachems, indeed, and Powaws,\* fearful of losing their influence and their gains, opposed him, sometimes thrusting him out, and telling him that if he came again it would be at his peril; but his answer was, "I am about the work of the great God, and my God is with me; so that I fear neither you nor all the Sachems in the country. I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare;" and they did not touch him. Meanwhile the work prospered in his hands. The converted Indians were known to have prayers in their families morning and evening. They were careful to instruct their children, and to prevent, as far as possible, the profanation of the Sabbath. The work commenced at Noonanetum extended itself in different directions. In 1651 a considerable body of Indians united in building a town called Natick, on the bank of Charles river. It consisted of three long streets, two on this side of the river, and one on the other, connected together by a bridge; and the abandonment of vagrant habits became so general among the Indians, that, in 1674, the towns of praying Indians, as they were called, in the Massachusetts Colony, amounted to fourteen.

It may be well to mention, that, the year after the commencement

\* Priests and Conjurers.

of Mr. Eliot's labours among the Indians, considerable interest was excited in England by the appearance of a Pamphlet entitled "The Day-breaking, if not the Sun-rising, of the Gospel with the Indians in New England;" and by a more extended Narrative called "The clear Sunshine of the Gospel breaking forth upon the Indians;" dedicated to the Right Hon. the Lords and Commons assembled in the High Court of Parliament.

Soon after the formation of the Church at Natick, Eliot was privileged to accomplish another important work, the translation of the Old and New Testaments into the Indian language. The New Testament, dedicated to His Majesty Charles the Second, was printed in 1661 at Cambridge, in New England, and about three years after it was followed by the Old Testament. It was the first edition of the Bible ever printed in America.

Thus Eliot persevered in his labours to the close of a long life. When unable to continue any longer his public services, he still exerted himself in private amongst the Indians, until his strength was nearly exhausted. During his last illness he said, "There is a cloud, a dark cloud, upon the work of the Gospel among the Indians. The Lord revive and prosper the work, and grant it may live when I am dead! It is a work which I have been doing much and long about. But what was the word I spoke last? I recall that word. My doings! Alas! they have been poor, and small, and lean doings, and I will be the man that shall throw the first stone at them all." One of the last expressions which fell from his lips was, "Welcome, joy!" Eliot died at the beginning of 1690, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

#### ~~~~~ THE TARTARS.

OUR readers will wonder who the strange figure is that is presented in our Engraving. He is a Tartar in his travelling winter dress, and he is a trader. His home is amongst the great mountains to the north of India, called the Himalaya, where the winter's cold is severe beyond any thing we have ever felt. The winds blow with great violence, beginning in October. They are so harsh and dry as to parch up every thing that is left exposed to their power, and bend the boards of books. To defend himself against such extreme cold, the native loads himself with a quantity of clothes. The sheep which he has with him is in like manner protected. This God has done, whose tender mercies are over all His works. You see what a heavy fleece he has upon him; and you perceive that man has wisdom given him to do that for himself which the providence of God has done for the dumb animal.

It is more particularly in travelling through the high mountain passes that the danger arising from the cold is greatest. In these, travellers are not unfrequently frozen to death. Some may be crossed with loaded sheep and goats. Others are scarcely passable for man: the path is frequently not more than half a foot broad,



and very slippery. At one place it runs along the edge of a precipice; at another, rocks jut out, hanging over the traveller's head, so that he is often obliged to stoop, lest he be knocked down. The cold causes the rocks higher up to split, and the fragments come rolling down from above; or snow-beds come in the way, so steep that steps must be cut in them with a hatchet. Yet the Tartar braves all this. He puts on his *lapka*, a fleecy garment with sleeves. He has trowsers of the same material, woollen stockings, and boots, the foot part of which is stuffed with two inches of wool. He has a blanket round his waist, another on his shoulders, and a shawl over his cap and part of his face. He has loaded his sheep with various articles for barter—teas and silks from China, shawl and blanket



wool from Tartary. Probably, also, he has his mane with him, a hollow wooden barrel about a foot long, inside which are sacred sentences printed on paper or cloth. There is a handle with which he

turns the cylinder round, and, as he gives it a twirl, he says, "Oom mane pae mee hoong." This is his way of praying. The more frequently he turns the mane, the more he thinks that he prays. We need not add that he is a dark idolater. He knows not the true God. He worships a dead man called Buddhu, of whom there are many figures in the temples, which are very numerous in this country, and where numbers of Buddhist Priests live in idleness. And yet there is much that is pleasing in the character of the Tartar. He is very frank and open, hospitable and kind to strangers.

There is a part of our territories in British India inhabited by Tartars only. It is called Hungrung. It is a very dreary country, to reach which, from the rich plains of India, you must travel long, and climb high, through the passes of the Himalaya mountains. The lowest village in Hungrung is 9200 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest about 12,000 feet. Immediately around the villages there are fields of wheat, barley, and pulse; and occasionally, in the valleys, trees, principally pines, find sufficient shelter to grow to their usual size and bear fruit, but on the surrounding mountains they are stunted and thinly scattered, and the country generally looks very dreary. The people have numerous herds of sheep, goats, horses, and yaks, which the shepherds, called dokpos, pasture on the high uplands. The sheep are large and hardy, and will take twenty pounds' weight over very bad roads. The Tartars are very fond of horses, and the poorest person has one or more. They are very sure footed, and sometimes halt at the edge of a precipice, to the terror of the rider. The yak is the grunting ox of Tartary, frequently called the bushy-tailed bull. Its thick coat of long woolly hair gives it a bulky appearance. The yak's bushy tail is much valued in India, where it is used to drive away flies.

At another time we shall hope to say more of this interesting race of people, for whom, as yet, nothing has been done in the way of Missionary effort, except the circulation of some Tracts by our Missionaries at Kotghur, a Church Missionary Station in the Himalaya, which the travelling Tartars often pass.

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#### ABBEOKUTA'S WELCOME OF THE MISSIONARIES.

IN our Number for November last we described the severe trials which our converts at Abbeokuta have had to pass through, and how, instead of thinking the fiery trial strange, they were enabled to be patient in tribulation, and to rejoice in being partakers of Christ's sufferings. Their principal uneasiness arose from a fear that the Missionaries might withdraw themselves from a place where some of the Chiefs and people had shown such enmity to the Gospel; while others, although they took no part in the persecution, made no effort to arrest it. It was feared that the Missionaries would consider they had been ungratefully treated, and would leave the Egba nation to themselves. Under these circumstances, a great many of the people, especially from

amongst the poor farmers—a peaceably disposed but oppressed class—resolved, that, if the Missionaries left, they would leave too. Gospel truth was precious to them. They had tasted it and found it sweet. It was their soul's food, and they felt that they could not do without it; that, whatever else might be given up, they could not give up this; nor could they endure the thought of being separated from their teachers. They felt toward them as Ruth to Naomi; and their determination was, "Where thou goest, I will go." Country is dear to an African, and it has been ordered of God for wise purposes that the love of home should be a very powerful feeling in his mind; but the Christian teaching which told them of a Saviour's love was more precious, and without this they felt that home itself would prove a home no longer. Several of them therefore packed up their goods, having decided to leave the moment they heard the Missionaries were doing so.

Such was the state of affairs, when news arrived that the Rev. H. Townsend, with other Missionaries, had reached Badagry, the sea-port of Abbeokuta, from England; that they had been joined by several Christian Egba men from Sierra Leone; and that the whole party might soon be expected. These glad tidings were indeed welcome, and the poor converts, who had been much depressed in spirit, rejoiced for the consolation. Several of them accompanied Mr. Crowther to Badagry, to meet the brethren and conduct them from thence. At length, on the 27th of March, 1850, the business which detained them at Badagry having been finished, the Missionary party, a very numerous one, set forth. As they went along, Mr. Townsend bethought him of the improvement which had taken place since July 1846, when he and a brother Missionary first journeyed to Abbeokuta. They were then as strangers in a strange land: now they were travelling to a settled home. Then there was but one Missionary at Abbeokuta to welcome them on their arrival: now the Missionary band had much increased. And, as they went along, their faith and hopes were strengthened by the fact that they had travelling with them several persons, the fruit of their labours in the Gospel, through their own instrumentality delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son, whom they could not look upon without being reminded of the faithfulness of God. Thus they could say, Hitherto the Lord has helped us, and cheerfully pursued their journey. To the Native Christians, returning once more to their own country after an absence of many years, every thing was full of interest. The very trees and plants were pleasant to look upon, reminding them, as they did, of scenes in which, when children, they had delighted. And yet sorrow strangely mingled with their joy; for now and then the blackened ruins of some town or village reminded them how fearfully the slave-trade had laid waste their fatherland, and how many of their countrymen had either perished in the wars which had so fiercely raged, or had been shipped across the wide sea to a strange land, never again to

see the hills and plains of Africa. About three hours' distance from the city they met the most advanced of the many groups who had come out to welcome them : first the young men who were training for Schoolmasters ; then a party of Sierra-Leone people ; then some Natives and School-children ; and thus, like Paul when he met the brethren at Appii Forum, on his way to Rome, they "thanked God, and took courage." Mr. Thomas King, one of the Native Christians from Sierra Leone, says—

*March 30, 1850*—About one o'clock we entered the town. Our arrival caused great joy indeed among the people. Could the friends of Africa have witnessed the scene to-day, and heard the many blessings the people implored upon their heads for the return of those whom they had given up for lost, they would have seen how much their services are regarded. The people are deeply sensible of the good that the British Government have done by their generosity in freely restoring their children to them from slavery. Mr. Crowther's house, where we first came, was entirely crowded. The road from Igbein, Mr. Crowther's Station, to Ake, leads through a market. We could hardly walk, for too many people, till we entered the yard.

And here occurred something peculiarly interesting. Like Jacob, when he fell on the neck of Joseph, whom he had found after having lost him for so long a time, long separated relatives have unexpectedly met and wept together in the streets of Abbeokuta. The Rev. Samuel Crowther had thus his aged mother restored to him, and now a like event occurred to Mr. Thomas King. He thus speaks of the scene represented in our Frontispiece—

Among those who came to meet us in the way was my aged mother ; but she was too old to recognise her son among the crowd. When I was pointed out to her, so much was she overcome by her feelings, that she sat down in great amazement, weeping, while all the bystanders were rejoicing with her, and blessing the people of England on my behalf.

There was this difference, however : Mr. Crowther's mother, when found by him, was still a dark heathen, although his efforts were afterward blessed to her conversion ; but Mr. King's mother, like himself, had heard, and valued, and embraced the Gospel. As she rejoiced amidst her tears, she knew where her gratitude should be directed ; and, as she embraced her son, felt the more strongly the love of Him who gave His only-begotten Son for sinners of every nation under heaven. Mr. King thus notices his first Sunday at Abbeokuta—

*April 7 : Lord's-day*—Psalm xiii. 5. "My heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation." This, indeed, was the language of my heart to-day, when kneeling, together with my aged mother, at the Communion-table, as partakers of those holy pledges of our Saviour's dying love.

Joseph was sold into slavery by his brethren : in that lonely state, far removed from every relative, the Lord was with him, and Joseph prospered and became rich, so that he was able to supply the wants

of his brethren in the extremity of their need, when otherwise, but for this timely aid, they must have perished. So it has been with these Egbas who have been in Sierra Leone: they were sold into slavery by their own countrymen, delivered into the hands of the White slave-dealer, and carried away. They reached Sierra Leone poor; many of them leave it rich: we mean not in riches of this world—although it be true that in their temporal affairs, also, there has been a great improvement—but rich in that which is wealth to the soul, the knowledge of a Saviour; and now they are able to relieve the deep need of their countrymen, and give them, in their urgent necessity, of the bread of life. The blessing of the Lord, in many instances, has manifestly rested on the head of those who were separated from their brethren. May they prove “a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall!”

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#### THE BLIND CHINESE, DHAY.

IN our last Number we mentioned the interesting case of the blind Chinese, Dhay. A Letter since received from the Rev. T. M'Clatchie informs us that poor Dhay is dead. Our Missionary has been for some time engaged in teaching a class of blind men, of whom Dhay was one. For one or two days he had been absent from his place. Seeing his usual seat again vacant, Mr. M'Clatchie inquired whether any one present knew any thing of him; when he was told that “he had passed out of the age,” that is, died. So true is it that “death hath passed upon all men;” and in China as well as here the execution of that sentence is continually going forward: “the silver cord is loosed; the golden bowl is broken; the pitcher is broken at the fountain; the wheel is broken at the cistern; the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns to God who gave it.” How blessed the change, if it return to Him as a redeemed spirit, washed in the blood of Jesus, and sanctified by His Spirit! How thankful we should be if we have hope in Christ! how deeply should we pity our heathen brethren, in China and elsewhere, who have no hope; who look upon death as a dread calamity, and see beyond it nothing but a dark uncertainty which they fear to enter, but know not how to avoid! With respect to poor Dhay, however, we are not without hope. Mr. M'Clatchie says—

I was much shocked and grieved to hear of this poor man's sudden death, and endeavoured to improve the visitation to the benefit of the souls of those present. I have, indeed, a lively hope that the poor fellow is not lost, but gone before. His joyful, happy countenance; his love for the Saviour, so frequently and warmly expressed; his declared belief that his sins were forgiven; all forbid me to doubt concerning the safety of his immortal soul.

Our Missionary had hoped, at no distant period, to baptize Dhay, and had looked forward to his becoming an instrument of much good amongst poor people of his own class in Shanghae and its neigh-

bourhood. The Lord has decided it should be otherwise, and has removed Dhay at a time when his character had assumed a most interesting aspect. The unexpected death of a promising inquirer in such a Mission as that of China, where our efforts have not as yet been productive of any similar instance, is no doubt very trying to our Missionary. When the Apostles were leading away the ass and its colt, their assurance, "The Lord hath need of him," was enough for the owner: let it also, when the Lord takes away that which we would willingly have kept, suffice for us; and let us hope that the soul of poor Dhay has been presented before the Lord as the first sheaf of an abundant harvest.

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KAITAIA, NEW ZEALAND.

Not far from the extreme north point of the northern island of New Zealand, a river called the Awarao enters an arm of the sea. As the traveller is rowed up this river the scenery is of a very pleasing character. On the shores are native villages, where the Maories may be seen at work mending their canoes and fishing apparatus, and hanging out their long nets to dry. Here and there appear fields of potatoes, kumeras, melons, and pumpkins, neatly fenced in, and kept extremely clean; for the Maories are very particular in this respect, and know very well that the plant loses whatever the weed is suffered to draw from the soil. Advancing up the river, the banks become clothed with various kinds of trees, until the Mission Station of Kaitaia is reached, standing on a hilly eminence that shoots forward from a more distant range of hills. This place is the principal Settlement of the Rarawa tribe, a people who have made great progress in civilization since the Missionaries arrived amongst them. Their village, with gardens before the houses, in which roses bloom in their season, has quite an English appearance. At the foot of the hill may be seen wheat-crops ripening to the harvest, the ground having been dug and the seed sown by the Natives themselves. Vines and hops appear in patches amongst the wheat-fields, with several fruits and vegetables, all thriving extremely well. Other marks of improvement are not wanting. The river is crossed by a wooden bridge, built by the Natives under the direction of the Missionaries, and a road has been cut through the forest, and extended over and amongst the wooded hills, a distance of thirty-two miles, to Waimate. But perhaps the most interesting object, because it explains the change which has taken place, is the large Church standing in the village, with its steeple of kauri boards, built almost entirely by the Natives. It tells the traveller that he is no longer in a heathen land, but amongst a professedly-Christian people; that the blessed Gospel is here at work, changing the habits of men, and, with their improvement, improving every thing around, so that the wilderness and solitary place is glad, and the desert rejoices, and blossoms as the rose. The change without, the fertility and productiveness of

lands that once lay waste, is the result of a more wondrous change which has been wrought in the character of the once fierce cannibals of New Zealand. Thirty years ago, our Catechist, Mr. Puckey, tells us he was in bodily fear for a month at a time, and was not sure of his life for half an hour. Now he is as safe among them as in an English parish. The Saviour is loved by many, and God, who is a Spirit, has rendered to Him a truthful and spiritual service.

The district of which our Missionaries have charge is a large one, about eighty miles long by thirty-five miles wide. Throughout this are scattered abroad a number of native villages, which are occasionally visited by our Missionaries, of whom there are two at the central Station. Beside this, each village has its Native Teacher, and the plan pursued by the Missionaries to fit the Teachers for the work they have to do is very interesting. There is a printing press at Kaitaia, and every Friday a sermon is printed. On the Saturday morning, by nine o'clock, the Teachers come in from their Stations, some a distance of ten miles, some on horses, others on foot. A copy of the printed sermon is then placed in the hands of each Teacher, and three or four hours are occupied in explaining every part of it very carefully to them. This sermon they take back with them, and use it the next day for the instruction of their respective Congregations. Thus they become like so many little rills opened in different directions, and conveying the water from the central reservoir to nourish the roots of the several shrubs and plants. This system of watering appears to answer well at Kaitaia, and pleasing instances occur, from time to time, of Christian men and women, as pleasant plants in the garden of the Lord, growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The following touching instance of a Native Christian upheld and strengthened in the prospect of death, like David, when he said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me," is mentioned by our Catechist, Mr. Puckey.

I visited a poor sick Christian woman, about 55 years of age, at Okahu, three miles from Kaitaia. She truly gladdened my heart. I asked her how she felt. She said, "I feel myself a redeemed sinner, through the blood of Christ. I have been a great sinner. Adam and Eve sinned and fell, but their sins were few compared with mine: they broke but one commandment, I have broken all; and my sickness is less than I deserve. I am a brand plucked from the burning."—I said, "Do you love Christ in your heart?" "Yes, I do. He was nailed to the cross on Mount Calvary, and died for me. The work He requires me to do is light."

How deep this woman's sense of her own sinfulness! how steadfast her reliance on Christ! These two, when combined, make a strong and rejoicing Christian. Our love to the Saviour will ever be proportionate to our sense of the obligation He has conferred on us, and He will love much who knows that much has been forgiven Him.

## FAREWELL TO DR. KRAPF ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR EAST AFRICA.

BROTHER ! we'll not forget thee  
 When thou art far away.  
 We're thankful to have met thee :  
 We'll name thee when we pray.  
 We would not here detain thee,  
 Though intercourse be sweet :  
 To linger here would pain thee—  
 We hope again to meet.

Go, where the hope is cherished  
 That thou wilt soon arrive ;  
 Go, ere the wish has perished,  
 While hope be still alive.  
 Where heathen men, awaiting  
 The promise thou hast made,  
 Are even now debating  
 Why it is long delayed.

Go, where the Lord has led thee  
 By many a wondrous way :  
 He, who so long has fed thee,  
 Will further love display.  
 'Tis not in thee to doubt Him,  
 This ever-faithful friend :  
 Thou wilt not be without Him—  
 He loves unto the end.

In many a time of danger  
 He vouchsaf'd to draw near ;  
 He pitied thee, a stranger,  
 And told thee not to fear ;  
 He turn'd aside the savage,  
 When coming in his wrath ;  
 The wild beast, in his rage,  
 Was daunted from thy path.

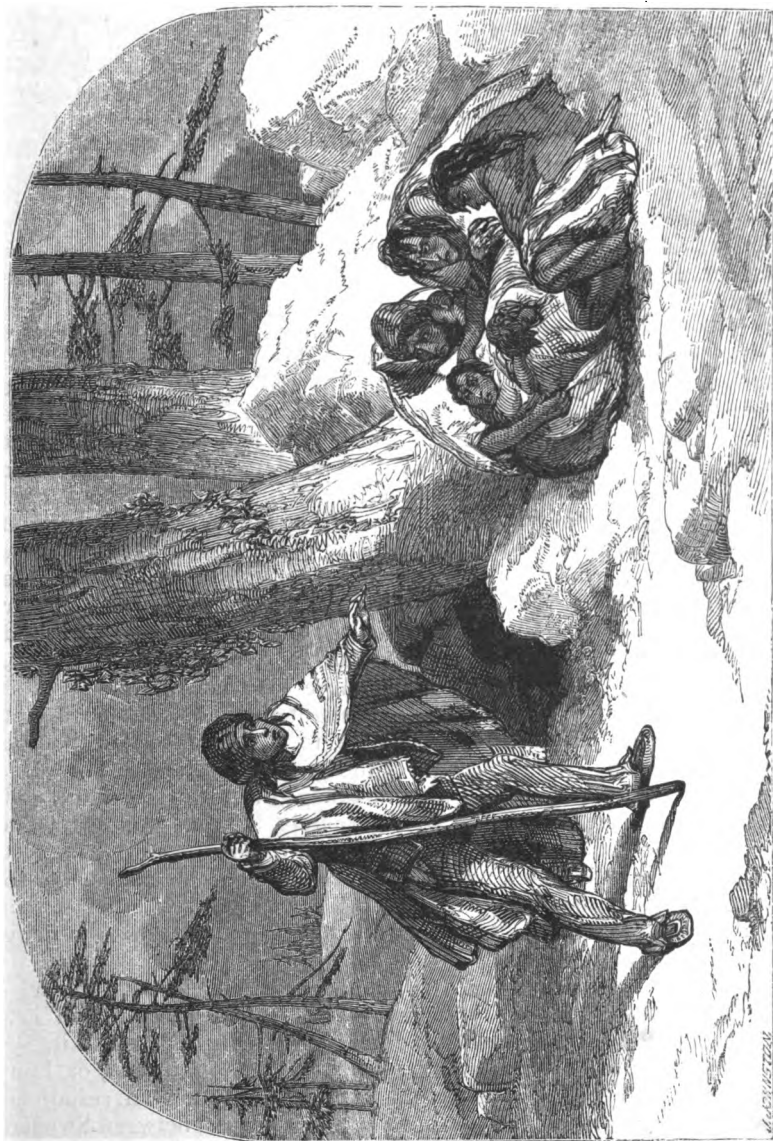
Now, when the heat oppressed thee,  
 He proved a welcome shade ;  
 And now, when thirst distressed thee,  
 His love thy pain allay'd ;  
 And when by night extended,  
 Foot-wearied, on the ground,  
 Thou wert not undefended—  
 His pow'r was all around.

Go, brother, then, we love thee,  
 Thyself, thy work we prize :  
 The Mighty One's above thee—  
 Thou'rt precious in His eyes.  
 Go, labour for His glory,  
 Make known the Saviour's name ;  
 And the momentous story  
 To heathen tribes proclaim.

Should disappointment grieve thee,  
 That grief He'll stoop to share :  
 The Saviour will not leave thee—  
 We trust thee to His care.  
 To Him we now commend thee,  
 Who shielded thee before :  
 The Lord of hosts defend thee,  
 And keep thee evermore !



THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



ABRAHAM DISCOVERING THE INDIANS IN THE SNOW.—*Vide* p. 143.

## LIVES OF MISSIONARIES.—HANS EGEDE.

HANS EGEDE, an humble pastor to a Congregation in the north of Norway, about the year 1708, became deeply interested in the accounts which he read of some Norwegian families which had settled on the East Coast of Greenland early in the eleventh century, but who had not been heard of since the beginning of the fifteenth century. He was told, in answer to his inquiries, that the ice had blocked up the whole of the East Coast, so that no ship could reach it; and that the settlers had, in all human probability, perished, either by hunger or the anger of the Natives. Egede could not be persuaded of this; and the sad state of the survivors, if there were such, so pressed on his mind, that he felt a strong desire to ascertain the fact, and, if he found any of their descendants, to labour diligently in rekindling that light of Christian truth which he feared had either died out, or was nearly extinct amongst them.

The difficulties he had to contend with were quite enough to have quenched the desire which had arisen in his mind, if it had not been of God's appointment. With himself he had a great conflict. He thought of his Congregation which he should have to leave, of the difficulties and dangers before him, of his wife and children, and what was due to them. His mind was often much perplexed as to what he ought to do. His friends, moreover, when they discovered what his mind was bent upon, wrote to him in strong language, censuring him for entertaining such a thought, and setting before him the dangers and sufferings to which he would expose his wife and children. He gave up, therefore, the whole plan as a delusion of his mind, and for some time felt tranquil, looking on himself as having been delivered from some great temptation. But soon the solemn words of Christ, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son and daughter more than me is not worthy of me," came with such force to his recollection, that he was again plunged into a state of the greatest distress. His wife, who had hitherto comforted him, now began to grow impatient, and lamented that he should be so obstinately bent on plunging them all into the midst of sorrow. But now the Lord of the harvest began to thrust him out. Circumstances arose which made them so uncomfortable, that Egede bade his wife consider whether it was not a chastisement from God because of their unwillingness to deny themselves, and counselled her to submit the matter to God in prayer. It is remarkable that from that time her views on the subject completely changed, and she was as anxious to go with her husband to Greenland, as she had been previously opposed to it.

But again, where were the necessary funds to be found, or how were his plans to be carried into execution? His own resources were altogether insufficient. Moreover, there was war between Sweden and Norway, and the persons of influence to whom he applied told him nothing could be done until the war was ended. When that

wished-for event took place, Egede, resolved to persevere, proceeded to Bergen with his family. The inhabitants, on learning what he had in view—that he had left a benefice in the country to go out to the wild shores of Greenland as a Missionary—looked upon him as half mad, and pitied his wife and children. Egede sought an interview with the King, Frederick IV. of Denmark, at Copenhagen; and that royal person, who seems to have taken a deep interest in the spread of the Gospel, favoured his design. There was no hope, however, that a Mission could be carried on, unless the trade with Greenland, which had been given up for so long a time, could be resumed. To this the merchants were indisposed. The captains and pilots who were engaged in the whale fishery declared the coast to be dangerous, and the country inhospitable. Still Egede persevered: when one attempt failed, he tried another, until at length, moved by his untiring zeal and unceasing efforts, a few pious persons promised to assist, if he could prevail on others to do the same. Egede contributed the whole of his own little property to the object which was so near his heart; and, a sum sufficient for a commencement having been raised, in May 1721 he sailed with his wife, four children, and forty settlers, for Greenland.

The Greenland seas were found to be full of ice: not only were frightful masses of it floating about, but the coast was so blocked up, that the captain, finding it impossible to get near, after three weeks' search decided to return home. One morning, however, an opening was discovered, and it was resolved to make one more effort. The ice soon stopped them, and on attempting to get out again to sea a stormy wind met them: the ship struck on the ice, and sprung a leak. This they stopped with clothes and such other things as were available, but it was feared that the ship would be dashed to pieces, and all hope that they should be saved was taken away. The captain, coming down to the cabin, told Mrs. Egede and her children to prepare for death, as there was no hope. This was indeed a solemn moment. To Egede it seemed as if all the warnings which he had received at home of the destruction he was sure to bring on his family and himself were on the point of being fulfilled; and it required strong faith to believe that he had not mistaken the path of duty, and to cast himself, and all that were dear to him, on his Lord. A whole day they were left in suspense, for the fog was so thick that they could not see before them. Yet the ship grated less and less against the ice, and seemed to have more room. At length, after midnight, the fog disappeared, and they found, to their surprise and joy, that the danger was over. The very storm in which they had been so nearly lost had released them from the ice, and left them a clear passage to the west shore, which they reached on the 3d of July 1721.

*(To be continued.)*

## DIFFICULTIES OF MISSIONARY WORK.—POLITE INSINCERITY.

As the tribes and nations into which the millions of the human race are divided differ much in feature and complexion, so in their character there is much diversity: some are industrious and painstaking; others are so indolent that nothing but the fear of starvation compels them to exert themselves. Some are addicted to war: it is their grand pastime, and they are never so delighted as when they are hurrying forward to deeds of blood: others are timid, dislike war, and will submit to any oppression rather than have recourse to it. There is the same difference in the character of nations as in that of individual men; and thus the Gospel, in subduing men to the obedience of Christ, has very different cases to deal with in different parts of the world. The remedy, however, is one, although the forms which sin assumes in the different tribes of men are as various as the varied sicknesses which afflict the human body. Individuals have sometimes professed to have discovered a medicine which would meet every case of bodily distemper, and they have called it a universal medicine. Yet, when tried, it has been found to be any thing but this. But for the spiritual ailments of man, the Gospel is indeed the universal remedy, "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and there is no tribe or nation, in which it has been faithfully preached, where it has not proved itself to be such.

China is a new Mission-field, and the Chinese character peculiar. Some, when the Truth is first presented to them, become angry; others turn aside in cold indifference and contempt. The Chinese of the upper classes encase themselves in polite insincerity: this is their armour, and it is so polished, that the words of the Missionary glance aside, and are thus prevented from reaching the conscience.

The following instance of this is related by our Missionary at Shanghai, the Rev. T. M'Clatchie—

*April 23, 1850*—The deadness and apathy with which very many listen to our condemnation of idolatrous worship is very distressing. If our preaching stirred up opposition, there would be much ground for hope; but the great difficulty is to make those with whom we come in contact, and especially those of the more respectable class, *think* on those subjects which we bring before them. Chinese etiquette generally leads a respectable man to profess a perfect assent to every statement made.

To-day I had a long conversation with three gentlemen from Hae-nan. One of them spoke the Shanghai dialect very intelligibly. I found, however, some difficulty in making myself understood by the other two when we came to speak on the doctrines of Christianity, although in common conversation we managed to understand each other very well. The first gentleman mentioned acted as interpreter. I met them in the street in which the Baptist Chapel is built, and, as they had never seen a Place of Worship before, I invited them in to look at the building. The Ten Commandments occupy a prominent position in the Chapel, being written in very beautiful characters, and placed against the wall over the

platform on which the preacher stands to deliver his discourse. The first gentleman mentioned having looked around with much surprise, exclaimed, "What an immense building! It would easily accommodate ten thousand people." To this empty Chinese compliment I made no reply. "What is this house for?" said he: "for carrying on business in?" "No," I replied; "the gentlemen who built this house are not merchants: they instruct the people."—"Indeed! what do they teach?" "The doctrines of Jesus, the Saviour of the world."—"What are these doctrines?" I invited him to ascend the platform with me, and to read the Ten Commandments. No one of the three had ever seen a Christian book, or heard of the name of Jesus before this day, and yet the following is a specimen of our conversation—"This First Commandment, you see, teaches us that there is only one God in heaven."—"Oh, of course, there is only one God: true, true! But what is His name, Sir?"—"His name is Jehovah, and He forbids us to worship any other."—"Of course we should not worship any other."—"Your Shang-te, then, is a false god, and you break this First Commandment if you worship him."—"Certainly it is wrong to worship Shang-te."—"You must not worship ancestors, or Buddhu, or the Goddess of Mercy, or any other deity."—"True, true."—"You, and all your countrymen, then, have frequently transgressed this commandment."—"O yes! frequently." *Second Gentleman*—"What does he say?" *First Gentleman*—"He's merely talking about doctrine!" With much difficulty I prevailed on this latter gentleman to repeat to his friend all that I had said to him. He did so with evident reluctance. I told him that there was one subject in particular which I wished to bring before him, as it concerned him very deeply. I then spoke to him for some time about the resurrection of the body and the future judgment. "What does he say?" again asked his friend. "He's merely talking about the metempsychosis," replied the person addressed. "No," I said, "you mistake: it is not true that the soul after death enters into other bodies, and returns thus to the world." *First Gentleman*—"O no! that is not at all true."—"Your body must be laid in the grave and decay, but afterward that body shall live again."—"O yes! my body shall die, and it is my body that shall return to life."—"Jesus will then judge you."—"O yes! Jesus will judge me."—"And will condemn you for worshipping false gods."—"True, most true."—"But all this is very awful."—"Yes, very awful."—"Do you believe it?"—"Yes, most truly do I believe it."—"But the Chinese nation don't believe it."—"O yes! they every one believe what you say about this doctrine."—"But many have told me that they do not believe what I preach on this subject."—"Ah, Sir, these are *unpolite* persons, who understand not *etiquette*." He then coolly turned to his two companions, and having made some remarks to them in a low voice on the *absurdity* of all I had said to him, and on my own ignorance in believing in a resurrection, &c., he turned round to me, and, with the most bland smile and profound bow, took his leave.

As I left the Chapel on my way home, the solemn and fearful words, "Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee," often occurred to my mind. What hope can we, humanly speaking, entertain, when we meet with such perfect deadness and apathy?

None, humanly. No, none, not the least. And it is well to know and feel this. We might as well try to raise the dead. But there is One "who quickeneth the dead;" and to Him, who has said, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," we must apply. In answer to the prayer of faith He will manifest his power, and, even in the case of the insincere and apathetic Chinese, the words of the Psalmist shall be verified, "Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee."

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#### HOW THOMAS KING BECAME A SLAVE.

IN our last Number we related the joyful meeting of Mr. Thomas King with his aged mother, from whom he had been separated for twenty-five years. Such re-unittings of long-separated friends have been by no means unfrequent in the history of our Abbeokuta Mission; and there is no doubt that the light in which England has in consequence appeared to the people of that town has given our Missionaries much favour in their eyes. Some years ago, and nothing seemed more unlikely than that the friends torn from them long before by the cruel slave-trade should ever be restored to them. How could they expect it? for they knew there was no pity in the slave-dealers or their agents. When, therefore, the first liberated Yorubas found their way home, we may conceive the wonder that it caused; how their friends crowded around them; and when they saw them so superior to themselves, as was of necessity the case with all who in Sierra Leone had learned to believe in God and to serve Him, how they could scarcely credit the evidence of their senses; so that the new comers had each to assure them, somewhat in the language of Joseph to his brethren, "Behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you." That they should ever have returned to their own land must indeed be a wonder to the Liberated Africans themselves, when they look back and remember all that they have passed through. It is thus Mr. Thomas King, on returning to his own land, seems to have looked back on his eventful history: the scenes of early childhood appear to have brought it all fresh before him, and have led him to furnish us with the following brief narrative of his capture, and subsequent treatment at the hand of the slave-dealers—

On the morning of that unhappy day that I was separated from my parents—about the year 1825, in the beginning of November—I left home about eight o'clock for farm, about three miles distant from home, in order to get some corn. My mother and elder sister, about a fortnight previous, went to Ishaga, a town about fourteen or fifteen miles distant, for trade. About three years before this, my elder brother, having left home, had joined the war party; but as the fact was not known to us, we concluded that he was either killed or sold. I and my niece, my sister's daughter, were the little ones that were left at home. I stayed

with my father, but my niece was left to the care of her father. No sooner had I got to the farm, and just cut sufficient corn for my load, than the repeated reports of muskets at the town gate acquainted me of my dangerous situation. All my endeavour to escape had utterly proved a failure, as I was surrounded by a number of men, who were very eager as to whose lot my capture should fall. At last, as a kid among many chasing wolves, I was caught by one of them. It was a day of inex-



pressible sorrow to me. In about an hour they had taken three gates, one only being left, which the people in the town endeavoured to secure, as it was the only road for escape. As soon as the intelligence reached my mother, for our sakes she hazarded her life by returning to the town; but to her great disappointment her son was gone.

We left the encampment about three the next morning for Ikporo, the place of their rendezvous, but formerly the town of Sodeke, the late Chief. As it was dawning, we came to Kesi, the town of Andrew Wilhelm and Goodwill, destroyed about two years since. About nine o'clock we arrived

at Kemba, the town of Mr. Marsh, destroyed two days before they came to ours. At Ikporo I stayed five days : I was sold one evening to a Mahomedan trader, who carried me the same evening to Ikereku, the town of Mr. C. Philip, which was not yet destroyed by war. We went to Oko the next day, when I was sold to an Ijebbu trader. To be short, before a fortnight after my capture, I was sold to one of the Havannah slave-traders at Lagos. On the way all along, as I was coming, I had been cherishing the hope of making my escape at any time an opportunity should offer itself. As it was a current report, that whoever is sold to a White Man becomes an inhabitant of another world, as the Europeans were then reckoned to be, all hopes of escape now vanished from my mind. About three weeks after I reached Lagos, the sad intelligence that our town was reduced to ashes reached us. A few days after, with heavy hearts and sad countenances, we took leave of our shores without the slightest hope of visiting it any more.

At the destruction of our town, my mother and niece were both taken together, and carried to Oko, where a woman bought both of them together for twelve heads of cowries, a sum not exceeding 3*l*. She brought them to Ijebbu, but sold them separately. After my mother had stopped four years in Ijebbu, she was then sold to Lagos by her master. My father in the meanwhile escaped, and came to Oko, but it was after my mother was sold to Ijebbu. At last he came to Abbeokuta ; but was at last unfortunately killed in the battle which they fought with Oluyole, the late Chief of Ibadan, about fourteen years ago.

After a few years' stay at Lagos, the master of my mother, being himself a slave, escaped, and she was sold to another man at the same place. At this time she heard of my brother being at Lagos, but no opportunity afforded of seeing each other. The wife of my mother's master being an Egba woman, brought my mother with her to this place on a visit, in the hope of finding some one to redeem her. But as my brother was then in slavery, nothing could be done toward her redemption, and she went back with her mistress to Lagos. A short time after, my brother escaped, and came to Abbeokuta. At the time of the insurrection which took place at Lagos previous to the time that Akitoye was expelled from the throne by Kossokö, hundreds of the slaves from Lagos made their escape. My mother at this time came with them ; but as none of them could get to Abbeokuta without being conducted by some one to the town, all such conductors reckoned those who were thus brought to the town through their means as their captives, and demanded from them as much as they pleased. To the man who conducted my mother in the manner above described the redemption-money was paid by Mr. Crowther. Thus my mother had been in hard servitude under six or seven different owners, and would probably have died under the same, had it not been for the arrival of the Missionaries here a few years ago, when her redemption, as well as my brother's, was effected by their means.

Could the friends of Africa witness the heart-melting sight of the parents that have those children restored again to their bosoms whom they have given up for lost, after the expiration of twenty-five years, they would know how their services are acknowledged by the people here. Before two years had expired after my arrival at Sierra Leone, I was informed that my sister was brought to Porto Novo, whose master