

took her for his wife, and she has been blessed with about four children. Should the Chief of that place be favoured with a Missionary, I would humbly hope that their deliverance from spiritual bondage might likely be effected by his means. My brother died about seven months before my arrival here. So the language of my mother is somewhat like that of Cornelius to the Apostle, "It is well done that thou hast come."

England has indeed redeemed the character of the White Man in the eyes of the African. There was nothing that the slave so dreaded, as the moment when he should be brought into the presence of the White Man; when this oppressor of his race should place his hands and yoke upon him, to lead him away into hopeless bondage. We doubt not that many an unhappy slave has destroyed himself, rather than encounter the horror of such a moment. We know that Mr. Samuel Crowther attempted to do so. But now the Africans have learned that all White Men are not the same; that there is at least one race of White Men on the shores of Africa, who, so far from buying slaves themselves, rescue the slave out of the hands of others, and, when they have done so, set them free, without money and without price.

Thus God has given us acceptance in their eyes. They look up to us as benefactors, and many of them are, like little children, willing to be taught. May we diligently improve the opportunity, and publish far and wide among the tribes of Africa the better redemption from a worse captivity!

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SUFFERING INDIANS RELIEVED BY THEIR CHRISTIAN BRETHERN.  
RUPERT'S LAND consists of lakes, rivers, and plains, strangely mingled together. Generally speaking, it is a barren land, although occasionally more favoured spots are to be met with. Thus at Red River the soil is comparatively fertile, and the climate healthful, although early frosts not unfrequently injure the crops. Also near Lake Winepegos, where the Rev. A. Cowley's Station of Manitoba lies, the country is well wooded and watered; but as you go northward it becomes more dreary; the choice spots are few and far between; until at length, beyond a certain point, all vegetation ceases, and no land that can be cultivated is to be found. None of our Missionary Stations are so far north as this. The northernmost is Lac-la-Ronge, of which we told you something in our last Number. The Rev. R. Hunt has given us a description of the country immediately around the Missionary Station, and it conveys to us the idea of a desolate and dreary place: water and rocks alone meet the eye, except where, here and there, the wind has wafted a little vegetable mould into the crevices of the rocks, and some trees—pines, birches, poplars, and willows—have taken root; and there our Missionary is now in the midst of the long and cold winter.

The winters are indeed intensely cold. The following extract from the Journal of Mr. James Settee, our Native Catechist at Lac-la-Ronge, will enable us to form some idea of their severity—

*January 22, 1850*—I and one of our Indians left home to visit the fort at Lac-la-Ronge. We encamped on an island. After supper we laid down to sleep in the snow: we had a little pine brush under us. At midnight I awoke with the cold: one of my arms was so painful that it made me groan. I rose up and made a large fire of dry wood, and warmed myself. I was warm on one side, and cold on the other. How many poor creatures, I thought, suffer in this manner, and perhaps perish. I laid down again, but could not sleep: the cold had penetrated into my body. I laid trembling for an hour or two, and, the night being long, I did not consider it prudent to proceed on the lake till daylight.

*January 23*—Long before day we both got up, and sung one of my Cree hymns, "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?" The comfort conveyed in the hymn almost made me forget the night's suffering. We proceeded on. The cold was sharp, affecting every part of my body. However, through the mercy of our Heavenly Father, we arrived at the fort early.

The poor Indians suffer dreadfully during the long winter from cold and hunger, and many of them die in consequence. The winter of 1849-50 was one of peculiar severity and scarcity, and our Missionary Station at Lac-la-Ronge proved a merciful refuge to many a poor wanderer; so that, through the timely aid which they received there, several members of three different families were preserved from starvation.

We shall relate to our readers some affecting instances of this. There is a Christian Indian of the name of Abraham at Lac-la-Ronge. When in his heathen state he had been a conjuror, and had deceived the people. An English gentleman of the name of M'Kenzie, a chief factor in the employment of the Hudson's-Bay Company, and in charge of a district, pitying this man, about eight years ago brought him down to Norway House, a principal Station of the Hudson's-Bay Company on the north of Lake Winnipeg, that he might have an opportunity of being instructed in the truths of the Gospel of Christ. There he stayed some months, and so profited by the pains which were taken with him, that on his return home he began to communicate what he knew to his relatives and friends. This man, with a companion of his named Paul, was afterward baptized by our Missionary, the Rev. J. Hunter, and they were confirmed last summer by the Bishop of Rupert's Land. During the winter already mentioned, Abraham was the means of saving several of his countrymen from dying of cold and hunger. He was occupied at the Station in nursing a sick nephew, when, on January 26, 1850, an Indian arrived in an extreme state of starvation. Food was given to him, and, while eagerly eating a little fish, he fell backward, but was able to say that he had thrown his family away—that is, that he had been obliged to leave them, so completely worn out with cold and hunger that they could go no further. Abraham immediately set out in search of them, tracing the man's track on

the moss. He walked all that night, and next day, and the following night, before he found them. The cold was severe, walking in the snow fatiguing, and the way long: still he persevered. At last he came on the objects of his search. There they were, a woman, three children, and two young men, huddled together in the snow, but all alive. This is the interesting moment represented in our Frontispiece—Abraham coming suddenly upon them, when he was beginning to fear his search would be in vain; and the poor creatures astonished to find help at hand, when they thought themselves beyond all help, and that they must soon die.

What a wonderful change Christianity makes in the human character! How true it is that "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." An heathen Indian would not have acted as Abraham did. Nay, the aged parents are neglected and treated with contempt by their own children, and are often left behind to perish. "If an old man or woman of the tribe becomes infirm, and unable to proceed with the rest when travelling, he or she, as the case may be, is left behind in a small tent made of willows, in which are placed a little firewood, some provisions, and a vessel of water. Here the unhappy wretch remains in solitude till the fuel and provisions are exhausted, and then dies."

The first thing Abraham did was to light a fire. He had brought with him a few fish: these he boiled, and gave them a little of the liquor, and so gradually revived them, and brought them all at length to the Station.

Alas! how many are there not on every side, whose souls are being famished for lack of the bread of life; and who, having no hope, and knowing not from whence help could come, have given themselves over to despair. And shall it be said of us, "The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost." And if we are negligent and say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" shall it not be required of us? "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

But there were some other touching instances of poor Indians saved from starvation, which are thus related by Mr. Hunt—

On the 9th of February another family, Henry Bear, his wife—Abraham's daughter—and their little infant, reached the Station, or rather their shadows did, for they had long been half devoured by frost and famine, not having eaten any thing for seven days. Some of the Indians have been known to fast for ten successive days. There was no other refuge for them within forty miles; but, thank God! they were saved alive at the Church Missionary Station, though the infant still suffers severely from the effects of that trying time.

On the 22d of the same month, late in the evening, two half-famished women made their appearance, and related that their husbands and three children were perishing in the snow for want of food. A poor invalid at

the Station, himself suffering severely from a large sore in his bosom, set off in search of them, and, after five days, returned with all of them to the Station. Altogether, seventeen poor Indians were rescued, who must otherwise have left their bones to the hungry wolves of these wide howling wastes.

One more tale of pity, to beg the help of the Dorcas of the Society. Among the children whom I found here, boarded, clothed, and educated at the Society's expense, are four whose history I will briefly relate. A small canoe was drifting on the lake close to the Station: it was nearly filled with water: a young child was attempting to paddle with a stick: three other little heads appeared in it: it drove ashore. Mr. Settee took care of these helpless children. He had lately buried their mother, and now found that they had left their father some time before. He had taken them ashore, and as soon as he had struck a light he gave it to the eldest, who thought he wished to have a fire lighted; but he instantly laid down, and went to sleep, as they thought, and slept so long that they were afraid to stay there any longer; so they called to him, and pushed him, but he did not stir or answer, and at last they got into the canoe and came away. Their father had died of measles, and Providence committed his orphan children to the care and love of the Church Missionary Society.

The poor Indians of Rupert's Land, how much they suffer! Who that can render it will refuse the help which Mr. Hunt asks for in the following urgent appeal?—

For these, and others such as these, we want prompt aid, in the shape of articles for clothes. The coming long and cold winter will consume all we brought with us, and we are not certain that we can receive any thing that may come out by the ships next May, before July 1852, unless we have an opportunity of sending to Lake Winnipeg some time in September 1851. We shall heartily thank God, and our dear friends who assisted us in 1849, and any others whom God may dispose to clothe our naked people, if they will kindly send to the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, by the middle of next May, and any following year, such articles as those mentioned below, for the use of the English-River Mission.

Blankets, small and large.

Strong warm flannels, white, *red*, or blue.

Stout washing prints.

Woollen shawls.

Stout unbleached calico.

Strong, coarse woollen cloth, for coats, &c. (Stroud's).

Strong striped cotton for men's shirts, blue or pink.

Strong common combs, for use after washing.

Needles, thimbles, and scissors.

Strong pocket-knives.

Fire-steels and gun-flints.

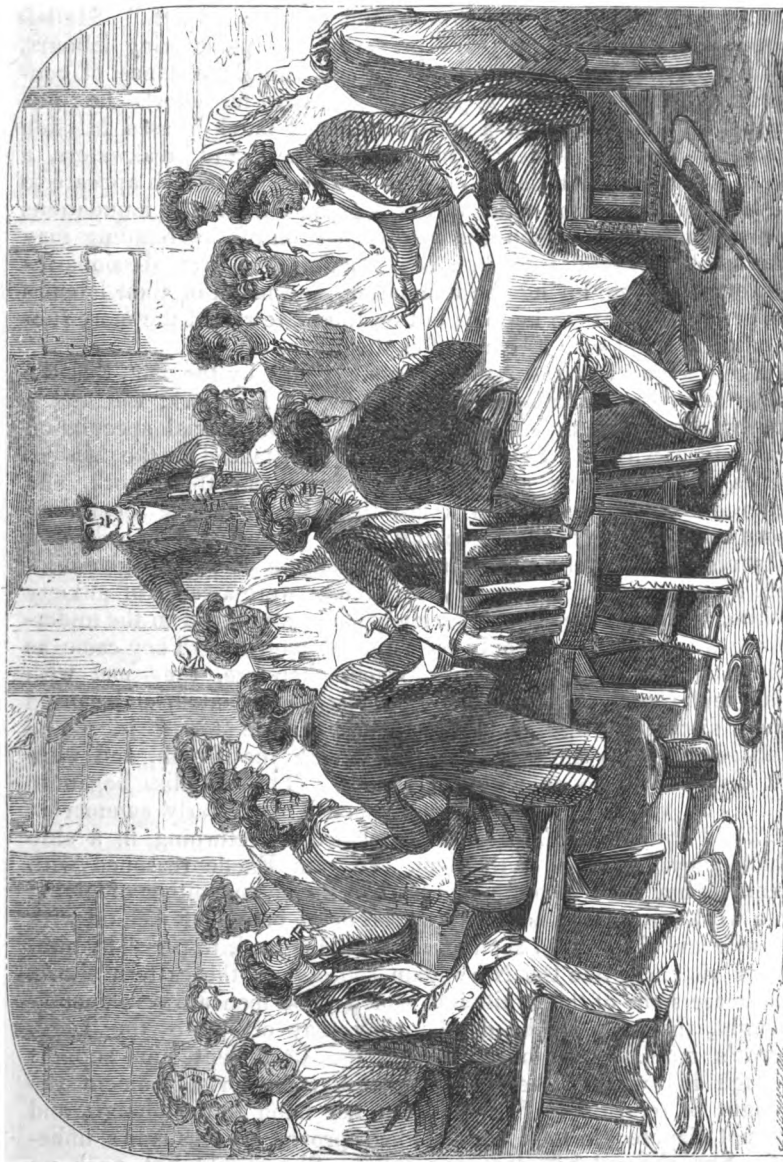
Twine for fishing nets, Nos. 1, 6, and 10.

*Large* cod fish-hooks.

Any useful article of clothing for man, woman, or child.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



NEW-ZEALAND CHIEFS DRAWING UP A REPLY TO THE SOCIETY'S JUBILEE LETTER.—*Vide* p. 147.

## HANS EGEDE.

*(Continued from p. 135 of our last Number.)*

IN Hans Egede's Missionary work we may behold a fulfilment of our Saviour's words, "One soweth, and another reapeth." He left Greenland after thirteen years' prayerful and persevering labours, without having been privileged to witness a single instance of conversion. Yet in these apparently unsuccessful efforts he was laying the foundation of a prosperous and much-blessed Mission amongst the Greenlanders. In building piers and breakwaters, a great quantity of materials is sunk in the deep sea, which appears to be lost; but under the water a work is going on, and the foundations are being laid on which the visible portion of the building may afterwards be raised. So in a new Mission, the first Missionaries are employed in laying the foundation, and much of their labours and efforts appears to be lost; but on these are raised the more successful efforts of such as come after them.

Egede's position was rendered more trying by the fact, that the undertaking, as sanctioned by the King of Denmark, was not a purely Missionary undertaking, but that a commercial speculation was joined with it. Egede was not circumstanced as the Missionaries of our Society are, who are set free for their work, and relieved from all worldly anxieties, that they may give themselves more unreservedly to the preaching of the Gospel and the salvation of souls. Beside the one thing to which he wished to give himself, the trading prospects of the Colony were a cause of anxiety to him. There were, of course, many persons engaged in the undertaking who were moved only by temporal motives. They came as colonists, not as Missionaries: when, therefore, they met with trials and reverses, such persons became discontented, and caused much discomfort and uneasiness. So Egede found it. The Natives had been accustomed to trade with the Dutch, and were not disposed to do so with the Danes. The supplies began to fail. The vessel which had been expected in the early summer of 1722 did not arrive. The settlers decided on returning in a ship which they had kept with them. In vain Egede reasoned with them. They were resolute, and he had the choice, either of giving up a work on which his heart was set, or of being left behind with his wife and children in such an inhospitable land, to perish by hunger or violence, like the Norwegian settlers on the eastern shore. These are some of the straits into which good men are occasionally brought, that out of the depths they may cry unto the Lord. Egede's mind began to waver, but the Lord sent him support through his wife. She would not entertain for a moment the thought of returning. She had put her hand to the plough, and was not disposed to look back. She reproved her husband's unbelief. She cheered his drooping spirit. She would not pack up

any thing; but when the people began to take down their habitations she rebuked them for doing so, telling them they were taking needless trouble, for they would surely be relieved. How unlike Lot's wife! She was changed into a pillar of salt. It is remarkable that on the south-western border of the Dead Sea a lofty round pillar remains to this day standing, about forty feet high, of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime. It rests upon a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. But of a devoted Christian like Mrs. Egede a memorial also remains—the Greenland Mission and its blessed results—as an example and encouragement to Christian females to be steadfast, unmoveable, in the work of the Lord.

Beside what he had to endure from the impatience and discontent of the colonists, Egede found it necessary to undertake long and perilous voyages, in the hope of advancing the interests of the Company, as on their success the continuance of the Mission seemed to be dependent. In these he endured great hardships, even to the risk of life, and unsuccessfully. At length, on the death of Frederick IV., King of Denmark, the Government decided that the Colony should be relinquished; and orders were sent that all the people should return. If Egede decided on remaining, he was permitted to retain with him as many men as he could prevail upon to stay, with one year's provisions, but without any promise for the future. But Egede hesitated not. His heart was fixed. He believed the promise, "Dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Even the two Missionaries, who had come out to help him, forsook him; and with eight or ten men, whom with difficulty he prevailed on the Governor to leave with him, he remained a whole year, uncertain whether at the end of that time he should find himself entirely abandoned, or whether more assistance would be sent. He was not tempted beyond what he was able to bear. The Lord is good to them that trust in Him. At the end of the first year new supplies arrived, and at the end of the second year a vessel brought him the welcome information that the trade was to begin anew, and that the King had been pleased to order a free gift of 400*l.* annually to be devoted to the support of the Mission. His difficulties with the Natives, and his "patient continuance in well-doing" amongst them, we shall relate in another paper.

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NEW-ZEALAND CHIEFS IN COMMITTEE DRAWING UP A REPLY TO THE SOCIETY'S JUBILEE LETTER.*

CHRISTMAS-DAY is Midsummer in New Zealand. At that season numbers of Native Christians of different tribes—men who had once fought with each other and contended as enemies in deadly strife—meet at Wanganui, the Station of the Rev. R. Taylor, from different parts of his immense district, to unite in prayer and praise, and

* This Letter is printed in the Society's Jubilee Volume, p. 298.

benefit by the instruction of their Minister. The last Christmas Meeting of which we have received an account, that of 1849, was numerously attended, and deeply interesting. In that year Christmas-day fell on Tuesday. On the previous Sunday, the 23d, the Congregation was so large, that, the Church not being capable of containing it, the pulpit was carried into an adjoining field. The day was fine, and the congregation attentive; Mr. Taylor, in his sermon, remarking that the present assembly proved the power of God: no earthly cause would have brought so many tribes together: God's word had done it. After the Service, the Sacrament was administered to 295 individuals, and a collection made, amounting to 2*l.* 13*s.*

The 24th was a lovely morning, most suitable for the purpose for which it was intended—a Missionary Meeting; to those who possess the spirit of Christian Missions, and know their value, a delightful and animating occasion. At five A.M. Morning Service was held, and after breakfast about 2000 Christian Natives assembled in the open air, in God's own temple—for “the Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath He established the heavens”—the pavement carpetted with the grass which He makes to grow, and the clear blue sky of New Zealand extended as a canopy over their heads. The proceedings commenced with singing the hymn in Maori,

“Salvation *h* oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!”

Mr. Taylor says—

I then opened the Meeting by stating that a Letter had been addressed by the Church Missionary Society to them, in common with the rest of their countrymen who had embraced the Gospel through the instrumentality of the Society; that a similar one had been sent to all parts of the world where they were labouring to spread the Gospel, and that now they were assembled to hear the Letter read; that it was filled with love to them; that the Society style themselves elder brethren, but, for my part, I thought they were rather entitled to the name of fathers, as they had begotten them to be a new people in Christ Jesus; that very large Meetings had been held in England to spread the Gospel throughout the world; and that they had sent this Letter of love to confirm their faith, and interest their hearts in the same glorious cause. But, to explain more fully the object of the Letter, I had also written an introductory one, which we had got printed, together with that of the Society, which should now be read to them. I then called on Mr. Baker to read the introductory Letter, and that of the Society.

Several Resolutions were then moved and seconded, in suitable speeches, by Native Chiefs and Catechists. The first was by Tamehana Te Rauparaha, the son of the warrior and cannibal Rauparaha, who in his day slew multitudes of his countrymen. This is his speech—

Listen to these words. You have just heard the Letter of the Church Missionary Society read to you, and you see that we ought to be united in spirit and love towards them, as they are towards us. To do this we must write them a Letter. We have seen and felt the power of the Gospel, for all our old customs have been given up through its instrumentality. Now we have begun a new work let us not go back, but strive to go forward. Some have foolishly tried to continue their evil ways, but have found they can do so no longer. The Missionaries first drew our feet out of the mire, and placed us on a firm foundation. We are now called upon to thank the Church Missionary Society for our Ministers. They are a peculiar blessing to us: they are but few in number, and therefore ought to be more highly prized. For, whilst we can at all times get plenty of merchants and settlers to come amongst us, who only come for their own interest, we cannot so easily obtain Missionaries. I feel much for our Ministers, for they have to contend with Europeans as well as Maori, and have truly the care of all the Churches upon them. It is to them alone we owe our present state of civilization; and now we are called upon to show that we are aware of our obligations to the Church Missionary Society.

Another speech, made by Matini Wiwi, was as follows—

Are there not many still amongst us who were once strongly attached to all our old customs, and the superstitions of our forefathers? Let me ask them, what was it that made you forsake those ancient customs? My friends, it was the Word of God, which sunk deep into your hearts. We did not lay them aside as a man does an old garment when it is no longer fit to wear. No! but because it opened our eyes to see the folly of them. St. Paul truly says, that though our bodies may be separated according to the flesh, still the spirits may be near. This is the case with the Members of the Church Missionary Society. We do not know them personally, nor the place where they live; but we know them in our hearts as our sincere friends, and the remembrance of what they have done for our welfare will always claim our love.

After five Resolutions had been duly moved, seconded, and in some instances supported, so many were anxious to address the Meeting that Mr. Taylor called upon all the principal Chiefs to do so. The Meeting concluded with a hymn translated from

“ Jesus, immortal King, arise!
Assume, assert, Thy sway!”

After prayer and the blessing all quietly dispersed, apparently much interested.

Several of the Chiefs had expressed an anxiety to reply to the kind and encouraging Letter of the Society; and they had been recommended by Mr. Taylor to meet for the purpose, and confer together. He then relates—

In the evening I went into George King's house,* which I found converted into a Committee-room. A table ran down the centre, nearly twenty feet long, covered with a white cloth, at which all the principal Chiefs and Teachers were sitting, Wiremu Eruera Tauri being at the

* George King is the principal Chief of Wanganui.

head, with a neat writing-desk before him. They were all busily engaged in preparing the Letter, each word of which was discussed before it was received; that, as Thompson Te Rauparaha said, it might be good, lest their Christian friends should think meanly of them. All were dressed in European clothing, and altogether presented such a respectable appearance that I felt great pleasure in looking on; and the cure of the demoniac, who was sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind, was brought to my remembrance.

This is the scene which our Frontispiece represents. Can anything be more deeply interesting? Twelve years ago what were these men? Restless, irritable, blood-shedding cannibals. How wonderful the change which the Gospel effects! How strongly ought we not to be persuaded, with such evidences before us, of the transforming power of that Gospel, and that, although the weapons of our warfare be not carnal, they are mighty through God! What an encouragement to persevere in the good work we have been permitted so long to carry on, and in which God has so remarkably blessed us! We shall conclude with Mr. Taylor's description of Christmas-day—

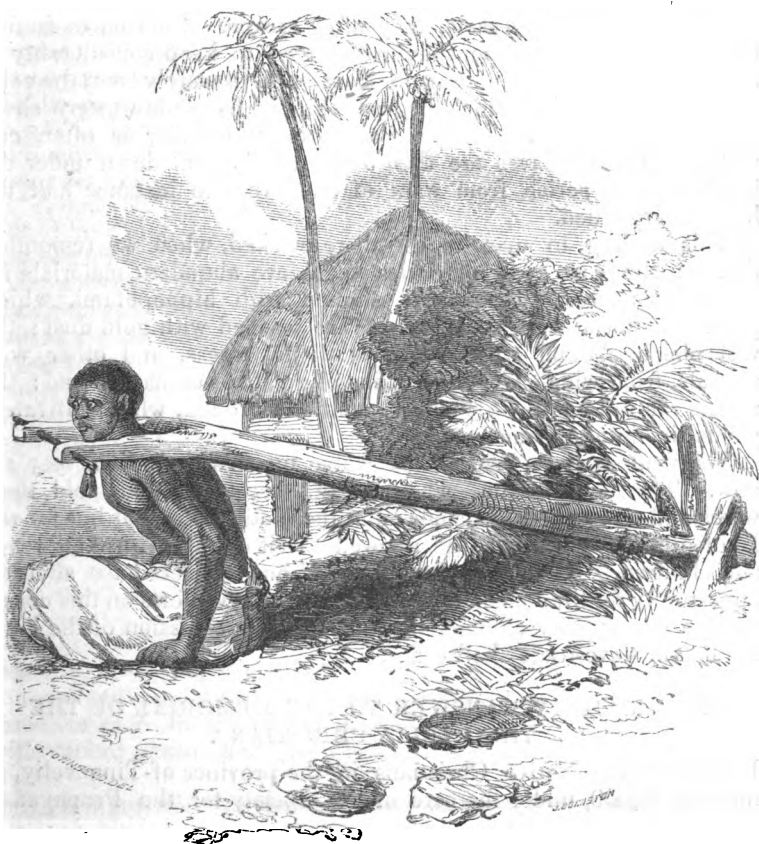
We had a gloomy morning, but it cleared up. An immense Congregation collected in my field, each as he came quietly placing himself next to the person who had come before him. When all were assembled, a dense mass of human beings stood before me to hear the Word of Life. If I had felt I was any thing more than an instrument employed to utter what the Lord would give me to say, I should have been cast down; but, having the promise that He would be with His servants to tell them what to say, I believed and felt that what was said went to the hearts of the hearers. Full four thousand were present. I called over the names of the Teachers throughout the District for the ensuing year. I next administered the Sacrament to 270 persons: it was received with great reverence. I crossed over, and gave the usual Services to the Europeans. Immediately after dinner I again held Service, and restored the lapsed who had given some tokens of contrition, and then administered the Sacrament to the remainder of my Communicants, about 200, making a total of 776 to whom the Sacrament has been administered this Christmas.

The reply of the Natives to the Jubilee Letter has not yet reached us, as it has gone round the District for signature. As soon as we receive it, we shall not fail to place it before our readers.

~~~~~ EAST-AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

It is not only on the West Coast of Africa that this barbarous traffic is carried on, but on the East Coast also. Part of that coast belongs to the British, and there, as we might expect would be the case, no slave-dealing is permitted. Moreover, the Imaum of Muscat, who rules over a considerable portion of it, has entered into a treaty with England, by which he engages to assist us in putting down the slave-trade. But some portions of the coast belong to the Portuguese, and

other portions are infested by Arab robbers or pirates, who, in armed bands penetrating up the rivers, attack the inland tribes, and seize and carry away all they can as slaves. Thus on this coast, as well as in other quarters of Africa, the slave-trade has its victims. Dr. Krapf mentions one remarkable proof of this, which came under his own and Mr. Rebmann's observation—7000 Natives from the neighbourhood of a large lake called Niassa, who were captured, and afterward destroyed or sold as slaves. The babes were tied together in bundles, hung upon trees, and suffered to be choked by the smoke of fire kindled under the trees, because they were unable to proceed to the coast for the slave-market. The accompanying engraving represents one among the many modes of torture, under the guise of punishment, adopted by the slave-owners of the East Coast. It was made under the eye of a gentleman who has been engaged in a mercantile house at Zanzibar. The neck is thrust between the fork of the pole, which is secured in the ground behind, and the two ends of the fork are fastened by a bar of iron with a padlock attached.



How fearfully the slave-trade hardens the heart ! All feelings of compassion are at an end. The slave-trader not only beholds without pity the sufferings of his fellow-man, but even takes pleasure in inflicting them. Better far to suffer ourselves than to become callous to the sufferings of others. Pitiable indeed is the condition of the poor captive made fast in a yoke like this. But the slave-dealer has a heavier yoke upon him, which the enemy of man has made fast on his soul, and in which he holds him bound until the moment comes when he shall be transferred from time to the judgment seat of God.

The slaves brought down to the eastern shore are either sold northward to the Persian Gulf, or else they are purchased by the white slave-dealers, to be carried to South America. This branch of the slave-trade is chiefly carried on in American vessels which have been sold to Brazilian merchants. Some of them are good and sound, but the generality of them are old vessels. With American crews, and under American colours, they reach the African coast, where they are made over to the Brazilian slave-dealers, who soon put on board the slaves they have purchased ; and as our cruisers are not allowed to search American vessels, they often escape. In order to double the Cape of Good Hope, they are obliged to keep considerably to the southward ; and here the poor slaves suffer severely from the cold, a source of suffering which negroes shipped from the western shore are not exposed to. Off the Cape stormy weather is often met with ; and as the slaves are then obliged to be sent down under the hatches, many perish from want of air. In one instance half the human cargo died.

This trading in man is the more wicked, when we remember that on the east coast of Africa there are abundant materials for lawful commerce. The rivers abound with hippopotami, which yield the finest ivory ; the shores are washed with gold dust ; the vast plains abound with elephants, lions, tigers, and other wild animals, from which ivory and skins of great value may be had ; the forests are full of valuable woods ; and the ground, when cultivated, yields rice in abundance.

Yet matters have been much worse on this shore than they are now. There was a time when on this coast husbands sold their wives and wives their husbands ; and the Natives say that but for the English they would not be allowed to sit quietly with their wives and children. Now the active efforts of our cruisers have afforded opportunity for the commencement of Missionary efforts on this coast ; and as Christianity extends itself, and takes possession of the land, the horrid slave-trade shall cease.

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#### HER MAJESTY'S ANSWER TO THE MEMORIAL OF THE TINNEVELLY CHRISTIANS.

LAST year the Native Christians in the province of Tinnevelly, in number 40,000, under the care of the Society for the Propagation

of the Gospel in Foreign Parts and the Church Missionary Society, addressed a Memorial to Her Majesty Queen Victoria,\* in which, as her subjects, they acknowledged, that by being placed in the providence of God under the just and merciful rule of the English Government, they enjoyed in the blessing of peace a happiness unknown to their forefathers. "Even the most simple and unlearned of our people"—such is the language which they use—"acknowledge the time to have at length arrived when the tiger and the fawn drink at the same stream." In the fact that through the exertions of English Missionary Societies they had learned the true religion and its sacred doctrines, they acknowledged themselves specially bound to be grateful. "Many amongst us were once unhappy people, trusting in dumb idols, worshipping before them, and trembling at ferocious demons; but now we all, knowing the true God, and learning His Holy Word, spend our time in peace, with the prospect of leaving this world in comfort, and with the hope of eternal life in the world to come. And we feel that we have not words to express to your Gracious Majesty the debt of gratitude we owe to God for His bounteous grace." They conclude by saying, "We would entreat, with the confidence and humility of children, that your Majesty, agreeable to the words of Holy Writ, 'Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nursing mothers,' will still graciously extend to us your care and protection."

To this Memorial a gracious answer has been returned through the Archbishop of Canterbury, addressed to the Senior Native Clergyman in Tinnevelly, the Rev. John Dewasagayam, Missionary of our Society. He thus notices it in his Journal—

*Oct. 3, 1850*—This day I received a kind Letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, from which I shall only extract that portion which relates to the Memorial presented by the Native Christians in Tinnevelly to Her Majesty our Gracious Queen. "Some time ago an Address was presented to Her Majesty from the Christians in Tinnevelly, expressing their gratitude for the benefits they had derived from the Christian teaching which Her Majesty's English subjects had afforded them. Such a communication was most gratifying to the Queen, as it was also most honourable to those who sent it; and I hope you will assure them, that although the formalities of a Court do not allow of a reply to such Addresses, they are not the less welcome or valuable."

As the Catechists' Meeting was held this day, we humbly thanked the Lord for the interest taken in our welfare, both by our Gracious Sovereign and His Grace the Primate of all England, and prayed for their health and welfare. It is of no small comfort to us, that our valuable Liturgy gives us daily an opportunity of remembering before His throne of grace these servants of the Lord. I sent copies of the Letter both to our Missionaries and those of the Propagation Society. It is

\* It is printed in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer" for March 1850.

intended to publish a translation of it in the "Friendly Instructor,"\* for the information of our Congregations.

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MISSIONARY TOUR IN BRITISH GUIANA.

BRITISH GUIANA is a part of South America, where, amongst the Indians, we have been engaged for some years in carrying on Missionary work. It is a country in which rivers abound, some of great size, so that their mouths form creeks which are navigable for ships of several hundred tons burden upward of eighty miles from the coast. The European Settlements are on the coast or on the banks of the rivers, the country being covered with immense forests, which the White Man leaves to the cunning Indian, who in his canoe or on foot wanders through them searching for game. These forests abound with beautiful and valuable trees and shrubs, some of medicinal properties; as the castor-oil bush, which grows about six feet high, and bears a nut enclosed in a triangular-shaped husk, which yields the oil; and also the ipecacuanha bush, about two feet high, the fruit containing a number of small flat seeds of a brown colour. Of the trees, some grow to the height of 100 feet; amongst others, the cabbage-palm, its fruit being about three feet long, and in taste more delicate than an almond. In the rich soil which lies next the coast, sugar, cotton, coffee, and indigo are grown. So productive is the country which God gave of old to the Red Man for his inheritance, but which he has never used as God intended he should. The command given him was, "Replenish the earth, and subdue it;" but he has not done so. Its vast productive powers are wasted in a wild extravagance of vegetable life. The Red Men, few in number, wander about in the restlessness of a savage state, and permit the wild beasts to share their patrimony with them; and such they appear to have been for generations. They are rapidly diminishing, and in a few generations more will probably have disappeared, and their place shall know them no more.

Our Mission Station is at a place called Bartica Grove, where two large rivers meet, the Essequibo and the Mazaroonny, the latter, not long before it enters the Essequibo, having been joined by another river called the Cuyuni. Here our Missionaries, the Rev. J. H. Bernau and the Rev. J. J. Lohrer, have access to three different tribes of Indians—the Arrawaks, who are the most civilized, and live nearest the plantations; the Akaways, whose skin is of a still deeper red than the preceding tribe; and the Carrabeese, who are very drunken, and have diminished more rapidly than any of the others. There are others more distant and less frequently met with—the Warraws, who make beautiful canoes of the trunks of trees, without seam or joint, plug or nail, and which are highly prized for their elegance and safety; and the Macusie, the most numerous of the tribes, who

* A monthly periodical, published by the Tinnevely Book Society.

manufacture the woralí, a deadly poison, which never fails to kill, and the nature of which is known only to themselves.

At Bartica Grove the Christian Indians, between two and three hundred in number, consisting of individuals from amongst the three tribes we have mentioned, live under the care and instruction of the Missionaries. Here they cultivate the ground, and dwell in houses. There is a neat Church, where on the Sunday a well-ordered Congregation of 200 assembles. There are also Schools for boys and girls; and from the children of these Schools our Missionaries have been encouraged by many proofs that their labours are not in vain. Sometimes journeys are made up the different rivers, to search for Heathen Indians, and persuade them to come and be taught at the Grove.

We now present a Letter from Mr. Lohrer to a Student in the Islington Institution, giving an account of one of these expeditions up the Cuyuni in Nov. 1849, which we think our readers will find interesting. The Letter is dated Nov. the 29th.

We started early on Wednesday, Nov. the 14th. At two P.M. we arrived at an Indian Settlement. Here were fifteen persons, all of whom promised to see me on the morrow at a stated place. Among their number was an old captain (chief), who was most attentive to what I said, and spoke of his ignorance of these things, having never before heard them. An old blind woman was sitting in her hammock, and on my asking her how long she had been blind, she showed me by stretching out her ten fingers and then pointing to two toes, indicating that she had been in this state of darkness twelve years. "Who made you blind?" I asked. "I don't know," was the answer; "but I suppose wicked men—the peimen" (conjurers). "Do you not think Jamusi (God) made you blind?" "I don't know." "Yes, Jamusi made you blind. But why do I suppose Jamusi took away your eyesight?" She did not understand how and why that should be the case, and I continued—"Your soul is as blind as your natural eyes. God wishes to enlighten your soul, that you may see what is good for it. He therefore took away your natural sight, that you might learn to think of your soul, and ask Him for light." She said, "Yes, perhaps it is so." I then told her that God had sent me to speak to her, and to lead her to that Light which came into the world to enlighten all who would not refuse light. She listened, and seemed to understand what I meant. After I had spoken a few words to some others, I asked them to come to our Meeting the next day on the opposite side of the river.

We had to walk a considerable way through the bush before we came to the river-side. Here I gave the men some refreshment, and went higher up the river, in search of one more family, which I soon found; and, as I purposed to stay there till the morning, I asked the men to take me up the first rapids before night, which they cheerfully did. This is a beautiful scene. The stream is divided into several branches, each of which is mightily obstructed in its course by huge masses of rock. These are split in certain places, and at others do not rise above the level of the water. As the gorges which serve as outlets to the current are inadequate to the quantity of water, it passes through with tremendous force, and causes—not

indeed, as is sometimes said, a thundering, but yet an awful, gurgling, gushing noise, to be heard more than a mile below the spot where it is actually produced. The scene is, however, not so grand as I have seen in Switzerland.

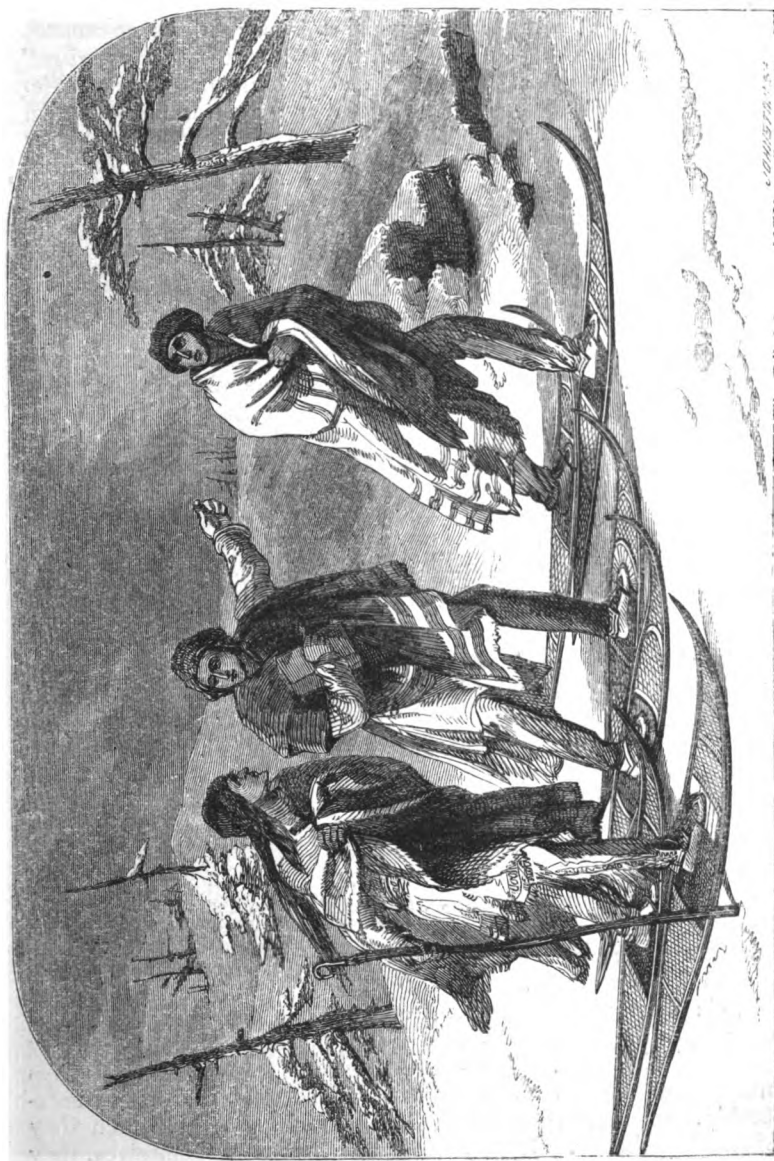
A little after six we came back to the last-mentioned family, where we had dinner, and refreshed our weary bodies. The construction of an Indian hut is very simple. Four posts are put in the earth; four bars are laid across them; and then a few poles for rafters complete the whole frame. The covering of the roof is made of a certain leaf, which they bind on with bush ropes. The furniture is as simple as the house: a few hammocks fastened to the beams, a pagole to put things into, especially when travelling, a pot for cooking, bow and arrows, perhaps a gun, an axe, and cutlass. Such a cottage we had; but I wished to have it look a little tidy, and set my ingenuity to work. Outside the cottage I observed two large earthen jars, between two and three feet high, and near them the bottom of an old basket. Having placed the two jars in the middle of the room, I put the bottom of the basket on them, and covered it with a nice clean towel, which gave the whole an air of civilization. After that I constructed a low chair before the table, and was very comfortable. The people were quite astonished at the appearance. After dinner I collected them around me, and read and expounded the hundred and fifteenth Psalm, to which they were very attentive. After prayer, I retired to my canoe, thankful to God for the mercies of the past day, and, commending myself and dear ones to the Lord, enjoyed such a sweet and refreshing sleep as I had not had for a long time before.

Early in the morning we prepared to advance, and after prayers went off. We first visited a place where Mr. Youd* had a Chapel. Not the least trace of it can now be seen: all is overgrown with hedges and trees. There were a few orange trees of his planting, one of which had an orange, which I prized very much. About eight A.M. we arrived at the place appointed for our Meeting. The weather not being favourable, it was the more interesting to see the Indians in their small canoes paddling along from every direction. At about ten o'clock there were fifty gathered together under a large hut, in which they made a convenient bench for me, while they sat before me, and at my side, on trunks of trees. I now told them the purpose of my coming, and my intention to see them often if they wished to learn the way to heaven. I especially required their children: some were quite willing to give them, but others objected. The old captain whom I saw the day before gave his two boys, but I would only take the younger: another man offered his girl: others said they would give theirs, but their foolish mothers would not part with them. At last I persuaded one woman to give up her boy.

On leaving them, they expressed a great wish that I would come again. About five P.M. I reached Bartica, and was received with real affection. The three children I brought with me are doing well.

* The Rev. T. Youd, the Society's Missionary to the Indians, who died in 1839.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE REV. HENRY BUDD ON HIS JOURNEY TO CUMBERLAND STATION.—*Yide* p. 161.

LIVES OF MISSIONARIES.—HANS EGEDE.

(Concluded from p. 147 of our last Number.)

THE foundation of all Missionary effort is our Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Some, when they hear of money, and efforts, and human life, expended in making known the Gospel to the Heathen, may feel disposed to exclaim, like Judas, "Why was this waste? How much better if all this had been laid out in relieving the temporal necessities of our own poor." But Christ's command not only sanctions but necessitates such efforts; and, with that obligation laid upon us, however some may object, we may not cease from them.

When individuals are faithfully engaged in fulfilling this duty, the Lord is usually pleased to acknowledge their work, and give them souls for their hire; and this, when granted, is a great encouragement. Still, the true Missionary principle is that which enables us to go on, even when we see no fruit. But for this blessed assurance—that, however unsuccessful his efforts might be, he was, nevertheless, fulfilling his Master's will—how could Hans Egede have been enabled to persevere, when, at the end of fifteen years, he could not rejoice even over one converted Greenlander?

And yet this arose not from want of pains on his part. No man could labour more diligently or self-denyingly. Knowing how useless he must be until he could communicate with the Greenlanders in their own tongue, he at once applied himself to the native language. He first furnished himself with a single word—"Kina," "What is this?" and then, constantly inquiring the name of every object that he met with, he wrote each word carefully down. His children, also, soon caught the sounds, and much assisted him. The good man would also go and stay in a Greenlander's hut, cheerfully enduring the noisome smells and filth, as well as other inconveniences, while visiting them, with the hope of a rich reward in an increased knowledge of their language. After a time, two or three young Greenlanders came to live with him, whom he diligently instructed in reading, and in the truths of the Gospel. The reward of a fish-hook for every letter they learned attracted them for a time; but they soon grew weary, and said they knew not the use of sitting every day, looking at a piece of paper, and crying A, B, C; whereas going to sea, to hunt seals and shoot birds, was both pleasant and profitable: so when the summer came, one by one they stole away. Thus twelve years elapsed, the Natives continuing indifferent and perverse. If the weather changed unfavourably, they ascribed it to the reading and praying, which they said irritated the air. If they were urged to pray themselves, they said, "We do pray, but it signifies nothing." At length, in 1733,

a Greenland boy, who had been sent to Europe for education, brought back with him the small-pox. Fearfully it spread, and fearful were its ravages. Ignorant of the proper mode of treating it, and tormented with pain, heat, and thirst, the poor Natives drank large quantities of ice-water, and few lived beyond the third day. Then it was that Christianity brought forth more abundantly its lovely fruits. Although weak in health, Egede, assisted by the Moravian Missionaries, who had just arrived, went about from place to place, sending his son to comfort the dying, and lodging as many as came to him. Then the hard hearts of the Greenlanders began to be moved; and one man who had often, in health, ridiculed Egede, when dying said to him, "Thou hast done for us what our countrymen would not have done: thou hast fed us when we had nothing to eat; thou hast buried our dead, who would otherwise have been devoured by dogs, foxes, and ravens; thou hast instructed us in the knowledge of God, and told us of a better life to come."

In 1735 Egede's pious and faithful wife fell asleep in Jesus, and immediately afterward, taking her remains with him, broken in health, he bade farewell to Greenland, taking, as the text for his last sermon, "I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." Yet before his death, which did not take place until 1758, Hans Egede had the joy to hear, not merely of one, but tens and hundreds of the once indifferent Greenlanders converted to the faith of the Gospel.

ORDINATION OF HENRY BUDD AT THE RED RIVER.

SUNDAY, the 23d of December last, was at Red River a deeply interesting day. It was marked by the first ordination of an Indian Catechist—of one from amongst that red race of men who for so long a period seemed fitted only to hunt the wild beast of the plain and forest. So far as the native population is concerned, Henry Budd may be considered as the first-fruits of our North-American Mission. He was a first Scholar, the first Native Schoolmaster, and the first Native Catechist. He is now the first Ordained Indian. It is remarkable that the first pupil in the Fourah-Bay Institution at Sierra Leone, after serving as Native Teacher and Catechist, became our first Ordained Negro.

How encouraging the position in which we find our Missionary work at the present moment. Men once themselves heathen, or the children of heathen parents, under the improving influence of the Gospel have been advanced, intellectually and morally, to such a degree of improvement, that they are deemed fitted to receive Holy Orders at the hands of our Bishops. Thus at Bombay a Brahmin and a Sudra have been ordained, the one from the highest caste, the other from the middle classes, of the Hindus; five at Madras

from among the Shanars of Tinnevely ; and about the same time, at the Red River, a North-American Indian ; besides two Natives in Travancore, three in Tinnevely and Madras, three in Ceylon of the Singhalese race, and three Africans, who had been previously ordained. What an encouraging group ! Surely we may "thank God, and take courage." How wonderful the Gospel ! How it transforms a man ! and why ? Because it quickens the soul which had been dead in sin, and raises it to communion with God. It is in the exercise of this that the man improves, and becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus. "The Lord hath done great things for us ; whereof we are glad." Let us not fear to go forward, making known far and wide the pure truths of His Gospel. He will not fail to do still greater things for us.

The Ordination took place in St. Andrew's Church, the largest in the colony. The building itself has connected with it many pleasing remembrances. It was commenced in 1845, and finished at a cost of 1500*l.*, the greater part of the necessary expenses having been contributed by the settlers, in money or materials or labour, to an amount far beyond what could have been expected. Some furnished wood, some labour ; one made the pulpit and reading-desk ; the young ladies of the congregation prepared the hangings for the pulpit, reading-desk, and communion-table ; the young men gave the stoves, a most valuable contribution at the Red River. Thus, without any regular architects, the church was finished, a becoming stone building, and was opened for Divine Service on December the 19th, 1849. On that day all the other churches in the colony were closed during the time of Morning Service, the Clergy being required at St. Andrew's Church to assist in the Ordination : numbers, in consequence, flocked to the new church from various parts of the colony. Along the frozen river some 200 carioles or sledges might be seen passing rapidly along, and in the mid-winter of the Red River many a heart beat warmly at the prospect of the deeply-interesting Service they were about to witness. The Congregation, when assembled within the walls, amounted to no less than 1100, 300 of whom remained to communicate. The Ordination itself was deeply interesting ; and when the Bishop, with his brother presbyters, proceeded, by imposition of hands, to set apart Mr. Budd for the ministry of the Gospel, there was exhibited a beautiful emblem of that noble Missionary work in which the Church of England is engaged—the transmitting to other races of men that Christian truth, and those Christian privileges and ordinances, which she has so long possessed herself. Mr. Budd, after his ordination, read the Gospel. It was one peculiarly suitable. When Jesus "saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd. Then saith He unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few ; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers

into His harvest." The poor Indians have long been wandering about as sheep having no shepherd. We trust that the Lord is about to raise up some from amongst themselves who will help to gather in and feed the scattered sheep.

The Rev. Henry Budd, of Rupert's Land,* remained at Red River a fortnight after his ordination, during which he preached several times to his countrymen in their Indian tongue. On Sunday evening, December the 30th, he preached in St. Andrew's Church an Indian discourse from 1 Peter iv. 7. About 500 persons were present, among them many Indians who have hitherto rejected the Gospel. They appeared wholly taken up with what they heard, and kept their eyes steadily fixed on Mr. Budd. His Indian mother was also present, her changing countenance showing how much was passing within. Strange, that in this respect also there should be a resemblance between him and Mr. Crowther!

The Christian Indians would gladly have kept Mr. Budd at the Red River. But he has been ordained for service, that, like his Master, he might seek and save that which was lost. Before his departure, his fellow-countrymen, without the Missionaries having been aware of their intention, presented to him an address expressive of their best wishes and prayers for his welfare. There were added to it the names of many amongst them who promised contributions of grain, or cloth, or money, toward his own Missionary sphere. On the next morning he set out with our Missionary, the Rev. A. Cowley, who was to be his companion as far as Mr. Cowley's Station at Manitoba. From thence, with a couple of Indians, he was to pursue his journey, in snow shoes, to Cumberland Station, as seen in our Frontispiece. Let us remember him before the Throne of Grace.

THE AMAZONS.

IN our Number for November last we mentioned that the King of Dahomey was intending to attack Abbeokuta. Letters recently received from that city inform us that he was then within a few days' march, and that the Abbeokutans were preparing to defend themselves.

The regular army of Gezo, the King of Dahomey, consists of 12,000 troops, of whom 5000 are female soldiers, called Amazons. We present a sketch of one of them.† The Amazon is dressed "in a blue and white striped cotton surtout, the stripes about one and a

* We so designate him to distinguish him from our venerable friend the Rev. Henry Budd, Rector of White Roding, Essex, after whom he was named; the Rev. John West having been Mr. Budd's curate before his departure for North America.

† By the kind permission of Messrs. Longman and Co. we copy this from Commander Forbes' recently published "Dahomy and the Dahomans."

half inch wide, of stout native manufacture, without sleeves, leaving freedom for the arms. The skirt or tunic reaches as low as the kilt of the Highlanders. A pair of short trowsers is worn underneath, reaching two inches below the knees." A girdle, with a cartouch-box attached, tightens the dress round the waist. On the head is a skull-cap of white cotton, with devices of various kinds. The device of the regiment to which this soldier belongs is that of an alligator. They are all armed with long Danish guns, a short sword, and a sort of club. Many are the sufferings which the



fierce soldiers of Gezo have inflicted on the surrounding nations. Their usual mode of proceeding is by surprise. Having arrived during the night in the neighbourhood of the town which they intend to assault, they make a rush on it about two hours before daybreak. It is probably defended by "a broad close-growing fence of very dangerous prickly bush, about fifteen feet high."

This the Amazons soon break through, although their feet are without shoes. The inhabitants, surprised in their sleep, are completely in their power. Such as resist are slain. "The others are tied round the neck with a piece of small grass-rope, each soldier having that article, as well as a piece of chalk. Each soldier uses his own private mark on the back of as many slaves as he may capture, and also secures the scalps of as many as he murders in the attack. After all is over, these slaves and scalps are presented to the King or Chief, who gives each soldier, according to the amount of his capture, a sum of cowries, as well as allows him to attach a cowry to the stock of his gun, which is reckoned an honourable distinction, and is given as medals to civilized armies."*

The Amazons summon Gezo to the War.

We march for Abbeokuta, the royal Gezo leads!
 Come, let us tell his greatness, and vaunt his noble deeds.
 When he awakes to battle, who ventures to oppose?
 He waves his kingly sceptre, and scatters all his foes.
 Dahomey's royal leopard! Thou fierce-eyed eagle, hail! †
 Swoop from thy lofty eyry, and make the nations quail!
 Thy marshalled troops await thee, impatient for the fight,
 And call thee forth to battle, for this is their delight.
 Bring forth the standards, the war-drum beat;
 Lift high each musket; the monarch greet:
 He comes in the pride of royal state,
 Honoured the ground be that bears thy weight.

Gezo's Answer.

Hail, to my valiant soldiers! the wished-for day is nigh.
 We gird us for the contest, to conquer or else die.
 Let every sword be sharpened, and hearts be void of fear:
 Onward! the path is open, the foeman's neck is near.
 The Anagoos are conquered, the Mahees are our slaves,
 The Attapahms who fought us are silent in their graves—
 We came, we saw, and conquered: each bore a scalp away,
 And carried home a record of prowess in the fray.
 Onward, Amazons! rush to the fight.
 Close on the foemen, put them to flight!
 Wrestle for victory, prove yourselves brave,
 Bring back to Gezo a scalp or a slave!

The War Song of the Amazons.

Forward, then, new scalps to win,
 Hasten to the welcome battle;
 Quickly let the strife begin,
 Sharply let the muskets rattle.
 The Fetishes assure us
 The Yorubas shall women be;
 They never can endure us;

* Duncan's "Travels in Western Africa," vol. i. pp. 260, 261.

† His people call him, The Leopard, and Kok-pah-sah-kree, a peculiarly fierce eagle.

THE AMAZONS.

They will not fight like men, but flee ;
 We'll tread them down,
 We'll win their town,
 Gezo shall rule triumphantly !

Abbeokuta's Resolution.

They come at length, a rabble rout,
 We hear afar their noisy shout :
 The robbers come in eager haste,
 Our country and its homes to waste.
 Like storm-clouds rising on the blast
 A momentary gloom they cast—
 The hurricane will soon have past.
 What though our enemies be near,
 The Yorubas disdain to fear :
 Our children and our wives are dear.
 For these we peril precious life,
 And mingle in the bloody strife,
 Father for child, husband for wife,
 Until the tyrant Gezo knows
 He has not women for his foes.

The Native Christian's Prayer.

Protector of the weak,
 Subduer of the strong,
 Thy powerful aid we seek :
 Power and might to Thee belong !
 He who has mastered other lands
 Marshals around his hostile bands !

Our warriors are bold,
 Inured to war of old,
 And, ignorant of fear,
 They hasten forth with sword and spear
 Bravely their homesteads to defend,
 And for our liberties contend.

Ours was heathen night,
 We had no gleam of light :
 To idol gods we cried,
 And served our sins and lusts beside.
 This was a gloomy state, indeed,
 Without a friend in time of need.

That night is chang'd to day ;
 We know to whom to pray ;
 We know that Jesus gave
 His precious life our souls to save.
 Our trust in Thee we now repose
 To save us from our cruel foes.

Break the oppressor's arm,
 Defend Thine own from harm
 E'en now the battle rages,
 As host with angry host engages.
 O Lord ! Thy promised aid we claim :
 So shall we live to praise Thy name.



A CONVERTED BRAHMIN'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

A BRAHMIN named Narain Rao has been recently baptized by our Missionary at Junir, in Western India, the Rev. C. C. Mengé. The following account of himself will be read with interest. It represents the state of many a poor heathen, labouring and heavy laden under an uneasiness and distress of mind which he knows not how to account for, and tries in vain to still. It is the restlessness of man while a wanderer from God, for whom he was created, and in whom alone he can find rest. How delightful is it when "the day-spring from on high" visits such poor and needy sinners, to guide their feet into the way of peace! Narain Rao was born in the year 1812 at Hindele, in the district of Rutnageeree. He writes—

My father was a respectable Brahmin, with whom I resided till some time after my marriage. During that period I studied the Brahminical law, and qualified myself for secular employment. When I was about twenty-five years old, I resolved to go on a pilgrimage to Benares, accompanied by my family. On my way I passed through Nassuck, where my wife and child were carried off by cholera. This bereavement affected my mind so much that I gave up my intention to go to Benares, and returned to Bombay. However, I could not forget the heavy loss I had sustained; and, being at last quite overcome with grief, I became melancholy. In this state of mind I determined to spend my small earnings in visiting some of the most holy places of pilgrimage in Hindustan, in order to obtain perfect righteousness and peace. Among others I visited the celebrated places Rameshwar, Kari, Prayag, Juggernaut, and Kartik Swamy. On the way to these places I suffered severe hardships and privations. Notwithstanding all this, I could not obtain that purity of heart and peace of mind which I was in search of. Everywhere I could observe nothing but deceit, fraud, and hypocrisy, and nothing to convince me of the truth and reality of the Hindu religion. On my return from Rameshwar I made the acquaintance of Suchitanunda, a famous religious teacher and devotee in the city of Goomtoor. He convinced me of the vanity and unprofitableness of idol-worship and every thing connected with it, and at the same time directed me to worship the only invisible God. Although I was now fully persuaded of the truth that there exists but one invisible and supreme Being, still I had found no peace in my heart. About this time I began to reflect on what I had heard from the Missionaries at Mangalore and Bombay concerning the Christian religion. I remembered that in the Christian religion was enjoined both the worship of the invisible God and the necessity of leading a holy life; but, above all, I discovered in it that one great truth, that God became man in Christ Jesus to save sinners: further, that He made an atonement for the sins of mankind and became their surety, and that, by believing in His name, and trusting in His merits, we receive forgiveness of our sins and eternal redemption at the hands of God. These truths occurring to my mind from time to time, brought me to the resolution to embrace Christianity; but as yet I did not reveal my intention to any body. Besides, I felt very sorry for having lost so much time and strength and money by going on pilgrimage, and determined in my mind henceforth not to

seek the favour of God by engaging in a vain and fruitless pursuit, but to employ the ability and talents which God had given me in some lawful occupation, in order to receive further instruction in the Christian religion, and apply for baptism. With this object in view I arrived at Ahmednuggur; and there, in conversation on the Christian religion with several of the converts, my few remaining doubts were removed, and my desire of becoming a Christian was confirmed. Being informed that the Catechist Ram Krishna, whom I had met at Nassuck ten years ago, was at present residing in Junir, I took an introduction to him from one of his friends and went thither. I immediately opened my mind to him, and applied for baptism. On Friday, the 8th of November 1850, I came to live on the Mission premises, and made over to Mr. Mengé my sacred string, rosary, and ladle, with the following words—I have given up the performance of Brahminical rites, and cast myself at the feet of Jesus." Having received fuller instruction about the nature and importance of baptism, I was admitted into the Church of Christ by Mr. Mengé, on Sunday, the 24th of November 1850, and my prayer to God is that I may remain unto the end a living member of His Church.

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#### DISCUSSION WITH A POPIISH PRIEST IN NEW ZEALAND.

POPERY is very busy just at present, compassing sea and land to make proselytes. It is thus that she walks to and fro throughout the wide circle of Protestant Missions. There are, alas! dreary wastes of heathenism where there are no Missions, and, if her simple object were to do good, she might go there and teach. But the little gardens which the Protestant Missionaries have fenced in from the wilderness seem in a special manner to attract her attention. There her priests are sure to come. Perhaps she thinks it well that we should go and do the rough work, dig up the roots, remove the stones, bring the ground into order, form the little channels which will make it a well-watered garden, and then, when all looks well, Rome comes and tells us, I have permitted you to do so much, but now you must leave. This is my property; the nations are my inheritance; especially the converts you have baptized belong to me, for all baptized persons are mine. If the Protestant Missionaries think this unreasonable, and demur, she then slanders them, and tells the Natives that such are false teachers, who are leading them astray, and that, if they desire to be saved, they must come to her. Thus she does all possible to hinder the work; and it is very clear that the Church of Rome would rather see the nations heathen, than brought under the care of Protestant Missionaries.

Rome for many years has been thus busy in New Zealand. A Romish Bishop reached those distant isles just as the Natives generally were beginning to improve and open to Christian instruction. The Missionaries at that time had about 35,000 under their teaching. The Romish Bishop, in his letters written at that time, set them all down to his own account. "At present," he says, "almost all the Natives of the north island belong to the Catholic Church," meaning

the Church of Rome, which usurps the name of the Universal Church of Christ. He found it, however, much easier to *write* the New Zealanders Romanists than to make them so. Some had learned to read in the Missionary Schools; and the few had taught the many. Perhaps there is no instance on record of a people acquiring the art of reading so rapidly; and just as they had mastered the difficulty, the British and Foreign Bible Society supplied them with the New Testament in their own tongue. This they read very diligently, searching the Scriptures daily; and when the priests came to tamper with them, they found the converts more than a match for them. Thus, when sly doubts were suggested to the Native Christians with reference to their Protestant teachers, and the instructions received from them, they at once proceeded to test such insinuations, as well as the pretensions of the priests, by Scripture, as we are commanded to do. (1 John iv. 1); and they were thus enabled to understand how groundless they were, and became the more confirmed in what they had been taught. "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." Thus, through the mercy of God, the New-Zealand Churches have been upheld against this great danger, which came upon them when they were in a weak and infant state. Popery is now assailing England, and we need to "know the Scriptures." If she find men ignorant of these, or inexpert in the use of them, or can prevail on us to put them aside in the contest with her, and make use of other weapons, then she flatters herself with the hope of victory; but Popery dreads the Word of God, and when even a weak hand uses this keen weapon she soon takes to flight.

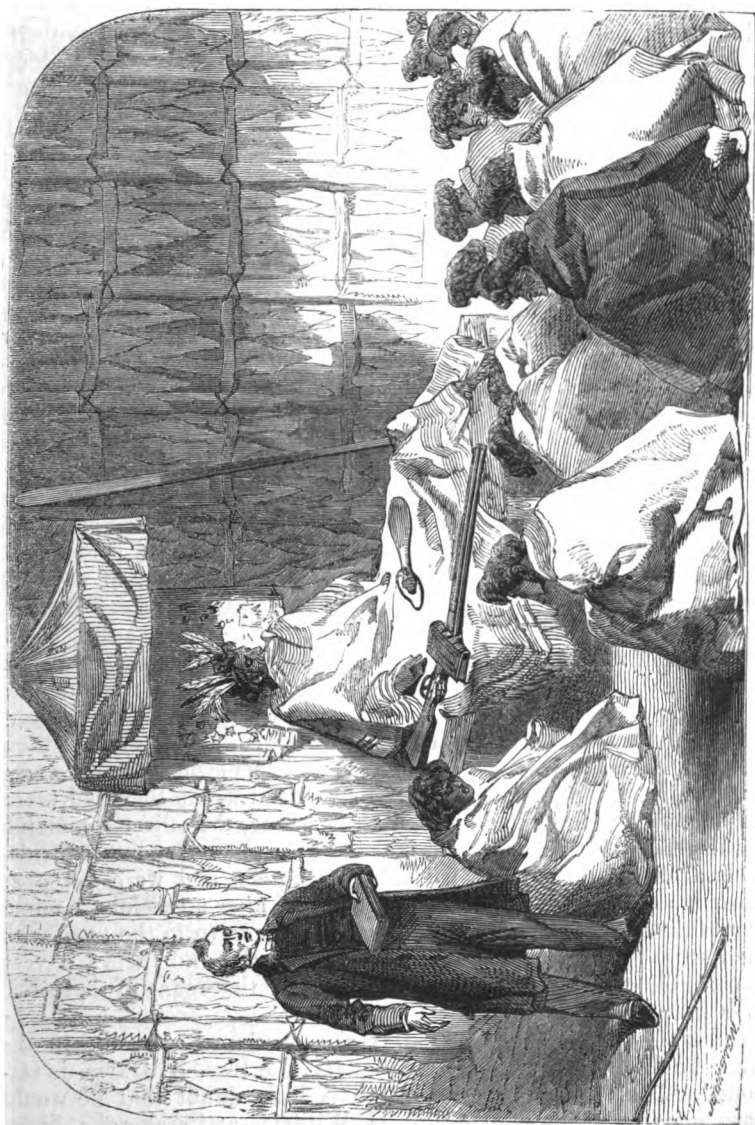
Occasionally, however, her priests come forward in New Zealand to discussion with our Missionaries; and an instance of this occurs in the Journals of Archdeacon W. Williams, which we now relate.

Archd. W. Williams, while travelling through his extensive district in November last, received a letter from his home at Turanga, the central Station of the district, informing him that the Popish priest was there waiting his return, for the purpose of proving, as he affirmed that he was able to do, that he was right and the Protestant Missionaries wrong. The Archdeacon immediately wrote back, requesting his people, if possible, to induce the priest to remain until his return. He was the more anxious, as he remembered that nine years previously a similar meeting was attended by the happiest results. On reaching home the Archdeacon communicated with the priest, and the morning after his arrival, the 22d of November, was appointed for the purpose. Messengers were despatched inland to collect the Natives, who were looking forward to the event with much interest. The results have been thus communicated to us by the Archdeacon—

The place fixed upon for the Meeting is a well-shaded spot, not far from my house. By eight o'clock the people began to assemble, and the priest, with his little party, was among the earliest. A little before

nine our business commenced by the arrangement of a few preliminaries, among which was the regulation of half-hour speeches. The priest had been amusing the Natives for some days by telling them that the only way of testing the true faith was for himself and me to walk into a large fire, when God would interfere in behalf of His true servant, and show which was the right way. A shrewd Native tried him one day with a fire-stick, urging him to put his hand upon it, and saying that, if he were not burnt, he should then believe him to be an extraordinary person. This the priest declined, saying that it was necessary I should be exposed to the fire at the same time. I opened the proceedings by telling the priest I had heard of this proposal. He said it was the only way to arrive at a true conclusion, and that he was ready to expose his body to the flames if I would do the same, and quoted, as authority, "the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." I told him we should all be most happy to see him try the experiment if he had a wish to do so, but that I, not knowing any authority from Scripture for such a proceeding, was not disposed to tempt God. He still pressed that we should both be exposed to the ordeal, and the Natives became very impatient, and would not listen to him without frequent interruptions. I gave him, in reply, somewhat more solid, attacking the infallibility of the Church of Rome, and urging the absence of authority for asserting Peter's superiority to the rest of the Apostles. When he spoke again he still kept to his subject, and added, that they have miracles in the Church of Rome, which are a proof from God that it is the true church. He was challenged to mention any miracles which he had performed since his residence in this country, and an opportunity was given him for the exercise of his power by a lame man hobbling before him and begging him to restore his deformed limb. His failure to do any thing excited a strong feeling against him. I then spoke on the worship of the Virgin Mary and the saints, referring to texts in the Douay Bible, and directing the attention of the Natives to their New-Zealand Testament. The priest then brought forward the subject of tradition, and, while he freely allowed the authority of a large array of Bibles and Testaments, in six languages, including that of New Zealand, *he affirmed that there was no salvation to be found in the Bible alone—that we had one eye only, and they had two.* The priest continued to declaim in the same style every successive half hour; but he seemed to regard with satisfaction the frequent interruption of the Natives, which relieved him from the awkwardness of talking when he had nothing to say. He occasionally urged an appeal to the sign, and at length some of the Natives ran off for a quantity of wood, to give him the opportunity of having his fire if so disposed. After the lapse of nearly ten hours the patience of the Natives was exhausted, and the assembly was broken up in much confusion, the Natives being abundantly satisfied that the priest had no ground to stand upon.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



LYING IN STATE OF THE NEW-ZEALAND CHIEF HOANI HEKE.—*Vide* p. 172.

## HEKE.

HOANI HEKE was a Chief of the Bay-of-Islands' District, in New Zealand, and had married a grand-daughter of the famous Hongi, who, on his return from England in 1821, had for several years wasted with cruel war large districts of the island. Such were fearful times—fearful to read of: how much more awful to have witnessed! They were significantly described by a middle-aged Chief, who was the travelling companion of our Missionary, Archdeacon Brown, in a recent journey from Taupo to Tauranga. Pointing to a distant range of hills, whose tops were covered with snow, he said, "Formerly that was the residence of my tribe; but so many of them were killed and eaten by our enemies, that we abandoned the place to live at Taupo. In those days," he added, "men were our *pigs*, that is, food. If the Gospel had not been sent to us when it was, the Missionaries by this time would have had no one to preach to: we should have devoured each other till we had been extinct."

Heke seems to have caught the restless spirit of old Hongi; nor had he the excuse of ignorance, for he had received Christian instruction, and, on his profession of repentance and faith, had been baptized. When the authority of Great Britain was extended over New Zealand, instead of being thankful for an event which preserved his country from being seized upon by some other European power, in whose hands it would have fared far worse, he indulged feelings of discontent, which at length broke out in open violence. He cut down a signal-staff which had been erected near the town of Russell, in the Bay of Islands; and, on its being replaced by order of the Governor, united his tribe with that of a heathen Chief named Kawiti, and, at the head of 1000 Natives, proceeded to attack the town, from which, after some fighting, the soldiers retired, leaving it in the hands of the insurgents. Yet amidst this outbreak of war the improved character of the New Zealanders was very clearly manifested. They gave up the dead bodies of the English which were in their possession, and hoisted a flag of truce for the purpose of delivering up, uninjured, a White woman and her child whom they had taken prisoners. On the second day of skirmishing, the officer commanding the troops and sailors, and his aide-de-camp, advancing considerably ahead of their party, fell into an ambush, and were taken as prisoners to the camp of the Maories, who, after a careful examination of them and their arms, allowed them to return to the town with their swords and pistols, after they had danced round them; a very remarkable circumstance, when we remember that many of these Natives were heathen.

After the war had terminated, Heke continued to reside in the Kaikohe District, where our Missionary, the Rev. R. Davis, is stationed. Had he been spared, there is little doubt that he would have gone to reside with Archd. H. Williams at Parakaraka, in accordance with his expressed intention; but he fell into ill health;

and it soon appeared that consumption, that disease to which so many of his countrymen every year fall victims, had seized upon him. At first, when visited, he was surly in his manners, and seemed disinclined to listen. As, however, his sickness increased in severity, he softened down much. "When Thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity." No doubt Heke felt it so; and, as his once healthy frame wasted away under the power of a sickness, the seeds of which were not improbably sown in his constitution amidst the excitement and hardships of the war, he began to feel the importance of those truths which in his health he had neglected.

His last days, and the funeral ceremonies with which his tribe honoured the memory of their departed Chief, are very touchingly described in the following extracts from Mr. Davis's Journal—

*July 27, 1850*—Heke is much worse. He told me that he felt a change had taken place in his system. He appeared low-spirited and thoughtful. His mind was directed to Christ, but he said nothing.

*July 29*—Yesterday Heke was very ill. He appeared affectionate. He was visited by several members of the Church, when addresses were given, and much prayer offered up; but I fear his heart is not deeply affected, and this distresses me. This morning he appeared better, and told me that he had been thinking about receiving the Sacrament. I requested him to think seriously on that subject, and as soon as his mind was made up to let me know, when I would communicate with the Arch-deacon. He replied, "Ah! it may be that there may not be time."

*Aug. 1*—I visited Heke, who has been removed about five miles toward his own place. I found him very ill. His people are now gathering around him, as it is evident to all that he is sinking into the arms of death. Several having assembled in the house in which the Chief was lying, and others outside, they were addressed from Matt. xxii. 1—11, and pressed and invited to come to Christ.

*Aug. 5*—I visited Heke yesterday. He is near death. He grasped my hand, and held it for a long time. His eyes beamed with affection; and they were fixed upon me during almost the whole of the address. When I left him, he appeared to wander. I told him his mind must be solely fixed upon Christ. He replied, "It is on Him my mind is fixed." He then gave me a farewell token with his nose,\* but said no more. His people were all very respectful.

*Aug. 6*—A messenger came to inform me that Heke had expressed a wish to be removed to his own place, and that they had removed him accordingly, and thought he would not last more than about four days.

*Aug. 7*—This morning, while engaged in the School, a messenger came to inform me that Heke had died this morning. Poor man! he has now gone to his final account. He was always, I believe, in his heart a friend to the Missionaries; but, alas! he was not always a friend to their cause. But here the curtain must drop. He had numerous faults. His determination to go to war with the Government was to us a deep, severe, sore trial. Every argument was used, and every means resorted to, to divert

\* The old New-Zealand custom of saluting.

him from his purpose; but he was inflexible. From the manner in which he conducted the war, however, it was evident that his mind was neither under the influence of hatred nor revenge.

*Aug. 8*—I went to Heke's place, to put in a claim for the body for Christian burial. I knew it was his wish not to be tapued after death, but to have Christian burial; but he doubted whether we should be able to attain the object, against a strong party which would raise objections thereto. On my arrival, I found the body tapued, dressed, and laid in state, and all done with considerable taste. They had removed the front of the house, so as to throw it open, and from the part removed a covered entrance to the body was formed, into which the people should enter to take a last farewell of their Chief. The body was placed in one corner of the house, in a sitting position. The head was dressed with feathers. At the back was a large red silk handkerchief fastened to the wall. Over head was a white cloth, which formed a canopy. The body was covered up to the upper lip with a scarlet cloth, fringed round the border. Before him was laid his green stone mere.\* At his right hand were his Prayer-book and his double-barrelled gun; while at his left hand stood a native war-weapon called a paraua, made of whalebone.† On the outside stood a flag-staff, with his flag, a piece of red print, hoisted half-mast high. There was a large assemblage of Natives. A party arrived when I was there, and immediately walked quietly up to the appointed place to view the dead Chief and cry over him. In their crying—or rather howling—they chanted forth his patriotism, his noble deeds, and daring exploits; and lamented, as far as I could understand, that they had not joined him therein. After visiting and consulting with the principal people, I found it would be in vain to say any more on the subject of burying the body; but I requested the people to assemble in the presence of their dead Chief, and I took my stand in front. I told them that Heke did not die in the belief of their superstitions, but in the belief of the Gospel; that it was his wish not to be tapued after death, but to receive Christian burial; that the last words he spoke to me were to let me know that his mind was fixed on Christ; that, as they had expressed their opinion that there would be danger of a serious quarrel should we attempt to give him Christian burial, I of course should be guided by their opinion; but, nevertheless, as the Chief had died a professed member of the Church, I should read the Service over him, and leave them to do as they pleased with the body, knowing that, whatever that might be, it could not affect him in his eternal state, as it was not Heke, but his body only, which was now present before us. The Service was then read, and the people addressed from John xi. 25, 26. They were attentive and respectful. Heke's widow looks miserable and wretched. She was a daughter of the late Chief Hongi Ika, and was brought up in Mr. Kemp's family; but, alas! I fear she is a stranger to the consolations of the Gospel.

*Aug. 12*—I visited the people assembled at Heke's place. We found the Christian party holding Service in front of the house which contained the body of the departed Chief. Poor man! I have now paid him my last visit. His body was put away last night, and we shall not meet again

\* The general native weapon before the introduction of fire-arms.

† The rib of the sperm whale, not the substance usually called whalebone. Both a mere and paraua may be seen at the Church Missionary House.



until this mortal shall have put on immortality. I hope he has found mercy; but it is but a hope—a ray of hope grounded on his apparent sincere wish to be visited regularly, in order that prayer and reading the Scriptures should be a daily exercise. I very seldom visited him less than three times a week, when prayer was made, the Scriptures read, and a short exhortation given. He also wished to keep a Christian Native always with him, night and day, as he was fearful lest the native priests should again endeavour to entangle his mind. Many attempts were made by them to accomplish this object, but in all they apparently failed. The last attempt of the kind was made when they thought him dying, a day or two before he died; but he interrupted the man, and said, “Cease to destroy me.”

So died Heke! Had he given himself to Christ during his time of health, instead of to the impulse of his own evil and headstrong passions, his last hours would have been gilded by a hope as bright, and a peace as settled, as those which beam forth so beautifully in the following touching extract from a Journal of Archdeacon Brown—

*April 2, 1850*—Samuel, who has been lying ill at the Station for a long time past, had a severe hæmorrhage from the lungs this morning, and it is probable he will not long survive. When a little recovered from exhaustion, I said to him, “How do you feel, Samuel, in prospect of that death which appears coming so near to you?” “My heart is not dark,” he replied, “but light.”—“What gives you joy?” “That Christ has died for *my* sins,” laying a particular emphasis on the pronoun. “When the Natives are in health,” he said afterward, “their whole thoughts are occupied about the riches of this world: they want horses, and ships, and mills. When a man is dying, as I am now, he feels that horses, and ships, and mills, are of no value to him; that nothing can satisfy him but a crown of glory.”

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THE TURK AND ARMENIAN.

ARMENIA was once a powerful kingdom of Asia, occupying the region which, bounded on the north by Mount Caucasus, lies between the Black and Caspian Seas, with Mount Ararat in its centre. As a distinct kingdom it has long since been broken up, and divided between Russia, Persia, and Turkey. The Armenians are a nation “scattered and peeled.” They are to be found, not only in the countries immediately adjoining what was once the dwelling-place of their forefathers, but in India to the east, and westward as far as Italy, Hungary, and Austria.

Christianity was introduced amongst them in the beginning of the fourth century, at a time when the “silver had become dross, and the wine mixed with water.” Ceremonies, and relics, and pretended miracles, appear to have occupied their attention much more than the pure and undefiled religion which the Apostle sums up when he says, “In Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision; but faith which worketh by love.” Yet such as it was amongst them, they were satisfied to endure for its sake many and grievous persecutions, at one period from the heathen Persians, then

from Greek Christians, and lastly from the Mahomedans; until at length, toward the latter end of the sixteenth century, they were broken up as a nation by the Persian conqueror, Shah Abbas, who, that he might defend himself the more easily against the Turks, laid waste a great part of Armenia, and carried away to Persia great numbers of the people.

In Constantinople, as well as in other parts of Turkey, there are many Armenians. They may be seen moving along the streets in a half-stride, half-shuffle, of a pace, gliding as if afraid to put their feet to the earth. Their dress consists of red cotton trowsers, a tunic of dark striped cotton or silk, over which is worn, in cold weather, a spencer lined with fur, an immense red shawl wound round the middle, and a large black or dark-coloured cloth cloak. The feet are covered with a pair of pointed red slippers, and on the head is placed a hat of very peculiar shape, like a pear with the small end put on the head. ~~Our Engraving will explain it better than~~



~~any description.~~ The Armenians are generally a wealthy class. Many of them are serafs or bankers, who buy old coin, and, melting it down, sell it to the Government for bullion. They are also lenders of money. It is very difficult to say what the Armenian is not in the way of trade and labour in Turkey. Corn-merchants, physicians, bakers, builders, braziers, masons, joiners, smiths, are to be found among them. In Turkey, therefore, they are a very useful class, particularly as the Turk is lazy, and indisposed to exert himself. His religion makes him so. Rising with the sun, he goes through his form of prayer, drinks his coffee, and stagnates through the day. He is the conqueror, the master, and is contented that the other classes of the population should labour, while he remains inert. Hence the whole empire is fast decaying.

Here then you have, side by side, the Turk and the Armenian; the conqueror and the conquered: the one haughty, the other cringing, in his manner: the one presuming on his position, and becoming poor; the other feeling the necessity of effort, and crafty in forwarding his own interest: the one a professing Christian, the other an Infidel: the Turk hating idols, the Armenian a picture-worshipper. He does not, indeed, carve an image, but paints an image, before which tapers are burned, votive offerings suspended, and prayers offered. Thus, instead of recommending Christianity to the Infidels by whom he is surrounded, he has made it to be abhorred in their eyes. But a blessed work of reformation has commenced among the Armenians, ~~of which we intend to say something in a future Number,~~ and in this there is hope for the Turk.

EAST-AFRICAN INQUIRERS.

OUR Missionaries in East Africa have been encouraged in their labours by the conversion of some sinners to God, over whom they have been enabled to rejoice as the first-fruits of the Mission. They are few in number—three—but it is not by numbers that the value of the work is to be tested. Although so few as three, yet they are the first converts, and therefore are necessarily invested with a peculiar interest. A poor cripple named Mringe was the first whose heart opened to the Truth. He seemed much interested in what the Missionaries said, remembered the Bible histories he was taught, and soon began to pray to Christ in a very simple manner. He told Dr. Krapf one day of a dream which he had the night before, that he ought to throw away his beads and other superstitious ornaments which he wore. Dr. Krapf told him that the plain Word of God, without any dream, ought to be quite sufficient reason for putting aside things which were sinful, and could not quiet his soul. Dr. Krapf continues—

Upon this, he cut off the string of blue beads which he wore around his neck. I kept silence, but rejoiced in heart at this small beginning of a change for the better in this country. We sat under the shadow of a

tree when this happened. How unsightly are often the beginnings of the kingdom of God in a country! like a little tree rising out of its hidden roots. There is an Mnika cripple with mutilated legs—no wise, no mighty, nor noble man of this world—and he performs an act worthy of the look of angels; for by this act the poor man declared to serve the living God, and no more the superstitious idols of his countrymen.

This first instance was soon followed by a second. The Rev. J. Rebmann, in a Letter dated Sept. 21, 1850, says—

By means of the poor cripple Mringe, another more respectable Mnika was induced to listen to the Gospel, and to open his heart for its reception. As they live very near to each other—about three miles from hence—my visits to the Wanika on their plantations have latterly been almost wholly limited to them. They may now be considered as Candidates for Baptism, though we do not think that we shall baptize them very soon, as they, being the foundation of an East-African Church, need a longer trial than those who will come after them. The latter, whose name is Abbe Gunja, though we have not been acquainted with him so long as with Mringe, has given us more decided proofs of his sincerity, he being a healthy, independent man, while Mringe is a helpless cripple, of whom, up to this day, we are not fully convinced which of the two is prevalent in his mind—whether desire after the Gospel or the wish for bodily help, which, from his poor circumstances, we cannot wholly deny him; the more so as his mother is often scolding him on account of his parting with the few heathenish practices he was able to perform, and receiving the new and strange doctrines of the Musungu (European). Abbe Gunja is for the same reasons also found fault with, but he wants no help of any body, nor has he up to this day begged the smallest thing of us. On Sundays, if he knows that I shall not come to him, he will come to us to hear the Word of God. The observance of the Lord's-day will never be grievous to these people, as their own customs of old require them to rest, at least from agricultural business, on every fourth day. But Abbe Gunja has left his communion with heathenism in other matters, which require more resolution and firmness, as, for instance, their terrible customs practised over the dead, which for a considerable time forbid them to do their usual business, and often render them destitute of provisions. As a proof of having his conscience awakened, I would mention that the violent mode of having debts paid by climbing up the debtor's cocoa-nut trees and taking down the palm wine, appeared to him as unbecoming in a man who had laid hold on "the Book;" wherefore he asked me one day what he was to do with a debtor of his who would not pay him. I told him that, as a Christian, he ought to seek to have his lent property restored in a just and gentle way, and if he did not succeed it was better to lose it than to commit violence in having it paid, to which he perfectly agreed.

Another man promising for conversion is a Cadi of the neighbouring Mahomedan village, Jomfu, who formerly was in the employment of Dr. Krapf as interpreter, and whom, at the time of my being confined to our cottage, I instructed in reading the books which have been printed in the Kinika language, and set forth Christ to him as also his Saviour and Lord. He evidently was deeply impressed with all I told him, and

much wished to be able to live near us. On his return to his village he took several copies of both translations with him, for the purpose of instructing other people in his village, especially children. He has since written to me several times in his own language—Kisúhéli—but with the English printed characters; and about twenty days ago he was deprived of his Cadiship in consequence of his open confession that he would henceforth follow Christ. His chief argument against Mahomedanism is, that its professors, in order to obtain the favour of God, are enjoined to make pilgrimages to Mecca, which the Suáhélis, on account of their general poverty, cannot afford. And this is, indeed, the principal reason why the term “bigotry,” so well deserved by the generality of the followers of the false prophet, can scarcely be applied to the Mahomedans on the East-African coast. If there be a real work of the Holy Spirit in the heart of this man, he may well be expected to prove an able instrument, in the hand of the Lord, of bringing a blessing upon many of his countrymen, Mahomedans as well as heathen.

We trust that Dr. Krapf, with the Rev. C. Pfefferle, and the German mechanics, has by this time reached Mombas. May there be, with the increase of labourers, a great increase of blessing from God, and our Missionaries be privileged to count their converts not by units but by tens!

THE BURDWAN MISSION STATION.

BURDWAN is about seventy-three miles north-north-west of Calcutta. Missionary operations were commenced there many years ago by an officer, Lieutenant Stewart. He opened some Schools for the native children; and the Church Missionary Society having, on his representations, taken them under their charge, they increased to twelve in number, Lieutenant Stewart continuing to superintend them.

In the year 1819 two Missionaries of the Society, the Rev. Messrs. Jetter and Deerr, reached Burdwan, and in that year a piece of ground was purchased, which is the site of the present Missionary Station. The ground it occupies consists of about twenty-one acres, and is situated about two miles from Burdwan on the high road to Benares. You first meet an entrance leading to the residence of one of our Missionaries; then, as you pass along, you come to the Orphan Boys'-school, then to the church, and then to another entrance leading to an avenue of fine trees, which conducts you to the house of another Missionary. This occupies the second side of the compound. Passing along the third side, you come first to the Infant-school, then the Orphan Girls'-school and play-ground, then the native village, built along two sides of a noble tank, which supplies all who reside on the premises with water. Each cottage has its garden before it, and all is marked by a neatness and cleanliness which form a marked contrast to the uncomfortableness and filth of the generality of the native dwellings. The middle space of the compound is a green lawn, in the midst of which stands a magnificent peepul tree. Under the shadow of this great tree the children of the Schools, not only of those on the Mission compound, but of

many others in the surrounding districts, have often assembled, and been examined class by class.

From the Burdwan Schools the Good Shepherd has gathered many lambs into His heavenly fold. During the year ending September 1850 several promising children were removed by death. Of one of these, ten years of age, the following interesting account is given by Mrs. Weitbrecht, the wife of our Missionary, the Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht—

He had been ill a long time, and was not led to feel his sinful condition till within a few weeks of his death. His pious father had called him Samuel, because he had asked him of the Lord, and he was a child of many prayers. When his sickness assumed a serious aspect, this parent's great concern was for the safety of his soul, though he also employed every means in his power for the restoration of his bodily health. At one time it seemed as if it had pleased God to bless some of these means, and his father's first impulse was to present a thank-offering to the Lord, which he did by asking four rupees to be given from him to the Bible Society. Soon after, however, the child again relapsed, and his good father's anxiety redoubled, while his prayers increased in fervency, for his son's true conversion. The good and faithful Lord beheld his tears, and listened to his petition, and once more repeated the cheering words which He had uttered to a beseeching father in the days of His sojourn here—"Thy son liveth." But it was not as to the present life He gave him this gracious assurance—it was of the infinitely more important and eternal life upon which he so earnestly desired his child to enter. Little Samuel was exercised for many days with great distress of mind, because, as he repeatedly said, "I have been such a wicked, sinful child, that I shall never be forgiven;" but by degrees his fear was removed, and it was given him to "look on Him whom he had pierced," with the eye of faith, and, while he mourned for sin, to rejoice in the assurance that this same precious Saviour had forgiven all his guilt, and received him as His own. The last few days of his short pilgrimage were very cheering, so that even his weeping mother smiled through her tears, and said, "I feel I ought to be much more glad than sorry, and I hope I am; but it goes very near my heart to part with my first-born son." Samuel continually comforted her, and told her there was no doubt whatever of their certain and eternal re-union in heaven, when she would never be called to part from him again. His father had gone out preaching; and during his absence the dear child felt himself sinking fast, and expressed an earnest wish to see his beloved parent once more. A messenger was despatched for him, and he came. On leaving his pastor, he said, "Sir, remember me, and pray for me that I may be enabled to glorify God in the sacrifice He now calls on me to make, as Abraham did." On his arrival, the whole family quickly gathered around the dying bed, and parents and children united in that solemn hour in thanking and praising God for His great mercy to him who was now about to be delivered from the pains and sorrows of this sinful world, and then he bade them all farewell: his father commended his spirit to the tender Redeemer's keeping, and it departed to rest in His bosom, where it is safe, and happy for ever.

These tender flowers have been transplanted from this rude earth, where they were liable to be injured, to the courts of heaven, where they are safe.

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#### A MISSIONARY VISIT TO SZE CHE.

NINGPO is a large city of China, one of the five free ports, situated about twelve miles from the sea shore, on a river called the Tahea, in the centre of a fertile plain bounded by ranges of hills rising to the height of 2000 or 3000 feet. We rejoice to say that there are to be found at this point thirteen Protestant Missionaries, English and American, of whom three, the Rev. Messrs. Cobbold, Russell, and Gough, belong to our Society. There is a wide field for usefulness, not only in the population of the city, which amounts to 400,000, but in the fact that foreigners may visit or even reside in any part of the *heen* or district of Ningpo, extending to the south-west more than fifty miles, and including not only many villages, but even large towns. A visit to one of these, as related in the following extract from Mr. Cobbold's Journal, will help us to form just ideas of Missionary work in China—

*Dec. 30, 1850*—After an early breakfast, Mr. Gough and I started with a bundle of books for Sze Che. We found our boat outside the west gate, and were well off by nine o'clock. Shortly after eleven we arrived at the junction of the canal with the river, and there left our boat with the servant, ordering him to have our dinner ready by sunset, and set off on foot for the town, distant about five miles.

On nearing the city it was soon known that we had books to distribute, and the eagerness of the applicants, especially of the boys, was great. We followed a path that turned off to the right, to the chief Taoist temple; and after being sickened with the sight of its hosts of idols, the work of men's hands, within, we turned our eyes to the lovely scene, the work of God's hands, stretching away for many a mile without. After drinking a cup of tea, and explaining to an old man who seemed to have some superintendence over the temple one of our sheet Tracts, we entered the city by the east gate, and, walking slowly through the street towards the west, we left a book at most of the respectable shops, and also gave away a considerable number of sheet Tracts. We went into the Examination Hall, and found in a side apartment a gentlemanly-looking Schoolmaster, and four or five very nice-looking boys. We gave him a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel, and one of my books. Entering the Confucian temple, we were followed by a crowd, and I took advantage of the opportunity to address them for a few minutes. We afterward inquired the way to the Ching wang meau, and on entering saw, in large characters, the two words 敬神 "Honour the gods." As there were many following us, I stood still and addressed them solemnly on the subject of their idolatry, pointing them to Him who was God over all, and showing, by illustrations, the way of salvation. All the crowd present listened with great attention, and I felt—what, alas! I cannot always feel—that knowledge had been con-

veyed, and some impression made upon the people. I therefore went quietly away, distributing no Tracts, which is always a noisy business.

It was now about time to be getting back again, so we just went to the north gate to look at the two small lakes, the Buddhist monastery and the temple, and the Hall of Precious Virtue, which commands a good view of them all, and then, walking on the walls to the east gate, we followed the path till we came to our boat, which we just reached, as we supposed, at sunset, and found dinner ready for us, and ourselves ready for dinner. We set off at once, and got home by half-past eight.

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MUNIFICENT CONTRIBUTION FROM AN AFFLICTED CHRISTIAN.

THE following deeply touching Letter, enclosing bank notes for 600*l.*, reached the Church Missionary House a few weeks ago—

London, April 16, 1851.

SIR—I beg to forward by this post the sum of 600*l.*, to be devoted to the purposes of the Church Missionary Society.

The donor is suffering deep affliction, and would beg the prayers of your Committee that God's strength may be made perfect in his weakness.

Accept the above amount as from God, and do not seek to find the instrument that passes it to you.

Please acknowledge the above in the second column of the "Times" Newspaper, as from U. C.

Such a Letter illustrates the difference between sanctified affliction and the tribulation which is not cheered by the presence of God as a reconciled Father in Christ. The selfishness of worldly sorrow is great, and the heart contracts under its power; but where God is present in affliction, the heat of the furnace is tempered, and the heart, instead of being hardened, becomes more tender. The subdued believer, while sorrowing himself, sympathizes with his fellow-men who are suffering under the various forms of affliction with which the world is filled; nor does he fail in a special manner to remember the vast multitudes who know not Him who is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and who have no opportunity of knowing Him. If the waters of affliction, even amidst the truths and comforts of the Gospel, be deep, what a "mire of depth"* must there not be, where there is no voice of mercy speaking peace by Jesus Christ!

But we have another object in inserting this letter—to secure for the writer a more extended sympathy. We would earnestly entreat every believing person who reads it, in whatever rank of life he may be, whether amongst poor or rich, to remember the donor in fervent prayer before the throne of grace, that he may be enabled to say, as Paul once did, "For I know that this shall turn to my salvation through your prayer, and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ." Phil. i. 19.

* Ps. lxi. 2. Marginal reading.

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE NINGPO TEA-SHOP AND THE MISSIONARY.—*Vide* p. 183.

MISSIONARY LABOURS AT NINGPO.

IN our last Number it was stated that we have three Missionaries at Ningpo, engaged in the work of Christian instruction amongst the Chinese. Our readers would perhaps wish to know how their labours are carried on amongst this peculiar people. Be it remembered that it is "the day of small things," and yet not, therefore, to be despised by us; for the day of small things is continually found to be the source and origin of great results. The largest rivers, if traced up to their source, will be found to spring forth from very small beginnings—some little stream, struggling forth amidst rocks and mountain forests into the plains beneath. Such is the work of Christian instruction. It begins with a little; it has, perhaps for a length of time, many difficulties to contend with; sometimes the way seems as though it were blocked up: still it makes progress, until, gradually increasing, it has free course, and renews and fertilizes as it flows along. Missionary work in China is as yet amongst the strait and difficult places; but in God's own time it will break forth to the right hand and to the left.

Our Missionaries at Ningpo have an interesting Day-school, attended by about twenty boys, varying in age from ten to fifteen, principally the children of artisans. Most of these poor children can give clear and intelligent answers to the solemn, soul-saving truths of Christianity. We should be very thankful that so much has been done with them, as education in China is a very laborious process, in consequence of the difficulties connected with the written characters, which are altogether distinct from the spoken languages. In English, when you look at a word, it gives you not only an idea, but a sound by which to express that idea. But the Chinese written characters suggest ideas only, and no sounds. They have no specific sounds attached to them; so that if you collected a number of Chinese from different parts of that immense empire, and put them to read the same page of a printed book, they would each read it with different sounds, according to the particular dialects in which they were accustomed to speak. The signs used in the written character are very numerous, consisting of many thousands, and are very difficult, not only for strangers, but for the Natives, to learn.

Beside the Day-school, the Missionaries have two little Chapels in different parts of the city. One, near the south gate, is attended by about forty persons, consisting principally of the lowest orders, who happen to be passing by at the time. In the other Chapel, which was opened at the beginning of last winter, and which is in a better position, the attendance is larger—about eighty in number. The people are of a better description, a good many of them being men engaged in business. The attention which they give is very uncertain. Sometimes they listen in silence from the beginning to the end: at other times the Missionary has scarcely commenced, when all is confusion, and there is no possibility of maintaining order. Still the Missionaries persevere: they cease not to teach and preach

Jesus Christ. The sinfulness of idolatry is pointed out, and the heathen are invited to turn from idols and serve the living and true God; and thus a knowledge of Christian truth is gradually spreading. The prejudices of the people against the Missionaries are fast dying away; and it is now no unusual thing to hear some of the women say, "Before, if we saw you at a distance, we would run away and hide ourselves: now we are not afraid to come and talk with you." We are happy to state that three persons, who have been regular attendants at the Services, both public and private, since the Missionaries arrived at Ningpo, have offered themselves as Candidates for Baptism.

The Missionaries go much amongst the people, and converse with them as they have opportunity. Except amongst the lower classes, little has as yet been done. The higher classes live so shut up in their own premises, surrounded by high walls, that there is no possibility of seeing them, much less of conversing with them, unless the Missionaries call expressly for the purpose, which it is thought better should not be done yet, until the prejudices which have been entertained against the Missionaries have been more completely removed. A Chinaman has no idea of walking about for health and recreation; and the literary and upper classes seldom leave their homes, except when compelled by necessity to do so. Meanwhile, the Gospel is being preached to the poor.

The tea-shops afford a favourable opportunity of conversing with the people, and bringing before them Gospel truths. Mr. Russell has given us the following description of these places, and of his mode of proceeding when he enters them—

In the tea-shops—which correspond very much with the gin-shops at home, except being free from the horrible intoxication of the latter—I have had, since I came, much intercourse with the class of people who resort there, principally artisans. These shops have in each some twenty or thirty small tables arranged about the room, with seats surrounding them, capable of accommodating five or six to each table. Here—morning, noon, and night—you will find a number of persons drinking tea, apparently without any limit; smoking their pipes with as little restriction—fortunately the doors and windows are all open, to admit of escape for the smoke—and, I might add, giving as unbounded license to their tongues, which, notwithstanding the drinking and smoking, seem incessantly to keep going. I go into these places, and take a seat by one of the vacant tables, and, in an unconcerned kind of way, call for a cup of tea. This generally elicits an exclamation of surprise from the company present, that a "red-haired man"—the designation they give us here—should be able to talk their talk.* When supplied with my tea, at the cost of less than a farthing of our money, I generally ask the most respectable-looking of those about me his honourable name. Taken by surprise, he will sometimes, forgetting himself, reply, "My honourable name is" so and so; instead of "My disreputable name," which Chinese courtesy would

* *Vide* our Frontispiece.

have him say. This generally leads to a conversation, which gradually brings the whole company about me. They ask a variety of strange questions, as, for instance, "Is not a woman the monarch of your country? Are the officers of Government also women? Is it the woman who in marriage 'carries home' the man, and not the man the woman, as here?" These ideas have arisen, I imagine, from their having heard of our Queen, and also seeing the respect with which the Missionaries' wives are treated by their husbands, so very different from their own conduct in this particular. The distance of my "honourable country," and its productions, are also topics of inquiry. In the midst of these, and such like questions, some one is sure to ask whether we have the *Boosah* in my country—the term used here to designate their gods. This offers an opening to me, which I generally try to take advantage of, and endeavour to lay before them, in as concise and clear a manner as I can, the folly of idolatry, the existence of only one living and true God, man's duty toward Him, his inability to perform this duty, the need of a substitute, this substitute the Son of God, who, freely given by the Father, has freely come to work out a righteousness for man which he never could do for himself, as also to offer Himself in sacrifice for the guilt which man has already contracted. "This substitute, this Son of God, is the Jesus we preach unto you." The mere mention of the name of Jesus I think it desirable to keep from them until toward the close of the address, as numbers of them frequently will go away at the mere mention of His blessed Name, feeling it is the old story, which they know all about. A great variety of strange notions prevail amongst them as to whom Jesus is or was. Some ask if He is not, or was not, a King in our country of great merit, or at least one of the high officers of Government; some, if He was not a sage, similar to Confucius, perhaps the most prevalent notion: some have even asked whether He was a man or woman. Alas! when will they know that this Jesus is King of kings and Lord of lords, Confucius's Maker and God?

May the Lord hasten the time when the millions of this great nation shall be converted unto Him!

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#### NEW-ZEALAND WELCOME.

In Sept. 1839 a vessel left the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, on an important and interesting expedition. There were on board Archdeacon Henry Williams and the Rev. O. Hadfield, proceeding to Cook's Straits, a part of the island where no Missionary had previously been, for the purpose of forming there a Station; Messrs. Wilson and Stack, about to be stationed at Tauranga; and Mr. G. Clarke, with four families of Christian Natives, bound for the East Cape. Some months previously, two Native Teachers had been placed at Waiapu, to the south of East Cape; but the cry for instruction was urgent along the whole line of coast, and it became necessary to occupy as many points as possible with Native Teachers—and that, too, without delay, as the Romish Priests were on the alert, and would not fail to avail themselves of any neglected opening.

In the beginning of 1843, the Rev. G. A. Kissling was placed as

Missionary at the East Cape, and remained there until April 1846, when failure of health rendered it necessary for him to remove to the neighbourhood of Auckland. He was succeeded, in the beginning of 1847, by the late Rev. C. L. Reay, whose death in March 1848 left the Station without a Missionary; in which state it continued until the end of last year, the work being sustained by the Native Teachers, with such superintendence as the Missionaries in the nearest Districts were capable of exercising amidst their own pressure of employment.

The Rev. R. Barker having reached New Zealand in November 1850, was appointed to the East Cape. These introductory remarks will place our readers in a position to peruse with interest the following extract of a Letter from Mr. Kissling—

Being requested to introduce the Rev. Ralph Barker to my former field of Missionary labours, we closed our Native-Girls'-school at Auckland for a few months, and, with those girls who belonged to Waiapu and Te Kauakaua, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Barker to the sphere of their recent appointment. We formed a large cargo on board the "Sisters"—a Missionary family amounting to sixteen.

On the 30th of Dec. 1849 we sighted Te Kauakaua, and great was the joy of all on board in the near prospect of landing again on that peaceful place, which had become endeared to us by many ties of relation, friendship, and affection. Joy preponderated over prudence, and, had it not been for a merciful Providence, would have prepared for us a watery grave. Fifteen of our number ventured to go ashore in the "Sisters'" leaky boat, believing that the water was smooth on the beach. Drawing near the land, we discovered both our error and danger. The raging surf had already seized our boat before the order to retreat could be carried into effect. The happy faces now turned pale. We feared to pull back to the vessel, in the leaky state of the boat; and a high rock being pointed out as approachable, toward it we steered, and one by one clambered to its summit. The practised eyes of the whalers on shore espied our position, and they immediately came to our relief. Even their buoyant whale-boat, however, was in danger of being shattered to atoms by the terrific rollers which rushed in rapid succession to the pebbled shore. Long were we kept in anxious suspense outside the surf; but at last the command was given to pull, when the fragile boat flew over the angry waves like a petrel, dipping her wings into the white foam, till we felt the ground. As soon as the ground was touched, the rowers leaped into the water, leaving their oars to the waves, and snatched us from our seats, with such rapidity that we scarcely knew where we were, or what we were about, when a host of people surrounded us, and welcomed our arrival.

Evening Service was just over, and the whole Congregation met us in an extasy of joy and delight. I cannot describe the scene. To meet again at the first moment of our arrival an affectionate flock; to hear their calls of welcome; to see the deep sigh heaving from their breasts; to shake hardy hands, and at times rub noses, which the old men and women still would do; to mark their willingness to help in carrying our children and the few articles which we had brought with us; to experience their attention to our wants, by supplying us with milk, butter,

flour, potatoes, kumeras, &c.; to see one running to make a fire, another bringing a calabash of water, and a third gathering fern for our beds—in fact, all striving together how they could best show their affection and care, and by their various services please our hearts and eyes; completely overwhelmed my feelings: it was more than my frame was calculated to bear. No doubt the excitement of seeing again their former Minister, and the novelty of a strong and active fellow-labourer for them by his side, produced at the moment great interest and activity among the people. Still, it would be the height of ingratitude in me were I not openly to acknowledge their strong and enduring affection.

Mr. Kissling then proceeds to state his conviction that a considerable improvement had taken place amongst the people since he had been there before, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which the Station had been placed. Parents were more anxious to have instruction for their children. The young men, who used to be often rude and stubborn, came forward, entreating to be employed by Mr. Barker on his journeys through the district, that, as they travelled with him, they might be benefited by his instructions. After mentioning other points, Mr. Kissling says—

The principle of doing something toward the support of Schools, and erecting substantial buildings for Divine Service among themselves, begins to develope itself. At Rangitukia a quantity of timber has been sawn by the Natives, and they expressed not only their willingness, but even their anxiety, to receive the plan of a Church, and to be told the requisite dimensions of the timber, that they might go in a body to the forest, and prepare the materials with their own hands. Several other settlements are ready to follow this example.

Another pleasing sign of their improvement is the extensive cultivation of wheat. Seven years ago, when I first laboured in that District, not a grain of wheat was grown. Mr. Stack took thither two stockingfuls of wheat. This was carefully sown at Waiapu and Te Kauakaua on nicely-prepared soil. This small quantity of seed yielded in the first year—1843—a crop beyond our expectation. It was distributed amongst the best of our converts, on condition that its produce should be distributed again, and used for seed only. From this small beginning large and rich fields of wheat now cheer the eyes of the visitor; the Natives being everywhere supplied with wholesome food, beside the many thousand bushels—last year 10,000—which they sell to traders for excellent breeds of horses and cattle. The latter yield them a large quantity of milk, which serves for the support of their young children, for their sick, for regaling visitors and strangers among them, as well as for themselves on their return from their peaceful plantations.

In this we have a beautiful emblem of the manner in which Christian truth has spread throughout the District. It was at first as a handful of corn, and was sown in a few hearts; but it wonderfully multiplied; and now there are fields white unto the harvest, and the only fear is that there may not be labourers enough to reap them in.

Our readers are aware that Archdeacon W. Williams, the first Missionary ever stationed in the Eastern District of New Zealand,

is now in England. Let us pray that his visit home may be productive of much good, and that several devoted labourers may go back with him to assist in gathering in the precious harvest.



ABBEOKUTA AND ITS PEOPLE.

THERE is little doubt that both the climate and people of Africa have been generally misrepresented by the slave-traders. The climate has been described as pestilential, in order to fright the lawful trader from its shores. Now we are inclined to think that the African climate is not, on the whole, as unhealthy to the European as many other parts of the world which might be mentioned. There are, of course, unhealthy spots and unhealthy seasons there as elsewhere; but we do not find that the loss of Missionary life is greater at Abbeokuta than in India or Ceylon.

The Negro tribes have been branded with dulness and stupidity, and a position the lowest in the scale of humanity has been assigned them. Indeed, they have been treated as if they did not belong to the human family, and have been dealt with by the slave-dealers as if they were included amongst those inferior creatures over whom man was given dominion. They have been shamefully and inhumanly bought and sold, as if they had no rights of their own. Thankful we are in being enabled to state that this wicked traffic, at the present moment, is being rigorously dealt with, as it deserves; and as the clouds which have for ages overshadowed Africa with gloom clear away, we are enabled to perceive how cruelly its people have been misrepresented. We find the educated African mind as comprehensive as our own; and as we learn more of the interior of the country we find much in the internal economy of their great towns to convince us that the African people are not the stupid savages they were once supposed to be, fitted only for beasts of burden, and possessing no suitability for social, moral, or intellectual advancement.

Our Missionaries have happily dispelled so selfish a view of African capabilities, and from them we obtain the true state of the case. From Abbeokuta we learn that the native population there, although bound up in many degrading superstitions, yet possess social, political, and commercial institutions, which exhibit them in a far more elevated position than the slave-dealer would have us believe they occupy. Abbeokuta possesses a government, administered by a head Chief, who is advised by lesser Chiefs and warriors. Their domestic system is on the patriarchal plan, and they are eminently a trading people. Their daily and periodical markets are supplied abundantly with all the necessaries of life, consisting of fowls, vegetables, the flesh of wild animals, dried fish, medicines, herbs, roots, native ironmongery, beads, clothing of all descriptions, gunpowder, earthenware, sweetmeats, and cooked provisions of various kinds. The markets are arranged with the strictest regard to order, each variety of goods being found in its appropriate place.

The scene depicted below is common in the streets of Abbeokuta.



This is the ordinary morning meal of the inhabitants—a sort of hot gruel, composed of Indian-corn meal, prepared by women whose business it is to sell it. She has dipped it out of the earthen pot with a wooden spoon, and is pouring it into a small calabash, the buyer paying a cowry or two in proportion to his wants and means. Our own early coffee-stalls afford similar examples of a street breakfast.

The Yorubans do not take their meals together in families, as in our country. The husband eats apart from his wife, or in company with his male children, while the mother provides for the younger children or daughters; and the dressed provisions, as already described, are frequently made use of instead of their own cookery.

May the work of the Lord, which has been so successfully prosecuted in Abbeokuta, yet go on and increase, so that souls may be daily added to the Redeemer's kingdom!



## JATNI, THE BRAHMIN'S DAUGHTER.

THE following sketch from the "Journal of Missions"—Boston, U. S.—will, we doubt not, prove interesting to our readers. It has been condensed from a fuller account of Jatni, furnished by the Rev. J. Warren, of the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, at Allahabad, Northern India.

Many years ago a Brahmin, named Ranjit, made a profession of Christianity at Chunar, and put himself under the care of the late Rev. W. Bowley. There he was baptized, and after a while made a Catechist, or Native Assistant. He was engaged some years as Superintendant of a village belonging to the Church Mission at Chunar.

This man had two daughters, of the younger of whom I am about to tell you. She was married, when about fifteen years old, to one of the young men who had been brought up at that Mission; and they were shortly after sent to us by Mr. Bowley for employment. Her husband has since become the foreman of the printing-office under my care here. Both were educated in connexion with Mr. Bowley's Orphan-schools. They were not orphans, but were taught with the orphans.

She was baptized in her childhood by the name of Betsey; but was also frequently, indeed generally, called by her native name, Jatni. She was received to the communion in our Church five or six years ago. At that time she passed an examination; but we did not see any thing very remarkable in her. I have often noticed that she seemed to pay perfect attention to the preaching of the Gospel; and when I have been in her house, to speak on the subject of religion, she always seemed to listen with great interest, and to be glad of the opportunity to learn. If I asked her any questions, she answered me in a satisfactory manner, so far as her extreme modesty, or timidity, would permit her to speak. But, though so shy, it was not long before we discovered that her character had many excellencies. Though we could not often hear of any thing in particular that she did, yet she gained the respect and love of all the Native-Christian community. All the men were ready to point to her as an example for their wives; and all the women, without envy or strife, acknowledged her as the most excellent person amongst them.

Jatni suffered many sorrows in her life. She had a darling little son, who, at thirteen months of age, was suddenly cut down by convulsions, after about a day's illness. My wife and I saw him die. Poor Jatni, who was not at all prepared for such an event, cast her arms around Mrs. Warren's waist, and hid her face in her bosom, and, in a strain very similar to David's lament for Absalom, bemoaned her loss; but she neither did nor said any thing unbecoming her Christian profession. After this she had another little boy, who died in the same way; and after this again a little daughter. On one of these occasions, for a few moments she was almost wild with grief; but when I began to hold up to her view the heaven that is promised to believers and their infant children, she at once laid hold of and acknowledged the consolations of the Gospel.

At last came sickness—fever, constantly returning in spite of all that could be done to check it. I suspected consumption, and soon it showed itself in a way that left no doubt we should soon lose her. I took the first favourable opportunity to ask her how she felt when the question came up in her mind whether she should get well or not. I asked this

with all the care and softness I could, because I knew she was so timid, and I feared she might be shocked and injured. But I was delighted to find that she had thought of it, and had come to feel willing that God should do with her, as to life, just as He pleased. I questioned her closely, and set death and the judgment before her plainly; but her nerves were firm, her eye clear, and her voice calm and steady: her uniform profession, from that time forward, was, "I know Christ, and can fully and completely trust Him in all things. He keeps my mind in perfect peace." No soldier on the field of battle, no brave and strong man, ever faced death with more cool, unwavering courage, than did this weak, timid, shrinking woman, though shattered by sickness and pain. I saw her often, and always found her the same.

Her disease was not very rapid in its destructive work: she wasted away for some months. Sometimes she had hope of recovery; but that hope did not produce any lessening of her resignation, nor did it seem to render her less fit for her great change. At length she gave up all hope. I saw very little difference in her after this. She seemed ready to go; and the main thing that I could notice in the state of her mind was a quiet, calm, trustful waiting for the set time. I went to see her before going to Church one Sunday evening, and found that she was peaceful. When I returned from Church she was dead.

As soon as it was known that I had come into my bungalow, my best Native-Christian Assistant came to tell me of it. To my surprise, he spoke in a tone of unusual animation, and seemed to be rejoicing. I asked, "How did she die?" "Oh, Sir, such a thing was never seen in the Native-Christian community in this part of the country before. She called for you, and was sorry she could not tell you how much she thanked you for all you had taught her and comforted her. Then she called for all of us, and when we went to her she asked if she had offended any one, and said that, if she had, she begged for pardon. Then she said she wanted to tell us that Christ was with her, and that her heart was full of joy and faith. Then she bade us all farewell, and prayed for us. We all knelt down and prayed for her. She spoke to her heathen servant, and told him to become a Christian. Then she remained silent a few moments, and suddenly died."—I said, "This is a very happy thing that has occurred, Baboo. This is not like a common death, that leaves a faint hope and a great deal of sorrow behind." "No, Sir, it is not. Come out and see the people. You will see how those who loved her best rejoice rather than mourn." I went out, and found a large party of the Christians gathered in the verandah. The body was laid out there. All were calm. I talked to them a little about what they had witnessed. Many of them confessed that, when they had heard from us how happily Christians had died, they had hardly been able to believe it; but now they had seen it—it was a strange thing to them. They had known Christians to die with some calmness; but they had never seen one triumphant and joyful.

The next day we laid the body of dear Jatni beside those of her three children.

Thus the seed sown by Bowley has been matured and gathered in under another instrumentality. "Herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth." But the time will come when "both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together."

## LADIES' WORKING PARTIES.

THE kind friends who assemble to work for our destitute converts in Rupert's Land, New Zealand, &c., will be gratified to hear that the ships which sailed for Hudson's Bay last month carried with them, against the time when stern winter shall resume its sway over the cold and desolate regions of the Red Indian, warm clothing amounting in value to 238*l*. It has been distributed in the following proportions—

|                                           |             |
|-------------------------------------------|-------------|
| For the Rev. R. James, Grand Rapids . . . | £45         |
| J. Smithurst, Indian Settlement . . .     | 16          |
| A. Cowley, Manitoba Lake . . .            | 30          |
| J. Hunter, Cumberland . . .               | 42          |
| R. Hunt, Lac la Ronge . . .               | 105         |
|                                           | <u>£238</u> |

We embrace this opportunity of informing our friends that two more Stations have been added to the Mission—Moose Lake, under our Native Missionary, the Rev. Henry Budd, and Moose Factory, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Horden, who proceeded thither in the ships above mentioned. Although these Stations are somewhat similar in name, they are separated from each other by hundreds of miles of impassable morasses, rivers, and lakes. As new Stations, they will especially call for the sympathy which has been so seasonably extended to the other Stations; and if spared until next year we shall hope to plead for them, stirring up the minds of our friends by way of remembrance.

We would recommend the contributors to the above liberal supply of clothing to procure a most interesting little work just published by Nisbet, price 3*s*. 6*d*.—"The Rainbow in the North," by Miss S. Tucker, author of "South-Indian Missionary Sketches." It gives a clear, graphic, and touching account of the Society's Mission in Rupert's Land, and is illustrated by many engravings.

It will encourage our friends who give their time and labour to aid the Missionary cause by contributions of clothing and fancy work, to know that in the year ending June 1851 there have been sent out to the different Missions, as nearly as can be ascertained, supplies to the following amount—

|                                   |              |
|-----------------------------------|--------------|
| West Africa . . . . .             | £129         |
| Abbeokuta . . . . .               | 71           |
| East Africa . . . . .             | 8            |
| North India . . . . .             | 363          |
| South India . . . . .             | 303          |
| Western India . . . . .           | 68           |
| New Zealand . . . . .             | 108          |
| British Guiana . . . . .          | 18           |
| Rupert's Land, as above . . . . . | 238          |
|                                   | <u>£1306</u> |

We could give many testimonies from our Missionaries of the value of these supplies of clothing; but we will confine ourselves to one of the most recent, received from the Rev. R. Davis, of the Northern District of New Zealand. In his Journal of 1850 he says—

We have again, in the name of our school-children, to express our most sincere thanks to other unknown Christian friends for an additional supply of clothing. May a blessing from the Lord rest upon them, and upon their families! Through the bounty of such friends 54 poor naked children have been clothed during the winter, which has been unusually severe, and there has been but little sickness among them. They have also now a small stock on hand, which will be preserved for next winter.

It is desirable that such Christian friends should not remain "unknown." If they would enclose with their articles a Letter to the Missionary, he would be able to return his thanks, and those of his converts, direct to the benevolent donors. A link of Christian sympathy would thus be established, which might be expected to result in benefiting both the reliever and the relieved.

Our readers are reminded that lists of the articles most suitable for the different Missions are published, and may be obtained on application to the Secretaries, Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, London.

We believe it to be a practice in working parties for one among the number to read aloud some publication of a profitable character, generally having reference to Missionary work. Several interesting books of this kind have been published by the Society, and would be found well adapted for such a purpose. We conclude our remarks by subjoining a list of some of them. A fuller list may be had by applying to the Secretaries, as above.

Good out of Evil; or the history of Adjai, the African Slave Boy. 3s.

Wertheim and Macintosh, Paternoster Row.

Weitbrecht's Protestant Missions in Bengal illustrated. 5s. Shaw, Southampton Row.

Leupolt's Recollections of an Indian Missionary. 2s. Seeleys, Fleet St.

Tucker's (Miss S.) South-Indian Missionary Sketches. 6s. Nisbet, Berners Street.

Tucker's (Rev. J.) Lecture on the commencement of the Society's South-India Mission, and the history of the Travancore Mission. 6d. Seeleys.

The late Rev. H. W. Fox's Chapters on Missions in South India. 3s. 6d. Seeleys.

Memoir of the above, by the Rev. G. T. Fox. 7s. 6d. Seeleys.

Pettitt's Tinnevely Mission of the Society. 7s. Seeleys.

Bernau's Missionary Labours in British Guiana. 7s. Shaw.

Church Missionary Intelligencer and Gleaner, monthly. Seeleys.

Church Missionary Tracts, Nos. I. to IX. (to be continued). Seeleys.



No. 17. NEW SERIES.]

[AUGUST, 1851.

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



FLIGHT OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM ABBEOKUTA.—*Vide* p. 195.

## DEFENCE OF ABBEOKUTA.

IN our Number for May last we introduced an Engraving of a Dahomian Amazon, accompanied by a brief description of Gezo's formidable army, at the head of which this slave-trading monarch has wasted so many of the surrounding countries, burning the towns and villages, and slaying or carrying away as prisoners the miserable inhabitants. Much anxiety has been felt on account of Abbeokuta, as it was known that the female soldiers had demanded to be led against it, and that it was marked out as the next object of attack. The history of that town—the manner in which it has sprung up from amidst the ruins of the Yoruba kingdom—the return of the Egbas who had been liberated in Sierra Leone to their own country, bringing with them the elements of improvement, and preparing the way for the commencement of a Christian Mission—the hopeful aspect of our Missionary work in this new sphere, and the promise which it afforded of the approach of better days for Africa—all helped to invest Abbeokuta with peculiar interest. Just in proportion as it became an object of interest to us, was it viewed by Gezo and his people with increasing jealousy. They saw in it a rival state, rising into importance, and likely to interfere with them in their bloody wars and slave-trading pursuits. It was resolved, therefore, that it should be crushed at once, before it became stronger; and, in its destruction, Gezo hoped to vaunt himself as one of old—"My hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people: and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth; and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped."

The Chiefs and people of Abbeokuta had been much encouraged by the visit to their town of Mr. Beecroft, the British Consul, in January last. He had been at the Court of the King of Dahomey last year, and had endeavoured to dissuade him from his intended attack on the Egbas, but in vain. He was therefore able to forewarn the people of Abbeokuta of the coming danger, giving them wholesome counsel, and supplying them with means of defending themselves in case they should be attacked.

Toward the end of February, the inhabitants of the smaller towns to the westward of Abbeokuta conveyed intelligence to the Chiefs that the Dahomians were approaching; and on the morning of Monday, March the 2d, their army was to be seen from the heights within the city, driving before them the Egbas who had gone out to meet them on the open ground, but who, finding themselves unequally matched, retreated within the walls. There they turned on their assailants, the walls, as far as could be seen, being lined with the Egba soldiers, who, knowing that they were fighting for all that was most dear to them, were resolved on defending the town to the uttermost. The battle raged fiercely, the Dahomians advancing boldly—the Amazons at the head—fully expecting to force their way in, as they had done at other places, but checked by the fire of the Egbas, beneath which numbers of them fell. We may well conceive what a time of anxiety this must have been to the Missionaries, and that

part of the population who were not in the excitement of the contest. Gezo's army was numerous and well disciplined, flushed with victory; the Egbas, on the contrary, were little accustomed to war, and it was very doubtful whether they would be able to hold their ground. If they gave way, our Missionaries well knew what would be the consequence: a scene of horror would ensue, human blood would be poured forth as water, the survivors be led into captivity, and the town committed to the flames. The Missionary work would then be broken up, and this they knew to be Gezo's object. It was just "afore the harvest, when the bud is perfect, and the sour grape is ripening in the flower," and he had come to "cut off the sprigs with pruning-hooks, and take away and cut down the branches." It was therefore with them a time of earnest prayer, in which they cried mightily to the Lord for help. There was much on every side to stimulate them so to do. On the one side the battle was fearfully raging; on the other side of the town the women and children, fearful lest the enemy might prevail, were hurrying forth, weeping as they went, with some few men among them, to hide themselves in the woods from the tyrant's cruelty.\* Nor were their prayers unheard. The Lord marked the proceedings of the proud monarch of Dahomey, and humbled him in his unprovoked attack on a people who desired to dwell at peace. "I know thy abode, and thy going out, and thy coming in, and thy rage against me. Because thy rage against me, and thy tumult, is come up into mine ears, therefore will I put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest." His soldiers, male and female, fought ferociously, but in vain; until at length, finding themselves baffled in every effort, they were compelled slowly and sullenly to retire, leaving 1200 of their number dead upon the field of battle, beside many prisoners in the hands of the Egbas. On their retreat, they vented the fury of their disappointment on some poor people whom they had taken prisoners while engaged in their farming occupations. These, to the number of 42, they put to death by cutting off their heads, which they intended to carry back to their own country; but in this they were disappointed. While engaged in attacking another town, the Egbas unexpectedly came upon them, routing them with great loss, and, in the hurry of their flight, they were compelled to cast the heads away.

Let us pray that the deliverance vouchsafed to the Egbas may not be without its due effect on their minds; that they may recognise the hand of God in this great national deliverance, and, casting away their idols, prepare themselves more diligently than ever to receive instruction from our Missionaries.

#### BAPTISM AND DEATH OF THE FIRST MNIKA CONVERT.

In our Number for June we mentioned the case of the poor East-African cripple, "whose heart the Lord opened, that he attended

\* We have endeavoured to represent this scene in our Frontispiece.

unto the things which were spoken" by our Missionaries. The following extract of a Letter from the Rev. J. Rebmann—dated March 22, 1851—informs us that he has been removed by death—

The first fruit of this Mission has been gathered in. Mringe, who has often been mentioned since 1848 as the subject of Divine grace working in his heart, was baptized on the 24th of November, and went to his eternal rest on the 3d of December last. Seeing that his constitution was rapidly sinking, in consequence of the cancer which had long ago destroyed his hands and feet, I visited him very frequently, being anxious to comfort him in his sufferings, and to ascertain his state of mind—whether he indeed personally and inwardly felt himself a sinner, and his consequent need of a Saviour. Orthodox answers to questions put by the Missionary are not decisive, from a person who for years has been taught the doctrine of salvation by Jesus Christ alone. Such answers may be given rather from memory than from a corresponding state of mind. It was his behaviour, taken as a whole, and especially the mentioning of particular sins in his youth, the remembrance of which he said *ached* him; his decided refusal of the country medicines, which his mother was desirous to apply, as being almost invariably connected with sorcery; his willingness to make an open confession of his faith; and his readiness to die; which convinced Mr. Erhardt and myself that he was, though a weak, yet a real believer in Christ, and as such entitled to baptism. Nothing remained but to make him understand, as much as possible, the nature and solemnity of baptism, for which purpose I went through the Baptismal Service with him twice; and, as he was so much dependent on his mother, on account of his helpless body, to get her consent to declare her son to be by that act taken out of every connexion with heathenism, and to be a member of the Church of Christ. Having gone so far, I fixed at last on Sunday, November the 24th, for his baptism, which then took place, all in the Kinika language, in the presence of his mother, Abbe Gunja, the Chief and one of the Elders, one of our servants, and a few other Wanika. He was living at the time in a little hut about three miles distant from us, which had been hastily constructed for him some months before his death, as is customary with the Wanika in the case of persons afflicted with cancer. This hut being too small, the baptism was administered in the open air, not long before sunset, that he might not be exposed to the heat of the sun. He was called Johannesi. Thus the first soul of the thousands and millions of this part of Africa has been translated from the reign of Satan into the kingdom of Christ, the pledge of the full harvest for which our faith has still to wait, and our love to labour. The Lord's name be praised, who allows even the least and most unworthy of His servants to lead souls to Him, who alone is our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. He had now no other wish than to depart from this troublesome world, and to go to Jesus; and, from the exhaustion of his body, it was clear to himself and others that his days on earth could not be expected to be many. I much wished to be present at his end, and to procure for him a Christian burial; the more so, as the Wanika are accustomed to deny people who die of cancer the usual way of burying, and cast them into cliffs or caves of rocks, from the foolish belief that if they are buried like persons who have died of some other disease, the dreaded cancer, or "*máhāna*"—as it is called in their own language, a word which they are afraid even of pronouncing—will



take hold on some one of the relatives. Having, however, some business to settle at Mombas, and Mr. Erhardt being unwell, it happened that in our absence Mringe died. He was immediately carried on a bedstead, and cast into the cavity of a rock.

At the sounding of the archangel's trump the rocks shall be rent, and the graves shall be opened, and the bodies of the saints arise. Nor shall our first East-African convert be wanting. He shall "stand in his lot at the end of the days."

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DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE HINDUS.

WE do not call a man civilized, however magnificent his dress, whose manners are rough and uncultivated. Sparkling jewels and costly raiment will not make up for the want of kindly tempers and gracious manners. So it is with nations: we often find them with a kind of outward civilization, but the heart of the nation is not civilized. In China there is very much of this. At the Emperor's Court there prevails a stately ceremonial. In the houses of the Mandarins there is much taste and elegance, and the deportment of the people, in their intercourse with each other, is studied and polite; but true civilization is wanting there, for parents often in the most cold-blooded manner put to death their own children. So in India there is much of this appearance of civilization. There are splendid buildings, mosques, and pagodas, and beautiful structures erected in memory of the dead; there are princely Nawabs and rich Rajahs; one passes on his elephant, surrounded by his attendants; another receives his guests at a costly entertainment, and nautch-girls and fire-works are provided to grace the feast; but this is only the glitter on the surface, and the interior life of the people remains uncivilized.

True civilization is the effect of Christianity. The private dwelling is its home: there you will find it. There it produces affectionate hearts, makes people unselfish, leads them to seek their own happiness in the happiness of others, renders the wife the equal and companion of her husband, invests the children with value in the parents' eyes, who regard them as God's precious gifts to them, causes the father and mother to be respected and loved, and, if circumstances render it necessary, succoured by the children. It banishes quarrellings and evil tempers from the private dwelling, and makes it a loved and pleasant home. Our English homes are often such, and where they are such, Christianity has made them so. Domestic civilization is the product of Christianity, and nowhere is it to be found except where the Gospel has come and shed abroad in the hearts of men its renewing and sanctifying influence. A Christian Englishman's greatest earthly enjoyment is his home. Thither he hastens when the toils of business are over. He knows there is a welcome awaiting him there; that no sooner is he seen in the distance than some will run to meet him; that no sooner has he passed the threshold of his door than he will be gladdened by the sunshine of affectionate hearts and smiling faces. What a lovely

thing pure Christianity is! It shares its blessings with the poor as with the rich. It beautifies the cottage of the labourer, it makes his humble habitation pleasant and cheerful, and it is the richest ornament of the rich man's house. It sanctifies wealth and it ennobles poverty. Pervaded by its influence, the royal palace, becomes a tranquil and affectionate Christian home, and the lowly dwelling becomes the poor man's palace. Happy England! Happy, because she has the Gospel; and still more happy if that Gospel were more extensively and deeply influential.



Perhaps we should be more sensible how much we owe the Gospel, if we compared an English with an heathen home. We shall select that of the Hindu. If it be a poor man's dwelling, there is nothing attractive in its appearance. It is a small cabin, seven or eight feet high, without a single window; for, although the Hindus have long known glass, they have never used it as we do, to admit light, and yet shut out the heat and dust of the dry season, or the heavy rain and wind of other periods. The interior consists of two rooms:

the partition-wall, not being so high as the roof, allows the innermost one some small share in the scanty light which enters by the door. On entering, it looks bare and uncomfortable. Chairs, tables, and other items of what we esteem to be necessary furniture, are all wanting. A few vessels for holding water, and two or three mats, alone meet the eye. This, however, would be of little consequence if love and peace and mutual respect graced the humble dwelling—the husband giving honour to the wife as to the weaker vessel, the wives having “the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,” children obeying their parents, and parents not provoking their children to wrath. The climate of the Hindu is such that he can dispense with many things which to us are absolutely necessary; but, alas! within doors the climate is so chill that domestic affections do not flourish there. The false religion of India exercises the same influence on domestic life which the wintry cold of the polar regions does on vegetable life. The varieties of plants which adorn happier countries are unknown in those stern lands, where for nine months in the year the earth is frozen as hard as rock. Hindu idolatry is as cold winter to the heart of man, and the manifestations of kindly feelings and affections are just as rare where it prevails as plants of pleasant growth amongst the arctic snows. The wife is the husband’s slave. The husband expects her service, but requires it by no affection. He sits; she stands by to serve: when he has eaten, she removes what is left, and this is her portion, provided it be eaten somewhere else. ~~This is the scene presented in our Engraving.* The expression of the countenances is not quite truthful: the husband is looking too kindly—the wife seems as if she hoped to please.~~ When there is no affectionate intercourse between the parents, what can be expected of the children? Dread of the father, disrespect to the mother, soon show themselves, and the household is full of all those evil tempers which might be expected to disfigure the daily life of young people placed in such unhappy circumstances.

David, in the 144th Psalm, uses the following expression—“that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth.” Such will be the case with those who, in Christian families, are brought up in “the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” But the young people in heathen families, how do they grow in character and disposition? As plants grow which are deprived of light, crooked and distorted, and without that beauty and fair proportion they would have attained if they had enjoyment of that element which is so necessary to them, and which they so curiously affect. The greater part of living vegetables incline their stems toward the light. Plants in a greenhouse turn their leaves toward the side from whence the light comes, and on that side the blossoms open. Turn the flower-pot the opposite

* The Brahmin is sitting under the shade of a large tree, as is the custom in hot weather, and his wife is bringing him his rice upon a young plantain leaf. He will eat it with his right hand, without knife, fork, or spoon; and when he has finished he will take a good draught of water, taking care not to touch his lips with the vessel, but pouring the water into his mouth.

way, and the leaves will curiously twist, until they once more get round to the light. Some flowers open as the sun rises, follow his course by turning on their stems, and shut up so soon as he disappears. The light which comes from the Sun of Righteousness is not less needful to man; but the plants and flowers put him to shame; for, left to himself, he makes no effort, shows no desire to attain that light; nay, sometimes he shuts up when it falls upon him: "the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not."

Lord! hasten the time when He who is the true light shall enlighten every dark heart, and illuminate every cheerless dwelling of the human family!

DEATH OF A PUPIL IN THE PALAMCOTTAH SEMINARY.

THE Rev. W. Clark, who has charge of this Institution, has communicated to us the following notice of Gnanapragasam Abraham, one of the students, a youth of much talent and great promise of usefulness, who has recently been removed by death—

He was in the second class; but so diligent and successful was he, that two prizes, given by a Christian friend, were awarded to him. One consisted of a box of mathematical instruments, valued at about twenty-two rupees, given for the best translation of a portion of Paley's Evidences into Tamil: the other was a bound copy of Horne's Introduction, given for the best essay describing "A day spent in a pious and well-ordered Tinnevely Christian family."

Though we felt his loss, and still feel it, yet we are much comforted with the thought that he left a cheering evidence of his dependence on his Saviour for salvation, and of his acceptance and adoption by his heavenly Father.

The disease of which he died was cholera, supposed to have been produced by a shock which he received at the sight of the mangled remains of a murdered woman. He had been to Mr. Huffton's house, and, having heard that a murder had been committed in a village close by, he went with some of his school-fellows, who were accompanying him, to see the murdered person. So affected was he with the sight, that he wept as he returned home. In the evening he was not able to eat his usual meal: the sickening sight was still before his eyes. In the morning he was attacked with symptoms of cholera; but, as they were not violent, he did not regard them with any serious apprehensions. At seven o'clock he went to Church, as usual, with the rest of the boys; but before he had been a quarter of an hour in Church he became so ill as to be obliged to return to the School. There he was seen by the dresser, but he did not think there was any cause to be alarmed. He gave him some medicine, and promised to see him again. At nine o'clock, however, as soon as we had returned from the Service, Vathanayagam came to me with much anxiety, and told me that he was in a dangerous state. I immediately went to the sick-room, where he was lying, and found that the disease was really cholera, and that it was in an advanced stage. The dresser was sent for, and afterward the European doctor, and every expedient was tried to restore warmth to his cold body; but nothing that we could do succeeded: only the smallest portion of cungey would remain on his stomach, and the little heat that was produced by hot

water, &c., almost instantly left him. When he perceived that he was really in danger he asked us to pray for him ; so we all knelt down, and Mr. Schaffter prayed on his behalf. He was very earnest, and intently engaged in the prayer, as much as his strength would permit. When asked by Mr. Sargent and myself what were his hopes for eternity, and whether he rested solely on the merits of Christ for salvation, he replied that he felt no fear ; that he rested only on the merits of Christ ; and that he believed his sins were pardoned for His sake. Such, I believe, was truly the case ; and I do not doubt that, when permitted to enter into the fulness of joy, we shall meet him in the enjoyment of eternal life.

During the last hour he was scarcely conscious. At three o'clock, while the bell was ringing for the Afternoon Service, his released spirit passed from his body into the eternal world.

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KAREPA, OF TE HAWERA.

Our Missionary, the Rev. W. Colenso, has under his charge an immense district on the eastern coast of New Zealand. Like other of our Missionaries in that island who are similarly circumstanced, much of his time is occupied in travelling. So widely scattered is the population, and so numerous are his engagements, that months elapse before he is able to revisit the same point again. During the intervening period many changes take place, and on his return he finds, perhaps, the most Christian of the people, who were wont to value him for his work's sake, and kindly greet him on his arrival, removed by death. So it proved on a recent occasion—April 1850—when, emerging from the dark wood through which his path had lain, Mr. Colenso approached the little lonely village of Te Hawera. Mournful cries were heard ; nor was he ignorant of the cause. Since he had been with them, his old friend Karepa, or Caleb, the Chief of the village, with two other baptized adults, had died. The New Zealanders are a people of very strong feelings, and their national expressions of sorrow are very affecting. Soon the relatives and friends were seen defiling from the village, uttering the same sounds of sorrow, until, meeting the Missionary party, they conducted them to a little enclosure near the Chapel, where, on similar occasions, the tent had always been pitched. There, removed a little distance, they bewailed the loss of their Chief. Mr. Colenso was sitting on the very spot where he and Caleb had last parted : now, on one side, was his tomb, neatly fenced in, and the weeping widow and tribe ; on the other, the little Chapel which he had erected, and where he had been baptized ; and at Mr. Colenso's feet, within a little fence which he and Caleb had put up, were four young and healthy apple-trees, which had rapidly grown from as many seeds of an apple which the two friends had shared together on the day on which they parted. Ideas of an opposite character, thus strangely associated, so affected our good Missionary that he could not refrain weeping with the mourners.

By and bye, the villagers slowly came toward him, with wet eyes, sighing silently, and, as each one shook hands and rubbed noses with him, quietly said, "Accept the dying love of Karepa!"

At night the Natives gathered round Mr. Colenso in his tent, and one of them thus related Caleb's last illness and death—

"Karepa adhered to your advice, and when he felt a little unwell he moved about, and did some light work. In the early part of October he dug around and cleared away the grass from the four young apple-trees, saying how glad he was to see the trees of his Minister spring and grow. His illness increasing, he said he thought he should not recover. He now summoned us all to come close around him, and with much love exhorted us, talking energetically"—as was his custom—"a long while. He said—

'You well know that I have brought you from time to time much riches. I have obtained for you muskets, powder, hatchets, knives, blankets, shirts, spades, &c. I afterward heard of the new riches, called Faith. I sought it. I went to Manawatu—in those days a long and perilous journey, for we were surrounded by enemies: no man travelled alone. I saw the few Natives who, it was said, had heard of it; but they could not satisfy me. I sought further, but in vain. I afterward heard of a White Man, called Hadfield, being at Kapiti, at Otaki, and that with him was the spring where I could fill my empty and dry calabash. I travelled to his place, to Otaki, but in vain: he was gone—gone away ill. I returned to you, my children, darkminded. Many days passed by. The snows fell, they melted, they disappeared: the tree-buds expanded, and the intricate, entangled paths of our low forests were again passable to the foot of the Native Man. At last we heard of another White Man, who was going about over mountains and through forests and swamps, giving drink from his calabash to the poor secluded native folk—to the remnants of the tribes of the mighty, of the renowned of former days—now dwelling by twos and by threes among the roots of the big trees of the ancient forests, and among the long reeds by the rills in the dells! Yes, my grandchildren! my and your ancestors once spread over the country, as the koitareke (*quail*) and kiwi (*upteryx*) once did; but now their descendants are even as the descendants of these birds—scarce, gone, dead, fast hastening to utter extinction! Yes, we heard of that White Man: we heard of his going over the high snowy range to Patea, up the East Coast, all over the rocks to Turakirae. I sent four of my children to Mataikona to meet him.\* They saw his face—yes, you, you talked with him. You brought me a drop of water from his calabash. You told me he had said he would come to this far-off islet† to see me. I rejoiced: I disbelieved his coming; but I said, he may. I built the Chapel: we waited expecting. You slept at nights. I did not. He came: he emerged from the long forest: he stood upon Te Hawera ground. I saw him: I shook hands with him: we rubbed noses together. Yes, I saw a Missionary's face; I sat in his cloth house [tent]; I tasted his new food; I heard him talk *Maori*. My heart bounded within me; I listened; I ate his words. You slept at nights. I did not. Yes, I listened; and he told

\* In Mr. Colenso's Journal of April 12th, 1845, we find—"I saw at Mataikona four young men from Ihuraua," the old residence of Caleb, "three of whom immediately entered their names as Candidates for Baptism." He then promised to visit their tribe in his next journey. Of those four, three had preceded the old Chief to the eternal world; and the fourth was Mr. Colenso's narrator.

† The Natives call an isolated wood or village, in the interior, by the same name as an island—*motu*.

me about God and His Son Jesus Christ, and of peace and reconciliation, and of a loving Father's home beyond the stars. And now I, too, drank from his calabash, and was refreshed. He gave me a book, as well as words. I laid hold of the new riches for me and for you; and we have it now. My children, I am old; my teeth are gone, my hair is white, the yellow leaf is falling from the *tāwai* tree:\* I am departing. The sun is sinking behind the great western hills: it will soon be night. But hear me: do you hold fast the new riches—the great riches—the true riches. We have had plenty of sin and pain and death; and we have been teased by many—by our neighbours and relatives; but we have the true riches. Hold fast the true riches which Karepa sought for, for you.'

"Here he became faint, and ceased talking. We all wept like little children around the bed of the dying old man—of our father. We were few in number, and far from human aid or sympathy. The next day he expressed a wish that his only son, Huru, might be sent for. He had been several weeks absent, roaming about on the Manawatu river. The messenger went to the nearest villages on the river, and learned that he was nearly a week's journey off, so that he could not be fetched in time to see his dying father. In two days the messenger returned, and Karepa, when he heard that Huru was not come, and considered that he should no more see the face of his only son in this world, was for a time very sad; but he soon talked again as before, and left instructions for his son. The next day the old Chief said, 'My children, I have been dreaming. I last night saw my Minister: he was here, smiling upon me, and praying intercessory prayers for me. It is well. It is good. Now I know I shall go to the world of spirits. It is well. Hold fast the true riches when I am gone. God be merciful to me a sinner!' He now suffered much pain, from which he had scarcely any cessation until death relieved him. He prayed much and often, under the trees on the edge of the wood, going—in his pain—from place to place. His prayers, in his exigency, were those he had got by heart—the Collects for Ash-Wednesday, the second Sunday in Advent, the second and fourth Sundays in Lent, and the first in the Communion Service, and the Lord's Prayer. He also well knew the daily Collects of Morning and Evening Prayer, with the Confession, and Chrysostom's, and St. Paul's Benedictory Prayer: these, with the third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, the old man always used whenever he was obliged to stay away from his Chapel, or to act as Minister. His constant prayer was, however, that of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' He said he should like to see your face once more; and straitly charged us to tell you, that, though his body is dead, his love for his Minister still lives: this he often repeated. On Sunday, the 4th of November, while we, the few inhabitants of the village, were at School in our little Chapel, Leah, Mikaera's wife"—who had remained as a friend with Azubah, Caleb's aged wife—"came running to the Chapel to say he was gone! We concluded our School abruptly, and went over to the edge of the wood, where the body was: the soul had fled away to Jesus' city to dwell with Him. With much grief we paid the last rites. In less than a fortnight after, Caleb's only brother, Seth, also an aged man, who was in perfect health at this time, had also died; and now, O our father! your eyes behold the remnant!"

\* *Tāwai*—*Fagus* sp.—a deciduous-leaved beech; one of the few deciduous trees of New Zealand.

Mr. Colenso adds—

I wept much during this unadorned yet affecting recital ; but the holy and certain hope of his having, with all the faithful departed, entered into rest, comforted me not a little.

#### MISSIONARY MEETINGS AMONGST CONVERTS FROM ROMANISM.

WE have frequently alluded to Missionary Meetings held amongst the Natives of New Zealand, and in the Negro villages in Sierra Leone ; and we now have the pleasing task of reporting Missionary Meetings amongst converts from Romanism in Ireland—all illustrating the poet's beautiful idea, that "Charity is like a pebble dropped into a basin of water, which forms ripple after ripple upon the surface, till they are lost in the distance of the placid lake"—the converted soul, whether in Africa, New Zealand, or in the Romish districts in Ireland, always desiring to proclaim to others the free salvation which there is in Christ Jesus the Lord.

The following is an account of a Meeting held in the Doon Mission of the Irish Society—

*April 22*—Last evening we held a Meeting of the Church Missionary Society. A large number of converts attended, and evinced deep interest in the progress of the Gospel among the heathen. It was an interesting audience. Almost every individual present had been a Romanist twelve or eighteen months ago.

The following extract of a Letter from the Rev. J. R. Cotter—dated Donoughmore, county Cork, June 21, 1851—has been sent to us by the Secretary of the Irish Society—

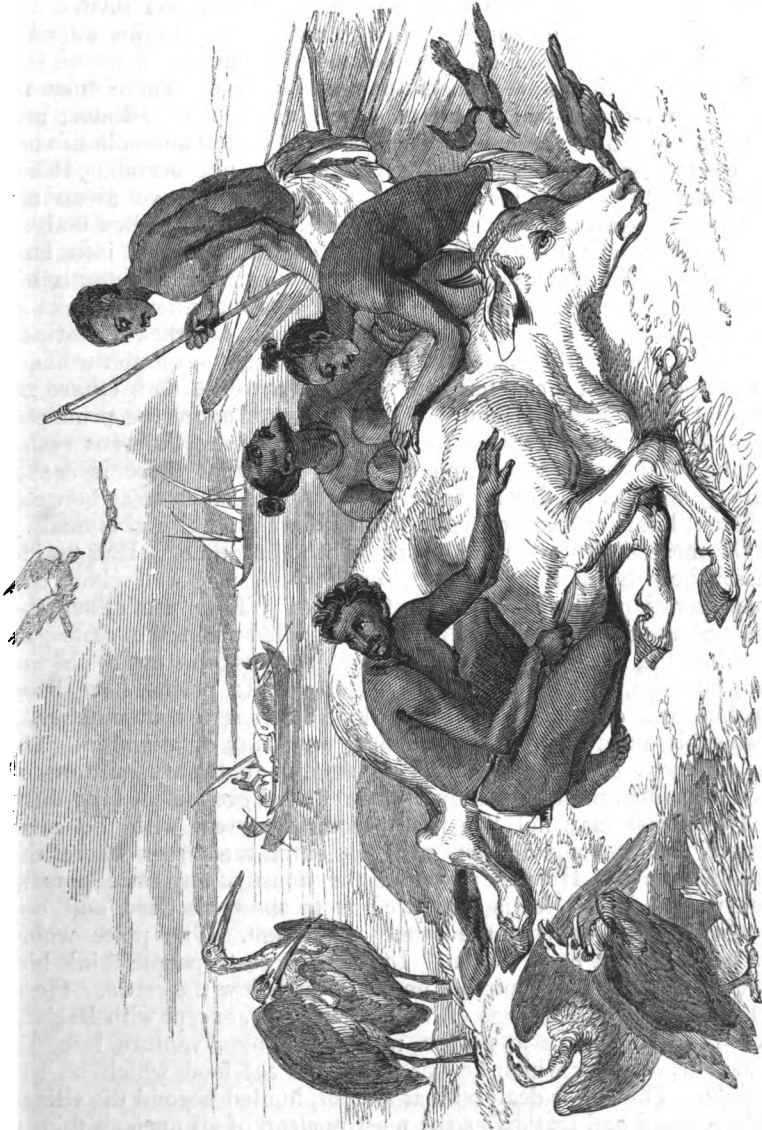
We had last evening a glorious Meeting assembled for the special purpose of being addressed by the Deputation of the Church Missionary Society, headed by that most interesting English brother, the Rev. Edward Hoare, Incumbent of Christ Church, Ramsgate. He was anxious to see a work among the Roman Catholics. I told him I feared, as he could not come on a Sunday, I could only promise a small Meeting. We announced it for yesterday, Friday, at 7 P.M., when, to the surprise of us all, we had a *cram* of above 500, of whom about a hundred were at the doors and windows, and in the back porch. All the windows were open, and one party of those outside had an intelligent boy on their shoulders at a small end window, reporting to them what was said by the speakers within ! Truly it was "as doves to their windows." Dear Mr. Hoare was delighted : indeed, he said to the Meeting, and to us, that of all the many Meetings he had attended he had never addressed one with such deep interest. His affectionate, loving manner and countenance, took greatly with them, and they wished him a thousand blessings, while some said they would have sat up all night for it. Your Letter, announcing the kind intentions of your Committee, reached me about half an hour after Mr. Hoare and the Rev. — Harbert, of Cork, left us. The latter also spoke very well indeed, and displayed a Hindu idol. I have this day found that some of the people remarked respecting it, "That is just the same as we used to have in the Chapel." All these individuals have been Roman Catholics, and many had come then for the first time. Our stated Sunday Congregation is now never under 350.



No. 18. NEW SERIES.]

[SEPTEMBER, 1851.]

THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE PARIAHS, OR OUTCASTS, OF INDIA.—*Vide* p. 207.

## THE PARIAHS, OR OUTCASTS, OF INDIA.

THE Hindus are a numerous people, and by no means deficient in personal courage. The conduct of the sepoys in many sanguinary fields of battle, where they have fought and conquered under British colours, sufficiently proves this; yet have they always been a subjugated people. The productiveness of India has invited the invader, and seldom has he failed to carve out with his sword a portion for himself from the fair domains of India.

We are led to inquire what is the secret of this. There must be some source of national weakness, something peculiar to India; and such we find to be the case. The system of caste has rendered her unable to compete even with nations idolatrous like herself. It has prevented that close incorporation which would have given the Hindus strength, and rendered them able to act as an united body.

Society among the Hindus was originally separated into four divisions, called castes, which, from lapse of time, have been multiplied into many others. These castes are not like the different ranks of society amongst ourselves, which are so bound together by various relations as to be still one, so that "the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." The Hindu castes are based upon the principle, that all men are not originally the same; that the different castes sprung in different ways from Brahma; and that there is consequently an essential difference between them, as much so as between different kinds of grain or fruit, or the different species of animals.

Of these castes we shall speak at another time. But beside these, there is another class of people which may well claim our commiseration—the Pariahs, or Outcasts. They are either the descendants of those who have been expelled from the castes, or they are the remains of a people once, perhaps, the owners of the soil, but who, by conquest at some very remote period, have been crushed and degraded. They are by no means few in number, a despicable portion of the community unworthy of attention. On the contrary, they are supposed to amount to twenty millions of human beings, most miserably oppressed, and ground into the dust.

An outcast may not live in the common street with the caste people, and in some districts may not enter the street where the Brahmins live. He may not enter the house of any caste person. The utmost which he is permitted is to show his head and one foot within the door of the family apartment. The place where the cattle herd is open to him. In this the caste people think him honoured, as, in their opinion, he ranks far below the cattle. He is cut off from all interchange of human sympathy, except with Pariahs like himself. No caste person may touch him, venture into his house, drink water which he has drawn, or eat food which he has cooked. Thus he is dealt with as a leper, hunted beyond the village wall, scorned and loathed as the most unclean of all unclean things. Their appearance is what might be expected. Their features are harsh and rugged, their manners coarse, and their habits immoral.

They are extremely poor. Some are employed as scavengers, others labour in the fields, earning about a rupee, or two shillings, a month, and receiving, when the harvest is gathered in, about another rupee in value, with some straw. If the wife is industrious, she earns something more by spinning cotton, so as to make their means of subsistence about three rupees a month. Poor creatures! if they become unable to labour there is no charity for them, and they are forced to eat all kinds of disgusting things. No sooner does a beast die, than a crowd of these hungry beings are seen around the carrion. We have given an engraving of a group of these poor outcasts. The sketch was made from nature, by a lady born in India. She says—"Frequently these miserable wretches go to the river-side in search of dead cattle thrown on shore by the waves, and dispute the prize with birds of prey, pariah dogs, and jackals, in order to get the skin, which they afterwards sell to the tanners for a trifle." May the strong pity of our readers be kindled, and many prayers on their behalf be put up to Him who "raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill."

This degraded class have greatly benefited from the occupation of India by the English. In the neighbourhood of large English settlements the caste people can no longer tyrannize over them. They have been universally employed as domestic servants in English families, where they soon improve in appearance, and become well-looking and agreeable. They are found in the army, and have been admitted into other situations. Many of them, in the Mission Schools, have shared in the blessings of Christian education. Of the Gospel they stand much in need, as on every thing connected with religion they are exceedingly dark and ignorant. They do not know what prayer means. At bed-time and rising they will frame a wish to some idol-god or goddess; or they will make a vow when in trouble, or on the eve of some important undertaking; but even these have reference only to the body: as to the soul and its wants they have no consciousness. But if their need of the Gospel be great, there is in their case no barrier of caste to interpose between them and its blessed influence. One of our Missionaries at Masulipatam has been visiting the Pariah villages in the neighbourhood, and has found how easy of access they are in this respect, compared with other natives of India.

Their separation from man leaves them more open to the efforts of the Missionary: the women, as well as the men, come freely to hear: their social disqualification becomes, in this respect, an unspeakable gain; and as it is most necessary, so is it most suitable, that they should have abundant opportunity of hearing the words of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. May the time come when it shall be said of the poor Pariahs, "which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God: which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy!" We recommend them to the earnest prayers of our Christian readers.

## THE AFRICANS IN THE DELTA OF THE NIGER.

THE great river Niger discharges itself into the Atlantic Ocean through a great number of streams and channels which communicate with each other, so that the country, intersected as it is with them, looks like a network of waters. Parts of the country are described by the Presbyterian Missionaries who are labouring there as cleared and under cultivation, and very beautiful. It is a very populous part of Africa, inviting Missionary labour, and affording, by the abundance of water communication, easy access to the millions along the banks of the rivers lying in heathen darkness.

It will be interesting to our readers to learn that the Gospel is being preached to them. The Christian Africans in Jamaica, who are under the care of Presbyterian Missionaries, felt themselves bound to do something for their fatherland. They had received freely: they wished to give freely. They held meetings, offered prayers, collected considerable funds. The King of Old Calabar, with seven of his Chiefs, earnestly invited them to send Missionaries to his country. It was determined to select Native Christians from the West Indies as the men fittest for the work, European Missionaries being appointed to direct and superintend them; and the Rev. Hope M. Waddell, with some Africans from Jamaica, reached Old Calabar in 1846. We are sure that our Christian readers will be thankful to learn, that where we have not been able to send Missionaries, others have; that where the Gospel is not preached by us, it is by others; and that they do not share in that narrow feeling which would say, "If they be not Episcopalian Missionaries, we take no interest whatever in their work." We of course like our own Missions best; we would they were more numerous; but the grand concern is, that the Gospel be preached; and therein, with the Apostle, we "do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

The poor Africans on that part of the coast which is to the east of the Yoruba Country were found in a very degraded state. Human sacrifices prevailed amongst them. When Chiefs died, many persons, chiefly slaves, were put to death, that they might go with them to the other world, and there wait upon them. This dreadful practice had prevailed for ages: it had deluged the land with blood, and kept all the slaves in perpetual terror. A Chief of one of the native towns in the Calabar river, called Duke Town, about 45 miles from the mouth of the river, having died in February of last year, seventeen slaves were immediately killed and buried with him, and twelve were bound to be similarly dealt with. At the request of the Missionaries, the captains and surgeons of the ships trading in the river interfered, and meetings were held, which ended in a law being passed to put down this awful custom. Very recently, however, an outbreak took place amongst the slaves. It was feared that they would take the town, and perhaps plunder the merchant ships. A screw steamer immediately went up the river to prevent a collision, and Mr. Beecroft, the British Consul at Fernando Po, soon followed. This gentleman, by his own straight-

forward integrity of character, and firmness accompanied with kindness, has gained great influence over all the Black People in that quarter of Africa. By his interference, the slaves were induced to send in delegates, who were to state what their complaints were at a large meeting assembled for the purpose. The real truth soon came out: the poor slaves were afraid that the law forbidding human sacrifices would not be carried into effect; and it was determined that an agreement should be drawn up and signed by the headmen, the slaves, and the British officers, confirming that law, and binding the slaves on their part to keep peace. To bind them the more strongly to observe this agreement, the slaves went through a curious ceremony called "chopping doctor." Three large pots were brought in, filled with some dark liquid, like Warren's blacking, and ornamented with goats' and dogs' skulls, alligators' teeth, &c. Some of the fluid was poured into shallow saucers, and then the men were brought up one by one, and made to sit down while a man repeated something to them very much like putting an oath to a witness. They then dipped their fingers three times in the black stuff, and sucked them.

Mr. Beecroft and another officer then proceeded to visit another native town called Creek Town, in a creek four miles further up. This is the place where Mr. Waddell has his Station. The King is called King Eyo-Honesty. He has great dealings with the British merchant ships, is very fond of the English, and is very superior to his race in intelligence and general character. He is also very wealthy and independent, and governs his people well. The English gentlemen were shown into a very fine room, the floor covered with an oil-cloth of handsome pattern: the walls were papered with a rich flock paper, and about the room there was a large quantity of furniture, which, although faded, had been handsome. There were three splendid pier-glasses, in rich gilt frames, on three sides, and several pictures of different persons, amongst others of Queen Victoria. The tables and sideboard were covered with glass bottles and jugs of large dimensions, with his name upon them in gilt letters. He received his visitors most cordially, and in a very civilized way.

King Eyo was invited to breakfast on board the steamer the next morning, and was asked to name the hour which would be most convenient to him. He came about ten o'clock in the morning, in the steamer's gig, followed by four large war canoes, with swivels in the bows and huge white English ensigns flying. He was received on board with a royal salute. It was very curious to see him trying to explain to his followers the principle of the screw. When the engines were shown him, he expressed his admiration, and said that the man who invented them must have had very much of "that," significantly placing his finger on his forehead.

King Eyo is not only intelligent, but, in matters of greater importance, very promising. The people assemble in his courtyard every Sunday to be instructed by Mr. Waddell, who explains

to them the great truths of the Gospel, King Eyo himself acting as interpreter; and this has been going on for upward of four years. He is quite convinced of the absurdity of the superstitions which had prevailed so long amongst his people, and frequently speaks of them as "those foolish things."

The following anecdote will show that the instruction which he is the means of communicating to others is not without benefit to himself. The subject on one occasion happened to be the due observance of the Lord's-day. Eyo was much struck by it. It is by the sale of palm-oil that he carries on trade with the English merchants, and it so happened that the next market-day fell on a Sunday. Eyo determined that he would not traffic on that day; and he informed the traders to that effect—that it was "God's palaver-day," and he would not trade on it. They were much annoyed, and endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose. They told him that he would lose the sale of it, and that henceforward no one would traffic with him; but he was immovable. His mind however was much troubled, and he could not rest. At last he resolved he would go and tell God about it in prayer. He went on his knees and breathed forth his thoughts. He prayed to God that, as he had kept His palaver-day, so He would not suffer his market-day to fail, but so order it that he might sell his oil. It was a simple prayer, for as yet it was only a little light that had entered within his mind, and which was struggling with the darkness that had so long prevailed there. The Sunday was observed, and no market was held on it; but, on the next market-day, such was the demand, that Eyo sold all the oil he had on hand, both old and new, and still was unable to meet it fully; and then it was, that, in the fulness of his heart, he went to Mr. Waddell and told him all that had taken place. No Sunday market is now permitted to be held in Creek Town, and the people have thrown away their Ekpongyong, or chief domestic idol. A galvanized iron church, made in London, is now being erected, in the putting up of which the King and the Chiefs take a lively interest, and are rendering very efficient assistance.

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STEDFAST FAITH.—MARK x. 29, 30.

IN the Journals of our Missionaries at Abbeokuta we find much which affords to us satisfactory evidence of the progress of the work. The people are very anxious to hear the good news of the Gospel, and that, not only in Abbeokuta itself, where the Missionaries have been for some years resident, but in the neighbouring towns and villages. They seem, indeed, in this respect, to resemble a newly-ploughed field, which lies open to receive the seed which falls plentifully on it from the sowers' hands. Nor is this all. In other Missionary fields the seed was long in springing up, and many years passed away before the hearts of the labourers were cheered by a single instance of conversion; but in Abbeokuta the seed is already coming back in produce. There are many who have cast away their idols as sinful and worthless, and,

boldly professing the name of Jesus, have willingly endured for His sake the dislike and scorn of their relatives and friends. Our Native Catechist, Mr. Thomas King, in the accompanying narrative, has related an interesting case of this description.

Oct. 28, 1850—This morning I went with the Rev. H. Townsend to see a sick Candidate, who had sent to him earnestly requesting to have the sacrament of baptism administered to him, as he found his sickness gradually gaining the mastery. His answers to several questions proposed



to him by Mr. Townsend were such that it would have been unjustifiable to refuse him his request, especially under such pining disease. "Why do you wish to be baptized?" asked Mr. Townsend. "Because Jesus has commanded it to be done to every one that believes in Him."—"It is, then, answerable to the heathen amulets, as a means by which you hope to be preserved from sickness, death, and other evils?" "By no means: it is only an outward sign of an inward operation by the Spirit of God."—"Administered to you, will your salvation be then completed?" "It will by no means be profitable to me without true faith in Jesus the Saviour."—"Do you, then, believe

in Jesus?" "O yes! with all my heart; and I hope that He will enable me more to trust in Him. I know that I am unfit; but as I cannot tell how it will fare with me in this sickness, I therefore wish to receive the sign which Christ has appointed as a means for salvation." After this, he was baptized by Mr. Townsend, in the presence of more than a dozen individuals, Communicants and Candidates, who went with us, and some of the household. After this, some words were spoken to those of his unconcerned and careless relatives present for about an hour; by which an emigrant who came with us from Sierra Leone was so convinced of the utmost necessity of casting his lot with the people of God, that he quitted the residence of his heathen relatives the same day, to live with one of the Native Communicants who went with us, where he would be able to attend to these things without molestation.

Nov. 24: Lord's-day—The above sick young man was brought to the yard this morning. The most influential man among his relatives sent to Mr. Townsend about a fortnight ago to take the young man to our premises. To ascertain the real cause of this message, Mr. Townsend sent Mr. A. Wilhelm and myself to make inquiries. He assigned no other reason than that, as the young man refused their making sacrifices for him, they knew not what assistance could be rendered to him. His language, he said, was not understood by them, as their words were contrary to his. We inquired how this could be, since the young man knows and speaks no other but the same common language. "His views," said he, "are contrary to us, neither can any in the house understand him. As long as he refuses to worship Ifa,* I know not what other help could be rendered him, neither will I show him any favour. Tell the gentleman that I am quite sincere in what I said. If he is better, he may remain with him in his yard; but should the sickness terminate in death, he may bury him: we cannot help it." What provoked them to be so much disgusted with the sick man, I am informed, was the violent insult he once offered to Ifa, when, in spite of all his remonstrances, this head man of their family determined to consult Ifa on his behalf. On a certain day, when the babbalawo, whom the head man brought for the purpose, had taken his seat, and spread Ifa and all the instruments, the sick man was requested to come forward and perform his adoration by prostration on the ground before the priest, and by touching the nuts with his forehead, all which are to precede the act of divination. But the young man refused. As he would not rise,

* Ifa is a supposed deity, represented by sixteen palm-nuts. He is consulted by means of the nuts, manœuvred by a babbalawo, or priest. Before commencing operations, the inquiring parties must evince their faith in Ifa by prostration, and by touching the nuts with the forehead. The priest then gives to some of the bystanders pieces of broken earthenware, or something of the kind, some representing a favourable, others an unfavourable response. Having also whitened a board, he shakes the nuts within his hands, and with the right hand grasps a number. Some are left in the other hand, and the babbalawo makes marks accordingly on the whitened board. He now asks for one of the pieces of earthenware, and declares whether Ifa's answer be favourable or not. The people being ignorant as to what pieces represent favourable and what pieces unfavourable replies, they are altogether at the mercy of the priest's arbitrary declaration. If the response be adverse, the babbalawo says the applicants must sacrifice, and Ifa is again consulted as to what sacrifice he requires. The answer may be a sheep, goat, fowls, &c., as the necessities of Ifa—or the babbalawo—may render most desirable.—*Ed. C. M. G.*

it was then proposed that Ifa should be handed to him, in order to touch it with his forehead, but even with this they could not get him to comply. His relative, the employer, then remarked, that as they could easily perform the ceremonies were the sufferer to be absent, they might deal with this case just in the same way, and therefore bade the priest to proceed. At this crisis, the sick man, who in the mean while was contemplating how to put an end to all their imposing cheats, nimbly got up, on which they supposed he was now inclined to comply with their wishes; but on the contrary, to the astonishment and displeasure of all, he took hold of the nuts, and scattered the whole in the yard. Enraged by such daring conduct, the chief relative threw the sick young man down by such a violent push that those present supposed him to be dead. The whole party being in confusion were then dispersed. The babbalawo, without a word to his employer, departed in haste. The poor man, coming to himself after a while, got up and went into the house. This is the source of their animosity to him, from which even his mother is not exempted, but seems, as it were, to be hardened against her own son. They troubled him greatly after this to give up his faith, but, finding they could not prevail, their hatred to him was the more increased. But the young man, instead of being shaken in faith, was firm and resolute; and, far from being sorry for the proposal made by the head man, he was rather much pleased to come to the yard. Their bitter hatred to him has given him sufficient reason to suspect that, in case of danger, such as outbreak of fire, they might leave him to perish. The poor man, since his entrance into the yard, has met with parental care and attention from Mr. and Mrs. Townsend. How forcibly is the Saviour's saying verified in the case of this young man—"I am not come to send peace on earth, but rather division!" Neither is David's saying less applicable to him—"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

This poor fellow has since entered into rest. During his illness he was often cast down under the deep sense of his unworthiness; yet at other times he was enabled to rejoice in the hope placed before him by the Gospel of Jesus. On one occasion, when asked by Mr. King what he thought of the Lord's dealings with him, he replied, "Oh, very kind and loving indeed is He to me—more than any parents." "What! is it kindness to suffer you to be thus afflicted, while many of your companions are in full vigour and strength?" "O yes! very indeed;" and then he entered into a long detail of all that he had passed through since the commencement of his sickness: how, when in ignorance of the promise of mercy in Christ, he was repeatedly tempted to commit suicide, but, being discovered, was providentially prevented. That he should have been spared to hear the glad tidings of salvation, appeared to him an uncommon mercy; and heartily did he bless God that he had not been suffered to plunge himself into endless misery. His mother, finding that there was no hope of his recovery, wished to have him removed to his grandmother's place, that there, taking advantage of his weakness, they might practise their idolatrous rites. Mr. King questioned him, to see whether he felt disposed to

go. "Do not," he said, "entertain any fears for me: not while there is breath in me shall I go there." Most grateful was he for any thing that was done for him. Entering his room suddenly, Mr. King on several occasions found him on his knees. Often, with deep interest, did he speak of the rest to be found in Jesus, and as long as he had the power of utterance continued to express his hope in Christ. "The last time," says Mr. Townsend, "that I saw him alive, when almost past consciousness, he had lying by his side his books, which I understood from his mother were placed there at his desire—doubtless, a last testimony that he continued 'a book-man' and a Christian."

THE MISSIONS OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN INDIA.

So little is really known of the extensive Missionary operations that have for many years past been carried on in India—and which at the present time, under Divine Providence, are gradually extending—that it is desirable the public should be made acquainted with the following details, which will doubtless prove especially interesting to the friends and supporters of the Church Missionary Society.

In the year 1845 the Society had thirty-five Missionary Stations in India, under the superintendence of sixty-five Ordained Missionaries, *four* of whom only were natives of India; 568 Lay Teachers—12 Europeans and 556 Natives—were then engaged in 296 Schools, at which 10,556 children were under Christian instruction; and the attendants on Public Worship at the several Stations were about 30,000, of whom 2991 were Communicants.

In 1851 the Society has forty-six Missionary Stations in India, under the superintendence of eighty-three Ordained Missionaries, of whom *thirteen* are Natives of India; the number of Schools is 454, in which 936 Masters and Teachers—20 Europeans and 916 Natives—are engaged in instructing 15,834 children, many of whom, in the higher classes, are studying and preparing for the ministry of the Gospel; the number of Communicants is 5000; and the attendants on Public Worship are estimated at 40,000.

In November 1850, Dr. Dealtry, Bishop of Madras, on visiting Bombay, ordained two Native Catechists Deacons of the Church of England, regarding whom he writes to the Secretaries of the Society—

My belief is, that the young men now sent forth, the first-fruits of your Western-India Missions, are the servants of God and ministers of Jesus Christ. I hope and trust their ministrations will be owned and blessed by Him who has called them to the holy office.

In February 1851, at a Visitation held at Palamcottah, in Tinnevely, Dr. Dealtry ordained five more Native Catechists Deacons of the Church of England, respecting whom he thus writes—

On the whole, I would remark that I was satisfied with their attainments, their knowledge of the doctrines of the Scriptures, their sound and correct views of the mysteries of the Gospel, and their experimental knowledge of them in their own hearts. I make no doubt they will do

credit to the character of the sacred ministry amongst their countrymen.

During January and February 1851, Dr. Dealtry confirmed 5448 Native Christians, converts from Heathenism. Of these, 3466 were presented to him by the Society's Missionaries in Travancore and Tinnevely, and of their attainments he says—

I was especially struck with the readiness with which the Candidates replied to the questions proposed to them during my address; and I was almost always surprised and gratified at the accuracy with which they repeated the facts, explanations, reasonings, doctrines, duties, &c., when catechized upon the subject subsequently: it showed me, not only that they had been attentive hearers of the Word, but that they had an extensive knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. I confess that my heart was often filled with gratitude, and I thought how few congregations in the populous villages in England could have answered with equal credit.

The result of Dr. Dealtry's observations during his visitation in South India is thus given in a Letter to the Secretaries—

I must express to you the grateful emotions and feelings which have been called forth in visiting your Missions. It has exceeded all that I anticipated. When I think of the throngs which flocked to the different Churches—literally “as doves to their windows;” of the earnest and devout manner in which they entered into the Services of the Church, both in the responses, in the prayers, and in singing to the praise and glory of God; when I think of the fixed look and attentive manner with which they listened to the word of exhortation, and the intelligence they manifested in the readiness of their replies when appealed to in confirmation of any doctrine, and of their knowledge of any Scripture statement; when, moreover, I call to mind the numbers of intelligent Catechists and Schoolmasters, and the crowds of young people, male and female, in the Schools; when I look at the Churches, Mission-houses, School-rooms, Prayer-houses, &c., which have arisen throughout these districts; then I say, If there is not reality—actual experience of Christian truth—in all this, then there is no such thing as reality in the world: all that we have taken for it is a name, a shadow, a delusion. But I am satisfied that it is a real and abiding work—the work of God—the power of His grace—the putting forth of His almighty arm in the sight of the nations, as in days of old. It is the same work which the Thessalonian Church experienced when the Gospel came to them, “not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;” and the effects are identically the same, leading the people to be followers of Christ, and desirous to diffuse the light which has risen upon them, and to abandon their idols, and to look for the coming of the Son of Man to receive them to Himself.

I have given you thus a very hurried and hasty statement of my brief visit to some of the most interesting Mission-fields in the world. I am sure no devout mind will hear of these things without having his gratitude to God increased, his love to Christ and His cause promoted, and his conviction in the truth of the promises strengthened.

Applications for Missionaries are continually being received from every part of India; the desire of the Natives for religious instruction is increasing in every direction; and Christian England is called on by her sons and daughters residing in the East to listen to the cry of

those around them, who are earnest in their entreaties to be made acquainted with the glad tidings of salvation that have been preached and taught in this highly-favoured land for so many years.

Oh, let not the cry of "Come over, and help us!" be made in vain! Let those who are able, give liberally of their substance; and let all unite in prayer at the throne of grace for an abundant out-pouring of the Holy Spirit on all Missionaries, and that the Lord of the harvest may raise up and send forth faithful labourers into His harvest, to gather in the elect from every part of the world.

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THE LATE REV. C. A. A. LLOYD.

THE Church Missionary Society is full of labour: its objects are laboriously carried out abroad, and its means of usefulness are laboriously sustained at home. Many of our friends are little aware what a multitude of efforts is necessary to keep up interest, and to gather in the income of the Society—how many sermons are preached, how many meetings held, how many addresses delivered, how many kind friends use their influence, and willingly expend time and strength, that the Gospel of the Redeemer may be widely preached, and distant nations be gladdened with those tidings of great joy which are for all people. Nor is it merely expense and inconvenience and fatigue that are incurred: as abroad, so at home, health often suffers in this work. In many an earnest friend of the Society there is a secret wear and tear of constitution, and others see it, although he may be himself unconscious of it. And yet, if conscious of it, he would not wish it otherwise. It is his Lord's work, and on what could the energies of mind and body which he has given be so well bestowed? When anxious friends besought Paul not to go up to Jerusalem, his answer was, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

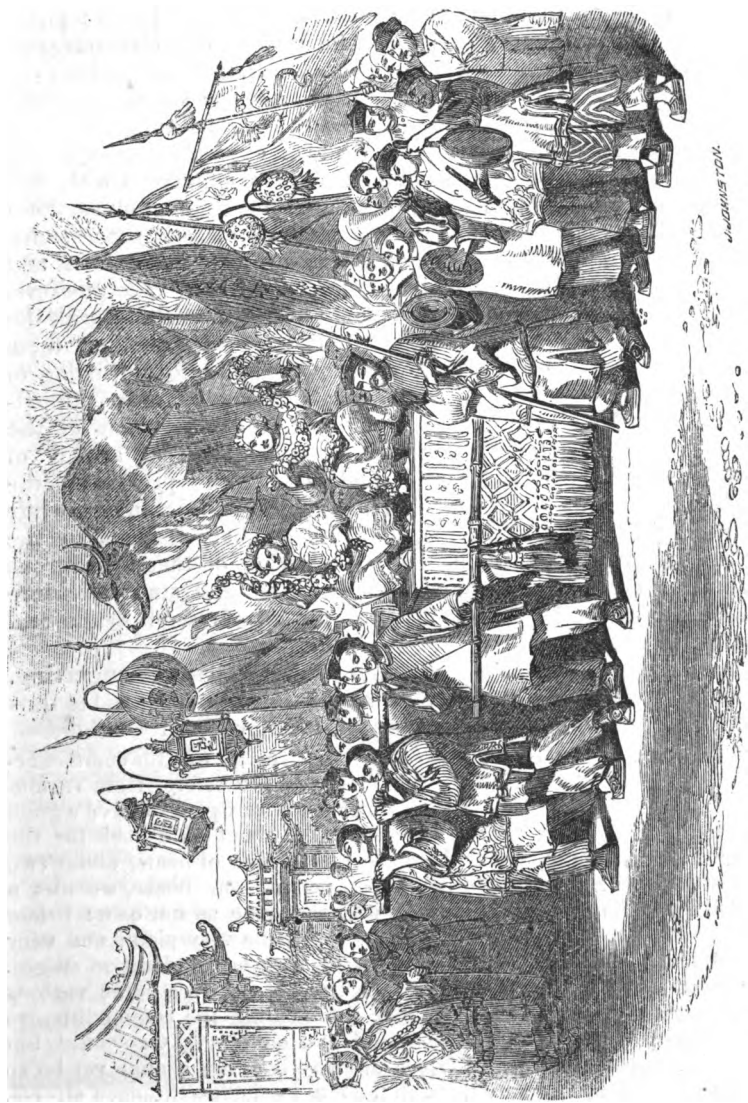
The deeply-lamented Clergyman whose name appears at the head of this article, the Rector of Whittington, Shropshire, was one whose influence and efforts were largely employed on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, so that he may truly be said to have been the parent of it in his own immediate neighbourhood. The two last sermons preached by him were in Whittington Church, on behalf of the Society, on Sunday, July the 13th. During the same week he presided at four Meetings. This unusual exertion and exposure to cold brought on, in the opinion of his medical adviser, abscess in the throat, and on Thursday, July 24, he entered into rest. We fully believe—in the language of his son, the Rev. Albany R. Lloyd, when communicating the painful event of his father's death—that "the Church Missionary Society never had a warmer friend."

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

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THE  
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THE CHINESE "WELCOMING OF SPRING."—*Vide* p. 218.

## NATIONAL FEASTS AND PROCESSIONS IN CHINA.

THE Chinese have "gods many, and lords many," and of one true and eternal God are altogether ignorant. Although "the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handy-work," yet they have not "retained Him in their knowledge." Instead of Him in whom they "live, and move, and have their being," they have set up false gods without number, each of them having his own place, or season, or circumstance over which he is supposed to preside, and in which they believe him to have power. Thus, there are gods of the hills, of the rivers, and of the plains; gods of the spring, summer, &c.; of the thunder, rain, wind and clouds, &c. In honour of these deities, who are supposed to be capable of exercising over men a powerful influence for good or evil in matters connected with this present life, with which alone the Chinese concern themselves, these poor deluded people have many holidays, festivals, and processions. They are accompanied with theatrical exhibitions, raree-shows, and various kinds of low dissipation, in which the Chinese take pleasure. In one direction may be seen a company of fortune-tellers, with the sticks of fate; in another, tumblers, ball-throwers—amongst them one man balancing on his forehead a little building consisting of very many pieces of wood piled one on another. There are puppet-shows around, to which the people crowd, the movements of the puppets being regulated by the combined music of a pair of cymbals, a drum, and a clarinet, all played by one performer, the hands and mouth being appropriated to the latter instrument, while the right foot beats the drum, and the cymbals respond to the movements of the left. Thus, on the occasion of these idolatrous ceremonies, business is exchanged for pleasure; and, amidst pleasure and business, life is passed in utter forgetfulness of death and eternity.

The welcoming of spring, of which we have given an engraving, is one of the most singular of these national processions, and is thus described by our Missionary at Ningpo, the Rev. R. H. Cobbold—

*Feb. 4, 1851: Tuesday, 1st Moon, 4th day*—To-day was the commencement and welcoming-in of spring; and as we have before, from various reasons, always missed seeing this ceremony, we were glad to have a good opportunity of seeing it to-day. We started at about ten o'clock for the larger Parade-ground, situated across the Bridge of boats, about two miles from our house. Immediately on leaving our house, we met a shabby procession, whose destination was the same as our own: it had the usual accompaniment of the dragon; and some very plain, and very dirty children, daubed with patches of paint, were borne along on stages. The most interesting part was, that in front of all were borne various kinds of grain and pulse, and cotton, representing the commodities on which this people depend for their food and clothing. One could but sigh to think that the gracious Giver of these bounties should yet be so unknown. Taking our way through the city by the less thronged streets, we arrived on the ground before the procession, and went at once to the temple of the "divine husbandman," situated at the back of the ground. Here we found that the district officers, with the exception of the chief,

had arrived, so we were just in time. They all wore their handsomest robes, embroidered with the dragon and the white stork. On the arrival of the chief officer, the mud ox, which plays a prominent part in the ceremonies of the day, was borne out of this temple, and carried to the Taoist monastery near to the north gate of the city. I noticed that the ox was chiefly black and white, while the usual colours are yellow and red. A bystander told me that the yellow and the red would betoken that there had been full crops and much sun during the past harvest while the white and the black showed that there had this year been an unusual quantity of rain and wind. Whether the black is the emblem of the wind, and the white of the rain, the people are not agreed: the teachers say that the water (rain) is properly black from the clouds, and the appearance of the water in the canals, &c., is dark, but that the people have now made a mistake, and look upon the white as denoting water. The god of the year—that is, of this year of the cycle of sixty—a clay figure, painted and gilded, was in a side compartment of the temple; and after tea and pipes, the officers, six in number, went and made their prostrations before the clay, of which their own bodies were made, defiling their souls, and dishonouring their Creator in their ignorant and debased worship. A miserable spectacle it certainly is, to see men of talent and of rank so demeaning themselves as to cast a reproach upon our common humanity. This was all the morning's ceremony.

In the afternoon, about three o'clock, the beating to pieces of the mud ox took place. The officers assembled at the Taoist monastery, whither it had been carried, and again went through their abominable idolatries; and then the ox was placed in the court, and they made several circuits of it, walking round it, and striking it with small wands given them for that purpose. Then they left it, and instantly all the people rushed pell-mell upon it, tearing it and stamping it to pieces, and carrying away handfuls of the dirt, or bits of stick, of which it was composed. I asked the use of this, and they said it was to put in the rice-jar, that the rice might swell out more in boiling, and so go further. Captain Hall was telling me to-day of a custom in North India which my account of the beating to pieces of this mud ox brought to his mind. He says that there they have a human sacrifice, whose bones are first broken by the priest or chief minister of the religion, and that directly he leaves him all the people rush in and tear the victim to pieces, each trying to secure some small portion for himself as a charm.\*

How completely sin has put out the eyes of the human understanding, and rendered man blind as to every thing of a spiritual nature! and how justly the heathen are described by the inspired Apostle, when he speaks of them as "having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart!"

Mr. Cobbold also mentions the feast of lanterns, the most magnificent, perhaps, of all the national festivities of the Chinese. It takes place at the time of the new-year's holydays, when, for the

\* This seems to refer to the human sacrifices among the Khunds, of which an engraving and description were given in our "Quarterly Paper" for Lady-day 1839.

period of forty days, all labour is suspended. The literary Mandarin, the merchant, and the agriculturist, all alike, rich and poor, observe a general cessation from their usual employments, and engage in visiting and feasting, occasionally making offerings at the temples of those deities whose peculiar aid they wish to implore. Amongst other festivities of the season, the feast of lanterns is celebrated, when two hundred millions of lanterns, of every variety of form, and of various materials, are said to be lighted up throughout the empire. They are hung on every elevated point—house-tops, mast-heads, the many-storied pagodas, and the twisted roofs of temples. They are borne along on the tops of poles, and illuminated forms of fishes, dragons, beasts, &c., are carried about in different directions to the temples.

Alas! poor China is in midnight darkness, and needs the kindling of a better light. May the Lord hasten the time when "the day-spring from on high" shall visit these deluded millions, "to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide their feet into the way of peace!" when the Lord shall give the word, and great shall be "the company of the preachers," and many native evangelists, raised up from the midst of them, "hold forth the Word of Life!"

Our readers will rejoice to hear that our Missionaries at Ningpo were enabled, on Easter Sunday last, to baptize two Natives, whom they believe to be taught of God. This fact, the particulars of which we hope to give in a future Number, has much encouraged and strengthened them in their work.

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JOHN, ONE OF THE KILLED AT ABBEOKUTA.*

ABBEOKUTA and its people have been indeed rescued from very imminent danger, the late attack of the Dahomians having been of a much more formidable character than we had supposed. The Rev. Samuel Crowther, who has recently arrived in England, has made us acquainted with some remarkable circumstances in which we may clearly see the protecting providence of God. When the Missionaries were first made aware that the King of Dahomey intended to attack the city, they requested that a meeting of the Chiefs might be convened, and the opportunity afforded them of communicating the important intelligence they had received. Some of the Chiefs were disposed to make light of the danger; but others felt it to be serious, and that defensive measures ought to be immediately adopted; especially the repair of the city walls, which were in a very imperfect state. Accordingly, on a day appointed, Sagbua appeared on the wall with basket and working implements in his hands; and the head Chief setting such an example soon brought numbers to the spot, so that a considerable portion of the wall was put in good repair. The wall is of mud: the base on which it rests is broad, and from thence it gradually slopes upwards, so as to form

* See our Number for August last.

on the inside a parapet, over which the defenders can fire, but on the outside presenting to the enemy a defence of some eight or ten feet high. Having done so much of the wall, and the danger not being imminent, the work ceased, the defences in other directions being left in the same unfinished state as they had been before.

The Dahomian army which moved to the attack was 16,000 strong, well disciplined and organized. Arms and ammunition had been abundantly supplied by the slave-dealers, at whose instigation Gezo had decided to attack the city. In fact, it was a grand effort on the part of all who were engaged in the slave-trade to destroy Abbeokuta, whose Chiefs and people prefer legitimate trade to slave-traffic, and desire earnestly the removal of the slave-dealers from the coast, that they may have full opportunity of carrying on lawful trade. In Abbeokuta there is no regular army, and of fighting men, who in time of danger might be expected to assemble under the Chiefs of their respective districts, there were not more than 8000. But the Dahomians lost the advantage of superior numbers by directing their attack against that very portion of the wall which had been repaired. They fought desperately, especially the amazons. At one particular spot, where the defences had been comparatively weak, and the conflict more severe, eighty dead bodies were counted, of which only three were the bodies of men.

It also appears that no orders had been issued by Gezo to spare the White Men, much less the Native Missionaries and converts, and that, had the enemy succeeded in forcing their way in, all would have been involved in one indiscriminate massacre.

The Chiefs and people ascribe their deliverance to the God of the Christians. Indeed, it was manifest that neither the Mahomedan nor heathen priests, nor their respective superstitions, were in any way concerned in it. The attack on the Monday morning was so sudden, that there was no time to consult the babbalawos. A Mahomedan priest, indeed, had buried a charm outside the city wall, which, he said, would suffice for its protection, as the enemy would be unable to pass over it. It was exactly over that spot that the ranks of the Dahomians marched; and after the excitement was over, and the danger repelled, this man found himself exposed to the taunts of the people.

The Christians had united in prayer the previous evening on behalf of the city, committing themselves and their townspeople to the Divine protection; but on the Monday morning, the sudden appearance of the Dahomian army prevented the possibility of their doing so again, as they had to join, without delay, the district parties to which they respectively belonged. It had been arranged that the Christians of each district should keep together in a little body, and this they endeavoured to do. One of the converts fell in defence of the town. The only particulars we have of him are contained in the following extract from Mr. Crowther's Journal. Before we introduce it, however, to the attention of our readers, we would remark that this man's death may be productive of good, by

convincing the Chiefs and people that the converts are not the less good citizens, or less interested than before in the welfare of their country, because they have become Christians. We now give the extract.

March 23, 1851: Lord's-day—I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to fifty-five Communicants. It was to us a season of heart-felt gratitude to our heavenly Father for the spiritual and temporal mercies we have received from Him since the last persecution, which separated us for a time; as well as for the late deliverance from destruction through the hand of violence, by which John, one of our number, was removed from us. These afflictions and mercies were calculated to impress upon each and all our minds the vanity of earthly things, and the necessity of following the Lord fully, because of the uncertainty of time, as evidenced in the case of our dear friend John. We had heard nothing of him since the day of the battle at noon, when the Egbas were driven back from the river, and compelled to retreat within the walls. We had searched for him on the day after, but in vain. In the afternoon of the next day, the 5th instant, his brother, who would not give up, found his body in a bush, at a place remote from any other, where, it appeared, he had attempted to screen himself when he was separated from his friends, and there was killed, and his head taken away. He was one of those who were early impressed by the preaching of the Gospel. He soon enlisted himself as a Candidate for Baptism, and one of his two wives followed his example. After two years' trial and instruction, he chose his fellow Candidate for his wife, and dismissed the other, amidst much trouble and family trial, and was at last baptized into the Church, choosing for himself the name of John Baptist, because he was so much taken with the character and life of that holy man of God. John being a son of a late Chief, he was particularly singled out in the persecution of 1849, and was cruelly treated because he would not follow the example of his late father, neither showed any inclination to fill his office. He was heavily fined, and forced to become a member of the Ogboni; but nothing could shake off the faith of John in Christ as his Saviour, nor would he exchange his Christian profession for another. When the Converts could not openly come to Church nor to my house, I cannot now tell how many tearful nights he spent at my house, when I endeavoured to comfort them under their trying circumstances. John was the first who pushed his way to Church on Christmas-day 1849, and made way for his fellow converts. As he was better circumstanced than others, he was liberal, and was a succour to many in time of distress. From him we had much of our correct information of the state of the slave-trade at Lagos. As he was an active trader in it in time past, so he became averse to it after his conversion, and hoped and longed for its abolition. He was not bright in acquiring the art of reading, but he had a remarkably retentive memory, and many a time, at our Saturday Meeting of Communicants, very accurately related the sermon preached on the preceding Sunday. The history of Christ's sufferings soon melted him, when he thought how far man had fallen—that Jesus, who came into our miserable world to save us from death, should be thus treated by us sinners whom He came to save! We trust he is now resting with his Saviour in heaven, whom we believe he faithfully served on earth.

What a cause of thankfulness and encouragement when they who have gone before us have left such memorials behind them! Enoch's epitaph, "He walked with God," is the happiest remembrance. Is it so with you who are now perusing these words? Can it with truth be said of you now, and remembered of you hereafter?

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THE OUTCAST FROM CHINA BROUGHT SAFELY HOME.

BELOW is the portrait of a Chinese youth, John Dennis Blonde,



who died at Ashcroft, near Wentworth in Yorkshire, in the beginning of last year. He is one of the few from amongst that numerous people, who, so far as our knowledge extends, having received the Truth in the love of it, have gone to sleep "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ." His history is very affecting and interesting, manifesting as it does the tender mercy of God towards this poor youth, and affording a beautiful illustration of the Psalmist's saying, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Of this

history, which was published at large in the well-known "little green book," the "Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor,"\* we can introduce only a brief summary. The following extract, chiefly in Dennis's own words, gives an account of his early life in China, and how it happened that he came to England—

His father was a fisherman at Shanghai: he had a brother who was some years older than himself, who was always very kind to him, but his father was cruel. His poor mother died when he was quite young. She appears not to have had good health some time before her death, and it was not improved by the cruelty of her husband, who used to beat her most unmercifully. He would go a-fishing, and stay away a great length of time without providing for his family; and when he returned he was very angry with his wife for getting into debt, and would often beat her. They then resided in the country; but after the death of his mother, in consequence of his father being so much from home, Dennis was left under the care of an uncle and aunt at Shanghai. This uncle "was a wicked man:" he used to rob the poor boy of his clothes, and to steal the money which was given to pay for his schooling. On one occasion an alarm of "Thief!" was given. "The house had been broken into, and all Dennis's clothes and money had been taken. Dennis's father sent for Mandarin. Mandarin come and examine great hole cut in the wall of house, where thief get in. He say, 'Thief live in house. Hole not made *outside*, but *inside*.' He go and look in uncle's room, and there find all my clothes! Father then take me away: he say I not live there any longer; and I live with grandmother—my mother's mother, not father's mother. But I then not like to go to School, because I got into bad ways when I live with uncle, and had no clothes to go in; so I run about, and nobody know I not go to School. It was very wicked of me, but I did not know any better: I did not know I was doing wrong."

At length his father married again; and he, in consequence, went home. His second mother was very kind to him; at least till she had a family of her own. She used to take the poor boy's part, and not allow his father to beat him; and, being much stronger than her husband, he was afraid of her, and dared not use her so cruelly as he had done his former wife, for "she was master of him."

But Dennis had now become too old to submit to the restraint of School, having been so long accustomed to ramble about instead. He used, therefore, to stay away, unknown to his mother.

When his father was at home from his fishing excursions, Dennis would frequently run away for days and nights together, that he might escape the chastisement of his cruel and passionate parent. At these times he used to live on what he could get by begging from his friends. During some of the Chinese festivals, it is customary among them to make presents to all their friends; and whatever Dennis got in this way, he used to lay by, that he might have something to fly to when his cruel father returned. He used, on these occasions, to sleep in the open air; and the only shelter he had was the projecting front of the shops, which are made with a sort of verandah to protect the articles of sale from the sun. Once, after a severe beating, he ran away, and went to an uncle of his,

\* June and July 1850.

who lived at Chusan, where he was kindly treated; but he was taken back again to his father, who had become uneasy about his long absence, and his uncle begged that he might not be beaten any more. On another occasion, after his father had been very severe with him, he was so afraid to go home, that, instead of doing so, he went to the fishing-vessel, where he found his brother, and there he passed the night. Early the next morning, when his father came, the brother interceded for the boy before he entered the boat, and obtained a promise that he would not hurt him. Having made this promise, he kept his word; but, as Dennis related it, "He look very cross, and he very angry with me for running away, but no more: he not beat me *that* time. At night, when we go home, as we go through the streets, when we get near home, he take me up wrong street: he want to do so, but I say, 'No, I not go: I know what you want; you want to take me up there and throw me into deep river from high wall, and I get drowned: I not go that way.' So I run away: I afraid of him; and I not go home till he gone to sea again."

When the war broke out, as soon as the English ships came to Shanghai, Dennis's friends all left the town, and went—he did not know where; for he never saw them again. He appears to have remained, and, along with another boy, to have wandered about, as he had often done before.

One night, when they were asleep under a theatre, which was occupied by some English soldiers, they were discovered, in consequence of the noise they made by snoring. One of the men gave them some straw to sleep on, and, in the morning, let them have some breakfast. As they were not unwilling to work, the soldiers used to employ them to light the fire, and clean the shoes, and go errands, &c., and purchase things for them. When the boys did what they were bid, they were kindly treated; but when they neglected to do so, the sergeant "gave them some stick." Dennis's young countryman soon got tired of being with the English, and returned to his friends: but Dennis's parents not having come back, he was glad to remain with his new acquaintances, who continued to employ him; and, on one occasion, he appears to have been of essential service to them. One day, when he was taking a walk, he observed one of his countrymen put something black out of a paper into the well, from which the English were accustomed to take the water for their tea. He immediately suspected it was poison. "Well," he said, "I say nothing—I take no notice: I go on my walk. I not go to English directly, for fear man see, and then run away, but I go back a long way round. I say nothing when I get to soldiers, but *wait*. Presently one of them get bucket to go for water. I say 'No, not go there.' I shake my head to make him know water bad. I take soldiers to shop of Chinaman that put poison into the well. We tell him to come, but he say, No, he won't. But then we make him come: and when we get to well, one of soldiers fill bucket, and tell him, 'Drink;' but he say, No, he would not. They say they shoot him if he do not drink; but still he say, 'No.' So they were sure that I had told them true, and they take Chinaman to Mandarin to be punished, and destroy his shop. I still stay with English; and when they come away they give me my choice—either they give me money, or take me with them to England, because I tell them about the well. I say, 'I go to England: I not have money. If I stay in China, Mandarin beat me when English gone, perhaps kill

me, because I help English, and tell about the well.' So I go with soldiers, and they take me on board the 'Blonde;' and then Captain Foster bring me all over the sea to England, where God has given me kind friends, who tell me about Jesus Christ."

The poor boy, on his arrival in England in 1843, having been brought under the notice of Earl Fitzwilliam, was placed by that nobleman at Mr. Beardshall's academy at Ashcroft. The Christian instruction received by him there was blessed to his conversion. When he reached England he was as others of his countrymen, "without God;" but his dark mind gradually opened to the light of God's mercy in Christ, and, at his own request, he was baptized on Sunday, October 15, 1848. No doubt rested on the minds of those who knew him that he was taught of God, and, having found peace in believing, he earnestly desired to go back to China and instruct his countrymen. Some of his schoolfellows once asked him why he wished to be a Missionary. In the most animated manner he answered in words like the following—"Have you any brothers or sisters?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, then, if any one told you of a great treasure, more than enough for the wants of all your family, and that it might be yours, would you not consider yourselves rogues if you did not let your brothers share with you? Now I have been told of such a treasure in Jesus Christ; and should I not be doing wrong if I did not go and tell my brothers and sisters—the poor ignorant people of China—all I know about Him?"

It pleased God, however, to order it otherwise, and to remove him from this world to join the spirits of just men made perfect, who, in the presence of their Lord and Saviour, await the promised resurrection. Severe disease attacked him, of a lingering character, but which admitted not the prospect of recovery; painful, yet patiently borne, and used by his Lord and Saviour as the refiner's fire to prepare him for his transfer to heaven. "I suffer," he said, "great pain: no one know what I suffer. But what is it? I deserve it all. It not one bit too much: it nothing like what Jesus suffer for me; so I'll bear it patiently." To a friend, who came to see him about this time, he said, "Oh, my sufferings so great, my pain so bad! What do you think it is keep me alive now?" Putting his hand on his Bible, he added, "It is this; *this* keep me alive. You know Jesus says, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God;' and it is *that* keep me alive now: nothing else could."

He who brought Dennis to this country, and made him here a subject of grace, has deigned in his history to convey to us a lesson. What the Gospel did for him, it can accomplish for his countrymen. Dead as they are to every thing of a spiritual nature, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." What Dennis wished to do, let us, then, do instead of him; and by diligent effort and self-denial provide that the Gospel be extensively preached to the Chinese, for, as we may each say in the words of this now happy youth—"How shall I meet the heathen in the day of judgment,

when they cry with a loud voice against me, that I lived on earth when they did, and that I got to know the way to heaven, and yet I went not [nor sent] to tell them!"

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THE CHIEF MAIKA, OF MANGAKAHIA.

IN our Number for June last we related the death of Heke, the New-Zealand Chief of the Bay of Islands. We regret to find that his tribe have not become more teachable in consequence of his removal; but that, on the contrary, they harden themselves against instruction. "Thou hast stricken them, but they have not grieved; Thou hast consumed them, but they have refused to receive correction: they have made their faces harder than a rock; they have refused to return." One of the Native Teachers from Kaikohi, a meek and humble Christian, returned from them recently with a very heavy heart. They had told him not to come again, as they all had books, and could read them, and knew quite as much as he did. They appear to be lifted up with the same pride by which their late Chief was characterized.

But there is another Chief not far distant, Maika, who, with his tribe, affords much encouragement to our Missionary, the Rev. R. Davis. When the war broke out, being then a heathen and a nephew of Kawhiti, one of the principal insurgent leaders, he joined his uncle, and fought against the British. Towards the close of it his mind began to change, and he became anxious for instruction. When one of the Native Teachers from Kaikohi, Mr. Davis's Station, heard of it, he went to visit him, and found that he had a person engaged to read for him whose conduct was very inconsistent with such an office. He ventured to point this out to Maika, who became very angry; and the Native Teacher, overhearing some angry threats which were uttered against him, and fearful lest he might meet with some injury, left as quickly as possible. He had not gone far when he perceived Maika following him with a hatchet in his hand, and, expecting death, he knelt down to receive the blow. The Chief, although angry, was withheld from striking, and the Teacher, availing himself of the opportunity, spoke so faithfully and fearlessly to the Chief that he was silenced. From that time the Teacher, who is himself a Chief of note, acquired influence over him. Maika was afterwards baptized, with three other adults, before a Congregation of 200 persons. It was an impressive season. Many of those present were much affected; some fine young men especially, who during the war had been tattooed, felt so deeply that the tears ran down their cheeks. The Chief has since erected at his place a decent slab chapel, capable of accommodating 100 people. He now uses the influence which he possesses over his people for their spiritual welfare, and diligently endeavours to advance the kingdom of God among his neighbours. The following particulars concerning Maika are contained in a letter recently received from Mr. Davis—

I have lately visited Mangakahia. The old party are going on much as usual. They may be considered as being in a pleasing, hopeful state, but their progress in the knowledge of Divine things is very slow—much too slow to give me satisfaction. The reason is visible: they are not deeply sensible of the evil of sin; there is a want of watchfulness against sin, and of more attention to private prayer. They felt disappointed because I did not baptize any of their Catechumens, and one of the Chiefs told me he should take them to another Missionary to get them baptized, which led to a serious and not unprofitable discussion.

This Chief, and also the Teacher, accompanied me down the river to the new party at Reweti Maika's place. The first thing that struck me on my arrival was his bell, which was very conspicuous. The hand-bell you so kindly sent him he had put on two posts about fifteen feet high, and over it was built a neat kind of pigeon-house covering, while from the end of the clapper hung a string, wherewith to strike it. Soon after our arrival I entered into conversation with some of the Catechumens, and soon found I had a different people to deal with. Here the question presented itself to my mind in a reversed form. At the other chapel I did what I could to find one of their number that I could baptize, as they appeared so much disappointed. Here I found the Catechumens in such a state of discipline, that the difficulty would be as to whom I should not baptize. On the following day we repaired to the chapel at an early hour, and fairly commenced our examination; and after having examined them in the most close manner I was capable of, nine adults were admitted into the visible Church of Christ, having been, I trust, not only previously prepared for the sacred ordinance by the teaching of their Chief, but by the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Five children were also baptized at the same time. After the baptism, four couples of the newly-baptized were married. At this place the Redeemer appears to have a people, whom He is preparing for Himself. May they show forth His praise! The little Chief is very earnest, and is a great disciplinarian. These people belong to the tribe of which Kawhiti, the old leading Chief in the late war, is the head. One of his sons, I believe the only one who survived the war, is among the Catechumens preparing for the next baptism.

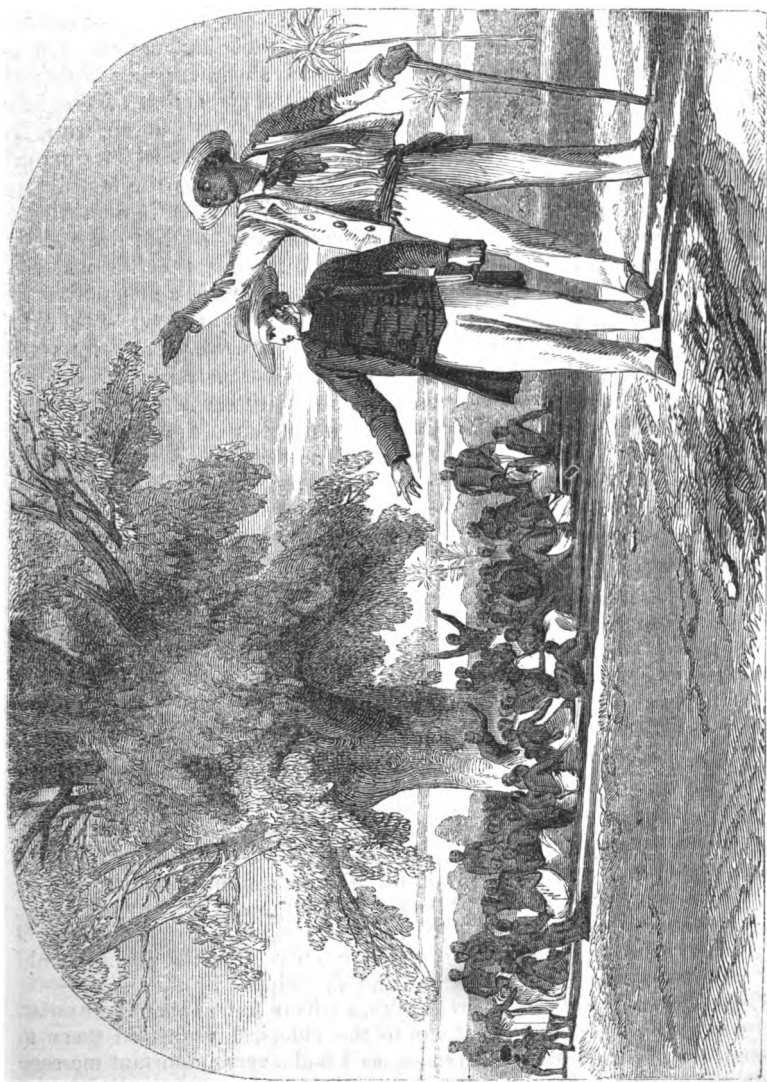
On the following day we left this place to retrace our steps homeward; but as the wet weather kept us in the neighbourhood I visited them again on the following Sunday. After the baptism, the Chief and Teacher, by whom we were accompanied from the upper chapel, most candidly acknowledged that they saw they had been in error in wishing their Catechumens to be admitted to baptism, and expressed their surprise at the examination that Reweti Maika's people had undergone.

It must be a great encouragement to Mr. Davis to find Maika amongst his people as "the salt of the earth;" that his Christianity will not suffer him to be inactive when others are in ignorance around him. Is our Christianity of this kind? Whatever be our position, whether high or low, rich or poor, are we endeavouring to do something for Him who did so much for us, like the woman when she brought the alabaster box of ointment, and poured it on the head of Jesus as He sat at meat, of whom the Lord said, "She hath done what she could?"

No. 20. NEW SERIES.]

[NOVEMBER, 185

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



SCENE AT IBERIKO.—*Vide* p. 231.

ANXIETY OF THE PEOPLE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF BADAGRY FOR INSTRUCTION.

THE anxiety of the Africans in the Yoruba Country for Christian instruction contrasts remarkably with the dulness and apathy of the Chinese. This Mission seems like a field broken up by the plough, and waiting for the seed. With the exception of Badagry, where slave-trading interests distract the minds of the people, the Missionaries are everywhere welcomed, and their instructions attentively and thankfully received. We have an interesting Journal now lying before us in connexion with this subject, that of the late valued and devoted Missionary, Mr. Eugene C. Van Cooten, who, in his anxiety to improve the opportunities for usefulness which opened in different directions, sacrificed his own life. It is the last document we were privileged to receive from him. It is impossible to read it, abounding as it does with the overflowings of that deep piety with which his heart was full, without feeling that he was no ordinary Christian. A holy and devoted man, tried and purified in the furnace of affliction, he had no other object in view than to live to the glory of that Saviour on whom his hopes rested for time and for eternity. To the Africans he was most acceptable. Gladly did they welcome him to their villages, and with open ears they seem to have hearkened to the blessed truths which he spake to them. They gathered round him in groups, and, as if conscious of their ignorance, pressed forward to be taught. It is to one of these interesting occasions that our Engraving refers. The following is our late valued friend's account of it—

Oct. 8, 1850—This morning, accompanied by Mr. Marsh, I walked to the village of Amunigun, distant about four miles N.E. of Badagry. It is a small place, with little or no cultivation, though the soil appears fertile. The headman appeared glad to see me. Having taken water,* I delivered to him my joyful message, setting before him the leading events of the Old Testament, and the plan of salvation through a crucified Saviour. He said he had never heard these things before. While speaking, he several times interrupted me to tell the children, in Popo, what I had told him. I asked if he would collect as many people as he could in some convenient place. This he willingly did, by sending messengers to bring them together. As the people did not come as soon as I expected, I commenced speaking to those around me; but the old man urged me several times to leave off, and wait till all were assembled, as he wished each one to hear for himself. I soon had a large and attentive meeting, and set God's true and lively Word before them. Before leaving, I wished to take the measure of a very large oak, but the people would not suffer me, it being a sacred tree, and worshipped by them.

Leaving Amunigun, I came to Iberiko, a village distant about four miles. After taking water, and speaking to the elders, I requested them to assemble the people in an open space, as I had a very important message to deliver to them. Men, women, and children, soon came together under the shade of a noble tree, the women first sweeping the place clean. I then set before them some of the leading events of the Old and New

* The emblem of peace is a draught of cold water.

Testaments. I felt much drawn out towards this people, and had some liberty of thought and speech. O that the Holy Spirit would seal the truth upon many of their hearts! The people are not Popos, but a mixture of Egbados, Ottas, and Popos. After I had left them, I again looked back to say good night, when a picture for an artist met my eye—the splendour of the setting sun, the soft shades of evening, and the deep shadow of a majestic tree, under which sat old men and old women, young men and young women, and youth of both sexes, all eagerly gazing after me. My heart rose in thankfulness to God, in permitting me to make known to them the glad tidings of salvation. I then returned home, through the villages of Bedu and Ajarra. This has been truly a delightful day. I would be content to spend my whole life in going from village to village, making known the knowledge of Jesus Christ. It is people, immortal souls, I wish to see and visit, and not places only.

His life indeed was so expended—gladly laid down for the good of Africa. Had there been a sufficiency of labourers, it might have been prolonged to us. But when sin-sick souls in multitudes are needing help around, and instant help—for death with each successive moment is removing them beyond the possibility of help—we can well conceive how one, who is like-minded with Him who had compassion on the multitudes, goes on dispensing the medicine of life, until his own strength has been unconsciously expended. So it was with Van Cooten. Are there none to come forward in his place? none willing to undertake the blessed office of distributing the bread of life and waters of life to hungry souls in Africa? Are there no bowels of compassion for a lost world amongst those who might be candidates for Missionary work? Must it be said of our young Christian professors, “All seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ’s?”

We add another extract from the same Journal, to which we shall return in a future Number.

Oct. 14—Early this morning I and Mr. Marsh set off for Mo, a large village, where most people stay the first night on their way to Abbeokuta. Owing to a heavy fall of rain, the path through high grass was rather unpleasant. Passing through Amunigun, at ten A.M. I reached Aradagun, a small village, with a still smaller hamlet attached to it. The people were very attentive, and ready to hear the word of life. O that it may please the Lord of the harvest to gather a few sheaves out of this and other villages visited. A tornado detained me nearly two hours. I sought to improve the time. While speaking in a palm-wine shed, a procession of women passed by, headed by an old one, followed immediately after by a little girl dedicated to the god Dadda, a sort of Nazarite god. No razor or knife is allowed to be used upon such persons till they have arrived at a certain age, when, if they are able, they make sacrifices to Dadda, as in the present case, and the child is released from the vow made by its parents. The little girl had a calabash half full of cowries upon her head, and threw herself into various postures, as if moved by a spirit. She is supposed to be under supernatural power, and—indeed in many instances these dedicated children appear as if possessed of a devil—capable of prophesying. During the tornado we had some very loud peals of thunder, which caused one man present to laugh aloud, and make a noise,

he being a worshipper of Sango, the god of thunder. I explained to him the cause of thunder, showed how absurd it was to worship it, and then pointed him to God, the maker of thunder. During the remainder of my stay his eyes were often fixed upon me.

The rain not ceasing, I went on to Mo. It is a dirty place, but the people gladly heard the good news of the Gospel. Afterwards I returned home, but found the path under water for about three miles.

PIRARA.

THE Indians of British Guiana consist of different tribes, of which the Macusie are the most numerous. They are furthest from the sea-coast, inhabiting the open savannahs and mountain chains in the interior. It is by this tribe that the poison called the worali is manufactured. Its effects are most deadly, and the mode of preparation is known only to themselves.

It was amongst this people that, in the year 1838, the late Rev. T. Youd commenced a Mission at a place called Pirara, on the borders of the lake Amucu. They had been long anxiously expecting a Missionary, and amidst their Indian huts, with dome-shaped roofs, they had erected two somewhat after the European model, the walls being plastered with the red clay of the savannahs, and the roofs, with gable ends, being neatly thatched with palm-leaves. One was intended for the dwelling-place of the Missionary, and the other, the larger of the two, as a place of Christian worship. This Chapel, the Sunday after Mr. Youd's arrival, was crowded with a singular-looking Congregation. "All except the Chief were well painted on the forehead, face, arms, and legs. Some had cutlasses, others bows and arrows. One had a monkey on his back; others wreaths and crowns of feathers; some with belts of wild-hogs' teeth from the top of their shoulders, crossing the breast and back, and falling on the hip on the other side; others with knives, sticks, and other things." Their deportment was as strange as their attire; but they had been in the darkness of heathenism all their days, and what could be expected from them? Soon they began to know better. As the glorious Gospel put forth its blessed influences among them, order and arrangement took the place of disorder and confusion. The hearts of many opened to God, and several of those who believed fell asleep in Jesus. But the boundaries between the British and Brazilian territories not being at the time accurately defined, the Brazilians, at the instigation of Popish Priests, who had vainly tried to establish themselves at Pirara, availed themselves of this circumstance to break up the Mission. Under pretence of pressing Natives for the Brazilian army, they marched a detachment thither, Mr. Youd being at that time absent, and changed the Church into a barrack. Our Missionary, on his return, found the peaceful and promising Settlement occupied with troops; and, compelled reluctantly to obey the order of the commanding-officer to withdraw, retired to a place called Urwa Rapids, where he proceeded to form a new Station.

In the subsequent arrangements between the two Governments,

it was decided that Pirara should be considered neutral ground; and the Church Missionary Society having decided that its Missionaries should pursue their labours within the recognised limits of the British territory, Pirara has since remained unoccupied.

Our Missionary the Rev. J. J. Lohrer, of Bartica Grove, has been lately on an extensive Missionary tour in the interior of British Guiana, the Journal of which we have received; and amongst other interesting matters which it contains is the following narrative of a visit to Pirara—

May 2, 1851—I made ready early this morning to pay a visit to the people at Pirara, or, as the place is called where they are living now, about six miles further south, Talinongkri (Red hill). The path was very rugged, crooked, and sometimes swampy, so that I thought, Is it worth while to have all this trouble? Perhaps the people will not care for you. It was not until three P.M. that I reached the settlement, after much exhaustion under the burning sun. Great was therefore my encouragement when the Captain came to meet me. He was dressed in white trowsers and shirt; and had a nice staff, with silver head, upon which was engraven "V. R.," in his hand, and a document under his arm, which he received about seven years ago from Sir H. Light, and according to which he has the oversight of the places and Indians between the Kanugu Mountains in the south, and Paharaima in the north. Arriving at the place, I found all on the alert, and eager to welcome me. A girl of about eighteen years said, when she came to shake hands with me, "How do you, Mr. Youd?" all the English she knows. I first counted them, and found there were about eighty—with some places in the nearest neighbourhood, a hundred. When the Captain had heard I was coming, he sent to a place about six miles S.W. to call the people from thence: he was therefore disappointed when he heard that I could only speak a few words to them, and must return the same evening. "Why?" he asked. "I have no provisions for my people: I must go down the river as fast as I can."—"We will give you provisions," he rejoined. "The other people will be disappointed if they do not see you. If I had known, I would not have sent; and I wish that you should speak to the people on Sunday." Many of the rest said I must stay with them altogether: they would go for my things to the Grove, or they would come and fetch me. Of moving from the savannah they would hear nothing; and if any thing is to be done for them, it must be here.

May 3—The people were early on the stir: they seemed much pleased when I went round to their huts, and brought me several curiosities and some provisions. Most of the men went to their fields, or to fish and hunt, to get provisions for my people: those that remained at home came constantly to see me, and followed me everywhere: the children also, who were shy yesterday, came nearer. Many people were present at Morning Prayer; and, though they do not know English, behaved very quietly.

May 4: Lord's-day—At nine the bugle sounded, and the people collected under a large hut, which was nicely swept and prepared: for benches they had trunks of trees and posts. Being quietly seated, I counted them, and found 120 above six years, and about 30 under that age. They sat very quietly while I spoke to them, and at the end expressed a desire that I might speak to them in the afternoon again. I spoke first

of creation and the fall, as I could speak on redemption in the afternoon. At eleven, I had English Service with my people. Many Macusie were present, and on the whole were quiet: they seemed much interested in our singing.

I had a little rest, and then assembled the people once more, and spoke of the Saviour—what He did for us, what He taught us, what He suffered for us. I also warned them against those deceivers who taught them bad things; and admonished them to think and speak every day of what I had told them. With regard to those impostors, a man said he “was sorry he had ever listened to them: he would not do it again. They told them the English soldiers would come and take them away, and frightened them in many ways, to get things from them, as hammocks, &c., and get them to do as they liked.” This man was sorry that they had nobody to teach them.

May 5—Early this morning I made ready for my return passage. About half-past five we left Talinongkri: the people were all up, and expressed regret at my departure, especially as I could not promise them that I would come and live among them. They had well taken care of provisions for us, as far as it was in their power. We had, indeed, to be satisfied with cassava bread and plantains, but they themselves had nothing else. Eight men and two women went with us to the landing-place, most of them carrying heavy loads of bread and plantains. About six miles from Talinongkri we came to a smaller settlement. The people from here had been with us yesterday, but returned in the evening, when one of their dogs caught a deer: this they prepared against our coming, and seemed full of joy that they had something to give us. We reached the landing-place about half-past eleven, and started about two P.M.

How gladly these poor Indians shared with Mr. Lohrer the unexpected prize of the deer which had fallen to them! Would that we all had as earnest a desire to share with them that better provision for the soul which God has bestowed so bountifully on us—to prepare for them a table in the wilderness, and spread it with “the feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined.” We add a little more from Mr. Lohrer’s Journal.

May 6—We reached Ayawa at noon. The water being so high made it impossible for me to go to the Settlement; but all the people came round to the water-side, and brought a quantity of cassava bread and three pines. The Captain said they would gladly move to Pirara, and make their houses and fields there, if a Minister went there. A few people here from Anai are likewise anxious to have a Minister. We stopped here till three P.M., and had several conversations with individuals. I found that their intellect requires only development, and the enlightening of the Holy Spirit. They are very timid, which makes them ready to hear when comfort and encouragement are brought. When I bade them farewell they were evidently dejected, and said, when I told them I could not come to them unless their English friends sent me, “You must tell them they should send us another Minister. Nobody tells us what we must do. We have had no Minister with us since the time of Mr. Youd.”

Alas! alas! what importunate cries for help from Asia, Africa,

America! How many poor neglected heathen who may utter the same lament, and say, *Nobody tells us what we must do!* There are none to tell them where the "weary and heavy-laden" may find rest. Oh! how great the guilt of those who are satisfied to sit and be satiated with Christian instruction, and yet care nothing for the millions who are in the most pitiable destitution! What do we to help the heathen? "If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"

A KANDIAN RATE-MAHATMEYA.

WHAT a singular specimen of national costume we have here presented to our readers! Singular indeed! nor does it look more singular than it is in reality.



The figure before you is that of a Rate-mahatmeya, an official of third-class dignity, under the old Kandian monarchy, in the

island of Ceylon, which was terminated by British conquest in 1815, after having continued with little interruption for the prolonged period of 2357 years.

On the head is a large white cloth cap of a round shape, well stuffed with cotton to keep it in due form. The jacket is of white cotton, with short sleeves, plaited and stuffed with cotton to keep them in shape. A tippet of white muslin, with gold edging, is worn over the shoulders. Around the middle, numberless yards of white cloth or muslin are twisted so as to form a kind of petticoat, called a topetty, reaching to the ankles and open in front. A broad gold or tinsel belt binds the cumbrous folds around the waist. In this is placed the betel-box, handkerchief, and knife or dagger of the owner, with its richly-carved handle. White trowsers, tied around the ankles, and ornamented with a deep frill, complete the costume. Twelve such figures, assembled in the Court-house at Kandy for the purpose of serving on a jury, must present to an English eye a very singular spectacle.

The Kandians are the highlanders of Ceylon, inhabiting the mountainous districts in the southern centre of the island. They are Buddhists in religion; and, according to one of the most popular tenets of that false faith, believe in the transmigration of souls. This renders them very careless and indifferent to every thing connected with death, as they consider it to be only a change into some other form of earthly existence. A youth, who had been condemned to death for murder, stated at the conclusion of the trial that he did not care, as he would become the venomous snake called the copra-capella, and in that form would avenge himself on all who had participated in his condemnation. Another, in similar circumstances, was persuaded he would become a coffee bush, and, for the sake of the berries he should bear, expected to be taken care of without any trouble to himself. Another threatened to be born a demon, and to torment his accusers. As the issue of these successive changes they look forward to Nirwana, when they shall cease to be—Nirwana signifying “extinct,” as a fire that has gone out. What must be the state of an entire nation, who, like him whom the Psalmist speaks of, say there is no God, and, expecting to become nothing themselves, turn every thing into a dreary blank.

The town of Kandy is inhabited principally by people from the sea-coast. They are despised by the true Kandians, who, regarding themselves as the proper owners of the soil, avoid Kandy, and live in their own villages. Our Missionary there, the Rev. W. Oakley, does not therefore confine himself to the town, but extends his labours, as far as circumstances permit him, to the neighbouring villages. The Rev. G. Pettitt, when recently at Kandy, accompanied Mr. Oakley to a village called Ratmawella, about twelve miles distant. A respectable Native has held for several years, in that village, the office of Schoolmaster in connexion with our Society. He is a Communicant of our Church, and, whatever may be the weather, is found at Kandy at the Morning Service every Sunday. His two brothers and their families have also embraced Christianity. The School

was filled with scholars and spectators. A number of the old man's former pupils, who had left School and grown up to manhood, sat down with the first class, about sixteen persons altogether, and read a chapter in the New Testament. The Schoolmaster's three daughters—thirteen, eleven, and nine years of age—and a fourth girl, a heathen cousin, twelve years of age, who had been married to a heathen, and had been left by him, also joined with them. Mr. Pettitt addressed to them a few observations on the chapter. The villagers are intelligent and interesting people, and seemed much pleased with the visit of the Missionaries. Some of them had just come in from their paddy-fields, as was evident from the spots of mud on their dark skins, received in ploughing.

The Kandians are our fellow-subjects. We have only one Missionary amongst them. Had we many amongst their mountain villages, how much of good, by the blessing of God, would be accomplished!

FIRST CONVERTS AT NINGPO.

THERE is no part of the wide Mission-field where the inadequacy of human effort, and the need of Almighty power, are more evident than in China. To turn a heart, or touch effectually a conscience, is, under any circumstances, beyond the reach of human eloquence or human effort; but in China man appears more diminutive, because seen in contrast with the greatness of the work. The Spirit of God must needs move over these vast waters of human life, lying in the stagnation and darkness of spiritual death, and the command of God be put forth on behalf of China, "Let there be light, and there shall be light." And this is our hope for that Mission—that, consciously weak in themselves, the Missionaries will be led to put forth the more earnest prayer; and that, amidst the manifest feebleness of the human agents, the power of God will be more mightily at work.

Proofs of that power to turn the hearts of sinners have not been wanting, even in China. The conversions which have taken place, although comparatively few, have sufficed to show that He who has done so much is able to do far more. Two converts at Ningpo, the first-fruits of their labour, have cheered the hearts of our Missionaries, and encouraged them to look for a more abundant in-gathering. Mr. Russell, in a letter dated May 1, 1851, thus writes respecting them—

One is a servant, who has been with us for nearly three years, an interesting young man, about twenty years of age, whose general conduct since he came to us has been very good, and who has, I trust, latterly, though not in a very prominent manner, shown decided proofs of piety and real conversion of heart to God. His general good conduct, fair acquaintance with essential truths, and apparent desire for baptism from pure motives, seemed plainly to intimate our duty in reference to him; and now we would in hope and prayer commend him unto the discerners of hearts, to take him for His own, or to reject him as a plant not of the Father's planting.

The other is a tailor, who for the last two years has been from time to time employed by us, giving much satisfaction by his industry and good behaviour. His views of the great truths of Christianity seem clearer, and

his general acquaintance with the Scripture larger, than the one already referred to; but this may be only from his natural superiority of intellect, he being a very clear-headed, sharp-sighted fellow. He is, I trust, equally sincere in his acknowledgment of Jesus alone as his only and all-sufficient Saviour, and in his professing a determination to renounce every other ground of confidence, and to place his whole and undivided trust and reliance on Him alone, and under His banner manfully to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to follow the commandments of his God, and walk in the same all the days of his life.

The resolutions, promises, and vows, which both have made, I trust have been made in the Lord's strength. On Easter-Sunday morning Mr. Cobbold administered to them the outward form of baptism in the little Chapel in the lower part of our house, after a short Service conducted by me according to our beautiful Liturgy, and the reading of the eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Cobbold concluded with an address, pointing out the meaning and nature of baptism, and ending with an exhortation to the baptized and unbaptized relative to their respective duties. The names we gave to these two converts have been those of their own selection—*Ling-teh*, meaning "spiritual virtue," chosen by our servant, and *Yüeh-yi*, "a learner of righteousness," chosen by the tailor.

Let us pray that these first converts may prove "living epistles, known and read of all men," and serving to our Missionaries as letters of commendation to the Chinese people. They need our prayers; for in bearing testimony to Christ they will probably meet with much from their countrymen that is trying to flesh and blood. The Chinese boys, whom our Missionary the Rev. F. F. Gough has under his instruction, have all agreed in saying, that if any Native at Ningpo were to say to another, "Do not worship these idols: there is but one God," he would meet with reproaches from the better sort, and from others, blows. Amongst other things, they would revile him as having fallen away to foreigners. If they should be so tried, may they not be ashamed, but "glorify God on this behalf!"

RUPERT'S-LAND INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT despatches which we have received from Rupert's Land are full of interest and encouragement. God is blessing and prospering the work of the good Bishop and his Missionary Clergy. These barren lands promise to be inferior to none in spiritual productiveness. Even the most backward of the Stations, Manitoba, is beginning to put off its wintry aspect, and clothe itself with the hopefulness of spring. Of that Station we publish in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer" of this month a most interesting account which the Bishop has forwarded to us. From the Rev. R. Hunt, also, we have received letters dated November 28, 1850. The Bishop's letters, received by the same vessel, are dated June 25, 1851, seven months later; so shut out is Lac-la-Ronge, Mr. Hunt's Station, and so much longer the time which is necessary to hear from our Missionary brother in that lonely place. Our letters to him are of course similarly delayed. In his letter of November 28 he says—

As we anticipate that many communications from England and Red River are waiting at the Pas with our supplies from England—all of them much longed for—we purpose sending off to-morrow two sleighs, drawn by seven strong dogs, to bring as much hither from thence as they can drag, with the help of three Indians, through the thick pine forests and over frozen lakes and drifted snow. Both I and Mrs. Hunt have been suffering from influenza, but now, thank God! we are much better, and not at all disheartened—far, very far, from it. We would not exchange this little tabernacle in the vast wilderness, through which our widely-scattered Christian Indians wander in solitude, for the most stately hall—with the grove, and lawn, and mead, and flowery sod—of England's happiest home. We have here a field to cultivate which the Lord has blessed. Above 170 Indians were assembled at the Station this fall, of whom I baptized 17 adults and 35 children, and married 15 couples.

According to Mr. Settee's belief, every Indian—man, woman, and child—in this large but not populous district, is now a professed and baptized Christian.

Blessed be God for His goodness and tender condescension to His servants! If the natural character of the place be bleak and dreary, the spiritual aspect is far otherwise. Mr. Hunt's little farm has needed to have much labour bestowed upon it. The heavy wet clay and swampy mossy ground has required to be dried and warmed by draining; the surface of the stony, rocky ground to be cleared of the thickly-crowded stumps of fir-trees; the different kinds of earth and soil to be blended with each other—the sand from a more distant part being boated across the lake to lighten the heavy clay, while the rushy margin of the waters has contributed its plants for manure: all this has been necessary before crops of potatoes, oats, and barley could be raised; but, when raised, most gladsome in the barren region of Lac-la-Ronge. And no doubt the moral soil has required pains and labour in its own way, for the Indian character, in its native aspect, is most unpromising. We may judge of it by the following description given by an intelligent and sensible Christian Indian to one of our Missionaries—

The Indians regard both the ice and snow as deities; the former as presiding over fish, beaver, otters, rats, &c., and the latter over land animals; and they offer them certain rites and ceremonies to propitiate their favourable regards. When the Indians are eating, they cast a small portion into the fire, saying, "I wish to live!" "Give me long life!" "Give me plenty of moose to kill!" "Give me plenty of fur to trade!" "Take from the life of another Indian and add it to mine!" These are specimens of the prayers of the poor heathen in their natural state: their desires are earthly and sensual, and the offerings they make are small, but they ask a great deal in return for them. Dirty rags, small pieces of tobacco, broken bits of iron, crockery, &c., they present to their deities, and in return they expect long life, and what they esteem the good things of this world.

But if Mr. Hunt's labours in his garden have not been in vain, neither have the pains and prayers bestowed by him on his Indian flock. God has helped him there, otherwise all would have been useless. Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God gives the in-

crease. Nor has it been withheld from Lac-la-Ronge, as Mr. Hunt is enabled to testify.

With respect to the spiritual state of the adults whom I baptized, the result of my examinations during many days was in every case very similar and very simple, to this effect—"I know that I am a sinner: my past life has been very bad, even since I have known better; but I wish to wash away my sins in the blood of Jesus Christ, and be baptized according to His commandment, and I will pray for the Holy Spirit to help me to do better." One young woman, of a very lively turn of mind, said, "I always much enjoy the means of grace, and then I feel how much I should like to do what Jesus Christ wishes; but when I go away I seem to leave all good behind me, and I do not then *feel my heart* when I pray." The last person I baptized, after much delay, was a woman upwards of seventy, who had been a medicine woman. With her I was not at first satisfied, but eventually she became very earnest in her wish to be baptized, "to wash away her sins," which she said troubled her mind so that she could not sleep. I warned her that baptism by water and human means would not avail without the cleansing and sanctifying aid of God the Holy Ghost, which she appeared fully to feel, and I no longer hesitated. I attributed her improved feeling to her son, aged twenty-two, who was baptized with her, having waited for his mother. We have had two deaths; the first an infant, mentioned in a former communication as not likely to live on account of being nearly frozen and starved to death last winter*; the other, one of the school-boys, William Ralentine, who died of consumption following an attack of measles, from which he suffered about three years ago. He talked very little; but on Mrs. Hunt asking him what he thought would become of him when he died, he replied, in a feeling and nice way, "If my sins are washed away in the blood of Christ I shall go to heaven." I could seldom get a reply from him except as to the state of his health, appetite, &c., but all he did say was in the same spirit. At length, late on Saturday night, the 2d of November, after quietly waiting for many days, he started up suddenly, saying, "I am in a hurry to go now: send for Mr. Settee." While he prayed with him, William repeated his words, then shook hands with him, laid down, and fell asleep. We buried him on the following Tuesday, and I intend to have inscribed over his grave, in Cree, "Thy brother shall *rise* again"—John xi. 23.

The preparation of the Indians for the Lord's Supper—which was administered, for the first time, on the 13th of October 1850, to 23 Indians, 3 half-bloods, and 3 Europeans, inclusive of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt—was accompanied by circumstances of an equally touching character; and, while much remains to be done, yet the eagerness and punctuality of these poor people in availing themselves of the spiritual advantages afforded to them, encourage our Missionary to a continuance of prayerful diligence in his work. From Cumberland and Red River our accounts are equally satisfactory, but our limits force us to conclude. We have only room to add, that the Rev. Henry Budd was to have started in August last for Cumberland House, the Nêpowewin, and Carlton. "We shall now, I hope," writes Mr. Hunter, "be able to branch out in all directions, and carry the blessed sound of the Gospel far and wide!"

NO. 21. NEW SERIES.]

[DECEMBER, 1851.]

THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND ON HIS WAY TO FAIRFORD, MANITOBA.—Vide p. 249.

ADO, ITS CHIEF AND PEOPLE.

WE proceed to give some further extracts from the Journal of our dear brother Van Cooten, who has gone to sleep in Jesus, and now rests from his labours. In these simple details of his journeys and efforts to bring the Africans to know the true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent, Van Cooten, being dead, yet speaks to us. He seems to plead with us for Africa. May it please God that some, as they read, may catch that fervent zeal for the salvation of souls which constrained him to press forward unceasingly from village to village publishing peace! Perhaps it might be, that some one might have his heart so touched as to offer himself in Van Cooten's place, to take up the "work of faith and labour of love" which has fallen unfinished from his hand. The Yoruba country is open, and waits for faithful Missionaries to visit its large towns and villages, which, like Ado, are now in darkness. It is like a field broken up and prepared, and ready to receive the seed into its bosom: and shall there be none to go forth and sow? for the two Missionaries at Abbeokuta are fully occupied with the spiritual wants of that city and the care of its growing Christian Church: and Mr. Hinderer, our third Missionary, has advanced to Ibadan, a large town two days' journey towards the Niger, where it is probable the Chiefs and people will hold him fast. But let us read Mr. Van Cooten's account of Ado, and consider how earnestly the Lord is calling His people to this work. God forbid that any of us, by unchristian cowardice, and striving against the conviction that the Missionary work has a claim upon us, and that we ought to go, should bring on ourselves the solemn reproof, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Dec. 3, 1850—Early this morning, accompanied by Mr. Marsh, I set off for Ado, a small town distant about twenty miles N. E. of Badagry. After some hours paddling on the Ossa, we entered the deep narrow river Yewa, from Ye-wa, "our mother," I believe. An hour more brought us to Ado. The town has two principal entrances, east and west: the former by a gate, where taxes are received for loads brought into the town, the latter by a creek. It is an ancient town, and as yet has escaped destruction. The population I should say is between 6000 and 8000, chiefly of the Egba-do tribe. The houses are large, but irregular, made of mud, and thatched with palm-leaves. Two or three generations live in one compound. The streets are narrow and dirty. The wall encloses a quantity of uncultivated land, reserved for culture during war, should their out-farms be cut off. I think they are an industrious and intelligent people, cultivating the soil to a fair extent. The men weave cotton cloth, and the women are expert in making fancy mats, bags, baskets, and cloths, from palm-leaves. Their chief god is Odu-dua: he is said to reside in Ado. In other respects they much resemble the Egbas—in their worship, customs, and persons.

As I entered the town I was at once surrounded by a large and noisy multitude: it was very painful to feel that the living mass was dead in sin. I at once proceeded to the house of Ikoko, the head Chief, followed by the multitude. As soon as I entered the

house the door was closed, and the people shut out. The Chief gave me a kind reception, and at once provided two rooms for the use of myself and people—or rather, I should say, two dens, for they were almost without light or air. A stranger is not allowed to walk about till he has seen the King. Finding this to be the case, I told Ikoko that I was a great walker, and that I needed much air and exercise: he must therefore let me walk out. After some hesitation, he said I might go, and sent two of his sons to direct me. After prayers, Ikoko and several of his people came into my room, and sat till past ten P.M.

Dec. 4—This morning, directly after prayers, I stole out of the house, and got beyond the wall of the town. Finding a path, I followed it, and went nearly round the town, except the part defended by a deep morass. I then visited the place where the Egbas encamped some five years ago. It is a beautiful farm. It appears, when the Egbas encamped before Ado, they enclosed themselves within a wall, built houses, and cultivated large fields of Indian corn, yams, beans, bananas, &c. After supplying their camp, they disposed of large quantities. When they broke up the encampment, on the approach of the Dahomians, the Ado people took possession of the farms, and have since kept them in good cultivation. The wall is in a good state of repair, and the young men of the town are cleaning out the moat.

After breakfast I called upon the King: he kept me waiting half an hour, when I was led through seven court-yards into a neat square building. The King soon made his appearance, without any show or pomp. He appeared cleanly in person and dress—a man, I should say, about forty-five, of pleasing countenance, and, I should think, a man of peace. He spoke freely on several subjects. I told him why I had come to see him; and that, if he would allow me, I would deliver my message from God to him. I then set before him the all-important truths of the Gospel. When about to take leave, he said if I had any other word I must speak it in private, for a great many people were then present. I now felt at liberty to go amongst the people. Accordingly I spent the day in speaking to them in five different parts of the town. In each place I had a large number of attentive hearers. I have seldom met with more order and attention: it is quite refreshing, after the hard-heartedness of the Popos.

Dec. 5—This morning at three A.M. I arose, and was scarcely dressed before Ikoko came to conduct me to the King. I was told it was a mark of respect to be invited so early. I found the King waiting for me, seated on a chair with a country lamp before him, and two boys at his side. After saluting him, he addressed me at some length, the substance being as follows—"I thank you for coming to my town, and hope you will be my friend: I desire to hold you tight. I wish a White Man to come and settle in the town, to teach my people, and to bring lawful trade. I desire peace, and entreat you to make it known to the Chiefs of Abbeokuta, as you have brothers there. I wish you to look upon Ikoko as equal to myself, for it is by his power and influence I am sitting here now. He is, in fact, King, though I have the name: whatever he says and promises you, is as if I did it. War has reduced me and my people to much poverty. I have been obliged to sell the old King's"—his father's—"things, to purchase guns and powder. Peace only can restore us to our former state: my people are most anxious to culti-

vate their farms. *I have heard how much the great Queen of England has done to destroy the Slave-trade: I thank her for it, and hope she will not grow tired till it is put down. I thank her for all her great kindness.*" I replied to these and other points, and stated that the Consul would shortly visit us, when I would make known their gratitude to the Queen, and in his presence would mention their request to the Chiefs of Abbeokuta. I then left, after an interview of nearly two hours. The morning began to break as we left the house. I then stole into the bush for a little quiet time. My greatest outward privation, when staying in these towns and villages, is the want of air, light, and, above all, quiet. The soul needs this. After prayers I went into the town and spoke to the people: the rest of the morning I spent in visiting the chief men. In the afternoon I went a second time round the town, inside the wall, speaking in several places to a goodly number of attentive hearers. I believe, if the Gospel were statedly brought before these people they would receive it as willingly as the Egbae.

Dec. 6—The day spent in going about from place to place, speaking to the people. My out-door work generally commences at half-past six A.M. and closes at half-past five P.M. Whilst addressing a large number of people under a tree, a procession of thirty-five men in Indian file passed by, consisting of the elders and chief men of the town. The front man held a roll of calico before him. As they came in sight, the people around me fell prostrate to the ground, and continued singing certain words till the procession had passed by. I afterwards learnt that they had gone to a public sacrifice, for the peace of the town, to their god Odu-dua; by which, I believe, they mean the Almighty, as I frequently asked them, and they said he was a great Spirit. Osoron and Odu-dua, they said, were the same. Notwithstanding this, their light is darkness: they know not God, though ignorantly they worship Him. I cannot find that they know any thing of the immortality of the soul, of a future judgment, of the joy of heaven, or the misery of hell. I always ask the question in every place I visit. Here and there they have a faint knowledge of it, as is shown in worshipping their forefathers and their departed kings, transmigration, &c.; but I cannot find that they have any right perceptions relative to the union of body and soul, or the state of either after death. I have asked chiefs, priests, and people; and the only answers I can obtain from them are, "We do not know," or, "God only knows"—"No one has ever returned after death to say where he has been"—"We must leave this in the hand of God"—"It is not for man to know."

Dec. 8: Lord's-day—I went into the town, as usual, early this morning. After breakfast I assembled the men with me to read to them a part of the Service of our Church, and expound a passage of Scripture. I was anxious, also, to set before the heathen the way in which we worship God on His own day. Ikoko gave me his yard for that purpose, and attended himself, with most of his people, so that the yard was nearly filled. During the Service they were most attentive, but less so when I addressed them from John iii. 16. It was very comforting to feel that thousands were at the same time engaged in the same work, especially in happy England. O that all men were! The time, the set time for Africa, I believe is nigh at hand. I then went amongst the people, and addressed them in several places. After I had been speaking for

some time, an old man came forward and said, "We do not worship idols as gods: we only look to them as our messengers." I have found this to be a very general notion: how far it is true I cannot say. Like the Romanists, they may make them their gods to all intents and purposes. The old man was anxious to know what substitute I would give them if they put them away, saying that they "needed something they could see and handle." I answered him by proving that all idols were an abomination in the sight of God; that they were without power, and unable to help themselves, much less to protect others, as mentioned in Psalms cxv. and cxxxv., and Isa. xl. 20, xlv. 9—20. I said Christ was the only messenger or mediator between God and man, and then dwelt upon the fulness, freeness, and all-sufficiency of His atonement.

Whilst speaking, a young man urged me to visit his sister, as she wanted much to see me: this same man had followed me to almost every place where I had spoken. As I entered the house, a tall majestic woman followed me, dressed in a singular manner, holding a beautiful head-dress made of cowries in her hands. As she passed, the people knelt, when she waved this head-dress over their heads, promising children to the women, and success to the men in all their undertakings. She attempted to throw it over Mr. Marsh's head, but he pushed it from him. This woman is a priestess of Sango, and a fire-eater, and is supposed to possess supernatural power. I then spoke to the brother and sister—the latter is a priestess also—in the presence of many people. The young man replied, saying that the Word I had brought to them was good, and they were anxious to know more of it. He, and many of the young men of the town, would like to follow it, but they were afraid, because, when left to themselves, they would not know how to go on unless they had some one to teach them. If they attempted it, and failed, all the young men in the town would be against them. They had been brought up in idolatry by their fathers: they were strong in this, and knew how to serve their idols; but since I had told them that they were hateful in the sight of God, and came from the devil, they wished to give them up, and serve the White Man's God, if some one would teach them how. I felt the force and truth of his remarks, and gave him all the instruction I could.

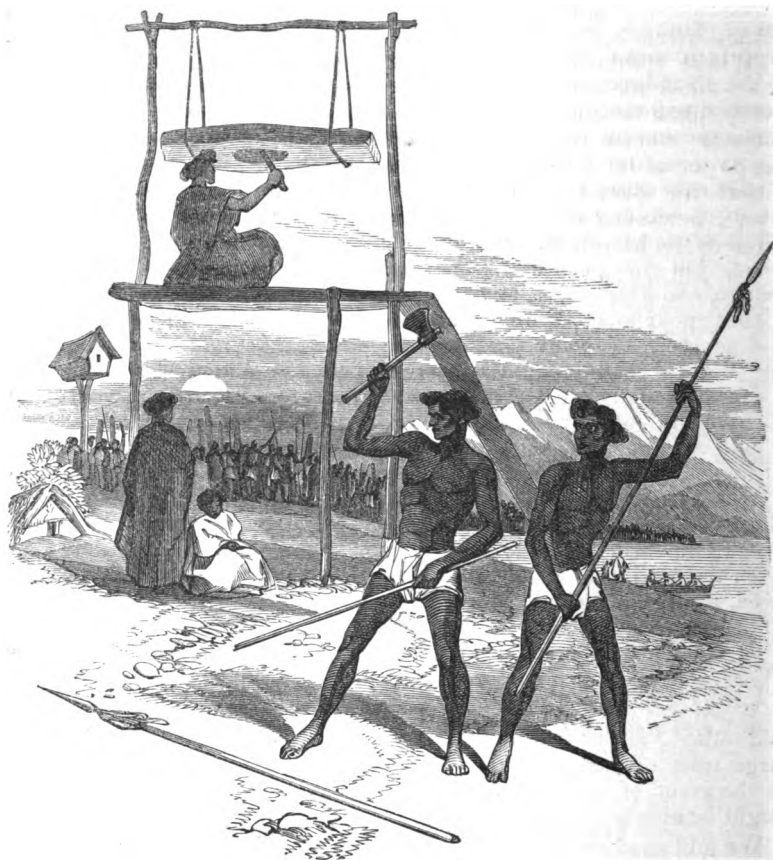
It is often with much pain I leave a place, feeling that, unless the Word is again and again brought before the people, it is but of little use. *O Lord God! hasten the time when many shall go east and west, north and south, to gather Thy sheep into the fold of Jesus!*

THE CONTRAST.

(Compare Matt. viii. 28, with Luke viii. 35.)

NEW ZEALAND was once a savage land indeed. Like the waves of the sea, agitated by fierce winds, the tribes were never at rest, and war, in its most cruel form, raged around. There was no security for property or life. The Natives, instead of dwelling in healthful hamlets scattered over the face of the country, were crowded in close villages, with a wooden stockade constructed round them. Stealthily, indeed, the taua (fight) was sure to come, and, if successful in surprising a weaker party, showed no mercy: there was the

murderous rush, and the horrid feast. Such was the habitual dread in which individuals lived in those sad times, that mothers have been known to put to death their infant children, lest, in the time of war and flight, they might be an hinderance to them. Then, in the dead of night, might be heard the doleful sound of the pahu, or war-bell, sounding from within the inclosure of some strongly-timbered Pa, the signal that an enemy was at hand; or the loud roaring of the putara putara, or war-horn. Of the pahu we have given an engraving below. It was an oblong piece of wood with a groove in



the centre, slung on a lofty cross pole. Immediately beneath it, on an elevated scaffold, sat the person who sounded it, which was done by inserting a heavy piece of wood into the groove, and striking back and forward, producing a dull heavy sound, which was heard far in the stillness of the night; while with every stroke the man still uttered the watch-word of alarm. It was a suitable prelude to the sad scenes which were sure to take place with the morning's

dawn, when the dreadful pukana,* or war-dance, commenced, with which the Natives roused themselves to the work of mutual slaughter.

But the transforming power of the Gospel has interposed. He who of old rebuked the winds and waves has stilled the vindictive restlessness of human passions, and peace now prevails where once it was unknown. The well-stockaded Pas and carved houses within are left deserted; and there, perchance, amidst the rank vegetation which thrives undisturbed, the curious searcher after New-Zealand antiquities may find the remains of an old pahu, of the use of which a New-Zealand child of the present generation is as happily ignorant as one from our own happy land.

We introduce from the communications of our Missionaries some interesting facts illustrative of the change which has taken place in the character and habits of the New Zealanders. They show the healing power of the Gospel. Its blessed truths are, indeed, the leaves of that tree which are "for the healing of the nations." The first has been communicated to us by the Rev. J. Morgan, of Otawhao, in a letter dated March 24, 1851.

You will remember that before the introduction of the Gospel, Rauparaha and his tribe were driven away from this neighbourhood, having been conquered by the Waikato tribes. Rauparaha journeyed south, and conquered the tribes at Kapiti, where his tribe remain to the present time. About twelve months ago, a few of the leading persons of Rauparaha's tribe determined to visit the land of their fathers, from which, when children, they had been driven away. When their wish became known, invitations were sent to them from all the Chiefs now living in the country formerly belonging to Rauparaha. After a journey of several hundred miles on foot, they arrived, two months ago, at Arowena, thirty miles from Otawhao, and passed on to Maungatautari and Tauranga. Invitations were sent from every village on the line of road, and feasts prepared for them. They came unarmed: the deadly animosity of former years had passed away, and the conquerors and the conquered met in peace, and worshipped the Author of the Gospel of peace in the same house of prayer. It was an interesting sight to see several hundred once savage New Zealanders thus assembled together.

When at Orakau, Porokuru Titipa, the Chief of Otawhao, Haunui, and others, at the request of Te Werowero, returned to the strangers a large tract of country, including the west side of Maungatautari, that, in the event of their wishing to return to their old possessions, they might be able to do so.

We add another fact from the Kaitaia District, to the extreme north of the island. It occurs in the Rev. J. Matthews' Journal.

Aug. 25, 1850: Lord's-day—A few days since there was one of the narrowest escapes of a battle at the Settlement bridge that ever I witnessed. This was owing to great imprudence on the part of our Chief, Busby Ripi, who had sent a heathen native to take a

* *Pukana*, v. To grin, to make faces. During the dance the New Zealanders greatly distorted their countenances, especially thrusting out the tongue to a degree almost incredible.

native woman—the widow of an European lately deceased—for one of his young men whom he wished to see married. I never saw Natives more determined: and on the woman's protector, who is a brave native Chief, calling out to the women and children to "clear off" the bridge—for action—the opposite party stripped off their clothes and rushed with their bayonets to the bridge. I was sitting amongst the opposite party at the time, endeavouring to prevail upon them, as they had acted on wrong counsel, to return quietly. When they heard the words "Clear off," or "Stand clear," each one said, "Yes, yes!" "Indeed, yes!" "I respond to that!" and their clothes were off and spears in hand in a trice. They dared each other in an awful manner—another European and myself were on the centre of the bridge—but after a quarter of an hour's coaxing, with good words, the parties separated friendly, and left the woman with her friends. The Natives of New Zealand are something like the Arabs, and other free and independent nations. They must be dealt with according as they are. They are a race of soldiers—of men who know their own history well, and their country's capabilities: and it is, indeed, a wonderful thing to find that they have been so tamed by the Gospel that thousands have received the Truth in the love of it. In my opinion, a thousand Lazarus raised from the dead would not be a greater miracle than the reception of the Gospel by the Natives of these islands.

We would conclude this summary of facts, by which we would wish to keep the New Zealanders and the work of evangelization amongst them before our Christian friends, with the following touching circumstance, from Mr. Matthews' Journal—

Nov. 4.—I went to the Poutaki, a village nine miles off, to visit an old blind woman of the name of Pore. She had been anxious for baptism for some time, of which I had been several times reminded by the Teacher, and also by the Chief, her relative. They would say, "The blind person wishes to be baptized; she will not live long; do not delay." This old woman has long attended the means of grace, and appeared truly serious. Our itinerant Native Teacher was present, and he inquired of her, "Do you know what it is to pray?" To which she answered, "Do you mean long prayers, as those used in Divine Worship?" "No," was the reply; "but short petitions, such as that used by the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" She replied, "*That prayer is my sleeping friend,*" meaning, that that was the petition she mostly used, and her last prayer at night. She walked into the native-built Church with some Christians of the village and the Native Teacher of the place, and was baptized by the name of Keturah.

~~~~~ VISIT OF THE BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND TO FAIRFORD, MANITOBA.

OUR Missionary Stations in Rupert's Land are very widely separated from each other. Cumberland Station is upwards of three weeks' voyage from the head-quarters of the Mission at the Red River. The great lake Winnipeg must first be crossed; and then the mouth of the Saskatchewan river is reached, about two miles from which are the Great Falls. Here the boats must be taken out of the water, drawn up a steep precipice by ropes, conveyed two

miles by land, and then lowered into the river above the falls. Ascending the channel of the river, the voyager is led first into Cedar Lake, and then into a smaller one called Muddy Lake, and then the strong current of the river must again be stemmed before the Station is reached. Lac-la-Ronge lies north-west from Cumberland, and is ten or twelve days' additional voyage up the river.

Manitoba is not so far from Red River as either of the Stations which we have mentioned. Its distance is about 200 miles. The Rev. A. Cowley commenced Missionary work in this district in 1842, and, until the beginning of the year, he has been labouring there amidst much difficulty and discouragement. The first place at which the Station was formed not being found favourable, he proceeded in the winter season to visit the present locality, Partridge Crop. The weather was most severe, a high wind drifting the snow so furiously in their faces that they could with difficulty travel. All around was desolation, the winter having stripped the trees of their leaves, and sealed the ground and the waters of the lake with ice. So hard have been the hearts of the Indians around him, so bare of encouragement his work, so wintry and chill its aspect. The heart of our Missionary has been often sad within him, and his health has suffered in consequence. It was to cheer him by Christian counsel and kindly sympathy that the Bishop of Rupert's Land journeyed, in February last, to Manitoba from the Red River. His conveyance was a light sledge drawn by dogs—the sledge just large enough to hold him. In this the Bishop sat, with a large beaver-skin cap, a heavy coat, and a few blankets and buffalo robes wrapped closely round him. The dogs had very gay trappings, saddle-cloths, and collars—of scarlet and blue. They went along with much speed and vigour, a whip being seldom necessary, a knock on the side of the sledge being sufficient to urge them on. The person who drives them runs by their side, or jumps on a board that projects from the sledge behind.* The Bishop, on first setting out, had many a capsize, but soon learned so to balance himself in the sledge as to avoid being dragged along with his elbow on the snow. Another sledge followed, with baggage and food.

Mr. Cowley had been anxiously expecting him. We can well conceive how grateful it must have been to our Missionary in his secluded position, shut out from all clerical society, to have the Bishop with him, and seated at his own fire-side. One subject, however, had caused him some anxiety—how he should be able to find a sufficiency of useful and interesting employment for his guest during more than a week's visit at Manitoba. One Candidate for Baptism, and a few for Confirmation, were all that he had to present—scanty results to show, after so many prayerful and persevering efforts. But “who hath despised the day of small things?” Luke Shata, after due preparation by the Bishop, was baptized: and this appears to have touched the hearts of several Indians in whom the work of grace

* The description here given is illustrated in our Frontispiece.

had been going forward, but who had kept the convictions which they experienced as much as possible secreted within their own breasts. But now they could no longer refrain: as they witnessed Luke's baptism, the smouldering fire within kindled into a flame, and they came forward with their voluntary and anxious application to be received as Candidates for Baptism. To these first applicants others were soon added, until the number reached twenty. Mr. Cowley, in relating this joyful circumstance, says—

So great was the effect of the disclosure upon my poor Schoolmaster, Charles Pratt, that he was quite overwhelmed with astonishment: he had been with me but a year, and had not, it would appear, perceived the change which was silently going on in the Indians' minds. Although it had an effect on myself, too, yet I was in a measure prepared for it by constant intercourse and observation for years past. Notwithstanding that the number of converts, compared with what has been accomplished in other places, is, after all, quite small, yet, as a triumph of the Gospel, the present case is perhaps second to none. For many years past it has been my painful duty to exhibit my people as, of all upon the face of the earth, the most callous and indifferent to spiritual things. Still, however, latterly there have been indications of a better state in embryo; yet that twenty-two should in one year, and twenty of them during the Bishop's visit, be added to the Church from among such a people, is matter for praise and thanksgiving to the whole Christian world.

To this we must add the Bishop's own testimony—

The full and detailed account of my visit to the Rev. A. Cowley's Station, in March, will reach the Society by the ship.* Light is beginning to break over that dark spot, and, should his own health only be strengthened, he will, I do not doubt, soon perceive the good seed springing up. At my Confirmation there I had fifteen Candidates, regarding all of whom I satisfied myself by previous examination. But to my own mind the more hopeful feature was the baptism of some families, the reception into the outward Church, in two separate cases, of the grandparent, parent, and child. They were not converts of the moment or a day, but those whom Mr. Cowley had long kept back, even for years. The work is, in consequence, the surer. It now begins to look like a Christian village, clustering around his School. As many of the inhabitants were then receiving a new name, I thought the place also might well have one. It is not exactly at the Partridge Crop, which is to the north-west of the Society's Station, and is an awkward and unseemly name. Nor can it be called Manitoba, as it is six miles from Manitoba Lake, on a river of its own, between the Partridge Crop and St. Martin's Lake. I suggested, in consequence, the name of Fairford, the spot from which their good and devoted Missionary came, and I would only pray that the light of Divine truth may shine brightly on Fairford, Manitoba, and make it a name and a praise in this land.

The winter is long in Rupert's Land—from October until May the snow lies on the ground; but when the boundary of winter is once passed, the progress of vegetation is astonishingly rapid. On

* This account is printed at length in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer" for November and December.

one day not a leaf will be visible; on the next day there will be abundance; and in a week all will be green. The moral winter at Fairfield has been long: it has seemed as though it would never give way. Instruction given to the Indians has seemed like good seed cast on the frost-bound earth, or the icy lake. But the boundary of this long winter has been at length passed, and we trust that now the work will advance rapidly, and ripen gloriously to its maturity.

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"A GOOD SOIL\* BY GREAT WATERS."

IN this, our concluding Number for the year, we have introduced notices from various Missionary fields—Africa, New Zealand, North America—all illustrative of the progress of the Gospel, and the anxiety of the heathen for instruction. There is another Mission-field, where there are millions willing and waiting to be taught, an important and populous field of labour indeed, over which, if we had only the men, the good seed of the Gospel might be thickly sown without any hinderance. India is that field. It lies open before us, and the Lord seems to say, "Go up, and possess it."

We have received an account of a Missionary tour accomplished by our Missionary the Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht, and the Rev. A. F. Lacroix, of Calcutta, in the Burdwan District, North India, at the commencement of the present year. Some few extracts from this deeply-interesting Journal will enable us to form some idea of the disposition of the people to hear, and the enlarged opportunity of usefulness which is open to us in India.

*Jan. 13, 1851*—We halted at Hajipur. As the tent was put up, we were surrounded by 250 people, and, after taking our simple meal, proceeded to preach. There was no lack of hearers in this populous place—weavers, shopkeepers, and peasants, all came to hear the Gospel. I spoke on the parable of the unfruitful fig-tree. They all agreed that a tree which bears no fruit is only fit for firewood. I pointed out the need of a change of heart in those who are spiritually barren and dead, and directed them to Christ, who could effect it. This was a delightful meeting. I felt that the power of the Spirit was amongst us. Many seemed to be moved. Looking at the mass of people before me—not less than 300—I inwardly prayed that the Lord would manifest Himself among them, and open their hearts.

I asked the people to show me another place where they were in the habit of meeting in the evening. They conducted me to a Shib temple, and requested that I would preach from its steps. I always like such a spot: it is carrying the lamp of the Gospel into Satan's dark corners. I had the honour to sit before the nose of the idol. I spoke on the text, "God so loved the world." Among about 400 hearers there were some thirty females peeping out between the nearest cottages, and listening with intense attention. It is very encouraging to see elderly females among our hearers, feelingly nodding assent.

*Jan. 14*—In the afternoon we went to Ramjibonpur, a place of 10,000

\* Or, Field.

inhabitants. What a densely-peopled country this is! No sooner had we arrived in the market-place than we were followed by at least 500 people. It is not likely that a Missionary ever saw this town, yet the people immediately found out who we were. "Ishu Krister lok"—Jesus Christ's people—"are come." This report was carried from mouth to mouth. Mr. Lacroix preached in the market to about 800 hearers. I went further on, and had as many as my voice could reach.

*Jan. 22*—We marched to Kamapuker. The people from the jungles bring loads of ebony-wood on bullocks to these parts. It is purchased by turners, who make hookah pipes of it for smoking. The piercing cold north wind made me quite stiff and lazy. In looking for a suitable spot to address the people, I was attracted to a shop, in which a decrepit old Brahmin was sitting and chanting verses from the Ramayun. While I was preaching to a small body of people, the pungent smell of red pepper, which was being winnowed by some women, caused a general cough among my hearers: soon my breath was affected by the same cause, and I was obliged to stop short. Some young people conducted me to another place, and invited me to sit down, when forthwith a door was opened and an image of Kali was displayed. I said, "Do you expect salvation from such a dirty, horrid figure?" "Yes."—"Oh, you misguided people! a thing which is made of mud and straw and bamboos! Are you not ashamed of your folly? It has eyes, and cannot see; a mouth, and cannot speak; feet, and cannot walk. If you knew how greatly you dishonour and insult the true God, our kind Creator and Father, by your idolatry! Do throw away the dirty idol, and pray to Him." An elderly man, with a pleasant look of honesty about him, said, "You are right; we are in great error: you have pointed to the right place"—he saw me lifting my hand towards heaven—"there is the true God. But we know Him not, and there is none to show us the right way." I said a short prayer, and made him repeat it—"Lord, have mercy upon me, a poor sinner, and show me the way of salvation by the help of Thy good Spirit." I once more repeated it, and he promised to pray it every day. "Please give me also a book in which I may read of this incarnation of love and mercy." He accompanied me to the tent, and I gave him the Gospels of Matthew and John. I sometimes think, after such an interview, What a blessed privilege it is, if, by our poor efforts here and there, only a desire after God and salvation is awakened in a Hindu!

We have now, in conclusion, to entreat our readers to be much in prayer to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that the hungry multitudes in various quarters of the earth may not be suffered to continue in destitution of the bread of life. "The harvest is plenteous"—Yes! what a plenteous harvest indeed! In Africa, India, &c. &c. "the fields are white to the harvest;" but "the labourers are few:" and we are like the agriculturist, who, with abundance before him, is without the means to gather it in. But He who has given the opportunity is able to give the men. He only waits that we should entreat Him. This, then, is our work—the special work to which we are called at the present moment. He who refrains prayer at a time like this, how can he have a true Missionary spirit?