

## WATERS IN THE DESERT.

"WHEN the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of valleys."

Thus the Lord has promised. Of his merciful interference in the case of deep temporal distress, when, in the literal sense, water was so needed, that the tongue failed for thirst, affecting instances are on record. Hagar was in this extremity, when, in the wilderness of Beersheba, the water was spent in the bottle, and, casting the child under one of the shrubs, she went and sat her down over against him a good way off, that she might not see his death, and lifted up her voice and wept. Then God heard; and the angel of God, coming on a mission of mercy, opened a well in the wilderness, and opened her eyes to see it, that the child might live.

But there is a deeper thirst than this—the soul's sense of need; a need so great, that, unless relief be vouchsafed, it must die. In the vast wilderness of heathenism are there none to be found who have this thirst upon them?

One or two instances we can give. They may be regarded as the specimens of a large class, and may thus stimulate the efforts of the church at home to supply the wants of these poor wanderers.

Two hundred and forty miles north of Rangoon, two hundred miles south of Ava, one hundred miles west of Siam, and eighty east of Prome, is situated the city of Tounghoo, the capital of a province of about 8000 square miles. This old city, surrounded by a wall some twenty feet high, and thick enough, with an inner embankment, for a carriage-drive, has its broad streets shaded with palms, its temples, pagodas, and palace. The modern city lies chiefly without the walls, extending some three miles along the river Sitang; and here are the bungalows of the English residents, for Tounghoo is no longer shut up in the hands of the Burmese. Since 1853 it has become a British possession, and an important centre of Missionary effort.

The population consists of some 50,000, of whom 20,000 are Burmese and Talaings; the rest are Karens, once the occupants of these plains, but driven back by the Burmese, and obliged to seek shelter in those mountain ranges which are seen close at hand. On the east, rising pile on pile in glorious sublimity, the mountains approach within a few miles of the river. There are the highland homes of these races, the real Karen land. This mountainous country extends over an area of 2000 square miles. On its north lies Burmah; on its east, the independent Red Karens. Over these mountains, rising 5000 feet above the sea, are scattered 50,000 Karens, of six different tribes. Up to the time of British annexation, these tribes were in a state of constant feud, inflicting on one another grievous injuries; but, since then, Christian Missionaries have been at work amongst them, and a great change has been wrought in their character and habits.

They are described as of very interesting appearance, fairer and larger than the more southern Karens, the young people often showing both red and white, in strong contrast, in their countenances. The men wear tunics, after the manner of Scotch plaids, striped according to their tribe. The women's dress consists of two garments, the robe and the jacket. The robe is striped according to the tribe, and girt around the waist. The jacket is white or blue, embroidered with brilliant silk floss, sometimes representing a sunrise, or the evening, with stars coming out on the deep blue sky.

Here, in these mountain districts of Tounghoo, there were, in Dec. 1863, 6000 baptized Christians, with 150 native preachers, and 134 village schools, with upwards of 2000 pupils.

It will be interesting to trace the beginning of this work. Some three years before the last Burmese war, a Karen, named Dumoo, was in trouble at the loss of a daughter,

who had married, and gone southward with her husband he knew not where. He resolved to go in search of her, and joined, for this purpose, a company of Burmese who were going south. On entering the British frontier they were suspected of being dacoits, and were for a time detained. During this trouble Dumoo attached himself to one of the Burmese, a native of Tavoy. On their liberation, without any particular reason he determined to accompany this man to his native city, which had been for many years a Missionary station. Thus led, by a way he knew not, he wandered on two hundred miles further from his friends and among strangers. At the time of his arrival, the small-pox was raging at Tavoy. Dumoo was struck down, and, during his illness, was sheltered in a Burmese *kyoung*, or monastery. There, as he lay fluctuating between life and death, strange thoughts came upon him—thoughts about his soul, its nature, what was to become of him when he died—thoughts he could not answer, and which he could not put away, for they had taken strong hold upon him. The sense of spiritual need, the deep thirst, had come upon him; and water to quench it, this he craved, although where to find it he knew not. There were Christian Missionaries in Tavoy who could have told him, but they were white men, and he did not wish to see them. He left the city, and wandered forth into the jungles amongst the heathen Karens, who knew nothing, and could not help him; but the sense of need was as strong as ever upon him, and as the tradition of his forefathers had taught him that the Karens once had books which, because of God's displeasure, they had lost, the idea of a book rose in his mind as that which could solve his doubts. He then heard of a Karen who had invented a method of writing the Karen language, and who professed to have superior wisdom; and forthwith Dumoo set out on another long journey across the frontier of Tavoy to the borders of Siam, to find this man. But when he had searched him out, it was only to be disappointed: he was a pretender, a well without water. His long journey seemed to be in vain, and he was more perplexed than ever. Turning back, he scarcely knew whither, he providentially fell in with two young men from the Karen theological school in Tavoy, who were spending their vacation in the jungle as Scripture readers. These men had a book—a book which spoke by letters; and as they read and he listened to its utterances, they were to his soul wonderful: they told him what he wanted. So exactly did they meet the deep cravings of his spirit, that from his inmost soul he exclaimed, "I have found what I want." The well was opened for him in the wilderness, and his eyes were opened that he might see where to slake his thirst. In his intense desire he gave these young men no rest until he had learned from them the wonderful magic of the alphabet.

When the young men returned to Tavoy, Dumoo repaired to a Christian village, and attached himself to the native pastor. His earnestness and docility astonished every one. He laboured that he might read: his heart was opened to take in more and more of Christian truth, and he could not be silent. What he knew he communicated to those around him, telling them of the Saviour he had found. In him the Saviour's words found an exemplification—"If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Having slaked his own thirst, he became himself a well of water in the wilderness. At length came the white man, the Missionary, to visit his people in the jungle. Amongst the first to greet him was Dumoo. He had never seen a white man before, but he had no fear. He met him, not with the cringing of a slave, but with the frankness of a free man. Of such a man the Missionary might well say, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" He was baptized, and his efforts and entreaties to win men to Christ were unceasing. He thought of the native hills, the mountain villages, and the friends he had left there. He thought of the darkness, the thick darkness which had brooded over them for generations, and he longed that they should have that light which had

made glad his own sad heart. He longed to go back that he might tell them of Jesus; but he was inexperienced, and felt how desirable it was that he should have a colleague. He fixed upon Sau Quala, whose paternal home was the first house, in which Ko-thah-lbyu, the first Karen convert, made known God's mercy in Christ; who, when he first heard it, said within himself, "Is not this the very thing we have been waiting for?" and who, since his baptism in 1830, had been unremittingly engaged in evangelizing his countrymen. Hitherto the labours of this good man had been confined to the provinces of Tavoy and Merguin; but now Dumoo pleaded with him for the "regions beyond," and urged him to commence the work of evangelization among the numerous Karen tribes that stretch away towards the north-east from Tounghoo, that his feet might be beautiful on the mountains as he proclaimed glad tidings of good things, and published peace. He felt sure that they would hearken; that there would be a great ingathering of souls; that churches would be raised up; that they would support their own teachers. It was a hard struggle, for the churches of Tavoy would not let Sau Quala go. Moreover, the American Missionary did not think that new ground should be broken up until that which had been gained had been made more sure. Dumoo meanwhile had been received into the theological school at Tavoy. There he learned to write, and acquired a considerable knowledge of the Scriptures; but nothing caused his stedfast gaze to be turned aside from the one great object he had in view—to go back and preach the Gospel to his countrymen, and persuade others to go with him. At last Sau Quala could no longer resist. He resolved to go, and once his resolution had been formed, the prayers and entreaties of the churches could no longer detain him. In vain, in a joint memorial, they remonstrated. A meeting was convened, and the subject brought under consideration. "What could we do," was the answer of the Missionaries: "for more than a year this man has desired to visit a distant region, never yet visited by a minister of the Gospel, there to plant the standard of the cross. We looked at the subject carefully; we spoke, we wept, we prayed; and all—the very men who had signed the adverse memorial—arose, and with tears approved his going." The moment was opportune: the war with Burmah had just ended, and Tounghoo was among the ceded districts. Sau Quala and Dumoo, accompanied by two others, set out for their destination, Sau Quala making Tounghoo his centre, and Dumoo entering the Shwaygyeen district to commence the work there—a work which has been very largely blessed of God; and there, according to the Report of July 1864, he is still labouring, his name appearing at the head of the native preachers.

A little before Sau Quala and Dumoo left for Tounghoo, a native brother had fallen asleep in Jesus, whose experience very much resembled that of Dumoo. He was not a Karen, but a Buddhist, and of respectable position, his brother being Governor of Shwaygyeen under the Burmese Government, and he himself being collector of taxes among the Karens in the same district.

Being a thoughtful educated man, he had searched deeply into the claims of Buddhism, and was convinced that it was not of God. There is no doubt that his intercourse with the Karens had been profitable to him. In contrast with the atheistical principles of the Buddhist system, they had made him acquainted with their traditions of an eternal God, the creator of the world, who undergoes no change, is subject to no decay, and thus there was awakened in his mind a strong desire to know the truth. Laboriously did he seek for it, and it was not till after long delay that he found it. First he met with a Brahmin ascetic, and, mistaking his austerities for holiness, became his disciple for two or three years, until he discovered that he was a deception. But, although disappointed, he did not abandon in discouragement his search after truth. In fact, he could not do so, for his soul was athirst, and he wanted water.

The Mohammedans next attracted him. He entered into their mosque, and listened.

He found that they agreed with the Karens in believing that there was one eternal God, the creator of all things. But how was he to approach Him? how obtain his favour? This he hoped to have learned from the Korán, but in vain: it opens no door of access to God; and he left, convinced that the secret of life was not among the Mohammedans. Then the Romanists attracted him, and from them he heard for the first time of Christ as the Saviour of men. But when he was told to pray to the Virgin, and to seek the intercession of the saints, his soul revolted, for he said, "If human beings are to be worshipped, I would rather worship Gaudama as a man than this woman." So he left the Romanists. In doing so it seemed as if the last hope of relief was extinguished, and then followed a long period of distress and darkness. In this state he came with his family to Maulmein, at a time when Dr. Judson was there, and took up his abode not far from the zayat where Dr. Judson was accustomed to preach. Thither he soon found his way, and attentively did he listen. He had long been seeking rest, and could not find it. There was a deep want in his soul, and he had long and vainly sought to quench this thirst. But there was One who had observed him, and was now about to fulfil his own promise—"When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in dry places, and fountains in the midst of valleys." Dr. Judson read out the words of Jesus—"If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." He preached Christ as the Saviour of sinners, to whom all in need might come, and drink as from an overflowing fountain. Myat Kyau came and drank, and was refreshed.

He had found that which he sought, and now he also found, that if he would have this treasure as his own he must part with all else, for his family opposed him, and his brother persecuted him, and he discovered how true it is—"A man's foes shall be they of his own household." It was no doubt a hard struggle. It is fearful to part with all one loves on earth, wife, children, friends; but to part with Christ, even for the sake of these, that he could not do. He left them, and yet prayed for them, for his heart yearned towards them; nor were his prayers without result, for his wife and two sons not only rejoined him, but became themselves followers of Jesus. From that time, for many years, with unremitting energy he taught the truth to his countrymen, and "many were the fruits of his labour, not only among the Burmese and Talaings, but also among the Karens. His labours were not confined to Maulmein, but almost every village and hamlet in the province heard the Gospel from his lips. He knew the Karens well: having been officially employed amongst them, he was acquainted with their character and language. "The Karens," he said, "are not like the Buddhists: they have no idols, no priests, and if the teachers would go amongst them, great numbers would listen and believe the Gospel." So continually did he revert to the subject, that the Missionary, Wade, was induced to visit a Karen village, Dongyan, about twenty miles north of Maulmein. At first the poor people fled: they had never seen a white face before, and thought they were Government officers. But when assured they were teachers, they gathered round them, and said, "If you are come to tell us of God, we are happy: we will listen. Our fathers say the Karens had once God's book, written on leather (parchment), and they carelessly allowed it to be destroyed. Since then, as a punishment, we have been without books, and without a written language. But our prophets say the white foreigners have this book, and will, in future time, restore it to us. Behold, the white foreigners have come. Have you brought God's book? Our fathers have told us that when the white foreigners bring us the lost book, and teach us the true religion, we must listen and obey; then prosperity will return to us: but if we do not listen and obey, we shall perish without remedy." In this village there is now a flourishing church.

Myat Kyau laboured until he lost his sight. He then had a child to lead him about;

and when his increasing infirmities disabled him from active effort, he would sit in his verandah, speaking to all who would listen of the love of Jesus. When he "fell asleep" a large concourse of all classes of Christians and heathen attended his funeral. The memory of the just is blessed. But in Myat Kyau we again see how useful these earnest, anxious souls become when brought to the knowledge of Christ's salvation. Such men, when found and gathered in, become true Missionaries.

We shall now introduce another of these deeply-interesting cases from a portion of the Mission field, with which we are ourselves connected.

In the Telugu country a small group of people were seen, a few months back, approaching the house of one of our Missionaries at Bezvara. They were low-caste people, Malahs, very like the Pariahs of the countries more south. The servant, thinking they had come to beg, sent them away, when, happily, the Missionary saw them, and called them back. They had come for Christian instruction. No Missionary agent had first visited them, and convinced them: they had come of themselves; and they had been led to do so in this way. One of them, named Venkiah, began to doubt about the goddesses whom they worshipped. It came into his mind that there must be above and beyond them some great being, who was worthy of being known and worshipped. This idea fastened upon his mind, and he was wont to wander about by himself, thinking over it. And then he used to break out, and say, 'Why do you remain hidden from us: why do you not make yourself known to us?' This ignorant heathen had begun to feel a thirst to which many are strangers who have been brought up in the midst of Christian privileges. He felt there was a want, a need in his soul, which earthly things could not quench; that he wanted God, and he knew not how or where to find Him. This, it may be repeated, is a want which many have never felt who bear the Christian name. If only they have the comforts and conveniences of life, they think that they can dispense with the necessity of knowing God, and, in fact, they do live without Him. They have never felt the intensity of that strong thirst. It would be well for them if, in this respect, they had got as far as this heathen man.

Well, while in this state he had a dream. It is difficult to say what means God may be pleased to use with a soul which, like this, is shut out from all opportunities. He dreamt that he saw before him a man of singular beauty, who looked kindly upon him, and told him he was his friend. This dream had a great effect upon him. He talked much about it to his friends, and seemed full of hope that, in some way or other, he would be helped to the knowledge he wanted.

While things were in this state, some of Venkiah's people went into the neighbourhood of Bezvara, to attend a fair, and there they heard one of our Missionaries preaching. As they listened, it seemed to them as though what he said very much resembled the things which they had so often heard Venkiah speaking about; and on their return they told him. This was good news to the seeking soul. It was like the star when it reappeared to the wise men as they sought after Him who had been born King of the Jews, and came and stood over where the young child was. Venkiah, with some of his friends, sought out the Missionary, and from his lips he heard for the first time of Him who is the one living and true God, and of what He has done for man. The Lord had heard him. He opened rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of valleys. The means of Christian instruction were unexpectedly afforded, and by these people are thankfully received, for they know what it is to thirst, and are glad to slake it.

Venkiah is now a baptized Christian, and, like Dumoo, as the teacher of his own people, is earnestly engaged in leading them to the wells of salvation, from whence he drew the water that refreshed his own soul. The work amongst the Malahs is going on prosperously. Recently four principal families among them, in placing themselves under

Christian instruction, broke their idols before the whole community as an evidence of their sincerity. Since then they have had to endure much trouble, but, although beaten, they have been enabled to endure. May this prove to be the beginning of a work as large as that which has graced the hilltops of Burmah.

These are only a few specimens of a large and deeply-interesting class of people dispersed abroad in heathen lands. Shall we not help them? Let us only, in those thirsty wildernesses, open a few wells, and they will soon be multiplied into many. But if, when we have the opportunity, we refuse to take the initiative, what likeness is there between Christ and us? These men, when they had drunk themselves, thought of others, and hastened to relieve them. If we have no such compassion, and will engage in so such efforts, it is simply because we have never known what it is to be thirsty, and have never experienced the joy of drawing water out of the wells of salvation.

#### SIR R. MONTGOMERY'S FAREWELL DURBAR AT LAHORE.

ON the 7th of January last Sir R. Montgomery terminated an able and successful administration of the Punjab, by a farewell Durbar at Lahore.

Sir R. Montgomery, the second son of an Irish clergyman, the Rev. J. L. Montgomery, of Moville, County Donegal, was educated, until fourteen years of age, at a school in Londonderry. Amongst his schoolmates were four brothers, Alexander, George, Henry, and John Lawrence. Assuredly Ireland is not altogether an incumbrance to England: she has not failed to yield to her distinguished men, who, in times of special responsibility and danger, have proved to be precisely the men which were wanted. A long list of such names might without difficulty be drawn up.

Accepting a direct appointment to the Civil Service, he reached India in 1828, and was appointed assistant to Mr. Thomason, at that time magistrate and collector of Azimgurh. Here we find him imbibing the spirit and following the example of his chief, whose attention had been drawn to the fearful practice of female infanticide extensively prevailing throughout that district. Of this, one exemplification may be introduced. Amongst the Baees Rajpoots of Kooha, on the borders of Oude, numbering 10,000, not a single daughter was forthcoming. Mr. Thomason, therefore, was actively engaged in the adoption of such measures as might lead to the abandonment of so unnatural a crime, and in his efforts he was ably assisted by Mr. Montgomery.

In 1839 he was appointed to the magistracy of Allahabad, carrying with him into this new sphere of action the zeal on the subject of infanticide which he had first imbibed from Mr. Thomason. He soon discovered that the crime was perpetrated to a fearful extent among the Rajpoot tribes on the borders of the Rewah territory. Having first tried persuasion without effect, he resolved on more vigorous measures. These soon began to tell. At the end of two months, of four female infants born, three were living, the fourth having been killed by the administration of Mudar juice. The number of the rescued ones increased, although slowly, and under the pressure of unremitting vigilance, until, in 1842, Mr. Montgomery was enabled to express his hope that, so many girls being now alive, the people were beginning to get reconciled to the custom of sparing them.

The Cawnpore district was Mr. Montgomery's next charge, and he was so employed when the second Sutlej campaign brought the Punjab under British sway. At that important juncture Lord Dalhousie placed the illustrious brothers, Sir Henry and Sir John Lawrence, at the head of the new administration, and Mr. Thomason, the Lieute-

nant Governor of the North-west Provinces, being called upon to select some of his best officers to be Commissioners of districts in the new province, named, with others, Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Donald McLeod, the present Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. To Mr. Montgomery was assigned the head-quarters division, that of Lahore.

Attention was drawn to the existence of infanticide throughout these territories. The Bedees, lineal descendants of the Sikh prophet, having their nucleus at Dera Baba Nanuk, were specially referred to in the official report addressed by Major D. Lake to Mr. Montgomery, "as fearfully addicted to this crime, so much so, indeed, that a thousand families of them for the last 400 years had destroyed all their female offspring. Preliminary information having been obtained from various quarters, Mr. Montgomery, in 1853, condensed the whole into an able and interesting report. As the excess of marriage expenses was one of the sources of the crime, he suggested that the great principle of their voluntary reduction should be adopted, and that, with a view to the accomplishment of a result so desirable, a meeting of the heads and most influential men of the tribes known to practice infanticide within 200 miles of Umritsur should be held at that city at the next Dewallee festival. These suggestions were fully approved of, and recommended by Sir J. Lawrence to the adoption of the Supreme Government. The Governor-General's minute is worth recording—"The Governor-General in Council has read these papers with deep interest and gratification. He can conceive no purer or higher source of pride for the public officers of a state than such a record as this of the wide and rapid success of their exertions on behalf of the honour of our rule in the rescue of suffering humanity; exertions which are eminently calculated to reflect honour on the British name, and to add largely to the material happiness of the people whom Providence has lately confided to our care," &c.

A proclamation was issued; the meeting announced; and at Umritsur, in the end of October 1853, there was a vast gathering of the leading natives from the surrounding districts, Rajahs and tributary Jagheerdars, high Rajpoots from the hills and plains, wealthy Bedees, Brahmins, Khutrees, and Mohammedans. In the absence of the Chief Commissioner, it was presided over by Mr. Montgomery, as Judicial Commissioner, and Mr. Edmonstone, Financial Commissioner, supported by Mr. McLeod, and Mr. G. C. Barnes, Commissioners of the Jullundur and cis-Sutlej divisions. After three days' deliberation, a great durbar was held, that all with one heart and voice might declare publicly their intention of suppressing the crime. Pavilion tents were pitched capable of accommodating 3000 people, the upper end being appropriated to the English functionaries and native chiefs, with their personal attendants, seats for about sixty of them being arranged in a semicircle. A form of agreement had been drawn up, which declared infanticide to be a crime "hateful to God, and execrable in the eyes of Government, and of all pious and good men." Numerous copies of it were handed about. The Rajpoots and other chiefs affixed their signatures, binding themselves thus to the suppression of the crime, and the abandonment of that pernicious system of excessive marriage expenditure which was one of its chief causes.

In the discharge of his office as Judicial Commissioner, Mr. Montgomery perceived the necessity of introducing into the courts a simple procedure, which might secure the administration of prompt, cheap, and substantial justice; and accordingly the Punjab Civil Code was drawn up by Mr. Temple, under his immediate superintendence.

And now came the cyclone of 1857, that stormy season which burst with so sudden a force on the English power in India. On the 11th of May an obscure telegram reached Lahore, having reference to some disaster which had occurred; on the 12th the outbreak at Meerut became known. The situation at the moment was this—at Meean Meer, the military cantonment, six miles from Lahore, were stationed three native regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, the Queen's 81st Foot, two troops of horse artillery, and four

reserve companies of foot artillery. Within the city walls, at the north-west angle, stands the fort, or citadel, containing extensive magazines and manufactories of warlike stores. This was occupied by a native infantry regiment, a company of Europeans, and a company of foot-artillery. The native force in the Punjab was fully cognisant of the Poorbeah conspiracy, and a plot had been arranged. On a particular day, when one wing of the native regiment at the fort was to be exchanged for another, and about 1100 sepoy were thus brought together, they were to rise, murder their officers, seize the gates, take possession of the citadel, magazine, and treasury, overpowering the small European force. A bonfire was to acquaint the troops at Meean Meer with what had been done. All the troops were then to rise, and the jails having been broken up, and 2000 prisoners liberated, the Europeans, military and civilians, were to be murdered indiscriminately.

At this tremendous crisis, the Chief Commissioner was absent at Rawul Pindee; but his zealous and able colleagues were not left without that wisdom and decision which were so urgently required. Mr. Montgomery rose to the emergency, and, on his own responsibility, counselled the perilous measure of disarming the Lahore garrison. On parade, on the morning of the 13th, after some manœuvring, the whole of the native regiments found themselves confronted by the guns and by five companies of the Queen's 81st. At a given signal they were ordered, the sepoy to pile arms, the sowars to unbuckle sabres: they hesitated; but grape-shot and port-fires were ready: they knew it; they yielded. The troops in the fort were similarly disarmed. Lahore was saved, the Punjab preserved from dread confusion, and, in the preservation of its tranquillity, provision made for the overthrow of the rebellion in the North-west Provinces, and the restoration of British rule throughout India.

When Sir John Lawrence felt it necessary, for the restoration of his health, to return to England, his mantle fell on Sir R. Montgomery, who was transferred from the Chief Commissionership of Oude to the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Punjab. With the exception of the Umballa campaign, his administration of six years has been a period of unbroken peace, during which the resources of the province have been remarkably developed. The great railway from Umritsur to Mooltan is completed. The splendid Baree Doab canal already pays 46,500*l.* from the increased value of the land and the general irrigation rates. The general revenues have augmented by nearly half a million. The expenditure on public works has risen from 45,320*l.* in 1859 to 636,228*l.* in 1863. Trade has proportionably expanded, and wages have risen one-fifth. The tea plantations in the Kangra valley are surpassing the most sanguine expectations of those men who embarked their capital in this enterprise; while the silk operations at Umritsur, the establishments of the Indigo Company at Mooltan, and of the Belfast Corporation in connexion with flax, are full of promise. In the educational department the schools have increased from 565, with 2773 scholars, in 1856, to 6177, with 80,292 scholars, at the present time. Amidst these evidences of progress, the advancement of the great cause of female education has been conspicuous. It was especially becoming that the same high officer who had taken so active a part in rescuing from an infantile death so many native girls, should move the national mind to the adoption of measures which might fit them for the life thus unexpectedly prolonged to them, and initiate a grand educational movement, which will not stop until it has brought in Christianity to its aid.

Now let us pause a moment. It is not to laud man that these notices have been put together, but for the enforcement of a great principle. Does personal Christianity unfit a man for a career of high and honourable usefulness? Young men going out to India sometimes entertain misapprehensions of this kind. They speak as if they thought that to become religious is to become eccentric, and that personal devotedness invests a man



with recluse and disagreeable habits. Thus they persuade themselves that to entertain serious religion is to subject oneself to a disadvantage, and embarrass oneself with an inconvenience in the race of life. Is this founded on fact, or is it a delusion? Let the career of such men as Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir John Lawrence, Sir R. Montgomery, Sir Herbert Edwardes, Mr. McLeod, and many other God-fearing men, whose names are connected with the affairs of the Punjab, answer that question. Undoubtedly, then, it is a delusion, but an unhappy one, because it strengthens the indisposedness of the natural mind to religion, and supplies the young man with an excuse for his rejection of those claims which Christianity urges on his conscience. No; influential Christianity does not hinder. It does not withdraw a man from the various paths of useful employment which open to him in the affairs of life, and consign him to an inactive existence, the monotony of which is diversified only by mystic speculations. This were indeed to "go out of the world," an issue which He never intended who said, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

Influential Christianity does not hinder; nay, but is this all? This were indeed cold. Surely it does more than this—it helps. Does it not do so in every path of life? Is it not the great sustaining principle? Enterprising, persevering men, indeed, we have known, who have worked on without bringing in Christianity to their aid. But there are, nevertheless, moments of deep trial, of heavy discouragements and unexpected danger, to which natural determination of character is found unequal. Such experiences are always liable to supervene, especially in the various branches of official duty connected with India, in the great future of which there is so much uncertainty. At such times the value and sustaining power of influential Christianity is tested and proved.

Let a scene be recalled: it is at the Lucknow Residency, when straitly shut up. On a bed in the north verandah of Dr. Fayer's house lies a wounded man. Evidently he is no ordinary person, for around him are grouped the staff and principal persons of the garrison; and, besides, he is loved, for there is not a dry eye: it is Sir Henry Lawrence. He has been dangerously, mortally wounded, and life is fast ebbing. It was then, at that moment, that Christianity proved its power. Earthly honours and distinctions were at end. What then, if, in the discharge of his duties, to acquire such—a few fading wreaths—had been his object. But no; he had been actuated by a higher motive. "Ye are not your own, but bought with a price; wherefore glorify God in your bodies and spirits, which are God's;" and he had only gathered earthly honours, incidentally as it were, and by the way, but for himself he had learned to look forward to something better worth, an inheritance incorruptible. He could therefore afford to part with them, and, in doing so, to leave with his brothers-in-arms a lesson not to be forgotten. Having nominated his successor, he earnestly pointed out the worthlessness of all human distinctions, recommending all to fix their thoughts upon a better world. He referred to his own success in life, and asked what it was worth then. But the hope which the Gospel gave him, what, then, was that worth?

Yes, Christianity, when received and honoured as it ought to be, helps. It is not only when life is failing that it helps, but when energies are unbroken and the man is in full activity. How many a man of ability has failed when least expected. Great expectations had been formed of him. At length the great testing moment of his life has come. He does not rise to the emergency: he disappoints. How many a man, just as he is urging his course forward with every prospect of success, has fallen into some gross inconsistency, or has become the victim of some chronic weakness, some infirmity of temper, which removes him from the class of reliable men? Influential Christianity, duly cultivated, would have preserved him from such reverses. It would have taught him conscientiously to watch over himself. It would have enabled him to

detect the latent weaknesses of his character, the parts which needed to be especially guarded against. It would have convinced him of his own inability to accomplish this except by faith in Christ, and brought him in prayer to the throne of grace for needed help; and thus his path would have been as the path of the just, "shining more and more unto the perfect day."

But there is another question, and another subject of inquiry. Is it necessary, in order that a high functionary may duly and beneficently administer the affairs of a vast territory, inhabited by millions of heathen and Mohammedans, that he should ignore his Christianity; that he should conceal his regard for it within the privacy of his own family, or the secrecy of his own breast, and in public demean himself as though it were to him a matter of indifference? Is it necessary that he should do violence to his convictions, and put to shame his own sense of uprightness by patronizing the idolatrous temple, and frowning upon the Christian Missionary, and this in order to cajole the heathen? The result to be obtained is not worth the sacrifice. But these high Punjab officials never adopted such a course. They have never hesitated to avow their respect and love for Christianity, and their conviction of its truth. They have never discouraged Missionary action; nay, they have encouraged its advance, if only in its proceedings it were wise and discreet. When, on February 9th, 1851, a local Church Missionary Association was formed at Lahore, the names of its officers included those of Sir H. Lawrence, as President, R. Montgomery, Esq., John Lawrence, Esq. Again, in December 1853 a public meeting was held at Peshawur, with a view to Missionary efforts among the Affghans, the Commissioner of Peshawur, Sir Herbert Edwardes, being in the chair. Did the Punjab, because of this, suffer more from the convulsions of the mutiny than other parts of India? Were the people more disaffected, or rebellion more rife? Let well-known facts answer that question. And when the survivors of this noble band were raised to higher functions, the same wise and frank procedure marked their course. The Derajât had become a portion of our Trans-Indus possessions, and after long trouble with the border tribes, they had been quieted. It seemed the mature time for the introduction of Christian Missions, and the opening of wells of life in this parched land. But the initiative was not with the Church Missionary Society: it was taken by the high officials of the Punjab. Colonel Reynell Taylor and Sir Herbert Edwardes moved the Committee on the subject. In doing so they had the sanction of their chief. In a letter to Colonel Taylor, dated August 1861, Sir R. Montgomery writes—"It is not the duty of Government, or of their servants, to proselyte: this is left to those who have devoted their lives to the work. But I rejoice to see Missions spreading, and Dera is a fitting place for the establishment of one. But one will not suffice. Dera, as a centre, should be taken up first, and then Bunnoo, and Dera Ghazee Khan. The whole frontier, from Peshawur to the Sindh frontier, will then be lined with Missions. It is my earnest prayer that the knowledge of the true God will, from these points, cover the vast Suleiman range, and enter into the homes and hearts of the myriads of Asia. . . . As an earnest that I desire to see the Missions established, I will give 1000 rupees to each, as taken up."

Well, therefore, might the Missionaries of all denominations in the Punjab, at the close of the farewell Durbar, present to Sir R. Montgomery, the following address—

SIR,—In view of your approaching departure from India, we come, on behalf of the Missionaries resident in the Punjab, to bid you farewell.

Permit us to assure you of the high esteem and the affectionate interest with which, as a Christian Governor, you are regarded by their entire body.

It has pleased God to use your instrumentality in many ways, for promoting the material, the social, and the moral welfare of the people of this province. At this we, whose lives are devoted to their highest interests for time and eternity, cannot but rejoice; for this we cannot but be grateful to the Father of all mercies.

In the various philanthropic measures which have marked your administration, no class of the people seems to have escaped your notice. This is shown by your various schemes for developing the material resources of the country; by your efforts to secure a speedy and impartial administration of justice; by the encouragement you have given to education, including that of the female sex; by your earnest endeavours to effect the complete abolition of infanticide; by your strict adherence to the principle of religious neutrality—an adherence which has restored to native Christians rights too long ignored by Christian rulers; by the aid you have extended to small European communities in the erection of churches; and, finally, by your kindness, courtesy, and affability to all classes and conditions of the people.

To such things, under God, we may surely attribute in no small measure the high character borne by the Punjab Government; the prosperity and plenty with which the country is blessed; the peace, quietness, and sense of security which reign everywhere; and the feeling of satisfaction with the English rule, which we believe to be on the increase.

Your name being thus associated with so much in the history of the Punjab that demands our admiration and gratitude, it is with the sincerest regret that we see you about to retire from the midst of us. Yet we venture to hope, that, after your return to England, the Lord may still give you opportunities of serving his cause in India. We cannot doubt that He has purposes of great mercy to the people of this country; and we believe that, for the furtherance of any measure tending to this end, which his providence may bring within your reach, you will never be found wanting.

Our prayer is that the richest of God's blessings may rest upon yourself, upon Lady Montgomery, and upon all the members of your family.

And now, in testimony of the respect and Christian affection cherished for you, by

ourselves and those we represent, we beg your acceptance of this Bible and time-piece.

But was Sir Robert, a less able administrator, because he was a Christian, not in name, but in reality? What, because he feared Him, who says, "By me kings reign, and princes decree justice. By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth. I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." Or still further, was he less popular among the natives because he avowed his Christianity? were they less attached to him? Let the proceedings of the last Durbar reply.

As his last administrative act, he was anxious it should be so ordered as to leave behind good and lasting impressions, so that, convinced how strongly he felt upon these points, the native chiefs and gentlemen, after his departure, might continue to persevere

JOHN NEWTON, }  
ROBERT CLARK, } *Committee.*

Lahore, Jan. 7, 1865.

The reply is as follows—

REVEREND SIRS,—I thank you for your address. I value it most highly, as coming from a body of earnest and faithful men, unconnected in any way with the Government service, who have devoted their lives to the highest interests of the people, and of whose unwearied and self-denying labours I have been a witness.

I value it all the more, because, as a ruler over this province, I have endeavoured, whilst giving to your body the fullest and freest scope, to preserve that religious neutrality which all the subjects of this great empire, with their varying creeds, have a right to expect from Her Majesty's Government.

I rejoice at the prosperity of this province, on which a blessing has indeed rested, and at the progress of the noble race it contains. I thank God that I have been privileged in some measure to aid in their advancement; and my highest aspirations will ever be for the welfare of the people amongst whom I have so long dwelt, and for whom I entertain the strongest attachment.

But to you, Reverend Sirs, belongs the credit of having been the pioneer of education in this, as in other parts of India; and, at the present time, some of the most flourishing educational institutions in the province are conducted by members of your body.

I most highly value your prayers for myself, for Lady Montgomery, and for my children. I accept with the sincerest thanks the testimony of your friendship.\* The Bible you have given me will ever be prized by me, and whilst perusing the blessed words it contains, my thoughts and prayers will often revert to you all, and to your work.

\* A handsome clock and Bible, with a suitable inscription.

in their efforts to encourage education generally among the people, and female education in particular. It was intended, therefore, that it should be marked by the distribution of titles of honour to such of the native nobility and gentry as had been most zealous in the promotion of these important objects. It was held on January 7, 1865—

At twelve P.M., the hour fixed for the Durbar, all the gentlemen invited to attend had taken their seats. First, on the right of the Lieutenant-Governor sat the Rajah of Kapurthala, wearing the Star of India, with his brothers, Sirdars Bekrama Singh and Suchet Singh, immediately behind him. Next to him sat the Rajah of Faridkot, a chief, whose possessions lie on the south side of the Sutlej; and below him Sirdar Shamsher Singh, head of the Sikh aristocracy. Next in order was Rajah Harbans Singh, adopted son of the late Rajah Tej Singh; and beside him Narandar Singh, a child born to Rajah Tej Singh in 1859.

Precisely at twelve o'clock Sir Robert Montgomery entered the Durbar tent with his staff, the whole assembly rising to receive him. He then addressed the chiefs in a short speech. He spoke of the sorrow he felt at leaving them, and the province in which he had laboured so long. He praised their efforts in the cause of female education, and announced that His Excellency the Viceroy had been pleased to sanction the bestowal of titles of honour upon such of the honorary magistrates of Lahore and Umritsur as had distinguished themselves by labouring for the improvement and embellishment of their respective cities.

Of the Lahore magistrates, the first called was Ali Raza Khan, an old man, upwards of seventy years of age, who received the title of Nawab. This gentleman is of the Kizibash tribe, and his family was, in 1738, brought from Persia, by Nadir Shah, and located in Cabul. His services to the British Government have been very great. When the British army first entered Cabul he was placed at the head of the Commissariat department, and throughout the succeeding troubles he did his best to keep the British army well supplied. It was chiefly through his aid and by his money that the English officers and ladies whom Muhammad Akbar Khan was transporting to Turkistan were enabled to make their escape, and he ransomed and saved from slavery a large number of native soldiers of the British army.

As the services he had rendered to the English in Cabul made his life there no longer safe, he, with his family and many of his tribe, accompanied the British army back to Hindustan, and received from Government a pension of 9600 rupees per annum.

During the two Sikh wars, he, with his sons and dependants, fought on our side; and

in 1857 he raised a troop of horse for service before Delhi, which behaved with the greatest gallantry. One of his brothers, by name Takki Khan, was killed in action with the rebels, as were several of his nephews. At the close of the disturbances he received a grant of a talukdaree of 147 villages in Oude. Upon Abdul Majid Khan was the title of Nawab also conferred. He is the eldest representative of the old ruling family of Mooltan. His grandfather, Nawab Muzaffar Khan, his father, Shahnawaz Khan, and four of his uncles, were killed in the gallant defence of the city against Maharajah Runjeet Singh in 1818. He has been active as an honorary magistrate, and is well deserving of the honour of Nawabship now conferred upon him.

Ajodhia Pershad, an old, white-bearded man, was then called forward, and received the title of Dewan, which will be continued to his son Baijnath, Extra Assistant Commissioner of Lahore.

After these gentlemen had received the sunnuds of the Supreme Government conferring their titles of honour, many of the chiefs who had been most active in promoting education received from His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor letters of commendation, with khilats, shawls, and other presents. The most noticeable among them was Baba Khem Singh, high priest of the Sikh faith. This liberal-minded man has used his great influence well and wisely. He has exhorted the Sikhs to educate their daughters, and has himself founded numerous girls' schools in the districts of Jhelam and Guzerat. To him the Lieutenant-Governor presented two double-barrelled guns, for he is a keen sportsman.

The Rajah of Kapurthala, who is always found on the side of enlightenment and progress, then rose, and, addressing the Lieutenant-Governor, stated his intention of giving 200 rupees a month for the endowment of certain schools. The representatives of the chiefs and people of the two cities of Lahore and Umritsur then came forward, and presented to His Honour an address in Persian, in a handsome case of gold and ivory. The following is a close translation—

"TO SIR ROBERT MONTGOMERY, K.C.B.,  
*Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab.*

"From the CHIEFS and GENTLEMEN of the  
*Cities of Lahore and Umritsur, representa-*  
*tives of the people of the whole Punjab.*

"Your Honour is about to leave us, with

all honour, for England, your native country, and our grief for your departure will never be effaced, and your liberality and benevolence will never be forgotten. Your departure for Europe is honourable and propitious, and you leave a glorious name behind you.

"It is impossible for us to express our thanks for all your kindness. Our children and our children's children, throughout time, will be mindful of your good deeds.

"Your Honour came to this province at the time of the annexation; and you were first appointed Commissioner of Lahore: it was the commencement of a new rule, and of a new order of things; but through your kindness, and impartiality, and justice, all, both nobles and peasants, rich and poor, were contented and grateful, and the business of the State was well performed. The country was happily settled; encamping grounds and roads were made; trees and gardens were planted; and rest-houses and granaries for the use and comfort of travellers were built. By your energy and good management, thuggee, dacoity, and highway robbery were stopped, the people were secure, and the country became populated; and these crimes have been so completely extirpated, that their names are now all but forgotten.

"Schools were established in towns and villages, and a Government college and medical hall were formed, in which thousands may obtain a good education and means of livelihood; and our nobles have acquired the unfading riches of science and wisdom.

"When our good fortune appointed your Honour Judicial Commissioner, the practice of female infanticide, common in some tribes, was stopped. The people of this country were preserved from a great crime, and the lives of their infant daughters are now for ever secure. The extravagant expenditure at betrothals and marriages, which was in some measure the cause of the murder of our girls, has been, by you, regulated; and betrothals and marriages are now easy of accomplishment.

"What can we say of the Criminal and Civil Administration? The offices are full of the records of your good government: you had compiled a Civil Code, which is a clear exponent of Mohammedan and Hindu law and the local customs of the people.

"In 1857, it was much owing to the energy of your Honour that the province was preserved in peace. What you did at the disarming of the mutinous Sepoys at Meean Meer, in guarding the jails, and in extinguishing the flame of sedition which threatened the destruction of the whole province, are matters of history. The preservation of the capital

was the preservation of the entire province.

"It is owing to you that we now possess a conviction that the Government appreciates our loyalty, and knows that we will not betray its confidence: our prosperity and our loss is now one with that of the State.

"You were selected to be Chief Commissioner in Oude, and when that province was restored to tranquillity, at length our good fortune brought you again to us as Lieutenant-Governor, and your benevolence and good deeds in this office are beyond our praise. From a wilderness the country has become like a garden in spring. Upon the deserving amongst us you bestowed ranks, titles, and estates; to the great chiefs the right of adoption was secured; scattered estates have been consolidated. Punjabees have been encouraged to enter the armies of the State, and portions of our jageers have been upheld in perpetuity; our honour has been increased, and we feel that we are acknowledged as well-wishers of the Government. From the establishment of Municipal Committees the people have received much benefit, and the introduction of the new police has caused the diminution of crime, and has given confidence to the public.

"Your Honour has well commenced the education of those very girls whose lives were preserved by your labours, and whose betrothal and marriage you had rendered easy. These, and many other good deeds, will ever preserve your memory fresh amongst us.

"At the commencement of 1864 you inaugurated an Industrial Exhibition, collecting all the products of the Punjab in a stately and matchless building, which you had caused to be erected at the capital. You gave rewards and certificates to mechanics and workmen, and encouraged them to improve the manufactures of the province. The gardens and canals you have made around the city of Lahore, are proofs of your kindness and liberality. All have received benefit: what comfort and convenience have all derived from railways and telegraphs. The increase of commerce and of wealth and prosperity we have no need to mention.

"Our one regret is that you must so soon leave us. May the merciful God convey you home with all peace and safety; may He speedily restore you to us again with increased honour; and may He ever preserve a kindly memory of us in your heart!"

On the conclusion and the address, His Honour rose and replied in Urdu to the following effect.

"SIRDARS AND NATIVE GENTLEMEN,—I thank you with all my heart for your address.

"I have not done all you attribute to me,

but I have done my utmost to further your interests, welfare, and happiness.

"When I came among you, fifteen years ago, your country was indeed a wilderness, its highways unsafe, its revenues wasted, the anarchy and war, following upon the death of Maharajah Runjeet Singh, had brought ruin on the country, and misery on the people.

"I thank God I have lived to see the desolation of those days changed for prosperity and contentedness.

"But I cannot claim to be the sole author of this great change: it was commenced by my illustrious predecessors, Sir Henry and Sir John Lawrence. I have endeavoured to carry on—with the assistance of other able officers—what they had successfully begun. In so doing we have all been animated with the same feeling, an earnest desire to promote your interests and well-being, and thus to carry out the wishes of our most gracious Queen.

"The appointment of honorary magistrates from among the chiefs and gentlemen of the province—to which you allude as one of the measures of my administration—has, I rejoice to say, been attended with great success and satisfaction to all. The election of Municipal Committees for the government of your cities has been equally so. These measures have been dictated by a policy which I have ever advocated of associating, as far as possible, the people with the Government in the business of administration.

"By these means honourable employment has been afforded to a large body of native gentlemen, and their knowledge and influence

have been secured for the benefit of the people and the State.

"But this success is not only attributable to the exertions of your rulers, but to the satisfactory way in which you yourselves have responded to my call.

"The striking improvements in the capitals of Lahore, Umritsur, and other cities, the wonderful progress of female education during the last two years, bear testimony to these results at once gratifying to me, and honourable to yourselves.

"It has been my endeavour to open out your resources, by encouraging the construction of roads and the promotion of works of public utility, and to facilitate by these means an increase in your exports, and the general improvement in the trade and wealth of the province.

"I now bid you farewell, with my best wishes for your future happiness, in the assurance that your country will continue to advance in its career of prosperity, and that you yourselves will continue to prove, as you have done already, loyal and faithful subjects of Her Majesty.

"Your future ruler is one who, like myself, has long lived among you, and your interests could not be left in better hands."

Sir Robert Montgomery then left the tent, and the Durbar broke up.

It was attended by almost all the officers and gentlemen resident at Lahore, and by many who had come in from the neighbouring stations of Umritsur, Gujranwala, and Ferozepore.

We doubt not that Sir Robert Montgomery will long be remembered in the Punjab as a wise and beneficent ruler; and at home we may well concede to him, on his arrival, that hearty welcome which is due to one who, by the frank avowal of his Christianity, and the good works whereby he was enabled to adorn his profession, best commended it to the attention of the natives.

#### THE INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

"WHERE the white man settles, the red man disappears." That it has been so in numberless instances is indisputable. Nations, once numerous, have dwindled away, until a feeble residuum is all that is left, sparsely scattered over numerous tracts of country. Their decadence is symbolized in the mountain streams of their native land, which, in the time of the melting snow, are swollen and impetuous, but, with the advancing year, when the floods are over, and the sun has become intense, if not entirely dried up, are reduced to a feeble streamlet, which with difficulty finds its way among the rocks once buried beneath the turbid waters. How is this to be accounted for? Is it a law of Providence, or has the white man, proving unfaithful to his mission, come to the homes of

the red man, not as the benefactor, but as the destroyer of his species? Had he been true to his Christianity, and brought it with him, his goings forth would have been full of blessing to the nations of the earth. But they have been few who have done so. Usually, when going forth to emigrate, and find for himself in the far West a new home, the white man has disembarassed himself of his Christian obligations as inconvenient, and has gone forth determined to recognise no law but the strength of his right arm. Hence there have been wrongs and reprisals. The Indian suffered: he found himself defrauded in trade, or his lands were encroached upon. Taking up the hatchet, he used it indiscriminately, and the innocent suffered for the guilty. Then the white man rose to arms, and there was war between the settlers and the Indians. In these conflicts the native races were invariably worsted, and fell back before the conquerors, leaving behind them the seashore and its supplies. Becoming more and more enfeebled, they ceased to resist, and submitted themselves to the domination of the stranger. Thus they learned his vices, and became abject and degraded; and the enfeebled remnants of the tribes which once claimed as their homes the area of the United States, are now to be found in the lands assigned them eastward of the Mississippi, where the tide of civilization, so called, is rapidly pursuing them, and where, unless, under the influence of Christianity, they begin to till the ground, they must find their graves.

Shall the same sad history be reproduced in the British territories which extend along the shores of the Pacific? In those wintry regions known as North-west America, the native population, the Loucheux Indians on the Youcon excepted, is in the same sparse and fragmentary state. Although no emigrant population has established itself there and risen into states, yet, from various causes, the Indians have dwindled down to a remnant. But in British Columbia and Vancouver's Island they are yet numerous. In the latter government the male aboriginal population is computed to be from 12,000 to 17,000.

On the mainland, between the parallels of  $49^{\circ}$  and  $54^{\circ} 40'$  north latitude, are three nations of Indians, speaking different languages, each numbering 10,000 souls. The first of these is to be found at Victoria and on the Frazer river; the second at Fort Rupert and the north end of Vancouver's Island; the third at Fort Simpson, Nass river, and Skeena river: the Queen Charlotte Island Indians constitute a fourth group of about 10,000.

From contact with the white man these tribes were remarkably secluded, until gold was discovered in British Columbia, and adventurers began to flock thither. It is but a brief period since the solitude of this portion of the American continent was invaded, yet the Indians are already and disastrously suffering; not, indeed, from the violence of the white man, for as yet they are able to protect themselves, and there is, besides, British law and government in the land, but from his vices.

Predisposed to imitate the bad example of the various adventurers who throng these coasts, the Indian soon becomes infected with vices more rapidly destructive than those which of old he had been familiar with. The plague has commenced. How shall it be arrested? The Gospel message—this has power. Like Aaron's censer interposed between the dead and the living, it can stay the pestilence. But there is not a moment to be lost. It is, with the Indians of these coasts, now or never. That which is to be done must be done quickly; and they who would engage in this mission of mercy must do as Aaron did: he "took, as Moses commanded, and ran into the midst of the congregation." It is no experiment. God has already manifested on these coasts the conservative power of the Gospel. No one can read the details of Mission work at Metlahkatlah without being convinced that, by the same means as those which have been pursued there, the Indian may be preserved from the destruction that threatens to engulf him.

Let our readers peruse the following letter, written by our new Missionary, the Rev. R. A. Doolan, on reaching Metlahkatlah in July last. The change accomplished by the simplicity yet power of Christian teaching; the contrast between the heathen and converted Indian; the opportunities for immediate and extensive effort; the urgent need that they should be speedily improved,—all this powerfully impressed him. May the same effect be produced upon the church at home, that we may arise and do the Lord's work!

On landing, I was met by most of the Christian people of the village, anxious to shake hands, and show their pleasure at my coming amongst them. Mr. Duncan tells me that this was quite spontaneous on their part, as he had never hinted at such a proceeding. The village is very suitably situated, both as regards health and beauty. It comprises about fifty double and single houses, similar to labourers' cottages at home; a large Mission house, now in course of erection, the work for the most part of Indians; a large octagonal building, used during the week for a school-room, and for service on Sundays; a store, and a sawpit. Mr. Duncan is going to erect another store, as the present one is too small for the trade that is springing up between the Tsimshian Indians and those of other tribes. The two streets form, as it were, two sides of a right-angled triangle, the Mission premises being at the apex, and fronting the sea. Before the houses are small gardens, and the road is being made before them, also fronting the sea. A few of the Indians talk very good English, and many understand it, though they do not speak it. The contrast between the Indians stationed here, and those of other tribes, is very striking. It is especially noticeable when they meet together for trade. A few days ago, two large canoes of Queen Charlotte islanders came across to trade blankets for fish-grease: on the one side the Christian Indian, dressed in suitable decent clothes; on the other, his heathen brother, with nothing but a blanket to cover his nakedness. The Indians told us, that in former years, when

the Queen Charlotte islanders came to trade, each party brought forward their property, the Tsimshian his grease, the others their blankets, and that all the guns were loaded ready for a fight, and very seldom did they part without bloodshed. What a change Christianity has wrought! My ignorance of the language has prevented me speaking on spiritual matters, but nothing could exceed the attention paid to Mr. Duncan whilst preaching on Sunday. It has been thought advisable that I should go to the Nass river, sixty miles north-east of this, where the people have long expressed a desire for teachers. This place is a centre of heathenism, and I trust the Society will approve of the step we are about to take. The tribe called the Tsimshians is a most important one, and their desire for teachers, from whatever motive it may arise, is exceedingly gratifying. A door seems opened for preaching to them the Gospel. The priests have already paid them a visit, and, should the field not be occupied, they will, no doubt, next spring return. I felt some little hesitation at first in leaving Mr. Duncan, but he proposes to engage an Indian, Samuel Marsden, as teacher of the school, which will lighten his work. We also consulted on the advisability of sending a catechist to the head of the Nass river, to open a school, and had found a man very willing to go, but his wife so strongly objected that the matter is at present in abeyance. I pray and hope God will raise up some among themselves to go forth, and tell their heathen brethren the truths they themselves have learnt.

The occupation of this spot has long been desired by Mr. Duncan. It was visited by him in 1860, and the welcome which he received from the Indians on that occasion is so interesting that we shall retrace it. On entering the Nass river, which opens into Observatory Inlet, a scene of exceeding beauty presented itself. For ten miles straight before them opened up the river, with a channel two miles in width, and chains of towering mountains rising parallel to it on either side. Soon they met a very large body of Indians, not less than 2000, strangers from different quarters, who had come, some of them over 150 miles, to fish. On reaching the lower villages of the Nishkah Indians Mr. Duncan was welcomed by the friendly chief, Kahdoonahah, who had invited him thither, and who danced for joy at his arrival. The rights of hospitality having been duly discharged, arrangements were made for a meeting on the morrow, when there met together a large number of Indians. After the native ceremonial of singing and dancing had been performed, Mr. Duncan began to address them. Every coun-



tenance was fixed upon him, the Indians unanimously responding at the termination of every clause, and that with especial solemnity whenever the name of Jesus was introduced. At once every tongue uttered Jesus, and for some time kept repeating that blessed name. So soon as he had concluded, an universal cry arose of "Good is your speech; good, good, good news! We greatly desire to learn the book: we wish our children to learn."

In September 1860, Mr. Duncan again proceeded to the Nass river, with the intention of ascending it to a higher point than he had yet done, and reaching a village of the Nishkah Indians called Kitwillukshehth, a chief named Kinsahdah accompanying him from the lower villages. His narrative of this journey is so touching, and brings before us so vividly the eagerness of these poor people to be taught, that we print it *in extenso*—

Sept. 17, 1860—The river averaged 100 yards wide so far as we have gone. The banks are thickly wooded. Mosquitos, though comparatively few now to what they are in summer, I found very troublesome.

In the morning we passed a canoe with two Indians in it, fishing. They gave me two large fresh salmon. We also met the chief, Akshahtahn, floating down the stream in a small canoe, all alone. He gave me a warm greeting, and presented me with a beaver-skin, and a pole to push us up the river.

Leaving Akshahtahn, we soon came to a temporary village of a tribe we had passed.

The chief, Nagahhon, invited me into his house, and gave me a large black-bear skin. He sat down beside me, and said he remembered me. His heart told him I was from heaven (not, of course, meaning this literally). I explained to him the object of my pushing up the river, and that, on my return, I would like to speak to him and his people of God's message to us. He reiterated "ahm, ahm" ("good, good").

Finding that we should not be able to reach the Kitwillukshehth before dark, I thought it best to halt about six P.M. We pitched ourselves on an island in the river. On landing, we picked up a beautiful salmon, which had recently jumped out of the stream. The ravens had picked out its eyes, and we enjoyed the remainder of it.

After supper I had a lonely but delightful stroll. The little island on which we were encamped seemed but a small patch in the centre of a stupendous amphitheatre. The mountains and glaciers all around looked awful and majestic.

When I returned I mustered my little crew for evening devotions. The chief seemed willing to join us, and I spoke to them from the first Psalm, where God's people are compared to trees growing by the river-side. When we had sung our evening hymn we knelt in prayer.

Sept. 8—Awoke early this morning, and

found every thing about us very wet with the dew. After breakfast we proceeded on our way, and arrived at the village before noon, having encountered several difficult places in the river.

Before we reached the village Kinsahdah pointed out to me a mountain on our left, and in it a peculiar perpendicular rock. The rock, he remarked, is a great *nok nok*; and then he commenced relating the tradition they hold about the river and surrounding country being on fire. "The children of the Kitwillukshehth village were one day amusing themselves by catching salmon, and tormenting them in this way—They cut a slit under the fin on the back of each, deposited a small stone in the wound, and then cast them back into the river. At the sight of the fishes plunging about in great agony, the young people and children laughed and danced, showing how much they enjoyed their cruel sport. But a huge mountain, some distance beyond the village, and a great *nok nok*, looked on their proceedings, and felt greatly ashamed. That night issued from its bosom a tremendous fire, which made its destructive way towards the Indian village. Soon the bed of the river and the immediate adjoining country boiled and burned. The Indians fled to a distance, but the fire roared on. What could have caused the mountain to be angry? They knew of nothing but the wicked play of the children. What was to be done? They agreed to burn all the dogs in sacrifice to the mountain. This was done, but it failed to abate the fire. They then concluded it would be necessary to burn the children that had committed the sin. Some of the parents refused to give up their terrified children, and so the fire went on. At last all were led to yield: all the guilty suffered, and the fire ceased to spread further, and gradually cooled down. They marked the spot in the bed of the river where the fire stopped, and this being opposite to the peculiar-looking rock in the mountain which Kinsahdah

pointed out to me, they gave it the honour of having stopped the fire, and called it a great nok nok."

Before Kinsahdah finished his story, he took care to convince me that there really had been a fire, by showing me stones that had been fused by its power; and on arriving at the village I could see stretching before us an immense lava plain, rent in every direction by deep fissures.

When we were about two miles from the village we came to a temporary house, and the only persons I could see were a young man and an elderly woman. Without saying a word to me, the young man set off as fast as he could run to the village, to tell them of my coming.

A chief, named Agweelakkah, and one of his men, both dressed in their best, and the chief with an umbrella over his head, as a sign of his greatness, met me about a quarter of a mile from the village. I soon found that but few Indians were at home, and that these few were very busy smoking salmon, for which purpose they had erected temporary dwellings some little distance from this village.

Agweelakkah expressed his sorrow that I had found them so unprepared, he not being able to invite me to lodge with him, but asked me, as a favour, to go and sit down a little time in his rude house.

I had my little tent pitched on the stony bank, a huge fire built, and the boys cooking fresh salmon, which had been brought in by the Indians.

After we had eaten, the chief came, and said that he was preparing his house in the village for my reception, and that shortly he would send to invite me in the usual way, in order to perform the *ahlied* before me in honour of my coming. I told him that I did not wish to see them play. I had a solemn message to deliver, and their exhibiting their old customs before me would not be agreeable. He then assured me that what he was about to do was only their way of showing how welcome I was, and that I should not be shocked with what he would do. Kinsahdah seconded his remarks by saying that the beating of their drums and performance which followed was to them what the book was to us. I think he meant by this, that as we assemble to hear the book, so they assemble to hear the nok nok, or spirit, speak through their chief; or else he meant, that as we give a paper to those whom we honour and wish to remember, and be remembered by, so they exhibit their wonders to those whom they desire to honour.

As I had no desire in the least to offend

them I thought I had better go, though I felt great trouble and anxiety of mind about complying.

When they saw me approaching the house they began beating the drum. I found my seat prepared on the right side of the house. A man was standing by it when I entered, and, on seeing me, he stamped his foot, made a motion with his hand to the seat, and cried at the top of his voice, "Keah shimauket keah."

Though seated with such marks of honour, I felt very uncomfortable, and looked round the house with rather a displeased countenance I am afraid. At the head of the house, and fronting the fire and the door, was suspended a canoe's sail, acting as a curtain to hide the actors which were about to appear. Several men were pacing about in front of the curtain, while opposite me on the other side of the fire sat a group of women. All eyes were fixed on me, and many kind glances given me, but I could not return them, as I wished to show them that I sat there against my will.

Presently an elderly man came from behind the curtain, holding a long rod in his hand. He solemnly paced the floor in front of the curtain for a little time, and then said, in a strain of inquiry, "Heaven is about to put away the heart (the way) of the ancient people, is it?" A voice replied that it was even so. He then said something about the book and myself, which I could not catch, as these Indians have a dialect of their own, which differs in some respects from the Tsimshian. This sounded so strange that I began to feel interested.

Presently the chief, Agweelakkah, appeared from behind the curtain. He was dressed in his robes, and held a rattle of a peculiar shape in his hand. He had a thick rope round his neck of red dyed and undyed bark, twisted together and tied into a rose, which rested on his chest. His dress was pretty and becoming. He first turned towards me, and said something which I cannot recall; and then, putting himself into a beautiful attitude, with one hand stretched out and his eyes directed towards heaven, in a solemn voice he thus addressed God—"Pity us, great Father in heaven, pity us. Give us thy good book to do us good and clear away our sins. This chief (pointing to me) has come to tell us about thee. It is good, great Father. We want to hear. Who ever came to tell our forefathers thy will? No, no. But this chief has pitied us and come. He has thy book. We will hear. We will receive thy word. We will obey." As he uttered one of the last sentences a voice said, "Your speech is good."

As I gazed and listened, I felt as I can

scarcely describe how, for I was by no means expecting to witness what I had.

The people sat very solemn and attentive during the chief's prayer, but when he had done they commenced singing some of their chants, the leader composing the words and intoning them over verse by verse, when they are taken up and sung with great force, accompanied by clapping of hands and beating a drum. As the composer went on I tried to catch what they were singing about, but failed. On inquiring afterwards I could get nothing more from them than they were singing about us, and what their own hearts said. When the singing was over, the chief then turned to me, and made a speech to the following effect. They wanted me amongst them. They wanted God's book. They wanted to cast away their bad ways and be good. He said he had heard some of the news from God's book in a conversation with me in my house at Fort Simpson a long time ago, and he had told what he heard to his people on his return home. They pronounced it good. They loved me, and wanted me amongst them. After the speech he presented me with two beavers'-skins, to show his good heart towards me.

I then spoke a few words to them, and invited all before my tent in the evening, when I would address them from God's word.

On leaving, several pressed me to step into their house. All seemed glad to see me. Many had put on their best clothes. I saw a great many children running about dressed. Many sauntered about me: a general holiday seemed to prevail.

Before I returned to my tent three men came formally to invite me to another chief's house. They stood at the door of the house in which I was sitting, and shouted out their message. Again I heard the drum; again I was seated; and I saw we were to have a repetition of what I had just witnessed in Agweelakkah's house. The chief (whose name is Peecap) acted, and he said a great many things like what I have just written. They welcomed me. A great epoch had come in their history. God was sending them good news, &c. He gave me two bear-skins.

Soon after the Indians began to assemble around my tent, and in a very few minutes I had nearly every man, woman, and child in the camp around me, in all about eighty souls, all that were left at home, the others being away gathering food. I judged the village to number about 400 souls. Among my congregation was an old blind chief—Thkahteen—from a village further up the river.

After seeking God's help, I began my ad-

dress. The Lord enabled me to be solemn and earnest. I set Jesus before them clearly, and I think it was one of the most affecting meetings I have ever held. The old blind chief kept on responding to all I said. He was most earnest and zealous in exhorting the people to listen and obey the word of God. He continued uttering the name of Jesus for some time. "We are not to call upon stones and stars now," said he, "but Jesus. Jesus will hear. Jesus is our Saviour. Jesus! Jesus! Jesus Christ! Good news! Good news! Listen all. Put away your sins. God has sent his word. Jesus is our Saviour. Take away my sins, Jesus. Make me good, Jesus." This and much more he said in a like strain. It was delightful to hear him. The people sat very attentively, and many, like the old chief, often reiterated the name of Jesus. It was growing dark before I dismissed them.

I had not long been seated after the meeting before Kinsahdah came, and said the old blind chief and several people wanted to come to our evening devotions. As Kinsahdah expressed it, the old man wanted to hear me sing, and then he would die; meaning, I suppose, he wanted to hear me sing before he died. We made at once a bright fire. The wind was rather too high, and blew the sparks and smoke about too much. The blind chief soon came, and we assembled, about thirty altogether, round the fire. I sang several hymns in English, and the chant in the Tsimshian tongue. After which I asked them all to kneel down and I would pray to God. They all readily obeyed, and I trust the Lord heard my prayer, and will answer it to the glory of his own name, and for the benefit and salvation of these poor long-lost people.

*Sept. 9: Lord's-day*—This morning I met again about eighty souls, in a house which they had cleared up for our use.

I addressed them on the life and religion of Abraham, and how he showed his faith in a coming Saviour. I then set Christ before them. They were very attentive to my address, and soon made remarks on what I said.

I then taught them to sing the little hymn, "Jesus is my Saviour," which I think some of them learnt; after which I requested them to stand up in a solemn attitude while I prayed to God. They did so. I found this better than getting them to kneel, as that often occasions so much confusion when there are children, the attitude being a novelty to all.

We finished, and I felt grateful to God for the two meetings He had permitted me to have with these people. I truly hope that the blessed name of Jesus, which they have

all learnt, and some for the first time, may prove precious to many.

I was kept very busy most of the remaining part of the day, conversing with several around my tent, and writing out papers for the children, and also for some adults.

Sept. 10—About noon I arrived again at the temporary village, which I promised on my way up to preach at when I returned. The chief again came out to meet me, when I requested him to sit down on the bank, and his people, and hear what God's word said. I had about eighty souls here too. After my address, &c., there was a general stir to gather me some food as presents. A number of women and children seized their baskets, and set off to their potato-gardens.

The chief wished me to accompany him and the party, in order to show me the site of their forefathers' village. They led me some half mile through mud and bushes, having only a very narrow trail for our road. When we arrived at the spot—which was a large flat of land, about one-third of which I found occupied by the potato plant—the chief and his party turned round and said, "This is the place where our forefathers lived, and they told us something we want to tell you. The story is as follows—"One night a child of the chief class awoke and cried for water. Its cries were very affecting—"Mother, give me to drink," but the mother heeded not. The moon was affected, and came down, entered the house, and approached the child, saying, "Here is water from heaven: drink." The child anxiously laid hold of the pot and drank the draught, and was enticed to go away with the moon, its benefactor. They took an underground passage till they quite got clear of the village, and then ascended to heaven. And," said the chief, "our forefathers tell us that the figure we now see in the moon is that very child; and also the little round basket which it had in its hand when it went to sleep appears there. Now, we ask you, is this true or not? We want you to tell us."

So I commenced, and, by a familiar illustration, and appealing to their common sense, I soon succeeded in shaking their faith in this ancient tale; for they turned to one another after I had done, and exclaimed, "Certainly! certainly! and how greatly the ancients lied. Did they not?"

Before I got away, my canoe was laden with potatoes, presents from the children.

However anxious Mr. Duncan might be to help this people it was impossible for him to do so, as he was alone; and matters remained in this state until the beginning of 1864, when the Nass Indians again claimed his attention. The Metlahkatlah Indians are, many of them, earnest Christians. On the Sunday evening, after the usual services

In an hour or two we arrived at the principal lower village.

I assembled the few, about fifty or sixty souls, on the beach. Before I began to address them I sent my boys to cut me some sticks. On their returning, with the required number, I stuck nine in one row and five in another in the sand. I then told them that the nine sticks represented nine large villages of Indians, who stood on a river far south from here a few years ago, but rum, and disease from immoral practices, had cast them down and destroyed them. They were warned before the evil day came, but they heeded not: now they are fallen and gone. Here I knocked down the nine sticks which I had set up.

Afterwards I said, these five sticks are to represent your five large villages on this beautiful river, standing now. I also come to warn you. Listen to my voice. If you follow the course you have begun, yet a little while and you will fall too. Here I dashed the sticks down. Soon you will be lost and miserable.

They seemed greatly affected at this simple illustration, and immediately a great talk ensued.

I then went on to say—Now I have told you of your enemies, I will tell you about God, your Maker, for I have his word, and if you will follow it, you will yet become a happy people.

I then set some of the most prominent truths of the Bible before them, and especially about the Lord Jesus dying to reconcile us to God, whom we have offended with our sins.

They seemed to drink in the word, and the responses many of them made when I finished were very encouraging. May the Lord open their hearts to receive his blessed truth!

I then went to the next lower village, about half a mile further down the river, but there seemed to be nobody at home. We could only muster fifteen souls.

I then told them the same that I had preached to the other villages, and begged of them not to forget to tell their relatives what I had said, when they returned from their fishing-stations.

We then moved away homewards. It was near night, so we soon put into a little creek, lit a fire, and partook of a hearty meal. I was very tired, but happy. After our usual evening devotions we retired to rest.

have been concluded, they have a meeting of their own, attended by upwards of a hundred. After singing and prayer, one or two of them exhort the meeting, the sermons preached by Mr. Duncan during the day forming the basis of their addresses.

Nor is it only within the settlement that they are thus earnest. Wherever they go they carry their religion with them, always assembling on the Sunday for worship, and getting as many as possible of the heathen to join them.

An Indian of Fort Simpson, who, although not a resident of Metlahkatlah, had yet received much instruction from Mr. Duncan, had been up the Nass river to some of the most remote villages, a distance of a hundred miles from the station. While residing there as a fur-trader, he diligently used his talent for God, setting forth the Gospel where it had never been preached before, and meeting with so much encouragement, that seven young men came down with him to Metlahkatlah, that they might hear from the Missionary's mouth the things of which he had spoken. They had intended returning the next day; but when Mr. Duncan pressed earnestly on their minds and hearts the great truths of the Gospel, they decided to remain until after Sunday, that they might receive further instruction, and carry it back with them to their waiting and thirsty tribe.

"They were anxious," says Mr. Duncan, "to carry in their hands a portion of God's word, so I wrote out for each, on a piece of paper, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' I also gave the Indian trader and teacher some further instruction, and pointed him out portions of Scripture suited to him and his flock.

"Before he arrived here, he wrote me a very encouraging letter (for I have taught him to read and write), a copy of which I would like to have forwarded to you, but I must forbear."

So inviting was this opportunity for good—and there was the more reason that it should be at once occupied, for the Romish priests are busy, like astute traders, trying to palm upon the Indians their miserable counterfeit of Christianity, and to prejudice them against the Christian Missionary. The anxiety which he exhibits to secure spiritual results is at once dispensed with, and they proceed to an indiscriminate administration of baptism. Then, provided they shut the door upon the Protestant Missionary, the proselytes are at liberty to retain their medicine work and old customs; for with the priests of Rome the conversion of the heathen is a superficial process, and if the old material of heathenism will only take their gilding, and assume the new face they put upon it, this is all they care for.

We are now happy to inform our readers that Mr. Doolan has reached Nass river. In October last he arrived amongst these anxious people, and commenced erecting a house, to their great astonishment, for they could scarcely believe that he was going to pass the long and dreary winter amongst them. He has rented from one of the chiefs an old deserted house, which he was fitting up as a school-house. The Lord bless the work, and crown it with a large and speedy ingathering of souls!

Let one remark close this article. The Lord is manifestly, and in a remarkable manner, disposing the hearts of this people to hear and to receive the truth. He knows their danger; that the time is short, and the crisis urgent. He therefore gives to them the craving after Christian instruction, and to us the opportunity and high privilege of imparting it. This alone can rescue them from the peril by which they are surrounded. Shall we fail at such a moment? That would be an indelible disgrace. Men and money are wanting: who will help?

## MISSIONS IN THE MACKENZIE AND THE YOUCON DISTRICTS.

WE wish to speak in this article of two distant Missions, so distant and far removed from those scientific appliances which, in more favoured lands, facilitate communication, that, ere despatches can reach us from them, a period of between seven and eight months is required. The more distant they are, the more needful it is that they be remembered. If, of the children of a family, some are at home, others in far-off India or New Zealand, does true affection remember the distant ones less? Are they not, because far away, more the objects of anxiety, so that many prayers are offered on their behalf? And so with respect to these far-off stations: they are the children of the Society, and claim from us an affectionate solicitude.

One of these stations is Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River. The Fort stands on an island at the junction of the River of the Mountains (*Rivière aux Liards*) with the Mackenzie, in latitude  $61^{\circ} 51' 25''$  N., and longitude  $121^{\circ} 51' 15''$  W. This large tributary originates in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains, its feeders lying to the westward of the highest peaks. By one of these affluents, Dease's River, boats pass through the mountains, and, after much trying and perilous navigation, reach a Company's post called Pelly Banks, at the junction of the Pelly and Lewes, the distance from Fort Halkett on the River of the Mountains to this point by the winter route, which is usually as direct as the nature of the country will admit, being 540 miles. From Llyn canal to the north of the island of Sitka, on the western coast, not far north of British Columbia, native traders travel twice in the year to Pelly Banks. We are thus enabled to discern the faint traces of new lines of communication with the Missions on the Youcon, whereby they may be reached with more facility from British Columbia than by the old and tedious route of North-West American lakes and rivers.

On the Pacific coast we have pushed our Missions up the Nass river, which flows into Observatory Inlet, at the mouth of which Fort Simpson (British Columbia) is situated. This river is described by our Missionaries as opening up in a magnificent channel a mile in width. Its course is not laid down in any map in our possession, but it comes from the north-east, and probably approaches the Liard River, which, as already stated, falls into the Mackenzie at Fort Simpson (North-West America). In fact, if the Missions which we are now opening up to our readers be extended over those parts of British America which lie immediately east of the Russian boundary, and in the direction of those tributaries of the Youcon which flow in from the south, they will come into communication with our Missions in British Columbia; and thus that country, as it becomes settled, will constitute an important basis of evangelizing operations. The native-Christian community, which Mr. Duncan is raising up at Metlahkatlah, will then be placed in a position, to render important services, by influencing the tribes immediately contiguous to it, and moving them to act on the tribes immediately beyond them. Thus a series of efforts may be generated, the pulsations of which will be felt as far as the Arctic Sea.

We shall briefly state the circumstances in which these Missions originated. Stanley, English-River district, on the boundary line of the Crees and Chipewyans, was occupied by us in 1849. The Romish Missionaries pushed further north, having established a Mission at Isle-à-la-Crosse in 1846: from thence they advanced to Slave Lake.

It is not necessary to explain to our readers the teaching of the priests of Rome. They are already aware of its character. One extract from their own publications will suffice to show how grievously they have adulterated the bread of life. Monsignor Vital Grandin, Bishop of Satala, and coadjutor of the Bishop of St. Boniface, writing to the directors of the Propagation of the Faith from the Mission of St. John the Baptist, La Crosse Island, December 3, 1861, gives the following account of a death in an Indian

family, that of the second son. The father was absent, and the mother, seeing he was near death, wished to prepare him a little. "My child," said she to him, "you are God's child: Jesus is your Father, and Mary is your mother. You are going to see them." And then, her heart failing, she burst into tears. The dying boy raised his eyes for the last time to his disconsolate mother, and said to her, "Why do you weep, since I am going to see Mary, my Mother? Tell my father not to weep either, because Jesus also is my Father, and I am going to see Him." Thus the true objects of religious dependence are removed to a distance from the sinner by the intrusion of an idolatrous object.

In 1857 it appeared that the priests were intending to enter the Mackenzie-River district, and, by pre-occupying the minds of the Indians, indispose them to the Gospel message. It was resolved to anticipate them. Accordingly, Archdeacon Hunter left Red River in January 1858. At Great Slave Lake he was met by the priest Grollier, who openly declared his intention of opposing the establishment of a Protestant Mission at Fort Simpson, and doing all in his power to prejudice the Indians against our Missionaries. In pursuance of this intention he proceeded in the same brigade of boats with Archdeacon Hunter to Fort Simpson, a destination which was reached August 16th. In Archdeacon Hunter's diary of the next day we find the following entry—"Rose, and commended myself and this special work afresh in prayer to God, seeking divine wisdom and grace to direct and aid each day that I continue in the district, that I may be privileged to sow the seed faithfully, and that it may spring up to the praise and glory of God. Here, in the far north-west, the Gospel finds, at the first time of its publication, representatives from two opposite and diametrically opposed churches, Protestantism and Popery, the true and false Gospel coming in contact at their extreme out-posts, like two waves rolling from opposite directions of the ocean, which here meet and dash against each other." Assisted by the half-caste French servants and their wives, the priests laboured strenuously, and as they were told that all Protestants go to everlasting misery, the Indians were at first indisposed to hear our Missionary. The truth was permitted, however, to achieve a triumph in the conversion from Romanism of one of the officers of the Company, a French Canadian. Here, for the first time, Archdeacon Hunter was visited by some of the Loucheux Indians from Peel's River, a tributary of the Mackenzie near its mouth. Archdeacon Hunter remained in this remote field until June 1859. On leaving Fort Simpson he was enabled to look back on the results of his labours there with much thankfulness. "Surely the time to favour these poor benighted Indians is come. Surely these smiling faces I see around me will no longer be left in darkness, no man caring for their souls. They look all energy and intelligence, and listen gladly to the message of redeeming love."

He was succeeded by the Rev. W. W. Kirkby, who reached Fort Simpson in the summer of 1859, having met Archdeacon Hunter on his return. The church of Rome, alarmed at the entrance of one faithful Missionary into the field of her anticipated triumphs, threw in a strong body of priests. Mr. Kirkby therefore found himself face to face with these men. Under date of May 22, 1860, he writes—"The Romanists are endeavouring to concentrate their efforts for the conversion of the Indians of this district. When I came they were just establishing their first Mission in it: now they have Fort Resolution, Fort Rae, Fort Good Hope, and, I fear, will have Fort Liard also. There are now four priests and brothers here; and in the fall the newly-appointed Bishop of Isle-à-la-Crosse is to visit Fort Simpson, and will bring two or three more priests with him. . . . They are really heart and soul in their work, and would verily compass sea and land to make one proselyte. The worst is their zeal so completely overleaps all sense of truth and justice that the most unscrupulous means are used to accomplish their purposes. The most extravagant falsehoods and frauds are freely laid

under tribute. The priests all belong to the order of 'Oblates,' and therefore little else is to be heard but the praises of Mary."

In 1861 Mr. Kirkby visited Fort Liard, 200 miles from Fort Simpson and 2450 miles from Red River, Fort Norman, and Fort Good Hope, the furthest point reached by Archdeacon Hunter in 1859. On his way down the Mackenzie he met several parties of Esquimaux, who appeared disposed to be troublesome, if not dangerous. Ascending Peel's River there were found at that Fort a large number of Loucheux Indians, who received him most kindly, and listened attentively to his message. "The Indians, to a man, expressed the greatest delight in what they had heard, and thanked me over and over again for coming down to see them. Pictures, crucifixes, medals, that the priest at Good Hope had circulated among them, were all brought and cast at my feet, so that I had dozens of them. Some of the pictures were well executed; others are mere daubs; but all, of course, were illustrative of Romanism. A large one of the Virgin Mary bears the following title—'Veritable portrait de la très Vierge Marie, mère de notre Seigneur Jesus Christ, d'après le portrait peint par St. Luc Evangeliste. Des graces sans nombre sont attachées à cette image.' Then follows the picture, after which are enumerated her appearance, dress, virtues, &c., with a command to pray to her."

Mr. Kirkby now made arrangements to pass from Peel's Fort into the Youcon district. A range of mountains has to be crossed in order to reach La Pierre's House, a post on the Rat River, which falls into the Porcupine River. This latter stream, flowing in a south-westerly direction, is descended to its junction with the Youcon, where Fort Youcon stands. The Youcon is there three miles wide, flowing on in a westerly direction until it enters Behring's Sea, its embouchure being, as some think, in Norton's Sound, or, according to others, between Cape Stephens and Cape Romanzoff, where it is known by the Russians as the Kwichpack.

On reaching the summit of the ridge "a magnificent view presented itself both ways, but especially in the direction we were going. A large valley lay stretched out before us of many miles in extent, with a lovely little river playfully winding its circuitous way through the midst, the whole scene recalling the sensations I had experienced when I stood upon Portage la Loche, the highest point of land between Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Sea, and now the basin of the mighty Mackenzie is crossed. In a few days I hope to see the waters running to the Pacific. I knelt down and prayed that the entrance of Gospel light into these new regions might be abundantly blessed of God."

La Pierre's House is situated in a valley surrounded on all sides by mountain peaks. Carrying with him the good wishes of all the Indians at this place, whom he had diligently instructed during the few days of his sojourn, he embarked to descend the Rat River; at first, as it threads its way through the mountains, very narrow and crooked, until the large tributary, the Porcupine, is reached. Descending this, he entered the Youcon, a magnificent river, three miles wide, but studded with islands, the current of which they had to mount for two miles, in order to reach the Fort, where Mr. Kirkby was greeted, on his arrival, by 500 Indians, all of whom were filled with astonishment and delight on seeing him. Day by day he addressed himself to the work of instruction, and eagerly was he listened to. The hearts of these men, so notorious for turbulence of character, were powerfully moved by the love of the Gospel message. Their most renowned medicine-man arose, and, in the presence of all, renounced his curious arts. How evil and degraded they had been, they themselves confessed. Eight of them, with expressions of the deepest sorrow, and earnest purposes, God helping them, never to be such again, declared openly that they had been guilty of murder; thirteen women confessed that they had slain their infant girls; many were polygamists; but from that day they resolved that the practice should cease. When bidding them farewell, after a sojourn of a week, they were all deeply moved, and earnestly begged him



to come again next year, nor would they be satisfied until they had obtained a promise from him. A chief from the Russian territory near Behring's Straits said that to him it all seemed like a dream; that he did not know whether he could carry much of what he had heard to his people, but that next year, if alive, he would bring a number with him, that they might hear for themselves.

The next year Mr. Kirkby fulfilled his promise. On May 26th, 1862, he left his home and family at Fort Simpson. We have his journal before us: it is deeply interesting, but too long to introduce here. On reaching Fort Good Hope he learned that the priest, Mons. Seguin, had started a month previously, on the ice, in the hope of reaching the Youcon before him, and prejudicing the Indians against the truth, so that, on his arrival, he should find the door closed.

On arriving at Peel's Fort he found the priest there. He had already, at this place, done much injury. The Indians avowed themselves perplexed, and knew not what to think. Mr. Kirkby proposed an appeal to the Bible, and sought out the priest for that purpose, but he declined all disputation. With the Esquimaux, of whom several were at the Fort, Mr. Kirkby was more successful than with the Indians. Some of these were from the coast westward of the Mackenzie. He was much struck to find that one of them wore a powder-horn, with this inscription—

“H.M.S. Enterprise, Camden Bay, July 2nd, 1854.”

The priest, having decided to accompany the Missionary to La Pierre's House, and perhaps to the Youcon, Mr. Kirkby treated him with all courtesy, and they set out together, our friend with four Indians and the priest with two. Up the steep hills they clambered, reaching the “top of the mountain” by five o'clock in the evening. The prospect was lovely. Sitting down on a stone, Mr. Kirkby sang the noble Missionary hymn of Williams—

“O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,”

“with comfort, and with hope that the prayer it breathes might ere long be answered if only the Lord would open the eyes of the Indians to see, and their hearts to feel

“That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtained on Calvary.”

Mr. Kirkby adds—“How great and blessed would be the change produced, as great and as beautiful as nature has produced upon the mountains around me. A few short months ago winter reigned throughout; all was cold and dreary, uncheered and unenlivened by a single ray of the sun. But when he regained his strength, light, heat, and beauty were restored, and a hundred little bubbling streams, which are running down the mountain sides, tell forth their joy and gladness. So will it be with the minds of the poor Indians, when the Sun of Righteousness shall rise upon them with healing in his wings.”

The way onward was difficult; the mountain rivers swollen, the sun in mid-day intensely hot. They fell in with an Indian tent, and two families, who knew Mr. Kirkby, welcomed him. They gave him a good supply of fresh meat, “the half of which I gave to the priest. He was thankful for it, as I was myself, not having had any for a week or more.”

On reaching the last ridge they looked into the valley of the Rat River. “It is one of the most beautiful and picturesque views I have had the good fortune to see. It is beyond comparison superior to the very extensive and beautiful one seen from the coxcomb at Port la Loche. The extended valley, with its winding stream, looking in the distance like a silvery thread, the snow-capped mountain peaks all around, with dark pines growing down their sides, form something like what I imagine rich Alpine scenery to be.”

At La Pierre's House there was found a considerable body of Indians. They gathered round the Gospel Missionary, and waited perseveringly on him for instruction. The priest was unsuccessful. But for the two Indians who had come with him, he would have been alone. For these he had full mass at his tent door. All, however, was in vain. He resolved, therefore, to accompany Mr. Kirkby no further, and to retrace his steps to Peel's River.

At Fort Youcon were found gathered many Indians, and they were soon increased.

*June 27*—In the middle of the day the Indians about the Fort espied a long dark stripe across the river, at a great distance up the stream. At once the report was raised, More Indians coming. My European eyes could not yet detect them, but after awhile, by the aid of their paddles and the assistance of a rapid current, they were in full view—eighteen canoes—and very pretty and picturesque they looked gliding along. They were the whole tribe of Hun Kutchin. It is the only time in the year they can visit the Fort. All were in the native dress, profusely decorated with beads and byaqua shells. They started up a song when within hearing, the

air of which was very sweet and plaintive. The Kutchin are certainly the most musical of any Indians in the country. Indeed they are the only ones, so far as I know, that possess really native airs. Mr. Lockhart has succeeded in transferring eight or ten of them to paper, which he has kindly given me permission to copy any time I please. The strangers were all present at evening service. A few of them were here last year: the others heard for the first time to-night the glad tidings of a Saviour's love, except what they may have learned from their friends during the winter. May their visit prove a blessed one!

The next day—Lord's-day—was a really Missionary day, 400 or 500 heathen being assembled to listen; and thus, from day to day, his time was occupied, until the Indians began to break up for their hunting-grounds, and it was time for Mr. Kirkby to return homeward. "The chiefs want to know why I do not remain altogether, and send a letter for my family to come down in the fall, forgetting all about the mountain, and the difficulty of transport, &c. If ever we can have a resident Missionary here, he must be a young man requiring little, and prepared to rough it, just as the Company's officers do; and really there is no reason why we should not, for if these gentlemen will do it for furs, we may surely be content to do it for souls."

At Peel's Fort, on his return, Mr. Kirkby found the priest, who, disconcerted at his ill-success, rudely repulsed Mr. Kirkby's courtesies, breaking forth into a long tirade, which he concluded by predicting that England would yet become thoroughly Romanized.

The Youcon has now its resident Missionary, and such a one, we trust, as Mr. Kirkby wished for. The Rev. R. M'Donald (county born) reached Fort Simpson from the Red River in August 1862, and, immediately on Mr. Kirkby's return home, started for the Youcon, which he reached the middle of October. The journey across the mountain ridges was not of a summer character. Snow ankle-deep, rivulets to be crossed, the waters of which were half up to the knees and more, falling snow, no shelter, little wood to make a fire with. Notwithstanding all these, our young Missionary says—"There was no portion of the whole journey from Red River that I enjoyed more: it was, in fact, quite a recreation, after the boat travelling of more than a thousand miles." At Peel's Fort, La Pierre's House, the Youcon, the Indians joyfully welcomed him. From one of the chiefs of Peel-River Fort he had a strong speech, representing the want they felt for the knowledge of God, and earnestly pleading that he should remain with them; the chief contending that he and his band of Indians stood as much in need of a Missionary to lead them as the Youcon or any other Indians. At the Youcon he found the priest: he had not been able to effect any thing, the preference of the Indians being for pure Christianity.

Our last communication from Mr. M'Donald is dated June 1st, 1863. He had found the Loucheux language very difficult to pronounce, many of the words being

guttural and dental, but he was overcoming it, and had begun to translate. He had been on several expeditions, visiting the Indians in their camps. One was eighty miles down the Youcon; another to the Gens du Large Indians, residing among the mountains, 200 miles northward from the Fort. He found these people encamped in a deep valley between two mountains, some of the peaks of which towered up to the height of about 1500 feet or more. They were greatly rejoiced to see him, and with them he spent nearly forty days.

In another month or so we shall be expecting to have fresh tidings from Mr. Kirkby and Mr. M'Donald, and more especially as to the proceedings of last summer, when many Indians, of various tribes, were expected at the Youcon.

In one of the last journals received from Mr. M'Donald, dated La Pierre's House, June 24th, 1863, he says—"The priest, Père Sequin, who passed the winter at the Youcon, is here, on his way to Fort Good Hope. He has not effected any thing among the Indians. They all appear determined to remain firm on the side of the Gospel."\*

Now, then, we have prepared our readers for the following paragraph from the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," vol. xxv., September 1864, No. 152—

The Rev. Father Grollier had scarcely landed on the Mission of St. Joseph, when, confiding it to the care of Divine Providence, he started off for Fort Simpson (63° of latitude), where the Protestant minister had directed his steps. The Father was immediately welcomed with enthusiasm by the savages, and he at once paralyzed the deleterious influences of heresy. Presents of all kinds were lavished on the Indians by the minister, but his generosity could gain neither their esteem nor their affection. They said to him, "Your presents are good, but you are bad yourself, at least your religion is bad. You are only a man like one of ourselves; you are not a priest. We will not listen to your words." The Rev. Father Grollier returned soon after to the Mission of St. Joseph, in order to make preparations for the approaching campaign. The following summer, being anxious to anticipate the approach of error, he had resolved to carry the standard of the Catholic religion as far as the Fort Good Hope, and to establish there the Mission of our Lady of Good Hope, in the 67° of latitude.

In the mean time the Rev. Father Gascon set off for Fort Liard in pursuit of the wolf who had entered the fold there, while the Rev. Father Eynard established the Mission of St. Michael the Archangel at the extreme end of the great Slave Lake. Towards the end of the following winter, Father Gascon arrived at the same post, that he might help

to consolidate his work. Their efforts were crowned with complete success. Father Grollier ascended the river, and visited Fort Norman during the summer of 1860, following the track of the Christian enemy as far as Peel's River. His apostolic zeal and his sufferings, so generously endured for the glory of God, were crowned by the blessing of a complete victory. In the same manner, and with like success, the minister was tracked everywhere. In the following summer Monsignor Grandin arrived with a new reinforcement: his presence fortified and encouraged the new-born faith of the savages. In 1862 a new Protestant minister had the audacity to traverse all our Missions, and erect his tent in Youcon, on the Russian territory. He was followed by Father Seguin, who paralyzed his attempts; and at length, in 1863, the Rev. Father Gascon established a Mission in the midst of the Esquimaux, in 69° of latitude. Thus it was that one success followed the other, until the work of the Missions has been extended to the extremity of the Polar Circle, thanks to the alms of the Propagation of the Faith, which supported the Oblate Fathers while they devoted themselves to the charge confided to them of evangelizing these immense regions. The first foundations are now laid, and there is every prospect of success, provided the assistance be continuous which will enable the Missioners to remain there.

Neither in the measures which they pursue on the Mission field, nor in the accounts which they send home, do the Oblate Fathers appear to be very scrupulous.

\* Mr. M'Donald's journals are printed *in extenso* in the "Church Missionary Record" for the present month.

## Recent Intelligence.

Our readers will be prepared to find this portion of our Number more fragmentary than the previous pages, into which are introduced articles on various subjects, intended to be, however they may fall short of this, of an integral character.

We have received despatches from Jubbulpore, Peshawur, and the Mission stations in China, extracts from which will be found to contain various points of interest.

### INDIA.

#### *Jubbulpore.*

Jubbulpore is on the route from Allahabad to Nagpore, 222 miles south-west of the former, and 156 north-east of the latter. It is our only Missionary station in the Central Provinces. At Nagpore there is a station of the Free Church of Scotland, and then, across a vast stretch of territory, as far as Dumagudem, in the Lower Godavery, we find no Missionary station whatever. As the stations are so few, it is the more necessary that they should be hopeful, and exhibit symptoms of spiritual vitality. If the wells in the desert be few, there is the more reason that they should gush up with water. We are thankful that our Missionary at Jubbulpore, the Rev. E. Champion, is enabled, in the following extracts, to mention facts which show that God is blessing the work. The first extracts are dated December 28th of last year.

“It is with much pleasure and thankfulness to God that I write to inform the Committee of the baptism, on Christmas-day, of Moulwee Safdar Ali and another young Mohammedan. Some of the notices of the Moulwee have appeared in my journal from time to time, and you probably heard at Benares that Pundit Nehemiah had come here to confer with him and his friends, at their request. The result is as above stated.

“If I were not deeply sensible that this is all God’s work I should hesitate to speak of the Moulwee in the terms I must speak of him, if I speak at all, lest I should seem to glory in man. He has, however, been so clearly a subject of the sacred influences of God’s Spirit, that, in speaking as I do, I feel I am but exalting God’s grace in him.

“He appears for many years to have been of a thoughtful disposition, and anxious as regards his soul. In this state his mind was directed to the consideration of Christianity, and he read, only to find fault at first, Dr. Pfander’s works. Still truth seems to have gained upon him; and when Nehemiah was here about three years ago they became acquainted, and he has often told me that one-half of the difficulties which possessed his mind were cleared away by their intercourse. Up to this time he had not seen our Bible, and, at Nehemiah’s suggestion, he came to me, and procured this and other books. In this way our intercourse began. He was a most thoughtful and indefatigable reader, and often visited me, and propounded difficulties, and asked for explanations, which showed he read with great care, and possessed great powers of mind. I answered his difficulties to the best of my ability, and always found what I said was received with impartiality and serious attention. He soon confessed himself much struck with the morality of the Bible, which he said surpassed any thing he had ever met with, and at length declared that Christianity was far better than either Hinduism or Mohammedanism: still some doubts remained regarding the inspiration and authenticity of the Bible. Nor was this exercise of mind a mere intellectual one. He plainly said it was peace to a troubled mind which he sought. As he came to me from week to week I wondered at the great change I saw going on within him, and could entertain no doubt as to the final results. His last request to me, as I was going to the Benares Conference, was, that I would ask the Missionaries to pray for him.

In this, and other events, the Christianity which had already imbued his mind displayed itself. He had given up attendance on the Mohammedan prayers long since, and was so open in the expression of his predilection for Christianity, that the Mohammedans declared he was an Isai, and his relatives threatened to take away his wife. This was the state of things when Nehemiah came, whose kind and sympathetic instructions cleared away his remaining doubts, and decided him to be baptized at once. On my return journey, when forty miles from Jubbulpore, I received this delightful information; and on the very evening of my arrival he called, requesting, as his mind was quite made up, there might be no delay. He is the Deputy Inspector of Schools in this district, and receives a salary of some 150 rupees per month. Thus his motives were beyond doubt. He is a man, too, of sound education and irreproachable character, highly respected by his superiors and all who know him.

"The younger man is at present a Government village schoolmaster, and is the fruit of Safdar Ali's inquiries. He was formerly his servant, and, when in that capacity, began to read the New Testament with him. Two days ago, when reading part of the 11th of Hebrews to him, and explaining how we (and he especially) have to give up much here, but only, like Moses, in hope of a much greater reward hereafter, he said, 'A thousand, thousand thanks to God for his mercy. I was only worthy of eternal fire.' This seems to indicate a right sense of the sinfulness of sin and of the exceeding greatness of God's grace in Christ. The determined way in which he stepped into the water after the Moulwee (they were baptized by immersion, at their own request) was very remarkable.

"It only remains that I should ask your prayers for them during this trying time, when they have to see the sorrow of those they most love, and to endure their anger."

The movement has not stopped here. In a subsequent letter, dated January 16, 1865, a third case of conversion is referred to.

"I have again the pleasure of informing you of another addition to our church here. Yesterday I baptized Moulwee Kazim Bakhsh, a friend of Moulwee Safdar Ali, and indeed the fruit of his inquiries and earnestness. He is a man, too, I have every reason to believe, of the same stamp, a man really taught of God, a real inquirer after salvation. From the time when he first decided to become a Christian he has shown great steadfastness of purpose and moral courage. He was away when Safdar Ali and Kazim Khan were baptized, and I feared the treatment they received might deter him from coming forward; but of his own accord he came in from Sepora, where he is schoolmaster, and asked to be baptized at once. In a day or two he leaves for his village, there, all alone, to take up the cross of his Lord. We pray God to be with him and keep him.

"The former two baptisms created a great sensation among the Mohammedans of Jubbulpore, and Safdar Ali has often been called on to give a reason for the hope that is in him. At a meeting of about seventeen respectable Mussulmans, some of them declared, that, after what he had done, it behoved them also to inquire whether these things were so. This is a great deal for a bigoted Mohammedan to say, and therefore it is no wonder that the greater number wish to suppress all inquiry, and pass the affair over as quietly as possible,

"A number of tales have been circulated in the city, such as that, at their baptism, we made them eat swines' flesh, and so on; but one story is, I think, remarkable. They say that now Moulwee Safdar Ali's pay from Government is reduced from 120 rupees to 60 rupees per month, and that, when he goes to see any European gentleman, whereas formerly he was accommodated with a chair, now he not only does not get a chair, but not even a stool."

These first-fruits in a station, which has been hitherto so bare of results, call upon us for thanksgiving, and for earnest prayer that He who has done so much will do more, and light up a beacon-fire in the dark interior of Central India.

*Peshawur.*

In the autumn of 1862 this frontier station was occupied by several valuable Missionaries, who appeared to be in all respects well fitted for the work. All these men have been removed by death and sickness. The Rev. T. Tuting and the Rev. Roger E. Clark died at Peshawur, and their graves mark the spot where they laboured. The Rev. J. McCarthy and the Rev. Robert Clark have been compelled, from ill-health, to leave, the one for England, the other for Umritsur, and the station has been left in charge of two very young Missionaries, the Rev. T. R. Wade and the Rev. W. Handcock. Yet the Lord has been with them, and the work has not been without fruit. Some extracts from their despatches, more especially in the present enfeebled state of the Mission, will be read with interest. The following is from Mr. Handcock's letters—

*Preaching to the heathen.*

*Jan. 1865*—The glad news of salvation by Christ has been proclaimed in different parts of Peshawur. But in no place has it been more frequently set forth than from the steps of the chapel under the great peepul tree. In front of this chapel, which was built by Colonel Martin, sometimes in one assembly you would recognise among the Affghans people from Cabul, Persia, Bokhara, and Cashmere. Crowds of listeners can always be obtained, though they are not, as a rule, so orderly as one could wish, for the Affghan Mohammedans are so bigoted, that no sooner do they hear a doubt thrown out as to the truth of the Korán, than they become excited, cry down the preacher, and break up the assembly. Notwithstanding all this, however, three out of the seven who have this year been admitted to the church of Christ by baptism were more or less listeners to the preaching in the bazaars before they became inquirers. Indeed, the very opposition made by the Mohammedans seems to have been the turning-point in leading one of the number to inquire into the truth of Christianity. This man is a Syud, and somewhat advanced in years, and is likely to prove of great use to the Mission, seeing that he is well read in Arabic and Persian. The circumstance, however, which seems more particularly to have arrested this man's attention, was the harsh treatment which a Mussulman friend of his received. This friend went one day within the porch of our chapel, the weather being inclement, and knelt down to pray, according to the Mohammedan custom. The Mussulmans who were passing at the time, on seeing this, came up, and abused him for praying in what they considered to be a polluted place.

On the Syud hearing of the treatment which his friend had received, he rightly conceived it an evidence of bigotry. From that time he wished to know more about Christianity. He therefore read the New Testament and the Mizan-ul-Haqq. It pleased God to enlighten him, and he became a Christian. Thus the Psalmist's words were fulfilled, "The wrath of man shall praise thee."

Two journeys have been made with the object of making known the name of Christ among the Affghan tribes. One was in the month of September last. The civil magistrate, Lieutenant Sandeman, was extremely kind in entertaining the Missionary, and in affording some protection during his itinerancy amongst the wild and fanatical tribes of Euzufzaie. In looking back upon the journey we cannot but see evidences in many places of a desire to hear the word of God. No doubt we often had to contend with those who were unwilling to hear the Gospel, with pride and bigotry and angry look; but generally we were kindly received and willingly listened to; and on no occasion did any one refuse to accept a tract or a copy of the Gospels. This latter forms a very promising feature in this Mission field, for if the word of God is only read amongst them, by the help of the Holy Spirit, important results will follow. And whatever dark points the Affghans may have in their character, as a thievish and bloodthirsty people, there is much even in their present state to recommend them. Indeed, no one could go amongst this energetic, brave, and hospitable people without pitying their delusion by the false prophet, and without breathing a prayer for their conversion.

Mr. Wade confirms the expressions conveyed by the reports of his colleague—

This has not been a year full only of sorrows and trials. Many a bright bow has shone forth amidst the dark clouds to comfort and cheer us. We have been visited by a number of Pathans from the district, and some of

them have been willing to pay money in order to obtain the Scriptures in their own language; whilst to others, who were poor, we have given a Gospel, or other small book, free.

In March last, when Mohammed Rafek

Khan was here on political business as Vakeel from Cabul, he visited us twice, and received very readily a copy of the Scriptures—the Old Testament in Persian and the New Testament in Pushtoo—to take back to Amir Shere Ali Khan, his master. He also himself, together with the doctor who accompanied him, received the New Testament in Pushtoo, and promised to read it carefully.

Our little native congregation, too, has been gradually increasing. During the past year there have been seven adults baptized, and just half of them have been Pathans, so that now there are in connexion with this Mission, including women and children, nearly fifty native Christians.

Last summer two of our Pathan Christians expressed a wish to go on a Missionary journey to Kafiristan. The late Mr. Lowenthal, when consulted about it, said that the risk of

life was so great that they ought not to be allowed to go. However, after consulting other friends, permission was granted. They left Peshawur on the 7th September, and were absent little more than three months. Had they been recognised in Cabul as Affghan Christians, they would probably have been slain; and even when in Kafiristan they were not altogether free from danger, for on one occasion they saw twenty-eight Mohammedans butchered in cold blood, after being invited to a friendly feast. A few days ago two Kafiristans paid us a visit at Peshawur. One of them knew nothing but the Kafiristan language, but the other, who also knew Pushtoo, acted as the interpreter. They are a very degraded but interesting people, and we trust God will soon open a way for the introduction of Christianity and civilization into their country.

#### CHINA.

Intelligence from the Missionary Stations of this empire are doubly interesting at the present moment, when hopes have been entertained that, the Taeping rebellion having been crushed, peace would be restored to this distracted land. We fear, however, that insurrection is now chronic in China. It is manifest that the Tartar dynasty has lost control over the outlying provinces, and that the utmost it will be able to effect is to hold in allegiance the northern provinces. Sooner or later, in some form or another, the southern provinces will become independent.

#### *Fuh-chau.*

Our Missionary at this important city, the Rev. J. Wolfe, communicates to us, under date of January last, the following intelligence respecting the progress of his work—

*Jan. 11, 1865*—It will cheer you to learn, that since my last communication to you we have had four persons added to our church, two adults and two children. One of the children is the son of our old faithful chapel-keeper; the other is the daughter of one of the adults admitted to baptism at the same time. The baptism of one of the adults, a very clever young man, took place towards the end of October; the other, with the two children, took place on Christmas-day. It was very pleasing and cheering to see the latter bring his little daughter to the font in his arms, and there consecrate her and himself to God by holy baptism. We were all very much interested in this man, as he was formerly one of our most bitter opponents. He used to come to our chapel for the sole purpose of abusing the catechist, and interrupting our service, and troubled us very much. On one occasion we had to remove him from the premises. After this he did not make his appearance for some months, during

which time we lost sight of him altogether. One Sunday, however, he came again, and took a seat at the lower end of the building. When service was over, I went to talk with him. I did not at first recognise him. He said, "Sing Sang, don't you know me?" I said, "No, I do not." "You ought," said he, "to know me." After this I had some very interesting conversation with him, and I found that the Spirit of God had been at work in his mind (for I cannot ascribe the change which took place in him to any thing else). He had given up idolatry, and had very correct views of God. He said he wished to become a Christian, and to worship Jesus; that he clearly saw we had the truth. I told him we should rejoice to receive him into our little company, but he should wait, and place himself under instruction, and show signs that his desires were sincere. After this, he attended all our meetings for prayer and instruction, and rapidly grew in knowledge and in faith. He gained more knowledge of the

Scriptures for the few months he was under instruction than some of our members have gained during the whole time they have been with us. The result was his baptism on Christmas-day. At first he was unwilling that his baptism should take place on that day, "for," said he, "I am not worthy to be baptized on the day that my Saviour came down into this world." I explained that it was most appropriate that the day on which Jesus was born into the world to save sinners and establish a church should witness a soul admitted into his church. With this explanation he was satisfied. He is now very zealous, and already has brought some of his friends to inquire about the Saviour. Before

he became a Christian he carried on a very lucrative business in connexion with the idolatrous temples, &c., but he could not continue his business. He not only had to give up this business, but had to suffer a great deal of persecution from his former acquaintances. He has frequently been seen in the streets, surrounded by a crowd of people abusing him, and blaspheming that holy name by which he is now called. He was not ashamed of Jesus, but bore a simple and clear testimony before his abusers. Under these circumstances, I felt perfectly justified to help him to get a new business, in which I believe he will do well as a Christian man.

### Ningpo.

Our Missionary, the Rev. A. E. Moule, in a letter dated December 31, communicates to us several points of interest, the most important of which is the occupation by his brother, the Rev. G. E. Moule of Hangchow, recently freed from the Taepings.

*Ningpo, Dec. 31, 1864*—One sign of life, though it be but infant life at present, is the renting and furnishing a house for divine service on the shores of the eastern lakes, at the expense of the *Ningpo and Tsong-gyiao churches*. A native is Secretary and Treasurer, and a native Committee consult together, referring matters of difficulty to my brother for advice. Our dear old brother Bao, alas! has not yet fully rejoined us. We cannot but hope, however, that God will have mercy upon him and upon us. He attended morning service regularly.

My brother's breaking ground in Hangchow will, I am sure, call forth the prayers of the Home Committee. He feels very deeply the feebleness of the effort, so far as human power is concerned, for he himself is not strong, and the only native catechist who can be spared to accompany him has but indifferent health; but we felt that, in a certain sense, the effort must be made now or not at all; now, before the people of Hangchow, just escaped from a fierce fire of trouble, grow cold and proud as before. God grant that we may at least hold the ground till reinforcements from home enable us to occupy that vast city in force.

Hangchow is some one hundred miles distant from Ningpo, and we have sometimes felt reluctant to move forward and inward so far, when districts lying within sight from our house-top are so seldom, so imperfectly evangelized. I have been making an attempt to follow, at a very great distance, the plan adopted in the Tinnevely itinerancy. The

districts around Tsong-gyiao are very thickly populated, and I am hoping to visit each place once every two months, if possible. I am, however, at present imperfectly acquainted with the number of places, and I am but feeling my way, having no good map. The district I am hoping to work extends some ten miles on each side of Tsong-gyiao, except on the south-east, where flows the river, within one mile of our chapel, and in the north-west direction, where the plain is bounded by the San-poh hills, distant some four miles from Tsong-gyiao. Z-kyi, a city, is the western limit. This city, before the Taeping invasion, was a beautiful, rich, and proud city, with some 30,000 inhabitants. It is now slowly rising from dust and ruin, and may contain half that number.

There are besides, in this district, five towns of from 8000 to 10,000 each, four of from 2000 to 4000 each, seven of from 1000 to 1800 each, besides a large number of places varying in population from 600 to 60 each. I visited in all, during the months of March, May, October, November, and December, seventy-one places, large and small. One of these I visited five times, four of them four times, six of them three times, twenty-one on two occasions, and the remainder but once. I trust, with God's help, to go through them all in order this year.

One precious fruit has, I trust, resulted from this work—the old woman baptized on December 18. She heard the Gospel in a neighbouring village last May.