

# THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

## CHINA.

### SKETCH OF A VISIT TO THE GREAT BUDDHIST TEMPLES OF SEHOO.

At the present moment, when the Committee are hastening their arrangements in regard to the mission in China, any intelligence of the religious feelings and habits of the people will be interesting. We recently met, in one of our newspapers, with the following account of a visit paid to the place named at the head of this paper. It is striking to notice what the writer says of the almost total absence of the feelings which superstition, as well as true religion, excites in the mind. This may be the natural consequence of the influence of Buddhism, which seems to be as cold a system as can well be conceived. All such systems, made up chiefly of negations, seem to extinguish emotional fervour. The contrast between the Hindoo and the Chinese is, in this respect, very striking.

Avoiding the gates of Hangchow, and making a wide circuit, we tracked our way through devious ditches up to a village about half-a-mile distant from the lake, and about a mile distant from the walls of Hangchow. This village is full of Coolies and chairs, and its business seems to be to convey the burgesses of Hongchan about the temples and gardens. There is an entrance into the lake for us. We lie off the village in six inches of green water. Ague and fever seem to float around. Three nights we slept in this swamp.

Our days were passed in the great Buddhist temples and in the monasteries of the bonzes. They take us to the Temple of the Great Buddha—a mighty bust, 40 feet high, carved out of the rock and gilt—thence to a still larger temple, where a moving pagoda and 49 colossal idols commemorate the 49 transmigrations of Buddha. Thence across rich pleasure-grounds, where streamlets ripple and some spots are shady, but where still a sort of knife-grinding din pursues us.

We are borne to the Temple of the Fish Buddha, where enormous carp grow fat in pleasant ponds. At least a thousand of them contended for our votive biscuits, and some of them weighed, to a fisherman's eye, quite 40lbs.

These temples, however, great as they are in size and gorgeous grotesqueness, are but as little Welsh churches compared to the wonders of the "Yun Lin," the "Cloudy Forest." This is not so much a temple, as a region of temples.

It is suggestive of the scenes of those ancient Pagan mysteries where the faith and fortitude of neophytes were tried, and their souls purified, by successive terrors. It is a limestone district, abounding in caves and far-reaching dark galleries, and mysterious internal waters. These natural opportunities are improved by a priest and an altar in every cave, gigantic idols cut into the rock in unexpected places, rays of heavenly light which only the faithful votary ought to be able to see, but which, as they come through holes bored through the hill, sceptics sometimes catch sight of; inscriptions 2,000 years old, but deepened as time wears them. The place

is a labyrinth of carved rocks, a happy valley of laughing Buddhas, and Queens of Heaven, and squatting Buddhas, and hideous hook-nosed gods of India. There is a pervading smell of frankincense; and a single priest found here and there in solitary places, moaning his ritual, makes the place yet more lonely; and through this strange scene you pass, through narrow paths, to the foot of the colossal terrace steps which mount to the great temple itself. The wild birds are flying about this vast echoing hall of Buddha; the idols are still bigger and still more richly gilt. In the great "gallery of five hundred gods" all that can be done by art—laborious, but ignorant of beauty—reaches its climax.

The cowed and tonsured bouzes come forth to greet us. Excellent tea, and great choice of sweetmeats, await us in the refectory.

The wonders of the Hangchow Lake deserve a better description than the object of these letters will allow me to attempt. The temple and tomb of the faithful Minister of State, Yo Fei, occupy acres of ground, and thousands of tons of monumental wood, stone, and iron. The Imperial Palace upon the lake, with its garden of rockwork and green ponds, its large library of unused books, its dim metal mirrors, richly embroidered cushions, and rickety old chairs, opened to us with great difficulty, and under the immediate pressure of the ever-welcome dollar. I hope some one under less imperative obligation to eschew the merely picturesque, and to seek only for facts which may have a practical bearing, may yet describe these objects. My favourite eventide occupation was to ascend one of these hills and sit at the foot of one of these half-burnt pagodas, which stand about like blasted cypress trees, and look down upon the Hangchow. The famous city lies like a map beneath me. Not a curl of smoke, not a building more lofty than the orthodox two-storied joss-house. I can follow the line of outer walls, and even track the course of the inner enceinte. Marco Polo says they were one hundred miles round, and a Chinese chronicler records that in a single conflagration, while Hangchow was yet the capital of China, 530,000 houses were burned. These are foolish fables. Hangchow from its position never could have been much larger than it now is. It stands upon a slip of land about three miles wide, intervening between the river (which is wider than the Mersey and has thirty feet of water at low tide) and this lake. At one end the ground swells into a hill, over the crest of which the city wall passes. The shape of Hangchow, therefore, is very much that of a couch; the hill part being represented by the pillows, and being the fashionable part of the city. I can see not only public temples, but also many of those private ancestral temples, which are, to a Chinese gentleman, what the chancel of his parish church is to an English squire. Little gardens, perhaps not forty feet square, full of weeds and rockwork and little ponds; an oblong pavilion with tablets upon the walls, descriptive of the names and achievements of the ancestors,—a kneeling-stool, an incense-vase, candlesticks, a brazier to burn paper, made in imitation of Sycee silver, and a sacrificial tub—such is a Chinaman's private chapel. Here he comes on solemn days; and, the garden being weeded, and all things painted and renewed for the occasion, he prays and sacrifices to his ancestors, and feasts with his friends. If the Chinaman has a superstition, this is it. His Bhuddism is a ceremonial to the many, and a speculative philosophy to the adept—no more. Mr. Edkins's object in visiting the temples of the lake was to hold controversy with the priests, so I had more opportunity of hearing what they really believe than usually falls to the lot of travellers who cannot read the Pali books. They did not feel his arguments against idolatry. They treat their grotesque gods with as much contempt as we do. They divide the votaries into three

classes. First come the learned men, who perform the ritual, and observe the abstinence from animal food merely as a matter of discipline; but place their religion in absolute mental abstraction, tending to that perfection which shall fit them to be absorbed into that something which, as they say, faith can conceive, but words cannot describe. Secondly come those who, unable to mount to this intellectual yearning after purification from all human sentiments, strive by devotion to fit themselves for the heaven of the western Buddha, where transmigrations shall cease, and they shall for all eternity sit upon a lotus-flower and gaze upon Buddha, drawing happiness from his presence. Thirdly follow the vulgar, whose devotion can rise no higher than the sensual ceremonies, who strike their foreheads upon the steps of the temples, who burn incense, offer candles made from the tallow-tree, and save up their cash for festival days. So far as my experience goes, this class is confined almost entirely to old women; and the priests say that their one unvarying aspiration is, that, at their next transmigration, they may become men.

Such is Buddhism as we see it in China. But this is not all. A Chinese poet, who, 800 years ago, built an ugly strait down in this beautiful lake of See-hoo, about the same time invented the Ten Gods of Hell, and grafted them upon the Buddhist faith to terrify men from crime. There is also a reformed sect of Buddhists who call themselves "Do-Nothings," and who place the perfection of man in abstaining from all worship, all virtue, and all vice. When the Jesuit missionaries saw the mitres, the tonsure, the incense, the choir, and the statues of the Queen of Heaven, they exclaimed that the devil had been allowed to burlesque their religion. We Protestants may almost say the same. These reformed Buddhists deduce their origin from a teacher who was crucified in the province of Shantung some 600 years ago, and they shock the missionaries by blasphemous parallels. I have heard that the present Bishop of Victoria investigated this sect and sent home an account of them, but, for some reason, the statement was suppressed.

Then we have the Taoists, or cultivators of perfect reason, which is a philosophy having also its temples and its ceremonies. We have the worship of heaven, which is the prerogative of the Emperor; and we have the State religion, the philosophy of Confucius, which is but metaphysics and ethics.

All these may form good subjects of discussion to laboriously idle men, but they are of very little practical importance. They are speculations,—not superstitions. They are thought over,—they are not felt. They inspire no fanaticism, they create no zeal, they make no martyrs, they generate no intolerance. They are not faiths that men will fight for, or die for, or even feel zealous for. Your Chinese doctor is a man of great subtlety, of great politeness, but of the coldest indifference. "Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" asks the missionary after long teaching, patiently heard. "Certainly I do," coldly answers the hearer. "But why do you believe; are you convinced; do you feel that what I have been saying is true?" "I believe it because you say so," is the polite and hopeless answer.

It is this which affects the earnest missionary so deeply. A Chinaman has no superstition. He has nothing that can be overthrown and leave a void. He will chin his joss, burn crackers before he starts on a voyage, or light a candle for a partner or a useful clerk who may be in danger of death. But it's only hope of "good luck" or fear of "bad luck." The feeling is no deeper than that which, in religious and enlightened England, causes so many horseshoes to be nailed up to keep out witches; or which makes decent housewives, who can read and write, separate crossed knives, throw pinches of salt over their shoulder, and avoid walking under a ladder.

Clustered upon this hill, within the walls of Hangchow, are temples of all these varied forms of Paganism, and probably, within the year, the same idolater has bowed in all of them. Two lofty green mounds are, perhaps, too large for mere private tombs, and mark the spot of some public hero-worship; but in other cases the architecture of the sacred and public edifices is all alike, and you cannot distinguish temples from custom-houses or mandarin offices.

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## FRUITS OF MISSIONARY LABOUR IN SOUTHERN INDIA AND IN CEYLON.

THE following encouraging statistics are taken from the statement and appeal issued by the General Conference of Missionaries, convened at Ootacamund, and representing nearly all the Protestant evangelical societies labouring in Southern India, and North Ceylon. The appeal is addressed to the parent societies and churches in Europe and America; and, though not addressed to our Society directly, yet all have an interest in the work, and in South Ceylon our missionaries have long and successfully laboured.

We have, then, according to this statement, as the fruits of missionary labour in Southern India and the entire island of Ceylon,—

1. More than one hundred thousand persons, who have abandoned idolatry, and are gathered into congregations receiving Christian instruction.

2. More than sixty-five thousand who have been baptized into the name of Christ, and have thus publicly made a profession of their Christian discipleship.

3. More than fifteen thousand who have been received as communicants, in the belief that they are sincere and faithful disciples of Christ.

4. More than five hundred natives, exclusive of schoolmasters, who are employed as Christian teachers of their countrymen, and who are generally devoted and successful in their work.

5. More than forty-one thousand boys in the mission schools, learning to read and understand the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make them wise unto salvation.

6. More than eleven thousand girls rescued from that gross ignorance and deep degradation, to which so many millions of their sex in India seem to be hopelessly condemned.

Looking at these results,—and there are many more of great, if not of equal importance, which cannot now be enumerated,—we not only see “the finger of God,” but have a deeper conviction than ever that He has been with us of a truth. Here are the palpable evidences of the divine power of the gospel, which is yet destined to constrain the heathen to abandon their idols, and to put their trust in Christ Jesus. But the work which yet remains to be done, even in Southern India, the scene of the first and most successful missions, is indeed vast; for these are, as it were, only the signs of the dawn of the coming day! And when we turn our eye to Central and Northern India, the influence of the divine power of the gospel is only now beginning to make itself felt. Let the friend of missions try to realise what was the state of these countries half a century ago; what has been effected in them, not only in converting sinners

and founding Christian churches, but in the important work of translation and the production and growth of a Christian literature; and then let him look at the small and feeble agency which has, under God, wrought these great marvels, and he will see no reason for despondency, but rather for great joy.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

### INDIA.

DELHI.—The intelligence conveyed in the Rev. J. Smith's letter from Delhi, in the *Herald* of last month, was such as to call forth unusual hope and gratitude to Almighty God; the one we now present to our readers is still more encouraging. But with new encouragements, come fresh requirements. In fact, encouragement, coming as it does from God himself, is his voice demanding more effort. And will our readers bear with us when we reiterate that the effort must come from them? Their amount of effort is, of necessity, the measure of the committee's action. Will those friends among whom Mr. Smith went, take his appeal as personal to themselves? He mentions their names; and though it would hardly be consistent with the character of a general publication to publish private names, we are sure that many a heart will own itself of the number. The white stone has been exchanged, and shall the pledge not be acknowledged?

"I am afraid my friends will think my communications few and scanty; but the truth is, I cannot find time for writing, except what is absolutely necessary. The circle of our labours increases continually, so that with all the efforts I can put forth I am unable to keep pace with it. Last week I preached some twenty-five times to native congregations, most of them very large, in this city, and twice in English, besides visiting four schools, and conversing with thirty inquirers. I have got four schools in the midst of little neighbourhoods of inquirers, and want to establish six more. These are not heathen Bazaar schools, but for men and their children who profess to be seeking for the truth; there are besides some four villages asking for instruction, but it is impossible, at present, to help them. The nightly crowds opposite the Fort in the Chaudrey Chouk are as large as ever, and the spirit of inquiry at present is such as I have never met with in India. It is quite plain that a great work is going on in Delhi, and there is every prospect of many being added to the church. In my last I think I informed you of the baptism of two believers, an European and a native. On Thursday, the 30th, I had the privilege of immersing two more natives; one a convert from Mohammedanism, and the other my catechist's second son. On Sunday morning last, the 10th July, I had the privilege of baptizing five more natives, four from a

village called Shahdra, and one from another called Kureji. In the former place there are numbers more of, I believe, sincere inquirers, some of whom I shall probably soon baptize; and then I intend forming them into a church, under the pastorate of Bhagwan, who, I think, is well adapted for the work of a pastor. The attendance at my first native service was, I think, five, and on Lord's-day last more than a hundred were present. Numbers are learning to read the Scriptures, and come to me frequently for conversation. The services last Sabbath were most cheering; a large number came from the several places where I went to establish schools. We had the service in my large room, as my house is close to the canal. Bhagwan prayed and I then preached, when we retired to the banks of the canal, under the shadow of some beautiful trees in the Begum's garden. I addressed the crowd, and then with the converts descended into the stream, and baptized them in the name of the blessed Trinity. The sight reminded me of Jordan's stream and many baptismal consecrations witnessed by multitudes there. The oriental costume of white, flowing robes, the beautiful garden intersected by the canal, a clear oriental sky, and a number of deeply-interested immortals apparently just emerging from heathenism. It would require more than ordinary coldness and indifference to God's glory and man's best interests, to witness

such a scene unmoved. The Lord grant us many more such! For this I hope and pray, and I don't think I shall be disappointed. And now, dear brother, remember I am putting forth almost super-human efforts which I cannot hope long to sustain unaided. The churches sent me to India accompanied with many prayers; they pledged themselves in my presence, time after time, not to neglect India, and now God is answering their prayers; the blessing is being showered down. The cry comes to them mixed with the expiring sounds of the cannon's roar and the groans of the dying, 'Brethren, come over and help us.' Delhi opens her arms wide for the missionary of the cross, and shall she open them in vain? Will the churches, among whom I so lately sojourned—the brethren who refreshed my heart by their kindness and interest in the Indian mission—will they now allow me to appeal in vain? No, I cannot think it—they are too sincere and devoted. Then I ask for three more

missionaries for Delhi; and, if it be God's will, I hope to have them. One must be found among our brethren in India who knows the language, for I cannot go on single-handed, until a new missionary becomes fitted for the work. A second must be trained at the Borough-road School for the purpose of conducting a central normal school (which will be fed by the smaller inquirers' schools), in which we may train teachers and have a theological class for native preachers. It will never do for us to depend upon the 'Propagation Society's School' for the education of our youth. There is no help for it; we must have a first-class English school in Delhi, and that too without delay, and another young man of strong voice, ready utterance, and deep piety, to give himself to preaching and instructing inquirers. Now, I beseech you, do not delay: the whole district is before us, and the prospects are most encouraging. A great door and effectual is opened, and there are many adversaries."

Mr. Gregson writes from Agra of the prospects at Delhi in the following terms:—

"If only one half of what I hear of Mr. Smith's prospects be true, I venture to say there is not another missionary in India, especially in the North-West, who is to be compared with him. Mr. Smith is not strong. He is working beyond his strength, and I fear if assistance is not sent he may be laid up. Whereas efficient help now

would cheer his heart, might tend to consolidate his labours, and produce the most happy results. The opening at Delhi is one that the Committee cannot too eagerly avail themselves of, and a little delay or neglect now may blight one of the fairest prospects that has ever opened before our Society in India.

A few days later Mr. Gregson adds:—

"I had written thus far, intending to post my letter at once, when I found the mail did not leave until a week later than I thought. In the meanwhile I have received a letter from Mr. Smith, which fully confirms what I have said about the importance of sending him immediate help. I

only give one extract. He says:—'I have been obliged to relinquish half my work, and hence things begin to languish; but there was no help for it, as I was fast breaking down, and felt things would soon close altogether.'

AGRA.—From the letters of the Rev. D. P. Broadway, as well as those of Mr. Gregson, we hear of the progress of the Mission in this city. During the rainy season, when it is not possible for our missionaries to travel into the villages, nor for the villagers to come, as usual, into the city, the work among the natives is somewhat circumscribed. More attention is then given to the soldiers and other European inhabitants. The blessing which the mission station is to our countrymen is beyond calculation.

Under date of the 26th of July, Mr. Broadway writes:—

"The hand of the Lord is indeed obviously at work, and the blessed gospel is progressing rapidly among the masses of the people. I have been a missionary seventeen years, and never found so much interest taken in Christianity as now. Brother Bernard and I work together, and we generally spend about four hours in the morning, and the same in the evening, in the streets; and in the middle of the day frequently have visitors. 'Tell us of Christ; we like to hear of him. Tell us

how we shall be saved;' are the anxious requests with which they usually come.

"You will be glad to hear that two members more have been recently added to our little church, Staff-Sergeant Stears and Corporal Knott, of the Fort Battery; the former is of European parents, born and brought up in the country; and the latter is a native. Staff-Sergeant Stears came to me with a note from his commanding officer, early in March last, about a young man I had promised him for his battery.

I gave him a seat, and began to attend to the note; and while I was doing so, he asked me if I was a Baptist minister. I told him I was. He then asked me what was the difference between the Church of England and the Baptist Church. I explained things to him as fully as I could in a brief way, because he could not stay long, being on duty; and he then again asked me if the Baptist Church had the same Bible as the Church of England. I was rather surprised at this, because it seemed he had been told it was not the same, and handed him the one I have in daily use. After he had satisfied himself on these points, he began to question me respecting baptism. I told him that the Baptists did not consider that ordinance a family matter, that is, of naming children by an absurd form of prayer and sprinkling, in order that it might be known that they belong to a community who call themselves Christians, but a matter of faith, and referred him to Mark xvi. 15, 16; Matt. iii. 5, 6; John iii. 23; Acts ii. 37, 38; Romans vi. 3, 4, and x. 8, 9, 10; and advised him to investigate still further. About a fortnight after I met him again, and found that he had not only done so, but was ready to avow the Lord for himself.

"There is a large body of Sikh soldiers

August 24th, Mr. Broadway again writes, and in a similarly encouraging strain:—

"I had several European soldiers at my house last evening, and I am glad to say that three very nice young men, belonging to her Majesty's 89th Regiment, and two belonging to the Rifle Brigade, have applied to be admitted into our church by baptism. I think many more will come forward should the regiments be allowed to remain here a little time longer. I am sorry to say, that native soldiers, as soon as they are convinced, and determine to avow the Lord, invariably take their discharge, and go away to other stations for the purpose. Three of my inquirers, a Brahmin and two Sikhs, have just done so. It is a great pity Government does not make some arrangements to enable them to keep their places after embracing Christianity.

Mr. Gregson's last letter, of August 27th, gives interesting details of work among Europeans:—

"In reference to mission work, our prospects are not quite so pleasing as they were. We are just passing through the rainy season, when our work unavoidably suffers some interruption. We cannot occupy our preaching stations with the regularity we desire; some of our inquirers have left us, but two or three broke caste first, and are

stationed here, and from their ways I conclude that they must be a very interesting people. They are not so far advanced in civilisation as the Hindus are, but are of a milder disposition, and more docile. They are the followers of Guroo Govind and Guroo Nanhakh, to whom they attribute supernatural wisdom and power, and hope to obtain salvation by observing the precepts and ordinances laid down by them. They flock round us in large numbers in the streets, and listen to the gospel with serious attention. I have frequently heard them say to one another, 'that their Guroos were, doubtless, very great and holy men, but if all they heard us say of Christ was true, he surpassed them quite; that his purity amongst men was unparalleled, and that his works were of such a nature, that they could be performed by none but God.' Many of them often come to me to converse on religious topics; and there is every probability that they will embrace Christianity with less trouble and sooner than all the other tribes who inhabit India, and upon whom so much labour has been lavished. Our great difficulty is to find work for converts. They are cast out by their own people; missionaries are unable to help them; European residents will scarcely take them as domestic servants."

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"Just now strength fails me to give you a full account of the proceedings of the work of the Lord since I last wrote. What has the Lord done? When I consider the state of this people during the two or three past years, when they were, like wild beasts, thirsting for the blood of Christians, now, in their right minds, coming to sit and hear the word of life at the feet of Jesus, I cannot help exclaiming, 'Truly the Lord has done great things.' It is becoming more and more evident, that the day of the Lord is dawning upon them. Oh! that those dense clouds which obstruct its rays might be scattered, and then India would soon stretch out her hands to God."

now employed at a distance from us as nominal native Christians. There are still some with us, whom we endeavour to instruct. I told you of a Lieutenant —, whom I baptized last April. He is at the head of a native Christian corps in the Fort, and is very solicitous for their welfare. We have two services a-week for his men.

one on Thursday evening, another on Saturday. We have also a service with another little band of native Christian soldiers. These services are shared by Mr. Broadway, Bernard, and myself. In addition to these services, which are held late in the evening, and don't interfere with our bazaar preaching, I have had Bible classes among Mr. \_\_\_\_\_'s men, one on Monday, the other on Thursday morning. I go to a preaching station near the Fort early on these mornings, and about nine o'clock conduct those classes. I usually have twenty to twenty-five present, and I am very much pleased with the class. The men seem much interested in the class, and I earnestly hope God may make it the means of raising up some faithful native preachers. I have also on Sunday a Bible class for the children of native Christians, and am just trying to start a Bible class for East Indian young men. I have a promise of five to begin with, Mr. Deravor being one of them. It is to meet at my own house on Saturday evenings. All this is direct mission work, and, I hope, with the Divine blessing, may do good. I also preach once a fortnight in the native chapel.

"A few words now about our English work. You are aware we have service in two places, one in the Civil Lines, and one at the Cantonments, the places being four miles apart. I take the service on Wednesday evening at the Civil Lines, and Mr. B. on the same evening takes the service at the Cantonments. There is only one service at each place on Sunday; in the morning at the Civil Lines, and in the evening at the Cantonments; these Mr. B. and I take alternately. But, in addition to these services, I have for some months devoted Saturday morning to visiting the European hospitals. They contain about two hundred men, and have no one to look after them. I consequently spend two or three hours every Saturday morning in talking to the men and distributing tracts, and some pleasing fruit is already appearing. One man is now a candidate for church-membership who was first awakened by a tract I gave. Several now in hospital

appear much concerned about their spiritual state, and in many other cases attention has been drawn to religion, and inquiry awakened. Partly as the result of these visits to the hospital, a number of soldiers meet every morning and evening for worship in the Cantonment chapel. Some eight or ten have obtained permission to attend the chapel regularly, and a large number of others come when not at church. I have also established a Bible class for soldiers, which I conduct on Saturday morning after I have gone round the hospitals. I also throw my house open to the soldiers every Monday evening, when I ask all who are willing, *i.e.* of those who attend chapel, to come to tea. The number hitherto has not been very large, but many of the men seem to enjoy the change. Some five or six soldiers are now requesting baptism, and I hope to have the pleasure of proposing some four or five to-morrow (Sunday) evening. There is much that is very hopeful about the appearance of things at the Cantonment church, and I sincerely hope large blessings are about to descend. Mr. Broadway also takes much interest in the soldiers, and often has many at his house. But I suppose he will inform you of his own movements.

In reference to the Civil Lines, I cannot speak very hopefully. The church appears to me to evince a sad lack of stamina and cohesion. It contains a few very excellent men, but there is a sad want of heartiness and union and zeal. Nevertheless, the congregations are very good. Of course there is at present very little scope for progress. It is not like the Cantonments in this respect; still the members fill up their places well, and the congregations were never before so good as at present, especially the Wednesday evening service, which is quite as numerously attended as the Sunday morning service. The expectation of the officers going to Allahabad is also hurtful to the interests of this community. Belonging to this congregation there are two who have applied to me for baptism; and their names are likely to be brought before the church ere long.

Dacca.—From Rev. R. Bion's letter, dated Mymensing, August 18th, we get a glimpse of what missionary life is in those parts of Bengal, where, during the rainy season, the only road is the river.

"I started from home on the 25th July for the Mymensing district. Day after day we preached the gospel to hundreds and thousands, the mass of whom always hail my coming with delight and pleasure. We had incessant rains for twelve days, and scarcely saw a blue sky. I travelled through jungles full of people, yet so dense, that in midday I found myself

in darkness. Small rivers, lined on both sides with trees, creepers, and bamboos, so as to shut out the sky; black stagnant water, and poisonous marshes, make up a district in which I found thousands of people living.

"As yet the Lord has mercifully preserved me from the dreadful ague and jungle fever prevalent in these parts. For

hours I have distributed medicine and preached the gospel to these poor people. There is no road in the cold weather to the eastern and western parts of Mymensing, but only in the rains. Either these tens of thousands must be left to perish without the bread of life, or a missionary must venture to risk his health to visit them. I have hitherto trusted to our God for preservation, left my family at home, and traversed alone these fever-regions. Our labours cannot be in vain; and there shall yet burst forth songs of praises to our Saviour from these destitute, but beloved people."

### WEST INDIES.

**HAITI.**—Our readers will be interested in the perusal of a letter addressed to the Society by one of the deacons of the church at Jacmel, which is composed of the French-speaking black population. In the translation, as little liberty as possible is taken with the phraseology, so that the simplicity of the writer is preserved. No intelligence is given in it; and we insert it merely to show, that the Christian liberality and zeal which originated and sustains the mission there are gratefully appreciated.

"It is with very profound feelings, and with great pleasure, that I venture to take my pen to address these lines to you. They have no other end than to show to you my respect and gratitude for the mission established at Jacmel. In gratitude for this benefit, and in the name of the Eternal, the Lord of hosts, who invites us to the marriage supper of the Lamb, I believe I have full liberty to present to you fraternally these lines, which must naturally give you pleasure, and probably be propitious to the church at Jacmel.

"I would wish that you would grant me the privilege of begging you to examine well the contents of my letter, and of interesting you on behalf of the work of Christ in Haiti, as I know that you naturally offer prayer for our poor church sustained by your Society at Jacmel.

"I have the honour to entreat you, as well as this honourable Society which watches over the mission, and particularly you who

are my organ with this Society, to receive my sincere thanks for the good that I know it desires for our dear church militant on earth, for the incessant prayers that it causes to ascend to the Most High, for the propagation of the Gospel from pole to pole. If the Lord deigns to hear you, we shall soon see, to the glory of the Crucified on Golgotha, and to your honour, the salvation of sinners in this country advance, and sincere souls come out of our station to preach the gospel in our towns and environs, and above all at Jacmel.

"In this hope I have the honour to fix my eyes on the might of divine grace, to contemplate the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, and to entreat you to present fraternally to my compatriots on the road to heaven, who daily desire to salute, nigh at hand, the promised land, and to secure yourself my Christian salutations in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

### THE BAHAMAS.

**GRAND TURK.**—Mr. Rycroft, writing from this station, gives gratifying statements on the employment of native agency. It is obvious to the least thoughtful mind, that the gospel presented by a compatriot has, other things being equal, an advantage over the same truths presented by a stranger in blood, and in habit of thought and feeling, which gives it an advantage that no other accident can supply. Mr. Rycroft's description of the celebration of the 1st of August on the Turk's Islands cannot fail to give pleasure to our readers, especially to those who remember the terrible and protracted struggle to which that day was the hour of victory.

"With the hope of finally carrying out the views of our dear brethren on committee, with respect to native teachers, I have just taken into our work our valuable young brother, S. Kerr. His brother, D. Kerr, has been with me for some time. The name of S. Kerr has been before you in various reports from the pens of Brethren Capern and Littlewood. For some years he has been occupied in the work on Long

Island, and still would have been there, had it been at all possible for him to have maintained himself and family. That not being the case, he was obliged to return to Nagore, and there reassume his trade; and in the absence of Brother Davey, he was by him put into the pulpit, as the most suitable of our agents. But we could not afford to lose one of our most respectable and efficient agents. I have therefore

taken him up for service in this colony, with the design of placing him in the important interests of the Caicos. His main station for some time will be Lorimore, where we have a considerable church and congregation, needing one much more able for the duties to be done than we have had for years. Could another brother be found for Salt Bay and the harbour, which may be possible in time, this station might be left to native agency, and its European missionary be left to take up the field so promising in South America. Indeed, such is the acceptability of our native teachers, the Kerrs, that I almost feel less-favoured lands might claim our presence, and your design be accomplished in extending the mission. In such a case, this mission might not cost you, with increased agency, but 100*l.*, if that.

"I rejoice in the opening fields around us, in Japan, China, and India. All that Brother James, of Birmingham, urges for China, might be urged for South America. That land is *literally thirsting after truth*, and stretching out its hands for instant help. Shall its teeming cities have our presence? We have a good notion of its language, and at once could make known the truth to those thousands who wish it. But, perhaps, I should not thus speak. Examine them. But still, the call of that land makes one restless.

"I have but just returned to this island after two months' absence, spent amongst other churches of this mission. Goodly numbers were consecrated to Christ in baptism, chiefly young people. We rejoice, too, to find multitudes in attendance on the means of grace. For the first time on this island, the Caicos, the 1st of August was observed as at Grand Turk. 135 children

sat down to tea and cake, with 25 teachers. In the evening, the church had a concert, when, during the interval of distributing cakes and water, speeches were delivered, by which love, unity, and zeal were inflamed. Thus at the harbour, Grand Turk, and Lorimore, the people were so occupied as to get good, and to keep out of evil.

"We have formed a church at Bumbonam, composed of brethren formerly of Lorimore. This we did in consequence of our brethren having to travel on the Lord's-days, and the aged and young to be left without regular worship. We have here just put on the last course on the walls of a neat, substantial, stone building, in which the settlement will worship, and the Sunday school find accommodation. Had we not adopted this plan, we must have enlarged the second time our chapel at Lorimore.

"We were glad to find on our return that the native teachers had been diligent, useful, and acceptable to the people. The 1st of August had never before been got up here without our presence. This duty requires much thought and contrivance. All, however, was done satisfactorily. You may guess the efforts required to provide for some 300 or 400 mouths, and to set the feast out with cups, plates, cloths, and, in fact, with all that a respectable party required. This day is one of joy and happy association for those who once were slaves to men. Could we place such a party in Exeter Hall, the black faces, the laughing eyes, and the children's loud song of 'Slavery is fallen to rise no more,' connected with the feeling speeches of our brethren, I am very sure past benevolence would rejoice in its results, and gather strength for renewed endeavours on other fields."

## BRITTANY.

MORLAIX.—Mr. Jenkins has forwarded some extracts from the journal of the Scripture-reader, Mr. Guillon, whose appointment to that district has just been effected; but after considerable delay, Mr. Guillon obtained a *colporteur's* authorisation before he left Paris; but, previously to commencing his labours, it was necessary to obtain the signature of the prefect of the department in which it was to be used. Remitting the document by post for signature, and receiving it back, occupied a month. From the extracts forwarded by Mr. Jenkins we take the following, as showing, at some length, the interesting nature of the work:—

"At Pluzunet I went to see a mason who is under serious convictions. Two years ago he caused a cousin of his, who was then working for him, to leave his work, because he pleaded in favour of Protestantism. He has been praised for stone crucifixes made by him, and is under-letter of chairs in the church. Nevertheless, this man beco...es convinced of the error and sin of these things, being enlight-

ened by the gospel. The wife appeared to be considerably vexed on account of this change which has taken place in her husband, as everybody calls him a Protestant; that he has always his head in the book called New Testament, and that if he continue he will lose his senses, will lose his work, and no one will associate with him. Said I to her, 'Is your husband become more wicked?' 'Oh! no,' replied she; 'on

the contrary, he is become much milder than formerly; he swears no more, and drinks no more; but what revolts me is, that he will not go to mass, and this is why he is despised by all; and it is those people of Morlaix, with their new religion, who have turned his mind.' I told her it was not man that could operate such a change in her husband, but the Spirit of God, who alone is mighty, and able to convert sinners. 'As to me,' said she, 'I am not a Protestant, but I believe I will get to heaven as soon as my husband.' 'That is possible,' I replied, 'but you cannot get there without the grace of God, and unless God convert you.' The husband's mother told me to leave them quiet with all such reasons, and go away. A woman entered, and having learnt that I was a Protestant, she went out at once to spread the news in the village, which tended to excite the people against me. A little girl was sent with me to show where the husband was working in another part of the village. Our friend was glad to see me, and he invited me, as it was very hot weather, to go with him to an auberge close by, to have a glass of beer. While here the son of the house, a young man, was in a bad feeling, and he approached and pushed me out of the house, ordering me to quit, otherwise that he would kick me. Several persons outside appeared excited. I thought it advisable to leave, though I had been able to speak but few words with this interesting inquirer after gospel truth.

"September 1.—I went to see a relation who had expressed a desire to see me and hear the gospel. He received me gladly. After supper he invited me to read the gospel. 'It was that,' said he, 'I was desirous of hearing.' He heard me attentively from eight until eleven o'clock in the evening. At last I felt desirous of a little rest, as I was fatigued by continual speaking; but to stop was difficult; I felt constrained to announce the gospel. When I closed, he thanked me, and invited me to sleep with him. Next morning he invited me to recommence, and he appeared to feel the Word of God. I remarked that he was pressed by work, and that I would not keep him long. To this he replied, 'I would quit everything to hear you; when

you will be gone I will have time to work.' He remained with me again half a day. He said to me, 'Remember me in thy prayers, for I am tired of living in sin against God.' At this word I was moved, and could hardly speak. He said, 'when you or the minister pass this way, come to my house to lodge; there is room for you and a horse.' I have been at his house since, and had an opportunity in the evening to read and explain the word of life to above a dozen persons.

"September 2.—This day I arrived at the house of other relatives, composed of twelve persons. The father, aged sixty-four, assured me there is no hell, and the mother declared that one cannot live without lying and deceiving; but that, in order to repair such faults, the priest had told her she could, after death, expiate her sins in purgatory. Ten of them made the same reply, telling me that my religion is too exacting and difficult. A blind son of the house appeared serious, and advised the others not to be animated against what regards salvation, as it was sinful. The blind young man said he understood nothing of his religion, as it was all in Latin. Said he, 'I even told M. le Curé that no one could understand our religion, as he only sang us Latin; and why that?' The priest replied it was not his fault, as it was the Pope who commanded it. I observed to him it was very sad, to me especially, who have been born blind.' This interesting blind boy said to me, 'I believe the Protestant religion to be the good one, because it gives to understand things, and we see it is the gospel of Jesus. And why do our priests continually curse the Protestants from the pulpit; that appears to me unjust on their part, for it is a duty to love our neighbour; nevertheless, they never cease evil-speaking against you. I have always said your religion is the good one; for you love all men, you seek to enlighten all people, and you do not speak evil of the priests, only that they are in error. As to me, I should like to know the gospel.' So spoke the blind boy. The daughter-in-law of the house expressed the same wish, after I had read some chapters of the New Testament. So I found two interesting persons in this family."

## WESTERN AFRICA.

CAMEROONS.—Mr. Saker, who our readers will recollect was at Cameroons when he last wrote, returned to Amboises Bay just an hour after the Commodore had completed his survey of the place, and had left. It was a serious disappointment to Mr. Saker, as it was of great importance that he should see the Commodore, and accompany him on the survey. The translations and printing which the removal from Fernando Po interrupted, he has now been able to resume; and, with Mrs. Saker once more at his side to make a home, the spirit

of our missionary is refreshed. In February last Mr. Fuller lost his wife, a very excellent, active woman, whose influence for good among the people at Bimbia was great. Under the date of June 20, Mr. Saker writes:—

“By this mail to-day I receive my dear wife and daughter; the separation has been to me a trying one. My home, and all private affairs, are in sad disorder. I have had one little girl, on whom has devolved the management of my house, and the providing for the large family of children and working lads. This return is to me a great mercy. May God long spare us for usefulness.

“Soon after their arrival we had a happy meeting of friends in our little chapel. Again at five we have had our usual service, and to-night a native service in a native town.”

“Mr. Fuller is again in affliction. He has just lost his infant child, and is gone (last week) to bury it beside the remains of its mother. He will abide with me at Cameroons till the heavy rains are passed. For his future I do not know what to do. He is too good for anything that can waste his talent, and too useful to part with easily. Yet it must be. To the *distant heathen he must go*. We have ordained him to this special work, and God will mercifully direct us.”

VICTORIA.—Mr. Diboll, who has recently suffered severely from repeated illness, writes under date of May 17th:—

“On the 2nd inst. we were visited by the Commodore, who came into the bay with H.M.S. *Vesuvius*. Consul Hutchinson was with him. At the time they came there were thirty-five persons here. The temporary absence of Mr. Saker and Mr. Johnsons had taken about twenty of our working people away. There were four inhabited houses, and six in course of erection, not including the original erection in which several of our people are living.

“After surveying two days, the Commodore left us. We were very sorry that Mr. Saker was not here at the time. But the vessel was scarcely out of sight when Mr.

Saker returned. His stay was short, and we were soon left to ourselves again. I took fever. My dear wife and daughter M. A. were sick at the same time, and for a few days I thought we must all die, but the Lord has been better to us than all our fears. To-day Mr. Saker is come to take us to Cameroons. Mrs. D. and daughter go with him. I think it good to stay and strengthen the hands of the few poor creatures that are here. I was able to take two short services last Lord's-day, and if the Lord will strengthen me to the work I shall rejoice.”

This compulsory removal of the Fernando Po department of the mission to the mainland is another *beginning*, and has all the rare interest of one. Our missionaries take into it the consecrated spirit of enterprise which a new mission demands. Specially gifted to do a pioneer's work, Mr. Saker plans, and with his own hands executes, works which would require many ordinary men under favourable circumstances to perform. In great feebleness, and very uncertain health, he bears up, under “the care of all the churches,” temporalities and morals, whose concerns are often perplexing to an extent that we in England can with difficulty conceive. To the Committee at home, Victoria is also essentially a new mission, occasioning great anxiety as to the measures to be carried out there, and making heavy extra demands on the treasury. Will our readers kindly bear in mind that its claims on them are also those of a new mission? It is not always easy to recognise the connection between the gold and silver or copper, heaped on the collection plate, or subscribed from time to time, and the actual doings going on at this moment on the shores of Western Africa, or the preaching the gospel to hundreds of our darker fellow-men. Yet there is such a connection, and the labours of those missionaries, the amount of agency of all kinds employed, is in proportion to the money so contributed. Let every one in giving think of this. “God so multiply your seed sown.” That which is withheld cannot be multiplied.

## AUSTRALIA.

MELBOURNE.—By the last mail we received interesting communications from our esteemed friend, the Rev. I. New. In a copy of the *Colonial Mining Journal* which he has sent us, there are two representations of the new chapel

in Albert Street, one of the elevation, and the other of the interior. The former is not yet completed. It seems to be a very handsome and commodious place of worship. The editor of the journal adds the following notice:—

“ALBERT-STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.—This building was projected under circumstances not certainly such as would have induced many to have undertaken it, much less to have carried it out in the noble and generous way it has been. It may not be necessary to mention more on this subject, but those who may feel an interest in the erection of buildings for similar purposes, will find a full account in the *Baptist Magazine* for April; and if the same spirit that actuated all concerned was to pervade the whole of these colonies, we believe that scores of such buildings would soon be erected. This noble edifice was erected under the personal superintendence and designs of Thomas Watts, Esq., of Mel-

bourne, the architect; and though we make no pretensions to describe the taste displayed other than as amateurs, few there are we imagine but will at any rate admire the adoption of the style, and the arrangements for religious worship. The area of the building is 75 feet long, by 52 feet 6 inches,—it is capable of seating with comfort about 800, but 1,100 we are informed have been gathered to hear the lectures now in course of delivery by the Rev. Isaac New, the minister of the church. The building was erected, with all its fittings, under 4,000*l.*, by Mr. Hickson, the contractor, which will require between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* more to finish the exterior.”

In a letter which accompanied the foregoing, dated June 17th, Mr. New states,—

“You will see in the notice written by the Editor, a reference to Lectures, ten in number, on the contrast between Christianity and Infidelity, which for ten Sunday nights have crowded our place to excess; aisles, platform, vestries, all filled. I have had the *élite* of the city. Judges, barristers, lawyers, doctors, parsons, men of all classes, infidels and Christians, Protestants and Catholics, Jews and Gentiles, literally, and no figure. Some of the envious sort, when they heard of the crowds that came, predicted that that would cease before they were done; but they were disappointed, for the tenth, if possible, was more jammed than any, and greater numbers went away. The subject was ‘Practical Infidelity; holding the Truth in Unrighteousness.’ I have had a request to print them in a five-shilling volume, for which nearly 300 subscribers were obtained in a day and a-half. But I

have not consented. They would have to be re-written, which to me would be a fearful task. And then they have done good service; and have raised the tone of feeling in reference to the Baptists.

“We had the meeting of our Association on Wednesday at our place; weather unfavourable. Our increase in the year has been nearly 60; but there are 3 others waiting to be received—I mean my church.

“The Baptist Magazine is coming out afresh. I am sole Editor. It will have a new and elegant appearance; our circulation, 1,400. I have introduced into it a new section, entitled ‘Missionary Record,’ and have just finished an article for July Number; to endeavour to awaken the sympathies of our friends on behalf of the Mission. I will send a Number by the next mail.”

We sincerely rejoice in the success which has attended our brethren in Australia. Mr. Taylor continues his untiring labours, and all seem to wonder how he can possibly get through the labours he has entered upon. May he, and our esteemed friend, from whose communications we have selected the previous interesting statements, continue to enjoy vigorous health, and the annuating presence and blessing of their divine Master.

## NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

POWER OF GOD'S WORD ON HEATHEN MINDS.—Dr. Duff thus describes the profound impression made upon the minds of a number of Hindu youths by the following passages:—*I say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you.* He says:—“So deep, indeed, and intense was the impression produced, that in reference to one individual, at

least, from the simple reading of these verses, might be dated his conversion—his turning from dumb idols to serve the living and true God. There was something in them of such an overwhelming moral loveliness—something that contrasted so luminously with all that he had previously been taught to regard as revealed by God, that he could not help crying out in ecstasy, ‘Oh! how beautiful! how divine! Surely, this is the truth, this is the truth, this is the truth!’ It seemed to be a feeling, though of a higher and holier nature, something akin to that experienced by the discoverer of a famous geometrical problem, when, in a delirium of joy, he rushed along, exclaiming, ‘I have found it, I have found it!’ and did not rest satisfied till his thanksgivings went forth in a hecatomb of burnt victims on the altar of his gods. In the other case, for days and for weeks the young Hindu could not cease from repeating the expression, ‘Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, &c., &c.’ constantly exclaiming, ‘How beautiful!’ ‘Surely this is the truth!’ Nor was he allowed to rest satisfied till his gratitude for the discovery ended in renouncing all his sacrifices, hecatombs, and false gods, for the one Sacrifice by which the true God for ever perfected them who have come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.”

**HOSTILITY TO MISSIONS IN TRAVANCORE.**—Five or six chapels belonging to the London Missionary Society have been burned down, together with a Shanar village, while the mission stations at Nagerevil and Sandhapooram are threatened with destruction by the Sudras in the same way. The lives of the Shanars, both Christian and heathen—the former especially—are in constant danger. At one station the Christians had fled from their own houses, and were crowding together in the chapel belonging to the mission. The missionaries complained to the British Resident, but were told, that as the Christian women had violated the established Shanar custom of exposing the upper part of their bodies, and having so far assumed the Sudra costume, they had themselves to blame, and must take the consequences. A personal interview on the part of the missionaries with the Resident and the Rajah’s chief minister has placed matters on a better footing. But the Government ought to interfere, and put a stop to this tyrannous interference of caste prejudices with the personal rights of the poor native Christians.—*Madras Spectator*.

**THE NEGROES OF LIBERIA.**—Thirty years ago the whole people were almost entirely uneducated, and destitute of means. Having for several years to contend with a climate unsuited to their constitution, and having repeated wars with the thousands of savages that surrounded them, for a long time they could barely exist. Now, though but one generation has passed away since the first settlement was made, the rising generation—for the most part children of those who were once slaves—is being generally educated, and in their schools the Bible is more constantly used as a text-book than among any other nation of people upon the globe. A goodly number of the more intelligent and enterprising citizens have become very independent, if not wealthy. They have a very respectable and well-conducted government, which has been for the past eleven years entirely under their own control; and a more law-abiding people is scarcely to be found. During the three years of my residence among them, I did not hear of a single murder. A small duty on imports into the country pays the expenses of the government, without a resort to direct taxation; and the exports from the country, consisting chiefly of native products, have greatly increased in the past few years. A goodly number are investing their capital in coffee, sugar, and cotton estates, which must, in a few years, yield handsome profits.—*American Missionary Magazine*.

**PROGRESS OF THE NEW MARRIAGE LAW.**—The following is from a Burdwan letter:—“Mr. Elliott the Commissioner, I understand, has reported to Government no less than nine widow marriages, including two Brahminees, in the one Thanna of Chunderkonah. The average age of the girls, when first married, was only five years; when left widows, seven years; and when re-married, ten years. Of these nine widows, two are of Brahmin, four of Asiu Tantee, one of Sutgope, and two of Teeb castes. Of all these, one a respectable Brahmin family, and the rest, although of the low castes, hold pretty

good positions in the community of the neighbourhood of Chunderkonah. The fathers of the widows personally gave their daughters in marriage according to the Hindu custom. All these marriages were celebrated with great publicity, and with the entire consent of the nearest relatives of the parties. At the commencement, the principal residents of the villages where the marriages were performed were averse to the measure, and bent upon creating a disturbance, and carrying away the brides by force, with a view thereby to put a stop to all such attempts; but the fathers of the brides and the intended bridegrooms, in three cases, presented petitions to the deputy magistrate of Jehanabad, stating that they apprehended violence from some of the villagers, and begging that the police may be instructed to give them protection, and prevent their opponents from molesting them. The deputy magistrate accordingly directed the police to be very careful that no breach of the peace took place, and that no one improperly interfered with the parties in the voluntary performance of the marriages. In five cases the parties did not consider it necessary to come to the deputy magistrate, but merely gave an *ezhar* before the police, and, under their protection, performed the ceremony without any one disturbing them. By the time these eight marriages were celebrated, the people appear to have become so much reconciled to this innovation, that the last marriage was performed by the parties themselves without the aid of the police. I further understand that the guardians of a very large number of respectable Hindu widows of the neighbourhood of Chunderkonah are exceedingly anxious to have them re-married, and are only waiting for the month of Augrahan to celebrate the same."—*Indian Paper*.

THE CALL FROM INDIA.—We cannot have forgotten the confessions, the prayers, the vows, that were wrung from our chastened hearts eighteen months ago. We owned that we were very guilty concerning our Hindu brethren. We saw the connection between the sin and the punishment. We learned something of the moral and social results of Mohammedan fanaticism and Hindu idolatry. We owned that the gospel, and the gospel alone, was the true remedy. And yet over the whole of India the proportion of missionaries to the population is still little more than one to half a million; and taking separately the district which was the theatre of the mutiny, the average is lower than anywhere else, not one to a million and a-half. Whatever be the duty of the Government, there can be no difference of opinion as to the duty of the Church. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of a large reinforcement, without any delay, of the missionary body in the North-West Provinces. Most encouraging are the symptoms which prompt to immediate action. The constancy of the native converts has raised their character in the eyes of even the missionaries themselves. The neighbourhood of Meerut, which witnessed the outbreak of the rebellion, now exhibits new adherents to Christianity, by scores and almost by hundreds, and this chiefly, as in earlier days, through the agency of native Christians scattered abroad by the recent persecutions (Acts xi. 19).

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## HOME PROCEEDINGS.

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THERE are many meetings held from time to time, the arrangements for which are not made in the Mission House, and of which no account is sent. Of those which are engaged by correspondence with the brethren, some account is given in the next *Herald*. Hence we find that those who kindly undertake deputation work are often surprised, perhaps displeased, that no mention is made of them or their services; and they wonder *why*. It is simply owing to the fact that no one has sent any information about them. We are sorry for this, as we know this monthly record of the meetings interests very many, and it shows what churches and auxiliaries are at work. The record is sometimes

lively and encouraging, and would be more so if we had the desired information sent in due course. The matter has been recently mentioned by one or two friends, and we advert to it now in the hope that good may arise from its being done, and some misconceptions removed.

The Revs. W. Teall and H. Dowson have gone through the churches in the Hampshire Association; and on the 17th, being at Southampton, they saw Mr. and Mrs. John Clark on board the steam packet, and bade them God speed on their voyage to Jamaica.

The Rev. H. Z. Kloekers attended meetings at Maze Pond, Hackney, and Bristol, on behalf of China. On Monday the 17th, a valedictory service was held at New Park Street Chapel, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon presiding, when the Rev. J. H. Hinton read the Scriptures and offered prayer; Rev. W. G. Lewis described the origin and progress of this new mission; and Messrs. Olney, Grouse, and two other friends whose names we did not catch, earnestly commended Mr. and Mrs. Kloekers to the Divine care.

Mr. Spurgeon, after a striking address, gave Mr. Kloekers, in the name of all present, the right hand of fellowship, and in a few striking sentences of Scripture commended our departing friends to their work, and the blessing of the Almighty in it. Mr. Kloekers' address was full of spirit and fire. The attendance was very large, and the interest manifested was most obvious and ardent. The service will not soon be forgotten by those who were present.

On the following day Mr. Kloekers met the committee, and the chairman, the Rev. J. Russell, addressed him in a few words of counsel and encouragement. The Rev. F. Tucker offered prayer, and Mr. Kloekers, having spoken of the kindness and cordiality of his reception by friends generally, took his leave. Our friends embarked in the *Heroes of Alma*, on Friday the 21st. May the heavens be propitious, and the winds fair, so that they may speedily come to their desired haven.

The brethren Marten of Lec, Clark of Jamaica, Evans of Scarborough, and Walters of Halifax, with neighbouring ministers, took the large Auxiliary of the West Riding, the services connected with which spread over a large part of September and came into October; while the Rev. S. Green was engaged in Shropshire, with the Rev. B. C. Young; and the secretary attended a meeting at Wantage, in company with the Rev. T. E. Fuller, of Melksham; and subsequently joined the Rev. W. Crowe in the Nottingham district, who had previously finished his engagements in Huntingdon and Leighton Buzzard, and their vicinities.

The last mail brought a brief letter from Mr. Underhill, dated St. Thomas's, September 30th, on his passage from Trinidad to Hayti. His health continued good, and Mrs. Underhill was remarkably well. The visit to the mission in Trinidad was exceedingly interesting to themselves, and most pleasant to our friends there.

Mr. Morgan writes, "At Sea, Cape St. Vincent," under date of September 22nd, as there was a vessel in sight by which he hoped to send a line. The voyage at first was rough, but the passage across the Bay of Biscay, and subsequently, was very pleasant. He has found several worthy people on board, with whom he is on the kindest terms of intercourse. The officer in command of the troops has most kindly directed his own servant to attend upon Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, and this has proved a large addition to their comfort. May the whole voyage be as propitious and pleasant!

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Subscriptions and Donations in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society will be thankfully received by Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., Treasurer; by the Rev. Frederick Trestrail, and Edward Bean Underhill, Esq., Secretaries, at the Mission House, 33, Moorgate Street, LONDON; in EDINBURGH, by the Rev. Jonathan Watson, and John Macandrew, Esq.; in GLASGOW, by John Jackson, Esq.; in CALCUTTA, by the Rev. C. B. Lewis, Baptist Mission Press. Contributions can also be paid in at Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, and Co.'s, Lombard Street, to the account of the Treasurer.