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MADRAS, AS A MISSIONARY FIELD.

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THE IMPORTANCE OF MADRAS AS A FIELD FOR SPECIAL MISSIONARY EXERTION—A SURVEY OF WHAT IS NOW IN PROGRESS FOR THE SPIRITUAL BENEFIT OF ITS NATIVE INHABITANTS—PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Madras rightly claims the special interest and effort of all who would see the truth as it is in Jesus extend and triumph in Southern India. A variety of considerations might be named as illustrating the duty of peculiar exertions for the conversion of cities and large towns. Those that arrest our more immediate attention are the example of our Lord and His disciples, and the influence cities exert over the surrounding country. Says Matthew, "When Jesus had made an end of commanding His twelve disciples, He departed thence to teach and to preach in their cities." Luke informs us on another occasion, He said unto those that sought Him and who urged Him that He should not depart from them, "I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities for therefore am I sent." "Behold the whole city came out to meet Him." "Many of the Samaritans of that city believed on Him." He is also found in Jericho and Capernaum—in Chorazin and Bethsaida, "He walked along the shores where commerce and trade had congregated vast multitudes where His instructions might fall upon the ear of thousands, and by them be carried throughout
the length and breadth of the land!" Again, In the commission
given when He sent forth the twelve, and afterward the seventy,
it is particularly directed that they enter cities, and when perse­
cuted in one city they were to go to another, and thus to continue
their evangelizing wanderings till they had gone over all the cities
of the land. Accordingly we find the apostles at Antioch, at
Derbe, at Lystra, at Perga, at Jerusalem and at imperial Rome.
But why this unwonted interest in behalf of the capitals?—be­
cause there the adversary reigns with peculiar power, and it is
equally important in spiritual as in sanguinary warfare—that the
most vigorous energies should be directed against positions most
strongly entrenched. Dislodge the enemy from a city—let the
right arm of his power there be paralysed—and the shock will
be felt to the remotest district and hamlet. The character of
the cities determines the character of the nation. It is not
the extremities that give life to the heart, but the heart to the
extremities.

These considerations lose none of their force when applied
to this Presidency. I do not forget that in some parts of South­
ern India most happy results have attended the preaching of the
Gospel; but I would urge that the progress of Christianity must
be slow and unsatisfactory so long as Madras remains unevange­
lized, unsanctified. A deeper consciousness of this fact may
be produced by inquiring what would be the effect were the
Spirit of God to visit this city as it did Jerusalem and Antioch,
and Ephesus and Corinth; constraining its multitudes to re­
nounce their idolatry and become spiritual worshippers of the
Lord Most High, and humble disciples of His ascended Son?
Oh, how it would tell upon the cause of our Redeemer in the
towns and villages of the interior! The multitudes who crowd
to this metropolis for business or amusement would carry to
their distant homes the words of Truth upon their lips, and in
many cases, its grace within their hearts. This emporium would
thus become a blessing to the land, over which its influence is
extended now to wither and destroy, but then to impart spiritual
life, and health and peace. Here is the camp of the enemy, and
here should be the place of most vigorous attack. Here is the
root, the trunk of that vast tree now casting abroad far and
wide its darkening shade, and offering its tempting but destructive fruit—here should the blow be first struck. To all is the appeal addressed, forget no part of this idolatrous land, let the whole of Southern India have a place in your interest and prayers, but oh, remember Madras! Say not “It is hard soil—it is a most discouraging field to cultivate.” This may be true, but remember the importance of Rome to Italy—of Athens to Greece—of Jerusalem to Judea—and then give to this city that place in your prayers and your other means of doing good to which it is entitled as the chief city of the Southern Peninsula—the fountain head of wealth, of influence, and of power.

II. A Survey of the measures now in progress for the spiritual benefit of the Native inhabitants of Madras. There are stationed at the present time, in this city, sixteen ordained ministers of the Gospel acting under the direction of seven Protestant missionary Societies. Of this missionary corps the time and energies of seven are mainly devoted to preaching the Gospel in the Tamil language. Five are employed in the instruction of the young. Two preside over European congregations. The time of one is about equally divided between Europeans and Natives. And one is at the head of a literary and Theological Institution.

The total number of Protestant missionary stations (not including St. Thomé) is fifteen.

There are in daily operation at these stations and in other parts of the city, forty-two Institutions of learning under missionary direction; containing in all not far from two thousand pupils, one half of whom are acquiring a knowledge of the English language.

Omitting farther mention of the numerous vernacular schools for boys, the following facts concerning the English schools and the vernacular schools for girls are worthy of special notice.

Connected with the London Missionary Society station at Perembore, and the American Mission station at Royapoooram, are Female Boarding Schools. English day schools for boys are in vigorous operation at the Free Church of Scotland Institution in Black Town and Triplicane, the Church of Scotland Institution in Black Town, the London Mission Socie-
ty station at Persewaukum, and the American Mission station at Chindradrepetta; and for girls at the Wesleyan station in Black Town, the American stations at Chindradrepetta and Tondiapett, and London Missionary station at Parcherry. One hundred and fifty girls are acquiring an education in the Institutions of the Free Church of Scotland. A native female school has lately been established by the Church Missionary Society at their station in John Pereiras, which though in its infancy, has thus far made satisfactory progress, and promises to be a source of benefit to the youthful attendants, and a blessing to that debased neighbourhood. The “Central School” with its ninety native female children under the charge of Mrs. Winckler is a very valuable Institution. To understand the benefits that are being conferred by this school and the kindred ones above named, they must be visited. Impressions will be received through the eye and ear that cannot be produced by a description however truthful and impressive. Reader, have you not a duty to perform in this respect you have too long neglected? Avail yourself of the earliest hours at your command for visiting these educational establishments, and we assure you that you will regret not having been there oftener.

Beside the schools under direct missionary guidance, there are several others containing in whole or in part Native pupils, who are daily taught the doctrines and duties of the Bible. Of these the Native Education Society, with its seventy-five scholars, is the largest. A few Hindus attend Bishop Corrie’s Grammar School, the Parochial School, and minor educational establishments in the city. The Government University contains more than a hundred young men, all Natives, but the Bible is there excluded.

Public worship is held at all the stations; the average number assembling on Sabbath morning (with one that assembles in the afternoon) amounting to about thirteen hundred.

Connected with the several mission churches there are of Native communicants, twelve hundred.

Eighteen Native Christians in the capacities of Catechists and Headers daily traverse the city, visit schools, address assembled congregations, and distribute portions of the word of God and
religious tracts to those who can read and are willing to receive them. Several others are engaged in visiting private families, collecting the servants, and instructing them in the truths of Christianity.

Thus by the varied instrumentalities of the preached Gospel—of schools—and of Bible and Tract distribution, the claims of Divine truth are at frequent periods brought before the attention and urged upon the conscience and heart of several thousands of the native population of the city. When we consider what may be the effect of illuminating the mind of one heathen youth with the light of Divine truth, and consider that such light is daily gaining access to the minds of more than two thousand in this city, our hearts should be penetrated with gratitude for the dawning of the sun of righteousness upon this place, too long enveloped in the darkness of error, lost to the knowledge and practice of all that is truthful and holy.

But when we contrast the much that is in progress with the far, far more that the necessity of the case imperatively demands, we cannot but admit that it is, as yet, a "day of small things." It may be said with deep emphasis of Madras, as of all India, "there remaineth much land to be possessed;" and commensurate with thankfulness for what has been accomplished, should be our earnest desire that the sad and extensive deficiencies be at once and fully supplied.

III. Practical Suggestions.

In the first place—a greater number of the youth of this city should be brought under Christian instruction. Whoever has walked the streets of Madras with a view of observing its characteristic features, cannot fail to have noticed the multitude of Institutions for the instruction of the young. Sarcely an alley is without its school, while in many of the larger streets they number from ten to fifteen. It were impossible to ascertain with unerring exactness the number of educational establishments, but at the lowest estimate they cannot be less than three hundred, and contain not fewer than five thousand pupils. I need not describe the kind of instruction imparted in these miscalled institutions of learning. Far better would it be for many
of the youthful attendants to remain in the darkness of natural ignorance than be compelled to acquire the lessons of error and vice taught in their daily text books. But is it possible to reclaim and Christianize these schools? not all—but if analogy have any meaning, we are led to conclude, that judicious and vigorous measures could, in less than a year, (with the Divine blessing) transform a multitude of these heathen establishments into Christian schools, and supplant the vain and immoral books taught in them with that book which “maketh wise unto salvation.” Far better such a transformation, where it can be done, than the establishment of a new and rival school; on the same principle that to capture a fort and employ its guns against the enemy is a wiser measure than the erection of a new citadel. It is a fact painful to contemplate, that while there are within the limits of Black Town not less than two hundred heathen schools, there are within the same limits, of Christian Institutions but twenty! This surely ought not to be. This single section of Madras so populous, but, as far as Christian instruction in the vernacular tongue is concerned, so destitute, calls for the undivided time and energy of at least one Christian missionary. He should have a ready acquaintance with the native language, and give his sole attention to the superintendence of Free Schools and public preaching in the vernacular tongue. That society will have embarked in a blessed enterprise that shall depute one of its agents to engage in this department of Christian benevolence, and that missionary will not lose his reward who shall enter upon this circuit of duty, with a heart full of love for souls, and zeal for the glory of God. He will meet with bitter opposition—difficulties will often oppose his progress, and discouragements dishearten his soul, but in due time he shall reap if he faint not. As to pecuniary assistance it would not be withheld; such aid the community of Madras is ever ready to afford, when a cause worthy of their charity is laid before them.

In the second place—the cause of Christ in this city and land must make but slow advance so long as its progress is dependent upon the sole exertions of missionaries and their few native converts. So far as Christian teachers from foreign lands is concern-
ed, India is more favoured than most other heathen countries; but when compared with the multitudes who need their services the number is far too few. Of those who do land on these shores many are annually called to their heavenly home, while others have hardly acquired the language ere sickness causes a return to their fatherland. The current year will have seen the departure from their field of missionary labour in Southern India of ten ministers of the Gospel. We are told that the efficiency of native troops is in proportion to the number of foreign officers with which they are supplied. The same is with emphasis true of the Native Church. It "has but little self-propagating power." Though the number of communicants connected with the several mission churches of Madras and Southern India be far from small, yet we meet but with here and there an instance of one whose conduct denotes a spirit kindred with that of Paul at Athens. The apostle felt for the idolaters of that city, his "spirit was stirred in him," but it was not a sympathy that began and ended in the heart. Its sincerity and depth were evinced by endeavours to do them good. He felt and spake. He saw the danger and warned against it—he warned with tears. That is the spirit, with its corresponding action, that we long to see exhibited by the Native Christians of India towards their idolatrous countrymen. Says one* whose opportunities of observation have been far from limited, "Native Christians have hitherto shown little of the spirit of the South Sea Islanders, who have frequently, as soon as converted, sought to convert others—and in some cases have proposed to leave situations of influence to go to a great distance—and at the risk of life—for the purpose of making known the Gospel to unknown and cruel savages. The Native Church is deficient both in a self-propagating and a self-sustaining principle." Such being the case, what shall be done? Missionaries in sufficient numbers cannot be obtained. With just the kind of assistance that the officer renders to the sepoy does the Native Christian need to be supplied. Alone he can do but little. Ridicule, clamour, and at times absolute force, compel the most determined and fearless to desist from

declaring the name of Christ; while the less resolute, alarmed at
the anticipation of resistance, remain silent and inactive. They
need to be led on by one whose presence will command re­
spect, and afford a shield against the scoffing and indignant po­
pulace. It is at this point that the question meets us. May not
private Christians, in this way, eminently subserve the interests
of the kingdom of Christ in India? Missionaries will do all
they can—and Native Christians will, we are sure, be quite ready
to do what lies in their power, if they can go forth under such
circumstances as will enable them to gain attention for the
truths they may declare. In prayers and donations the Chris­
tians of Madras are abundant. But these alone are insuffi­
cient. The prayer of Moses, though responded to by all Israel,
could not have saved them from the hosts of Pharoah, had
they disobeyed the command, "Go forward." It is the "hand
of the diligent" that "maketh rich." To pray "thy kingdom
come," and yet to decline a personal engagement in the work
of disseminating Divine truth, is to "pray amiss." So with
pecuniary donations. I commend the liberality of the citizens
of Madras. Every Institution of benevolence in Southern In­
dia, and every Missionary Society, can present at least one in­
stance, and some of them many, illustrative of the generosity of
Christians in this city and land. May they realize the promise,
"He that watereth shall be watered also himself." But Chris­
tianity needs more than prayers, however numerous—more than
gifts however abundant, it needs the voice of the private Chris­
tian. During the past ten years many important advances have
been made in various departments of Christian benevolence.
"Bishop Corrie's Grammar School"—"The Parochial School"
"The Free Church of Scotland Institution"—"The Institution
of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland"—"The
Church Mission Institution for the education of young men for
the ministry"—"The Theological Seminary of the London Mis­sionary Society at Bangalore"—"The American Mission Semi­nary at Madura"—"The Church Mission Seminary at Tinne­velly"—"The Seminaries of the Gospel Propagation Society at Tinnevelly, and in Tanjore"—"The Native Education Society In­stitution"—of these all, now in vigorous progress, there were none
in being ten years ago. Again, within the same brief period, more than two-thirds of the Christian Books now in use in the schools and families of Southern India have been prepared and published. Still more, the donations into the Treasury of the Lord from the Native Church, have been greater during the last ten, than during the previous thirty years; and Native Christians are beginning to learn that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." These are encouraging "signs of the times." They are pledges that this is not a forsaken land—that the Lord has still designs of mercy towards it! It needs but that the Christian Church in India bring into the store-house the spiritual tithes of prayer and action, to secure the Lord's blessing in all its fulness and power.

Jehovah waits to be gracious to the natives of Madras. Long and far have been their wanderings from Him, their God and Father; but He loves them still: and oh, how joyfully would He "run" to meet them, would they but "think upon their ways and turn their feet unto His testimonies." His mercy is withheld because of their continued rebellion, but it is not exhausted. Lost in error and sin though they be, they are His children, and His paternal heart beats with love for them. It was to bear their sins and carry their sorrows, that He sent His Son to redeem and save. Why, then, are not His stately steppings seen in our sanctuaries?—why do the gates of this Zion mourn?—why do so few come up to her solemn feasts?—what hindereth? I do not, dare not, resolve it into an act of Divine Sovereignty! There is, I fear, another cause, and this a want of active, personal co-operation with missionaries by private Christians. And shall this obstacle remain? Christians of Madras, you know the history of Achan—but oh, remember that inaction is, sometimes, as effectual an obstacle to the bestowment of the divine blessing as an overt transgression. Let not your inactivity oppose the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom in your midst. Contemplate the height of glory to which these your heathen neighbours would be elevated were they but to become Christians, measure the depth of woe to which they must sink, if they die without faith and without holiness. Gaze upon the cross of Christ till you have some clear and vivid view of the heinousness
of sin—the worth of the soul—and the great price paid for its ransom: then while your spirit is overwhelmed with such thoughts and emotions, resolve, that let others do as they will, you will serve the Lord; serve Him not in the closet, not in the family alone—nor alone on the Sabbath day, but you will make it the one employment of your lives to do good to the souls of your fellow-men. Resolve, that wherever the guilt of lost spirits lie, it shall not be at your door, but that you will, like the great Apostle, be “free from the blood of all men.” Let the Christians of Madras thus resolve and thus act, then will the reproach long and too justly attached to this city as a Gospel-hardened and God-hating place be removed—righteousness will run down these streets like a mighty river—“her walls shall be called salvation, and her gates praise!”

Preaching of the Rev. George Whitefield.

(Concluded from page 639.)

Whitefield was now fully launched on the sea of itineracy; and an open sea it was to him. He had been driven from his moorings, though he continued to carry the colours of the church from which he had first taken orders. Gladly would he have secured here and there at least a harbour, but gradually nearly all were closed against him. The chapel was scarcely more accessible than the church, and the pious Doddridge, Watts, and other Dissenting ministers, were almost as much alarmed by his excess of zeal as the established clergy. They seem all to have been too much like the disciples who said to our Saviour, “Master we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbad him, because he followeth not with us.” The hand of God is doubtless to be recognized in this, as it was in scattering the primitive Christians from Jerusalem by persecution. They that were scattered went everywhere preaching the word. Thus Whitefield, not allowed to labour in the usual inclosures, went
into the open field, and scattered the good seed of the kingdom broad-cast—often addressing six or eight times as many as any common place of worship could contain.

Before his second visit to America, for which he sailed in August, 1739, our preacher visited Wales, and there seemed to be baptized with Welch fire. From thence he wrote, “Blessed be God, there seems a noble spirit gone out into Wales, and I believe that ere long there will be more visible fruits of it. What inclines me strongly to think so is, that the partition wall of bigotry and party spirit is broken down, and ministers and teachers of different communions join, with one heart and one mind, to carry on the kingdom of Jesus Christ.” Mentioning this, Philip, who has written the “Life and Times of Whitefield,” remarks, concerning the partition wall—

“It is now nearly a century since Whitefield said that it was fallen. Good man, he thought the whole wall had surely given way whenever he found an unexpected breach in it, at which he could enter with the Gospel, even if he was pelted with the broken fragments. So other men thought, and said, during the novelty of Bible and Missionary Societies. Then, not only was the partition wall declared to be fallen, but bigotry was registered in the bills of mortality, and said to be buried forever. And yet, even now that there is a far nobler spirit of reformation gone forth in the church than ever Whitefield saw, or than the friends of our great societies anticipated, the wall is higher than ever, and has of late had a capping of broken glass and rusty spikes laid upon it. There is, indeed, a sense in which, like Babylon, it is somewhat fallen; but the great and final ‘fall thereof’ is yet to come, in the case of both. Neither will fall, however, like the walls of Jericho, at one crash, nor by one crisis; although both will be overthrown by one process—by bearing around them the ark of the covenant with the sound of its own trumpets.”

The second visit of Whitefield to America was remarkable for his reception in New England, and the effect of his preaching there and in the middle states. It was a new thing to see a clergyman of the church of England in his gown and bands “preaching everywhere, the Lord working with him;” but it was a blessed reality.

Philip says—

“Whitefield had seen enough in Philadelphia to convince him that
both the matter and spirit of his preaching in England were equally wanted in America. He accordingly wielded in New York and Boston all the spiritual and splendid weapons which he had employed at London and Bristol. The effect at Boston was amazing. Old Mr. Walter, the successor of Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, said, 'It was puritanism revived.' Such was the interest excited by his preaching, that his farewell sermon, was attended by 20,000 persons; and during his visit it was testified by the first authorities in the city, that many of the careless were awakened, and more of the lukewarm quickened. 'Such a power and presence of God with a preacher, and in religious assemblies,' says, Dr. Colman, 'I never saw before.' Every day gives me fresh proofs of Christ speaking in him. A small set of gentlemen amongst us, when they saw the affections of the people so moved under his preaching, would attribute it only to the force of sound and gestures. But the impressions on many were so lasting, and have been so transforming, as to carry plain signatures of a divine hand going along with him.' All this was, if possible, exceeded at Northampton, where Whitefield visited Jonathan Edwards, and reminded his people of the days 'of old.' It was, Gillies says, like putting fire to tinder. Similar success attended his ministry in the town and college of New Haven. In the latter it over-threw the self-righteousness of the celebrated Hopkins, and fanned into a flame the zeal of David Brainerd, a name that needs no epithet."

Such were the moral effects of this American Pentecost that it was well said by one to the mockers and opposers, "Whilst you stand amazed at the rings of the wheel, as things too high and dreadful for you; whilst you know not what to make of the effusions of the Holy Spirit, but are stumbling at every thing amiss; beware lest that come upon you, which is spoken by the prophets, 'Behold ye despisers, and wonder and perish.'"

The foundation of the Orphan-house in Georgia was laid by Whitefield on the 25th March, 1740, and continued the principal object of his fostering care through his busy life. We need not examine the wisdom either of the original plan, or the modification made in it by attempting its conversion, in part, into a college for the training of candidates for the ministry.

Had the founder lived long enough for the full maturity of his designs, the benefit would, no doubt, have been more manifest and permanent—though educating young men for the
ministry while unconverted, could never have been other than a doubtful expedient. But whether as Orphan-house or College the institution stimulated Whitefield's energies, and the promotion of its interests was one of the causes of his many journeys and voyages. The care and anxiety which it devolved upon him served also to keep him humble and near to God—while again this devotional spirit gave life and power to his preaching.

"The alternate frames of spiritual exstasy and dejection through which he was made to pass, may be understood from the following among his recorded meditations. 'I have now,' he says, 'such large incomes from above, and such precious communications from our dear Lord Jesus, that my body sometimes can scarcely sustain them.' 'I have a garden near at hand, where I go particularly to meet and talk with my God, at the cool of every day. I often sit in silence, offering my soul as so much clay, to be stamped just as my heavenly potter pleases; and whilst I am musing, I am often filled, as it were, with the fullness of God. I am frequently at Calvary, and frequently on Mount Tabor, but always assured of my Lord's everlasting love.' 'Our dear Lord sweetly fills me with his presence. My heaven is begun indeed. I feast on the fattened calf. The Lord strengthens me mightily in the inner man.'

At other times he 'abhors' himself 'in dust and ashes.' He is 'a worm and no man.' He 'deserves to be the outcast of the people.' 'Why do so many of my Lord's servants take notice of such a dead dog as I am?' These heaven-ward impulses would often lead him to contemplate with perfect satisfaction the prospect of persecution, or even of martyrdom. 'Dear brother,' he says to one of his American coadjutors, 'both you and I must suffer, and that great things before we enter into glory. My work is scarce begun; my trials are yet to come. What is a little scourge of the tongue? What is a thrusting out of the synagogues? The time of temptation will be when we are thrust into an inner prison, and feel the iron entering even into our souls. Then, perhaps, even God's people may be permitted to forsake us for a while, and none but the Lord Jesus to stand by us. But if thou, O dearest Redeemer, wilt strengthen me in the inner man, let enemies plunge me into a fiery furnace, or throw me into a den of lions!' And he writes as if he were realizing the fact that persecuting rulers were again about to employ lions' dens and burning fiery furnaces! 'I am now looking,' he says, 'for some strong attacks from Satan.' 'Let us suffer for Jesus with a cheerful heart! His love will sweeten every cup, though never so bitter. Let us
pledge him willingly, and continue faithful even to death! A scene of sufferings lies before us. Who knows but we may wade to our Saviour through a sea of blood? I expect (O pray that I may be strengthened if called to it!) to die for his great name's sake. 'Twill be sweet to wear a martyr's crown.' 'Suffer we must, I believe, and that great things. Our Lord by his providence begins to show it. Ere long, perhaps, we may sing in a prison, and have our feet set fast in the stocks. But faith in Jesus turns a prison into a palace, and makes a bed of flames become a bed of down.' "This was safe boasting: and yet if Whitefield had lived in an age of persecution his metal would have borne to be tried in the flames."

Returning to Europe in 1741, in which year he and the Wesleys separated on doctrinal grounds, Whitefield visited Scotland. Here, by request, he first repaired to the Erskines', Dumfermline, with whom he had been in correspondence, though urged by ministers of the established church of Scotland to stop at Edinburgh and preach for them. The Erskines', and other members of the Associate Presbytery received him gladly, but they wanted him all to themselves. At a meeting of several members of the Presbytery, they proposed to set him right about church government, and the Solemn League and Covenant. He told them they might save themselves all trouble, for he had no scruple about it; but that settling church government was not his plan.

"He had never made the Solemn League and Covenant the subject of his study, being too busy about matters which he judged of greater importance. Several replied, that every pin of the tabernacle was precious. He answered, that in every building there were outside and inside workmen; that the latter, at present, was his province: that if they thought themselves called to the former, they might proceed in their own way, and he would proceed in his. He then asked them seriously, what they would have him to do. The answer was, that he was not desired to subscribe immediately to the Solemn League and Covenant, but to preach only for them, till he had further light. He asked, Why only for them. Mr. R. Erskine said, 'They were the Lord's people.' He then asked, Were no other the Lord's people but themselves. If not, and if others were the devil's people, they had more need to be preached to; that for his part, all places were alike to him; and if the Pope
himself would lend him his pulpit, he would gladly proclaim in it
the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Something passed about
taking two of their brethren with him to England, to settle a Presbytery there; and then, with two more, to go and settle a Presbytery
in America. But he asked, Suppose a number of Independents
should come, and declare, that after the greatest search, they were
convinced that independency was the right church government, and
would disturb nobody, if tolerated, should they be tolerated? They
answered, No. Soon after this the company broke up. And Mr. M.
preached upon Isa. xxi. 11, 12. ‘Watchman, what of the night?’
&c.’ And took occasion to declaim strongly against the ceremonies
of the Church of England, and to argue,‘ That one who held com-
mination with that Church, or with the backslidden Church of Scot-
land, could not be an instrument of reformation.’

‘Many waited at Edinburgh to know the issue of the conference,
who were not disappointed in the event. Thither he returned, after
preaching, always twice, often thrice, and once seven times, a day,
for some weeks together. The churches were open, but, not being
able to hold half the congregations, he generally preached twice a
day in the Orphan-hospital Park to many thousands. The most fash-
ionable, as well as those of meaner rank attended; at some of their
houses he generally expounded every evening. And every day,
almost, there were new evidences of the success of his labours.
Numbers of ministers and students came to hear him, and aged,
experienced Christians told him they could set their seal to what
he preached.’

On a second visit to Scotland the next year, the effect of his
labours was still more manifest. The rich and the poor, the
young and the old, not only heard him gladly, but melted down
alike under his preaching—albeit the melting mood is not pre-
dominant in that country. Perhaps in some places, as at Kilsyth
and Cambuslang, there was too large a share of animal excite-
ment. The Rev. Mr. Hamilton, then minister in the Barony
parish, afterwards in the High Church of Glasgow, gives an

* ‘I attended; but the good man so spent himself at the former part of his sermon,
in talking against prelacy, the Common Prayer Book, the Surplice, the rose in the hat, and
such like externals; that when he came to the latter part of his text to invite poor sinners to
Christ, his breath was so gone, that he could scarce be heard. What a pity that the last was
not first, and the first last!’

† Among his particular friends were the Marquis of Lothian, the Earl Leven, Lord Rae,
Lady Mary Hamilton, Lady Frances Gardiner, Lady Jean Nimmo, Lady Disselton.
apparently fair account of the religious revival at this time in that part of Scotland, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Prince of Boston, dated Sept. 13, 1742.

"We in the south and west of Scotland have great reason to join in thankfulness to God, with you, for the days of the Redeemer's power that we are favoured with. Mr. Whitefield came to Scotland in summer 1741, for the first time; and in many places where he preached, his ministrations were evidently blessed, particularly in the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, where a considerable number of persons were brought under such impressions of religion as have never yet left them; but they are still following on to know the Lord. However, this was only the beginning of far greater things: for, about the middle of February last, a very great concern appeared among the people of Cambuslang, a small parish lying four miles south-east of Glasgow, under the pastoral inspection of the Rev. Mr. William McCullock, a man of considerable parts, and great piety. This concern appeared with some circumstances very unusual among us; to wit, severe bodily agonies, out-cryings and faintings in the congregation. This made the report of it spread like fire, and drew vast multitudes of people from all quarters to that place: and I believe, in less than two months after the commencement of it, there were few parishes within twelve miles of Cambuslang but had some, more or fewer, awakened there, to a very deep, piercing sense of sin; and many at a much greater distance. I am verily persuaded, with your worthy brother, Mr. Cooper, in his preface to Mr. Edward's sermon, that God has made use of these uncommon circumstances to make his work spread the faster. But, blessed be God, Cambuslang is not the only place where these impressions are felt. The same work is spreading in other parishes, and under their own ministers, particularly at Calder, Kilsyth and Cumbernauld, all to the north-east of Glasgow; and I doubt not, that since the middle of February, when this work began at Cambuslang, upwards of two thousand persons have been awakened, and almost all of them, by the best accounts I have, in a promising condition; there being very few instances of impostors, or such as have lost their impressions, and many whom we are bound to think true Scripture converts, and who evidence it by a suitable walk and conversation. There is evidently a greater seriousness and concern about religion appearing in most of our congregations, than formerly; a greater desire after the word; people applying themselves more closely to their duty, and erecting new societies for prayer and spiritual conference: which gives us the joyful prospect of a considerable enlargement in the Messiah's kingdom."
"My parish has likewise had some share in this good work. There have been above an hundred new communicants among them this summer, who never did partake of the blessed sacrament before; which is five times as many as ever I admitted in any former year; most of them were awakened at Cambuslang, some of them in their own church, and in others the impressions have been more gradual, and not attended with these uncommon circumstances before mentioned. And it is to be observed, that before we admit any to the Lord's table, we particularly examine them, and are satisfied with their knowledge of the principles of religion, of the nature and ends of the sacrament, and the impressions of religion they have on their minds."

Mr. Whitefield's own account of the work is very animated and graphic.

"Glory be to God," he says, 'he is doing great things here. I walk in the continual sunshine of his countenance. Congregations consist of many thousands. Never did I see so many Bibles, nor people look into them, when I am expounding, with such attention. Plenty of tears flow from the hearers' eyes. I preach twice daily, and expound at private houses at night; and am employed in speaking to souls under distress great part of the day. Every morning I have a constant levee of wounded souls, many of whom are quite slain by the law. At seven in the morning (this was at Edinburgh) we have a lecture in the fields, attended not only by the common people, but persons of great rank. I have reason to think several of the latter sort are coming to Jesus. I am only afraid lest people should idolize the instrument, and not look enough to the glorious Jesus, in whom alone I desire to glory. I walk continually in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. The love of Christ quite strikes me dumb. O grace, grace! let that be my song."

"In Scotland it was that he first found access to people of rank. 'Saints,' says he, 'have been stirred up and edified; and many others, I believe, are translated from darkness to light, and from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God. The good that has been done is inexpressible. I am intimate with three noblemen and several ladies of quality, who have a great liking for the things of God. I am now writing in an earl's house, surrounded with fine furniture; but, glory be to free grace, my soul is in love only with Jesus.'

"His exertions increased with his success. 'Yesterday,' he says, 'I preached three times, and lectured at night. This day Jesus has enabled me to preach seven times; once in the church, twice at the girl's hospital, once in the park, once at the old people's No. 12."
hospital, and afterwards twice at a private house; notwithstanding, I am now as fresh as when I rose in the morning. 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount on wings like eagles.' It would delight your soul to see the effects of the power of God. Both in the church and park the Lord was with us. The girls in the hospital were exceedingly affected, and so were the standers by. One of the mistresses told me, she is now awakened in the morning by the voice of prayer and praise; and the master of the boys says, that they meet together every night to sing and pray; and when he goes to their rooms at night, to see if all be safe, he generally disturbsthem at their devotions. The presence of God at the old people's hospital was really very wonderful. The Holy Spirit seemed to come down like a mighty rushing wind. The mourning of the people was like the weeping in the valley of Hadad-Rimmon. They appear more and more hungry. Every day I hear of some fresh good wrought by the power of God. I scarce know how to leave Scotland.'

We are quite unable to accompany this eminent herald of the cross farther in his travels and labours, during the thirty-four years of his ministry, "in which," as one has said—"he lived more than most men would do though their lives were prolonged for many ages;" nor will our space allow us to give more than a specimen of the several passages which we had marked to illustrate his eminence as a preacher.

"Remarkable cases are related of the manner in which he impressed his hearers. The man at Exeter is an instance, who stood with stones in his pocket, and one in his hand, ready to throw at him; but he dropped it before the sermon was far advanced, and going up to him after the preaching was over, he said, 'Sir, I came to hear you with an intention to break your head; but God, through your ministry, has given me a broken heart.' A ship-builder was once asked, what he thought of him. 'Think!' he replied, 'I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stem under the sermon; but, were it to save my soul, under Mr. Whitefield, I could not lay a single plank.' Hume pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard; and said, it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him. But, perhaps, the greatest proof of his persuasive powers was, when he drew from Franklin's pocket the money which that clear, cool reasoner had determined not to give: it was for the Orphan-house at Savannah. 'I did not,' says the
philosopher, 'disapprove of the design; but as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia, at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house at Philadelphia, and brought the children to it. This I advised; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened, soon after, to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper; another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket into the collector's dish, gold and all.'

"The manner in which he once turned a thunder storm to his purpose has been thus narrated. 'Before he commenced his sermon, long, darkening columns crowded the bright, sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building, in fearful augury of the storm.

"'His text was, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able.' 'See that emblem of human life,' said he, pointing to a shadow that was flitting across the floor. 'It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view; but it was gone. And where will ye be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away like that dark cloud? Oh, my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor unworthy preacher. In a few days we shall all meet at the judgment seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that vast assembly that will gather before the throne; and every eye will behold the Judge. With a voice whose call you must abide and answer, he will inquire whether on earth ye strove to enter in at the strait gate; whether you were supremely devoted to God; whether your hearts were absorbed in him. My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will then seek to enter in, and shall not be able. Oh, what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavour to mortify the flesh, with its affections and lusts? that your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, I made myself easy in the world by flattering myself that all would end well; but I have deceived my own soul, and am lost.

"'You, O false and hollow Christian, of what avail will it be that
you have done many things; that you have read much in the sacred word; that you have made long prayers; that you have attended religious duties, and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be, if, instead of loving Him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven by acts really polluted and unholy?

"And you, rich man, wherefore do you hoard your silver? wherefore count the price you have received for him whom you every day crucify in your love of gain? Why, that, when you are too poor to buy a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled to hell in his chariot pillowed and cushioned around him.

"His eye gradually lighted up, as he proceeded, till, towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

"Oh, sinners! he exclaimed, 'by all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. See there!' said he, pointing to the lightning, which played on the corner of the pulpit—'Tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark! continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the building. It was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by in his anger?"

"As the sound died away, he covered his face with his hands, and knelt beside his pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly away, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed, 'Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory; and the hands of the Most High have bended it.'"

In some instances, there was a freshness and reality in his addresses, arising in part from his feeling himself, through great weakness of body, at the time a dying man. Once in New England, after being by a short but violent illness brought to the gates of death, he says—

"While the Doctor was preparing a medicine, feeling my pains abated, I on a sudden cried, 'Doctor, my pains are suspended: by the help of God, I will go and preach, and then come home and die.' In my own apprehension, and in all appearance to others, I was a dying man. I preached, the people heard me as such.
The invisible realities of another world lay open to my view. Expecting to stretch into eternity, and to be with my Master before the morning, I spoke with peculiar energy. Such effects followed the word, I thought it was worth dying for a thousand times. Though wonderfully comforted within, at my return home I thought I was dying indeed. I was laid on a bed upon the ground, near the fire, and I heard my friends say, 'He is gone.' But God was pleased to order it otherwise. I gradually recovered; and soon after, a poor negro woman would see me. She came, sat down upon the ground, and looked earnestly in my face, and then said, in broken language, 'Master, you just go to heaven's gate, but Jesus Christ said, Get you down, you must not come here yet, but go first and call some more poor negroes.' I prayed to the Lord, that if I was to live, this might be the event.'

The Rev. Mr. Winter says of him—

"He let nothing escape him, but turned all into gold that admitted of improvement, and, in one way or other, the occurrence of the week or the day, furnished him with matter for the pulpit. A specimen—when an extraordinary trial was going forward, he would be present; and on observing the formality of the judge putting on his black cap to pronounce sentence, I have known him avail himself of it in the close of a sermon.

"He had a most peculiar art of speaking personally to you, in a congregation of four thousand people, when no one would suspect his object. The famous comedian, Shuter, who had a great partiality for Mr. Whitefield, showed him friendship, and often attended his ministry. At one period of his popularity, he was acting in a drama under the character of Ramble. During the run of the performance, he attended service on Sabbath mornings at Tottenham-court chapel, and was seated in the pew exactly opposite to the pulpit, and while Mr. Whitefield was giving full sally to his soul, and in his energetic address, was inviting sinners to the Saviour, he fixed himself full against Shuter, with his eyes upon him, adding, to what he had previously said, 'and thou, poor rambler, who hast long rambled from him, come you also. O end your rambling by coming to Jesus.' Shuter was exceedingly struck, and coming to Mr. Whitefield, said, 'I thought I should have fainted, how could you serve me so?'

"It was truly impressive to see him ascend the pulpit. My intimate knowledge of him admits of my acquitting him of the charge of affectation."

"By hearing him often," says Franklin, "I came to distinguish
easily between sermons newly composed, and those which he had
often preached in the course of his travels. His delivery of the
latter was so improved by frequent repetition, that every accent,
every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well
turned, and well placed, that, without being interested in the sub­
ject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse: a pleasure
of much the same kind with that received from an excellent piece
of music. This is an advantage itinerant preachers have over those
who are stationary, as the latter cannot well improve their delivery of
a sermon by so many rehearsals.' It was a great advantage, but it
was not the only one, nor the greatest which he derived from repeat­
ing his discourses, and reciting instead of reading them. Had they
been delivered from a written copy, one delivery would have been
like the last; the paper would have operated like a spell, from which
he could not depart—invention sleeping, while the utterance followed
the eye. But when he had nothing before him except the audience
whom he was addressing, the judgment and the imagination, as
well as the memory, were called forth. Those parts were omitted
which had been felt to come feebly from the tongue, and fall
heavily upon the ear, and their place was supplied by matter
newly laid in in the course of his studies, or fresh from the
feeling of the moment. They who lived with him, could trace
him in his sermons to the book which he had last been reading,
or the subject which had recently taken his attention. But
the salient points of his oratory were not prepared passages—they
were bursts of passion, like jets from a Geyser, when the spring
is in full play.

"The theatrical talent which he displayed in boyhood, manifested
itself strongly in his oratory. When he was about to preach,
whether it was from a pulpit, or a table in the streets, or a rising
ground, he appeared with a solemnity of manner, and an anxious
expression of countenance, that seemed to show how deeply he was
possessed with a sense of the importance of what he was about to
say. His elocution was perfect. They who heard him most fre­
quently, could not remember that he ever stumbled at a word, or
hesitated for want of one. He never faltered, unless when the
feelings to which he had wrought himself overcame him, and then
his speech was interrupted by a flow of tears. Sometimes he would
appear to lose all self-command, and weep exceedingly, and stamp
loudly and passionately; and sometimes the emotion of his mind
exhausted him, and the beholders felt a momentary apprehension
even for his life. And, indeed, it is said, that the effect of his
vehemence upon his bodily frame was tremendous; that he usually
vomited after he had preached, and sometimes discharged, in this
manner, a considerable quantity of blood. But this was when the
effort was over, and nature was left at leisure to relieve herself.
While he was on duty, he controlled all sense of infirmity or pain,
and made his advantage of the passion to which he had given way.
'You blame me for weeping,' he would say, 'but how can I help
it, when you will not weep for yourselves, though your immortal
souls are upon the verge of destruction, and, for aught I know, you
are hearing your last sermon, and may never more have an op­
portunity to have Christ offered to you!'

"Sometimes he would set before his congregation the agony of
our Saviour, as though the scene was actually before them. 'Look
yonder!' he would say, stretching out his hand, and pointing as
he spake, 'what is that I see? It is my agonizing Lord! Hark,
hark! do you not hear?—O my Father, if it be possible, let this
cup pass from me! nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done!'
This he introduced frequently in his sermons; and one who lived
with him says, the effect was not destroyed by repetition; even
to those who knew what was coming, it came as forcibly as if
they had never heard it before. In this respect it was like fine
stage acting: and indeed Whitefield indulged in a histrionic manner
of preaching, which would have been offensive if it had not been
rendered admirable by his natural gracefulness and inimitable
power. Sometimes, at the close of a sermon, he would personate
a judge about to perform the last awful part of his office. With
his eyes full of tears, and an emotion that made his speech falter,
after a pause which kept the whole audience in breathless ex­
pectation of what was to come, he would say, 'I am now going
to put on my condemning cap. Sinner, I must do it: I must
pronounce sentence upon you!' and then in a tremendous strain
of eloquence, describing the eternal punishment of the wicked,
he recited the words of Christ, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into
everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'"

"That beautiful apostrophe used by the prophet Jeremiah, 'O earth,
earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord,' was very subservient to him,
and never used impertinently."

But we must close. Though no one probably rises from the
written sermons of Whitefield without disappointment, there is
enough in them to show the hand of a master. There are
still traces of the fire of his genius, though the printed page
can no more send forth the thrilling tones of his voice than it
can present his commanding gestures, or subduing eye and countenance. It is of little practical use to dwell on his natural eminent qualifications as a preacher, for they are, by most, unattainable; but the secret of much of his success lay in his habits of devotion. It was going from the mount of communion with God, with a shining face, and burning heart, that obtained for him the title of *seraphic* in its best sense. In this he may be imitated, as also in his untiring activity and benevolence. When he found, on coming from London to his native place, to which he had sent forward his wife and only child, a few months old, that the little one had just expired, he did not give up his public engagements; but remembering a saying of Mr. Henry, that "weeping must not hinder sowing," he preached twice the next day, and also the day following; closing the latter service just as the bell tolled for the funeral. This was not from insensibility. His feelings were all acute, and he was a Barnabas as well as a Boanerges—a son of *consolation* as well as a son of *thunder*. He preached as Apelles painted, for Eternity! "To the poor the Gospel is preached," he could say, most literally, but he gathered trophies for his Divine Master also among the rich and the great. As one of the chaplains of Lady Huntingdon for several years, there were gathered round him, at times, many of the stars of the court; nor did he fail to guide some of them into their proper orbit.

One of these was the lady of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield—a natural daughter of George I., another, the young Earl of Buchan, "whose father died," to use the language of Whitefield, "like the patriarch Jacob. He laid his hands on, and blessed his children—assured them of his personal interest in Jesus—called most gloriously on the Holy Ghost, and cried happy happy—as long as he could speak."

The coffin was removed from Buchan House to the chapel, where it lay a week. Whitefield *preached* twice a day, and all the family, beside others of rank in the city attended. On the morning of the funeral service the family attended an early sacrament, and seated themselves at the feet of the corpse while communicating. The services were blessed to the young Earl, who publicly avowed his resolution to follow Christ. Lady Gertrude
Hotham, sister of Chesterfield, and her eldest daughter, were also among the converts under Whitefield’s preaching; and Pulteney, Earl of Bath; and Lord Dartmouth, the patron of Newton, derived spiritual benefit from him. Lady Huntingdon, who also owed much to him, said on her death-bed, “My soul is filled with glory; I am in the element of heaven.”

We add only the following. A little boy was taken ill one day after hearing a sermon from him, and died the next day. He said, “I want to go to Mr. Whitefield’s God”—and expired. It was this conviction impressed upon all, whether gentle or simple, high or low, that he was a man sent from God, and could guide them to God, that constituted the real power of the preaching of Whitefield.

The Awful Summons.

Great talents, great learning, great celebrity, are all utterly insufficient to constitute a man happy, and give him peace and confidence in a dying hour. Yet how many of the great men of the world, statesmen, men high in office and authority, treat religion practically, trample on the Sabbath, and demean themselves towards the friends of genuine piety and true humility, as if the religion of the Gospel could never be needful for them, or they want its consolations and supports. Misguided men! with all their talents and influence, and affected disregard of piety, the time will come, when, if awake to the scenes upon which they are entering, they would give all the gold on earth, if they had it, for the humble hope of the Gospel, which cheers and sustains the lowly Christian in the hour of his departure from this world. We wish every such man would read and ponder well the following letter, written by one who ranked high in this world’s estimation, who had enjoyed freely its honours, but who having neglected religion, saw himself on the tremendous brink of eternity without hope.

"Dear Sir—Before you receive this, my final state will be de-
terminated by the Judge of all the earth. In a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the inevitable sentence will be passed, that shall raise me to the heights of happiness, or sink me to the depths of misery. While you read these lines, I shall be either groaning under the agonies of absolute despair, or triumphing in the fulness of joy.

It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul—the vast uncertainty I am struggling with! No words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions. Every doubt wears the face of horror, and would perfectly overwhelm me, but for some faint beams of hope, which dart across the tremendous gloom! What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul suspended between the extremes of infinite joy and eternal misery? I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important event.

Good God! how have I employed myself? What enchantment hath held me? In what delirium hath my life been passed? What have I been doing, when the sun in its race, and the stars in their courses, have lent their beams, perhaps only to light me to perdition!

I never awaked till now. I have but just commenced the dignity of a rational being. Till this instant I had a wrong apprehension of everything in nature. I have pursued shadows, and entertained myself with dreams. I have been treasuring up dust, and sporting myself with the wind. I look back on my past life, and but for some memorials of infamy and guilt, it is all a blank—a perfect vacancy! I might have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung with the winged inhabitants of the woods, to much better purpose than any for which I have lived. And, oh! but for some faint hope, a thousand times more blessed had I been, to have slept with the clods of the valley, and never heard the Almighty's fiat, nor waked into life at his command!

I never had a just apprehension of the solemnity of the part I am to act, till now. I have often met death insulting on the hostile plain, and, with a stupid boast, defied his terrors; with a courage as brutal as that of the warlike horse, I have rushed into the battle, laughed at the glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of the trumpet, nor had a thought of any state beyond the grave, nor the great tribunal to which I must have been summoned;

Where all my secret guilt had been revealed,
Nor the minutest circumstance concealed.

It is this which arms death with all its terrors; else I could still mock at fear, and smile in the face of the gloomy monarch. It
is not giving up my breath; it is not being forever insensible, is the thought at which I shrink; it is the terrible hereafter, the something beyond the grave, at which I recoil. Those great realities, which in the hours of mirth and vanity I have treated as phantoms, as the idle dreams of superstitious beings: these start forth, and dare me now in their most terrible demonstration. My awakened conscience feels something of that eternal vengeance I have often defied.

To what heights of madness is it possible for human nature to reach! What extravagance is it to jest with death! to laugh at damnation! to sport with eternal chains, and recreate a joyful fancy with the scenes of eternal misery!

Were there no impiety in this kind of mirth, it would be as ill-bred as to entertain a dying friend with the sight of a harlequin, or the rehearsal of a farce. Everything in nature seems to reproach this levity in human creatures. The whole creation, man excepted, is serious; man, who has the highest reason to be so, while he has affairs of infinite consequence depending on this short and uncertain duration. A condemned wretch may with as good a grace go dancing to his execution, as the greatest part of mankind go on with such a thoughtless gaiety to their graves.

Oh! my friend, with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity we have wasted together! Return ye lost, neglected moments! How should I prize you above the eastern treasures! Let me dwell with hermits; let me rest on the cold earth; let me converse in cottages; may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for celestial happiness!

Ye vain grandeurs of a court! Ye sounding titles, and perishing riches! what do ye signify? what consolation, what relief can ye give? I have a splendid passage to the grave; I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy; I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physician; my dependents sigh, my sisters weep, my father bends beneath a load of years and grief; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sigh, and leaves me, to hide his secret grief. But oh! which of these will answer my summons to the high Tribunal? which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me?

Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay, which perhaps may lie reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my judge.
My afflicted friends, it is very probable, with great solemnity will lay the senseless corpse in a stately monument, inscribed with:

"Here lies the great ——"

But could the pale carcase speak, it would soon reply;

"False marble, where?
Nothing but sordid dust lies here."

While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may perhaps be hearing my just condemnation at a superior tribunal; where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy. But I cast myself on God's absolute mercy, through the infinite merits of the Redeemer of lost mankind. Adieu, my dear friend, till we meet in the world of spirits!"—Puritan.

The Late Mrs. Rebecca Jamieson.

The subject of the following brief memoir was the only surviving daughter of Captain Thomas and Elizabeth Townsend. She was born at Middleford, in the state of Delaware, January 26th, 1818. At the age of four years she was deprived, by death, of her affectionate and pious mother, and at that of eight, of her kind and godly father. Two brothers still live to weep over the loss of their much beloved sister. Captain Townsend was descended from a respectable family in the state of Delaware, as was also Elizabeth his wife; both were greatly esteemed for their benevolence and devoted piety. They were members of the Episcopal Church. Mrs. Townsend was formerly the wife of the Rev. Mr. Bell of that denomination. After the death of his wife, Rebecca's father married a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Copes. She was a kind mother to Rebecca. Some years after the death of Captain Townsend, she married the Rev. Alexander Campbell of the Presbyterian Church, at that time Principal of Buckingham Academy, in Maryland, and now President of Sharon College, Mississippi.

Under the kind guardianship of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Rebecca remained until she was fourteen years of age. There were but few incidents in her early days which require particular notice. She was, from her infancy, possessed of a mild, confiding and cheerful disposition, and as long as she lived, manifested a buoyancy of
spirits, which no circumstances, however adverse, could overcome. She had also a quickness of apprehension, and a facility of acquiring knowledge, which, while at school, always placed her among the foremost of her competitors. These qualities of mind, and an affectionate heart, made her a favourite wherever she was known. Being from her birth under the continual influence of religion, she became the subject of early and deep devotional feelings. It was not until her 14th year she made a public profession of her attachment to Christ, and united herself with the church under the pastoral care of her step-father, Mr. Campbell. Of this interesting period in her life she has left no record, it is believed; however there was nothing remarkable in her state of mind at the time, but a sincere love to her Saviour, and a desire to glorify him in his church on earth. She always had an aversion to converse about her personal piety with any one, unless she could speak from the heart, and test her religious experience, of which, for many years, she kept a private diary. Fearing it might be made public, she destroyed all her papers on this subject before leaving America. The following note, written ten years ago, will, however, show what her own views of her past life were. “When I look back,” she writes, “upon the journey of my life, and see the variety of conduct, the instability of resolution manifested by me since my profession of an acceptance of Christ as my Saviour, and his service as my delight, how unfit I am to be the companion of a missionary.” “O truly great are my obligations to the Lord Almighty, He has led me through many difficulties, and while my proud heart has been almost cursing the hand which only chastised in mercy, it still protected, guided, and blessed me.” “Bless the Lord, O my soul.”

Shortly after she became a member of the church, she was sent to a female boarding school at Newark, Delaware, then under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Bell, where she remained upwards of a year. Here her exemplary conduct, ardent piety, and amiable disposition won the affections of her teachers, and many of her sister pupils, and laid the foundation of a friendship which will never cease. The venerable Mr. Bell says in a letter to her, “My beloved pupil, during your pupilage my heart was drawn to you with a father’s love; may we meet in heaven, where we shall never part.” Many were the tokens of love and esteem she received from her school-mates, many of whom now dwell in the four quarters of the globe, and some rest in the grave. After leaving Newark, she went to Philadelphia to finish her education. It was while in this city, and mingling with kindred spirits whose hearts were
filled with compassion for the perishing heathen, that she was first led to think of engaging personally in the work of Foreign Missions. Before she left school, with the consent of her friends, she offered herself to the A. B. F. Missions, to go, as an unmarried female teacher, to the Sandwich Islands. But there being no opening for her at the time, she returned to her step-father's to spend a few months.

It was here, that friendship between the subject of this memoir and the writer commenced, which terminated in the dearest earthly relationship. He had been accepted as a missionary of the General Assembly's Board of Missions, and was destined to Northern India. She then relinquished the idea of going to the Sandwich Islands, and decided to accompany him—who now mourns her death—to this heathen land. Our marriage took place on the 8th of September, 1835, at Buckingham, Worcester county, Md. After the usual preparations and sad farewells, we set sail for India from Newcastle, Delaware, on the 17th of November, 1835, and reached Calcutta on the 2d of April, 1836. Our missionary party consisted of Rev. Messrs. McEwen, Campbell, Rodger, Porter, and myself, with our wives, and the Rev. Messrs. Winslow and Dwight of the A. B. C. F. Missions and their wives. During the passage my dear wife suffered much from sea-sickness, and being of a slender form and weak constitution, she was in much danger of sinking under her sufferings, but her cheerfulness and faith did not fail her. Most earnestly did she, in secret, pour out her soul in prayer for the officers and crew of the ship. The captain and first officer—a talented young man—took a deep interest in her welfare, and although extremely profane, did all they could to make her comfortable. In return for their kindness, she presented each of them with a handsome pocket Bible, and spoke to them feelingly on the importance of religion. The first officer said, the Bible "was a pretty thing, and he would put it into his chest to show to his sisters on his return home." Little did he know the value that little book would be to him! A few weeks afterwards, he confessed with tears before the ship's company, that the present of that Bible first led him to think of God, and that he could then say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." A few extracts from my departed wife's Journal, relative to the remarkable revival which took place on board our ship, on our passage to this country, although written in much weakness will, I doubt not, be interesting to the reader.

Feb. 24th.—She writes, "Three of the seamen have expressed their hope of acceptance through the merits of the blessed Saviour. Our beloved captain, in whom we felt so deeply interested, and
who a few days ago confessed that he had never prayed, spent the night before last almost entirely in supplication to God, and says, prayer is now a delightful exercise." A few days afterwards, she writes, "How affecting it was to see our beloved Capt. Dolby, doffing his hat, with a peculiar motion, supporting himself by some of the rigging at the mizen mast, and in sailor style, giving his testimony to the religion he had a few weeks before experienced, and inviting his men to taste and see that the Lord is gracious. O what a pleasant sight! and how did our hearts rejoice to hear him, in prayer, address that God as a Father, whom a short time ago he had blasphemed!"

March 21st.—"The services of last evening were peculiarly affecting. The first officer, Mr. Drinker, for whom we had felt deeply interested, had a day or two previous expressed deep concern for his soul, and his anxiety had increased. How astonished, and filled with wonder were we at the power of Almighty grace, when, for the first time, we saw this noble-minded young man, whom we had considered lost, coming to prayers, with tearful eyes, and taking his seat in an obscure part of the room.

"But oh, how shall I convey an idea of the scenes of this morning! Words are inadequate to express half that we felt, and saw, and heard; Mr. Drinker, after our morning prayer, with bursting heart and streaming eyes, addressed the sailors as brothers, some, he said, emphatically so, since he now was also partaker of the same hope with them. He then offered up a long and most impressive prayer, which melted every heart. The prayer being finished, dear brother Winslow, who was to leave us that day for Madras, called upon all who were determined by the grace of God, to be His, to stand up. All, officers and men, arose as one man, except two men, who continued to sit. Here Mr. Drinker, in an agony of spirit called out, O! do rise! do rise! Make them get up! and on the last one's rising he threw himself down on the table, exclaiming rapturously, Thank God! Thank God! it is unanimous! Our dear captain was quite overcome, and gave vent to his feelings in expressions of wonder and praise."

On our arrival in Calcutta, our party hired a house, where we remained until the commencement of the rainy season. During this time, Rebecca applied herself with diligence and considerable success to the study of the native language. The acquisition of this she considered was the first and greatest desideratum for a foreign missionary. On the 12th of July we left Calcutta for the Upper Provinces, and after a dangerous journey in budgerows up the Ganges to Khánpur, and thence by land, we reached Saha-
ranpur on the 10th of December. Here we, with brother and sister Campbell, were stationed, and hoped to call that beautiful place our Indian home for life. But the Lord had determined otherwise.

About the 1st of January, 1837, my dear wife was taken ill with disease of the liver, and was, on the commencement of the hot season, obliged to resort to the Simla Hills. There she remained with kind friends until the next cold season, when she returned with renovated health to her station. But she was only permitted to remain a few months, when she had a second, and more severe attack of her former complaint, and as it was the opinion of several physicians that she could never enjoy health on the plains, we removed the last of March, 1838, to Sabathu, on the hills, and were permanently stationed there.

A few days before leaving Saharanpur, she wrote the following in her Journal: "I feel unhappy and unsettled on account of the uncertainty of our being able to spend the hot season here. Could we ever, and always resign ourselves to do and to suffer the will of our heavenly Father, how happy should we be! I believe he has appointed suffering for me, and blessed be his name, whatever will most advance his kingdom in my heart and in this world, that may he send, and in all things may I rejoice. Oh! that I may be ready to depart and be with Christ!"

On reaching Sabathu her health was again, in a great measure restored, and on the 13th of April, she writes, "I trust soon to be able to collect a school of female children; oh! may I yet be permitted to do something in the land of the living for my dear Saviour's glory among this wicked people."

She succeeded in collecting about thirty interesting little girls into a school, whom she continued to instruct in divine things and useful employments, with occasional intervals, for three or four years. She was, however, on account of increasing family cares, want of assistance, and ill-health, at length most reluctantly obliged to discontinue her school altogether; the noise of the school-room, and labour of teaching always produced most distressing nervous head-aches. While engaged in instructing her Hindu pupils, she acquired an extensive knowledge of the Hindu language, and was able to speak and write it with much fluency. It was her desire to prepare a number of elementary school-books and small tracts in this dialect, and she proceeded to some length in this undertaking—one of the latter, "The Sandwich Islands," was printed, and has been widely circulated.

But it was in telling the apathetic Hindu and proud Mussulman of Jesus, that she excelled. She had an ease in expression and a tender winning manner, which never failed to attract the attention of the
most listless, or to disarm the bitterest enemy of his opposition to the cross. She was emphatically the friend of the poor. No beggar ever left her door without a pittance of charity and a kind word, and to teach her children to do likewise, she always when convenient, made them her almoners. Her favourite sentiment was, "Happiness is the essence of heaven, and if I can but make one poor heathen child happy for half an hour, I should not live in vain; for every drop of happiness we receive or communicate from the troubled sea of time is an antepast of that holy place." She was also a kind and affectionate mother; no parent ever felt the solemn responsibility of bringing up children in a heathen land more than she did. Hence, she scarcely ever suffered her six little ones to be out of her sight with heathen servants: she did not spare the rod when necessary; she, however, made it a rule never to chastise in a passion. Her practice was to take the little offender into her closet alone, first by prayer and kind remonstrance endeavour to subdue it, and then inflict the punishment.

But I must hasten to the closing scene of my dear wife's brief career of missionary usefulness and earthly existence.

She had never enjoyed better health in India than she did during the last year of her life, and we looked forward with a good degree of hope to many years of united happiness and labours for the heathen; but "God's ways were not as our ways." In last July, that awful disease, cholera, made its appearance in Sabathu, and selected among many others, for its victim, her whose death it is the writer's painful duty to record. On the morning of the 29th of August, she complained of great lassitude, and in crossing her room sunk down from weakness; she thought she was billious, and took medicine; she, however, derived no benefit from it, and was obliged to resort to her couch. In the evening, at my usual time for preaching in the bazaar, I thought it best to remain at home, but she said she did not wish to keep me from my duty, and that if she should feel worse, she would write for the Doctor: I therefore left her, and went to my duty as usual; when I returned I found her much worse and seized with violent purging; she had written for the Doctor, when, to use her own words, she was both blind and deaf. I wrote again, urging him to make all possible haste, as I was very fearful Mrs. Jamieson had cholera, but for some reason he did not arrive for many hours. She had neither pain nor spasm, but the disease made fearful progress, and in a short time reduced her to a state of extreme exhaustion. In this state she remained until Sabbath afternoon, when her extremities became quite purple and as cold as a corpse. She had but little hope of surviving the attack from its commencement, and consequently
began at once to set her house in order. Although weak in body, her mind remained calm and quite composed, until a short time before her death; she spent nearly the whole of Friday night in conversing with me about the cause of missions, the disposal of the dear children after her death, and in giving messages for her friends. She said she felt very unworthy of the honour of being a missionary to the heathen, but hoped she had not lived altogether in vain; and now on the brink of eternity she felt more and more the importance of chastened and intelligent views of the work—that no undue enthusiasm could bear the fiery test; and in concluding this subject said, O! if ever you go home, *preach* against the *romance* of missions. She lamented more than anything else not having *loved* her Bible more.

On Saturday she was frequently engaged in prayer, and had our oldest son (nine years of age) to read passages of Scripture and hymns for her, and several times desired me to pray for her that she might be kept from taking God's name in vain, and glorify her Saviour in death. The forenoon of the Sabbath was passed in the same manner. In the afternoon she was too ill to converse much, and wished to be left quiet. On Monday, about four o'clock, I told her it was very probable she had but a few hours to live. She heard this with the greatest composure, and simply said, "do you think so, my dear? that is but a short time;" and raising her hands, offered up a short prayer. She then desired all the children to be brought to her, and telling them she was dying, embraced them one by one, and gave them her last blessing. After this she had the heathen servants collected, and addressing them distinctly by name, exhorted them to believe on Jesus and to prepare for death, as she had often warned them. Throes of anguish thrilled every heart, all *wept*, except the departing believer, she was all calmness. After this sad farewell she asked me to read for her, the fifth chapter of 2 Corinthians, and the second of Ephesians, and to pray with her; she then repeated as she had strength, the beautiful hymns, commencing "Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind;" "Come, Holy Spirit, come;" "There is a land of pure delight," and the twenty-third Psalm. Shortly afterwards she said to the Doctor, "I am dying fast, the conflict will soon be over. I am going to a glorious world. Blessed Jesus—no doubts." She then fell into a *dose*, and in about an hour, looking up, exclaimed, "many, *many*, *all friends.*" Here her mind began to wander, and she spoke very little more except in broken sentences, as "*Come quick—make haste.*" She, however, continued to recognize me till within an hour or two of her death, when she became apparently unconscious of earth, and gradually sunk until the clock struck four on Tuesday morning, when she gently breathed her last. Happy Spirit! I would
not recall thee from thy blessed abode for ten thousand worlds. Rest in peace!

On the evening after her death her remains were deposited in the station burial-ground, there to await the voice that wakes the dead; several pious soldiers of the 1st European Regiment volunteered to carry the coffin to the grave, and by the request of the Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Vaughan, sung the hymn commencing, "Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims." The solemn procession was accompanied by a larger company of respectable natives than I ever saw at any European funeral in Sabathu before; and many of them, to show their esteem for the deceased, came forward and cast handfuls of earth into her grave, and for several days after her burial many resorted to the mission compound to show their grief by loud lamentations. May she, though dead, yet speak, and may the Gospel seed she sowed, bring forth an abundant harvest.

J. M. J.

P. S. Since writing the above, the following unfinished meditation on Heaven, has been found among my dear wife's papers, and as it is believed to be the last she ever wrote, and as it shows the state of her mind before her last illness, it is not out of place to insert it here.

"What will the redeemed soul think when it enters heaven! What wonder, admiration, and awe will fill it, and with what delight will it shake its wing at being for ever released from sin and suffering. It will fly to the embrace of Jesus, and falling at his feet, will exclaim—

to Thee, oh most mighty, glorious, and condescending Saviour, is all the honour of my salvation due. How will the spirit look after those with whom converse was sweet on earth! How will the joy of heaven be augmented, by sharing it with a mother, a father, a husband, a wife, a child. Oh! When the light—the reality of Eternity breaks through the clouds of sin and sorrow that surround earthly scenes, and shows us how vast and important its concerns are, how shall we wonder at our former deadness, and resolve to live hereafter more like immortal beings!"—Calcutta Christian Observer.
A Short Account of Samuel John Maisey,

A PRIVATE IN H. M.'s 15th HUSSARS.

Who died at Bangalore, on the evening of Monday, September 29, 1845.

It is said by the Psalmist, that "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," and the truth of this statement is often proved by the grace and mercy which God affords to his servants whilst passing through the valley of the shadow of death. In life they have been encompassed with trial and difficulty, many have been the conflicts which they have had with their own corrupt hearts, and sometimes the prospect of death has been gloomy and cheerless unto them, in consequence of the weakness of their faith; and yet when their final scene has come, they have been enabled to cast all their care upon God, and by faith in him to realize that strength of confidence which hath great recompense of reward. It was their privilege to have walked continually in the light of God's countenance, but the hinderance to their doing so was in themselves, and when that hinderance has been removed they have sweetly proved the saving power of the grace of God. These observations are fully borne out by the experience of the subject of the following remarks:

Samuel John Maisey, a private in H. M.'s 15th Hussars, was born in or near London, and at an early age he was placed under the care of an uncle and aunt. His aunt seems to have been very desirous to bring him up in the fear of God, and whilst he was of tender years, she took him to a Sunday-school, where he learned many passages of Scripture and hymns, which often in after life made a deep impression upon his mind. After living with his aunt for sometime, he was put an apprentice to the trade of a baker, at which trade he worked for several years. When thus engaged, he had but six hours rest out of the twenty four, which left him but little time for serious reflection. The labouriousness of his work, and the companions to whom his trade introduced him, soon led him into habits of intoxication, with their accompanying vices, and he soon became as bold in sin as those with whom he was associated. Yet often, whilst thus living without the fear of God, those portions of Scripture which he had previously learned, would rush into his memory; he would try to forget them, and when he could not banish them from his recol-
lection by any other means, he had recourse to liquor to drown the convictions which they produced. In the year 1840 he came out as a recruit to this country, utterly regardless of his soul’s salvation, living without hope and without God in the world; living as he himself afterwards expressed it, an enemy to God and to himself.

Thus he continued until about the middle of last year, when he was induced by a pious comrade to come to the Wesleyan Chapel; and whilst sitting under the sound of the Gospel, he became deeply impressed with a sense of his sin and danger, and resolved in the strength of divine grace to seek the salvation of his soul. This resolution he at once put into practice, by breaking off from his wicked companions and evil habits. This brought upon him the persecution of those with whom he had previously been associated in evil; but by the grace of God he was enabled to stand firm in the resolution which he had formed, and to persevere in seeking his eternal good. He united himself to the Wesleyan Society, and from that time regularly attended the class meeting as often as he was off duty. He found, however, that he had a greater enemy to contend with than those of his former wicked companions, and that was a violently passionate temper which was impatient of contradiction. I have often had to point out to him the necessity of obtaining a clean heart and a right spirit in this respect, in order to his spiritual prosperity; and I believe he often struggled hard for the victory over this his besetting sin.

After he made the important choice of religion for his pursuit, he was exceedingly regular in his attendance upon the means of grace, and in the discharge of his worldly duties, so that none could speak evil of him, but for a while there was a want of that earnestness of desire for the clear evidence of his acceptance in God so essentially necessary to his spiritual safety and enjoyment. For about a month, however, before he was taken ill, there was a marked change in his conduct, and his spirit of prayer had more of holy fervor, and several times when I have gone over to the vestry adjoining the chapel, at different parts of the day I have found him alone in secret intercourse with God. The Lord was thus evidently preparing him for his change. He had been for some time afflicted with dysentery, and when he found his strength unequal to his duties, he went into hospital. I visited him there several times, and advised and prayed with him, but for a while there was a darkness upon his mind. He mourned over his previous want of earnestness, and he could not realize his acceptance in God. As his disorder increased, his weakness became greater, so
that he sometimes felt it exceedingly difficult to fix his mind upon eternal things. At other seasons, when in prayer with him, he would seem to throw his whole heart into every petition; so anxious was he to know and feel the saving power of divine grace. At length one day when I visited him, I perceived an alteration in his countenance. There was more in it of peaceful serenity, and the sweetness of resignation, I asked him if he could yet say that the Lord was his portion? and with hands and eyes uplifted he replied, "yes:" "then the cloud is removed," I said; he replied again, "yes, Jesus Christ is my Redeemer." I knelt down and prayed with him, and thanked God for his goodness manifested unto him, and most heartily did he respond to every sentence.

After this his patience under his afflictions was most remarkable, and was observed with admiration by those that were sick around him. He desired to receive the sacrament, and when I gave it to him, I was truly happy to see the fervent gratitude to God with which he called to mind the dying love of his Redeemer. One day I put the question to him, if God should raise you up again, would you live as you have done? He said, "no, if God should raise me up to health and strength, my life whether long, or short, shall be devoted to him." A friend who visited him also enquired, "Is all within right?" And being rather doubtful whether he understood the question, pointed out the necessity of exercising a lively faith in the atoning blood of the Lamb, and cautioned him against giving way to unbelief, as the debility produced by the disease had a tendency to depress the mind, he said, "I know Satan is very busy, but Christ is my only trust." At a subsequent visit made by the same person, he emphatically expressed his assurance of his personal acceptance in God, and did not entertain any anxiety as to the result of his disease. His words were, "clay in the hands of the potter." This unshaken confidence he was enabled to maintain to the end. The night before he died he attempted to sing a hymn, but the only words that could be understood were "King of glory." The next morning about four o'clock, those that were sick around him were awoke by his singing one of his favourite hymns, which he had learned in the Sunday-school when a boy. He was reduced to the extreme of weakness, and had lain for several hours scarcely moving, when about the time before mentioned he began to sing,

'Tis religion that can give,  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
'Tis religion must supply,  
Solid comforts when we die.
He attempted to sing more, but his strength failed him. I saw him about 11 o'clock the same morning, and after I had prayed with him he attempted to pray himself, and I could just hear that after commending his own soul into the keeping of his heavenly Father, he prayed for me and for his Christian brethren. This was the last time that I saw him, for about nine o'clock the same evening he calmly fell asleep in the Lord; doubtless proving the truth of those words,

'Tis religion must supply,
Solid comforts when we die.

He was attended to the grave on the following afternoon by many of his brethren in society, and I trust that his happy death will have a salutary effect upon many in his regiment, who have hitherto been seeking happiness where it is not to be found. His memory may soon pass away from among men, but he is had in everlasting remembrance by the Lord of Hosts. A few days before he died he desired that his clothes, and what belonged to him, might be sold, and the proceeds be given to the orphans in his regiment; thus giving an evidence of the genuineness of his faith by his love to the helpless.

I would draw a few practical inferences from this example of the power of divine grace:—

1st. This example affords abundance of encouragement to those who are earnestly seeking the salvation of their souls. The subject of these observations was once a blasphemer of God's name, and a rebel against his authority; but the change which he experienced was wrought within him by the Holy Spirit. He was saved by grace, through faith, in the Lord Jesus. He was reconciled to God through the Son of his love, and his blasphemies were turned into praise; and that grace which was afforded to him will be also bestowed upon all those who seek it with the whole heart.

2d. This also gives instructive encouragement to those who may have peculiar besetment of temper and disposition. Though the struggle to overcome these may be great, yet the victory over them will also be certain. The grace of God is sufficient to enable us to bring every thought and disposition into sweet subjection to the obedience of Christ. Let us, therefore, be instructed to lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, that we may run with patience the race that is set before us.

3d. We may also learn from this the necessity of obtaining whilst in health and strength, a clear evidence of our acceptance
in God, how deeply did Maisey regret, at the commencement of his sickness, that he had not been more in earnest in this respect. When he came to a sick-bed he felt his need of this. Let us therefore be more in earnest in seeking for ourselves the kingdom of God and his righteousness, even that kingdom which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

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**REVIEW.**

**A Commentary on the Apocalypse.**

**BY MOSES STUART.**

*Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts.*

2 vols. 8vo., Loudon, Niley and Putnam, 1845.

(Communicated.)

The writings of Moses Stuart require no herald to proclaim their merits. They are already well known to every Biblical student, and regarded with no common esteem by those who are guided in their study of the sacred writings, not by human systems, but by the principles of sound Scriptural exegesis. His Commentaries on the Epistles to the Romans* and the Hebrews, have been acknowledged by the first English as well as American theologians, as the ablest critical expositions of those difficult books which the church has yet received. Under these circumstances the announcement that the author intended to publish a Commentary on the Apocalypse, excited an unusual degree of interest. This mysterious book, "on which no two original expositors have hitherto been agreed," and which in all ages has excited the attention of the church, has of late years been the theme of so many unqualified pens, that an opinion is beginning to prevail, that no satisfactory exposition of its symbolical language can be attained in the pre-

* The Commentary on the Romans has, however, by many of the more judicious critics in both countries, been thought faulty in some important respects.—Eds. M. C. 1.
sent state of our knowledge. We do not say that Mr. Stuart's work will in every instance lead to a different conclusion; but we are persuaded it will lead to a very general conviction that a true key to its interpretation has at length been discovered.

As, however, the work itself cannot yet be known to many of our readers, we proceed without delay to lay before them a few extracts, serving to unfold the general principles on which it has been written:

"Whatever difference of opinion may exist among interpreters of the Apocalypse, in respect to the meaning which must be assigned to particular portions of it, there can be but one opinion, as it would seem, among intelligent and considerate readers, as to the general object or design of this book. It lies upon the very face of the whole composition, I mean the prophetic part of it, that the coming and completion of the kingdom of God or of Christ—or in other words, the triumph of Christianity over all enemies and opposers; its universal prevalence in the world for a long series of years; and its termination in an endless period of glory and happiness, constitute the main theme of the writer, and is indeed the almost exclusive subject of his contemplation.

"The light, however, in which he has placed his subject, in order that it may be viewed by others, must be carefully examined and considered by the reader. The announcement of the triumphs which await the Christian Church, is not made, as it might have been, had the writer so pleased, by a simple categorical declaration. Christianity is in a manner personified, and it appears on the scene of action, engaged in a contest with the powers of darkness so violent, that the struggle must evidently end in the extermination or utter subjugation of one of the parties. Successively one and another bitter and bloody enemy of the church is overcome; then follows a long period of peace and prosperity, during which the influence of Christianity is so widely diffused, that no apparent hostility disturbs it. After this the powers of darkness renew their assault with exasperated malice and rage; but the interposing hand of heaven smites them down, and puts a final end to the contest. The peaceful and universal reign of the Christian religion then succeeds, and continues down to the final consummation of the Messianic kingdom on earth, when the resurrection and the Judgement day introduce a new and perfect order of things, which is to continue through ages that have no end. Such is the simple and perspicuous outline of the Apocalypse. Like all, or nearly all, particular prophecies of the Old Testament and of the New, it has one,
and but one main object in view, to which all its various representations are subordinate, and to which also the particulars of each several part are more or less subservient.

"Nothing could be more appropriate to the time and circumstances in which the book before us was composed than the theme which the writer has chosen. Christians on all sides were agitated by bitter and bloody persecution. Many professed disciples of Christ were driven by fear, or allured by the hope of favour and worldly good, to renounce their allegiance to the Saviour; while others abstracted themselves from his service, and shunned his followers, in order that they might avoid the horrors of persecution. The author of the Apocalypse possessed Christian sympathies of too high and holy a nature to look on such a scene without deep emotion. To prevent an evil of so great magnitude; he was directed by the Saviour to write the book of Revelation, and to publish it by sending it to the seven churches of Asia. The composition before us, then, seems to have been primarily occasioned by the existing state of things; and surely nothing could be more appropriate or better adapted to the purposes for which it was originally written. It is filled, from beginning to end, with encouragement and admonition and consolation to all who were engaged in the great contest then going on. Victory—victory—a final and universal and eternal victory of the church over all her enemies, is echoed at every pause; and a crown of glory is held forth by the God and Judge of all, as ready to be placed on the martyr's head, amid the joyful assembly of the first-born in heaven, the moment he falls in the battle which he is waging. A most fearful end, moreover, awaits the enemies of the kingdom of God. The worshippers of the idolatrous beast, the adherents of the false prophet, yea, the beast himself, and the prophet his co-adjutor, with Satan and all the powers of darkness, are finally cast into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, where the smoke of their torments ascends up forever and ever, while they are suffering the agonies of the second death.

"All that hope or fear can do, in the way of operating upon the minds of men, to encourage them to persevere in a holy course of life, and to dissuade them from opposition to God and the purposes of his redeeming grace, seems to be held forth by the Apocalypse. No book in all the Bible can, on the whole, and when rightly understood, be regarded as exceeding it in respect to adaptedness for making impressions of such a salutary nature. If the human mind can be affected, and who will deny that it is most deeply affected? by hope and fear, the highest point to which the agency of these principles can be carried, is attained by the writer of the Revelation. Such
powerful agencies, we may well say, were needed by Christians, when banishment and blood were the order of the day, in respect to the professed followers of the Saviour. Nor have such agencies ever, at any period since that time, ceased to be highly important; for, in every age, the church and the world have been in strenuous opposition, if not in actual contest. Even at the present hour, such a book as the Apocalypse is greatly needed, in order to encourage the faith and hope of Christians in regard to the prospects of the church, and to comfort them under their various sufferings and discouragements. Above all, the Apocalypse, when rightly understood, would be the Vade Mecum of such as go forth to publish a Saviour’s name among the perishing heathen. Surrounded by those who are servants of the powers of darkness, discouraged perhaps by small success, and disheartened by the strength of superstitions, and by the zeal for bloody or foolish rites and ceremonies which pervades all around them, the faithful missionary may read with tears of joy, the precious promises so often held out in the book before us—promises of the final and universal triumph of truth and love over all the opposition of error and of malignity; and when he lights upon the soul-reviving assurances of the Saviour that ‘he will surely come,’ his heart may respond, like that of the Apocalyptic seer: ‘Amen; even so; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!’

These extracts will furnish our readers with the author’s general opinions on the book of Revelation. In a small periodical like the “Instructor,” we have not space for an extended Critical Review of a large and important work such as that before us. We, however, cordially recommend it, and should like to see it extensively circulated amongst Christians in India—especially amongst ministers and missionaries. We cannot conclude without adding a paragraph from the author’s preface, in which he states his “hopes” regarding the work, in which he had been engaged nearly twenty years.

“I hope for a patient hearing; I hope that the readers of the work will make a thorough examination of the whole matter, before they decide that I am in the wrong. I hope that all, who have never made the Hebrew prophets, and the figurative and symbolical representation of the Scriptures a subject of special study and investigation, will be slow and cautious in deciding what meaning should be attached to the symbols of the Apocalypse. I hope that a lively fancy, or an expertness in guessing, will not be considered as the best helps to the exegesis of such a book.
Heartily as I abhor the mummeries, and knavery, and superstition, and pollution, so wide spread in the Romish Church, and much as I disapprove of all its hierarchical institutions, I still hope that a mere spirit of opposition to Papal abominations will not be regarded as the proper and authorized exponent of what John has said respecting the beast and the false prophets. I hope that in respect to this, as well as other matters of difficulty in the Apocalypse, my readers will not meet my expositions merely with the accusation of departure from opinions long current in the English and American churches. The proper question is not, whether I have broached any opinions which seem new or strange to this reader or to that, but whether what I have said will abide the test of a hermeneutical trial. I hope that such readers as have been led merely or principally by the conjectural interpretations of former days which they have perused, will not feel that they are adequately prepared to pronounce authoritatively a sentence of condemnation at once on the views which I have advanced. I hope also, in case they do, that I shall be enabled to bear with a good degree of equanimity the censure of judges, either few or many, who possess no other qualifications than these to decide upon such matters. Ready as some may be to condemn. I must still cherish the hope that due allowances will be made by most readers, for the great difficulties which I have had to encounter, in the exposition of such a book as the Apocalypse. That errors may be found in my work, I do not question. To err is human. I claim no exemption from the common frailty, and only hope that I may be forgiven, where my errors are discovered. I am conscious of no party purposes in publishing my work. I have sought for truth earnestly and sincerely on the present occasion, if I ever did or could do so; and where I have failed to obtain it, I hope the mantle of charity and kindness will be thrown over my failures. If the reader of my work gets any assistance from it, which will enable him better to understand the Scriptures in any respect, he will be disposed to deal gently with me, as to things which he cannot approve, or with which he cannot agree."
Notice of a New Theological Work in Tamil.

(Communicated.)

The cover of our last issue contains a notice that "Vol. 3d. of Lectures on Theology, by the Rev. E. Crisp, of Bangalore, has been lately published, and is now for sale at the American Mission Press, Madras." An important and valuable addition has thus been made to the very limited Christian literature of Southern India. The present is the third of a series, (the fourth and last will ere long go to press) and treats of the humiliation, life, sufferings, crucifixion, burial, resurrection, ascension and intercession of Christ; the covenant of grace, its proclamation, man's voluntary rejection of the Gospel, with his responsibility for so doing, the gracious work of the Spirit, regeneration, faith, repentance, union with Christ, the nature and ground of justification, adoption, sanctification, perseverance of true believers in holiness and Christian assurance.

To descant upon so many and various subjects within the limits of 320 duodecimo pages, necessarily required brevity; but while "it will be seen that the Lectures are prepared somewhat in the syllabus form," yet they are not bare skeletons without sinews and life. The design of the respected author has been to state his propositions, arguments, and facts, in the fewest words consistent with a clear understanding of their meaning, (each topic being followed by appropriate Scripture references) leaving the mind of the student or general reader to carry out by its own energy the thought suggested. Did we suppose it necessary we would present to our readers a translation of one of the Lectures, and we doubt not that their judgments would accord with our's in the opinion, that the plan is on the whole the best that could have been adopted. No subject is treated at such length as to weary, and yet nothing is left unsaid that is necessary to a correct and clear comprehending of the topic under discussion.

We enjoy the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the
author, and during a late visit at Bangalore were frequently privileged to be present when he was lecturing the students connected with the Theological Seminary, over which he presides with much ability and success. The volume before us being the text book then in use, we can speak advisedly of its value both theoretically and in practice, the latter answering most fully the expectations that a perusal of its pages cannot but awaken. The plan of instruction pursued by the esteemed Tutor is this—on a certain day the class assemble, they read over with care a selected portion, look out the references, while the professor explains whatever may be difficult to understand, and answers any questions that may be asked. After several days the students again meet, and are examined upon the lesson before named and which during the interim they have studied in the privacy of their homes. Is it necessary to say that the object aimed at is most happily gained, and that such a course of instruction cannot but send forth “able ministers of the New Testament;” men who are qualified “rightly to divide the word of truth.”

From whatever position the volume be viewed, we cannot but think that with much reason the “author hopes that under the Divine blessing the Lectures will be found useful to Native catechists and preachers, and that they may assist the efforts of his missionary brethren, who systematically instruct their Native helpers.”

With our hearty thanks to an esteemed friend, for this valuable product of his pen, we commend the volume to all who would secure for themselves or for their Christian assistants, a brief yet comprehensive system of Theological truth.
I lately met with a suggestion in a German commentator, that when Jesus said, "The foxes have holes"—He did not simply mean that they have *homes*, or that the birds have *nests*, where they may lay their young, (for the word signifies habitation or tent, not rest) but he meant that in seasons of danger the fox may find a hole to hide, and the bird a place of safety, but the Son of Man has no refuge from His persecutors, no place where He may be shielded from their rage.

Take the passage in the common interpretation that Christ had no home in which to refresh Himself; then He says to the eager candidate for discipleship; If you follow me, the Synagogue will cast you out, and your friends drive you away as an abhorred leper, and I have no house to which to welcome you—none for myself, none for you.

But on the other supposition He says, "I shall be persecuted even unto death, and I have not where to lay my head in safety—no refuge opens for me. If you follow me, you must endure persecution, and like your Master, find no shelter—men will take you and do to you as they list." Taking the latter view I struck out the following lines.

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The flinty rocks,
Afford the fox,
Pursued by dogs, a hiding place;
And birds in trees,
Find tents of ease,
Prepared for them, when hunters chase.
But Lord of sky,
And earth am I,
For I to them their being gave;
Yetwhelmed with woes,
And crushed by foes,
I have no refuge but the grave.
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A PUBLIC PROFESSION OF CHRIST MADE BY THREE YOUNG FEMALES.

On Thursday evening, the 6th of November, 1845, one of the above, named Rose, was publicly baptized before the congregation assembling in Pursewaukum chapel, London Missionary Society, Madras. The service, which was conducted throughout in the Tamil language, was commenced by singing a hymn, which is an excellent translation of the English one beginning, "Holy Bible, book divine." The viii. chapter of Mark's Gospel having been read, and a suitable prayer offered up, the candidate for baptism came forward.

The following are the principal topics on which she had previously been examined:

How long have you been devoutly and anxiously desiring to be received into the visible church, through baptism? Ans. Four months.

Why do you desire to be baptized? Ans. Because God has declared in his Word: "except a man be born of Water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."


Do you think that receiving the rite of baptism is sufficient of itself to save you from damnation? Ans. No; for the Scripture saith, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned.

After professing Christ, are you not in danger of bringing reproach upon his name and Gospel by acting foolishly and sinfully? Ans. Yes, I am.

What are you to do to escape from this danger? Ans. I can escape this danger not through my own strength, but only through that of the Holy Ghost.

And how are you to obtain the aid and grace of God's Holy Spirit? Ans. By believing in Christ, receiving baptism and continuing in prayer.

But is knowledge not necessary? Ans. Yes.

Well how are you to obtain more and more knowledge? Ans. By reading God's Holy Word.
How is the Christian character sometimes described in Scripture? Ans. Among others as that of a soldier.

But if a Christian be a soldier, he must fight, and to fight he must have arms—is it so? Ans. Yes.

Then tell me what are some parts of the armour which the Christian must gird on? Ans. He is to take righteousness for a breast-plate and faith for his shield.

Is the war which a Christian wages ever carried on in his own bosom? Ans. Yes, sometimes.

Can you prove this from Scripture? Ans. Yes. “The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.”

Do you experience such an internal conflict in your own bosom? Ans. Yes.

Do you feel then, that in God’s sight you are daily guilty of sin? Ans. Yes.

How do you hope that sin may be pardoned? Ans. Through the blood of Christ.

Previous to administering the sacred rite, the following questions were publicly proposed to her.

Do you, renouncing all the idols of this land, believe with all your heart in the one living and true God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost?

Do you, renouncing all the vedas, shastras, and puranas of Hinduism, as mere human inventions, receive the Bible as the Word of God, and the only rule of your faith and conduct?

Do you believe, feel and acknowledge, that you have sinned against God, from your earliest years till now, in thought, word and deed?

Do you believe, confess and mourn, that because of your sins God’s wrath and curse are resting upon you, and you are exposed to eternal and unmitigated woe?

Do you believe, confess and rejoice, that Jesus Christ the Lamb of God, was sent by His Father to obey the law and endure its curse for you?

Do you receive and trust in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who died for you, as your only and all-sufficient Saviour?

Do you as a sinner seek justification only through faith in Him?

Do you count everything but loss for Him?

Do you receive this saying of Christ, “If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children and
brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple?"

That you may never be ashamed of Christ, do you resolve to wait upon God diligently and devoutly in all the means of grace, especially in reading His Holy Word and in prayer?

Do you promise through divine grace to strive to be always fervent in spirit, diligent in business, obedient to your superiors, and by every other good work, to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things?

After she had replied in the affirmative to these questions, she was baptized with water in the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, the assembled people then united in singing to the tune "Calvary," a hymn corresponding with the English hymn "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing."

The preacher selected for his text these words, being the last verse of the viii. chapter of Mark's Gospel. "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels."

Having in the introduction pointed out what is implied in being ashamed of Christ and of His Words, he shewed how much guilt is involved in denying Christ from the following considerations. Christ is a good and glorious Being; and His Words are full of truth and blessing—Christ is our Friend and Saviour; and His Word is his message of love—Christ suffered and died to accomplish our redemption; and His Word is our guide to heaven—Christ is our King and Judge; and His Word the law according to which our sentence shall be pronounced. The punishment which shall be inflicted on those on whom this guilt shall rest, was then illustrated. "Of such an one shall the Son of Man be ashamed."

The discourse concluded by an exhortation founded on the contrast between this adulterous and sinful generation, and the Son of Man coming in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels.

A suitable Tamil hymn suggested by the one beginning, "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove," having been sung to the tune "Ashley," this interesting service was concluded by prayer and pronouncing the benediction.

On Sunday, the 9th November, Rose and her two companions, Rachel and Elizabeth, sat down for the first time at the communion table of the Lord Jesus Christ, with the mission church assembling in Pursewaukum. They were all received by the church on the evening of the previous Friday. The substance of a conversation
held with Rachel respecting her views and feelings in prospect of this solemn event is as follows:

How long have you been desirous of commemorating the death of our Lord Jesus Christ? \textit{Ans.} For a long time.

Why do you desire to do so? \textit{Ans.} Because I love Christ who is my Saviour, and that I may manifest this love.

Why do you love Christ? \textit{Ans.} Because he first loved me and gave himself for me.

What kind of love is Christ's? \textit{Ans.} It is very great; for he gave his life for us.

But was he not violently put to death, how then can it be said he gave his life? \textit{Ans.} He died of his own free-will; to prove which she referred to John xviii. 6.

Have you any other reason for believing that he died of his own free-will? \textit{Ans.} Yes; he is the Holy One, full of grace, the Almighty; he is God.

But if he be God, would you say that God suffered and died? \textit{Ans.} No; he became man, and suffered and died.

How ought you to love Jesus Christ? \textit{Ans.} I love him with all my heart.

But what do you mean by loving him with all your heart? \textit{Ans.} There is nothing that I should love better than him.

Prove that from Scripture? \textit{Ans.} “Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.”

You said you desire to partake of the Lord's Supper to manifest your love to Christ; can you manifest it in any other way? \textit{Ans.} Yes, by doing the good works which he has commanded us to perform.

What are some of these good works? \textit{A.} Obedience to superiors, prayer, reading and meditating on his Holy Word, and by caring for the souls of others.

But can you perform these good works by your own strength? \textit{Ans.} No; only by being strengthened by the Holy Ghost.

Have you hitherto been enabled to do all your duty, so that you are guiltless in the sight of God? \textit{Ans.} Oh no! I have in many things sinned and offended God.

And how are you to obtain the pardon of these and all your sins? \textit{Ans.} Only by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

With Elizabeth the following conversation was held.

When did you begin to desire to make a public profession of Christ by partaking of the Lord's Supper? \textit{Ans.} In April, last year.

Was there any special circumstance that arrested your attention,
and if so, what was it? Ans. It was an address by our schoolmaster, founded upon these words: "Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in his goodness: otherwise thou also shall be cut off." I heard the address just as I was recovering from an attack of cholera.

With what motives should you approach the communion table of the Lord Jesus Christ? Ans. I should approach it thinking of his sufferings.

What blessings do you obtain through the sufferings of Christ? Ans. Pardon of all my sins, and salvation.

Are you taught so in Scripture? Ans. Yes; in the Acts of the Apostles, where it is said, "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

What did Christ do to save us? Ans. He loved us and died for us.

What was the reason of his loving us; was there anything in us to lead him to love us? Ans. No; there was nothing good in us to induce him to love us.

How then should you love him? Ans. I ought to love him with all my strength.

Can you do so of yourself? Ans. No; only through the grace of the Holy Spirit.

If Christ had not died for us, what would have been the result? Ans. We must all have perished.

After making a profession of Christ's name, are you not in danger of bringing reproach upon him by your folly and sin? Ans. Yes.

What then ought you to do to avoid the guilt and shame of bringing reproach upon Christ? Ans. I should pray to him for help.

Have you not hitherto done things displeasing to God, and if so, how will the guilt of them be pardoned? Ans. Yes; I have in many ways displeased God by breaking his law, and can hope for pardon only through the blood of Christ.

The three young women who thus we trust intelligently and devoutly professed Christ in this heathen land, have been educated in the Female Boarding School under the superintendence of Mrs. Porter, Perambore, Madras.

The previous month, five females were received into the communion of the same church. And of these, three have in about a twelve-month learned to read the New Testament.
beginning they did not even know a single letter, but by their
diligence, with the assistance of a catechist and the missionary,
they can now read for themselves God's Holy Word. They have
attained a competent knowledge of divine truth, and have given
such pleasing evidence of delighting in it, and walking under its
influence, that it was reckoned a privilege to enrol them among
the professed followers of the Lamb.

EXTRACT OF A SEMI-ANNUAL LETTER FROM THE
AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN SIAM,

Dated Bangkok, July 1st, 1845.

In a previous semi-annual letter of this mission, some statements
were made respecting the excessive use in Siam of narcotics, such
as tobacco, guncha, and intoxicating drinks, and the very extensive
practice and ruinous effects of gambling in its various forms. In
respect to the use of the above articles, there has been no apparent
diminution, but we fear that the smoking of guncha and the use
of intoxicating drinks are rapidly increasing among the Siamese.
It would seem also as if gambling among all classes was now
more prevalent than ever before. None are too rich, and none
apparently too poor, to gamble, for if they have no money, a
few cowries will supply the place of silver, and prove the occa­
sion of seemingly as much noise and strife, as if thousands were at
stake. No means suited to entice the multitude to gamble, seem
to be left unemployed by those whose pecuniary interest it is
to promote this vice. Gambling here is probably not less destruc­
tive to morals and to property, or a lighter obstacle in itself con­
sidered to the success of the Gospel, than the same amount would
be in a Christian land. At home there is but little hope enter­
tained of the conversion of habitual gamblers. Theatrical exhibi­
tions are another means of corrupting the minds and morals, and
of the ruin of precious souls, which the great enemy of all good
abundantly employs in this city, both by day and by night. They
are almost constantly maintained in the neighbourhood of the prin­
cipal gambling establishments to entice the multitude to gamble,
and are an abundant accompaniment of the funerals of the wealthy,
and of the religious festivities especially of the Chinese. Thus
they think to honour and propitiate the objects of their superstitious
worship. From the fact that an attendance on these plays to the multitude costs nothing, but a waste of precious time which, of all things is least valued, crowds of people flock to them, by day and by night, there more fully if possible, initiating themselves into every form of vice.

Another, and probably one of the most prevalent sins of this people, is licentiousness. So universal here is it both among the Chinese and the Siamese, that by all classes it is practised apparently without remorse, shame, or disgrace. In the higher classes, it exists in the form of unbounded concubinage unbounded in the general, except by the ability of individuals to support a large number of mistresses, or as they are called, inferior wives. Among those who are married, both male and female, no dependence can be placed on their conjugal fidelity. For husbands to sell their wives, or exchange them for others, must be, judging from our limited field of observation, exceedingly common. Indeed husbands and wives here, if their manner of union deserves so honourable a name, seem to be bound to each other by no religious principle. There is ground for apprehending that promiscuous intercourse is here a general practice from early childhood and upwards. Another form of licentiousness, almost too unnatural and revolting to decency to be named, is reported to be very common here among the Chinese Mohammedans, and the Siamese, especially the Buddhist priesthood. To it, as practised among the heathen in his day, the apostle alludes in the first of Romans in the words, "Man with man doing that which is unseemly, and receiving in themselves that recompence of their error which was meet." As to a principle of truth and moral honesty, it is to be feared that it has an existence in the bosoms of few, or none of this people. The sin of falsehood seems to be followed with no compunction of conscience, and little or no sense of shame when detected, though in words it is acknowledged to be wrong.

There is no knowledge of God, or truth in the land. Slavery in a modified form, exists to a very great extent, embracing probably a vast majority of the native born population. Indeed it is impossible for a people so enslaved to vice, as are the Siamese, to exist in the form of a civil and political community and yet be free. There is little or no ground to hope that this people can, as to the mass of them, become free in fact, unless they become the subjects of the enlightening and sanctifying influence of the Gospel.

The deputation of priests, lately sent by the king to Ceylon in search of sacred books, and relics of Buddhism, have recently
returned, bringing with them a letter addressed to Phra Nai Wai, a young and enterprising nobleman, and eldest son of the Phra Klang, one of the king's most confidential ministers. The letter is written in imperfect English, and professes to be from a descendant of an ancient royal family in Ceylon. It represents Buddhism in Ceylon as being in a state of great and rapid decline, in consequence of the government and other schools there established; the extensive study of the English language by the young men of the island, and the inducements held out to them to engage in governmental employ. The author expresses the opinion, that Buddhism must there soon become extinct, unless the king of Siam in his great devotion to that faith, will interpose his aid. The substance of the letter he requested might be communicated to his majesty. It beseeches him to grant the pecuniary means requisite to the education in that faith of a number of their most promising young men, hoping that thus Buddhism may yet for a hundred years in that Isle be preserved from extinction. This letter was handed to one of our number by the interpreter of the Phra Klang. It is a singular production.

As in Ceylon and throughout Hindostan, so, on a limited scale, even in Siam, idolatry is so coming in contact with light on various subjects, that it would seem that it must ere long give place to the Gospel, or be superseded by universal religious scepticism. To the latter state of things, we apprehend that, in the minds of many among this people, there is a strong tendency. In the position, in which some leading minds in Siam now are, they cannot long remain. The Lord in infinite mercy make them to understand and love the truth, as it is in Jesus.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The following intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope will be perused by our friends with feelings of the deepest sorrow. The Rev. W. Philip was a young man; he had but recently buckled on the missionary armour. A friend at the Cape writing on the subject says, referring to the fact that both uncle and nephew were the subjects of grace.—"Dr. Philip can scarcely be said to have lost them." No, this is the cheering part of the Christian's sorrow. The departed ones are not dead—they sleep in Jesus, and when he shall appear, them that sleep in him will he bring with him.

"Drowned in crossing the Gamtoos River at the Missionary Institution, Hankey, District of Uitenhage, on Tuesday, the 1st July, the Rev. William Philip, eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Philip, and resident Missionary at Hankey, aged thirty-one years; and Master John Philip
Fairbairn, eldest son of John Fairbairn, Esq., Cape Town, aged eleven years, universally regretted."—Calcutta Christian Observer.

China.—The Rev. W. and Mrs. Fairbrother—Loss of the Vessel on which they sailed—by Fire.—We are confident the friends of Missions generally, and more especially those who had the privilege of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbrother’s acquaintance while in Calcutta, will learn with deep regret the sufferings which they have been called to endure. The vessel in which they were voyaging from Singapore to China was destroyed by fire, and they escaped only with their lives. Mr. Fairbrother’s library, out-fit, in fact their all, were burnt with the ship. They escaped, were mercifully picked up almost immediately, and landed safely at Hong-Kong. Thus does an all-wise Saviour not unfrequently order the movements of his creatures for the safety and welfare of each other, and especially for that of his servants. Thus does he temper mercy with judgment, and elicit from the tried and afflicted, songs of thanksgiving for delivering as well as preserving mercies.—Ibid.

Obituary.

Death of Mrs. Fox.—We regret to record the death on the 31st October, of Mrs. Fox, wife of the Rev. W. H. Fox, of Masulipatam, on board ship in the Madras Roads, soon after embarking for England. The mourning widower proceeded on the voyage with his three motherless children, the youngest of whom, an infant, died before the vessel left the coast.

Ecclesiastical Movements.

The Bishop of Madras proceeded with his family on the 13th ultimo, by the Steamer Precursor to Ceylon. The Bishop of Ceylon arrived with his family at Colombo by the Malabar, on the 1st ultimo.

Bombay.—Three German Missionaries, and two female assistants, arrived by the last Steamer at Bombay, for Mangalore and other stations. The Rev. Mr. Moegling, of Mangalore, and Dr. H. Gundert and family of Tellicherry, are, we understand, about to proceed to Germany for health, in hope of ere long returning to their promising fields of labour.

Monthly Missionary Prayer Meeting.

The Substance of the Address at the last meeting by the Rev. F. D. W. Ward, M.A., will be found in our present number.

The meeting on the 1st instant, is to be at the Wesleyan Mission Chapel. Address by the Rev. A. Letich.