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NEWS FROM AFAR,

OR

MISSIONARY VARIETIES;

CHIEFLY RELATING TO

The Baptist Missionary Society:

BEING A RE-PUBLICATION OF THE

QUARTERLY PAPERS OF THE SAID SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEARS 1822, 1823, 1824, & 1825.

*Illustrated with Sixteen Engravings, and a Portrait of a
Native Hindoo Preacher.*

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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WEEKLY & MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS To the Baptist Missionary Society.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

You have often heard that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty: and in this engraving you have one proof of it. It represents what is called in India a *Suttee*; that is, a widow burning to death with the corpse of her deceased husband.

The funeral pile, as you see, is placed on the very edge of the river Ganges. It is made of wood, and rushes, and long grass; about three feet high, six feet long, and about wide enough to admit of two persons lying upon it side by side. There lies the corpse, on the side nearest the river; and you perceive the poor widow is embracing it with her right arm over the breast. The upright stakes are fixed to keep the pile together; and that long bamboo is stretched across to prevent the widow from escaping, as the poor creatures have sometimes tried to do, when scorched by the flames. This bamboo is held down by two men, one on each side, and behind them are two others, pouring water on them to prevent their being hurt by the fire. That stout man on the left hand is the officiating brahman, or priest. You perceive he wears the *poita*, or sacred thread, which is the badge of the order, round his neck, and the paper in his hand is one of their *Shasters*, or holy books, out of which he is reading the instructions for the due performance of this dreadful ceremony. Immediately before him is a youth, the eldest son of the family, who has just applied the flaming torch to the pile in which his living mother is to be consumed to ashes. Behind, sitting on the steps of the *ghaut*, or landing place, are two persons, relations of the deceased, who seem to be a little affected; but all the crowd besides are as merry and unconcerned as the mob at a country fair. They are shouting "*hurree bol*" (a sort of *huzza*) and playing on various kinds of musical instruments, in order to drown the cries of the poor dying woman. At the top of the bank stands an English Missionary, who has just landed from the boat, a part of which is seen in the stream below. His looks express the mingled emotions of horror and pity with which he

views the shocking scene; and he is reasoning on the subject with that respectable native, sitting in the window of the house, who seems to listen with some attention, but the infuriated mob around seem determined to pay no regard to his remonstrances.

This print is partly copied from a collection of drawings brought from Bengal by our friend Mr. Ward, and partly furnished by a recent account from Calcutta, which we will give you, in the words of the writer, that you may see we have not stated the case worse than it is,—though it may seem, in some parts, a little like repetition.

"Jan. 18, 1821. About five o'clock this afternoon I received intelligence that a woman was about to burn with the corpse of her husband. I went immediately to the *ghaut*, accompanied by our native brother. The distance was about a mile from our house. Many of the brahmans knew us, and our arrival was the signal for shouting *hurree bol*—*hurree bol*. We went to the place where the dead body was lying upon the pile, which was about two or three feet from the ground. The pile was just wide enough for another body to lay abreast, and just the length of the corpse. The fat murderers brahman who seemed to be the chief director of the tragic business, held in his hand a leaf that he professed to be from the red slaster, directing how the ceremony was to be performed. All was horrid noise and confusion. I was repeatedly forbid to touch the pile. I asked the brahmans how they could take part in so murderous an affair; but all was fury and vociferation. I might as well have had held my peace; yet who that has one spark of love to human nature could be silent? Two thin green bamboos, just about long enough to reach over the pile, were about being fastened by the lower end to the ground. We reminded them that government had forbidden force to be used, and they desisted. Now the woman came from bathing, and as she approached the pile a shout of *hurree bol* was repeated. Upon her coming up, the brahmans all surrounded her in a moment, and began to hurry her round the pile. The brahman who held the leaf above mentioned began to read, but the noise

was too great for the woman or any one else to hear a single word. At this time, as six or eight of these monsters had got hold of her, I protested they were using violence. To convince me, however, that she was doing it from choice, a brahman, who knew me very well, caused them to stand still, that I might put the question to her. I did so, and understood her to say, 'It was her desire to go with her husband.' Upon this, another shout was set up, and they hurried her round the pile the seventh time; she throwing to the bystanders parched rice, &c. which she held in a corner of the cloth she had round her. When she had gone round the seventh time, she stood still for a short time to adjust her clothes, and began to mount the pile, the tender-hearted brahmans rendering her so much assistance that what little strength she had was quite unnecessary to be exerted on this part of the fatal process. When she had mounted, another yell was set up; she laid herself down, and put her husband's withered arm around her. All now was haste to despatch the business. I could bear no more, so went to a distance to the top of the bank. In turning round, I saw a cord fastened tightly round the two bodies, and thick pieces of wood heaping on by which they were pressed as closely together as possible. Together with the wood there was a great deal of straw, and long dry rushes. I was told the son set fire to the pile, but had not an opportunity of seeing for myself. At first the blaze was very great, but the materials being light it was obliged to be kept up by adding more, which the brahmans were officious in supplying both above and below the pile of wood, while a number of persons were fetching jars of water to pour over them, lest the fire should hurt them. The two bamboos were constantly applied to jam the wood together. The yelling of the multitude was horrid; and the

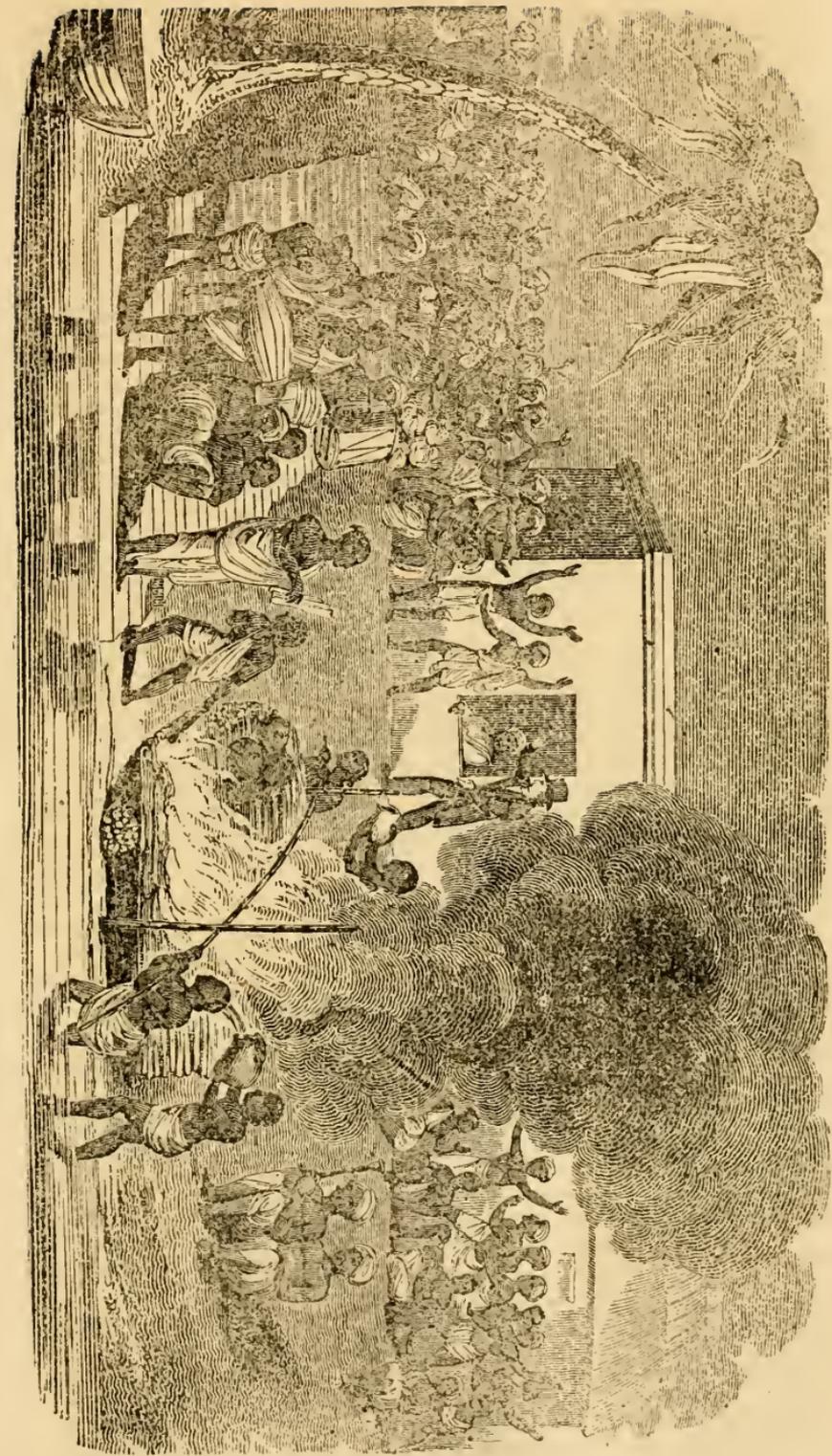
brahmans busying themselves in keeping up the fire, running in every direction about the pile, some calling for more light stuff to be supplied, and pouring out abuse upon some who had put it above instead of below, while others violently called upon the people to continue hurree bol, made them appear like so many infuriated fiends. When we had been down a second time among them, we returned home with hearts full of sorrow and indignation."

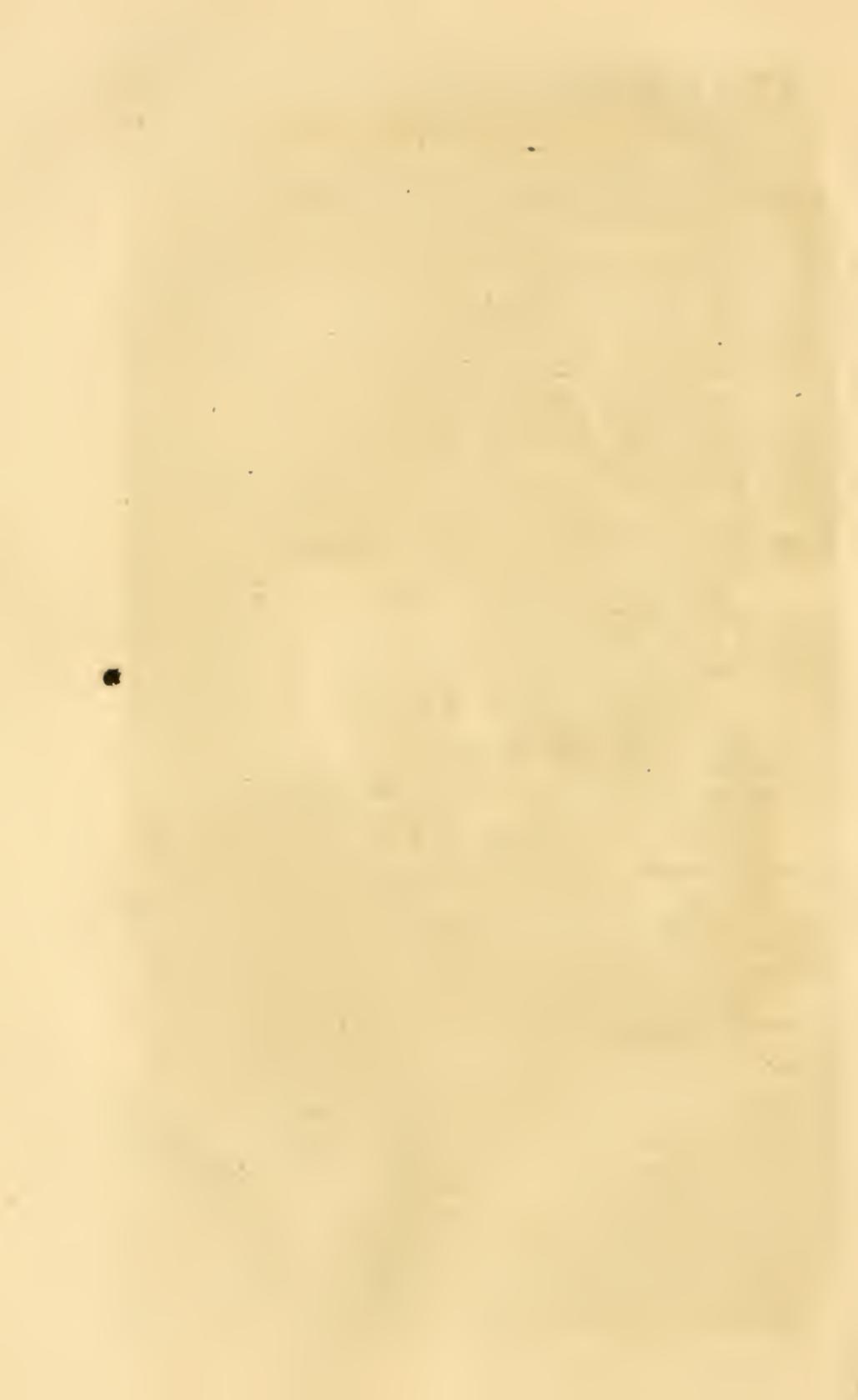
Such is the dreadful manner in which hundreds and thousands of wretched Hindoo females are constantly sacrificed on the altars of a barbarous superstition; nor is it only at the time of the husband's death that these cruel scenes take place. If a widow refuses to burn then, and the corpse is burnt alone, or thrown into the Ganges, she may afterwards repair this omission by burning with any article belonging to, or used by, her husband in his life time. Mr. Rowe, another of our Missionaries, mentions, in a letter written in April last, a case of this sort. "I was looking," says he, "at some small temples near our house, built in commemoration of women who have sacrificed themselves, and on the very spots where the tragical scenes took place. Looking at one of them I inquired of a by-stander, for whom it had been erected; 'Sahib,' said he, 'the woman, in commemoration of whose suttee* that temple was erected, refused to be burned with her husband when he died; but *twenty years* after she collected together every thing she had that belonged to him, & burnt herself with them in that place.'"

Well may the writer add, What but the light of the gospel breaking in upon the mind of these infatuated people can put a stop to these horrid practices!

* From the Hindoo word *sah*, which signifies *faithful*; because the sacrifice is supposed to prove the fidelity of the wife to her deceased husband.

We hope, Christian Friends, that you will feel afresh determined, by the grace of God, to use every effort to send the gospel of peace and love among these unhappy people.—You see how much they need it, and we could tell you, if we had room, of many instances in which it has been received in the simplicity of faith, and become, to poor idolaters, the power of God unto salvation. Our friends, at many stations, are writing to us to send out more Missionaries, but this we cannot do at present for want of money. Some of you that read this paper, could easily collect, among a few friends, sixpence or a shilling a week, and then you would be entitled to the Missionary Herald, which is published every month, containing a variety of interesting intelligence; and surely there is not one who cannot afford one penny towards this important object! Persons disposed to become Collectors, and who know not where to apply in their own neighbourhood, may write by post to the Rev. John Dyer, of, Fen Court, Fenchurch Street, London, who will send them Cards and Papers, and direct them how to remit the money.





Quarterly Papers,

FOR THE USE OF THE

WEEKLY & MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS

TO THE

Baptist Missionary Society.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

In our last Quarterly Paper we gave you a representation of that horrid act of cruelty, so common in Bengal, the burning of a living widow to death; and it is affecting to think, that since you looked at that engraving, and read the description given of it, several hundreds of poor women have, in all probability, been thus inhumanly murdered. You doubtless remember that one of the principal actors in the dreadful scene was a brahman. We intend now to give you some account of these persons, who are regarded as a kind of Deities by the common people. Of the abject reverence paid them, you have an instance in the annexed engraving.

The Hindoo writers affirm that the brahmans proceeded from the mouth of Brumha, their supreme god. Agreeably with this fable, none but persons of this caste are admitted to the priesthood, or have any thing to do with making laws; and they have taken care to turn these privileges to good account. No brahman can be put to death, by their law, for any crime whatever; while, on the other hand, to kill a brahman is one of the greatest sins that can be committed; and every offence committed against them is to be punished with rigorous severity. If one of inferior caste give frequent molestation to a brahman, (a very uncertain sort of crime,) he is to be put to death. If, through pride, he spit upon a brahman, his lips must be cut off. If he listens to reproaches against a brahman, boiling lead must be poured into his ears. And, as if all these horrible punishments were not enough, the wrath of the brahmans extends to the future world. Their writings teach, that if a shoodru do not rise to receive a brahman with due honour, he will, after death, become a tree; if he look angrily at a brahman, his eyes will be put out!

Nor is the principle of *fear*, powerful as it is in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious, the only one by which these crafty men have endeavoured to secure their dominion over

their helpless countrymen. The shasters, or religious books, teach, that a gift to a learned brahman possesses infinite merit; feasts to brahmans are considered as very meritorious: a poor man entertains two or three; a rich man invites hundreds. If a man has been entertaining a number of brahmans, a neighbour says to him, "Ah! you are a happy man! you can honour so many brahmans!" A covetous man is sometimes thus reproached: "He is very rich, but he cannot bring his mind to part with a mite,—no, not to entertain brahmans: he does not even invite a few brahmans to his house, and wash their feet." To present gifts to brahmans at the hour of death, is extolled in the shasters as a work of merit, destroying all sin, and followed in the next world with imperishable happiness.

To drink the water into which a brahman's toe has been dipped, is considered a very great privilege. Persons may be frequently seen carrying water in a cup, and intreating the first brahman they meet to put his toe into it; after which they drink the water, and prostrate themselves before the brahman, who bestows his blessing on them. Others are found who endeavour to collect the dust from the feet of a lack (100,000) of brahmans; one mode of doing which is, by spreading a cloth before the door of a house where many are assembled at a feast; as each brahman comes out, he shakes the dust from his feet upon this cloth. Many miraculous cures are said to have been performed on persons swallowing this dust.

From these statements, some idea may be formed of the despotic influence exerted by this class of men. But this is not all; the system is so artfully contrived as to meet the Hindoo at every point, and constrain him, on almost every possible occasion, to feel and acknowledge their vast superiority.

No person may teach the vedu but a brahman;—a spiritual guide must be a brahman;—every priest must be a brahman;—the offerings to the gods must be given to brahmans;—no cere-

mony is meritorious without a fee to the officiating brahman;—numberless ceremonies have been invented to increase the wealth of the brahmans: several fees are exacted by them previous to the birth of every child; at the birth; when the child is a few days old; again when it is six months old; when two years old; again at eight or nine; and again at marriage;—in sickness, the brahman is paid for repeating forms for the restoration of the patient:—after death, his son must perform the shraddhu, or funeral feast, the offerings and fees at which are given to the brahmans, twelve times during the first year, and then annually;—if a shoodru meet with a misfortune, he must pay a brahman to read incantations for its removal;—if his cow die, he must call a brahman to make an atonement;—if he lose a piece of gold, he must do the same;—if a vulture have settled on his house, he must pay a brahman to purify his dwelling;—if he go into a new house, he must pay a brahman to purify it;—if a shoodru die on an unlucky day, his son must employ a brahman to remove the evil effects of this circumstance;—if he cut a pool or a well, he must pay a brahman to consecrate it;—if he dedicate to public uses a temple, or trees, he must do the same;—at the time of an eclipse, the brahman is employed and paid;—on certain lunar days, the shoodru must present gifts to brahmans;—during the year, about forty ceremonies are performed, called vrutis, when the brahmans are feasted, and receive fees;—when a person supposes himself to be under the influence of an evil planet, he must call four brahmans to offer a sacrifice:—a number of vows are made, on all which occasions brahmans are employed and paid;—at the birth of a child, the worship of Shushtee is performed, when brahmans are feasted;—at the time of the small-pox, a ceremony is performed by the brahmans;—they are paid for assisting the people to fast;—to remove cutaneous disorders, the brahmans pray to one of the goddesses, and receive a fee:—brahmans are employed daily to offer worship to the family god of the shoodru;—the farmer dares not reap his harvest without paying a brahman to perform some ceremony;—a tradesman cannot begin business, without a fee to a brahman;—a fisherman cannot build a new boat, nor begin to fish in a spot which he has farmed, without a ceremony and a fee;—nearly a hundred different festivals are held during the year, at which

brahmans are entertained, and, in some villages, feasts are celebrated at a hundred houses at once. At the house of a raja, at particular festivals, sometimes as many as 20,000 brahmans are feasted. Instances are mentioned of 100,000 brahmans having been assembled at one feast. At a shraddhu performed for his mother, by Gunga-Govindu-Singhu, of Jamookandee, near Moorsbudbad, who was in the employ of the late Governor Hastings, six hundred thousand brahmans, it is said, were assembled, feasted, and dismissed with presents.

This every form and ceremony of religion—all the public festivals—all the accidents and concerns of life—the revolutions of the heavenly bodies—the superstitious fears of the people—births—sicknesses—marriage—misfortunes—death—a future state, &c. have all been seized as sources of revenue to the brahmans; in short, from the time a shoodru is conceived in the womb, to his deliverance from purgatory by the brahmans at Guya, he is considered as the lawful prey of the brahmans, whose blessing raises him to heaven, or whose curse sinks him into torments;—and thus, their popular stories, their manoeers, and their very laws, tend at once to establish the most complete system of absolute oppression that perhaps ever existed.

We have given you this particular account of the Brahmical System, Christian friends, because it is, in fact, the very pillar on which the whole fabric of Hindoo superstition rests,—the strong hold in which the god of this world has entrenched himself among them. Surely it will lead you to pity the millions who are thus fatally enslaved, and fill your minds with generous indignation against such mercenary and unfeeling oppression. Some, perhaps, may be ready to think that it is in vain to expect that such delusions can be scattered; or at least, that this will be effected by the ordinary methods of preaching the gospel. But we have great pleasure in saying, that among several hundreds of natives who have embraced the gospel, some brahmans have been included. The names of *three* individuals of this caste occur in a list of the native preachers in India, furnished us by Mr. Ward when in England; and one young man of great promise has been lately baptized by our junior brethren in Calcutta. Others have been removed by death. Respecting two, who were well known to Mr. Ward, he gives the following pleasing testimony:

"KRISHNOO-PRISAD, the first brahman who was baptized in Bengal, died a few years ago. He was most exemplary in his life, sought to bring his wealthy relations to the faith, & died full of hope, leaving behind him a name embalmed in the memory of all his brethren."

"RAM-MOHUN, a converted brahman of the highest caste, and who, when a heathen, set fire to the pile in which his living mother was consumed to ashes, has been the means of the conversion of several persons, and he is now such a persuasive preacher of the gospel, that I have seen his congregation drenched in tears."

Let these instances of success attending a preached gospel animate your praises, your prayers, and your efforts. *The Society was never so much in want of aid as at present; and the utmost exertions of its friends are required to support those Missionaries who depend upon it for supplies for themselves and their families.* We intreat you then, by the miseries endured by those who know not God, by the worth of immortal souls, and by the transcendent excellence of the gospel of salvation, *Be not weary in well doing, for in due season you shall reap, if you faint not.*



A Hindoo prostrating himself at the Feet of his Gooroo, or Spiritual Teacher, (a Brahman.)

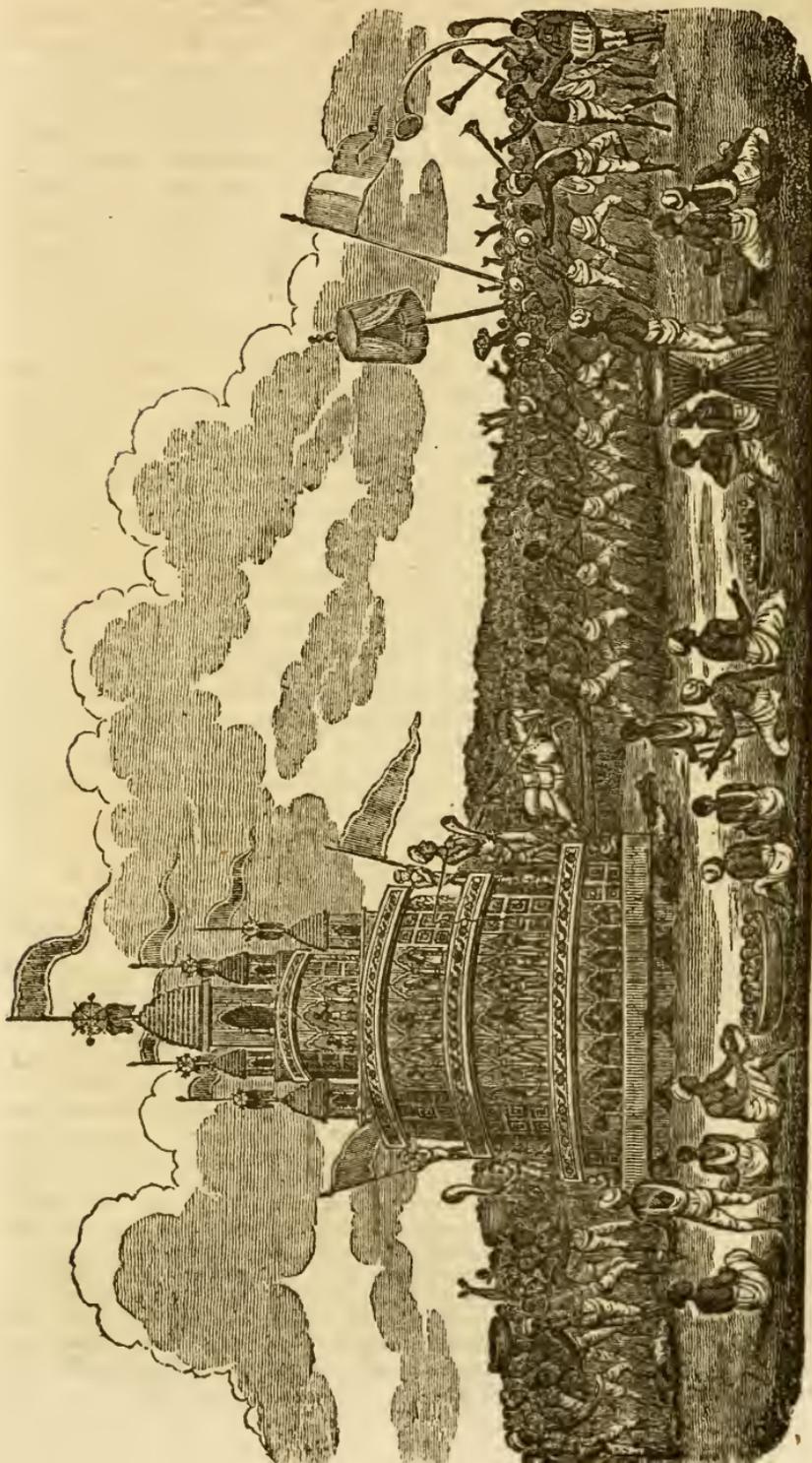
Persons collecting to the amount of Sixpence a week are entitled to a Copy of the *Missionary Herald*, which is published monthly, containing a variety of interesting intelligence. Such friends as are disposed to become Collectors, and who know not where to apply in their own neighbourhood, may write by post to the Rev. John Dyer, 9, *Wardrobe Place, Doctors' Commons*, London, who will send them Cards and Papers, and direct them how to remit the money.

No. 3.

Quarterly Papers,

July, 1822.

FOR THE USE OF
THE WEEKLY AND MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS
To the Baptist Missionary Society.



PROCESSION OF JUGGERNAUT, AT THE GRAND HINDOO FESTIVAL OF THE RUTT JATRA.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

IN the picture on the other side, you see a representation of the deluded idolaters of India, in the act of dragging the monstrous car of their god, Juggernaut. This scene occurs several times a year, when he is drawn from the temple to his country-house, to visit, as they pretend, his brother and sister!

The idol itself, which you cannot see by looking at the picture, is so placed on the car as to be visible to those who are dragging the car along. It is a large block of wood, having a frightful visage painted black, with a very wide mouth of a bloody colour. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. A numerous retinue of priests and other servants are always in attendance upon his temple, to receive the offerings made to the idol, and superintend the performance of his worship.

Multitudes of persons assemble from all parts of India to pay honour to this odious deity. Of their number no accurate calculation can be made. The natives themselves, when talking on this subject, usually say that a lack of people (100,000) would not be missed. And so mad are they upon their idols, that thousands of lives are annually lost, by the fatigues and privations to which they are exposed in the long journeys undertaken for this purpose. Several years ago, Dr. Carey computed the number sacrificed in this way alone, at *one hundred and twenty thousand!*

But the worship, of Juggernaut is, in a more direct and evident manner, a system of cruelty and blood. To give you a clearer idea of this, we shall copy the words of Dr. Buchanan, who saw the dreadful scene with his own eyes, which is represented in the picture on this paper. "After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road, before the tower as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to SMILE, when the libation of blood is made. The people throw cowries, or small money, on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time; and was then carried to

a place a little way out of the town, called by the English, Golgotha, where the dead bodies are usually cast forth, and where dogs and vultures are ever seen. There I have just been, viewing his remains."

He then says—"I beheld another distressing scene at the Place of Sculls,—a poor woman lying dead, or nearly dead; and her two children by her, looking at the dogs and vultures which were near. The people passed by without noticing the children. I asked them where was their home. They said 'they had no home, but where their mother was.' Oh, there is no pity at Juggernaut; no mercy, no tenderness of heart, in Moloch's kingdom!"

You will naturally suppose, that people who are so dreadfully wicked as to delight in such worship as this, must be dead to the feelings of tenderness and humanity. You would imagine that little regard would be paid to the sick, the old, and the helpless; and such is the fact. 'Dying men,' said a Missionary once, in writing on this subject, 'are no more regarded than dying weeds.' We have just had a letter from a friend, now in England, who lived some years at Serampore, in which she gives an account of some things which she had witnessed, clearly proving this. She says, "One evening, as I was walking with my husband by the river side, we saw two respectable natives carrying a woman in their arms. We asked them what they were going to do with her. They very coldly answered, We are going to put her into the river, that her soul may go to heaven, for she is our mother! I asked them if she was ill? They said, She is not very ill, but she is old and has no teeth, and what is the use of her living? I felt a great deal on hearing this, and said, What, have you no compassion on your mother? Will you drown her because she is old? The woman instantly fixed her eyes on me, and said, What sort of a woman are you? I told her I was an English woman, and wished to prevent her children from drowning her; and if they did I would acquaint the governor with it, and have them both hanged. They said, Never mind; and proceeded towards the river. My husband then ran down the bank, and taking hold of the woman, insisted upon their taking her home. They did so, but sad to tell, they brought her again the next evening, and Mr. Felix Carey saw them

throw her into the water, without performing the usual ceremony of giving her water in the name of their gods."

She then mentions another instance, scarcely less striking, of their indifference to life.—"One of the men who worked in the paper mill was bitten by a snake. His companions immediately took him to the river to throw him in, without knowing whether it was a poisonous snake that had bitten him or not. When my husband and Mr. Felix Carey got to them, they found the poor man that had been bitten, between two men; one had hold of his shoulders, the other of his legs, and were on the point of throwing him into the river. Mr. Carey said he thought the man was not dead, and made them put him down. My husband then sent for some medicine, and gave him one spoonful. He had no sooner taken it than he spoke, and said, It is very strong, I will sooner die than take any more: but Mr. Carey well understood the nature of the bite, and said it would be necessary to repeat the medicine every twenty minutes all night. My husband asked those around him, if any one would stay with the poor man all night. They all answered, No, we cannot lose our sleep; it would be much better for him to die than for us to be deprived of a night's sleep! My husband stayed himself, and the poor man continued to get better. In the morning he was so far recovered as to be able to walk home. The next day he came to our house, and fell down at my husband's feet, and said, I am come to worship you, Sahib, for saving my life, and I will work for you as long as I live! He proved to be a faithful creature, and was still working on the Mission premises when I left Serampore. I hope the Lord will convert him to himself; he attends Bengalee preaching very regularly. Thus many of the natives owe the preservation of their lives to Missionaries.

It was very natural that a person, who had seen such things as this, should think with much pleasure and thankfulness on the means which are employed to put a stop to such practices. Thus she proceeds, "The Lord has made Missionaries a greater blessing to India than people in England can be aware of. Time would fail me to tell in how many instances dear brethren Chamberlain and William Carey have been made the instruments of preserving life. The Mission-house at Serampore has been, and still is, a

refuge to the natives. There they are protected from the Brahmins at their swinging feasts; there they are comforted when in trouble; there they have medicine administered to them when they are sick; there they are relieved when in distress; there they are instructed how they can be saved without cutting themselves with knives, or running a spit through their tongues, and other cruelties that their gods require. Not only in the Mission-house have they found protection, but in the houses of our native brethren. I have witnessed the death of two who died under the roof of a native brother at Serampore, where they had taken shelter from jackals and birds of prey when cast out by their relatives, because they were ill, forsaken by their companions in idolatry, and left to perish. One of them was an old woman covered with wounds: she had but little clothing on her, so that the birds had eaten nearly all the flesh off her back as she crawled; but she soon died. My husband had a coffin made, and with his own hands put her in; for he could get no one to assist him. Our dear native brother and sister had indeed fed and taken care of her when alive; but they were too much afraid of the disease to touch her when she was dead. The other was a young woman, who worked in the paper-mill when in health. She was left a widow when only ten years of age, and at this early age she became utterly deprived. When I first saw her I thought how true it is, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' Her body was so maimed as to lose almost the appearance of a human being; but in this miserable condition she was spared eight months. During that time the Lord was pleased to call her by his grace. She died praising God for his goodness to her in sparing her so long to enjoy the privilege of worshipping the true God. This I hope she did for the last five months of her life. She always seemed pleased when any of the native brethren prayed or conversed with her about Jesus Christ. One of them told her, he hoped she was going where she would suffer no more from putrefied wounds; she wept, and said that she was a great sinner, but Christ was a great saviour!"

Thus, Christian friends, we have given you a short account of what takes place in the temples, and in the houses of the Hindoos,—of the cruel nature of their worship, and of the in-

humanity and want of natural affection which proceeds from it. Can you expect that such a people will reform themselves; or that any thing short of the gospel of Jesus Christ will teach them better? In the instance of the poor afflicted young female just mentioned, we see what a happy change that gospel can make in the heart of an individual; and we are much pleased to be able to tell you, that it appears as if the faithful labours of Missionaries had already begun to produce an important effect upon the public mind in general, and that Juggernaut is likely to fall into disrepute. A gentleman, connected with India, lately stated in a large company of other gentlemen at the East India House, that when they were about to drag his heavy car, at a late festival, the Brahmuns could not find persons enough to perform this laborious service, nor a single devotee who would throw himself under the wheels: so that they had begun to think of removing the idol, and all his establishment, to some other part of the country, where the inhabitants felt more zeal in his service!

This intelligence will doubtless give you joy, Christian friends, and so it ought. It proves that your contributions and prayers for the success of the Missionary cause have not been vain: but we hope it will convince you, also, of the need of perseverance,

and encourage you to be *stedfast, immovable, and always abounding in the work of the Lord*. It is most reasonable that this Moloch of the East, as Dr. Buchanan calls him, should be deserted; that his chariot should stand still, till it rots, for want of worshippers to drag it forwards and backwards; and that the poor deluded creatures, who have been paying divine honours to this ugly block of wood, should retire from their service, ashamed and confounded. But our Rock is not as their rock, our enemies themselves being judges, and shall *He* be treated thus? Seated in the chariot of his gospel, paved with love for the ignorant and wretched, he has commenced his progress among these poor idolaters—you have assisted, many of you, in helping forward his chariot—and surely you will not imitate the worshippers of Juggernaut, and forsake that work of faith and labour of love in which you have been engaged?

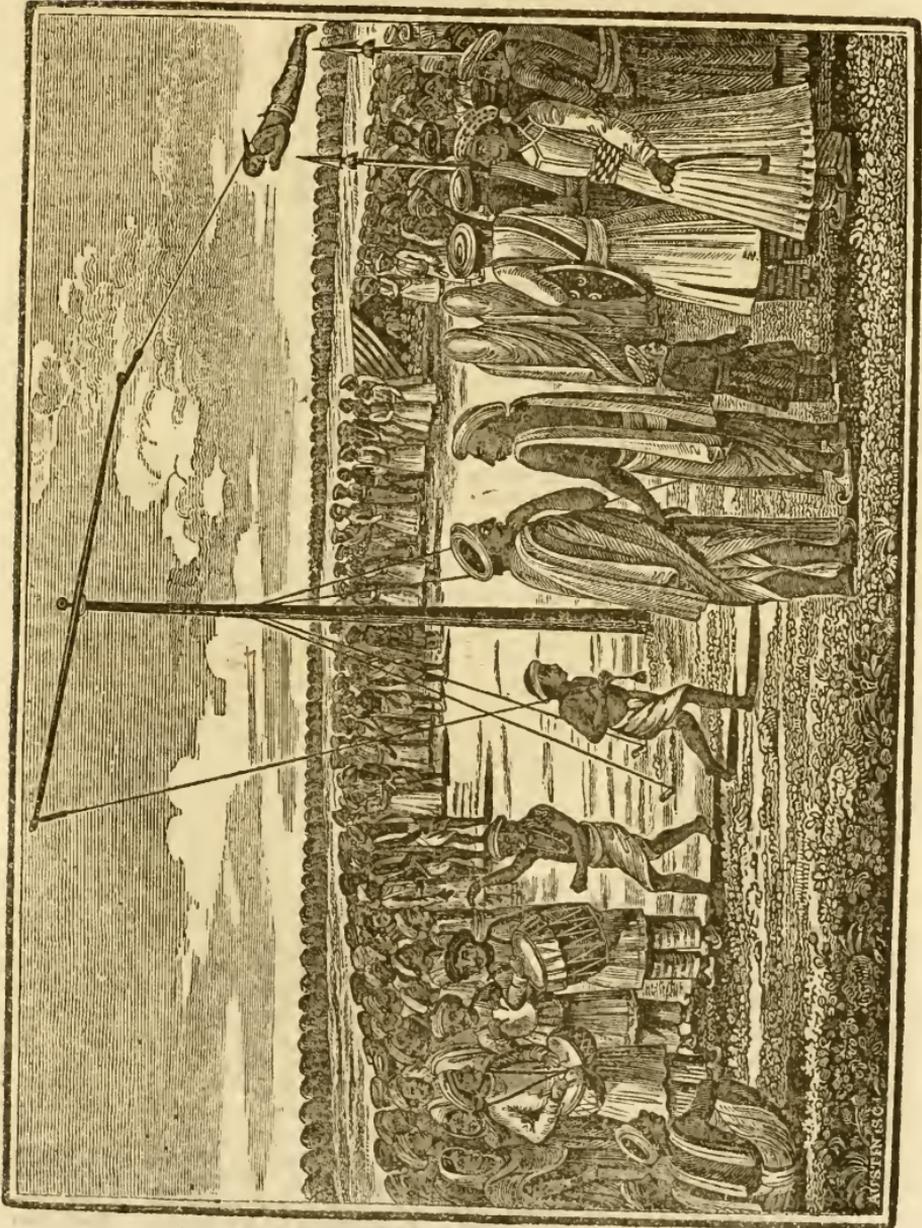
O no, we think we hear you saying, *Rather let my right hand forget its cunning than that I should cease to exert myself for the good of the poor deluded heathen! Rather let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth than that I should refuse to plead in their behalf!* May this spirit prevail more and more in us all; and may God direct his servants to employ the best means to accomplish his purposes, and crown them with abundant success! Amen!

Persons collecting to the amount of Sixpence a week are entitled to a Copy of the Missionary Herald, which is published monthly, containing a variety of interesting intelligence. Such friends as are disposed to become Collectors, and who know not where to apply in their own neighbourhood, may write by post to the Rev. John Dyer, 9, *Wardrobe Place, Doctors' Commons, London*, who will send them Cards and Papers, and direct them how to remit the money.

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FOR THE USE OF THE
WEEKLY AND MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS.

To the Baptist Missionary Society.



CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

IN our last Quarterly Paper we gave you some account of the famous Hindoo idol, Juggernaut, and of the manner in which his blind and ignorant worshippers have been accustomed to destroy themselves for his sake! We now place before you an engraving, which represents another method in which these poor creatures torture themselves, at certain seasons of the year, in honour of their gods, or frequently with no other view than to get a name, and be great among their neighbours.

When the time for these shocking exhibitions comes round, a strong post, from twenty to forty feet high, like that represented in the picture, is erected in some open place in the town or suburbs. A strong lever of bamboo, with cords at both ends, is fastened so as to turn round upon the top of this post. The man who is to swing falls down upon his face before the post; and a person, with his dusty fingers, makes a mark where the hooks are to be put. Another immediately gives him a smart slap on the back, and pinches up the skin hard with his thumb and fingers, while a third thrusts an iron hook through the place marked, so as to take hold of about an inch of the flesh. In the same way, another hook is put through the skin on the other side of the back, and the man gets up on his feet. As he is rising, some water is thrown in his face. He then mounts on a man's back, or is raised from the ground in some other way, and the strings which are fastened to the hooks in his back are tied to the rope at one end of the horizontal bamboo. The rope at the other end is held by several men, who, by pulling it down, raise up the end on which the man swings, and by their running round with that rope, the machine is set in motion, and the poor victim is swung in the air.

In swinging, the man describes a circle of about thirty feet in diameter. Some swing only for a few minutes, others for half an hour or more; Mr. Ward assures us that he has heard of some who continued swinging *four hours!* It is not very uncommon for the flesh to tear, and the person to fall. A few years ago, a man fell from the post when he was whirling round with great rapidity: he fell on a poor woman who was selling rice in the crowd; she was killed on the spot, and the man himself died the next day.

Some of these persons take the

hook, or pipe, and smoke while swinging, as though insensible of the least pain; others will take up fruit in their hands, and eat it, or throw it among the people below. These, as you may see in the picture, look on with the utmost indifference; and a scene which would make your blood run cold to witness, only serves them for a morning's amusement. Nor must the poor wretch himself express any feeling of pain. If a groan or a tear escape him, he loses all the merit and honour of his performance. Nor does this often happen, because they give him intoxicating liquor to drink, beforehand, to help him to bear the pain.

There are other practices, as cruel as this, which continue to the present day among your fellow-subjects in the East, such as piercing the tongues, boring the sides, &c.; but we shall not mention any more of these for the present. You have surely read enough to convince you that you ought to be thankful for being placed in a land, where the gospel of peace and love is known; and that we ought, all of us, to do whatever we can to send that gospel among these poor unhappy idolaters.

NEW ZEALAND.

SOME accounts have lately been sent home by Mr. Leigh, a Missionary in New Zealand, which afford a most shocking proof of the lengths to which men may be carried by the spirit of revenge. It is generally known that the natives of this large island have been accustomed to eat the flesh of their enemies taken in battle. When Mr. Marsden, who has gained great influence among them by his judicious kindness, represented that this barbarous custom was unknown to Europe, and a foul disgrace to their nation, they seemed surprised; and Shunghee, one of their principal chiefs, assured him, he and his people would never be guilty of the like again. Shunghee has since been in England, and it was reasonable to hope that his visit would tend to confirm such a resolution. But the following deplorable facts will shew how little able he was to resist the power of temptation.

Soon after Shunghee arrived, he was informed, that, in his absence, one of his relations had been slain by some of his friends at Mercury Bay and the River Thames. This report was too true. Shunghee immediately declared war against the people, although they were relations. The Chief

who belonged to Mercury Bay, and with whom Shunghee had sailed from New South Wales to New Zealand, earnestly desired reconciliation; but in vain. Nothing but war could satisfy Shunghee. He soon collected three thousand fighting men, and commenced his march. The battle was dreadful, and many fell on both sides; but Shunghee proved victorious, and returned to the Bay of Islands in great triumph.

After my arrival in New Zealand, says the person by whom this account was given, I learned that Shunghee and his party slew 1000 men, 300 of whom they roasted and eat, before they left the field of battle! Shunghee killed the Chief above mentioned: after which, he cut off his head, poured the blood into his hands, and drank it! This account I had from Shunghee and Whykato, who related it with the greatest satisfaction.

Shunghee and his party have killed more than twenty slaves since their return from war, most of whom they have roasted and eaten.

Shunghee and his friends are at war again. Since I landed here, not less than one thousand fighting men have left the Bay for the River Thames; and not less than two thousand more are near us, who are preparing to march in a few days to the same place. Shunghee is at the head of this party, and will go with them to battle.

AMONG human beings as depraved and wretched as these, however, the power of true religion has been seen and felt. We are sure you will be pleased at the instance we are now about to give you. It is an effusion of warm and artless gratitude from a poor African Negro, who had been carried away in a Portugueseslave ship, from his native country, but was, happily, taken by one of our ships of war, carried into Sierra Leone, and thus brought under Christian instruction. When the Missionary, under whose care he is placed, told him, one Saturday evening, that he was going to write to their friends in England, and asked him if he had any thing to say, this poor man thus poured forth the feelings of his heart.

Tell dem (said he) I tank dem for sending you here to teach we poor Black People, we poor sinners. I tank dem, and de King, and de Governor. I tank dem Portugese dat take me from my country—tank my country-people for selling me—tank God for sending dem King's people to

catch me in de big water, and for bringing me to dis country—tank dem people what sent you to dis country, to teach we good word, for we poor sinners—tank de Lord Jesus Christ for teaching you to teach us, and for making we hear (understand) dat word for making we see ourselves poor sinners. De Lord Jesus Christ bless dem people what send you, and make dem feel a blessing in deir own souls—make dem feel demselves sinners, and make dem believe in de Lord Jesus for salvation. Me tell dem, Tankee, Tankee, Tankee,—me can't give dem no more dan Tankee; but de Lord Jesus Christ sabby tell dem Tankee very much, for sending you to we poor sintul Black People. Suppose you no been come, we no hear God's Word—we no feel our sinfulness and no believe in de Lord Jesus Christ. Tell dem people Tankee: me no can send dem no more but Tankee.

We have given you the broken English as it is, believing that you will be able to understand it; and that you will understand and admire the spirit by which it was dictated.

Another of these poor negroes, in conversation with Mr. Johnson, who has been very successful as a Missionary among them, made the following remarkable observations, which show how much idolatry in our times is like that which existed many hundred years ago, when the Bible was first written. Pray take your Bibles, and read attentively Isaiah xlv. from the 9th verse to the 20th, and you will understand the account much better:

Massa, (said the young man,) them words you talk last night strike me very much. When you preach, you read the 15th and 16th verses of the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, and explain them, you shew how our country-people stand. Me say, "Ah! who tell Massa all this? He never been in my country." You say, "Do not your country-people live in that fashion?" I say, "Yes, that true: God knows all things: He put them things in the Bible." Massa, I so sure that the Bible is God's Word, for man cannot put all them things there, because he no sec it. That time I live in my country, I live with a man that make Greegree. He take me into the bush, and teach me to make Greegree too. He shew me one tree: he say, that Greegree-tree: he take country axe, and cut some of that tree: he make a god; and he take the leaves, and that which was left, and give me to carry

home. When we come home, he make a fire; and all the people come and sit round the fire. Then they cook and eat. When they done eat, the man take the leaves of the Greegree-tree, and burn them in the fire, and then all the people stand round the fire, and clap their hands, and cry, "Aha! Aha!" Massa, when you read that verse (Isaiah xliv. 16.) I can't tell you what I feel. You then begin to talk about the text (verse 20), *He feedeth on ashes*, and I was struck again; for when they done cry "Aha! Aha!" they take the ashes, and make medicine, they give to people when they be sick. You been see some Greegree which look like dirt! that is the same ashes: they carry that round them neck, and they eat it sometimes. You see, Massa, our poor countrymen feed upon ashes. For true, the Bible God's Word.

We have given you, in this paper, a variety of intelligence. We will close by a short account of two negro women who died some time ago in the West Indies. We think it very likely that some who read this paper may profit by it, if they read it with a teachable mind!

Two negro women in Antigua, members of a religious society, but dead many years since, exhibited a remarkable contrast of distrust and faith.

One of these women had accumulated, for a person in her station, what might be considered much wealth: but she was haunted with such an apprehension of dying in want, that she was afraid of laying out money even for necessary food, and under various pretexes evaded paying the usual small contributions towards the support of Religion in the Society to which she belonged. One day she brought to a friend a number of guineas, and told her she might keep them: for her, and when she came to lie down not to let flies "nyam" her—meaning that when she was confined to a dying bed, some one must be employed to take care of her. Her friend asked her how she knew that she should be confined to a bed of sickness previous to death, and advised her to make a proper use of her money, to dismiss all care of providing for an event which might never happen, and to trust herself with Him by whom the hairs of our head are all numbered.

But she was deaf to this Christian counsel, and continued anxious and careful about trifles. Complaining bitterly one day to the same friend, of some insignificant loss which she had suffered, while her faithful monitor was labouring to convince her of the impropriety of such complaints, the woman exclaimed, "Oh! my head!"—fell down—and died shortly after!

The other woman, a poor field negro, had a heart overflowing with the love of God and man. She might have been exempted, by pleading poverty, from paying her contributions to her Society; but she thought it an honour to be allowed to contribute her mite to the support of Religion. On one of the occasions when she had to pay her contribution, she had but two "dogs," (of the value of three halfpence) in the world, and her children must be fed. She could not bear to withhold her trifle, nor could she leave her children unfed. Recollecting that she had a little corn, she set one of her boys to grind it; and sent the other to pick a weed which the negroes boil for food: having prepared their suppers for them, she left with a light heart, and proceeded to the estate where she was to meet her friends. When she put down her two "dogs," she raised her eyes to heaven, with these emphatic words—"Take it, my Massa! it is to you I give it!" In her way home, the next morning, she had to pass the house of a Lady who knew her: the lady, seeing her, called out, "O Mary! I bought a quarter of pork from you so long ago that I had quite forgotten it: how much was it?" Mary could not recollect the amount; but the lady, determined not to let her lose by it, gave her two dollars, and sent her to her housekeeper for some rice and salt pork to take home with her, to which the housekeeper added some flour and pork from herself. In relating this circumstance afterward, Mary remarked, that if we give God any thing, He does not pay us again as our fellow-creatures do, but gives us twice and three times as much in return. This excellent Christian has been heard, when praying with other females, to be so drawn out in love to her fellow-creatures, that when she could particularize no further, she has supplicated, in the warmth of her love for mankind, and with true sublimity of conception—that there might be "A FULL HEAVEN AND AN EMPTY HELL!"

Quarterly Papers,

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Baptist Missionary Society.

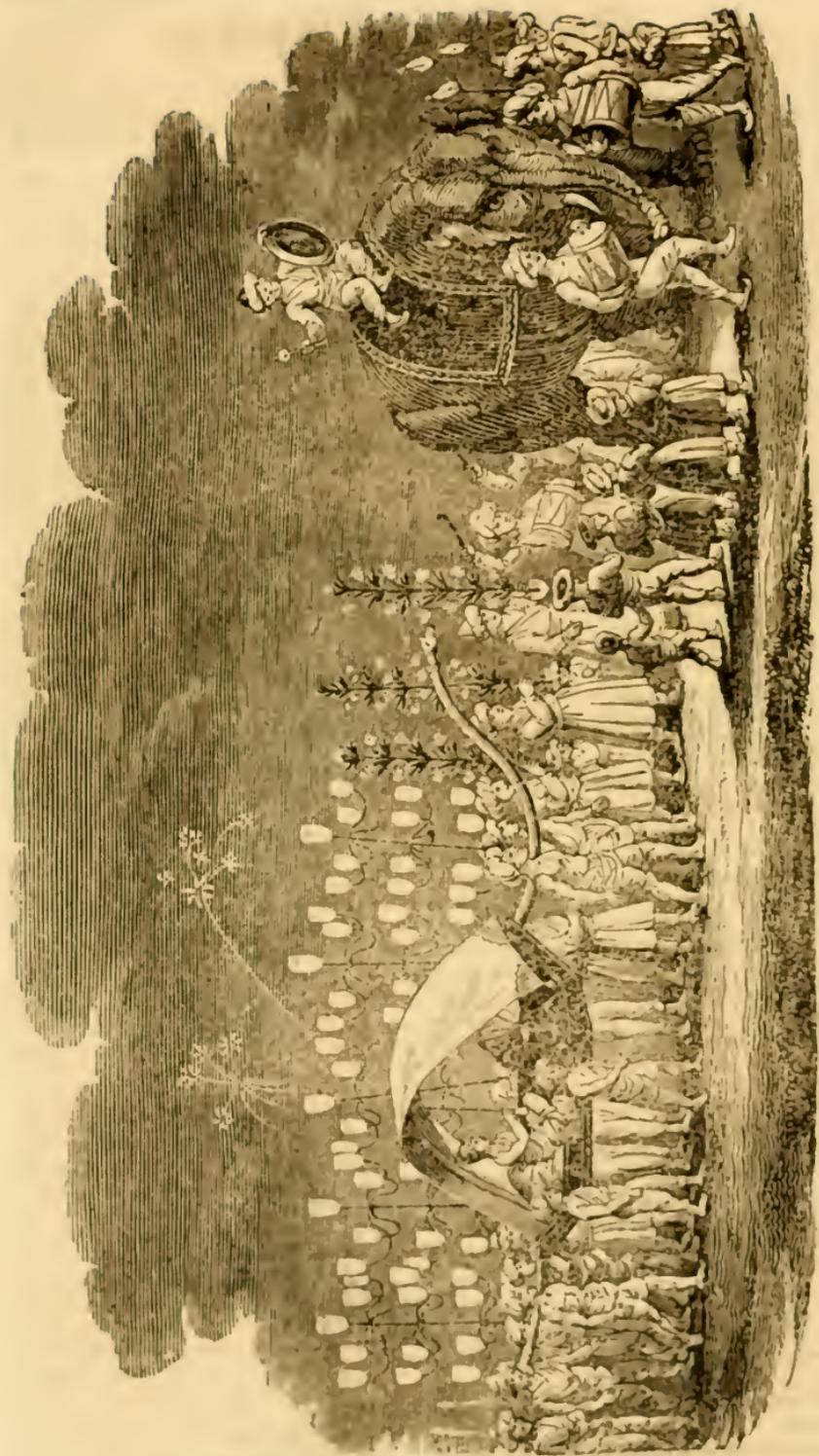
CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

In several of our former numbers we have given representations of the shocking cruelties practised by the Hindoos in their religious worship, &c. The engraving for the present month is of a different character. It represents a wedding procession, a ceremony to which the Hindoos attach great importance, and which often involves them in ruinous expenses. The manner in which it is conducted will forcibly remind the reader of the very striking parable in Matthew xxv. The following extract from Mr. Ward's account, will best explain the picture.

"In the marriages of the rich, great preparations are made of music, fire-works, illuminations, &c. and vast multitudes are invited to the wedding. Sometimes a person spends 100,000 rupees, and some have spent more than 400,000 (£50,000) in the marriage of a son or a daughter. At a lucky hour of the night (sometimes twelve o'clock), the bridegroom prepares to go to the house of the bride. He is drest in silk, with many gold and silver ornaments; a gold chain round his neck, and a gold crown upon his head. Being drest, he is seated in a gilt palanqueen.* The procession in a great wedding is very long. Before the bridegroom's palanqueen, the servants of the father walk, carrying silver staves; others carry artificial flowers; also open carriages, containing dancing women and singers, precede the bridegroom. A flag is also carried, and a metal bason, like a dish, is placed on an elephant, and beat at intervals, to produce the sound of a bell. The streets are illuminated by

the flambeaux and lights which the attendants carry in their hands; and fire-works, placed on both sides the streets, are let off as the procession moves along. Horses, camels, and elephants, richly caparisoned, are placed in convenient situations in the procession; and music of different kinds is also distributed before and behind the bridegroom. Lately, many of the Bengalees have called in the assistance of English music at their weddings. At intervals, guns are fired. All things for the procession being prepared before hand, all wait for the coming of the bridegroom. At a marriage which I saw some years ago, the bridegroom came from a distance, and the bride lived at Serampore. The grand procession, therefore, was at the latter place. The bridegroom came by water. After waiting two or three hours, at length, near midnight, all at once it was announced, as if in the very words of scripture, "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him." All the persons employed now lighted their lamps, and ran with them in their hands to fill up their stations in the procession; some of them had lost their lights, and were unprepared to join the procession. However, it was then too late to seek for them, and the cavalcade moved forward to the house of the bride. Here the company entered a large area, covered with an awning, and lighted up, where a great multitude of friends and relations, drest in their best apparel, were seated upon mats. The bridegroom was carried in arms, and placed on a superb seat in the midst of the company, where he sat a little while, and then went into the house, when the door was shut, and guarded by seapoys. I and others expostulated with the door-keepers, and attempted to enter, but in vain. Never was I so struck with our Lord's beautiful parable as at this moment: 'And the door was shut.' I had set

* In the drawing on the other side which is partly copied from an original in our possession, the bride is introduced, as also seated in the palanqueen, covered with a cloth, so as not to be seen, which is the uniform practice of the Bengalee women on these occasions.



my mind very much on seeing the marriage ceremonies, but was obliged to depart in disappointment."

In the book from which we have taken this account, there is a particular description of all these ceremonies; but it would answer no valuable end to mention them here. They are just such as may be supposed to prevail among a people wholly given to idolatry, and where the female character is so wretchedly debased, not only by the prevalence of superstition, but by the almost total want of education too.

It is very gratifying, however, to be able to state, that a favourable change is beginning to take place among the Hindoos, in respect of female education. This is most visible, as might be expected, in Calcutta, the metropolis of the country. Here, the Junior Baptist Missionaries have succeeded, after meeting many difficulties, in establishing four Schools for Native Girls, containing altogether near one hundred pupils; and since then, Miss Cooke, who was sent out, for this express object, by the British and Foreign School Society, has formed eight others, on a smaller scale, in different parts of the city. A circumstance which indicates, still more perhaps, that a pleasing revolution in the general opinion on this subject is at hand, is, that a Bramhun has lately published a pamphlet, designed to prove the lawfulness and the propriety of imparting knowledge to females.

In the mean while, we ought to be very thankful that some, among these long despised and oppressed females, have been taught the best of all knowledge, even to *know God, and his Son Jesus Christ, which is life eternal*. Of one person of this description, who died at Serampore in the year 1821, the following account has lately reached us.

Alnka, the daughter of Jugudumba, became a widow at the early age of four, and never saw her husband after the day of her nuptials. She was about thirty-two at the period of her death, which happened within six weeks of her mother's decease. She was naturally of a meek disposition, anxious for the welfare of her family, and seemed but little concerned that she had been left a widow at so tender an age. After her baptism her conduct was uniformly correct. She often mourned that the cares of her mother's

family occupied so much of her time and attention. The sermons she heard she treasured up in mind, and frequently quoted them against those who transgressed the precepts of Christ, especially in her own family.

When first afflicted with the disease which terminated her existence, and reminded of the uncertainty of life, she said, "Do you think of alarming me? I am anxious to join my deceased mother." When any lamented the afflictions in her family, she reproved them, and pointed to the sufferings of Christ. Her faith in our Redeemer appeared to be lively and vigorous. She said she had cast the burden of her sins at the feet of Jesus, and that though a sinner, she knew he would save her. She urged her brothers to employ the evenings in reading through the New Testament in regular portions, hinting that it would be well to note down those passages which appeared peculiarly remarkable; and her request was for some time obeyed, but she died before the New Testament was completed. When her brothers urged that they were fatigued and could not proceed, she would request them to repose, and repeat portions of scripture to her. Thus they repeated the history of Joseph, Peter's denial and repentance, the Miracles of Christ, with many other passages. She delighted to join her brothers in singing, and was much attached to the Bengalee version of these hymns—"Jesus thy blood and righteousness!" "Jesus! and shall it ever be?" and to the Bengalee hymn, of which the chorus is, "O my soul! what can hinder thy becoming the disciple of him who brings salvation?"

At length her disease began to portend a speedy dissolution, and on her being asked, what she should shew to procure admission into heaven, she said, "I am not the servant of the gods; I will say, I am the servant of Christ, and he gave his life for me."

When her brothers returned from work, she would not unfrequently ask them to read to her portions of the book of Job, or of the Psalms. She seldom acknowledged that she was ill, but when her sufferings were very severe, would continue singing while the tears rolled down her cheeks. When the family mourned the recent loss of their mother and two brothers, she made use of these bereavements as arguments to direct their affections heavenwards.

In the hour of death, she forbade her brothers and sisters to indulge grief; and assured them that, if they continued in the right way, they would never be forsaken. She urged them to consider the doctrine of the resurrection, and to note the words of the apostle, "That which thou sowest is not quickened unless it die;" thus richly did the word of God dwell in her. She suppressed the anguish which her disease occasioned, lest she should make her friends sorrowful; and to her were her family chiefly indebted for their religious comforts. To the last moment of speech, she declared that she had indeed laid hold on Christ as her Saviour; and felt assured that she should not be disappointed. Her last night on earth was spent by her relations in prayer and in singing hymns for her comfort. When her speech failed, being asked of her hope and joy, she laid her hand first on her breast, and then lifted it up as in adoration. She took leave of all present very deliberately, and about six in the morning was dismissed to her final rest, almost at the same hour and on the same day of the week with her mother.

We close this paper by the following serious and energetic appeal, on behalf of our fellow-subjects in the East, extracted from Mr. Ward's "Farewell Letters," and hope it will be felt and acted upon by very many who read it.

"When a Hindoo comes to die, his friends will endeavour to console him by repeating his good deeds: that he has always been a good man—has worshipped the gods—regularly performed his ablutions—been liberal to the priests—done nobody any harm; and that, therefore, he can have nothing to fear. The dying man breaks out in some such language as this—'I? What good have I been doing? I have done nothing but evil. And

now, where am I going?—Into what new body am I about to transmigrate?—Or, into what dreadful hell am I about to be plunged?' There is among them an earnest clinging to ceremonies, but no hope in death.

And are these the living and dying circumstances of One Hundred Millions of beings who are to live for ever? How can we, with the views which we have of the certain consequences following a state of transgression, and of the worth of the human soul—how can we enjoy a moment's tranquillity, while such a havoc made by sin and death is going forward, hour by hour, in the same world as that in which we live? How can we be such infidels, in reference to the threatenings against sin, or such tigers in reference to the millions who are perishing? Or has Jesus Christ given us such a class of feelings, that we have ceased to be men?

We cultivate the cold earth, and bestow upon it increasing labour, and always expect a crop; but have no heart to cultivate immortal minds, capable of bearing fruit unto life eternal! We devote our sons to professions, to be qualified for which years of initiatory application are necessary: and yet all this preparation has nothing greater in view than the removal of some disease, or the adjustment of some difference, or the preparation of some artificial accommodation; while deathless minds, capable of a divine assimilation, are suffered to become a prey to sin now, and to plunge, without any one's listening to the noise of the fall, into endless night. We embark in speculations, which deprive us of rest, and expose us to disappointment, if not disgrace; while the certainties of the kingdom of Christ have no allurements for us! Is the world to be converted by miracle, or by means? If by means—by *preaching the Gospel to every creature*, and by *teaching all nations*, then how heavy the responsibility lying upon the Christian Church!

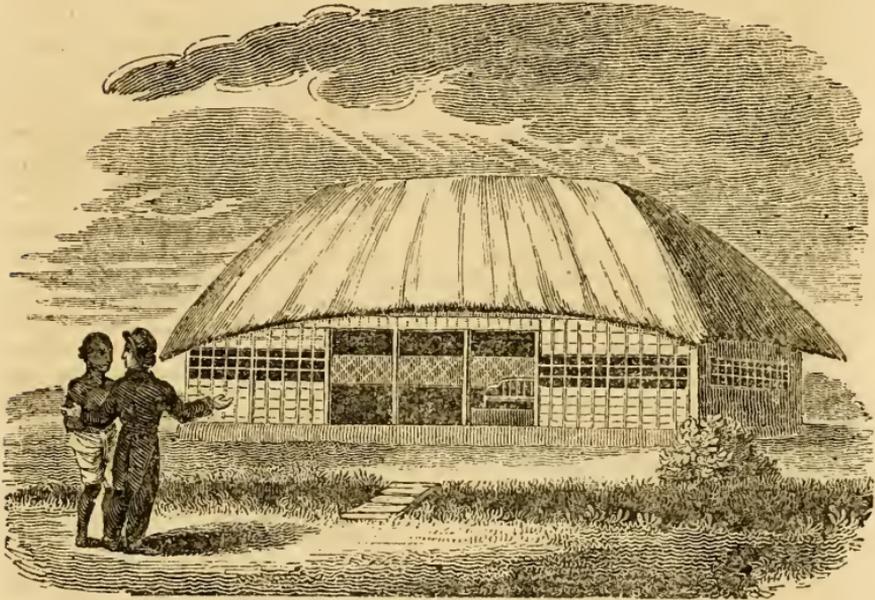
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CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

In our former numbers we have given you various representations of the manners and customs of the Hindoos—of that *vain conversation* which they have received by tradition from their fathers. We are enabled this month to present you with a different object—an engraving of one of those native places of worship, which have lately been built, in Calcutta, and other places, for the purpose of proclaiming the gospel to all who are willing to come and hear it.

The above print represents the place of worship at the Doorgapore station, a very populous suburb of the city of Calcutta. It is called Zion Chapel, and was built by the Auxiliary Baptist Missionary Society there between three and four years ago. It measures about thirty feet in length, and twelve in breadth. The sides are constructed of mats, manufactured of a kind of reed* flattened and platted; and the roof is

covered with the straw generally used for thatching in Bengal. The thatch is supported, and the mat walls strengthened, by several trunks of a tree† very common in the Sunderbunds, driven into the ground. The lattice work, made of split bamboos, extends nearly two feet in depth all round the four sides of the building, and serves the purpose of windows to admit light. Three doors in the centre are lifted up, as in the engraving, when worship is about to be conducted; and when it is desired, the remainder of the front, forming a large door on each side, is turned back on the side walls, thus admitting a larger number to stand and hear without coming in.

The expense of building such a place of worship as the above is about Ten Pounds; but in the city, where native houses are generally covered with tiles as a precaution against fire, and where the most public situations are chosen to obtain good congregations, the ex-

* Arundo tibialis.

† Saccharum cylindricum.

‡ Rhizophora decandra.

penae of erection is about £15; besides which, about the same sum is required every year for ground rent, repairs, wages of the durwan, or door keeper, &c.

The Baptist Missionaries and their friends in Calcutta have built chapels of this description at the following places: Intally—Molunga, the cost of which was generously defrayed by a female servant—Colinga—Moonshee Bazar—Bow Bazar—and Wellington-street, in Calcutta; besides that at Doorgapore called Zion, and another at Burahanugur called Jordan Chapel. The first, as well as a house for enquirers, was accidentally burnt; and the second it was found necessary to relinquish, through the exorbitant demand of the owner of the ground on which it stood. The remaining six continue to be occupied for native worship in Bengalee and Hindoostanee.

The congregations at these Native Chapels are not regular and orderly as those in England are. Sometimes it requires considerable effort to induce the persons passing by to enter at all; often they will go out again as soon as ever any thing is said about Jesus Christ; and very frequently, the speaker will be interrupted by some captious question, or foolish remark, intended to bring both him and his doctrine into contempt. And yet, notwithstanding these discouragements, which are just what the apostles experienced when they went forth to preach the gospel at first, there is good reason to hope that souls have been converted to God, in attending at these humble places, and by means of these self-denying labours. And some of these individuals have themselves been engaged in explaining to their idolatrous neighbours the doctrines which they have found to be *the power of God unto salvation*.

We have lately received several journals of one of these native itinerants, called Panchoo, and we shall print one of them as a specimen of the rest. It is written by himself; and the English is very imperfect, but we have thought it best that it should appear in its native simplicity. It is an account of operations during the month of July last.

Extracts from Panchoo's Journal for July, 1822.

1. I preached at the Doorgapore Meeting-house, there were about fifty

men assembled; some of them were attentive and others were careless, and a native bramhūn abused me in a foolish manner.

2nd, I preached at the Bow Bazar Meeting-house, there were about one hundred men present; they paid great attention, but two Portuguese women hindered the Hindoos, and said to them, they have kept beef for the Hindoo, and pork for the Muselman, therefore they were afraid for their words, and fies from there.

7th, Lord's-day. I preached at the Buranagur Meeting-house, there were about fifty men assembled; but a native bramhūn among them, he abused to me and said, "Chundall" (despicable fellow) before Mr. Carey. Therefore Mr Carey answered to him, "I pray to God for you, if you will be a Chundall like him" At five o'clock in the evening I preached to the Iron Factory, there were about two hundred men assembled; some of them were attentive, and others were not, but a poor Hindoo informed before me, "I can save my life from sin if I believe my sastra in my attentive mind." Then I answered to him, "Only you can save your life by the death of our Lord Jesus Christ." Then he was content. 10th, I preached at the Buranagur Meeting-house, there were about forty men assembled; they paid great attention, but an old man among them, he said, "I shall not wish to search of my salvation because I am without sin," therefore I asked to him, "How old are you?" he said, "More or less hundred." Then answered to him, "Between hundred years you have spoken any lie or not." Then he said, "I am not liar, no false swearer and not covetous; I dont know the sin in my life." 14th, I preached at the Doorgapore Meeting-house; there were about forty men assembled, and a company of Boyraggees; but the Boyraggees said, "I am no sinner, and who is God? I am God myself, and a man shall not go to heaven and hell after death, because heaven and hell all is in this world, but if a man be a sinner thou he can save by the name of Horee." Then I answered to him, "The name of Horee cannot change the mind of sinner, and impossible to give good nature to the wicked sinner. Only Lord Jesus Christ can save these sinners, and give the good nature to them, and he is hope of sinner, and believer's friend, but except the Lord Jesus Christ all is vanity." Then those Boyraggees de-

* Report of B. M. S. for 1820, p. 14.

parted from there, and two bramhuns said, "The Lord Jesus Christ, He is Saviour of this world and He is true God, and which has been proclaimed all is true." At four o'clock in the afternoon, I preached to the Iron Factory, there were about three hundred men assembled; some of them were very attentive, and others were not.

16th, I preached at the Bow Bazar Meeting-house, there were about one hundred men assembled; they paid great attention, but a Hindoo said, "Cassun* is saviour of the sinner." When I answered him, then he departed from there.

17th, I preached at the Buranagur Meeting-house, there were about forty men assembled, they were very attentive at the time of worship; but a native bramhun abused me and all my generations. 18th, I preached at the Moonshie Bazar Meeting house, there were about fifty men assembled; they paid great attention, but a native bramhun said, "Our fathers and grandfathers were righteous by the worship of images, but now we cannot believe Lord Jesus Christ," then all the Hindoos and Mushulmans said to him, "Every person shall believe the Lord Jesus Christ, and shall pray in his name, he is true redeemer of this world." 23rd, I preached at the Bow Bazar Meeting-house, there were about one hundred men assembled; they were very attentive, but a native man amongst them, he said, "God is a creation of sin, and he (Panchoo means the man) is so talker as mad."

28th, Lord's-day, seven o'clock in the morning, I preached at the Doorgapore Meeting-house, there were about forty men assembled; some of them were attentive and others were not. At ten o'clock in the morning I preached at the Buranagur Meeting-house, there were about fifty men assembled; they paid great attention, but two bramhuns said, "They are without sin, and they shall go in the heaven by the power of his arm," and also said, "Cassun will save us." Then Mr. Pearce and I answered them, "Cassun is a great sinner, he cannot save the sinner from their sin, except the Lord Jesus Christ."

PANCHOO.

The first Hindoo who engaged in these labours was Krishno-pal, who was baptized in December, 1800, and has been employed almost ever since in recommending the gospel to his

countrymen. We find, by a letter lately received, that his services on earth are for ever closed. He died at Serampore in August or September last, aged about sixty. We hope soon to receive a more particular account of the experience and death of this interesting man.

At Calcutta also, we have to mourn a similar bereavement. Anunda, an amiable young Brahmin, under the immediate direction of the younger Missionaries, died there of the cholera morbus on September 7. He was baptized just a year before, at the new chapel in the Circular Road. As a Christian his conduct was most exemplary; and amongst his countrymen his zeal and ability in preaching the glad tidings of redemption were such as to raise the highest hopes of his future usefulness. In his death he was calm and resigned to the Divine Will. He breathed his last while in the act of prayer, in the arms of a native brother. We are led to expect a further account of this excellent man also in a short time. In the mean while, we will copy for your perusal an account of a discourse he preached at Cutwa, some months before his death, and which was written by a fellow-traveller of his, who has also himself been since removed to a better world.

At Cutwa we collected nearly 100 people in the centre of the town. Brother Anunda read part of Matt. x. In his discourse after reading, he observed, "The diseases of the body are emblematical of the diseases of the soul. Man by nature is spiritually blind, lame, deaf, dumb, and even dead in sin. Being blind, he cannot distinguish between evil and good; he calls holiness sin, and sin he denominates holiness, &c. Being lame, he cannot walk in the paths of duty and holiness, although he can run in the ways of sin, &c. He is deaf: ears indeed he has when obscene songs invite his attention; but tell him of God, his holiness, and the purity of his commands, &c. and he turns a deaf ear. Tell him to speak the praises of God, to thank him for his goodness, and to speak the truth with his neighbour, and he is dumb; while unprofitable conversation, evil speaking, and the like, are perpetually in his mouth. You know all this, my dear countrymen; your consciences, I am persuaded, bear testimony to its truth. Will you know more? Is he not *dead* to spiritual things? He is like a stone, insensible, inanimate. God commands, he can-

* *Alias* Krishnoo.

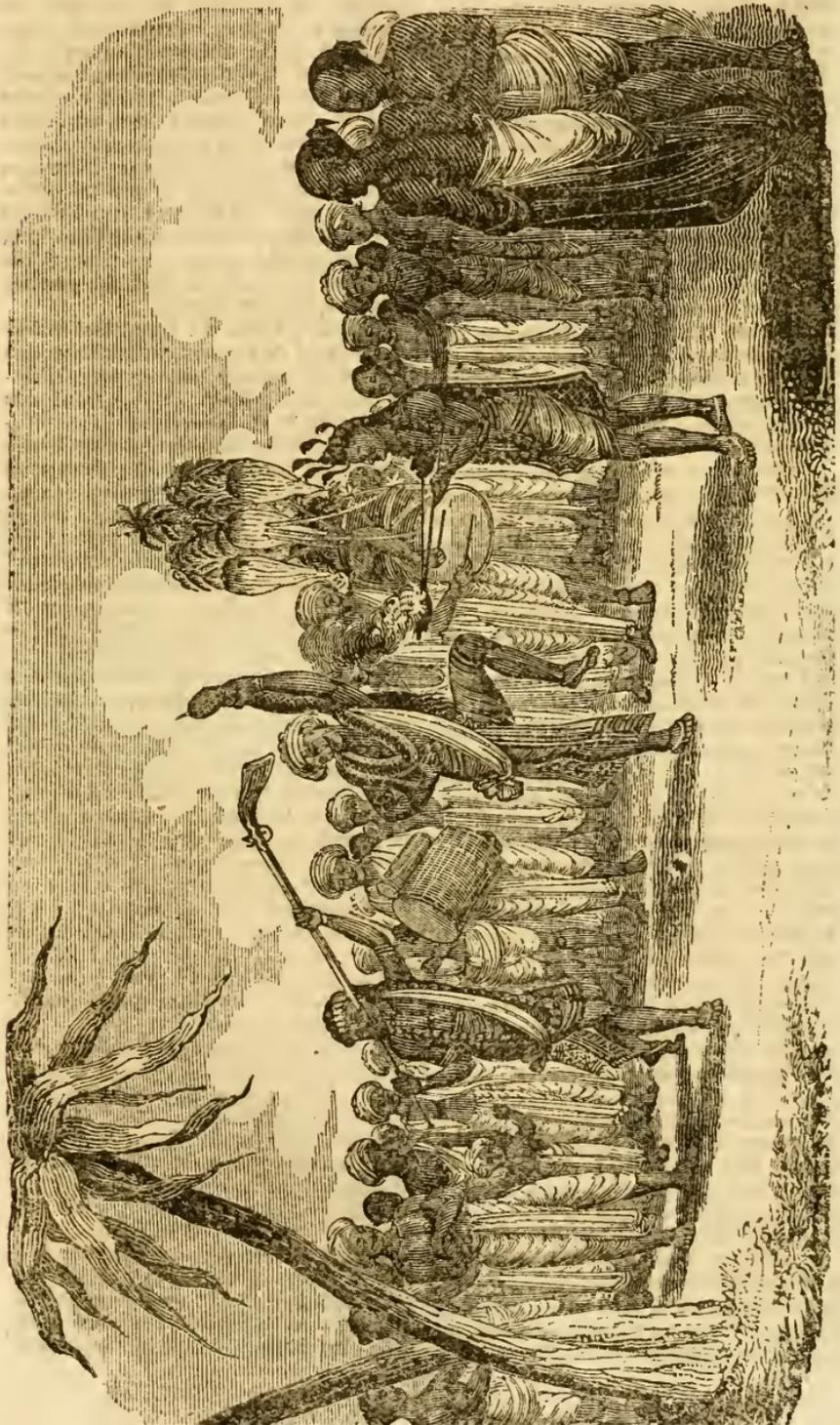
not obey—God calls, but he cannot hear.—God thunders in his ears; he neither trembles, nor regards.—God invites him to partake of heaven and happiness; he values it not. Sin, like a mountain, presses him to earth, and will shortly, if he do not repent and believe the gospel, impel him over the precipice of earth to the unfathomable abyss of hell; while yet he does not groan under its burden, nay he does not feel it. When a man dies, you take him to the side of the river, and burn his body in fire.—Do you forget that the unquenchable fire of hell is prepared for sinners, that die without pardon? O! my brethren, remember these things, and fear; flee from the wrath to come, lest condemnation overtake you while unprepared. As the Lord Jesus Christ, in the text I have read to you, sent forth his disciples to heal the diseases of the body, so he now sends his word, which contains a precious medicine for the soul which is diseased, as I have described, &c. Come, dear fellow men; delay not, that your souls may live. Do you ask how Jesus Christ can heal the sin-sick soul?—I will tell you.—He then explained the doctrine of the atonement, &c. and affectionately invited their cordial and speedy reception of that Saviour who died that they might live. He spoke many excellent things with much feeling in the language of love, which gained the approbation, and secured the attention of the crowd; and appeared sensibly to feel much concern for his perishing countrymen. May the Lord Jesus Christ vouchsafe his blessing upon his own word; that those who heard and he who spake may hereafter rejoice together.

This promising young man cheers my heart, and excites many an anxious wish, that the Lord may make him a burning and shining light in this land of darkness, sin and death. His hitherto exemplary walk, and unaffected meekness and simplicity, cannot fail to excite high expectations, endear him to all who know him, and engage the earnest prayers of his brethren that the Lord may keep him from all evil, and make him the happy instrument, under the agency of the Holy Spirit, of the conversion of many to God. Bro. T. is surprised at his proficiency in so short a time: and when it is considered that he was a Brahmin, and a professed spiritual Gooroo or teacher, who had been educated in and had too suc-

cessfully practised the arts of his craft; the power of God is eminently displayed in his conversion, which affords undeniable proof of the divine inspiration of the Bible. What induced this young Brahmin to forsake his unlawful practices, and despise his unhalloved gains? The gospel. What induces him to submit to, and cheerfully endure the hardships of privations, persecutions, &c.? The gospel. What produces a hatred of those sins he once could not live without? The power of the Cross. Asiatics indeed submit to many and severe privations; but from what principle? Self-interest, and not another's good. Is the stoical apathy that the Vèds inculcate, which characterize a *perfect man* as one who, pretending to have subdued the last spark of natural affection, can view a parent or a child, and the most poisonous reptile, with equal indifference—is this religion to be compared with that which inculcates the golden rule, "Love thy neighbour as thyself?" O blessed Jesus! let thy glorious gospel speedily triumph over every foe to God and man, till all the earth be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the channels of the sea. Ride prosperously, and make thy conquests from pole to pole, till every knee shall bow, and every tongue shout aloud, "Glory to God in the highest, peace and good-will to man." Amen.

* * * The Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society rejoice to observe the continually increasing demand for these small publications, and trust that they will be found useful in promoting and extending the exertions of their Christian friends in the sacred cause of missions. As the publication involves, of necessity, a considerable expense, they entreat the Secretaries of Auxiliary Societies, and other active friends to whom they are forwarded, to take care that they be effectually circulated, and if any Subscribers should have been hitherto unsupplied, they may, for the present, secure copies of the back numbers on application to Mr. Dyer, at the Baptist Mission House, No. 6, Fenchurch-street; where also may be had a variety of other papers, adapted for the use of those friends who wish to aid the Society in their endeavours to propagate the gospel among the heathen.

FOR THE USE OF THE
WEEKLY AND MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS
To the Baptist Missionary Society.



CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

It was observed, long ago, by the prophet David, that their sorrows would be multiplied that hastened after other gods. Of the truth of this saying, you have had repeated evidence in the pictures of Hindoo manners and worship which we have offered to your attention in this series of Quarterly Papers; and we now present another, taken from a collection of drawings by a native, which will serve yet further to confirm it.

The persons in this picture are practising various modes of self torture, such as are common at the great religious festivals of the Hindoos. The man to the left has a ramrod run through his tongue; that in the centre is dancing with an enormous snake round his neck, which, however, has been deprived of its fangs; and the third is holding burning coals in a pan, the wire handles of which are stuck into his sides. These are the methods they take to honour their gods!

Should any reader of this paper be disposed to ask, Why do you give us such prints as these? Surely we have had descriptions enough of these horrid and frightful things.—We would just mention a reason or two why, even on such subjects as these, we think it our duty to give line upon line and precept upon precept.

First, *It is important that you should know the real state of society in the countries to which our Missionaries go.* Many people in this country have never read or heard much about these things, and the word HEATHEN, produces no emotions of sorrow or of pity in their minds, because they are ignorant of the wretchedness denoted by it. And there are people, too, we are sorry to say it, who will not scruple to affirm that the Hindoos are very well off, and that their religion is nearly, if not quite, as good as ours! Now we really think that there is scarcely a child any where who looks at this picture, or reads No. 1, 3, or 4, of our Quarterly Papers, but must be pained to think that they describe the state of many millions of people. We are persuaded too, that even a child would feel shocked at the man who would dare to talk of such a religion as being about as good as the religion of Jesus Christ!

Secondly, *Such information as this is useful, because it tends to excite thankfulness in the heart for the privileges we possess.* When we contemplate human nature in its lowest and most degraded

state, we have no cause for pride; because the question may at once be asked, *Who hath made thee to differ? or what hast thou that thou hast not received?* Only a few centuries ago, and our country was the scene of barbarities as shocking as any that we read of in foreign countries now. And to what is the difference owing? To nothing but the introduction and spread of the blessed gospel, which not only makes those persons new creatures who receive it in its power, but scatters innumerable inferior blessings throughout the land where its influence is felt. Whenever you hear of the cruelties and other enormities which are practised in pagan countries, think of what you owe to God for placing you in a land of Bibles!

Thirdly, *There are very great endeavours used to support and continue this system of worship among our fellow-subjects in the East.* When Paul was preaching at Ephesus, and there seemed some danger that the goddess Diana would be forsaken, great efforts were made by those who got their living by means of that idol to preserve things in their old state, and to induce the people still to cry, *Great is Diana of the Ephesians.* So it is at this moment among the Hindoos. Last year, it was said, that the resort of pilgrims to the great temple of Juggernaut was much less than usual, and that it was found difficult to get people enough to drag forwards his huge unwieldy car. But this year, as if to prevent such a circumstance from occurring again, a rich Hindoo has come forward to pay, out of his own pocket, the tax which is levied on each pilgrim visiting the idol: the consequence of which has been, that greater numbers than ever have crowded from all parts. He did this as an act of merit, expecting to please the gods thereby; and this is but a specimen of the zeal of a people, who are, as the Bible expresses it, 'mad upon their idols.'

Fourthly, *We ought not to forget the dangers to which Missionaries are exposed, by living in the midst of such scenes of wickedness.* Some of you, perhaps, have never thought much of this; but if you consider that the best of men are yet liable to the assaults of temptation, and that idolatry has enlisted on its side all the sinful propensities of our nature, you may see stronger reason than you have ever yet done to entreat God to preserve his servants by his power through faith unto salvation. A very excellent

clergyman, some time ago, when writing home to a friend, said, in reference to these very scenes of vice and folly, "We are in danger of growing *horribly familiar* with them." He meant, that by seeing and hearing them from day to day, they were in danger of losing those strong impressions of their abominable guilt which they felt at first. Now this is a great danger of itself; and one which may lead to still greater. Pray to God, then, that he would preserve all Missionaries from spiritual injury, and enable them to bear their earnest and decided testimony for him, and against all iniquity.

Lastly, *We wish to remind you, that it is your duty and privilege to do all you can to assist in this good cause.* And, certainly, you cannot want many arguments to convince you of this. If you do not value the Bible, and regard salvation for yourselves, you are not the persons we are now speaking to; but if you do, it seems almost impertinent to ask whether you should not help to send that Bible, and publish that salvation to those who are ignorant of both? A regard to the honour of God requires it—for his name is blasphemed by the worship paid to idols. A sense of the love of Christ requires it—for the reward of his obedience unto death consists in the souls who shall receive and embrace his gospel. Compassion to your fellow-creatures requires it—for *the way of peace have they not known; destruction and misery are in their paths.* And finally, regard to your comfort and happiness would lead you to be active in this cause—for experience proves that none enjoy so much of the pleasures of religion, as those who, with a single eye to the divine glory, strive to promote it among their fellow men.

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Letter from a Hindoo Preacher to a Friend in England.

Krishnoo-pall, who died lately at Serampore, was, for twenty years, a faithful and consistent preacher of the gospel. Some time before his death, he wrote a letter to a friend in this country, from which we extract the following particulars, respecting his conversion and subsequent history.

Before I embraced Christianity, I worshipped my Brahmin and Gooroo. When he visited me, I washed his feet; and with the hope of obtaining the divine favour, sprinkled my head

and breas with the water. This relieved me from the devotions of the day, because there is no occasion for worship the day the presence of the Gooroo can be enjoyed. Thus I spent sixteen years of my life, after which God in his great mercy sent his gospel to India. One day, on my way to the market, I met Dr. Thomas, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Brunson, who had gone out to the bazar to preach. Dr. Thomas declared to me the tidings of salvation through the death of Christ; and said, that those who believed in his death, would be saved from sin, as he offered his life a sacrifice for sinners, because the great sins of mankind required so amazing a sacrifice. A circumstance soon after happened, in which I have to acknowledge the rich mercies of the Lord. As I was walking toward my tank, my foot slipped, and I dislocated my right shoulder-bone. While I was suffering under this affliction, a relative told me there was a surgeon at the Mission-house, and requested me to call on him, or entreat him to visit me. I immediately sent my daughter and the child of a friend to beg his assistance. On which Dr. Thomas came to my house, and set the bone, telling me that a father chastises the son he loves; using likewise another simile, that a father by making an incision in the arm of his child, saves it from the small-pox. On my recovery, I continued to visit the Mission family, where Mr. Ward and Mr. F. Carey used to read and expound the scriptures to me. Dr. Thomas one day asked me whether I understood Mr. Ward's instruction. I said I understood that the Lord Jesus Christ gave his life up for the salvation of sinners; and that I believed it, and so did Gokool my friend. He then said, "Now I can call you my brother; let us eat together." The table was then laid out for tiffin, and Gokool and I sat down to eat for the first time with the Missionaries. This circumstance was quickly noised abroad through the town by means of the servants; in consequence of which, we were ill-treated by the populace on our return home, and abused as Feringees.

Soon after, Gokool, my wife, her sister, Mr. F. Carey, and I, were received into the church; but on the Sabbath morning, as the Missionaries came to my house to converse with us on the subject of baptism, Gokool and the two women through bashfulness

declined the ordinance, so that only Mr. F. Carey and I were baptized. The rumour of my baptism having been previously circulated abroad, many from Chandernagore, Calcutta, and other places, together with my relatives, attended to witness it.

After this, the pastors sent Gokool and me into Jessore, with a number of Tracts and Testaments, to publish the glad tidings of salvation through the death of Christ. Dr. Carey had given me a letter for the judge, and on my presenting it to him, he said, "Are you Christians? We answered in the affirmative, and requested permission to distribute the tracts and books we had brought. Having obtained his permission, we went into the town, and read and expounded the fifth chapter of Matthew. Many heard us, and received the tracts. In the evening several brahmuns visited us, and said, "O Sircars! will the lands of the brahmuns be continued to them?" I replied, that of this we were ignorant; that we had come to seek the salvation of their souls. They enquired what that was. I put into their hands the history of the birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension into heaven of Jesus Christ. They next enquired if there was no salvation in their own religion. I said, "O sirs, examine and see, and adhere to that which is right. Among you sin is not forbidden. In your Pooranas, Ramayana, and Mahabharat, there are no directions for the forgiveness of sin; no excitement to holiness; they are a mere history of the incarnation and prowess of your gods. Can men be saved by them?" They said, "If a man, in the hour of death, repeats the name of Ram or Krishna, his sins will be forgiven, and he will obtain heaven." We said, that if this were sufficient for salvation, pilgrimages, gifts to brahmuns, ulms to the poor, and the daily worship, were useless. Ram and Krishna were mere men; one destroyed the race of King Ravana; the other his maternal uncle, and a

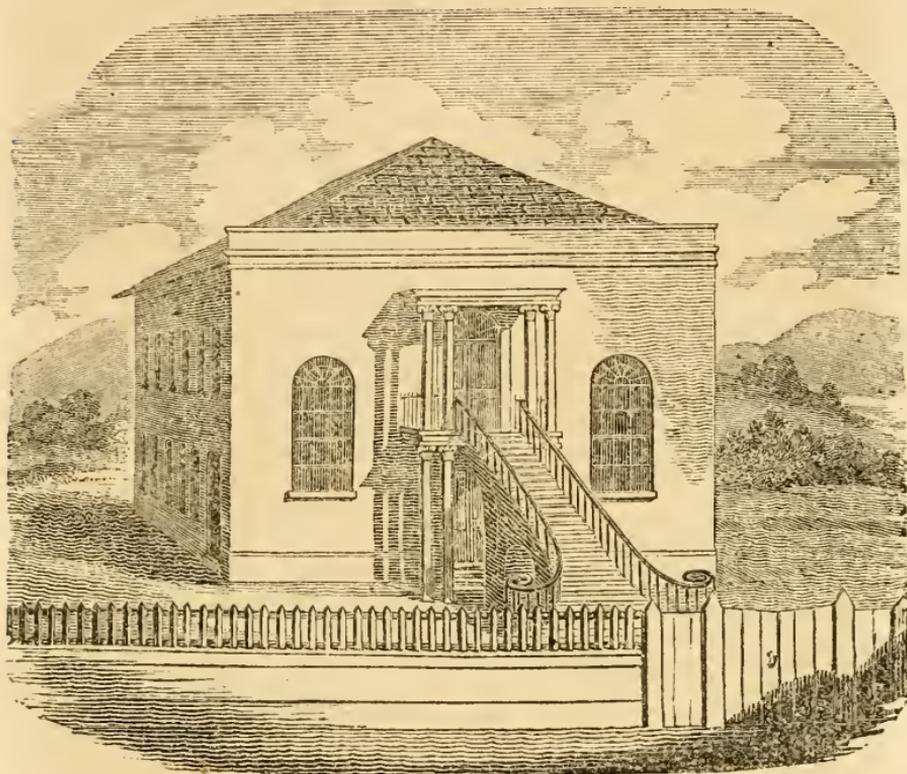
woman. They then cried aloud, "These men are come here to destroy caste!" and so left us. After journeying about a year in Jessore, we returned to Serampore.

The next year I accompanied Dr. Marshman into Jessore, with Shectaram and Koobeer. On the market-day, in the chief town, Dr. Marshman stood on his palanqueen and preached to the people, so that they crowded to hear him, and deserted the market; on which the overseer went to the judge, and complained that a Sahib and two Bengalees had created a disturbance in the market, so that nothing was bought or sold. The judge sent and summoned us before him. Dr. Marshman and Shectaram entered the house, while Koobeer and I remained without. While Dr. Marshman was at tiffin with the judge, Shectaram was asked by the native writers, whether he was a Christian? When he told them that he was, they fell on him, and tore off his necklace, and turned him out of the house. Seeing Shectaram's distress, I went to assist him, but was treated in the same manner. Soon after we left the place, and returned to Serampore.

[After giving an account of several other journies, which we have not room to insert, he concludes by saying,]

Thus from the year 1801, when, believing in the Lord Jesus, I was baptized, I have been employed in making known the gospel to my own countrymen. Pray for me, my dear friend, that the rest of my life may be devoted with zeal to the same blessed employment; and that I may constantly enjoy the communion of the Holy Spirit. I, who was formerly dead in the worship of idols, have believed in the Lord Jesus the Son of the living God, and have now been employed in making known the gospel to those who are dead in trespasses and sins. O that the Lord may crown my labours with success, and at the last receive me into eternal happiness!

FOR THE USE OF THE
WEEKLY & MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS
TO THE
Baptist Missionary Society.



CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

We have hitherto presented you, in these Quarterly Papers, with various pictures connected with the manners and customs of our fellow-subjects in the Eastern World; and we cannot doubt that, while you have been looking at them, you have experienced emotions of pity for those who are so evidently led captive by the prince of darkness, and that you have been ready to say, in comparing your own lot with theirs, *The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places; we have a goodly heritage.* A different object is now set before you, taken from the opposite part of the globe; and one which may serve to remind us of the cheering prediction, that from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, *his name shall be great among the Gentiles.*

The engraving in this paper represents the large and commodious chapel, lately erected in the city of Kingston,

Jamaica, for the accomodation of the church and congregation under the care of Mr. Coultart, who are, with few exceptions, persons of colour. It is calculated to hold about 2000 persons. The expense, which was very considerable, (as building is very dear in those countries,) was defrayed, in great part, by the poor people who occupy it, not more than a quarter of the amount having been supplied by the contributions of good people in Britain. Thus, you will admit, is a striking proof of their attachment to the gospel; and as this part of our Mission is of later date, and consequently not so much known as that in the East Indies, we shall occupy a part of this paper in giving you a little account of it.

It may be proper to state first, that Jamaica is a large and beautiful island in the West Indies, which has belonged to the British dominions about

170 years. Its principal productions are sugar and coffee, and in the cultivation of these articles, and in various other modes of servitude, about 350,000 negroes are employed. These, it is well known, were formerly obtained from Africa, by means of that cruel and iniquitous traffic, the Slave Trade, which, thanks be to God, our country, several years ago, formally renounced. But though no fresh importations of human beings can now take place in Jamaica, the moral and spiritual condition of these fellow immortals has not been mended. Blinded by a gross and stupid superstition in their own country, they were not likely, alas! to conceive any favourable idea of Christians from the manner in which they were brought among them, and one generation passed away after another ere they were visited by a single ray of divine light. Yes, many hundreds of thousands of these hapless beings spent their days in toiling, beneath the burning sun, to provide British Christians with the luxuries of life; and went down unheeded to the grave, no man caring for their souls! Blessed be God, the scene is somewhat different now.

About forty years ago, these islands were visited by the late venerable Dr. Coke, who went about from one to another with the zeal of an apostle, and amidst much opposition, laid the foundation of the Wesleyan Missions, which continue and flourish to this day. Nearly about the same time, the providence of God brought to Jamaica a negro baptist from America, called Moses Baker, who soon began to speak to his poor countrymen about the Saviour, and found many of them disposed to hear. Amidst the greatest disadvantages, the word of the Lord grew and multiplied; till, in the course of a little more than twenty years, it was computed that seven or eight thousand negroes had renounced their heathen principles and practices, embraced the gospel, and been baptized.

The want of persons fitted to teach these poor negroes was, however, very severely felt; especially as education was scarcely known among them, very few indeed being able to read or write. Mr. Baker, also, growing old, and less able to fulfil his ministry, applied to the Baptist Missionary Society for help; and when the facts of the case were laid before them, it was resolved that some assistance should be rendered—that some attempt should be made to propagate the gospel among

the poor African heathen in Jamaica. Mr. John Rowe, a member of the church at Yeovil, in Somersetshire, being at that time (1813) a student at the Bristol Academy, offered himself to this new and arduous service, and was set apart thereto on December 8th of that year. He was sent to Falmouth, a large town on the north of the island, in the vicinity of the estate on which Mr. Baker had exercised his ministry. It pleased God to remove Mr. Rowe from his labours about two years and a half after he arrived on the island, and before he could rejoice in much success; but his missionary life, short as it was, was not in vain. His exemplary prudence, self-denial, and diligence, procured him the confidence and respect of all who knew him, and contributed, probably, in a greater degree than we are aware of, to diminish the prejudices which many had previously entertained, and to prepare the way for those who should succeed him in this important field.

About a twelvemonth before Mr. Rowe's decease, Mr. Compere, also educated at Bristol, was sent out to occupy a second station at Old Harbour. From this place, however, he soon removed, in consequence of a pressing request from some negroes at Kingston, the capital city of the island. "Here," said he, "are many souls continually heaving a sigh to England, and in their broken language crying out, 'O Buckra! [white man] Buckra no care for poor black man's soul. Buckra know God in England. O Buckra, come over that great big water, and instruct we poor black negro.'"

Mr. Compere's exertions were great, and followed with a pleasing degree of success, but his health declined so much that, in 1817, he resigned his charge in Jamaica, and removed to the United States, where he continues to exercise the Christian ministry, though not in connexion with the Society.

The strong representations which had been made by Mr. Compere, of the want of more Missionaries in Jamaica, had induced the Committee to look out for another person to send thither; in consequence of which, Mr. Coultart sailed for that island in the early part of the year 1817, arriving a little before Mr. Compere quitted it. He was received very favourably by the magistrates, and commenced his public labours with very pleasing prospects. The congregation was large and attentive, and not a few, who appeared to feel the renewing power of the word,

were added to the church. But severe trials were in reserve. In five months after their arrival, Mrs. Coultart, a most pious and valuable woman, was removed by death, and Mr. Coultart's own health was so much affected, that it became necessary for him to return to England for a season to recruit it. Gradually recovering, while in this country, he visited many Christian friends in different parts of the kingdom, and received contributions towards the erection of the place of worship, of which a representation is now given, amounting to about seven hundred pounds. In the mean time two other Missionaries, Mr. Christopher Kitebing, and Mr. Thomas Godden, embarked for Jamaica, the former of whom occupied the vacant post at Kingston, and the latter formed a new station at Spanish Town, distant from Kingston about fourteen miles, and said to contain ten thousand inhabitants. Again, however, the Society were called to bow to the bereaving hand of divine Providence. After a short, but very useful career, Mr. Kitching fell a victim to the fever,* which he appears to have taken while kindly attending a young man, belonging to the Church Missionary Society, who was ill in the same complaint. The pathetic lamentations of the poor negroes who crowded to his funeral, served to prove how much he had endeared himself to their hearts.

Early in the following year, Mr. Coultart returned to the people of his charge, and has been permitted to rejoice in many delightful proofs, that he has not laboured in vain. The church under his pastoral care, contains not less than two thousand seven hundred members, all of whom, before they were admitted, had given a satisfactory account of their faith in the Redeemer. Many of these reside at a distance from Kingston, and consequently, can only visit their friends there occasionally. In the course of the last year, a second church has been formed in Kingston, under the care of Mr. Joshua Tunson, and a free school has been founded there, supported by the negroes themselves, which is conducted by Mr. Thomas Knibb. The other stations which have been occupied by the Society are at Flamstead, and Spanish Town: but such is the urgent demand for more help, that the Committee have lately resolved to send three other Mission-

aries there, who will probably sail in a few weeks.

We hope, Christian friends, that this brief sketch of the history of our proceedings in this important island will not be uninteresting to you, and that when you are praying that the kingdom of God may come, you will think of these poor negroes, and lift up your hearts to God for them! The climate, you observe, is very dangerous for European constitutions. Let this lead you to remember the Missionaries too, and to ask that they may be kept from the *pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day*. And, lastly, when we hear of so many poor Africans, receiving the truth in the love of it, and bringing forth the fruits of righteousness to the glory of God, surely our thanksgivings ought to abound on their behalf to Him, who *has made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth*, and has determined to bring to himself in glory, a number that no man can number, *out of every kindred, and tribe, and nation, and people*.

Since the publication of our last Quarterly paper, the Society has received intelligence of a great loss, in the death of the Rev. William Ward, which took place at the Mission-house, Serampore, on Friday, the 7th of March last. With the character and labours of this excellent man, all who read this paper must have some acquaintance; and we suppose will be expecting an account of him in this number. That expectation we shall now attempt to gratify, as far as our narrow limits will enable us.

Mr. WILLIAM WARD was born at Derby, where some of his relations still reside, October 20, 1769. His mother was a pious woman; and he himself appears to have been brought, in early life, under the influence of vital religion.

While resident at Hull, where he was occupied as a printer, he was baptized, and united himself to the church in George-street, now under the care of Rev. Thomas Thonger. Here he was found to possess qualifications for the

* December 18, 1819.

ministry, and placed, at the expense of a generous individual, (Mr. Fishwick, then of Newcastle,) under the tuition of the late amiable and pious Dr. Fawcett, at Ewood Hall, near Halifax.

While in this favourable situation, the inclination for Missionary labour, which had long been concealed in his bosom, became too powerful to be resisted,* and he made application to the Baptist Missionary Society to be employed under their direction.

After making the necessary inquiries, the Committee received him in October 1798. On May 7 of the following year, he, and Mr. Brunsdon, another Missionary, were set apart to the work at Olney, and having been joined in London by Messrs. Marshman and Grant, they all embarked on the 24th of that month on board the American ship *Criterion*, Captain Wickes. Their voyage was favourable: but on their arrival in Bengal, it was discovered that no leave could be obtained for their residence in the British territories. This circumstance, which was considered then a very painful one, compelled them to settle at Serampore; an arrangement by which it has since appeared the great ends of the Mission could be more effectually answered than by any other.

Scarcely had Mr. Ward been fixed at Serampore, ere he was called to engage in the honourable and pleasing task assigned him, as with something of a prophetic spirit, by his friend Mr. Carey. The translation of the New Testament into Bengalee having been completed, the first sheet was put to press in March 1800; and about the same time the hearts of the Missionaries were exceedingly rejoiced by the conversion of Krishnoo, the first Hindoo who lost cast for the sake of the gospel.

In May, 1802, Mr. Ward was mar-

* It is worthy of notice that this desire appears to have been kindled by an expression, dropped in converse by Mr. Carey several years before. "If the Lord bless us," said that devoted Missionary, "we shall want a person of your business to enable us to print the scriptures; I hope you will come after us."

ried to Mrs. Fountain, the widow of Mr. John Fountain, a Missionary, who survives to mourn his loss. Two daughters were the fruit of this union, who are both living, and the elder of whom has lately been united to the church at Serampore.

Declining health rendering it necessary for Mr. Ward to revisit his native land, he arrived in June, 1819. Though very ill at his landing, he speedily regained his strength, and for the space of nearly two years occupied himself in this country, Holland, and America, in preaching and collecting money for the education of pious natives for the ministry in the new College at Serampore. Towards this object he obtained in all about £6000.

Mr. Ward re-embarked for India, on board the *Abberton*, Captain Giffin, May 28, 1821, and arrived in Bengal early in October following. The state of his health when he left England, and till nearly the period of his dissolution, was such as to awaken no anxiety—but truly "In the midst of life we are in death." On Monday evening, March 8, he attended the United Missionary Prayer Meeting at Calcutta, and on Wednesday evening, at Serampore, preached a very impressive discourse from Mark xvi. 16. The next day he was engaged in the printing office as usual, but on joining the family at dinner, complained of being very drowsy. Soon after, symptoms of the *cholera morbus* began to appear, and though medical aid was instantly resorted to, and it was thought, at first, the issue might be favourable, these hopes, alas! were soon extinguished, and on Friday evening, about five, he fell asleep in Jesus!

Thus terminated the useful and honourable life of this excellent man! For him to live was Christ, and, doubtless, death has proved his exceeding gain! Reader, would it be so to you? It is well to esteem pious and holy men—it is well to contribute of our property to assist the plans they form, and the labours they engage in—but *one thing* beyond this is *needful*—even that we ourselves should partake of the mind that was in Christ Jesus! Oh to work while it is called to-day! *Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing.*

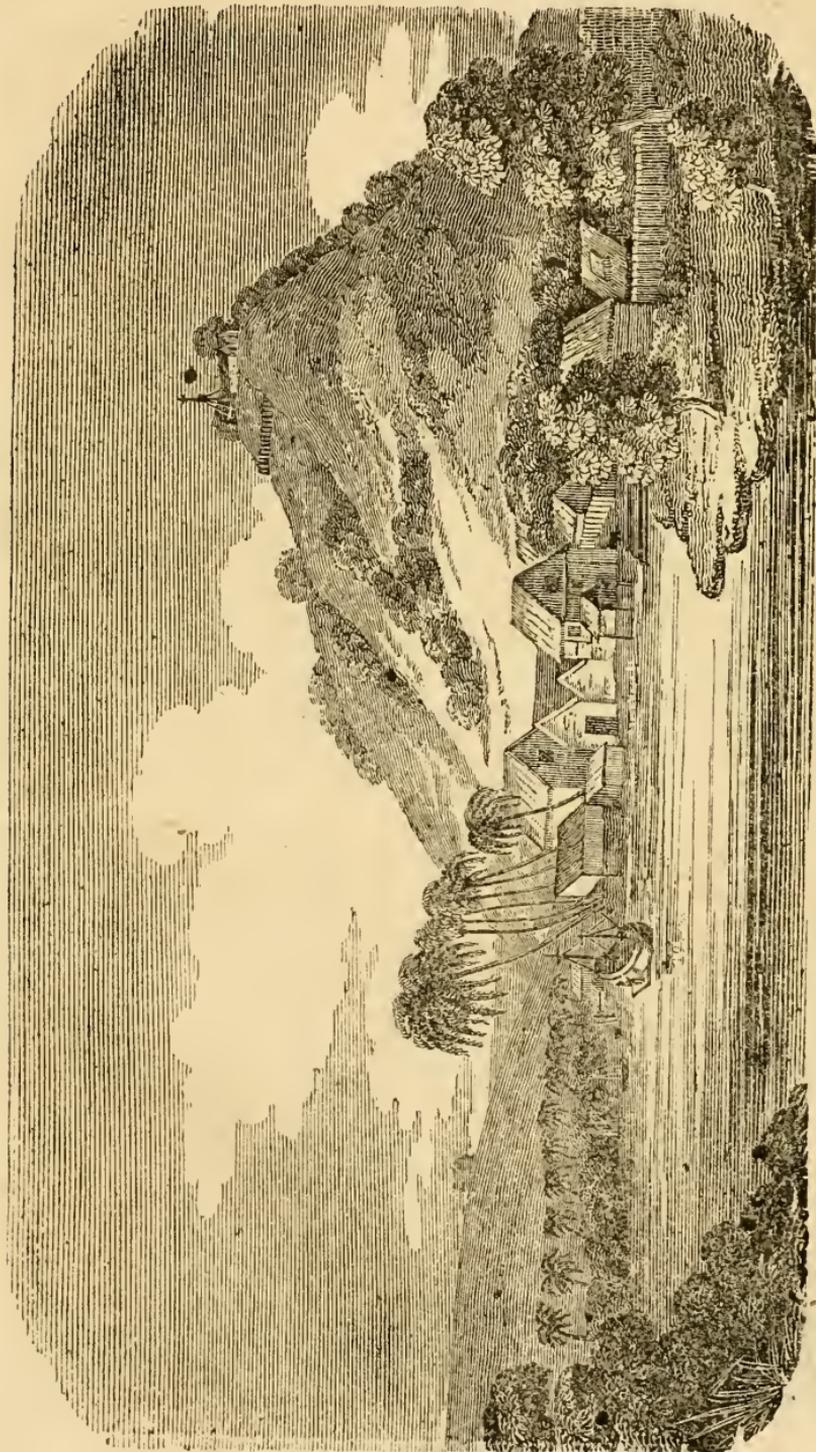
No. 9.

Quarterly Papers, Jan. 1824.

FOR THE USE OF THE

WEEKLY & MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS

To the Baptist Missionary Society.



CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

The picture, at which you have probably been looking, on the other side of the leaf, is intended to represent a view in the island of Sumatra. The scene taken is the entrance of Padang river, where an European settlement has been formed for some years, and where Mr. Evans, a Missionary from our Society, was stationed in the year 1820.

The attention of the Society was first attracted towards this important island in the year 1818, when Mr. Nathaniel Ward, nephew to our late much esteemed friend Mr. Ward of Scrapore, was sent to Bencoolen with a printing press, from Bengal. Not long after this, the governor of this settlement, a gentleman of well known intelligence and philanthropy, being obliged to revisit his native country for the sake of his health, strongly advised that other Missionaries should be sent out to join Mr. Ward. Accordingly in the month of December, 1819, Mr. Richard Burton and Mr. Charles Evans sailed for that purpose; and had not arrived at Bencoolen long before they were joined by Mr. Robinson, who had resided for upwards of seven years at Batavia, in the neighbouring island of Java; but was led, by various circumstances, to think that a removal would tend to promote the great objects of the Mission.

At present these four Missionaries are stationed as under:

At *Bencoolen*, or as it is sometimes called, *Fort Marlborough*, reside *Mr. Ward & Mr. Robinson*. The former manages the press, which has been already found highly useful, a large quantity of tracts having been brought into circulation by its means. In conjunction with Mr. Robinson, he is engaged in superintending several schools, which are rendered peculiarly necessary by the gross ignorance in which the natives of the country are involved. Mr. Robinson is remarkably fluent in the Malay language, and has composed a variety of little pieces, which are very acceptable, both in prose and verse—and preaches constantly, in English to his countrymen, & in Malay to the natives.

Proceeding about half way up, on the western side of the island, you arrive at *Padang*, the second station, to which the annexed engraving refers. This is under the Dutch government; the Missionary living here is *Mr. Evans*. He has had a variety of difficulties to contend with, but, when he last wrote, his prospects appeared to be brightening. This part of the island is very populous; and Padang is considered to be the key to a large inland king-

dom, called *Menangkabow*, said to contain a million inhabitants. At present, however, the district is ravaged by war, said to be carried on by an enterprising native, with a view to reform the manners of his countrymen, and restore the religion of Mahomet in its *purity*! We may hope that his plans will be over-ruled to prepare the way for a religion which has a much stronger claim to *purity* than that of the Arabian impostor!

Mr. Burton, the last of our Missionaries on the island, has chosen a station further north, about as distant from Padang as that port is from Bencoolen. He resides at *Sebolga*, a village on the borders of one of the many rivers that empty themselves into the spacious bay of Tappanuli. The inhabitants of this part of the country are of the Batta, or Battak tribe, among whom the dreadful practice of eating human flesh prevails; and that with such circumstances of horror as could not be believed, were not the testimony unquestionable. From a fervent desire to communicate to these poor degraded beings the glad tidings of salvation, Mr. and Mrs. Burton have gone to take up their abode among them, though they are secluded from all European society, and have not even a medical man to apply to in case of illness. They have been received in a friendly manner by the natives, and the Rajah, or chief, has given them a piece of ground, on which Mr. Burton has built a wooden house, according to the fashion of the country.

From a letter, addressed to the Society, by Messrs. Robinson and Ward in April last, we copy the following account of one particular class of the population, from which you may perceive how needful Christian instruction is for them.

“Passing through the *Cafree* *Kampung*, my attention was arrested by a scene of degradation and wickedness, calculated to humble the pride of human nature, and excite the tear of compassion. An assembly of *Cafrees*, chiefly old people, had collected for the purpose of presenting offerings to the spirits of their deceased relatives. Every countenance expressed a savage joy at the near approach of drunkenness and gluttony. While one group conducted the barbarous mirth of the *Hotientot* to the sound of the *tomtom*, another exhibited the noisy quarrel and obscene abuse of the vile *Bengalee*. In one place lay a man dead drunk, as his grand consolation for the common

misfortunes of life; in another sat the very picture of melancholy and misery, a woman bereft of her senses by the loss of a numerous family. A temporary stage of split bamboo was elevated in the open air, about two feet above the ground, and covered with large green plantain leaves. A decrepit old man officiated as priest, whose naked shrivelled body, besmeared with filth and corruption, presented an object of inexpressible disgust. He served up about fifteen different messes of boiled rice, fat pork, &c. accompanying each with a portion of rum and arrack, supposed to be peculiarly grateful to the hovering demons. The altar being thus covered with the offerings, and surrounded by the sable multitude seated promiscuously on the ground, and destitute of every mark of veneration or respect, he invoked the spirits of their departed relatives to descend from their respective abodes in the atmosphere, the vegetables, animals, buildings, &c. and satisfy themselves with the food presented. He entreated them, in consideration of the offerings, to have respect to their descendants, and do them no injury; and having recited some mystical incantations, he left the food for some minutes on the stage that the spirits might partake of it: he then served up the whole to the expecting multitude. All ate and drank abundantly, and in the course of a short time the scene became so confused and offensive, by the general intoxication of men, women, and children, that I was obliged to quit it.

"The Mission-house is situated just on the border of their Kampong. Scarce an hour passes without witnessing the clamour of their abuse—scarce an evening without discovering their women intoxicated—scarce a night undisturbed by the riotous noise of their tomtoms. The scene of their daily labours is impure in the extreme. Their expressions of abuse—their subjects of jest and diversion, and their common conversation, are all drawn from ideas of lewdness. While destitute of almost every species of religion themselves, they engage with eagerness in the debaucheries of all parties. The commencement and termination of the annual fast, together with the Muharrum of the Muhammedans, the Durga festival of the Hindoos, the new year of the Chinese, and our own Christmas, are all distinguished by the intemperance of the Caffres. Such are the people with whom we have to do. Under no restraint of moral or re-

ligious obligations, *they walk, as the apostle says, in the vanity of their mind, having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart; and being past feeling, they have given themselves over to lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness: without hope, and without God in the world.*"

As a proof of the interest excited by the great facts of divine revelation, when first presented to the mind of an inquiring heathen, we add the following extract from a letter of Mr. Burton's.

"I have begun translating portions of scripture, which I hope another day to get printed, and to circulate them in the form of small tracts. 'The History of the Creation,' including the first chapter of Genesis, and the first six verses of the second chapter is finished. But though I have bestowed considerable attention and care upon it, having corrected it many times, and written it all out thrice, yet I shall, no doubt, be able to improve it much twelve months hence. It is pleasing to know, however, that the natives understand it in its present imperfect state; an evidence of which we have in the interest it has excited in the mind of our Rajah. He came to visit us when it was about half finished, and read this part over twice with much attention, asking many questions upon it, and about the book, of which it was a part. The next time he visited us he said, 'The people at home say, I am deranged.' Why? 'What I read here the other day, so got into my head that I could not help repeating it aloud all the day long, and also at night in my sleep, so that the women say I am mad.' When finished, proceeds Mr. B. I took it to the onun, or market, which is held here every fourth day, and endeavoured to read it to the people assembled; but I soon found this was impossible. It was such a novel thing to hear an European read Battak, that my voice was quickly drowned in the din of shouts and laughter; and I thought it best to retire, not doubting that they would be more composed another day. The Rajah requested that when any of the Toba people came down from the mountains, I would lend it to him, to shew them. Two days since he came to request me to make him a copy, that he might read it to his people in the dsum (or market house) in the evening."

Surely such a disposition as this

ought to encourage us in sending Missionaries among them!

Of the trials to which your Missionary brethren and sisters are exposed in these remote and solitary stations, some idea may be formed from the following account, which we are permitted to copy from a letter received from Mrs. Burtoo about three months ago, by a female friend in this country.

"I have lately had a severe trial. Our little baby was sixteen days so ill, that we had seldom a hope of her recovery; and having no trusty nurse, Mr. B. or myself constantly watched her. One night, much overcome, I laid down to rest; my husband, ever too ready to save me, intending to watch the whole night; but he was soon obliged to call me to assist him. He was seized with a complaint of the bowels, which I well knew to be of an alarming nature, and that entire rest of body and mind, as well as powerful medicines, were absolutely necessary. After repeating laudanum and ginger and camomile till a large quantity had been taken, he had some relief; and in hope that he would sleep, I retired to soothe my baby, but when no longer aroused by his presence to assume cheerfulness, my strength failed. I lay for an hour and a half fainting on my apparently dying child's bed, feeling some of the peculiar symptoms of *cholera morbus*, of which I have had one severe attack. My mind was indeed in agony; to be obliged to discover my feelings to Mr. B. might be almost death to him. I hope never to forget this period. I think I then learnt not to make it a complaint, that we have only God to look to. I found *all-sufficient aid*; my mind, I trust, divinely supported, pain and faintness subsided, I returned to my husband with hope, calmness, and resignation, and in a few days he was well again, by a blessing on the use of the remedies above named. Should our Heavenly Father see good to send us an European associate it would be a great blessing. We leave all with him."

Thus, dear Christian Friends, we have set before you arguments, taken from the correspondence of Missionaries themselves, to encourage you to strenuous and persevering exertions in aid of the Society. And we earnestly hope they will be effectual. Is it presuming too far to request that each person, into whose hands one of these papers may fall, would ask himself, or herself, Am I doing *any thing* for this good cause? Am I doing *all I can*? Have I tried to interest others in it? Inquiries like these, addressed to a heart not wholly destitute of gratitude and compassion, may be highly useful, if followed up by that line of conduct which conscience would suggest.

We are the more anxious to fix the attention of our numerous and friendly readers on this subject, because we have discovered, in some few instances, a disposition to relax in efforts to procure pecuniary support for the Society, from a mistaken apprehension that our debt having been paid off, these efforts are not so necessary. A moment's reflection will be sufficient to shew how erroneous such an idea is. However undesirable it is that any public institution should be loaded with a debt, the *annual income* is affected only to the amount of the *interest* accruing thereon. This, in our case, was £150 per annum—a sum very trifling compared with the annual receipts of the Society. Unless, therefore, by the zealous liberality of our friends, we are supplied with the same *annual amount* as before, the expenditure will again exceed our resources—not to add, that it will become impossible to realize the hopes and expectations that have been formed of extending our labours yet farther, both in the East and the West. We trust, therefore, that in every district our active friends will take care, at least, that the amount of their contributions does not decline; and think we may, with joyful gratitude to the Author of all our mercies, appeal to the history of another year, now gone by, for evidence that their labours of love for the poor heathen are not likely to be in vain!

N. B. These papers are intended for distribution (gratis) to those friends who contribute a penny a Week or more for the *Baptist Missionary Society*.

Persons collecting to the amount of Sixpence a week are entitled to a Copy of the *Missionary Herald*, which is published monthly, containing a variety of interesting intelligence. Such friends as are disposed to become Collectors, and who know not where to apply in their own neighbourhood, may write by post to the Rev. John Dyer, 6, Fen Court, Fenchurch Street, London, who will send them Cards and Papers, and direct them how to remit the money.

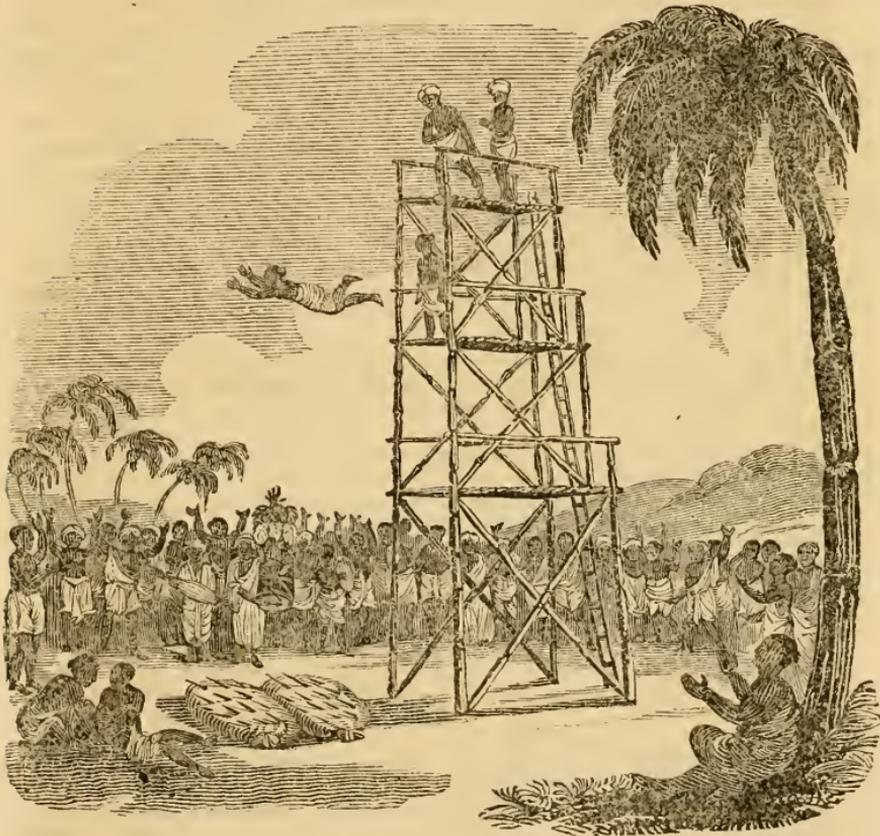
Quarterly Papers,

FOR THE USE OF THE

WEEKLY & MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS

TO THE

Baptist Missionary Society.



CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

IN our number for July last, we gave you a description of some of those horrid tortures which are practised, year after year, among your fellow-subjects in the East, in the worship of Shiva, one of their principal deities. It was not then intended to recur, at least so soon, to this painful subject; but as our last arrivals from India, brought us a particular account of this abominable Cherook Poojah, (as they call it,) performed in the city of Calcutta itself, just a twelvemonth ago,

we shall insert it, and prefix an engraving, which represents one of the modes of self-torture not included in the plate we have before given.

This kind of voluntary infliction, as you perceive, is that in which certain persons called Sunyasses (or *perfect ones*!) throw themselves from a considerable height upon iron spikes fixed in the ground beneath. Mr. Ward informs us, in his large work on the subject, that, on these occasions, they erect a stage of bamboos, having three

resting places, the highest about twenty feet from the ground. "From these heights," he adds, "these people cast themselves on iron spikes, stuck in bags of straw. These spikes are laid nearly flat, so that when the person falls they almost constantly fall down, instead of entering the body. There are instances of persons being killed, and others wounded, but they are very rare. A few years ago, a person at Kidderpoor, near Calcutta, cast himself upon a knife used in cleaning fish, which entered his side, and was the cause of his death. He cast himself down from the stage twice on this day; the second time (which was fatal) to gratify a prostitute with whom he lived. In some villages, several of these stages are erected, and as many as two or three hundred people cast themselves down on these spikes in one day, in the presence of great crowds of people."

The account given in the following extract varies in two or three slight particulars from Mr. Ward's, but as his is the most clear and distinct, the engraving has been designed from it. You observe the bamboo stage, which is ascended by a ladder behind; and at the foot are the bags of straw, planted with spikes. One person has just been removed, in a wounded state, from them—another is in the act of descending—and a third, at the top of the stage, preparing to follow.—How affecting is the thought, that, probably, at the very time of our writing, these shocking barbarities are in actual progress!

Thus write our Calcutta friends in the month of March last year.

"Alas! what a week has this been for every abomination! The quantity of human blood shed in various ways in this country from the earliest ages to the present period, has perhaps always been greater than in any nation upon the face of the earth, in ancient or modern times.

"The cruelties of the Cherook Poojah continue three days in succession. In the afternoon of the first day, the natives throw themselves from a height of from eight to twelve feet, upon thin blades of iron horizontally, and being of a sufficient length, and thus placed, they yield to the pressure of the body when falling upon them. Very seldom, as I am able to learn, any mischief ensues to the endangering of the life of the individual, yet that it should not

be very painful, is hardly to be believed. It is next to impossible to fall from such a height upon the breast or stomach without sensibly feeling its effects; and it is hardly to be supposed, but that even dangerous consequences should accrue from it. Indeed, we Europeans are not likely to bear of a tenth, or even a hundredth part of the evil that may really occur. The natives are not sufficiently attached to each other, to think the maiming or death of one of their countrymen of importance sufficient to induce them so much as to relate the fact, unless it is elicited by some special circumstance, or inquiry should lead to the subject.

"The second day appears to involve by far the greatest portion of torment, whether we consider the nature of the sufferings, or the number of persons who submit to them. The great variety of sufferings on this day, gives an opportunity for displaying an almost incredible degree of bravado. The places of the body which are pierced on these occasions are the arms generally above the elbow—the sides, and the tongue. But the piercing is the least part of what is endured by the sufferers. The tongue being pierced, an iron rod is thrust through it, carried by the individual himself sometimes, and sometimes by one in the group of his attendants. Panchoo, in returning from preaching in Calcutta, saw one of these sufferers, with the point of a bayonet fixed upon a musket, through his tongue, and carried before him by the Sepoy to whom the musket belonged, and thus he paraded about the streets. Another had a live snake of five or six feet and upwards in length, the tail of which was thrust through the man's tongue, and the head and part of the body remaining, twirling in frightful shapes above his head. A singular instance of audacity was seen this year: among the numerous groups that presented themselves, there was one with the iron through his tongue, as above described, with the upper part made fast to the leg of a woman of ill fame, who was carried upon the shoulders of bearers in a chair precisely even with the man's head, and he dancing and frolicking below. They are sometimes so determined to excel in this day's performance, that in order to insert a thicker rod, the tongue has been so far pierced as to leave merely a shred on each side, and it has hap-

pened that one side has given way, leaving the part of the tongue hanging merely by a piece on one side. A man at Baranagore, a town about a mile distant from this station, allowed a musket to be discharged with the end of it through his tongue. This same individual has been since transported to Bencoolen, not for his piety and good behaviour, of course. There is hardly any end of the awful variety and extent of their exploits in this way. My heart thoroughly sickens when I hear and recite them, and these remarks are made for no other purpose than to recal the attention of Christian friends in England to the real condition of the people of Bengal, lest they should be ready to suppose that because the Gospel has been sent here, and some few Missionaries are actually gone forth, that little more need be thought of for the evangelizing this part of the heathen world. Let it be remembered that such is the actual state of India, and of Bengal in particular, that the five barley loaves and few fishes, were literally as competent a provision for the thousands who were to eat of them, as the few labourers in Bengal are to cope with the numbers, and the absolute moral wretchedness of the inhabitants.

“Through the arms and sides they generally insert either thin cords, or long slips of bamboos, held by a man at each extremity, while the votary, in a sort of mock dance, goes from one end to the other; the cord or bamboo, of course, passing through the flesh. The noise of the drum, sounding brass, and tinkling cymbal, compose the music of each little mob. And thus they proceed from Kaleeghant through every street and lane in Calcutta, continuing from morning early, until nearly sunset; not failing to beg almost at every house as they go. Some gain to a considerable amount, especially from the natives of property, through whose influence, in a great measure, the Che-rook Poojah is kept up. It is much to be lamented that on these occasions many persons called Christians admit the natives into their compounds, where they make a show of their disgusting self-torments, and after a remuneration for the exhibition, they go to the next family that wish to be amused with such a spectacle. The quantity of pain that must be felt, and the loss of blood, makes it surprising how they can endure it for so many hours. From Kaleeghant to this place it cannot be less than eight

miles, and yet some make their way as far as this, and much farther too. The number of persons who thus torment themselves, cannot, it is supposed, be less than one thousand every year, though there is no way of calculating their numbers; but in all probability they are much greater than what I have mentioned. Suppose one human being, in every principal town in Great Britain, was thus to torture himself annually, what a sensation would it produce! But let them fancy some of the principal streets in the metropolis, literally thronged with almost naked human beings, attended with horrid din of drums, if drums they may be called, and shouts of voices of scarcely human sound—men with their tongues stretched out of their mouths,—others having their arms or sides lacerated,—with the blood besmeared over their bodies, or falling slowly in drops to the ground, and oozing out more than half congealed from their wounds,—and much more in this way—and then Christians at home may form to themselves an idea of what Calcutta was on the 11th of March, 1823.”

In our last number, we inserted an extract from the journal of Mr. Burton, who is labouring among the poor cannibal Battas, shewing in what manner the great facts of Bible history struck the mind of a sensible heathen, when brought before him for the first time. From a letter very lately received, we copy another incident of the same kind.

“August 10, 1823. Took with me to the Dusu (or market) this afternoon, the commandments, which I have lately translated, intending to read them, and converse with the people about them. Meeting with the Rajah near the village, I desired him to accompany me to a shed close by, where were seated about twenty persons. He complied, and they all listened attentively whilst I read the commandments through. I then gave them to a Battak man to read aloud, since I knew he would be better understood, reading with the native tone, which is peculiar, and difficult to be acquired. They were much interested with them, and readily entered into conversation about them. One was much struck with their purity, and said, that no Rajah, or even priest, ever issued such holy and good commandments. From this

I told him, we infer their *Divine origin*; none but God has a *heart* to give such. This they said was quite certain. Another remarked, that no one kept all these commandments—whether English, or Malay, or Battak, young or old, priests or common people. From this I said, we learnt the *universal depravity of human nature*. ‘All have sinned and come short of the glory of God,’ to which they agreed. Another objected, that these commandments, particularly the fourth, were such as no *poor man* could keep. I told them that they had already remarked that their *holy nature* proved that God had given them, and we must be sure the commandments he gave to all men were such as would be for the real happiness of all men, of every condition, to comply with; and I further endeavoured to show them, that the fourth commandment was peculiarly replete with mercy to the poor; which seemed fully to satisfy them. One of them observed, that this was evidently the way which God had marked out for all men to walk in, but great and wicked men had made others to suit themselves, and then enticed all others after them; like as he had originally given a straight course to yonder rivulet, but men turned it in what direction they pleased (meaning into the rice fields). The Rajah, after enumerating the commandments, exclaimed, Well, but if the White people, and Chinese, and

Hindoos, and Achinese, and Neas, and Battak people should, with one heart, adopt all these commandments, spears, swords, guns, would be of no farther use; we might throw them away, or *make hoes of them!*”

Thus you see, Christian friends, that these poor ignorant *Gentiles*, which have not the law, shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness to the all-important fact, that *the commandment is holy, and just, and good.** Thus, in every country, and in every clime, we may collect testimonies to the glory of our God. *Our rock is not as their rock, our enemies themselves being judges!*

If we had not known the contrary, we might have thought that this Rajah, when he uttered his intelligent anticipations of the consequences which must follow universal obedience to the Divine Will, had read the sublime predictions of Isaiah.† Blessed be God, he is right! The time shall come, in which *men shall learn war no more, and He shall reign, whose right it is, from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.* May the heart of the writer, and readers, devoutly exclaim, AMEN, EVEN SO, COME LORD JESUS!

* Rom. ii. 14, 15. vii. 12.

† Isai. ii. 4.

N. B. These papers are intended for distribution (gratis) to those friends who contribute a penny a Week or more for the Baptist Missionary Society.

Persons collecting to the amount of Sixpence a week are entitled to a Copy of the Missionary Herald, which is published monthly, containing a variety of interesting intelligence. Such friends as are disposed to become Collectors, and who know not where to apply in their own neighbourhood, may write by post to the Rev. John Dyer, 6, Fen Court, Fenchurch Street, London, who will send them Cards and Papers, and direct them how to remit the money.

No. 11.

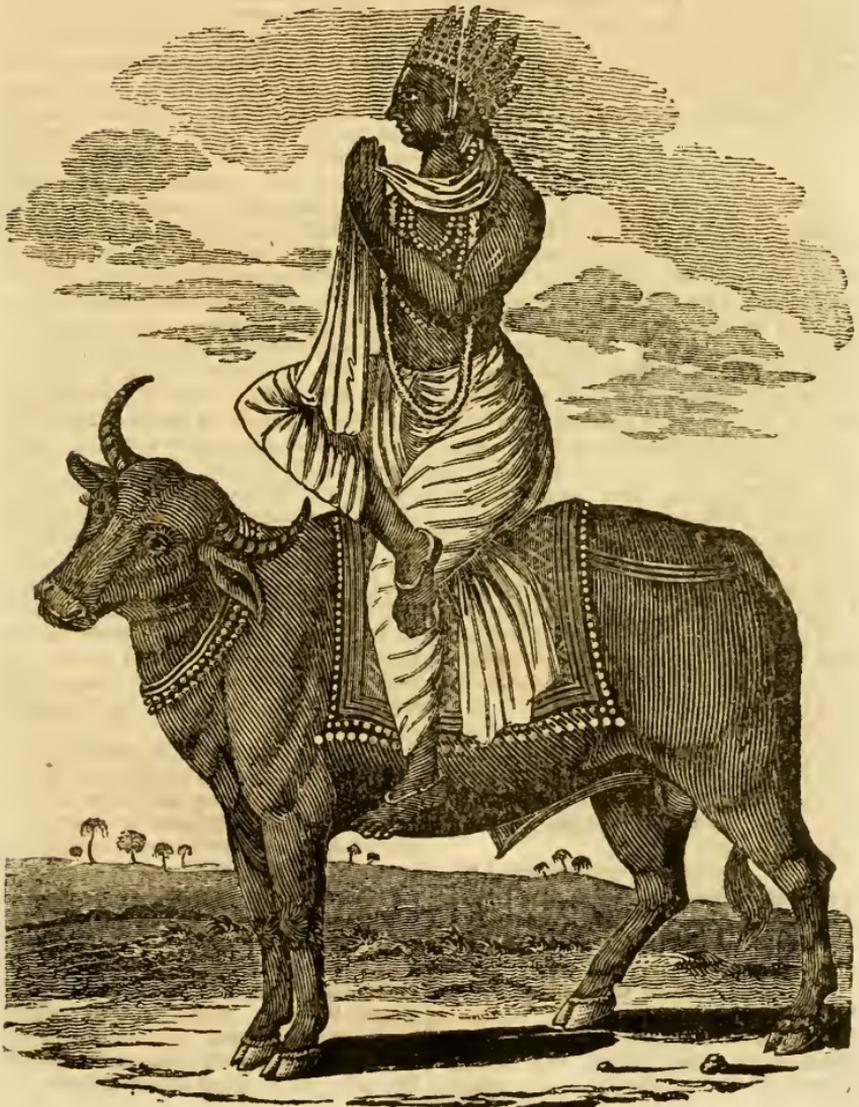
July, 1824.

Quarterly Papers,

FOR THE USE OF THE

WEEKLY AND MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS

To the Baptist Missionary Society.



CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

The figure engraved on the other side is one of the representations of the Hindoo deity *Shiva*, or *Seeva*, the Destroyer. His character and history, as detailed in the *Pooranas*, is of the most licentious description, and yet he is by far the most popular idol in Bengal. To his honour the infamous swinging-posts are erected, and vast numbers of the Hindoos, both men and women, make rude images, like the picture, with the clay of the Ganges, for their daily worship.

Do not cease to think, with devout compassion, dear reader, on the condition of millions enslaved to these infernal superstitions; nor let your efforts be relaxed in the glorious cause of their spiritual emancipation. It will finally be accomplished; and blessed will those be, who have, from love to Christ and obedience to his command, been cordially engaged in promoting it.

SOME of the advocates for the Brahminical religion, as they call it, have attempted to soften the horrors of the dreadful practice of *Suttee*, or burning of widows, by asserting that the poor victims are quite willing, and even anxious, in this way to shew their regard for their deceased husbands. To shew how groundless such an assertion is, we copy the following account from a late Indian newspaper. You will perceive that it was not written by a Missionary,—that would be an objection with some people—but by a humane gentleman, an eye-witness, whose feelings were shocked, as well they might be, by what he justly terms ‘this cruel and ungodly exhibition.’

“The victim chosen for this cruel and ungodly exhibition was the widow of a Brahmin, who died in the south Concan some days prior to this ceremony. On approaching the fatal spot, she was preceded by two led horses handsomely caparisoned, and attended by ten or twelve Brahmins, and about the same number of women, with music, drums, &c.

“Few spectators accompanied the procession, considering the scene of action was in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, near the old palace.

“At first sight of the woman I was immediately convinced, in common with others, that she was more or less intoxicated; but before the various ceremonies were gone through, which

on such occasions precede the act of burning, those doubts had given place to a perfect conviction that she was in her sober senses, and fully aware of the dreadful act she was about to perform. Of this I am the more satisfied from the question having been frequently put to her by the European gentlemen present, ‘whether it was her wish to be burnt,’ to which she always returned the same answer, ‘that she knew what she was doing, and that it was her own pleasure to burn.’ Having offered the more harmless sacrifice of incense on a small fire, from which the pile that was to consume her body was afterwards to be lighted, and having parted with all her golden ornaments to those in attendance, she deliberately, and without shedding a single tear, took a last leave of all she held dear on earth, ascended the pile, and there laid herself down with the ashes of her deceased husband tied round her neck. The entrance was then closed with dry straw, and the whole pile surrounded with the same light material, and immediately set fire to by the officiating priests.

“I had placed myself directly opposite the entrance to the pile, and could distinctly see the unfortunate victim struggling to escape. This did not pass unobserved by the attending Brahmins, who instantly began to knock down the canopy, which, containing nearly as much wood as the pile itself, would have effectually secured their victim in the fire had it fallen on her. All this while no one except the officiating Brahmins interfered; but when the sufferer did make her escape from the flames, and, running towards the river, either fell or threw herself at the feet of Mr. T., that gentleman, assisted by Mr. S., immediately carried, or rather dragged her into the water, in which the latter gentleman suffered by incautiously laying hold of her burning garments.

“An attempt was now made by the officiating priests to carry back their victim to the blazing pile, which was resisted by the gentlemen present, and one of their number was dispatched to acquaint the magistrate of her escape, and learn his pleasure regarding her; but before the messenger could return with an answer from the civil authority, the Brahmins had persuaded the unfortunate woman once more to approach the pile. And, as she declared, on being questioned by those present, that it was her own wish to reascend the pile, they stood aloof, fearful of

giving offence to the prejudices of the native population on the one hand, or to the civil authorities on the other. She declined, however, for some time, to ascend the pile, when three of the attending priests lifted her up on their arms, and threw her on the fire, which at this time was burning with great fury.

“From this dreadful situation the miserable wretch instantly attempted for the second time to make her escape; but the merciless priests were at hand to prevent this, if possible, by throwing large pieces of wood at their victim, to put a speedy termination to her sufferings. But it was impossible for any man of the smallest pretension to feeling, to stand by and witness such cruelty, and therefore the gentlemen present again interfered, when the victim speedily made her escape a second time from the fire, and ran directly into the river, without any assistance whatever.

“The unfortunate woman had no sooner entered the river, than she was followed by three of the officiating Brahmins, who were told to desist from all further persuasion, as nothing further would be permitted until the arrival of the magistrates.

“Not doubting their compliance with this so very reasonable request, they were allowed to remain with the woman in the water; but no sooner had the Europeans turned their backs, anxiously looking out for the arrival of authority, to put a stop to such cruel and diabolical proceedings, than the same three men who had thrown her on the pile, attempted to drown the suffering wretch, by forcibly throwing her down and holding her under water. From this attempt she was speedily rescued by Mr. A. and Mr. M., who supported her in the water till the arrival of the long looked-for deliverance.

“The Collector himself soon followed, and to the great joy of a few of the by-standers, he immediately ordered the principal performers in this tragical scene into confinement, and the chief actor, or rather sufferer, to be carried to the hospital.

“I regret to add, that the woman died about noon the following day, forsaken by all her own relations as an outcast unworthy creature.

“P.S. As soon as the horrid circumstances attending this suttee reached the ears of the magistrate, all the persons concerned in it were taken

into custody, that their conduct might be judicially inquired into.”

We shall occupy the remaining part of this paper, by a few anecdotes, tending to illustrate the manner in which our Missionaries in Bengal converse with the natives, and the kind of objections they have to meet with. These accounts are taken from a small work just published by the Rev. Henry Townley, who was several years engaged in Missionary service there, and who designs, if Providence permit, to renew his pious labours among the poor Hindoos.

“Whilst a Missionary was addressing a congregation of Hindoos by the side of a public road, in the environs of Calcutta, one of his hearers suddenly stopped him by a question which he insisted on having answered, and the following conversation ensued:

“*Hindoo*.—Sir, Is it a sin for a man to kill his mother?

“*Missionary*.—Of course, a dreadful sin.

“*Hindoo*.—Then you are the man guilty of committing it.

“*Missionary*.—How do you prove the truth of your accusation?

“*Hindoo*.—Why, Sir, you drink the milk of the cow, and she is thus a mother to you; afterwards you kill the cow, and eat her flesh.

“*Missionary*.—Your premises are incorrect. I do not admit the cow to be my mother; for if she were, I should have four legs and a tail, and I appeal to the whole congregation for the truth of what I affirm. But may I not re-criminate, and ask, Are not many of you Hindoos literally guilty of the dreadful crime you thus unjustly ascribe to me? for you know it is a practice in this country for children to burn their own mothers alive.

“The objector slunk away, the hearers were pleased at the argument which silenced him, and the congregation at large took the closing re-proof in perfect good temper.”

A Baboo, (that is, a wealthy Hindoo,) at Chinsurah, sent a message to the Missionaries residing there, intimating that a very learned Brahmin was in his house, and that he and his friends very much wished to hear this Brahmin and the Missionaries engage in an amicable dispute respecting the

relative merits of Hindooism and Christianity. Two of the Missionaries went. The Brahmin opened the debate, charged the Missionaries with bad motives, and misrepresented their doctrines in an ill-tempered manner.

The Missionaries stated in reply, that Christianity was a religion of love; that God so loved the world as to send his only-begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, into it; that the Son of God so loved the fallen race of man, as to give his life a sacrifice for their sins; and that Missionaries were impelled to leave their beloved relatives and friends, and the comforts of their native home, from the same principle. They then explained the leading truths of Christianity, the substance of which was, that all men every where ought to worship that God who made them, and to worship him alone.

“The Brahmin’s countenance underwent a change as the Missionaries were speaking, and in his rejoinder he said, ‘I am a Brahmin, and cannot therefore be expected to say, that I deem Christianity to be superior to Hindooism; but, in candour I must say, that the temper of these Christians is superior to that of us Hindoos. — Gentlemen,’ (the Brahmin said, turning to the Missionaries) ‘your temper is *boro prarthoneco*,’ that is, greatly to be prayed for.—We took our leave, convinced that the cause of Christianity had that day risen in the opinion of some influential inhabitants of Chinsurah.”

“A Missionary went one day to a village in Bengal; some of the inhabitants assembled to hear him discourse about the truths of Christianity. An angry Brahmin or two interrupted him in rude and provoking language; the Missionary told them, he came not for the purpose of saying any thing that could give offence; that his motive was love—that he was acquainted with some truths which were able to make the possessor of them happy through time and through eternity; all that he wished was, to submit those truths to their consideration, and that then they would judge of their value for themselves. That instead of wishing to vex them, he would rather submit to wash their feet, and would even be willing to be beaten by them, if thereby their salvation would be promoted.

“The Brahmins were surprised and softened by this mode of address, and listened quietly to some of the leading truths of the gospel. When the conversation and discourse were closed, one of the villagers, a man advanced in years, came forward, saying, ‘I wish to make a remark.’ The Brahmins replied, ‘You are a Soodra, (one of inferior caste) what can you have to say worth hearing?’ He rejoined, ‘My remark is, that this gentleman will go to heaven, but none of us will ever get there.’—‘What!’ said they, ‘Not we Brahmins go to heaven, but only this foreigner, who does not practise our religious rites?—You Soodras may indeed with propriety enough go to hell, but you do not mean to affirm that we Brahmins shall not go to heaven?’—‘I mean,’ said the aged villager, ‘to affirm, that neither we Soodras, nor you Brahmins, nor any of us, will get to heaven, but only this stranger.’—‘For what reason do you say so?’ asked the Brahmins. ‘For this reason,’ said the old man, ‘that he has done what we cannot do,—he has been insulted and provoked, but nevertheless has kept his temper.’”

We close with the following address, delivered, in Mr. Townley’s hearing, by a native convert, who had originally belonged to one of the lowest castes, to a number of his countrymen, among whom were some of the superior castes. It is a delightful comment on 1 Cor. i. 26—29.

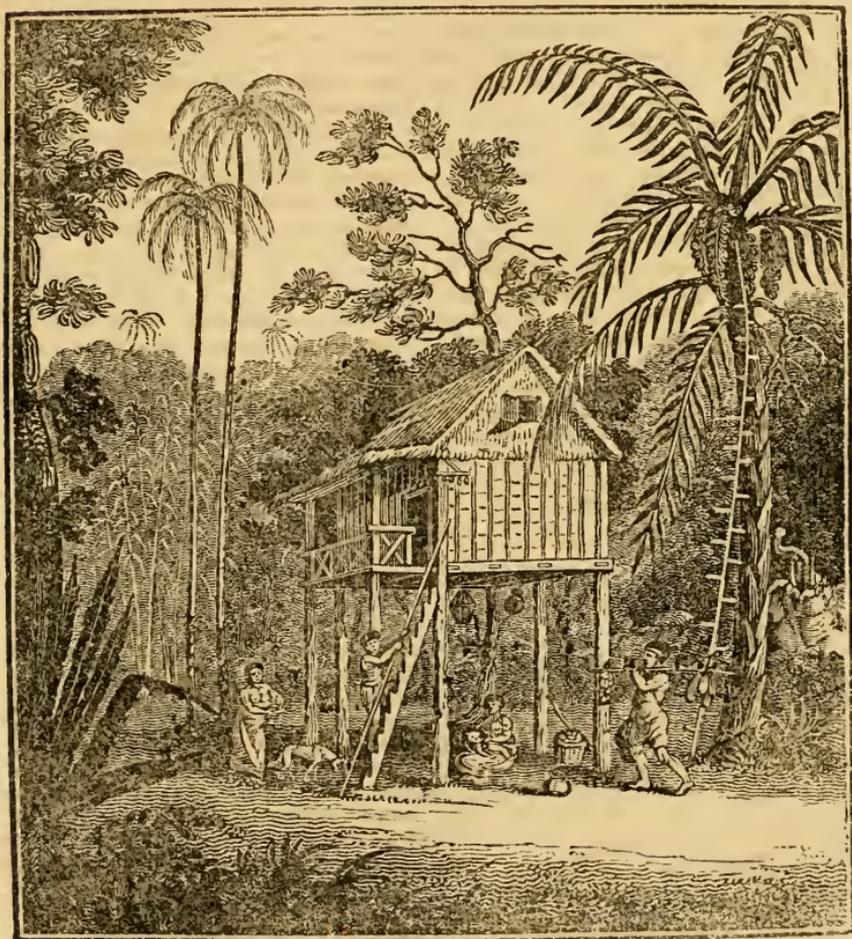
“I am, by birth, of an insignificant and contemptible caste; so low, that if a Brahmin should chance to touch me, he must go and bathe in the Ganges for the purpose of purification; and yet God has been pleased to call me, not merely to the knowledge of the gospel, but to the high office of teaching it to others. My friends, do you know the reason of God’s conduct? It is this;—if God had selected one of you learned Brahmins, and made you the preacher, when you were successful in making converts, by-standers would have said, it was the amazing learning of the Brahmin and his great weight of character that were the cause; but now, when any one is converted by my instrumentality, no one thinks of ascribing any of the praise to me: and God, as is his due, has all the glory.”

FOR THE USE OF THE

WEEKLY AND MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS

TO THE

Baptist Missionary Society.



CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

The above Cut represents a native house in the island of Sumatra. Their habitations are all built, as you see this is, on posts driven into the ground. For this there are two reasons—earthquakes are very frequent, and elephants and other wild beasts so numerous, that the people would hardly be secure in their slight wooden houses, if they were built like ours.

One of our Missionaries who travelled through a part of the country, relates that, at night, they were obliged to keep a strict watch, and discharge their muskets to frighten away the elephants, lest they should overturn the house altogether. It is said, that on one occasion, an elephant of uncommon size, when passing under one of these houses, not having room sufficient for his huge body, actually lift-

ed the whole building, and bore it away by main force!

Perhaps we should not have mentioned this circumstance, but for the sake of adding one remark, designed more particularly for our *younger* readers. It is this, that the customs and manners of foreign countries are so very different from our own, that things which appear to us perfectly absurd and impossible, may yet be true. If, without such an explanation as we have now given, you were told that an elephant would throw down a house, or carry it away on his back, you would think it was an utter falsehood; and yet, you now perceive how it may be a sober reality. Now the Holy Bible was written in a country far distant from our own, and it contains many allusions to customs and practices unknown here. You may, perhaps, meet with people ignorant or wicked enough to call in question some of the facts or allusions to be found in the book of God, merely because such things are not known or practised in England. In such cases, ask your parents, or your minister, for an explanation of the difficulty, and you will soon find that what to an Englishman sounds very strange and unaccountable, is obvious and easy enough to a person acquainted with the manners and customs of the Eastern world.

MANY of our readers are probably not aware that, in the very numerous islands of the Malayan Archipelago, the Slave Trade has been carried on, though not to so large an extent, yet from the same avaricious principles, and with circumstances of equal cruelty and horror, as on the shores of long-oppressed Africa. As a specimen of the scenes growing out of this detestable traffic, we transcribe the following narrative from a very respectable periodical work, called the Asiatic Journal. Several other accounts of a similar nature may be found there.

"In 1794, a naval officer, Lieutenant in the (Dutch East-India) Company's Service, named De Roy, being stationed at Macassar, and in the command of a small cruising vessel, was ordered to sail to Batavia with despatches for the Supreme Government. This unfortunate man, having not long before married a young lady with some little money, thought his present voyage a fit opportunity to increase the sum by purchasing slaves, whom he would sell for a good price at Batavia. He bought

accordingly nine or ten very fine stout young men, but intending to make the best of his money, every one of the slaves he picked up was what they call *wearm*, meaning stolen, and he got them in consequence as cheap as he wished. Being ready to sail, he put these slaves on board his vessel, slightly secured, thinking that his small crew, consisting of a few Europeans, and some Javanese sailors, would be sufficient to guard them, and left the harbour. When he came off the islands called the Brothers, the slaves thus slightly secured, observing the smallness of the crew, half of whom only kept watch, thought this a fair opportunity to rid themselves of their fetters, and their master. Accordingly, in the middle of the night, all being perfectly quiet on board, they rose all at once, each of them provided with a strong piece of fire-wood, and rushed upon deck with their usual yells upon such occasions. The unhappy officer being in this manner roused from his sleep, became panic-struck, leaped overboard, and drowned himself. Some of the few Europeans followed the example of their unfortunate commander, and also lost their lives in the watery deep. The rest, in their consternation, were all to a man cut off. The murderers navigated the vessel northwards, behind the Brothers, to the shore of Mandhar, and having plundered the vessel, set it adrift, landed and dispersed. As soon as this horrible deed became known, and it was ascertained that the perpetrators were on the island, the Governor of Macassar applied to the King of Bone, and putting a high price on their heads, requested that prince to send in search of them, and if found, to deliver them over to the Company, in order that they might receive a condign punishment for the atrocious crime they had committed. The King of Bone, after a long search, at length got four of them and sent them to Macassar, where, after being delivered into the custody of the court of justice, their condemnation was, that they should first be brought to the ordinary place of execution, there to be laid upon the rack, pinched with red-hot pincers, to have their limbs broken, and to remain so till dead; and then, that they should be dragged by their legs to the sea shore, and thence carried over to the Gallows Island, there to be hung up for the food of the birds of heaven. This sentence was in the morning at six o'clock, executed in all its horrors,

The first who underwent the terrible punishment was a lad of about fifteen or sixteen years of age; he died immediately under the hand of the executioner. Two of the remaining three died some while after: but the fourth, who had been the ringleader, was at twelve o'clock still alive; and the executioner, to make an end of this horrid spectacle, took the cord by which the sufferer's neck was tied to the rack, and strangled him. Then the remaining part of the sentence was executed on the whole of them."

THE following account of a Suttee, (or burning of Widows,) which took place but a few months ago, in the vicinity of Calcutta, is extracted from one of the newspapers published in that city, on the 10th of November last.

"A Suttee took place about eight o'clock on Friday morning, at Koonaghur Ghant, where FOUR women, from the age of thirty to fifty, sacrificed themselves on the same pile with the corpse of their dead husband, Kunmal Chattiyer, a Coolin Bramin of Koonaghur, who was not only permitted, but paid for marrying *thirty-two* wives, whilst living in this world, and who departed this life on the evening of the 5th instant. Directly information was sent to his different wives, who were in general living at their father's houses (only two of his wives lived with him), four of these determined on *eating fire*, as the natives call it; two were living near, one at Calcutta, and the fourth at Bosborrah, above Hoogly; however they were soon brought together, and the necessary permission having been obtained from the Magistrate of the district (at least so the police people said who attended the suttee), they surrounded the funeral pile, which they enclosed all around with a paling of bamboos, so as to prevent the escape of any who might be so inclined after having once entered it; in less than one minute after the fire was lighted the whole of them must have been suffocated, and in less than ten minutes their bodies were burnt to a coal, so excessively hot was the fire. So common is the sight in this neighbourhood, that only a few hundred people collected together to see it, and nearly all of them women. It is said that twenty-two of his wives were living at his death, and it was expected more of them would have joined the four."

As a refreshing contrast to the above account, we subjoin an obituary of a native Christian female, who died at Serampore, about a month after that dreadful immolation.

On December 8th, 1823, Jumoona, the wife of our brother Gorachund, was carried off by the fatal cholera. She was young, but a christian who adorned the gospel of God her Saviour, and her loss is felt exceedingly in the pious little circle in which she moved. Those who were well acquainted with her, whether Heathens or Christians, say that she possessed a most amiable disposition, and was seldom or never heard to use a harsh or unkind expression. She had commenced reading several months, and of late had made considerable progress. Being naturally shy, it was difficult to get her to converse on religious subjects; and this, her natural disposition, with her extreme weakness, prevented our obtaining more information respecting her religious feelings when laid on the bed of death; but the little we were able to gather from her, was such as denoted inward peace, and assured us that she died in the faith of Christ. The evening she was taken ill, her friends brought her youngest child to her; on which she requested them to take it away, saying, the child was no longer hers. "No," said she, "'tis no longer mine. Why do you wish to engage my affections with earthly things? I am going to my heavenly Father, to my home, to the mansion which he has prepared for me." The following morning when a friend called to see her, the first word she said was "Pray for me, I am a great sinner, and am now justly suffering the desert of my sins." Her friend said, "We are all sinners; but Christ died for us, and will not forsake us." "Yes," she answered, "He is all my hope—I cleave to him at this trying hour, and would not be without him for worlds." Some time after this, she was asked, in what state she felt her mind. "Quite comfortable," was her reply. "Jesus is precious, very precious to my soul." A little boy, her eldest brother's son, (whom she had reared and been a mother to after its own had died) stood at the head of her bed crying. On hearing him she called him to her, and being too weak to sit up, she threw her arms round his neck, and addressing him by the most endearing names, begged him not to weep, assuring him that God would take care of him. The

scene was so affecting as to melt all near her into tears, which when she perceived, she said, "Why do you shed tears over me—there are no tears in my eyes; see how dry they are; what cause have I for sorrow? Am I not going to glory—to heaven?" Shortly after this a christian neighbour came in to see her, and, finding her so ill burst into tears. But the dying woman addressed her in the most affectionate manner. "Oh my friend," she said, "we have walked hand in hand many years, we have gone to the house of God together, but my walking with you on earth is at an end; I am going to a world of bliss, there to walk in the presence of my heavenly Father." Then turning to her Christian Friends who were present, she said, "Pray for me; for the salvation of my soul and the pardon of my sins. God grant that I may not be deceiving myself. I feel most for my children: when my mother died she left her family to the care of Mr. Ward, but now I am going, I have not him to recommend them to, for he is gone before me." It was observed that God would take care of them. "Yes," she answered, "he will, I do wrong therefore to distrust him." She was now exhausted, and said little after this: and at one o'clock breathed her soul into the hands of her adored and faithful Redeemer. She was about twenty years of age, and had been a member of the Church nearly three years.

MISSIONARIES must die, as well as their converts. Since our last Quarterly Paper was published, we have heard of the decease of one, who occupied a sphere of considerable importance in Jamaica—Mr. THOMAS KNIBB, who superintended the School, connected with Mr. Coultart's congregation at Kingston. Mr. Knibb was born at Kettering, October, 1799, and was from his childhood the subject of

religious impressions, resulting, under the Divine blessing, from the early instructions of a pious mother. In his early youth, he was admitted into a Sunday school, and on the first Sabbath of his attendance, one of the scholars obtained the reward of a Bible, which was the first that had been given in the school. When Thomas returned home, he told his mother what had taken place, and added, "Mother, you shall soon hear that I have gained the second." So intense was his desire to fulfil this promise, that he purchased a candle unknown to the family, and rose at four in the morning to pursue his task. He soon gained his point; and having acquired the necessary number of tickets before any of his companions, bore away the prize with great delight to his mother.

At the usual age, Mr. Knibb was bound apprentice to Mr. J. G. Fuller, Printer, in Bristol, and was baptized and admitted into the church at Broadmead, in that city, under the pastoral care of Dr. Ryland, in the month of February, 1820. Here he soon made himself very useful in the Sunday school; and having long been strongly inclined to Missionary work, when a master was needed for the school at Kingston, expressed his willingness to go, and was accordingly sent thither in October, 1822.

During his short residence in Jamaica, Mr. Knibb was highly respected by all with whom he had any intercourse, and the school, which contained 150 children, was brought into great order and efficiency. But it pleased Him who seeth not as man seeth, suddenly to cut short his days, and remove him after a very short illness, on the 25th of April last. Our limits will not allow of adding any further particulars; but our readers may see a very affecting account of his death, in a letter from his friend Mr. Coultart, in the Missionary Herald of August last, page 63.

Persons collecting to the amount of Sixpence a week are entitled to a Copy of the Missionary Herald, which is published monthly, containing a variety of interesting intelligence. Such friends as are disposed to become Collectors, and who know not where to apply in their own neighbourhood, may write by post to the Rev. John Dyer, 6, Fen Court, Fenchurch Street, London, who will send them Cards and Papers, and direct them how to remit the money.

FOR THE USE OF THE

WEEKLY AND MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS

TO THE

Baptist Missionary Society.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

The figure engraven on the other side is a representation of *Bramah*, the creating deity of the Hindoos, styled the grandfather of gods and men. The following account of the manner in which it was obtained, was given some years ago, in a letter from Mr. Lawson, of Calcutta.

During my illness, last cold season, being laid aside from preaching four or five months, I went a little way up the country for my health, and resided a fortnight at the house of one of our members, Mr. Johnson. One day, passing through a very inconsiderable and obscure village, we saw, in a narrow lane, three enormous idols, cut in a coarse black blue kind of marble. Two of them were placed in a leaning posture under some trees; the other was stuck into the earth; and, on examination, we found it (at least in our judgment) to be nothing more than the huge end of a gutter, that had been on the top of some heathen edifice, with a kind of lion's head and mouth wide open, evidently intended merely as an ornament to the corner of some building, as you have often seen in architecture, an ugly beast disgorging water. This is now put up as an object of adoration. The mouth of the figure is grinning against the heavens; and the poor ignorant old women feed the god every day with water, rice, plantains, &c. We asked the villagers to sell us one of the idols under the tree; they would by no means be so wicked as to comply with our request. The next day, however, these villagers being in the employ of Mr. J. came to his house to make a contract for some work on his indigo factory. Some demur took place in settling the contract, till Mr. J. observed, "Well, if you will bring that large idol we saw yesterday, and lend it me for a little while, then the contract shall be as you wish it." The villagers immediately consented: two bullocks and a cart were sent to the village, and in a short time the idol made his appearance, much to my satisfaction, as I determined to take his likeness, and send it at some future

period to England. I now with much pleasure enclose my drawing, and wish it may be published.

The colour of the stone is a bluish black. It is exceedingly ponderous, although only four feet and a half high, and of a proportionate breadth and thickness; yet sixteen or twenty men could hardly move it about. It is an image of *Bramah*, one of the *trio*. You will find a sufficient account of it in brother Ward's book.* Another head was cut on the back part of the stone, as only three could be cut in the front. The nose is knocked off, and also an arm. This was done formerly by the Musulmans.

In the extract we have given above from Mr. Lawson's letter, you observe that mention is made of 'ignorant old women,' who were foolish enough to visit the ugly stone idol every day, and carry rice, plantains, &c. to feed it. But you must bear in mind that this folly is not confined to a particular class of the females in India, but that, for ages, the female part of the population of that vast country, with very rare exceptions, have been in such a state of ignorance as not to know a letter, or how to use a needle. If you were to go there, you would be surprised and concerned to see how little they are esteemed—they are treated as mere drudges, building houses, and doing other hard and menial work, while their indolent husbands are sitting at their ease!

We mentioned in our Quarterly Paper, two years ago, (No. 5,) that, after many difficulties, a beginning had been made in the establishment of

* See Ward's Hindoo Mythology, Vol. I. p. 33.



Schools for the benefit of these poor females, and we are happy to inform you that this good and necessary work has extended greatly since then. As one proof of this, we shall copy an account of an examination of the schools which have been formed in and around Serampore, and which are chiefly superintended by the young ladies in the Missionary family there.

“On Monday, the 5th of April, the first annual examination of the Serampore Native Female Schools was held. Mr. Hohlenberg, the Judge and Magistrate of the settlement, and all the members of the Mission family were present, with several other friends to the cause. The number of little girls assembled on the occasion, was upwards of *two hundred and thirty*. Of these, about thirty-five were able to read in books: about the same number read words of from two to five syllables, in tables; and twenty read words of one syllable. These were brought before the company in classes, commencing with those who had made the least proficiency. Small as that may appear, it is not gained without much attention and labour; nor is it a degree of progress of little consequence in their education. It is preceded by an accurate acquaintance with all the letters, single and compound, of every kind, the utmost care being taken that nothing shall be considered as done at all, which is done by rote. Each of these little children, therefore, could readily name every letter and mark, that occurred in any syllable presented to her, and give each its proper sound: and after this, the doing the same with words of two, three, or any number of syllables, becomes an easy task. The highest class read from the books which they had been using in school, such passages as were selected by Dr. Carey at the moment, and acquitted themselves much to the satisfaction, and sometimes, by their arch look and modulation of voice, to the amusement, of all present. There were a few who could read any common book that was put into their hands: and some of the daughters of our native Christian brethren who attend one of the schools, repeated parts of different religious Catechisms, and several hymns. Specimens of their needlework and knitting were likewise produced, one of them having knit four pairs of children's socks, although these pursuits have been but recently introduced.

“The children having been rewarded

as their several classes retired from the room, and the examination being concluded, a report was read to the Company of the present state of the schools. This will be published hereafter in a more extended form. In the meantime we shall only observe, that the number of schools is *thirteen*; the total number of names upon the school-lists is about *two hundred and fifty*; and the average daily attendance is somewhat above *two hundred*. By this statement it will be seen that the number of schools is decreased. This has arisen from the necessity of breaking up of several of those first established, because of the insuperable difficulties attending their superintendence. The schools, however, which remain, are, almost without exception, in the highest state of prosperity which they have ever enjoyed, whether it regards numbers, discipline, or progress in learning. And it will not be difficult to multiply our schools to any extent, and perfectly within our reach, as soon as we feel that there is no doubt of our being supported in our exertions. Besides, female schools are rising with such pleasing rapidity at several of our Missionary stations, that we find it necessary to avoid lavishing all our means upon Serampore.”

While these means are employed for the benefit of Hindoo females in general, it is very pleasing to receive, from time to time, accounts of those who appear to have been effectually taught by the Spirit of God those things which accompany salvation. An instance of this kind in a person named Debrance, is related in the letter from which we extracted the preceding article. It is as follows:

“On the 17th of March, 1824, died Debrance, a female native Christian. She was the widow of Bykanta, one of the earliest converts, whose first visit to the Missionaries at Serampore from the district of Jessore, is mentioned in the Periodical Accounts, vol. iii. page 162: it was on the 15th of June, 1805. At page 352 of the same volume, under date 9th February, 1806, we have the following notice: ‘Our brother Bykanta is returned from Jessore full of joy. His wife has forsaken her father's house to cleave to him. She declared her resolution to do so in the presence of an officer, sent by the British Magistrate to her father's. The particulars of this affair are quite interesting. She is about nineteen, and has an infant son.’

—“Whilst her husband lived, she acted with a constancy and assiduity of affection worthy of this decision. For sixteen years she had been a member of the church, and adorned the doctrine of her Lord and Saviour. She had been a widow for seven years, during the whole of which time she possessed such strong confidence in God as never to despond in any affliction. When any of her relatives were ill, and she was asked if she was not concerned about them, she would say, ‘What will my concern avail? God cares for them, and therefore there is no need for me to distract myself.’ If she found any one in deep sorrow for some loss, she would reprove them by saying, ‘You act very unwisely; it is our duty in all our trials to look to God and bless him. He is Almighty and Omnipresent, and therefore knows all our sorrows.’ By such conduct she eminently fulfilled the scriptural exhortation, ‘be anxious for nothing,’ without being at all chargeable with apathy or selfishness.

“Shortly after the death of her husband, she went to reside with two other widows, who were members of the church. From that time to her death, she lived in the greatest love and peace with them. She was a constant attendant on the means of grace when in health, and took much pleasure in attending the Sabbath school, where she would take her turn with the rest of the sisters in offering up a short prayer. She appeared anxious to read; and at night, with the assistance of her son, a boy of eight years of age, would read over her lessons. She very earnestly desired also, that her daughters might be able to read the scriptures.

“She was ill a whole year, and at the commencement was requested by her friends to have medical advice, but she always said, ‘this sickness is not unto death: I shall recover. I have comfort in that I have a God to look to.’ When medicine was administered, she always took it, saying, ‘The Lord will do with me as he thinks best. My body is ill indeed, but my soul is in health.’ About this time her son-in-law called to see her, and finding her very ill, asked her what she thought of herself. She replied, ‘All my hope is placed on my Saviour Jesus Christ. I know that this is a deceitful world. It is fast passing away, and we are all dying, but blessed is the soul whose sins Jesus has blotted out.’ When her son-in-law prayed with her, she appeared to be

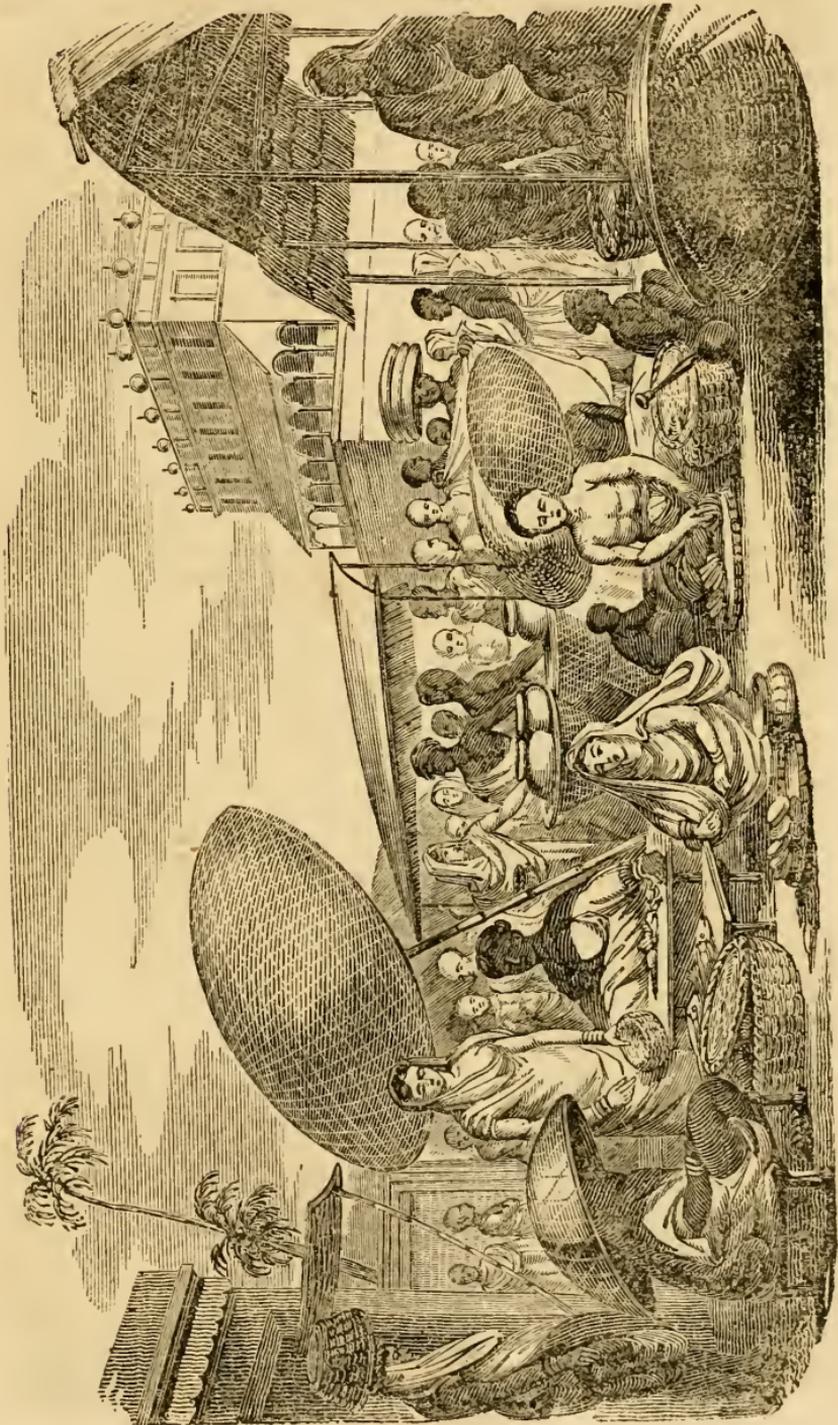
melted in sorrow. When he had finished, he tried to comfort her. She begged him not to grieve about her, ‘for,’ said she, ‘if it be the will of God to take me out of this thorny world, all I pray for is, that He may prepare me for my departure. May the Lord bless you for ever with the light of his countenance.—Oh rely on Him.’

“Her illness being of long continuance, her Christian brethren and sisters had many opportunities of conversing with her, and at all times her conversations were so satisfactory, that many were led to say, that God was very gracious to her, and had blessed her with the consolations of his Holy Spirit. Her disorder rapidly increased, and medicines were of little use. One night her youngest son-in-law calling to see her, inquired if she were comfortable in mind. ‘Yes,’ she answered; ‘I have nothing to fear, for I have obtained salvation through Christ. He died on the cross for my sins; and God through his Son has wiped off the debt that was accumulated through my iniquities. I have peace. The sufferings that I endure from my decaying body are not worthy to be called sufferings, when compared with what Christ endured for a guilty world. Her youngest daughter had lived with her some time, and whenever she was free from pain, she would converse with her children on the subject of religion, and beg them to fear God and walk in his ways.

“Her disease was very distressing, yet, notwithstanding all her sufferings, no impatient word was heard to escape her lips. Often when her friends expressed their astonishment at this, she would say, ‘No one can participate in my pains, and therefore it is best for me to suffer them patiently. My body alone suffers, not my mind.’

“Several of the members of the Mission family called to see her at different times, and invariably found her happy and steadfast in her hope. Two or three days previously to her death she had her children collected round her bed, and desiring them to love and serve God, and to dwell in peace with each other, she commended them to God in a short prayer. Thus lived and died Debrance. She was born a Heathen, but through the grace of God, she died leaving a good testimony that she had passed from death unto life,—and that she is now in possession of a never-fading crown of glory.”

FOR THE USE OF THE
WEEKLY AND MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS
To the Baptist Missionary Society.



CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

The annexed Engraving represents a Bazar, or Indian Market. It is taken from a collection of drawings published some years since in Calcutta, and is said to convey a very correct idea of the scene. The Missionaries, and the native converts who itinerate under their direction, are in the frequent habit of visiting these Bazars, and talking with the persons who are found there, about the great truths of religion. In our country, this would seem hardly proper, because people are generally too busy to attend, in market time, to the voice of religious instruction; but in eastern countries, a great portion of the time is spent in stillness and inaction; and as quantities of idols, of wood, clay, stone, brass, &c. are always among the commodities exposed to sale, *subjects of discourse* are not wanting. We would hope that, ere many years have passed away, the effects of a preached gospel will be seen in banishing this article of traffic from the market, by convincing both buyers and sellers that they are no gods which are made by men's hands.

In the kingdom or empire of Burmah, which lies to the eastward of the British dominions in Asia, and with which the East Indian Government is now at war, it is the practice to pay very extraordinary honours to a *White Elephant*, which is considered peculiarly sacred, lodged near the palace, and attended with great devotion, even by the monarch himself. The following account of this singular custom is extracted from the journal of a traveller who lately visited Ava; and ought to inspire deep commiseration for a whole empire sunk in such astonishing stupidity as thus to honour and reverence a mere unconscious brute!

"The residence of the White Elephant is contiguous to the royal palace, with which it is connected by a long open gallery, supported by numerous rows of pillars. At the further end of this gallery a lofty curtain of black velvet, richly embossed with gold, conceals the animal from the eyes of the vulgar. Before this curtain the presents intended to be offered to him, consisting of gold and silver muslins, broad-cloths, otto of roses, rose-water, Benares brocades, tea, &c. &c. were displayed on carpets. After we had been made to wait a short time, as is usual at the audiences of the Burmese

princes, the curtain was drawn up, and discovered the august beast, of a small size, the colour of sand, and very innocently playing with his trunk, unconscious of the glory by which he was surrounded, the Burmahs at the same time bowing their heads to the ground. The dwelling of the White Elephant is a lofty hall, richly gilt from top to bottom, both in and outside, and supported by sixty-four pillars, thirty-six of which are also richly gilt. His two fore-feet were fastened by a thick silver chain to one of these pillars, his hind legs being secured by ropes. His bedding consisted of a thick straw mattress covered with the finest blue cloth, over which was spread another of softer materials, covered with crimson silk. The animal has a wonghee, or chief-minister; moonduk, or secretary of state; sereghee, or inferior secretary; nakam, or obtainer of intelligence; and other inferior ministers, who were all present to receive us. Besides these, he has other officers who transact the business of several estates that he possesses in various parts of the country, and an establishment of a thousand men, including guards, servants, and other attendants. His trappings are of extreme magnificence, being all of gold, and the richest gold cloth, thickly studded with large diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, and other precious stones. His betel box, spitting pot, and bangles, and the vessels out of which he eats and drinks, are likewise of gold, and inlaid with numerous precious stones. On the curtain being drawn up, we were desired to imitate the Burmese in their prostrations; compliance, however, was not insisted on. The White Elephant appeared to me to be a diseased animal, whose colour had been changed by a species of leprosy.

These honours are said to be paid to the White Elephant on account of an animal of this description being the last stage of many millions of transmigrations through which a soul passes previous to entering Neibaun, or Paradise; or, according to the Burmese doctrine, previous to her being absorbed into the divine essence, or rather altogether annihilated. One of the King's titles is Lord of the White, Red, and Mottled Elephants; and I am informed the same distinction is shown to those of the first mentioned colours by the Siamese. An elephant termed red was kept in a verandah of

the White Elephant's residence, but I could perceive in his colour little differing from that of any other. The King was in the habit of paying his respects to the White Elephant every morning, and of attending when he was taken to the river to be washed, and paid him the same honours as he received from his household."

At a period of the year, when the scenery of our own country begins to wear its most lovely appearance, many of our readers will probably be gratified in perusing the following highly animated and descriptive sketch of a voyage up the Ganges, written by our late friend Mr. Ward.

"As the boat glides along, drawn by our boat-men, we perceive the corn in full growth on both sides of the river—proofs of the care of Him on whom all the creatures wait; and, if imagination could supply a pleasing variety of hill and dale, and some green hawthorn hedges, we might fancy ourselves passing through the open fields in our own country; and the ascending larks, the reapers cutting the corn, and the boy driving the herd to graze in some corner of the field, might keep up, for a moment, the pleasing illusion. But a herd of buffaloes at a distance, staring stupidly and wildly, and the lofty stage in the middle of the field, erected for the protection of the keeper, soon remind us of our mistake, and warn us of a danger to which the English husbandman is not exposed. Even the silent, smooth, and unvarying element on which we now move, is not destitute of its variety of objects: here, men, women, and children, are bathing together, the men uniting idolatrous rites with their ablutions, the women washing their long hair with mud, and the children gamboling in the water, with all the gaiety of the funny tribes which surround them: we next pass by some men sitting on the bank, with their rods and lines, and others in their boats with their nets, fishing; and we no sooner pass these, but we are amused by the sight of an open ferry-boat, crowded with passengers till they almost sit one upon another; the slightest loss of the balance would immediately compel them to seek the shore as they might be able; and, gliding along the water's edge, comes a man in the trunk of a tree hollowed out into the form of a canoe: he sits at his ease, his oar is at the same time

his rudder, and this he moves with his leg, for both his hands are engaged in holding the hooka to his head while he smokes. Here an adjutant* stalks along the side of the river, thrusts his long bill among the weeds in search of fish, while the paddy-birds,† in the shallower parts, are silently watching them, and the fine-plumed king-fisher is darting on his prey. At a small distance, several large alligators present the ridges of their backs on the surface, and ere we have proceeded a hundred yards, we hear the shrieks of a boat's-crew, and the cries of a man, 'An alligator has seized, and carried off, my son!' As we approach another village, we see a man washing clothes, by dipping them in the river, and beating them on a slanting board; a bramhun sits on the brink, now washing his poita, now making a clay image of the lingu for worship, and now pouring out libations to his deceased ancestors. Near to the spot where this man sits on his hams to worship, lies a greasy pillow, a water-pot, the ashes of a funeral pile, and the bedstead of the man whose body has just been burnt: how suitable a place for worship, with such monuments of mortality before him would this be, if the bramhun knew the immediate consequences of death, and if there was any thing in the Hindoo forms of worship at all calculated to prepare the mind for the dissolution of the body! In one place we see dogs, crows, and vultures devouring a human body, which had floated to the shore, and in another, several relations are in the act of burning a corpse, the smell of which, entering the boat, is peculiarly offensive; yet this does not prevent the people of our boat from eating a very hearty meal on the grass, in the immediate vicinity of the funeral pile. In another place, the swallows are seeking their nests in the holes of the banks, while a bird of the heron kind stands on a dead tree, fallen by the side of the river, and, spreading his wings, dries them in the rays of the sun. From the ascent of a landing-place, the women of a neighbouring village are carrying home water for their families, the pans resting on their sides. Floats of ban-

* Ardea Argala. These birds are very numerous in Calcutta: the inhabitants, I am told, are forbidden to destroy them, on account of the use they are of, in contributing to remove offensive carcases, bones, &c.

† Two species of Ardea.

boats are passing by, carried down by the current, while the men, in a small boat, guide them, and prevent their touching the side, or the boats, as they pass. Long grass, swamps, and sheets of water, with wild ducks and other game, remind us of the periodical rains, which inundate the country. These clusters of trees indicate that we approach a village: the tall and naked palms rear their heads above the branches of the wide-spreading figs *Indica*, under which hundreds of people find a shelter, and in the branches of which are seen the monkeys, some carrying the young under their bellies, and others grinning at us, while they leap from branch to branch; and, while nature is drawing the curtains of the evening, in a neighbouring clump of bamboos, the minas* make a din like the voices of a group of women engaged in a fierce quarrel; and the bats, as large as crows, are flying to another clump of bamboos. Entering the village the next morning, we overtake a female, who avoids our gaze by drawing her garment over her face: on one hip sits her child, and on another she carries a large pan of water;—the dogs, half-wild, put on the most threatening aspect, and bark most savagely; the men come to the doors, and the women peep at the strangers through the crevices of the mat walls, manifesting a degree of fear and eager curiosity; the naked children, almost covered with dust, leave their play, and flee at the approach of Gourn (a white man.) Before a door, near the figs *Indica*, where the village gossips assemble, and under which is placed the village god, or, in other words, a round black

* There are three or four species of these birds, which are improperly though commonly called minas.

stone, as large as a man's head, smeared with oil and red lead, sits a man cleaning his teeth with the bruised end of a stick; † and we meet another, returning from a neighbouring field, with a brass water-pot in his hand; while the third person that meets our eye, is the village barber, sitting on his hams in the street, and shaving one of his neighbours. One or two women are sticking cakes of cow-dung on the wall, to dry for fuel; ‡ another is washing the door-place with water, mud and cow-dung, and two others are cleaning the rice from the husk, by pounding it with a pedal. Not far from the figs *Indica*, we see a temple of the lingu, and the people, as they pass, raise their hands to their heads in honour of this abominable image; from thence we go to a mosque, mouldering to ruins, and see near it a mound of earth, under a tree, raised like a grave, and dedicated to some Musulman saint; close to which is sitting a Musulman phukeer, receiving kourees from the passengers, some of whom he has supplied with fire for their hookas: this appears to be a common resting-place for travellers, and several are now assembled, conversing like passengers at an inn."

† The Hindoo young men profess to admire the teeth when daubed with the black powder with which they clean them.

‡ This article is used for fuel in India to a great extent indeed; it is gathered in the fields by a particular cast of females, and carried about for sale: 1280 cakes are sold for a roupee; the smell in burning is not offensive to the natives, but is far from being pleasant to Europeans. When well prepared and dried, they blaze like wood.

N. B. These papers are intended for distribution (*gratis*) to those friends who contribute a penny a Week or more for the *Baptist Missionary Society*.

Persons collecting to the amount of Sixpence a week are entitled to a Copy of the *Missionary Herald*, which is published monthly, containing a variety of interesting intelligence. Such friends as are disposed to become Collectors, and who know not where to apply in their own neighbourhood, may write by post to the Rev. John Dyer, 6, Fen Court, Fenchurch Street, London, who will send them Cards and Papers, and direct them how to remit the money.

No. 15.

July, 1825.

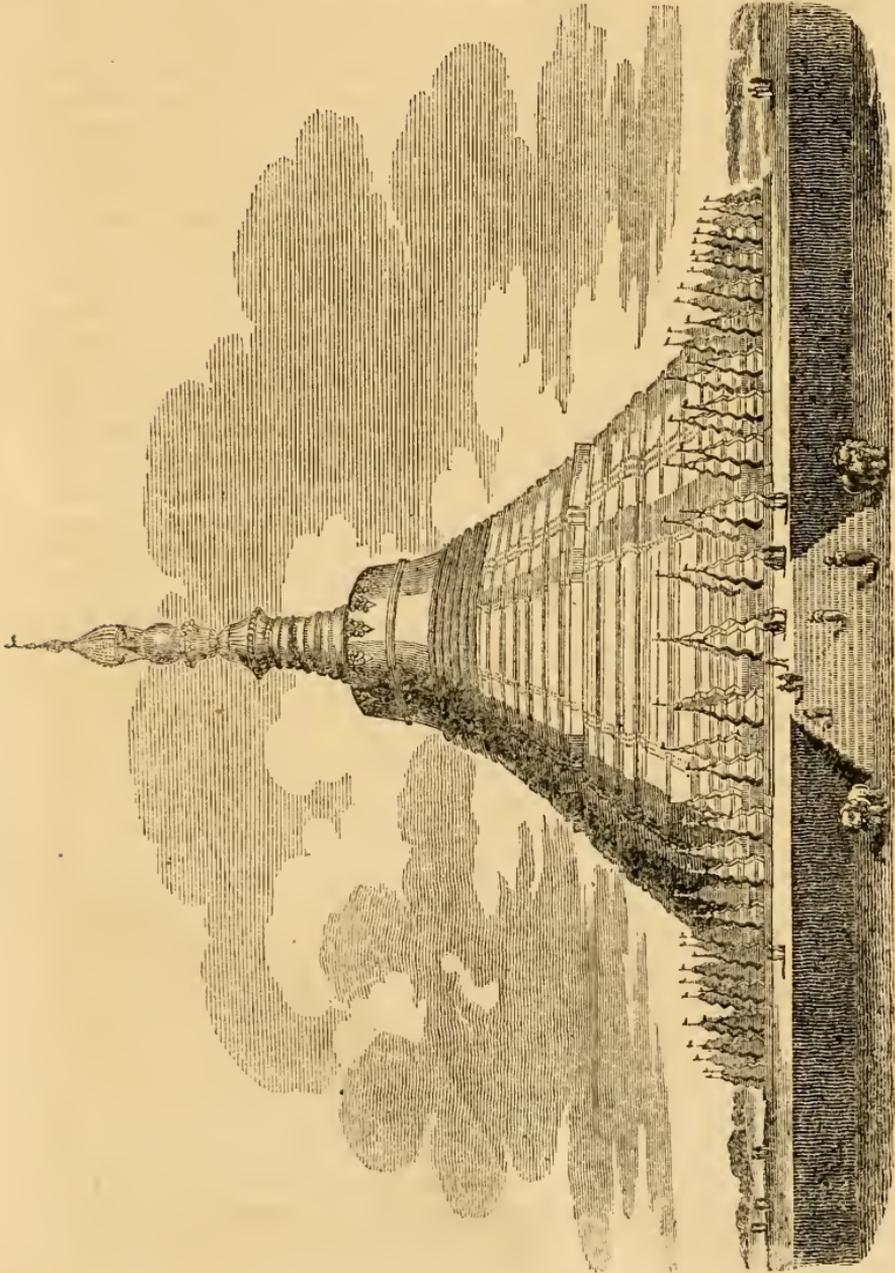
Quarterly Papers,

FOR THE USE OF THE

WEEKLY AND MONTHLY CONTRIBUTORS

TO THE

Baptist Missionary Society.



CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

The picture on the other side of the leaf represents one of those stupendous buildings, called Pagodas, or Temples, erected in the Burman empire, to the honour of Gaudama, who is said to have been, in ancient times, a celebrated teacher among them, and is now universally worshipped with divine honours. This empire of Burmah lies on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal, and is supposed to contain eighteen millions of inhabitants, all in a state of the most deplorable ignorance, and suffering the various miseries attendant on subjection to one of the most despotic governments on earth. Into this country some Missionaries have lately been sent by the American Baptist Missionary Society; and as a war has broken out between the Burman Government and the British East India Company, these Missionaries, who are looked upon as English by the Burmans, are placed in very dangerous circumstances. We have lately received the journal of Mr. Wade, one of the Missionaries, residing at the seaport town of Rangoon, when it was attacked and taken by the British, and shall give you some extracts from it. They will shew what dangers those may suddenly be exposed to, who venture into barbarous countries to preach the gospel; and we hope will lead you to be more earnest in prayer on their behalf.

On the approach of the British fleet, orders were immediately given by the Yawhoon, or Governor, to seize and imprison every person who wore a hat—the distinct badge of Europeans. In consequence of this order, the Missionaries as well as others, were seized, and soon found that their character, as ministers of religion, afforded them no protection.

“Our legs were bound together with ropes, and eight or ten Burmans, armed with spears, battle-axes, &c. were placed over us as a guard. An hour or two afterwards, the blacksmith came in, bringing a rough, heavy chain. It consisted of three links, each about four inches in length, and pounded together so close as to completely prevent it from bending any more than a straight bar of iron. The parts designed to go round the ancles were bars of iron about two thirds of an inch thick, partially rounded, and bent together so as just to admit the ancle. This was designed

for Mr. Hough & myself. He was first seated, his leg laid upon a block, the ring placed upon the ancle, and then pounded down close with heavy blows. The other ring was put upon my ancle in the same manner. Our situation afforded no convenience for lying down; and of course allowed us no sleep, or even rest.

“The night was long and tiresome, but at length morning arrived. The fleet had got under weigh, and was rapidly advancing upon the town. Our guard was considerably strengthened, and enjoined strictly to keep us close. Shortly after, orders from the Yawhoon were communicated to our guard, through the grates of the prison, that the instant the shipping should open a fire upon the town, they were to massacre all the prisoners without hesitation. This blasted all our hopes. The guards immediately began sharpening their instruments of death with bricks, and brandishing them about our heads, to show with how much dexterity and pleasure they would execute their fatal orders. Upon the place which they intended for the scene of butchery, a large quantity of sand was spread to receive the blood. Among the prisoners reigned the gloom and silence of death—the vast ocean of eternity seemed but a step before us. Mr. H. and myself threw ourselves down upon a mattress, expecting never to rise again, and calmly waited to hear the first gun that should be fired upon the town, as the signal for our certain death.—At length the fleet arrived, and the attack commenced. The first ball thrown into the town came with a tremendous noise, directly over our heads.—Our guards, filled with consternation and amazement, seemingly unable to execute their murderous orders, slunk away into one corner of the prison, where they remained perfectly quiet, until a broadside from the *Liffey*, which made the prison shake and tremble to its very foundations, so effectually frightened them, that, like children, they cried out through fear, and openly declared their intention of breaking open the door, saying, ‘The building will certainly be down upon us: we must go.’ They soon found means to break open the door; which being done, they all went out, but took the precaution to secure the door again, by fastening it with rattans upon the outside.—We were now left alone. All remained quiet about the space of half an hour; but in a moment the

whole scene changed. About fifty armed Burmans came rushing into the prison like madmen. We were instantly seized, dragged out of the prison, our clothes torn from our bodies, and our arms drawn behind us with cords, so tight that it was impossible to move them. I thought mine would have been cut entirely to the bone; indeed, we were treated just as they would treat criminals, whom they were about to lead to the place of execution. We were now put in front of several armed men, whose duty it was to goad us along with the points of their spears; others had hold of the end of the cord which bound our arms; they would pull us first this way, then that, so that it was impossible for us to determine in what direction they would have us go. After making an exhibition of us through almost every street in the town, we were at length brought to the Youngdan, or place where all causes are tried, and sentences past; it was the seat of judgment, but not of justice. Here sat the dispenser of life and death, surrounded by other officers of the town. He ordered us to be placed before him in a kneeling posture, with our faces to the ground, to which we submitted in the most respectful manner. On one side of us was a noisy rabble, crying out altogether, 'That dan, that dan,' that is, Let them be put to death, let them be put to death. Between us and the Yawhoon were two linguists, kneeling, and with tears begging mercy for us. The cries of the multitude prevailed. The executioner, who stood on one side with a large knife in his hand, waiting the decision, was ordered to proceed; but just as he was lifting the knife to strike off the head of the prisoner nearest him, Mr. H. begged permission to make a proposal to the Yawhoon, who having beckoned to the executioner to desist a little, demanded what he had to say. The proposal was, that one or two of the prisoners should be sent on board the shipping, in which case he would at least promise that the firing upon the town should cease directly. But, said the Yawhoon, 'Are you sure of this; will you positively engage to make peace?' At this moment a broadside from the Liffey occasioned great alarm. The Yawhoon and other officers instantly dispersing, sought refuge under the banks of a neighbouring tank. The multitude began to flee with great precipitance, and though our ancles

were already miserably galled with our chains, the cords on our arms intolerably painful, and destitute of any clothes except pantaloons, urged along with spears, we were obliged to keep pace with those whom fear impelled with hasty step. They proceeded in the direction of the Great Pagoda. Looking behind, we saw the Yawhoon and his officers following us upon horseback. When they had overtaken us, the proposal made by Mr. H. was assented to, and his chains were taken off: he asked to have me sent with him, but this was refused.—Mr. H. being gone, the remaining prisoners were committed to the charge of an inferior officer, with strict orders, that if Mr. H. did not succeed, to put us to death; which also was the substance of the message sent by the Yawhoon to the General by Mr. H. on whose success now hung all our hopes of life. The officer directed, that we should be deposited in a building standing upon the base of the Great Pagoda, and be treated hospitably until Mr. H.'s return.

"Mr. H. delivered his message from the Yawhoon to Sir Archibald Campbell, who said in answer, 'If the Burmans shed a drop of white blood, we will lay the whole country in ruins, and give no quarter.' He returned without delay to the place where he had left the Yawhoon, for the purpose of delivering the General's answer; but not finding him, he proceeded as far as the Great Pagoda, where he found many Burmans, of whom he enquired after the Yawhoon, and also for the prisoners; but being unable to gain any information of either, he returned back to town. It was now near eight o'clock, and the firing from the shipping still continuing, gave us reason to apprehend that Mr. H. had done little good by his message to the General. We, however, remained as quiet as possible, which was now our only hope of safety. Exhausted by hunger, and the fatigues of the day, we laid our naked bodies upon the ground, in hopes of gaining a little rest; but our situation was too uncomfortable to admit of sleep.—Several times during the night our fears were greatly excited by the Burmans; for there were several hundreds around us; and it was almost impossible to stir without making a noise with our chains loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance.

"Very early in the morning, a party of Burmans came, evidently with the

design of putting us to death, or carrying us with them into the jungle, which to me seemed more terrible than death, when some person from the outside cried out that the English were coming, by which they were alarmed, and fled with great precipitancy. But a moment before, we said to ourselves, It is all over with us; death, or something worse, seemed inevitable: but now the most sanguine hopes had succeeded to fear. All the Burmans had fled, and the English troops were near: we even heard some of their voices distinctly; but were very soon again plunged from the pinnacle of hope into the depths of despair. The English troops passed by, and the Burmans again took possession of the Pagoda; and we frequently heard them in the adjoining room: thus 'hope and fear alternate swayed our breast.' At length the moment of deliverance came. Another party of troops, headed by Sir Archibald himself, advanced: the Burmans, seeing them at some distance, fired two guns, which they had planted upon the Pagoda, and then took to their heels as fast as possible; and about ten minutes after, we had the opportunity and unspeakable pleasure of discovering to the troops the place of our confinement.—It was General Campbell himself, I believe, who burst open our door. We crawled out of our dungeon naked, dirty, and almost suffocated.—The General welcomed us to his protection, and ordered our chains immediately to be taken off; but they were so large and stiff, that all attempts were quite ineffectual: so that we were obliged to walk two

miles into the town still in irons. Clothes, victuals, &c. were immediately given us. I need not attempt to describe the feelings produced by meeting again, after we had passed through so many and so great dangers; but at length we found ourselves again all together, well, and beyond the power of barbarous and unmerciful Burmans. For my own part, I was rendered almost delirious by so sudden a transition from the deepest distress to the highest pitch of joy.—In reflecting upon those scenes of danger through which we all passed, and the narrow escapes which were afforded, when hope seemed entirely gone, I cannot help thinking, that our deliverance was almost miraculous. More than once, the danger which threatened us was so near, that I could only say, 'Lord, save now, or we perish.' God was my only hope, and this hope did not fail me, even in the greatest extremity. There was a secret confidence that God would after all, in some way or other, effect our deliverance, though every thing passing before us militated against such a hope. Oh how invaluable is the hope of the gospel, which, like an anchor to the soul, sure and stedfast, enters into that which is within the veil! And, standing upon the very border of eternity, as we viewed ourselves, how insignificant appeared all the objects which so much attract us in this world; how vast the concerns of a never ending eternity; and how invaluable a well-grounded hope in the merits of Him, whose name is the only one given under heaven and among men whereby we must be saved!"

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CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

In our former Papers, we have generally given you representations of those objects which are connected, in some way or other, with the idolatry of the heathen; and it is likely that when you have been looking at the pictures of their ugly deities, or the cruel rites which are performed in their honour, you have been ready to wonder that rational beings should be degraded so low as to worship such foolish gods, and practise such absurd and revolting ceremonies. We hope, too, that you have felt strongly inclined, at such times, to adopt the prayer of the holy Psalmist, *O send out thy light and thy truth.* If this be indeed the language of your hearts, you will be rejoiced to hear a little of the way in which this prayer is beginning to be answered, by the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the languages of the heathen, of which a little specimen is given in the plate above.

It is hardly necessary to remind any one of our readers that the Bible was not written, at first, in English, or in French, or in any of the languages generally spoken now, but in those which were used by the holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. These were, the Hebrew, in the times of the Old Testament, and the Greek, in the times of the New; and in these languages, the sacred books have been preserved, by the care of divine Providence, and handed down to the present day. As the Apostles were intended to testify the facts, and proclaim the doctrines of the gospel among many nations, God was pleased to qualify them at once to speak in their different languages. This was necessary, to give them ready and convenient access to the inhabitants of different countries, and was, in itself, so wonderful, as to form a convincing evidence that they were sent from God. But this gift was withdrawn from the church, as soon as it had answered the end for which it was given; and now, for many hundreds of years, in order that the bulk of the inhabitants of a country should be able to read the Scriptures for themselves, translations into their respective languages have been necessary.

Persons in Britain, who feel what a blessing it is to peruse the word of God, ought to be very thankful to him that he has inclined and enabled learned men to study these ancient tongues, and furnish for general use such an

excellent translation as ours; and one of the most hopeful and encouraging signs of the times now is, that there is such a general desire to promote this good and blessed work, till every nation under heaven shall be able to read, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God.

In this important work, the Missionaries sent out by the Baptist Society have been honoured to take a distinguished share. On each of the islands of Ceylon, Java, and Sumatra, gratifying progress has been made in the labour of translating the Holy Scriptures into the languages of the respective inhabitants; but it is at Serampore, near Calcutta, that the earliest, most extensive, and successful efforts of this kind have been made; the effects of which already have been considerable, and will, we trust, never terminate, till the whole of that immense country shall be covered with the glory of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

The engraving on the first page of this Paper contains one line, as a specimen, of 13 translations of the New Testament out of 21, which have already been executed and printed there. The line is the commencement of that very appropriate verse, Matt. iv. 16. *"The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."*

The first of the versions engraved in the plate is the Bengalee, which is the language ordinarily spoken in the extensive provinces of Bengal and Behar, containing on a moderate computation as many inhabitants as all England. The large and populous city of Calcutta is in this province. This translation was the first undertaken by Dr. Carey, and the New Testament was published in it so long ago as the year 1800. Since that time five other editions of the New Testament have been printed, each of which has been revised with great care and attention by the translator. The demand is so great, that the last edition consisted of six thousand copies. The Old Testament has also been published in Bengalee, and the second edition of that part of the sacred volume has been some time in the press. Of the competency of Dr. Carey for this arduous work some judgment may be formed from the fact, that, twenty years ago, he was appointed Professor of the Bengalee, and two other Oriental lan-

guages, in the Government College at Fort William, which station he still continues actively to fill.

The *Orissa* (No. 2.) is the language used in the province which contains the black pagoda, or great temple of Juggernaut. A second edition of the New Testament in this language is now preparing, which will consist of four thousand copies. The *Sungskrit* (No. 4.) is the language in which the greater part of the books in India are written, and is highly valued by the learned. This is considered the parent of a great number of the other Indian dialects, just as the Latin is of several of the modern languages of Europe. Besides completing the translation of the whole Bible into this language, of which the New Testament was finished at press 15 years ago, Dr. Carey has compiled a voluminous *Sungskrit* grammar, for the assistance of other students, containing more than a thousand pages in quarto. The *Affghan* (No. 7.) is the most northerly of all the languages into which the Bible has been translated at Serampore; and is the more interesting, as, from a variety of circumstances, it has been thought that the people so called are the descendants of that part of the Jewish nation which was first carried away into captivity. (See 2 Kings xvii. 6.)

No. 8. of the list is the *Burman*, spoken by that numerous, but very uncivilized people, who occupy an extensive tract of country to the east of the Bay of Bengal, and with whom our Indian Government is now at war. The eldest son of Dr. Carey resided there for some time, and made a commencement in translating the New Testament; this has been completed since by Mr. Judson, sent more recently from the Baptist Missionary Society in America.

The singular characters near the bottom of the plate (No. 12.) are those of the *Chinese* language, which is spoken, unquestionably, by a far greater number of human beings than any other now existing, or that ever has existed upon earth. With China, distant as it is from us, we seem to have an intimate connexion, as it furnishes, besides other commodities, the tea, which is now become an article of daily consumption in almost every family in the kingdom. But though an extensive traffic has been maintained with this great empire for more than a century, it has not been till very lately that the pearl of great price has been

conveyed to them in return. Roman Catholic Missionaries have indeed been stationed among them for many years, but it is no part of their plan to communicate the Holy Scriptures to the nations they may visit. The Serampore version, which is the work of Dr. Marshman, was commenced in the year 1806; the New Testament was finished at press in 1817, and the last portion of the Old in April, 1822—the whole Bible having thus occupied a period of about sixteen years. Since this great work was accomplished, another Chinese translation has been completed by Drs. Morrison & Milne, in connexion with the London Missionary Society; so that now the Scriptures are provided for the great numbers of Chinese who are found visiting or residing in other parts of the Eastern world for the purposes of trade, and also for Christian Missionaries who may enter China itself whenever God, in his providence, shall see fit to set before them 'an open door.'

These particulars respecting a few of the principal translations which have been executed at Serampore will, we doubt not, be very gratifying to you; and the extent to which the work has been carried is far beyond the most sanguine expectations that could have been formed at its commencement. In twenty-one languages the New Testament is printed and sent into circulation; and in six of those languages the Old Testament has been completed also. Ten other versions of the New Testament were in a state of considerable forwardness nearly three years ago, when the last particular account was published; and it may be reasonably supposed that these are by this time advancing to a close. Several other versions, in which Dr. Carey had been engaged, have been resigned to other Translators, lately entered on the field, who, from the circumstances of local residence, &c. were supposed to have superior advantages for carrying them on. It is not very easy to calculate the number of human beings who will have an opportunity, when these different versions are completed, of reading in their own tongues the wonderful works of God; but it will probably be found a very moderate estimate which reckons them at full one half of the population of the globe.

To persons who delight themselves to search the Scriptures, because they contain the words of eternal life, and testify of Him, whom, having not seen,

they love—who regard them as a revelation from the ever blessed God, stamped with supreme authority, and proclaiming, in the most exalted sense, “Good-will towards man;”—who know, too, that this divine word is “quick and powerful,”—imparting the salvation it reveals, and producing the holiness it enjoins—to such persons it will be very welcome intelligence, that the light of scriptural truth is thus beginning to dawn upon so large a portion of our benighted world. That persons of a different stamp should ridicule all such efforts, vilify the labours in which our brethren are engaged, and represent the introduction of the Bible among the heathen at all, as unnecessary and pernicious, is perfectly natural. It was to be expected, that operations so vigorous and extensive, and which are so directly calculated to abridge the dominion of ignorance, vice, and superstition, in every form, would excite some alarm, and rouse into opposition those, who, on any grounds, are interested in the perpetuation of darkness

and error. But we are convinced, this very fact, so far from being viewed with dismay, will be deemed, by those who love their Bibles and the souls of men, a cheering presage of extensive success, and a powerful inducement to strenuous and persevering activity in the Missionary cause. How far we may be permitted to behold with our own eyes the ultimate result of our labours—personally to reap the harvest springing from the seed of the kingdom now so liberally sown—must be left, and cheerfully left, to the Master we serve; but that glorious and delightful consequences must follow from all the various and still extending means now in operation for the diffusion of divine truth, through every region of the globe, would seem to be nothing more than a rational deduction from the analogy of divine dispensations, and the whole tenor of evangelical promises and predictions. May this prospect animate and refresh our minds from day to day, and render us “*stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.*”

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