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In rushed a stalwart English Officer with drawn sword, threatening to hew them to pieces, unless they delivered up the man who had stolen his cap.



SCENES IN CHUSAN,

OR

MISSIONARY LABOURS BY THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEARN TO SAY NO."



PHILADELPHIA:
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION,
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SCENES IN CHUSAN.

LABOURS BY THE WAY.

By this I mean certain labours performed by a missionary of the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church while residing at Chusan, which labours were *outside* of those which occupied his principal time and attention, as one sent out especially to preach the gospel to the inhabitants of China.

The period during which the incidents narrated in these sketches occurred, was between April 1st, 1845, and August 7th, 1846. The materials from which this little work is now composed, have long been lying amongst a

pile of note-books and journals, neglected, and perhaps expecting soon to be forgotten, and to go the way that other rubbish goes.

The reperusal of these old records has called up a thousand reminiscences, which were not traced with pen and ink on perishable paper, yet were inscribed on the tablets which are laid up somewhere in the great archive chambers of the memory.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ISLAND.

Before proceeding further, I would like very much, if it were possible, to give you some account of Chusan—of the island itself, with its valleys and hills; its villages, and mountain-streams, and canals. But I have no idea at all of being able to give you the picture of the scenery as it is even now in my

memory. Had I something of the painter's or the poet's art, I might attempt it; but now in mere dull prose I will simply say, that Chusan is an island about half way up the coast from Canton to where that "great wall," which bounds the eighteen provinces of China on the north, comes down to the sea. It is about thirty miles east of the mouth of the river on which Ningpo is situated. It is the largest of a very numerous group of islands, and is quite important to the Chinese government as a naval station. The island is about twenty miles long, and averaging ten or eleven miles in width.

It is beautiful, very beautiful, and always so, whether in summer or in winter; and wherever one might go, and from whatever point he might view it, there were new attractions. Strangers

were unbounded in their praise of it; yet those who had been there the longest, and seen it most, praised it more than the strangers.

The natural advantages of the scenery seemed to be studied by the Chinese inhabitants, who, with their peculiarly good taste in this respect, added artificial adornments.

STRIKING APPEARANCE OF TERRACE CULTIVATION.

I well remember the impression made by the first view of the island as we approached it from the ocean. It rose up before us out of the sea; the hill was high, and began its ascent from the water's edge; and it was very steep, but entirely green to its summit. Over it, and along its slope, were winding foot-paths in every di-

rection, and in these were people moving hither and thither, and up and down; here a man with broad-brimmed hat, leading a cow by a string in the nose; there a child tending a goat while it picked the grass by the way-side, followed by her kids. In places where the hill was otherwise too steep for cultivation, it was terraced; that is, a wall of stone was laid, and the soil thrown in behind it and levelled down, then back of this another wall, and so on. Seen from a distance, one might fancy that they were stairs for giants.

The island of Chusan is made up of hills and valleys, and some of the hills would in some countries be dignified as mountains. Through the valleys, across the broad plains, along the hill-sides, up the hills, and down again,

and through the mountain-passes, were roads, and foot-paths, seldom keeping on a straight line for any distance, but curving gracefully.

There was every variety in the colouring of the landscape; for the elevated grounds exhibited their little patches of grain and vegetables, and the valleys their fields of different kinds of grain. Here and there were the tombs of wealthy families set off with various figures cut out of stone, and made attractive by ornamental trees; while the hills near the city were entirely covered with humbler graves. Yonder, in a shaded glen, was a temple, but nearly or quite concealed from distant view by majestic trees, and by bamboo groves on the adjacent hills; and ever and anon, as you extend your walk, an altar is encountered

in a romantic turn of the road—rude or more finished—or a shrine espied far up a retreating cove, which you have passed twenty times perhaps, and never espied it until now. Here you approach a gentleman's establishment; here a landlord's premises with a high wall around it, like all houses of any importance in China, whether in town or country, as a defence from robbers. There you see a public garden with its grotto and fish-pond, its labyrinth of artificial rocks, its dwarf trees, with numerous little pavilions, alcoves, and chambers furnished with couches, on which visitors may lounge, and the opium-smoker inhale that deadly narcotic.

The numerous thatched cottages of the Chinese peasants, surrounded with their walls of earth or with palings,

were pretty, if viewed from a sufficient distance.

THE BUND.

The Levee, or, "Bund," as those called it who came from India, was an embankment, somewhat crescent in form, extending, perhaps, two miles from the hills which flanked the valley on either side; it had served the Chinese the double purpose of an embankment to keep back the salt waters of the sea from their fields, and, as they had supposed, to keep off a foreign enemy; for from one end of it to the other, they had thrown up hillocks of sand, behind which the men, who fired big guns at the enemy's ships, might retire when the enemy's balls should come back to them. When the English established themselves on the

island, they levelled many of those hillocks, and made a fine promenade, where might be enjoyed the air fresh from the sea, with a view of the opposite islands, and the shipping in the harbour.

About midway of this levee was the hill on which had been a Chinese fort, but at the time of which I am speaking, it was occupied by the great guns of the English. On one side of this hill were barracks for the troops, on the other side were the trading houses of the foreigners and Chinese, while just on the eastern slope of the hill, and at its foot, was the burying-ground for foreigners.

TINGHAE.

The city of Tinghae with its wall and moat, and its four gates corres-

ponding to the four cardinal points of the compass, stood in the valley, a mile or more from the harbour, between which and the city was a winding road, paved with broad flat stones, and about midway was a covered bazaar, always filled with a chaffering and chattering multitude, through which the passenger was obliged to elbow his way.

OUR HOUSE.

The house in which we lived for a while, in the city, was a little low cottage, and the enclosure of the yard was as high as the eaves of the house, so that we had nothing to look out upon but a blank wall of blue brick. In the yard were a few trees, and some artificial rock work. On one side was a street wide enough for one person to meet another quite comfort-

ably; on the other a canal with a broad paved walk between it and our wall, and a few willow trees overhanging the water. This house had once been the residence, for a few months, of an English missionary, while the war between the English and Chinese was in progress, at which time the Chinese were paying large bounty on English heads; and one of the traditions of those times was, that one night the missionary, hearing a rustling in the narrow yard at the rear of his house, arose from his bed, seized his loaded gun, crept around to the corner of the house, and fired away in the direction of the noise; and immediately there was a scrambling of something over the wall, and a pattering of bare feet up the street, and the missionary sought his bed again. In the

morning, curiosity prompted him to take a better look by daylight, and where the noise was heard, there he found a bag and a large knife. He was glad to feel his head still on his shoulders.

CHUSAN UNDER MAGISTRATES APPOINTED
BY THE ENGLISH COMMANDANT.

At the time of which I am speaking, Chusan was held by the English. The people on the hills and in the distant valleys, lived pretty much without regard to magistrates, and paid no taxes; disputes were, to a great extent, settled by arbitration amongst themselves; but cases of piracy and robbery, and controversies between Chinese and foreigners were brought before the English magistrate. The island was held by England as a depot

for troops and naval stores; and as a security for the payment of the twenty-one millions of dollars, which, in the treaty at Nankin, the Chinese promised their enemy, on condition that the war should not be prosecuted further. Six millions of that sum were for the opium which Commissioner Lin had destroyed at Canton; three millions to remunerate English merchants for losses sustained by them in consequence of the war, and twelve to the English government, to cover the expenses of the war. And that was one of the subjects which the Chinese common people never seemed to get a really clear conception of—why a nation should be made to pay for being conquered!

The troops stationed at Chusan consisted generally of one regiment of in-

fantry from England, and one of native infantry from India. These were natives of Hindostan officered by Englishmen—white officers, and jet black soldiers; besides these, there was a company of artillery, and a detachment of sappers and miners.

There were occasional changes however; one regiment or company withdrawn, and another put in its place, and recruits were arriving out from home to fill the gaps in the ranks made by war or disease.

There was no chaplain at the station, but, as the regulations in the service required, the Protestant troops were assembled once each Sabbath-day, in a building erected for a chapel, and the “collects” of the church of England were read by some one of the officers; and those of the soldiers who

were Roman Catholics were marched away to a little chapel of the French priest.

READING MEETINGS IN THE ARMY.

There were a few pious officers and men that were not sufficiently fed with the formal reading of the prayers and lessons; and they had been in the habit of meeting every Sabbath at the quarters of one of the pious officers, where they joined in prayer and singing, and in listening to the word of God, and to a sermon which was read from a printed volume. They found their "reading meetings" pleasant and profitable; and this, though many who attended them were members of a church in which there are more forms, and where more stress is usually laid upon having the services of a clergy-

man in any religious meeting, than is the case amongst some other denominations of christians.

Upon our arrival at the island, I was requested to take this service, and on the following Sabbath we met, as had been their custom, at the house of a Captain S——, in the city. The audience, as usual, consisted of a few officers from different companies, a few privates, and two or three missionaries who were on their way to other stations.

PREACHING IN THE CHAPEL.

After this we obtained the privilege of holding this service in the chapel, which was near the cantonment. It was very rough in its appearance, as were most of the houses erected by the English, as it was only for temporary use.

The seats were narrow planks without backs; but it was capacious enough to hold all the Protestant troops, then on the island, when closely packed.

A large portion of those who attended at the chapel were such as would not be likely to seek out a little band of worshippers in an upper room in the city. Amongst those present, might be seen a few officers with their families, a few of the merchants and their clerks, occasionally a stranger; and sometimes officers and people from the ships, and as many of the private soldiers as chose to attend, unless they were at the time on duty.

I like to think of those meetings. They were composed of people from different parts of the world, far separated from their homes. Many of them had been bred religiously, but

some had almost forgotten early instructions, and fallen into loose and immoral habits. Many, we hope, in that chapel had the lessons of childhood brought again to mind, and the religious impressions of earlier days revived; and in some cases, as we have reason to believe, the effect was lasting.

In our services, we had exemplified what is meant by "christian union;" for while the worshippers were of several different denominations, the question was seldom asked, Of what church are you? but one took his brother by the hand, and all sung together the songs of Zion; together we offered supplications for common blessings, and together listened to the word of our common Father.

Those Sabbaths, especially during

the hours of public worship, were seasons of calm, spiritual delight. There might be confusion in the barracks not far off, and most of us in going to the chapel had made our way through the crowds of Chinese, who have no day of rest, and who were busy, as ever are that very busy people, at their wonted occupations. Yet we, in God's good providence, were permitted to enjoy a day of holy rest, and to engage in service, that might remind us of, and which might help to fit us for, the assembly that shall never break up, and the Sabbath that shall never end.

PREACHING IN THE HOSPITAL.

Near the cantonments, and close by the sea-shore, was the military hospital—a large brick building of two stories, having three large rooms for the

sick on each floor, which extended nearly the entire length of the building.

In this, were generally from eighty to a hundred patients, and sometimes more.

A few days after landing on the island, I visited the hospital and distributed tracts to such of the patients as would receive them. Shortly afterwards, while on a visit to a poor man who was expecting soon to die, and who had desired to see me, the officer in charge intimating that there were some amongst the invalids, that would be glad of a religious service in the hospital on the Sabbath, permission was obtained from the officer in command of the station, and from that time till the island was restored to the Chinese government, the gospel was

preached in that place every Sabbath-day to the sick and the maimed.

By standing in the middle of the building, and by opening the doors between the wards, all the occupants of that floor were within the sound of the preacher's voice; and as many as were able, or disposed, would come from the lower to the upper, or from the upper to the lower story, according as the services were held above or below. And there were some, on the other hand, who, if they were able, would leave the room during the time of the service; for so wicked is man while in his natural state, and so much at enmity with God, that there are everywhere to be found those who will endeavour to run away, so as not to hear what God would speak to them by the mouth of his servants.

Those services were conducted under solemn circumstances. The people all now in a strange land, far away from home and kindred: some had long led a wandering life, and had become hardened by many years of military service in different parts of the world, and by exposure to all the vices of the camp; while others were young, and were now eating the bitter fruits of some youthful folly, perhaps for which they ran away from home, enlisted, and were sent far off, and not unlikely would be buried where no friendly hand might adorn or guard their grave, and where no tear of kindred would fall upon it.

In that congregation of the sick, some, doubtless, were at the time revolving serious thoughts. God had laid his hand upon them, had in a mea-

sure arrested them in their career of sin, and was calling to them in the voice of his providence to stop, and think upon their ways ; and while sitting up, or lying on their cots, there was reason to hope there might be a word in season made to sink deep into some heart.

Seldom was the word of God preached there, but his providence was preaching also. Either there would be a recently vacated couch, from which a comrade had been borne to the depository of the dead, or before us was one whose prospects of recovery were daily becoming less ; or from another quarter of the building would come to our ears the groan, or the heavy breathing of one just on the confines of eternity, clinging indeed to this world, but soon to be torn from everything he loved on earth.

In the midst of such scenes, how could one commissioned to beseech men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God, but feel the value of the passing hour, the importance of dealing faithfully with souls, and an earnest desire that the Holy Spirit might apply the truth ?

When that public service was concluded, tracts were sometimes distributed amongst the patients, and as time and occasion favoured, we had private conversation with one and another.

Occasionally during the week I dropped in, and passed around amongst the sick, if perchance any opportunity might be afforded of speaking a word in season, of administering any comfort to some disciple of Christ, or of directing some inquiring one to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the

sins of the world. At other times messengers were sent to our house in the city with a request from some one who was nigh unto death, and wished to see me ere he died.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

There was another service which we very highly prized. It was the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, at our own house in the city, attended by such of the pious or inquiring soldiers as could get leave for the occasion. Sometimes there was a well-filled room, sometimes only that little number which might remind us of the special promise to the two or three. Many of the common soldiers were quite illiterate men, but we loved to follow them in prayer, for they prayed in simplicity, and great apparent sincerity. They evidently

enjoyed these meetings ; they felt that it was good to be there. We trust that the pious soldier, by those means of grace, gathered courage and strength to be a more valiant soldier for Christ.

Prayers were there offered for souls that were labouring and heavy-laden, who sometimes bowed with us. By those meetings, the missionary and his wife were cheered and encouraged in their solitary home—solitary, though they were in the midst of a crowded city. Here they often found occasion to thank God, and take courage.

The power of religion as manifested in the lives of those few pious soldiers, was not without its benefit to the missionaries, and to the idolaters, amongst whom they were labouring.

Satan sometimes injects troublesome thoughts into the hearts of God's peo-

ple, such as these—whether, after all, there is anything in religion—whether there is any use in trying any more to bring men to believe in Jesus—whether it is of any use to instruct the heathen in things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

Let a person troubled with such thoughts step into a prayer meeting, and witness what enjoyments the saints have in their communion one with another, and with God; let him witness how fervent are their prayers, which are offered as though they believed that they occupied a place very near the mercy-seat; let him notice how feelings of devotion are enkindled, as with one voice they offer songs of praise; let him mark how punctually and regularly they attend—not hindered by rain, or the darkness, nor

turned aside by entertainments which attract the worldly; let him witness this, and he will say that there is something in religion, that Jesus does manifest himself to his disciples, as he does not to the world; that he does give them meat to eat, which the world knows not of; and the heathen, when they notice that from month to month they forsake not the assembling of themselves together, and see with what sincerity they worship an unseen God, and what enjoyment they seem to find in the work of prayer and praise, and what communications of joy and peace they seem to receive; and when, too, they observe their outward conduct, so different from that of many others who come not with them to the place of prayer, are constrained to own that there must be some power in the

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They would find a quiet place somewhere by the sea-side, among
the rocks.

christian religion which is not found in their own.

THE SOLDIER'S ORATORY.

As there would nearly every week be some who could not be present with us at the meeting for prayer, and as there were others who felt the need, or desired the pleasures of social prayer more frequently than once a week, they were accustomed to get together in some vacant room, or in the quarters of a pious family in the barracks. At other times, they would seek a secluded place in the fields, or amongst the high mounds of the Chinese tombs, and the trees which surrounded them, or they would find a quiet place somewhere by the sea-side amongst the rocks; and here it was they had their Bethels and their Pe-

niels. The hearts of God's people do somehow always seem to flow together. Whether it be the few disciples in the upper room at Jerusalem, or the women at Philippi, who resorted to the riverside, to the place where prayer was wont to be made, or these devout soldiers, pouring out their hearts in supplication and praise wherever they could find a favourable opportunity; our hearts are with them, the flame of devotion is enkindled in our hearts, they are our brethren, and we embrace them in the arms of christian love and fellowship, and are cheered with the thought that in heaven this love and communion shall be perfect and perpetual.

As unfriendly to growth in grace as life in the barracks might seem to be, yet those pious soldiers were mani-

festly, for the most part, advancing in holiness. In everything pertaining to their religion, they were decided; they appeared to be marching shoulder to shoulder, presenting a bold front to all their spiritual enemies; and, doubtless, they had found this the only way for them to do, unless they would be carried away by the many influences which were adverse to holiness.

To perform sentry's duty was not always to them a disagreeable service, for it afforded them so much time for private meditation.

They were also ever on the look out for opportunities of doing good. If they found a fellow-soldier that seemed at all inclined to seriousness, or one that was alarmed, or awakened in any way, they stood ready to invite him to the religious meetings. If a com-

rade had been taken ill, and was carried to the hospital, the minister was informed of it. The tracts with which they were supplied, they distributed as they found fitting occasion; and the books which had been profitable to themselves, they recommended to others. And here was the origin of a little circulating library with which they provided themselves through our agency, made up of books of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, and of the Tract Society, with volumes from the libraries of the missionaries.

These were made to do good service; they passed around from one to another; and on the removal of the garrison, were taken on with them to India. How much good that chest of books has done we do not know, nor do we expect to know in this world;

it is enough for us to cast our bread upon the waters, in the belief that it shall be seen again after many days. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War," were well worn—they were in constant circulation amongst those who liked them for nothing but their quaintness, and their story.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

The monthly concert was a meeting which the soldiers seemed well-pleased to attend; and their contributions were applied towards the support of the little school of Chinese boys in our house. It was gratifying to notice the interest they took in our work, and in missionary operations generally. They desired that others should taste and see that the Lord is gracious. The joys they felt, and the hopes they en-

tertained, they would have all to come in possession of. Benevolence is one of the evidences of conversion. Desire for the salvation of souls, is one of the marks of the christian; and meetings for prayer for the success of christian missions, for the conversion of the world, are much enjoyed by every child of God that is at all enlightened and awake to the interests of religion, and the welfare of his own soul.

What we have been speaking of were but incidental, or collateral labours; our principal work as missionaries was with the Chinese, studying their language, visiting amongst them from house to house, distributing tracts in their language, and attending to all such labours as could be engaged in by a person in the first months of his missionary life. This was our princi-

pal work. But when such a door was opened before us for usefulness amongst people speaking our own language, how could we turn from it? There is reason to hope that some of the seed which was sown fell into good ground. A few of the followers of Christ were encouraged. Instruction was imparted to some who were desirous to know what they must do to be saved. Others were visited in their affliction; and it is believed that occasionally, a few drops of consolation, like a cup of cold water, may have been given to the friends of Him who will say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Some, on their dying beds, were told of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; and it may be, that in

an instance here or there, salvation was accepted even at the point of death. Such may possibly have been the case. We have the record in scripture of the conversion of one in similar circumstances; the thief who prayed, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." But we have no other instance of a death-bed repentance in the Scriptures, and this may teach not to cease labouring and praying for the conversion of any so long as they have life; but it also teaches the danger of deferring repentance till a dying hour, and the great probability that those who have rejected the offers of mercy all their days, till the very pangs of death begin to be felt, will die as they have lived.

CAPTAIN S——.

Mention has already been made of Captain S——. A noble man he was—a christian gentleman—a hearty, earnest christian, and not ashamed of Christ, and not ashamed to own as his brother any one that belonged to the household of faith. He was a member of the church of England. He was a Dublin man, and possessed some of the best characteristics of his nation. His family was with him—a wife and two sweet children. He was a captain in the regiment of native infantry from India, where he had long been in the service of the East India Company.

His greatest pleasure seemed to be found in doing good. Speaking, with ease and correctness, the language used principally by the natives near Ma-

dras, from which region most of the people of his regiment came, they reposed confidence in him, and looked to him as their friend, and listened respectfully, when on the Sabbath he assembled them for religious instruction: He visited the sick amongst them, could talk with them about their homes, and encourage them with the prospect of soon returning to their friends and native land.

How much good may a christian man always be doing! He may be scattering benefits along his path, cheering and encouraging his fellowmen, even by smiles and kind words, becoming none the poorer, but rather growing richer by the benefits which he thus imparts.

One who has a heart full of kindness, will be likely to have his eyes

open, watching for opportunities of doing good ; he will not pass by on the other side, and allow to remain unrelieved, or uncomforted, the poor, the stranger, or any sufferer.

He is ever merciful ; and “ blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.”

This was the kind-hearted captain that greeted us in the spirit of a brother when we landed on the island ; and we anticipated much assistance from him in the religious meetings. But our expectations were to be disappointed. It was but a few times that he might worship with the people of God on earth ; but a few times, that we might unite with him in his hearty prayers in our social worship, for He, with whom he had long been walking was about to take him to himself.

Disease, which he, from his experience and observation for so long a time in India, had feared was creeping on him, now took a violent hold upon his system, and laid him on his couch; and there I found him, when one morning I called to consult with him respecting a young man that had requested to be baptized and received to the communion. A remark of his at the time, indicated how he regarded the trials to which all those are exposed who, in the army, attempt to lead a godly life. He said that he could not conceive of very many reasons why a person in the camp should desire to make a public profession of religion, unless he felt the same to be a privilege, and was determined to take up his cross and follow Christ. There was something in his manner of say-

ing this, that would give the impression that he expressed what he himself had experienced; and, doubtless, he had learned some of the many ways in which the christian may be vexed and worried by those who hate his Master—he had learned that those who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.

After some pleasant religious conversation I left him, hoping shortly to see him well again; but that was not to be. For, only two days afterwards, word was brought that he was very low, and not expected to recover. I hastened to his house, but the surgeon was unwilling that I should be admitted.

He was one of those who have not learned that a patient may be benefited, rather than injured, by appropri-

ate religious conversation ; that a christian, especially, by being cheered and encouraged with the consolations of religion, will even be more likely to be benefitted by the doctor's prescriptions ; and if he is to die, his dying bed will be made easier by hearing of Him who makes all our bed in our sickness, by hearing of the everlasting arms which are placed underneath God's people, and by being permitted to follow another in prayer, when his own thoughts are wandering, and his body and mind too weak for continuous thought.

All the day was I prevented from seeing this friend ; all the day was his distressed wife alone with him, and he frequently repeating his request that I might be sent for. But about the middle of the afternoon, a message came from the surgeon, to come and see the captain, but "to be short."

I suppose, that though nominally a Protestant, his notion of a visit to the sick was not much different from that of the Roman Catholics, who wish the services of the priest only at the point of death, to administer “extreme unction;” and, very likely, some physicians refuse to admit a clergyman to their patients, lest it might convey to them the impression that now the doctor has given them up, and, therefore, the clergyman is admitted, and next will come the undertaker.

Meeting the surgeon in an outer-room, I said, “You request me to be short—about how long a time would it be proper for me to remain with your patient, do you think?” “Oh—why—long enough to say whatever form you have,” said he.

I found our friend very low, hardly

able to speak; with difficulty he could articulate a few words. He spoke of his hope as an anchor to his soul—of his peace as perfect: he could say, I know in whom I have believed: he could leave his wife and children in the hands of a covenant-keeping God. And, said he, “soon, very soon, these pains will cease—this distressing thirst will not be felt long—soon, oh, soon I shall be rich. I trust that soon I shall be with Jesus.”

We read and repeated some passages of scripture; then bowed in prayer; and after sitting a few moments in silence, I bade him farewell. He was just on the verge of heaven, and waited here but a short time after I left him.

I tarried a few moments as I withdrew, to speak with the surgeon. He

seemed greatly moved—in some distress; for, said he, “this is the first officer I have lost by disease since we left India.” What a creature! thought I. I had no commission to “speak comfortably” to people in that kind of sorrow, and so left him; but in my own mind contrasting the characters of these two persons, and their prospects, and asking what had made them to differ. They were both from a christian land—had received, in many respects, the same education—had passed through much the same scenes! but what had proved to one a savour of life unto life, might to the other, as was to be feared, prove a savour of death unto death.

That, as you may suppose, was a sad night in our own little dwelling—we two alone—strangers, and amongst

people of another tongue, and the first friend that we had found, so soon taken from us. Just before night we walked past the house which death had visited, and where were the fatherless children, and the stricken wife. We walked outside the city into a beautiful valley, but everything seemed hung with mourning.

On the following day was the funeral. The widow and children who could not endure the loneliness—the almost speaking loneliness and gloom of their house now left unto them desolate, came to tarry awhile with us. Afterwards we exchanged with her, she remaining in our house, and we removing to hers.

The colonel of this regiment appeared to be a pious man. He regularly attended our Sabbath services,

but was more reserved in his manners than the captain. We were beginning to become acquainted with him, when his regiment was relieved, and sent to India, and another *sepoy* regiment sent to take the place of that which had been removed.

LIEUTENANT E——.

This was a young Irishman; lively, pleasant, sociable, and a decided christian; and not a man that was disposed to deny his Master, or to follow him at a distance, if we may judge from the energy and perseverance with which he laboured for the cause of God in such methods as were open to him. His regiment was called "The Royal Irish," and it used to seem that he meant to be loyal in every respect; while he served his queen, he would

also be a good subject, and a valiant soldier of the King of Zion.

His scripture-reading, and Sabbath-keeping, and frequenting of meetings, and absenting himself from the games and Sabbath-day amusements of the other officers, brought upon him many petty persecutions. Even the commander of the forces, who, in the main, was kind and cordial, and where he took a liking, a hearty friend, did not encourage the religious ones as he might have done. Though sometimes, on a Monday morning, when many of the men appeared in a bad plight, or did not appear at all, on account of a too free use of liquor obtained while on liberty during the Sabbath, with some hard epithets, and some bad temper, he would single out the few religious ones, and pointing to them

would say, with an oath, "Look ye, men! look to these, my Methodist people. I wish you were all Methodists, if it were only to keep you from getting drunk, and playing the fool on Sundays." Rumour had it that he gathered his subaltern officers on Sabbath morning, to examine them in the drill book, and called it his Catechism class. One day, as was said, he entered the quarters of lieutenant E——, and seeing the Bible and drill-book on the table, but the Bible above, he stepped up and reversed them, putting the Bible below, and the drill-book at the top, saying, "That's the order, my boy. That's the order."

But our lieutenant held on his way, attending all religious duties, public and private; encouraging the pious soldiers by his own example, and with

words of exhortation, or of inquiry as to whether their souls were in health ! He took charge of a selection of religious books which he lent to one and another, and recommended to such as he thought needed, or might be benefitted by such instruction, or such warnings as the book contained.

How much good he was doing in his quiet way cannot be estimated. There was the influence of a godly life, acting as an encouragement to the good, and a restraint to the wicked—the effects of any warnings or counsels he may have spoken—and the blessings which may have been obtained in answer to his prayers. And so may every individual be doing good continually. How much better to be exerting a good than a bad influence ! and how much better to be up and doing with

our might what our hands find to do, improving our talents to the utmost, than to bury our talents, or live the life of a drone !

A military life may seem to us not quite consistent with the peaceful mission of Christ, and the precepts of his gospel; yet we see that God calls his elect from nearly all grades of society, and from people of various occupations: and this, partly, no doubt, for the purpose of showing us that in whatever circumstances we may find ourselves placed, in the providence of God, there we may serve God, and that many temptations and hindrances are no excuse for not living a life of holiness; for, by the examples which we have, God has shown to us that he is willing to give strength equal to our day. We noticed that, as a general

thing, the disciples of Christ in the army were more decided and active in religious duties, and seemed to have a greater hungering and thirsting after righteousness, than the same proportion of professing christians not so much exposed to temptation. Buffet-
ing the storms, and experience of all kinds of dangers at sea, make the good sailor; and experience in many wars and hardships makes the soldier: and yet that you may be enabled to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, we do not recommend you to resort to the army to get your discipline as christian soldiers, but would advise rather not to expose yourselves to moral contamination, and ever pray "Lead us not into temptation." But, wherever we may be we should have on the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand in the evil day.

We noticed also that the greater portion of the pious persons that we met in the army, had become so since their connection with it. This may teach us that God's ways are not as our ways.

It would not be our way to send a young man into the army, nor to place him in the fore-castle of a ship, that he might there find the way of life ; but so, as it seems, God sometimes does, and this partly, no doubt, that he may try his people's faith, and call out the more earnest prayers of parents and friends.

It is to bring them to feel that if those wayward ones are saved, the Lord alone can save them ; and thus they are brought to cast themselves wholly on the Lord. Furthermore, these considerations admonish the am-

bassador of Christ that wherever he may be, still he should remember his commission, and be watching for souls, for in what may seem to him the most unlikely places, there yet may be some of those who are God's chosen vessels of mercy.

THE CONTRAST.

One pleasant peaceful Sabbath afternoon, having just closed the service in the upper ward of the hospital, an artilleryman stepped in from an outer ward, on the same floor, and begged me to call around and speak with one of his comrades, who was near dying. I had heard about this man before; the same comrade who now pointed out his bed, had previously requested me to converse with him, but the man had always avoided me. Often had he

been alarmed in view of death, and the judgment: at times, his distress of mind had been very great. But, while suffering thus he would generally resort to strong drink to drown his sorrows, and thus he would grieve the Holy Spirit. Once or twice he had attempted suicide, for he was a miserable man; and more miserable after his debauches, than before them. He was frequently on the sick list; often in the hospital for a little while at a time; but now it was evident he was not to leave it again till carried to his narrow house.

I was approaching his cot, which was in the farthest end of the ward. He saw me coming, and beckoned me away; and as I drew near he shut his eyes. I addressed him as mildly and tenderly as I was able, but he said,

“Sir, I am very weak, and can’t talk.” I answered, “Then let me talk to you, or read a few verses from the Bible.” “No, sir,” said he, “I’m very sick.” I begged him to listen to a few words which Jesus spake to those who were labouring and heavy laden. “No, sir,” said he, “not now — to-morrow — I need sleep now.” “My friend, I fear you may not live till to-morrow,” said I: “I entreat you to think on your condition and danger, and pray to God to have mercy on you.” While I was speaking he turned himself in the bed, to get away from me as much as possible.

After waiting a few moments, I walked around to the other side of his cot, and began repeating some of the gospel invitations. “It’s too late, sir,” said he; “it’s too late, it’s of no use.”

I said, "As you say, you are indeed very sick, and may not have many hours left you, in which to prepare for eternity; and you know that those who die in their sins, where God and Christ is, they can never come. But, if, with all your heart, and with true sorrow for sin, like the thief on the cross, you will say, 'Lord, remember me,' he will take you to be with him in paradise." "It's too late," he repeated, "and I wish to be quiet." I begged him not to speak thus, for while there is life we may hope that there is mercy for us; even till the eleventh hour, God may be waiting to be gracious. But he only answered, and with some appearance of peevishness, "I had rather not hear anything more about any of these things," and he drew the bed-clothes over his head.

It was hard to have to leave him in such a state of mind—a soul just lingering a few moments here, and then to try the realities of the unseen world, and not reconciled to God. I asked once more, if I might kneel and pray with him; but he gave me no answer. I added a few more words and left him. He must have been expecting to die soon—he had been told that he might not see the morning: but he was unconcerned. There seemed to be no fear of hell, or desire for heaven. Yet he was not stupefied with medicines, nor was he delirious; but he was in a moral stupor, and determining to remain so as long as possible. He would not be disturbed. He might be just on the point of falling into the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, but he would not allow

himself to think of its horrors, nor give himself the trouble to raise one cry for mercy.

The Holy Spirit had striven with him many times, but he had grieved him, and now he seemed to be given up to hardness of heart.

When the Holy Spirit ceases to strive with the sinner, it is, indeed, too late; for what hope is there for those concerning whom God has said, "Let them alone?"

But in the middle ward, lay another dying man, and within hearing of the man with whom I had been conversing; for, on that warm summer evening, all the doors and passages were open for the circulation of air. This one had been recently brought to the hospital from the transport ship. During the fortnight in which he had lain

where he now was, I had visited him occasionally, and with great personal comfort and edification. His hope was as an anchor to his soul; he had constant joy and peace. Before his life was despaired of, he was resigned to the will of God—willing to suffer, yet desiring to recover, if it might please God to give him health again; for, having been sometime absent from his company on the invalid list, he had anticipated much pleasure in being again permitted to enjoy the society of his christian associates. His Bible and hymn book, and a few tracts, were always on his table, from which he read, or requested another to read to him. He seemed not to think, or to be at all troubled with the thought, that religion might be unpopular with those about him. He seemed to worship God with

as little restraint as if he had been in a room by himself. At length he became aware that his prospects for recovery were diminishing, and then all his thoughts were going out towards heaven; his soul seemed to be poisoning its wings, and to seem almost impatient to be gone to the bright world of bliss. He talked of heaven, of glory, of seeing God, of being with Jesus. He repeated, and sung, and often without any one to sing with him, the hymns which, while in health, he had sung with the people of God. The pious soldiers would, in turn, obtain permission to attend him; and on this Sabbath afternoon, as I was about leaving the hospital, there were several gathering in to see him; and he at once engaged them in singing around his bed his favourite hymns.

And what an effect that had upon the other inmates of the hospital! Some, indeed, could not endure to remain where there was even so slight a semblance to heaven as that, but stole away and left the house:—how much more then, would heaven be disagreeable to them! how could they endure the song of the hundred and forty and four thousand? But others lay, or sat up on their cots, listening as if in wonder. Some drew near while the hymn was sung, to hear the dying disciple speak of his dear Jesus, and tell of his charms; and to look in his face, lit up as it was, with the hope of immortality, and showing that his soul was already revelling in spiritual delights.

When the singing was done, one man whispered to the one next him,

“That’s a christian—there’s no hypocrisy there.” Another said, “I wish *I* were as well prepared to die.”

The next morning, pretty early, I visited the hospital, and met the apothecary in the door, who said, “We had a *casualty* last night,” which was his *easy* way of saying that another immortal spirit had fled—that another of our fellow men had gone to render his account.

The poor artilleryman had lingered till nearly morning. Probably he departed out of this life in the state of mind in which I last saw him. And, I think, another man died during the night, who had also refused to hear anything about the world to come. But he who longed to depart, and be with Christ, waited till the afternoon of that day before Jesus came to re-

ceive him to himself, to be with him where he is, and to behold his glory. To the last, he was exhorting his brethren to faithfulness, and warning the unconverted, and assuring them that religion was not a farce, nor the Bible a cunningly devised fable; and showing in his own appearance that his faith was the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.

What a contrast! One, while in health, had neglected to secure the one thing needful. On his dying bed he was weak, and the Holy Spirit was not with him, either to help his infirmities, or to comfort him, or to break his hard heart. We fear he died without the one thing needful, and went to the judgment without it, is without it yet, and so will be for ever.

The other was wise betimes, and chose that good part, and in the hour of trial it was not taken from him; in his weakness he was enabled to retain it; amid the temptations and terrors of dissolving nature, when flesh and heart fail, still he held fast to his good part, and carried it with him when borne by angels through the skies. Still, in heaven he has that good part, and never, never—not to all eternity, shall it be taken away from him.

Reader, would you die the death of the righteous? Then must you live the life of the righteous.

THE DYING SAILOR.

One bright morning of spring, the hospital sergeant called to say that a sailor at the hospital was anxious to see a clergyman. Very soon I started to

visit him, walking through the busy, noisy streets of the city; crowding my way through the dense masses of people who were labouring for the meat which perisheth, and many of whom would need to exert themselves to the utmost to gather enough to satisfy the demands of hunger for the day, and feed others that were dependent on them. I was going to see a man who was beginning to feel the vanity of all earthly things, and to think of the preparation to be made for leaving the world. When outside the city, I turned off from the thronged street to reach the hospital, by a winding path through the fields. Here was a field of rice, there a field of barley; here a patch of garden vegetables, and there a field in yellow blossoms. All here was peaceful, the air fragrant, the

birds happy, but I was still thinking of the poor sailor with half the circumference of the globe between him and his native land, without loving friends to smooth his dying pillow, without a familiar face to look upon him; with only paid officials, and servants whose hearts had long since grown callous—with only these to look upon him in their round of duty.

This sick sailor had been removed from a passing ship to another stationed in the harbour; and by permission had been again removed to the hospital. He seemed aware that he had not long to live, and was anxious to get ready to leave the world. His parents, he stated, were “members of the church;” and he spoke of them with some emotion—said they had well instructed him in his youth; he had

been "christened and confirmed," and had tried to live correctly in the main. Indeed he seemed to be trusting too much, as I thought, to his baptism, and confirmation, and moral life; and therefore I spoke of the insufficiency of our own righteousness, that it cannot come into the account at all—of the corruption of our nature; of our need of Christ's righteousness; of the new birth; of repentance and faith. He did not seem inclined to talk, and I could hardly learn what was his state of mind, or how much knowledge he possessed of the plan of salvation; but I feared it might not be very clear. I looked upon him stretched upon his couch, and thought of him as nigh unto death, and perhaps, without the one thing needful, and I endeavoured to bring him to see his state, that he might be aroused to earnest prayer.

He was reminded of the judgment, and that he would need an Advocate there—of the marriage supper, and that there he would need the wedding garment. But these subjects did not seem to interest him as I had hoped they would. It may be that the truths presented were undermining some old hope, and disturbing a false peace. He listened, however, but said little. He looked like one disappointed; as though the minister was not doing for him what he expected. He could not say that he felt prepared to die; nor did he appear willing to set about that preparation. He was told of the necessity of immediate repentance, of earnest prayer for the forgiveness of our sins, and that we must look only unto Jesus, crying, Lord, save, or I perish. After prayer,

and having remained with him as long as seemed profitable, I bade him good morning, hoping to see him again on the following day. But death was nearer than I supposed. I was not to see him again till we meet at the judgment: I, to answer for my faithfulness; he, to answer for the use he made of the knowledge he had of the way of life, for the exhortations he heard, and for the space given him in which to set his house in order.

The next day we committed the dust to its dust again. Perhaps it was well with him, but I feared not; and I was led to reflect, How many are building on the sand! How many there are who are unwilling to be disturbed in their carnal security! Even on their death beds, how many still hug a delusion! they endeavour to suppress

anxious thought, and are pleased with others only as they cry Peace, peace, though there be no peace for them. This disposition is particularly manifest amongst the Roman Catholics. The priests have told them that they are safe, and they *will* believe it. Having confessed and received absolution, they are unwilling to be again disturbed with any doubts whatever. It is not, however, the priest's words altogether that have quieted them, but the delusive influence of the devil, and their preference for any system of religion that will afford them indulgence in their mental sluggishness, and moral stupidity. There is reason to believe that some who have been Protestants in understanding, and have really no confidence in the priests, nevertheless, will on their death-beds receive

what are termed the *Consolations of the Church*; they welcome any one that will sew pillows to the arm holes—that will indulge them in their false hopes. And just so the heathen. They trust in lies, and are impatient when attempts are made to drive them from those refuges. They had rather go to the place of the dead as they are, though they acknowledge that to them the future is all uncertainty, with much of fearful looking for of judgment; they had rather launch into eternity blindfold, than have any more doubts started in their minds.

Surely madness is in the hearts of such men while they live. A few days of sleeping and slumbering are bought with a surprise at death, and an eternity of self-reproaches and anguish.

THE SOLITARY BURIAL.

It was during one of those seasons, when, as we found in that latitude, and that position near the sea, the clouds are wont to pour out their contents for days together, that I walked just before night down to the harbour, and ran into the office of a mercantile house, on an errand, which I executed hastily, and turned to hurry home before dark, and before the night sentinel should be placed at the city gates; for I had no lantern, nor did I know the countersign.

The proprietor of the establishment was not at home; there was only a clerk in the house, and he, though from the land of John Knox, from the land of the Sabbath and the Bible, yet was as hardened and profane a crea-

ture, as is often to be met amongst those who still wish to be ranked with decent people. He had spent some years in Mexico, some elsewhere, receiving occasional remittances from an uncle at home, who had been appointed his guardian. He drank champagne when he could get it; if that could not be had, then something else—anything but water. He seldom spoke without an accompanying oath, and his profanity was shocking.

Just as I was at the top of the stairs, to go down, he mentioned that a sick sailor had been sent ashore from an American ship, and was lodged in that house. I did not understand that he was considered immediately dangerous. I had no time to spare, if I would get back into the city that night; and my wife was there alone. I promised

The first of these is the fact that the
 nation has been a long time in
 coming to a realization of its
 position in the world. It has
 been a long time since we
 have been able to see our
 place in the world as it really
 is. We have been too busy
 with our own affairs to
 look out upon the world
 and see what we are
 doing to it. We have
 been too busy with our
 own interests to see
 the interests of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own power to
 see the power of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own glory to
 see the glory of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own wealth to
 see the wealth of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own strength to
 see the strength of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own life to
 see the life of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own death to
 see the death of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own resurrection to
 see the resurrection of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own kingdom to
 see the kingdom of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own empire to
 see the empire of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own throne to
 see the throne of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own crown to
 see the crown of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own scepter to
 see the scepter of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own orb to
 see the orb of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own globe to
 see the globe of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own sphere to
 see the sphere of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own planet to
 see the planet of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own system to
 see the system of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own universe to
 see the universe of the world.
 We have been too busy
 with our own world to
 see the world of the world.



“ Now let s go and say an oration over him, and put
him to rest.

myself that I would call the next morning and see this sick sailor. But early the next morning I received a note, stating that the sailor was dead, and desiring me to "please come and bury him." All the night it had rained, and it was raining yet, and the clouds were low and black. When I arrived the body was already nailed up in a rough box, and six half-dressed coolies — Chinese labourers — were standing by, waiting to carry it away, and put it into the hole they had been digging. The young Scotchman— young in years, but old in transgression—was there, smoking his cigar. "And now," says he, "let's go and say an oration over him, and put him to rest."

To me, that was a dismal funeral, though, besides the black clouds hang-

ing like funeral drapery, there was little that was befitting a burial; but to me it was solemn. Oh, that I had taken time last evening to see this man! thought I. During that rainy, dreary night, and probably alone, he had died. Who was he? Who were his friends? Do father and mother, brother or sister, survive to wish and wonder if the wanderer will ever come home?

Did he know that he was so near his end? and how did he meet the king of terrors? Had he hope? Was Jesus with him? Was he ministered unto by the angels of the Lord that encamp round about them that fear him, to deliver them? Did heaven open to his dying eyes, that, like Stephen, he might see the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand

of God? and so, did he peacefully fall asleep, to sleep in Jesus till the morning of the resurrection? Or, were his prospects for the future as dark as was that dark night, in which his soul was made to quit its house of clay?

Let these occurrences teach me, said I, never to lose an opportunity which offers of speaking a word in season; for this opportunity neglected, another may not be afforded.

THE YOUNG ARTILLERYMAN.

Once, having been visiting the sick, and while passing through the hospital-yard to go home, a young man of genteel manners, in the invalids' cap and gown, saluted me by touching his cap, and said, "I have been waiting here to speak with you, sir, and if you please, I would beg the favour of a moment's conversation."

He then spoke very briefly of the kind of life he had led—of his enlistment, of his life in the army, of his conviction of sin, his long-continued seeking and his hope at length, of his willingness, as he thought, to forsake all and follow Christ, and especially of his desire now to profess Christ before the world. Whatever cross there might be for him to bear, he was ready to take it up.

Learning what I could of his state of mind during that brief interview, I requested him, as soon as convenient, to call upon me, which he did, within a few days; and in the mean time, I had opportunity of learning more about him, through some of those who witnessed his daily life in the garrison.

He entertained some hope that he had experienced a change of heart;

yet of this he dared not be too confident. To be born again was a great thing, and often, when thinking of it, it seemed to him that a person in whom this work had been wrought, must experience a greater change in his feelings, and exhibit a more perfect reformation in his life than was to be found in his case. But he could say that he felt differently of late, from anything he had felt in former times. He had now no relish for former amusements. His old associates were not now congenial companions. Now, he preferred the society of the people of God. He loved to read the Bible, and it did him good to think it was God's own word; he found pleasure in meetings for religious worship. Secret prayer he esteemed a privilege, and in it he felt that he drew near to God. He was

willing, yea, he desired, as he thought, to take up every cross, and engage in every duty which Christ requires of his disciples. He had, for some time, been wishing for an opportunity to make a public profession of his faith; and if I was willing, he would regard it a great privilege could he receive baptism, and unite with those who are permitted to remember their Lord in the breaking of bread.

After this, I saw him frequently: he embraced opportunities for conversing on religious subjects; he was never absent from the meetings except necessarily detained: he was an eager student of the scriptures; he searched them, aided by a reference Bible, which was furnished him, and which he highly prized.

After a number of weeks, being pleased with his humility, and hoping

that he had learned of Jesus, who is meek and lowly in heart, I could not longer refuse water that he should be baptized; and so, at the communion season, which we observed once in two months at our house in the city, on the Sabbath afternoon, on confession of his faith he was baptized, and took his seat with a few who, in an upper chamber received the bread and the wine, dedicating themselves anew to Christ, and seeking an increase of spiritual strength in which to go on again for many days.

Those communion seasons we will never forget. A holy quiet reigned where we were assembled, and each one seemed to feel,

“ How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !”

Those services were solemn, but they were simple. In the very room where we sat every day—with a little table spread with a simple white cover—the wine and the bread—a few communicants in red coats, a few in blue, and in buff, a few in citizen's dress, a few women, now and then a fellow missionary, or an invalid brother or sister, occasionally a stranger, whose home and whose altar were half around the globe from us—a passage of scripture read—a hymn—a few words spoken—the elements distributed by the minister. People of different denominations sat at that communion table: Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, and people from different countries.

Oh, if there are any of my days that may come again, may they be

like those! It was to sit in the banquetting house with Christ's banner over us. We communed with him. He came in and supped with us, and we with him.

Let me say a few words more respecting that young man. According to his own account, which I gathered from him from time to time, he was the son of a merchant in London, was trusted with more pocket money than was needful, was more in the streets than was for his good; his dislike for school increased, and he played the truant frequently; he was sometimes reprimanded and punished, but, for the most part, was entrusted to teachers and governors, his own father having too much business on his hands to look very carefully into the conduct of his own son. To get him away from the

dissipation of London, he was sent to France, in the care of some relatives, who had gone there to reside, because their income was insufficient to support them in England, in the style to which they had been accustomed, and they were too proud to take a lower grade in society. Here he was still sent to school, and became an elegant French scholar. At length, he was recalled, and put as a clerk in his father's store; but being neither so diligent nor faithful in business as he ought, he received reproof from his father, which, like a spoiled child, he resisted, and, in foolish and wicked anger he threatened to enlist. At first, he applied to the Horse Guards; but had not interest enough to procure him a berth there. Then, being met by a recruiting officer for the East India company, who flat-

tered him for his fine form and military bearing, and assured him that young men with talents and education, were promoted rapidly in India; he drank in the compliments, and enlisted, and fancied himself on the road to fame and wealth. But he was transported to India like any common recruit, and was a private yet.

In the cantonment, and in the tented field, this young man had time for reflection which he had not had before, or rather, which had not before been so well improved. The daily lessons in the life of a soldier—the lessons of God's providence which only harden the many, and prove to them a savour of death unto death, did, in this case, prove to be the means, or one of the means, by which the heart was to be made soft.

Diseases rapidly thinned their ranks upon their first arrival in Chusan, during the rainy season, when they were without barracks, and much exposed in their tents, and the earth, on which they slept, was saturated with water. Their provisions were unwholesome, and their numbers were diminished, not so much by the enemies' bullets, as by fevers and dysentery. It was not uncommon for the officer of the night, on going his round to relieve the guard, to find that the king of terrors had gone the round before him and called away the sentinel, without stationing another in his place. In those days, the formalities of funerals were dispensed with, and it was customary to detail little squads of men to go around and bury the dead; which they did by stripping off their belts, and

interring them without a coffin, on that hill within the city of Tinghae, which became well nigh covered with lowly graves, which had no headstone, nor anything to mark the spot as treasuring the dust of a fellow being. In the burying-ground, which was afterwards used, on the side of the hill which was crowned with the fort that guarded the harbour, where many monuments were erected, was one placed there by surviving comrades, to the memory of three hundred and fifty non-commissioned officers and privates, of one regiment, who fell by the casualties of war and disease. Those were of a different regiment from that to which our young friend belonged; but they were gathered to the generation of the dead during the same days as those in which his own messmates were

falling around him, like leaves in autumn. Whenever he alluded to those scenes, a soldier though he was, the tears would run down his cheeks.

This perhaps was the school which God designed he should pass through that he might learn how brittle is the thread of life, how uncertain and how unsatisfactory are worldly honours, and what folly it is for a being capable of enjoying immortal life and glory to live for nothing, and perish like the brutes.

Now he seemed anxious to be living for a better purpose. He searched the scriptures daily, and spent much of his leisure time in profitable reading. He appeared to grow in grace, and to have an increasing desire to be more widely useful. There was evidence that he was faithful in improving his opportunities for benefitting others.

REGENERATION MORE THAN REFORMATION.

S——, the young man of whom we have been speaking, had a companion whose history had been somewhat like his own. He was a person of good manners, and some education. Through the influence of S——, he was induced to attend the meetings. He had broken off his drinking habits, and now professed penitence, hoped he was reformed, and gave such an account of his feelings, hopes, and determinations as looked somewhat as though he might be a renewed man; and he wished to be admitted to the ordinances, and take upon himself the vows of God.

This request was kindly entertained, but he was advised to wait and test his experience somewhat further. For

a few weeks he held out well; was regular at the religious services, and attentive and serious when present, and outwardly, so far as I could see or learn from others, his conduct was unexceptionable. But by and by, having come in possession of a small sum of money which he had earned by writing—for he was an excellent penman—temptation and appetite for drink again proved stronger than his resolutions; his feet were in a slippery place and he fell.

I shall not be likely soon to forget the pain I felt one Sabbath afternoon soon after he had suffered strong drink to overcome him. I was going to the chapel, and he was hurrying to some of those haunts of the drunkard where liquor was sold by the Chinese. The moment he caught a glimpse of

me, he shot down a narrow filthy alley, ashamed to be seen. That evening we were expecting again to meet for communion one with another, and with Christ our Head, and to remember him in the breaking of bread; and this young man, had he continued to appear as well as he did at first, and had he still desired to profess Christ, would undoubtedly have been with us; but it had already happened unto him according to the true proverb, "The dog has turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

Another of the stony ground hearers, thought I: he heard the word, and anon with joy he seemed to receive it — he heard gladly, and did many things; but having no root in himself, he endured but for a time.

Poor fellow! How I pitied him! I pitied him, as still in the gall of bitterness, and bond of iniquity; for in such case I feared he still was. I pitied him, as still led captive by Satan. I pitied him, as still a slave to his lusts. I pitied him, because of the weakness of his resolution, and that Satan and his appetite should find him so easy a prey.

I remembered how he had appeared to enjoy the few months in which he had abstained from intoxicating drink, and what pleasure he seemed to find in the hope that he might continue to be a man, and never again become a sot; and seeing how those hopes were dashed, well might I pity him.

How sad his case! Thinking of him only as a human being, how sad his case! He had mental abilities and

education that would have adorned a nobler place than his, who has to be marched, and countermarched, halted and wheeled, and marched again, at the sound of fife and drum. But, although he was a soldier, he might still have remained a man; yes, and even have become a brother of the Son of God, had he resisted temptation, and had he hearkened to Him who says, "Wash you: make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well." "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

This young man did not forget the few days of sunshine, which he en-

joyed while he was trying to live like a rational being; and he remembered us, and still expressed thankfulness for the kindness that had been shown him, and for the encouragement he had received; but shame kept him from our house, and his friends could not prevail on him to abandon again his drinking habits.

That was another chapter of religious experience for me to study in the beginning of my ministerial life. Though I did not expect ever to be able to know the heart—not even my own, and much less that of another, for the heart is deceitful above all things—though I did not expect ever to be able to know certainly, whether any person professing to be converted is a genuine believer or not; yet it strengthened the conviction that the

candidate for church privileges should not be received too hastily, but that time should be afforded for knowing the tree by its fruit. It gave me occasion to reflect on the insecurity of any one who is exposed to temptation, and has not grace sufficient for him; and cannot, or does not, see his need to pray to God, "Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." "Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me." It caused me to be more distrustful of mere reformations, and to be less sanguine, in regard to any person reported as reformed, until there be some evidence that the heart is renewed, and that God is working in him to will, and to do of his good pleasure.

Where there is regeneration, there will be a reformation; but there are many partial reformations without a regeneration.

His company was detained a few months at Hong Kong, and while there S——, in a letter, speaks of his comrade to this effect: “My friend J—— has, for some time, been entirely sober, and is hoping and, he says, praying also, that he may reform altogether. But I dare not be sanguine, for temptations are numerous, and that appetite for strong drink is the hardest thing to be conquered.”

SAMSHU, AND WHAT IT DID.

Speaking of the mischief wrought by strong drink, reminds me of another painful case, that of private W——. For a number of months, he

was as regular and attentive at all the meetings as any man that came. Not a lisp had I ever heard that anything was wrong as to his habits, although I knew that in one corner of the cantonment was a large building which went by the appellation of the *Canteen*, where English ale, and London porter were dealt out, and where were always many loungers, drinking and smoking, and fighting their old battles over again. And I knew that almost anywhere, around the cantonments, in the city and in the country, were plenty of the Chinese prepared to furnish the soldier with Samshu, which was an intoxicating drink, manufactured from rice. In our walks, it was no uncommon thing to meet with drunken soldiers; and the Sabbath, being a day in which the men had greater liberty

than on other days, was signalized as a time of more general drunkenness and rioting. But who had ever dreamed of private W—— being found in such transgression? Yet, unlooked for as it might be, one evening, just as the prayer meeting was dismissed, and the people were about leaving, corporal P—— drew near, and said in a low and mournful voice, “It’s a sad thing, sir, but W—— has took to drink.” And then all was still again. I seem even now to see that little band of men, standing with caps in hand, all gloomy and anxious, as you may imagine a company of people who have just received some alarming or afflictive intelligence, and have met to consult; each waiting for another to propose some measure, but no one having courage to break the painful stillness.

Then was illustrated that scripture, "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." They were *sorry* for what had occurred; and it was evident that they were desirous of doing what the scriptures enjoin where they say, "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

The advice given them was, to treat the erring brother kindly, and endeavour to recover him; especially to pray for him, and use every effort to draw him away from the haunts of vice, and places of temptation.

But poor W—— seemed determined, like one who had quite lost

caste, to throw himself away. The next Sabbath day I saw him standing in the way with sinners, playing at ball; though he was careful to keep his face turned away from me. His wife, who was a kind-hearted and simple-minded, but devotedly pious woman, was thrown into great distress by this folly and wickedness in her husband, and entreated all to pray for him.

Immediately subsequent to this occurrence, there were commenced some more energetic efforts in behalf of temperance, or total abstinence. A pledge was prepared, and the soldiers circulated it, and obtained a few signatures. Books, papers, and tracts on the subject were gathered, and put in circulation, and some good doubtless was accomplished.

W—— made his wife and his bre-

thren happy by signing the pledge, and making confession of his fault. But it was not long till he fell the second time. And again he reformed. When he left the island with his regiment he was sober, and apparently penitent, and declared that "he'd not drink any more" ever.

I hardly knew what to think of him. When I remembered his irreproachable behaviour for a number of months, the enjoyment which he appeared to find in religious duties, I hoped in regard to him. When I thought of the ease with which he relapsed into sin after his reformations, I doubted; and still I doubted when I saw his repentance lighter than I would be glad to see, and too little remorse and self loathing—too little of the shame, and confession, and self-abasement, and desire

for forgiveness, for cleansing, for a new heart, and for reconciliation with God such as David expressed in the 51st psalm. But again I desired to be charitable, for in this world all of us are compassed with infirmity—sanctified but in part. God's long suffering is great—there is forgiveness with him. Peter was forgiven. David was forgiven; but their confession was full—their sorrow was heart-rending—their prayer for forgiveness earnest and humble.

Did I intimate that I would give an account of Samshu—a full history of it, and what it did? That is more than I would undertake; and the record would be too long, and the pages would be too dark. It would be a narration of family quarrels, and street brawls;

of one person beaten to death by his friend, when merry with wine, and that friend paying the penalty for it, when sober. The intoxicating drinks, which the heathen make, do precisely what is done by the liquors which are manufactured in christian countries.

Those who tarry long at either, will have wo, sorrow, contentions, babbling, wounds without cause, redness of eyes.

It filled the guard houses at Chusan. It undoubtedly sent to the hospital more than the diseases of the country would have done, unaided by intemperate habits in the victims.

It doubtless gave more to him who rides on the pale horse, than both war and pestilence. It was Satan's prescription to convicted sinners, to help them to forget their fears, to drown

conviction, and say to the Spirit, "Go thy way for this time;" and it passed his victims over to him into the pit more rapidly. It led to self-murders; and of one such case let me speak.

THE SUICIDE.

There was a certain bridge over which I never passed without being reminded of a tragical scene which it once witnessed.

The bridge was of stone, arching over the water, with sculptured lions rampant at each end, and on either side. It had been a "bridge of sighs." Once, in the forenoon of a bright summer day, a soldier was seen sitting on this bridge, the arch of which was high over the canal, whose deep channel it spanned. That soldier was

known to be in a gloomy state of mind, for strong drink had long been his task-master and tormentor, till it had quite debased and dispirited him.

Often had he been lodged in the guard-house; often had he been subjected to extra drills, and made to march up and down, exposed to the gaze of all; and sometimes under a broiling sun, in the full dress of winter, with knapsack, and all the burden which a soldier ever has to carry on an expedition: and sometimes, severer punishment had been inflicted till he had grown tired of life; and so weary of the ills he was suffering, he resolved to "fly to others which he knew not of."

Thus, on that day, and in sight of his comrades, who were basking in the sun on the wall of the fort, on the hill, he plunged headlong into the water, and

ended his earthly existence; hastening, as it were, uncalled into the presence of his Judge.

THE MIDNIGHT AFFRIGHT.

Samshu caused us missionaries an alarm in the middle of a summer night. The entire household was startled from sleep by a great hue-and-cry in the streets, and the thoughtless Chinese servants ran, and unbarred the great black two-leaved wooden gates, in order to peep out, just to see what was going on; when in rushed a stalwart English officer, with a drawn sword glittering in the moonlight, and throwing himself into gladiatorial attitudes, and threatening the trembling Chinese, that he would hew them all to pieces unless they delivered up the person that had stolen his cap; for, in

the house where he had been drinking and rioting, he had lost this article of his dress, and should this be carried up to head quarters the next day, and the officer's head not in it, an account of his evening's adventures might be called for, which he might prefer not to have published. Our Chinese servants, teacher, and pupils were sorely affrighted; but one of them had sufficient presence of mind, and knew enough English words, to tell the officer that a foreigner lived in that house. Whereupon, the gentleman with an epaulet on each shoulder, looking up, saw a man at the window, in his night clothes, but was too drunk to know whether he was near the quarters of his commanding officer, or only in the premises of a poor missionary, yet not so drunk as to forget about court-mar-

tials, and disgrace. His sword slipped into its scabbard. His voice died away, and he vanished.

WEDDED TO FORMS.

Private B—— was a man who asked more of my attention, and yet was probably less pleased with my services, than any other, with whom I had to do. He was a veteran—a veteran in many respects. He had seen service in different parts of the world, and had gone through much hard drinking; and still he survived. Notwithstanding all the bullets of all the enemies he had faced, and all the vices of the camp—the vices of civilized nations, intensified by whatever of wickedness might be learned amongst the heathen, still he was alive. But so much hard service was beginning to

tell upon him. He might have been fifty years of age ; was tall, had been a powerful, broad-shouldered, fierce, fear-nought fellow ; such as commanders count upon either for bold strokes, or for pertinacious resistance. Now, however, he was well nigh worn out.

Being taken suddenly and severely ill, he wished the "parson" to be called. When I came I found him on a cot in the middle of the lower ward of the hospital, which he occupied off and on, from that time, for many months, till at length he was carried out to come back no more.

He welcomed me with many thanks for my condescension and kindness in coming so far to see him, a poor private, and seemed to speak and act as though he was expecting the visit itself was to do him some undefinable

good. He evidently was expecting to hear the "service for the sick," or something like it, from a clergyman; and was putting himself into a passive attitude, as though the parson might be able to apply some unction to the soul, something as his surgeon would to the body; and he was not prepared for, nor did he seem altogether to understand my conversation, nor quite to relish what he did understand.

I tried to feel about the heart, but could not discover any soreness there; nor scarcely any sensitiveness. It was very hard. As well as I knew how, I tried the probe, but the instrument—the sword of the Spirit—either did not reach to the quick, or touched only upon what was indurated, or else a mass of corruption; for the patient never winced—there were no apparent twinges of conscience.

I talked of God, as a holy being, hating every sin, displeased with the least stain of moral impurity; of his law as reaching to the thoughts and intents of the heart; of the necessity therefore of regeneration, for only the pure in heart shall see God. I spoke of sin as being in itself vile and loathsome, and therefore we should abhor it, and desire to be freed from it, and pray, "Take away all iniquity—cleanse me from my sin— create in me a clean heart." I went on to say that, being enemies to God, we should seek a reconciliation through our Mediator, and so be at peace. Having offended our Maker, and shown him great contempt, in innumerable ways, we ought to repent of these, and all transgressions and disobedience, and with grief and hatred of sin, turn from it unto God.

Having a long catalogue of sins registered against us, and a load of guilt resting on us, and having no means of atoning for the one, or removing the other, we need a deliverer, one to bear our sins, and be our surety ; and such an one is provided in the person of Jesus Christ: but we must accept him as our Saviour, must trust in him as our sacrifice. We need to have our sins removed from us as far as the east is from the west ; then must we look to Christ to bear them away, and we must make full confession of them, with brokenness of heart.

Again, those who would be approved—fully justified, must have a perfect righteousness ; and as, of ourselves, we have no righteousness whatever—as the good works of the best men are only as filthy rags, we need something

infinitely better than anything we can do, for no person can be justified on account of his own righteousness; we need the perfect righteousness of Christ, and this we may have, it may be imputed to us, may be accounted as ours, we may have it as a robe to cover us; and we must have, if we would be admitted to heaven, for it is the wedding garment, without which, none can be admitted to the marriage-supper of the Lamb; the righteousness of Christ is the garment of the saints, the pure linen, clean and white, in which they are clothed. Moreover, every impenitent sinner is like the prodigal, and he must come to himself, must see how foolishly and wickedly he has been acting, and must be sensible how wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked he is; he must

see his rags, and feel some hunger for the bread of life, and must say, "I will arise, and go to my Father."

Yes, the sinner must turn unto God, confessing all his sins, and imploring forgiveness. Now, my friend, will you do this? Do you understand these truths? Do you see God as holy, and yourself a sinner, and have you any fear of God, as one who is angry with the wicked every day, and as able to destroy both soul and body in hell? Do you believe that Jesus is the only Saviour of sinners; the only Mediator between God and man?

Such truths I endeavoured to hold up before him; and such questions I frequently put to him; but, without eliciting any satisfactory answer. At length, he said, "But I am in the church, sir. I am in the church. I

was christened and confirmed. I have many times taken the sacrament."

Well, if you are in the church, said I, do you live the life of a consistent church member? That is the important consideration. All who come to Christ must take up the cross and follow him; and must learn of him who was meek and lowly in heart. Have you invariably been striving to do this? Do you perform all the duties which even your prayer book, of which you speak, requires of you? Do you endeavour to lead a godly life?

"Oh, but, your reverence!" said he, "there should be allowances made for a person in my situation; it is so hard leading a godly life in the barracks, and in the camp."

It may be difficult, I answered, but there have been godly soldiers, there

are such now ; and, in whatever circumstances we may be, it is for us to keep a conscience void of offence before God and man.

“ But, sir,” he replied, “ perhaps your reverence is not aware how very wicked the people are, and how very difficult it is to do everything just right in such a place as this. I think allowances should be made for a soldier.”

Do you attend to secret prayer ? I asked.

“ Secret prayer, sir !” said he ; “ secret prayer ! How could a person in the barracks have secret prayer ? Why, sir, let a man kneel down by his cot, and all the boots in the garrison would come whizzing at his head ; and such oaths and curses, sir !”

Have you often tried it ? I asked.

“Well—no—I can’t say that I have, sir.”

There are other places, I said—some quiet spots, that one can find if he is really disposed to pray to his Father who seeth in secret, but who rewards openly. Other people find time and opportunity for private devotion. Do you find such places ?

“I can’t say that I do,” he answered. “Sometimes I think considerably about it, but some mess-mate calls me away, or the bugle calls to duty, or something else prevents, and so I don’t think of it again for some time to come.”

Are you fond of reading your Bible ? I inquired.

“Oh, yes, sir,” he answered, “I always liked to hear the scriptures, and would your reverence please just to

read them now, I think it would do me good.”

It is well to hear the scriptures read, I replied, but we must not forget that we must so hear, that our souls may live. We must be careful not to be satisfied with being mere hearers of the word, we must be doers also. My Catechism says, “That the word of God may become effectual to salvation, we must attend thereunto with diligence, preparation, and prayer; receive it with faith and love, lay it up in our hearts, and practise it in our lives.”

“Yes, sir,” he answered, “that’s true. I have always heard that; I would like to hear you read now.”

I perceived, from the first, that he was depending upon externals—the church service—the prayer of a minis-

ter—hearing the scriptures—anything, indeed, so that it was religion—an outward observance of some religious duty—anything to pacify his conscience. In fine, he desired something that would operate precisely like the going to mass, and to confession, with the Roman Catholics. So I thought, and therefore did not immediately gratify his wishes by reading; though I usually found the simple reading of God's own word, with a few brief comments and applications, better than anything I could say besides. I turned again to the subject of the new birth, and he as pertinaciously came back to his old refuge. “He had been brought up in the church. His parents were church people; and he had taken the sacrament.”

Do you like the services of the

sanctuary ? said I. Do you find enjoyment in religious meetings ?

“ Oh, yes, to be sure ! ” he said ; “ I generally go to church, when I am where there is a church. ”

I don't recollect having noticed you at the chapel, and the prayer meetings.

“ But, sir, ” he replied, “ we have the service read every Sunday for the soldiers, and I always attend that. ”

Yes, said I, and whether you like it or not, you would be obliged to attend either the Protestant or Catholic chapel ; but would you think that a person who was hungering and thirsting after righteousness, would be quite satisfied with just the reading of the prayers, and the lessons, and nothing more, and that but once a week ?

“ I don't think I knew about those meetings you speak of, ” he said.

I answered, Any of those who attend would have been glad to have shown you.

“Yes, sir,” he answered, “but a man naturally falls in with his own mess-mates.”

Perhaps, said I. But will not the children of God find each other, and get together? will they not love to talk together about heaven, and tell of their joys and sorrows, and watch over each other? There are, as you have said, many temptations in the army, and therefore, so much more need is there for those who are endeavouring to be soldiers of Christ to march together, and to encourage and assist one another, so that they may stand in the evil day.

After this manner we passed some time together, but I failed to get a par-

ticle of evidence that he cared for anything but a form. He was religious in his way, he was devout; very likely he would have given the responses heartily. He was very much like the heathen who often are quite uneasy till they have performed certain religious ceremonies, but after that is accomplished feel easy and pretty safe. Private B—— was desirous of saying, or having said over him, some religious formula, he did not seem particular as to what kind it should be. Let it be any external religious ceremony, he could pillow his conscience on it; and, as results showed, he would be content to die on it. With the least show of a form of godliness, and knowing that his life had been grossly wicked, he was willing to try the dread realities of eternity.

I read a few verses of the Bible—offered a short prayer—added a few more words of exhortation, and rose to leave. Notwithstanding my plainness, he was ready to overwhelm me with thanks, and earnestly begged me to call again.

After this I saw him frequently, and endeavoured to be faithful with him, and the preaching on the Sabbath in the hospital was sometimes in the ward in which he lay.

By and by he began to recover, and in the same degree that he improved in health he seemed to care less for my company.

He had at times alluded to his former indulgences, his habits of drinking, and had excused some of his delinquencies on this ground; but had always accused the naughty liquor, or

laid the greatest share of blame on those who bantered him to drink. He had, however, solemnly declared, and that over and over again, that should he get up from that sickness, he would be more regular in his habits, and not touch intoxicating liquor at all.

When he was about ready to be dismissed from the hospital, I reminded him of his pledge to leave strong drink alone, and begged him not to forget his promise to attend the religious meetings. "Öh, sir," said he, "you may trust me for that."

He was discharged from the hospital; but, as I greatly feared, he kept clear of the chapel, and I saw nothing of him till another request came to visit him in the hospital.

With his shattered constitution, and not thoroughly recovered from his for-

mer sickness, his sudden excess, and a hot summer's sun soon prostrated him again. Though more dangerously ill than before, yet he was somewhat less alarmed; but still he was anxious to see a clergyman, for this idea yet remained with him as to what was necessary towards putting his house in order, viz: that he have the visit of a clergyman.

Again I laboured to show him that he was a sinner, that God is angry with the wicked every day, that he must be born again, and to point him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. But his heart was not opened to receive the truth; he was not convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come; the god of this world was still blinding his mind, lest the light of the glorious

gospel of Christ should shine into his heart. He retreated within his old refuge of lies: he insisted that he was born in the church; brought up in the church; had been christened, and confirmed, and had taken the sacrament.

“We have Abraham to our father,” said some in old times.

Once more God in his great mercy was pleased to raise him up, but he at once forgot the Lord's mercies, and cast off fear, and restrained prayer. Like the swine he turned to his wallowing; he herded with his own kind; showing by the company he kept, and the pleasures he sought, who must be his companions for ever, unless an entirely new heart were created within him.

Though frequent inquiries were made respecting him, and though the

pious soldiers were requested to watch for opportunities of doing him good, yet he kept out of my way as far as possible, until, on a Sabbath evening, having preached in the upper ward of the hospital, I came down and was passing through the lower ward, and was arrested by a feeble voice, "Please your reverence! I am glad to see your reverence. I was fearing you would not pass this way." I went to him, and immediately he said, "And, please sir, could I receive the sacrament? I am afraid this is to be the last of me here. I am very weak now. I would like, sir, to take the sacrament. It seems as if I shall not get up again."

Again an attempt was made to convince him that the sacraments, though means of grace, and very precious

ordinances to the believer, yet of themselves could not save a sinner, and could not wash away one sin ; and that, moreover, none are welcome guests at the table of the Lord, but those who are his friends, and that there is danger in partaking unworthily, for those who do so, not having knowledge to discern the Lord's body, nor faith to feed upon him, eat and drink judgment to themselves.

Poor man ! how I felt for him, and endeavoured to pray that his mind might be enlightened in the knowledge of Christ, his will renewed, and he persuaded and enabled to embrace Jesus Christ, freely offered to us in the gospel. But the arm of the Lord was not revealed, and he did not receive my report. He was sinking into the grave ; he saw death approaching ; he

expected soon to launch out into the ocean of eternity, and still he was trusting to his spider's web: and the nearer death approached, the more eagerly he clutched it, the more intently he gazed at it; he would not suffer his mind to be directed to that hope which is an anchor to the soul. A drowning man convulsively catches at a straw; so he at the hypocrite's hope.

“Will you please to administer the sacrament to me?” he again asked eagerly, turning his sunken eyes imploringly upon me.

This seemed the one desire of his heart. The sincere penitent on a sick and dying bed, who has not before had an opportunity of confessing Christ before the world, and of sitting at his table, may very properly be admitted to this ordinance, if it is desired, and

from the right motives; but in this case there seemed to be nothing different from the Roman Catholic's desire for absolution, and extreme unction; therefore no encouragement was given that the sacrament could be administered to him, but he was exhorted to think on what the scriptures teach, that many who call Jesus Lord, and sit at his table, will hear him say at last, "I never knew you, depart from me, ye that work iniquity." But whosoever is born again—every friend of the bridegroom—every one that has the garments of holiness—shall assuredly eat and drink with Christ in his kingdom of glory, whether they have enjoyed the privilege of remembering him in the breaking of bread on earth or not. But still he entreated, "Oh, sir, I think I might take the sac-

rament now. I am sorry for all my past sins. I would like to repeat the service after you. It is quiet here just now, sir; or, if you please, I could be removed to the 'Orderly's' room.

What a distressing case! A man pleading for the sacrament, as he ought to be pleading for pardon through the blood of Christ—rejecting Jesus as his Saviour, refusing the offers of his salvation, and yet, asking for the bread and the wine, as though these could save him—a drowning man rejecting the hand of one who offers to save him, and trusting to the mere shadow of that deliverer! So, the Jews still trusted to the lambs, which they offered, to take away their sins, and crucified Him whom those lambs were only intended to typify. This man, while

neglecting the great salvation, would be content with merely this favour—if only in this formal manner, by a minister of the gospel he might be recognized as one worthy to be enrolled amongst the people of God.

Yet another week he lingered on the shores of time, his spirit seeming to cling desperately to its clay tenement, and he lived till another Sabbath to renew the same request, but not, it was to be feared, to give any better evidence of repentance, love, and new obedience, with “knowledge to discern the Lord’s body, and faith to feed upon him.”

How much harm may be done by receiving a person too hastily to the sealing ordinances of the church, if, thereby, he is encouraged to suppose that, in our judgment, he is a worthy partaker!

How difficult to bring a person to abandon an old hope, how poor soever that hope may be !

How utterly insufficient is a religion of mere forms, and how many souls are ruined, by being suffered to flatter themselves, that a decent observance of forms is all the religion that is required !

THE SERGEANT'S FAMILY.

The wife seemed a good, pious woman, and carefully trained her two little daughters, so far as she knew how, or had time, and was very grateful for any good instruction given them by others ; and it was surprising how prettily they behaved for children that were born in the army, and had lived nowhere but amongst soldiers. They were taught their Catechism,

and hymns, and verses from the scriptures, and to say the creed and prayers. But their mother was a feeble woman. Frequent voyages, changes of climate, much work, and constant care were wearing her out, and, after awhile, she became unable to sit up, and lingered a patient sufferer, till her earthly house of this tabernacle was dissolved, and her spirit was set free.

I visited her occasionally, and felt glad of any opportunity to speak comfortably to one of God's people; for I hoped she was a child of God. It is a privilege to be able to administer consolation, to encourage a pilgrim in his journey, to lift up one that is cast down, to help another to bear his burdens, to speak to one on a bed of languishing of Him who can make all his bed in his sickness, who can make all

things work together for good to them that love him, who can make our light afflictions which are but for a moment, to work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

In her sickness, she was the same uncomplaining person she had been in health; and it was the life which she had led that gave me hope respecting her, rather than anything remarkable in her appearance during her sickness. She had no ecstasies, and not even strong confidence. She had only a trembling hope. She did not appear to have a very full or clear apprehension of the plan of salvation; yet it was apparent that she trusted in Jesus to save her; for he came into the world to save sinners, and she was a sinner—he came to seek and to save the lost, and she was lost, and felt that

Jesus was her only hope—he had invited those that labour and are heavy laden to come to him, and he would give them rest, and such was her case, and she had no doubt of the truth of Jesus' words, and that was the rest she desired, and she hoped to find that rest to her soul. And so her christian friends hoped. They thought of her in dying, as of one falling asleep in Jesus—resting from her labours, and, as to her body, resting in hope until the resurrection.

THINGS NOT IN KEEPING AT A FUNERAL.

When I went to attend the remains to the grave, it was with solemn thoughts, and with the prayer that we might find it better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting; and full of pity for the mo-

therless children, and with sympathy for the bereaved husband, for there was evidence of the sincerity and depth of his love for her who had been taken from him.

But how was I shocked on opening the door of the house, and looking in ! for there were congregated all the sergeants of that regiment, and many women—not weeping like the widows who mourned for Dorcas—but with cheeks flushed with wine, and still passing more around the room, with comments upon its quality, and calling out for some of another kind, and for mulled wine, and the like.

This sergeant was rather a prominent man amongst his peers. He was a senior in years and in service ; and having the charge of the officer's mess, he was expected to receive more per-

quisites, and to be able to appear generous. But what an accompaniment to a funeral! "Such was the custom," was the excuse.

There are people who seem to be possessed with the idea that, according as they would be considered to hold in estimation the friends they have lost, so must be the liberality manifested in entertaining those who come to the burial.

A custom prevails in some countries of feasting the friends and neighbours, who have come to bury the dead from the house, so that, while the funeral services are progressing, the kettles are boiling, and the ovens heating; and while some of the company are gone to the grave, others must stay behind to lay the tables. We appreciate the desire, on the part of the afflicted, to ex-

hibit generosity and gratitude to those who have come to show kindness to them, and respect to their dead; but we have not much patience with those who encourage the practice, and evince more gratification at the table, than sympathy at the grave. Such practices are too near akin to the "wake" of the Catholic Irish. When, if not in time of such affliction, does the stricken family need to have quiet, and freedom from cares? Why should the house of mourning be changed so soon into the house of feasting?

OF THE SERGEANT HIMSELF.

He and his family were in the ship with us during a perilous voyage up the coast of China. He was, in some respects, a devout man, and meant to be religious: he was evidently anxious

not to miss heaven ; and wished not to be surprised, and off his watch, when death should come. He was not able to attend many of the religious meetings, for he had charge of the officers' mess, which kept him closely occupied at home, and this, on the Sabbath, as well as other days ; he was even more engaged on the Sabbath than any other day of the week, for on that day more company than usual were expected. Whether he was compelled to take that berth or not, I don't know ; but subordinates and privates in the army cannot always do as a well instructed conscience would dictate, and therefore, one would be inclined to think that a person after praying, "Lead us not into temptation," could not consistently go and enter the army, except for some special emergency, and

in hopes that it might be for a short time.

Our sergeant was not ashamed to avow his belief in the christian religion, and his respect for those who endeavoured to follow Christ, and his full persuasion that there was no way of salvation but that pointed out in the Bible. He had some fear of God before his eyes, and was desirous that his family should have religious privileges, and that his children should be brought up in the fear of God; and yet, like many others whom we meet, his account of himself, as to faith and hope, was not so satisfactory as could be desired. He would not be able to give such an answer to them who might ask a reason for the hope that was in him, as we would like to hear; and, indeed, when conversed with upon

this subject, he ever manifested more fear than hope. Meekness and fear were prominent when he was talking of himself: he appeared not to trust in himself at all, but only in the mercy of God, and merit of Christ. Humility and sincerity were noticeable marks in his character. Always, when present at meeting, he was a model of a devout worshipper, and attentive hearer.

An air of devotion accompanied his common expressions of civility, which in these days, and in this country, is almost unknown. No person would be long in his company without remarking his reverence for sacred things, and his recognition of God's providence. Never did he speak of anything as in his arrangements for the future, but it was accompanied by an "If the Lord will"—

“Please God, I will do so or so.” He would never answer your inquiries after the health of his family, but he, at the same time, thanked the Lord for the good report he was able to give such as, “We are all well, thank God;” and this not, as too many do, carelessly and almost profanely, but in a reverential and hearty manner, which evinced that it was from the heart.

It was pleasing, on one occasion, to witness his spirit and boldness in defending the account of the Dairyman’s daughter. The infidel supercargo, and a loose-living young fellow, a passenger, were full of their flings at christianity, and quite glib in their denunciations of the religious sects; sometimes charging them with manufacturing stories about pious people, and happy death-beds, and the like; all

for the purpose of working upon the feelings of weak-minded people; as, for instance, said they, that story of the Dairyman's daughter—that is all fiction—no such girl as that ever lived. The sergeant had been standing by, leaning his broad back against the bulwarks, and listening in silence till they had finished all they had to say about the Dairyman's daughter; then stepping a little forward and facing them, he said, “Beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I know something about that matter myself. I am an Arreton man. I was born in the very parish where that young woman lived, who was Elizabeth Walbridge, the Dairyman's daughter. I have been to the church where she attended, and know the seat she sat in, and many and many is the time that I have visited her grave. I have more

than once read that tract you have been speaking of, and I know that it is true, and the facts related in it are common talk amongst the people of that neighbourhood. The account is true, gentlemen, and you cannot prove it false."

His air and manner while saying this was that of a man who felt that not only had the authenticity of a favourite book been attacked, but that his religion had been assailed, and an insult offered to his God; and the scoffers quailed before him. No one who saw and heard him doubted that he averred the very things which he had seen and heard.

WHAT A LOSS IS IT TO LOSE A WIFE.

When the sergeant's wife was taken from him he seemed greatly cast

down, and oppressed with grief and care. "What shall I do—how can I attend to these little girls?" he said. Often did he visit the grave, over which, at great expense, he placed a handsome monument. Not long afterwards he was prostrated by a stroke of the sun, on a field day, on the parade ground. From this he did not fully recover, and his mind seemed not to be quite right; and his accounts running a little into confusion, and having a great press of business crowding upon him in laying in provisions for a sea voyage, for the mess of which he had charge, he went nearly distracted, and soon we were shocked by the report that he had attempted suicide. When his little girls awoke one Sabbath morning, they shrieked at the sight of their father lying on the floor in his own blood.

He had tried to cut his throat, but had only severed, or partly severed, the windpipe. The surgeons took him in hand, and by his loss of blood, and rest in the hospital, he came to his right mind again. He appeared grieved and humbled for his folly and wickedness in attempting self-murder, and was thankful that his Maker and Preserver did not permit him to finish it; and he prayed for forgiveness, and to be kept back from that, and all presumptuous sins in future.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

I do not by any means expect to exhaust this subject, and tell what is the *whole* of woman's mission; nor yet to give what might be termed a lecture on this theme, but merely to allude to a few things that women may do—

just to hint at what the influence of woman is; and I will simply tell you of some things which I noticed at Chusan, and indeed which may be observed everywhere, that a good wife, or a good sister, or a good mother is doing more good in the world than can be estimated, and they are doing it in a quiet, unobtrusive way. It is not woman's mission to face the cannon's mouth—to scale the walls of besieged towns—to clear up the forests, or to break up the prairies—to mingle in the crowds at political gatherings, nor to sit in legislative halls; but by her influence the men are better fitted to discharge their duties, whatever they may be. On their account, for various reasons which we will not now take time to mention, they have increased motives to be in-

dustrious, sober, and virtuous; and by their influence numbers are kept from the many dangers and snares to which those are exposed who have not a home, and who are not under the restraint, or do not enjoy the refining influences of virtuous female society. We noticed this amongst the troops. Those officers and soldiers that had their wives with them—wives that were what wives ought to be—were more “regular.”

In the army, the arrangement, I believe, is that when a regiment is to be sent on foreign service, a limited number of women may be taken along; the number will vary according to the nature of the service on which the army is sent. Sometimes it is one woman to a hundred men, and then the soldiers that have wives are per-

mitted to draw lots, and he to whom the lot falls takes his wife with him, and all others must leave their wives behind.

When in barracks, the men with families are permitted to have rooms by themselves, and the women are expected to be ready to make themselves useful in the regiment; for their labour they are paid, and that pay is needed to provide them family comforts.

The men that had good wives—and it must be admitted that there were some wives that were not good, and oh, how repulsive an object, and how to be pitied is a bad woman!—but the men that had good wives were generally better men, more regular in their habits, more tidy in their appearance than some others : and the same was ob-

servable in the case of those who had left virtuous wives in India, or in England. I think too it was to be observed that when men had lost their wives, where they themselves were not governed by settled principles, and the fear of God, they began to decline somewhat in their habits and appearance. And what a blessing is it for a child to have a good mother! And what a calamity to be born of a wicked mother! These observations we have occasion to note everywhere, but the examples are perhaps more striking in the army.

Indeed, the army does not seem to be a place for children at all; yet if there will be children following their fathers to the camp and to the field, then, for the safety of their morals, and for the sake of their souls, may good mothers be sent with them.

HER HUSBAND IS KNOWN IN THE GATES.

Whoever might meet with, or have an opportunity to know much of private S——, would, I fancy, find himself soliloquizing thus, “I wonder if that man has not a good wife somewhere; he’s always so clean and tidy—is not often to be found except where duty calls him; never amongst the loungers; and perhaps she governs him, but if so, it is only by the force of her love and gentleness, for he holds up his head and always seems happy.”

And whoever might see little Johnny would know that he had one of the “best of mothers,” for see, he is a little gentleman—how clean! how happy! how nicely he answers your questions! Never rude, playing con-

tentedly by himself; never found in the crowd; never seen with those swearing, fighting boys. And when he conducts you into the house where his mother is busy at her work, you see how he loves her, and how she loves him. How quickly and cheerfully he does whatever, by look or word, she intimates that she would wish to have done!

As yet his mother has been able to teach him, and he has not been sent to the army school-master. And we are pleased with the appearance of Mrs. S——, and wonder why providence should have caused her lot to fall in the midst of such scenes. We wonder why a woman worthy of a better lot, (as in our haste we are apt to say,) and who can find so little in the scenes amid which she has to live in sympa-

thy with her feelings and taste, should have to bring up her little boy amid so many of the worst temptations that we can think of. But at the same time we are glad of every good example. We are thankful for every candle on its candlestick dispensing its light; for every city set on a hill; any salt that has not lost its savour, and that may help to keep the mass from entire corruption.

But about Mrs. S——. We were hoping to find her a decided christian, and enjoying the comforts of the christian's hope. But while in all things her life was exemplary, while she loved to read and hear the scriptures, and loved to pray, and carefully instructed her child, and seemed to have but one wish concerning him, which was that he might be brought up in the

nurture and admonition of the Lord; yet she had no hope for herself, and remained like one who is seeking Christ sorrowing. I occasionally lent her a book such as I thought might be profitable, and conversed with her as well as I knew how.

It seemed to me that she was following Christ, and if so, I wished she might have all the comfort such a hope might yield. I did not, however, tell her my impressions, but trusted that if, indeed, as one labouring and heavy laden, she had come to Christ, he would give rest to her soul—would reveal himself to her, and cause his love to be shed abroad in her heart—all in his own good time.

Soon after my acquaintance began in that quiet little family, the wife and mother was taken down with a linger-

ing, wasting disease. I called upon her many times. She was very grateful for such calls, and no one could be more attentive to religious instruction. She seemed to drink in the word of God, to be hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and appeared to regard it a great privilege to unite with another in prayer. Still, however, she expected better evidence before she would presume to hope that she was reconciled to God. She did not remember any particular time when she had experienced a change worthy to be called regeneration, for that she thought must be a very great change. It seemed to her that for a person to think himself a christian, he must be a great deal better than she felt herself to be. The strictness of the law, the holiness of God, and the Bible stan-

standard of christian duty seemed to her very high—while she was constantly transgressing some commandment, and coming short in her endeavours to do right. How could a person with so many foolish and wicked thoughts all the time in his mind, have a renewed heart within him? Then we spoke to her of Paul's experience, who found a law in his members warring against the law of his mind, and that when he would do good, evil was present with him. We reminded her that Christ is to be our righteousness, that as our sins are laid on him, so is his righteousness laid on us, and so we are complete in him. In ourselves, we are, indeed, wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; but he becomes unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

The very thing we need is to feel our wretchedness and poverty, and apply to Christ to supply all we lack ; and we lack everything.

We conversed occasionally of the marks of the child of God, of his hopes and fears, joys and sorrows. She was told, however, that it is not necessary for a person always to be vexing himself with the question, whether or not he is converted, but to come to Jesus at once, and we may be sure that if we do come to him he will not cast us off. If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Christ invites the labouring and heavy laden to come to him for rest, and they need not wait for fitness, but come as they are ; for not the righteous, but sinners it was

that Jesus came to call. And we have to come to Jesus every day, and all the time; the faith at first required in coming to him, we need to have in constant exercise to keep us near him. We need not only to be born again by faith, but every day we must be living the life of faith.

She said that sometimes she thought she did try to do all this; but, she said, she was very ignorant, and feared she never would be able to understand much about these things which belong to the kingdom of God.

It was pretty evident that, like Mary, she did love to sit where she might hear the words of Jesus; but, as yet, there was nothing that seemed to say to her that, like Mary, she had chosen that good part that might not be taken away from her: but, as to being

careful and troubled about many things, she thought she was not; though for her husband and for her Johnny she allowed that she had some anxiety; for, when she should be here no more, who would take the care of them that she had done? Would her dear child be trained in the love and service of God? Oh, it was so dreadful for her to think that he might forget all her instructions, and learn to curse and swear, and keep company with scoffers! She would be glad to live that she might take care of her family, and do some little good, perhaps, for others, and be better prepared herself to die; but yet she hoped she might not complain, for God did all things right, and he had always been so good to her—she had so many mercies, so many good things, so many comforts, that

many another woman in the barracks did not have.

She continued much in the state of mind of which I have spoken until she was borne on board a vessel bound to India ; though, as her health declined, there did seem to be some faint dawning of light in her soul. She was asked, if, in view of death she could not say, " Lord, into thy hand I commend my spirit." She thought she could ; she thought she did. She was told that that was all we could do, and all we need to do ; that the christian can do no more. The thief on the cross could only say, " Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

She was asked, if she did not like to think of God as a Father, and if she did not wish to be his child.

She answered, that she could truly say she did; and said, moreover, that there was comfort in the thought that there could be such a relation, and felt thankful that we were taught when we pray to say, "Our Father which art in heaven," and if she could only feel that she was a child of God she would be so happy.

An inquiry then was suggested whether there might not be in that desire something of the spirit of adoption, which God sends into the hearts of his people teaching them to cry, Abba, Father.

I may be right, or I may be wrong; but I have been accustomed to think of her as one whose transgression is hid, whose sin is covered. She seemed desirous to forsake all and follow Christ.

She died at sea, I think, and though her body was laid down in the dark and silent chambers of the ocean, yet I have a hope for her that her dust is precious to Christ, and that when the sea gives up its dead, she will have part with those who shall be taken up to be for ever with the Lord.

MRS. C——

Was so clean and industrious, so kind and obliging, and so ready at all kinds of work, and a truly pious woman withal, that a great many ladies tried to procure her services. Some sent for her to come and live for awhile in their families with the promise of liberal wages. But she was a good wife too: too good a wife to allow her home—her little room—to be for even one night without the

attractions which her industry and cleanliness, and her own smiles and kind words could give it. She was not willing that her husband should, even for one evening, have an excuse or temptation to seek entertainment elsewhere than at home. How well would it be if all wives were like this one, whose study was to make home attractive! Then would there be fewer husbands and sons disposed to look for entertainment in taverns, and saloons, and at theatres and kindred places.

It was an old Buddhist temple that was occupied as quarters by some of the married people; and though picturesque, and neatly kept while they were used as temples, now they were much mutilated and fast going to decay, and the quarters of some of the women were desolate and cheerless

enough; and the inmates in some cases would attempt to excuse the untidy appearance of their habitations by saying, "It's such an old, dirty place, sir—there's little to encourage one to try and fix up, and it's for so short a time too, one doesn't feel like going to much expense to get things to look respectable." But just alongside of those who thus excused themselves was the room of Mrs. C——, clean, wholesome, and cheerful; containing, it is true, but few articles of furniture; but these tastefully arranged, and all appeared as if the inmates might be happy. The Bible and hymn book occupied a convenient place, and gave evidence of being kept, not for ornament, but for use.

It was in this room that the last season of prayer with the little band

of praying soldiers and the pious women was held, just before their embarkation for another country, and for other scenes of duty and of suffering. It was with them a time of weeping. There is sorrow when christians have to part, but those sorrows are mingled with joy in the hope of meeting again.

THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE.

“Rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep.” It was pleasing to witness how promptly, and as if by a new instinct, the christian soldiers were wont to practise what is enjoined in these words.

A young man, a member of the band, whose uniform was a buff coat and pants, with scarlet trimmings and with some polished brass, was a regu-

lar attendant at all the meetings. He usually, when present, led the singing; a young man of a pleasant, honest face, and meek and quiet in his manners.

We had learned that he had a wife at Hong Kong, who, when his company was sent north, was left there because there were not accommodations in the ship for any but the men.

But by and by there was a report that a vessel with recruits and with restored invalid soldiers, and the women left behind, was coming up, and that the musician's wife was of the number; and our soldiers talked with each other about it as "good news." "And did you hear," they would say, "did you hear that R——'s wife is coming?" The husband's joy was apparent in his face, and in his lighter step; and

all were glad for him, and wished him much happiness in the prospect of a speedy reunion. The south-west monsoon soon brought the expected ship among the islands; eager eyes descried her from the hill-tops; on a flowing tide she rode into the harbour. There were appointed officers to board her even before she came to anchor, and our friend was soon quite happy, for he heard that his wife was indeed on board; and soon he had her conveyed ashore. But, poor fellow! his rejoicing was to be short. His great joy was to be succeeded by a greater sorrow. The rumour of his wife's dishonour followed her ashore; even her seducer published it, and taunted the injured husband with it. Whata brute! worse than a brute! But amongst such loathsome creatures must all

those dwell eternally who fail of admittance into heaven. See Rev. xxii. 15. The seducer of the wife taunted the injured husband, and he had no means of resenting or repelling the insult, or of punishing the crime, except such as a christian would not resort to.

And now again we saw how when one member suffers all the members suffer with it. How apparent, and how touching was the sympathy of those christian brethren! Their brother's affliction was an affliction to them; the sorrow he felt, they, in some measure, felt with him. They felt for him because of the disgrace which had come upon him in consequence of the shameful conduct of his wife; they sympathized with him in the shock which his heart had felt. As far as possible

they would place themselves between him and the brutal fellows who made sport of his affliction.

How to be pitied was this young man ! He must continue to live with that woman who had forsaken him for strangers, and he must still hear her called his wife, though she had committed that crime which the scriptures make sufficient ground for separation. He would, for a while at least, have to endure the evil ; for in the army, and on foreign service, many things are managed differently from what they are where appeal may be had to the civil courts.

But he did not neglect religious duties, nothing like these troubles could keep him from mingling with his brethren in the worship of God ; he seemed glad of such a refuge and rest

for his stricken spirit. How sorrowful he seemed! how pale and sunken those cheeks, usually so fresh and full! Still he sung for us, but with a voice which betrayed the sadness of the heart. There was, however, an expression of calm and christian resignation; a something which seemed to say, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good."

He did not speak to me of his troubles, nor did I think it best just then to speak to him of them; yet it was practicable and proper so to shape some parts of the religious services, and select such portions of the word of God that such a smitten one as he might receive some drops of the balm of Gilead—might hear of Him who wounds that he may heal—of him who is the refuge of his saints.

Oh, how hateful and loathsome is the sin which that unfaithful wife committed! What wretchedness she caused others, and what injury she brought to her own soul! How was joy turned to weeping, and sweetness to gall and wormwood!

See, then, and remember how important is that commandment which “forbids all unchaste thoughts, words, and actions.”

When we see human nature thus, and in other abominable ways developing itself—laying bare some marks of its total depravity—showing what works it delights in; when we see or hear of human beings who are past feeling, and have given themselves over to lasciviousness, and to work uncleanness, we may almost be ready to deny that we have any part of that

nature. But to our shame we must own that by nature our hearts are as vile as those of any people, and should God at any time withdraw his restraining grace, we would become as sensual and devilish as the worst. Therefore how earnestly should we pray to be kept back from presumptuous sins! How should we pray God not to take his Holy Spirit from us, but to create in us a clean heart, and to renew a right spirit within us!

This poor woman was a victim of the cholera in India soon after their arrival there.

SERGEANT R——, AND CORPORAL C——.

These were artillerymen, in the service of the East India company—men in middle life, and never, to my knowledge, on the sick list. As intimated

before, it was the intemperate that were most frequently under the surgeon's and apothecary's care.

Corporal C—— was lively, always in good spirits, communicative, and when he could not think of one thing he could of another; not obtrusive, by any means, but he took a pleasure in relating what he had seen, presuming that all other people were as much interested in hearing, as he in telling; and though he was apparently unconscious of possessing any uncommon powers of description, yet he would lead one on with him amidst all the wild scenes through which he had passed, and his auditors with himself saw, heard, and felt over again what had taken place in the months and years gone by.

Sergeant R—— was no less good

natured, and no less fond of company than C——; yet, I think, he was somewhat more particular in the choice of his companions, and regarded his comrade as a little too much given to talking, and not always quite so serious as he ought to be.

R—— seldom undertook a description; his tongue could not get loose; and his references to the past were by brief allusions. C—— lived much in the past, R——, more in the present; while C—— also enjoyed the present, and was hopeful as to the future.

I seem just now to see these men walking together in their blue uniform, white belts, the red stripes down the outside of their pants, moving exactly together, their heels striking the pavement precisely at the same instant. But, unlike many soldiers, they were

not absolutely as upright as a palm tree, for, while R—— had seemingly a slight inclination backward, C—— had about the same pitch forward, and so they were pretty well matched after all; for the ardour and impulsiveness of the one was steadied by the moderation of the other; the preciseness of one was set off by the ease of the other. One was conservative, the other sanguine; one gave you his sober second thought, the other thought quick and spoke quick.

Both these men were converted in India, through the instrumentality of christian missionaries there, and they took a lively interest in the missionary work, and read with a relish the missionary periodicals, and were accustomed to say that it became them to favour that cause, and to bless the

Lord for having sent missionaries to India; else what would have become of them? They seemed fond of talking of the influence of the gospel in India, of what they had witnessed of its power upon the natives of India, of the change wrought in many of them, and of the influence which was flowing out from the mission schools.

You may therefore think of these two men as some of the fruits of the incidental labours of christian missionaries in India. When you sit down to count up the results of foreign missions, you may reckon up many other things besides those that are recorded in the regular and strictly missionary reports. And let those who are in that work still go on sowing beside all waters.

Both R—— and C—— were married men; their wives were Anglo-In-

dians, and still in India. They were faithful husbands, and it was gratifying to hear now and then of their procuring presents to send to their wives, or carry to them on their return.

It was edifying to join with these men in social prayer ; and in social intercourse, it was both interesting and profitable to hear from them some account of their christian warfare.

R—— lamented his exposure to so much temptation, and his having to live where he must continually see so much wickedness going on. He had no taste for the work of war, and he wished to be in circumstances where he would not be constrained to do what conscience condemned. He was looking anxiously forward to the period when he should get his discharge, and retire to other and quieter pursuits,

and when there would be less to interrupt his meditations on religious subjects. But C—— seemed not to have had a thought that he was not enjoying religion then, and where he was, as well as he could at any other time or anywhere. True, there were many things he could wish were different, but ought we not to be content with such things as we have? Matters might be worse with us than they are, he would argue. He had his Bible, he said, and much quiet time to read it. If in the barracks, when he had got out his book some noisy fellows should begin playing cards close beside him, why he could soon get away from them and take refuge under the wall of the fort, or make a gun carriage his seat; or he could pick up a companion and be away for a walk, and they

two together could talk of what they had enjoyed, and of what they hoped hereafter to enjoy; and in some secluded spot they could kneel and pray; and those were precious seasons, when they had joys which the world knew not of. Such a man was C——, striving to serve God everywhere, and to make the best of his circumstances; and when the bugle sounded “boot and saddle,” no man was quicker in his place than C——, or more wide awake to do his duty: wherever he might be placed, it should not be said that he was either afraid or indifferent.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

S—— and P——, were two young men of a regiment of infantry, and generally seen together, when they could obtain liberty at the same time.

One was somewhat taller than the other, and when they walked in company it was after the manner of soldiers on a forced march, with bodies pitching forward, as though they had but a limited time to get to a certain place and back again before the beat of the drum.

Their parents were members of the Baptist church in England, and they favoured that denomination. They were faithful men, and exemplary in every respect. It was worth something to observe how firmly they resisted temptation; how, like a flint their faces were set, and how steadily they journeyed Zionward; how harmlessly the fiery darts of the adversary fell upon them, for they were clad with the christian warrior's panoply.

They were young men, and unmar-

ried, and at the age when many excuse themselves from giving attention to the things which relate to the kingdom of heaven, by the plea that youth is the time for enjoyment: that is, for worldly pleasures. But these young men professed to find more enjoyment in religion than they had ever found in all the pleasures of the world, whether in scenes of gaiety, in the wild sports of boys, in any sensual gratifications, or exciting games or exercises. And why should they profess this unless they felt it?

Why should they adopt the christian profession in the face of serious opposition, unless they felt it both a privilege and a duty? Why should they persevere in their attendance upon religious exercises, unless they found some delight in them?

If they still loved sport and worldly amusements, the way was open for them to engage in them equally as for others, and the popular current flowed in that way, and the chief study of many of the officers and men seemed to be the invention of new pleasures, and pastimes ; there were horse races and boat races, theatres, billiard tables, sham fights ; and Chinese rope-dancers, and players were employed to afford diversion to those whose time was hanging heavily on their hands ; and if our young friends still had a relish for these things, why did they so uniformly turn away from them as from that which is distasteful ?

Why should they choose to be singular, and expose themselves to unnumbered petty persecutions ? To be a meeting-goer, and to pray and sing

psalms was, in the slang phrase of the army, to be a methodist; and to be a methodist was to be everything that was spiritless and contemptible. The pious soldier had to bear many annoyances, and such opposition as people living in a christian land, and in the midst of a church-going community, know very little about.

We do not say, however, that all persons, that may for a time pursue the course which these persons did, are necessarily renewed in heart. But where they give evidence of really loving religious duties, and of loving them more and more, and continuing on and on in the way of holiness, and are endeavouring more and more to renounce all ungodliness and every worldly lust, and to live soberly and righteously and godly in this present world,

we are encouraged to hope that they have been born again. Often have I asked myself, what was there in that little prayer-meeting, the exercises of which consisted in reading the scriptures, with a short lecture or exhortation, prayer and singing; and this in a quiet room in a retired situation, and unaccompanied with noise and novelties which attract many—what was there in those meetings that those young men should walk one and a half miles on a rainy night, or on a sultry summer evening, and often when they had barely time to get to the place, sit the meeting through, and get back again in season to answer to the roll-call in the barracks; and this sometimes after the labours of a field day, or other fatiguing exercise, while others resorted to the Canteen to sip beer and tell stories?

There must have been for them some enjoyment to be had at those meetings which others could not find there. They found in religious worship pleasures which the worldling knows nothing of. They had meat to eat of which the world did not know. There must have been some inner life in them which demanded, and which fed upon such spiritual food—which hungered and thirsted after righteousness—which found the word of God sweet to its taste—which found congenial society with those who talked of Christ and his doctrines, of the church and the character and duties of its members, of heaven and its glories; else, how was it they continued to study the Bible, and with an increasing relish? how did they come to have a taste for such writings as those of

Doddridge and Baxter, and works on religious experience, on keeping the heart, and biographies of pious people, while others disliked all these things—preferring the beer pot and the pipe and a jovial companion to praying and psalm-singing—preferring newspapers, criminal calendars, turf registers, stories or travels to religious reading?

He that is of the earth is earthly—the carnal heart will seek carnal enjoyment; but he that is born from above will be seeking those things which are above. He that is born of God, in proportion as he advances in holiness, will more and more find pleasure in the things which are heavenly.

THE LAST TIME.

As the period which had been fixed

upon for vacating the island drew near, the pious soldiers seemed more intent on improving the religious privileges which were now within their reach; they appeared more greedy (if I may speak thus) for religious instruction, giving the closest attention to preaching, and seeking opportunities for private conversation. A few began to attend the prayer meetings who had hitherto not been present; among these was a young man, indeed he was but a stripling in his appearance, with fair hair, and a beardless face. He had been brought out in the last draft of recruits. From the first he was attentive, and grew more and more interested in religious subjects, till at length he was unable to conceal his distress, for unbidden tears would reveal his emotion; and

at times when he tarried for private conversation, after others had withdrawn, his distress was uncontrollable. He had begun to fear that God could not forgive him, for he was so great a sinner, and the more he prayed for pardon, and sought for a reconciliation with God, the more did former sins and present wickedness rise up before him, and he feared that he must be lost. He felt that he deserved to be sent to hell, and he had so long persisted in the ways of transgression, and put off repentance so many times, that now it seemed that God would leave him to perish; and he was the more led to think so, because for some time he had been trying, as he thought, to obtain peace by confessing his sins, and imploring forgiveness, and God would not be gracious; so that he feared that that

scripture was fulfilled in his case which says, "Because I have called and ye refused, * * * I also will laugh at your calamity; * * * then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer." He was afraid he had sinned too long, and too grievously, and so many times had turned away his ears when he had heard invitations and warnings, so that now when he called, God would not hear him.

Some passages of scripture were repeated, or pointed out to him, in which God assures us that he is plenteous in mercy; that there is forgiveness with him; that if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. We laboured to convince him of the pity of God for the sinner, that because he loved us he provided a way

of salvation, and that there is plentiful redemption, that the chief of sinners need not fear, that Christ is able and willing to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. But he continued on in nearly the same state of mind for several weeks, searching the scriptures, reading religious books that, if possible, he might get some more knowledge as to how he might find the way of life, and attending all the meetings. He avoided the company of the ungodly, and kept with the pious people as much as it was possible, and seemed to say, like Ruth to her mother-in-law, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Still he continued seeking salvation—still feeling his sins a burden—still labouring and heavy laden, and, as he thought, striving to come, or to

learn how he might be able to come, to Christ, that he might find rest to his soul.

He remained in this state of mind, still striving, or begging to be told how he should strive, to enter in at the strait gate, on till the day previous to that fixed upon as the day for the embarkation, when he suddenly appeared in my study.

It was in the middle of the afternoon; the perspiration was streaming down his face, for the day was hot: his eyes were red with weeping, and as soon as he entered the room he began sobbing—he could not help it—and it was some time ere he could speak. But, by and by, he began by telling how he had been troubled, and he found his uneasiness and anxiety increasing as the time of their stay

here grew shorter. In the place to which they were going there might not be any such religious privileges, as he had now, and he felt more and more, his need of an instructor in religious matters. They were, moreover, to proceed immediately to the seat of war, to go into action, and he was as likely to be killed as any other man; or the cholera might seize him, or indeed he might die at any time; and he was not prepared to die. And there were other matters pressing on his mind, and he had longed for another interview with me, and, though the men were all on duty, he had obtained leave for a short absence. And as he was hurrying up—almost running—he had met the Brigadier at the city gate, who stopped him with, “Hold, there! where now?” to which

he answered, "I have leave, sir—I am just going to see the minister." "Going to see the minister, eh? Well, my lad, improve your opportunity—make the most of this visit, for it's your last chance—it's the last time, my boy." "And oh, sir!" said the young soldier, "oh, sir! I can't help thinking of that. It is, indeed I know it is the last time that I may come here for instruction; but what the Brigadier said, made me fear too that may-be this is the last opportunity I can have to prepare to die; and his words that he spake, as I met him at the gate, kept ringing in my ears, and sir—oh, sir! I wish I could know what I ought to do to be saved!"

I took up those words which had startled him, and which the Spirit seemed to have shot like an arrow into

his heart. I endeavoured to impress upon him the importance of that very moment, that then was the accepted time, and the day of salvation. I urged him to submit to God. To say to Jesus, Lord, save me or I perish—to give up trying to save himself and trust in Jesus to save him, which he alone could do, and which he was willing to do, and that just now; and this, he was told, was his duty whether he was to stay where he was, or go to India—whether he was to live yet for fifty years, or die to-morrow.

He said, he knew that; he had been told that many times, but yet he did not see as he was getting any nearer to being a christian than ever he was, and he had begun to think that may-be there was some particular thing in the way; and there was one thing he had

been thinking about, and respecting which he had been for many days wanting to ask me, and it was this, whether it might not be his being a soldier that hindered his getting in at the strait gate ?

He had thought that may-be God was so displeased with his enlisting that he would never forgive him. "And, sir," said he, "another matter has troubled me. Suppose I go into action, and my shot kills a man, or many men—that is sending men into eternity, and men who are as unprepared to die as I am. Oh, it makes me feel bad—it distresses me, sir. I never thought of these things much before I enlisted, and now I think of them when it is too late. How I wish I had kept clear of the army ! I would like, sir, to have you tell me what you think ; can a

soldier be a christian, and can a christian go into battle, and kill his fellow men, and be a good christian still?"

I was sorry to have that subject introduced, and to be asked such questions just then, for it was rather a large subject, and he had but a few minutes longer to stay, and besides it looked like a diversion of his thoughts from that on which his mind was so intensely exercised when he first came in; however, I turned to Luke iii. 14, and there showed him John's answer to the soldiers when they demanded of him, saying, "And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages." It appears, then, I said, that John did not direct them to leave the army, but to acquit themselves faith-

fully to their masters, to be conscientious in the discharge of every duty in the place and circumstances in which providence had cast their lot for the present. I mentioned the case of Cornelius, a captain in the Roman army, who was converted, and by one of the apostles was baptized and received to the church, and we have no intimation that any objection was raised on the ground of his being in the army. As for myself, I said, I should never choose a military life, and would not wish any of my friends, in ordinary times, to enter the army; or if I had friends in the army, I should wish them to leave it as soon as they might do so honourably. There have been times, and there may be again, when christian men were or may be called to take up arms for the preser-

vation of their liberties, civil or religious ; but just now he need not trouble himself with any of these questions, for here he was ; he was a soldier, and it was out of his power for the present to alter his condition ; he was a soldier, and it was better to be a good soldier than a bad soldier ; and as a soldier it was better to be a good man than a bad man ; being a soldier need not make him a bad man ; being a soldier need not hinder him from being an eminently godly man. There have been good soldiers ; there are such now. Soldiers have been converted, and he might be. Some of the most exemplary christians that I have ever known perhaps, I have found in the army, and so could he while in the army, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, and the diligent use of every means

of grace lead a life of eminent godliness. Wherever he might be, it was his duty at once to become reconciled to God; and at the same time it was his duty to acquit himself faithfully in whatever situation providence had cast his lot; but as soon as a way might be opened for him to get an honourable discharge he might improve it. The mere fact of his being a soldier was not in the way of his becoming a follower of Christ; that was no reason why he should fear that God could not forgive him. But let us now, said I, think again of what we first began talking about, that now is the accepted time, that now God commandeth all men everywhere to repent. Think that this may indeed be your last time—this may be the last call of God—the Spirit may be striving with

you for the last time. So long as you remain away from Christ and without rest to your soul, there is something in the way on your own part; it may not be your being in the army, but it may be some sin you are clinging to, or covering up, or you are depending on some goodness of your own. You must confess all your sins, and forsake them, and trust wholly in the merit and intercession of Christ. Say, "God be merciful to me a sinner"—look to the Lamb of God to take away your sins—say, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief"—"Lord, to whom shall I go but unto thee? thou hast the words of eternal life."

But his time was up, and I might not detain him longer. We kneeled in prayer. It was a solemn season: he felt it so. His distress all returned

upon him. We arose. He reached one hand for his cap, and gave the other in saying farewell. It was a tearful parting, but I was not without hope that there might be a joyful meeting by and by. He was candid, and apparently determined to seek till he should find, to knock till it should be opened to him. It seemed that the Spirit was leading him; and there was reason to hope that he might be brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God: and when I entreated him finally not to distrust God, but to believe that he was still standing with open arms to receive every prodigal that will return to him, he seemed to believe it, and to feel a pleasure in believing it; and though his face was wet with tears, there seemed, as it were, some rays of

hope enkindling in his eyes and playing about his lips, like the golden beams of the sun breaking through the clouds, and gilding the rain drops.

It was not an uncommon thing for the pious soldiers to think about their occupation, and wonder if the army was the proper place for a christian. One young man particularly used to tell his thoughts, and once repeated what he had heard that Wellington was reported to have said, "that a man with nice religious scruples has no business in the army." But whether Wellington had said that or not, this young man, in common with many others, often found himself placed in circumstances, and ordered on duties, which, had he been his own master, he could not have approved: and it was a comfort to me that I could be able to find a definite

and a scriptural answer for such troubled consciences, such as that already quoted from Luke, and another from 1 Cor. vii. 20—24, which will do for other relations besides that of the servant. “Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called. Art thou called being a servant? care not for it; but if thou mayest be free, use it rather. For he that is called in the Lord, being a servant, is the Lord’s freeman: likewise also he that is called, being free, is Christ’s servant. Ye are bought with a price; be ye not the servants of men. Brethren, let every man wherein he is called therein abide with God.” If the soldier can obtain a release honourably, let him do it; but for the present it is plain that he is to attend to all present duties; always remembering what is

required in the Fifth Commandment, That we “preserve the honour, and perform the duties, belonging to every one in their several places and relations, as superiors, inferiors, or equals.”

A THANKFUL HEARER.

Among the many things that were crowded into those busy days, when the foreigners who had been residing at Chusan were preparing to remove, and the Chinese officers were resuming command of the island, and were making the streets to resound, and the people to tremble, with the clang of gongs, and the shrill cry of those who, when an officer goes abroad in his sedan, precede him as heralds, to clear the road, and to “prepare his way;” we not yet knowing whether we might still remain upon the island

after it should be given up by the English, or whether we too would be compelled to pack up and hasten away to join our mission on the mainland—amongst the many interesting occurrences of those days was the receipt of a note from a soldier who had of late been frequent in his attendance on divine service, and a close listener when present; with whom, however, I had not a particular acquaintance, nor had I conversed with him especially on religious subjects. His note was to thank me for the religious instruction which he had received, and which he trusted had been blessed to his conversion. He would have come, he said, to thank me in person, and to say good-bye, but was detailed on service from which he could not be excused. He mentioned

especially the discourse of a particular Sabbath afternoon as that which had helped him, as he believed, to find the way of life; it was the instruction he needed, and the truth which, as he thought, the Holy Ghost had used on the occasion as his sword, and had made effectual to his salvation.

He could not be content to leave the country without telling me of this, both that I might be assured of his grateful remembrance, and that I might be encouraged to continue in the same good work, and he begged me not to despair of doing good even to those who, like himself, had not made their case known to me. While, perhaps, I was not quite so confident as he seemed to be respecting that particular sermon as being the truth which was made effectual to his salvation, for he had

heard much truth besides that, though this may have served to arrest his attention at that particular time, and may have set memory and conscience at work to bring other truths into his remembrance, and to set his sins in order before him; yet I looked up that sermon, to see what it was, and found it to be one with which, on some accounts, I was less pleased than any other that I had preached at Chusan. It had been hastily prepared, and I remembered, and still have a clear recollection of feeling very anxious and troubled while walking to the chapel; for I knew that it was very slightly "beaten oil," though I remember trying to encourage and comfort myself in the fact that there would be much scripture in my discourse. The text I knew was important, and if that could be

sent home to any heart, and lodged in any memory, it might accomplish more than all I might be able to say under the most favourable circumstances. I was conscious that my own remarks were altogether common place, but the discourse had much of God's own truth in it, and in his own words, and this he could bless; and I earnestly prayed that he would not let his word be spoken in vain on that day.

I remembered also, when the congregation had been dismissed, walking back to attend the Chinese service in the city, how I went with desponding thoughts and feeling that I had done very poor service for God that day. I recollected, moreover, that the day itself was quite unfavourable, very rainy, the ground muddy, and the house damp and chilly, and I doubted

whether there would be many in attendance; and so it was; the audience was very small. But one was there whom God, it seems, had sent to hear the very message which he had been making ready for him.

Therefore that note of the soldier saying that that unpromising Sabbath, and that, to me, unpromising sermon were to him made precious, and amongst the things which he would not be likely ever to forget—that note, I say, was to me a whisper of encouragement. It impressed me with the importance, in preaching, ever to make God's own truth the prominent thing; and indeed, that is the only thing which we as preachers have to do—to preach the preaching which he bids us, and as much as possible to let God himself speak to the people in the

very language of his own scriptures. It encouraged me (and I have many times needed such encouragement) to preach to a few with as much hope and comfort as to a great assembly. It admonished me not to let rain or storm (unless it be quite extraordinary) keep me from the place appointed for worship, for on that very rainy Sabbath, and when few are present, the Holy Spirit may be present to open some heart, and to drop into it the good seed of the word. By it again I was reminded that God's ways are not as our ways; and that we may in hope continue to sow beside all waters. It is not well to despise "the day of small things." That was rather a "thin meeting" when Philip preached to the eunuch; and the preacher had to travel a long road to meet the one

who was in need of his instructions. God, who had his own purposes to accomplish, knew how to bring the teacher and the disciple together ; and while he opened the mouth of the one to communicate truth, he opened the heart of the other to receive it.

COLLATERAL BENEFITS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The good accomplished by christian missions to the heathen is not to be judged of merely by the reports of operations amongst the people on whom the principal labour has been bestowed. Whatever good has been accomplished by the missionary while on his way to his field,—whatever beneficial influence he may exert upon his countrymen whom he sometimes meets in the country in which both are strangers, these may be mentioned in the sum-

ming up of the results of Foreign missions. If in consequence of the establishment of a christian mission there are now influences to meet the sailor or soldier in a foreign port, or distant inland station, which may in a measure restrain him from vice to which in former times there were strong temptations—if there are now influences which may help to bring back to his memory the religious instructions of his childhood, and the serious impressions of his early days, we have, even in this, reason for thanksgiving that the Foreign Missionary enterprise was ever undertaken. Those who have husbands, or brothers, or sons who from taste, or necessity, or philanthropy go down to the sea in ships. and do business in the great waters, may be glad that in so many of the

distant parts of the earth those friends may meet with that which will remind them of the Sabbath and the claims of the christian religion. And surely it ought to be a matter of thankfulness to the anxious parent whose wayward son is wandering over the sea, or who in a fit of desperation or folly has thrown himself into the army, to know that there are ministers of religion at some of the places to which God's providence may direct the steps of his son. How often may it have occurred that the missionary who may have been in part supported by the widow's mite, and prospered by the widow's prayers, may have been moved by the widow's God to go and speak to her son, whom for this purpose he has brought within the reach of the missionary's counsel! God's thoughts

are not like our thoughts. "His ways are in the sea, and his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known." Those who give to the Lord, to them it shall be given back again. Such as give to the Lord in the support of missions may have it given back into their bosoms, by hearing in some distant day, or perhaps not till both are gathered home to heaven, that some friend of theirs was met in a foreign land by a missionary of the cross, and by him invited to his house, or to his chapel, and affectionately entreated to attend to the salvation of his soul: or that some dear one in his last sickness far away and with strangers, was found out by a servant of Him who went about doing good, and was ministered unto; that his dying pillow was smoothed, the chilling death-

sweat wiped from his brow, and the "cup of cold water" held to his burning lips; his last words gathered up, and his dying messages sent to the not forgotten ones who otherwise would never have known where or how he died. And so it is that "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again."

Moreover, missionary labours are aided by whatever good is done to any soldier, or sailor, or foreign resident at the place where the work of the missionary may lie; for every good christian is an epistle, known and read of all men. Every person in whom the Holy Spirit has wrought the new birth is an illustration of what the missionary preaches, when he says to the heathen, "Ye must be born again." Every

godly example is a constant sermon, and a living commentary on the scriptures; and when missionaries have around them many such examples, their hearts are encouraged, and their hands strengthened; while each new convert is another added to the soldiers of Christ, to engage in the warfare against Satan's kingdom—another added to that great company who are engaged in offering that prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Therefore, as we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men, both at home and abroad, and by the way. We are debtors both to Greek and barbarian; to the heathen and to our countrymen.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand;

for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.”

WHAT PAY DO YOU RECEIVE?

Our intercourse with some of the officers' families, and with merchants, and people from the ships, was very pleasant. But there were many who were at a loss to understand what could be our motives in coming so far, and subjecting ourselves to so many inconveniences for the small returns which, as they judged, were to come from it.

A question that was frequently asked us was this, “What pay do you get?” We answered that missionaries from our country received what was considered sufficient to meet their necessary expenses: that those of our

Board of Missions then in China were waiting till they should ascertain what the probable yearly cost of living would be, and then their salaries would be fixed accordingly.

“Indeed!” they would say, “and is that all? And no provision for old age, or infirmity? A person, you know, breaks down in this climate pretty soon; and then what is to become of him and his family, if he has made no provision for a rainy day? Have you then no invalid fund, or retired list, or half pay and rations, or something of that sort—no pensions?”

No, we would answer, we have to trust providence both for our daily bread, and for provisions for the future.

“Well, well,” they would say, “that is curious, and rather hard too. We

don't do things in that way; we mean to be loyal to our queen, to be sure; but then we expect that she will pay us well for it. Your work is hard, and we would think, very perplexing, and unpleasant; and living in the midst of the natives, and having to associate with them must be very disagreeable. We have some rough times, 'tis true, but a good deal of our service is about as you see we have it here, where we have hardly exercise enough to give us an appetite for dinner; but still we have both pay and rations, with a prospect of pensions if we need them, and a chance for glory too."

And sometimes they would go on to ask "if we honestly thought there was much prospect of making tolerably good christians out of such material

as we had there—those bare-pated, lying, thieving natives!” as they called them. And then we would have to explain to them that, as to rations, we had to trust in the promise which says, “Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.” As to pay, we expect to have to wait awhile, but there is a promise that “he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” As to glory, we ought not to wish for anything more than what Paul had in view when he said, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.”

As to the success of our labours, we have to live and labour in hope, and

with faith, and in obedience to that command of the Master, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." We hoped that here and there one would be enlightened in the knowledge of Christ, and be turned from his dumb idols to the service of the living God: and we believed that at some time all the nations would be turned unto the Lord.

WORLDLY MEN CANNOT UNDERSTAND OUR
MOTIVES.

In the cabin of a small naval steamer, on board of which, by courtesy, an invalid friend was passenger, who from his state-room overheard, and from whom I received, the substance of what I am about to write—on that steamer, and in that cabin, the officers were at dinner. Some were young,

and some had seen service in various parts of the world. They were leaving a port where they had spent a few days, and while there, some of them had formed the acquaintance of one of their own country-women, a lady that would rank with most of them either as to birth, or wealth, or accomplishments; and she also had seen service in foreign parts, and hard service of many years, but not for the sake of wealth or fame, for she was engaged in the management of a school of heathen girls, whom she clothed, and fed, and lodged, defraying the expenses of the establishment, in a great measure, from her own resources.

The meats had been removed, the second course had been discussed, and now the fruit was on, and the wine was passing, when, from a grave person-

age at the head of the table, comes the abrupt inquiry, as if in soliloquy : “ What could have influenced that lady to come to this country and live in the way she does—a lady of such education and cultivated manners—with more than a comfortable living at home, respectable connections, from a healthy country, a beautiful town ; while here all her employments and associations are, to my mind, anything but agreeable—the perplexities of an extensive establishment ; to have the providing for and the training of such a horde of young heathens ; to go about, as she does, amongst the natives, and sit in their uncomfortable habitations, herself much of the time in miserable health, with a climate that is ruinous to most constitutions, and much of the time quite disagreeable ! What motive

could have brought or can keep such a lady here, I cannot imagine."

"Some early disappointment, sir, I fancy," said one, pouring out another glass, and with an air that seemed to say, No hard matter for a discerning man like me to divine the cause. "Some affair of the heart, sir, in earlier days ; only, instead of burying herself in a convent, as was once the fashion, she has devoted herself to this sort of religious life."

"Life in a convent, in some pleasant country, and in a romantic spot, would, to my notion, be far preferable to an isolated existence in this end of the earth, amongst tawny natives, contending with fevers, and exposed to dangers," said another voice.

"I imagine, sir," said another, setting down his glass, and drawing himself

up like one who had no trouble in solving questions of this nature, "I imagine, sir, that the course of this lady may be accounted for, as well as that of many others, and perhaps, of most of those we meet and hear of in different parts of the world, under the general name of missionaries, by analysing the religious feeling in mankind. That which impels the Mohammedan to his prayers, ablutions, and pilgrimages; the devotees of India to self-torture, and the monk to all his austerities—the same, it may be, in some over-zealous Protestant, developes itself in voluntarily submitting to the expatriation, exposures, discomforts, diseases, and shortening of life to which these missionaries are exposed."

"But," said he at the head of the table, "I can hardly adopt your op-

inions, gentlemen, for she appears a sensible person, of correctly balanced mind; cheerful, without any of the tokens of misanthropy; no gloominess or absent-mindedness, or that kind of indifference to the world which characterizes a disappointed person that feeds on melancholy, and broods over blighted hopes. And, again, there is none of the extravagance of the religious enthusiast; none of the boasting or parade of the religious devotee; and too much evidence of real genuine sincerity for a hypocrite. Why, to see her in that school, one is reminded of nothing else than a devoted mother amongst her own children—calm, cheerful, and doing whatever she finds needing to be done, simply because she loves to do it. In visiting her sick neighbours, and teaching from house to

house, there seems to be only an honest desire to do the poor people good. She keeps about her work just as steadily and hopefully as if she fully expected that her efforts would, at the proper time, bring about the result which she desires. I confess there is something in all this which I do not yet altogether understand; your theories, gentlemen, in my opinion, do not meet this case."

And, now, can we account for the course of this lady? Can we find a clue by which to get at the motives which impelled her? Let the question be answered by our repeating here a few words which we once heard from the lips of one who had given many years of toil and care to the service of the church. At the time to which we refer, he was travel-worn from a long

journey, which he had undertaken in order that he might better serve the cause to which he had given many years of labour, and for which he had resigned political honours and rewards. He was addressing a little band of missionaries in the wilderness, who had been long and anxiously expecting his visit. He encouraged the missionaries by a reference to the command to preach the gospel, the comfort always attending the faithful discharge of duty, and by a reference to the promises. He alluded to the pleasure always attending faithful endeavours to benefit others. He spoke of the love of Christ constraining us, his grace assisting us, his cheering presence with us. But, said he, the world cannot understand our motives; they do not know our feelings: therefore some think we are

zealots. Some almost believe we are mad.

Then he related a few lines of his former experience, like this: "Before I entered upon the duties of the office in which I still am, I was associated in my professional labours with men who were aspirants for political distinction, and perhaps my own prospects for honours and wealth were as promising as any of theirs; and when I abandoned all these, and relinquished an honourable office and its emoluments, for the comparative seclusion, the work, and bare support of one in the missionary service, many of my former associates looked upon me as one become suddenly deranged. Some warmly remonstrated against my throwing myself away in such a manner. But," he added, stretching out his hand, in

which he grasped the Bible, "they had never read this book as I had read it—they did not understand it as I understood it—they did not love it as I loved it, and of course could not understand how I could be willing to make those sacrifices of human applause, and fame, and wealth, in order that I might be instrumental in spreading abroad this book, and the offer of salvation which it contains; they knew not of the grace which quickeneth, and had not experience of the love of Christ which constraineth us."

Worldly men cannot understand our motives, because they have not read the Bible as we, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, have been enabled to read it. By multitudes our motives will never in this world be understood. They now esteem us mad. But when

they have passed the boundaries of time, in how very short a space will they perceive that those were mad who laboured for the meat which perisheth, and not for that which endureth unto everlasting life?

THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSETH
AWAY.

And what has become of all those whose acquaintance we made during the period of which we have been speaking? Many of the soldiers have been strowed along the track of time; many found graves in China, a few in the sea, and many since in India, and some of these on the fields of battle; and as those have fallen out of the ranks, recruits have been brought on to fill their places.

And where *now* are those who have

disappeared from the face of the earth? When we knew them, those who gave evidence of having the one thing needful were the few; while the large proportion were without God, without Christ, and having no good hope, and if they died thus where must they be now?

There were men in the diplomatic service of their several countries; and there were travellers, having their minds on forwarding the interests of commerce or science, or to make a name, or to make a living, and to gratify a fondness for travelling. And there were merchants, and they laboured—laboured hard—and this they did even for such things as “perish with the using;” and while still engaged in the pursuit of wealth, some saw what they had gathered slipping from them; fortune, as they

chose to call it, did not always favour them ; for in that country, as well as in this, riches had the habit of taking wings and flying away. Some had their possessions taken from them ; and some were taken from their possessions. Others are still clinging to their gains. Now and then there was a pious man among them, who honoured the Lord with his substance ; who was the missionaries' friend, and who did much to assist in the work in which they were engaged ; and of these some have already gone to their reward. There was once in China an eminent example of a large-minded, and large-hearted christian merchant. While he lived he was doing good—scattering but still increasing ; into his lap the Lord seemed to be pouring more because he was so good a steward of

what had been entrusted to him. He had some riches, but with them he had that good name which is rather to be chosen than great riches. He “rests from his labours” now.

With most of the merchants there, the ruling desire seemed to be that they might amass “a fortune,” and return home to enjoy it; and how sad must be the reflections of those who think of what the soul is worth, at seeing death overtaking these, one after another, and finding them nearly in the state of the man of the parable, who said, “Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years—take thine ease.”

One, a sea captain, having sent his treasure on before-hand, had his neck broken by a falling spar just as he was leaving port homeward bound, in high spirits, and while waving adieu to friends

on shore. One, while coming in from the last voyage which he was to make, and then retire, though yet in the midst of a vigorous manhood, but with wealth enough to give him plenty to eat, and to drink, and to be merry over, went down with his ship, as is supposed, a little outside the harbour ; the very fate he dreaded, and on account of which dread he had determined to get off from the sea. Three young men, enterprising, in a dashing business, frank, open-hearted, friendly to everybody, yet having a sharp eye to the *main chance*, were summoned early to their reckoning. Their decease was not far apart, though they died in different parts of the world. And now, as to all those things which they had provided—whose shall they be ?

There was one—poor man !—who

made too much haste to be rich—too much haste even for a worldly-wise man. Credit failed him; for in his haste he betrayed too much of the *evil eye*. When confidence steps out, business ceases to come in. So it came to pass that he, who started with a much fairer prospect than some others who rapidly grew into a lucrative trade, declined in his business; his goods went piece by piece, then yard by yard, to procure him the necessaries of life; he was reduced to straits; and he died, as some think, if not of starvation, yet in consequence of too much fasting. But his proud spirit was whole in him to the very last.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

It often happens that the story-teller's memory is longer than the pa-

tience of his hearers. Perhaps it is so in this instance; so let me stop where I am, while by the way of apology, permit me to add, that I have written these sketches, partly because I love occasionally to bring back the past; partly to preserve for myself, and for whoever else may feel any interest in the subject, a record of events that were fast falling into forgetfulness; and partly that whoever may read what I have written—if in this busy age any person can afford the leisure to take up this little bundle of reminiscences—partly, I say, that they may live over with me those by gone days. I have written too with some hope that these reminiscences may do good in some way; for they show, though faintly indeed, what the writer felt very strongly when these events were

passing, and what his memory still keeps him thinking on, viz : that religion is everything—that to be a christian, a follower of Christ and friend of God, is of the first and chief importance—that in a short time all we will, want will be the one thing needful, the good part which cannot be taken away.

They show that in any lawful calling a man may be a christian ; that even though in a calling which conscience disapproves, yet if kept there by constraint, we may still live near to God, and enjoy his favour ; and that wherever the christian may find himself placed he should strive to be doing good, letting his light shine to all around.

They encourage us to be ever careful to observe, and quick to improve

opportunities for doing good, ever ready to drop a word in season; for "we watch for souls." They show that private christians, and those without education, may do much in leading others to Christ, and in strengthening their brethren by entreaties, counsels, and a godly example. They teach us not to despise the day of small things, but to be willing to do good by little and little, and not be discouraged though the multitude still turn away from the truth. If out of those several hundred soldiers there was here and there one to say, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over those few sinners that repented.

That little band of praying soldiers was, in proportion to their regiments,

as generally the church has been in the world. "Though many are called, few are chosen;" and so we still find it; few believe our report; the arm of the Lord is revealed unto but few; nevertheless we should not grow weary in well doing.

It is a source of some gratification to be able to call to mind some instances in which dying saints were comforted—in which desponding ones were encouraged to look up, and the afflicted enabled to find consolation, and the sick to think of Him who both healeth diseases and forgiveth iniquities. And that is a part of our mission here in the world, to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ—to speak comfortably to God's people. We are, if possible, to help, or to direct each other how to be happy;

to assuage grief; to dry up tears; to be kind; to do good unto all men as we have opportunity, especially to those who are of the household of faith.

THE END.

The first part of the history of the
country is a description of the
natural resources and the
early settlement of the
country. The second part
is a description of the
growth of the country
and the development of
the various industries.

The third part of the history
is a description of the
political and social
development of the
country. The fourth part
is a description of the
economic development of
the country and the
growth of the various
industries.

The fifth part of the history
is a description of the
cultural development of
the country and the
growth of the various
arts and sciences. The
sixth part is a description
of the military development
of the country and the
growth of the various
armies and navies.

The seventh part of the
history is a description
of the modern development
of the country and the
growth of the various
industries and sciences.
The eighth part is a
description of the future
of the country and the
growth of the various
industries and sciences.





