

...rived. It was such men as Havelock, the Lawrences, the Edwardes, and the Montgomeries, who stood in the breach and rescued the British territories in India from the hands of the mutineers. When I arrived in India, I remember looking at the temples and at the temple-worship, seeing men with fans in their hands fanning sweet music before them; and I thought, surely it is a most flimsy system. But the longer I lived there the more I was struck with its depth. It is something which is universally felt; it has its ramifications in every part of life, in the social circle, in politics, in commerce. You cannot escape it; it meets you everywhere. The rivers bear the names of the gods. Every man, woman, and child is called after a god. The idols are stuck up in the streets wherever you go. Hindooism, as to its power, rests on its universality, the whole nation being immersed in it. There can be no doubt that the Hindoo has been, to a considerable extent, puzzled as to what Christianity really can be. There is so vast a difference between his own character and the character of those bearing the name of Christian, that he has been led, in many instances, to conclude that Christianity could be nothing at all. As for Hindooism, commerce, pleasure, everything appears to be immersed in it. The man's ledger is dedicated to the god he worships, and not an entry can be made in it until he has written the name of that God at the top; and every note on business or pleasure must have the same inscription. The shops are also dedicated to gods that are worshipped; and everything reminds you of them. It pervades everything, like the atmosphere. We have heard of Church and State. In India the Church has literally swallowed up the State, and made everything succumb to it. You find body, soul, and spirit, trampled upon by the priests, so that there is little or no moral life left in the people. You have there the most abject slavery the world ever saw. There that connection of an abominable religion with the State has been carried out to its full extent, and we have just been reaping the fruits of that connection. My resolution commences with speaking of stations that have been ruined in the North West Provinces. If I acted from the dictates of my own feelings I should almost pass over the brethren who have there been put to a cruel death—Mackay and Waiyat Ali, and many others. But, Sir, I feel I cannot do it. Waiyat Ali was my native preacher for eight or nine years. I travelled with him day after day for weeks and months and years. He was almost my only companion in preaching the gospel. His wife (one of the first of that class brought to a knowledge of the truth), I was myself privileged to baptize as well as his daughter. Never can I forget the feelings of thankfulness realised in my own mind when I saw that woman delivered from her prison-house, and brought into the liberty wherewith Christ maketh his people free. She was, I think, nearly forty years of age when her husband taught her to read. She had then never been out of her house except in a covered conveyance, never been privileged to walk in the green fields and to behold the beauties of nature as you behold them. Sisters, let me call your attention to this fact, that ladies in India are everywhere thus kept in a prison-house; they never look on the face of a man except their own family; never breathe the fresh air, but live, as it were, in another world. After having learned to read the Bible she told her husband that she was anxious to be baptized. I visited her, and found her with her face covered by the thick cloth. "What am I to do, Sir?" she said. "I have never been out of the house in my life, and have never looked upon men except of my own family." That was a difficulty we cannot really appreciate. One Sabbath, when my wife and another Christian lady were with her, they took her each by the hand and led her down my garden. I can almost see her now as she walked forth, for the first time, on God's earth,—and viewed, for the first time, the beauties of the world in which she had so long lived. You may judge of my feelings when I first saw her thus released from her prison-house, and realising the liberty of the children of God. I baptized both her and her daughter. She soon aided in getting up a large class of females who met on the Sabbath afternoon in the chapel at Chitpura. I have sometimes gone and listened at the chapel-door—for gentlemen were not admitted inside—and have heard Fatima, as she approached the throne of grace, and lifted up her heart and voice to God in prayer for the conversion of her fellow-countrywomen. I have heard her as she has read the New Testament, and in her own simple language, explained its meaning to those by whom she was surrounded. I have heard her as she has given out a hymn and then raised the tune—one of those sweet Indian tunes that I am anxious soon to hear again; and I have been delighted as I stood there, and my heart melted with joy that God had brought one, at least, of those poor imprisoned females to a knowledge of the truth. There is one scene connected with her family that I must mention. I mean the death of her eldest son, about twelve years of age. I used to visit him every day, and his mother, Fatima, and Waiyat Ali, used to stand by his bedside weeping at the thought of so young a man losing him. I have heard him time after time turn to them and say, "Why do you weep for me? I am going to the Lord. You will soon meet me in heaven." To the last moment of his life did he thus try to comfort his parents. Little did I think that one, at least, would so soon meet him, and little did I think that a mother, so delicate, having been brought up as it were in a hot-house, would be called to pass through such dreadful scenes, still less that she would be able to sustain such unprecedented trials. After Waiyat Ali was sent to Delhi, I preached the gospel there from time to time, as I had often done before. Delhi was a city on which we had placed many hopes. I have sometimes seen 1,200 people assembled together

there in the magnificent bazaar in one of the finest streets in the world, and have watched them as they have listened to the preaching of the gospel for an hour or an hour-and-a-half, then, perhaps, thirty, or forty, or fifty of them would follow us all the way home. I visited Delhi after Waiyat Ali had been placed there, and I found that his influence was being exercised to a considerable extent. When we were standing preaching in the streets of Delhi, some of the Moulvies opposing the gospel, and not succeeding, one of them said, "Ah, if Mohammedanism was in power we would soon make you feel a sharper argument than any of these, and that would soon stop your mouths." It is true God has in his own inscrutable wisdom permitted this evil to overtake us. Our brethren have been cut down. Waiyat Ali has rendered up his life for the sake of Jesus Christ. But is there any reason why we should be cast down because of this? Let me entreat you not to permit Delhi to be given up. The blood of our martyred brethren forbid it! I trust before another year we shall be prepared to rebuild the station that has been destroyed there, and to commence anew with evangelistic labours, that are destined not only to destroy Mohammedanism, but to introduce a new day to British India. There are other things to which I desire to call the attention of the meeting for a little while. The natives of India ever look upon the Government as being identified with Christianity, if not the embodiment of Christianity itself. Something has been said about revenues. Of course, Government cannot be carried on without them, and I am not prepared to assert that we have initiated any bad means of obtaining revenue, but with all due deference to those who differ from me, I must for one say, that the land-tax of India comes very unequally upon the masses of the people. That is the great tax from which the bulk of the revenue is raised—it comes from the fruits of the ground, from the grain, the wheat, the barley, the rice, the vegetables. To my mind this is a state of things that belongs to a barbarous age, and that long since it ought to have given way to a more enlightened mode of raising the revenue of India. The salt-tax is another grievous one, pressing greatly upon the labouring population. I shall not detain you more upon this point, except just to say that there is the abominable opium-tax or opium revenue, and however gentlemen may tell us that the opium-revenue is absolutely necessary for us, we do not believe that there is any such thing as necessity in doing that which is wrong. There is another matter that must be attended to. We must have our law not only cheaper but more simple, and brought nearer to the doors of the people. My resolution expresses a confident hope that the recent occurrences will lead Government to put an end to its connection with these idolatrous systems. Attempts have been made to deny this connection. It is only the other day that Lord Stanley, in addressing his constituents, declared that nine-tenths of the charges against the Government for their anti-Christian policy were untrue, and that the one-tenth was a great exaggeration. I have no hesitation in saying that it would be the easiest matter in the world to prove to his lordship not only nine-tenths of the statements but far more than ten-tenths. I am not going to carry you back to former times; although we should never forget that Carey had to seek Danish protection, that Judson fled to Burmah, that our own missionary, Chamberlain, was seized in Agra for fear that he should produce a revolt. We may trace the whole conduct of our Government, and we shall find that it has been imbued, from beginning to end, with the same spirit. If a change had taken place, I for one would remain silent; but it is not so. Look to that order sent out only a few years ago by the Government, to sever all their servants, civil and military, from connection with Bible and missionary societies, and evangelistic labours of every kind. That order has never been rescinded—never recalled. It is still in such a position, that any Governor-General who pleases might immediately put it in operation. We can see in the whole acts of the Government that same policy that deported missionaries from India, and that has from the first to the present time sustained idolatry in all its various phases. Our best Governor-Generals have been so overcome by the system, that they have not only officially sustained, but they have given largely from their private purses to sustain idolatry—not one, or two, but the whole of them. Even Lord Dalhousie, on whom a high eulogium has been passed, gave 5000 to a heathen temple. In short, all our governors have systematically supported Hindooism, and put the broad stamp of their approval on its vile abominations; and whilst they have done what they could to uphold that abominable system, they have done what they could to discountenance Christianity, not even allowing a Sepoy to become a Christian without turning him out of his regiment—not employing a Christian in the meanest capacity, but pampering and petting the Hindoos to the greatest extent. It is high time that we brought all the influence that the church can bring on the Government. We have the statements of Lord Stanley and Mr. Disraeli, two individuals in the most important positions in the present Government, and from them we gather clearly that we have no sympathy whatever with the Christianisation of India. We demand as much and as complete liberty for Hindooism and Mohammedanism as we seek for ourselves. It is true we do protest against any connection between State and Church in India. We have had too much of it. We have had a State Church, and we have it to a certain extent still. We seek not that Government should send us bishops; for I tell you as far as my experience has gone, however good men they may be, bishops have not done an iota towards the evangelisation of India. Look at our late good Bishop of Calcutta, of whom I wish to speak with all respect. Every time he leaves the town there must be a salute from the Government batteries, and also every time he enters. A neutral Government, anxious to make people think they are neutral,

salutes a Christian bishop, or a Roman Catholic bishop, or, if you please, a Juggernaut bishop—they do not care whom or what, so long as they can go on with their own policy. We demand nothing more or less than a just and complete equality. Whilst we do not deprecate other modes of operation, our society has ever given its greatest efforts to the simple preaching of the gospel. And I would suggest that there should be no change in this respect in future. To the gospel we, as a nation, owe all we have and are, and we ask that that gospel should be given to India. You may give better laws and better institutions, reform the police and alter the mode of raising the revenue, but if you withhold the gospel from India, you withhold the only thing that can raise the millions of that country from the low position in which caste and idolatry have thrown them. The Rev. Dr. SPENCE seconded the resolution. He trusted that the meeting would carry out the promises to which the resolution pledged it, and not suffer them to be forgotten. The spirit of "The Edinburgh Review," fifty or sixty years ago, had doubtless passed away to a large extent, but the spirit of the world had not passed away. At the commencement of the mutiny, men seemed to rush to the conclusion that the missionaries had had to do with it; and the general expression of feelings to that effect only showed what was in men's hearts. It was to his own disciples that the Saviour looked for carrying out his great work, and as they were interested in His grace, and felt the constraining power of His love, so they should throw their energies into his cause, and feel it the highest privilege of their lives to do anything for him. He had been glad to find of late a revival of the missionary spirit amongst young men. At a late meeting of an examination committee, of which he was a member, his heart was gladdened and filled with sacred emotion as a Master of Arts in high honours at the London University came before them in simplicity and earnestness, saying, "I wish to serve the Lord Jesus Christ among the heathen." The Rev. Dr. EVANS, of Scarborough, was glad to find men of divers opinions meeting on a common platform to promote the missionary cause. Surely, upon such a ground, they could all feel alike. The sighs of India would meet with a cordial response in every heart, and the appeals of their respected brother, Mr. Smith, would exert an influence that would never be forgotten. Who would not send him back to India with an assurance and a confidence that would never fail, that their energies should be henceforth consecrated in part, if not entirely, to that great portion of the heathen world? Some of the worst aspects of Popery would no doubt have to be contended against as well as the hostility of the Government. If they gave up the question of civil and religious liberty, upon whom could they devolve the duty of maintaining it? Their fathers struggled for it in the past, and woe be to that Baptist who claimed descent from them who should be recreant to its principles. Liberty would die if they relinquished it to any one else. The only means to overcome the obstacles to be met with was the preaching of the cross, the exhibition of the truth as it is in Christ. He knew that he and some of his elder brethren would soon have to put off their armour, and he implored the young men before him to make the cause their own. A hymn was then sung and the meeting separated.

general, from his hiding places, and saying "as you were" to the population—how Sir Colin is to be made a Peer, as "Baron Lucknow," and serve him right!—how another tale that curdles the blood has reached us, of a horrible wretch miscalled a woman (the "Ranee" of Jhansi), who took 55 European prisoners, and served them thus, *herself looking on*—

"The men, women, and children were stripped naked. Then their faces were blackened with a filthy composition of oil and suet, and in that condition of shame and misery they were separately tied to trees. First, the children were hacked to pieces, and the Princess looked on, insensible to their shrieks and the frenzy of their mothers, who were set apart for treatment still more fiendish. Those unhappy women were released from their ropes and fetters, and handed over, first to the soldiery and then to the mob—the leering, lascivious, impudent, shameless mob of an Eastern city—and never can it be forgotten, never can it be named without horror and bitter indignation, that those English ladies, those young English girls, those wives and sisters of British soldiers, while their fathers, husbands, and brothers, with their garments torn from their bodies, stood chained to trees, were tossed from one villain to another, until crushed, maimed, violated, and dying, they were flung to the earth, and bayoneted or hewn to fragments."

This was at Jhansi, where Hume shot his wife and then himself. And there was also discovered the "head of an Englishwoman, with long silken tresses, but with a countenance so fearfully defaced as to be unrecognisable. Well might the British dragoons, with the emblem of Sepoyism before their eyes, after terrifying the garrison out of their fortress, hunt them down, and cover the plains of Jhansi with retributive slaughter; well might the British Commander hang every messenger from the Ranee who entered his camp, and deplore the escape of that infernal murderer, whom it would, of course, have gratified him to whip behind a gun-carriage from Bundelcund to the Mahratta ditch, and then hang in sight of the whole country. Undoubtedly, whenever the wretched woman is captured, no consideration as to her sex will be entertained, and she will join the NANA SAHIB on the scaffold. By the narrative of her actions, we are only confirmed in our belief that nothing yet reported from India reaches the truth concerning the outrages inflicted on Englishwomen.

"Within the last fortnight a statement has been forwarded to this country, by an officer of high rank, who reports that, at Cawnpore, he saw the body of a young girl, whose spine had been broken across a beam, and whose limbs had been half torn away by ropes attached to her wrists and ankles, and then violently drawn asunder."

How the record of such inhuman deeds makes people hardly know what to think or say or do, as regards proclamation of mercy to the rebels, and of ceasing from vengeance; which are just now being debated—

Mr. Editor, with such texts as the foregoing, how many letters could not be written! The length of a Puritan sermon would be as nothing to it. But, though pretty used to hard work, and to know what the "coronet of pain" in one's head is, from over-exertion, I must let these go by for I cannot enter upon them.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

[From our Special Correspondent.] London, May 7, 1858.

ON MATTERS IN GENERAL.

Mr. Editor:—Amid severe pressure of undecidable claims, I have been compelled to keep silence for awhile: and therefore hope that, from other sources, your readers have been supplied with information as to how the European world goes on. It is a curious medley, and one which requires cool brains and quiet leisure to accurately depict:—How France is supposed to secretly cherish intentions of invasion against us (or, as others say, of siding with Russia in a secret league against our Indian Empire), and how ill prepared are our coasts with means of defence—how Russia is becoming liberal, constructing Railways to develop her vast resources and transport her armies; freeing her serfs, and becoming generally progressive—how Austria looks keenly on French proceedings, uncertain whether the vast armaments preparing by the latter power are intended for her—how the Principalities are still a bone of contention between the powers—how the Cagliari affair has brought Piedmont, Naples, and ourselves, to an embroglio which may turn out very nastily—how the Princess of Prussia is supposed to be *en route*, our good Queen Victoria also, and the Prince of Wales (taking a tour in Ireland as well as preparing for publication a work on Entomology—how the government goes on, I (at least) scarcely know how, but it *does* go on, and people generally seem in a political fog—how Sir Colin Campbell, Sir James Outram, and their gallant armies, are not by any means foggy, but doing their work in splendid style: taking "hill forts," that are small Gibralters, against enormous odds and in the terrible heat of the climate: clearing out the enemy, too, in

MAY, AND ITS MEETINGS.

Politics last all the year round; and, like the poor, "them have ye always with you." But May comes only once a year—May, whom every poet has sung of, as in duty bound, and which is called all sorts of pretty names by everyone—May, bringing fine weather and hopes of summer, brings, too, the long looked-for Anniversaries in the religious world.

Wherever was there such a place as England? Rome stretched her iron arm over the world to crush it into subjection, or sent to the ends of the earth but for an oyster to tickle the palates of her voluptuaries—the Macedonian wept for another world, only to conquer it:—but England—noble England, would gather all nations, not merely beneath her banners, but within the fold of her crucified Lord. "Tell me where England has not been to buy and sell," said an orator. Tell me, too, (in view of May's Anniversaries) where she has not been with spiritual merchandise in her open palm!

How grand a theme is it, this English charity! and how diversified! Some feel peculiar interest in the Jew: it is met. Others deem poor outcasts at home most pressing in their claims: a means is at work. Others deem it best to begin early—like the philosopher who said, "Do what you like with the adults, if I may only have the children,"—such, too, is provided for, in schools of all classes.

"One can't go to all the meetings: which are to be left out? The large Societies are most popular; but the small ones are so useful too,