

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MAY 29th, 1859.

Read—LUKE viii. 37-56: The raising of Jairus's daughter. GENESIS xli. 25-37: Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams.

Recite—LUKE viii. 19-21.

JUNE 5th, 1859.

Read—LUKE ix. 1-22: The miraculous supply of food. GENESIS xlii. 38-57: Joseph's exaltation.

Recite—LUKE viii. 43-48.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From May 22nd to June 4th, 1859.

Full Moon, May 16, 4.52 Afternoon. Last Quarter, " 24, 6.35 " New Moon, June 1, 2.56 Morning. First Quarter, " 7, 6.33 Afternoon.

Table with columns: D.M., Day, SUN, MOON, High Water at Halifax, Windsor. Rows for days 22 to 31 of May.

\* For the time of HIGH WATER at Pictou, Pugwash, Wallace, and Yarmouth add 2 hours to the time at Halifax.

\* For HIGH WATER at Annapolis, Digby, &c., and St. John N.B., add 3 hours to the time at Halifax.

\* The time of HIGH WATER at Windsor is also the time at Parrsboro', Horton, Cornwallis, Truro, &c.

\* For the LENGTH OF DAY double the time of the Sun's setting.

The May Meetings.

English Baptist Missionary Society.

The annual Meeting of this Society was held at Exeter Hall on Thursday the 28th ult; the Earl of Carlisle in the chair.

The Hundredth Psalm was sung, and the Rev. M. Haycroft offered up prayer.

The CHAIRMAN referred to his connection with another religious body, but said that he felt deeply interested in the work in which they were engaged. He referred to Havelock as a name they might ever cherish, and Robert Hall, as having written of times such as those we are now witnessing, and especially to the striking events which might be expected to follow the appearance of three separate Powers upon the territory of the old Roman empire and the outburst of strife and war amongst them.

The SECRETARY then read the report, by which it appeared that throughout the entire scene of the revolt, missionary work has been resumed. In Bengal, notwithstanding the excitement attending the progress of the war, the additions to the churches have been more than usually numerous. The present incomplete returns give 124 baptisms,—nearly one-half more than the ordinary average. In Jessore numerous villages have invited the visits of the missionary, and in Backergunge the native churches are adding largely to their numbers. With regard to the resumption of missionary labour throughout the country, the brethren speak in highly encouraging terms. The total receipts for the present year are £26,513 1s. 3d., being an increase of £3,566 5s. 5d. on the past year.

Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., read the financial statement.

The Rev. THOMAS MORGAN, of Howrah, said:—

Having ever recognized the moral grandeur of the missionary enterprise, I have felt it to be the highest honour that God could confer upon me to be allowed to preach the gospel to the Hindoos, and next to that the honour of being associated with the Baptist Mission, because it originated in the deep love of God, was matured in pure Christian principles, and is transparently honest in all its organisations and in all its agencies. Its founders and pioneers were men great in the love of God, heroic in their self-denial, and enabled by their achievements; and their successors have not been unworthy of them. I have known them now for twenty years; not one has failed through defect of character; not one has been allured by the blandishments of wealth. Though not surrounded by much of this life, yet they have been faithful to their mission and faithful to their God. There is one gentleman on this platform who gave up an honourable and lucrative profession to sustain the character of a Baptist Missionary, and he has well and honourably sustained it for the long period of forty years. I must admit there is something due to the Secretary and the Committee of the Society for their kindness and

sympathy and consideration. They have ever recognised the individual responsibility of the missionaries; they have left them to work untrammelled, and with as much freedom as is compatible with the responsibility of that Committee to the Christian public. Having, then, been sustained for twenty years, having been permitted to realise my fondest hope, I feel grateful. I desire to express that gratitude.

There is also another sentiment in the report, a recognition of the fact that the Government of India had ceased to oppose missionary operations. I am glad of it, not because the fact is new to me, but because there is a considerable amount of misapprehension throughout the country. I have no wish to perpetrate injustice, either by assertion or even by reticence. Much of this misapprehension arises from not recognising the acts of the Government thirty years ago, and not recognising the orders of the Home Government and the acts of the Government of India. It certainly is not fair for us to compare men of seventy years ago with men of our time. Compare men of our time with their own time and you will do them justice. I can say, as the result of nearly eighteen years' experience in India, that there was in my time, full, absolute, complete and unparalleled liberty to preach the gospel. I used to recognise the Government of India from a religious point of view, as being the freest Government that ever existed. There was no restraint; and I must say, too, the general tendency of the Government during the last twenty years has been of an upward character, and ameliorated the condition of the people. Now let me urge the claims of India on two or three grounds; and, first of all, the inhabitants of India are your fellow-subjects. Admitting that the Government is as perfect as it can be, it is admitted by all that there is one element essential to the well-being of the people, and that is—the gospel. And it is equally admitted that it is not desirable for the Government to assume the functions of the church. In fact it would be most unkind. The Government of India has more on its hands than it can well do. It has but two things to do, and if it could do them it would be entitled to the lasting gratitude of the people of India. That is, in the first place, to make a good road, and in the second place to appoint a stout, honest constable that will not be bribed. These are the two things that the Government ought to do. The produce of India also is poured at your feet. The wealth of Englishmen that have made fortunes in India comes here. "Aye," you say, "those old Indians, with bad livers, and worse consciences, are a bad lot." Admit that, but where is the money? In your pockets, in your houses, in your lands, in your banks, and in your railroads. It is all here. You have it yourselves. Out with it if you do not like it, and let it go back to India for the preaching of the gospel. And it must be admitted also that India has not had her fair share for missionary societies. Some few years ago a mathematical friend of mine made a calculation. There were then at Ceylon 38 missionaries; there were in India 403. "Ah!" you say, "you have got plenty, do not complain; 403 against 38." But you must remember that India is larger than Ceylon, and you do not understand how large it is. Well, then, if Ceylon is entitled to 38, India, to have a fair proportion—mind it is a mathematical calculation—ought to have 3,800. Now do you understand the great disproportion? India also is the central field of trade to all the nations of Central Asia, of whom we scarcely know anything, and for whom nothing has been done. I come now to another ground, that is the great and terrible evils existing in that country. Hindooism is not a system but a living embodiment of every system that ever was inspired by the prince of darkness. Systems which in other countries have grown up and flourished and died away, in India have attained a gigantic growth like the banian tree, but not beautiful like the banian tree, but like the fabulous upas tree, distilling poison, sterility, desolation, and death all round. There is not throughout India one correct idea of the nature of God. We are told that he is a being without a single attribute. If you can understand that, it is more than I ever could. Therefore the Hindoos say, "We must have an image, a visible object to look upon ere we can worship him." We are told that matter is eternal, and that spirit is eternal. We are told that all within the cognisance of our senses and mind itself is only an emanation of God, and that there is about the mind an illusion which hinders us from seeing all that. And, consequently, the Hindoo, the most common and most ignorant man, will tell you, "I have no individuality, therefore I can do neither good nor evil. God, like a man playing upon a fiddle, does what he likes with me." There is not again one correct idea of the moral nature of God. We say God is a being of infinite perfection, and therefore cannot sin. The Hindoos say, because he is supreme he can do what he likes. He can commit any crime and any atrocity. There is not between all the millions of India and the eternal God any connection. There is no praise, no love, no adoration. And why? Because this idea is floating before the popular mind, that there is no favour to be had from the gods with out propitiation, there is no propitiation without a gift, and no gift can be offered but through the Brahmin; and it is through the Brahmin that God is robbed of all the honour and the people of their substance. Mark that. No man feels he has anything to do with God. He brings his rice or anything else, and puts it down. The Brahmin takes it and gives it to the god, and there is an end of the matter. There is not about the Hindoo system any idea of holiness. It is true the elements of sin exist in all countries, but in your country there are also the elements of holiness. In the lowest depths of London, people know that there are holier and better men than themselves existing, and though they are low down in the deep darkness they can see the light

shining above them. But in India all is bad; the gods are bad; holy men even are wicked; all around are wicked; all is one putrescent mass throwing out miasma, and malaria, and death all around—just like your Thames last summer. The nearest approach to a character amongst the Hindoos included in the one word merit. There are certain actions meritorious, such as bathing in the Ganges, gifts to Brahmins, gifts to religious beggars. Let a man abandon his home, gather around him every element of misery, and banish every element of holiness, and be as unhuman and wretched as he can, and that is a source of great merit. There is another source of merit; that is, to hear religious books read. Now, it is said in one of their books: There was a man that had a cow—not an unusual thing; but this was a wonderful cow. A large army came near, and this wonderful cow supplied that army with all manner of provisions; in fact, she proved a valuable commissariat. When the army was going away the King said to the cow, "Now, I want you; I can't part with you." The cow went to the owner and said, "What am I to do? They want to take me away." The man said, "I can't help it; you must do the best you can." So the cow went and assailed armed men of all descriptions, and annihilated that army. Now, what is the sequel? It is actually said, that if a man reads this and believes this, he will have wealth and honour, and greatness, and happiness beyond the grave. Was there ever a greater outrage on the intelligence of men than that? Well, then, inseparably connected with the doctrine of merit is that of transmigration. In proportion to the amount of merit will be the amount of repose in heaven, the amount of happiness in after birth. Now, in all this there is no morality, no recognition of Providence, no gratitude to God or man. Whatever a Hindoo has, he feels that he has deserved it all in a former birth. The tendency of all this is to develop and strengthen the very essence of sin, and that is selfishness. Let a man be guilty of as many crimes as he likes, if he only has merit enough, money enough, to put in the other scale, that will preponderate all. Again: in connection with these doctrines of merit and transmigration, the Hindoo has before his mind not the idea of eternal life, but nothing but a continued succession of births, being whirled and driven all through the revolution of ages like a feather on the mountain torrent. The end of all Hindooism is absorption into the Deity—the loss of individual consciousness.

With the glorious light of heaven shining upon the path of immortality, can you look upon all these things without a feeling of pity and compassion? Oh! great and glorious is the truth that we have to convey to India. When I understood all this I used to feel, "There is one sentence in the gospel worth conveying to India and to China, and that is, Eternal life." Oh! for the trump of an archangel: I would stand on the brow of the Himalaya and proclaim to the teeming, panting millions, "Christ Jesus, whom to know is life eternal." Now that is the system: let me point out some traits of the character which the system produces. It is universally admitted that there is no quality more common amongst the Hindoos than want of regard for the truth. There is no truth in India. Examine the theology and the ethics, the geography and the astronomy, common amongst the people—all are false. Go into the court, and ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are supported by perjury, not by the vile and despicable, but by the most respectable. If it were notorious that the most respectable man in or out of Calcutta supported his case by perjury, it would not endanger his reputation; but if a friend were to ask him to go to court to swear to a falsehood, he would suffer if he did not do so, because he would not oblige a friend by doing an action that cost him so little trouble. There may be men that would not do this; but the best Hindoo that I ever knew was a Brahmin, and I asked him the simple question, "Would you go to court to swear a falsehood?" "Of course I would," he said. "I would go and swear anything to oblige a friend. Do you think I am such a cruel man—that I have no benevolence about me? Of course I would go and swear for a friend. I would not injure a man; but I would get a man away from the hand of the magistrate if I could." Young men will come to my office; I know nothing about them, and they will ask me to write down that I know them to be moral, and honest, and intelligent, and clever, and everything in the world; and when I will not do it they are perfectly amazed. "We were told you were a benevolent man, a kind-hearted man: you are a man of God, everybody takes your word—then why refuse to do it?" I say, "I cannot write a falsehood, I know nothing at all about you," and they seem amazed. Again: turn to oppression. There is what the people do not understand. They say the Government of India is so oppressive; the Government is doing all they can to stand between the natives and one another. I know the salaries of some of the native officials twenty years ago were, say 25 per cent.; now they have been advanced to 150, 200, and 300 per cent. What is the result? Why, the poor villagers tell me now— "When the gatherer got 25 per cent. he was satisfied with a rupee; now he is a great man, and is getting his hundred and fifty we cannot offer him less than a five rupee bribe." That is the case all over the country. If there are fifty thousand native officials in India, I say there are fifty thousand ravening hungry wolves let loose among the people. I was reading the other day about a fisherman on the coast who got hold of three fishes. The middle one had hold of the upper one, and the middle one was trying to swallow the upper one, and the lower one was trying to swallow the other two. That is exactly the case in India. Again: there is absolute cruelty throughout the whole system. A Hindoo, it is very probable, would not take away the life of a cobra; but he would burn his mother, if he could get away from the Government,

to-morrow. A Hindoo would not tread upon an insect; but he would kill his daughter, or throw her to the crocodiles. When the cow is sick she is let loose to do what she likes; but when the mother is sick she is carried away to the banks of the Ganges, and exposed to the dew by day and night; and if she will not die, they can put mud in her mouth, and put her in the way of the tide, and away she goes. When the cow recovers there is rejoicing, and the Brahmins are invited to a very great feast; but should the mother, or the wife, or sister, by any chance escape and come back to her own house, she is told that she is dead, or ought to be dead, and is spurned from the door as a fugitive and a vagabond, and she has nowhere to go; they will not have her back again. Then the Brahmin, the gentle, mild, soft Brahmin, has thought it necessary to surround his divinity by pouring melted lead and boiling oil and hot iron down the throat of any man who will insult him by attempting to speak to him or instruct him. Again; cruelty pervades the whole society, because caste prohibits all interchange of the amenities of life. A man travelling lies down under a tree; the people of the village say, "He does not belong to us, we dare not give him a drop of water, we should take away his caste." The man will not take it, he will die rather, for it is better to die than to lose his caste. I go to a large town where there are twenty thousand people, and preach all day; when the evening time comes I cannot get a house anywhere, because if I were permitted to enter, it would defile it; consequently the best thing I can do is to go to the bullocks' house, where the travellers, bullocks are kept, and sweep it out and lie there—not because the people are unkind to me, for they would have been really glad to have obliged me, but such is the horrible spirit of caste that they cannot exchange the amenities of life. Well, where does this terminate in misery. If man were merely a physical being he would be happy in the physical elements; if man were merely an intellectual being he would be happy in mathematics; but man is something more than that—he is a moral agent. Christianity supplies the moral elements, and without that man cannot be happy where there is nothing but treachery and deceit, and cunning and falsehood, and want of confidence and perjury? Can a man be happy where the elements of love and mercy and kindness and goodness are unknown? It is utterly impossible. Go to the towns and villages, and go amongst the people, as I have done, for a month, and you will find it most oppressive and heart-rending. I have limited my remarks on the evil of Hindooism with regard to humanity, but it strikes against all that pertains to God. Think that this idolatry is three thousand years old, that for three thousand years the eternal God has been robbed of all the praise and glory due unto him. Think of all that dishonour that has been heaped upon that God, charged with every crime that ever issued from the human heart; think that this idolatry has been rolling and gathering and accumulating and acquiring a momentum for three thousand years; think if the tidal wave had been rolling for three thousand years, and gathering more and more of mountain and force and density, and this evil at last dashed in its roar and fury against your countrymen, and awakening in every mind of the civilised world the terrible reality of a terrible evil existing in our world, till it was like the loud sound of ten thousand trumpets calling, "To arms! to arms! Church of the living God; awake to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Ah, you are going to return thanks next Sunday for the suppression of the mutiny. Do not be mistaken. There it is—cannons may roar, bullets may whistle, bayonets may bristle, the gallows may swing, and the British Parliament may rule the day—but there it is! Ah, I hear the shout of the hero in the din and roar of the battle, and he says, "Our arms are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. These are the arms which you should employ, the gospel of God, which is powerful to the salvation of men." Seeing before me so many of the mothers and daughters of England, I may be permitted just to allude to your honoured position, and the wretched and degraded position of a Hindoo woman. I shall never have an opportunity to tell you again, and I must tell you what I know, what I have seen, and what I have heard. She is spoken of in the Shasters in the most degraded and libellous terms; all confidence in her is prohibited as an act of unmitigated folly; and it is said, in the laws of Menu, if a husband is destitute of all good qualities, and possessed of every evil quality, yet a wife will revere him as a god. She is married in infancy, and should her husband live, there may be a gleam of sunshine, or it may be altogether unmingled bitterness—and there are thousands and thousands of baby widows in Bengal. The noble Chairman said, an act has passed in order to permit the Hindoo widows to marry; but they do not want to marry; the Hindoo laws are older than ours. The Hindoo law says a daughter is a gift that can never be made twice. Ramohun Roy tried it, I suppose, for twenty-five years. I have been over all the districts where he lived, and over his estate, and the people all laugh at him in the attempt to get a widow to marry. Here and there one may marry, but the feeling of the people is so strong that they must have a stronger element still than an act of the Legislative Council. We must bring the power of the gospel to bear on the minds of the population. And in reference to education—it is all very well to be told that a Hindoo can be a mathematician, and that there are some young women about Calcutta who can read. Amongst all the masses of the people to learn to read is disreputable, and no respectable woman would have it known that she has learned to read. And, moreover, they are told that if they learn to read their husband will die. And more than that, Hindoo gentlemen say that reading and writing are incompatible with the life of drudgery to which the Hindoo woman is doomed. All that