

Missionary Intelligence.

[From the London Baptist Missionary Herald, October 1862.]

India not yet evangelized.

BY THE REV. THOS. SAMPSON.

We have been trying for some years past to spend a portion of the year in itinerating in the district. Our preachers are engaged daily, morning and evening, in preaching at the different stations in Serampore and the neighbourhood. In the cold weather of 1860-61 they went on a tour inland. Starting from Serampore they went almost in a straight line across the Zillah Hooghly. They penetrated about fifty miles inland, branching off from the main line in various directions, and preaching in every village to which they came. This year they have spent the months of Feb. and March in a similar visit, but they crossed over the river and went through the district on the opposite side. They went through a very considerable extent of country. Following the course of the principal stream, they occasionally left the boat and went inland for two or three days—returning to the boat and resuming their journey. On neither occasion did they go farther from Serampore than sixty or at the most seventy miles. Everywhere they report they were gladly received. But perhaps you will scarcely believe it that within so short a distance from the place which was so long the head-quarters of the mission, and from which so many have been sent out to preach the Gospel, they found village after village where the name of Christ had never been preached. So far as they could gather from the enquiries they made, they were the first who had ever told the people there of the love of God in Christ. The mere fact is one that speaks volumes about the want of labourers in India.

It sometimes strikes me that the churches at home need to be reminded that India is not yet evangelized! I remember when a child reading the missionary reports, hearing of the preaching in so many places, the eagerness of the people to hear the word, and the number of conversions. I remember when I heard these things that I used to fear the whole of the work would be done before I was old enough to go out and help. The generation that were children then are the men and women of the present time, and if they had the same feeling as I had when a child, it no doubt has grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength, and as they have not been brought face to face with heathenism to see what it really is, it is probable that they believe that idolatry is almost at an end. Many circumstances too would tend to strengthen such a conviction as this. It is undeniable that christianity has made progress. Directly and indirectly, large blessings have followed the preaching of Christ's gospel; upon this progress the friends of missions delight to dwell. The number of converts, their consistent steadfastness in the midst of persecution of no ordinary kind, the willingness of the people to receive tracts and to listen to the preachers, the evident loosening, at any rate in our large towns, of the bonds of caste, the spread of English education and of western civilization, all these things and many others of the same kind, are looked upon as so many pledges of the ultimate triumph of the truth. And rightly so too; no one can think of these without being grateful to God for the blessings which they really are, and for the hopes which they encourage. But my fear is that through these successes and blessings being so much spoken of and thought about, people have begun to think that the ultimate time has come, and that instead of these things being the rare exception they are the rule. Again, many years ago it was the custom of speakers to talk so much about idolatrous festivals that the Christian public had to listen to the same tales and descriptions over and over again. No wonder they got tired of them, and the descriptions soon ceased. The present generation remember hearing them in their childhood, they don't hear them now and the natural conclusion is that the festivals themselves have ceased, so that I verily believe from what I can remember of my own impressions previously to leaving England, and from what I can gather now, the common opinion is that idolatry is almost at an end. I have thought therefore that it might not be superfluous or uninteresting if I were in a few words to describe one of these festivals that actually took place only last week here.

The Snan Jatra, or bathing festival, was held on the 12th June. As Mr. Page and Mr. Marfin had to wait for some days in Calcutta before the steamer sailed to Chittagong, they came up to join in the preaching. The morning was very threatening, and about 10 o'clock very heavy rain began to fall, and at intervals throughout the day the showers were very copious. We went out soon after ten and found a considerable number already assembled. Our first preaching station is at the corner of the road leading to the Johnnugger village, where the boys' Vernacular School was formerly held. Two or three of our native brethren were there, and Mr. Robinson. The house or rather shed stands just at the junction of three roads, along the principal one of which all the people who come from that quarter must pass, and as it stands a little back from the main road, apart from the great noise and confusion prevailing through the whole of the day, it is a favourite preaching place, and crowds gather round it all day. One of the native brethren is preaching as we enter. We listen to him for some time, and then, leaving Mr. Page behind, go on. The crowd is evidently thickening. Special

trains have just arrived, bringing with them their living cargo to swell the multitude of the worshippers of Juggernaut. All ages, and apparently all classes join in the festival. Young children, and men and women tottering with age, are there. Let us walk along the road with the multitude, and observe the scene as we go.

On both sides rude sheds have been run up, in which almost every conceivable thing is sold. Fruit, fish, vegetables of all kinds, brushes, combs, rings, toys, pictures of the very rudest description, uncouth shapes of animals fashioned in mud and painted in blue, green, red, yellow, or any gaudy colour to catch the eye, all these things abound. Here is a blind man whom we recognize as having been a regular visitor for years. Sitting down by the road-side he holds out his hand and sings some mournful ditty, and calls on the passers by to pity his state and for the sake of Juggernaut to help him. Some put down a little rice before him, others a few cowries, and some few throw him a piece or two. Here is an image, another of their gods, set upon a small impromptu altar and covered overhead with a screen of calico. A Brahmin stands by the side beating a gong and calling for offerings, the multitude passes by scarcely heeding, and some few only seem to have piety or care enough to offer a little. And though by the end of the day a rather large heap of rice may be seen and several pieces be counted before the images, yet it is by no means so much as a stranger would suppose would be given to the deities.

Here is a group of singing men and singing women, with cymbals and tambourines, playing and dancing, while every now and then between the trees and a little off from the roads we catch a glimpse of temporary places erected, and hear the sounds of music and dancing. All seem glad and joyous, but it is with the revelry of hell. Licentiousness and profanity, that we can scarcely imagine, reign there. We pass by one of the great temples, and soon are at the entrance of the Christian village. In the distance stands the chapel, and close by a plain shed, where there is another body of native preachers, lifting up their voices in the midst of the universal wickedness, on behalf of righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come.

Let us go inside and listen. The crowd stands outside, listening very patiently and attentively; they are not at all angry as they hear the evils of their system exposed; they laugh at the exposure of the vices and follies of their gods; they devour every word that is said, and apparently quite agree with all the preacher says. He finishes, and then Mr. Mar in speaks. As he is speaking, the crowd in the road thickens more and more; the excitement increases; and there rushes along the road a body of laticials, or club-men, preceding one of the great men for whose arrival the priests wait. In a moment the throng around the preaching station joins them, and not a man is left. The excitement is so great that the preaching must stop for a time. So we go out too, to observe what is going on. We push on with the stream. The shops still continue. Here is a batch of what we call "Ups-and-downs," so common to an English fair. They are all still now, though they have been and will be busy enough. How dense the crowd is! We can scarce push our way through. A drizzling rain is falling, but there is no room to keep an umbrella up.

To our left is Juggernaut's car; all around are men, women, and children, packed as closely as men, women, and children can be. Look down the road, to the left and right. As far as you can see, nothing but a waving sea of heads. Every tree is filled with human beings, and every house-top is covered. Perched on the top of the cocoa-nut trees, whose branchless trunks out-top the trees around, you will see one or two venturesome beings. Right before you is the plain, heaving with sweating, steaming men and women. On the far-off side of the plain stands the temple. Look, they have brought out the god! How carefully he is wrapped up. He is hoisted on the top of the reservoir, so that he can be seen by all around. What an ugly monster he is! His goggle eyes stare fiercely. His grinning mouth stretches all across his face. His stunted arms are fixed close to his side, and he looks altogether a hideous, helpless, misshapen monster. See, they fasten on the stumps of his arms a pair of silver hands; and now, just the sun should smite him, or the rain hurt him, they hold over him a large umbrella; and lest the heat should overcome him, one stands behind with a large fan, made from the palm leaf, and fans him gently.

And now what do they wait for? For the great man to come, to give the order to proceed. Ah, here he is. A larger crowd of laticials—a fiercer rush—the dense multitude opens—the great man passes—the gaps close up, and all wait in expectation as before. Flowers and fruit are thrown up as offerings to the god. Suddenly there is the stir amongst the multitude just around the reservoir; and now the officiating priest gets up by the side of the god, and pours over him water, milk, ghee, &c., and as the liquid runs down the face of the hideous grinning monster, the whole crowd bend with their hands to their face, and shout out, "Hurree Bol! Hurree Bol! Victory to Juggernaut! Victory to Juggernaut!"

Oh you want to see a scene like that to know what Paul meant when his spirit was stirred within him as he saw the city was wholly given to idolatry. Without exaggeration there must have been at least 40,000 persons gathered together, and gathered together not for the purposes of the fair but to do honour to Juggernaut. Do you ask when this was? In this present month and year June, 1862. Do you ask where? Within 15 minutes' walk of the place where Carey, Marshman, and Ward laboured for years, of the place which was for so long a

time the head-quarters of the mission, on the very spot where the gospel has been preached week after week for many a year, within eyesight of the Christian village of Johnnugger where a congregation assembles every Sunday, and where services are regularly conducted.

It has struck me that a plain statement of facts like the above might remind some of our friends at home that notwithstanding all that has been done, and all the blessings that have been given, the work in India is as yet only begun.

CALCUTTA.—Mr. Leslie has baptized two more Burman youths. They were sent to Calcutta for education by the idolatrous king of Ava, to whom they are about to return. When he learns that they have become Christians, they may be exposed to great sufferings. Let prayer be offered for them that they may be faithful, as were Daniel and his three companions in Babylon.

TRINIDAD.—One female has been added to the church in Port-of-Spain. The very interesting marriage of our Chinese brother, Ong-soon-sing, has been celebrated in the chapel, before a very crowded assembly to a Chinese Christian female lately come from China. She was baptized in China by our American brethren, about eight years ago, and has done honour to the Christian name ever since. She was married in Chinese costume.

NASSAU.—Mr. Davy reports the baptism of thirty-two persons in June, and that there are now twenty candidates anxious to join the church.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

English Correspondence.

LOVE OF COUNTRY, PASSAGE BY THE ARABIA, LANCASHIRE DISTRESS, AND AUTUMNAL ANNIVERSARIES.

Dear Editor,—

Few men have less of local attachment than the writer, but Nova Scotia is, on the whole, as good a spot as this green earth can turn up. Among her thousand souls abroad, how few but love her still, and would gladly pass the last years of this mortal life upon her soil; breathing in heart-felt emotions, the simple and stirring sentiment of the Moabitess—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." To no branch of Zion does my native colony present a more hopeful field of labour, than to the Baptists; whom God has already planted in her valleys, on her mountains, and by her streams, to the praise of His glory. It may not be too much to sing even now, as did Israel's Bard of the ancient vine—"Thou didst cause it to take deep root and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs of it were like the goodly cedars."

The religion of the bible, the love of Christ; O, how good, and how sweet it is! In launching out upon the deep, there is no sea-store like it. Even the Cunard Steamers are seldom, if ever, so deeply laden with freight, or so crowded with passengers, but ample room can be found for grace, (as for gold,) the good ship Arabia, not excepted. It was on the morning of the third, that she bore us, (63 passengers,) away from your city; but these were not all graceless. I have only time, however, to refer to one, whose heavenly bearing was the admiration of all on board, who love Jesus. I refer to Mr. Baxter, a London lawyer, who treated your citizens to a lecture on the revival in Ireland, the night previous to our departure. During the voyage, he really reminded me of an angel of mercy, who delighted in ministering to the good of all; especially to the spiritual necessities of a graceless young man in the last stages of consumption. Indeed Mr. B. in scripture reading, illustrations and prayers appeared to eclipse all of good that developed itself on board, except in the unfolding of the 37th chapter of Ezekiel. In this an excellent minister of Canada, really outshone him.

Although the passage of nine days was an ordinary one, it would be both pleasing and easy to glean a basket full of readable incidents, but I must write a line about the Lancashire distress. Your readers know that the cotton of the South, being locked in by the Federal blockade, is the cause of it; but its magnitude, few of them have any idea of. To realize such distress, one must witness it. Like the horrors of the American war, to read and talk of them, is painful; but it was not until my ears heard the dying groans, and my eyes saw the bleeding, quivering wounds of the soldier, that my soul felt, how awful is war! So great destitution, bordering on starvation. It is a sight, I pray God, may never be witnessed in my native land.

But Lancashire poor will not perish. No. The pulsations of England's great heart are

felt everywhere, and through her Birmingham Leeds, Bradford and other arteries, she is sending the means of sustenance to them daily.

Many of the unemployed two hundred and fifty thousand of Lancashire, are wending their way into other counties where some of them will find work. The present crisis affords a rare opportunity for Cotton princes, some of whom commenced life with three shillings a day, to make distribution of overgrown fortunes, after the fashion of a little big man, whose name was Zaccheus. For if, according to English parlance, these great capitalists have not "taken by false accusation," it is nevertheless the accumulated fruit of poorly required labour, on the part of the working classes, that has given to those men such wealth.

What a reckoning day is coming, when the Judge of all the earth will be "a swift witness against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me saith the Lord of hosts."

Now, dear brother, if I spin this poor article out, to a still greater length, I fear my kindred and brethren, as well as other patrons of your good sheet, will pass it over. Therefore some account of the Autumnal Anniversaries in Yorkshire, shall be deferred. Thanking God for journeying mercies, and hoping against hope for success in my agency, I remain your's in the bonds of Christian affection.

E. N. HARRIS.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

MRS. MARY LATE

Was the eldest daughter of Mr. William Greenoe, of Newport. She united with the Baptist Church at Newport in the year 1809 or '10. Soon after this she was married to Benjamin Late, a member of the same church. At the organization of the Baptist Church there, brother and sister Late took a dismissal from the Newport and joined the church in Kempt, of which she continued a consistent member until her death, adorning her christian profession by a well-ordered life and conversation. Sister Late was a woman of few words, but she acted like the christian, and was ever ready when spoken to on the subject of religion, to converse freely and to give evidence of her hope in her Saviour. Our Sister was of a very delicate constitution, and for some time had symptoms of consumption. Several times her friends expected her end was come, when she would be the only one not alarmed. Death seemed to bring no terror to her. It was thought that sometimes this was for fear of alarming her friends. For some time before her death it was evident that she was drawing towards her latter end. The nearer it approached, the more she talked about it.

Just before her death, she tried to turn over, and called some one to help her: on being turned, she closed her eyes, and appeared as if going to sleep, but in a few minutes it was perceived to be the sleep of death; and without a struggle or a groan her happy spirit took its flight to that blessed land where there is no more sorrow and no more death, on the 26th day of April, 1862, in the 71st year of her age, leaving an aged husband and a large family of friends and relatives to mourn the loss of a loving wife, a kind mother and a peaceable neighbor. Sister Late had been the mother of 15 children, 12 of whom are living. Her pastor, Rev. H. Vaughan, preached on the occasion of her funeral from John xvii. 45.—Com.

Kempt, May 8th, 1862.

MISS PHOEBE ANN LANGLEY,

Daughter of the late Wm. Langley, died near Bridgetown, July 15th, aged 36 years. This sister bore her protracted illness with patience and resignation. Though in the early part of her affliction her mind was much clouded, near its close she was happy in the full assurance of her acceptance with God through faith in the blood of Christ. Her end was peace.

MR. EDWARD LANGLEY,

Son of Mr. Levi Langley, also near Bridgetown, died October 15th, aged 23 years. This young brother was called to pass through deep waters, but he was sustained by the presence of the Saviour, and bore his affliction with exemplary patience. Suddenly called away from time, home and friends, we trust he was received by that Saviour whom he loved confessed and followed on earth.

MRS. MARY EATON,

Relict of the late Jacob Eaton, aged 81 years, died in Granville, October 16th. This worthy christian sister was helpless for about three years, but patiently and meekly she submitted to the will of her heavenly Father. Her faith in Jesus was strong and apparently unwavering.—she was stayed on His righteousness and grace. She longed for full redemption and was comforted with the assurance that when removed from earth she would be received by her Saviour into the everlasting mansion prepared for the children of God.