

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Missionary Sewing Circles.

To the Christian Sisters of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

DEAR SISTERS,

Although personally known to but comparatively few, of those who trusting in the blessed Saviour's name, I now attempt to address, yet a deep sense of the importance of our languishing missionary cause impels me to speak through the medium of our beloved Messenger. Oh! hear the voice of one upon whom the Lord's afflictive hand has for some time been laid, not altogether in vain; who has been led to feel, a more abiding sense than ever before, of individual responsibility to God, and obligation that rests upon us, to employ the time, talents, and all the faculties with which our Creator has so generously endowed us, to promote his glory. Oh! let us awake from the slumber of carelessness and indifference, "The harvest truly is plentiful but the labourers are few." Millions of immortal beings in distant climes, are hastening on into eternity. Yearly, countless thousands pass from our terrestrial shores into that great unknown, never-ending future; without one ray of light to penetrate the gloom. Ah! the message of salvation, the sweet sound of a Saviour's love has never reached their ear. They have passed through the gloomy gates of death, without the cheering assurance of a glorious immortality; a resurrection from the cold sleep of death. And in our own land thousands are wrapped in the folds of error and darkness; ignorance and superstition bind them in slavish chains; the light of the glorious gospel is hidden from them; and shall we, the professed followers of Him, who went about doing good, slumber on at our ease; without thinking upon the perishing in our own and foreign lands? Surely, there is not one sister in our provinces ungrateful as to fold her hands, and sit at ease, when an age would be too little for the work we have to do. No, I know that there are many pious, devoted hearts among us, which will beat responsively to this appeal. Let us for a moment think on the debt of gratitude we owe to him who died to redeem us, he who left his Father's glorious throne, and subjected himself to earthly scorn and contempt, and there offered himself a living sacrifice, to redeem us from all iniquity, unto himself, to purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Shall not we, who trust we have been redeemed by that precious blood shed on Calvary, use our utmost exertions to spread the savour of that precious name abroad? Let us, throughout the length and breadth of our provinces, organize Female Missionary Societies, without delay; similar to each other, and acting in unison; in order to increase our missionary funds. We should take shame to ourselves, as Christian females, that such societies have become "few and far between."

I would be rejoiced to see a communication on the best method of conducting Female Missionary Societies. Yet, in the meantime, I shall submit the result of my own reflections; in faith and hope, that if no better plan be devised, this will be acted upon without delay. That is, to establish one or more Sewing Circles, as may be deemed necessary, in connection with every church; and denominate them female Missionary Sewing Circles; the products to be devoted to the cause of Missions, both Domestic and Foreign. I would also submit, as a matter of essential importance, and not to be dispensed with, that in connection with these societies, and in order to any degree of success, female prayer-meetings be established, and held once a week. Thus a portion of two days in each week would be spent by each of us, in endeavouring to advance the heavenly kingdom of our Blessed Redeemer. We must still acknowledge that we are unprofitable servants; that we have not done what it was our duty to do. Should any diffident, hesitating sisters among us feel the task heavy, let us think of those noble women, who have left their early homes, and all the sweet associations of youth, who have crossed the perilous ocean to distant lands where life's term is shortened; let us think of the toil and suffering they have undergone; cheered by the hope of leading even one idolator to the feet of Jesus. Let us inscribe such lovely characters upon the tablets of our hearts; and endeavour in some faint degree to imitate their labours. While devoted servants of Jesus are willing to leave their native land forever, to bear the lamp of heavenly truth to the benighted nations of the earth, and other kindred spirits are spending their time and energies in our own land, for the evangelization of the wandering heathen, the destitute remnant of the first

settlers of our province; let us with ever-growing zeal, and increasing desires for our Redeemer's glory, form our respective circles. Let us delay not; time is speeding on its way; souls are perishing for lack of heavenly knowledge; the cries of the perishing reach our ear; and when faithful servants of God hear the call, and are filled with longing desires to tell them Calvary's life-giving story, the chilling response is, "the treasury is empty, we cannot send you;" and the result is, they must either give up the object, which for years has lain nearest their hearts, or apply to other places for assistance, where the cause of missions is in a more prosperous state. Oh! let us be determined that God assisting us, such a state of things shall continue no longer. Let us wait upon God and work for him. Let the united prayers of the Christian sisters of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, be wafted on on the wings of faith to the throne of the eternal. Let us petition Him who lends a gracious ear to the supplications of his children, that the morning Sun of righteousness which has arisen with heavenly beams of light and beauty, upon our favoured land, and we humbly trust has shone into our hearts, may speedily illuminate earth's remotest climes. Let us work, and trust, and pray, and faithfully perform the part allotted to us, as followers of Jesus, and cheering results will speedily follow. And if it should please our heavenly Father to call some of us to himself in the midst of our efforts to extend his kingdom, we would be greeted on our departure from the scene of our labours, by holy angel bands, saved by this word; and by the approving smile of our exalted Redeemer, with a glorious welcome to the everlasting mansions.

Dear christian sisters, I must draw to a close, and oh! suffer not this appeal to be in vain. In every village, in connection with every church, form your social circles and prayer-meetings; and though I may still be confined to the room from which this is written, I will feel that the Saviour has enabled me to bear some humble part in the blessed work. And if it should please that kind heavenly parent, "who does not willingly afflict, or grieve the children of men," to restore my health and strength, gladly, thankfully will I join the social christian band, and assist you to the utmost of my power.

A SISTER.

For the Christian Messenger.

London Correspondence.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

LONDON, May 8, 1857.

THE CHINESE WAR.

MR. EDITOR,

In a number of the *Messenger* just received, I see you speak of a termination to the Chinese war as being probable. It is with regret I inform you, that tidings by the last mail hold out no hopes of such a blessing. It is true the Emperor had forbidden the extension of the war to other parts beside Canton; but, despite such instruction, it continues unabated there and has extended to the Island of Borneo with circumstances of additional horror.

Dr. Bowring, in a private letter to England, says:—"Many unfortunate wretches of all nations (so indiscriminate is the fury of the Chinese) have been seized and decapitated, their mutilated heads being exposed to the public derision. They have also exhumed the corpses of Europeans, and brutally hacked and exposed them. All this is sufficiently horrible; but I doubt not the results will be most beneficial, as certainly we shall exact reparation for the past, and obtain security for the future. We shall not crouch before incendiaries and assassins, you may be sure. I did all that devolved on me to promote conciliation and establish peace, but every effort was treated with scorn and expulsion. I doubt not that government and public opinion will go with us in this great struggle, and pray that my life may have been preserved" (from poisoning) "for the real and enduring benefit of my country and mankind."

The Doctor is right. Reinforcements have been sent and are still going. The state of affairs no longer admits of half measures, as will be seen by the following, and as is conceded by the whole press.

In spite of all the efforts of our present force, incendiaries had set fire to and destroyed 700 barrels of flour destined for the troops. Yeh has also quite demolished the foreign factories, and sowed with salt the site on which they stood. The *Queen*, steamer, carrying Portuguese colours, but British property, had been seized, the cargo made away with, and every European on board killed. Mandarin soldiers, in disguise, suddenly rose on the crew and butchered them all, with the passengers—in which latter capacity these beauties obtained access to the vessel.

The continued blockade of the Canton river by Admiral Seymour has done more injury to the Chinese, by stopping of their trade, than any other offensive operation. Indeed the so-called bombardment of Canton was made with such mercy toward the unofficial inhabitants, that but few lives, comparatively, were lost. It is this that has emboldened them to deeds only

rivalled in the records of the most savage and uncivilized warfare. But the lesson they will soon receive will dispel the illusion under which they now imagine our power but feeble, and obtain alike, as Dr. Bowring says, "reparation for the past and security for the future."

The poisoned bread, which was sent for analysis to Liebig, at Munich, was found to be so impregnated with arsenic that it must have been introduced into the flour before kneading; or, at all events, into the dough.

Lord Elgin started from Marseilles on the 1st instant; but *The Transit*, carrying 900 soldiers as reinforcements, had put into Coruhna, leaky and disabled. This is a repetition of the old story of Admiralty mismanagement. Being confessedly such a wretched vessel, it will be a mercy if she reach her destination in safety.

MASSACRE AT BORNEO.

But the chief event is the insurrection of Chinese, at Borneo. It will be recollected that Sir James Brooke, Rajah of its capital, Sarawak, had, a few years ago, considerable trouble to reduce to order the half civilized native Dyaks and Malays there. But at last it was achieved. A Bishop was appointed, Missions and Schools were established, a steam vessel company was in operation, and prosperity and civilization made rapid strides.

In the island were about 5000 Chinese emigrants, chiefly the offshoots of "the Flowery Land." They settled there to obtain wealth; and returned to spend it, when obtained, in China. They lived apart in villages of their own, and were a separate community. On the 17th of February, they made a night attack on the government settlement near Sarawak, where Sir J. Brooke and his officers resided. The ostensible reason is, the determined opposition of the Rajah to the opium trade; but there is some reason to imagine that the emissaries of Yeh had most to do with it.

A Dyak, who obtained knowledge of the attack, gave warning, but was disbelieved. Sir James Brooke himself describes the attack. Roused from sleep, by yells and shouts, he found his house surrounded. At the back was a creek, by which the Chinese, in boats, had gained access. Swimming to the opposite side, he roused the neighbourhood, and succeeded in sending away some of the women and children; but found that the fort or palisade which defended the government property, had been taken, with all the arms and ammunition.

The attack was continued on all the Government officials' houses. Mr. Cruickshank, a magistrate, and his wife escaped marvellously, by their back room door. The lady ran first while her husband covered her retreat spear in hand. But a Chinaman cut her down and wounded her husband. Believing his wife dead, and fainting with loss of blood himself, Mr. C. succeeded in escaping to the Rajah and others. The lady, "young and beautiful," lay for 12 hours weltering in her blood, but conscious and calm. One fiend hacked at her head till he cut off all its tresses, another tore her rings from her fingers. In the morning after a parley had been held, the lady was rescued, tended, and placed in a fair way of recovery.

One poor mother, hid for fear in the bakery of her brewing house, and from her concealment saw the Chinese kicking about the head of her eldest child! The youngest was murdered and thrown into the flames, where also another European's remains were consumed, his head having been carried off previously, as a trophy. In these and similar horrors the night passed away.

The Rajah then details at length the measures taken to quell the rebellion. The native Dyaks were set on the Chinese; the Europeans mustered together, and assistance came. "Out of a population of nearly 5000 Chinese, not more than 2000 escaped, and half of that number were women and children." The Dutch kindly offered assistance, but at a time when it was not needed. The Chinese took up and fortified a position on the river, but were completely routed with immense slaughter, hunted through the island, their flourishing settlements destroyed, and not a roof-tree left to cover their dastard heads." The guns were recovered, and, when the accounts left, safety was re-established; though the Museum, library, and curious valuables of the Rajah, were irretrievably lost. Sir J. Brooke speaks most forcibly of "the lust for dominion which every where possesses the Chinese when in large numbers"—their treachery and bloodthirstiness; to which we may add, of some cannibalism, as the "braves" are known to roast and eat the hearts of their slain foes! Against all this of what avail are appeals to reason, treaty, and the ties that bind civilized nations, when in war? Force is the only thing that can be used, and of that enough will soon be on the spot.

A grand addition to our naval armament has recently been launched at Portsmouth—the *Royal Sovereign*, 131 guns. Her extreme length is 280 feet; tonnage burden, 3765—40.94 tons. Her guns can cast at each discharge, 4736 lbs. of shot, or more than a ton weight of metal; and at a distance of 3000 yards, every shot could be made to tell on a frigate's hull.

NEUCHÂTEL.

This difficulty will at last be settled without further appeal to arms. The King of Prussia is to completely give up any title to the sovereignty, and Switzerland is to pay a million francs by way of indemnity. The fact of this purchase, as it were, will entirely avoid the danger of any subsequent claim or dispute. The property of the church and other foundations is to remain undisturbed. With some other minor details, these are the terms of settlement.

CONSTANTINE AT PARIS.

Russia's Grand Duke is "starring it" at Paris; but cannot remember that he is in a

country where the haughty domineering of Russian authority is out of place. He is especially curious regarding all pertaining to armament, and peers in and out of dockyards and arsenals with inquisitive and note-taking attention. One artisan of whom he haughtily demanded some information refused to give it, and the ire of the Duke was raised high. But reflection calmed it; and, for once in his life, he became civil, politely requesting what he before demanded: and with success—for what true Frenchman bows not to politeness? The man gave him the information. But, afterwards, the Duke's brow often contracted, and his muttered remarks proved the lesson was a sore one. It remains to be seen what sort of reception he will have here; in France he was not popularly ovated; and, while he will meet courtesy in his late English foes, he must return it. Doubtless, the sight of our great producing power, and vast resources, will not be lost on so keen an observer, and have their effect in future councils at Moscow.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Died, sinking to the last home, where royalty and poverty must alike meet, full of years, and by the mere decay of prolonged existence. She was buried to-day, at Windsor, in St. George's Church, with but little state.

LADY FRANKLIN.

The faithful, sorrowing Penelope of our times, hoping against hope, has resolved to embark the remainder of her fortune in a last search for the lord whom she loved so well. Banded about from one office to another by Government, she at last gives up their assistance, and relies on other aid. A screw schooner yacht has been specially fitted up, and will be commanded by Captain M'Clintock, who has already been on three separate Arctic expeditions. Previous voyages of discovery, it is said, have gone too far to the northward; only 370 miles remain to be explored, and are easily reached. Within those limits it is most probable that the *Erebus* and *Terror* were lost; and buried documents, if such be the case, will be found, affording more definite information as to the fate of Sir John Franklin and his brave associates.

It has been well asked, why the *Resolute*, given by the American Government, was not placed at the disposal of this lady. Such would have been the fittest use for it, the fittest acknowledgment of its presentation. But the ways of our Admiralty are hid in darkness: who shall know them, but privileged red-tapists and anti-common-sense officials?

PARLIAMENT.

Has chosen its Speaker—Sir Evelyn Denison; and new and old legislators are just beginning work. It was amusing to contrast, on the first day of opening, the familiar, easy return to their old places, of *re-seated* members, with the new, constrained, uneasy behaviour of those who entered the House for the first time: much as boys enter a new school, nervously anxious as to the tasks and Domine before them. The forms of the House are so strict, peculiar, and routine, that new members are continually making blunders, and being called to order or frightened by the appalling Sergeant-at-arms. One form is, that though hats may be worn when sitting, no step may be taken without removing them, and no entrance be made except bare-headed and with a bow to the Speaker. This led to some curious scenes with the new members. Another is, that until enough members be present to form "a House," those already in place are for the time being in arrest, and may not leave till permission be given. One new member tried to leave, but, warned back by Mr. Serjeant, resumed his seat with the resignation of a locked-up jury-man who despairs of dinner and home.

These little incidents fed public attention till the grand operations began; we shall soon know what we are to expect from a Parliament specially convoked to indorse or abjure the Premier's policy and our foreign and domestic relations.

THE HON. NEAL DOW.

Is now the "star" among Maine Law advocates here. A grand soiree was given to him in Manchester, the tickets were 5s. each, an address was presented; the vast audience rising *en masse* to honour its presentation. He made a great speech; but as it is full 5 columns long, you will readily excuse my retelling it, however eloquent. Programmes of meetings at the principal towns are being arranged, and afterwards he will visit Ireland and Scotland.

I presume not here to argue the merits of his doctrines; but only mention the fact, that Lord Grosvenor's Beer Bill of last session, which caused rioting in Hyde Park and was perforce withdrawn, leaves the general public in anything but an amiable mood regarding so restrictive a measure as the Maine Law. The more honour to Neal Dow, if he can succeed in wooing over public opinion to his side. He will try it, and Englishmen generally afford fair play to both sides of a disputed question. That public houses are in some cases evil, there is no doubt, in every candid man's mind; but the abolition of *all* is a matter on which Englishmen feel very strongly. I take it, the question of voluntary teetotalism is not involved in this. Of that principle, the argument is all on one side; but what men *feel* is right and best for themselves, and what they can and will do to follow it out, are often very antagonistic in adoption. Teetotalism has blessed this country, and the days are gone by when it can be scorned, or laughed down. The Maine Law is—but I have said enough, as there is yet to be noticed the grand opening of

THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

Tuesday, the 5th, broke gloomily and cold; but excited thousands made up for deficiency in