

# The Religious Intelligencer.

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That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

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## Religious Intelligencer.

### Too Late.

I have noticed how strangely on some days one idea clings to me, and how all that I hear and see seems to prevent my forgetting it. Thus it was the other day, when I happened to be at a large railway station in the country. The train was expected, and great was the bustle and excitement amongst the passengers or the crowded platform. Suddenly the bell rang, and the long train drew slowly in. I always find special pleasure in studying the countenances of travellers, even in the bustle of these railroad days. I wonder where they have come from, and where they are bound for; why one looks so sad, and why another is so joyous. What a busy, strange world this is!—and so I was going off into a waking dream, when the guard's loud voice and shrill whistle roused me. There are my friends waving their hands—"good bye, good bye!"—and I am slowly walking away. In a moment I am almost carried off my legs by a man running in at the door, breathless and excited. "Just too late, sir," says the porter. An angry, impatient expression burst from his lips, and then he hurriedly added, "When's the next train?" "In an hour's time, sir," quietly replied the porter, as he walked off to his business. I watched the gentleman. He walked up and down, drew his hand over his brow, as if to rub off some unpleasant weight, looked at his watch, muttered to himself, took a letter from his pocket, read it, stopped, walked on again, and then I heard him say, "Perhaps I may do it yet."

And so I left the station, pondering on these words, "Too late." My walk took me past the post-office, where many people were thronging for three minutes more, and the box would be closed. I stood quietly by to make my observations. Poor old rich, masters, and servants, hurried to post their letters. But the time is up; the door closed; and now stare me in the face two words, speaking hopelessly to all comers—"Too late!"

Again I walked on, thinking of all those words meant. What a far better and happier world this would be, what trouble would be spared, how much might be got through, if we were never "too late!"

But this "one idea" was to be impressed still more deeply upon me. The same afternoon I went into a cottage near my home to visit a child, who I had heard was dangerously ill. I found the family in deep distress, for the little one, they told me, was suddenly worse and dying. I went up stairs, stood by the bed, and saw that even then the hand of death was upon her. In a few minutes the doctor, having been sent for, came hastily into the house. I heard the mother say, as he came softly up the stairs, "I am afraid it is too late, sir." He came into the room, touched the child's wrist, shook his head, and said in a whisper, "I can do nothing; it is too late." He was right, for presently the little one's spirit went to the God who gave it.

Can you wonder that, during that day, and for many a day after, those words, "too late," seemed to be ringing in my ears; and that many solemn thoughts filled my mind?

Reader, how is it with your soul? It is hard to be too late in earthly matters; many a man has thus been ruined as far as worldly things go. It is possible to be "too late" in reference to your soul. What then? Why, there is no hope left. "Another train in an hour's time." "The post will go out again." Yes, that was true, but to that bed where I stood; try and bring that child back; look in the 25th chapter of St. Matthew, and read this: "They that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut. Afterward came also the others, saying, 'Lord, Lord, open unto us.' It was too late." "But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

For you, reader, it is not too late yet. Still the voice of mercy sounds in your ear; still Christ as a Saviour of lost sinners is preached to you; still the calls to repent and believe the gospel are addressed to you; still the precious promises of God's word are before you; still God waits to be gracious; still "the Spirit and the bride say, Come." And let him that is athirst come. And whoever will let him take the water of life freely. Rev. xxii. 17. But what if present opportunities should be cut short? What if you should be surprised by death in the midst of your indifference? Remember, "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." Eccl. ix. 10.

Then make up your mind to say with David, "I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments." Ps. cxix. 60. And especially may that commandment of the New Testament be laid on your heart, "that you should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another." 1 John iii. 23. This is not hard service, but "perfect freedom;" not drudgery, for "Christ's yoke is easy, and his burden is light."

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Ps. xcv. 8.

Correspondence of the New-York Observer.  
KIRWAN'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.  
THE MAY MEETINGS IN LONDON.

The month of May forms the great Carnival in London; but in a far different sense from that of the Roman. It is devoted to the Anniversaries of the National Societies, of every character and form,—religious, moral, and reformatory,—and of the Societies of the different branches of the Church, which are seeking to leaven Britain, and the world, with the Gospel. We have attended several of these, but can only allude to a few of them.

And first among them all, as all must admit, stands the British and Foreign Bible Society. Its house is in Earl Street, just by Blackfriars Bridge, and is far less imposing and convenient than is the noble American "Bible House" in New York. But it needs no such building as ours, as the Bible must be printed by the Universities; and the Society contracts for their preparation. The Bibles are brought into Earl Street ready for sale. One of the Secretaries informed me that they were just making a contract for a million and a quarter of Bibles and Testaments! On invitation, I spent a morning in the Committee room, to see the gentlemen forming the Committee transacting their business. One of the Secretaries, the Rev. Mr. Mee, read the domestic correspondence; the other, the Rev. Dr. Berne, the foreign. The extent of this correspondence was great, for one week. Bibles were voted without any debate, and with great rapidity. There was an intelligence displayed of marked character, and a generous Christian spirit which would encompass the globe, and give the gospel to every creature. Everything was done in a social, friendly way, and without the least formality or difference of opinion. We left the room with the words upon our lips, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." They seemed satisfied with the disposition made by our American Bible Society of the "Standard Version." It is to be hoped that that experiment is not to be repeated?

The annual meeting of the Society was one of great interest. It was opened with prayer by Dr. Berne, the Secretary, who is a dissenting minister; and in which bishops, deans, canons, priests and deacons, as heartily united as any of us. The report, by Secretary Mee, was a noble one, showing an advance in every department of its work. The Earl of Shaftesbury the noblest subject of Victoria, presided, and made a speech of great power, and which elicited great applause. It was long, but not tedious; it was full of enthusiasm and hope, but without a word of cant. He is the same, simple, honest, humble, christian man, in the House of Lords,—in his own house,—in the Chair at Exeter Hall, and in the rooms of the ragged school in Field Lane, one of the most destitute and immoral districts of London. What a different world would be ours, if all men of position, and wealth, and influence, were like him!

He was followed by the Duke of Marlborough, a young man, apparently about thirty; short, but robust; without anything to indicate his rank, and in the plainest dress of a plain citizen. His speech was not great, but it was good; and it was refreshing to hear a man of his position, and rank, and wealth, giving utterance to sentiments so truly scriptural and christian. I was told by one that knows him well, that "he is a truly pious young man." And there are very many of the highest in rank of the kingdom, like him.

He was followed by the Bishop of Ceshel, the Rev. Samuel Martin, Canon Miller of Birmingham, the Rev. Lal-Bahari-Singh of Calcutta, Dean Close, of Carlisle, the Bishop of Sierra Leone, and others. Although of swarthy complexion, and of peculiar dress, and without any high sounding titles, the man that most interested us of all on the platform, was he from Calcutta. His voice was not of much personal power, his manner was slow, but his personal narrative was intensely interesting; and his speech was full of the noblest sentiments, clothed in the purest Saxon, and with but very little of the foreign accent. He bore the highest testimony to the influence of Dr. Duff, one of whose converts he is, and in whose school he was educated. And he gave utterance to thoughts that breathed, and words that burned, as to the conduct of the government in withholding the Bible from the schools in India. His sentiments were rapturously applauded by the audience.

When I was speaking, as the delegate of the American Bible Society, some rude person proposed a question on the subject of slavery, which I did not hear, and of course did not notice; but he was hissed into quietness by those around him. Every allusion to America by the speakers was of the kindest character, as they were all courteous, educated men, and nearly all English gentlemen, who understood the properties of life. The meeting was a brilliant one; worthy the age, the fame, the usefulness of the noblest Society in the world. After the meeting was over, we joined a party of gentlemen to dine with the oldest member of the Committee of Direction, Mr. Radley of Forest Hill, where we spent an evening not soon to be forgotten. Among the guests of the evening was a young man, the agent of the Society for Belgium, who is a cousin of Eugene, the Emperor of the French.

Almost, if not quite, next to the Bible Society, stands the Religious Tract Society in importance, and as to the extent of its operations. Its large and commodious house stands opposite the ca-

thedral of St. Paul's, and would make a fine appearance if in a position where it could be seen. We went to breakfast with the Committee one morning at their room; which commenced just as the clock on St. Peter's struck eight. The meeting was opened with prayer; a blessing was then asked on the provisions provided,—plain bread and butter, and fine black tea. Then breakfast and business commenced together. The excellent and accomplished Secretary, Dr. Davis, read the letters rapidly, but clearly; and indicated what was best to be done. His suggestions were usually complied with. Every point of difficulty was examined, and settled, or referred. The eating, talking, criticising and voting continued for nearly two hours; when the business was concluded by the benediction. There was a new tract for adoption. Each member of the Committee had read it, and offered remarks upon it; and it was passed through in less time than it takes me to write this sentence in reference to it. Matters are prepared in sub-committees for this general Committee; and four thousand pounds were voted that morning with great intelligence and promptness! I have seen nothing in London that more deeply impressed me with the intelligence, business tact, and ardent desire to do good, of its laymen, than that breakfast. Dr. Weir, of River Terrace church, an excellent Presbyterian minister of the city, presided.

At its annual meeting in Exeter Hall, Colonel Edwards, of the Punjab, India, presided;—a man of great wisdom and heroism, who performed signal service in the late mutiny; and who is as ardent as a christian, as he is brave as a soldier! Such men, uniting heroic devotion to their country and the cross, are greatly honored here! He is rather small in stature,—yet quite young, considering the laurels he has won, and so meekly wears,—and with a placid face, with less of Mars in it than of the Apostle John. He opened with a speech from the Chair, good, but long, to verity. It was a "no surrender" speech; and indicated that he was a man for a long fight! As I was speaking as the delegate of the American Tract Society, some person in the back part of the Hall proposed some questions as to slavery. Of course I took no notice of it. I was followed by the Dean of Carlisle, one of the platform orators of England, and one of its best specimens of the Catholic Churchman. His entire aspect is English—ruddy in complexion, with an open face, a laughing, humorous eye, a fine, large head, a corporation well becoming a Dean, a heart alive to everything good, and affections as wide in compass as the gospel he preaches. He made a noble speech; and toward its close he administered a withering rebuke to the man who asked the question as to slavery, and to all such! It was in the plainest Saxon, and in the most emphatic tone.

Depend upon it, there is yet in Britain a great amount of good common sense,—and of noble, generous principle towards the United States, which is expressed on every suitable occasion. They are beginning to understand the difficulties with which the question of slavery amongst us is surrounded; and whilst they are emphatically anti-slavery, and pray God for its removal from all lands, yet they see that we need their sympathy and their prayers far more than we need their money, or their denunciations. \* \* \* \* \*

"May God in his own time and way, and in the manner best adapted to secure the best good of all persons and interests involved, break every chain, and let every captive go free," is the prayer of all the wise and good in England; and it is the prayer of all the wise and good in America.

(Cor. to the Morning Star.)

SLAVERY IN THE CHURCH.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CONFERENCE—BISHOP SIMPSON—ANTI-SLAVERY—DISCUSSION, &c.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 20, 1860.

MY DEAR STAR:—The Conference still increases in interest. Methodists from the surrounding country are pouring in to see and hear the fathers and prophets of Methodism. There is most certainly a culmination of talent and piety seldom witnessed in our country. There are men of deep and fervent piety, and of thoroughly cultivated and capacious minds.

There has been but little else than pure American preaching in our city pulpits for several weeks. Partition walls seem to be crumbling, and the spirit of unity seems to prevail. I have just been to hear Bishop Simpson, one of the junior bishops of the church. St. James' Hall was crowded to its utmost limits, with eager, earnest listeners. The Bishop is an unassuming appearing man. His costume or particular manner does not declare him to be a Methodist minister. There are many men upon the stage around him, whose physiognomy would claim for them greater talent and ability. Yet very few men in the whole denomination, I suppose, who can move a popular audience, with soul stirring pulpit eloquence more than Bishop Simpson. At first his voice seems weak and rather effeminate. If you could not see him, you might think some woman, of moderate masculine proclivities, was about to address the audience. He arose slowly and reverently before about 3000 auditors, and read in a most impressive manner "Before Jehovah's awful throne," and the vast assembly joined in an ardent song of praise. His text was—

"Great is the mystery of godliness." He spoke without notes and with the greatest apparent freedom and ease. The incarnation of Christ occupied most of his attention. As he proceeded, his

heart and soul seemed to warm with his theme, his voice grew musical and shrill, he drew his figures true to life, and pointed the attention of the audience to them with wonderful effect. He was philosophical and spiritual. Although the theme was of such vast magnitude, he treated it in a plain, intelligent manner. The sermon was a genuine type of practical doctrine, combined with sober gospel truth. At times his imagination seemed to outstrip the progress of his train of argument, and the whole was borne along at electric speed. The track was all along decorated with the flowers of hope and beauty. He made a very sensible use of the King's English. He did not seem on the search for famous theological terms, with which to mystify his subject and darken the minds of his audience. His thoughts were clothed in plain, comely attire, without superfluity or extravagance. If Bishop Simpson rules as well as he preaches, the church has been very fortunate in her selection.

The Anti-Slavery interest is culminating at the Methodist conference just now. The "irrepressible conflict" is creeping into all the avenues of human association. The majority report is now under discussion. This report proposes to alter the discipline so as to cut off slave-holders from the church. The conservative tone of the discussion is pretty high. Ministers from Philadelphia, New York, and Baltimore, cry "peace, peace," but peace will not come. They say that most of the slavery existing in the church was married. Ministers and members have not permitted their abhorrence to human chattel to overcome their deeper love for some fair daughter of the "sunny south." Their plea is for those. They do not affirm the moral rectitude of slavery, but argue strongly "expediency." "Let us continue to compromise," say they, "that we may do the slaveholder and the slave good." But these ministers are very promptly met by men from the east and west, whose spirits are deeply imbued with the inspiration of gospel liberty. They dare tell what the Bible says in regard to man-stealers and their abettors. They are radical in the true sense. They would discard compromise entirely. They are eloquent in their appeals, and their eloquence is warmed by the fires of truth. How freezing is the most earnest eloquence of error. It may attire its form with flowers of erudition and rhetoric, and yet there is no beauty that we should admire. The fragrance of truth is not in all its flowers, and the honied drops of human kindness do not mingle in its perfume.

The vote will not be taken for some days, yet it can hardly be doubted which way the matter will turn. There will be a fair majority in favor of the report, yet they will hardly be able to command two-thirds in its favor, and so the Methodist church will still continue to hug slaveholding to its bosom, and the people will continue to pray for a divorce.

Very truly,

J. W. B.

From the Sunday at Home.

THE MARTYR CHURCH OF MADAGASCAR.

II. THE MISSION AND ITS PROGRESS.

The native religion of the people, if such it may be called, seems to be a crude species of naturalism. This is combined with a dependence upon certain unmeaning objects, of no definite form, but consisting of uncouthly arranged pieces of metal ivory or wood, believed to possess potent influences acting in the way of charms or spells. Though without any regular priesthood, these objects are under the care of keepers, who make profit by answering all applications made to them. While thus familiar with the idea of power apart from the human no conception whatever of a supreme being is entertained, or a state of existence after death. In fact everything great, valuable or to be feared, whether animate or inanimate, is a god to the uneducated Malagasy.

From the sovereign to the snake—from the rattling thunder and flashing lightning of the heavens, to the silent European book endowed with the wonderful capacity of speaking to those who merely look at it. In this benighted condition, the millions of the tropical island remained till visited by the agents of the London Missionary Society, who, after years of toil and trial succeeded in commencing the truth as it was in Jesus widely to the native minds, with a power which enabled numbers, under change of circumstances to brave menace, oppression, slavery and death, rather than deny the Lord that bought them.

The first missionaries two in number, reached the coast towards the close of the year 1818. But the fell fever of the lowlands seemed to prohibit all access to the interior. One of them with his wife and infant daughter, perished in a few weeks. The other became a widower, lost a child and barely escaped from life with an attack. Hence it was not till late in the year of 1820 that the survivor gained the capital—the first messenger of Christ was in the "city of a thousand towns." The king received him joyfully; and anxious to benefit as much as possible by the English alliance, he despatched his brother-in-law Prince Rataffe, to England with nine native youths to be left there for instruction, and a request for skilled workmen to be returned competent to teach the useful arts. The prince appeared in our metropolis during the May meetings of 1821, and was publicly welcomed at one of them by the Rev. Rowland Hill. A considerable

missionary staff accompanied him on his return including a number of the artisans desired, who as Christian men, could connect service in the work of evangelism with serving in things secular. Belonging to different religious denominations, yet one in spirit, they formed themselves into a church, and on the first Sunday of September, 1822, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time in the capital of Madagascar, within the court-yard of the palace. Of the native youths left in England, two died; the rest returned at different intervals to the island, one of whom, on a public profession of the Christian faith, had been baptised in Surry chapel.

A great amount of preliminary labour was necessary before the messengers of the gospel could address it to the poor heathens among whom their lot was cast. The strange and somewhat complex language of the people was acquired.—An alphabet was introduced into the language, and the missionaries arranged its grammar, prepared elementary books, and translated the Scriptures into the native tongue, which were printed at a press and sent out from England. In the space of ten years, upwards of many thousands of the inhabitants had learned to read, many also to write, and a few had made some slight progress in English. In the same period, fifteen hundred youths had been taught to work in iron, which abounds in the country, or as carpenters, builders, tanners, curriers, shoemakers and the like. A number also professed themselves christians, and adorned their profession by a consistent life.

Among the converts there was a poor slave, who remarkably exhibited the transforming power of the gospel, and was the first native who experienced its consolations in dying moments.—Though of sluggish mind and indolent habits, he no sooner became a religious man, than his intellect seemed quickened, his actions acquired vigor and diligence in servitude increased his value to his master. In his character, the utmost humility appeared blended with manly sentiment and aspiring hope, evidently resulting from the new views imparted by Christianity. While well aware that he was among the lowest in the ranks of his own countrymen, of whom the highest were vastly inferior to the Europeans, he felt that, as a Christian, he was a privileged being, enjoying the noblest kind of freedom, and entitled to indulge the highest anticipations. Willingly he toiled by day in the burning sun, and then at the prayer meeting, read the Scripture and devoutly listen to the word of life.

It was a rule with the missionaries in administering baptism, to wish the natives to retain their proper and original names, both to prevent any appearance of affectation in the choice of scriptural names, and to avoid the appearance of singularity. The converts, therefore, pronounced their usual names immediately before the administration of the rite. But upon the slave having to do this, he substituted for his customary name that of "Ra-poor-negro." The minister inquired with surprise, "Ra-poor-negro did you say?" "Yes," replied he, "that is the name I wish to take;" and so he was forthwith baptised, "The poor negro." Upon being asked afterwards what induced him to take such a singular name, he stated: "I had seen in your printing-office the tract 'The Poor Negro,' with a representation of him with his knees bended and his eyes lifted up to heaven; and I thought of being a slave like him and there was nothing I so much desired as to become like him in disposition; and therefore I took his name."

It was explained to him that the phrase "poor negro" was not a proper name, but indicated a certain state and character in connection with the word out. "Well," said he I wish it may prove a true description of my character, as it certainly is of my condition in life."

In three days the fever of the island terminated the earthly career of Ra-poor-negro. In his illness he repeatedly exclaimed, "Jesus is fetching me—I do not fear I am going to Jehovah—Jesus." It deserves remark, that no missionary is known to have made use of this latter phrase. Yet it was common with the natives, adopted of themselves, and current in their farewell benedictions. "May you be blessed of Jehovah-Jesus." The last words of Ra-poor-negro frequently uttered, "I do not fear," involve a meaning which does not meet the eye. By no people is death more dreaded than by the heathen of that island. Men of the stoutest heart and strongest nerve exhibit the feebleness of children when stretched on a death-bed, and will exclaim, in the bitterness of their spirit "Oh, mother! oh, father! I die," while the tears trickle down their olive cheeks in abundance. In accordance with these feelings, all conversation on death is avoided; and to speak of its probability to the friends of the sick is accounted the height of cruelty. Hence it was equally novel affecting, and cheering to the surviving native christians to witness or hear of the composure of their friend in his last moments—the first of the islanders to depart this life enlightened by the truths and sustained by the influence of the gospel.

The year 1828 was an eventful one in the history of the mission. A deputation from the London Missionary Society, consisting of Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett, reached the capital, the former of whom came to die within eight days after his arrival. In the same week the throne became vacant by the death of Radama, who, it was stated in the official proclamation of the event, made a few days afterwards, "had retired—had gone to his fathers." He descended to the grave without appreciating Christianity for his own sake, or understanding it, but constantly gave his sanction to the labours of its friends, owing to the civil benefits connected with its introduction and extension. He was only thirty-

six years of age, and unhappily shortened his days by habits of intemperance. The king was interred with great ceremony; and according to national usage, on the decease of a sovereign, every possible demonstration of grief was exhibited by his subjects. For a certain time prescribed by the government, the house were closed; men, women, and children had their hair loosened from plait, or their heads shaved; no showy dresses were worn; no salutations were exchanged in the streets; a mournful silence pervaded the capital; and all labour was suspended, except such cultivation as was necessary to prevent a famine.

The King intended that his nephew, a son of Prince Rataffe, should be his successor. This was a youth of great promise, who had been trained in the mission school, and afforded evidence of the influence of divine truth upon his mind and heart. But he was almost immediately assassinated; and it soon appeared manifest that a party in favor of exclusive heathenism had got hold of the reins of government. His father and mother fled to the coast, with the view of escaping to the Mauritius; but they were seized, and both judicially murdered. The idol-coopers, the dealers in charms, and the friends of things as they were, mustered in force at a great gathering of the people, when the supreme authority was committed to Ranavalona, the senior wife of the late king—a woman with a mind of limited capacity yet inflexible stamp, closed to the access of liberal sentiments and improving influences by complete subjection to ancestral superstitions. One of her first acts was to send a message to Mr. Bennett, who had applied for the usual permission to leave the island informing him that "she was the sovereign of the time of his departure." The Queen was crowned with barbaric splendour, and made her public appearance in a kind of palanquin, attended by a long procession of chiefs, officers, and troops.

In the history of our own country, a violent attempt to undo the work of the Reformation marked the reign of Mary, the first queen-regnant of England; and had it been simply the work of her predecessors on the throne, the object might have been attained. But it was the planting of the Lord, too efficiently guarded and strongly rooted in the hearts of a large section of society to be permanently overthrown or seriously affected by a change of earthly sovereignty. A similar attempt, with the like result, marks the reign of Ranavalona, the first queen-regnant of Madagascar. Both sought the same end—the exclusive profession of their own creed; and both employed kindred means to attain it;—the infliction of the direct pains and penalties upon those who ventured to gainsay their pleasure. Both started from the same point, making fair but false professions, and both were completely disappointed in their cherished views. Mary's early proclamations promised liberty of conscience unconditionally, and the fires of Smith-field soon illustrated their insincerity. Ranavalona declared that she would govern the kingdom upon the tolerant principles adopted by her predecessor, and very soon required her Christian subjects to return to the ways of their ancestors, or perish.

Ominous signs of the complete revolution contemplated long anticipated its arrival, each in succession becoming more significant of it. As a first step, the native teachers and senior scholars were taken from the Schools to serve as recruits in the army; and schools were altogether prohibited in the villages where the national idols were kept. The treaty with the British Government was likewise annulled. Mr. Hastie's successor as the resident British agent was directed to leave the island. Radama, in the early part of his reign, had issued a law forbidding the use of wine and spirituous liquors for the natives. Though by no means generally observed, it was put in force with special reference to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, as the queen sent a message ordering water to be used, wine being contrary to the laws of the country. But in proportion as the government became hostile, the divine blessing descended upon the mission. Increasing numbers crowded to receive religious instruction, and became candidates for baptism, embracing some who held important offices under the government, and others nearly alien to the royal family. This seems to have determined the heathen party to delay no longer the adoption of the strongest measures of repression.

All the soldiers were intrusted receiving the rite of baptism and joining in the celebration of the Lord's Supper; and consequently, those who have been received to the communion had to commune in spirit with their brethren as spectators of the ordinance. The order was soon afterwards extended to all subjects of the queen; and thus the sacramental service was restricted to the European brethren and sisters, who conducted it in the native language for the benefit of the natives present. Subsequently every master was forbidden to allow a slave to learn to read, on pain of forfeiting such slave and being himself reduced to slavery; and every slave was forbidden to learn, under the heaviest penalties. The blow meant to be decisive was struck in the early part of the year 1835, when the missionaries received direct information that no native would thenceforth be allowed to attend their religious services; and on the 1st of March a general assembly of the people was convened to receive a communication from the sovereign. All residing within convenient distance of the capital were required to attend; and they gathered to the number of more than 100,000.

The day opened with the firing of cannon. And imposing military force was in readiness to act