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REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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(From the Quiver.)

CLEANINGS FROM THE GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

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THE MISSIONARY MAP.

Place a map of the world before a number of spectators, and what a diversity of impressions will be produced by it. The geographer, viewing it from his own standpoint, will be mainly occupied by the form and position of its continents and oceans, and the influence of its soils and climates; the merchant's mind will connect its capitals and harbours with the interests of his favourite commerce; the politician will take in at a glance the relations of its kingdoms to each other in their government and history; and every individual that gazes on it will have reflections awakened within him corresponding to his peculiar sentiments and pursuits.

But above and distinct from all these impressions, there is one that will force itself upon the mind of the Christian. He sees more in connection with that map than the concerns of time, or the transitory interests of the present life. He views the world as a fallen and yet a redeemed world. He remembers what sin has made it, and he reflects what grace is pledged to accomplish for it. As he gazes on those dark shadows which superstition, and idolatry, and sin have spread over the face of the earth, he is ready to weep for its degradation. As he ponders on the scenes which, 1,800 years ago, were enacted on its surface, and remembers how the Son of God lived and died amongst its inhabitants, he is filled with gratitude and hope. To him it is God's world, after all; his because he made it; his because he redeemed it; his because the kingdoms of this world, are to become "the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever."

What new and solemn interest is thrown around the map of the world by thoughts like these? It does not cease to be a map for the politician, the merchant, or the geographer; but to each of these, if he be a Christian, it becomes a missionary map, replete with the deepest meaning, and invested with the profoundest consequences. The black shades that indicate the realms of heathenism remind him that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;" the brighter spots that sparkle here and there, like stars in the midnight sky, assure him that the light of the Gospel is penetrating into these regions of death; whilst here and there the glow of advancing truth has spread its diffusive brightness and happiness around, giving cause of thankfulness for the past, and ground of encouragement for the future.

It is in this missionary aspect that we intend to consider the map of the world, spreading it out before us, in all its dimly gleamed light and darkness, so that our readers may be able to realise more distinctly both the intensity of man's spiritual necessities, and the marvellous adaptation of the Gospel of grace to meet all his requirements. We shall pass in review before us the extent, the character, and the consequences of idolatry and superstition. We shall sketch the signal triumphs of the cross of Christ in the midst of barbarous and savage tribes. We shall follow the devoted missionary in his conflicts and successes, and glean many a fruitful sheaf from the great harvest field, where he has been labouring for God. It is a review calculated to deepen our convictions in the truth and power of the Gospel of Christ, throwing, as it does, fresh evidence around its character and claims. It is a study intended to excite us to more earnest and prayerful efforts, that God's ways may be known upon earth, his saving health amongst all nations.

Let us endeavour, at the outset, to realise the vast extent of heathenism. When we are told that the world contains some 9,000,000,000 of inhabitants, and that some 500,000,000 of them are sunk in paganism, the bare statement is appalling; and yet we doubt whether any arithmetical statement of this kind conveys a very definite idea to the mind. It requires to be illustrated in order to be adequately comprehended. Let us imagine a town with 9,000 inhabitants, and suppose 5,000 of them to be heathen; then out of every nine people we meet in the streets, five would be pagans, ignorant of the true God, and sunk in the grossest spiritual darkness. What a sad picture such a town would present to any Christian mind! But let us remember that we have to transfer not only this proportion to the case of the world's inhabitants, but that we must suppose 100,000 towns similarly circumstanced, and that we have to visit them all in succession, and meet the same sad history in the street of each; five out of every nine immortal souls who cross our path ignorant of the true God, and worshipping idols which their own hands have made, passing on to eternity at the rate of nearly 50,000 every day, without one ray of hope, and destitute of one spark of heavenly light!

Or let us take another illustration. China is said to contain some 300,000,000 of idolaters; that is, nearly 1,000,000 for every day in the year. Let us imagine that the whole population marched by us in a vast procession, at the rate of six persons in every minute; it would take about 115 years before the entire nation had passed by. Or, to put the same idea in another shape, suppose we were to count them one by one, at the rate of 100 a minute, and occupied ourselves in this way for twelve hours a day; it would take about thirteen years before we had counted the whole! And, after all, this would be only a part of heathenism; you have to add the 150,000,000 of India, the countless hordes of Central Asia, the untold millions of Africa, the tribes and families scattered far and wide in their ignorance and degradation over the face of the earth.

But if there be something so dreadful in the extent of heathenism, what shall we say concerning the condition of its unhappy votaries? How shall we describe the evils, social, moral, and spiritual, which such a state entails? The worship of images which their own hands have made is the least portion of the abominations of the heathen. The ignorance of God, and the alienation from him, which idolatry involves, lie at the root of the evil, and find their terrible expression in countless forms of cruelty and sin. When we find that the diabolical worshippers by the heathen are the incarnations of every imaginable vice, it is no marvel that the worshippers should be so also. The Psalmist has said concerning idols, that "they

who make them are like unto them," and all we know of the heathen confirms the statement.

Krishna, for example, is represented in their sacred books as a thief and a liar, and credited for the dexterity with which he stole and cheated; and we wonder that the worshippers of Krishna should be false and dishonest? Kali is described as delighting in human blood, and painted with a necklace of human skulls around her neck; need we be surprised if her wretched votaries are sanguinary and cruel? The history of idolatry is one long catalogue of cruelties and crimes; it is the record of obliterated affections, seared consciences, and relentless hearts.

If we turn to China, where (to use the expression of one of their countrymen) "there are more gods than there are people," we find infidelity prevailing to such a fearful extent, that in Peking alone the number of infants exposed to perish amounts to four thousand every year! If we look to Africa, we find the blood of human sacrifices flowing in such copious streams, that, as in a recent instance at Dahomey, the king can sail his canoe in the ensanguined tide. Far away behind the palm-groves of the Pacific rises the smoke of the cannibal festival; and even in India, notwithstanding its favourable position under British influence, the God children are fattened for the slaughter, and their blood is sprinkled on the fields in the hope of securing an abundant harvest. And there are darker scenes behind, too impure and horrible to be disclosed; a veil must be dropped over their abominations, "for it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret."

And all these outrages upon humanity and decency are sanctioned and consecrated by what its wretched victims call "religion." Nay, they form the most solemn and exalted rites of their worship. Of a God of love they have never heard, and in their present state can form no conception. Gods of cruelty and lust, and vengeance—these are their chosen deities; and to appease, sometimes to cheat and outwit them, is the object of their lives.

Such is heathenism without the Gospel. Such is the sad condition of those teeming millions of mortal beings, made by the same hand, and of the same blood, as ourselves; capable, as well as we, of being taught the way of holiness and life, and reaching the joys and happiness of heaven. Surely there is enough in this miserable history to awaken our sympathy and stir us up to labour for their enlightenment, even if the last words of Christ were not ringing so urgently in our ears, and commanding us to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

The Gospel is God's grand remedy for a ruined world, and nothing but the Gospel can regenerate mankind. It is the true life. "Who leaves are for the healing of the nations," and it has proved its virtue by the transformations it has wrought. Our own land presents a striking illustration of a country savage and idolatrous, but raised by missionary efforts to the highest pinnacle of religion and civilisation. Were it not for the evangelists of former days who reached Britain from afar, and carried to its barbarous shores the torch of truth, we might to this very day be lying, like our pagan ancestors, in darkness and the shadow of death. But even within the memory of living men, whole tribes and countries have been won from the depths of heathen degradation to the light and liberty of the Christian life. Greenland, once colder and more sterile than its own ice and snow, has thawed, and warmed, and borne fruit beneath the beams of the Sun of righteousness. Sirras Leone, which at the close of the last century, reached to the din of the war-gong and the clank of the slave-chain, now echoes to the voice of peaceful industry, and the sound of "the church-going bell." The isles of the Pacific, once rank and poisonous with the worst weeds of heathenism, now rest like fair fields on the deep, exhaling the fragrance of every Christian grace. Where, fifty years ago, assailed the smoke of the suttee, and the screams of devil-worshippers, amidst the palmy trees of South India, there rise to heaven the spires of village churches, and the hymns of Christian congregations. The tent of the Arab, the kraal of the Hottentot, the wigwag of the Red Indian, have all borne testimony to the omnipotent power of the Gospel of Christ.

His sovereign mercy has transformed Their cruelty to love; Softened the fiercest to a lamb; The vulture to a dove.

These are at once the fruit of missionary exertion and our encouragements to pursue it. If we had no such assurances to point to, it would be no less our duty to persevere; but with such evident tokens of blessing and success, we should be doubly guilty if we held back from this great work. It was the great Hebraean himself who said, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest." We need more life and light in the Church at home, in order to accomplish this mission of love to the heathen abroad; we need to have our sympathies stirred up on behalf of those who are destitute of the spiritual blessings which we enjoy; and one design of these papers is to give such information as may deepen those sympathies where they already exist, and to produce them where they do not.

It might seem a hopeless task to reach the vast multitudes of whom we have been speaking; but the merciful Word has said that "the Gospel shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations," and we only need a larger supply of grace to enable us to accomplish it. If there were as many lamps to be lighted as there are heathens to be instructed, and we kindled them at the rate of one every minute, it would take more than 1,000 years before our task was done; but if each lamp, as soon as it was lighted, had power to light five other lamps within a minute, how long would it occupy before those millions of lamps were all lighted? Our readers will scarcely believe our reply until they verify it by calculation. Only fifteen minutes!

And if Christians were light-givers as well as light-receivers; if they endeavoured earnestly and prayerfully to communicate the blessings which they have received; how much more rapidly the work of missions would proceed, and how soon, with the blessings of the Holy Spirit, might the great work be done!

"Speed Thou the work, Redeemer of the world, Till the long misery of mankind shall cease, Where'er the red-cross banner is unfurled. There let the merry light, and joy, and peace, Did not the angels that announced thy birth Proclaim it with the sound of peace on earth?"

Bless Thou this happy island, that the stream Of mercy far and wide from hence may flow; Bless it, that so thy saving mercy's beam, Reflected hence o'er all the world, may glow. Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, O Lord, And be thy holy name through all the world adored."

THE WRONG CHOICE.

"Whose Bible-class do you go to now, John?" I have not seen you at mine lately, and I have not heard of your being at Mr. Clayton's."

The speaker was Mr. Williamson, a minister in an inland town in the north of England, and the person to whom he spoke was John Taylor, a youth about twenty years of age, apprentice to a chemist. At the time when John was put apprentice, his parents resided in the town; but circumstances had occurred to necessitate their departure, leaving John behind. Mr. Williamson, to whose care John's mother had, on her departure, very earnestly commended her son, had taken a deep interest in him. For a time he had been gratified by his regular attendance on the Sundays, and also at his Bible-class during the week; but of late he had missed him. First his attendance had become fitful and irregular, and latterly it had ceased altogether. Mr. W. had heard casually that John had been seen in somewhat indifferent company. Anxious, both for the young man's sake and his mother's, to regain his hold upon him, he resorted to the above inquiry one day, when he fell in with him on their way together to the town from their residences, which were near together, a short distance from the town itself.

"I don't go to any Bible-class, or anything of the kind, sir," said John.

"And how is that, John?" asked Mr. W.

"Why, the fact is, sir, I don't care about such things; I've lost all interest in them."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Mr. W. "But I miss you on Sundays, as well as at the Bible-class. I am sorry not to have you in attendance with us; but if you are not with us, I hope you go to some other place of worship."

"No, sir, I don't," replied the young man, "I have no interest whatever in anything of the kind; and if you will excuse me, I would rather not talk any more about it."

"But, John," replied the pastor, "I can hardly let you go that way without a little talk with you. You say you have no interest in these things; but surely it is not the way to regain your interest to give up all thought about them. Besides, if you were a master, would you allow it as an excuse for your servant's inattention to the duties of your service that he had no interest in them? Or, if you were a father, would you suffer your son to disobey your commands on the plea that he had no interest in obeying them? Religion is the service you owe to God; and do you think it any better excuse for neglecting all thoughts about it, that you have no interest in it?"

"Oh," replied Taylor, "that is altogether a different thing. Besides, every man must follow out his own nature. Now it is not my nature to care about these things."

"You amaze me, John," said Mr. Williamson. "Follow out your nature! Why any drunkard would tell you that it is his nature to get drunk. Some people do all sorts of violent and wicked things; and if your plea is worth a straw, nothing ought to be said against them, because it is their nature. The fact is, they have done very much to make their nature what it is; and I am very sure a young man, brought up as you have been, cannot have lost so entirely all interest in what is good, without being very greatly to blame."

"Well, sir," said the misguided young man, "I'm very happy with it."

"Happy are you, John," was the reply. "Well, you may call it happiness, but I cannot believe that you find it so. At all events, I am persuaded you will find your present views do for you long. They certainly won't do for trouble, and death, and eternity."

The conversation was continued a little longer, and in the course of it, Taylor declared plainly that he had given up all belief in the Bible; that the way he had chosen was a far pleasanter one than any he had ever tried before; that the more he heard of religion, whether at church or in private, the more he was set against it; and that he did not wish to speak any more on the subject. With this he very abruptly bade Mr. Williamson good afternoon.

Mr. W. parted from him with great regret; but he saw that for the present nothing more could be done. It shortly after came to his knowledge that a few months before the above conversation took place, Taylor had become acquainted with a set of young men, who, though not avowed infidels, were careless and profligate, and scoffed at everything that was good. Their evenings were spent in the public house, and their Sundays in pleasure. After this had continued, for a little time, there went an assistant to the shop, where he was apprenticed, a young man, a few years older than himself, whose mind was deeply imbued with the poison of infidelity. It was not long before the subject was introduced. The young man spoke of it first with some misgiving, but very soon with glib delight. He had often had his qualms of conscience about his sabbath-breaking and other sins, and he thus found out how to indulge them in peace. This was the stage at which he had arrived when Mr. Williamson spoke to him.

Mr. W. and he often met in the street; but the subject was never resumed. Although deeply grieved, and most solicitous to reclaim him, Mr. W. felt that it would be worse than useless to attempt to discuss the matter again.

About a year after, Taylor's apprenticeship closed, and there being no opening for him in the town, he sought and obtained a situation elsewhere. For some years Mr. Williamson lost sight of him entirely. He heard, indeed, casually, that he had never settled well in any situation; and that at last he had left the country and gone to Australia. He made many inquiries about him, but all in vain. Even his own parents were ignorant of his whereabouts; for several years had passed without their having received a line from him.

About six years after the events we have narrated, Mr. Williamson removed to London. Once or twice, as he moved along the streets, he thought he saw a face that was familiar; but so altered was it, and so ragged and forlorn the man's whole appearance, that he could not call to mind who he was. Besides, Taylor—for it really was he—always avoided him as quickly as possible. One day, however, as he sat in his study, he was told that a person wished to see him. On going down stairs, he found a woman waiting for him, who

said, on his inquiring her business, "Please, sir, there's a man in our house wishes to see you, if you'll be so kind as to visit him. He's very ill, and I don't think he'll live long." She gave a name which Mr. W. did not recognise.

The woman was the mistress of a lodging house, and he found, on inquiry, that the person he was requested to visit had been resident in her house about two months. He took the address and followed almost immediately.

The house was situated in a neighbourhood which had once been respectable, but which had undergone that process of deterioration so marked in many parts of the metropolis. The windows were dirty, and many of them were broken, and stuffed with rags; the doors were battered and the walls dilapidated; groups of idlers were collected in different places in the street. The only exceptions to the general squalor and poverty were a pawn-broker's shop about the middle of the street, and a gin shop at the end, close to one of the public thoroughfares. On reaching the house, he was directed up three flights of stairs; and there, in a room almost entirely devoid of furniture, lay, on a wretched pallet, the poor man whom he sought, evidently in a deep consumption.

"It is very kind of you to come here and see me, sir," said the sufferer, speaking with gasping breath, and husky voice; "but I don't think you know me."

Mr. Williamson looked, hesitated, and then, light flashing in upon his mind as he caught one expression of the man's countenance, he said, with some surprise, but as gently as he could, "Why, surely you are not John Taylor?"

"I am indeed, sir," replied the man; and then, altogether overcome, he burst into tears.

"I met you once or twice in the streets," he resumed; "but I did not like to speak to you—I was so ashamed. I found out by-and-by that you were the pastor of the church in—Road, for I saw your name on the board outside the door. When I fell ill, I struggled long with shame; for remembering what passed when you spoke to me so kindly seven years since, I felt completely ashamed; but at length I made up my mind to send for you, and I was sure you would come, though I did not tell the mistress to give you my proper name."

The poor fellow was in great destitution. Mr. W. kindly relieved his immediate necessities, and with some difficulty obtained his consent to write to his friends. Meanwhile, on his own responsibility, he had him removed to more comfortable lodgings. In another day or two his mother was at his bedside.

All hope of removal to the place where his mother lived in the country was precluded by the assurance of the medical attendant that it would be fatal. There he must remain, till he was carried to his grave. This gave Mr. W. many opportunities of conversing with him.

Poor Taylor spoke without reserve of his course. He had obtained a good situation on leaving the town where he had been apprenticed; but, neglecting his duties, he had been dismissed in a few months. His master, not being very scrupulous, had given him such a character as enabled him to obtain a situation in London. Whilst there, under the pressure of some gambling debts, he had appropriated money belonging to his employer, and had narrowly escaped a criminal conviction. It was the time of the gold fever in Australia. Unable to procure work in London, he resolved to go there, and, along with a set of men like himself, he went. The rough work of the diggings was too much for him; and nothing else presenting itself, he contrived to obtain money enough to enable him to get back to England.

But with no friends and no character, and with habits neither industrious nor sober, he found it very hard to gain a subsistence. He sank lower and lower, till at length he reached the depths in which Mr. Williamson found him.

"Oh, sir," he said, "if I had only taken your advice! My rain days from the time when I forsake the Bible-class and the church. I knew very well, sir, when you talked with me that day, going down the hill, that I was wrong; but I was determined to have my pleasure, such as it was, and I did all I could to persuade myself that I was right; and this is the end of it all. Those were my happiest days, when I attended church and Bible-class regularly."

Mr. Williamson tried to lead him to think of the sin which he had committed against God, and of his need of mercy. He had not much difficulty in this; for poor Taylor was already deeply humbled, and sorrowful. Nor had he much difficulty arising from any remaining attachment to infidelity. Taylor had tried it so completely, and had found it so utterly wanting, that his only feeling respecting it was one of deep dissatisfaction and disgust. But the good pastor did find it difficult to lead him to trust in the loving mercy of God through Jesus. He had sinned so deeply and so long; that for a time he thought it too much to entertain the faintest hope of forgiveness; and, deeply anxious, Mr. W. sometimes feared that his death-bed would be one of despair. Through God's blessing, however, on the counsels which were addressed to him, towards the last he found peace in Jesus.

One day, shortly before his end, after thanking Mr. Williamson for all his kindness, he said, "Mr. Williamson, you will very likely have young men in your Bible-classes, some of whom may be tempted to do as I did. Tell them from me that the promise of vice and infidelity are all false, and that they lead only to misery and death."

HOW SHALL THE CHRISTIAN RID HIMSELF OF DOUBTS? First, by a thorough acquaintance with the Christian argument. When this has once been attained, all further doubting will be felt to be weak and irrational. But however irrational, its recurrence is disquieting. Let it then be remembered, secondly, that the possibility of doubt is a necessary part of our moral discipline. There must be a sphere for the exercise of faith, hope, sincerity, diligence, patience. If a religious belief is to be the same thing with us as our moral beliefs; if it is to act as an influence countervailing other influences; then it must be possible for us to disbelieve. There could not be a Christian, in a world constituted as this is, if there were not room for a man to be an infidel. But while doubts and difficulties are thus necessary to us all, there is no more exacted of us, in this respect, than is necessary to secure for us ultimately an eternal exemption from them. Meantime there is one grand remedy for the sorest of them—faith and holy living. His who craves importunately, "Lord, increase my

faith!" will soon find in his bosom a key that will turn the most massive lock in Doubting Castle. And he whose "fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ," shall soon find his doubts exchanged for the "full assurance of faith." While others—because they cannot have that certainty which the necessity of the case excludes—decline the trial, and "account themselves unworthy of eternal life," the path of the just shall shine brighter and brighter until the day dawn, and the glorious words be heard, "Welcome, child of clay! welcome to that world where there is no more sorrow!"—*Christian Certainty*, by Rev. S. Wainwright.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.

Infidelity says that the Bible was composed by human authors. "Let us suppose it to be so, for a moment. It must then be confessed that its authors must have been both the wisest and the best of men. They must have been the wisest—for otherwise whence the deep mysteries that are unfolded in the book? they must have been the best—for how else could such an exalted morality have been conceived by them? Nor can it be imagined that they framed a moral code by which they were not themselves actuated. Such a thing would be inconceivable in itself, to say nothing of the profound earnestness that marks their productions. But we are not left without positive proofs of their sincerity, in lives devoted to the preaching of the Gospel, and dreadful deaths voluntarily borne in testimony to its truth. These writers were therefore the wisest and the best of mankind, by virtue of the very supposition that makes them the authors of the Bible. But how does this agree with the previous theory, that they were either wilful impostors or ignorant fanatics? If they were the wisest of mankind, how could they be ignorant fanatics? If they were the best of mankind, how could they be wilful impostors? If they were neither one nor the other, the Bible is not a human book, but a Divine; and its testimony to the character of its own contents must be worthy of the most absolute credit."—*The Bible and its Critics*, by Rev. Edward Garbett.

THE TESTIMONY OF CHRIST.

The only Christ known to history, broadly, constantly, deliberately asserted His power to heal the sick, cure the blind, raise the dead. If He did not say that He possessed this power, we may shut up the volume of history, since it can certify no fact; if he said it, can we imagine Him to have said it falsely? If He said it truly, was He not, and is He not, the Son of God?"—*Ibid.*

CIRCASSIA, AND THE CIRCASSIAN EXODUS.

At a small port on the Black Sea, and in the spring of this present year of grace, our reader might have beheld a scene which would have filled him with unutterable thoughts, and might well have choked him with indescribable emotion. About the paltry landing place and quay, sheltering under miserable buildings and stores, lay a crowd of men and women and children, surrounded by odds and ends of the furniture they deemed most useful, or by the little souvenirs they were most loth to part with; the stamp of the most profound dejection on their features, many of them making no secret of the misery that preyed on them, and not a few already stricken down by want and disease. Here is a mother nursing in vain the babe for whom her breasts refuse the needed nourishment. There is a handsome, manly face, with its brilliant and deep-yearning eyes telling of thoughts that wander to another world in search of one who shall gladden her husband no more. Further back, among the cabins that pass for houses among the settled inhabitants of the place, the like scenes are being repeated—repeated not here and there, and at long intervals, but everywhere. Here do half-made graves receive their tenants; and here are men from whom no oppression or suffering can take the native stamp of gallantry and nobleness, petitioning for food, or trying to barter some few remaining relics of their former wealth for the bare necessities of life.

The town itself is almost as poor as poverty can make it. Its houses are mostly of timber, plastered with mud, and are tenanted by a most motley crowd of Circassians, Tartars, Greeks, Jews, Russians, Armenians—about 3,000 in all. In addition to these, are numerous soldiers, while their fortress is the one noticeable building of the place. In the dull and shallow roadstead there swing at uncertain anchorages a few vessels of light draught, which have come hither for freights of tallow, wax, grain, or hides. This port is Anapa, and these miserable and woe-stricken, but still handsome men and women, who lounge about the quay, or loiter in the wretched streets, or lie listless and heartbroken in every place of shelter, are some of those thousands of Circassians whom the Czar of the Russias has driven from their homes.

In the mountain ranges which extend almost from Anapa to Mount Elburz, their highest point, and which continue in a south-easterly direction right along the northern boundary of Georgia, are the homes they will never see again. Not Delenda, but Delata est Circassia. Among these slopes and hills, and ravines and valleys, they and their fathers have for centuries been tending herds and flocks, raising innumerable horses of a breed scarcely inferior to the Arab, hunting at pleasure every variety of game, cultivating the ground and maintaining vigorous independence and freedom they have been for ever lost. And the scenes at Anapa were not unique. The like untold misery, and the like fatality, were to be seen at Pionta, at Tonapre, and elsewhere. By March last (March, 1864), no fewer than 30,000 of these banished Circassians had been transported to Turkey; while at Anapa and two or three other ports were 50,000 more waiting to follow! They hope to find Turkish homes, and then to find Turkish graves. The Sultan will help them if he can. He has already succeeded in doing so to some extent, but the want of organisation and established system in the Government, and in the country generally, makes it difficult to give effect to the benevolence designed. Thousands—yes, thousands!—of those who sailed from Anapa, Tonapre, &c., have already perished. And it is

* Mount Elburz, or Elboura, or Elbronz, is the name by which we denote the highest point of this mountain chain. Properly, it is not a name at all, for it simply describes the circumstance that a mountain reaches the highest peak. It is found nearly at the intersection of the 42nd parallel with the 46th meridian.—*Elbronz*, quoted in *McLeod's Circassia*.

only a few days since we saw a letter from an Englishman, residing at a Turkish seaport, stating that, in addition to those who had already perished, the miseries endured by those who had arrived so far towards their intended destination forbade all hope of their reaching it alive. A few short months since, this brave and gallant nation, in spite of perpetual war through many years against the enormous power of Russia, still numbered a million souls. It is a nation no more. Its prowess, its physical beauty, and its heroic blood long only to the past. Circassia will never more be inhabited by the Circassians; and by the time this paper is in the hands of our readers, a full half of them will have fallen victims to the wretchedness, disease, mischances, famine, which have always attended compulsory migrations on an extensive scale.

But what is Circassia like, and why should Russia be so anxious to possess it? Well, first, Circassia is somewhat of a misnomer, for the country is called properly, Tcherkessia, or Tcherkeskia. Referring to the map, our reader will notice a large and very important river, the Kuban. Immediately below it he will see the word "Caucasus," and a little further south he will observe a chain of mountains, running nearly east and west, also called Caucasus. Between these mountains and the river Kuban lie the steppes and plains, the table lands and valleys, called the Country of Caucasus. The northern slopes of the mountains will be seen to be identical with the southern portion of this Country of the Caucasus. Those northern slopes are Circassia, and the Circassians were the most numerous and powerful, and warlike of all the inhabitants of this extensive and romantic range.

Circassia itself is of a very considerable extent, and, like Mingrelia and Georgia, all belonging to the same mountain system, it is of most uneven surface. It presents more of bare rock than Georgia, which lies south-east of it; "but on every shelf, and in every rift, trees, grain, vegetables, and fruit of almost every kind are produced from the most fertile soil. The animals, also, are on the same scale of abundance and variety, whether the wild or domesticated tribes be considered; the quadrupeds, birds, fishes, insects, or reptiles." The country abounds in every kind of game; and the Circassians themselves never founding towns, but preferring movable settlements and scattered villages, have retained their ancient fondness for the chase, accounting it, *par excellence*, the sport of nobles; and have combined the extreme of dexterity in the use of weapons with the greatest agility of body and gallantry of soul. They have long been accustomed to fight against almost any odds, and sometimes, when every man of a small band of them has been manifestly doomed, they have fallen only with many times their own number of their foes.

The laws of the Circassians were administered by a Council of Elders, elected from all ranks but the lowest were sanctioned by ancient usage, and needed little reform, simply because the habits of the people remained almost unchanged from generation to generation. The Circassians had no learning, and but little commerce. But they had unbending courage, and a passion for liberty which, backed by the character of their country, enabled them to maintain with credit, and frequently with brilliant success, their long and utterly unequal contest with Russia. Reprisals on their invaders have frequently been as severe as swift, and many a Russian general has made a more intimate acquaintance than he liked with Circassian strongholds and Circassian homes. They wanted to be let alone, and wanted nothing more; and were so far from being the "savages" they have often been represented to be, that even their worst enemies, when made prisoners of war, they have always held to ransom. To Russia, the direct and proper value of Circassia must be extremely little, yet she has spent, and was prepared to spend, thousands upon thousands of men, and millions upon millions of rubles, in the endeavour to acquire it. She has succeeded. But what can have been her motive for an expenditure so enormously disproportionate to the apparent result? She was in no want of additional space for an already over-crowded population. She has hundreds of square miles of her own proper territory, for which she wants nothing but inhabitants. She was not hard pressed for ports on her southern coast. Besides Anapa (long since formally ceded to her, and long before by her own by the right of the ancient rulers), she has other ports on the north-east coast of the Black Sea, and the Crimea, and Odessa are still hers. She was in no danger of invasion from a people she could have absorbed *en masse*, and never known the difference. Then, what is it she can want with the Circassia she has been at so vast a cost to depopulate and make desert? Let us consider.

Georgia she already possesses, having obtained it by fraud some sixty or seventy years since; and in itself it would seem to be of almost as little value as Circassia. But Circassia and Georgia if of but little value in themselves, may be of value enough as means to an end. Russia's policy is far-reaching, her diplomacy systematic, her aims bold and remote. She is as resolved at this moment that Turkey shall go down as she was before the battle of the Alma was fought. And Turkey can be wounded in Asia as easily as in Europe. But more. Through Circassia and Georgia lies the way to Persia—a way which can easily be rendered inaccessible and impassable to all but its possessors. And when Russia is ready we shall hear of her in Persia. She will possess that splendid and most wealthy land almost as easily, and far more enduringly, than it was once possessed by Alexander, and was afterwards governed by soldiers he had led.

It would not be unwarranted by facts if we were to say that Russia looks still further. She has grown beyond all knowledge precedent in the Old World, and her vigour is still young. And one of these days our children will in all probability discover that it is not the Afghans they need trouble about when they think of the North-west provinces of India—but Russia; that the masters of that fateful Bofan Pass are not a gallant but half-disciplined race of mountaineers, but the generals of some future czar; and that the patience, resource, and resolution which so brilliantly defended Sebastopol, have made impregnable, whether as a basis for more advanced operations, or as a line for retreat, the gorges and defiles of Cabel. At present we see only the first steps of this probably intended march. But even now, Circassia is of the past. The crime of her national annihilation has been accomplished. While many of us have been dreaming, Russia has been working. She has devised great evil, and has brought it to pass.