

## A Missionary's Address.

At the meeting held in the First Baptist church, Rochester, on the occasion of the departure of Miss Elizabeth T. Wright, appointed a missionary to Burmah; the following address, written by that lady and given the occasion of her engagement to missionary service, was read by her pastor, the Rev. J. A. Smith:—

**BELOVED FRIENDS:**—Three years have just fled since the providence of God brought me to this favored city, and gave me a name and a place in this church. But rapidly as these years have passed away, they have been productive of great good to me, and will, I hope, result in greater good to others. In taking my final departure from my home and native land, it becomes my duty to relate, thus publicly, some of the causes that have led to the decision I have made, of spending the remainder of my life in dispensing the blessings I have here received to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

My heart was first touched with the love of God, at the early age of six years, but I did not enjoy an evidence of my conversion and adoption into his family, until several years after. Strange as it may seem, a conviction of the duty I am now about to perform, presented itself to my mind before I indulged a hope in the pardoning mercy of God through Christ. Among the earliest incidents in my recollection is that of hearing my mother read Mrs. Wade's story of the Burman Slave Girl.

The impression then made has never faded from my mind; it gave birth to my love for the heathen and my desire to labour for their salvation. At the age of ten, when delighting in the voice of prayer and praise from Christian lips, my heart swelling with love for dying sinners, I felt that at some future time I must become a missionary. So remote a view of the sacrifices required by such a duty, divested it of all unpleasant features. But as time rolled on and I saw the period approaching, when I must yield to duty, my heart rebelled. As a consequence my love for perishing sinners decreased, and I was soon so much absorbed in the vanities of this life, that I almost lost my own identity as a child of grace. Circumstances would often recall former convictions, and I was occasionally induced to inquire how I might perform the duty with the least sacrifice. I saw the wide-spread valley of the West with its increasing population destitute of literary and religious teachers, open to the encroachment of Satan's emissaries, and yielding to the baneful influence of Catholicism. I saw the freedom of our political and religious institutions jeopardized by their increasing power; and felt that duty called for immediate and strenuous efforts on the part of all, to save our beloved country from the threatened ruin. My love of country and home presented many inducements in favour of a mission, as teacher in the valley of the Mississippi; and I had decided to go as soon as the requisite measure of health was obtained, when the chastening power of God's Spirit dispelled the delusion, and presented before me the solemn vows of my consecration, unfulfilled, but still obligatory. I found that patriotism, and not a love for perishing souls, was the ruling motive in the decision. I felt its unholiness, and blessed God that he had not permitted me to take my own chosen way. The objection relating to my health (which had been a powerful one against a foreign mission) vanished before the thought, that the same kind hand which had more than once raised me from the brink of the grave was able to supply me with everything needful in his service. No excuse was left. I resolved from that hour to pursue a course preparatory to the work, and if the providence of God should open the door I would enter his service among the heathen. But I was not yet quite able to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." I was willing to go where the Gospel was not known, but not willing to go where the arts of civilization had not raised the people above the degradations of barbarism. I was willing to go to China, for I then thought the manners of the people would render a residence among them more desirable than in any part of the unchristianized world. But God accepts no such stipulations in his service. A disposition to direct the hand of Providence, while it would lead us in the path of duty, is highly offensive to our heavenly Father. But he was still merciful, and forsook me not by his Spirit, until I was willing to go to any place where the light of the Gospel had never shone.

The desire of my heart for some time past

has been to present myself a living sacrifice to the cause of Christ on heathen shores. The happiest week in my life has been that which witnesses my departure for the scenes of my future labors.

Beloved friends, think not that this state of mind has been produced without pain; the deepest mental anguish that could be endured without the wreck of reason, I have endured. Do not think me insensible to the charms of social life, because I am willing to leave the pleasures of enlightened society for a home among barbarians. Do not believe me void of natural affection, because I cheerfully bid adieu to kindred and friends—my home and native land—to go hence perhaps forever. No; none can possess a stronger attachment to friends and home than I. But the love of Him who left Heaven and died for me, has triumphed over all, and enabled me to lay upon His altar all my aspirations for worldly honors, my love of social pleasures, my attachment to home and native land, and all the indescribable, deep and holy endearments of natural ties. The sacrifice, I trust, has been accepted, and within the soul's most sacred casket it is treasured, awaiting the signal of its keeper for a re-enjoyment of the imperishable part in that world "where spirits blend and friend holds fellowship with friend."—That hope cheers me on; and by it I shall be solaced while I toil on in the glad employment of teaching the poor Karens to hush their Maker's praise, and sing their Saviour's love.

Christian friends, I need not ask to be remembered by you before the throne of grace. I know too well your love for the cause to which my life is devoted, to believe you will ever cease to pray for that. And, while I am permitted to live and labor there, I think you will not forget that this feeble instrument can be made efficient only by the power of the Holy Spirit given in answer to prayer. I know you will pray for those for whom I labor; and while I live, not for myself, their prosperity will be my happiness. The repeated acts of kindness I have received, and the many precious mementoes I bear away, render assurance doubly sure that I hold some place in your affections.

My sense of gratitude I can but feebly express, and especially, that while you have sought to increase my happiness by supplying every comfort, you have sought also to augment my usefulness, by furnishing me with an inestimable treasury of knowledge, from which I may dispense blessings to others. "The blessings of those that are ready to perish will fall on "my fellow teachers in the Sabbath school; on my dear sisters in Christ; on the Ladies' Mite Society; and not less on the children of my own class, from whose "Savings Bank" I have received such large drafts, more dear to me than all earth's treasures. Precious children! they have consecrated their first worldly possessions to the cause of Missions; that they may give themselves, also, to the same glorious work, has been my most fervent prayer. To the parents of these dear children I would say, that for the three years in which I have held the endearing relation of teacher in this Sabbath-school, I have constantly prayed, that these little ones might be converted and become missionaries among the heathen. The field is large enough to employ every member of that class. Dear parents, are you willing that these prayers should be answered? God has committed those immortal souls to your charge. He has commanded you to train them up for his service. Will you not make the consecration now, while they are young and you have the prospect of enjoying their society many years; and then of receiving the reward of the faithful steward who returned unto the Lord his own, with usury? If my prayers are answered, you will be compelled to part with them for such an object. Will you not give them up now? "Ah! it must be sweet in infancy, to give up your children to their Maker;" then when the parting comes, it will not rend your heart with anguish. I bless the Lord for the assurance I have, that all my prayers for them will not be lost. Closely as they are entwined about my heart, the pang of parting is softened by the hope of a re-union in a better world. For other dear pupils, too, I have the same ardent desire, and hope for the same results. Wherein I have failed in the performance of duty, I beg to be forgiven.

Dear brethren and sisters, adieu. Our companionship here has been but for a fleeting moment, compared with that we hope to enjoy when our mission on earth is ended. Adieu.

## THE QUEEN.

Short as the interval which must elapse before these pages must be in press, we cannot suffer them to go forth to our readers unimpressed with the record of the profound and heart-thrilling emotions which her Majesty's most gracious visit has called forth. Our Queen has been among us. Like a bright and lovely vision has been her brief sojourn; but ever upon the hearts and memories of thousands and tens of thousands of her Irish subjects are the impressions of that visit engraved—deep, cherished, ineffaceable. Ardent as was the enthusiasm with which we rushed to meet our Sovereign on our shores, it burned brighter and more intense every moment of her stay; daily and hourly she won upon our hearts up to the very moment of her departure; and when the Royal yacht that bore her from our coast had faded in the distance, and our straining eyes could no longer recognize our Queen as she waved us her adieus, when at last despaired that our "one cheer more" could strike upon her ear, and we turned homeward, there was not one among the countless multitude that witnessed that overpowering scene, not one who was exposed to the electric shock of loyalty which thrilled through the mighty throng, who did not feel that blank of heart which is occasioned by parting with one we love, and who was not moved in his inmost soul to say—"God bless her."

We glory in our Queen, and we are proud of our countrymen for the reception which they gave her. There is not a man of the thousands who rushed forward to tender his homage, and give assurance of his loyalty, who does not feel his breast glow with a conscious satisfaction that in no part of her dominions has her Majesty met with such a reception, and that it can never be surpassed. Of strong passions, of ardent imagination, and with a deference to rank and sex unequalled at this age in any country. Irishmen found in devotion to their Queen the true object for one of their strongest and most generous emotions of their nature. It was not for any expected gaities of the metropolis that our gentry, regardless of all inconvenience crowded up in thousands to our city. To suppose this was simply absurd. A levee and drawing-room, the public entrance and departure of our Sovereign, with a review in the Park, comprised all the proceedings of the week at which the vast majority could participate; still less was it occasioned by expectation of advantage to result from the Royal visit. It was simply the generous impulse of disinterested feeling; it was the spontaneous and uncontrollable outburst of loyalty.

It delights us to dwell upon the manifestation of love and duty which our country has just presented. To our brethren in the sister kingdoms, who know us not, who form their estimate of Irish feeling from our public press debased as it is for the most part by subservience to the narrow interests of party politics and sectarian animosities, it must have been astounding. The nobles and gentry of Ireland, of every shade of politics, without any distinction of religious faith, crowded to the court of our Queen. Our counties, our great cities—Belfast, Limerick, Cork, Clonmel, Waterford, Carlow, and others—sent deputations to present addresses. The radical corporation of Dublin, the ever-loyal and Protestant University, the Wesleyan Methodists, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and those unequalled benefactors of their country, the Society of Friends, all concurred in doing homage to their Sovereign. Thousands of the middle classes, the farmers and shopkeepers of the country, whose circumstances admitted of it, hastened to the metropolis to look upon their Queen, and give her a welcome. All the middle classes of Cork, of Dublin, and of Belfast—the three cities which she graced with her presence—made universal holiday while she sojourned with them. The public opinion could not probably be more justly tested nor more unequivocally expressed; it declared as with the voice of one man, long as has been our suffering, dire as has been our distress, angry and exasperating as has been our mutual collisions, we will forget the one, and, at least suspend the other—we can at least rejoice in concert, in the presence of our Queen.

Must we, then, acknowledge with grief—must we avow with indignation—that there were any to be found who withheld the expression of their congratulations on this auspicious occasion? Yes, be it ever remembered, that no fewer than twelve of the Ro-

man Catholic Prelates of Ireland withheld their signatures from the address, cautious and lukewarm as it was, which was presented by their fellows, and that that address guardedly declared that those who signed it, fourteen in number, did not profess to speak the sentiments of others. Twelve Roman Catholic Prelates were found in Ireland who declined to acknowledge the supremacy of the Queen.

Our own opinions as to Roman Catholic loyalty are well known. We are entirely convinced that the Roman Catholic priesthood do not now, and we greatly fear that they never will, bear true allegiance to the Protestant monarch of a Protestant state; and we believe that their influence, so long as it lasts, will be exerted to the uttermost to curb and to divert the loyalty of the people. And we are equally convinced that the loyalty of the Roman Catholic laity who have shaken off, or are removed by their station from the political trammels of the priesthood, is steadfast and sincere. Every step that is taken towards the improvement of the people, everything that tends to restore the landed gentry to Ireland, or where that is unhappily impossible, to introduce a new and vigorous proprietary, to secure to Ireland a race of landlords who, by discharging the duties, will command the influence of their station, will rapidly diminish the political influence of the priesthood, until it entirely disappears, and the loyalty of even the lower classes of the Irish laity presents no blemish.

Irishmen have then found that there is, at least, one sentiment which they hold in unison—one chord to which every heart is attuned. Will we not, then, reflect whether the jarring discord which has so long prevailed may not have been owing to our own perversity?—whether the exasperating strife of party conflict was ever worth the angry passions which it called forth, or the grievous loss which our disunion had occasioned? Will we who have stood side by side, animated by the same sentiment, acknowledging the same feeling, as we cheered her Majesty during her stay, could we turn round and resume our paltry squabbling as soon as she is out of sight? We have proudly acknowledged a common Sovereign—must we not feel, too, that we have a common country? We have joined heart and soul in doing honour to our Queen—will we not, then struggle to the uttermost in serving our native land? It needs energy, industry, self-reliance; these qualities we have, have them in abundance; but in Ireland only are they obscured and undeveloped; and why? Because we need one thing more, and that is—union. The strifes which have divided us, irritating always in proportion to their unimportance, have obscured these qualities—have taught us to look to the support of a particular administration, or the success of a particular party, for those advantages which can come only from ourselves, from the resolute exertion of our own energies, from the inspiring force of confidence and co-operation. Nothing that Government can do for us can compare with these. Many a man can date the abandonment of an evil habit to a steadfast resolution made on some marked epoch of his life. Why should a nation differ from an individual?—why should a country not also resolve to turn over a new leaf?—The impressions created by her Majesty's visit will long be engraven on our hearts. But surely the event is one that merits a public commemoration; and what more worthy of the occasion, what more worthy of ourselves could we construct than that of—concord. Let us, then, at least, indulge the hope that our country will henceforth wear the aspect which its capital has just presented, and that it may continue "like a city that is at unity with itself."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## Liberian Hippopotamus.

Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia, has published in the *Journal of the Natural Sciences* a scientific description of what he considers a new species of hippopotamus, found in the river St. Paul's, Liberia, where they attain the size of 400 to 600 pounds; to which he has given the name of *Liberiensis*. He thinks that, if caught when half grown, it would not be difficult to bring living specimens to this country, or to the zoological collections in Europe.—They are extremely tenacious of life and almost invulnerable, excepting when shot or otherwise wounded in the heart. When injured they become irritable and dangerous, but are said by the natives never to attack them when in their canoes. The negroes are fond of the flesh, which seems to be intermediate in flavour between beef and veal.