

## SONG OF MAULMAIN.

Ply the lever, pioneers!  
Many a waiting angel cheers;  
Here above is interceding;  
Christ the Holy Ghost pleading,  
And the promise of Jehovah  
Stands upon his blessed book.  
Cheerly, cheerly ply the lever!  
Pause not—faint not—falter never!  
Course the river, tread the alley,  
From the hill-top to the valley,  
Go this barren desert over,  
Scattering seed in every nook.

Gifted with a little wing,  
Far the seed shall float and spring.  
Trim your lamps; dark Burmah's centre,  
Shrouded, sealed, their light must enter,  
Even the sacred groves of Boodha,  
And the monarch's golden hall.  
Cheerly, cheerly, ply the lever!  
Pause not—faint not—falter never!  
With a trusting heart and humble,  
Toil till Boodha's throne shall crumble!  
Monastery and pagoda  
Reel before the cross and fall.

Macedonian.

## Missionary Intelligence.

[From the Missionary Magazine.]

## MAULMAIN KAREN MISSION.

LETTER FROM REV. W. MOORE.

## Dread of War.—Visit in the Jungle.

The following letter, though of a date earlier than some that have been published, contains the latest information from the Karen churches connected with the Maulmain Mission.

Maulmain, March 12, 1852. Real or fancied hindrances have kept me from giving any account of jungle travel this season. In the early part of the season the minds of the people were distracted by various and exaggerated rumors. After the battle of the stockades at Rangoon, in the early part of January, both town and country in Tenasserim were panic struck for several weeks, and war is still the absorbing theme. For the last two months it has been considered unsafe for a white man to venture beyond the protection of the Maulmain cantonments. We have, therefore, only made short visits here and there, as if dodging an enemy.

The people here are disconcerted at the prospect of war to a degree that can scarcely be conceived of elsewhere. The mode of warfare they have been accustomed to is that of barbarians. The Burmese government forces the peasantry into the army, and indiscriminately seizes from its subjects whatever property the army requires. The people in many parts of this province suppose the English will do the same. But what they fear still more is, the marauders from the other side. A large part of the inhabitants, who are not forced into the service, take advantage of the unsettled state of affairs and form themselves into gangs of banditti, to surprise and plunder the defenceless. A European nation may have little to fear from a conflict with Burmah, but a war is a terrible scourge to Burmah's own inhabitants, and very liable to be such to those who live on its borders.

Notwithstanding the excitement and confusion that have everywhere existed, the people have given better attention to preaching, and appeared more interested in the truth, than I have before witnessed in any previous year. I left home on the second of December, and spent two and a half months in the jungle. I might have continued out the whole time, and I fancy I might yet be absent a month with perfect safety; but all the weight of advice says, Remain at home, and it is probably the most prudent course.

## Tour up the Gyne.—Romanism.—An attentive Audience.

On Christmas day I started on a tour of a month, up the Gyne river and some of its branches. On account of the disturbances at Rangoon, however, I was sent for to come home a week sooner than I had intended. During the three weeks I visited eight villages, five of them for the first time. I need not give the particulars of what occurred at every place. One instance may serve as a specimen of our reception and mode of instruction.

We landed late in the afternoon of January 1st, at Thee Mayh, a village of fourteen houses, about ten miles above Krai, on a small

branch of the Gyne. After "taking rice" we went up to the village, to call on an old man who had frequently visited me in town and had often heard the gospel. He was less friendly than usual. He had lately become acquainted with the Roman Catholic priests, and took pride in telling how much consideration "the great priest" had shown him, and on what intimate terms they were. He had attended their worship, seen the image of Mary, with the child Jesus in her arms, and Christ on the cross. If Christ had died for our sins it was right that we should worship him, and it was also right to worship the mother of such a child. The celibacy of the priests, their distinctive dress, their counting of beads, their solemn kneeling before the cross, the holy water and burning candles—all their imposing externals had made a deep and favorable impression on his mind. Said he, "Theirs is a reasonable worship." He had attended the missionaries' worship, but saw nothing rational in their forms. He liked the singing very well; but when they prayed, the preacher in the pulpit looked at the house roof or at a post in front of him that had nothing on it, he could not tell which; "the congregation all bowed down to the backs of their benches, he saw nothing there to worship." It is exceedingly difficult for these people to get anything like a correct idea of a simple, spiritual worship, or of a God who is a spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Their minds have been so long enthralled in the debasing superstitions of idolatry, that all their conceptions are gross and carnal. After nine o'clock we returned to the boat to rest for the night.

Next morning, after early breakfast, we again went up to the village, to the house of the head man. He received us kindly and entered into conversation. Seeing that he was favorably disposed, I proposed that he spend a whole day in examining the state of his heart before God, and the grounds on which his hopes of happiness after death were founded. He assented, and sent out his son to call in his neighbors to hear the teacher. Three elderly men came in. We spent five hours together. During the time several others dropped in, some for a few minutes, others for an hour or more. This was the largest heathen congregation I had ever seen assembled together on purpose to hear the gospel. I read and explained several passages of Scripture. They listened with attention and interest, asked many intelligent questions about the way of life, and seemed to get the impression that the truth must be believed and acted upon before they could be saved by it. We spent the afternoon and evening in going round from house to house. Three or four persons appeared serious and thoughtful when we took leave of them the next morning. We regret that we have no means of keeping the truth before their minds. We left, and they will hear nothing more of the gospel for three months, perhaps a year. The Holy Spirit can deepen and perfect any seriousness that may exist, but He does it through the hearing of the truth,—and how can they hear without a preacher!

We found a kind reception every where, and in almost every village a few attentive listeners.

## Correspondence.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

Dear Brethren,—Please insert the following, which I have copied from an American Tract. It may be the means of converting sinners from the errors of their way, and saving souls from death.

Yours truly,

A SUBSCRIBER.

## Shall Christians Dance.

Why not Christians, if anybody? We would not advise a sinner to dance. A sinner is an enemy to God; and shall he dance? A sinner must repent, or perish; and shall he dance? A sinner is on the way to hell, and may be there in an hour: shall he dance? There is something supremely shocking in the idea of a dancing sinner. What fearful declarations are those of Job: "They send forth their little ones as a flock; and their children dance. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave." Job xxi. 11, 13.

But a Christian is a redeemed sinner. "He is bought with a price." He is washed, he is sanctified, he is justified, in the name of the

Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. "He is a new creature; old things are past away; behold all things are become new." The Christian is the image of Christ, and is to show to the world that he has been with Jesus, and has learned of him. The Christian is crucified to the world, and is, in a little while, to be in heaven, beholding and enjoying, and for ever to enjoy the glory of God. Let him sing for Joy, and dance too before the Lord, as David did, if such an exercise be suited to his present condition, and adapted to promote the glory of God and the salvation of men. For this is the Apostolic exhortation: "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have a time to dance. At what point of time shall it be? Just before or just after they set down at the table of the Lord? Is it the kind of preparation which fits them for that scene which Calvary beheld? Will the dance help them to examine themselves? Will it enable them to deny themselves as they should, after they have been anew to see Christ crucified? Can they, at the dance, think intensely upon the scenes in the garden; in the palace of the high priest; in the hall of Pilate; on the way to Calvary; at the wailing of the victim; and at the innocent sufferer's cry of agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." This cry, under Almighty wrath, crushing him to death for our sins, makes the ears of Christians tingle. How can they forget it so as to find time to dance?

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have leisure to dance. "Wist ye not," said Jesus, "that I must be about my Father's business?" He began early, and continued to be about his Father's business; so that in the end he could say to his Father, I have glorified thee upon the earth: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Then he was ready to depart, and with his last breath cried, "It is finished." Duty and suffering were completed. Are Christians, the followers of such a Saviour, at leisure, so that their work is done long before their sun is set? Do they understand God's word so well, that they need study it no more? Are all their duties to God in the closet, in the family, and in his house, diligently and faithfully performed? Do they perform all that is needful for the young, for the aged, for the church, for the world, and find leisure to unite with gay companions in moving to the sound of music, amid the mazes of pleasurable dissipation? Is the soul duly cared for? And from the dance can they return home to commune with God? to pray for all Saints and the ministers of Christ, with all prayer, and without ceasing? Can they "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep themselves unspotted from the world?"

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have money to maintain the dance. They are God's stewards, and he claims all they have, as well as all they are. The gold, "it is mine." The silver, "it is mine." Does he require Christians, as his stewards, to take his silver and his gold, and use them to decorate their persons, to furnish room, and equipage, and music, and refreshments for the dance? His poor must have food, and raiment, and shelter, out of his silver and gold. The institutions of religion must be sustained; the word of God must be put into every family of man; the ministry must be furnished for every creature: and all this must come out of his treasures. And when millions are needed more than are obtained—when the cry is wafted to Christian ears on every breeze, "come over and help us," where is the money to be found to maintain the dance? "I was once called," says an aged pastor, "to visit a young lady who was said to be in despair. She had, at some time previous, been serious, and had, it was hoped, resolutely set her face Zionward. In an evil hour, some of her former associates called on her to accompany them to a ball. She refused to go. The occasion, the company, the parade and gaiety, were all utterly dissonant from her present feelings. With characteristic levity and thoughtlessness, they employed persuasion and ridicule; and finally, so far prevailed, that in a desperate effort to shake off her convictions and regain her former sincerity, she exclaimed, 'Well, I will go, if I am damned for it!' God took her at her word. The blessed spirit immediately withdrew his influences, and instead of the anxious sigh, and longing desire to be freed from the body of sin and death, succeeded, by turns, the calm-

ness, and the horrors of despair. The wretched victim knew that the spirit had taken his final leave. No compunctions for sin, no tears of penitence, no inquiries after God, no eager seeking of the "place where Christians love to meet," now occupied the tedious hours. Instead of the bloom and freshness of health, there came the paleness and haggardness of decay. The wan and sunken cheek, the ghastly, glazing eye, the emaciated limb, the sure precursors of approaching dissolution, were there. The caresses of friends, the suggestions of affection, were all unheeded. The consolations of piety, the last resource of the miserable, were to her but the bitterness of death. In this state of mind I was called to visit her. When I entered the room, and beheld her pale and emaciated, and reflected that the ravages of her form without but faintly shadowed forth the wreck and desolation within, I was almost overpowered. Never had I conceived so vivid an idea of the woe and misery of those who have "quench'd the spirit." I proposed prayer. The word threw her into an agony. She utterly refused. No entreaties of friends, no arguments drawn from the love of God, or from the fulness and freeness of atoning blood, could prevail to shake her resolution. I left her, without being able to find a single avenue to her heart, or to dart one ray of comfort into the dark bosom, which, to all human view, was soon to be enveloped in the blackness of darkness forever. Never shall I forget the dreadful expression of that ghastly countenance, the tones of that despairing voice. The impression is as vivid as though it had been but yesterday. O, that all the young, gay, thoughtless ones, who stifle the convictions of conscience, and repress the rising sigh, and dance along the brink of utter reprobation and despair, would read and lay to heart the warning. O, that every parent would ponder the awful results of cherishing a passion in the youthful bosom, which may be used by Satan and wicked associates, so fearfully, to ruin the soul!

## DEATH WILL COME.

"Death will come; he will certainly come. He cannot be evaded; he cannot be put back; he cannot be made to take his steps any slower. Oh! he will come. All that lives on earth will die—every beast, bird, and creeping thing; the humming-bird, the insect that flutters in the sun-beam; every tree, and shrub, and flower—the oak, the pine, the acacia, the moss that grows over the wall; every monarch, every peasant, every rich man; every poor man; every master of a slave; every slave; every woman; every child; every old man that prides himself on his honors or his wealth; every young man that prides himself on his talents and his strength; every maiden that prides herself on her beauty. Oh! all will die!—I am in a world of death; I am amidst the dying and the dead; I see not a living thing in all my rambles that will not die—no man, no woman, no child, no bird, no beast, no plant, no tree. The eagle that cuts the air cannot fly above it; the monster of the deep cannot dive below it; the tiny insect cannot make itself so insignificant that death will not notice it: leviathan cannot with his great strength struggle against it.—The Christian will die—the sinner will die—yea, the sinner! Your wealth cannot save you. Death cares for none of these things; they are all trifles—gew-gaws beneath his notice. He no more 'loves a shining mark' than an ignoble one; he has no more pride in cutting down a rich man than a poor man—the daughter of beauty and fashion than the daughter of ugliness and sin. He loves to level the thistle as well as the rose-bud; the bramble as the carnation; the briar as the cedars of Lebanon. He cares as little for the robes of ermine as for the beggar's rags; as little for the robes of richest vestments and gayest apparel as for the blanket of the savage. You will die, and fear of death will come upon you. Death comes just as he is—pale, solemn, fixed—determined on his work. He hears no cry for pity, he regards no shriek of terror. He comes steady, certain, unchanged and unmanageable in his purpose to take you out of the assembly-room—taking you away from your companions, that will miss you for a moment and then resume their dance, that you may die. Death will come. He has been advancing towards you ever since you began to breathe. He has kept on his way, always advancing to meet you; while you have gone north or south, east or west, he has always put himself in your path—how near or how remote you have never known. Death will come. He has always been advancing, never receding; and soon his baneful shadow will fall upon your path. And that shadow will deepen and become more chilly, like an advancing eclipse; and then his dark form will stand right before you, between you and the light of the living world, and you will be in the dark valley. Death will come—fearful enough under any circumstances, even if you are a Christian; awful, unspeakably awful if you are not."—Albert Barnes.