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A PROTESTANT BALLAD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Hark, soldiers of the cross of Christ! hark, hark ye to the call
From sentinel on battlement, from watchman on the wall
The foe is stealing up the vale—right stealthily they come,
And noiselessly they move along to sound of muffled drum.

Brave soldiers of the cross of Christ, gird quick your armour on,
Be staunch and true, and steadfast stand until the day be won!
Bold be your hearts, and firm your hands—
"Quit ye like men, be strong!"
The battle yet may hotly rage, the conflict may be long.

Arouse! arouse from revelling, from slumber and from sleep!
Away ye to the ramparts, and your ports with vigour keep!
Up drawbridge, down portcullis! ho! ye warders, have a care!
The foe appears as if soon for onset to prepare.

Soldiers of the cross of Christ, look well unto your gear:
Your helmets and your corselets all be polished bright and clear—
Your greaves and gauntlets, coats of mail, your tried and well-known shield:
Look that your two-edged swords be keen, and manfully they wield.

Your Captain's eye is over you, beholding from above,
While o'er your heads there floateth fair his banner broad of love.
Be not as those who beat the air—fight the good fight of faith:
Your Captain is your God and guide, aye even unto death.

Gird ye your armour, soldiers, on—the armour whole of God:
Follow ye firmly in the steps your Captain first hath trod.
Flee on the coat of mail of truth, the gospel faith your shield—
The two-edged sword the word of God learn in God's strength to wield.

Salvation's burnish'd helmet plant now firm upon your brows,
And fasten on the breastplate broad with righteousness that glows,
The gospel greaves of love and peace bind well upon your feet,
And thus in Christ your Captain-God stand fast, and stand complete.

Fear not the foe though threatening, nor yet though wild the storm:
Stand fast, be strong, quit you like men in faithful phalanx form:
Fight steadfastly and patiently, and having fought firm stand,
Nor yield an inch of blood-bought ground, the free and promised land.*

Your Captain is your strength and shield: his faithfulness is sure.
Bravo comrades, then, "fresh courage take," though hardness ye endure:
His eye still watcheth over you, beholding from above,
While o'er your heads there floateth wide the banner broad of love.

* Justification by faith.

NEW HEBRIDES MISSION.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN INGLIS.

ANEITEUM, NEW HEBRIDES,

August 12, 1855.

No man-of-war has visited this island since the *Havannah* was here three years ago. Four months ago, H. M. S. *Calliope*, Captain Sir Everard Home, called at this way from the eastward. All the missionaries who have visited this island in the *John Williams*, speak distinctly of the good effects that have been produced upon the minds of the natives, especially at Fata, one of the worst of the islands, by the visits of H. M. S. *Havannah*, Captain Erskine, and H. M. S. *Fly*, Captain Oliver. Their firm, prudent, and humane conduct, inspired the natives with both fear and confidence; and, at the same time, they proved a terror to the evil-doers that frequent these seas. Would that the visits of such men could be more frequent!

There are no fewer than nine languages spoken at present on this island around the two mission stations. We have, as a matter of course, the Aneiteum and English languages. We have native teachers from Samoa and Rarotonga speaking other two languages, or at least two very distinctly marked dialects of the other language. We have natives of both Futuna and Tana residing on this island at present, and speaking other two languages. The deputation in the *John Williams* left with us, till their return from Sydney, natives of Broomanga, Fata, and Nina, or Savage Island, speaking three other different languages. Is there any University in Europe in which such an array of living languages can be found? But, alas! our polyglottism tends only to perpetuate ignorance, not to extend knowledge. It is the curse of Babel, not the blessings of Pentecost, that we experience; it is the confusion, and not the gift of tongues, that we exhibit on this island. It is the work of sin, ignorance, and barbarism, to multiply languages; it is the work of Christianity, knowledge, and civilization, to diminish their number. "Many are the languages on earth; there is only one in heaven." Necessity, however, the mother of invention, compels us to be linguists, and we contrive to hold a little intercourse, and to speak a few words, though, in some instances, only a very few, in all these

languages. We are very desirous that, by the blessing of God upon our labours, Aneiteum should become to the New Hebrides, what Iona was in the Old Hebrides. "That illustrious island," to quote the well known words of Dr. Johnston, "which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion."

Although Christianity may be said to have gained a complete victory on this island, yet there still remains a considerable amount of very obstinate heathenism which must neither be neglected nor despised. It is something like the Canaanites of old, who, when dispossessed from the plains and the valleys, entrenched themselves in the mountains. It will require to be dealt with as earnestly and wisely as we can with the means at our command.

The general feeling throughout the island is this, that the *Balaingaheni*—Christianity—is good and true; but the power of sin and superstition still retains many of the heathen in their old condition, and keeps many of the professedly Christian, as it were, halting between two opinions. The desire to hold feasts and enjoy the revellings connected with them, still operates as one of the barriers in the way of the heathen. For example, at Anau-un-se, beyond a mere opening, the cause has made no further progress. A great feast is to be held some time after this, which, coupled with some other unfavourable but accidental and temporary circumstances, will, most probably, keep everything at a stand-still till it be over. The alleged power of the disease-makers is also another cause of clinging to the old system of religion. Ignorance of the real nature and character of Christianity still deters a number of the remote inland natives; for although the Christian natives have displayed a laudable zeal in visiting their heathen countrymen (besides constant local visitation, a number of the leading men have made several tours round the island), yet no doubt much ignorance still prevails as to the true character and real objects of Christianity. Old feuds are also still remembered, and render some districts distrustful of their Christian neighbours.

Among the professedly Christian natives our greatest practical difficulties have been polygamy, or more frequently bigamy, on the part of the men; and desertion of their husbands on the part of the women. Bigamy prevails to a limited extent, principally among the chiefs. They profess that they have put away the one wife and retained only the other; but we often find that they act like the princes of Judah in the days of Jeremiah, who, having set free their men-servants and their maid-servants, made them afterwards return to be servants and hand-maids. The chiefs often cause their repudiated wives to return to their former subjection, and if not to live openly with them, at least to work for them. Of late, however, a very marked improvement has appeared in the case of some of the most influential chiefs on the other side of the island; they seem to be acting decidedly and honestly on this point.

As in many of the islands to the eastward, the women on this island appear always to have regarded the marriage union as a very slender bond, and the presence of a number of foreigners, for the last ten or twelve years, connected with the sandalwood establishment—now happily removed from this island, many of whom were any thing but helps to the mission—has had a very injurious influence on female character, and conjugal fidelity. When any domestic quarrel takes place, or when mere coquetry excites her, the wife leaves her husband, and goes to be a wife of some other man. The female population, from the stragglance of widows, and female infanticide, being considerably smaller than the male, gives great facility to this practice. There are few women on this island—at least as far as my enquiries have extended—above the age of thirty, who have not lived with more husbands than one. On this point—one of the fundamental articles of its creed—Socialism has had a full, fair, unfettered trial here; but no Eden has bloomed—domestic happiness has withered—the new moral world has been a chaos of strife and contention. But this evil, though still prevalent, is on the decline; public opinion is becoming strongly opposed to this practice.

For the last three months, we have been very busy with our new church. We are getting on very well with it. We have got most of the materials collected and prepared, and we have got the frame of the building set up, or, in other words, the walls up. It has necessarily engrossed a great portion of my time in planting, directing, and superintending the work. I have sometimes been disposed to grudge so much of my time being occupied with secularities, when there is so much spiritual work to be done, but lately, I have

been greatly reconciled to this kind of labour, by seeing its effects upon the mission. It was a necessary work, and I set about it heartily, as to the performance of an incumbent duty. I have not felt the work difficult, or the labour oppressive. I was engaged in church-building more than twenty years ago, and my mechanical knowledge, I find to be of great service to me on this island. The moral effects of the building, I did not calculate upon, till it should be finished; but, it has already told beneficially upon both the Christian and the heathen natives. To the Christian natives, it has been a great and exciting enterprise; it has had an excellent effect upon their minds, both in stimulating them to activity, and uniting them as one body. There has been nothing but activity and harmony among them since it was commenced. I have made something like a levy over this whole side of the island. For several months every man, on an average, has wrought about a day in the week; and they have wrought with great cheerfulness. As the work has advanced, it has evidently told favourably upon the heathen; and, now that the walls are up, and it is fast becoming a "great fact," it is operating as such upon their minds, and a considerable number of them are becoming what the natives call *upthak*—soft—a word applied to land well soaked with water, and easily dug. It has led them to look upon Christianity as something great as well as something good, and the savage mind is sooner impressed by what is great than by what is simply good. Two inland heathen villages that I have never yet seen—about seven miles distant—have lately abandoned heathenism and professed Christianity.

But what is to us the most striking is this—that the heathen natives on the east end of Aneiteum and the west end of Anau-jai, who have been pre-eminently *tipin*—hard or obstinate—the leading chief among them has repeatedly declared he would live and die a heathen, though they have not professed Christianity, have come several days to carry heavy timber for the Church—the first time the heathen have done anything for Christianity on this side of the island. The wood for our roof, wall plates, and cross-beams, has been lying prepared at Mr. Geddie's station for the last four months, and was to be brought round in the *John Williams* on her return from Sydney. The repairs found to be necessary were much greater than was expected, and consequently she has been detained in Sydney much longer than was anticipated. But not to delay the building, as the dry season is fast advancing, and as we are in so much want of the church, we procured wall plates and cross-beams on this side of the island; but the most of them had to be carried six or seven miles on men's shoulders. Our natives began to bring them, a few heathen at first came to help them, till by and by the heathen natives brought some of them entirely themselves. A few evenings ago nearly a hundred of them came carrying a very large beam singing and blowing a large conch so loud that they were heard nearly two miles distant. We are glad that they have acted thus on a two-fold account. It evinces a favourable disposition towards the gospel, and it gives them an interest in the building. I am anxious that it should be a catholic church, that it should belong to everybody, and that none should feel any hesitation to enter it as if it belonged to a party only.

The Rarotonga teachers left by the *John Williams* have been very serviceable to me in this work. They are much better mechanics than the natives of this island. As compared with our natives, they are Sidonians in their skill for hewing timber.

When speaking of the Rarotongans, it is perhaps necessary that I should say a few words respecting native agency in this work. I have reason to believe that for all time and for all men. They very incorrect ideas are entertained by ordained marriage to be a fountain of putrefaction to the human race in every stage of its progress. Christianity too, you will delight to see, is a fountain of life. It was to do splendour to the mission work in Eastern Polynesia, that it was very natural to introduce a wedding that the Lord Jesus fer that it must be of nearly equal value wrought forth His first miracle, and thus manifesting the glory of His love. While the water in the islands of Western Polynesia witnessed His glory, the water in the islands of the East witnessed His glory. This is a subject on which both Mr. Geddie and I have bestowed a good deal of attention, and on which our opinions for Jehovah who made Eve for Adam, in Paraclypt correspond. To us it appears that marriage, an help meet and a companion, there are three causes that will always Surely nothing more is wanting to endear Rarotonga and Rarotonga teacher the marriage union and demonstrate its comparative inefficiency on these islands sacredness. Acting in obedience to these are the climate, the languages, an dictate of nature, you have the approbation of Jehovah, and the blessing of the presence of foreigners. It may appear strange, but the teachers suffer great Lamb that was slain. God is the fountain more from the sickness peculiar to them of all chaste conjugal attachments. The islands than the missionaries. The language spoken in these islands are so different from any of the Malay dialects, that it is difficult to see how the construction of the words, and its pronunciation, that a can scarcely be exaggerated. An unhappy though they pick up as much as is necessary to make themselves understood is a sense in which your piety, virtue, hap-

everyday subjects, it is long before they are competent to communicate the simplest ideas respecting the way of salvation. When the missionaries arrived on this island, there had been Samoan or Rarotongan teachers on it for six years; yet the only word they had found for *soul* was that which signifies *shadow*. The presence of foreigners on these islands presents so many temptations for trading and other secularizing pursuits, as greatly lessens their usefulness as teachers. But this subject, the fuller illustration of which I must defer to some future opportunity. Both of us are anxious to impress upon the minds of all interested in the evangelization of this group, that the work can be advantageously carried on only by a sufficient number of competently qualified missionaries.

May the great Head of the Church, who has received, and still gives gifts unto men, raise up, qualify, send forth, sustain and bless such a body of evangelists, as shall soon make these benighted islands to rejoice in the cheering light of the glorious gospel of the Son of God.

I remain, my dear Sir,
yours very sincerely,
JOHN INGLIS.

Rev. Dr. Bates.

THE BLIND GIRL.

(From the Boston Traveller.)

Come, mother, let me feel
The pressure of thy gentle hand in mine,
And know that thou art near. Oh! I love like
thine
Is as a ray of sunlight to my heart!
Come, mother, talk with me; that voice so mild
Like music greets the ear of thy blind child.
This is the summer time
In at the open window perfumes come;
And brother says the roses are in bloom,
Of every beauteous hue the rainbow wears.
Let me go out and breathe this morning air,
And touch the flowers. Are they very fair?

I hear the joyous song
Of little birds, sporting among the trees;
Say—are they beautiful to one that sees?
Have they bright colours, such as have the flowers?
Tell me their plumage, mother—joy I find
Thinking what you can see, though I am blind.
Here, mother, let me rest
Here were I feel the soft breeze on my brow,
With trees and fragrant flowers around me now,
I thank our Father for the good bestowed;
He doeth all things well—I am resigned,
Mother, it is his will, and I am blind.

Often have I been sad
To think I never could see the pleasant light—
To think life's morning all to me was night;
And oft, dear mother, I have wept alone,
I pray God will give that sinful mind.
He judged it for the best—and I am blind.
And now His will be done.
At longest, in this darkness I shall stay
But little time; then, mother dear, you say
There is a glorious happy home of joy.
No night is there; bliss unalloyed is given;
None grieve, none fall; there are no blind in Heaven.

From the Irish Presbyterian.

THE MARRIAGE RING.

We suppose, gentle reader, that you are about to enter the married life. Whilst offering you our cordial congratulations, we beg to tender you our counsels also. It is not to abate but to enhance your joy that we write. It is to make your bliss purer, fuller, and more abiding. Marriage may be made a well-spring of happiness or a fountain of bitterness. The subject is one of much delicacy; but to the pure all things are pure.

Consider the dignity of the institute itself. It is a relic of Eden when it was yet in bloom. Its origin dates before the fall, when Adam was innocent—ere Eve's angelic loveliness was swept by sin. It has the infinite wisdom of God in it—it bears the seal of His authority—it drops with His love. Jehovah presided at the first marriage, and gave the nuptial benediction, while the sons of God witnessed the ceremony. It should never be forgotten that the words, "Thou shalt man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh," were spoken by God. The poison of domestic life is covetousness, jealousy; the cure is correct truth, and goodness, and it will be arch capable of supporting any amount of happy intercourse. Distrust, rancour, and the affection, sincerity, and honesty of those you are bound to imperil your life long happiness makes a mere duty of that which should be a delight. As there is one flesh between you, so there is one spirit. Secretiveness, selfishness, married life should be a consecrated and there should be no concealment.

Amiability, too, must occupy a chief place in your regard. That Scripture which, in Col. iii. 15, our version translates, "See that ye be thankful," the Geneva Testament renders, "See that ye be amiable." The sentiment is worthy of being emblazoned in gold. It is unreasonable to expect to be loved unless you are lovable. Shine all round with good qualities, and the hearts of the domestic scene will attach themselves to you. A combination of excellence and

pineness, usefulness, prosperity, and even life itself, depends on marriage. If the intimacies of a day are carefully attended to, on the ground that they tell on your character and influence, how much rather ought the most intimate and enduring of all unions be considered and weighed in the balance of reason and immortality! Heedlessness or haste here is criminal in the last degree. It is a sin against virtue, against happiness, against love.

It is essential that you should be married by God. Jesus must be there. He who presented Adam, in Paradise, with his bride, and blessed them; He who attended the nuptial feast at Cana of Galilee, will not be absent, if invited. God is no indifferent spectator, far less an enemy to your happiness. Such is the benignant character of our heavenly Father, that he is pleased with seeing His children drink of the fountains of virtuous pleasure.

Now, it is His blessing that constitutes conjugal bliss. No matter who is absent if He be present. The lustre of His countenance on such an occasion outshines all earthly brightness. There will be no enrapturing sweetness at the marriage feast unless the King comes in to see the guests.

It is becoming and necessary that your married life should begin religiously. The richest ornaments are *graces*; the loveliest jewels are the affections of the heart; the most appropriate dress is the attire of virtue. Piety becomes every relationship and every change of life. It deepens joys and assuages sorrow, it calms the perilous delirium of excitement, makes the stream of happiness smooth, and gives favour and stability to love. To forget God when the cup of conjugal happiness is put to your lip is ingratitude and impiety. To have no room for the Lord Jesus in your heart or your house at such a time is to sow the seeds of a sorrow that may embitter your whole life. The kingdom of God is joy in the Holy Ghost; religion is goodness, and holiness is happiness; why, then, divorce them from conjugal felicity?

The essence of domestic happiness is love—love, mutual and enduring—love, which is not a sentiment or a passion, but a principle. Build your happiness on a sentimental attachment! As soon might you erect a royal palace on the foam of the sea! Many an unhappy marriage arises out of the fatal mistake of regarding a temporary feeling of warmth and interest as an affection delightful and enduring. Love founded on moral qualities, and pervading with its subtle essence all the intercourse of conjugal life, is the true philosophy of domestic enjoyment. It should always look through your eye and spread through your tongue; it should reign paramount in the heart and give tone to the conversation; it should clothe itself in tenderness and pour itself out in kindness and consideration.

Can anything be more dismal than the marriage relationship unblest with love? When the heart loses the sacred impulse, it degenerates into indifference or contempt. Take care of the sacred flower of love, for should it once shed its bloom, it is hard, or impossible, to renew its drooping form. Selfishness, neglect, forbidden pleasures, evil tempers and petty tyrannies, are the traitors and assassins of conjugal happiness. Familiarity, in some cases, begets satiety, and satiety disgusts. The remedy against domestic infelicity, lies in the habitual cultivation of the best affections of the heart. Let them intertwine and effloresce as life flows on. Be it your study to draw nutriment for them from the sunshine and shower of every moral landscape.

As you value conjugal happiness, be careful to display a *confiding* disposition. The poison of domestic life is covetousness, jealousy; the cure is correct truth, and goodness, and it will be arch capable of supporting any amount of happy intercourse. Distrust, rancour, and the affection, sincerity, and honesty of those you are bound to imperil your life long happiness makes a mere duty of that which should be a delight. As there is one flesh between you, so there is one spirit. Secretiveness, selfishness, married life should be a consecrated and there should be no concealment.

Amiability, too, must occupy a chief place in your regard. That Scripture which, in Col. iii. 15, our version translates, "See that ye be thankful," the Geneva Testament renders, "See that ye be amiable." The sentiment is worthy of being emblazoned in gold. It is unreasonable to expect to be loved unless you are lovable. Shine all round with good qualities, and the hearts of the domestic scene will attach themselves to you. A combination of excellence and

gentleness, of sterling worth and meek humility, of good sense and self-control, would be all powerful in its attractions. Kindness and consideration, in little things and great, are well springs of comfort. An unkind word, a severe look, a satirical remark, an evil temper, may blot the felicity of a day, and hang the domestic horizon with clouds. It is easy to cool down the ardour of an attachment to that point at which alienation begins. Loveliness, born of grace and wrought by culture, is the glory of all the relationships of domestic life. It adds to them all their sweetness.

Conclusion next week.

THE VICTORY IN THE CRIMEA.

We take the following extracts from an excellent editorial in the *Scottish Guardian*, on the receipt of the News of the Victory in the Crimea:

"The welcome tidings were received in Glasgow by telegraph on Sabbath morning, and were speedily spread throughout the city, diffusing universal joy. No public demonstration, however, took place, but such as was befitting both the day and the occasion. In the afternoon services in most of the churches, pointed allusion was made in the devotional exercises to the momentous intelligence; and whilst appropriate expression was given to the sentiment of gratitude to Almighty God which filled and warmed every heart, earnest supplication was at the same time made on behalf of those who have yet to learn that this triumph has cost them the loss of beloved relatives and friends; and devout thanksgivings were rendered for the protection vouchsafed to survivors in the day of battle. It is an interesting coincidence that the good news should have been made known throughout the land on the Sabbath set apart for public thanksgiving in the Church of England on account of the abundant harvest. If liturgical restrictions excluded any allusion to the subject from the form of prayer set down for the day, this fresh mark of Divine favour to our underserving land would still quicken the feeling of humble gratitude which the occasion was fitted to call forth in every thoughtful mind. We can testify in common with many others to the solemnising impression produced upon congregations in our own Church on Sabbath, by the judicious and seasonable introduction of the topic as a new element of thanksgiving, in addition to the other causes of national gratitude and humiliation which are so numerous and remarkable at the present time."

"Our armies also feel that they are defending the freedom of a wronged and oppressed people, whose prostration under the aggressive power of Russia would inevitably subvert those political arrangements upon which depend, instrumentally, the peace, the prosperity, and the social progress of western Europe. For this they are daring disease in the camp and danger and death on the field of battle. A grateful and confiding country, forgetful of its own sacrifices, not to be named in comparison of theirs, follows them in their perilous expedition with absorbing interest, mingling admiration of their heroism and constancy, with profoundest sympathy for their sufferings, and commending them and the cause they have espoused, to the continued favour and protection of the God of Battles."

THE LAST SABBATH IN THE CAMP OF GALATA, NEAR VARNNA.

The following is the mode in which the last Sunday was spent in the camp of the Third Division of Lord Raglan's army, previous to their embarkation to Sebastopol. In a picturesque and lonely spot on the south side of Varna Bay, with a fine commanding view of the Pontus Euxinus, on a glorious morning, when the sun shone brilliantly, the different regiments of the division marched, on the 27th of August, with their bands, from their different encampments to the church parade-ground, selected by Major Wood, the Assistant-Adjutant-General, for the solemn worship of God. There stood the various battalions in silent reverence, still as death, rendered homage to the God of armies; deeply impressed, as it were, with the works of His hands, which were scattered around in all their rich profusion. But a still more solemn scene followed on this last Sabbath. After the usual morning service, the Holy Communion was administered by the Reverend G. Moekler, the Chaplain to the Division, the large hospital marquee at the headquarters, the curtains of which had been raised, to give more air and freer access, so that holy feast came four General Officers, with their respective staffs; the Colonels of the regiments, and numbers of junior officers. There knelt in lowly and becoming reverence on the green turf, at the little rustic table, covered with its snow-white cloth, some of the best blood of England. Amongst the most knightly General Sir Richard England, the General of the Division; with his Brigadier-Generals, Sir Colin Campbell, Bart., and General Eyre; also General Estcourt, the Adjutant-General of the whole army; Major Wood, and the Hon. Major Colbourne, the Adjutant and Quartermasters-General of the Division; also Colonel Bell, of the 1st Royal Regiment, and the Hon. Colonel Spencer, of the 44th Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, 28th, and Lieut.-Colonel Waddy, 50th Regiments; also the Staff-Surgeon of the Division—in fact, Majors and Captains, Lieutenants and Ensigns, drummers and privates, kneeling side by side at the "table of the Lord." There were assembled, in uniforms of rich and varied hue, gallant officers with eyes fixed intent on their prayer-books or communion manuals, or else deep in reverential thought, at the sacred service of the day—probably the last, prior to the gigantic undertaking in hand, that such a solemn Sabbath might ever be repeated.