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"ONE THING IS NEEDFUL:" "ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED OF THE LORD:" "THIS ONE THING I DO." WHOLE NO. 292

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TERMS.—IN ADVANCE. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858. By Mail, or at the Office, $1.50 per Year, Delivered in the City, 1.75 " " } SEE PROSPECTUS.

Original Poetry.

"Losing All—A Family Scene," from the Child's Paper.

VERSIFIED BY E. W. H.

A merchant failed; with reeling brain,
He sought his quiet home again:
"What is the matter?" asked his wife,
"I'm beggared—ruined for my life."
Pressing his hand unto his head—
"I've lost my *all*," again he said.
"*All!*" said his wife, "am I not left?
O, surely thou art not bereft."
"*All*, papa!" said his eldest boy,
"Why, here am I;" anon with joy,
His little daughter to him ran,
And to his neck most fondly clang.
"I's not lost, papa," Eddie cried,
"And you have health," said wife, beside,
"And hands to work," quoth son, "don't fear,
For I can help you, papa, dear."
"You've feet to carry you about,"
"Pa's eyes," cried Eddie, "not put out."
Said grand mamma, "God's Word is life;"
"And God is good," responds the wife;
Then said the girl, "there's heaven, so fair,
And Jesus came to bring us there."

"O God, forgive me!" cried the sire,
"My mercies bid my grief retire;
O no! I have not lost my *all*,"
And tears of joy began to fall.
"What, though of wealth I am bereft,
More precious things my God hath left;
With you I am not called to part,
I'll fold you to my *thankful heart*."

No loss of wealth should cloud the mind
From greater blessings left behind.
No man has truly lost his all,
Till from integrity he fall—
Till from God's mercy he be cast,
And lose his hope of heaven at last.

Mr. Fullerton's Narrative of Events at Futtehgurh.

Destruction of Mission Property at Mynpurie and Futtehgurh—Distress of the Native Christians, and their Steadfastness in the Faith—The Voyage, Capture, and Death of the Futtehgurh Missionaries.

[Mr. Fullerton, of Agra, has been to Futtehgurh, to encourage the native Christians who have returned to gather up what could be saved of the Mission property, and to learn, as far as possible, the circumstances and manner of death of our beloved missionaries. The extracts which we give need no comment, nor does their length require any apology. They will be read by many with tearful eyes.

Having given an account of his journey to Mynpurie, Mr. Fullerton proceeds.]

FUTTEHGURH, January 18th, 1858.

At an early hour I started in search of Hulas Roy, one of our catechists, and the head master of the city school. The road which I took, led me through the Mission Compound. This was my first home in India, and a happy one it was. I approached it, as I have always done when I have returned to it, with feelings of much interest; but alas! how changed. The roof of half of the room has fallen in, and the timbers sustaining the remainder in the other rooms have been so weakened by fire that some of them will probably have to be taken down; the walls are black, and some of them are almost ready to fall; the grounds about the buildings have become a jungle, and the whole place wears a most desolate appearance. The little church is still standing; but nothing but the shell remains. The school house near the city is in a pretty good state of repair. The reason of this is, that the Rajah seized it for himself, making it his office. Here he transacted the most of his business during the rebellion.

After a short search, I found Hulas in Deopura, occupying a miserable hovel. He and his wife and child barely escaped death from the hands of the Sepoys. They are very poor, having been robbed three times during the Summer. All that they saved was a few books which they buried in the ground, and which I found him drying upon a charpoy, or bedstead, the only article of furniture I saw in the house.

Having assured him the long and gloomy night of terror, which for months past has hung over us, was drawing to a close, and that the dawn of a brighter day was probably near at hand; and having promised to see him on my return from Futtehgurh, I retraced my steps.

We found the country under a much better state of cultivation than we had anticipated, but evidences of the outbreak were everywhere visible, in roofless villages, ruined dak bungalows, police stations, and milestones, and in the extreme poverty of the people. During the reign of anarchy, one village has plundered and burned another, until they are nearly all ruined. I did not see a woman or child in Mynpurie, Bbogaon, or Bewar, Hulas Roy's wife and child excepted. All had fled to distant villages.

On reaching Futtehgurh, I made my way at once to Rukha, expecting to find it unoccupied save by our native Christians; but what was my astonishment to find it the headquarters of the commander-in-chief. Ten thousand British soldiers, and almost as many camp followers, are encamped in and about the premises. Their canvas houses stretch far away to the South and West, covering all the land belonging to the mission, and filling the large mango groves beyond our little burial ground. Every place swarms with oxen, buffaloes, horses, camels and elephants; while artillery wagons, baggage wagons, and private conveyances in vast numbers are found wherever there is room for them to stand.

My first business was to look for our native Christians, but a glance at the state of the mission premises said to me louder than words could speak, "They can't be here."

There is not a roof, a door, or a window, or even a piece of wood as large as a walking stick in the place. The bungalows occupied by the missionaries, the old church, the orphanage, the tent manufactory and the Christian village have been involved in one common ruin. Some of the walls of these buildings have fallen down, filling the rooms with heaps of rubbish; others are leaning and ready to fall; and still others are so cracked and broken that they will probably have to come down before they can be repaired. The walls and steeple of the new church are still standing; but its roof has been destroyed, and its timbers and everything movable taken away.

The first place I entered, was the bungalow recently occupied by the Freemans. Here the Walshes and the Seelys welcomed us to their field of labor seven years ago, and here two years ago we met nearly all the brethren of our mission. Every room had its associations, and the contrast between the past and the present, filled my soul with sadness. I passed on into the orphanage, at the back part of the house. Here we had often seen Mrs. Walsh at her labors; and here the Master said to dear Mrs. Freeman,

"Servant of God well done,
Rest from thy blest employ."

The place was filled with oxen; I looked at it but for a moment and then turned away. I next directed my steps to the bungalow in which the McMullins lived at the time of the outbreak. Here we had lived three months, awaiting our baggage on our first arrival in the country. Here the Campbells lived after us; and here I saw them surrounded by their three beautiful children two years ago. The walls of their drawing room sheltered now an elephant from the cold West wind, and other parts of the building were occupied as a stable for oxen. I went to the little church in which our first annual meeting was held, during my last visit to the station; and where only two short years ago I spent one of the most delightful communion Sabbaths it has ever been my lot to enjoy. But where are my fellow communicants who sat down with me then at the table of our Lord? The Freemans, the Campbells, and the Johnsons? Our other missionary brethren? The young convert who that day renounced the religion of the false prophet, and who, with tears of penitence, cast in his lot with the people of God? Poor Babar Khan! who wept for joy over a brother who "was lost and is found?" and poor Dhokal? The large number of native brethren who partook with us of the feast which was spread before us?

"All are scattered now and fled,
Some are living and some are dead,
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
When shall these all meet again?"

The roofless buildings, and the blackened walls around me, reply, Never, until we eat bread in our Father's house above.

As I could not find the living, I paid a visit to the home of the dead. A short walk brought me to our little mission grave yard. Here lie the remains of dear Mrs. Seely, whom all loved who knew her. As I approached her grave, the recollections of the past were so vivid, that I felt that she must rise and meet me, with one of the smiles of welcome with which she was ever wont to meet her friends; and although the feeling was not realized, I could not help saying to myself, "She is not dead but sleepeth." Here, too, the hand of the destroyer has been busy, her grave remains untouched, but the tomb over it has been broken to pieces and carried away.

A pious captain, by the name of ——, a grandson of Mrs ——, the friend of Cowper, heard that there was a missionary in camp, and sent for me. I dined with him, and spent the evening with him. At a late hour, having procured a charpoy from the good captain's Christian clerk, I wrapped my *résai*, or quilt, about me, and laid me down, thinking of the 137th Psalm: "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion." Alas! how changed and sad our mission is now. But how impotent is the rage of our enemies; they may triumph for a season, burn our churches, kill our missionaries, and scatter our people, but they cannot prevail against the cause of Christ. We are weak, but our Master is strong; this is a thought with which the Psalmist was wont to comfort himself under trouble.

"My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass. But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever, and thy remembrance unto all generations. Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion; for the time to favor her, yea, the set time, is come. For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof. So the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord and all the kings of the earth thy glory."

In my next letter, I will tell you something about our native Christians.

FUTTEHGUHR, January 25th, 1858.

* * * * * * *

I reached the station on Saturday evening, but I did not succeed in finding our poor native brethren until late in the evening of the next day. I at length found them in the cantonment bazaar, in a building with a court yard in the centre.

As soon as it was known that I had arrived, men, women and children, gathered around me. We met in silence, neither they nor I could for a time trust our voice to speak, for fear we should break down. They are the children of the mission, and in Rukka they had found a happy home. In the midst of their prosperity, and at a time they least expected it, the storm arose, which has swept with such pitiless fury over these provinces, desolating many of its fairest fields and filling many of its homes with unutterable woe. It seized them and scattered them like the leaves of the forest. For seven or eight months they were driven by it wherever it listed. I saw its effect upon them, in their miserable clothing, and in their emaciated appearance, but I shall not attempt to describe what my feelings were. They no doubt thought of their murdered teachers and brethren, whose faces they will see no more; of their wanderings and their sufferings since they were driven from the station; and their feelings at their return were probably not unlike those which heave the breast of the survivors of a shipwreck, on escaping from the horrors of a watery grave. When I could control my feelings, I asked for a Bible and a Hymn book. We then sang the 23d Psalm, and read the 103d, and then kneeling down upon the bare ground of the court yard, we lifted our hearts in prayer to God, thanking him for his many mercies to us during the terrible months (which seem like so many years,) which have intervened since these calamities overtook us, and for permitting so many of us to return to our homes in peace. The absent ones were remembered; and we did not forget to pray that those evils may be overruled for good to ourselves, to the heathen, and to the Church. When we arose, each had his tale of sorrow and of suffering to relate. The missionaries left the station on the 4th of June, but the native Christians remained until the 19th. During this time they were exposed to the greatest dangers. The native regiment had mutinied on the 4th, seized the treasury, and carried it to the parade ground, and placed their own guard over it. Their brave old colonel (Col. Smith,) remained with them, trying to bring them back to their allegiance; and up to the 19th, showed much interest in the villagers of Rukha. He gave them arms, and told them to defend themselves, if molested, until he could come to their rescue. His entrenchment was a mile distant. Three times they were attacked by large bodies of men, but were as often delivered out of their hands by the kind-hearted old colonel. On the 18th, two mutinous regiments came to the station, and then the work of plunder and destruction commenced. As soon as the property was removed, the buildings were fired, and soon the station was a heap of smouldering ruins. Rukha stands a little out of the station, and hence escaped until the next morning; by this time the villagers in the neighborhood had risen, and they now surrounded the place in great numbers, not for the purpose of killing its occupants, but for the purpose of plundering it. They went systematically to work; they first plundered the church, then the houses of the missionaries, then the tent manufactory, and last of all, the native Christians. They began about eight o'clock, and by noon their work was done, and the premises were left in the state which I described in my last letter.

While all this was occurring at Rukha, a similar work was going on at Bharpur. This is where brother Campbell and brother Johnston, together with a number of native brethren, lived. And I will here say, that I may not have to refer to it again, that the condition of the premises at this place differs in no respect from those of Rukha. But to return to Rukha, after the native Christians had been robbed of everything but what they had on and the few valuables they had about their persons, they scattered, some going to one village and some to another, but still remaining within a short distance of their old homes. For a few days they felt comparatively secure, as they had now little to lose but their lives, and as they had escaped with these on the 19th, they hoped they would not be disturbed in future. But the Nawab issued an order that they should be seized and killed, at the same time offering a reward for their heads.

On hearing this, they fled in all directions; some, after many hair-breadth escapes, reached Cawnpore, just after it had been retaken by General Havelock, where the Rev. Mr. Gregson, of the Baptist Mission, rendered them every assistance in his power. By the time they reached that place they had scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness, having been stripped of everything by the way. But all who set out for Cawnpore were not so fortunate as to reach it. A number of little children, unable to endure the privations and hardships of the journey, died. A mother, too, fell sick, the wife of an esteemed Catechist, John F. Houston, and by some means became separated from the rest of the company. She had with her an unweaned child. When they were next seen they were lying side by side in a poor hovel at the edge of a village. Both were dead! There was no one near to administer to the wants of that dying mother. She needed no one to smooth her pillow, for her only bed was the hard ground. There was no one there to give her a cup of cold water, or to direct her thoughts above; none to quiet her child or to give it food; and none when the breath left their bodies to carry them to the grave. For several days they were left lying where they died. They were Christians. The proud Moslem would not touch them, because their faith differed from his own, and the Hindoo would not do it for fear of losing caste. At last, when they could remain no longer in the village, some sweepers came, carried them out and threw them into a neighboring stream.

But did I say that this mother and her child were alone? No, they were not alone! *He* was with them who says, "*Lo, I am with you alway*," and the angels were with them who bore Lazarus from his wretchedness on earth to a place in Abraham's bosom. Their afflictions were but for a moment; they now enjoy an "exceeding and an eternal weight of glory." Let me die among cold and heartless strangers, destitute, afflicted and far from human sympathy; let the cold ground be my dying bed, and the turbid stream my last resting place, but "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Those of our native Christians who did not make for Cawnpore, fled to distant villages. Some found a friendly shelter under the roof of the Zamindars, where they earned a livelihood for themselves and families for seven months, by working in the fields for about three cents a day. Others were less fortunate; they entered villages which were hostile to them, and had to flee from place to place, each day expecting that it would be their last. They were stripped of their clothing, and were sometimes whole days without food. Sometimes they had nothing to eat but a little meal mixed with water, and at others they lived upon the ears of corn which they plucked from the fields.

But the case of the six blind, orphan girls, poor blind Lulloo and Kurga, the leper, is the one which has excited my commiseration most. Here were seven persons without eyes, and one who is almost helpless, who were driven from their homes at the beginning of the rainy season. Such persons would not want in any village at home, but it is not so here. Hindoos turn away even from Hindoos who are afflicted in this way, because they look upon their sufferings as the just retribution of heaven upon them for their sins in a former birth. What, then, could these poor Christians expect from them? They, no doubt, expected but little, and it was but little they received. They were sometimes days and nights without a shelter, and had it not been that He who hears the young ravens when they cry, sheltered them and provided for them, they must have perished.

I was here several days before I found out where they were. Having then learned that they were in a village some distance from the place where I am stopping, I rode out to see them. They were living in a miserable shed; all were present but one. Their poverty surpassed anything I ever saw before. All they possessed in the world, would not have sold for twenty-five cents in the streets of New York. They were overjoyed when they heard my voice. At one time they no doubt felt that their friends and teachers had all been killed, and that they would never meet any of us again, and hence we need not wonder at their joy. I found poor Lulloo lying on the ground, sick of a fever, and with nothing but a few rags to cover him. I asked him if he had found Christ precious during the long months of suffering through which he had passed. His reply was, "Oh, yes! in dukh (pain) and in sukh (ease), *He* is ever the same." As I was returning, I met poor blind Susan, who I had heard was in search of me. A little boy was leading her. I asked her who she was. Her reply was, "I am a poor blind girl; I have been looking for my padri; but I can't find him." When she learned who I was, her lips trembled with emotion, while she thanked me for coming to see them. "Oh, sir," she said, "it is very kind of you to come so far to look after poor blind people like us." Poor girl, she little knew what a privilege I felt it to be. And who would not esteem it a privilege, seeing that our blessed Redeemer has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me?"

Oh! who, under these circumstances, would lose an opportunity to administer to the wants of the lowly? And who would not serve a Master who thus highly esteems the services of those who make them the objects of their care?

Dhokal and his family were killed in this station by the order of the Nawab. Twenty-nine Christians were killed at the same time. I heard in Agra that twenty one of these belonged to Rukha, but this has not been corroborated here. We have not yet learned, with a few exceptions, who they were. There are nearly a hundred native Christians, including young and old, here now. Through the kindness of Major Conran, to whom our Afghan mission is so much indebted, Dr. Farquhar, C. S., W. H. Lowe, C. S., C. Raikes, C. S., Lieutenant Harrington, and a few other friends, they have all been placed out of the reach of immediate want, and will now, I hope, be able to earn a livelihood for themselves.

I am glad that I am able to say, in conclusion, that although some of them were seized and threatened with death if they refused to become Mohammedans, I have not heard of a single case of apostacy among them. But I must close.

FUTTEHGURH, January 30, 1858.

MY DEAR ——: You have already heard from us at different times all we know about the fate of our dear missionary brethren who labored here, and I know not that I can give you any additional information upon the subject. Still, you will, no doubt, feel interested in hearing what eye witnesses of what befell them have to say with regard to it.

I have heard many stories respecting their end, many of which were conflicting, but, by taking the parties relating them one by one and privately examining them, I think that I have arrived at the truth.

The native brethren say that for nearly three weeks before the troops at the station mutinied, the missionaries and themselves were in the greatest state of alarm. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Johnston, with their families, came in from Bharpur; the former stayed with the Freemans, the latter with the McMullins. They had but little fear that their own regiment, the 10th N. I., would mutiny, because it was one that had greatly distinguished itself for its fidelity in the last Burmah war, but large bodies of mutinous troops were daily passing near the station, and they did not know what moment they might be attacked by them. In consequence of this, they patrolled the mission premises every night, and had their horses harnessed, so that they might fly at a moment's warning.

On the morning of June 3d, the regiment at the station showed signs of an intention to mutiny, and that night the European officers slept in the lines with the Sepoys. Colonel Smith made every exertion to keep them from throwing off their allegiance, and in this he would have succeeded, if it had not been for the fact that half of the regiment was composed of new recruits. The old soldiers were disposed to remain true to their colors, but the recruits wished at once to join the rebels. The next morning they seized the treasury and carried it to the parade ground, and were in an open state of mutiny. The brave old colonel, however, still remained with them, trying to bring them back to their allegiance. In this he so far succeeded that they promised and sealed it with a most solemn oath, that if the past were forgiven they would remain true to him—a promise and an oath which they most shamefully broke a few days afterwards.

On the 3d, when the disturbance in the regiment commenced, the European residents nearly all made arrangements to leave the station, by boats, for Cawnpore. Some spent the night on board, and others remained in bungalows on the bank of the river. Our missionaries went to the house of Mr. McLain, an indigo planter, living near the river. In the night, brother Campbell returned, and walked for several hours in the garden with the native brethren, advising them and trying to strengthen their faith. He told them he had little hope himself of escaping, but that he felt less concern about himself than he did for them. They speak of his return, and the advice he gave them, with much gratitude.

On the morning of the 4th, when the residents of the station heard that the regiment had seized the treasury, they fled to their boats and dropped down the river. There were four boats; our brethren were in that of Mr. McLain, who seems to have shown them the greatest kindness.

When the reached Rawal Gunje, eight miles from Futtehgurh, the villagers came out with clubs, intending to plunder them; but when they saw that the party was armed, they did not attempt it. At Singirampore they were fired on by a large number of matchlock men. Their fire was returned, and they too made off. The party then, for mutual protection, all got into one boat, leaving their baggage in the other three. The latter were soon plundered.

They met with no further interruption until they reached Quasampore, a Mohammedan village. Here they were again fired on, and one of the party was wounded severely in the thigh. The fire was returned, and eight of the villagers were killed. This gave them a check, but still they followed them for nearly an hour. On the evening of the third day after leaving Futtehgurh, they went ashore to cook a little food. Here they fell into the hands of a powerful Zamindar, who asked them whence they came and whither they were going. On hearing their reply, he told them they were now at his mercy. They offered him a thousand rupees if he would let them off and help them to get down to Cawnpore; promising to pay five hundred down and the other five hundred on their reaching the end of their journey. These conditions were accepted, the money was collected and paid. The treacherous Zamindar then said, "I will give you five men here and the rest at a village a short distance lower down the river." Of the five men, only one went on board, and the rest managed to run away, and this was all the assistance they received from him.

The party after this floated down with the current for two days and nights, without stopping, and without meeting with any further interruption during that time.

On the evening of the fifth day after leaving Futtehgurh, they reached an island five miles below Bithoor, the residence of the bloody Nena Sahib, and as many above Cawnpore. Here they tied their boat to the shore, and hired a man to carry a note to Sir Hugh Wheeler, who was at this time besieged by the rebels under the Nena Sahib. The object of the party was to get an escort so that they might get into the trenches; but the man whom they sent never returned. For three days they remained at the island trying to communicate with Sir Hugh, but all their efforts failed.

During all this time the roar of artillery was distinctly heard, and the fugitives were placed in a most trying position. Below them was a bridge of boats, so that it was impossible for them to get down the river, and above them the whole country was swarming with enemies, so that it was impossible to return.

On the fourth day they saw some Sepoys crossing the bridge, but they thought little of it, supposing that they were going to Lucknow. But they soon learned their mistake, for the Sepoys very soon after crossing opened fire on them from a cornfield on the Oude side. The first cannon ball struck within a foot of the boat, the second killed a child, the third killed a lady and a native nurse. The whole party then left the boat and concealed themselves among the long grass on the island. Here they remained for a little while, and then sought the protection of a few sissoo trees which were at some distance, as they found the heat of the sun very great. Under their shadow they found a well and some native huts. They asked the owner for water, but he would neither draw it for them nor allow them to draw it for themselves. When one of the three native Christian young men who were with them saw this, he went to the river and brought water for them until all were satisfied.

The party consisted of one hundred and twenty six persons. One of the missionaries now arose and said, "Our last day has in all probability come; let us, therefore, commend our souls to God in prayer." Brother Freeman read a portion of Scripture, and made a few remarks. They then sang a hymn and all kneeled down, and brother F. led them in prayer. Another hymn was then sung, and brother Campbell made some remarks and led in prayer. The party then held a short consultation among themselves, after which those who had arms took them and threw them into the river. An hour or two after this, a party of Sepoys appeared on the right bank, procured a boat and crossed over, and made them prisoners.

When they reached the main land, some of the party told the Sepoys that the most of them were not connected with government in any way; that they were merchants, indigo planters, teachers, missionaries, &c., who, since they had been in the country, had pursued peaceful callings, and that they should not therefore molest them. A few of the Sepoys said that this was true, and were disposed to let them go; but others said, No, away with them to the Nena Sahib, and let them be killed, that the seed of the foreigners may not remain in the country. The latter party prevailed, and proceeded to bind their prisoners together two and two. Where they were husband and wife, they were allowed to be tied together, the left hand of the husband being tied to the right hand of his wife. The Campbells were thus tied; brother Campbell carried Willie in his arms, a friend carrying Fanny for him. None of the other missionaries had any children in this country. When they were about to set out for Cawnpore, Mr. McLain offered the Sepoys $150,000, if they would let them go; but they said, "It is blood we want, not money." Before they set out, the missionaries found an opportunity to tell the three native Christian men to make their escape, as they would surely be put to death if it should be found that they were Christians. Mrs. Freeman's last words to them were, "Give Prem our Salam, and tell him that our end has come." There was still a little Christian nurse, Margaret, who remained with them, and to whom I am indebted for an account of the march to Cawnpore.

The party set out about five o'clock in the evening. They had eaten but little for several days, and their anxiety and their fasting had rendered them very weak. This was especially the case with some of the ladies. Half way between the river and Cawnpore, some of the party gave out. A halt was called; the Sepoys formed a ring around the prisoners, and here they remained all night. A water carrier gave them water, but nothing was offered them to eat. Margaret says that none but the little children slept, that all seemed to be engaged in meditation and prayer. The march was resumed at an early hour in the morning, and they had not gone far until they met three carriages which the Nena Sahib sent out for the ladies, who were unable to walk further. When they reached the station it was still very early, and they were shut up in a house, the native servants who accompanied them excepted. Upon the latter being told, that they must leave the station at once or be put to death, they fled. "Here Margaret's account of them ends; but little remains to be told. At seven A. M. of the same day, which could not have been more than an hour after their arrival, they were all taken out to the parade ground and shot, without reference to age, condition, or sex! In the case of those who were only wounded, they were at once dispatched with the sword.

I had this from an eye-witness, a servant of the Maharajah Dhalip Sing, who accompanied Mr. Elliott, the Agent of the Maharajah, to the station. After the servants were ordered off, he withdrew, disguised himself, and mingled with the throng who witnessed the death of the party, that he might see what became of his master. Beyond being made prisoners, marched into the station on foot, and put to death, they were not called on to suffer any indignities. They were bound, but it was with a small cord, and it was done in such a manner as not to give them pain.

God in mercy, seems to have restrained the Nena Sahib and his followers, in the case of this party, though they had previously been guilty of the most shocking barbarities toward the residents of the station, and though they were afterwards guilty of committing outrages upon the unfortunate victims who fell into their hands, which render Cawnpore a name of terror to all who hear it. But though our dear brethren were spared what others suffered, who can estimate what they suffered before leaving Futtehgurh, by the way, on the island below Bithoor, and on the sad march into Cawnpore? But their sufferings are at an end. What is so dark to us is light to them. While we mourn, they rejoice. We are still pilgrims and strangers in the earth, and know not what toils and trials await us; but their pilgrimage is ended, their toils and trials past, and they now enjoy that rest "that remaineth for the people of God." May their faith and hope and zeal be ours, and like them may we be found following where the Master leads, unconcerned about the toils and roughness of the way; so that we too may "finish our course with joy." You may perhaps think that this account of the last days of our much lamented brethren is unnecessarily minute. But I have thought that any thing concerning them would not only be of interest to you, and to their many relatives and friends in America who bewail their loss, but to the Church, whose servants they were.

One question, and I am done. Who is to take their place? Eight laborers have fallen. Who will occupy their field? Ask the theological students of America this, and remind them that "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto eternal life."

From our London Correspondent.

Easter Recess—The Cheap Daily Press—The New India Bill—The Emperor and the Queen—Alliance Cherished—Russel's Correspondence from India—Cawnpore and Inscriptions—Sir Colin Campbell's self denial—The Advance on Lucknow—The Besieging Force—Suspense as to Issues—Futtepore and Nena Sahib—Unitarianism in London—New Church Opened—The Prayer—The Sermon—Perversions and Omissions—Unitarian Usurpation of Presbyterian Rights and Name—Warning—Negative Theology and Sensuous Worship—Baptist College—Regents Park—Its Antecedents, and Present Condition—Edinburgh Bible Society—Postscript—Impositions on the Press and Public.

LONDON, April 2d, 1858.

The EASTER RECESS of Parliament makes political matters somewhat dull, and is a trial not only to the pockets of the reporters "in the Gallery," but also to the proprietors of the daily papers. For 1*d.* we have now every morning three papers, conducted with great spirit, and two of them have eight pages of closely printed matter, including editorial articles, foreign correspondence, law and police reports, and miscellaneous paragraphs of all kinds. They depend for existence on the advertisements; as the price of the paper, taxed as it is, would not pay the proprietors. One of these papers, *The Standard*, started by the Conservative party, and the property, it is said, of the Carlton Club, has an immense sale. But it is understood the loss is heavy. Ultimately they hope to make it a great advertising medium, like the *Times*; but I doubt if the oracle of Printing House Square will ever find its match in that or any other particular.

The NEW INDIA BILL was introduced by Mr. Disraeli, immediately before the adjournment of the Commons for the Easter holidays. It is virtually a measure of Lord Ellenborough's own. It provides, as did Palmerston's bill, a Secretary of State for India, with supreme power, but assisted by a Council of eighteen members, one half of the Company's or Queen's officers, who had served certain periods in India, and who should be familiar with its different Presidencies; and the other half proprietors of East India stock, or having commercial dealings with India, of whom six are to be chosen by great commercial towns throughout the kingdom.

The *Times*, and the other Whig journals, abuse the new measure violently; even Mr. Bright, who declared his wish that the Conservatives should remain in power, expressed his apprehensions, and altogether, it must be either modified or withdrawn. Palmerston took care *not* to withdraw his measure, so that by and by the one may be pitted against the other, and a vote taken, with the direct object of upsetting the Cabinet. The latter, however, will hold the reins, *if possible*. Once overthrown, they have no hope of office for many years to come. It is melancholy to think how much of self and selfishness is mixed up with politics and party.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is concoursing the Swiss Government to appoint Consuls on the frontiers, but is relaxing the passport system in reference to England and the port of Havre, where, if the English Consul is satisfied, we—journeying to Paris—will be allowed to pass on *without* a Foreign Office passport. Our Queen sent the Emperor a present, the other day, of a cannon and a military provision chest of English manufacture, and of exquisite finish. The compliment is to be returned by a present to Victoria of the Emperor's brass gun, a gun invented by him. So it appears by these little politenesses, that if we and the French are to fight, it is as allies, shoulder to shoulder.

MR. W. RUSSEL, the famous correspondent of the *Times*, during the Crimean war, is now in India. His first letter, doubtless containing a description of Calcutta, was lost in the wreck of the *Tua*, on the coast of Ceylon. His second has appeared this week in print, dated "Camp, Cawnpore," and is very interesting. His descriptions of the country are so vivid, that he feels as if, *for the first time only*, (after all we have read,) a clear conception could be given of it. The baked aspect of the country, and the baked brick color of the people, are most strikingly depicted. He confirms the recent statements as to the inscriptions on the walls of the slaughter-house at Cawnpore. They certainly were *not* written by any of the murdered ladies. The well at Cawnpore is described vividly, and the ruinous condition of the buildings around. Sir H. Wheeler seems to have despised his enemy, in taking up such a position of defence. He speaks in the highest strains of appreciation with regard to Sir Colin's arrangements for his assault on Lucknow. The Commander-in-Chief is wont to occupy only a subaltern's tent, has lain often on the ground, and his habits are of the simplest character.

The ADVANCE ON LUCKNOW has been reported by telegram, which brings news to the beginning of March. It was surrounded on the 6th of March by a force of about fifty thousand men, including cavalry to the number of ten thousand. These last are intended to cut up the rebels, if they try to escape from the city. Dissensions prevailed within, but still a fight, awful and destructive, seemed imminent. It was possible that by secret negotiations the great landholders might be detached from the Sepoys. English ladies and captives had been sent alive and safe to the camp, by one of these. But for another fortnight we must wait for issues. The matches were at the cannons, and death and destruction were imminent when the telegram left. Futtepore, the stronghold of Nena Sahib had been blown up, and eight hundred men killed. The monster was in Oude when the telegram left.

UNITARIANISM IN LONDON has been recently making a manifestation at the opening of a new place of worship at Hackney. It is on the site of a former chapel, with an ancient burying ground attached. The opening services were announced for a week day; and as I had not heard a Unitarian sermon since I came here, I made an effort to be present. On approaching the place, I saw a building in the medieval of church architecture. It had its crosses on pinnacles and spire, and "thinks I to myself,"—although I don't like crosses emblazoned on priestly robes, placed over communion tables, or as architectural decorations to churches—yet even in Rome's case, though she and the Greek Church bury or burlesque the grand verity of an Atonement, it still *is* acknowledged by both. By them the cross is understood as the symbol of Redemption; but over a Socinian chapel, where that Redemption is ignored, why place a cross at all?

Entering the building, I found the service begun. An elderly, ruddy faced minister was in the pulpit, reading aloud part of the 4th chapter of John's Gospel. Then followed a hymn, (one of four,) printed on a separate sheet for the use of the congregation assembled. In these hymns, composed by the American Pierpont and the English Hutton, there was poetry and sentiment; but, save with one dubious statement, there was nothing which a Theist acknowledging the Fatherhood of God, and the duty of thanksgiving and spiritual worship, might not use. The minister, after reading, offered a prayer, or a *composition* rather, which I observed was read from a manuscript. Like all his school, he made very small acknowledgment, indeed, of sinfulness; and if he blessed God for Jesus, he assigned to the Seat a work far inferior to what the New Testament indicates. His miserable theology may be learnt by the expression in prayer, "with Thee, *to turn unto righteousness, is a propitiation.*"

The sermon which followed, was from another elderly minister, the Rev. T. Apelland, M. A., a man of some mark among the party. His text was from John iv: 23. It was a controversial discourse, the object being to prove, from the Old Testament, the Jewish practice and Prophetic teachings; and from the New, Christ's personal example, and that of the Apostles and the early Church, that the Father alone is the object of worship. In the close of the discourse, he attempted an answer to objections, but of these he only instanced the vision in the Revelation, and the case of the dying invocation of Stephen, which, in the usual Socinian way, he claimed to be a case quite exceptional and peculiar, because Jesus was *seen* by Stephen! As if the invocation was any thing less than idolatry, to offer it to one "at the right hand of God," who was only a glorified man at the best, while the visible "glory of God," that Jehovah, the Father himself, was there to answer prayer.

As to the vision in the Revelation, where "blessing and honor," &c., are ascribed, not only to "Him that sitteth on the throne," but also "to the Lamb," why it was not *safe* to argue any doctrine from a vision, and, at the best, it was but an outburst of *gratulation*, not worship!

The arguments for the Trinity, from the Old Testament, "*Elohim*" for the Deity of Christ, as the "Angel of the Covenant" and "the God of Israel," with whom Jacob wrestled—who spake from the burning bush, and who appeared in vision to Isaiah—these, with the names, attributes, and works of Deity, ascribed to the Son and the Spirit, were not even alluded to. And so there was silence, as to the *practice* of the primitive Church, whose members were "all who, in every place, call upon" (invoke) "the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Having been familiar, from boyhood, with this controversy in Ulster, and feeling that foul dishonor was done to the Saviour-God, whom we adore, one felt a strong desire (its execution forbidden by the "proprieties" of the occasion,) to ask leave to occupy the pulpit for half an hour, to tell that audience—somewhat numerous, many wealthy, or of the eclectic and literary class—what could be said from Scripture, for the doctrine of the Trinity. Several persons—silently indignant, and protesting, like myself—I observed present. The mischief done on such occasions must be considerable. Still the Unitarians are not *popular*, nor likely to be so. They are not like the Ulster Arians who admit the pre-existence of Christ. They but recognise his humanity.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, a patron of literature, is one of them, and Dickens, whose theology is as bad and dangerous as his genious is sublime, is also reckoned among their adherents. No doubt this velvet system suits those who like to be "at ease," and who associate stern asceticism with Puritanism.

Our own Presbyterian [illegible]