

THE COMMISSION

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 4.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

RICHMOND, APRIL 15, 1850.

Southern Baptist Convention.

Correspondence of the Foreign Board.

Communications relating to the general business of the Foreign Mission Board, may be addressed, *post paid*, to

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We Are Stewards.

A little heathen child was inquired of by her teacher, if there was anything which she could call her own. She hesitated a moment, and looking up, very humbly replied, "I think there is." "What is it?" asked the teacher. "I think," said she, "that my sins are my own."

Yes, we may claim our sins—they are our own; but everything else belongs to God. We are stewards; and a steward is one who is employed to manage the concerns of another—his household, money or estate. We are God's stewards. God has intrusted to each one of us a charge of greater or less importance. To some he has intrusted five talents, to others two, and to others one. The talents are physical strength, property, intellect, learning, influence,—all the means in our possession for doing good and glorifying God. We can lay claim to nothing as strictly our own. Even the angel Gabriel cannot claim the smallest particle of dust as strictly his own. The rightful owner of all things, great and small, is God.

Spirit of Missions.

Are the heathen guilty—covered with blood and black with crime! Do they exhibit many traits that are repulsive and horrid? Would our visit to them fill them with rage and bitterness, and tempt them to crucify us? What then! are we to relax our efforts for them, because they are ungodly? So did not Jesus Christ. Let us learn from his example, and imbibe his spirit. That man, who may be called a missionary, and yet is capable of being alienated in his feelings by ill-treatment, contempt, abuse and rage from the heathen, is not worthy of the name.

There is nothing peculiar in the spirit of missions, except what peculiarity there may be in the spirit of Christ—that it is what all must possess to be disciples, and without which no one can enter heaven. It is a spirit humble yet elevating, self-sacrificing yet joyful, intensely fervent yet reasonable, meek and yet resolute. It is all this indeed, but yet nothing more than what is required of every Christian; and therefore no excuse can be more absurd and contradictory in terms, than that sometimes made, "It is not my duty to go to the heathen, for I never had a missionary spirit;" for one professes to be a Christian, and yet excuses himself, on the ground of not having a missionary spirit, or in other words, of not being a Christian—of not being in possession of a fair title to heaven. O, remember, Christian reader, that the least desire to be excused shows a deplorable lack of the spirit of Christ.

For the Commission.

The Anti-Mission Christian, No. 2.

I wonder if such a one ever uses the Lord's prayer. If so, when he comes to the clause, "Thy kingdom come," he must omit it. For the anti-mission man does not wish Christ's kingdom to come. When others are rejoicing over the conversion of souls, the anti-mission man is dejected. He is opposed to those things, and therefore is down cast. The anti-mission man fears that heaven may be crowded. He hopes himself to be there, but as for others they must do the best they can. To all means which

can be used to lead souls to the Lamb of God—the door of heaven—the heavenly way—the anti-mission man is opposed. What is there in missions that should excite opposition? Their object? Their work? Their spirit? What they have done? The course pursued by their advocates? What can it be? I can see but one thing which can greatly trouble the anti-mission man. Missions cost money. Yes, missions cost money; and the time is coming when the expense of missions will be so great, and the willingness of the people of God to give money, will be such, as would greatly astonish the people of the present day, if they could know the amount.

The fact that any man would present as an objection to missions that they cost money, shows where that man's heart is. In that man's catechism the answer to the question, What is the chief end of man? is—"to get money and enjoy it." Do you object to your institutions of learning, that they cost money? But I forget. The opposers of missions are also opposed to institutions of learning. "They want none of your Greek and Latin learning, but the good old English that the apostle Paul spoke." Do you object to supporting your pastor, because in order to do it you must give him money? Alas! I am in the wrong again. The opposer of missions does not like to hear a paid preacher. He thanks God for a free gospel. "He has been a professor thirty years, and it has never cost him a cent." Do you object to giving to the poor because it costs money? But perhaps the opposer of missions is one of those who never give to the poor. He believes that if a man wants to eat, let him work. Do you neglect to find yourself because provisions cost money? Are you unclothed because articles of dress cannot be purchased without money? Whose money are you spending when you are buying clothes and food? Whose money is that you are laying up, to be scattered after your death you know not how? "It is mine," say you, "honestly and laboriously obtained; every cent of it fairly earned." And what are you? A condemned wretch—a violator of God's laws—a criminal only reprieved at a most costly expense. You are a slave, purchased from one master by another master. In a speech made by a missionary at one time, he called Christians "Christ's negro property." If you are a Christian, you are not your own; you have Christ's mark upon you. All that you have is his. Your body is Christ's; your soul is Christ's; your talents are Christ's; your land is his; your houses, your farms, your children, all belong to him. And which of these things dare you appropriate to yourself? Dare you say of the money in your possession, "It is mine, I will use it as I please!" Dare you refuse to give Christ's money to advance Christ's cause? Can a really converted man oppose missions? I do not see how he can. As spiritual Christianity advances, the cause of missions advances. As long as the early churches were mission churches, they prospered. God blessed them. When the worldly spirit entered the church, the cause of missions was retarded. God's curse rested upon the church. The apostles were missionaries. The churches planted by them were mission churches. The apostles actually took money for missionary purposes. The apostle Paul, in 2d Cor. xi: 8, speaks of taking from other churches, and in the 9th verse, of receiving supplies from the brethren in Macedonia, to aid in advancing the cause. The brother who follows the example of the apostle Paul, need not fear. He will not be greatly in the wrong.

My brethren, who love the mission cause, what shall we do to these opponents? Let us pray for them. Let us pray that God would convert them. Let us pray that we all may possess more of the revival spirit. This is the spirit of missions. The earliest extensive missionary operations originated in the great revival on

the day of Pentecost. What a precious revival that was! What a noble band of missionaries were assembled there! How greatly and gloriously was their work prospered! No long and laborious process of study was needed in order to acquire the language of those whose souls they wished to benefit. No, they spoke with tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. When shall we see such a day? We surely shall not so long as opposers of missions are as numerous as at present. Let the whole church of God prostrate itself in the dust—let there be a prayer meeting like that at Jerusalem, where all were united and all were earnestly seeking for the blessing—let the redeemed of Christ feel that there is work for them to do—let the soldier of Christ gird on his armor—let us supplicate blessings from on high—let us endeavor to realize the value of the soul—let us unitedly, earnestly and constantly labor for the advancement of Christ's cause. Life is short. Soon will the night come when our work on earth must cease.

For the Commission.

Mother!

Walking one day through Greenwood Cemetery, gazing at the magnificent monuments that every where met my eyes, and occasionally reading the fulsome eulogies of those who lay beneath, I strayed to a retired part of the grounds, where I came upon a plain, white marble block, with only one word to tell whom it commemorated; but that word was *Mother*. Significant word! It spoke volumes. The tears involuntarily rushed to my eyes as I was carried back to my boyhood days and the scenes of my early youth when I knew a mother's love and experienced a mother's tender care. I realized again the scenes of that day—that fatal day—when the angel of death visited our happy home, and we followed our mother to the tomb with that desolation of heart which is alone known to the orphan.

At the base of the monument sat a small urn in which lay some beautiful flowers just withering under the rays of the meridian sun. "Such," thought I, "is life. Here lies a tender mother, who, but a short time since, was diffusing joy and happiness through her domestic circle—an affectionate daughter now bathes her grave with her tears, and leaves these beautiful emblems of purity and love to shed their fragrance over this sacred spot. But alas! before she shall return again, their beauty will have faded, and their withered petals have been scattered to the winds. In their sad fate, she will read the doom of all that is beautiful and fair on earth."

Oh! 'tis sad, 'tis sad to think, that here we form the most endearing attachments, but to feel the pangs of separation. Our nearest friends and dearest relatives are taken away at a moment's warning—our gaiety and joy are turned into sadness and mourning—sorrow and disappointments await us on every hand. Amid these sad mutations of time, how ready should we be to forsake all for Christ's sake, and go out even to distant lands that the heathen may learn the way of life! The relations of earth must soon be dissolved, how willing should we be, that our Redeemer may be honored, to part with all! And how blessed is that hope which withdraws the veil of the future and discloses to our vision the realities of a fairer and a better world, where the sigh of affliction is hushed and the parting tear is no more shed!

A.

* Near New York city.

For the Commission.

The Concert of Prayer.

The meeting together for prayer for the spread of the gospel, is at once a high privilege, and an imperative duty—one sadly neglected by many professed Christians of the present day.

If any reader of the Commission is conscious of a neglect of the concert or of any missionary society in his or her church, we earnestly beg such to give the few thoughts to be submitted, a careful consideration.

1. It must be acknowledged that Christians are bound to pray for missions. Christ commands it. "Pray ye," says the great Head of the church, "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send out more laborers into the harvest." And why, we beg to know, Christian reader, is this precept less binding than that enjoining baptism, or brotherly love, or any other duty? It proceeds from the same source, and is as directly authoritative.

Considered only so far as the heathen are concerned, prayer and corresponding effort are in the highest degree obligatory. But we are allowed to pray for Christ. This is duty, this is privilege. He prays for us. And may we by our feeble petitions accelerate his triumph? Thank God we may. "Prayer is the nerve that moves the muscles of Omnipotence." Oh! then let us ever use this instrumentality in furthering the cause of our risen Lord.

2. If it is the duty of Christians to pray for Christ and his cause at all, they are especially bound to meet together, for there is a special promise to united prayer. If the conversion of the world is desirable, if it is promised in answer to prayer, if there is a special and extraordinary promise to united prayer, we ask, shall not Christians "agree" to pray for it, and "together" with strong faith in the promises of the Bible, claim the fulfillment of a covenant-keeping God? But if the truth were told, professed Christians who never go to the concert, or to a missionary meeting, do not pray for Christ at home. Reader we appeal to you. We ask you to pray at home, for Christ and a dying world, and we know that no trivial excuse will keep you away, when the concert of prayer or a missionary meeting is to be held with your church. Try it! try it!

Finally, Christian reader, remember that God will try with impartial judgment your excuses for failing to meet and pray for the advancement of his kingdom in the world. Make no excuse, which he would refuse. Let not, by Christ's suffering for you, by the reward which awaits you if faithful, by the crowds in the world rushing to hell, let not indolence, or a desire to hear some strange preacher at another place, or a disposition to gratify any selfish feeling, let nothing keep you from the missionary prayer meeting.

X. Y. Z.

Guilt of Neglecting the Heathen.

During all the years that I have been allowed to labor for the heathen, my mind has been led to contemplate, constantly and intensely, the obligation of Christian nations towards those who sit in darkness; obligations arising from the command of Christ, and the principles of the gospel. And I shall, therefore, in this chapter, freely, fully, and solemnly express the sentiments which have been maturing in my mind, on the great guilt which Christians incur in neglecting the heathen.

The heathen world, as a mass, has been left to perish. And by whom? Not by the Father of mercies; he gave his Son to redeem it; not by the Saviour of sinners; look at Calvary: not by the Holy Spirit; his influences have been ever ready: not by angels; their wings have never tired when sent on errands of mercy. All that heaven could do has been done, consistently with the all-wise arrangement of committing an important agency to the church. The church has been slothful and negligent. Each generation of Christians has in turn received the vast responsibility, neglected it in a great measure, and transmitted it to the next. The guilt of this neglect who can estimate?

That such neglect is highly criminal, the Bible everywhere testifies. It says, "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that ponders the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it?" And shall not he "render to every man according to his works?" This solemn interrogation needs no comment. The obvious import is, *If our fellowmen are perishing, and we neglect to do what we can to save them, we are guilty of their blood.* But this testimony does not stand alone. What does God say to the prophet, who should see the peril of the wicked, and neglect to save him by giving him warning? "His blood will I require at thy hand." What does God say of the watchman of a city who should see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet? "If the sword come and take any person from among them, his blood will I require at the watchman's hand."—Rev. S. Dibble.

THE COMMISSION.

RICHMOND, APRIL 15, 1850.

Embarkation.

On Saturday, the 16th ult., Miss Harriet A. Baker embarked from New York in the ship *Tartar* for her distant field of labor. In the same vessel, Rev. Mr. Talmage and his wife, of the Dutch Reformed Church, sailed for Amoy; also Miss Tenny, of the Episcopal Board, for Shanghai; and Miss Sperry, of the Methodist Board, for Fuh Chow Fuh.

Sister Baker is to be stationed at Canton. She will expect to reside in the family of brother Whilden, and render assistance in the mission by taking charge of a female school, and otherwise laboring for the benefit of those of her own sex. Having been for several years familiar with the work of instructing youth, she is regarded as well qualified for the position she is to occupy. Her heart has been deeply interested in the object for some time.

Testimony on behalf of Missions.

We were not a little gratified to learn, in a recent conversation with an intelligent officer of the navy, not a professor of religion, the effect produced on his own mind in favor of missions during his visits to the Sandwich Islands and among the Oregon Indians. He represented the beneficial effects of the schools, and other missionary labors among the recent savages of these regions, as almost incredible. Such testimony is valuable.

Was it Fanatical?

In the vessel which recently sailed for China were five lovers of Christ on their way to communicate the tidings of salvation to the lost. Was this a fanatical enterprise? Could these disciples of the great Missionary be regarded as wanting in sound judgment? They gave the parting hand to weeping friends, with the expectation of seeing them no more on earth. Were they iron hearted, and without natural affection? By no means. The love of Christ constrained them to make the sacrifice, and the object of their mission was in itself sufficiently grand to justify the sacrifice. For infinitely less important objects the very same sacrifice was made on the same vessel. With these five missionaries were four noble looking young men, going forth to the same field. They also broke away from endeared relationship. And what was the object of their hazardous undertaking? They went in pursuit of fortune. In China they expected to live and labor, and perhaps to die, and yet no one deemed them madmen, or even accused them of indiscretion. Surely the men of God may learn a valuable lesson from the devotees of mammon.

Mission to Central America.

On the day previous to the sailing of the *Tartar* for China, two splendid steamers left the same city, containing about one thousand passengers, for the distant land of California, while many thousands of spectators stood upon the shore to witness the embarkation. And all this is prompted by the love of gold. Adventurers in this enterprise can be found by hundreds, but where shall the men be found to endure the same privations that the unsearchable riches of Christ may be preached among the heathen? All these passengers, for the gold region, will pass through Central America, a land now open for the publication of the gospel. Is it not the duty of Southern Baptists to send a missionary thither? Who is willing to go? These solemn inquiries we urge upon the attention of our brethren of the South.

"They Offered Willingly."

This was the testimony in regard to some of the Old Testament saints. Their contributions were such as God could approve. They were in due proportion. Nothing was kept back through a covetous spirit. The heart was right. "Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered

willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord." Sadly is the picture reversed in the conduct of many living in a better age, and professing to be the followers of the self-denying and benevolent Saviour. They give us little as possible, and that little they give reluctantly. Their offerings are made only when the appeal is urgent, and then it often becomes necessary to repeat the appeal in order to wring from them the pittance they bestow. They offer not willingly, neither have they any joy in the work.

Overland Mail.

We are happy to refer to an extract from an Asiatic correspondent of the *Baptist Register* relative to the probable diminution of time which will soon be required to convey the mails to the coast. He says: The arrival of the "overland mail" for June, has been announced as the quickest dispatch from London to Calcutta upon record. It was thirty-four days six hours, on its way. When we bear in mind that only twenty-five years ago, the project of establishing a communication by steam between London and Calcutta was proposed, and a premium offered of a large amount to the first successful operator—the time then sought for, and at the lowest estimate, was seventy days! And now it is accomplished in less than half that time. We see no reason to doubt, that it may soon be reduced to thirty days. This will place Calcutta only about forty or forty-five days distant from New York and Boston.

OUR MISSIONS.

Ghinga.

Shanghai Mission.

LETTER FROM BROTHER SHUCK.

Shanghai, August, 1849.

Since submitting to you my remarks, addressed to Southern Baptist Pastors, touching the monthly concert, the following paragraph has fallen under my notice, from the pen of that excellent missionary to Liberia, the Rev. Mr. Swan. May I commend these hints to your readers personally and individually. Speaking of missionary prayer meetings, Mr. Swan observes:—

"They should be increased ten fold. If a right spirit pervade the frequenters of them, I would augur great things to the cause. But I think one great purpose of such meetings is by many almost wholly overlooked. They pray for missionaries; they pray for the heathen; they pray for the influences of the Spirit to descend upon the teachers and upon the taught; they pray for the success of the work at large—and, so far, well. But they forget to pray that they themselves may be enabled to know and do their duty in helping the work. A man fallen into a pit, and another at the pit's mouth praying to God to help him out, is a fit emblem of a prayer meeting, where the members never think of their having any thing more to do in the work. If the man perishing in the pit overheard such a petitioner offering up his prayers, and then going away about his own business, he would surely question his sincerity. But if he heard the man praying for courage to descend into the pit, or for wisdom and zeal to find out and employ proper means for his deliverance, he would conclude he was in earnest, and that such a prayer would undoubtedly be heard and answered. I should like, therefore, to hear the members of missionary prayer meetings making this a prominent part of their supplications, that they, themselves, and others, also may be stirred up to devise, and act, and suffer what they ought, that the heathen may be brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel."

There are perhaps but few true christians who read such extracts as the above without acknowledging the justness and truth of such remarks. But the sad difficulty is that acknowledged christian duty presses so lightly upon the conscience of the majority of church members that even when "they know their duty they do it not." But surely it is a privilege as

well as a duty to be laborers instead of drones in the vineyard of the Lord. May we be faithful servants.

Extract of Letter from Brother Tobey.

Referring to the sacrifices of those who go out as missionaries, and the losses sustained by the different missionary Boards, brother Tobey remarks:—

The cause of missions is as dear to the Saviour's heart as it is to ours. He knows what laborers to use and what to take away. Within a short time he has taken to himself two of the London missionaries, Mr. Southwell and Mrs. Wiley. He has called home to the United States, Mr. Spaulding, of the Episcopal mission. Let us feel satisfied that he will do what is right. Let our endeavor be to commit our way unto him, knowing that he will direct.

God will carry on his work, himself choosing the instruments. Let it be ours cheerfully to submit to his will. God grant that my afflictions may not pass unimproved. May earth's charms appear less valuable, and the pleasures of the heavenly world more desirable. Let us not forget the heathen. Hero they are in thousands, joining hands in wickedness and going on in one long train to the world of darkness and despair.

These are the souls whom the Saviour loves; these are they for whom Christ died; these are the purchase of his blood. Shall they be ignorant of the joyful news? Shall they die and not know how greatly Christ loves them? Are our brethren at home doing what they can?

Where are the men who will fill the vacant places? Who will stand where Clopton stood? Who will occupy the position which Dr. James and his beloved companion occupied? Where is the young man who will come and do what brother Johnson was not permitted to do? Shall we hold back? In a warfare does the loss of hundreds prevent others from advancing? Where are the young men of our Southern churches? Where are the ministers of Jesus Christ? When God called you to preach, to whom did he call you to preach? To those who have heard the gospel or to those who have never heard it? Now does my brother know that he is in the path of duty? He is spending his strength and energy in telling people what they know already. Here are millions who know nothing of the gospel, and how can they know it unless it be preached to them?

Canton Mission.

JOURNAL OF BROTHER WHILDEN.

Tuesday, 13th Nov.—At "Lune heng kai" I spoke to the people at the door, as usual, by which we got a congregation. After Lie Seen Sang had preached, I spoke for a few moments. Subject—"Temptation of Christ."

Wednesday 4th.—Being at Dr. Hobson's, I visited his hospital. Am more and more convinced of the great advantage of each mission having a hospital connected with their operations. Thus there is much opportunity for presenting to the attention of those who repair to it, the truths of the gospel. Such disinterestedness will be to some extent appreciated. The more that the natives hear of what foreign physicians are doing, the more we may suppose will they be inclined to view in a favorable light, the truths which these physicians believe. In witnessing what I did, I could not but be reminded of the benevolence of the Saviour, who "went about doing good."

Saturday, 17th.—At 11 o'clock went to Lune heng kai, where I met those Chinese who had made a profession of religion. After prayer by Chow Seen Sang, endeavored to explain some events recorded in Genesis; after which, Hue Seen Sang prayed.

Sunday, 18th.—Met the children of the school at Lune heng kai at 9 o'clock. Services at 11 and 2 o'clock. Congregations, as usual, encouraging. At night preached in English at Dr. Parker's chapel.

Tuesday, 20th.—Saw a Parsee at his devotions, repeating some expressions while thus engaged, and occasionally bowing down. The Parsees say they do not worship the sun, but worship the Deity through the sun, and that

they take the sun as the medium through which they worship, because it is the most glorious exhibition of Deity. Even with this view, however, the practice is not countenanced by the word of God, which allows of but one Mediator, Jesus Christ. Mankind seem as prone to forget Christ in worshiping God, as they are to forget Christ when hoping for pardon and salvation.

Wednesday, 21st.—In the morning went over to Honan to visit a Buddhist temple. In the principal apartment fronting the entrance, are three large idols. Saw also a large drum which it is said is used for the purpose of calling the attention of these idols to their worshipers. On each side of these three idols are images of nine saints who are said to take care of the souls of those that die. Before these images there was a lamp burning. In a garden attached to the temple, there was a house in which were several jars, which contained the ashes of the priests whose bodies were burned after they had died. Saw also the house (built of some kind of stone,) in which the bodies are buried. Melancholy feelings, beyond description, came over me, as I looked at this building. Saw also a priest with a bunch of large beads in his hands. In the way to the principal apartment, were huge and terrible looking statues of warriors, intended as guards to the temple.

The one who has only a very slight knowledge of Romanism cannot fail to be struck with the similarity between Romanism and Buddhism. It is not a strained supposition for us to suppose that Romanism in commencing to be what it now is in its forms and ceremonies, borrowed many things from Buddhism, and as Buddhism has some writings about the Virgin Mary, it is very probable that Buddhism afterwards borrowed in turn from Romanism.

Saturday, 24th.—At Lune heng kai, for the same purpose for which I was there last Saturday; made such remarks as my knowledge of Chinese would allow, on the 12th chapter of Romans. Afterwards spoke of the authors and subjects of several books in the Old Testament.

Sunday, 25th.—Concluded to begin to-day and have three services at "Lune heng kai," and taking the principal part of one service myself.

Africa.

Cape Palmas.

Brother Drayton, located at this place, thus writes, under date of September 30, 1849:—

I am yet alive, thank God, amidst all the pinations to which I am subjected in a heathen land. I am satisfied, and feel more like spending my days in this service than ever I did.

I have preached, since my last report, 19 sermons; delivered two addresses; visited 68 families; attended 17 prayer meetings; distributed 170 tracts; traveled 48 miles. In the Bible class and Sabbath school are 85 regular members. In the day school are 38 American children, and 10 native boarding scholars. The church stands 38 regular members. Received by letter two—one candidate for baptism. All things here bid fair to do well. Already has the Lord begun to smile upon this long neglected field. Pray him to carry on the work.

Extract of Letter from Bro. Day.

The following extract of a letter from brother Day, dated October 6th, refers to his manual labor school, giving some particulars which will interest the reader:—

My own school of thirty-two native boys and six girls, and the children of colonists who will attend, say in all fifty children, I flatter myself is not excelled by any native school in this republic. I have three native boys in advance of the rest. John Barco Day, (the son of a great king among the Bassas,) is rather an extraordinary boy of about fourteen years old. He is a studious, industrious and truly dignified youth. Thomas Dwar Day, the son of a man once much respected, but having a broad face and some defect in the eye of his people, was pronounced a witch. Dwar suffered much on account of it. Wm. Harris, the third of that class, is the son of a head man whom I baptized in the year 1846. This head man's father was supposed to be converted. The first sermon the old man ever heard, was by Mr. Finney, the next

by myself. He now lies in my grave yard, having died in hope of heaven. Of these two men much has been said. The young head man, Ben Hawes, (alias Dyama,) is now in my private employment, itinerating in the country, reading and expounding the word of God praying, exhorting, &c., among the natives. He was long my interpreter, and when he can attend church, interprets now for me. These three boys study arithmetic and geography.

Fourteen other native children read the Testament, some better than others. In that class is a little girl, Sarah Barding Day, who reads and spells as well as nineteen-twentieths of white children of her size. Also a little boy, James Tae Taylor, about three feet ten inches high, who reads very well, and in spelling will stand at the head of the class. The hard words he is sure to spell. Lessons of catechism he commits better than any one in his class. I do not remember how long he has been in School, there are so many little fellows in it. I have not noticed him particularly until a few months past. On inquiry I found he was a little orphan, who had to look out for bugs, worms, &c., to subsist on, and that a native man who claims my protection, had brought him through pity to the school, where he could be provided for. He is silent, studious, and very grateful for any little attention shown him. He has a most interesting countenance and cranium. There is such marked difference between his attention to religious instruction and other little boys in school, that I cherish a hope, that the Lord has work for him. My boys work better and appear better contented than any I know, although others are better provided for. They appear to know why they study and why they work, and take great delight in all they learn.

I was confined to my bed nearly the whole of July last. I had been teaching a Bible class, and preaching twice every Sunday, and attending daily to the school for a long time. The first Sunday in July, I preached in the forenoon to my little chapel full of natives. In the afternoon I felt very unwell. In preaching, however, I became very much interested in my subject, and spoke too loud and long for my lungs. After preaching I was taken with a severeague, which lasted long, and was succeeded by violent fever, which raged several days. My lungs were badly inflamed, and I discharged so much blood that I thought the appointed time was come. I was soon, however, able to attend to my duty, and am now enjoying all the luxury of doing good. I am preparing mothers to raise their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, young kings to rule in righteousness, and a large company to carry the word of the Lord abroad. Kings may now well envy me. My enemies, if I have any, cannot deprive me of the blest anticipations of doing good I now indulge.

OTHER SOCIETIES.

Old Joshua.

One of the converts connected with the mission on the Sandwich Islands, named Joshua, was distinguished for his deep, consistent piety. For a succession of years he was employed as an active and useful laborer on behalf of his countrymen, and wonderfully illustrated the power of the gospel in his whole spirit and conduct. Mr. Coan, one of the missionaries of the American Board, in the last Missionary Herald, thus refers to him:—

He became my almost constant companion in travel, patiently toiling by my side over the burning lava fields of Puna, and through the rivers and ravines of Hilo. His love for Christ, his compassion for souls, seemed deep, fervent and constant, not always, of course, equally intense, but never doubtful. His prayers were highly fervent, deeply humble, believing and importunate. I have never met with a mightier wrestler at the throne of grace. Good old Jacob, when gazing upon the celestial ladder, did not see more clearly into heaven than good old Joshua, when kneeling before God. I never tired in traveling with him; and his conversation and prayers never wearied. When my spirits were sad, my resort, next to the throne of grace, was the hut of good old Joshua. He was truly spiritual, and there was an unction about him which readily attracted spiritual minds. The

wicked venerated and feared him; the good loved him.

Referring to his last sickness, the missionary says:—

Often have I found him, while strength allowed it, lying prostrate with his old spectacles on, his Bible open on the mat (his bed,) and his face downwards, eagerly digging gold from that precious and exhaustless mine. While thus absorbed, and with dimmed natural vision, he would not at first notice that any one had entered; but at length, raising his eyes a little, and desiring me, he would reach out both hands, clasp one of mine, press it, hold it fast, and look up to heaven, while the tears flowed down his aged cheeks, and remain silent for some time. At length his struggling feelings would find vent in such words as follows: "Bless the Lord! I rejoice to meet you. My heart is full. O the word of God! Deep, high, broad, rich, wonderful! I relish it; I eat it; it is delicious food. It is sweeter than honey to my taste. I want to see Him. I long to be with Him. I long to go. But I will wait. He is good. He knows best. He will come by and by. But to be with Him! This only will satisfy my soul. This only will fill my heart."

Expressions of a similar character fell from his lips during almost every one of our later interviews. At length we were summoned to the general meeting; and on our return it was announced that the Master had come and called for Joshua. My soul followed him in his celestial chariot, and I involuntarily exclaimed, "My father! my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" He was a good man, and no one denies it. Both friends and foes say of Joshua, "He was a good man." Give me his simple faith and his sure hope, and I ask no other inheritance. Oh that my title to eternal life might appear as clear, as authentic as his!

Cruelties of Heathenism.

Mr. Wilder, of the Ahmednugger mission, under the direction of the American Board, thus refers to some of the cruel rites of the heathen:—

Proceeding on our way to the next village, we encountered a host of pilgrims, who had spent the day in mad revels, on a neighboring hill, professedly in honor of their god Khundoba. On the summit of the hill stands a temple dedicated to this idol; and the people make it the place of an annual pilgrimage. On the present occasion there had been three or four cases of hook-swinging. This cruel rite has been often mentioned to you, and I need not repeat the description. The people seemed frantic with the events of the day, and came pouring down the hill, in carts and on bullocks, horseback and afoot, pell-mell, with break-neck fury. Yoked in the same cart might be seen both a bullock and a horse, dashing along, quite in keeping with the occasion.

A body of some two hundred entered the main road near us, just in the rear of a cart which had all the apparatus for hook-swinging. A few words brought them to a halt, and they all gathered around me. One man bore the cruel weapon for cutting the flesh, preparatory to inserting the hooks. He held it proudly before him, as though exulting in the cruel seat which he had performed; and, sharing largely in the same feeling, his frantic wife, tore off the bandages, and showed me his gashed and bleeding back. He had swung on the cart two miles or more. O Khundoba! How cruel are thy rites! Do not many Hindoos suffer more for their false faith, than christians are willing to endure for the truth?

Revival in South Africa.

One of the missionaries of the American Board, in South Africa, thus remarks:—

The last year has been signalized, beyond any previous year, by displays of divine grace among this people. Though there has not been at any of our stations a powerful revival, at most of them the Holy Spirit has descended in a gentle and refreshing manner. Sinners have been converted, and believers have been edified in faith and love. These revivals (if such we may call them,) were commenced and carried forward by the Holy Spirit, in connection with the ordinary

means of grace. They were characterized by order and stillness; and, as one result, forty-five persons have been admitted to our church during the year, and there are others who may be received at some future time.

We have seen but very little which we could pronounce the effervescence of animal feeling. We cannot say but that some chaff, perhaps much, may have been gathered with the wheat; but we are happy to say that as yet our church members give as good evidence of piety as we generally find among the same number in New England. They are, indeed, feeble and ignorant. They sometimes show that the deplorable traces of heathenism are not yet wholly obliterated from their characters. They are exposed to many fierce temptations. Hence the friends of this mission must not be surprised if some of them should apostatize from the faith, trample on their covenant vows, and turn back to grovel in the pollutions of heathenism.

We rejoice in all that God has wrought; and yet, considering the weakness of our converts, and the temptations to which they are exposed, we can only rejoice with trembling, and hope that these professed converts may be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. We believe that Christ has a flock in this wilderness, though small and feeble; and we would bespeak an interest in the prayers of christians in behalf of these lambs of the Saviour, surrounded as they are by ravenous wolves.

Joys of the Missionary.

In relation to the trials of a missionary, none can doubt that they are peculiar. We were much pleased with the train of thought pursued by Mr. Baldwin, one of the missionaries of the American Board, Fuh Chow, China, who, writing of the enjoyments of those who labor for Christ in heathen lands, says:—

It is an error in the kind friends of our American home, and a great one, to view us as exercising self-denial to so great an extent; or, rather, it is an error to take only a half view. All christians have their trials. It is a well-meant injustice, both to us and themselves, to magnify our difficulties, and the trying circumstances in which we are placed, and stop there. Why not speak of our pleasures and peculiar advantages? I well remember a remark of my beloved instructor, Dr. Alexander, of Princeton seminary, who said, "Missionaries are the happiest men living. Their wants are all supplied. They are in a great measure free from anxiety in respect to a support; and other concurring circumstances furnish the means of great spiritual improvement and enjoyment." These things ought certainly to be borne in mind, in making an estimate of the missionary's self-denial. His happiness, even in the direct work of communicating religious truth, will counterbalance many trials. I trust that this has already been my experience, in some degree. Here are three immortal souls, the two servants and the teacher, under my special care as a minister of the gospel. They form a little congregation every morning; and in preaching Christ to them, I am fulfilling the great commission of my Master.

Nor is this all. These truths are new to them. Sometimes they seem to be much interested. It may be only an idle curiosity; but even in that case, we have the blessed satisfaction of knowing that God often employs this as an inlet for the word, and that the Holy Spirit at some time, as shall seem to him best, may give that word a convincing power. Here then is our happiness; Christ is preached to poor souls, and we therein will rejoice and give thanks.

Interesting Missionary Facts.

From the Banner of the Covenant, we select the following facts:—

The whole number of Protestant missionaries in the world, and without including in the list females, physicians, or other missionary assistants, is stated to be one thousand four hundred and fifty-two. The number of communicants gathered in at the different mission stations, and as in part the result of missionary labor on heathen ground, is one hundred and ninety thousand six hundred and twenty-three; and the number of pupils in the mission schools, is one

hundred and forty-five thousand, seven hundred and six.

On the 20th of March, 1826, the first missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, landed on the Sandwich Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean. This group of ten islands contained about eight thousand square miles, and was inhabited by about one hundred thousand of the lowest and most barbarous savages. Now, in less than thirty years, this degraded people have become an independent christian nation—are making rapid advances in every art of civilization, under the enlightening, purifying, stimulating, and controlling influences of the gospel of Christ; and have an actual membership, in well organized churches, of twenty-three thousand communicants.

The first foreign missionary from this country, is said to have been Miss Sarah Farquhar. She was born on Long Island, September 23d, 1774; and, after being for some time an assistant in the school of Mrs. Isabella Graham, in the city of New York, she went to India, for the benefit of her health, in 1805. There she married the Rev. Mr. Loveless, the first missionary of the London Missionary Society in Madras; and after adorning, for twenty-three years, and with laborious devotion, the high and important station to which she had been so providentially called, she was constrained, by returning ill health, to sail for England, where she died in the sixty-third year of her age.

A Rival Juggernaut.

A wealthy Hindoo intends to erect an opposition Juggernaut at Serampore. The building of the car, the temple, images, jewelry, ornaments, and other expenses, it is estimated, will amount to 50,000 rupees—\$25,000. The indifference of christians to the spread of the religion of the Saviour is reproved by the self-sacrificing devotion of the adherents of a false religion.—Macedonia.

Donations.

FROM FEB. 1, TO MARCH 1.

Maryland.

Rev. Franklin Wilson, donation for foreign missions 200 00

Virginia.

W. G. Margrave, Margaret Margrave, Thos. L. Margrave and Catharine Wetzell,	5 00
Rev. R. H. Land, Sussex county,	6 00
John Withers, Alexandria, for foreign missions,	51 00
Ed. G. Gwathmey,	50
N. Hollins, for Miss Baker's school,	10 00
Mrs. Anna Key, for Miss Baker's school,	75
A friend, new year's offering,	1 00
Mary Fulcher, for Miss Baker's school,	10 00
Dr. Taylor, Taylorsville,	50
John W. Easly, Giles co.,	5 00

South Carolina.

Jno. F. Wilson, Esq., proceeds of a piece of land given by him, to be equally divided between the China and African mission, per Rev. J. B. Taylor,	315 00
Colored congregation at Bennettsville, for Central African mission,	7 32
	322 32

Alabama.

Baptist Convention, per J. B. Taylor,	9 39
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Mississippi.

Col. by Rev. Wm. M. Farrar, as,	132 50
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Kentucky.

Foreign Miss. Society, per F. Smith, Esq., tr.,	250 00
	Texas:

Baptist Convention, for China mission,	11 90
Baptist Convention, for foreign missions,	10 60

Col. by Rev. I. J. Roberts,	385 00
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BIBLE FUND.

Virginia.	
Ed. M. Tompkins, for Bible distribution,	2 00
John Withers, Alexandria, for Bible distribution,	51 00

	53 00
	1079 46

ARCH'D THOMAS, Treas.

Children's Department.

The Two Mamas.
FOR HENRY AND EDWARD.

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

"Tis strange to talk of two mammas!
Well, come and sit by me,
And I will try to tell you how
So strange a thing can be."

Years since, you had a dear mamma,
So gentle, good and mild,
Her Father, God looked down from heaven,
And loved his humble child.

"Come hither, child," he said, "and lean
Thy head upon my breast."
She had toiled long and weary,
He knew she needed rest.

And so her cheek grew wan and pale,
And fainter came her breath,
And in the arch beneath her brow,
A shadow lay like death.

Then dear papa grew sad at heart,
O, very sad was he!
But still he thought 'twould make her well,
To sail upon the sea.

He did not know that God had called,
But thought she still might stay,
To bless his lonely Burman home,
For many a happy day.

And so she kissed her little boys,
With white and quivering lip,
And while the tears were falling fast,
They bore her to the ship.

And Abby, Pwen, and Enna* went—
O! it was sad to see
Thus parted—three upon the land,
And three upon the sea!

But poor mamma still paler grew,
As far the vessel sped,
Till weary she closed her eyes,
And slept among the dead.

Then on a distant rocky isle,
Where none but strangers rest,
They broke the cold earth for her grave,
And heaped it on her breast.

And there they left her all alone,—
Her whom they loved so well—
Ah me! the incurring in that ship,
I dare not try to tell.

And how they wept, and how they prayed,
And sleeping or awake,
How one great grief came crushing,
As if their hearts would break.

At length they reached a distant shore,
A beautiful bright land,
And crowds of pitying strangers came,
And took them by the hand.

And Abby found a pleasant home,
And Pwen, and Enna too;
But poor papa's sad thoughts turned back,
To Burmah and to you.

He talked of wretched heathen men,
With none to do them good;
Of children who are taught to bow
To gods of stone and wood.

He told me of his darling boys,
Poor orphans far away,
With no mamma to kiss their lips,
Or teach them how to pray.

And, would I be their new mamma,
And join the little hand
Of those, who for the Saviour's sake,
Dwell in a heathen land?

And when I knew how good he was,
I said that I would come;
I thought it would be sweet to live
In such a precious home;

And look to dear papa for smiles,
And hear him talk and pray;
But then I knew not it would grow
Still sweeter every day.

O, if your first mamma could see,
From her bright home above,
How much of happiness is here,
How much there is of love.

'Twould glad her angel heart, I know,
And often would she come,
Glimming with noiseless spirit-step,
About her olden home.

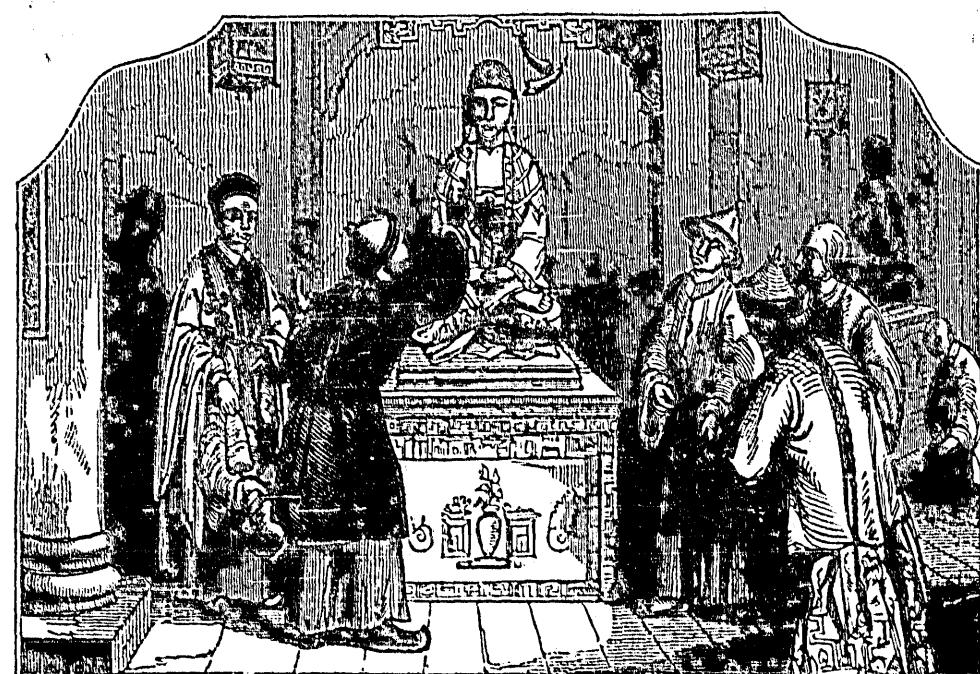
Much do I love my darling boys,
And much do love me;—
Our Heavenly Father sent me here,
Your new mamma to be.

And if I closely follow him,
And hold your little hands,
I hope to lead you up to heaven,
To join the angel bands.

Then with papa, and with mamma,
And her who went before,
And Christ who loves you more than all,
Ye'll dwell for evermore.

MATILDA, 1849.

*Pwen and Enna, are names of endearment among the Germans, very commonly applied to children.



Heathenism in China.

The plate above represents one of the idols of China. The forms of idolatry known in that land are referred to in the following brief dialogue, copied from the Dayspring:—

Mrs. Adam. China is but imperfectly surveyed by Europeans, such is the jealousy of its rulers; yet it is known that their principal systems of religion are confused mixtures of three forms of heathenism: Lamaism, the profession of Confucius, and that of Fohi; and to aid your further inquiries by reading, I may give you a few particulars relating to each of these superstitions.

LAMAISM.—John. What is the Lamaism of China?

Mrs. Adam. Lamaism is the religion of a large portion of the Chinese population, as the emperor is a descendant of the Manchou Tartars, who conquered China in 1644, and then introduced their superstition. It is so called from the Delai Lama, or Grand Lama, who is both the high priest and the object of worship to the vast hordes of Tartars. He resides in a palace on a mountain near the river Burampooter, in Thibet, attended by 20,000 lamas or priests, who regard him as the Deity, and style him God, the everlasting Father of heaven. Mr. Ward, a late learned Baptist missionary in India, states, "the principal idol in the temples of Thibet is Muhamoonee, the Bodhu of Bengal, who is worshipped under these and various other epithets throughout Tartary, and among all the nations to the eastward of the Brumhapostra. Among other titles he is styled Goduma or Goutuma, in Assam and Ava; Shamunu, in Siam; Amida Bath, in Japan; Fohi, in China."

RELIGION OF CONFUCIUS.—John. What is the Chinese religion of Confucius?

Mrs. Adam. Confucius was a great philosopher, born about 550 years before the advent of Christ, and he is regarded as the chief of the wise men of China; he recovered some of the patriarchal principles of religion, enjoining a deep veneration for the Deity or King of heaven; he delivered some excellent moral precepts, but appointed no priests or temples; comparatively few, therefore, except the more learned in China profess to be his followers. Still it is reckoned that 1560 temples are consecrated to Confucius, and that there are offered in sacrifices annually in those edifices, 5,800 sheep, 5,800 goats, 27,000 pigs, and of rabbits 27,000. There are of course priests for this service, and they are said to perform their duties clothed in the richest silks of China.

FOHISM.—John. What is the Chinese religion of Fohi?

Mrs. Adam. Fohi, Fo, or Fuh, was an Indian prince, who is believed to have been metamorphosed into a divinity at the age of thirty-six years, when he established his religion in India, and died at the age of seventy-nine. After his decease, his followers propagated many fables concerning him—that he was still alive, that he had been born 8,000 times, appearing successively under the figure of an ape, a lion, a dragon, an elephant, &c. His religion requires praying to Fohi, providing his priests with temples and support, that by their merits they may procure the forgiveness of people's sins, and the observ-

ance of five precepts, viz: to kill no living creature—not to steal—not to commit impurity—to utter no falsehood—and to drink no wine. These are enforced by threatenings of future punishments, especially of being born again in the bodies of dogs, horses, rats, serpents, &c. Fohi has a vast number of temples, some of them magnificent, open night and day; and a table furnished with flowers and perfumes is placed before his image, with other images of birds, beasts, and creeping things, to symbolize the various changes of the supposed divinity.

The emperor is the acknowledged supreme pontiff or head of all these established or licensed systems of idol worship, and he offers an annual sacrifice of oxen, sheep, goats and hogs, in the only temple created in honor of Tien, or Heaven, and another sacrifice to the EARTH; both these ceremonials are performed at Pekin.

The Little Missionary Society.

We have just received a little box full of money from three children in one family, to aid in sending the gospel to the children of Africa. Their parents have allowed them a small sum for every week they are not noted in school. Without naming the fact to others, they have been meeting for several months, bringing each week a cent, and spending the time in reading about missions. The box contained, mostly in cents, one dollar and one cent. These children seemed very willing and happy in making this offering to the Lord. We hope they will all love the Lord, and trust in that blessed Saviour whose gospel they wished to be proclaimed to the perishing heathen.

Boys and girls, who read the Commission, how many of you will do as these three children did?

The Unhappy Children.

"Far away over the wide water, there is a pleasant and beautiful country. The sun shines very brightly there, sweet-smelling flowers spring up beneath the feet of the little children who live in that land, delicious fruits grow there, and beautiful singing birds fly about in the air. But the little children are not happy. Sometimes they suffer a great deal, and are very miserable. They are not happy, because they have not good fathers and mothers, and because they are not good themselves. They have no Bibles to tell them about their heavenly Father, who does so much for them, and about the Lord Jesus Christ, who died that their sins might be forgiven, and they made good and happy."

"I havn't got any Bibles," said little Henry, who had been listening with much interest to my "story," "but I will give them all my cents, my bright cent and all, to buy them some. And when I am a man, I will sail in a great ship, and tell them all about good things."

How many young readers of the Youth's Dayspring will give all their cents to buy Bibles for these poor children? I hope that many of them will, and I hope, too, that some among them, when they become men or women, will sail in ships to tell poor ignorant people about

the great and good God, and about Jesus Christ, and what they must do to be saved from their sins, and from endless misery.—Dayspring.

Cruelties of the Heathen.

A few months since I saw a man swinging in the air upon hooks which were fastened to his back. Thousands of people were present to witness the horrid spectacle. In the evening the poor idolator came to our tent, his flesh torn and bloody, begging for alms. As a reward for his sufferings the people of that village pay the rent of a small piece of land, which he cultivates. By this means they hope their gods will give them a good crop of rice.

A short time since, Mr. Day, Mrs. Jewett and myself went a little distance from our house, to distribute tracts and tell the people about the only Saviour and eternal life. It was a great day of idol-worship. A large bed of burning coals was prepared, and during the preparation men were fanning those fires over which the heathen victims were to pass in honor of their gods. Facing that bed of burning coals were a number of idols. Soon sixteen men, strangely painted and adorned with flowers, were introduced with music of most unwelcome sound. After passing several times round the fire, they marched through it three times with bare feet. They pretend that the god they worship prevents the fire from burning them. These are only single instances of heathen cruelties which for thousands of years have been practiced in India. Now what do you say; will you work and pray and give your money, to provide this people with the knowledge of salvation!—Macedonian.

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