

THE COMMISSION

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 9.

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

RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER 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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The Cross the Test.

From the German.

Some with Jesus are delighted
While he speaks of joys to come,
Thinking that to them is plighted
After death, a happy home;
But the "cross"—when he declares it,
"None but he who takes and bears it
Can my true disciple be;"
Few—how few!—to this agree.

All are pleased when "Come ye weary!"
"They can hear the Saviour say;
But 'tis language harsh and dreary,
"Enter ye the narrow way."
While "Hosanna!" men are singing,
All can love. But when is ringing,
"Crucify him!"—at the sound,
Nothing more of love is found.

While his hands are food supplying,
All with joy his bounty take;
When in anguish he is lying,
None for his protection wake.
Thus may Jesus have our praises,
While our hopes and joys he raises;
But should he his favors hide,
Love to him would not abide.

Is thy joy in Christ arising
From thy love to him alone?
In his sorrows sympathizing,
Can'st thou make his griefs thine own?
Should he cease with hope to bless thee,
Should dark fears and doubts distress thee,
Still confiding, could'st thou say,
"Jesus, thou art all my stay?"

In thyself, Lord, thou art worthy,
All our love is but thy due;
Saints and angels cry before thee,
"Thou art holy, just and true!"
Whoso, on thy bright perfections
Fixes all his best affections,
Has, in loving thee, a part
That shall satisfy his heart.

For the Commission.

Objector to Missions, Harken!

We sometimes hear it said, by even professors of religion, "Well, I don't know that we are under any particular obligation to send the gospel to those barbarians—they cannot appreciate it, and will perhaps kill you if you go among them. We don't know that it will do them much good; and besides, we have a plenty to do at home." Now suppose one of the heathen converts from our missionary stations, should come to this country and hear such expressions from professed Christians. Would he not say, "After all, have I been deceived? I thought the Bible the missionary gave me, taught a world-wide benevolence—a sympathy for all mankind; in fact, I am sure the founder of this religion said to his disciples, 'go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' But I suppose, from what these Christians in America say, (and they ought to know,) that by going into all the world, he only meant go among the intelligent and enlightened nations, who can appreciate the gospel, for the barbarians are not a part of the world. O, my God! can this be so? Must all my hopes be lost? Must I look upon myself and my nation

as outcasts from thy mercy, for whom there is no salvation, no God, no heaven? Forbid it, Almighty God! when thou hast said to thy Son, 'I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession;' yes, when thou hast said, 'I have set thee to be a light to the Gentiles, that thou shouldst be for salvation to the ends of the earth.' Oh! may I not hope that I and my dying countrymen are included in the number? If thy Son came to seek and to save those who are lost; if he came to preach the gospel to the poor and needy, and that those who sit in darkness, might have light, surely we are of that number!"

Now we ask you seriously, Christian reader, if this poor Karen, Burman, or Chinese convert, would not thus come to a just conclusion, that they were a part of 'all the world' to whom the gospel was commanded to be preached? But if you will pardon us, we will ask another question. What do you suppose he would think of your Christianity, if you manifested no desire that his idolatrous countrymen should have the gospel? To know what he would think, you only have to imagine yourself in his situation. When you have done this, let the golden rule of scripture have its due effect upon your heart—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"O Christian! happy Christian!
For whom a Saviour died,
Whose patient guardian angels
Wait ever at thy side;
For whom eternal ages
Have piled their treasures high,—
Can such as thou be silent,
And let the heathen die!
Thou shouldst be calm, the rather,
When ruin reigns on high,
When worlds with blazing fragments
Shall flood the trembling sky!
Nay, smile at this as trifling;
But shudder at the cry
Of millions who in ruin,
Can ne'er in ruin die!"

A. B. C.

Madison University, July, 1850.

For the Commission.

Beautiful Illustration.

No book abounds so much in bright figures and beautiful allusions, as does the word of God. Let me instance one, out of many, found in this rich repository of truth.

Paul says, (2 Cor. iii. 18,) "We all, with open face beholding (in the word,) as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

When I read the above passage, I cannot help thinking of the late daguerrotype invention, for taking the human likeness, as affording a beautiful illustration of the Divine impression made on the soul, in the work of regeneration.

The difference, however is very essential. The Holy Spirit occupies the place of the human operator; God himself, the place of him whose image is to be taken; the word, or gospel, the place of the glass fixment; and the fleshy tables of the heart, occupy the place of the silver plate, on which the human likeness is made, by reflection. Hence the Divine image is made, upon a *hidden member*; but, it is so constructed, as to *shine out*, through the surrounding darkness, and become a tangible and valuable reality, through life; and at death, proves a passport to a world of unfading bliss!

Now as we are wont to rub off every defilement which obscures a human likeness we highly esteem, so it is our duty, and interest too, to keep the Divine image clear of all moral defilements "which war against the soul!"

Dear reader, you are aware that it is a profita-

ble business to be engaged in taking the human likeness. It is infinitely *more so*, to be concerned in producing the Divine likeness, or image, in the soul!

Hark, ye! What does the judge say? "They that (instrumentally) *turn many to righteousness*, shall *shine as the stars forever and ever.*"

Reader, can you refuse to work in a matter involving so much interest and gain to yourself and to others? I pause for a *practical* reply.

Yours, in truth, S. R.

Clinton, Ky., August, 1850.

For the Commission.

"He has more Faith than I Have."

The other day I traveled on the boat in company with a gentleman who (with his family,) was on his way to New York, whence he expected to proceed to Jerusalem. He was going out as a missionary. A lady, who was also along, a member of the church, hearing of his object and destination, remarked somewhat sneeringly, "he has more faith than I have." She evidently thought he had less sense, seemed to speak indeed as if trusting in the blessed promise of the Saviour, accompanying the commission, "Lo, I am with you always," &c., was an evidence of the greatest folly.

Some people are not content with not obeying the command of Christ themselves, but throw cold water on all the efforts of others, and coolly ridicule those, who, like Paul, count all things loss for Christ. And yet such persons profess to be the soldiers, servants, stewards of Christ! Well has it been said that God must convert the church before the world can be converted by *her* instrumentality. Lamentable is it if having faith enough to go and preach the gospel, is a mark either of fanaticism or folly. Had the missionary alluded to been going away from home to seek gold, to recruit wasted health, or to make scientific explorations in the East, all would have been well enough.

How the wisdom of God and the world differ! How much, alas, of the spirit of the world is creeping into the visible church. X. Y. Z.

For the Commission.

A Generous Slave.

A writer in the April number of the Southern Presbyterian Review, says:—

"We know of a female slave who, out of the fruits of her own industry, brought, in the most private and modest manner, to her minister, on two different occasions, four silver half-dollars, and on another occasion, sent him a five dollar bill, because, as she expressed it, she 'felt anxious to do something for those many thousands who are going to perdition with no one to point them to Jesus, as you faithfully and kindly point him to us'. And when this minister fearful lest it might be wrong for him thus to receive these contributions, amounting to nine dollars, from one slave, waited on her mistress and stated the circumstance, he was told that it was all right, that she was, especially since her experience of religion, both a faithful servant in doing her mistress' work, and also industrious in improving her own hours of time, so that by tailoring and mantua-making, and baking cakes for sale, she accumulated, honestly and fairly, the means of being charitable."

How many of our readers are as charitable as this slave?

A Farm for Sale-Bidders Wanted.

"Have you sold that farm yet?"

"What farm?"

"Yours certainly."

"Why do you ask that? What am I to sell my farm for?"

"Because Christ commands you to do it."

"I did not know that before."

"That is strange indeed. You ought to have known it, surely. What did you tell the missionary agent, when he called on you a short time ago?"

"I told him I had no money."

"And you thought that a good reason for not giving, did you?"

"Certainly I did. How can I give when I have no money?"

"I will tell you that, presently, but first answer me another question: What did you tell the agent you had done with your money?"

"I told him I had paid it on the land I bought."

"Just so I thought. Now, brother, this is an old story of yours, and I am going to deal faithfully with you, for the honor of my Master requires it. I remember, two years ago, I called on you in behalf of the American Board. It was a pressing time. There was danger that all our missionary operations would be greatly crippled for want of funds. You had just concluded a bargain for another piece of land, and said it would take all you could take and scrape to pay for it. The Tract Society's agent came along, and made an earnest appeal. You still owed a little on your land, and could do nothing for the cause of benevolence until that was paid! Then the Bible Society presented its claims—you had just bought a horse, and could do nothing. Afterwards, Home Missions—you had lent your money a short time before, and had none by you. Now, brother, these excuses of buying and being in debt will not do. You can't escape the claims of the Lord by any such maneuvering! He has been beforehand with you, and put a text in the Bible on purpose to meet the plea of those who say they have no money. You will find it in Luke 12: 33: 'Sell that thou hast, and give alms.' Have no money! Then sell a few acres and get some. Sell a horse—a cow—some merchandize. What right have you to be speculating on God's money; to have it pledged to Mammon beforehand, so that you protest every order the Lord Jesus sends you, and feel easy as long as you can say, 'I am in debt,' or 'I am about buying more.' It is a fraudulent transfer to avoid a just claim. The Lord can carry on his purposes without your money. Certainly he can, for the silver and gold are all his. But he has a mortgage on your property, and if it is not cancelled, one of two things you may expect. Either he will send an execution by the hand of one of his strong sheriffs, viz., fire, flood, or blasting, or mildew; or else it will remain only to be a curse to you and your children. Your gold and silver will be cankered, and the rust of them will be as a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. The Lord Jesus allows you, as a redeemed sinner, the privilege of bringing an offering as a testimonial of your gratitude.

"O! this ever buying for self, and never selling for Christ! My brother reverse the order. Begin to sell for Christ. The world is getting too much of your heart."—*Central Christian Herald.*

Missionary Progress.

Within a period of fifty years past, it is said that about two thousand missionaries have been sent to different heathen countries from Christian nations. Upwards of 7,000 native assistants have been employed in teaching and preaching the gospel. About 4,000 churches have been organized, whose aggregate members amount to nearly or quite 210,000. Three thousand missionary schools have been established, embracing 250,000 children; and all this, where fifty years ago, there was not a single scholar, a single church, a single convert, or a single missionary! The Scriptures have been published in two hundred languages and dialects, and may be read in languages spoken by six hundred millions of the inhabitants of the globe.

THE COMMISSION.

RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER 15, 1850.

Obedient, Patient Faith Needed.

Never, in the history of missionary operations, has unwavering faith in the promises of God been more called for than at the present time. The aspect of the church and of the world, though not such as to discourage, yet requires strong Christian confidence, implicit reliance in a covenant-keeping God. The novelty of the missionary enterprise, which served as an offset to the greater difficulties connected with its incipency, has now passed away. The miseries of the heathen, their mental darkness, moral degradation, horrid sacrifices, have all been spoken of till their very familiarity causes them to be disregarded. Then, too, in regard to our own missions, it is a fact, that notwithstanding the evidences of God's favor on our operations, there have not been those signal and extraordinary effusions of God's blessing which have in days gone by crowned missionary labor, and sent a thrill of gratitude and encouragement through the church at home. We heard, not many days ago, a good sister lamenting that she heard none of the interesting accounts now from heathen lands which she once did; she thought such relations of the horrors of idol worship, and human sacrifices, as the first missionaries sent home, so well calculated to arouse the church, and the accounts of the glorious outpourings of God's Spirit, such as were received from Burmah and the Pacific isles, so likely to encourage to fresh exertions.

This is all well enough. Our missionaries should give us just as interesting communications from their heathen homes as they can. This they do. The horrors of heathenism, and the success of the gospel in dispelling its gloom as seen practically illustrated by our missionaries, ought to serve as an argument for, an incitement to fresh and untiring diligence in our work. But what we wish to say is this—when no longer we hear soul-stirring accounts of heathen misery, &c., let us still labor on—labor till Christ's command is obeyed. When few converts are brought into our churches, let us not despair, but trust Christ's promise. Let us labor because that is Christ's last command. Let us hope, for "he is faithful" who calls us to his service.

Obedient, patient faith!—faith which will labor because Christ so enjoins—faith which will wait because he promises—this is what we want.

But for an incentive to increased earnestness, we beg leave to urge that the condition of the unregenerate heathen is not less tolerable now than it has been. Though the gospel has already done much, millions are yet starving for the bread of life.

As an encouragement to patient, hopeful faith, too, we point to the long (apparently) fruitless labor of Carey in India, and of the missionaries to the Sandwich isles, and then turn to the glorious harvest which crowned their years of patient toil.

Two Principles of Action.

Men do not act without some motive. There can be no movement without an impelling power. This is just as true of human action as of machinery. Wherever we see men earnestly engaged energetically laboring, we may know that there is a cause for this—an inciting, stimulating principle somewhere.

If we look at the mass of mankind, we see on every side signs of activity and enterprise. Men are busily engaged for some purpose or other. Not many in this day can be charged with indolence. The only question is, whether all the exertion put forth is for right purposes, and from right motives.

Now all the various incentives to action by which men are influenced, may be reduced to two—the love of self, or the love of Christ.

The first of these has induced men to endure great suffering and hardship, to encounter innumerable difficulties, and to make great sacrifices. The votary of ambition, for the glory of self, cheerfully suffers toil and penury, and foregoes many of the pleasures of social life. The wor-

shipper at mammon's shrine, to secure power or luxury for self, will, for years, "rise early and set up late, and eat the bread of carefulness," will day by day pore over ledger and journal, or hasten from all the endearments of home to some newly discovered Eldorado, until in the one case, by care, in the other by exposure, he falls, to death an unprepared victim. To be short, nearly all the enterprise which has been manifested in the whole history of the world, nearly all that we see now, is attributable to the motive of self-love. It is an omnipotent, all-pervading principle. Every sect, sex, class, condition of mankind, live, more or less, under its ever present influence.

But there is a class of mankind, which professes to have had this motive subdued and brought into subjection to this other principle—the love of Christ. It is to be remarked however, that many making such professions, do very little for Christ—are very little incited to action by the love they profess to bear for him. Now as these persons possess capacities, and these capacities were brought into exercise by self-love, one of two conclusions follows—either 1st. The love of Christ is powerless as a motive to action, or else 2nd, those who are not induced by it to self-denying exertion, know nothing experimentally of its influence. The love of Christ powerless! Why 'tis the golden chain that binds even angels closer to the throne of God. The love of Christ constrained the devoted Paul to yield even his life in Christ's service. The love of Christ fired the hearts of Stephen and the whole list of martyrs who watered the seeds of truth with their blood. The love of Christ sent Henry Martyn, and Cary, and Boardman, to the shores of heathenism, to suffering, to death. And now, we hear Judson, who has been toiling for years, and like Paul, dying daily, saying, with death staring him in the face, saying in transport of delight, "Oh, the love of Christ! the love of Christ!" But the hypothesis that this principle is powerless, is too absurd to be contemplated. Oh, God what shall become of man, whence shall salvation come, when Christ's love can no longer move!

But if this motive does exert a powerful influence, it follows, that those whom it does not impel to sacrifice and exertion, are not under its influence. The selfish Christian is no Christian. The indolent Christian is a contradiction. "If ye love me keep my commandments."

Here is a test. You are laboring or planning, if mainly for yourself, where your devotion to Christ! Without devotion, where your evidence of love to him?

The principles assumed in this article, are based on the Bible. The conclusions are demonstrated from them. They are, must be, true. If they are, professed Christian reader, examine yourself.

Alas, how many who professing to have the love of Christ shed abroad in their hearts, act only under the influence of self-love. When there shall be more praying for Christ's glory, more giving to extend his kingdom, more going in obedience to his last command, we may believe there will be a greater prevalence of his love among the churches. These are the only evidences that such a love exists and influences.

Line of Steamers to Africa.

We are happy to see that the committee appointed by Congress, to consider the propriety of establishing a line of steamers to Africa, have reported favorably to such a scheme. A bill will probably be passed to carry out this enterprise.

The primary object in the establishment of this line, is the forwarding of the cause of colonization. This is a worthy object, deserving the good wishes and aid of every philanthropist, not to say Christian.

So intimately are the interests of our missions connected with the prosperity of the colony, that we cannot but regard this movement as betokening good for us in this respect, as this communication must increase the colonies. Communication with our missionaries will be facilitated, and the operations on the Coast will be brought more directly under the eye of the Board. We shall rejoice to see this plan go

into operation. Thus indirectly, yet powerfully, do the various improvements of the day favorably influence the mission cause.

The Difference.

Forty years ago the American churches were profoundly slumbering on the subject of sending the gospel to the heathen. Not only were there no Boards or organizations for the diffusion of religious truth among the heathen nations, but the whole church appeared ignorant of or indifferent to the Saviour's last command. At this time, there were some four or five young men studying for the ministry together at college. God's Spirit operated upon their minds, and they became impressed with the duty of doing something for the salvation of the perishing nations of the earth. Determined to do something, and anxious to be themselves the bearers of the glad tidings of great joy, to those who sat in the regions of darkness, they earnestly besought the churches to institute some plan by which this might be accomplished. Through their influence, under God, was formed the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—and then the Baptist General Convention, and since that many other societies, &c., of the greatest value to the cause of Christ.

Now, (oh mortifying contrast!) when the facilities for going out as missionaries are greatly increased, when the sacrifices are comparatively nothing, when great and effectual doors are opening in every heathen clime, when the Macedonian cry echoes from Asia, Europe and Africa, when the requisite money can be raised, when the cry is for men to go—now from the whole South, scarcely one is found saying send me. Why look forty years ago—young men were saying "who will hold the rope while we go down into the deep dark well of heathenism?" Now, the church provides every facility, and calls loudly, "Whom shall we send? who will go for us?"

Oh, dear young brethren of the South, will none of you go? Will you not at least think of it, and pray to Christ to help you decide? Recollect what Christ did.

"Down from the shining courts above
With joyful haste he came."

Can you hesitate then? God grant that you may be led by his Spirit to do right. Act in view of the account you must give.

Notice.

The Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions has now been sick for more than three months. This statement will explain why some letters have remained unanswered; and will also account for any deficiency in the conduct of either the Journal or Commission. We hope our brother may, in the course of a month more, be able to resume the important duties of his office. His health is, however, still delicate.

OUR MISSIONS.

Africa.

Death of Brother Goodale.

The following resolutions, relative to the death of Brother Goodale, were adopted at the meeting of the Board in August, but from an oversight, were not published in the Commission of last month:—

WHEREAS, intelligence has reached the Board of the death of REV. HERVEY GOODALE, one of our missionaries to Central Africa, therefore,

1. Resolved, That in this afflictive providence, we are called to mourn the loss of an esteemed brother and faithful servant of the Redeemer.

2. Resolved, That the example of Christian devotion to the welfare of the heathen, furnished by our departed brother while living, and the zeal and energy with which he gave himself to the work of his Master, should incite his brethren who survive him, to greater efforts to send the gospel to that benighted people to whom he longed to make known its blessed truths, and for whose salvation he willingly sacrificed himself.

3. Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with his bereaved relatives in the loss they have

sustained, and pray that He who has thus afflicted them, may afford them the gracious consolations of his Holy Spirit.

Bassa Cove.

Commander Marston, of the U. S. Navy, in a report made of a visit to the colony of Liberia, makes the following interesting statements relative to Bassa Cove, where our most interesting mission stations are located:—

The country of Grand Bassa, of which Bassa Cove, although not the most populous, is the county town, is principally inhabited by emigrants from Virginia and Maryland, and a few from South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, with a very small number from New York and Connecticut. The town of Bassa Cove lies on the point formed by the junction of the rivers St. Johns and Benson: and almost immediately opposite, at the union of the St. Johns and Mechin rivers, is situated the town of Edina, and further up the St. Johns, is the town of Bexley.

Bassa Cove contains two hundred and sixty inhabitants; Edina, four hundred and thirty; and Bexley, three hundred and eighty; about one-fifth of whom in each town are natives, the remainder are emigrants from the United States.

All these places are regularly laid out into streets running at right angles, some of which are sixty, and some eighty feet in width; and the squares are three hundred feet, allowing each building lot to be sixty feet by a depth of one hundred and fifty. The buildings are constructed chiefly of wood, which in my opinion is bad policy, as the constant interchange of wet and dry seasons, causes them to rot; and added to this, the myriads of insects which this climate supplies, makes them soon go to decay. This could be avoided by substituting stone or brick; the latter article being now made in various parts of the Republic; but that which I should recommend in place of either of the above articles, is iron.

It gave me much pleasure to learn from all with whom I have conversed, that the moral and religious condition of this part of the Liberian Republic is most cheering; there being but little vice, while a truly gratifying religious character is very apparent.

Bassa Cove contains two churches, one belonging to the Baptists, the other to the Methodists. Edina has three churches, Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian; and BEXLEY also has two churches, belonging to the two first denominations. Attached to each of these churches is a flourishing Sunday school, attended by natives, as well as American children; the average attendance in the above three towns being two hundred and eighty-five, of whom one hundred and twenty are native youths. There are also at Bexley two day schools, and Bassa Cove and Edina each has one.

China.

Letter from Brother Yates.

Shanghai, May 6th, 1850.

It is not money which we need so much, now but men, writes an active agent of our Board. Southern Baptists! disciples of the Lord Jesus! what meaneth this? Is the Saviour's last command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach my gospel to every creature," addressed to every other body of Christians, but not to you? Have you gone and said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and has the answer been, Abide where thou art—go not to the heathen—let China's millions of dark-minded idolaters alone, to bow down to wood and stone? Brethren, what meaneth this? Are your souls drawing back because some who gave themselves to this work have been suddenly taken away? Christians die at home as well as abroad, and we are not authorized to expect that the lives of missionaries will be miraculously preserved. If every missionary in the wide world were to die suddenly, and in a very short space of time, that would not alter the Saviour's last command—that would not release you from your obligations to obey it. I verily believe that one design which the Lord of the harvest has in removing such, is to test your love to him—to try whether or not you are willing to forsake father and mother, and all that you

have for the glory of his name. And, beloved brethren, this is a matter which duty, not choice, must decide. You are *commanded* to preach the gospel to every creature. "Freely ye have received, freely give." You know the *value* of the soul. You believe that "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we can be saved, but by and through the Lord Jesus Christ." Then, "why stand ye all the day idle? Go ye also into the vineyard." "As ye would that men should do to you, *do ye even so to them.*"

Your mission at Shanghai has but three male members. Already enfeebled by disease, these three must, ere a great while, cease from their labors. They have laid the foundation—will none of you build thereon? They have gathered the first fruits—will none come to reap the plentiful harvest?

Are there not young men amongst the Southern churches, whose hearts glow with love to the Saviour and melt with compassion for the heathen? I would ask them upon what grounds they have decided that personal consecration to this work is not their duty? And I would beseech them to see if the arguments with which they have been lushing the voice of conscience, are such as will stand the test of the final judgment. Where is brother J. M.—, whom I knew at W. F. College, whose energy of character is so well suited to the missionary life? "Lord Jesus, lover of souls, director of spirits, conqueror of hearts, choose thy own instruments, prepare thy weapons, select thy own sacrifices, open to some understandings the glory of this work among the heathen, touch some hearts with the invisible constraints of thy dying love!"

Letter from Sister Shuck.

Shanghai, April 28th.

There has been more than usual to make me love and feel an interest in my work lately. Not a day last week, I think, but I have had one or more interesting conversations with Chinese women. I have told you before something of "our neighbors." There is one living scarcely more than a stone's throw from our house—a widow woman, left with five children to feed during this year of famine. We found out early last fall her situation. We had visited her before, and had talked with herself and husband, who was then alive. If I mistake not, one of the arguments used by Mr. Shuck was, that the hour of death was near and they knew it not, and therefore it was important to believe in Jesus.

When we went again, the husband was in his coffin in the back part of the house, and the mother with so sad a look sitting among her children, who looked up to her for the food she had not to give. Since that time we have tried not to forget them, and have in every way possible, without leaving them to consider themselves beggars, relieved their wants. The woman and the older children keep the grass out of my yard, and in that way earn a few cash. They have some ground attached to their little house, in which they have some cabbages planted. The few that were large enough to sell, helped them occasionally to their rice. She has also frequently got some fire-wood off this ground, which I have bought from her when she could get it cut. We often have presents of Chinese cakes and sweetmeats, which we do not eat—these are generally given to her little children. Thus she has got over the winter, and will, before long, have quite a quantity of cabbage large enough to cut for market. By assisting her thus occasionally, and supplying her with food when we knew she could not obtain any, we have succeeded in gaining her confidence, and I think she looks upon us all here as her friends. She has been induced several times to come and go with our Sung Sung to the chapel. For the last week or two she has been coming to me to be taught to pray. I have been trying to induce her in her own room to kneel down and attempt (albeit it be but a form,) worship to the true God. (My own nurse does so quite regularly.) We have also been trying to get her to do away with the use of din pak and all sorts of idolatrous things, and encourage her to keep her house in better order. I succeeded in getting her to allow me to take

down a string of din pak and throw it into her kitchen fire. She also professes to have no more made in her house. We hope that she may be influenced. While we *teach*, we would *pray* for the influence of the Holy Spirit, which alone can effectually change the heart.

May 5.—To-day being Sunday, I began a little sermon with some Chinese women. I have often had prayers with one or two, or even more, but to-day I had five. I have been endeavoring to have such a meeting for many Sabbaths, but failed, owing to my depending on the promise of the women to come. To-day I took my little daughter with me, and requested them to come just then, that I wished them with me to pray to the true God. All I asked came, with the exception of one family. I did not ask many, knowing how ignorant they were of behaviour on such occasions. I took a picture I had of Adam and Eve expelled from the garden of Eden, and also one of the crucifixion, and gave them an account of the creation and fall of man, and the mercy of God in giving his Son to die for those, who thus become sinners. They listened, asking questions occasionally. I read to them the verse, "God so loved the world," &c., in proof of what I had said of his willingness to save, and afterward prayed. After they had learned how to kneel, they were very quiet, and manifested no disposition to leave after the services were over, but remained asking questions and drinking their tea for sometime.

They left, promising to come again next Sunday.

The Disciple Wong Yu San.

You will remember that I mentioned to you sometime ago, that the above young man, who was baptized last September, was a native of the large and renowned city of Soo Chow, about fifty miles from Shanghai. After he had been baptized, he returned to Soo Chow, but his father refused him residence under his roof after he found out that his son had repudiated the gods of his country and entered a foreign religion. He repaired to a boarding-house, where he was taken sick and soon became penniless. When he had nearly recovered, his father so far relented as to pay his board, but still refused to allow him to become one of his family. He then determined to remove to Shanghai to seek, in earnest, a livelihood for himself. He laid his case before brother Yates and myself, and said that he knew a little about printing, but did not know how to cut the blocks. After thinking over the matter some days, brother Yates and myself determined to see a practical block cutter to teach Wong Yu San the art. He entered into the arrangement earnestly, and by close attention, in one month's time he made such advances as to enable him to execute simple jobs entirely himself. At present he is doing well in the printing business, and has jobs from four different missions in Shanghai, and gives satisfaction. Our mission has constantly printing to be done, and this disciple we believe is going to be of great service to the cause, by printing our Christian books with promptness and care, and at a cost less than we can have them done by other printers. Another thing which is encouraging to us is, that here is a Christian business native supporting himself independently, without any aid from the mission, and does no work on Sundays. He attends all our services, on Lord's days and other days, and affords his active aid in seating and arranging the congregations. He is also a member of my Sunday morning Bible class, and I believe him to be a growing Christian. Some time ago I had a thought of putting him at a course of study, with a view that in some future years he might become an assistant.

See Saw Ling, the other disciple, was offered a school sometime ago, and the arrangements about concluded, when the heathen parents in a body gave the school to another teacher, because See refused to agree to teach in the same way on Sundays as on other days. We are about opening our new mission school, and we design letting him be the teacher of it, as he has been a school teacher for some years. J. L. S.

Letter from Sister Yates.

Spring has fully set in, and the trees, hedges and fields are beautifully green. During the winter, the streets were much of the time impassable to female feet, from mud and water; but now this difficulty is removed, and we find it pleasant to visit our Chinese neighbors. Most of the women listen politely to what we tell them about the errors of idolatry and the blessings of Christianity. Several have come on the Sabbath, at our request, to accompany us to the chapel. One of these, a poor widow, with five children, lives very near us, and has had "line upon line, and precept upon precept." I have frequently tried to prevail upon her to take down her "chaw-que,"—kitchen god—promising at the same time to give her as many cash as she paid for it. Last Sabbath she came as usual to go to the chapel, and sat down in my room till our women got ready to start. I urged her to attend closely to the sermon, and treasure up the teacher's words. But just then remembering the "chaw-que," I said, "You consented to let me have your kitchen god, but you have not brought it yet, and therefore I know you are not willing to part with it. But remember, you cannot worship Jesus and false gods too." She insisted that she did believe in Jesus; and a day or two after, brought the "chaw-que." I was very anxious to get the shrine with the god, all dusty and sooty as it was, but my woman told me she said she *could not* take it down, for if she did she would have no more rice to eat. This kitchen god is only a small sheet of coarse paper, with some ugly faces painted on it. It is rolled loosely, and stands on one end of the shrine, which is placed in a niche in the chimney. On the 23d of the twelfth month, some wine or tea, and several bowls of eatables, with a pair of chop-sticks, two lighted candles and a stick of incense, are set out on the chaw-dur, cooking range. Just outside the front door, some straw and "nuih pan," (gilt paper made into the form of ingots and strung,) are heaped up, and on the top of this heap, a small paper sedan chair is set, and the god is brought out and placed in the sedan. The master of the household, or if he be dead, his oldest son, then sets fire to the straw and paper, and bows four times. It is believed that the god goes straight to heaven and gives an account of all he has seen during the year. On new year's day, or in the middle of the first month, a new one is inaugurated with the same display of meats and drinks, and the same number of bows by the master of ceremonies.

A Chinese Beggar.

From our back verandah, I saw a poor beggar woman contending with the dogs for their dinner. She had a stick and succeeded in securing several pieces of meat. I called to her to desist, and brought her a loaf of bread which had been spoiled for my table. As I held it up to her she seemed almost wild with delight. She ran to me and taking it, wrapped it in her dirty garment and ran from the yard. When almost to the gate, she stopped as though struck by a sudden thought, and putting down her treasure, searched among her clothes until finding a small parcel, she opened it and timidly approaching presented it to me. It contained small green plums not larger than a filbert, and was no doubt to her very valuable. But they would not satisfy the cravings of hunger, and wretched as she was, there was to her no other way of showing a beggar's gratitude. E. G. S.

Shanghai, May 1, 1850.

Poverty in Shanghai.

It may seem to you wretchedness indeed, when human beings are reduced so low as to be willing to share with the dogs their food; yet it is even true. The poor people here have often searched a small kong, (an earthen jar,) which contains the offal of my kitchen, and the head and entrails of chickens are carried off by them as prizes. Sometimes when I have carried out a dish with some food in it, it has been almost impossible to divide its contents, owing to the

number of fingers which were anxious to secure some of them, and old grey-headed women have thronged around me, begging for a morsel to keep them from starving. E. G. S.

OTHER SOCIETIES.

Progress of the Truth in France.

Mr. Willard writes, under date of Douai, May 20, that the work is going on with every aspect of encouragement. Mr. Thieffry had baptized four persons at Denain, and another was expected. Mr. Lepoels had baptized eight persons at Bethancourt, and Mr. Foulon eight at Servais. There was some disposition shown by the multitude to do mischief, but the mass were respectful and attentive spectators, and it was hoped that a good effect was produced. The Association, the Missionary Society, and the Society for publishing good books, held their anniversaries at Servais, on the 15th. The Romish priesthood bear involuntary testimony to the efficiency of the gospel by their various annoyances and threats. Magazine.

Missionary Appointment.

At a recent meeting of the Board, Hon. Peter Folsom, one of the elective Chiefs of the Choctaw Nation, was duly appointed one of the missionaries of the Association. Brother Folsom is possessed of good talents, and much zeal for the cause of Christ in his nation, and enters upon his work from a conviction of duty. He is to labor in connection with brother Smedley, in the Northern section of the nation, and will undoubtedly prove a valuable "fellow helper to the truth." This is but another step made in the policy of the Board to employ as far as practicable, native preachers.—Indian Ad.

Rev. J. M. Ashburn.

In accordance with the advice of the members of the Putawatomie Mission, and by consent and approval of the Board, this good brother and wife have left their station to spend a few months in South Carolina. During their stay, brother Ashburn will act as the agent of the Board, and we most affectionately commend him to the brethren wherever God in his providence, may call him. As brother Ashburn is well known in the State, he will no doubt receive a cordial welcome, and a liberal response to his applications for aid.—*Ibid.*

Donations.

FROM JULY 1, TO AUGUST 1.

Virginia.
Va. Bap. For. Miss. Soc., per Dr. Worham, tr., 133.51
South Carolina.
Mountain Creek ch., per Jas. Sheppard, 27.35
St. Helena Bap. church, per Dr. L. Reeve Sams, \$12.48 of which, is for African missions, 142.29
Florida.
Quincy ch., contributed by Mrs. Martha Gibson to Rev. Mr. Bowen's support in Africa, 20.00
Alabama.
W. R. Fleming \$10, W. M. High \$5, M. R. Brassfield \$5, Ro. Fleming \$5, P. Burt \$3, N. J. Wynn, \$1, per Rev. M. B. Clement, 29.00
Cubahatchie ch., Macon county Contributions by the ladies and others of that church to aid Rev. Mr. Shuck to complete his chapel, per Wm. Cloud, 25.00
Bap. Convention, fifty dollars of which, contributed by J. H. Brown, Esq., 52.00
Kentucky.
Elder S. Ray, for African mission, 50
Arkansas.
Subscription by Rev. R. Pully and wife, to be divided between African and China mission, 2.00
Missouri.
Second Baptist ch., St. Louis, per E. P. Perkins, Esq., 189.48
Do. monthly concert, 83.66
Rev. J. B. Jeter, St. Louis, on acc't copy right Memoirs of Mrs. Shuck, 16.00
ARCHD THOMAS, Treas.

Children's Department.

For the Commission.

Letters to Children—No 1.

I know that all the children whose parents take this little paper, will be pleased to see a part intended especially for them. Now, dear children, I will tell you the reason why we wish you to be interested in missions. You know that after awhile your parents, and all those who belong to the church now, will have died and gone to heaven. You will then be our ministers, our missionaries, the members of our churches, and if while young you are interested in missions, you will be more able to do your duty when grown.

You have all heard that there are a great many people in different parts of the world, called heathen, who know nothing of the "living God," who made all things, but who worship idols made by their own hands, "which have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet they have, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat." This description of the gods worshiped by the heathen, you may find in the 115th Psalm.

Do you know how many people there are who have never even heard of the Bible or of the Saviour of sinners? More than 465,000,000 of human beings are in this sad condition. How does this make you feel? You have often said the hymn beginning,

"I thank the goodness and the grace,
Which on my birth has smiled,
And placed me in this Christian land
A free and happy child;"

but have you ever thought that you should do something for the poor ignorant heathen? When Jesus Christ was in the world, he left this commission to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." But I hear you say, "I cannot go far away from home. I am too young. I could not preach to the heathen." True, dear children, you cannot go now, (I hope many of you will some day become missionaries,) but even you can do something. When you kneel down every day to thank your heavenly Father for his mercies to you, can you not remember the poor heathen children and ask God to bless them, too. He will hear your prayers. But you can do still more. Instead of spending your money for cakes and candy, or toys, which do you no good, you can save it to buy books and to send teachers for these heathen.

I will tell you what I have heard of some little girls doing. They used to have missionary meetings, and saved and collected in one year \$75.

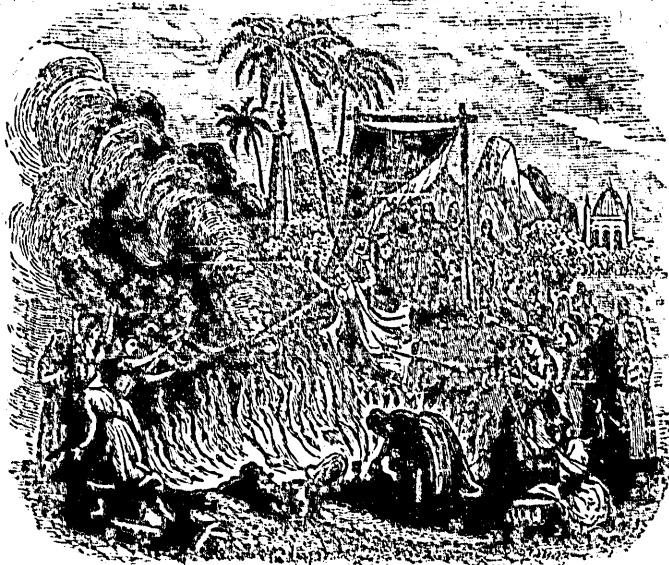
Now must they not have felt much happier than if they had spent their money in gratifying themselves? Suppose you try this plan and see if you cannot succeed as well. You will find some account of their meetings in a little book in your Sunday-school Library, called "The Girls' Missionary Meeting."

Now, as those of my readers, who have determined to do something for the heathen will like to hear more about them, in my next letter, I will tell what missionaries are doing in some countries.

FRIEND OF CHILDREN.

Sarah's Legacy.

The other day, a gentleman came into the Missionary House in Boston, bringing with him a donation of \$3 00 for the Board. It consisted almost entirely of five-cent pieces, and had been treasured up from time to time by a little girl whose name was Sarah. She has had a spinal complaint from her infancy, which confined her year after year to the house, and caused her at times dreadful pain. But Sarah, young as she was, loved the Saviour, and showed, in the midst of her sufferings, sweet Christian feeling. She took a great interest in the Sabbath-school and all benevolent objects, and by reading books about the heathen, had learned to pity their miseries and longed to do something for their salvation. About two years ago she asked her mother to give her little treasure, when she was gone, to buy books for the heathen. She lately breathed out her life in Jesus' arms, and is now, without doubt, free from all pain, and a happy inhabitant of that world, where no one ever says, "I am sick." Bless spirit! May many imitate your example, and share at last your joys.—*Day-spring.*



Cruel Practice.

The above picture, dear children, represents the burning of a woman with the body of her dead husband. This was once a common practice in India, but now much of it is done away, since the gospel has been carried there. Doubtless you are desirous that the religion of Jesus, which puts a stop to all such cruelties, may find its way into every land, and control every heart. Then you must pray for this—give your money to send the Bible—and when you grow older, perhaps some of you may yourselves become missionaries and teachers among the poor heathen. You would perhaps like to hear more about the horrid rite represented in this picture, so you may just go on and hear what a missionary saw himself.

The missionaries were informed that a woman was to be burned in their neighborhood, with the body of her deceased husband. Several of them hastened to the spot, hoping to succeed in preventing the cruel deed; but before their arrival, the fire was consuming the wretched victim, and the spectacle was horrid beyond description. According to their account, the spectators exhibited not only the most brutal indifference, but a levity altogether unnatural and revolting. The fire was too small to accomplish its object speedily, and the tortures of the poor woman were protracted to an unusual length. Her limbs hung out of the fire while the body was in the flames! After some time, an attendant took a bamboo, ten or twelve feet long, and pushed and beat the unconsumed portions of the body, as we should repair a fire of green wood, by throwing the half-burned pieces into the middle! The whole scene was enough to chill one with horror. How cruel, how debasing the effects of this vile superstition!

Mr. Marshman, who was present, endeavored to remonstrate against this degrading practice. He says,—"Turning to a young Brahmin, who was the principal actor in this horrid tragedy, I told him that the system which allowed these cruelties could no more proceed from God than darkness from the sun, and solemnly warned him that he must hereafter appear at the bar of God to answer for this inhuman murder. With a savage and contemptuous grin, he replied, that he gloried in it, and felt the highest pleasure in performing such a ceremony. I then turned to the people, and on my beginning to expostulate with them, one person remarked, that the woman had sacrificed herself of her own accord, and had ascended the pile as a matter of pleasure. 'Why, then,' said I, 'did you confine her down with that large bamboo?' It was replied, that this was 'necessary, to prevent her from running away.' 'What!' said I, 'would she have run away from that which she considered as a pleasure?' I next addressed a youth of about nineteen, who had been induced to set fire to the funeral pile, that was to consume both his parents. 'You have murdered your mother,' said I, 'your sin, therefore, is very great; though the guilt of the Brahmin, who urged you to the perpetration of such a deed, is still greater. How will you bear the reflection that you have destroyed your only surviving parent?' He seemed to feel the force of what was said to him, as his eyes were suffused with tears; but just at this instant, that hardened wretch, the Brahmin, rushed forward, and drew him away."

MISSIONARY GIRLS' SCHOOL.—There is at Walthamstow, (Eng.), a school for the daughters of missionaries. It contains upwards of fifty children.

What will you say, Sir.

When Thomas Hoopoo, a native of the South Sea Islands, had been about two years in the Cornwall Mission school, he took a journey with a friend and spent an evening in a select company, who were much entertained by the questions proposed to him by an irreligious lawyer, and his amusing answers. At length Thomas said in substance:—

"I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall be there. They will ask us all one question, namely, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?'—Now, sir, I think I can say, yes. What will you say, sir?"

He ceased; a death-like stillness pervaded the room. At length it was broken by a proposition of the lawyer, that, as the evening was far spent, they should have a season of devotion, in which Thomas should lead. It was acceded to; and Thomas, in his accustomed meek and affectionate manner, addressed the throne of grace. Soon he prayed for the lawyer in person, alluding to his learning and talent, and besought that he might not be ignorant of the way of salvation through Christ. As he proceeded thus, the emotion of the lawyer rose above restraint. He sobbed aloud. The whole company were affected, and sobs drowned the speaker's voice. Soon they separated and retired to their respective rooms. But there was no rest for the lawyer. The question of Thomas rung in his ears, *What will you say, Sir?* He paced his room in anguish. The Spirit of God renewed his heart.

The Tahitian Child and his Mother.

Little Teilio was a Tahitian. He had a mother who loved her Bible, and taught him to pray and to love God, though little more than thirty years ago there were no such mothers in Tahiti, but many who destroyed their children. His mother also taught him to love the house of God, and he did love it so much that he would be very sorry if he could not attend.

Teilio, however, had but a weak body, and was often kept at home by sickness, even before he was seized with the illness which caused his death. During that illness, his mother watched over him with the most affectionate care, and was rewarded by the eagerness with which he listened to her instructions, and repeated the prayers she had taught him. Often when in pain he begged her to pray for him, and expressed his sorrow that now he could not be where he would like to be, in the house of God.

Every thing was done by his friends to save his life, but it pleased God to take him away from this state of sin and sorrow, to that blessed, blessed world where there is no pain. Shortly before his death, he looked at his mother, and said, "Health to you, mother, I am going." "Going where?" said the mother. "Going to my Father," he replied. "Who is your father?" "God is my Father." "Will God take you, sinful as you are, for his child?" "Yes; I have begged him to do so, and he will." He then asked all to retire but his mother, whom he requested to raise him up while he prayed to his Saviour to take him. After

doing so, the little boy laid himself down again, and went to his "Father" above.

Observing, some days after Teilio's death, that his mother, when in her usual seat at chapel, wept very much, and did not sing, as was her habit, after the service, I said to her, "Why do you weep?" "Because my dear child is absent from my side." "Would you, then, call him back, if you could?" "Oh no. He is happy where he is," she replied, "I would not call him back, but I must shed a few tears to his memory, for that I cannot help."

This was a Tahitian mother, and a Tahitian child, not as they were, when the heart was frozen by the hardening influence of heathenism. Then the mother would have seen her own infant destroyed without pity and without an effort to save it. Nay, she would with her own hands have crushed her tender infant, and cast it from her. Mothers forgot their own sweet babes, and smothered them in the grave.

What has made the difference between their past and present state? It is the blessed gospel, which we wish you to love, and then to send it to the heathen, that it may teach all the cruel mothers in dark lands to love their children, to teach them to love the Saviour, and even when they have gone to heaven, to shed a tear over their graves.—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

The Gods of India.

The serpent, the cow, the kite, the monkey, all these, and many, many others are the gods of India. The earth itself is a goddess; and in the spring Mr. Arthur, a missionary in that country, used to hear frightful noises about the fields at night, proceeding from the agricultural laborers who were offering sacrifices to her. In the Goomsoor country, it is usual to offer a human victim in sacrifice to the earth. A wretched man is tied to a post, and surrounded by a great many others, each armed with a knife; at a given signal they all rush upon him; and without stunning him first, or killing him at once, each man cuts from his person, as large a piece as he can get in the struggle, and runs off to divide it among the people of his village, who hastens to buy it in their fields while it is yet warm. Oh! how sad and fearful a thing it is to lose sight of God, and wander in the darkness of idolatry! "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

Not the earth alone—the sun is a god; the moon is a god; the sea is a god, the winds, the clouds, the rainbow, these are all gods. The banyan tree, the margosa, and other trees and herbs, are gods. The shalagrama, a black schist stone, is worshiped as a god. The Hindoos say, that one of the wives of their god, Vishnu, was metamorphosed into a plant, and that Vishnu to show his affection, himself took the form of the black stone, in order to keep by her side. From that time they have worshiped the shalagrama.

And these are the gods of Gobbce! Miserable things indeed! What could they teach us? How could they comfort us in the hour of death? My little readers, be thankful that you are pointed to another God—the God of the Bible. But is he your God? Do you serve him? Do you love him? If not, you are no better off than the Hindoos.—*Miss. Rep.*

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