

# THE COMMISSION.

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 11.

"Go ye into all the world and preach

the gospel to every creature."

RICHMOND, NOVEMBER 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

JAMES B. TAYLOR, Cor. Sec.,  
Richmond, Va.

Communications enclosing donations, or relating to the financial department, may be addressed to

ARCHIBALD THOMAS, Treas.,  
Richmond, Va.

For the Commission.

## DIALOGUE

*Between two members of a church in the Sandwich Islands.*

A. Brother B., we are about to send out one of our brethren as a missionary to one of the South Sea Islands, can't you give us something towards his support?

B. The fact is, brother, we have too much to do at home to think of such a thing—there are thousands here yet who are not converted. True, idolatry is abolished, and we have a number of churches, schools, seminaries and some newspapers—also a goodly number of church members; but it has been only about thirty years since the gospel was first introduced among us, and we are, therefore, feeble. How can it be expected, then, that we should do any thing for the heathen, when there is so much to do at home?

A. But the gospel has now a good foundation among us, and we should sympathize with those who have never heard it, or had an opportunity of becoming Christians as our countrymen have.

B. But those South Sea Islanders are so degraded, I really doubt whether they would receive the gospel if it were sent to them.

A. Why, my brother, you certainly have forgotten in what condition the gospel found our fathers.

B. I know they were barbarians; but I think they were more susceptible of religious impressions than the South Sea Islanders would be.

A. But this is a mere supposition; you do not know it.

B. I know this, however, that we have a plenty to do at home, and while there are so many without religion all around us, I cannot see why we should be sending off to seek for heathen.

A. Suppose now, brother B., that the missionaries who brought us the gospel had argued as you do, when in their country, what would have been your and my condition at this time?

B. Why I suppose we should have been in the darkness of heathenism; but they could not have argued thus, as they have all doubtless received the gospel there.

A. I beg your pardon, sir; but my pastor informed me the other day that there are thousands in America who have not yet embraced the gospel.

B. Is it possible?

A. Yes, quite possible.

B. Well I thought from their sending missionaries to us, that they were all converted in their country.

A. Now, brother B., in view of what the gospel has done for us—the school-houses and churches which it has built—the degradation and barbarism from which it has raised us—and the peace and happiness which it affords to our country—do you think they were right in sending us these missionaries, though they had much to do at home?

B. I must confess it has been a great blessing to us—one, too, of which I would not for all the world be deprived. To be candid, I think they were right, in our case at least; for God has wonderfully blessed their labors and thus shown his approbation.

A. What do you say, then, with regard to our imitating their example, by sending out this missionary to the South Sea Islands?

B. Well I must confess your remarks have altered my notions somewhat, and I don't know but that it is right, since the scriptures teach us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. I guess you may put me down for five dollars.

[American Christian, do you not think that we did right in sending the gospel to those islands, and that B. acted right in concluding to give five dollars to send it to the islands beyond them?]

For the Commission.

## Arduus and Laxus.

"Why are you offended with me, my dear friend, for bringing home to you this charge?" said Arduus. "I most freely confess my own self, guilty of the very same, and acknowledge that I have no justifying plea before the tribunal of the Great Judge, save the blood of Him, whom in this very respect, I have crucified to myself afresh, and put to an open shame! I trust that He accepts the plea, for I do present with all the sincerity and earnestness of one who feels from his inmost soul he has no other—renouncing every other hold, I commit myself—all I am—all I have—with all the devotedness of a penitent heart, to the assurance of this last refuge! So clinging to this blessed assurance, I feel that I have separated myself from the world—have ceased to cling to it—for you see that as the scripture saith I cannot hold to the one and to the other also; and how can I but cleave to Him, who 'hath become my refuge?'"

"There was a time when the glorious and blessed claims of the gospel found no response in my bosom, nor in my deeds—when in my eyes there appeared no glory in the Great Atonement, save so far as it related to my personal salvation. Of all my thoughts, whether they related to this life or to that which is to come, the reigning power was *selfishness*. In brief, I was not at one with Christ; my heart thrilled not in unison with the expansive propensities of His ineffable compassion, love and mercy. And yet though I blush to own it now, I confidently, proudly boasted that I was His; that I knew no will but His. I had a brother—he, too, was selfish like all who knew not Christ, and loved this world's wealth. But when the gospel led him to Mount Calvary, he lifted up his eyes and beheld afar off, an afflicted and destitute people 'for whom Christ died,' even the same as for *him*—who yet had never heard of the cross. And the cross spake unto him, 'These worldly riches to which thou art crucified now, are sanctified as a means by which thou, even thou, for thou art counted worthy, mayest make Christ known to yonder desolate and perishing people.' With penetrating joy he heard the voice. He looked again with satisfaction on his wealth, for now it was his Lord's. He felt himself rich in the 'pearl of great price'; and for joy he sold all he had' and gave it for the poor, ignorant idolators, and then gave himself to prayer for them. And I had loved him, until he gave up all for love to Christ; but now my soul revolted from him, for his zeal of sacrifice rebuked my grasping avarice, and was an insult to the god I worshiped. I was wrath with him, as the murderer Cain was with his brother Abel, because of his acceptable sacrifice. I smote him with rude and bitter words; his heart that loved me was pierced, and the deepest wound was this: that I was against the Saviour I claimed as the lover of my soul. I parted from him in anger one night, and the next morning found him asleep in death, a smile of sweetness yet of touching sadness on his fair young face. My soul was smitten with repentant grief. 'I abhorred myself—I repented in dust and ashes.' And while I lay low in the dust before Him, the Lord caused me to see and to loathe 'the iniquity of my covetousness,' and to abhor myself because I had been an habitual robber of the Lord's treasury, and by this means a traitor to the cause of Christ—the salvation of

ouls. For was I not in very truth before this a robber and a murderer?" E. A. L.

To be continued.

## Dramatic Sketch.

SCENE.—A parlor with gas lights burning, and a coal fire diffusing an agreeable warmth.

Husband.—(Sitting at a centre table, with papers before him, and addressing his wife.)

My dear, I have just been reckoning the expenses of our family for the year, and I find them to be considerably greater than my income justifies. Cast your eyes over this schedule, and you will be surprised to see how much we have expended, and be convinced of the necessity for retrenchment. Four thousand dollars per annum is the estimated expenditure—thus: house rent, eight hundred dollars; carriage hire, two hundred dollars; tailor's and milliner's bill, three hundred dollars; music teacher and concerts, one hundred and fifty dollars; parties given, two hundred dollars; three servant's wages, three hundred dollars; but I need not proceed, you can examine the remaining items yourself. Now, the question is, how shall we retrench? It is true, I have invested five thousand dollars this year, but unless I can do better than this, I can scarcely hope to acquire that competency I have so anxiously desired, and upon which I can retire from the cares of business.

Wife.—I am as ready as you can be to retrench, if it be possible; but you know, my dear, that it is necessary to keep up appearances. Our station in society demands this, as well as our daughters, who you know, are growing up, and whose prospects depend on our keeping up a genteel establishment. Still, I think, we have been rather too lavish, not in our necessary expenses, but in our charities. You recollect you gave to the Missionary Society, twenty dollars; to the Tract Society, twenty dollars; to the Deaf and Dumb, Blind, and Orphan Institutions, twenty-five dollars each, and I have been in the habit of paying a dollar a year to—let me see—seven different Societies; and then, too, you recollect, our pew rent is twenty-five dollars a year, and I think, besides this, we have given at least thirty dollars during the past year to other charities. Now, all these things count up, and I really think we are not called to do so much.

There is Mr. A., and Mr. B., and Mr. C., they are worth five times as much as we are, and I never hear of them contributing to such objects. Husband.—(Musing.)—Well it does appear to me that we have been too liberal in these matters, and—

(Here a knock is heard at the door, and a gentleman is ushered in, in whose countenance, benignity and severity are strangely mingled.)

Conscience.—I hope I do not intrude, but overhearing your conversation, I could not forbear to venture an opinion on the subject of it. You find your expenditures have been too lavish, and I wish to curtail them?

Husband and Wife.—Exactly so.

Conscience.—And you wish to begin by retrenching your charities?

Husband and Wife.—That appears to be the most natural way of accomplishing our object.

Conscience.—Suppose you begin with your luxuries and superfluities. God's providence has bestowed on you all you possess, and do you owe him no acknowledgment for this? If you withhold benevolence from God's poorest creatures, can you expect he will continue his benevolence to you? Does he not hold you in his hand, and can he not, in a moment, blast your prospects, and bring you and your children into a situation to be recipients of charity? If you show no mercy, can you expect mercy? Is there not an account to be given of your stewardship? Would not a very trifling retrenchment in your household expenditures enable you to treble your charities, and in doing this, would you not feel better, and have a surer prospect

that your money would prove a blessing to you, and not prove a curse to your children!

Husband and Wife.—(Excited.)—This, sir, is a very unwarrantable and impudent intrusion upon our private matters.

Conscience.—(Refling.)—I have nothing more to say at present, but remember! I will visit you hereafter, when you will be compelled to listen to more unpalatable truths.—*Presbyterian.*

## The Happy Laborers.

Where Christ has tol'd and martyrs bled,  
And saints their tears have sown;  
Unto their labors entering in,  
We reap where they have sown.

## The Way to be Happy.

A story is told of two travelers in Lapland, which throws more light on the art of being happy than a whole volume of precepts and aphorisms. Upon a very cold day in the winter, they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped up in furs from head to foot. Even their faces were mostly covered; and you could see hardly any thing but their eyebrows; and these were white and glistened with frost. At length they saw a poor man who had sunk down, benumbed and frozen, in the snow.

"We must stop and help him," said one of the travelers.

"Stop and help him!" replied the other; "you will never think of stopping on such a day as this! We are half frozen ourselves, and ought to be at our journey's end as soon as possible."

"But I cannot leave this man to perish," rejoined the more humane traveler, "I must go to his relief;" and he stopped his sledge. "Come," said he, "come, help me rouse him."

"Not I," replied the other, "I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself to this freezing atmosphere more than is necessary. I will sit here, and keep myself as warm as I can, till you come back."

So saying, he resolutely kept his seat, while his companion hastened to the relief of the perishing man, whom they had so providentially discovered. The ordinary means of restoring consciousness and activity were tried with complete success. But the kind-hearted traveler was so intent upon saving the life of a fellow-creature, that he had forgotten his own exposure, and what was the consequence?—Why, the very effort which he made to warm the stranger warmed himself!—and thus he had a two-fold reward. He had the sweet consciousness of doing a benevolent act, and he also found himself glowing from head to foot by reason of the exertions he had made. And how was it with

his companion, who had been so much afraid of exposing himself? He was almost ready to freeze, notwithstanding the efforts he had been making to keep warm!

The lesson derived from this little incident is very obvious. We are all travelers to a distant country. At every step of our journey we find other travelers, who need our friendly aid. Nay, God has brought them around our path in great numbers; and, far as the eye can reach, we see their dense and gloomy ranks. Now there are two ways of meeting these objects of Christian sympathy and brotherly regard. We can go abroad with the stern purpose of a selfish and unloving spirit, saying in reply to every appeal which is addressed to our better feeling, "Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled;" or we can say, with the warm-hearted traveler, "I cannot see this man perish; I must hasten to his relief." And the rule which we adopt for our

guidance in such cases will determine the question, whether we are to be happy or unhappy? The man who lives only for himself, cannot be happy. God does not smile upon him; and his conscience will give him no peace. But he who forgets himself in his desire to do good, not only becomes a blessing to others, but opens a perpetual fountain of joy in his own bosom.—Day-spring.

## THE COMMISSION.

RICHMOND, NOVEMBER 15, 1850.

### Mission Schools.

The instruction of heathen youth in the truths of Christianity, is beginning to be recognized as a most important branch of missionary labor. No one would maintain for a moment the propriety of allowing children in this country to grow up in ignorance, with the intention of teaching them in their mature years. Oh no! Experience and observation prove that the work of instilling gospel truth into the minds of the rising generation cannot be begun too soon. The heart is early susceptible of good or evil influences. The devil is never idle, and evil influences are on every hand. Hence (and justly,) the prominence which is given to the noble institution of Sabbath schools. But surely all this would apply with equal, if not with increased, force to the evangelization of the world and the establishment of Christianity in heathen countries. Just so far as human nature in heathen lands is like human nature in America, should mission Boards and missionaries give the same attendance to the instruction of the young, that the subject is admitted in this country to deserve. By just so much as the prejudices of the heathen against Christianity, as evil influences to which they are subjected, are the greater and more numerous than these in nominally Christian countries, so much the earlier in life should gospel truth, with its promises, precepts and principles, be brought to bear upon the minds of the people. Were the systems of early religious instruction in this country done away with, harm would doubtless be done, and a powerful auxiliary to the preaching of the gospel removed. But then, after all, in this land of Bibles and general diffusion of knowledge, where popular sentiment and the law favor good morals, and there is a prejudice in favor of the theory of Christianity, men and women as they grow up, would only have to be induced, personally, to receive a religion which their reason and even prejudice approved. How different in a country where the Christian religion is regarded as an innovation and designed to supersede long cherished systems: e. g., take a heathen child before it has imbibed any prejudices for heathen worship, or subjected to any of the evil influences which are presented in the horrid sacrifices or obscene rites of those countries, before it has been taught to lie and steal, and as its faculties are developed, bring to bear upon its heart the truths of religion in their most simplest, attractive, and impressive forms, and there will prove to be in that child's heart enough of evil, enough of natural repugnance to these truths, to make the task of instruction no easy one. But now suppose this child to grow up—to attain to years of maturity without hearing a word of the true religion, but through every day of its life to be constantly imbibing false principles, engaging in wrong practices, in addition to this natural repugnance, the long formed habits and deeply fixed educational prejudices of life must be overcome to make way for the reception of the gospel. The preparatory work of removing the rubbish of preference for idol worship, or the barriers presented in attachment to national forms of worship and rites endeared by the associations of childhood, would be found no easy task. The basis of the missionary work should be laid broad and deep, by teaching the young in heathen lands about God and Christ, before the ground is pre-occupied with the worship of idols.

It will be gratifying to our readers to know, that the system of instructing youth has been pursued with encouraging success by our missionaries. Especially is this the case in Africa. There hundreds of children, from the natives in the interior, are every day learning Bible truth

and under religious influence. The children are greatly attached to their schools, and there is good reason to hope that many, rescued from the darkness of heathenism, will be greatly instrumental in glorifying God and blessing their poor countrymen. The greatest obstacle in the way of extending these schools, is the want of well qualified teachers. This will soon be obviated, however, as teachers with grateful hearts and cultivated, disciplined minds, will ere long be raised up from the scholars.

In China there is a prejudice against foreigners. This will necessarily limit school teaching there for some time. Now, our schools there are immediately conducted by Chinese. Missionaries mostly superintend. Our sister Harriet Baker, who left this country some months ago, has reached China, and ere this, doubtless commenced operations. Her work is an important one, for as females in China can only be approached by those of their own sex, most of the religious instruction which they receive must be as girls in school. We commit her and her work to God and the word of his grace. Want of time forbids us to enlarge on this interesting subject. We hope hereafter to be able to present from time to time, such facts relative to the instruction of the youth in our various missionary fields, as shall serve greatly to encourage all those who are contributing and praying for this object.

### Call to Labor.

Sleumberer, awake, why liest thou here?  
Arise, betake thee to the field;  
The Master calls, see He is near,  
Thou must not to supineness yield.  
  
Behold wide spread the harvest white,  
It waits for thee, thou must not stay;  
Go quickly, go with sickle bright,  
And toil until the close of day.

### Steam Communication with California.

In all the various changes and improvements of the age, we see so many signs of the hastening of Christ's coming. The revolutions of Europe have opened way for the gospel, where before it could not enter. The telegraph, the car, all the increased facilities for travel and communication with distant points, especially the anticipated shortening of the distance to the Eastern world—all these seem to be fulfillments of the prediction, "that many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." We give below an interesting extract from the Boston Transcript, in which allusion is made to the probable steam connection between San Francisco and China. This, if completed, and it will doubtless soon be, will greatly lessen the difficulties of going thither—will throw China under our immediate influence to christianize—and will greatly increase the facilities for correspondence with our missionaries in that distant land. But we give place to the extract:—

"We observe by our San Francisco files that the establishment of a regular line of steamships between that port and China, via the Sandwich Islands, is already spoken of, and we should not be surprised if the next step towards civilization and refinement in the Pacific, were the commencement of a regular line of steamers between the chief city of California and the Eastern world. The surplus population of China would then find an outlet into our possessions in the Pacific in almost as great a ratio as that of Europe has long found into the Atlantic States.

The success of the various lines of steamships which connect the Atlantic ports with California, has been unprecedented, and has not failed to attract the attention of capitalists in Europe, and the proprietors of the line of steamers known as the British Royal Steamship Company, running between England and Mexico, the West India Islands, &c., have accepted tenders for the immediate construction of five magnificent Atlantic steamships for performing the through voyages from Southampton to the Isthmus of Panama.

The new vessels are to be named Oronoco, Magdalena, Demarara, Amazon and Panama, of a tonnage of 2,250 tons each, and 750 horse power. With easy modes of transit across the Isthmus

of Panama, which will soon be accomplished by either canal or railroad, as the pleasure of the traveler may dictate, the trip either from Europe or the Atlantic States to California will be performed with ease and comfort in a shorter space of time than was formerly occupied in making the passage from America to Liverpool."

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The Corresponding Secretary is still too unwell to discharge the duties of his office, though we are happy to say he is slowly convalescing.

### Sister Harriet Baker.

Sister Baker has arrived in China, in good health, and has, ere this, entered upon her labors of love, in behalf of the youth of that heathen empire.

## 1851.

### COMMISSION—VOL. III.

#### 20,000 Subscribers for 1851!

Our next number will close the second volume of the COMMISSION. We call attention to this fact now, to urge the friends of foreign missions in the Southern Baptist churches to commence at once filling up their lists of subscribers for 1851, and forward them before the middle of December, as it is important the publisher should know how many copies will probably be wanted.

Will not pastors direct the attention of their people to this subject, and endeavor to interest them in our periodical?

Churches should subscribe for fifty, or an hundred, or more copies, and distribute them gratuitously among their members.

Individuals should form clubs, and have the paper mailed to one person for distribution among the members of the club.

We now have only about 8,000 subscribers. Shall not our list be increased to 20,000? An effort on the part of our brethren in the ministry will secure this number.

The Board desire to enlarge their operations the coming year. To accomplish this object, a large increase of men and means must be secured. To secure these, we believe it is only necessary that missionary intelligence shall be more generally diffused among our churches. Our denomination possesses the wealth and the talent required to prosecute vigorously and efficiently the work of foreign missions; and as our brethren become acquainted with the spiritual wants of the heathen, and with the operations of the Board, we are persuaded that they will cheerfully and liberally contribute of their possessions, and offer themselves, to the cause. Let knowledge, then, on this subject be diffused.

The names of subscribers and money, may be remitted, by mail, to H. K. ELLYSON, Richmond. See terms on the fourth page.

### Request.

Those of our subscribers who have not paid for the present volume, are earnestly requested to send the amounts due, by mail, immediately, to H. K. ELLYSON, Richmond.

## OUR MISSIONS.

### Letter from Sister Pearcy.

Shanghai, March 15, 1850.

Dear bro. Taylor,—Having learned that a ship is about to sail for New York, I have concluded to send you an extract from my journal, thinking perhaps it might interest you somewhat. Attendance at a feast in honor of a Chinese child's Birth-day.

This evening as I was busily engaged making preparations for the approaching Sabbath, two of our neighbor women came in, and insisted on my going with them to their house to see their newly arrived relations. I told them I was very busy just then, and could not conveniently go. They then asked if I would come after awhile. I told them that I would be at leisure in about half an hour, and would go then. They went away, saying they would come after me again in half an hour, which they did, bringing with them about twelve others, some of whom were dressed very tastily and seemed quite lady-like. I invited them to take seats and entertained them awhile. One of them told me that she was going to have a feast at her house that night, and wished me to attend. The others also insisted on my going, telling me that they were to have music performed by a blind lady. I inquired what was the occasion of the feast? One of them said it was her child's birth-day, and she wished to celebrate it. I got my bonnet and accompanied them. When we arrived at the house, they conducted me through the front room, which was filled with men, into an inner apartment where the ladies were seated. On one side of the room sat a large, good looking blind woman, with a guitar, or rather *Banjo*, in her hand. I was asked to take a seat next to her, and another guest was invited to take a seat by my side and entertain me, which she did with some degree of ease and assability. After being seated and passing the usual salutations with my newly introduced friend, I cast my eyes around the room to survey its contents. The most prominent thing which met my view, was a square table in the middle of the floor, upon which was placed two lighted red wax candles, several stands with plates of fruit on them, and in the middle of the table was a large bowl for burning incense in; then on the side of the wall hung a large picture, representing their god, whose countenance was most terrible looking. I asked my friend to explain to me what those things were, and what was their use! She guilelessly told me that the painting represented "Poosat," (their god,) and that the wax candles, the fruit and the burning incense, were all intended to reverence "Poosat," and that therefore they hoped he would protect the child, and keep off sickness or any other evil. Whilst she was explaining it to me, her more artful friends (with whom I had some acquaintance,) beckoned her away, saying in a low tone to me near her, "She does not know how to talk to the lady." Another friend was immediately placed by my side, who took much pains to contradict what the other had said, and to tell me that those things were merely intended as ornaments, and that the fruit was to be served up to the guests by-and-by. In the mean time, the blind woman on the other side of me commenced playing on her guitar, accompanying it with her voice, singing and playing alternately. I could not understand the song; could only gather that it was something about the great exploits of the ancients. On inquiry, I found that my friends knew as little about it as I did, and seemed to have no curiosity to know. She had quite a theatrical air about her singing, and her music struck me as being pretty well performed, considering the low degree to which the Chinese have as yet attained in that science.

In a short time preparations were being made for serving up the food. Small tea-stands were placed by the side of the guests, (one stand answering for two persons.) Presently the lady of the house brought in a number of bowls and chop-sticks, placing on the stands a bowl and couple of chop-sticks for each person; then the bowls containing the food were brought in, which consisted of rice first, pork and bacon cut

up into small bits, fried eggs and onions, vermicelli, little sweet cakes fried in oil, and a number of other things, I scarcely know what. A teapot of tea was brought in, and another similar pot, containing wine, both of which were steaming hot. I was invited to take my chop-sticks and eat; so I helped myself to some rice, (which seemed to me the most palatable of all their dishes,) but they were not satisfied for me to eat rice alone, and soon they filled up my bowl with a variety of things, which were any thing but palatable to me. I managed to use my chop-sticks so awkwardly, as to let the food slip between them back into the bowl, in that way hoping to get off by eating a very small portion, but they were too kind to let me off without eating, and so they took up the food with their own chop-sticks and put it to my mouth, so that I was obliged to eat whether I wanted or not. The wine was poured into our cups while hot, and they insisted on my drinking. I thanked them, but declined. They seemed amazed, and said, What! not drink merry-making wine! I told them it was not my custom to drink wine. They finally proposed that I should take a cup of tea with them whilst they were drinking the wine, which I readily agreed to. By this time night came on, and I hastened home, leaving the guests in the enjoyment of their wine, &c.

Our teacher says that the expenses of Chinese feasts are usually defrayed by the guests.

#### Letter from Sister Shuck.

Shanghai, July 9, 1850.

Dear bro. Taylor,—My interest in the Commission would prompt me to add my mite to its columns every month. I look upon that and the Journal as links connecting us and the members of the Southern Baptist churches at home, insuring to us their prayers and sympathies in the great work in which we are mutually engaged. I do not remember whether in any former communications I have referred to my Sung Sung, (unrue,) She has been with me more than two years, and was when she came to me, very poor, and indeed has continued so, for the small sum received from me has been the only means of subsistence for herself, her husband and her son. Her husband has been lame and in other respects an invalid for sometime, and her son seemed determinately bent upon getting his rice from his mother. I never saw her husband, as he lived some distance from us, and upon my suggesting that perhaps there were some kinds of work which he might do, as it seemed very hard for her to receive so small a share of her earnings, she said to me, "Nyang, Nyang, (or madam,) as long as my husband could go out and work, he always provided rice for me, now when he is sick and lame and cannot do so, it is but just that I should do the same for him." I mention this circumstance as we have but just heard of the death of her husband. When she was informed of his illness, she was very much distressed; indeed, her grief had more quietness and depth than I should have expected from a Chinese. She had permission to go at once to see him, and was to send in case of his death to borrow money to assist in his burial. A few days after, however, she returned, saying he was better, and apparently quite relieved of her anxiety for him.

Several days passed away, during which time I was myself quite sick—my little boy also suffering from hooping cough. I inquired one day about her husband, and found that she was quite unhappy, having heard of his being much worse, though she had said nothing to me about it. I asked her how she could be content to stay away from her husband when she knew he was so ill? Nyang, Nyang, said she, I thought I was using your money, and my heart could not be satisfied to know that while you were sick and the Po po (baby,) sick, you were to be wearied and worn out with labor. I immediately sent her to her home, and she seemed very grateful for the privilege.

'This woman has learned a great deal of Christian truth, and I have sometimes hoped that the truth did influence her heart. She has always been, or appeared to be, interested in the story of Jesus' death and sufferings, and I have listened with interest to the repetition of it by her to

others. She tells it after this manner: "Jesus is the true God's Son. He has a very merciful heart. He saw every one miserable. He pitied them, and he alone came to die for them, and to redeem them from their sins." For the last few months she has manifested much more interest in religion than formerly, and many conversations which I have had with her have been encouraging to me. At one time she gave me as a reason why she prayed to God, (for she has been in the habit of keeping up a form of prayer morning and evening,) that she was afraid of going to hell. At another time she insisted that she did love Jesus, because he died to keep her from going to hell. When she first came to me, I could not get her to acknowledge that she had any sins, because I could not prove that she had been openly wicked. When I would bring up the worship of idols, she would say, "But I never knew any better, and now you tell me it is wrong, I do not do it." In the early part of the Spring, however, I was surprised to hear her speak of her sins. Why, Sung Sung, I said, you used to say you had no sins. "Oh, Nyang, Nyang, that is Chinese custom. I know I have sins." When she sent us word that her husband was dead, Mr. Shuck sent his teacher with the money she needed, and bade him notice whether there were any idolatrous customs observed, but he could not see any thing of the kind. But my sheet is full, and I must close this account of my Sung Sung, hoping that some day I may be permitted to tell you that we hope she is a Christian. I have some faith to believe she will be converted. Will Christians pray for her?

#### A New and Interesting case of Inquiry.

Brother Shuck thus writes:—

June 22.—Just returned from a visit to *Oo Rah jak*. The boat was able to get right up to the door of the new *Hok dong*, (school hall.) I had my bed and mosquito curtains removed from the boat into the private rooms of the building, and passed the night comfortably. In the afternoon catechised the children, and at night held public preaching, a good congregation and quite attentive. There is an elderly and very sensible man there at present, working upon some mats for the top of our mission boat, which we find is getting injured by the sun and rain. I held a long and deeply interesting discussion with this old man after preaching. It has been sometime since I have met a heathen mind so religiously inclined and in such an inquiring state. Lok Seen Sang, the teacher of the school, and our most promising inquirer, had been talking with him about the doctrines of the new religion. I found that a few years ago, and before he had heard any thing of us, he had some how or other lost faith in the idols and idolatrous ceremonies, and had actually from conviction given them up. He talked most sensibly and reasonably, and referred definitely to my discourse which he had just heard. He was of course ignorant on very many points which I brought to his notice, but his teachableness caused my heart to warm toward him. At the close of a lengthened interview, I invited him to visit me in my study at Shanghai, which he promised me he would do. I took his name and residence down in writing, and we parted for the night. Several of the residents, male and female, who regularly attend the services, declare that they believe in Christ, but I am not sufficiently satisfied with their knowledge and sincerity touching repentance and faith, &c., &c., to mention their names to you. I continue to teach them, and anxiously and daily do I try to commend their cases to the all-powerful influences of the Holy Ghost. I very much regret that this out station cannot be visited once every week by one of our number. We need fellow-laborers.

J. L. S.

#### OTHER SOCIETIES.

##### London Missionary Society.

DEATH OF AN AGED BELIEVER ON TAHITI.—The Missionary Magazine, after alluding to the interesting fact that a revival of religion is in

progress on Tahiti, an island around which the sympathies of the churches have so long gathered, gives a letter from Rev. A. Chisholm, in which he records the death of an aged believer.

"We have had pleasing proof at this station, since I last addressed you, that the labors of the Society in Tahiti, in days passed, have not been unproductive of blessed fruit. An aged member of the church, named Rimatu, has had a most triumphant departure from this life, to be present with the Lord. Ever since our arrival here, he has shown himself an humble, devoted Christian, and much more weaned from the world than the generality of professors in this land. It was quite a treat to see the old man coming in with a smile on his face, and the New Testament in his hand, and to hear him say, 'Come here, Titomi; I have got a little word to ask about.' He seemed to enjoy himself very much on the Lord's day, reading, praying and talking about the sermon. Although a very old man, perhaps upwards of eighty, he was the most lively of all our church members, and never absent from any of the means of grace, except when prevented by sickness. As his end approached, he became more and more spiritually minded, so that it was quite instructive and comforting to converse with him. Soon after he was seized with his last illness, I said to him one day, 'Do you think this sickness will be unto death?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I believe this earthly house will soon be in ruins now.' 'And are you not at all afraid to die?' I inquired. 'Oh, no,' he said; 'Jesus died; but though angels said, Come see the place where the Lord lay, I am going to be with Jesus, and he will raise up my body again at the last day.' I asked him what he had been thinking about? When he replied, 'About the height and the depth, the length and the breadth, of the love of Christ.' After a short interval, the venerable saint calmly expired, with a hope full of immortality."—*Journal of Miss.*

"The Christianization of the Hawaiians, it is matter of common notoriety, has outstripped their civilization; and, strangely enough, missionaries have been held accountable for this supposed anomalous and faulty state of things, and stigmatized by some as narrow and bigoted in their views and teachings, because forsaken it exists. But it may safely be assumed as an uncontrollable fact, that this result of missionary labor which is here witnessed, instead of being faulty and unnatural, is the only order in which Providence ever develops a sound and healthful civilization. The Bible comes first with its authoritative and solemn claims upon each individual man. And it is one of the most blessed characteristics of this Holy Book, that its chief behests, weighty though they are as eternity and involving interests vast as infinity, can yet be comprehended by the mind and obeyed by the heart of a savage, albeit he might be months or years even mastering the first idea of civilized life. The simplest teachings of the gospel once believably received, they become the corner-stone of civilization, upon which may be reared the superstructure symmetrical and enduring."—*Journal of Miss.*

#### Donations.

FROM AUG. 1 TO OCT. 1.

Maryland.	
Cash of J. McKim Marriott, China mission,	20.00
District of Columbia.	
James McCutcheon, his claim against Rev. Geo. Pearcey, given to the China mission,	30.00
Virginia.	
Cash from Jno. D. Garnett—One half for African, and the balance for China mission,	15.00
Cash—Mrs. Ann Shelton for China mission,	3.00
Received of Mrs. Keziah Cottenham, on account of Mrs. Pearcey,	7.00
Va. Baptist For. Miss'y Society—Cash received from Dr. A. G. Wortham, treasurer,	136.07
Cash from Miss Agnes Tunstall,	50.00
	151.57
North Carolina.	
Young of ladies the Chowan Female Institute, Murfreesborough, per Rev. M. R. Fory, to educate a Chinese female,	40.00
South Carolina.	
Reedy River Association, per C. D. Griffin, treas'r,	55.00
Mrs. D. M. Mays, per Rev. W. P. Hill,	10.00
	65.00
Georgia.	
Cash from the Walker African Miss. Society, for African mission, per J. McKinley,	100.00
Cash collected p. Rev. Eli Ball, agent,	225.00
Rev. John Wooldridge,	10.00
	335.00
Alabama.	
Sister's Spring Church, Ala., per Rev. Jacob G. Collins,	13.00
Cash rec'd from Mrs. H. E. Reynolds, for Chinese schools,	50.00
	63.00
Mississippi.	
Cash collected by Rev. Wm. M. Farrar, agent,	500.00
Tennessee.	
Cash, Elam Church, concert prayer meeting,	19.15
Meru Church,	5.00
Big Hatchie Association,	3.85
Elizabeth Jett,	1.00
All for the Af. Mis. by G. W. Young.	1.00
Cash from General Association, per J. F. Fletcher, tr., by Rev. Dr. Howell,	100.00
Cash, Rev. Noah Cate, agent, East Tennessee For. Missionary and Bible Society,	23.75
	152.75
Missouri.	
Cash, J. H. Thomson, African mission,	2.90
Capo Girardeau church, p. Rev. W. F. Nelson,	4.00
	6.90
BIBLE FUND.	
North Carolina.	
Cash collected by Rev. J. Dupee, for Bible distribution,	23.00
	\$1,387.23
ARCH'D THOMAS, Treas. Am.	

## Children's Department.

For the Commission.

## Counsel to its Youthful Readers.

Our young readers will be pleased with the advice given them in the article below. Especially, we hope they will act upon it. First, children, get the principles of the gospel in your own hearts, and exhibit their happy influences in your own lives, and then, we know, you will be rejoiced to aid in sending that gospel to the poor, ignorant heathen.

In the morning of life, when the pleasures of youth

Display all their charms to your eyes,  
Don't turn with disgust from the teachings of truth,  
Or kind admonitions despise.

But hearken, I pray, to the cautions I give,  
And the counsels I wish to impart;

Pray examine them well, then firmly believe,  
And treasure them up in your hearts.

Be cautious—the world has too much deceit;  
Don't trust any man 'till he's tried,  
Yet suspect not a knave in each one that you meet,  
But let prudence be ever your guide.

Be careful of peace—they may prove a good friend  
To help in adversity's day;  
To the suffering poor, they assistance may lend,  
Should any distress cross your way.

Be guarded—temptations are lurking around,  
And flattery the thoughts beguile;  
But with principles firm and integrity sound,  
You'll escape all her dangerous wiles.

Be humble, and gentle, and courteous and kind,  
Then you're sure by the good to be prized;  
Shun pride, 'tis the poison and bane of the mind,  
And will assuredly make you despised.

Above all, be religious—whatever betide,  
To this precious anchor hold fast;  
Then safely the tempests of life you'll outride,  
And gain the blest haven at last.

M. E. K.

## Paul Ruttan.

Mr. Smylie, of Dinaugore, has sent to the young people at Ipswich, the following account of one of his native teachers, which will, we are sure, please our youthful readers:—

Paul Ruttan was formerly a Brahmin, and his beads, and holy poita, or thread, are still in my possession. The Brahmins say that, were the holy poita to break, and another Brahmin were not at hand whose poita is not broken, for him to lay hold on till the poita is replaced, this world would perish; and the poor people, who know no better, believe this to be true. But thanks be unto our God, who has not hung the salvation of our world on a Brahmin's thread!

Paul Ruttan's history is not without interest. It would appear he was residing with his parents near Benares when he joined the Christians, and his relatives soon found an opportunity to carry him off; he was confined in a country boat, and sent off to his native village, somewhere near Hoogly, which is about 500 miles from Benares, on the way down the river Ganges; the boat stopped at or near Berhampore, and not far from Moorshedabad, both large places, with millions of inhabitants and many Christians. Here, in the dead of the night, when all were asleep, he crept out of the boat, and in a few moments he was lost in the winding and narrow lanes. He cleared the city, not knowing whether he went, but determined to go somewhere out of the reach of his family; at times, he fancied he heard them in hot pursuit, and then for a time, fearless of the wild beasts, he would hide in some thicket. Here he would cautiously look about, as far as the darkness of the night would allow: on being sure no one was near, he would again start out and take the road; when he reached the great river he crossed over, and in a few days was in Dinaugore. On learning there was a Christian church in this place, he immediately joined us. The two last years he has been employed as head teacher in our first Bengali school. At the time he joined us, he appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen years of age; he is still young, and may not certainly be more than twenty years of age; he can read English, and knows Bengali, and can talk Hindustani; for argument, he is rather too warm and fiery—never ashamed.

At present we have two Bengali schools, with about 100 boys; they all read the scriptures, and sing worship on the Lord's day.

Everywhere the natives listen to the word with attention; very seldom anywhere they offer to argue. They had been so often refuted, that they are generally afraid to argue.—*Juvenile Missionary Herald.*



Can you guess, children, what this picture I saw several parties of these wild men, I came to the foot of a high mountain, covered to the top with tall trees and beautiful shrubs, all ever-offer sacrifices to the gods. These heathen parents seem to be taking great pains to teach their children to worship what they think are their preserving gods. See! there is one boy some eight or nine years old, and one yet younger, rests his head upon his father's, while the smallest of all, is quietly nestled in his mother's arms. The father has in his hands two large white birds. The mother carries a basket of fruits, and even the boy at their side has something to offer upon the altar to their deities.

We think several good lessons might be learned from this picture. Christian parents, how ought you to teach your children to love, and obey, and worship the true God! Surely no morning or evening should pass without your kneeling with these dear ones whom God has given you, and commanding them to his gracious care, and begging for them a place by his throne. Dear children, should not you be anxious to offer some sacrifices to your God—to the God of the Bible! Then offer to him a heart grateful for his goodness and sorry for your sin. This sacrifice, he has promised, he will not despise. But while you experience the blessedness of loving the God of truth and love, and enjoying his favor, do you not feel anxious that these poor heathen, of whom we have been telling you, and who are represented in the above picture, shall also have this knowledge? I know you do. Then pray for them. You may have the privilege, too, of giving to send them the Bible, and (Oh, joyful thought!) when you grow to be men and women, you may go yourselves to teach them about God, and Jesus, and heaven.

## The Veddahs.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I am glad to see you so zealous in collecting money to send missionaries to the heathen; and I have no doubt that, as your knowledge of their awful state increases, you will be more and more anxious to do all in your power to send them the blessed gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

As I have lived eighteen years among heathens and Mahometans in Ceylon, I can give you some of that information which you require to excite your sympathies, and lead you to make redoubled efforts to send the gospel to those who are without God and without hope in the world.

In 1840, I was led to take a ten days' journey into the jungles of Ceylon, to visit some wild people called Veddahs, who had never heard the gospel, that I might make known to them that salvation which makes the Christian happy, and gives him a well grounded hope of eternal life.

After a journey of five days, during which time

such bad doings. We know death will come to all; and as we seek to love God, and believe in Jesus, so we pray that we may be ready. Oh, pray to God that the eyes of this people may be opened, that they may know our Saviour, and acknowledge his blessed grace and mercy!

So writes a poor African boy, named

PAUL SANDT.—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

## All Can Do Something.

A little boy brim-full of fun,  
Running as hard as he could run,  
Plunged in a pond head over heels;  
Among the fish and silver eels.  
His elder brother caught his hand,  
And brought him safely back to land;  
The second fish'd his floating cap;  
His sister cried at his mishap,  
And all directly homeward came,  
Dreading to hear their father's blame;  
His kindness laid their fears at rest;  
They told the truth—the truth is best.  
He heard their talk; then, smiling, said,  
(Patting the first upon his head,) "Your courage saved your drowning brother;  
Receive this book; and now another  
I give the second for his aid:  
But what for you, my little maid?  
You nothing did—you only cried,  
And yet, your right is not denied;  
Your little did, but that was good—  
Your little was just what you could;  
To you an equal gift is shared—  
Your kind desire I now reward."

Thus, Christians, help poor dying souls  
With all the means your power controls;  
Stretch forth the hand, some burden bear,  
Or raise your heart in fervent prayer;  
The Lord of men, the God Most High,  
Approve you if you only cry.

Col. Herald.

## Be Christians Yourselves First.

Dr. Scudder, writing from India, says:—

"I want you all, my precious children, to give your hearts to Christ. This is the first great thing. You must be lost forever if you do not do this. And who of you think about becoming missionaries? I have heard that my dear son Samuel, who would perhaps have joined me in the missionary work year after next, is dead. Is there no one among you who will, by-and-by, take his place? I want you to have this letter read in as many other Sabbath schools as you can. I do not know whether a little book, entitled, 'TALES FOR LITTLE READERS,' has been published by the American Tract Society. If it has, I hope you will get it, and read it. It has many pictures in it, and much about the heathen. Go on, my dear children, in your good work. I want you to grow up, if God is pleased to spare you all, with one thought of importance, and this is, that you will give one-tenth of all you earn for charitable purposes. If any of you have not given your heart to the Saviour, as I just begged of you, do this right away. I wish you would read my tract, 'KNOCKING AT THE DOOR,' published by the American Tract Society. The Lord bless you, my dear children."

Very affectionately,

J. SCUDDER.

## Letter from a Negro Boy, Atropong, West Africa.

My dear Children,—I want to say something to you about this country. In this part of the world they serve idols of wood and stone, and worship hills and rivers. When a man dies here, his slaves cut his head off, beat drums, drink palm wine, shoot guns, and give liquor to the people, till they are drunk. The property of the dead is parted among his family. They then begin to dance, to kill sheep, goats and fowls. They feast and make merry with each other near the very grave. They do not like to think that death will ever come to themselves; and so, when it appears, they drive away the thought by

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