

THE COMMISSION.

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 12.

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

RICHMOND, DECEMBER 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.

The Missionary.

"As the day began to dawn, I was in the vicinity of Ranthby, and, on approaching the Oak-Trees, could distinctly hear the voice of praise and thanksgiving to God. The sound of melody at that early hour came upon me, and in a place so lonely, that it led to reflections of the most cheering nature. We have not toiled and labored in vain. 'The people who sat in darkness have seen great light; and those whose tongues were accustomed to cursing, are raising their voices in hymns of praise.'—*Letter from the Rev. B. Shaw, Stellenbosch.*

At early dawn of day, you might have seen,
In Southern Africa's lonely plain, a man
Wending his way through various toils and cares;
He was a servant of the Lord, who left
His house, his home, to tell the heathen band,
How deep they lay immersed in error's night,
How they might burst the bonds that kept them down
Deep chain'd in Superstition's iron grasp,
And rise superior to the lofty skies.
But, hark! from yonder lonely glen, the voice
Of praise is borne along the passing breeze.
It was a little band of those who once
Had spent their voices in foul blasphemy;
But they had lowly bent before the cross,
And felt the power of Jesus' blood to heal;
And now in joyous notes they praise the Lord.
How soul-reviving to the man of God!
What precious balm to soothe his various pains!
He thinks it sounded with far richer tones
And more melodious harmony to him,
Than the strong loud sweep of choral music
Which on his native Isle he oft had heard.
What sweet, what pleasing images it wakes!
It told him that even Africa's sons had felt
The love, the peace, the joy, which show themselves
In acts of mercy kind, in praise and prayer:
It told him that he had not spent his strength,
His time, his talents, and his prayers in vain:
God had placed honor on his coming there,
Had made him instrumental in the work
Of snatching sinners from the hand of death,
And teaching them the way to joys on high:
A mead so high, so glorious, that he felt
Nor pain too sharp, nor toil too great to bear!
Thus cheer'd, the man of God pursues his way.

J. AIKEN

For the Commission.

As It Should Be.

I called on an elderly minister a few days ago, who informed me that he had just sent on a few names for the Journal; also, that several young ladies in the bounds of his church had subscribed for the Commission. He stated, moreover, that his church and congregation made annual contributions to the cause of benevolence; that these contributions are increasing; and in fact that his church is doing as much as he could ask them to do.

What a beautiful sight is this! An aged minister, with locks as white as wool, marching nobly onward in every benevolent enterprise, and his little flock following steadily in his footsteps! He subscribes, himself, for several religious newspapers, and uses his influence to have his people to subscribe for them too. He himself contributes to the cause of benevolence, and by his influence, his people contribute equal to his hearts desire. This may not be the case in the full extent, yet, considering what they have done heretofore, and how the spirit of benevolence has increased among them, he could not, now, urge them to do more. *How long would it be till the world would be converted if all ministers would act in this way!*

I have seen a minister in my travels who receives and reads a religious newspaper gratis, but who does not use an iota of exertion to in-

duce his people to subscribe for that paper. And, although a pious man, he uses no efforts to have his people engage in the benevolent enterprises of the day. *When will we be induced to do all our duty.*

J. R. H.

New Zealand Idea.

An old man walked with me the other day to one of the settlements, when the conversation turned on the love of God. He said, "The love of God is a rope let down to draw men up from earth to heaven.—*Eng. Paper.*

For the Commission.

"Praying us with much Entreaty that we should receive the Gift."

More than eighteen hundred years have rolled by, since the exercise of this benevolence on the part of the Macedonian churches. With the advance of time, ought not the zeal of the Christian church to advance? But do facts prove an increase of zeal? We speak of people being "behind the age" in worldly things. Is not the church "behind the age" in spiritual things? If we compare the requirements of the gospel and the zeal of the primitive Christians with the zeal of the church at the present time, it would seem that the church is eighteen hundred years "behind the age," for the zeal of the church does not equal the zeal of those who lived eighteen hundred years ago. We hear of the "institutions of the day," and missions are generally included in the expression. By the use of the expression, it seems to us an acknowledgment that Christians of the present time are just beginning to see their duty—just awaking to a sense of their responsibility.

TRUTH.

A Wise Investment.

A Presbyterian lady in Ireland has recently left, among other handsome legacies, the sum of £30,000 "for the spread of the gospel in India." She was induced to appropriate it especially to India, because her fortune was derived from that country, through a brother, who held a lucrative post in the British army. The money, it is said, will probably be employed in promoting female education. It could not be more wisely or usefully appropriated. Would that multitudes in our country would act upon the same great principle of equity and Christian duty! How many similar devices for the benefit of the poor Indian and African Missions would thus be secured! Who can estimate the debt, which, as a nation and as individuals, we owe to these races? And how can this debt so effectually, or so appropriately be paid, as by sending them the Gospel! This alone can repair the injury that these races have received at our hands. Let then the tens of thousands among us, who have been enriched by the lands and furs of the Indian, or the toil of the negro, remember their indebtedness, and go imitate the example of this pious lady; only let them not defer till a dying day, what they could as well or better perform while in health. Reflect on these things, gentle reader, and the Lord give thee an understanding and generous heart.—*For. Miss.*

Education in China.

The following interesting facts are extracted from an old work on China. We commend them to the notice of our readers.

The high schools and colleges, are numerous; but none of them are richly endowed, or well fitted for the purposes of education. The high schools, which are fourteen in number, are somewhat similar to the private grammar schools in England and America; with this difference, that the former are nearly destitute of pupils. There are thirty colleges; most of which were founded many centuries ago. Several of them are now deserted, and are falling to ruins. Three of the largest have each about two hundred students,

and, like the others, only one or two professors. We have sought long and diligently—but thus far in vain,—for some definite information concerning the existing discipline and regulations of these colleges. All those systems of instruction, which have sprung up in modern times, and are now doing so much for the nations of the West, are here entirely unknown. There are books in the Chinese language which contain excellent maxims on the subject of education, give numerous rules to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge, and detail systems of gymnastic exercises for the preservation of health.

Of the whole population of Canton, not more than one-half are able to read. Perhaps not one boy out of ten is left entirely destitute of instruction; yet of the other sex not one in ten ever learns to read or write. There are but few schools for girls in the city. Public sentiment here is against the education of females; immemorial usage is against it; many passages in the classics are against it; and the consequence is, they are left uninstructed, and sink far below that point in the scale of being, which they are fitted and ought ever to hold. The degradation into which the fairest half of the human species is here thrown, affords cause for loud complaint against the wisdom and philosophy of the sages and legislators of the Celestial Empire.

We do not knowingly detract from the merits of the Chinese; in comparison with other Asiatics, they are a learned and polished race. Those who have been educated, are generally remarkably fond of books; and though there are no public libraries in Canton, yet the establishments for manufacturing and vending books are numerous. And to supply those who are unable to purchase for themselves the works they need, a great number of circulating libraries are kept constantly in motion. But almost all of these books are bad; this charge, however, does not lie with equal force against those works which usually constitute the text-books of literary men.

We are admirers of Greek and Roman literature; but we deprecate the practice of putting into the hands of young students the "master pieces" of some of their most celebrated authors. The moral tendency of many of those heathen writings, which ever since the dark ages have continued to form the basis of the literary education of not a few Christian schools, is decidedly inferior to the Chinese. An elegant English scholar has spoken well on this point. "The Chinese student," says he, "not being secured from errors by the light of revealed religion, can only derive his moral precepts from his school-learning. He is certainly, therefore, fortunate in the possession of a body of ancient native literature, which, while it cultivates his taste and improves his understanding, contains nothing to inflame his passions or corrupt his heart. The Chinese are not compelled, as we are, upon the authority of great names, and for the sake of the graces of style and language, to place in the hands of their youth, works containing passages which put modesty to the blush,—works, in which the most admirable maxims of morality, are mixed and confounded together in the same page, with avowals and descriptions of most disgusting licentiousness. The Chinese are certainly by no means free from the charge of grossness and indelicacy; but the higher class, at least, of Chinese literature, that which usually forms the library of youthful students, is in this respect wholly unexceptionable."

Chinese Gathering.

The following is from the San Francisco Courier:—"A very interesting ceremony took place yesterday afternoon on the Plaza. According to previous announcement, the Chinese residents of San Francisco assembled to receive, through the hands of his Honor, Mayor GEARY, FREDERICK A. WOODWORTH, and Rev. ALBERT WILLIAMS, some works, principally of a reli-

gious character, which had been sent from China for their use. There were perhaps 100 of the Celestials present—and we have never seen a finer looking body of men collected together in San Francisco. In fact, this portion of our population is a pattern, for sobriety, order, and obedience to the laws, not only to our other foreign residents, but to the Americans themselves.

"The Chinese were dressed in the manner of their country, but appeared to have taken especial pains to rig out to the best advantage on this occasion. They were gathered in a circle upon the platform, the Mayor and other gentlemen being in the centre. Mr. Woodworth stated the object of the meeting, which was rendered into Chinese by a native. Mr. Williams then made a few appropriate remarks, which the Celestials appeared to receive with a good deal of satisfaction—and then the Mayor put in his oar, to good effect. A gentleman, whom we did not know, followed in some eloquent remarks about the heavenly home to which all who tread in the narrow way, are fast hurrying. This and other metaphors, seemed to puzzle the interpreter to render into understandable Chinese, which had the effect to amuse the wide-trousers gentlemen mightily. After the speeches were over, Mayor Geary invited all the 'China Boys' to take a place in the funeral procession to-day, which invitation was most graciously accepted. The New Testament and tracts were then distributed, with a word of advice to the recipients, to make use of them as finger-posts to point the way to heaven; and after a reply from the spokesman of the crowd, which a Chinaman who 'speaks Eengleese,' interpreted thus: 'We like a good deal to have the books, and shall no doubt find them very agreeable and very funny!' They quietly separated, apparently with the idea that the outside barbarians are very great friends of Lin Chow, the Emperor of China, and all and singular, the flowery kingdoms and provinces of that part of creation."

Nothing to Give.

So said a member of the — church, to one of the appointed collectors for foreign missions. And yet he professed to be a disciple of Jesus Christ—to be governed by the self-denying principles of his gospel.

Nothing to give. And yet he talked of the preciousness of the gospel to his own soul—of the hopes he entertained of salvation through its blood purchased provisions.

Nothing to give. And he sometimes attends the monthly concert, and prays that God will send the gospel to the ends of the earth. He has said many times during the year, "Thy kingdom come," and pretended that it was prayer. If dollars were as cheap as words, the treasury of benevolence would be full.

Nothing to give. That means, the missionaries may starve, and the heathen may go to hell, before I part with any of my money for their relief.

Nothing to give. And he wears decent apparel, lives in a comfortable house, sets a plentiful table, and seems to want nothing necessary to the comfort of his family.

Nothing to give. And he indulges freely in little luxuries, steps into the confectionary occasionally, smokes a good cigar, gathers his friends sometimes around his well-stored board, in convivial enjoyment, and can well afford the expense.

Nothing to give. And the heathen are stretching out their hands in imploring petition for the bread of life, and warm-hearted Christian ministers, and even Christian women, are standing upon the shores of our own land, and looking across into the darkness, and weeping for the means to carry them there, that they may minister to the spiritual necessities of those perishing millions.

Nothing to give. Yet God in his providence, is constant and munificent in his benefactions.

God never answers to the claims of his creatures upon his daily benevolence, "have nothing to give."

Nothing to give. Then you ought specially to labor that you may earn something to give away. Oh! is not this asking too much? Does not that savor a little of fanaticism? Precisely the fanaticism of St. Paul—Let him labor, working with his own hands the thing that is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.

"That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives and nothing gives;
Whom none can love—whom none can thank—
Creation's blot—creation's blank."

Watchman and Reflector.

THE COMMISSION.

RICHMOND, DECEMBER 15, 1850.

"This is Jesus Christ's Money."

Ko Chetthing was a Burman convert. He visited this country in company with a returned missionary, and accompanied him in a tour through several States in the Union.

"In the course of this journey, many small donations were given to him, designed for his own personal benefit. Just before embarking for Burmah, he requested the Treasurer of the Board to exchange this money for Spanish dollars. This done, he exultingly held up his purse and said, 'This is Ko Chetthing's money; this is Jesus Christ's money.' He had formed a resolution, which on his return he fulfilled, of building a Zayat with it, in which to preach to his countrymen."

Dear Christian reader, do you, with the devotion of this simple hearted convert, recognize the money which you have, as Christ's money? If you are a Christian, you are Christ's property—purchased—owned by him—and with you, is included all you have. Christ is not a hard Master; he does not require you to give up all you make to him. You are allowed to use a portion for your comfort and some for your pleasure; but he does require you to hold all at his disposal, and to use a part for the benefit of his cause in the world. Are these unreasonable requirements? Remember, *Christ redeemed you*—not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with his own precious blood." What too large return can you make for such generous love? Remember that Christ gives you all the money or talent of any kind which you possess; or rather entrusts it to your care, to be used for him. If you keep it all, or an unreasonable proportion, are you not an unfaithful steward? and if so, may you not expect him to take it from you? Ponder these important thoughts.

The Discouragements of the Earlier Mission Operations.

Many who admire the strong faith and martyr zeal which were evinced by the now sainted Judson and his compeers, in the establishment of the Burman mission, have, after all, but a faint idea of the difficulties and discouragements with which these men had to contend. Many professed friends to missions, opposed their scheme as quixotic and foolish. To illustrate this, we give below an extract from a Baptist paper published Jan. 13, 1827; written, too, by one who professed an ardent attachment to missions—who, to use his own words, would "measure or weigh with any convention man, on the score of gratuitous labors, toils, fatigues and expenditures, to excite and diffuse the spirit of missions." The writer, referring to the Burman mission, says:—

"Yes, the tens of thousands wasted on this mission, might have been dispatched to the bottom of the Atlantic as to Rangoon. Since the creation of the world to this day, we may unhesitatingly affirm, that a project so chimerical and unwarranted has not been attempted. 'The annals of the human race present no parallel to the Rangoon mission. At the first step, the Convention leave the two Americas behind, with all the surrounding isles; they leave the Western Hemisphere to plant their standard upon the other side of the earth. The finger of Providence pointed to the Western Hills, the Andes and the Isles of the Pacific, in a manner not easily to be mistaken; but because Mr. Judson had been cast on the Asiatic shore, they must cross the Indian Gulf to the last corner of the habitable globe, and there waste treasures, time, and the lives, too, of some valuable citizens, in—not a mission enterprise, but a fanatic crusade.'"

And this from a "friend to missions!" and of an enterprise which has since proved the most glorious the world ever saw!

\$5000 for Foreign Missions from one Association.

A brother, beloved for his work's sake, writes in the following encouraging strain. We are glad to see that he has devised such liberal things for Christ and his cause, and we doubt not he will spare no effort on his part to carry them into effect. After referring to the liberality of the churches of the Goshen Association of Virginia, in contributions already made, our brother writes:—

"Could we be aroused to our duty in the mighty work of missions, this Association could easily raise \$5000 the next year, and with not a single cent less ought we to be satisfied. O, may our Lord and Master give us grace to do our duty to Him and to a perishing world!"

Query. If it be right to contribute so liberally as that—and who doubts but that the greatness of the work demands great efforts—are not those Associations, churches, individual Christians, very wrong, behind the age and their duty, who send up dribblets so small as to lead one to suppose they were giving to a cause of little importance, and in which they felt little interest?

Mrs. Henrietta Shuck.

The readers of the Commission will doubtless remember that the little Chinese girl, *Jane Maria*, is often mentioned in the Memoirs of the late Mrs. Shuck. Brother Shuck writes from Shanghai under date of July 12, 1850, and gives the following extract of a letter he had just received from Rev. Mr. Goddard at Ningpo:—

"I wrote you a day or two ago, mentioning the baptism of Jane and our school teacher, both of whom we hope have been born of God and made heirs of eternal life. It is certainly a source of encouragement to us and doubtless also to you. We are not left to pursue our labors entirely without tokens of the divine favor and pledges of ultimate success."

Another Baptist missionary writing to Mr. Shuck, and referring to this baptism, remarks:—

"I am particularly pleased with Jane's decision and profession. She has the good will of us all here."

The above Chinese girl was once a slave to a cruel master, was purchased by an American citizen (now deceased,) and presented to Mrs. Henrietta Shuck fourteen years ago. She was then about five years of age. Great pains were taken to teach her the truths of Christianity from the first. At the end of about eight years, Mrs. Shuck died, and Jane for twelve months was under the instruction of the late Mrs. Devan. During Mr. Shuck's absence in the United States, she resided in the family of one of the native Canton church members, and also for a short time with Mrs. Clopton. She entered Mrs. Tobey's family in 1847, and the next year Mrs. Tobey's health failing, Jane was sent to Mrs. Macgowan at Ningpo, in whose family she still resides.

HYMN.

COMPOSED BY KRISHNU PAL, A HEATHEN CONVERT.

The following hymn all our readers may not have seen. It is a nearly literal translation of one composed by Krishnu Pal, one of the first converts among the Karens. The spirit of entire and willing consecration which it breathes, is worthy of all imitation by Christians in this land.

O thou my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But O my soul forget him not.

Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And can'st thou, then, with sin beset
Such charms, such matchless good forget?

O no, till life itself depart,
His name shall warm and cheer my heart;
And lisping this from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

1851.

COMMISSION—VOL. III.

20,000 Subscribers for 1851!

The present number closes 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 as early as practicable, 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 moneys, may be remitted, by mail, to H. K. ELLYSON, Richmond See terms on the fourth page.

OUR MISSIONS.

China.

Letter from Brother Pearcy.

Kheng tsz Yang-de—Place for the Punishment of Souls near Shanghai.

I have often been told by people of Shanghai, in reply to the question where they thought the soul would go after the death of the body; by some, that it would go to the city temple; by others, that it would remain with the coffin; and by others, that it would go to Kheng tsz yang-de. I thought these accounts were conflicting, but it seems they are not. Many Chinese believe every person has three souls and six animal spirits; that one soul and two spirits go to each of the above places. I was curious to see this place for the punishment of souls. Two days ago, being the first day of the Chinese sixth month, a day on which, as well as the middle of every month, the doors of this place are opened for persons to enter and present their sacrifices, I went with my teacher. It is distant four or five English miles from where I live. We found the gates of the place open, and were freely allowed admittance. There is a large cluster of

temples, presenting the appearance of age, and suffering for the want of repairs. I was told by an aged man present, that it was built by the royal bounty of one of the Emperors of the Sung dynasty: i. e., about the twelfth century of the Christian era. Whatever may be the real views of the Emperors and Magistrates of China, in reference to the gods, I have no doubt but they wish to make the people believe the gods superintend human affairs, and that they will reward the good and punish the wicked. This by the way.

In the central temple is the god of death, called Tung-howk-sung-te, with numerous attendants. When he resolves on the death of an individual, he sends out his servants. There is no resisting his commands. The souls of all the dead are brought before him soon after death. He forthwith hands them over to the judge, Yong law yah, who presides in another temple not far distant. The judge is a figure of black complexion, but of good countenance. He had on a long black flowing silk robe, and is attended by many servants, all in black. Here I expected were the souls of the departed, but I saw them not—saw nothing frightful. My guide conducted me to six apartments, on each side of the god of death, twelve in all. In these were indescribable figures of gods and men, or the spirits of men, yet they were neither men nor spirits. On the walls were hideous drawings of ravenous beasts. In the rooms were many images, made of clay and gilt, or otherwise colored, representations of the infernal regions. In each apartment the principal image is Yen Wong, or Pluto, larger than a man. He is in a sitting posture, is calm and thoughtful, holds a book in his left hand. On either side are his servants, as large as men, but not men nor beasts. Some have the body of a man and the talons of a bird—one has a double head, on top horse, underneath man, sheep and man. In each room the figures of the servants are different. But two seem to be the same in all the apartments: i. e., the goddess of mercy standing on each hand of Pluto, and holding each a banner over his head. They are looking wishfully on the many small figures in front of Pluto. The small figures are also different in the different apartments. They are the souls of men, women and children; the last I cannot say how old; these either suffering indescribable woes, or to be punished.

These were horrible sights. The hair of my head almost stood on end as I entered these dismal apartments and moved among these hideous figures. I was followed by a large multitude of villagers of the neighborhood, who took care to stand without and look on from a respectful distance. They seemed surprised to see me go within. No one made any objection to my going in. They were ever ready to give any explanation I wanted, and seemed to think my taking notes of the whole, was not improper for me. In the meanwhile I gave them tracts—the ten commandments with notes. In one of these apartments, the servants of Pluto were grinding the bodies of persons in a mill. In another, they are pounding bodies of human beings in a large mortar, and giving the flesh, body and bones, to hungry dogs. In one, two are sawing a being, made fast in a wooden frame, into pieces. One is dragging by the feet a poor soul to punishment.

In one apartment, the persons to be punished are women, who had been guilty of infanticide and other crimes. These were cast into a large quantity of sand made red hot.

In one apartment was the god of thunder, a hideous monster, a servant of Pluto or the god of death, with an iron hammer uplifted to hurl lightning and strike dead a man and woman, guilty of wicked deeds.

In one apartment are persons tied back to back, and most severely punished. There were men with hands and feet, and hair of the head, all drawn close together and tied tight behind. A hideous monster, with bloody visage, was cutting out their tongues. These have been guilty of lying and deception. Some were beheaded; some were loaded with heavy chains; and others with heavy wooden collars. One was tied with his back to an upright piece of timber, his feet and hands drawn round and tied, and the weight

of his body sustained by tying the hair of his head extended to a peg above.

I cannot mention all the forms of punishment, nor their crimes. As I went from one apartment to another, closely observed by the crowd, I asked what crimes such and such persons punished, had been guilty of. Many of them seemed to know, and readily answered. They had been guilty of all crimes. Some had not revered their father and mother—some had not worshiped heaven and earth. They seemed implicitly to believe in it all. The punishment was suited to the crime.

All souls, good and bad, are sent by the judge to Pluto. In one of the apartments is a bridge, over which the good are permitted to pass. Some to enjoy the privilege of geni—to inhabit the earth, seen only occasionally by men—others go to heaven. Some are permitted to transmigrate or be born into the bodies of infants in other parts of China. Some, whose crimes have been great, after being severely punished, are compelled to live in the shape of a dog or other beast. This doctrine of the transmigrations of souls, is believed by many in China.

The Taoist priests have paintings of these and smaller forms of punishment, some terrible to look at, which they take with them to funerals, where they are employed by the sorrowing relatives of the deceased, to pray for release or mitigation of the punishment of the deceased; similar to a Roman priest praying a man out of purgatory.

Shanghai, July 11, 1850.

Letter from Sister Pearey.

Shanghai Aug. 3, 1850.

Again I have an opportunity of sending you a half-sheet per mail, which I gladly embrace. Since our last letter to you, the "Tartar" has arrived, and we have received our papers, letters, box &c., which you kindly forwarded to us; permit me here to thank you for your kind attention to us in that way. Miss Baker remains at Hong Kong until Bro. Roberts arrives, which I think is a very good arrangement. We have written to her and received letters from her since her arrival. We should be pleased to have her with us, but of course we cannot take the responsibility of inviting her to come, as Canton is her destination.

Our health is quite as good as could be expected this season of the year; indeed I think Mr. Pearey stands the heat much better than any previous summer in China. We have to keep pretty close in doors during the heat of the day. There has been a good deal of sickness amongst the natives this summer; several of our school children have been sick, and many of their friends have died. One family some days ago lost a little child some few months old; the brother of the child informed us of it, and said that whilst they were weeping and lamenting at the death of the child, another family were rejoicing at its birth: that is, the same child was born into the world in the form of another.

Our school teacher is very punctual and attentive. The children are learning well. Some of them can explain pretty readily what they read (which is not common for Chinese.) We have promised a reward to the most punctual and diligent one in school. I rather think the oldest girl gets it.

During the last few days, we have heard the subject of "war with the English" repeatedly spoken of by the Chinese. Much attention is now being paid to mustering the troops here, and in different parts of the empire. It is now generally known, that the English steamer which went up the Peking, bearing dispatches from the Queen, received no answer, but (according to the old policy) was referred to the authorities in Canton. I believe the prevailing idea amongst foreigners is, that there will be war at Canton sooner or later.

We have had no rain for some time, and the Chinese are fearing a failure in the crops in consequence. The water in the canals is beginning to fail, so that there is not sufficient to irrigate the rice fields. The Governor of the city has been to the temple on foot, three times a day during the last three days, to implore the gods of the city to intercede with "Nyake Wong Siang

To,"—the god of the heavens—to send rain; if they don't have rain soon, the "Tao Ti" is to go to the temple.

I have had many applications of late from women for medicine to give their husbands, and seems to keep them from smoking opium. They say, "O can't you give us something to give them that will take away the desire to smoke?" Oh! it is heart rending to see the wretchedness and misery brought into many families by this one slavish weed! To reform an opium smoker, seems to be a hopeless task. We often hear the expression, "If you foreigners did not bring the opium here, we would not smoke it."

Extract of a Letter from Brother Snuck.

The interesting old man, to whom I referred under date of 22nd instant, came up yesterday to see me. I have had some interviews with him of considerable length, and cannot but regard him as a hopeful case. Brother Yates has also had an interview with him, and is much gratified at the state of the old man's mind. He was in at the usual nightly Chinese worship in my study last night. He seemed closely attentive to every word said, and after prayer he continued with me some time, talking over the great fundamentals of the gospel. To-day I have had other interviews with him, all of which have been spent in endeavoring to impress upon him the idea of the holiness of God, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the wickedness of his own heart. I spoke to him too of repentance, of prayer, of Christ's offices, and of the future destiny of the soul. He returns home to-morrow, but will be at the service again to-night in my study. I have given him a number of books and tracts, and he says he is going to be a Christian himself, and to teach all his neighbors about the things he has heard. He promises strictly to keep the Sabbath, by abstaining from all secular work, and to endeavor to urge his friends to do the same.

We are all interested in this case, and hence I send you these details. Sincerely do we pray that the man may be really one taught of the Spirit, and that favorable results may be realized with regard to him. This man seems very different from many who have understood much, and professed to believe, but have turned back. Sometime ago there was one man who, after attending public preaching fourteen times regularly, declared his wish to become a Christian, one night just after service in the city. I conversed with him, and invited him to my study next day. He called, and we had a long interview. I was not encouraged with regard to him, but did not tell him so. At parting, I gave him several books and tracts, pointing out portions which I wished him to read, and invited him to call and see me again soon. I have never seen him or heard of him since.

Many things from day to day, of some such nature occur, which have the tendency to discourage our hearts for the moment. But when we remember that the work is the Lord Jehovah's, we are prompted to plod on, and very soon we find some little things to encourage us in the midst of our plodding. We shall reap if we faint not.

Tens of thousands of this people know who we are, and have some idea as to our objects; crowds continue to come and hear us preach at our noble new chapel, and understand our message, and while hundreds often come again, few indeed, alas! are those who seem truly impressed, and show satisfactory signs of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. We have a great and difficult, yet glorious work here on our hands. Who is sufficient for these things? Well is it for us, if with honest-hearted faith we can exclaim, our sufficiency is of God.

Letter from Bro. T. J. Bowen.

Monrovia, Liberia, May 26, 1850.

P. F. PESCUD, DEAR BROTHER:—

I am yet on the coast because I have not been able to get a passage to Badagry and to proceed to my destination. We went about 90 miles interior to a town called Sama, and here my companion, Mr. Goodale, died of fever. I was

obliged to leave the place, owing chiefly to the unjust behavior of the King. Nothing remains for me but to wait the end of the rains and for a passage down the coast. There is danger that I shall have no one to go with me.

I have had two attacks of fever amounting in all to about twenty days sickness, but I was not confined to my bed more than four or five days each time. The Lord has been very merciful to his unworthy servant. My health has gradually improved and I am now enjoying pretty good health. Few have fared so well during the first few months in Africa. I am generally feverish, but hope to be spared from another attack this season.

Religion in the colony is rather at a low ebb. There is a great need of ministers, and the churches need a more thorough organization. There is a general desire that I should remain here; but I have two objections. Very few white men can live long on the coast, and I wish to finish my journey into the interior. I might be useful here perhaps for a short time, but in other places I might live a number of years. I have written to brother White to stir up the young men at the college and see if some of them won't come out and join me. If I have no companion my life will be in double danger, because there would be no one to help me in case of sickness.

I find the heathen extremely dark on the subject of religion. They appear to have no sense of sin or guilt. Besides they are very obstinately attached to their superstitious and wicked customs. Our only dependence for their conversion is the grace of God.

Liberia is in a flourishing condition. The settlers are trading and farming with great success. Their government goes on quietly and efficiently. Here is the black man's home. Here he is a citizen and lives under his own laws, surrounded by all the good things of life. It is a beautiful scene.

Give my respects to the brethren and friends. Please write and direct to Monrovia. I hope to hear from you during the year.

Yours in the gospel,

T. J. Bowen.

P. S. July 22—I am now at Cape Coast Castle, and am to sail for Badagry to-morrow.

Bib. Rec.

OTHER SOCIETIES.

Sabbath Worship—Baptisms—Impressions.

The following extract of a letter, from Rev. Mr. Moore, missionary to the Karens, and published in the Missionary Magazine, will be read with interest:—

The next day (Sabbath) some twenty persons, who were not Christians, assembled at the house of worship. Most of them stayed until the close. At the close, six candidates presented themselves for baptism. Among the number was Bahmee's eldest son. He had been a leader in all kinds of wickedness. No missionary had been able to keep him any time in school or in employ, nor had he lived at his father's house since he was fourteen. He now, to all appearance, was conscious how great a sinner he was. He was the prodigal come to himself, returning, confessing his unworthiness, shedding tears of grief for sin, and professing a hope in pardoning mercy. It was too much for his father. He bowed in thanksgiving to the hearer of prayer. Three of the others had been inquirers for a long time. Five out of the six were received, and baptized in the afternoon.

Early the next morning, Bahmee came to the chapel, saying he had resolved anew to consecrate himself to the service of God, and, if the teacher thought it advisable, he would leave his nets in the lake and seek to catch men. He said not a word about salary or hard labor; but on the contrary, confessed that he had not been "happy in his heart," since he ceased to labor as an assistant. God had not prospered him in his business. He had always thought it was his duty to preach, and indeed he could never have left off, but for the unceasing entreaties of his wife. Now he was determined to resist all op-

position, so long as God would give him grace to do so.

I spent three days that week, in visiting from house to house in Dong Yan. The people, without a single exception, received us kindly, and listened with respect. Most of them appeared to admire the gospel, to acknowledge its importance, to believe that there is a holy God, and that they were sinners against him; but still they seemed to have no inclination to "enter in at the straight gate."

Death of Dr. Judson—Latest Intelligence.

Just after going to press, the Cambria arrived at this port, bringing Maulmain dates to the 21st of August. By a letter from Mr. Stevens, we learn that Mr. Ranney arrived at Maulmain on the 17th of August bringing the first intelligence of the death of Dr. Judson. Mrs. Judson feels deeply her desolate state, but exhibits a spirit of Christian resignation. She will probably take an early opportunity of returning to this country. The following letter, fully expresses her sorrow, and her resignation.

Maulmain, A. 21, 1850.

MY DEAR MR. PECK,—I am sure that you will acquit me of disrespectful neglect, if in the midst of my sickness and crushing sorrow, I do not write you, as I otherwise might. "Stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted," my only refuge is the cross of Christ, and I have at present no hope, no feeling, no thought for anything else. It is right to mourn, though not to murmur, and while I say, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth to him good," my heart must needs be aching with heavy anguish. And yet my sorrow is all selfish, for I can and do rejoice, when I think of his having won his crown at last,—entered into his rest,—a co-heir with Christ in Glory, where "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed him, and shall lead him unto living fountains of pure waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from his eyes."

I beg an interest in your prayers, that God may direct my future course, leading me through the black shadows which have settled on my pathway, in a manner that will best conduce to his own glory, and the good of those, among whom he may see fit to place me. With best wishes for your health and prosperity, believe me my dear Mr. Peck,

Your sincere, but sorely afflicted friend,

EMILY C. JUDSON.

Donations.

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Va. Bap. For. Miss. Soc., per	
Dr. Wortham, tr.,	54 25
Mission's box, Henrico, Bethlehem Sabbath school, kept by sister Hendrick, per Rev. M. T. Sumner,	11 32
Monthly concert, Lewisburg Bap. ch., per J. G. Alderson,	3 00
Union Association, per E. J. Armstrong,	20 87
Rev. B. Grimley, collections at the following Associations:—	
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Shiloh,	30 50
Columbia,	20 08
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Enon church, per Rev. A. Sale,

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Mississippi.

Union Association, per Ira Car-

penter,

Miss J. Munday,

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Missionary and Bible Society of

Bethel Association, per N.

Long, esq., tr.,

\$425 15

ARCH'D THOMAS, Treas.

Children's Department.

The Better Land.

Columbia's children! can you say,
You know the path from earth away
To Heaven the Better Land!

CHORUS—Then tell to others what you know,
That they may go as well as you.

'Tis not at first a flowery path,
But press along with zeal and faith
To Heaven the Better Land.

CHORUS—And tell to others, &c.

And do you wish to crowd the road
(With those at home, and those abroad,)
To Heaven the Better Land!

CHORUS—Then tell to others, &c.

Ah! Heathens perish day by day,
Who never heard of Christ, the way
To Heaven the Better Land.

CHORUS—Then tell to others, &c.

Give them your prayers, and give your mite,
That they may trace the glorious light
To Heaven the Better Land.

CHORUS—Then tell to others, &c.

And if this joy you earnest crave,
That they and you a seat shall have
In Heaven the Better Land,

Then tell to others what you know,
That they may go as well as you.

Adapted from Eng. Pop.

For the Commission.

A Dime for Foreign Missions.
THE GOOD IT MAY DO.

A few days ago I preached at a school-house. The pupils were very respectful, and paid good attention. May God grant that the seed sown may produce fruit for eternity. One little boy gave me a dime. Who knows what may be the result of the giving of that dime? It may supply a heathen family with a Testament. That Testament may be the means of the conversion of that family—of that neighborhood—and who knows where it will stop! Some of the persons converted by this means may become preachers; others converted still by their ministry may become preachers, and others again, and so on. All these may be the means in God's hands, of converting many, yea, thousands. And let us consider how great a work it is to save one soul. A soul saved from endless hell! A soul saved from eternal fire! A soul saved from everlasting horror, anguish, and the blackest despair! A soul saved in heaven—saved from all sin, from sorrow, from every pain! A soul saved in the bosom of Christ! And then eternity! O, what tongue or pen of angel could ever tell the glory of one soul saved in heaven forever! Then to think of being instrumental in saving one soul—many souls. How pleasing is the thought here! But how much more pleasing the thought of meeting them in heaven!

J. R. H.

For the Commission.

Letters to Children—No. 3.

My Dear Children,—The missionaries who have gone to China do not neglect the children. They have opened schools, and have succeeded in obtaining in some instances a number of scholars.

You have doubtless heard that the condition of the heathen children is very different from yours, in this happy, Christian land. Have you never seen the picture of the Hindoo mother throwing her little infant into the river Ganges, to be destroyed by the crocodile, thinking this act will please the God she worships! How different this is from the conduct of your dear mother! She would sooner lose her own life than cause a single tear to fall from the eye of her babe. The African mother has been known to bury alive her child; the Chinese leave their children to perish in the streets, especially are their female children neglected.

Now, can you tell what makes this difference? Why does your dear mother love you so dearly, as to sacrifice her own comfort for your happiness?



ness! It is the Bible—that precious book which teaches each one his duty—the religion of Jesus Christ. And now if we can only send the hearer of twenty-five cents, *twenty dollars*, every year, for the missionary cause,—a purpose which he has kept to this day.

When this girl gave her dollar, it is quite probable she thought she did but little; but God, who watches over every cheerful gift, made it to accomplish a great deal more than the giver expected. When children, and even older persons, think they can do so little, that it is of little importance whether they do it or not, let them remember that it is their privilege to do that little, and God may cause it, as he often does, like the little seed, when sowed, to bring forth an hundred fold.

I have now, in my care, a little gold dollar, that a dying girl sent to me, for the missionary cause. It was her all, and it was a precious gift. That little dollar has already begun to pay great interest; for whenever I tell the story of it to my young friends, or to older persons, it awakens new interest, and I think that God will bless it in doing much good. My young friends, do not think lightly of the little you can do for the poor perishing heathen.

N. B.

A FRIEND TO CHILDREN.

A Mother's Influence.

The celebrated John Randolph, writing to a friend, which will be seen in the extract below, bears strong testimony to the influence of a mother's training—a mother's love. Mothers should aim to wield this influence well. Children should feel very grateful that God has given them kind Christian mothers, and should feel very sorry for, and seek to aid those, whose heathen mothers treat them cruelly. Mr. Randolph writes:—

"When I could first remember, I slept in the same bed with my widowed mother. Each night, before putting me to bed, I repeated on my knees before her, the Lord's prayer and the apostle's creed—each morning, kneeling in bed, I put up my little hands in prayer in the same form. Years have since passed away. I have been a skeptic, a professed scoffer, glorying in my infidelity, and vain of the ingenuity with which I could defend it. Prayer never crossed my mind but in scorn. I am now conscious that the lessons above mentioned, taught me by my dear and revered mother, are of more value for me than all I have learned from my preceptors and compeers. On Sunday I said my catechism; a great part of which, at the distance of thirty-five years, I can repeat."

What a little Child may do.

There is an excellent man of my acquaintance, a deacon in the church, who, for many years, was accustomed to put into the contribution-box *twenty-five cents* a year, for foreign missions. He was a good man, possessed of considerable wealth, and probably had never considered, seriously, whether he was doing all he ought to do. It happened a few years ago, that on the Sabbath that the yearly contribution was taken, a poor girl, who depended for her support upon her daily labor, sat in the same pew with the deacon. When the box was passed into the pew, he put into it his *twenty-five cents*, and the poor girl *one dollar*. The good man noticed her contribution, and when he went home remembered it. It troubled him. Why, thought he, should this poor girl pay one dollar, and I but

twenty five cents? He could not satisfy himself till he had formed the purpose of giving, instead of twenty-five cents, *twenty dollars*, every year, for the missionary cause,—a purpose which he has kept to this day.

When this girl gave her dollar, it is quite probable she thought she did but little; but God, who watches over every cheerful gift, made it to accomplish a great deal more than the giver expected. When children, and even older persons, think they can do so little, that it is of little importance whether they do it or not, let them remember that it is their privilege to do that little, and God may cause it, as he often does, like the little seed, when sowed, to bring forth an hundred fold.

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Transforming Grace.

It was a beautiful commentary which a poor African woman, newly awakened to seek after the Saviour, gave upon the words of the prophet Isaiah, in the eleventh chapter, from the 6th to the 9th verse. She belonged to a tribe of the Bechuas, and was one of the first thirty disciples of our blessed Lord in that once dark and barren wilderness.

She came to the missionary on the morning after one of the missionary prayer-meetings, and said, "I have somewhat to say," Her teacher encouraged her to do so. She hesitated—her modest diffidence needed more encouragement, and she received it. She said, "I was going to talk to you about the Word of God—I could not understand you last night. I never heard the Word of God as I did last night." "I asked," said the missionary, "what struck her particularly?" "Oh," she replied, "I could not understand it; it was not what I had heard before." The eleventh chapter of Isaiah was altogether new to her. She said, "I have been thinking about it all night. I could not sleep." "I asked," he continues, "whether it was that portion which I had expounded, or that I had only read?" She replied, "What you unfolded, I understood; I could not go wrong, because you put words into my ears. It was that which you did not expound." He had only expounded the first five verses of the chapter. He asked: "What was it?" A good memory enabled her to repeat nearly the very words she had heard. "'The wolf shall lie down with the lamb.' I do not know," she said, "what kind of wolves they are in your country, but I know our wolves will not lie down with the lambs till they have devoured them all. 'The leopard shall lie down with the kid.' I do not know what leopards they are in your country, but ours will not lie down with the kids, till they have eaten them up. Again—'The calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them.' Now that is like bearing the point of one needle on another—it cannot stand there; this is puzzling

a person, and I know God does not intend to puzzle us. It makes things altogether in confusion; it makes darkness; I cannot understand it. And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.' This is surprising! I do not know what kind of lions you have, but I know that our lions will not eat straw till they have first eaten the ox. But what makes me wonder most," she continued, "is this, 'The sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.' The missionary had translated the cockatrice by the word *shushuane*, a little, deadly-biting serpent. "The idea," she said, "of a man, or a woman, or a child, putting their hand into the hole of the *shushuane*, and living! How can these things be? This is puzzling; I cannot understand it!" He begged her to tell him what she had been thinking about, for he saw she had been thinking. He wished her to state the exercises of her mind, and the conclusions to which she had come. "You will only smile at me," she replied. He said, "I will not smile." "How can you ask me?" she added. "The light shines upon you from this side, and that side, and behind and before—you are surrounded with light; but as for me, it is only the rays of the sun just rising which light on me. Ah! you would only smile at my simplicity!" "No, I will not smile. Tell me what were your thoughts." After some hesitation, she said: "Do the leopard, and the lion, and the *shushuane*, mean men and women of such and such a character; men like lions, who have been changed into the nature of lambs, and put into the church of Christ!" Pressing her hand to her bosom, the tears trickling over her cheeks, she said, "Was not I like a wolf; did not I possess the very nature of the lion, and the poison of the *shushuane*, until the gospel changed this heart of mine?"

What the Good Child Loves.

Who of our young readers can adopt the following language?

"I love the Lamb who died for me,
I love his little lamb to be;
I love the Bible, where I find
How good my Saviour was, and kind;
I love beside his cross to stay,
I love the grave where Jesus lay;
I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down;
I love to think the time will come
When I shall be with him at home."
English Paper.

The Good Little Duke.

The late Duke of Hamilton had two sons. The eldest fell into consumption when a boy, which ended in his death. Two ministers went to see him at the family seat, near Glasgow, where he lay. After prayer, the youth took his Bible from under his pillow, and turned up to 2 Tim. iv. 7, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;" and added, "This, sir, is all my comfort." When his death approached, he called his younger brother to his bed, and spoke to him with great affection. He ended with those remarkable words:—"And now, Douglas in a little time you will be a duke, but I shall be a king."

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