

THE COMMISSION.

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No. 3.

RELIGIOUS IMPORTANCE OF CITIES.

Military men, whether acting on the defensive or the aggressive, have always paid the utmost attention to cities. They have considered those who held them as virtually masters of the whole country. But "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." Those who lead forth to the conquest of the world "the sacramental host of God's elect," seem often, in our day, (though it was not so in Apostolic times, when the first preachers planted the standard of the cross in Jerusalem and Samaria, Damascus and Antioch, Corinth and Rome,) to overlook the vast relative importance of cities. They do, indeed, in foreign lands, from necessity, perhaps, judiciously concentrate their efforts, and, for the most part, make cities the centres of their operations. But at home their resources are frequently weakened and wasted by a most unwise diffusion. A vast deal of time and energy, talent and treasure, is expended, with very little apparent, and, we think, with very little real success, upon small towns and villages, and remote and sparsely-settled country places. The progress of the gospel is stayed in such places as Mobile and New Orleans, Wheeling and St. Louis, for lack of men and money detailed and appropriated, with miserable policy, to other and far less important and promising localities. We would not disparage

any place, however small, however obscure. If there is one immortal soul within it, it is, in virtue of that fact, invested with immense importance. That soul is worth more than the whole material world. And it should, it must, if possible, have the gospel. But an evangelical, as well as common, arithmetic teaches us that, however valuable one soul may be, a thousand souls are a thousand times more valuable.

Cities are the great centres of life, the radiant points of the world's forces. When large, they exert in every direction a mighty power over vast surrounding districts. Paris, we are sometimes told, is France. And but for certain geographical and political circumstances, New York might be in the same sense, and in the same degree, the United States. Every kind of talent seeks in cities its most appropriate and promising sphere of effort and development. Genius, born amid the hills and groves, mountains and forests, of the country, nurtured into maturity and vigour in solitude, leaves the stillness and serenity of rural scenes, and yields the soft delights which it had enjoyed upon its gentle mother's bosom, to mingle in the din, and strife, and struggle of city life. Wealth gravitates to cities. Poverty, upon the strong dark tide of its miserable fortunes, perpetually drifts to cities. Power erects in them its throne. Vice, feeling itself a blotch upon the fair face of open nature, slinks away, and seeks in the dark and dirty

streets, narrow lanes, crowded alleys, obscure garrets, filthy cellars, miserable dens, of cities, a hiding-place, and lurking-place, fit companionship, congenial avocations. Virtue, heroic and magnanimous, goes to them carrying the light of day to battle with the night.

Cities have always challenged the special consideration of the philanthropist and the Christian,—but never more than in our own times. In every land, where the people have advanced beyond the pastoral and nomadic state, and become, to any considerable extent, civilized, the constant tendency, not only through the strength of the social instincts, but through the force of individual and local interests and advantages, is to congregate and centralize. A thousand circumstances conspire to sustain and increase this tendency, and thus to augment and perpetuate the relative importance of the communities to whose establishment it leads.

At the present time the population of the world at large is increasing—but not nearly in so high a ratio in rural districts as in cities. In some of these, the increase goes on with almost magical rapidity. At the commencement of the present century, as we learn from one of our most respectable secular journals, London was less than one million. Now it is much more than two. Thus, while it required many centuries to build the old London, half a century has sufficed to build a new and larger London by its side. Paris, notwithstanding the revolutions which have convulsed it, has, within the same period, more than doubled its population. Vienna, at the commencement of the present century, was not half its present size. Berlin has trebled within fifty years. Naples, despite its tyranny, almost without parallel, has increased, in the same interval, more than a hundred thousand. Venice itself, so long declining, has, within fifteen years, added nearly thirty thousand to the number of its inhab-

itants. The cities of the United States have increased still more rapidly. Within half a century, Philadelphia has quintupled its population, New York has increased six-fold, Boston more than five-fold, Baltimore more than seven-fold, Pittsburg more than thirty-fold, and Cincinnati more than an hundred-fold.

Deeply polluted by immorality and vice, and as respects vast masses of their population, overspread by ignorance the grossest and most degrading, large cities are often the direst curses of the lands in which they are situated. "Great cities," it has been strikingly and truly said, "are often great sewers into which are emptied the low and debasing vices of a nation." Here these vices seethe and ferment, and intensify their deadly influences, breeding pestilence, and spreading desolation and destruction far and wide.

It was in a wicked city that our Lord, in the Apocalypse, affirmed that Satan had his seat. In others before, he had doubtless sat enthroned—in Sodom, in Gomorrah, in Tyre, in Sidon, in Nineveh, in Babylon. Incurable wickedness was their overthrow. Not a few modern cities, emulous of their departed glory, and alas! of their shame, too, would seem to be like them, seats of Satan, and in danger of provoking, sooner or later, in one or another form, a doom dreadful as theirs.

How shall these places be brought under a thorough, all-pervading evangelical influence? In most of them are numerous associations whose whole aim and tendency, while professing to elevate and expand the popular mind, are to sap the foundations of virtue and religion, and thus to debauch the popular heart. The worst of these associations are often, to many, especially the young, the most influential and attractive. To no moral reform societies, whatever their boasted force of moral suasion, can we look as the true antagonists of these bad clubs and

cliques. Those societies can only do *surface-work*. At most they can only change the *form* or the *seat* of the evil which they oppose. They cannot eradicate and destroy it. The power to do that lies far, very far, beyond and above them. They can never rise above their own level; and that level, at best, is low—low as the degraded intellect and the debased heart of fallen and ruined humanity. The true antagonists of the fraternities of error and immorality, irreligion and sin, to which we have referred, are *the churches of Christ*. To these, then, must we look for the evangelization of the cities of the world; but not to the churches, *as churches*. Churches *as such*, with all their *clergymen* armed with the “mysterious virtue” of “the sacraments” to help them, never have brought, and never will bring the motley, multifarious masses of cities under an all-pervading, saving Christian influence.

Churches, indeed, if we regard them, as many are wont to do, apart from all consideration of the individual members who compose them, are *mere abstractions*. They cannot convert a single city—cannot convert a single soul. It is not in accordance with the Divine economy, the laws of nature, or the laws of grace, that they should. One reason, doubtless, why the conversion of the world has so long lingered, is, that too much stress has been laid upon that shadowy, indefinable thing, without “local habitation,” if it have “a name,”—yept “*the church!*” The religion of Christ is not so much an affair of *the church*, as it is of *the man*.

To effect anything of practical and permanent value, in cities or elsewhere, the churches must never lose sight of their *individual constituency*. Man was not made for the church, but the church for man. Church-organization, so far from absorbing the personality of the church member, should rather magnify and multiply it—endowing him, in

some sense, with all the powers of all his brethren, giving to *each* the power of *all* rather than to all the power of each,—in other words, giving to the *individual* the force of the organization, rather than to the *organization* the force of the individual.

Thus individualizing, taking proper account of all its members, the strong and the weak, the high and the low, the merchant and the handicraftsman, the preacher and the private member, “expecting every man to do his duty,” having faithful and efficient representatives in all the classes of the community, zealous workers in every street and alley, lane and court, palace and hovel, garret and cellar, the churches will be equal to the great and difficult work of thoroughly evangelizing the cities. Nothing, indeed, will be too hard for them. Not ambitious of being *large and overshadowing*, with a noble spirit of self-sacrificing Christian enterprise, they will encourage the principle of *church extension*. However its members may venerate the time-honoured pile, in which, perhaps, years ago, they were translated from darkness to light, and from the kingdom of Satan to that of God’s dear Son; however their hearts may dwell with inexpressible delight and tenderness upon its cherished associations; however much they may love him who ministers at its altars, and other endeared ones with whom they have often taken “sweet counsel,” and “walked unto the house of God in company,” they will ever be ready, if the interests of the common cause shall seem to require it, to go forth into new fields of toil and sacrifice. Many an overgrown church, shading and weakening, if not absorbing and destroying its feeble sisters, increasing its members and extending its influence by the conquest not of its foes but of its friends, a church whose members are in each other’s way, and whose ranks must be thinned, like those of the army of Gid-

eon, before it can ever perform any very signal service for Christ and his cause, will *colonize*, and thus in a double sense "divide and conquer." In this way a two-fold advantage will be secured,—an advantage at home, and an advantage abroad. Many private members, now in the background, with noble natural and spiritual faculties undeveloped, will be brought into the foreground at once,—will feel that there is *something* for *them* to do,—will catch an inspiration unfelt before, and will "quit them like men." And many a "Fell's point," and "Five Points," will break forth into singing, as the darkness which had so long settled upon them begins to remove and the light of a new spiritual luminary shines broadly and brightly upon them.

Thus, by the churches of Christ, shall the great cities of the earth be won; by the churches, acting upon the principles, and in the spirit, suggested in the foregoing remarks. From these centres of influence, these vantage-grounds, the cities, shall the vast tracts which they command be gained. And then soon shall be realized that glorious vision which ravished the gaze of the Seer of the Apocalypse, when he heard great voices in heaven saying, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever."

T. G. J.

SOMETHING PERMANENT.

"I wish I could do some *permanent good* in the world. All I do appears so trivial and fleeting, I have no heart to attempt anything." So muses the Christian. But what a master device of satan, to keep the Lord's people idle, is such musing. The heavenly fire will never be kindled by it. Such appetite is morbid. The mind must take excursive journies away from self, or irrecoverable debility will ensue. Come,

cheer up, by beholding "the works of the Lord."

Go stand by the stout oak in the forest, and ask what it can do. It has sheltered a few birds or insects from the blaze of the noon-day sun, broken the pitiless storm descending upon a reptile or beast, furnished a perch for a morning or evening songster, leaves and lodging for the home of a family of squirrels; sucked up the live long day miasmatic exhalations that else had burdened the air with floating death, and at even-tide returned the atmosphere pure, life-giving breath; produced a few little acorns, enriched the soil around it with its withered foliage, exhibited a stalwart specimen of vegetable life these hundred years; and may yet strengthen the framework of a stately ship, or pretentious mansion; or heat the hearth with its genial glow. This is all the old tree, in its passive life, can do; but has it been a lost life? Yet its work has not been very *permanent*.

Pause before that sturdy mountain range, scan its bold magnificence, towering grandeur, grotesque shapes; realize its majestic silence, vast repose. It has charmed many an eye, and elevated many a heart. It bears upon its broad shoulders many a tree, and shrub, and flower, in profuse, unartistic, groups; hiding innumerable untamed creatures in its solitude and caverns; containing beneath its weighty crest masses of unsmelted iron, huge seams of ungathered coals; perchance rich placers of silver and gold; while from its jagged sides jut out the strong granite and shining marble, fit for palatial walls of princely domes; yet it has no mind to comprehend its glories, or tongue to depict its sublimity, nor hand to point out its treasures, or use them. Contemplate, indeed, the wide bosom of earth, and profound depths of ocean, their immense receptive and productive forces, and speak if they are vain? But are either of these, of themselves more

than senseless things? Are they not of use?—but are they *permanent*? Shouldst thou, then, with appreciating soul, still murmur?

Cast thy eye sky-ward, and out-stare at the molten sun, if thou canst; and lingeringly survey the soft beams of the shining ones that the night only can reveal; and tell if these gleaming glories of God are fulfilling a self-consciously defined destiny? But are any of them a superfluity? Yet seest thou not *transitoriness* written upon all these outworks of Jehovah's empire? Wilt thou still complain that thy works are trivial and fleeting? Is not *decay* a law of the Lord? Dost thou sigh, "Ah, how discouraging."

Dost thou look at the mighty works of other men, and envy the resounding fame of their lasting deeds in the arts, the sciences, in the volumes they wrote? All these shall vanish away.

Thus speaketh the Holy Spirit of God, of the heavens, of the earth and its works: "They all shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail." "The earth also, and the works therein, shall be burned up." Alas, how unsubstantial are even the pillars of creation.

But how readest thou of *soul-work*? How speaks the Father of souls, "with whom is the residue of the spirit?" "My word that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please; and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." "Go stand and speak in the temple to the people, all the words of this life." What life? The Son of God shall answer thee. "I give unto them *eternal* life, and they shall never perish." Here thou seest permanent work; and thou mayest be a co-worker with Jehovah in it. "Work while it is day," speaketh the Lord of this life. Sit not still. Be done with thy wishing. This world is no place

for idlers. Man is valuable only as he works. God calls thee now to do soul-work, not to lie down and nurse thy capacities. And go where thou art most needed, or canst labor most effectively.

Missionary, art thou disheartened at thy lonely, unrelieved, uncommended work? Is it but little thou hast done? Well, but if thou hast preached "the Word," or won a soul to Jesus, thou hast indeed done something permanent. Work on, thou workest gloriously for immortality. "In Him shall the Gentiles trust."

Christian brother, thou art at home amidst thy friends; but be about this soul-work. Speak the Word of God, win a soul to heaven. Start the little Missionary Society, and send along the collected funds to win souls through the instrumentality of others. What if thy Society is small, its collections small, and does die when thou hast gone from it, thou art doing eternal work while thou art with thy plans. Forget not that thy work is to be always at work to lead souls to Christ. Is this a trivial work? Wait not to accomplish suddenly some imaginary greater thing. The truly great things are these thou callest little. Up, man, and to thy soul-work.

"Thou canst not toil in vain,
Cold, heat, or moist, or dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garnerers in the sky."

M. R. W.

INJUSTICE TO THE HEATHEN.

An authoritative command to perform any good to another, imposes a two-fold obligation that it be performed. There is the duty of obedience to him who has the right to order: and the duty of justice to him who has the right to receive what has been virtually given to him. Should the need of the person be extreme, and the gift of exceeding value, these considerations would add force to

the obligation of fidelity, on the part of the ordered servant.

And suppose the command to be given with respect to a number of persons—a large family, for instance, in distressed circumstances—should this servant, through partiality or indolence, confine the benefaction to, or bestow a most unequal proportion upon, a small part of that family, who, perhaps, were not in so abject a condition as the rest, would he not be guilty of gross injustice? and would not his responsibility be fearfully heavy, were life and death involved in the discharge of his trust?

We scarce need state that this case has an exact counterpart in the conduct of the church, with regard to Christ's command to give universality to the preached Word. Have we not been partial in our labors for souls? Is not this partiality entirely untenable? And do we not owe a solemn duty of justice to the Heathen?

By this partiality is not implied, that the church labors anywhere adequately to the necessity for her exertions and the spirit of her mission. Yet, the disparity of her efforts, in different parts of the Divine vineyard, is most obvious—so obvious that, like the sun-light constantly before us, it attracts no attention.

Hence, the need of calling the mind particularly to the subject. But, where shall we begin, in the multitude of evidence? Is not this very "Commission," established to advocate the claims of Foreign Missions, one witness? Who would think of a monthly periodical, exclusively, to plead for the extension of Christ's Kingdom in the settlements, and towns, and cities of our country? This duty of enlarging its borders is involved in our first ideas of this Kingdom, which cannot exist in the heart without some sense and practice of the obligation. And wherein consists the essential difference between America and Asia, to justify this propagation of

the truth in the one more than in the other?

And proofs, because common, are not the less weighty. Our missionary concerts, are they as general, and as well attended, as our monthly conferences? Are there not churches, (we do not mean Antinomian,) which have no special meeting to pray for the universal spread of the gospel? How many sermons are annually preached on this subject? The ministry, before entering upon their practical labors, do they give equal consideration to the respective claims of the heathen, and of their fellow-citizens? And does their education alike contemplate the life of the pastor and the missionary? If so, why do we find sixty staying at home to every one who goes abroad? No special call is necessary to the missionary office. There can be no ministerial grace and gift without the requisite spirit and ability—ability not to occupy every post of the missionary, because not every one of the ministry; but some and important positions. To appropriate one missionary to a million heathen, while we give ourselves a minister to every one thousand souls, is only surpassed by the exclusive Jews, who boasted their twenty and four-score synagogues in Jerusalem, while they left the world beside to perish.

By dint of the utmost toil, our Foreign Missionary Board draw out of the churches some thirty thousand dollars, for the annual supply to two Continents of Idolatry; and more than that amount is readily collected, from a few individuals, to erect a single place of worship, where there are, perhaps, an hundred houses already devoted to the services of God. Ceaseless is the accumulation of Christian appliances for the moral and religious elevation of those around us—and we would these appliances were more numerous; but we would, also, that they were more diffuse. Community of interest may be a false dogma of social Reformers;

but more of this spirit might justly enter into the distributions of the gospel. "Freely ye have received; freely give," should be the motto of the church.

And the untenableness of this conduct is as evident as its partiality. That the heathen should have the Word is granted. Every argument against giving them militates against us, for we are, equally with them, Gentiles. Such distinction is unsustained by Scriptural precept or practice. Christ said: "Preach the Gospel to every creature." Paul declared: "I am debtor both to the Greeks and the Barbarians;" and longed "to preach in the regions beyond," "where Christ was not named." Were the Evangelists greatly disproportioned to the pastors? Did not the church generally, when scattered abroad, declare the Gospel to the heathen world? The Holy Spirit affirms: "their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." With a spiritual elevation, which overlooked petty localities, they seemed to have the comprehensive view of Him who looked down in pity upon the human race and made a sacrifice for "the whole world."

But, it is said, that our natural relations give a particular claim to our country; and that the promise of success is greater here than abroad. Much is due our kindred and fellow-citizens, and there would be some weight in the objection were they to be deprived of the Gospel by giving it to the heathen. But only a fair proportion of labor is demanded for each; and all experience illustrates that "there is that scattereth, and yet increaseth;" that the more that is done for the nations, the more is received by the churches. Ours is the age of missions, and when has God's Spirit, since the time when every Christian was a missionary, been more graciously poured upon His people? But does not the Word represent our natural relations

as secondary to our spiritual? A premium is put on our forsaking home and relatives for the Kingdom of God's sake. Christ said: "He that loveth father and mother * * son or daughter, more than me, is not worthy of me." These relations, when they conflict with duty to Christ, and the souls of men, must be subordinate to the higher law. And faith is equal to the accomplishment. That was a noble missionary spirit, who, separating herself from her children, exclaimed in tears and anguish, "Oh, Jesus, I do this for thee!"

And suppose there is greater prospect of success at home. Is success the measure of dutifulness? Are we to walk by sight or by faith? Wellington fitly silenced the Anti-Missionary Clergyman: "Look, sir, to your marching orders: 'Preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

But may we not be mistaken as to the work abroad being so much less effective? The seed-time is as important as the harvesting, though no yield is then given. The bread cast upon the waters will be gathered after many days. The disciples rebuked Mary for lavishing her spikenard upon the Lord, instead of giving to the poor; "but she hath wrought a good work upon me," said He, "and wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached, throughout the world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of, for a memorial of her." Immortal fame was awarded to the deed of love, which the faithless deemed so barren of results.

Have we not, then, unduly withheld from the heathen? Do we not owe them a debt of justice, to say nothing of love? God has committed the Gospel to our hands, but He no more intends it to be confined to a corner of the earth than the refreshing breeze, and the golden light of day. It is to encircle and enrich the globe. It is alike adapted to all. And wherever man is a sinner, and in danger of eter-

nal ruin, there God requires that the glad tidings of salvation, through a crucified Redeemer, be proclaimed. The ground receives not the showers to fertilize itself alone, but to send forth streams to water distant lands. For us to receive and to shut up the greatest and freest of God's gifts, is it not the vilest ingratitude, and the grossest injustice?

And until this injustice is repaired, in some worthy degree, should not the obligation lie heavily on the heart of the church; and every member feel his personal and solemn responsibility? It is no trifling matter that thirty billions of Pagan souls have gone down to the pit, in the long night of the church's slumbering over their sinful and dying state. After so many centuries of indifference, is it not time that we should be more than half awake to the most important business of God's people? God labors that we may feel, and do our duty. He has given our country a face on the Pacific, that our eyes might be fixed on the perishing nations beyond; and settled the sons of Africa in our very homes, that we should not forget to aid Ethiopia to stretch out her hands unto God. And should a tythe of the five hundred millions of dollars, which annually pass through the hands of the professed friends of Christ, be consecrated to the work; should the church, instead of being distracted with petty quarrels, be united as one man, and that man Jesus of Nazareth, who "went about doing good;" should the children of light learn wisdom from the enterprising zeal of the children of darkness; only animated by an holier purpose, how long would we, under God's blessing, be indebted to the world? The Divine Providences for the facilitating of travel and commerce would be brought, at once, under contribution to the extending of Messiah's Kingdom. A stream of missionary emigration would pour upon the moral wastes of distant lands. The desert

places would begin to blossom as the rose. And God might then permit the continents to be linked together, by the means of instantaneous communication, that His people might vie with angels in reporting the news of repentance everywhere, simultaneously with the events. And the King of Zion, at last, say *Amen* to the hoary petition of His Saints: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

T.

THE DUTY OF YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

But what shall we say to young men— young Christians? While you are in the morning of life, and your hearts are most susceptible to generous emotions, the boundless field of a world lying in wickedness demands your labors in its toilsome harvest. He who is so precious to your souls, calls on you to bear his gospel to those who are perishing in ignorance. Much of life perhaps, is still before you. The warm feelings of your nature are buoyant and active, and are keenly sensitive to the calls and wants of humanity. Your tastes and habits have not yet attained the rigidity that more or less clogs and impedes the feelings and acts of those more advanced in years. The fountain of your sympathies is easily opened, from which flow forth streams of love and affection. You have not yet, perhaps, contracted those ties and associations which deter others from going forth to the glorious work of evangelizing the heathen, and may, therefore, if you will, follow the example of those noble men and women, whose ashes now lie in far distant lands, or rest beneath the wild waves of the ocean; and the same garlands that have been wrought for their brows, will also be placed on your heads, when, like the apostle, you "have finished your course." What if the freshness and strength of your days are spent in laborious toil in the Master's vineyard! Every soul

gathered into the garner of the Lord through your instrumentality, will shine forth in the kingdom of heaven, and be as stars in the crown of your rejoicing. The live coal from off the altar has just been placed to your lips; the word of the Lord has been given to you, and is as fire shut up in the bones; while rivers of water run down your eyes, because sinners keep not the law of God. Go forth, then, young Christian, "weeping, bearing precious seed," and soon you will "come again with rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you."

"I have written unto you, young men," says the apostle John, "because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." Who so fit to bear the consecrated banner of the cross to the dark places of the earth, as you who have sworn fealty to the King of Glory in the morning of life? Who so fit to reason and plead with those for whom Christ died, as you whose sensibilities are tender, and easily vibrate to the sound of that voice which spake as never man spake? Who so able to wield the sword of the Spirit, as you whose arms are strong, and nerved by the newly-born energies of the Divine grace within you? Waste not the vigor of your manhood, then, in weak and inefficient efforts to stop the progress of the wilfully disobedient, whose hearts are steeled against the voice and providence of God, in the midst of light and knowledge, which leave them without excuse; while the heathen are without God and without hope in the world. Say not to your heavenly Father in the words and with the spirit of the first fratricide, "Am I my brother's keeper?" lest the blood of your brother be found on your souls in the day of the Lord Jesus. As you desire the completion of the number elect, haste to the help of the heathen! As you long to enter into the rest prepared for the people of God, bear to the ends of the earth the news of God's mercy to the perishing!

You who desire to see Jesus as he is, hasten to accomplish the purpose of God in the gift of the gospel of his Son! There is not a moment to be lost! The great crisis in the world's history is rapidly drawing near; and soon the apocalyptic angel will stand with one foot upon the land, and the other upon the sea, and declare that time shall be no longer.

KAPPA.

Our Missions.

SHANGHAI—CHINA.

Journal of Rev. A. B. Cabaniss.

November 2d, 1857.—Reached Tuh Tsing some time after dark. This is a walled town, between two mountains—some twenty or 25 English miles from *Hang Chau*.

HAWKING.

Tuesday Nov. 3d.—A man passed our boat this morning carrying a tame hawk, which he had taught to catch pheasants and hares. It is of the same size, and has the appearance of our common chicken hawk in America. I have, since the above date, met with an old hawker near Shanghai, who let me into the mystery of training them.

The hawk is taken from the nest before it is able to fly, and kept confined in the owner's house, where it is fed and petted. When it is grown, a live hare or pheasant is frequently put in the room, and the hawk let loose with an empty stomach. As soon as it seizes the prey, the owner takes it away; but rewards the hawk with something to eat. When it has thus been well trained in a room, the same process is continued out in the yard, till the man thinks he can trust his hawk in the field. He then takes it out—perched on his arm, with a string on its legs, and does not let it loose till in sight of game. When let loose, the hawk pursues and seizes the hare or pheasant, which it holds till the hunter

comes up and takes both the game and hawk in his hands. He takes care to reward the latter with a bit of meat, lest he should "take it into his head" to start off hunting "on his own hook."

It takes two or three years for them to be well trained. When they have been kept ten years, they may be trusted in the fields by themselves and will return to their master's house.

Some two hundred years ago, when the Manchu Tartars conquered the country, as a precautionary measure, they forbade arms, of any kind, to the Chinese. These hawks are, therefore, substitutes for guns.

TAME CROWS.

As the Chinese peasantry have no guns, it is surprising how tame the crows become. I had been of the opinion that the crow was instinctively shy, and always kept away, as much as possible, from the habitations of man. But it is all a mistake; the crow is as tame as any other bird here. Last year they built a nest in a tree at my yard gate. The large trees about the temples, inside of the city walls, are favorable places for them to build in every year. In a town, not far from Shanghai, I, last week, counted eleven crows' nests in one tree, standing in the yard of a budhist temple. The crows were busily engaged in feeding their young, regardless of the many persons passing below. Their preference for trees about the temples, shows that they have learned to take advantage of the inoffensive nature of the priests, who will not kill any living thing.

OUR VISIT PRODUCES A SENSATION THROUGHOUT THE TOWN.

After breakfast I took a sachel of books and entered the town which contains thirty or forty thousand inhabitants. The people said they had never seen a foreigner before. A large crowd collected after me while I was distributing books, and followed me back to my

boat, where I found the banks of the canal lined with people, and my little son Asa, lionizing on the front of the boat, to the great delight of the women and children. We then started down a broad canal, which leads through the centre of the town. If an elephant had passed through the place, it would scarcely have created a greater stir. Bridges, houses, and wharfs and boats, were crowded with spectators—all anxious to get a look at "the barbarians." Though there was such a crowd, no one treated us amiss. While the boat was passing, I got out and distributed books along the street bordering the canal.

A VISIT FROM THE LITERATI.

We stopped a while at the other side of the town, and quite a number of literary gentlemen came in a body and solicited books, which I was glad to give them. They, of course, were merely actuated by curiosity to see the foreign books; but this curiosity may be overruled for their spiritual good.

Leaving *Tuh-Tsing*, we started out west, towards *Voo-Kong*, in a beautiful canal passing through a gap in the mountains. This led us into a highly cultivated plain surrounded by mountains.

LOCUSTS AND HOW TO EXTERMINATE THEM.

Some of the farmers were busily engaged cutting their rice with the old fashioned sickle, which instrument they also use in reaping wheat. Others were beating out the rice against the sides of large wooden boxes, which caught the grains as they fell.

Hearing a great noise in the fields, we looked up and saw myriads of locusts passing and lighting on the rice which was not yet reaped. The Chinese were walking around brandishing long brushes over the rice patches and making the most alarming noise they possibly could. Notwithstanding the locusts came in one continuous stream,

they did not seem to despair, but persisted in their clamorous noise, and beating the air.

Like the fox with the flies, I should have thought it useless to drive them away, when a more hungry swarm was continually coming to take their place.

These locusts are nothing more than the large size grasshopper, so common in America. The picture in the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, under the word locust is a very accurate representation.

I saw a woman, to-day, drying a number of these locusts, in the sun, which she had previously baked in an oven. She told me they were good to eat, and she was preparing them to be packed away for future use. When they eat up nearly all the crops of the poor Chinese, I think the people are justifiable in making food of them.

It is likely this was the food of John the baptist.

When they come in large numbers and for several years in succession, their ravages are terrible, and a famine is the consequence. Being such a scourge wherever they appear, the best mode of exterminating them has engaged the attention of both government and people for centuries past. I have just been examining a volume of 242 pages, which was published year before last at *Yoo-Sih*, in the Kiang-See province. It is titled "Complete remedy for governing locusts." It has a laudatory introduction by the present emperor, *Hien-Fung*. In this volume, seventy-seven different methods of exterminating locusts are discussed and recommended, some of which are very laughable to a western man. But the Chinese must think them worthy of grave consideration, or they would never have received the imperial sanction. The author tells how to destroy the eggs, the grub, and then the fledged locust. And urges the wealthy people, as well as the mandarins, to offer re-

wards in order to stimulate the peasantry to catch them.

He strongly urges the necessity of prayer to the gods of the hills and rivers, because the locusts lay their eggs on the hills and banks of the rivers; to the god of the district, because he is the guardian deity; to the god of war because he is the protector of the country; to the god of fire, because fire is a first rate instrument with which to destroy the locusts; and to *Meng-Tseang*, because he is the ruler of locusts. But he takes care to add to these pious injunctions, "Notwithstanding you thus pray, be sure not to remit your exertions in destroying the insects; for, though they have been sometimes banished through the instrumentality of prayer alone, experience has proved that they have not always the power of governing them. This shows the necessity of working as well as "praying." He then cites many cases, recorded in their books, to prove his assertion.

As an evidence of the solicitude the government feels about the extermination of locusts, I will here insert an official document, which appeared in the *Peking Gazette* of Sept. 8th, 1857.

WORSHIP OF MENG TSEANG.

"The Board of Rites reports that last year from the beginning of autumn, the northern provinces had suffered from locusts. It is stated in the Collection of Statutes (*Ta t'sing hwei teen*) that the general *Lew meng* is "the god who drives away locusts." In the reign of *Yung ching** it was appointed by imperial command that temples to him should be erected in every province.† Last year the spawn of these animals had been completely swept away, evidencing the power and good will of some supernatural being. This

* *Young-Ching's* reign, was one hundred and twenty-odd years ago commenced.

† *Lew-Meng* was probably more successful in destroying locusts, and was, therefore, when he died, ordered by the emperor to be deified.

personage is named Hwei. In the Yuen dynasty the mandarins by the waving of a banner were able to drive away an army of locusts. After this it is related that they dropped of themselves into the river. In the fourth year of Taou kwang (1824) a monumental inscription was written by the emperor and copies of it were distributed through the empire. The addition of some new title is recommended to the reigning emperor, in honour of Meng tseang.†

TEA SHRUB.

The tea shrub is plentiful to-day. It is an evergreen, and as it is in full bloom in the fall, it now looks very pretty.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AGAIN.

Reached Voo-Kong about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and stirred up the whole population, as I passed through the streets distributing books. As a foreigner had never been to this place before, my visit was quite an event in their history; I trust the books which I left will make a lasting impression on their minds. This is a village at the foot of the mountains and the end of navigation in this direction.

There is a pagoda on the peak of a mountain not far from this place.

Returned to Tuh-Tsing to spend the night, where I will bid the reader adieu till next mail.

Letter of Rev. T. P. Crawford.

SHANGHAI, May 28, 1858.

Dear Brother Taylor:

I add this sheet this morning in order to give you the important news which came down from the English fleet at the mouth of the Pei-ho river, on

No man can become a god without the emperor's consent.

† Meng-Tseang, the same as Lew-Meng.

Lew was his surname, and Meng-Tseang his given name.

It is as common for the emperor to add an additional title to a god, as to a man.

If he has the power to make him a god, of course, he can raise him to a higher rank among the gods.

yesterday evening. I will copy an extra Herald which has just been issued.

"We give a hasty summary of the news received from the *Piko*, and will furnish further details in the Herald to-morrow.

"The U. S. steamship Mississippi left the Gulf of Picheli on the 22d, bearing despatches for the mail.

"The attack on the forts at the mouth of the river took place on the 20th inst. On the previous evening the boats from the Calcutta, Pigne, &c., (large vessels which could not get over the bar) were towed by gun-boats to the entrance of the river, and remained there all night. On the following morning a message was sent in summoning the forts to surrender, with a guarantee that all should be held intact, and at the close of negotiations duly delivered up. Two hours were given for a reply. None being received, as soon as the ebb-tide began to make, at 10 minutes past 10 o'clock, the *Cormorant* leading, advanced to take up a position on the north bank beyond the fort most distant from the fleet: on arriving abreast of the first fort, going at full speed, she snapped a hawser that had been stretched across the river, and the fort fired a shot at her. Steaming on, she ran the gauntlet of *all the forts* from which about 40 guns were fired at her, without returning a shot till she reached the appointed place, when she commenced in gallant style, and kept the fort in play until the *boat division* joined her. The *Nimrod* followed and opened fire on the first fort, causing a little diversion, and *Staney*, and *Fusee*, with the English and French Admirals leading the gun-boats into the action, poured in shell, grape and rockets. In 15 minutes the first fort was silent, and all the work was transferred to the upper forts on both sides of the river.—1,500 French and English then landed, and at noon their flags were flying on all the forts. The captured guns are numerous and of all sorts and sizes.—The forts will be demolished and aban-

doned. The number of Chinese troops in the forts and camps is placed at from 10,000 to 20,000, and 800 cavalry.

"Several suicides had taken place among the Mandarins. The allied forces were busy collecting guns and demolishing forts. A large number of junks blockading the river (merchant vessels) about 12 miles up the river were to be burned as soon as the flood made over the 22d, and a fort in the neighborhood of them destroyed, and the expedition would proceed to Tientsing on the 25th, (Tientsing is a large town, 40 miles up the river, and is the port of Pekin, which is 70 miles further up, and 12 miles distant from the river.)

"Mr. Reid, U. S. Commissioner, had gone to Japan. The Tartars stood manfully to their guns for the short time the fight lasted. The casualties on the side of the allies is unhappily great.—Killed, 4 officers, 3 men; wounded, 2 officers, 57 men (chiefly by the explosion of a magazine)—French. Killed, English—1 officer, 4 men; wounded, 1 officer, 16 men. Total, killed and wounded—88."

So you see that war is the order of the day. China's day has come. Whether Pekin will have to be taken no one yet knows, and what will be the effect of this shock on this tottering and effete government will soon be seen. Anarchy may follow. Shanghai is quiet. It is not likely that any thing will be done here. The Chinese have no soldiers at or near this place. We have no fears, and don't let false reports alarm you for the safety of your missionaries.

Yours as ever,

T. P. CRAWFORD.

Letter of Wong Ping San, to Mrs. Crawford. Translation of a letter written in Chinese. Received May 8th, 1858.

Wong Ping San, a brother of the Shanghai Baptist church, sends greeting to Mrs. Crawford, a sister of like

faith. May the mercy of God and the love of Jesus be with you! Since you departed from us the sisters of the church have daily offered prayers in your behalf. Yesterday we had news of you; and learning that you had safely passed the many islands of the China sea, our hearts were made easy. Mrs. Ling and Keung tsu have already joined the church. All the native brethren are well.

The members of my own family are also well. Our *Saw Shung* sister living at the south (gate) is well spoken of by her employer: she has a good reputation. Mrs. Saw, your female teacher, is at her own home.

How were you during your whole voyage to America? And how were Mr. Yates and family? I hope you will reply to my letter. All the sisters of the church send you salutations of peace. I also desire that you, in my behalf will present to the brethren and sisters in America my peaceful salutations.

Sent to the flowery flag country on the 6th day of the first month.

FOR MRS. CRAWFORD.

Written by *Wong Ping San*.

With wishes for your peace.

SHANGHAI.

CANTON.—CHINA.

Letter of Rev. R. H. Graves.

CANTON, May 17th, 1858.

Dear Bro. Poindexter:—Your kind favor was received a few weeks since, but I have been so busy that I have not hitherto found leisure to answer it.

I shall try to find time within the next month to give you a few lines on the present war, as you request.

You will be glad to hear that I have secured a chapel within the walls of the old City of Canton. Canton is divided into three sections, the Old City, the New City, and the Suburbs, to which foreigners were formerly confined. A high wall divides the Suburbs from the

New City, and another the New from the Old. Bro. Gaillard's chapel at Tung Wang Kai, is in the New City; mine is at a place called Chong Un Kin, in the N. E. part of the Old City, on the street which leads to the little north gate. Though not as pleasant a house as our old residence on the river side, I think it will be quite comfortable. The place that is being fitted up for a chapel will seat about 150 persons. Even now when the little north gate is shut and many people are absent from the city, quite a number pass the door; when peace is restored I have no doubt we shall be able to get a good congregation to all our services. The weather is at present very rainy, this retards the repairs, but I hope we shall be able to open the chapel by next Sabbath at the latest. Our assistant, Yeung Sin Shang, and our printer will live in the house with me. The house costs us only \$15 per month. In times of peace it would probably rent for more, but now so many houses are vacant that the owners are glad to get tenants. I shall probably have to spend between 20 and 30 dollars on repairs.

Though by no means as far advanced in the language as I would like to be, I think I shall take a regular service. The multitudes around us have no knowledge of Jesus; many have not even heard His name I suppose. I feel it to be my duty, therefore, to try to use the few words at my command to tell them of the Saviour, however imperfect my efforts may be. In every day intercourse with the people, I generally make myself understood, I hope that they will also understand my preaching.

Bro. Gaillard left for Macao on Saturday as sister G. who remains in Macao is quite unwell. I hope that God may soon restore her to health. I had a slight attack of dysentery since I came up here, but am now quite well again. Bro. Gaillard is very well.

R. H. GRAVES.

YORUBA—AFRICA.

Letter from Rev. J. M. Harden.

LAGOS, June 29th, 1858:

Rev. James B. Taylor:

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is now raining steadily and has been for the last three or four days. I cannot go out to do anything, and so have set down to write. I have nothing to communicate, which will be very interesting, but such as I have, that I will give.

We are moving on but slowly. A few persons still continue to attend our chapel; but the heathen in the market and about the chapel make so much noise, that we cannot continue much longer in the present chapel. I have selected as a much better spot for the building of the chapel for which the Board made an appropriation; and I am now trying to get in possession of the spot above spoken of. Should I succeed, I will, D. V., build a substantial mud chapel this coming dry season.

I built the present chapel where it is, that the people might have no excuse for not coming, for they are obliged always to pass by it in going both to their gardens and to the market; but instead of its being in a place to draw them, some of them hate both the chapel and myself, with a perfect hatred. And they will sit by the dozen, in their piazza, within twenty feet of the chapel door, and laugh and make so much noise, that I can't hear myself when I am praying, but never come in.

I rejoice to learn from brother Poin-dexter, that the Lord has been pleased to visit his people with a time of refreshing from his glorious presence; and that great numbers had been brought to the knowledge of the truth. Oh that the Lord would visit us in this country.

I have learned from a letter to sister Frazer, (who is now under my care as pastor,) that the Spanish have taken possession of Fernando Po, and have put a stop to the Baptist missionary op-

erations there. The Baptist is the only mission there, and sister Frazer thinks that all, or nearly all, the Baptists will come to Lagos, and we will then have a little help. Poor brother Diboll has a hard time of it down there.

Sister Mary Crane, too, has been and is still much persecuted, for having left the Devil's ranks. Her enemies tell shocking tales about her, which I know for myself are abominable lies. I hear of two others who appear to be serious about their soul's concern, but I have not seen them.

I must here close. Pray for me, my dear brother, that God may kindly remember me and my field of labor; and send me a time of refreshing from his gracious presence.

Loving salutations to all the brethren. Sarah joins in sending love to you and brother Poindexter.

I am your brother in Christ,

JOSEPH M. HARDEN.

IJAYE.

Extract from a Letter from Rev. A. D. Phillips.

June 21st, 1858.

DEAR BRO. POINDEXTER :

When I returned from Ogbomishaw the last of last month, whither I had been on account of the death of sister Reid, I found your letter here, with the mail from America.

I believe I have never received a letter from the Board which met my ideas more fully, on especially one point. You ask, "Can nothing be done for the salvation of the present generation?" I answer, emphatically, *yes*. There is, most assuredly, every evidence that, could we devote our time to *preaching the gospel*, and doing really missionary work, *multitudes* of the present generation who are now fully grown, would become converted. *And that, most assuredly, would be the most effective way of benefitting future generations.*

I feel that I am labouring for two objects, specially. 1st. The salvation of the present generation; and 2d. By so doing, to let the rising generation come up into a community where old men and women disregard the God of their fathers. I care not whether my name is written in books or not. But by the grace of God, I intend it shall be engraved upon the hearts of thousands of this people. And, brother Poindexter, is it too much for me to say, I want generations to come to call me blessed. I want, by such a course, to bring honour and glory to the name of my Saviour and King.

I wish I had something more encouraging to write respecting our progress as a mission. We seem very much broken up now. Brother Clark is gone and brother Reid is unsettled, and all of us widely separated. There are one or two who seem interested in my congregation here; but I have such a bad chance for preaching on Sabbath, my congregation is very fluctuating.

Having no chapel, I am obliged to conduct services in the house; and when strangers come in on Sabbath, their attention is all taken up in looking at the things they see in the house; and they are sure to talk about it, and thereby often interrupt services. Sometimes a sort of "big man," with his noisy retinue, not knowing and not caring for Sabbath, comes in to salute me. I often have company; and many times some one is here sick, and then we are obliged to neglect service. All this helps to retard the work here.

Letter from Rev. T. A. Reil.

IJAYE, Africa,

June 22d, 1858.

DEAR BRO. POINDEXTER :

I received letters from you by the last two mails. They were interesting to me, and, I trust, I duly appreciate the affectionate tenor of your letters.

I did not write by the last mail, be-

cause I was passing through the sad affliction of the death of my beloved companion. I will not attempt to describe my feelings to you, for I cannot do it, and will leave you to imagine them. No scene of my life has been so afflicting to me as this. It does seem to me that I could have borne anything else better than this; but I have prayed earnestly, I trust, to the Lord for help to bear all things patiently and with Christian resignation, believing that the Lord will do all things for his own glory and my good. Though he has sorely afflicted me, I feel that he is nevertheless very precious to me in giving me his grace to bear it. I think I speak the truth when I say, I do not think I ever felt the sustaining and comforting influence of the Spirit and grace of God more strikingly than during this trial. It is hard for me to say, "Thy will be done, O Lord," for my poor frail nature is so prone to complain and find fault of the dealings of the Lord.

The illness of my companion was of short duration. I was absent in attendance at the meeting of the mission at Ijaye, but reached home in about twenty-four hours after her attack. When I left her she was apparently in fine health. She did not wish to undergo the fatigue of travelling in a hammock, and preferred staying at Ogbomishaw rather than undertake it. I left my interpreter with her, and a coloured woman who can speak some English, agreed to come and sleep in the room with her each night I was absent. I felt very reluctant to leaving her, but she urged me to go, and said she could do very well the few days that I expected to be gone. Under these circumstances I left, and was gone but one week.

At some future time I will write to you more fully all the particulars of her illness, as I have no time now. She was taken on the 13th and deceased on the 17th of May. It was a ma-

lignant case of African fever, and very soon seemed to overpower all the regular functions of the body, and nothing that we could do seemed to give any vitality to them. She seemed to be in but little bodily pain, but restless.

She expressed herself perfectly resigned to the will of the Lord, and urged me to be also, for he would do all things right. She said she did not regret leaving home to come and be an humble instrument in teaching these people the way of salvation, and that was what she wished to live for.

I feel that I have an additional incentive to press onward in my labours, that I may be counted worthy to join with her at last in singing the praises of God and the Lamb forever.

Her last words on the subject of death was the language of Job: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." But why do I mourn in the face of such consoling words? I must not complain, but go forth in the active discharge of the duties which the Lord has for me to perform, and must, by the grace of God, be up and doing, that my labours may all be accomplished.

Some time ago a member of the denomination of Friends, from Portland, Maine, came to this country to open a mission for that Society. He had made arrangements to live with me during this year, at Ogbomishaw, and return home at the close of the year for more assistance. Very soon after he landed at Lagos in February, his feet and legs began to swell very much, and continued so after he had reached Ogbomishaw. He was labouring under dyspepsia, and had been for a number of years, and it terminated in diarrhoea and dropsy. Nothing we could do seemed to have effect. He reduced very rapidly, and wished to return home. I came with him to Ijaye, and expected to go with him to Abeokuta, but when we reached this place six days ago, he was so much exhausted that we did not attempt to go farther. He continued

to sink, and last night about twelve he expired, after much suffering; and to-day we are endeavouring to put him away. Brother Phillips and myself have been much fatigued in waiting on him. We have had the assistance of our interpreters, and some from our carpenter. I will have some trouble in taking care of his things, and disposing of them as he requested me. He was about fifty years old.

I am now left entirely alone at Ogbomishaw, and will be during the year. I expect to return there as soon as convenient, for we have good evidences that the Lord is blessing the labours of his servants in that town, and I wish these manifestations may be greatly increased, and that our hearts may be cheered amidst all the trials of life by his presence.

In the midst of all my troubles I have great reasons to rejoice and thank the Lord. My health has improved very much, indeed, to what it was,—and I hope now to be able to study the language successfully, and perform my missionary labours more extensively. Another reason of rejoicing to me is, the manifest desire the people have to hear the word of God preached. Since brother Clark left I have had the pleasure of visiting two females, who are already converted or exceedingly desirous to be. They both came to see me to be instructed in the way of the Lord, and I can assure you we had a most interesting conversation on the subject of faith in Christ. I was surprised and much gratified to hear them express their full determination to try to serve the Lord while they lived according to the gospel, and in the face of all opposition. Others in the congregation are very punctual and attentive listeners at our chapel services. It does my heart good to hear such frank and open confession in this dark land, where such individuals are fully aware of the persecution to which they will be subjected.

Are these not sufficient reasons to call forth the most heart-felt gratitude and praise to God from every devoted follower of Christ, and to furnish them with an ample stimulus to more earnest supplications at a throne of grace, and more untiring labour in the vineyard of the Lord, and to the consecration of all things required of God at the hands of his servants. In many parts of the world the waters seem to be troubled,—and will not Christians use their efforts in carrying the diseased to them, that they may be healed of all their maladies?

Pray for us earnestly, for we are now few in number and need much help. WHO WILL COME OVER AND HELP US?

My kindest regards to all.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,
T. A. REID.

The Commission.

RICHMOND, SEPTEMBER, 1858.

VIRGINIA ASSOCIATIONS.

Since our last issue we have had the privilege of attending several Associations.

The MIDDLE DISTRICT, convened at Clay's Chapel in Chesterfield county, on Wednesday the 18th of August.—We were present the first day of the meeting. Brother Cornelius Tyree preached the introductory sermon from the words "Go work to-day in my vineyard." It was a sound, practical discourse, urging individual Christian effort, and showing *how* Christians should work. Such preaching cannot fail to do good, whether its effects are apparent at the time or not. Christianity individualizes its subjects. Their union in churches, so far from releasing them from the obligation to personal effort, is designed to render them more active and efficient. Yet it is to be feared that, in many cases, Christians encour-

age themselves in the neglect of personal duty upon the plea, (never satisfactory to an enlightened conscience, but which may aid in stupifying one but little alive to christian obligation,) that the *church* ought to do what is required. *The duty of the church is but the sum of the duties of the members individually.* Whatever ought to be done it is *my* duty to perform *my part* of the labor. And neither the activity nor the neglect of others can release me from the obligation.

In the close of the session an opportunity was offered for an address upon Foreign Missions, but the lateness of the hour, together with the fact that preaching at the stand closed about the time we commenced speaking, rendered it necessary to "make short work of it." We had the promise of some brethren that, at a subsequent period of the sessions, they would endeavor to secure a contribution for the Board. This we are informed was not done. We hope the pastors and brethren will bear in mind that by this failure we are minus several hundred dollars, and that they will make good the deficiency.—We regretted to leave this meeting but were compelled to do so in order to reach

THE ROANOKE ASSOCIATION,

Which met the next day at Mt. Vernon, in Halifax county. On Friday we were with the brethren at this place, and remained until Sunday afternoon. A collection in cash and subscriptions of about \$160 was given for Foreign Missions. Some \$300 for State Missions and considerable amounts for Colportage and the Coliseum Place Bap. Ch. New Orleans.

The Roanoke Association is increasing in liberality and activity. We trust the improvement will continue with accelerated force. The churches are in possession of large resources. Were their contributions adequate to their ability, the Roanoke would be among

the very first of our Associations in aiding the cause of Christ. Go on, brethren, and the blessing of God will be with you.

SHILOH ASSOCIATION.

This body convened with the church at Flint Hill, Rappahannock County, on Tuesday, the 31st of August. We reached it on Wednesday. The interest of the meeting was lessened, it seemed to us, by the fact that the Sessions of the Association were held in the M. H. within the village, while preaching was had at a stand some fourth of a mile distant. The consequence was that but few, except the members, attended the sessions of the body.

There was reported a larger amount as contributed by the churches during the year, than on any previous occasion. At the Association some \$300 were pledged to colportage, \$200 to Foreign Missions, \$200 to Coliseum Place Ch. and something—the amount we are unable to state—for Domestic Missions. The leading brethren of the body expressed the determination to exert themselves to increase the liberality of the churches. It ought to be done. The Shiloh, considering the wealth of the membership, has not compared favorably with her sister Associations in contributions. Improvement has begun, and we trust it will go on until the amount given will exceed, by far, that of the largest contributions at present.

At each of these meetings, we received the cordial greetings and affectionate attentions of the brethren and friends, for which we return our thanks.
P.

OUR FIRST ARTICLE.

We invite attention to the first article of this number. It discusses an important subject, and one, however it may seem, at first view, to relate more to home than foreign work, has in reality no less importance in the latter connection than the former. We trust the

article will be read and pondered. We would take occasion to say, however, that while the *Commission* is mainly devoted to the interests of Foreign Missions, we shall gladly welcome to its columns occasional contributions relating to any other department of Christian labor. The home and foreign fields are but departments of the one great field given us for cultivation by our Lord, and whatever truly advances the prosperity of one is beneficial to both. We must have *home* effort as a basis for *foreign* effort; and we must have *foreign* effort as an excitant and support of *home* effort. We can truly say that our engagements as an officer of the Board of Foreign Missions, so far from having lessened, have increased our interest in home evangelization. And we believe that, where the mind is not warped by false views, labor in the Home department promotes the desire for the universal diffusion of the gospel. Some of the warmest and most liberal friends of the poor heathen are found among those whose special duty it is to plead for the destitute at home. May it ever be thus. God forbid that any friend of Foreign Missions should look with a jealous eye, or an unfeeling heart upon any home enterprise; or, that any one should permit his regard for home, to turn away his Christian sympathy from the perishing in other lands. P.

CHINA OPENED.

We have seen it stated, that, by a treaty formed by the English and French with the emperor, the whole of the Chinese Empire is opened for commerce. If this be true, *what an immense responsibility is placed upon the Churches of Christ!* The latest census of China makes the population 415,000,000. This immense mass of human beings is to be *leavened* by the gospel. There are, at present, only some one hundred Protestant Missionaries in the whole

of China. The Baptists of the South have but five men there, one on the way and two in this country—brethren Yates and Hartwell, who are intending to go, the former as soon as his health is confirmed, and the latter this fall. One of those in China, Brother Crawford, will return for a short time ere long, and Brother Cabaniss probably within a year. Is this *all* that the demands of Christ require of us for these 415,000,000 of souls? Is this all that the hundreds of thousands of our Zion can spare to the work of Chinese evangelization? Young men of God, pause and think and pray over this matter. Brethren, pastors and people, look at these figures and ask yourselves what is your duty. Surely there should be given by the Churches of the South more than eight men, and some eight or ten thousand dollars for the salvation of China! We can but think there is a want of serious reflection and prayer with reference to this matter. *It cannot be that we are doing our duty.* Only eight men out of from four to six hundred thousand church-members for the evangelization of 415,000,000 of souls! The Lord forgive our apathy and neglect and awaken us to our duty. P.

THE HEALTH OF YORUBA.

The facts that so many of our missionaries have been, compelled to return from Yoruba, and that several have died there, are likely to produce the conviction that the climate is very unfavorable to the American or European. We think the inference wrong. It is true, that *any tropical climate* is trying to the constitution of persons from a more temperate region. But that the climate of Yoruba is peculiarly so, we see no reason for believing.

1st. In several instances of the return of missionaries, it is the judgment of themselves and other missionaries that the diseases necessitating their return were not originated in Yoruba.

2d. In the case of Brother Bowen, he had been through many hardships and exposures in his laborious life in this country before he went to Yoruba, and his labors there were excessive, and his exposures greater than now need be encountered.

3d. It is the united opinion of those in the field and those who have returned, that with sufficient care during the process of acclimation, the danger is comparatively small, and that missionaries who will be prudent, stand a good chance for retaining their vigor for some five years; after which, if they come home for a short time to recruit, they can return with the probability of being less affected than at the first by the exhausting influence of the climate. All say they can see no reason why missionaries may not live and labor there.

4th. So far as we are able to judge from the descriptions of the country which have come under our notice, we can see no local causes which should prevent the country from being as healthy as any other in the same latitude.

Let not any brother whose heart may be inclined to glorify Christ by laboring in this interesting field, be deterred by fears of this kind. Africa is to be evangelized. God has opened before us an effectual door in Yoruba. Let us enter it, nothing doubting, and, though some may die in the field, and others return with broken health, the result will be worth all, and more than all.

P.

WOULD WE COULD DO IT.

The following postscript to a letter from a beloved brother of Georgia—one whom we know to have made many sacrifices, and performed arduous and effective service for the cause of Christ, is enough to pain the heart of every true child of God, and to mantle our cheeks with shame. Our brother sug-

gests that we "preach" a sermon from it. If we could preach such a one as he desires, most gladly would we do it. But we shall let him speak. Though brief, we do hope his words will find their way to many a heart. Meantime we would be glad of a longer "sermon" from Brother J. S. B. on this or some other text.

P.

P. S.—The following is an extract from "the Pilot," a catholic paper, N. Y., under date 21st instant:

"One hundred and two catholics have contributed one hundred and two thousand dollars for the foundation of the Metropolitan Church of New York. One Protestant gentleman subscribed a thousand dollars, from a wish to see his native city adorned by a structure that should remind him of some of the glories of the Old World."

Take it for a text and write us a soul stirring sermon on it. I could not but groan in spirit as I read it, and compared these liberalities of the votaries of the man of sin with that of Southern Baptists. One hundred and two of the children of the harlot Babylon to give more in *one day* to erect a building of wood and stone, than the 400,000 or 500,000 Baptists in the South have given in *two years* to send the gospel abroad—to build up the spiritual temple of our Lord and Saviour! And then again the record of that Protestant—ah! that inflicts a *double pang*—but my sheet is full. Preach, preach to our brethren till the blush of shame is kindled on their cheeks, and tears of deep contrition flow in torrents down them, and streams of cash into the treasury of the Lord.

J. S. B.

SAILING OF BROTHER HOLMES.

Brother and sister Holmes sailed from New York the 21st of August in the ship Falcon, for Shanghai, China. They were accompanied by an educated Chinese, who had been receiving instruction in this country and was on his return. There were also two ladies, passengers. The company of these will, we trust, add to the comfort of sister Holmes on the voyage.

We ask that prayer shall be made for their safe arrival in China, and for their health and usefulness in the mission. Brethren and sisters remember these and all your other missionaries at a throne of grace. P.

READ THEM.

The original articles of this number we commend to the attention of all; especially "Something Permanent," and "Injustice to the Heathen." We are under great obligations to their authors and to other brethren who have furnished so much valuable matter for the *Commission*. To each of our contributors we take this occasion to express our gratitude, and to ask a continuance of their valuable labors. And we earnestly solicit other brethren to write for the *Commission*. Strange as it may be thought, we have to write letter after letter in order to secure the original matter of our magazine. Remember brethren *we are in need of your help*.

THE LETTER OF BROTHER REID.

We are sure none of our subscribers can read the letter of this bereaved missionary without being deeply affected. What submission, and increased consecration it breathes! And then the cheering prospects of the Ogbomishaw station. O let there be much prayer for our brother and for the heathen committed to his charge. P.

BRETHREN DON'T FORGET US.

The funds of the Board will be heavily drawn upon by the passage, &c., of brethren Holmes and Hartwell in addition to the usual expenditures. And contributions are coming in rather slowly, and in smaller amounts than heretofore. Brethren, don't forget us in disposing of your religious donations. It would be a sad thing, with so

small a missionary force as ours, for the Board to be found in debt. Have you given what you ought to give for the heathen this year? P.

FEMALE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

We have received from an esteemed brother in Tennessee, a suggestion that short reports of the operations of Female Missionary Societies would be promotive of good. It will be pleasant to record such memorials of the benevolent labors of our sisters in Christ. T.

IS IT NOT SO?

The following we cut out of a political paper, and find that it has been going the rounds of the papers:

IS THAT SO?—"The Baptist *Examiner* says that sixty per cent. of the money raised for charitable and religious purposes is used up in "office expenses," in paying the salary of those who collect money. If that be so, it will be seen that out of every hundred dollars donated for the benefit of the heathen of Central Africa, sixty dollars are spent in the United States. Does not this look like jobbery?"

We have not the means of definite statement regarding other Boards, but the entire expenses—agents, &c., included, of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention, do not exceed twenty-two per cent. of the collections. And in this is included expense of agencies in fields where our churches are feeble and but little informed. Such agencies are maintained, where practicable, not so much in view of the present profit, but the prospective aid when the churches shall have been trained to liberal action. If such agencies were discontinued, the *per centum* would be materially lessened, but the prospect of future increase of means would be injured to a still greater extent.

We venture to say that, as a general

thing, no class of men perform as large an amount of exhausting labor, with equal efficiency and as beneficial results, as the Secretaries and agents of mission and other religious enterprises. Men in almost every other department of labor accumulate fortunes, but when have they done so in these. And yet they must be men of energy and business tact to succeed in their vocations.

We once knew a complaint made of the amount of salary given to an agent who secured in *one year* more than sixty thousand dollars for the object for which he labored. If he had been three years at it, the complainant would have thought his services worth double the amount paid him. The truth is, there is a disposition, even among Christians, to find fault with the managers of our religious charities that ought to be rebuked. If any society is badly managed, expose it. If any agent is unfaithful, remove him. But why this constant croaking? Do men begrudge agents of such societies the bread which they eat and the clothing which they wear?

Let it be remembered that the business of such institutions must, generally, be carried on in town. Men cannot support themselves as cheaply in town as in the country. Salaries must, therefore, be higher to those thus located.

It should also be borne in mind that a large proportion of the time of Secretaries is devoted to editing and other work which prevents them from laboring much in the collection of funds. Yet the work is as indispensable as the work of collections. P.

SELECTIONS.

The following letter, which we take from "The Spirit of Missions," contains much valuable information regarding Africa and African Missions.

AFRICA.

Our August Number gave an account

of Bishop Payne's visitation of the Missionary Stations at Sinoe and Bassa-Cove. The following letter furnishes particulars of his visit to Clay-Ashland and other settlements lying back from Monrovia.

MONROVIA, May 21, 1858.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:

My last communication to you by the "President Benson," was dated, I think, 13th inst. On the 15th I left this place on a visit to Grace Church, Clay-Ashland, ten miles up the St. Paul's river. I went up in one of the comfortable packet boats, propelled by oars, now going daily up and down the river, a distance of twenty-five miles. Reaching Mr. Russell's about three o'clock, P. M., I was thankful to find all in comfortable health. On Friday, the day after my arrival, I accompanied Mr. Russell to examine one of our schools, taught by Mrs. Caroline De Coursey, in the immediate township of Clay-Ashland. The population here has much increased since my last visit, numbering now several hundred, and extending back some mile or more towards the North. There are four schools taught in the place. Mrs. De Coursey has on her list *fifty-four* scholars, and *forty-four* were present at the examination. I was much gratified at their evident improvement, and the diligence and interest of their teacher in their behalf. The following Sunday, the 16th inst., was passed most pleasantly, and, I believe, most profitably. The neat little church was crowded morning, afternoon, and evening. In the morning, Rev. A. F. Russell read service, after which, I preached, confirmed nine persons, and administered the Lord's Supper. In the afternoon, we held a Missionary meeting—designed to stir up all to the duty, *now wholly neglected in this neighbourhood*—of preaching the gospel amongst the heathen. Rev. Mr. Russell, with me, made an address. I was pleased to ob-

serve in the congregation the estimable pastors of the Methodist and Baptist congregations in the place. At night I again preached. I should have stated that, having spent the previous evening at Rev. Mr. Crummell's, I dined, by invitation, on Saturday, at White Plains, the seat of a manual-labour school of the Methodists, opposite to Millsburg, and immediately below the rapids of the St. Paul's river. I was sorry to learn, though originally designed in part for natives, but two or three are now connected with the manual-labour school. In a fine brick building on the grounds, with Rev. Mr. Burns, Methodist, Bishop elect of Liberia, and Rev. Mr. Crummell, and other friends, I was kindly entertained by Miss Kilpatrick—the only white member of the Methodist mission—herself just about to return to the United States. Here I found an interesting school of some sixteen girls, a few of them natives, to whom, with some neighbours, I preached in the evening. Amongst the native girls was a native of the Vey tribe, of whom Miss Kilpatrick gave me some most interesting particulars. Brought to a knowledge of the Saviour, her heart yearned so much for the conversion of her people, that she persuaded Miss K. to go with her to them, fifty miles distant, near Cape Mount. And they actually went, and spent a fortnight in the native town, where, with tears and entreaties, *Jouhe* (for this is her name) urged her people to embrace the gospel.

On Monday, according to previous arrangement, Mr. Russell accompanied me to Mr. Harrison's, called here and in the United States "Uncle Simon." At the first rapids of the St. Paul's river, Mr. Harrison, once a bondsman to the Choctaws, obtained his freedom, and is now a missionary—full of faith and zeal—on the outskirts of the colony, longing to impart the blessings of the gospel to the heathen around him.

On Tuesday morning, being provided with hammock men by Mr. Harrison, we set off to visit Careysburg, the new colonial settlement, sixteen miles interior, South-east of Millsburg.

Though I provided a hammock, the road was so pleasant that I made very little use of it, passing alternately over hills and valleys, through primeval forests—cool and refreshing—and rice-fields; it had all the charms of novelty, variety, and invigorating climate.

We arrived at Careysburg about three o'clock, P. M. It is situated on a hill about 250 feet high, ascended from the South-east by a good road, up a gradual inclination, making almost a regular inclined plane, and terminating on the North-west somewhat abruptly. On the highest point is the agency house, and receptacle for new emigrants. In the former we were hospitably entertained; Mr. Paxton, superintendent of the place, kindly offered us their temporary *log church*, in which we held services on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The little house was well filled by the recently arrived villagers, who, in their comparative desolation, seemed highly to appreciate our services.

The settlement at Careysburg was made with the view to test the comparative healthiness of mountain and sea-board residence. But the distance from the sea-shore—not above twenty-six miles—was scarcely sufficient for a fair experiment; even, however, with this disadvantage, it has proved comparatively salubrious.

The emigrants escaped fever for several months, after which, *though all had it*, it was in a mitigated form. The general health of the place, too, is excellent, while some old residents in the country, on removing hither, have been actually corpulent. My own health was materially improved by my excursion, though so short, and I would gladly have lingered for greater benefit, could I have done so.

There can be no question, therefore, that our mission stations about the falls of the Cavalla, so much more elevated and farther from the coast than Careysburg, will prove more healthy than any point on the sea-shore.

The chief object of my visit to Careysburg, and of my inquiries in the neighbourhood, was to ascertain the condition and population of the native tribes lying along the St. Paul's river, and between it and Bassa Cove. And here, as at the latter place, I found a field large and ripe for the harvest, with none to enter it, or rather none in it. Between a line from Millsburg via Careysburg, to the sea-shore, and the Bassa tribe, are the *Kwias*, (Qweahs,) who have some thirty villages, with a population of at least 1,200. North and East of the *Kwias* extending 200 miles or more, along the Southern side of the St. Paul's, are the *Pessas*, (Pele-wun,) with a probable population of (100,000) *one hundred thousand*. On the Northern side of the St. Paul's, stretching from Millsburg to the distance of 150 miles, with a population of at least (25,000) *twenty-five thousand*, are the *Golahs* (Golahwun.) All through this region the country is mountainous and healthy, and its people everywhere accessible to missionary efforts. But, as before stated, *the field is entirely unoccupied*.

Why should we not have a mission here, too? Ought we not, to meet our responsibilities—*must* we not have a mission here?

You remember my plan of operations, since put of God in charge of our great mission to Africa, has been to make each of our stations in the colonial settlements radiating points of light to the heathen near them. I have recently communicated to you my views for the Bassa station. If those views can be carried out, our mountain station on *Mount Fatru* will be within little more than two day's journey of Ca-

reysburg, and *not above one day's journey of the advanced position which I would seek to occupy in the Golah or Pessa country on the St. Paul's river*. This station I would have about fifteen or twenty miles North-east of Millsburg, where beautiful mountains, in full view from Careysburg, invite our efforts. For occupying this field we have important providential preparations.

Rev. A. F. Russell, now of our church, when connected with the Methodist mission, was a missionary amongst the Golahs for several years, more than one hundred miles from Millsburg. He has the son of a Golah king, and many Golah boys, living with him; and *these latter are to settle shortly in a permanent town, near the mountain on which I would propose to have a mission station*.

Mr. Russell, I am thankful to say, seems to have his old missionary zeal rekindled by our intercourse and excursion to Careysburg. He proposes this very week to commence a system of evangelical labours in the Golah and Pessa towns, near Millsburg.

God moving the Committee and the Church to second my design—I would, as early as possible, locate a good missionary from the United States, with such assistance as he may procure in this country, at the proposed interior station.

An expenditure of \$600 *for building*, would be sufficient for the first year; and a further sum of \$400—say \$1,000 in all—for assistants, and incidental expenses. *Will not the Committee prayerfully consider this matter, and, if approved, announce the mission, and ask for a missionary and the means of support? Again, let us be enlarged.*

Monday, May 24.—Yesterday, though in the midst of the rainy season—through the favouring providence of God—we had a most pleasant day. In the morning I catechized our Sunday-school. I then repaired to the Presbyterian Church—again most kindly loan-

ed us—where, after services read by Mr. Gibson, I preached, and confirmed nine persons.

In the afternoon I again preached. At night I attended in the same place, and was pleased to address a meeting of the Sunday-schools and ministers of the several Churches in Monrovia; thus closing delightfully my visitation to this part of Liberia.

I have said, *closing my visitation*, for with the favouring Providence which has attended me all through, is that which has brought here, just at the time I am prepared to leave, the U. S. ship Marion.

Several of the officers attended services yesterday morning, and the Captain has kindly offered to take me to Cape Palmas, direct. Before another Sabbath, therefore, I shall probably be at home.

With thanks to God for all his goodness to me, and Christian greetings to your honoured Committee, believe me ever, Rev. and dear brother,

Yours in the best bonds.

From the Macedonian.

CROWN JEWELS.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

Every kingdom of earth possesses rare and costly jewels which are treasured up for ages, to deck the crown of their sovereigns. A special place is appointed for them, and a guardian to protect them from aught which might dim their lustre, as well as from the cupidity of the dishonest. Nations vie with each other in securing the most brilliant and costly which mine or ocean yields. But rare and valuable as they are, enduring far, far longer than the brows that bear them, they must decay.

One of these, which slept in its dark Brazilian cavern, long ages ago was dragged forth to the light of day. It aroused the envy of many a covetous man, changing hands again and again, each time becoming more desirable as its

value came to be understood; until at length it was set as chief jewel in the crown of a grim old monarch. With its sparkling magnificence it added to his glory, all unconscious though it was of its value as well as of the pride of wearer. The sun which smote him, but gave new lustre to the gem. The storms which made him shudder, only increased by contrast its brilliancy. The wind passed over him, and *he was gone*. His glory vanished like the sparkling dew, and his haughty form went down to the dark sepulchral chambers where slept his fathers—the mighty dead. But there, despite the velvet palls and the costly sarcophagi, he and they returned to the dust, like the beggar who craved but received not the crumbs which fell from their tables.

The eye of the monarch faded; the high ambitious brow bowed beneath the impress of the great destroyer. But the diamond which gladdened that eye and decked that brow still shone on. The funeral gloom had no power to dim, nor the open grave to affright it. If perchance a tear falls in remembrance of the buried Sire who had gloried in their worth, the moisture only imparts new beauty; while the weeper dries his tears and smilingly places the crown upon his own head. There it rests, despite of the feverish anxiety, the false dream, or the restless joy of its wearer; until he, in his turn, passes away, and leaves the crown to crush with its weight, and to pierce with the thorn it conceals a fair young brow, as yet careless of earth's honors. Thus, generation after generation, it descends from one to another, mocking by silent light the frailty of creation's bonds.

And yet these gems, enduring as they are, must one day perish. When the sun shall grow dim, and the earth, like a parched scroll, shall pass away, then shall these crown-jewels, with their sisters whom the eager eye of man never discovered in their dark home,

meet the fate of all that is "of the earth, earthy."

But there are crown-jewels beyond the touch of time or the reach of decay. Nor needs he who wears them be one of the nobles of this world. He may dwell in the deep valley of humiliation, clad in the unsightly garb of poverty, receiving day by day his daily bread, and that from as lowly a benefactor as the unclean bird which fed the holy prophet by the brook. Care may write deep lines on cheek and brow; sickness wither his form, and sorrow blanch his locks; he may be all unknown to fame, or his name be written among the despised of earth. And yet he too may wear a crown—a crown which boasts of rarer and more costly gems than ever glittered on monarch's brow.

He is the son of a king—exile though he be—and heir to a crown. He may not carry himself as loftily as the heir of an earthly throne, and yet you will know him from the sons of earth. He wears the likeness of his Father, and shows his nobility in the calm dignity with which he presses through the thorns in his strange path; and by the glance of his eye, so eagerly fixed on his far-off home, where lies his inheritance. Had those around him but spiritual sight, they might even now discover the shadow of that crown, the substance of which is ere long to fall upon his head; they might see the tokens of his royal birth. But no; to them he is only a lowly toiler; bowed to the earth, seeking they know not what. But he knoweth that ere long the righteous Judge shall give him a crown of life; and he is now gathering from mine and stream, jewels wherewith to deck it, and with which to add to the glory of his Father.

Nor toils he in vain; the mountain's top and the dark ravine yield their treasures to his earnest search. The diadem awaits him yonder; and as here he toils, winning jewel after jewel, each is fixed there by a Father's hand to

meet him at his coronation. When the crumbling gems of earth have fallen to dust, these ransomed spirits shall shine in the kingdom of his Father as stars in the firmament forever.

We can well understand the anxiety with which the keeper of the crown-jewels guards his treasures, and the joy he must feel in their safety. But who can fully realize the deep gladness of the exiled over these gems which are one day to shine in his crown? To him the price of each—even the smallest and least brilliant, is above rubies. Their lustre is to go on increasing and brightening "until the perfect day." He wears them near his heart, watching them with jealous eye to preserve their brightness and to shield them from the hand of the destroyer.

Every exiled son of God may thus win jewels against the day of Jesus Christ. But some are chosen pre-eminently for this work—the gathering of immortal treasure unto Him who came to seek and to save the lost. Whether these toil at home or in foreign lands, great their joy. Nor is it alone the pastor or the missionary, who may rejoice over the garnered treasure. Every brother who lends a helping hand, who offers a prayer, or lays a mite upon the altar, has his share in the triumphant gathering beyond. Holy indeed must be the bond which unites this gem to the heart of him who found and rescued it; strong the sympathy and love which ought to exist between the redeemed soul and the one who was instrumental in his salvation. Surely such should tenderly love each other here, as they will be so closely united above.

Well do we remember one who a few years since finished the days of her exile, and with angelic submission left the children of her love in the hands of the God she trusted. Neither sickness, long and painful, nor yet love, which shrank from separation, had power to dim her faith in God, nor to rouse re-

bellion in her heart. In all her loveliness fading away, she.

"Lay passive in His hand,
And knew no will but His."

As she mused, upon her sleepless pillow, her full heart rose in gratitude to Him who had given her eternal life; and also returned to God's servant, through whose efforts her soul had been fitted for heaven. Strongly she expressed her interest for this earthly friend, and her generous soul panted to make some return for the blessing she had received. But her days for ministering of earthly things were over, and she keenly felt it.

But a new thought struck her mind, and kindled, with unwonted brilliancy, her beautiful dark eye. Turning to the beloved who watched so tenderly beside her, and to whom she had been speaking, she said with animation, "My soul shall shine as a star in the crown of his rejoicing; that will be a better reward than any thing I can do for him." She, sweet spirit, felt this sympathy with him who had won and was ere long to wear as a gem, her ransomed soul in their Father's kingdom.

She passed away to her reward, and now rests gloriously. God grant that when her dear fold, which she so sweetly committed to the care of the Heavenly Shepherd, shall follow her steps through the dark river, each precious one may shine as a star in her crown—the reward of a faithful mother's care and toil.

What Christian who knows the value of the soul can be content to dig alone for earthly treasure, and not to secure to himself and his Father gems which cannot fade away?

Other Missions.

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

AVA.

Dr. Dawson writes, April 30, an-

nouncing that he had visited the royal city, where he remained twenty-six days, reaching Rangoon on his return April 17.

The communication from the President of the United States to the king of Burmah was received with every demonstration of respect, a royal *zayat* having been built for its reception, and a splendid procession having been organized for the purpose of conveying it five miles into the royal city. The tenor of the letter was highly gratifying to his majesty.

Messrs. Kincaid and Dawson on the 30th March had a favourable interview with the king of Burmah, in which he spoke with the greatest freedom and friendliness, on a variety of subjects. He intimated his desire to have an American consul residing at his capital, and a willingness not only to give the land necessary for a mission-house, but also to erect the house.

PROME.

Mrs. Simons having had frequent attacks of ague and fever, was suffering under impaired health, and left Prome in December for a visit of two or three months in Rangoon. Mr. Simons has suffered from a similar attack.

SHWAYGYEEN.

At the last date, April 20, Mr. and Mrs. Watrous, with Messrs. Cross and Allen and their families, were spending a few days at Monmogon, on the seashore, for the sake of their health. Mrs. Watrous had had an attack of sickness resembling cholera, which left her in an enervated state; and after a visit of a few days at Maulmain, they had concluded to try the effect of this "wind-loved spot," as a means of invigoration.

SIAM.

Mrs. Smith writes, March 26, at the close of ten years' service in Siam, that she had just taken a trip of two weeks and a half by sea, and was proposing after vacation to resume her work of teaching. Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith were in perfect health, and fully occupied.

"In January last I commenced issuing a little book for children, and propose to have one every month. It is a

child's monthly, on a very small scale. Price for yearly subscribers one tical; single copy seven cents. The design is to put good seed into the minds of the very young, before the tares get deep root. I have translated many of the little things in primers at home. I shall give myself entirely to the young, and see what comes of it."

TELOOGOOS.

Mr. Douglass and family, at last dates, May 17, were in comfortable health. In alluding to the revived state of religion, an account of which will be printed in the Magazine for October, he says: "Such a work lightens care, and takes the sharp edges off from real trouble. It is all of the Lord."

ORDINATION OF THE FIRST BGHAI PREACHER.

Dr. Mason, under the date of Bghai-dom, Jan. 17, sends the following interesting notices.

A council was called this morning to consider the propriety of ordaining Shapau to the ministry. Diepo, of Thu we den, was elected moderator, and Shie mo, under appointment to the Red Karens, clerk. After the candidate had been examined on his Christian experience, call to the ministry, and doctrinal views, it was voted unanimously to proceed to his ordination, when the following order of exercises was pursued:

Reading of the Scriptures by Pwai-pau, of Kleula; prayer by Tatay, of Pelekhie; sermon by G. P. Watrous, of Shwaygyeen; ordaining prayer by Doomoo, of Wathola; hand of fellowship by Quala, of Klau mie deu; charge by F. Mason, of Toungoo; benediction by the candidate.

The sermon was from John 21: 19,—"Follow me;" and was an able and appropriate production, exhibiting Christ as our example and Paul as an illustration of the manner in which he is to be followed.

Shapau belongs to Maulmain, where he received a common school education in reading and writing, under Mr. Vinton, without any reference to the gospel ministry.

SHAPAU'S FIRST BAPTISMS.

Under date of April 7, Dr. Mason,

of Toungoo, sends the following interesting communication:

"Shapau accompanied by Quala, has just made the circuit of the principal Bghai and Mo pgha villages. He has baptized one hundred and nine persons, laid the foundation of four new churches, and established one new station. In one Bghai church seven were suspended. One Mo pgha church was found still in the use of charms; and two or three Bghai churches had difficulties with each other concerning the boundaries of their lands. With these exceptions, and we have not reached the period in the history of the church when such exceptions are not to be anticipated, the work progresses both in depth and surface."

HENTHADA ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Thomas writes, March 12, that he had recently attended a meeting of the Henthada Association at Krukato, which was a season of great interest. Converts poured into the city from every quarter on their way to the meetings, and many of them were young Christians. He says of the churches composing the Association:

"In our last year's report of this Association, there were nineteen little churches, with an aggregate of five hundred and twenty members. Almost every one of those churches has been enlarged. Within the past year, a little over one hundred and fifty have been baptized. Eight new churches have been formed. Two small churches have been taken into the Association, which came into existence while the country was yet under Burman authority. In the two there were about thirty members. These two churches are in the extreme Northern part of Tharrawadi district. Hence there are at present about thirty churches, with an aggregate of about seven hundred members."

THE INGATHERING AT TOUNGOO.

At the annual meeting of the Toungoo Associations, held in the month of January, 1858, were exhibited the following statistics. They are forwarded by Dr. Mason in a letter dated March 18, 1858:

Associations, 2

Ordained preachers,	3
Licentiates and school teachers, . .	102
Village schools,	101
Subscriptions in cash to male and female normal schools, . . . rs.	930
Contributions in cash to village teachers, rs.	453

	Paku.	Bghai.	Total.
Stations,	52	49	101
Churches,	20	22	42
Pupils in scho'ls, 1238	1188	2426	
Baptiz'd in 1857, 107	22	129	
Excluded,	4	3	7
Suspended,	23	1	29
Restored,	12	2	14
Died,	24	42	66
Present number, 1375	1265	2640	

More than two hundred persons have been baptized, seven new churches formed, and several new stations occupied since the close of the Association.

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?

Mr. Thomas, in a recent journal of a tour Eastwardly to Bassein, speaks as follows of the place where the first converts in the Henthada mission were baptized.

"Last evening I came on to Kutau, where I baptized the first eight converts in Henthada. Then, three years ago, there was not a house in the place large enough to contain Mrs. Thomas, myself and these few converts; hence the first sacrament here was administered under a buffalo-shed. Now there are seven good houses and a chapel, and a church of forty-four members. I have baptized six more Karen, here to-day. Three of these are from a new region, and will, we hope, form the nucleus of another church."

THE DESERT BLOSSOMING.

Mr. Douglass, of the Bassein mission, in a notice of a tour North and East of Bassein, April 6, speaks of Kongedonk, a village of five hundred houses, where seven years ago he baptized the seven constituent members of the church, and left with them a native pastor, at which thirty-two communicants were present at the Lord's Supper.

A GOOD WORK AMONG THE BASSAS.

Mrs. Vonbrun, wife of a native

preacher, says in a letter dated Bassa, Bezeley, April 20:—

"We are encouraged to hope that the Lord has begun a good work among this people, which will never cease until all are brought to the knowledge of the truth. Several have lately indulged hope in Christ, and three girls of the school are expected to be baptized the second Sabbath in June. Others are inquiring the way to Jesus. We have had twenty-five pupils in the school for two years past, without the aid of any mission. Public worship and the Sabbath school are regularly sustained, and instruction is given once a day in the school by one of my daughters. The people seem desirous to hear the gospel, are attentive to meetings, and wish their children to learn.

"Pray for us until the Bassas shall give up their superstition, and thus God's name be glorified."

HOUSEHOLD BAPTISM IN DENMARK.

In the quarterly report of Mr. Neilsen, of Slagelsee, Denmark, we have the following interesting account of a household baptism:

"The 28th March we had a great assembly at Slagelsee. Five dear converts were baptized into the Saviour's death. They were all members of one household, a case such as perhaps never before occurred in Denmark,—a young man, twenty-six years of age, a tailor by trade, with his wife, his partner and two apprentices, so that the Scripture was literally fulfilled, 'He was baptized and all his house.'"

MISCELLANY.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH ONLY.

Faith the Papists say, is never alone, therefore it doth not justify alone. They might as well dispute thus: the eye is never alone from the head, and therefore it seeth not alone; which is absurd. Though, in regard of substance, the eye is never alone, yet, in regard of seeing, it is alone: and so, though faith subsist not without love, and hope, and other graces of God, yet, in regard of the act of justification, it is alone without them all.—Perkins.

AN OLD POEM.

The annexed stirring old poem has the ring of the true metal, and is as applicable now as when it was written—for its philosophy is sound, and therefore, universal:

Who shall judge a man from manners?

Who shall know him by his dress?

Paupers may be fit for princess

Princes fit for something less.

Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket

May beclothe the golden ore

Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—

Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar

Hidden crushed, and overgrown.

God, who counts by souls, not dresses,

Loves and prospers you and me,

While he values thrones the highest

But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,

Oft forgets his fellows then;

Masters—rulers—lords, remember

That your meanest hinds are men!

Men by labor, men by feeling,

Men by thought, and men by fame,

Claiming equal rights to sunshine

In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,

There are little weed-clad rills,

There are feeble inch-high saplings,

There are cedars on the hills;

God, who counts by souls, not stations,

Loves and prospers you and me;

For to Him all vain distinctions

Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders

Of a nation's wealth or fame;

Titled laziness is pensioned,

Fed and fattened on the same,

By the sweat of other's foreheads,

Living only to rejoice,

While the poor man's outraged freedom

Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,

Born with loveliness and light;

Secret wrongs shall never prosper

While there is a sunny right:

God, whose world-heard voice is singing

Boundless love to you and me,

Sinks oppression with its titles,

As the pebbles in the sea.

PERSECUTION IN AFRICA.

Wherever the gospel is preached, it stirs up the enmity of "the carnal mind." Hence persons who give their hearts to Jesus Christ, are often sub-

jected to great trials. This is true of children, as well as of grown people. It will not surprise us, therefore, to hear the wife of a missionary in Yoruba, saying that a young girl, who had wished to be good, was carried away to a distant city, to make her forget serving God white man's fashion." Before this she had endured all but death; still she was too much in earnest to "forget." Her Saviour was there, though his ministers were not.

After a while she was carried home. "She visited me secretly a few evenings since," says the lady, "and told me her heart was in the same place, and she would follow the way God had sent us to teach unto death. 'Next Sunday you will see me in church, if I am not tied or killed.' Poor girl! I looked for her, but, alas! I did not see her. I have heard since that they watched her all Sunday morning; and when they saw her move to go out, they at once tied her. They have told her that they will carry her to a country far off, where they sell slaves, and send them away. Her answer is, 'Well, where you send me, I will go. God, the great God, my God, is in all the world!'"—*Day Spring.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT FROM THOMPSON'S CHRISTIAN THEISM.

He who will not believe in the God whom he cannot understand—let him inquire what he understands of himself. Is he not here also like a child, who can ask more questions than can be answered? Born but as yesterday he knows not *whence*; existing he knows not *how*; feeling a life within him which he can neither prolong nor protect from danger, nor even but know in its effects;—he may imagine himself, if he will, to be an empty bubble on the ocean of unbounded being; and may fancy the winds of that ocean to be the iron breath of unfeeling, un pitying fate. But in all his ignorance which is common to man, in all the arrogance of theories, he never doubts that he exists, nor hesitates to regard himself as a personal being. The world of phenomena convinces him of this truth:—let him look again to that world, and study it; for it tells him no less clearly—THERE IS A LIVING AND A PERSONAL GOD.

RESPONSIBILITY.

A young man in Virginia had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; as often in turn he would urge this friend to take the social glass in vain. On one occasion he agreed to yield to him, and as they walked up to the bar together, and the bar-keeper said:

"Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir."

The glasses were filled, and the two friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused and said to his friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said:

"Set down that glass." It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.

O, the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass. Even in his own madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another becoming a drunkard.

What if the question were put to every dealer, as he asks for his license, and pays his money—"Are you willing to take the responsibility?" How many would say if the love of money did not rule, "Take back the license."—*La. Bap.*

GEORGE ELLIS AND HIS PLAYMATE.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

It was just as the sun was setting, that George Ellis, at his mother's call, had left his play, and seating himself on the piazza in front of the house, was busily engaged in studying his Sabbath School lesson. The next day was the Sabbath, and George well knew that his mother, as well as his kind teacher, would be grieved if his lesson was imperfectly learned; yet he had read but a few verses, and already his Bible was closed, and with an uneasy and troubled look, he was gazing on the distant hills, and watching the last rays of the sun, which had yet lingered around their tops. If we look upon the page he had

been reading, we shall find the verse which is at the head of this story, and this is the verse which troubled George.

The sun was fast sinking, and he could not quite forget the angry words with which he had parted from his little playmate, nor the angry feelings which were rankling in his heart even as he held his Bible in his hand. For a moment, kinder and better feelings seemed to be gaining the mastery in his bosom, and he almost resolved that he would run to the house of his playmate, and tell how sorry he felt for those unkind words. His next thought was.

"No! I will not ask his pardon, for Henry provoked me, and he is to blame."

Still George did not feel happy, and it was almost with an emotion of pleasure that he beheld the sun's last lingering rays obscured by a cloud.

The Sabbath sun rose bright and cloudless, and George had seated himself at the window of his little chamber and was again repeating the verses which had occupied him the previous night. There was a slight trembling of the voice as he read half aloud, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath;" and rising hastily, he closed the Bible, saying to himself,

"If I meet Henry, I will speak to him."

But he did not meet his little playmate, and so he passed on with a slow step, for his heart did not feel light and free, with the weight of those angry words resting upon it.

He took his accustomed seat in the class, and it was not long before the quick eye of his teacher discovered that he was unhappy. As he proceeded in the lesson, and saw the quivering lip and starting tear, as the verse was recited which had awakened so many unpleasant thoughts, he took occasion to impress upon the class the necessity of kindness and love, and the sin of allowing hard and bitter feelings to remain unrepented of, even during one day. As he spoke of the shortness of life, the feelings of George could no longer be restrained, and the tears which had been gathering in his eyes, now rolled down upon his cheeks.

When the exercises of the school were closed, and as the last of the class departed, his hand was laid gently upon his teacher's arm, as in trembling tones he said,

"Will you wait a moment, sir? I have something to tell you."

The teacher seated himself beside his pupil, and as he heard the account of all that had passed on the afternoon previous, and of the unhappiness he had felt on account of it, his tears mingled with those of George—tears of gratitude that his heart had been touched, and thus melted and subdued. A few words of counsel were concluded by the question,

"And are you now willing, George, to ask pardon of your playmate for all your unkind words?"

"O yes, sir; indeed I am," said the sobbing boy.

BOOK NOTICES.

For several months we have been unable to notice the books kindly sent to us; first by reason of sickness, and since on account of almost constant absence from the office on the business of the mission. And now we are unprepared to characterise those, the titles of which we give below, not having time to read them. *

A Sketch of the Life and Character of Henry T. Whimberly. By UNCLE CHARLES, author of "The Advantages of S. S. Instruction," "Sanctification," &c., &c. Southern Bap. Pub. Society. Charleston, S. C.

This memoir is highly commended by some of our exchanges. The works of the author, which we have read, are interesting and valuable.

A Sunday School in Every Baptist Church. By Rev. BASIL MANLY, Jr., President and Professor of Moral Philosophy of the Richmond Female Institute. Same publishers.

We heard the sermon, which was the basis of this volume, delivered by the author some several years since, and were deeply interested by it. We can, therefore, commend this little volume to all the friends of Sunday Schools.

The Christian Sabbath. By Rev. J. P. TUSTIN. Charleston, S. C. Same publishers.

We have read this tract. We do not agree with the author in his theory of the obligation to the observance of the Lord's Day, and regard his reasonings as faulty and inconclusive. Our

readers may find our views upon the subject in Vol. 2, of the Commission.

Religion of China. By Rev. B. W. WHILDEN, Professor of Belles Lettres, Cherokee College, Ga. Price 4 cents. Same publishers.

Bro. Whilden, by his residence in China as a missionary of the S. B. Convention, had good opportunities for acquaintance with the subject of this tract, and we trust it will be extensively read.

The Faithful Centurion. By N. M. CRAWFORD, President of Mercer University, Ga. Nashville: South-Western Publishing House. Graves, Marks & Co. 1858.

This tract is a somewhat elaborate discussion of the meaning of *Doulos*. In the concluding paragraph the author remarks, "It is no part of my design to discuss the slavery question in any of its bearings; I, therefore, stop here, and refrain from making any reflections on the facts presented in these cases, or remarking on other passages in the Word of God. Here is the HIGHER LAW, before which we bow. Christ commended the 'so great faith' of a slave-holder. The Holy Spirit blessed the faith of a slave-holder; the Apostles of Jesus acknowledged fellowship with a slave-holder." We commend the work to extensive circulation.

Pedo-Baptist and Campbellite Immersions. Being a Review of the Arguments of "Doctors" Waller, Fuller, Johnson, Wayland, Broadus, and others. By A. C. DAYTON. With an Introductory Essay, by J. R. GRAVES. Same publishers.

We read a portion of this work as issued in the Southern Baptist Review, but not with such attention as to enable us to speak very positively, at this time, as to the conduct of the argument, and have been unable to re-peruse it since receiving it in book form. Brother Dayton, however, wields a vigorous pen; the position which he undertakes to maintain, is, we believe, *scriptural and important*, yet it is disputed by many of our ablest men. We wish it to have the fullest discussion; and hope the work of brother Dayton will have a wide circulation.

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