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OR  
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# THE COMMISSION.

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## REV. JOHN DAY.

*Extracts from a Eulogy delivered by Edward C. Blyden, in Providence Baptist Church, Monrovia, Liberia, March 2nd, 1859.*

The Rev. John Day was born in the northern part of the State of North Carolina, in the year 1797. The circumstances of his birth were favorable. Born of a family of a high degree of respectability, and held in great esteem by their white neighbours, his privileges were superior to those of many of his race in that country. In his youthful education Mr. Day was fortunate. He attended the best schools in the country.

Having been put to the trade of cabinet-making, he made such proficiency in that branch of industry that he was soon enabled to establish himself in business. By the superior finish and strength of his work he attracted considerable custom. The most distinguished persons for miles around furnished him with work. He soon made himself a competency. But just as he was forming plans large and magnificent for his worldly aggrandizement and gratification; just as he was beginning to say with the rich man of old,—“My ground has brought forth plentifully, what shall I do?” it pleased the Great Head of the Church, by that mysterious influence, whose operation is like the wind, blowing where it listeth, to transform his moral nature, and

make him a child of God. He found himself, to use his own words when relating the wonderful transition, in a new world. He found himself with new feelings and new desires—new predilections and new antipathies. He must now, therefore, form new plans. He looked abroad upon the world, and his enlarged heart took in all mankind. He felt that he had a work to do. He felt that it was his duty as he esteemed it his privilege, to exhort others to flee from that impending wrath, from which as a brand from the everlasting burning he had been plucked. He was strongly impressed with the conviction that he should devote himself to the important business of preaching the gospel.

Having enjoyed the advantages of a good English education, he entered, through the recommendation of some friends, a theological class, whose reading was directed by Rev. Mr. Clopton, a Baptist minister of profound learning, skilful in the languages, and an adept in Metaphysical Science. Standing foremost in the ranks of Baptist ministers at that time, Mr. Clopton was eminently fitted for the duties of preparing young men for the ministry. Rev. Dr. J. B. Jeter, of Richmond, Virginia, then quite a young man, also frequented Mr. Clopton’s study. Mr. Clopton had paid close attention to the laws of the mind, and had great facility in explaining difficulties in religious experience, which, at that time, fre-

quently troubled Mr. Day: And from him doubtless the subject of our remarks acquired that love for metaphysical discussion and research which they who were intimate with him, or attended his preaching, could not fail to discover.

While pursuing his studies under Mr. Clopton, the colony of Liberia, as an asylum for free persons of color, began to attract attention in that part of the country where he resided. No sooner had he heard of the place than he at once made up his mind to cast in his lot with the people who, on these far off shores, and in this insalubrious clime, were endeavoring to establish a home for themselves and their children. Coincident with the desire for a land of liberty, there was now a burning zeal to preach the gospel to the thousands of degraded Africans who roam these forests. He diligently applied himself to the work of preparation for the gospel ministry. But, unfortunately for the intellectual advancement of Mr. Day, a circumstance transpired, a circumstance to which, even down to the day of his death, he frequently referred with expressions of unmixed regret, which obliged him to relinquish his studies before he had gone through the prescribed course, and enter upon the active duties of the calling which he had chosen.

Having sacrificed his property, he embarked in December, 1830, with a most amiable wife, and four interesting children for this land, which was so soon to be the grave of the affectionate group.

He arrived in Liberia, entered at once upon his sacred duties; pursuing the business of cabinet-making for his support, and preaching as often as opportunity offered. He had not been long in the land, before he saw his companion stricken down by the relentless hand of death—a companion to whose charms and loveliness he was most keenly alive, and around whom

the most ardent affections of his soul were so firmly entwined that the great deeps of his heart seemed upheaved by the severance. Then, one after another, he saw his beloved off-spring wrapped in the chilling embraces of death, and conveyed to the house appointed for all living, until his whole family melted away from him, and none was left to remind him of the scenes and associations of the past. There he stood all alone, in a new country, amid new scenes and associations. There he stood, like some solitary oak in the midst of winter, stripped of its foliage, and exposed, dry and defenceless, to all the peltings of the northern storms.

Finding himself in this grievous solitude, and entirely at a loss how to dispose of the sad and weary hours that hung so oppressively upon him, he abandoned himself to gloomy abstractions and melancholy reveries. This led some to suppose that there was some unhinging of his mental organization. But, notwithstanding his deep afflictions, he never murmured; was never disposed to abandon the field which he had chosen for the labors of his life; though he was never without inducements to return to the land of his birth. His relatives, in comfortable and respectable circumstances, urged him again and again to return; numerous wealthy friends anxiously waited to welcome him. But he had put his hand to the plough, and he would not look back. His ardent and cherished desire was to labor for the evangelization of his heathen brethren in this land; and he would not, notwithstanding his deep bereavements, and the imminent danger in which his own life often stood, swerve from his noble purpose. Here we have an instance of the triumph of grace in the soul. Here we see true Christian benevolence, the constraining love of Christ, the new, living and all-controlling principle implanted in every regenerate heart, rising superior to all earthly interests; forsa-

king father and mother, and hazarding life itself for the cause of Christ. Oh, in the heart of the Christian a deep and ever-flowing fountain has been opened, flowing out to all the world. "There is not the wreck of humanity it will not pity; there is not an infected prison it will not enter; there is not a pestilential climate nor an inhospitable region it will not visit; there is no peril of robbers, nor peril of the sea, nor peril of false brethren, nor hunger, nor thirst, it will not hazard in behalf of human redemption."

After Mr. Day had resided here for several years, a mission was established by the Northern Baptist Board of Missions, with which he became connected, and in the service of which for a number of years he was abundant in labors. The principal seat of the operations of that Board was in the county of Grand Bassa. Frequently have we sat and heard him recite for hours together the interesting and instructive incidents of those laborious, painful, and hazardous tours, which he repeatedly made for hundreds of miles into the interior, preaching and teaching the people. And there are now to be found, scattered all over that country, delightful fruits of his labors. Take the city of Buchanan as a centre, and, with a radius of 60 or 70 miles, describe a semi-circle, and there is no point to which you can go within that semi-circle where the name of John Day is not a household word; and at many points you will readily recognize precious evidences of his toils and efforts.

Mr. Day subsequently became connected with the Southern Baptist Convention, who have established missions throughout Liberia, at Sierra Leone, and in Central Africa. For several years, and up to the hour of his death, he filled the responsible position of superintendent of their missions in Liberia and at Sierra Leone, and prosecuted to the utmost of his ability the arduous duties of that station of trust.

But, *Mr. Day was also patriotic.* Of this no citizen of Liberia within the sound of my voice needs any elaborate demonstration. Residing within the limits, and being a citizen of a nation in the incipient stages of progress, he felt that notwithstanding his arduous ministerial labors, he had a work to perform in shaping the political institutions of his country. No love of indulgence or ease, no dread of severe application, kept him from striving to qualify himself for usefulness to his country and fellow-citizens. He studied closely and patiently the science of Jurisprudence and the general principles of statesmanship; so that he was fitted for usefulness in all those positions for which intelligent men are needed in rising communities. Nor were his talents and acquirements slighted by his fellow-citizens. After having filled various subordinate offices, elective and otherwise, he was, in the year 1853, placed as successor of Chief Justice Benedict at the head of the Judiciary, which position he occupied with dignity and credit until his demise. It is said by competent Judges that his charges to juries and decisions when Judge of the Court of Quarter-Sessions in the county of Grand Bassa were most elaborate, and discovered a deep insight into legal principles. In the Legislative Hall he did not very often take the floor, but whenever he did, his counsels were wise and judicious. His remarks were brief, but to the point. And when he occupied leading positions on committees, when important reports and other documents had to be prepared, he showed his wisdom and skill, did justice to his subject and credit to himself.

The Declaration of the Independence of Liberia, the establishment of the first Republican government on the Western Shores of Africa, did not, it is true, solve any intricate problem in the history of nations. It did not shed any new light upon mankind with

reference to the science of government. It was not the result of the elaboration of any novel principle in polities. But it poured new vigour into the poor dying existence of the African all over the world.

When the idea of bringing to pass this mighty achievement in the history of the African race was first mooted, many regarded it as chimerical; some viewed it as presumptuous, and thought it but little less than treason. In the county in which Mr. Day then resided there was considerable opposition to the measure. But Mr. Day, deeply thoughtful, saw the beneficial results which were likely to accrue to the country and to the race from the assumption of Independence. He boldly advocated the measure, notwithstanding various threats from an exasperated populace. The boisterousness of the mob could not daunt him. He persevered and rode triumphantly over the tumultuous surges. He was elected a delegate to the National Convention, which assembled in this city to draft a Declaration of Independence, and a Constitution for the new Republic. He was, therefore, among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. And here we are reminded of the melancholy fact, that those distinguished men are fast passing away. One after another has entered upon his voyage to "that undiscovered bourne whence no traveller returns." But four of the twelve who sat in that memorable Convention survive. This admonishes those of us who are youthful that soon the fathers will have gone forever: and it presses home to our hearts, with all the solemnity of the grave, the question, Are we preparing ourselves by mental and moral culture to take their places, and lead on this infant nation which they have established in weakness and in much trembling, to independence and glory?

"Not only was Mr. Day laborious and diligent in qualifying himself for the

public duties which he was subsequently called upon to perform, but he assiduously endeavoured to fit himself for usefulness in the more private scenes of life. In that part of Liberia where he spent the greater portion of his time, there was seldom any physician. Yet there were frequently cases among the people which needed medical attention. Mr. Day, therefore, gave himself, in addition to numerous other studies, to the reading of medical works, and to the study of the natural sciences, that he might fit himself for the ordinary practice. He soon acquired a sufficient knowledge of pathological principles and of therapeutics to enable him to be a very useful practitioner among the poor of his neighbourhood. He willingly went from house to house administering relief to the sick, healing the diseases of the body, and endeavouring to bind up the wounds of the spirit. Not a little of his earnings was expended in unwearied services among the poor and afflicted. By his well-bred gentility, the cordiality of his manners, and his sympathy with their griefs, he won the esteem and love of all around him. The sick and the afflicted, the poor and needy were satisfied that he was their friend; and in the very humblest of their tenements he was met with exhibitions of their warmest welcome.

In these private and retired acts, we have the most complete demonstrations of the greatness of his spirit.

"The drying of a single tear has more Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

We make a great mistake when we confine deeds of eminence to public scenes, and magnificent occasions; it is often in the loneliness of a limited social or domestic circle and in the discharge of the most common-place duty that the greatest self-denial has to be exercised. Men in obscure sta-

tions, of whom the world never hears, may have the hardest task to perform and the greatest sacrifices to make in the cause of God and religion. We will not, then, lavish all our applause and admiration on such as stand foremost in the ranks of philanthropists, and whose names stand prominently forth as having done and suffered much to alleviate human suffering. We will not confine the honours of a true philanthropy to those who, in the sight and amid the applause of thousands, lavish of their abundance in the cause of charity. We conceive that he who, sequestered from the gaze of the multitude, "little and unknown," distributes daily and habitually of his earnings to satisfy the needs of an indigent neighbourhood, is, to the full, as deserving as he whose thousands, abstracted from a large and constantly increasing heap, are bestowed in the vicinity of a newspaper office.

*"Suave est ex magno tollere acervo."*

*Hor. Sat. Lib. 1, 1:51.*

Mr. Day, then, by his activity in the performance of these deeds of charity, which were far removed from the observation of men generally, which attracted no attention, showed that he was possessed of a large and expansive soul; and though he never attained to the celebrity of Howard, was none the less deserving of it on the principle inculcated by our Saviour himself, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

Mr. Day was also a soldier of no ordinary courage. His country never called for his services in that capacity but he was ready to respond. And when he believed that duty required it, he would brave the greatest dangers. On several occasions has he risked his life among uncounted numbers of the enemy, accompanied only by a few men,—others refusing to fol-

low, regarding his undertakings from their boldness as the result of some mental disorder. Nothing intimidated him from any position to which he believed himself invited by the interests of his country.

But it is especially as a Christian, and a Christian minister that we delight to contemplate Mr. Day. Believing himself called to the responsible work of preaching the Gospel, he devoted himself to it for more than thirty years with unremitting diligence. Although he had not received any of the honorary distinction of literary institutions, although he was no graduate of any Theological Seminary, he had made great proficiency in the sublime science of theology. He had carefully studied all the standard theological works of his own church and of several other denominations: so that on all theological subjects he was generally and perfectly at home.

Of his Christian character, what can we say that is not already known to you? You cannot have met him at all, if you do not agree that he had very high and very noble qualities. No one could have intercourse with him without perceiving prominent and interesting features in his character—features formed by the combination of virtue, courage, assiduity, diligence, perseverance, with natural talents and genius of no inferior order. There was such a frankness and sincerity in his words and actions that no one could for a moment suppose that he was not what he seemed to be. What he said he meant. And whenever he made a promise, he could be depended upon for its fulfilment, even though such fulfilments involved his own injury.

There was in his life a beautiful consistency and harmony. Not that we would claim for him an exemption from faults and errors. Such is poor human nature, that not unfrequently we find some of the highest qualities

of mind and heart accompanied with very great defects.

*"Nam vitus nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille est  
Qui minimis urgeter."*

*Hor. Sat. Lib., 1: 3.*

On the disk of that bright luminary shining above us—the glorious king of day—may be discovered dark spots. But who would be accounted wise that should deny himself the privilege and pleasure of enjoying the benign rays of that “greater light,” and employ his precious time in pointing out and counting the spots on the sun? Mr. Day had his defects; but “by the number and strength and vitality of his constitutional gifts and Christian graces, those defects were overshadowed, and scarcely seen, or, if seen, but little regarded by those whose moral vision was not jaundiced by prejudice.”

His piety was genuine. He had clear and distinct apprehensions of the great truths of salvation. He had a thorough persuasion that the promises of God recorded in the Bible are yea and Amen in Christ Jesus. And there were no prophecies or promises upon which he more delighted to dwell than upon those which referred to Africa. He had strong faith in the assurance that “Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God;” and to hasten the fulfilment of this glorious promise, he prayed and laboured. It was a cherished desire of his to have extensive and permanent missions established by the Baptist Board among the natives throughout Liberia. And we could wish that this noble desire may be speedily realized not only with respect to his own denomination, but all other denominations in Liberia.

We trust that the death of this man of God will prove a stimulus to the “sacramental host of God’s elect”

to go up and possess the land. We trust that there may be generated in them a more enlarged benevolence, a more self-denying spirit, that, bravely closing up the vacuum which has just been occasioned in the ranks by the fall of a veteran, they may rally up with redoubled energy and power, determined to conquer or to die.

As a pastor of the Providence Baptist Church, so far as the weakness and infirmities of declining years permitted, he was faithful. For his pulpit ministrations he always made laborious preparation. Crude and superficial views of truth never satisfied him. He followed closely the advice of the Apostle in giving attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. His discourses were the product of much thought and severe mental application. And he not unfrequently, with characteristic humility, referred to the intense labour which it cost him to prepare a discourse as a proof that he was not a man of genius. He earnestly lifted up his voice in public and in private against incompetence and want of intellectual industry in the pulpit. It was his constant endeavour to discourage and suppress the “declamatory ravings of ignorance and fanaticism.” He never let pass unimproved an opportunity to rebuke that disposition to noise and disorder during times of religious interest, which was formerly so common in Liberia. He gave it as his firm and decided intention not to tolerate such undignified proceedings in his church. The friends of reform in this respect must mourn the loss of an efficient and influential co-labourer. May his successor to this charge be blessed with a double portion of this spirit!

Mr. Day was unceasing and untiring in his efforts to promote the educational interest of Liberia generally, and of the Baptist church particularly. It had been, for a series of years, his earnest desire to see a literary insti-

tution established in Liberia in connection with the Baptist denomination; and he did not relax his efforts for that purpose until he succeeded in establishing the Day's Hope Academy. Day's Hope! significant appellation! It indicates the deep sentiments of his heart with reference to education. He felt that intellectual and moral culture was the hope of Liberia, of the Church and of the State: in that were centred all his hopes for the future. May those hopes never be disappointed! May their object be fully and abundantly realized now and hereafter to the latest posterity. We trust that that building and that institution may long remain to proclaim to coming generations the high estimation which their fathers placed upon education. We trust that it will remain to rebuke that false and presumptuous spirit, which, while aspiring to usefulness, and eminence in the Church and in the State, despises intellectual application! We trust it will remain with its high and sacred design, to inspire pliant infancy with the desire and disposition to devote themselves to those ennobling pursuits which it was erected to encourage. We trust it will remain, and that, in years to come, old age, weary and worn by toil, may be able to look back and be comforted by the reminiscences it shall suggest, and be encouraged by the future it shall indicate!

Long may Day's Hope stand! O ye Agents of the Southern Baptist Convention in Liberia and in America, let Day's Hope stand. Let it stand by your fostering care to bless this infant Republic. Let it stand to bless the church, and send forth scores, nay, hundreds of warriors to fight the battles of the Lord; to storm manfully and successfully the numerous fortresses of Satan scattered over this land, and to plant the standard of the Cross upon their demolished ruins!

So keenly did Mr. Day appreciate

the deficiency of some of the labourers in Christ's vineyard in this land, and so fearful was he lest, in a cause so near and dear to his heart, they, "for want of better mind," should do more evil than good, that very often his reference to such and their labours, seemed to those who did not understand him, more the result of a bitter and caustic spirit than of Christian charity. But he earnestly and constantly longed and prayed for, and laboured to accelerate the time when all the pulpits in Liberia, but particularly in his own church, should be filled by "faithful men *able* to teach others."

When we became acquainted with Mr. Day, he had already passed the meridian of life. He was what might be called, especially in this country, an old man, but he did not undervalue, as is too often the case with the aged, the improvements of the present day.

"He looked in years, but in his years  
were seen  
A youthful vigour, an autumnal green."

While he was no lover of novelty, he always stood ready to adopt and recommend "whatsoever things were lovely, whatsoever things were of good report." He was a man of large experience and extensive reading, and of nice discriminating judgment. It was not easy to impose upon him. The light and trashy literature of the day, no matter how extolled in newspapers and periodical reviews, found their just deserts when they came into contact with him. He entertained the greatest reverence for the old theological and metaphysical writers. One line, he would frequently say, from Edwards, or Butler, or Leighton, or Fuller, is worth pages of many of the productions which the steam presses so rapidly throw off. He ever referred in most grateful terms to Paley's Natural Theology as having arrested his fearful career, when, at one time, he was

nearing the rapids of skepticism and infidelity. When the illustrious Spurgeon first burst upon the astonished gaze of the church, extracts from his sermons, as reported in newspapers, would often be subjected to his cutting severity; but after having received and read several volumes of the sermons of that wonderful young man, his views became considerably modified.

For the last five or six years, and until within a few weeks before his death, as there loomed up in the distance, the mighty battles that are to be fought and the great victories to be achieved in Africa, he desired to live on indefinitely. He could not fix upon any time in the future, in view of the great work to be accomplished, when he would be at leisure to die. Nor was this strange. This is the feeling experienced by most of the aged who have been labouring for the cause of truth and righteousness, when the time draws near to exchange faith for vision, hope for fruition. "The desire for continued existence is a native, ardent, universal passion. It is as inherent and inseparable an attribute of the human soul as the understanding or the will. Christianity adds a religious element, and makes the irrepressible longing a deep and expanded aspiration for an eternal purity, an eternal well-doing and well-being. This passion when Christianized is not a simple desire for its own endless life in God, but a deep indwelling interest in the endless life in God of all fellow-spirits. In this way does it become the inspirer of an important religious activity."

This earnest desire for long life Mr. Day experienced, but only that he might exert himself for the glory of God, and the benefit of his fellow-men. Hence his activities were unceasing—under all circumstances of health or sickness, if he could only stir, we have frequently seen him wending his

weary way to some church meeting when, judging from his looks, he ought to have been in bed. And we have again and again seen his worn and feeble form in the school-room bending over some obtuse intellect, striving to impart an important idea, when he seemed to be in the last stage of debility. And no entreaty of his friends, no admonition of his physician could induce him to relax his labours whenever he felt the least ability to engage in them. He was influenced by a deep conviction that he had a great deal to do, and a short time to do it in. In his indefatigable exertions to serve his day and generation, he has left us a noble example.

"O think how, to his latest day,  
When Death, just hovering, claimed his  
prey,  
With Palinure's unaltered mood,  
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;  
Each call for needful rest repell'd,  
With dying hand the rudder held,  
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,  
The steerage of the realm gave way."

A few months previous to his last illness, he seemed to have conceived a presentiment of the approach of his latter end. But he did not, as usual, express any desire to live. He seemed to have no fears at all of dying. He viewed death, and spoke of his own dissolution with perfect indifference,—not, indeed, with the indifference of the Stoic, but with the composure and unruffled calmness peculiar to the Christian.

On Sunday, the 6th of February, he came, as was his custom, when able to walk, to this house, where a large and eager congregation were anxiously waiting to hear the words of wisdom and counsel which were wont to fall from his lips. He conducted the preliminary exercises with his usual ease and dignity; but, alas! the "silver cord was loosed," and his

audience knew it not. When he arose to announce his text, he was seized with such weakness as rendered him wholly unable to proceed. Having been taken home, he went to bed,—but from that bed he rose no more. On the 15th of February his spirit was summoned to eternal realities. The last assembly he met on earth was an assembly of God's people, with whom he was assaying to worship. In a few days after, his spirit mingled with that illustrious and noble army of martyrs who

—“shine  
With robes of victory through the skies.”

We had not the opportunity of being at his bedside immediately before his death, and we cannot accurately give you his dying words. But we know that it was a privilege to be there, for

“The chamber where the good man  
meets his fate  
Is privileged beyond the common walks  
of life  
Quite on the verge of heaven.”

We know that he was not at all dismayed as he stood, conscious of approaching dissolution, on the very verge of eternity. Oh no; but over its dark and untravelled vastness he cast a fearless eye; and as he saw himself hastening

—“to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each  
shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
He went not like the quarry slave at  
night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained  
and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach'd his  
grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
couch

About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

Mr. Day is gone! Never more will his voice be heard within these walls. Never more will he lift up the voice of warning to the impenitent, and administer encouragement and comfort to the desponding believer. Never more will he mingle in the public councils of the nation, and assist by his presence and instruction in the various enterprizes of popular interest. He is gone! gone from the Church and from the State. Hear it, ye aged fathers, and strive to do with all your might whatsoever your hands find to do. Hear it, Oh cheerful youth, and lay aside your trifling hilarity, and think of the responsibilities which must soon fall upon you, and endeavour to qualify yourself for their assumption.

While, however, the death of Mr. Day has occasioned an irreparable loss to Church and State, we do not feel to entertain unmixed emotions of sorrow. He has left us an illustrious example. We have reason for congratulations in view of the noble instance afforded for the contemplation of the world, the encouragement of the church, and the emulation of the rising generation, of a long life of self-denial and usefulness closed with a beautiful serenity—a dignified calmness and peace. Such a life, such a death, constitute a legacy richer than the silver mines of Peru, and more valuable than the sparkling deposits of Australia or California.

“Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime;  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.”

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

## BRAZIL AS A MISSIONARY FIELD—NO. 1.

*Brother Poindexter:*

Having been solicited by you, at our late Association, to furnish the "Commission" or "Home and Foreign Journal" with a communication on the Empire of Brazil as a field for missionary enterprize, I hasten now to comply with your wishes. Having myself visited that part of the world twice in my life, I do the more cheerfully give my views; but first, you will allow me the pleasure of taking extracts from my "Diary," and free me from the charge of egotism, as the facts may show how welcome a missionary may be to such noble spirits as I have chanced to meet with when sojourning awhile in that distant land.

"After traversing the ocean for nearly 7000 miles without the sight of land, during a voyage of 59 days, I had the unspeakable pleasure to catch, for the first time in my life, the dim outlines of a foreign shore. There was a light fog about the coast, which kept the beauty partially concealed. At length the sun arose in tropical grandeur, scattering by his might the mist of morn. Then appeared a scene to which our eyes were strangers; upon which we feasted with exquisite delight. Mountains, hills and dales, in promiscuous grandeur, stood forth in bold relief along this iron-bound coast. Such a scene after the monotony of a sea voyage seemed to lend paradisical enchantment. We were now within 75 miles of the Port of Rio de Janeiro;—the land bearing northwest, and the shore tending westward from Cape Frio. As the dim twilight of eve emerged into the darkness of night, a beautiful star-like light issued from a light-house below the entrance to Rio Bay.

"The scene was more beautiful far to the eye

Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;

The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky  
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft, as I silently gaz'd  
On the shadow of the wave's playful motion;  
From the distant Isle, where the light-house fire blazed,  
Like a star on the midst of the ocean.

The howling of beasts, as they lay down to rest,  
Was heard in the wiley breeze numbers;  
The sea-bird had flown to her way-guarded nest,  
And the fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The time is now past, and the scene is afar,  
And when my head rests on the pillow  
Will memory sometimes enkindle the star  
That rose on the breast of the bellow."

Fanned by the balmy breezes of the night, I sunk to rest and awaited the events of another day. At early dawn I started from my sleep, and found our noble ship partially becalmed and floating near the light-house. Now the scene around me was truly grand. The misty mountain-tops, the deep ravines, the huge and craggy rocks, combined with the verdant landscapes, excited some feelings of ecstasy as I gazed upon them. The morning was as lovely as the scenery which it brought to our view; and the little billows, which on the evening before had raised a gentle murmur as the night-breeze wasted us toward the port, were now sunk to rest on the bosom of the deep.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., the sea-breeze wasted us, with gentle gales, to our desired haven; and at 2 P. M., we anchored at quarantine, hard by a Sardinian man-of-war, with his high-

ness, the Prince, on board. After the customary visits paid us by the port officers, permission was given us to go ashore.

Rio was in a state of tranquillity,—the government prosperous, the people happy, and their Emperor beloved. The commander of the American brig Boxer, sent his boat along side, and very politely tendered me a passage ashore; which I thankfully accepted, and was landed with greater honor than I had reason to expect. In a few minutes I found my way to the American saloon in a large hotel near the Emperor's Palace. Here I was introduced to an American resident, who took me by the arm and conducted me through some of the business streets of Rio de Janeiro, introducing me in several houses to American residents, who invited me to visit them and share in their hospitalities. My kind friend at my elbow constrained me to tarry with him, whose hospitality I have wished to repay.

It was in the month of December when I arrived here, enjoying with no little surprise the beauty and the strength of summer.

This vast Empire, which stretches from the 4th degree of North parallel to the 33rd degree South, and from 35th degree to 73rd degree West longitude from Greenwich, contains about 3,000,000 square miles, and a population of about 6,000,000.

All who visit this region of the world are struck with the grandeur and loftiness of its mountains. In the valleys you meet with perpetual verdure and perennial bloom. From the 16th degree to the 30th degree South latitude, there is a lofty chain of mountains, parallel to the sea coast, called by the Portuguese residents, and citizens generally, by the name "Serro do Mar." In the neighborhood of San Paulo there is, on this lofty chain, a summit rising about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and in the vicinity of Rio de Ja-

neiro. Tinqua, another eminence, rises to the height of 3,600 feet. The magnificent bay on the front of Rio, having a shore of 100 miles in circumference, is surrounded by a vast amphitheatre of mountains. The face of the country is decidedly beautiful and picturesque, clothed as it is with a gorgeous foliage, and a vegetation untouched by the frosts of winter, and which knows no fading.

The Empire of Brazil consists of 18 provinces, which are wisely governed by Don Pedro, the reigning Emperor, whose urbanity towards Americans has won their highest respect. The names of the provinces are—Para, Maranhão, Siara, Rio Grande, Paraiba, Pernambuco, Seregiço del Rey, Bahia, Esperito, Rio de Janeiro, St. Paulo, St. Catharina, Matto Grosso, Piauhy, Minas Geraes, Goyas, Algoas, and San Pedro.

In the Province of Rio de Janeiro, the city bearing that name is the metropolis of the Empire, and is beautifully situated on the west side of the bay. It is about two miles in length, stretching from East to West. Its population numbers about 200,000, one half of which are colored. Very often we see the African honored with regiments for services he has done the State. The police are generally colored and bear a peculiar uniform, and are under excellent drill. English, French, Germans and Anglo-Americans are here in numbers. Our citizens are invariably called North Americans. On my second visit to this city I enjoyed a friendly hospitality, and was strongly urged by some to remain and preach for them every Sabbath. And, as an inducement, one gentleman said, "I will, out of my own purse, provision you for one year," and added, "and the rest will do their part." I was governed at this time by the statute of necessity, which placed it beyond my power to accept this very generous offer. I put into this port in distress,

in consequence of great damage to the ship by a "Pamparo" off Patagonia. Commodore Conner was then in this bay, on board the John Adams, who treated me kindly, and twice invited me to dine with him. A merchant of the place came to see me, and asked me if I had any wants. I answered, saying, I have been so long a time outside the limits of civilization that my wants are numerous. He generously replied, "Be these wants what they may, go to the stores of this city and supply yourself, and send the bills to me and I will settle them." It was done—I lacked nothing. You may judge from all the facts I have stated whether a missionary ought to be there. There is one more fact which I will add—that is:—the English, by a treaty with the Brazilian government, have been permitted to build a chapel—and our government has a treaty securing equal rights and privileges with the most favored nations. This clause will give us a plea for a "chapel" also.

I generally attended divine service at the English chapel when I was not engaged in preaching. I must confess that the rigid formality of their service was painful, while its singular oddity was ludicrous. Imagine to yourself a Rector reading "the law" off to one side, and in front, in a desk below the pulpit, a man about 50 years of age with large spectacles, resting his breast and arms on the top of the desk, and as each article of "the law" is read, he crying out with stentorian voice, "good Lord deliver us from this law;" and you will have before you the scene I there witnessed.

There is another sea-port town on the bay of All Saints, San Salvador, the rival of Rio, with a population of about 130,000 inhabitants. The country in this region is decidedly the most populous and best cultivated part of Brazil. Northward there is another sea-port, called Pernambuco, with a population of about 70,000. Maranham is also

a flourishing commercial city with a population of 30,000. Belem, on the river Para, is an active commercial town, with a population of 25,000.

It is amazing, to a North American, to witness in a country so rich as this, the almost universal neglect of agriculture. This is attributed to the great passion among the masses for seeking diamonds, and the precious metals. Coffee and sugar are the staple crops of this country in the hands of its present holders. If Americans had it, they would make it a complete paradise.

I will close this communication with a remark on the destiny of this Empire. The very high estimate they place on American character—the love they cherish for our institutions—and the republican element pervading the masses, proclaim with trumpet-tongued voice, that the nation will, ere long, like ours, be free!

Yours truly,  
THEOPHILUS.

May 25th, 1859.

—  
“THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE  
AND BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE.”

*Is. 35: 1.*

The temporal blessings consequent upon the preaching of the Gospel, sink into insignificance and nothingness compared with the spiritual and eternal. What is deliverance from *temporal* death compared with deliverance from *eternal* death? What is happiness in this life, compared with happiness in the life to come? What are the troubles of this present evil world, compared with those dreadful realities which await the deathless spirit beyond the grave?—Blessed truth, revealed to us in the word of God, the time is coming when the world will be savingly enlightened. Where is the christian that loves his Bible that does not say, "Let its truths be impressed on *every* heart?" Where is the christian that loves his Saviour that does not say,

"Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue?"

Blessed are those that see the joyful time when every house shall become a house of prayer, and when in every heart there shall be raised an altar to the living God. Then shall we see the influence of piety on all classes and professions. "In that day," (says an inspired writer,) "shall there be, upon the bells of the horses—*holiness unto the Lord.*"

The *merchant* will get to himself the pearl of great price; will look upon godliness as the greatest gain, and purchase to himself that wisdom, "the merchandise whereof is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." The *mechanic* will work out his own salvation, with fear and trembling before God. The *farmer* will sow to the Spirit, that he may reap everlasting life. The *instructor of the young* will look upon that as the best wisdom that cometh from above. The *physician* will see that the worst disease is sin—that the best remedy is the blood of Christ. The *lawyer* will see that the greatest instance of lawlessness is transgression of the law of God, and the greatest perversion of right, is withholding from God the honor that is His due. The *ruler* will regard himself as a subject of the Most High; the *subject* will be taught to rule his own spirit. The *free* will then be the servant of God; the *servant* will then be free in Christ. The *poor* man will then be "rich in faith;" the *rich* man will then be "poor in spirit." "The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the deep." Then shall the beautiful language of the Psalmist be fulfilled, "there shall be an handful of corn in the earth, on the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon, and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth." "An handful of corn" means which are small, in the eye of man,—"on the top of the moun-

tains" exposed, it may be, to the burning heat, or to the piercing cold, but notwithstanding this, they are means great in the eye of God; "the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon, and they of the city shall flourish like the grass of the earth." These instrumentalities, which may be despised by man, are the means of bringing forth fruit to the glory of God—"thirty and sixty and an hundred fold."

B. W. W.

Walterborough, S. C.

#### THE SHANGHAI DIALECT REDUCED TO WRITING.

The peculiar nature of the written language of China not only places it above the reach of the great mass of the people, but renders it, when acquired, useless for all social purposes. The necessity of calling a great many characters by the same name, arising from the fewness of sounds compared with the number of symbols, makes it unintelligible when sung, or read aloud in the congregation, or in the family circle. Differing in sound and collocation from the dialects, the meaning being in the form rather than in the pronunciation, every man must read for himself. Hence the necessity of reducing the dialects to writing.

In the Autumn of 1852, the Protestant Missionaries of various denominations at Shanghai, formed a society for the purpose of discussing topics of general interest relating to their profession. One of the first acts of this society was to appoint a committee to collect the various sounds in the Shanghai colloquial, and represent them by the use of the Roman alphabet, with the addition of such diacritical marks as might be necessary. This committee, composed of Rev. Mr. Wight of the Presbyterian mission, Rev. Mr. Syle of the Episcopal, Rev. Mr. Yates of the Baptist, Rev. Mr. Taylor of the Methodist, and Rev. Mr. Wardner of the Seventh Day Baptist, with the assistance of able na-

tive teachers, soon produced a list of the syllables which gave pretty general satisfaction. Having long felt the need, the committee at one of its sittings discussed and acknowledged the desirability of having a character to represent these sounds, better adapted to the genius of the dialect than the Roman alphabet. The latter had been used at Ningpo with some success, and it was thought preferable to the plan in use at Shanghai of pressing the hieroglyphics into service; still, there were, even to this method, many serious objections, best understood by those acquainted with the language. It was recommended that each member of the committee attempt to invent something suitable. Rev. George Pearcey of the Baptist mission, had long before this advocated the adoption of an initial and final system as suited to the peculiarities of the Chinese tongue. His views were seconded by Rev. T. P. Crawford, also of the Baptist mission, who, having been but a few months on the field, and desiring every assistance in the acquisition of the language, had attended all the meetings of the committee. Mr. Pearcey immediately set to work to give form to his ideas. The first draft was presented to Mr. Crawford, with the request to submit any suggestions that might occur to him. Mr. C. took a copy and spent several days in its examination. The question of high and low tones had scarcely entered into the discussion, except in those cases in which the initial letter is changed;—for instance, *bang*, high, becomes *pang* when low. Such changes take place in using *p* for *b*, *g* for *k*, &c., &c.; yet these are not uniform, and in no case so well defined as in English. Mr. Pearcey presented a character for each initial consonant whether simple or complex, and another for the remaining half of the word; for instance, one for *ch*, another for *ung*, the two when combined spelling *chung*. As there are, exclusive of the low tone of those in which the high and

low are indicated by the initial consonant only thirty initial consonants, and thirty-six finals, there were sixty-six characters to be invented, susceptible of an indefinite number of combinations.

Becoming deeply absorbed in the subject, Mr. Crawford soon cast aside the forms received from Mr. Pearcey and followed out a plan that had originated in his own mind. This was to have a perpendicular line run through the middle of each word, the initial distinctions to be placed on the left; the finals on the right, all so joined as to form a unit; presenting only two parts to the eye of the Chinaman, yet every component letter to the European. Mr. Pearcey on seeing specimens of this method, though continuing to manifest an unabated interest in its progress, left the completing of it to Mr. Crawford. Months of toil were devoted to its prosecution. First one and then another defect was discovered and remedied. Several new letters were required, some of the old ones were rejected, as unnecessary, and a large number of syllables added, first and last, to the list prepared by the committee. Three or four years passed before it was brought to its present degree of excellence. It is now composed of forty initials and thirty-six finals.

A few months after it was set on foot the committee, in a report, drawn up by Rev. Mr. Wight, recommended the system developed by Mr. Crawford, as superior to anything then in use for writing the dialect. Printed specimens were sent to the various missionaries, all of whom seemed to admit that it was particularly neat, simple, and adapted to its end. Soon after, Mr. Pearcey prepared and had printed, the first issue in this character;—a spelling and reading book for the use of beginners. In 1855 following the expulsion of the rebel forces from Shanghai, and the restoration of peace in that vicinity, when a great many day schools were opened

by missionaries, a few books for the use of pupils were printed, and some of the teachers were required, besides instructing the children in the Chinese written language, or *vung li*, to teach them to read the colloquial in this form. It was found on trial that a child of moderate ability, ten or twelve years old, could, in a month's time, read correctly, and needed but a few weeks more to acquire ease and fluency. Not merely this,—he could read understandingly; a feat which, in the *vung li* required years. This facility was attained in a few weeks by those who devoted only a part of each afternoon to its study. Scarcity of funds for printing school books, and the fewness of books in the dialect, reduced the number to be placed in the hands of pupils to five or six; these appearing at considerable intervals. Its practicability, however, and peculiar adaptedness to the existing wants were fully tested. Many of the natives learned it, most of whom acknowledged its excellence. As members were added to the Baptist Church they were taught to read; some by their children who had learned in the schools, some by the missionaries, and some by native brethren who had previously acquired it. Not more than a fourth of the members could read the *vung li*, and they were now too old and full of cares to undertake the arduous task of learning it. To learn this vernacular system required but a few months for those of middle age, with all their business and family duties.

It is impossible for one unacquainted with the peculiar genius of the Chinese language, to appreciate fully the adaptedness of the character under consideration to express that language in writing. While it presents a unit to the eye, each word is resolvable, not merely into its initial and final, but its simple sounds or letters, being also strictly phonetic. The high and low tones, the aspirated and nasal letters are designated respectively by an ap-

propriate stroke: for instance, *ling* high is distinguished from *ling* low by a hook on the bottom of the perpendicular line of the latter. *Kang* is known from the aspirated *K'ang*, *mé* from the nasal *mén*, &c., by uniform strokes attached respectively to the letters to be represented. The four variations of the high and low tones are also distinguished.

It is believed by many who use this system, that with a few modifications it may serve in writing all the dialects of at least the Northern half of China. Not only will it be found a valuable assistant to the missionary or other European in acquiring a knowledge of the spoken language, but is admirably suited to supply a want, which cannot fail to be felt as western civilization and the christian religion become diffused throughout that vast empire. It is also believed, that it will answer the purposes of telegraphic communications. Without modification it writes a language understood by eighty millions of people, a very large proportion of whom must ever remain in the most profound ignorance unless supplied with something more accessible than their present literature.

Eight books have been issued, and at last dates the Gospel of Luke was about ready to put to press. The printing has hitherto been done by natives on their plan of wooden blocks, but the practicability of using movable metallic type, as in western nations, has been tested with the most satisfactory results.

M. F. C.

—  
A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.

The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright; but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness.

The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

A wholesome tongue is a tree of life; but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit.

## Our Missions.

### SHANGHAI—CHINA.

*Journal of Rev. A. B. Cabaniss.*  
NAN-MING, OR PERSONS IN DISTRESS.

Monday, November 9th, 1858.—Took Mrs. Cabaniss out to visit the temples and pagoda this morning. In several of the temples saw numbers of persons from the neighborhood of Nanking, with their whole families, who now live upon the charity of the public, and find a shelter among the gods. They left their homes because of the war going on there between the *Tui-Ping* insurgents and the imperialists; and by which they lost what little property they had. Such persons generally move in a body, and are called *Nan-Ming—distressed*. Wherever they go, they expect the officers and gentry to make some provision for them. If they are entirely neglected, they sometimes become very clamorous at the Mandarin's office.

When there are times of drought and locusts, as was the case last year in many places, whole neighborhoods break up and start off, with their families, begging. If any one, more wealthy than the rest, still has something to eat, and refuses to go with them, they say "Very good, we will camp on your premises as long as there is anything to eat, and then we will all start." Thus the man is forced to go. They then present themselves, with their families, to the district magistrate, saying they have eaten up all their food and have no means of getting more—they must, therefore, start out begging. He gives them a certificate, stating that they are really distressed persons, and recommending them to the tender compassion of the officers and gentry, wherever they may travel. Like a swarm of locusts, they lead a migratory life for a season, and return

home the next year, time enough to plant their crops.

A large company of them visited Shanghai last year—making a long procession as they passed on—men, women and children, in Indian file. The small children are carried either on the mother's back, or (where there are two) in baskets, at each end of a pole, across a man's shoulder.

### PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS.

There are, also, professional beggars, who lead a Gypsy life, migrating North and South as regularly as the swallows.

There are still others, who are indigenous, and never go far from home. Many of the beggars are able to work; but according to Chinese custom, they follow the occupation of their parents. They are taught, by their mothers, to beg before they can even speak plain, and are a great help to them in getting cash. They take their children, without any clothes on, into the streets to excite the sympathy of all who see them. Sometimes, when it is chilling cold, one of these little, naked beggars will dog your heels for several hundred yards, and though you know it is all a ruse of the mother's, you cannot avoid feeling a few cash-sympathy for the little urchin.

All the blind have a preëmption right to begging and fortune-telling. The loss of a limb, or a chronic sore, also gives a person a good title to the office of beggar. Some of them like the profession so well they never allow their sores to heal up, but keep them constantly picked open and raw. Others, who are not so fortunate as to have a sore, make artificial ones on their arms or legs; and it takes the closest inspection to discover the cheat. Some will crawl through the muddy streets on their hands and knees, day after day, begging you to compassionate a poor cripple by giving him a few cash. But at night they change their clothes and their profession, walking erect and

having a jolly time in the tea and wine shops. Soon after our missionaries came to Shanghai, two of their ladies were so touched by the condition of one of these crawlers, that they gave him daily alms, till Messrs. Shuck and Yates were walking one day in another part of the town, and unexpectedly met him, erect and walking. As he saw they knew him, he did not come for alms again. They then turned their sympathies and daily alms to an old beggar and his wife, who, they were certain, were objects of charity. When the winter came on, they told the old man they would have a little shanty fixed up for them, and give them enough to eat, if he and his wife would stay in it and not go out in the cold begging; but he declined the offer—saying he could not receive their alms upon such terms, as he could make *more than a support* by begging. He went off, bought a large nice fish, sent it to them with his compliments, and thus dismissed them.

"Quite chilling to their benevolence," you say. Yes; but all who labor for the good of the heathen have to experience many such chills.

Such has been the selfish training of these idolaters, they scarcely know what gratitude or benevolence is. They have been taught to cover their sins by a system of works: such as giving to the poor, repairing a road, subscribing to a temple, supporting the priests, *et cetera*, and thus lay up a stock of merit which will compensate for all their evil deeds. Hence nearly all their alms-giving—which is not a little,—unless squeezed out of them, is done from a selfish motive. The beggars understand this well, and never think of thanking those who give them anything, but thank old Budha. They consider the benefit mutual—you have ministered to their temporal wants; but they have given you an opportunity of making another addition to your

stock of merit, which can be applied to your spiritual wants.

**"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."**

Their coolness and effrontery, in demanding alms, is often provoking; especially if you have given them once or twice before—"Why, you gave us something yesterday and day before, and why do you refuse now?" You then begin to learn that "One good turn deserves another," bears a very different construction in the East from that commonly given in the West. If you tell your importunate visitors—so far is their conclusion from being logical—that you think it the very reason why you should not give them anything to-day, they will reply that "this is the custom;"—and custom, with a Chinaman, is more binding than the laws of the Emperor. They then try your patience by a sing-song begging tone, and beating on a noisy instrument at your door, till, in a fit of desperation, you give them a few cash and tell them to clear out and never come back again. But, alas! as soon as they are gone, "a more hungry swarm" takes their place. Thus they go the rounds from house to house, till they get back to you again. The Chinese generally give them a single cash, after which they have, according to their custom, a right to drive them away if they do not go. But a beggar is sometimes not satisfied with this, and extorts more.

**A BEGGAR'S "SQUEEZE."**

I was once quite amused at a scene which I witnessed in a carpenter's shop. A ragged, ghost-like beggar, who was apparently near the grave from opium eating, crawled in and threw himself on the shavings, saying he wanted twenty cash.\* The carpenter, seeing he was about to be squeezed, expressed his astonishment at the enormous sum demanded by the beggar.

\* Twenty cash—about two cents.

He first tried to scold him out, but the beggar very coolly told him nothing less than twenty cash would induce him to move. The man then called him all sorts of hard names, raved and acted as if he would have him out anyhow. During this time the composure and firmness of the beggar was admirable. The carpenter seeing he was not to be scared out, then proposed a compromise, by offering him ten. This the beggar refused, insisting on his original demand. They then haggled over it till the former went up as high, I believe, as fifteen, which the beggar took and left; doubtless to get a smoke of opium at the first shop he came to.

"But I would have put him out by force, if I had been the Chinaman."

You would have done no such thing. For, had you been a Chinaman, you would have looked at the matter in a very different light. Having been trained up in all the wisdom of "The Central Flowery Kingdom," you would have seen much farther into the world of spirits than you now do, and the idea of that beggar's ghost coming back to haunt you after he died, would have deterred you from laying hands on him; in fine, you would have been much more afraid of a *dead* than of a *living* beggar. As many of them dwell in the tombs about Shanghai, they might, at night, easily be taken for ghosts, even before they die; but after death the Chinese have no doubt about their being restless, roving spirits,\* ready to haunt and render miserable any one who has injured them while in the flesh.

The beggars also extort money by crowding around the door at the time of a wedding, or a funeral, with their doleful song of *stoo hau-ss, stoo hau-ss*—be charitable—be charitable—unless they are paid to stay away.

\* These spirits are restless, because they have not been decently buried and have no one to worship at their graves.

"Can there be found no remedy for this annoyance?"

Yes, the Chinese have a remedy for everything. They have been so long accustomed to a civilized government, they have brought even the beggars and thieves under regular systems of "law and order."

#### THE KING OF THE BEGGARS.

In every town there is a "King of the Beggars," who has supreme control over them. He is recognized by the Chinese government, and the beggars give heed to his commands.

All who do not wish to be annoyed by the beggars, pay, this King, annually, a certain sum to keep them away; the amount being graded by the wealth of the individual. Whenever a wedding, or funeral, is to take place among the wealthy, they pay his majesty beforehand, to insure their exemption from beggars on these occasions.

When persons pay the annual fee, they receive a receipt with the King's seal to it, which they stick up in a conspicuous place in their stores or shops, that the beggars may see it and pass on. Should any one of them have the hardihood not to respect the King's seal, his majesty is immediately sent for, and the luckless beggar receives a severe thrashing.

At Canton—as one of the missionaries informs me—nearly all the respectable Chinese pay by the year. Rev. George Pearcey told me, when he lived there, he found it most convenient to follow the Chinese custom, and pay up his beggar-money at the beginning of the year. The money thus collected is for the support of the King and his subjects. But like some of his brother kings, in higher spheres, he generally takes the lion's share and then distributes the rest among his dear people.

#### HEAD OF THE THIEVES.

They have not only a king of the beggars—but a head of the thieves,

who is recognized by the government and stays at the office of one of the mandarins. He is supposed to be acquainted with the haunts of all the professional thieves, and even with the thieves themselves. Unless the Chinese misrepresent him, he is often a most skilful rogue before he gets this office; his skill being a recommendation,—upon the principle I suppose, that “it takes a rogue to catch a rogue.” So it is at all events, when a theft of any importance is committed, he is considered the responsible man; as the Chinese say, “he ought to know all about it, if he does not.”

About two years ago, some thieves made a hole in my wall, and coming in at night, helped themselves to what they wanted. The next day my teacher told me I ought to send for the head of the thieves and make him have the articles brought back. I expressed my astonishment at hearing there was such an individual, and wished to know how he could have the things brought back. “He can make the thieves bring them back,” was the ready reply.

“But how is he to know what thief stole them?” “Why should he not know, when he is acquainted with all the professional thieves?”

“But, suppose some outsider should commence stealing on his own responsibility, how is the head thief to know anything about it?

Such a case is not likely to occur,\* as the person would be sure to be found out by the regular thieves, and would receive the most unmerciful beating for daring to intrude upon their territory, without having joined their clan and complied with their rules.”

Being thus assured, by my teacher, I sent for the head of the thieves, who came, looked at the hole in the wall, and took a list of the articles which had been stolen, saying he would look up the thief and have them returned. After he left, my teacher said, “Did you observe he did not come into your house when you invited him in?” I replied,

“Yes, but I thought nothing of it.”

“He knew better,” said the teacher, “as no respectable person will allow him to put his foot in their house, or even to speak to them, unless on professional business.”

I thus learned that I had lowered my dignity by inviting him into my house.

After I had sent to him once or twice about the articles, and he kept making excuses about not having found them, my teacher said I ought to go and make complaint to the mandarin, who would have him bambooed (bastinadoed) till he made the thieves return them. He then informed me that his head thief always made fair promises; but never returned articles till he found he would be forced to do it; and then he would only return a part, probably, saying the rest has been used up, or cannot be found”—and in this way he always managed to save a part, if not all of the stolen articles. As people do not wish to undergo so much trouble to get back small amounts, the thieves always get these clear.

Petty thieving in the day-time is not noticed by the officers,—as the people are supposed to have eyes and should look after their property when they are awake. In all such cases, therefore, the people take the law into their own hands, and alas for the thief whom they may catch! If he gets off with only a severe beating, he considers himself fortunate; as they swing him up to the first post or tree, so that his toes can just touch the ground, and every passer-by is at liberty to knock, kick, pinch, pull him, or rail at him, as may best suit their fancy, and the authorities

\* As the professional thieves are acquainted with all the places where stolen goods can be disposed of, this independent thief could not get rid of his articles without their finding him out.

will never take any notice of it, provided they do not take his life. As a specimen of the fate of some, my near neighbor says, the *best remedy* he has ever known used with a thief, is to put his ankles on a stone, and then beat them with another stone till he can't walk. After this he will never trouble your premises again.

I have sometimes witnessed such unmerciful scenes that I could not help interceding for the thief and putting a stop to it, though I knew he was guilty. The head of the thieves is not held responsible for the acts of the petty pilferers who practice their art in the daytime. This is too small a business for him, and he is not supposed to be acquainted with such persons. He is, however, well acquainted with the most noted burglars, and through them can find out the rest when he desires; as they all have to pay him a certain per cent or tax I believe.\* As stated above, my teacher was anxious that I should have the head of the fraternity at Shanghai bambooed in order to get the stolen goods; but I did not like to resort to such measures, thinking it possible he might not know who stole them, and would thus receive an undeserved punishment. When the mandarin threatens the head thief with a bambooing unless stolen goods are returned, he immediately threatens his subjects with a like compliment; and thus produces the goods in most cases, 'tis said.

As many of the readers of the Commission may think like I did when I first learned it, that this mode of managing burglars is something new under the sun, and an idea which could never have entered any other but a Chinaman's head, I feel bound to exonerate them from this charge of eccentrici-

ty. Since, on referring to Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians," I find it is a "time-honored custom"—as old as the days of the patriarchs. Hear what this author says!

"The Egyptians had a singular custom respecting theft and burglars. Those who followed the profession of thief gave in their names to the chief of the robbers, and agreed that he should be informed of everything they might thenceforward steal the moment it was in their possession. In consequence of this, the owner of the lost goods always applied by letter to the chief for their recovery; and having stated their quality, the day and hour when they were stolen, and other requisite particulars, the goods were identified, and, on the payment of one quarter of their value, they were restored to the applicant in the same state as when taken from his house.

\* \* \* \* \* It may be asked, what redress could be obtained if goods were stolen by thieves who failed to enter their names on the books of the chief; but it is evident that there could be few of those private speculators, since, by their interfering with the interests of all the profession, the detection of such egotistical persons would have been certain; and thus all others were effectually prevented from robbing, save those of the privileged class.

The salary of the chief was not merely derived from his own demands upon the stolen goods, or from any voluntary contribution of the robbers themselves, but was probably a fixed remuneration granted by the government as one of the chiefs of the police; nor was it to be supposed that he was any other than a respectable citizen, and a man of integrity and honor. The same may be said of the modern "*skekh of the thieves*" at Cairo, where this very ancient office is still retained."

Mr. Wilkinson's supposition, that this

\* He gets no salary from the government, and yet the head of thieves sometimes becomes wealthy.

chief of the robbers received a fixed salary from the Egyptian government, and that it is not to be supposed, "that he was any other than a *respectable citizen*, and a man of *integrity and honor*," I think is wholly gratuitous. Had a Chinaman been the author of the antiquities of Egypt, I am certain he would have come to exactly the opposite conclusion.

—————  
*Letter from Rev. J. S. Holmes.*

I remarked that I had made some interesting acquaintances by my visits on board the Shautung junks. I subsequently met several of the men at our chapel in the city. I invited some of the officers to come and see me at my home. The next day one of the Captains with two of his men called upon me and remained for some time. We entertained them with tea and some fruit and cake, and were very much entertained by the conversation we enjoyed with them, though most of it had to be carried on through brother Kreyer and one of the assistants who speaks Mandarin. They are a fine large race of men and seem to be well disposed and susceptible of instruction. The captain is a noble looking fellow, full six feet in height, and of a large muscular frame. The Shanghai people are like dwarfs beside them. The same captain with one of his men subsequently called upon me, and in course of his stay I told him that I hoped to come by and by and live among the Shautung people, and asked him how he supposed I would be received by them; he replied that he thought I would be well received, that the Shautung people were well disposed towards foreigners, and that they would be glad to have me live among them. I had previously informed him what would be the object of my coming, if I should do so. Shautung is, as you will observe by the map, the province directly North of this. It consists in part of a penin-

sula, running out into the Yellow Sea, and runs back as far as the borders of the province of Shansi on the West, and borders on Chili on the North. Its whole area is about equal to that of the State of Pennsylvania, and yet its population is 28,000,000,—about equal to the whole population of the United States. The peninsular part is described as mountainous, and most of the province is supposed to be healthy, compared with the other provinces. Probably no part of China offers a more inviting field for missionary enterprise than this province, and I have no doubt that if the men were ready to go at the present time, they might go and labor among the people without molestation.

By the time this letter reaches you, the final ratification of the treaty will take place, which will allow us to go freely and preach in any part of the Empire. Will there be an increase in the number of missionaries sent out, and in the amount of contributions made by Christians at home corresponding to the wide door that God is opening for the spread of the Gospel?

Yours fraternally,  
J. S. HOLMES.

—————  
**CANTON—CHINA.**

*Letter of Rev. R. H. Graves.*  
CANTON, April 18th, 1859.

*Dear Brother Poindexter:*

I am sorry to hear by your last letter that none are offering themselves for China. I hope that we may have at least one man more in Canton before 1860. Our prospects were never brighter. A great change has taken place in the people since the war. The country seems ripe for the harvest. I send you a journal of a trip which I lately made to the country. I think a missionary can safely go to almost any part of the province without any inconveniènce, except the large crowds which would follow him. Surely God seems to be opening a way for the gospel here.

My heart rejoices at the prospect be-

fore us; but then comes another thought, "the laborers are few." What can two or three men do? To visit a town once is not sufficient. We should return to water the seed sown, or we can hardly expect God to give the increase.

What a vague impression must that be which is produced by hearing a single address or reading a tract. A tract at home may do much good by recalling early impressions—it may awaken one to a sense of his danger who knows his duty, but the heathen must be *instructed*. The whole building is to be raised from the very foundation. A single address, or tract, or a copy of the Testament will rarely do this. There may be a few who are "feeling after God" who will at once catch at the wonderful truth of salvation through Christ; but they are very few. We must give blow upon blow to break these flinty rocks. We must visit and revisit—pressing the truth home to the minds and consciences of our hearers. They are fast asleep. They must be aroused or they will be lost. What we want is *men*. The *oral preaching* of the truth is God's great appointed means of converting the world. We rejoice that we have books. They do much good. But we want *men*. Cartloads of books are not to be compared with one devoted *man*. O that the brethren would think of these things. Now that God is adding so many to the churches, are there none willing to consecrate themselves to China? God is opening a wide and effectual door here, wo to the churches if they come not up to the "help of the Lord against the mighty."

The Roman Catholics have reaped immense benefits from the French treaty, and it is said that they are preparing for operations in China on a large scale. They have already a firm foothold in many parts of the Empire. Shall we, who hold the truth in its purity, be outdone by Rome? Surely "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children

of light." O that our brethren at home could see these crowds rushing to eternity besotted with opium and mad upon their idols. O that they could see the numbers who listen attentively to the word of life. O that they could count those who have never heard of a Saviour. May God have mercy upon China and upon the churches in America.

About a fortnight ago I baptised two disciples,—one is the father-in-law of Yeung Sin Shàng, and the other is our printer. O that God may keep these lambs of the flock. Brother Gaillard has lately baptised three; one of them was formerly connected with the London Missionary Society.

Yours in Christ,

R. H. GRAVES.

YORUBA—AFRICA.

*Extract of a Letter from Rev. R. W. Priest.*

BRO. POINDEXTER:

You know I have never been over sanguine in my letters about African conversion. I have even been slow to express what I did hope for Africa. I do not think you have ever read my urgent appeals, or *even a request*, that the Board would send out more missionaries. The reason has been because it appeared to me that we had things mixed up here somehow; and the more coils there are in a tangled rope the harder it is to get it straight. But now, dear brother, I assure you with the candor of a far-off brother, that I am confident I have never seen a brighter day for the Yoruba Mission. The mission is a unit, and our united prayers go to the Mercy Seat of the Lord as the prayer of one man. I am constantly receiving letters full of hope from the brethren above.

This day I sent a letter to brother Stone in which I admonished him not to be too sanguine in his hopes. Supposing brethren Bowen and Clark were here, we would want three other white

men *at least*. But I see in some of the American papers that there is a great loss of zeal in the African mission cause in many of the churches. Reasoning after the manner of men you would think such tidings brought down our spirits and threw a cloud of gloom about our altar of prayer. We read the tidings with deepest interest, and every sentence rendered the sweet promises of our dear Redeemer more precious to our hearts. We then "locked the door," and bending low before God, we poured out joyful tears of gratitude to Him for the spiritual strength which he had so mysteriously administered to us. But 'tis 11 o'clock, P. M., and I'll close now, but try to write again.

Very affectionately,  
R. W. PRIEST.

*Letter from Rev. T. A. Reid.*

IJAYE, AFRICA, March 28th, 1859.

DEAR BRO. POINDEXTER:

Your kind favor addressed to all the missionaries in this field was duly received by the Feb. mail. As usual I was glad to hear from you. When I fail to get a letter from you or brother Taylor by each mail, I feel satisfied that it has been mislaid. I do feel truly grateful to you for writing so faithfully to us, for it is such a pleasure to know we are not forgotten. I endeavor to write to the Board, the Index, and my dear parents, by every mail. These I feel to be my duty to write to. I have been in such an unsettled condition since my arrival in this country, that I have not been able to gather up many little facts to communicate to you.

If the Lord will bless me, and help me, I hope in a few more months to get the business off my hands, so that I can devote my whole time and energy to studying the language and preaching to the people. I have been detained here, now, longer than I expected. It was necessary for me to give all the personal attention to the build-

ing at Oyo (pronounced Awyaw,) that I could, in order that I might get it covered in before the rain, which I have succeeded in doing. As it is important that we should all attend our yearly mission meeting, I am now waiting a few days on that account. As soon as that is over, I expect to hasten back to Ogbomishaw, to resume my responsible but pleasant duties—preaching Christ to the people. Our mission meeting embraces the 10th of April.

*Journal of Rev. R. H. Stone.—(Continued.)*

Our mission at Bassa, which we have just left, is a very interesting one. Brother Vonbrum, being the chief of the soil, possesses great influence in that part of the Bassa tribe with which he is connected, and his labors amongst them are being blessed of the Lord. A few months since he baptized twelve candidates, and an address from him on this occasion is said to have affected to tears the old men and women of the tribe who were present. Since this interesting scene, several more have been baptized. Though possessed of so much influence as king or chief, brother Vonbrum is a very humble minded man; and is popular, having a good report of those without. I hope this field may obtain the especial attention of the Board.

Wednesday 19th. Anchored before Sinou yesterday morning. Received today, an invitation from brother Z. B. Roberts, to dine with him, and to preach to his charge this evening, but as the Captain anticipated getting the ship under way by 4 P. M., I was compelled to decline it.

Thursday 20th. Cast anchor before Cape Palmas at 8 P. M. Received an invitation from Mr. Hoffman, the amiable superintendent of the Episcopal Orphan Asylum, to take lodgings with him until the arrival of the next steamer, which I have accepted.

Friday 21st. Came off to the Asylum this morning. Met here with Bishop Payne, who has just arrived from Cavalla to meet the reinforcements for his mission. This evening Mrs. Stone and myself accompanied a party up the Cavalla river to Hoffman's station, connected with the Episcopal mission. We landed at a small wharf and proceeded by a way graded with white earth to the mission-house, about a hundred yards distant. This house is now occupied by a native preacher named Harris. He was not in, but we were received by Mrs. Harris, who also is a native. After sitting awhile, some little native boys came in, and saluting us, seated themselves quietly and orderly. Mr. Hoffman, who was in our company, proceeded to examine them upon subjects connected with their studies. Two little boys were called forward and requested to read in an English book of fine print, which they did, and one of them a boy apparently ten years of age, very fluently. They were then examined in Geography and Scriptural history, also in the main truths of the Bible, in all of which they displayed an astonishing knowledge, especially for heathen children. The exercises were finished by the little ones singing in their native tongue, "There is a happy land," and in English, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah." These children are boarded by the mission, and they are thus kept from getting into the evil influence of heathen associations. This appears to be the most successful, though the most expensive way of teaching them, and of bringing them up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." From the house, we visited the church which, with its white spire, forms a striking and significant contrast with the native village around. From here, passing by the main native village, we visited a small Christian one, who have obeyed the command, "Come out from them, and be ye separate." There were some unconverted women among them,

who had followed their relatives, but these could easily be distinguished from the former, by their heathen dress, the Christians being tidily arrayed. Their houses, some of which we entered, are constructed like those in the heathen village. In one I observed a bed, but they mostly sleep upon palm-leaf carpets, with a log of wood for a pillow. The mothers were much pleased for the ladies to fondle their little "piginnie." In the suburbs we came to the house of an old woman, who seems to have been saved in the eleventh hour. Her condition was very wretched, but when "Christ live her heart, it lie down for happy." On our way to the boat, we passed the school house. It was hung around with maps and illustrations of various sciences. Twenty-six children are connected with it.

The Bishop held a meeting this evening, appointing Messrs. Hubbard and Messenger for Cavalla, and the experienced Rambo for Rocktown, a few miles above here.

Saturday 22nd. The day has passed very agreeably. The Asylum is situated on the extreme point of the Cape, and the roaring surf chafes the rocks almost at its very foundation. When approaching from the Sea, this building is the most prominent object, and presents a very striking appearance. I have little fear of the fever, as the Cape is almost an island, and a strong and refreshing sea breeze is almost continually blowing, both day and night. This institution was founded in '55, and is limited to twenty-six, all girls. In addition to a Sunday School, and the morning and evening religious exercises, there is also a daily secular school, the morning being devoted to literary studies, and the evening to sewing and similar feminine arts. The children seemed to be well trained, and appear to be growing in grace and knowledge, for I remark that in their family worship, they always raise the tune in singing, and quote Scripture with much

readiness. The Methodist also have an Orphan Asylum at this place, and as it was founded a little posterior to this, its location here is much to be regretted, as there is a great necessity for one either at Cape Mount or Monrovia. I was made very sensible of this, when at the latter place, by occasionally visiting an afflicted brother for the purpose of conversation and prayer. He had two very interesting little grand-daughters, who were orphans, and for whom he was incapable of providing. This gave him much distress of mind and added greatly to his afflictions. His name is Hartwell, and he was formerly a deacon in Springfield Church, Augusta, Ga. The influence of this institution in Liberia is endless, since it trains up in christian principles, the future mothers of this germ of a republic.

This morning, I called upon brother Drayton at his warehouse. He regretted very much that he knew nothing of my arrival until I had taken lodgings at the Asylum, as he desired me to abide with him.

Sunday 23rd. As the Baptist Church was burnt down during the war two years since, I preached this morning in a little white house capable of containing about fifty persons. Dined with brother Drayton, in company with brother Morton, our teacher. The school for the natives is held in their village, and is very irregularly attended. The children do not like to come without a *cloth*, and the head men must occasionally be conciliated by a few heads of tobacco. The Episcopal schools board their children, and furnish them with two cloths annually. To give the children hip cloths is essential for decency, as their parents are too poor to be able to do so.

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 this time well, and much pleased with our new home. The work of the Lord appears to be prospering at this station, and we are much encouraged by the prospect of success. Faith in prayer, patience and toil, however, are the only mediums through which we expect success. Since our arrival in Africa, Mrs. Stone has had the fever twice. I am now recovering from the third attack. Following are some extracts from my journal.

Monday, Feb. 28th. Visited the "big market" this afternoon. While sitting under a tree a crowd, numbering not much less than five hundred, gathered around us. Their wonder and admiration appeared to be excited by Mrs. Stone's dress, as those who spoke complimented her for the quantity of cloth on her person, and the children following us returning, were continually shouting, "Look at the cloth! look at the cloth!" It is amusing and surprising, sometimes, to witness the manner in which even men retreat from her, and ask with fearful and doubtful countenances, "Is that a woman?" The simple creatures are ignorant of the mysteries of crinoline.

During our walk we passed several barber shops, where men, women and children have their heads shaved. We saw the operation performed upon some infants, who screamed and kicked vigorously during the time. The heathen mother, though proud of her children, and much flattered when they receive particular attention, possesses little or no maternal tenderness. When the Yoruban mother feeds her infant she inclines its head downwards, and places the mouth in her hand, full of a kind of sour drink, called "eckaw," which is sucked down the gasping throat through the forced respiration caused by its uncomfortable position. This practice is not so cruel as one about Cape Palmas, where infants are stuffed with rice to a certain distention, which condition the loving mother ascertains

*Letter from Rev. R. H. Stone.*

IJAYE, March 26th, 1859.

*Dear Bro. Poindexter:*

I am grateful to day that we are at

either by thumping the body, or putting the finger in the throat. They are then greased and laid out in the sun. The mother in a Christian land has much cause for gratitude to God, for the domestic happiness which she receives from the enlightening influence of divine truth.

*Tuesday, March 1st.* In a ride out into the farms, this morning, we passed a creek near the gate where men, women and children were bathing together. Yorubans, though neat in their dress, appear insensible to modesty.

*Thursday, 10th.* Bought a horse, and from his savage look, named him "Beucephalus." Visited a funeral celebration. They were drinking "arte," or native rum, and beating drums. An orisha sat at the foot of the new grave, which is always in the piazza of the dead man's house, and all the poor man's effects were displayed to excite sympathy. After declining to partake of the festivities we retired, the mourning women raising a cry of lamentation as we passed the gate of the compound. The gospel was preached in a compound before returning.

*Saturday, 12th.* Prayer meeting, imploring the blessings of the Lord upon our labors for the conversion of the heathen.

*Sunday, 13th.* Preached to a very good congregation. The chapel not being finished, services are held in our dining-room. Bro. Reid preached in the evening. The Sunday School exercises are very interesting. Our senior class, composed of converted females, is able to repeat from memory the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and a part of the 9th chapters of Matthew. They also repeat other distinguished portions of Scripture. As they are taught orally, the class is sometimes much increased by those who desire to learn something of the Word of God.

*Monday, 14th.* While brother P. was preaching this afternoon to a company of men, who came to visit us, one of

them tried to excite a disturbance, saying, "Don't let us listen," but being silenced by the others, became interested in the end. The miraculous birth of the Saviour caused considerable discussion among them. Great fire in town this evening. Thousands were collected in a field near it, many of them weeping and mourning over their desolate homes. The little girls who have been working on the chapel were paid off finally to-day, each receiving an extra present of a piece of white cloth. Wrapping this around them, they ran wildly into the street, singing and shouting, "We are the children of the white man," and caused a great sensation. This was done in revenge upon some wicked people, who were continually insulting them, saying they were the white man's slaves, and he would steal and sell them.

*Wednesday, 16th.* One of the chief's daughters, a most interesting girl, is becoming much interested in the truths of the gospel. A young man, who has been before with the especial request to hear the Word of God, came again to-day. When asked if he ever prayed and how, he replied in the affirmative, and said he asked for *covries* and to be a *great man*. This is a good specimen of all heathen praying. They ask and have not, because they ask to consume it upon their lusts. The spirit within them lusteth to envy, and they know nothing of the charity which seeketh not its own.

*Thursday, 17th.* Received some insulting language from Mahomedans in the market, but charity softened bigotry, and we parted with expressions of courtesy. There is little hope for these people, as they will neither reason nor listen to reason. A very interesting case, however, is with us, a convert under brother Phillips' ministry some time since. At first he contemptuously asked, "What is sin?" but when it was more fully explained he fell on his knees and said, "I am a

great sinner, pray for me." From that time he became greatly interested, and Jesus Christ was the prime subject of his conversation. He visited us a few days since, and in some remarks on his favorite subject, said "Jesus has done all our work for us." During farther conversation he said, "When I wash my face in the morning I pray to Jesus, at noon I pray to Jesus, when I lie down to sleep I pray to Jesus." He is the son of the former King of Yoruba, and but for his rank his Mahomedan brethren would probably have killed him. Returning from market, was saluted by a man at the door of his compound. A crowd collected, and I preached "Jesus Christ and him crucified."

I have not yet been able to obtain an interpreter, but have the privilege of using brother P.'s since the chapel has been finished. I have studied the language a little. I believe this is the time for us to make our quarterly report, and I hope you will consider these brief remarks as sufficient.

Yours in Christ,

R. H. STONE.

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*Letter from Rev. A. D. Phillips.*

The prospects for success at Ijaye are certainly very flattering. For sometime before we left, there was a woman who seemed to be earnestly inquiring the way of salvation, and had begun to attend morning prayers at the house. Since we returned she still comes regularly every morning and seems much interested. Not long before we left, I had a conversation with her one Sunday evening. She told me she was not satisfied, but had not been enabled to see a plain way, and knew not how to trust in Jesus, or, in other words, in one whom she had not seen. And therefore she still held on to her orisha.

I had frequent conversations with her afterwards, when she assured me

she tried to pray in the name of the Son of God. The woman, so far, is evidently in earnest, and seeking light.

There is one other person who might be mentioned as an earnest seeker after truth. It is a man who was converted from heathenism to Mahomedanism; but as he said, not being able to see the way of the Mahomedans he became dissatisfied; and when he saw the white man he came to inquire of him. On first hearing of salvation by Jesus Christ, he seemed delighted, and attended Sabbath service regularly afterwards, until he left town on a trading tour. I also had a private conversation with him one Sabbath evening. He then declared himself convinced of the truth of our religion.

We endeavour to water these tender plants, and God being our director, we will through his strength, guide them to the Lamb.

The congregations continue large and attentive on Sabbath, and though not many are *regular* attendants, we are sure the word is being scattered. I do most confidently say the prospects were never better in Ijaye, and are brightening every day.

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**LIBERIA—AFRICA.**

*Letter of Rev. J. T. Richardson.*

MONROVIA, Feb. 19th, 1859.

**REV. A. M. POINDEXTER:**

*My Dear Brother.*—In great haste I sit down to acknowledge the receipt of yours by the Mary C. Stevens. I beg to say that I was highly delighted and much pleased in reading it over,—was glad to learn that there is an amount of confidence reposed in me.

Since sustaining the relation I do to the Southern Baptist Mission, my only object is, to promote the interest of the cause of Christ in this benighted land, and to be true in every respect to the trust reposed in me as a Christian missionary.

It was my intention to come over in the Mary C. Stevens, and I had made every arrangement to do so, but an All-wise Providence has overruled and frustrated all my plans in that respect. On the 30th of January brother Day was taken sick, while attempting to preach, with palpitation of the heart, followed by hemorrhage, which weakened him down to a helpless state; and after all that could be done, he came to the close of life on the 15th inst., strong in the faith of the gospel of Christ. His death made it necessary that the vacuum be filled, and brother Yates being secretary of the mission, made an urgent demand for my service to fill the vacancy. The interest of the cause compelled me to obey the call and give out the idea of coming, however much it went against my private interest. So I have taken charge of the mission at Day's Hope, with a desire and wish to keep things going on as they were until farther orders from the Board, all of which will be laid before you by brother Yates.

Brother Day's death is much lamented by the whole State.

In great haste I drop these lines, and as a vessel will sail next month for Baltimore, I will then, if spared, write you of all things pertaining to the mission.

With profound regard,

I remain yours in the bands of love,

J. T. RICHARDSON.

N. B.—The urgent demands of the Providence Baptist Church here, also, is considered by me, and to its wants I shall administer to the best of my feeble ability.

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*Letter of Rev. W. C. Burke.*

CLAY ASHLAND, Feb. 20th, 1859.

Very Dear Brother Poindexter:

I received your kind favour by the M. C. Stevens, and read its contents with much interest. You will please accept of my thanks for your kind admo-

nition and instructions. It is my daily desire and striving to be faithful as a steward in the vineyard of my Lord and Master, knowing that I must soon appear before him to give an account of my stewardship.

During the last year the Lord was graciously pleased to pour out his Holy Spirit upon us, inspiring the hearts of his believers, and causing many to cry out, "what shall we do to be saved." During the last year I baptized seventeen hopeful converts. There are still some among us who are enquiring how they may find Jesus. My Sabbath School is in a flourishing condition—promising great and lasting good to the Church. I have been teaching Sabbath School in this place for the last five years, and so far, it has proved to be a nursery to the Church.

Your brother in Christ,

WM. C. BURKE.

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*Letter from Brother B. P. Yates.*

MONROVIA, May 10th, 1859.

Rev. James B. Taylor:

I wrote you a few days since per steamer via England, since then I am most happy to report to you a strong religious interest has broken out in all the churches; this revival is the offspring of our daily *Prayer Meeting*, which is still kept up with much diligence and great spirit; there is a large number of conversions.

We have now as candidates some 16 or 18 for baptism, and there is still a daily increase. There seems to be quite a move in the camp of the Lord's host. Some 5 or 6 excluded members have made application to be restored to the bosom of the Church. These times are truly encouraging. Two members of good standing in the M. E. Church, have offered themselves as candidates for baptism. Brother Richardson will, I hope, give you a full account of his success and labours at the Day's Hope; all the students are now hopeful converts.

## SIERRA LEONE—AFRICA.

*Letter of Rev. J. J. Brown.*COLONY OF SIERRA LEONE, FREETOWN,  
April 18th, 1859.*Rev. A. M. Poindexter:*

Dear Brother—Yours, dated March 1st, came to hand on the 10th inst. Though the Board do not think it right and proper to comply with our suggestions, as regards the appointment of a sub-agent within the Colony, yet the promptness and Christian-like manner of your correspondence, encourages me, as well as my labouring brethren not a little.

You will have received my letters of a previous date before this reaches you. The churches continue to progress, though not with rapid strides, yet steadily; I mean the church in this city and that at Waterloo. I hope (V. D.) to write you fully by the May Mail. The schools are also in a healthy position. Sickness and death now prevail in our Colony to a fearful extent. The hand of the Lord is with us and I trust he will continue to bless us more and more.

neighbor good by inducing him to read it, and you would aid the cause of missions. Another thing you would accomplish—whether it would be a good thing judge ye. We think it would be very good. You would gratify us no little!

Second, There are some of you who owe the Board the dollar—Would you believe it, though just entering upon its third year, the Commission has due to it some six hundred dollars or more. Now would it not be well to bethink yourselves, each of you, "Am I one of the delinquents?" A dollar is a small matter to you, but \$600 is a considerable matter to the Board and the cause of missions. "I will pay up at once." Well, that is right, but don't take offense at this "dun" and say, "Stop the Commission." We are not willing to part with you. We only want the dollar. When you send it be sure to forward for the present volume *in advance.*

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WHAT WE WISH.

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Or rather a part of our wishes, for we have more wishes than we can now express. We wish to render the Commission more interesting and valuable than it has ever been. We earnestly solicit the aid of our brethren in this behalf. Send us, all of you who can write such, interesting articles for publication. Choose your own subjects. All the restriction we place upon you here is that they be in harmony with the character and design of the Commission. History, biography, reviews, anecdotes, poetry—anything religious in spirit and tending to promote vital godliness and earnest Christian effort. Write your best, and don't be too lengthy.

We want your prayers, that "the God of all grace" will give us fitness for these and our other multifarious labors. Editors, and secretaries, and agents, need much grace. *Wt. & Th.*

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The Commission.

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RICHMOND, JULY, 1859.

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TO THE PATRONS OF THE COMMISSION.

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We commence this volume with an increased number of subscribers, but there is still great room for enlargement. We suppose none of you would take the Commission if you did not think it worth the money. Assuming this, we ground two remarks upon it.

First, If it is worth your dollar, would you not do well to advise your neighbor to invest a dollar in it? We wish you would, for we think you would do three good things thereby—you would do yourself good by the effort to do good—you would do your

shall we say of those who have to combine in their individual labors the responsibilities of each of these vocations? Brethren, pray for us!

We want to see a large increase during the year of missionaries and the missionary spirit. For this we shall write and toil and pray. Help us dear children of God. Let one become a missionary. "Who?" Why not you my dear brother? Let another seek to find a missionary—let another seek to rouse the missionary spirit. Let each one work and pray, and pray and work to increase the number of missionaries, and the missionary spirit. Look up. The fields are white. The harvest is ripe. Where are the reapers?

P.

READ

The original articles of this number. The Eulogy on Brother Day,—Brazil as a Missionary Field—all of them. So too, be sure to read the missionary letters.

P.

"OUR PRAYER IS—HELP US."

Let Brother Grave's communication in this number be carefully read. The campaign in Canton is resumed, and glorious issues may be expected if patience and prayer be exercised by the churches. The brethren in Canton are calling for help—and that call we must not disregard. A million of souls in the city and suburbs are accessible! Many millions in the District of Canton are sitting in all the dense gloom of heathenism! The treaty now established, opens the country, and we must enter it.

What will Southern Baptists say to this call. Will they extend the needed help? We trust they will.

T.

THE SHANGHAI MISSION.

The letter from Brother Holmes, published in this number, is full of interest. From the stand-point occupied by

our brethren in Shanghai, they look over the field with encouragement and hope. Blessed be God, we may well hope in Him. He has already wrought wondrously on our behalf. We must yet trust him, and multiply our appliances for the spread of truth in the great field now accessible.

T.

CHINA IN 1858.

The year 1858 will be one of the most eventful in the history of China. That great empire, hitherto sealed and shut out, is now open. The North China Herald of January 8th, published in Shanghai, thus refers to the changes which have so rapidly transpired during the past few months in reference to China and Japan.

"In our last number we bade farewell to 1858, and now proceed to place before our readers some of the leading features which have characterized the trade, and to advert to circumstances in which Shanghai is so prominently interested during the last twelve months.

The year which has just elapsed has been rich in events that must exercise an important influence on our future relations with the Celestial Empire, and as we mentally review them, we feel confident that even the most sanguine could not have anticipated that the "small spark" kindled at Canton, would in so short a space of time have led to the opening of China and Japan to the commerce of the world.

REWARD OF MISSIONARY LABOR.

How many pleasing instances like the following are occurring as the fruit of toil in the missionary work. A native African thus speaks of the lady who had, ere she passed to the heavenly world, been the means of his conversion. "Does not her angel spirit look down and behold this saved one rejoicing in the Lamb of God, whose presence she in all its fulness now enjoys?"

"I was sorry when I heard of the

death of my school-mistress, and many tears ran down my cheeks. She had taken great pains in pointing and leading me to 'the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' I fancy to myself I can hear her voice at times now. Never, never, never will I forget the instruction received from her; for when I was taken from my native forest I was as a beast of the field; I was ignorant, knew nothing of my Maker, was blind to the operation of the Spirit of God; but the good Lord, through her instrumentality, brought me to know, by his Holy Spirit, that I was born from above. Now I am able to read the word of God, and I can truly sympathize and mourn with those who mourn for her. I can now only prepare to meet her in that bright world above. She had taken great pains to instruct myself and wife in the path of holiness, and we feel in our hearts indebted to her. Mrs. Wilkins has done so much for us, raised us both from small infants, brought from the wilds of Africa into civilized life, our tongues fail in undertaking to tell our indebtedness. Pray for us that we may be faithful unto death, and meet her in heaven."

Let this blessed missionary work go on.

T.

#### WHERE SHALL MISSIONARIES BE OBTAINED?

From the Churches. This is the source whence men of the right sort must come. We remember the time, and that not distantly, when, after appeals had been made for months, in all the southern country, not one man could be found willing to go forth as the messenger of salvation to the heathen. Now we know of several preparing for the work, and others are meditating the question of duty.

We know, a short time since, such was the popular feeling, that ministers and churches discouraged all thought of the Foreign field on the part of their rising ministry unless it might be the less gifted and efficient. Now, we know of several associations asking for men, and willing to give up the best

they have. This is a blessed result.

What is the reason of this change? The Churches are becoming imbued with the missionary spirit. And this is one of the happy effects of our endeavors as a Foreign Mission Board. This is our hope. Let the churches be properly influenced on this whole question—let the all-pervasive influence of the missionary spirit be felt among them, then we shall find the men, and the means to sustain them. T.

### Other Missions.

#### AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION. ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT.

The Executive Committee acknowledge with gratitude the superintending care and guidance of Providence during the year now closed.

#### OBITUARIES.

Besides the sudden and mysterious death of Justin H. Vinton, formerly for many years a laborious missionary of the Union, they chronicle the departure of but one other labourer, Mrs. Martha Ann Ashmore.

#### MISSIONARY ROOMS.

Rev. Dr. Stow declining the secretaryship of the Foreign Department, the Executive Committee devolved the duties of that department on the Home Secretary, and elected Dr. Stow to fill a vacancy on the Executive Committee occasioned by the declination of Mr. Brooks.

#### PUBLICATIONS.

Fifteen hundred copies of the Forty-Fourth Annual Report were published, together with a monthly issue of 4,500 copies of the Magazine, and 25,000 of the Macedonian, at an expense for the last two of about \$5,500, which was nearly met by the subscription list.

#### RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

The gross income of the Union for

the year was \$102,140 76, of which \$98,860 12, was derived from donations; \$10,131 70 from legacies; \$4,389 13 from the U. S. Government; \$1,200 from the American Tract Society, New York; \$300 from the A. T. Society, Boston; and from all other sources \$6,259 81. The entire sum paid out by the Treasurer is \$102,097 22, leaving a balance against the Union, March 31st, of \$36,932 11. The amount necessary to carry on the mission the coming year is estimated at \$110,000.

#### AGENCIES.

Eight persons have been engaged in the agency service for the year past, a part or all of the time, at an expense for salaries, travelling expenses, postage, et cetera, of not far from \$9,000.

#### APPOINTMENT OF MISSIONARIES.

Rev. J. G. Binney, D. D., has been appointed a missionary of the Union, to take charge of the Theological Seminary for the Karens, to be located at Rangoon, into which, it is expected that the one now under the supervision of Dr. Wade at Maulmain will be merged. Rev. Cyrus Fisher Tolman has also become a missionary of the Union, with a view of labouring at Nowgong, Assam, where it is hoped he has already arrived.

#### MISSIONS.

The Board has under its care in all 19 missions; 3 among the Indians of North America, 2 in Europe, and 14 in South Eastern Asia. The Asiatic Missions have 16 stations and more than 300 out-stations, the latter chiefly among the Karens of Burmah; the German and French, 650 stations and out-stations, which shows, both in Europe and Asia, a large increase over the last year.

#### BAPTISMS.

About 2,000 have been baptized during the year—29 in France, 968 in Germany, over 100 among the American Indians, and between 800 and 900 among the Karens.—*Macedonian.*

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Summer Pictures*, from Copenhagen to Venice. By HENRY M. FIELD, author of "The Irish Confederates and the Rebellion of 1798." New York, Sheldon & Co., &c.

We have merely glanced at a few pages of this neat volume. From the taste we have had we think it promises a pleasant repast.

*Truth is Everything*. A tale for young persons. By MRS. THOMAS GELDART, author of "Emily the Peace Maker," "Daily Thoughts for a Child," "Stories of Scotland," &c. *First American*, from third London Edition—same publishers.

The little folks will be under great obligations to Sheldon & Co. for the varied and useful publications issued by them for the young. And they will feel especial gratification at the neat and tasteful style in which these publications are gotten up. This is right. Books for the young should always be printed on good white paper, with full clear type, and made attractive to the eye. We know of no better publishers than Messrs. Sheldon & Co. We advise the introduction of this work into the families of our readers.

*Rose Morton's Journal for February*.—Same publishers.

Here is another of the offerings of this enterprising house to the young. It is one of their Sunday School Series, Vol. 42. We think the girls will love to read Rose's Journal—and perchance it may lead them to write a journal of their own. What a sweet name this—Rose—the fragrance of it spreads o'er these pages. Rose is a sweet, cheerful, pleasant companion. Make her acquaintance.

*The Bible in the Levant; or The Life and Letters of the Rev. C. N. Righter*, agent of the American Bible Society in the Levant. By SAMUEL IRENADUS PRIME. Same publishers.

Do you wish a rich treat? Read this work. It groups a number of interesting facts, clustered around the memory and inwoven in the labors of a good man, such as is rarely met with in so small a compass.

The above and other valuable works can be had of T. J. Stark of this city. P.

## RECEIPTS FOR THE COMMISSION.

Those in arrears will please pay up. We are in need of the "yellow boys."

D C Rittenhouse \$1, Jas R Lipscomb 1, George Ferrell 1, Geo W Taylor 1, J G Howard 2, J R Allen 1, O Elligson 1, Rev C Lewis 1, Rev W S Penick 1, Wm Fripp, Sr, 1, Mrs Louisa Jordan 1, Berry Peeter 2, Rev J Lamb 1, H P Barrow 1, Rev W F Broaddus 1, Mrs Mary S Walton 1, Ro E Jordan 1, Mrs D P Hall 1, John F Moseley 2, Mrs Elizabeth Spriggs 1, Mrs Charity Williams 1, Rev J D Leachman 1, John A Plyant 1, J B Gilbert 2, F M Thomas 1, Mrs M J Twyman 1, Miss M F Brodie 1, Mrs C Kilpatrick 1, Miss J McFarlan 1, Rev D B Winfree 1, Alfred Rud 1, Edward H Flournoy 1, P Bowles 1, John H Thurston 1, John Pollard 1, John S South 1, Thos B Slade 1, Rev N M Crawford 1, Rev C C Bitting 1, R M Young 1, A P Abell 1, Miss Sally Bell 2, Mrs M B Harrison 1, Mrs Elizabeth Chapman 1, S W Chapman 1, John R Gunn 1, John Chapman 1, Rev E W Warren 1, C F Bemis 2, A W Fergusson 2, R A Jackson 2, Mrs S A Harrison 1, Rev T W Lewis 1, Jere H Brown 1, W E Carswell 1, John P Paca, Jr, 1, E Jeffries 1, Miss J A Bragg 1, Rev H A Duncan 1, C J Elford 1, Rev C H Lanneau 1, Rev P C Edwards 1, Matthew W Ford 1, R T Lawton 1, Robert O Swelb 1, Mrs Margaret Thompson 1, John W Moore 1, James H Lassiter 1, L T Spiers 1, Mrs S F Spiers 1, Miss Ella Anderson 1, John T Carr 1, Mrs Mary Herndon 1, Mrs H E Reynolds 2, Mrs Elizabeth Bagby 1, Miss J H Bragg 25 cents, L B Story \$2, J F Duncan 1, A Ray 1, Rev T W Roberts 1, Mrs Ella Blanchard 1, Jno H Crawford 1, J F Buest 1, J R Burketcine 1, Mrs M Zettler 1, J D Fox 1, Mrs R E Key 1, George Stapleton 1, James Pool 1, James M Hines 75 cents, Daniel Atkins \$2, F S Fisher 1, Edward B Miles 1, Mrs M A Blackwell 1, Rev S R French 2, Mrs R G Mays 3, A Bonner 1, Dr G C Moore 1, J T Gay 1, Rev John Mitchell 1, A B Fannin 4, Miss Laura H Dayton 1, Thomas Gatherie 1, E G Thornton 2, James E Combs 1, W C Davidson 1, John C Jerrell 1, Miss Mary D Chiles 1, Miss Helen M Jones 1, J Hay 1, Howell Willson 1, G D Russell 2, Susan L Cook 2, Nat G Smith 1, Barnet Liles 1, S Southall 1, R S Anderson 1, John T Yerby 1, Rev Thomas Mason for Albert Evans and others 3, W R Trawick 1, Rev T M Bailey 1, James E Combs 1, Miss G Miskell 1, Wm E Barnes 1, R H Lee 1, S G Branch 1, N M Mauden 1, A Simmons 1, Daniel D Holcomb 1, T M Meredith 1, Catrin Taylor 1, L Hurlbutt 1, Jas H Low 1, Noah Smith 1, John T Jordan 1, Mcses Brinson 1, T J Smith 1, Mrs L S Turner 1, N M McCall, Jr, 1, Thomas B Andrews 1, B L Wolf 1, M T Alexander 1, Benjamin Collier 1, Mrs James Taylor 1, Rev W D Cowdry 1, Rev J W Williams 1, M J Wellborn 1, J E Rasor 1, Elam Vandivere 1, M Geer, Strother Kay, Dr W C Brown, S F Brown, John Carpenter Sr and Robert Newett 6, E P Powell 1 25, N Oakham 1, W A French 1, Rev J L Pritchard 1, Wm O Smith 1, Mrs Kate Latimer 1, A H Lewis 1, F D McCraw 1, Rev Wm Royall 1, M Cossett 1, Wm L McIntosh 2 50, Mrs E Lackey 1, Wm Edmondson 1, Rev B Manly DD 1, Mrs Eff Lawrence 1, George W Beard 1, Calvin J Ussery 1, Rev H A Tupper 1, Dr E Ficklin 1, H F Colley 1, J T Wingfield 1, M G Robert 1, Society of Inquiry Davison College 1, Mrs Sally Martin 1, Mrs Jane Miller 1, Mrs J C Darden 1, A X Maxwell 1, Mrs M A De Moville 1, A M Veazey 1, J H Veasey 1, Mrs Susan Watson 2, Rev B W Whilden 1, Mrs E G Eastman 2, B R Scriven 1, T S Wright 1, W Lawrason 2, Franklin Wilson 2, L P Bayne 1, Wesley Rickerson 1, W W Ely 1, W D Young 1, Thomas Stocks 2, James L Brown 1, L B Jackson 1, W G Johnson 1, Mary Davis 1, T J Bowen 1, Simeon T Peck 1, Deborah Jones 1, J P Griffin 2, S P Payne 1, T H Pitts 1, L H Millikin 1, B Whitfield 1, D Shelton 1, W A Anderson 2, E Fitzgerald 1, Millard Stuart 1, Mrs Lucy A Ford 1, J Lawrence Smith 2, George Rentz 1, G W Cole 1, Rev C D Mallary 1, Mrs M J Vason 1, Rev Lott Warren 1, Rev R Webb 1, Robert Lundy 1, Chas G Manning 1, Ann J Hardman 1, Mrs M J Major 1, J D Tandy 1, L B Harper 1, John C Gray 1, C M Tandy 1, Rev J Q West 5, Miss Susan P Taylor 1, Rev J B Jeter 1 67, Rev J H Lacy 1, Mrs Mary A Bagby 1 50, Miss Sallie McTyree 1, Rev W S Bland 1, Miss F C Taliferro 1, J S Hart 1, P P Seay 1, Thomas Doswell 3, W F Chaplin 1, Wm G Woodfin 1, J E Willet 1, Jas A Preston 1, Wm Williams 1, H C Townsend 1, T J Pearce 1, G C White 1.

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