

*Wm Jas Dr Boyce*

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
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# THE COMMISSION.

Vol. 4.

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## QUALITIES NECESSARY TO SUCCESS IN MISSIONARY LABORS, AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CHARACTER OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

The Apostle Paul was an illustrious example of success in his great work of converting souls to Christ, and from a study of his character we may consequently learn *what are the necessary elements of success in missionary effort*. Distinguished as was the Apostle for learning and eloquence, intellect and knowledge, these, considered in themselves, were not the secret of his success. Others, equally distinguished for intellectual endowments, have not been equally successful in evangelical labors. The success of the Apostle was evidently attributable to causes of a *spiritual nature*—causes having their rise in the grace of God in his soul, and operating in the production of a character essentially distinct from whatever may exist as the effect, merely, of natural virtue, or of moral discipline. The character of the Apostle was, in fact, in direct contravention to the whole current of these worldly influences. It stands out in bold antagonism to all the vain pretensions of philosophy, and is a living practical illustration of the great truth, "*not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.*"

The qualities necessary to success in missionary labor, and which existed in so remarkable a degree and in such happy combination in the Apostle Paul,

are, in fact, all comprehended in *holiness of heart*—that holiness which consists in love to God and love to man; which impresses upon the character a stamp of spirituality; which displays itself in all the rich fruits and various graces of the Spirit of God, animating the soul with a fervent desire for the divine glory, and for human happiness, and adapting itself with a sacred zeal and a graceful benignity to whatever condition, whether of patient endurance or of heroic action, which may be best calculated to secure these great results. Such a principle of holiness is, beyond all question, the great element of spiritual power and of religious success. He who has it, cannot fail. He who wants it, cannot succeed. This, then, is the quality which imparted their character of success to the missionary labors of Paul, and which is necessary to the same success in others.

Instead, however, of contemplating the qualities necessary to missionary success in their general principle, it will, perhaps, be more interesting and instructive if we view them (some of them, at least,) in their specific character. This, accordingly, is the object of the present article.

## DEEP CONVICTION OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WORK.

In enumerating the qualities which so admirably adapted Paul to successful effort, as a missionary of Christ, I will speak, first, of *his deep conviction of the*

*importance of the service in which he was engaged.*

The Apostle, in devoting himself to the service of Christ, was not excited by some enthusiastic impulse, or led by some dream of sentimentalism, but acted from deep-rooted principle, pervading his moral nature, and shaping his whole character in conformity to its requirements. His whole air and aspect declare him to be a man of principle. The ministry was not with him a mere matter of preference or discretion, which he might embrace or decline as he pleased. "*Necessity*," he says, "is laid upon me." "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." He was bound to this service by a law not less stringent than that which bound him to seek for himself the mercy of God, and forbade him to jeopardize the interests of his own soul. Everything in his character and conduct is in testimony to the deep sense he entertained of the importance of his work, as an ambassador of Christ to a revolted world. For this service he joyfully renounced whatever of earth could entice, and fearlessly encountered whatever could appal the human heart. His unwearied labors, his ready submission and uncomplaining patience under every trial, his heart-felt language, his tears and his joys, all stamp with the seal of irrefragable testimony his conviction of the value of the gospel, and the consequences of everlasting import depending upon its faithful publication. The eternal realities of the gospel exerted their full influence upon his mind of peculiar religious susceptibility. Death, Judgment and Eternity assumed, in his apprehension, the distinctness of present realities. He *believed*, and therefore spake, and all that he said or did declared the depth of his convictions and the ardor of his emotions.

Possessed of such a sense of the importance of the work to which he had devoted his life, nothing could turn the Apostle a moment from his course.

No smiles could entice him, no tears unman him, no dangers deter him. Life or death were with him very inferior considerations compared with the rescue of even one immortal soul from eternal death. His whole life was one continued attestation to his conviction of the truth and value of the gospel, and this testimony he stood ready at any moment to seal with his blood.

The influence, upon the mind of the missionary, of such a deep and abiding conviction of the importance of the work in which he is engaged, may be easily seen. Such a conviction is equally important in reference to its influence both upon himself and others. It will impart, in his own apprehension, a character of reality to the service to which he is devoting his life, and will thus serve to sustain and animate him in all his efforts. Under its influence he will not seem to himself as one beating the air, or as one running uncertainly, but as one continually pressing, with a sure and certain step, to immortality and glory. In proportion to the strength and liveliness of his convictions respecting the truth of the gospel, will be the vigor and ardor with which he will labor to bring men under its saving influence. With respect to others, how can the missionary expect to convince them of what he does not seem to them to be convinced himself? or impart to them a conviction stronger than that which exists in his own mind? The successful propagator of the gospel must act and speak so as to carry the conviction that he *feels*. The language he utters must be felt to be, not that of others, but his own—not simply the lesson of his education, or the doctrine of his creed, but the dictate of his heart. It is the *heart* that must speak; it is the heart that must conquer. The heart, warmed with the love of Christ, melting with compassion, and yearning with desire for the salvation of men, must achieve victories over heathen blindness and obstinacy, and from among

the wandering and perishing, win trophies with which to adorn and celebrate the triumph of the Redeemer.

#### THE SUBJECT OF HIS MINISTRY.

From such a conviction of the truth and necessity of the gospel, it may be supposed, as a natural consequence, that the great object of the Apostle, in devoting himself to a missionary life, was to proclaim among the nations this heaven-ordained remedy for the sins and miseries of a perishing world. Accordingly, the quality which especially imparted success to his labors *is to be found in the subject of his ministry.* He preached *the gospel.* Regardless alike of the infidelity of the Jew and the mockery of the Greek—spurning with sacred indignation every solicitation of philosophy or government, literature or eloquence, arts or sciences, that would interfere for a moment with the single and vital object of his mission, the Apostle was determined to know nothing in his ministry “*save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.*” He knew the value of that name. He knew the inefficacy of all other names to rescue from ruin a guilty and condemned sinner. This, and this *alone*, he knew to be “the power of God, and the wisdom of God, unto salvation.” While souls were perishing, this faithful legate of heaven had no time for any other employment than that of telling them how they might be saved. With the greatest simplicity, he told them of the love of Christ, and with the most vivid, yet most artless eloquence, exhibited him on the cross, as “the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.” The constantly iterated name of Jesus pervaded his ministry with a sacred unction, and imparted to it its vitality and power. All his hopes for a ruined world were in the power of the name of Christ, and the efficacy of his oblation. The gospel he knew to be the means ordained of God for the salvation of men,

and he knew, too, if this did not save them they would never be saved. Upon “the truth as it is in Jesus,” faithfully, affectionately and cogently urged upon the understanding and consciences of men, he depended for all his success in winning souls to Christ. On this he relied as the great and only instrument of salvation. He resorted to no ingenious contrivances, no devices of human wisdom, either as a substitute or an auxiliary to the ordinance of the ministry, as the means appointed of God for saving men. All such factitious appurtenances he abjured and reprobated as arresting the power and eclipsing the Light of the Cross. Upon the gospel, as on the vantage-ground from which alone he could hope to reach and reclaim to God a revolted world, he took his stand, he planted his fulcrum, he rested his hopes. Wherever we see him, we see him pointing to Calvary. Wherever we hear him, we hear him crying, *Christ crucified! Christ crucified!* In that one word, with all its mysterious, sacred, blessed import, was the secret of the Apostle’s success. Without any of the cautious preliminaries of a worldly policy, rugged savages felt its power penetrating their hearts, and strangely investing them with a new and heaven-born nature. Licentiousness, as she touched the extended cross, was transformed into chastity; and as the Apostle proclaimed the name of Jesus, on the very seat of Satan arose churches of the living God.

If, then, the missionary would hope for a like success, he must, like the Apostle, *preach the gospel of Jesus Christ.* Let him preach Christ first—let him preach Christ last—let him preach Christ all the time. His ministry must be redolent with the name of Jesus. Let no adventitious aid, no fatal caution, keep back a moment the perishing sinner from vital contact with the cross of Christ. Let the missionary tell—tell at once—tell to the imbruted

heathen, who has never heard of the name of God—tell in all its unswathed fulness, the simple but glorious truth, “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Let the sun be hung in the firmament, and he need have no fear that there will not be light. O! could we preach the *gospel* as did the Apostle; could we tell of Christ with the same simplicity and earnestness, directness and artlessness; could we strip the sword of the Spirit of the wrappings with which it has been swaddled by a false philosophy, a worldly policy, or a self-righteous complacency; could we understand that it is the name of JESUS which must conquer the soul and save the sinner from hell—what success might we not expect in converting the world to God. But, alas! how prone is man to forget that he is but the unworthy recipient, and God alone the great and merciful giver. Not satisfied with being the honored instrument, in accomplishing his purposes of grace, of that God, who is independent of all instruments,—the consecrated channel in which he has appointed his salvation to flow,—man must step between God and his work, and by plans of his own, undertake himself to vivify the dry bones and raise the dead.

The disastrous consequences of such anti-christian folly and impiety may be easily predicted. Whenever men substitute human traditions for the commandments of God, or pseudo-gospel for the true gospel of Jesus Christ, the condition of those subjected to their influence becomes worse instead of better. For error is worse than ignorance; and it is worse in proportion to the importance of the truth to which it is opposed, and the consequent malignity of the error itself.

The labors of such men may be attended with success, but it will be a success more to be deprecated than

failure. Their success will be that of the Jesuits in China, who, in their greedy and heartless proselytism, consented that the victims of their delusions should still worship their Gods if they would only accept for them *Christian names*—contenting themselves that they should part with their idols *only in name*. They might still retain their idolatry, if they would subject it to the baptismal rite; so that all the benefit resulting to the Chinese from the labors of missionaries who had compassed sea and land for their conversion, was, that in exchange for simple heathenism their spiritual teachers returned to them heathenism baptized; thus imparting to their idolatry greater vitality by conferring upon it a character of greater sanctity.

It is not indeed to be supposed (at least the contrary is much to be hoped) that Protestant missionaries will go such a length in corrupting the gospel. But a dangerous principle is dangerous in every phase of its existence—in its embryo state as well as in its full development. Error is not the less dangerous for being subtle in its operations, complicating itself with a variety of other elements, and disguising itself under the most plausible aspect. The most wholesome bread may conceal the most deadly poison. A diluted, attenuated and hampered gospel, whatever may be *appearances*, will never accomplish the effects of the free, pure and unfettered gospel of Jesus Christ. Good wheat may, indeed, be sown, but with such an admixture of cockle that the latter may overrun and destroy the former, and thus, by its pernicious character, as well as by its power to perpetuate its existence, subject the soil to a worse condition than such as would have been the consequence of leaving it to its native vegetation. Our only security is in “*the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.*”

Another consideration is, in this connection, worthy of attention. As the

success of the husbandman depends not exclusively upon the quantity, but also upon the quality of his grain, so that of a missionary must be estimated, —not altogether by the number, but also by the character of his converts. In the simple conversion of a soul, all is not necessarily accomplished which is to be desired, and for which we are authorized to hope; for which, indeed, it is our duty to labour. Many, no doubt, are truly converted, who, on account of the defects of their spiritual progenitors, are such weaklings that they can scarcely live, “lame from the womb,” dragging out through life a sickly, pining existence. In the ministry by which they have been converted, there has been so much of the vital power of truth, (of which, happily, a very little is sufficient for this purpose,) as to regenerate the soul, but scarcely so much as to secure for them *conscious* existence. They are defective in their organization, feeble in their action, and with scarcely so much of the lineaments of the “new man” as to indicate the reality of their spiritual being. The spiritual children, on the contrary, of the apostle, as of others who depend only upon “the incorruptible seed” of “the word of God,” were rigorous and active, men of life and power, bearing on their brow the impress of their divine paternity, and from the light that is in them, diffusing a sacred radiance all around them. Such are the converts who do honour to those whose spiritual children they are, who reflect the light and glory of the Gospel, and who are prepared to succeed their fathers in pushing on the conquests of the Redeemer’s kingdom. They are, indeed, “the light of the world,” and “the salt of the earth.” The missionary, then, who wishes to emulate, or at least, to imitate the Apostle in his success, must labour to imitate him also in the unfailing devotion and incorruptible fidelity with which he preached the *pure Gospel of Jesus Christ*.

## ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that another quality, eminently contributing to the success of the Apostle’s labours, and naturally, too, resulting from those preceding, was, *his entire consecration of himself to his sacred work*. This is so marked as to be evident to the most casual observation. From that eventful hour when the Lord met him on his way to Damascus, to the end of his triumphant career, his heart, probably, never wavered for a moment in its heaven-directed course. From that hour he had but one purpose in the world. That purpose was to live for Christ. He then laid himself a joyful oblation on the altar of Him who had died on the cross to save him from his sins. Henceforward all was forsaken and contemned, that he might win Christ, that he might finish his course with joy, that he might stand accepted before his Lord; and, as the fruit and crown of his labours, present many spiritual children faultless before his throne. To this happy issue, forgetting all that was behind, he was constantly pressing with a continually accelerating force.

In such a spirit of unreserved consecration, of inviolable allegiance, did the Apostle bind himself to the service to which he had been called of the Lord. He girded himself for the battle which was to close only with his life. He promised himself no resting place on earth. His heart reposed on no distant bower, in which he should put off his armour, and solace himself after the toils of war. His hopes were all in heaven. On earth he expected conflict only, unto the end. Determined upon no retreat, engraving upon his shield the device “**FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH**,” he crossed the river, broke down the bridge, casting from him every other hope than that contained in the inspiring promise, “to him that overcometh.” From the battle to which

he had committed himself he wanted no release, long as he could raise his sword, or strike a blow in the cause of his great Captain. To every plea for indulgence, every appeal to the many conquests he had already won, and the many trophies he had gained for his Lord, to every soft solicitation inviting him to yield his sacred and war-worn person to the couch of repose, the faithful warrior cried, "I HAVE NOT YET ATTAINED."

Such a spirit of consecration is evidently necessary to the success of the missionary of the cross; and his success will rise or fall, as he possesses in a greater or less degree this spirit. The want of it will impede his progress, weaken his efforts, and diminish the force of the blows with which he assails the kingdom of darkness. Indeed, nothing less than such a spirit of consecration is worthy of the dying love of Jesus Christ, or of the sublime mission of mercy on which he employs the ambassadors of his grace; nor can anything less indicate that proper appreciation in the missionary's mind of the sacred dignity and solemn responsibility of his work, which are at once the instrument and the pledge of his success. If it be true in the ordinary affairs of life, that he works to disadvantage who works with a divided heart, how emphatically is it true in relation to the service of Christ, and the great work of saving men from their sins; that work which, more than any and all others, demands for its accomplishment the concentration of all our powers. Not to engage in this work with the whole heart is to invite defeat. Consecration is the law of success, and he who is conscious of a want of this qualification, must feel in the beginning a weakness and indecision unfitting him for the toils and dangers of missionary warfare; while, in the conscious possession of this spirit, the weakest soldier of Christ will be armed with a power ensuring him victory un-

der the banner of his great Captain. He will feel himself already conqueror in his determination to conquer.

#### CONCLUSION.

I cannot now speak fully of *the love of Christ*, which was the great constraining principle of all the Apostle's labours; of *his faith*, which relied implicitly upon the Spirit of God for all his success; which believed with an unfaltering confidence in the certain fulfilment of all God's promises; and which rejoiced in all tribulation as tributary to the ultimate glory of the believer. I cannot dwell upon the *fidelity and courage* with which he opposed whatever opposed the honour of Christ and the purity of his Gospel; or *the humility* which ever displayed itself in the most winning condescension, reconciling him to every condition of trial and abasement; contenting him, so he might win a soul to Christ, equally with the palace of a king or the hovel of a slave; preserving him from the least taint of envy at the success or honour of his brethren, and from every stain of ambition for personal precedency or human applause; disposing him ever to the most humble estimate of his own great abilities and wonderful achievements, and prostrating him continually in the profoundest adoration at the feet of Jesus. I can only advert to *the spirit of prayer*, which held him in constant audience with heaven; in which he anointed himself with the Spirit of God, and in which he appropriated to himself the power of Jesus Christ to arm him for every onset upon the kingdom of darkness, and his constantly renewed efforts to bring sinners to God. Let it suffice to say that these are the qualities which formed the missionary character of Paul, and the great elements essential to the success of every missionary of the Cross; and not less, I may add, of every *minister and Christian*, the last term comprehending in fact, in an im-



portant sense, both the others. He who possesses these qualities cannot fail of success; and a mission conducted upon these principles, and in this spirit, with whatever of the unavoidable imperfections of human nature it may be associated, has never yet been, and—as the word of Christ is true—while the world stands, NEVER CAN BE A FAILURE.

## BRAZIL AS A MISSIONARY FIELD.

No. 2.

BRO. POINDEXTER:

In my last communication I said nothing about the religion of the Brazilians. There the incestuous relation of Church and State exists, and the papal religion is the paramour. The clergy have a very limited support, and are not opulent as in other Catholic countries. This is owing to a prudential step taken at an early period, by the framers of the constitutional charter; by which the clergy were required to release all demands for the payment of tithes; and the government, in lieu thereof, to pay an annual stipend of two hundred dollars.

The practical effect of this masterly stroke of State policy has been to keep the clergy dependent, and some are quite poor. The Bishop and Archbishop are paid on the same economical scale. A second effect of this law, is, to lessen desire to enter the sacred office. Surely, in no country in Christendom is there a greater demand for an efficient and evangelical ministry. Let a Baptist church be once constituted here, “and the streams that make glad the city of God, will flow forth.

There are two orders, the Benedictines and Ancient Carmelites, who by a systematic policy have acquired some wealth, but that is not safe, being constantly liable to confiscation for the use of the State. These, however, have

made a virtue of necessity, if by any means they might lengthen their tranquillity. In the Metropolis alone the Benedictines have several hundred houses; and at their convents so much food and alms are distributed daily, that beggars are seldom seen in the streets. In their observation of the Sabbath, they are said to be exemplary, but on Saint's holidays they are exceedingly jubilant.

A third effect of the aforesaid law, has been to introduce many blacks into the sacred office. These, however, are educated. The inducement to men of talent to seek for holy orders is quite insufficient: schools of learning, the army, and the navy, are more inviting fields to such. The Lancasterian Schools of Rio, are open to all without distinction of color, slaves alone excepted. Here, from the most humble walks in life, men may rise to distinction. The Army, the Navy, and the Church reap their richest harvests from this source.

As in all Catholic countries, you may here find rare specimens of superstition. In Rio they believe they possess the descendant of the veritable cock which crowed when Peter denied his Lord.

One morning while seated in my boarding house, I took up the Morning paper, “*Commercio do Journal*,” and read the following; “The citizens of Rio de Janeiro, residing on Ruas, &c., (certain named streets,) will please sweep the pavements in front of their respective houses, lest the angels in the procession to-night may soil their dresses—and the Blessed Virgin Mother of God will amply compensate them for their piety.” The translation is as near the original as is possible for me to make it. Night came, and all the city was moved. No one would lose a sight so rare. I posted off, and by passing under an arch of the Palace, I had a glorious peep at the forms of the heavenly ones. I would have

climbed up the tallest kind of sycamore tree to see the "vision." But judge of my disappointment, when I found that it was not the "third heavens." Deception was complete, idolatry profound, and the sacred office debased, and pandering to the Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth. The procession now formed. In the advance there were a number of choice beauties, of from twelve to sixteen years of age, clothed with long white robes, bespangled with gold, and to their shoulders, large wings affixed, which, by the motion of the shoulder would, occasionally spread a little to keep the deluded multitude "impressed" with the august scene. Then, upon the shoulders of four priests, a platform rested, upon which the "Virgin Mary, the Mother of God," stood erect, beautifully attired, and as large as life, but not quite so natural.

This imposing pageant was followed by a long retinue of supposed angels, attired like those in the advance. The priests as Marshals, carried gigantic candles, or torches, which gave lustre to the scene. To all this you must add the terrific roar of fire works, and the "ding-dong" of every church bell. As I gazed upon the procession, my soul was stirred within me; and I longed to guide them to the fountain of living waters.

Yours, truly,  
THEOPHILUS.

May 30th, 1859.

### A TRIUMPHANT DEATH SCENE.

Come kind reader, take a short journey with me to a quiet village in the wild west, and behold for a few moments a scene which will do your heart good. Let us go to the house of deacon H., a resting place for weary pilgrims, a home for God's messengers. We will open the door and step into the sick chamber. Soft be our footsteps, and subdued our voices, for we

are treading upon the borders of the spirit-land, and ministering angels are hovering around us. Turn to the corner of the room, and see, on that bed of suffering, a Christian woman, among the noblest of her sex, a saint of God, confronting her last and terrible foe. That pale, but placid face, so radiant and so heavenly, is sister H., the wife of our brother deacon. She has long lived a Christian, in the highest and best sense of the term. Hers has been a light, seen and felt all over the community in which she lived. Hers a power that moulded the character, and swayed the counsels of the church—a power that challenged the respect of the ungodly, and put to shame the scoffer. Of all the spots on earth, she loved the sanctuary, and its altars the most, because there her God was worshipped. Not a timber or a fastening, in that whole building, not a shred or line in all its adornings, but had felt the power of her benevolent hand.

Her love for the blessed Jesus was supreme, and her humility was as pre-eminent as her love. I imagine if she had lived in the days of Christ, she would have gloried like Mary, in wiping his feet with the hairs of her head. And the love she felt for Christ and his church, was transferred to his ambassadors, the ministers of his Church. Sacrifices made for the comfort of her pastor, were always regarded a pleasure, never a burden.

That Christian woman is now approaching the close of her holy and useful life. For nights and days she has patiently endured the ravages of a fatal disease. God says stop my chosen one, it is enough. With dignified composure, she prepares to meet the final decree. The last hour, the hour of mortal dissolution, has arrived.

Let us stand aside while the members of the family gather around the bed to receive the last look of affection, and to hear the last word of advice from a mother, a wife, as she lingers

for a moment between two worlds. See what a large family circle. A husband, eight children, three sons-in-law, and several grand-children, encircle that bed. What a sublime spectacle ! Such a scene of commingling grief and joy, I never saw before or since. The stalwart frame quivers with emotion, and the stony man becomes a child. The flinty rock turns to tears, and rivers of sorrow flow down the faces of the young and old.

The dying saint, with a benignity of manner and of speech altogether unearthly, proceeds to address each one of that large circle, with such words of love and of comfort as their age and circumstances seem to require. Many of that weeping circle were already pious. These she urges to a consistent and devoted life, and stimulates their faith and fidelity by the bright glories that now glitter on her vision. The unconverted and backslidden she warns with such words of affectionate entreaty as melts every heart. The young she points to that Saviour who is now blessing her, and to that heaven, whose portals now open to her view. A few words of transporting hope to her pastor, and her last message is ended. One word more, "husband, children, pastor, doctor, sisters, all, *farewell*." The tongue is now forever still. Her eyes close on earthly things. She lays her icy hands upon her breast, and the soul glides unseen from its earthly tenement, but leaves a holy fragrance behind. The watching angels, on burnished pinions, soar aloft, with their sister spirit, to her home in the skies, but their warm breath still floats upon the air of the room.

Stay a little while, O, my soul, and breathe the sweet influences of this triumphant death-scene. The very atmosphere of heaven encompasses me, and I seem to stand in the ante-room of glory. What sublime reflections, what lofty aspirations come bounding through the mind. That body all charred by

the iron heels of the sable monster, is passing from a seeming defeat, to a mighty triumph—a triumph more glorious than was ever won by Cæsar, Napoleon, or Washington. The disembodied spirit, robed and crowned, is being ushered, with angelic acclamations, to her place among the harpers round the throne. Loud, o'er all this triumphant scene, is heard the Father's applauding words: "Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of his saints." While heaven is resounding with rejoicings above, let us turn to behold the effects below. There is the skeptic: He does not believe God's Prophets, nor would he "believe, though one rose from the dead." Yet he is compelled to believe the testimony of the dying saint. Why says he, the religion that can convert death, which to the unbeliever, is the direct calamity of earth, the embodiment of all misery—the religion that can transform all this into a glorious triumph, the consummation of all felicity, must be divine. If, when my philosophy, and wealth, and honors, and friends, all leave me, a naked, degraded, and miserable thing, then this religion takes me up, and supplies every want, and graciously bestows more than "eye hath seen, or ear heard, or heart of man conceived," surely, surely, such a religion is true, and "worthy of all acceptance." Among these mourners are unconverted men, who could stand unawed amid the roar and clangor of battle; men whose hearts never trembled under the echoes of Sinai's loud thunder,—but that adamant now breaks beneath the power of the Christian's faith, exemplified in death. The unconverted soul that had long withstood a mother's prayers, can not resist the eloquence of her dying tears. The cold-hearted professor, as he stands shuddering under a sense of his many delinquencies, feels an inspiration right off the divine altars, sweeping through his soul, and stirring its depths, with unwonted aspirations. O,

"it is good to be here." Every heart responds to one common impulse, (a seemingly selfish, but commendable impulse,) "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

The scene is now closed. But long as memory lives will its sweet and holy influences, ever and anon, come stealing, like the breath of angels, over the soul. Time's expunging fingers may obliterate many a page in my past history, but this death-bed scene is written, as "with an iron pen," upon the enduring tablet of the soul. Many a dark and dreary waste will the mind have to pass over in its retrospective journeys, but this "*Triumphant Death Scene*" is a perpetual *oasis*, where it will love to linger, and luxuriate in holy contemplation.

R. J.

### SHALL WE HAVE A MISSION IN JAPAN?

SHANGHAI, China,

April 26th, 1859.

DEAR BRO. POINDEXTER :

I think God's providence indicates that the time has arrived for us to establish a mission in Japan. Here are my reasons :

1st. The country was opened to foreign intercourse without the effusion of blood. In this I recognize the overruling providence of God preventing the natives becoming embittered against foreigners.

2nd. Contrary to all expectation, they have—considering their antecedents—made a *most liberal treaty* with our minister, Mr. Harris.

3rd. They have given practical demonstration that they have the strongest desire both to acquire a knowledge of, and to derive all the advantages which foreign arts and science can give. The course of such a people *must be onward, but cannot be upward*, unless with this knowledge, we give them the

Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, which sanctifies all knowledge and elevates and ennobles mankind.

4th. Trade is increasing rapidly with foreigners. Vessels are going and coming every week between Shanghai and Nagasaki, and a number of foreign merchants are already residing in Japan. The Japanese (so say our papers) have already been puzzled to know how to manage our lawless and reckless sailors, who go on shore for a spree. Thus you see the devil, as he generally does, has *his missionaries* there ahead of us. Shall we not send some one to set a better example and give the Japanese a better opinion of us? before they come to the conclusion that those who do not worship idols, have a low code of morals.

5th. The Japanese at present seem not to have so much hatred to the Gospel as such, but they have their laws against it, and the history of the Jesuits among them, and they therefore have their fears and doubts, and wish to look before they leap.

6th. The longer we wait before missionaries are sent, the greater will be the difficulties to overcome.

As I have above stated, the devil already has his agents there. The Japanese are shrewd observers and will form their opinion of Christianity from what they see of people from Christian lands.

Unfortunately, too, this class of people generally not only set a bad example before the heathen, but take every occasion they can to speak disparagingly of Christianity, and to ridicule missionaries. I am proud to say, however, that among the merchants in the East, there are some noble exceptions, even among those who do not profess Christianity themselves.

I heard a man yesterday, just from Japan, talking very fluently about the happy and satisfied condition of the people, and though he had just been there disturbing them with his efforts

to make money by trade, he was deprecating their being disturbed by foreigners. He thought, since they appeared so contented, it would not be an act of charity to try to induce them to alter their condition. I replied, "Yes, and so are frogs and tadpoles very well contented in a mud-hole. But to bring the argument nearer home—when our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were very well contented with their heathen condition, do you think the Christians of that day made a mistake in trying to enlighten and elevate them?" He had to admit that he thought it turned out very well in our case, and he rather preferred the present condition of the Anglo-Saxon race to that of the Japanese.—I have introduced this little episode to show what sort of influence is likely to be exerted in Japan by this class of men, and to ask our Baptist brethren of the South if they are satisfied that the Japanese shall only have this class of teachers from Christian lands.

7th. It is folly to wait till the Japanese are prepared to receive the Gospel, as the history of Christianity proves that *the Gospel* is the best forerunner of Christianity. It must pave its own way. Other helps are good in their way, but when we rely upon them to pave the way for Christianity, we lean on a broken reed.

8th. Much preparatory work has to be done. The missionary will have to spend several years in learning the language. During this time he can be studying Japanese *human nature*, and learning how to adapt himself to their peculiar condition. Their tracts have to be written, and the Bible must be translated. Thus the missionary can find ample work for eight or ten years, even if he is not allowed to preach publicly.

During this time he will be gaining the confidence of the people, wearing away their fears and prejudices, and

really preparing them for the reception of Christianity.

Defer it as long as we may, we shall then have to go through all this preparatory work, unless we fold our arms and wait till somebody else does it for us.

9th. Other denominations have come to the conclusion that the time has arrived when missions should be established in Japan.

I understand the Church of England is collecting funds for this purpose. A letter has recently been received at Shanghai from a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, in New York, stating that their Society had appointed two missionaries for Japan, who would sail in a short time. This gentleman said, when it was first proposed to start a mission in Japan at one of their meetings, a brother rose and said he would support one missionary himself; and before ten o'clock that night another brother was found who pledged himself to support another.

This is noble—this is right! and I trust the Baptists of the South, will go and do likewise—at least so far as to establish a mission in Japan. I will not ask single individuals to support a missionary, but I simply ask if there cannot be found two Associations in the South which will each support a missionary in Japan?

Brethren, it is high time some of you were waking out of sleep! If the Goshen Association can support the number of missionaries which it does in the different quarters of the globe, surely there are many Associations which ought to support one, if not two missionaries.

I shall anxiously look for the answers of the first two Associations, which shall tell our Board to start the mission and they will be responsible for the support of the first two missionaries.

I once thought of asking the Goshen Association for help to start this mis-

sion, but I then thought of the old proverb, "Don't work a free horse to death." Though there are several Associations which are now each supporting a missionary, there are still many who are not, and I would fain hope there may be found *two* among these, which will esteem it a privilege to be instrumental in starting a mission in Japan. Brethren, don't wait for the Board to start the mission. They are merely your agents and will take pleasure in fulfilling your wishes. Just send them word to start the mission, and you will be responsible for the funds to support it, and all will be right.

10th. If the Southern Baptist Board does not establish a mission in Japan, in all probability it will be a long time before the Japanese have Baptist preaching.

Such is the embarrassed state of the Missionary Union at the North, they can scarcely support the missions they already have. The Baptists of England seem to have so much to do in other quarters, that they are not turning their attention in this direction. Thus Providence seems to devolve it upon the Southern Baptist Convention to start a mission in Japan, if we think they ought to have Baptist as well as Pedo-baptist preaching. I say this, brethren, from no spirit of bigotry or envy. I truly rejoice in whatever good our Pedo-baptist friends do, and so far as they preach Christ and him crucified as the sinner's only hope, I bid them God speed, and only dissent when they add something which Christ has not commanded. But I feel and believe that we, as Baptists, have our particular duty to perform in giving the Gospel to the whole world.

I trust that God is now preparing, in some of your schools, a future Cary, Judson, or Marshman, to translate the *whole word* of God for the Japanese.

Now, young brethren, who are studying for the ministry, a word to you.

Make this a matter of deep, earnest thought and prayer. "Lord wilt thou have *me* to go? Lord am I the proper person? Show me the path of duty, and I will endeavour to walk in it."

And now, may the Great Head of the Church guide you all to a proper decision of this matter is my heart's desire and prayer to God. Amen.

A. B. CABANISS.

#### CHINESE PROFESSORSHIP AT THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Any step showing that the Baptists of the South are beginning to awake to the claims of China is regarded with the greatest interest by those who have devoted themselves to this vast field. I was glad to see, in a paper lately received from home, a paragraph stating that a proposition had been made to establish a Professorship of Chinese in the new Seminary at Greenville, and that Dr. Jeter, the President of our Foreign Mission Board, strongly approved of the measure, expressing his conviction that several lives and thousands of money might have been saved had such a step been taken at the commencement of our missions in China. I say I was glad to see this paragraph, for it seems an earnest of greater exertions for China by the churches at home. As a sign of increasing interest in this vast, long-neglected field, I rejoice to see it; but as to the *project itself*, I *very much doubt its practical utility*. My reasons for this conclusion may be stated in a few words.

First of all, it would be well to have the views of all our China missionaries on this point, before the project be carried into execution. They know the process of acquiring the language, they understand its peculiarities and difficulties, and they know the facilities for its acquisition. The opinion of one who is practically acquainted with the language should outweigh that of many who, from the nature of the case, can

only reason theoretically. As for myself, of course I do not expect that the views of one of the latest on the field should outweigh those of men like Pearey, Yates and others, who have spent many years here.

There are two objects which a missionary may set before him in learning a foreign language. He must want to be a *scholar*, or he may want to be a *preacher*. A scholar must know the language of *books*—a preacher, that of the *people*.

It is a remarkable peculiarity of the Chinese language that there is a *broad distinction* between the language of books and that of common intercourse. This difference exists more or less, I suppose, in all languages. In English, who would think of conversing in the style in which books are written, or even in the style of letters, which approaches nearest to familiar conversational style? Or who would write in a book the words and expressions used in every-day intercourse? In Chinese, this difference is so great that the common people, and especially the women, could understand you about as well if you were to read to them in Latin as they would if you were to read a Chinese book, written in the style of Confucius. The great beauty of their classic style is its *terseness*. The object of the writer seems to be to give merely a skeleton of his ideas, and to leave it to the commentator to clothe it with flesh and skin. If a man can write so obscurely (i. e. tersely) as to need a commentator to tell others what he means, he has attained the height of classic style. *There is a broad distinction between the book-style and that of conversation.* This is my first point.

My second point is: "*The conversational style cannot be acquired in America.*"

The book-style may be acquired by men who have never seen China. The fact that Stanislaus Julien, who is, perhaps, the first living Sinologue, has

never visited China, is a proof of this assertion. Men may learn Chinese from books, while seated in their studies, as they may learn any other language; but let these men come to China, and they cannot ask for a cup of tea or a bowl of rice.

The obstacles to acquiring a colloquial style in America are:

(1.) *The difference of dialects.*

If you have one professor to teach Shanghai colloquial, you must have another for Canton colloquial. When we establish missions in new stations, you must have other professors.

(2.) *The impossibility of learning a correct pronunciation.*

This is an important point. All know that to speak French correctly you must hear it from the lips of a Frenchman. If this is true of French, it is of tenfold greater importance with regard to Chinese. One of the greatest difficulties of Chinese, and especially of our Canton dialect, is the system of *tones*. A sound which we would call a single sound is subjected to eight variations in Chinese. A wrong sound would not be so easily misunderstood as a wrong tone; e. g. the word for *Heaven* is *Fin*; but if you should call it *Hin*, or perhaps *Din*, you would be less liable to be misunderstood than if you should pronounce it two notes lower, i. e. A instead of C.

Another point should come under this head, but from its importance I shall call it

(3.) *The serious mistake committed by acquiring a false pronunciation.*

Missionaries who have been here for three or four years are often better understood than those who have been here for ten or twenty. This arises partly from the books which we now have for learning the language, which our older brethren had not, and partly from the fact that we are now able to get teachers, who speak more correctly. If a bad pronunciation be acquired, it is almost impossible to get rid of it. I

think that a pronunciation learned in America, from an American, would not be well understood in China.

(4.) *There is no opportunity of hearing the language spoken.*

That we must be accustomed to hear a language spoken, before we can speak it well, is a proposition that no one will deny. How can one who studies Chinese in America have an opportunity of hearing it? Six months in China, where you are obliged to use what you know and to understand what you hear, would be worth more than six years' study at home, having a few hours a day for conversation with a professor.

*Thirdly.—The great need of China is preachers, not scholars.* With the commission before him, I suppose no Christian will doubt that the great aim of the missionary should be to "*preach the gospel.*" Of course we need men to make books, but the oral teaching of the word of God is our great work. The duty of each of us is to prove himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." We should aim at a thorough acquaintance with the language of the people among whom we dwell. But the great problem before us is this, "How can I, as soon as possible, be able to effectually warn this people to repent of their sins and trust in Christ?" I hold that a man who, for the first few years, devotes himself mainly to the language of the people, will not only be able to engage first in direct missionary efforts, but will be better qualified for learning to write in Chinese. That is to say, at the end of five years, the man who devotes his chief attention to the colloquial for two years, will be a better Chinese scholar than he who devotes his time exclusively to the written style. Besides this, he will be able to understand those around him, and to communicate with them, and he will have a knowledge of the minds and hearts of the people, which nothing but familiar intercourse can give him.

What I have said may be summed up in a few words: What we want is preachers. Preachers must speak the colloquial; this colloquial cannot be acquired in America. Therefore a Chinese professorship will not be an effectual aid to our mission work.

But some one will say: "A man who goes to China with a slight knowledge of the written language will certainly have an advantage over one who knows nothing of it." Undoubtedly he will. But how long will the acquiring of this knowledge keep him from the mission field? If the duties of the Professor of Chinese be merely to give a young man some idea of the nature and construction of the language, in connection with the usual course of studies, it may be a good plan. But if a man stays from China for one or two years under the idea that he is learning the Chinese language in America, it will be a great mistake. If a man wishes to read Chinese literature, or write books in Chinese, let him get a knowledge of the colloquial, and he will make more progress in six months in China, with a Chinese teacher, than in three years in America.

My views of the training of a missionary for China are these: Let a man receive a good general education, a full or partial course of theology, and come to China as soon as possible. Of course some knowledge of the work of the ministry at home is important. This a man might acquire during his theological course. But it is important that a man come here young, that he may learn the language well. He should come early enough to adapt himself to the people, to their manner of thought, and, in some degree, to their manner of life. His object should not be so much to bring America into China as to be a pattern of what a Chinese should be when elevated and purified by Christianity. To accomplish this a man should come before his habits of life are fixed. Hence I think that several



years spent at home would retard a man's usefulness.

These are what *seem to my mind* to be reasons for not establishing a Chinese Professorship. But the plan has not been tried. It may be the means of much good to China. If it creates or keeps up an interest in the welfare of the Chinese, it may be an advisable step. If it will be the means of leading more of our young men to devote their lives to the mission field here, I would rejoice to see it established. As to these points experience alone can decide. I hope that the subject will be received with a careful and prayerful consideration, and that God's glory may be advanced and China's redemption hastened by whatever decision may be made.

R. H. GRAVES.

### CENTRAL AFRICA.

Perhaps nothing connected with the discovery of Central Africa is more astonishing, than the large cities found there. The many ruins of villages and farms, &c., abundantly prove that at one time large towns were at least not so numerous.

From the best information I can gather, I conclude that the wars which overturned this whole kingdom took place about fifty or sixty years ago. At that time the Fullines were making havoc of the nations beyond the Niger, and no doubt thought their final triumph had come. There was then a young chief in Ilorin, a proud aspirant, and no doubt had a thirst for power. He invited the Mussulmen to cross over the Niger and join him, which they gladly did. From the scenes of bloodshed and carnage which followed, there was left a trace behind that will scarcely ever be erased.

About the same time, however, a dispute arose in the market of a town called Apomun, east of Ibadon, about a small quantity of pepper; and from

so small a cause blood was shed, and a civil war began. I have thought the long peace and prosperity which this town had enjoyed, had almost become a burden, and the fury of the people was like water long pent up, and when it broke loose there was no stopping it. Yoruba towns became arrayed against each other, and Yorubans, perhaps for the first time, sold their brethren into perpetual slavery. While such was the case, of course there was no security except in strength, hence the people of the small towns and villages congregated together and fought for their own security. And when they *conquered* a peace, they sat down altogether in order to maintain the peace so dearly bought.

After the wars had ceased, the country was full of freebooters, and honest traders could only go from one town to another in large caravans, prepared to defend themselves.

Some towns were so much embittered against each other, that the people from one dared not pass through the other. Such was partly the case as late as 1855, and not until about the first of 1856 could people from Ijaye pass through Awyaw.

I might with propriety here say that when the people were thus driven to live in large towns, and scarcely any two towns being perfectly friendly with each other, they naturally became alienated from the king as he lost power to protect. The town of the former king was between Ilorin and the Niger, and is completely destroyed. Each chief became an independent ruler, and now, although all recognize a king of Yoruba, his power is limited and I may say nominal. The people think they would be ruined without a king, though all the towns do not pay tribute to him. So we may safely say the country is governed by independent chiefs.

All the towns of much size are surrounded by a mud wall and large ditch

on the outside of the wall. I suppose these walls are as much protection here as stone walls are where the art and material are for battering. In most of the towns the houses are crowded very thickly; making, for the most part, very narrow streets, and they with no regularity, and very filthy in the rainy season.

The houses are built of mud four-square; the whole length of it is from ten to forty or fifty yards. The houses are all joined to the outside wall with the doors opening into the open courtyard. One large gate opens from the streets into the compound, which is the entrance of all the inmates as well as for all who visit them. It is hard to ascertain the number of persons in one of these compounds. I would judge, however, they varied from fifteen to seventy-five or a hundred. There is one head man or governor over all living in each compound, and is called the *barbey*, (bale.)

In the open court-yard the sheep and goats are tied at night, while the poultry are either in pots and shut up, or in baskets and cages, called "blies," and are put in or on the house. The house walls are very low, not more than six or eight feet; the door is about four feet high.

On top of the walls is laid a kind of sealing of palm poles and mats, covered thickly over with mud, which is a capital protection against fire. The roof may burn off, but the mud on top of the sealing protects everything in the house.

The entrance into the town is by large gates, well guarded, and shut and barred at night. Persons who are trading and come in at one gate and pass through, going to another town, must pay tribute when he comes in and when he goes out; or should he return by the same way he came, he must pay tribute both going and coming. And farmers, as they return home at night, must each give the

"*enubodu*" (gate-keeper) an ear of corn, a little bit of wood, or *something*. This tribute goes to the chief of the town. The crowds at the gate sometimes are immense. Traders often come in large caravans, thousands at a time, and sometimes endeavour to pass the gate unobserved. Should they, however, be discovered, they and their loads are treated roughly.

Fear has not entirely subsided among the people, and that together with custom causes the most of them to come home at night. Some, however, remain in the farms for a week or more at a time.

I now close this part of my account, intending to say that which is more directly concerning the people.

In describing the occupations of the people, I will speak more particularly about the farms in a proper place.

While I am writing these sketches, I am continually meeting with incidents of thrilling interest regarding the operations of the Holy Spirit upon the hearts of the people. Nothing can be more interesting than to witness the passage of a heathen soul as it emerges from the darkness of heathenism to the light of the glorious Gospel. To watch it in all its phases, one is filled with interest and amazement.

Many other large cities besides those already occupied by missionaries, are calling for "help," and their gates are standing wide open to receive the man who brings glad tidings of great joy. And many at last will rise up from Yoruba, and call him blessed who came and preached "peace" to the troubled, and pardon to the prisoner.

A. D. PHILLIPS.

Ijaye, March 31st, 1859.

To be continued.

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If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.

## Our Missions.

### SHANGHAI—CHINA.

*Journal of Rev. A. B. Cubaniss—No. 14.*

#### WEAVING SILK VELVET.

SU-CHAU, Nov. 9th, 1857.

In the afternoon we went into several houses where they were weaving silk velvet with a primitive hand-loom, Chinese like. They had the temples under the cloth instead of on the top, as we do. The harness was made of nice silk thread. They slip narrow bamboo splits, with the edges up and down, between the filling, and thus elevate one of the three layers of warp which are used. After they have placed other rows of filling in front, and before the bamboo is pulled out to be placed forward, they cut the layer of warp running over it into with a sharp knife. It thus stands up as tuft, the two layers beneath holding it fast, in connection with the filling. Eight sheets of harness were used in weaving this velvet.

The work was carried on in a very common Chinese house, with a dirt floor. Near by, we saw some very poor women, in a small apartment, embroidering silk fans. While examining these curiosities, a large crowd of Chinese gathered around to examine the *foreign curiosities*, which had unexpectedly come in their midst.

As the Chinese have sheep in abundance, it is strange they have never learned to make woolen cloths in this part of the Empire. I say in this part of the Empire, as there may be places with which I am not acquainted where they do make it.

#### CHINESE SPINNING-WHEEL.

Our worthy Consul at Fu-Chau, last year, said to one of the missionaries there, in depreciation of the Chinese—who happen not to grow cotton just in that region—"Where can you find a spindle in China?"

The missionary afterwards paid a visit to Shanghai, and, as he was walking with me into the city one day, was agreeably surprised to see a cotton wheel, with *three* spindles, and was still more astonished to learn that the Chinese women could, *with the hand*, spin three threads at once, with the same ease that our ancestors formerly spun one on the common hand-wheel. I mention this to show how ignorant persons who live in one part of China may be about matters and things in another part.

#### WINTER CLOTHING.

To supply the deficiency of woollens, the wealthy use furs to line their garments, and buy English and Russian broadcloth, as well as cheaper woollens. The poorer class line their clothes with sheep-skins; and the very poor wad theirs thickly with cotton. Sometimes a child, waddling along with a double suit of these clothes on, appears almost as broad as he is long. In addition to the warmth, one advantage is, a fall never hurts them. I have learned to imitate the Chinese in wadding some of my winter clothes, and find it a very cheap comfort. If farmers would have their servants' winter clothes made of common cotton cloth, but well wadded, they could clothe them much more comfortably than they now do, and with as little, if not less expense.

About Shanghai all the stockings are made out of cotton cloth, wadded. They know nothing about knitting in this section, though the art is practised in Kansuh. A man, last winter, brought down a dozen Yak from that part of the country, for a merchant in Shanghai, and when I expressed my surprise at seeing him, a Chinaman, with knit stockings on, he informed me it was a common practice in Kansuh to knit stockings with the wool from the Yak.

It may surprise some, who are not posted up in Chinese matters, to hear that they have woolly cows in this coun-

try, but such is the fact, as there are several now in Shanghai.\* Their tails are covered with long hair, like a horse's. The cut in Williams' Middle Kingdom, vol. 1st, page 192, gives a very good idea of their appearance.

Returning to our boat, we came down the city-gate on the west, called Tsong-Mung, and stopped for the night amid a dense crowd of boats.

*Tuesday, Nov'r 10th.*—Before breakfast, I took a sachel of books and entered the city gate, just inside of which I found a crowd of leather dealers, with their hides spread out for inspection. The boatman, who carried my sachel, was rather afraid to enter with a foreigner; but seeing I was not disturbed by the guards at the gate, he followed on after me. Passing on through several streets, I soon disposed of all my books. Returning to my boat we then came round to the gate on the north side, where I entered and distributed books, till I got to the large pagoda near the parade-ground, and then returned to the water gate, to ask the guard if my boat could enter, as I wished to take Mrs. Cabaniss in the city and ascend the pagoda. They refused to let my boat go in; but said I could hire one of the little boats near by and go in, if I chose. This I was glad to do, as the little boat could land us near the pagoda, and we could thus avoid the crowd, I trusted; but as Mrs. Cabaniss was the first foreign female they had ever seen in their city, we had a crowd at our heels by the time we reached the pagoda, all wishing to rush in and follow us up to the top. Not fancying such an overwhelming escort on an aerial trip of pleasure, I told the priests they must not let them come in. With the assistance of myself and my boatman they succeeded in closing the door against the crowd.

This is the largest pagoda I ever as-

cended. It is octagon in shape and nine stories high. The basement is filled with large images. In the niches of each successive story there are images of smaller size. There are doors in every story, opening on to narrow verandas, which girdle the edifice. You can thus, even at the very top story, walk all around outside, and have a splendid view of the town and surrounding country, with its numerous canals, the mountains adjacent and several lakes in the distance. After taking a view of the suburbs and then of the city proper, I came to the conclusion that there were about as many inhabitants here in Su-Chau as in Hang-Chau. The Chinese say the same. All the time we were up the pagoda the people continued to crowd into the yard below, and we could see them coming in all directions, attracted by the strangeness of our appearance on the verandas. Men, women and children pressed along the narrow streets, as if they would run over each other, in their anxiety to get near us. When we came down, the crowd was almost too dense to pass through it, and I feared some of the Chinese children would be trampled under foot and seriously injured, the blame of which the parents would be sure to lay to me. Though several persons were knocked down, by the eagerness of those behind them, fortunately no one was seriously injured. Giving the door-keeper two hundred cash for his trouble, we returned to our boat as soon as we could squeeze through the crowd, and had to forego the pleasure of visiting a house near by, to see the process of weaving figured silk, as we knew the crowd would rush in and probably knock the loom over, or do some other damage, their curiosity being so much excited they could not be governed.

To be "the observed of all observers" may, under some circumstances, be both flattering and agreeable, but to foreigners at Su-Chau it is neither the one nor

\* The notes for this number were written out in December, 1858.

the other. I hope I shall never again arouse the curiosity of a city which contains two millions of inhabitants.

*Extract from a Letter of Rev. A. B. Cabaniss.*

#### ENCOURAGEMENT AT THE OUT STATION.

Deacon Wong has just returned from preaching at sister Ling's, in the country, which we now call our Out Station, as we have weekly services there. He had a good congregation, and seems very much encouraged at the prospects. He says many females were present, and the people are beginning to make inquiry into the particulars of Christianity. I look upon this place as a most hopeful field. The house costs us nothing, and the services are kept up at the request of sister Ling, with the consent of her mother-in-law. Deacon Wong thinks, if we can just have faith to labor on there, we shall certainly reap after a while. He says sister Ling is so exemplary in her conduct, and has such a good report of those without, that her influence must be felt in her neighborhood.

We hear that the English Minister for China, Lord Bruce, is now on his way, and will be here in the course of another month, on his way to Peking, where he is to reside.

The English Consul for Niuchwang, in Shinki, is now here awaiting the orders of Lord Bruce.

This Consul tells me he thinks he will go up to his post in about six weeks. If so, the Consul for Tang-Chau, in Shang-tung, will go up at the same time. Missionaries, or anybody else, can then settle there with perfect safety.

You will remember, in a former communication, I mentioned Shang-tung province as a good place to establish a new mission, which, in addition to giving the gospel to the people, would serve as a sanitarium for the mission-

aries down South when in bad health, and thus save a tedious and expensive trip to America.

If the Chinese allow Lord Bruce to quietly take up his abode at Peking, we have nothing to fear for the future in reference to the Mandarins interfering with us in our missionary labors. So long as we simply attend to our calling, they will be certain to let us alone. A Chinese Mandarin is the last man in the world who will run the risk of any difficulty, if he can possibly keep out of it. They have learned, too, from experience, that it is a serious matter to have a difficulty with foreigners; as these difficulties sometimes end in a costly war. Therefore their chief aim now is to "quiet the barbarians." They are becoming more enlightened, too, as to what policy they should adopt in dealing with foreigners.

#### PROSPECTS BRIGHTENING IN JAPAN.

It is truly wonderful to see what rapid strides they are making in foreign knowledge in Japan also. They have employed foreign teachers in almost every department of science, and seem determined to let us excel them in nothing. With this I send you a copy of the North China Herald, containing a list of instructors they now have employed at Nagasaki. If they continue to advance at this rate, their dread of Christianity will soon vanish, and we shall be enabled to introduce the gospel, even among this Cross-trampling people.

God seems to be removing the physical difficulties out of our way in the East beyond our most sanguine expectations. But let us not be deceived, the tug of war has not yet come! the great battle has still to be fought! not with carnal, but spiritual weapons. The chief seat of the devil's empire is in the East, and he will not give it up without a struggle, especially when his forces are numbered by myriads.

INCIDENTAL BENEFIT OF MISSIONARY  
LABOR.

Speaking of Japan reminds me of a fact in connection with that people and the work of missionaries, which has recently been brought to light. Some fifteen or twenty years ago the Rev. Dr. Bridgeman, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, published at Canton a history of the United States in Chinese, hoping it would enlighten and liberalize the views of this people with regard to us. When some of Commodore Perry's squadron returned from Japan to Shanghai, a few years ago, all the officers spoke with admiration and surprise of the correct and intimate knowledge the Japanese had of the United States; saying at the same time, they supposed the Japanese must have obtained their knowledge from the Dutch resident at Nagasaki.

Dr. Macgowan, a Medical Missionary of the Northern Baptist Board in America, has just returned from a visit to Nagasaki, where he staid nearly two months. As the intelligent Japanese all read Chinese, and many of their books are written in this language, the Dr. found it easy to communicate with them. But imagine his agreeable surprise, in looking through their book-stores, to find Dr. Bridgeman's History of the United States had been re-published in Japan years ago, and also to learn that it had produced a very favorable impression on the minds of the Japanese towards us. But this was not all the Doctor met with. A few years ago he published a little work in Chinese, at Ningpo, on "The Law of Storms;" also an account of the Electric Telegraph. Both these works he found had been re-published in Japan; and also nearly every other work of a scientific or general character, which the Missionaries have published in China. All who visit Japan now, say the people, especially the officials, are

rabid for foreign knowledge, and "bore you to death" with questions.

Fraternally yours,

A. B. CABANISS.

*Extract from a Letter of Rev. J. L. Holmes.*

SHANGHAI, April 11th, 1859.

Dear Bro. Poindexter:

By last mail I was only able to tell you why I could not write to you at length. This time I will try to do a little better.

As we are yet unable to communicate with the people, we have little to say with regard to the work at Shanghai. We have, however, occasion to observe many things which would perhaps be interesting to your readers as they are to us. We have been, as I mentioned in my last, applying ourselves exclusively to the Mandarin dialect. In addition to our regular hours with the teachers, we endeavor to avail ourselves of such opportunities as we meet with to put in practice what we have learned. When we first went to housekeeping, we were very anxious to secure servants who spoke Mandarin. I accordingly went on board some of the Shantung punks, which are lying in the harbor, to make inquiries. I did not succeed there in obtaining what we wanted, a cook, but it was the means of making some acquaintances, of which I shall make mention in the course of my letter, and of making known the fact that I wanted a Mandarin servant. A few days afterwards, as I was walking with Bro. Cabaniss and Bro. Hartwell, (who had just arrived,) we were accosted by a little fellow about fourteen years old, who said that he had heard I wanted a Shantung man to cook my rice, and assured us that if such was the case *he was the man*. "But can you really speak Mandarin?" was the next question. In reply to this he went to work with such volubility to demonstrate the fact, *viva voce*, that he

soon seemed almost out of breath. I told him to come to my house next day and I would give him an answer. He came promptly at the appointed hour, and we concluded to take him. He had been born, we learned, on one of the imperial rice junks, and his occupation at present was to sell watermelon seeds—a favorite delicacy with the Chinese. They are generally peddled about by little boys, as oranges and apples are in the United States. His sorry appearance indicated that his business was not very profitable. We gave him over into the hands of one of the Chinese brethren, who took him and had him take a bath and then shed his old garments and dress out anew, and presented us in the course of the evening with a very tidy looking boy. The next difficulty was to prevent his relaxing into his old habits. We accordingly told him he must keep very clean and tidy, as this was a point upon which we foreigners laid great stress. Evidently to assure us that he was already a person of cleanly habits, he informed us that it was his custom to bathe every *birth-day*! We found no difficulty, however, in getting him to conform to our wishes in this respect as soon as he was informed of them; and we have rarely had to teach him the same thing twice, and though he has been with us but a short time, we find him a very good servant. Some of his first attempts, however, would no doubt amuse some of our good sisters who pride themselves upon their house-keeping, *e. g.*, the first time he brought in toast for tea he brought it piled up in his hands instead of on a plate—being told to hand Mrs. H. a potato, he seized one in his hand and was in the act of thus presenting it to her, when he was informed of the proper manner.

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Every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.

*Letter from Rev. J. B. Hartwell.*

BARK HOUQUA, INDIAN OCEAN, }  
Feb. 10th, 1859. }  
Lat. 10° 55' S., Long. 117° 56' E.

*Dear Brother Taylor :*

THOUGHTS IN VIEW OF THE WORK.

Doubtless many friends have been as much disappointed in not hearing from us as we have been in not having had any opportunity of sending letters home since we left New York. The day that we sailed was so very unpleasant that friends who had been at the ship twice to see us off, thinking (we suppose) that as the vessel had delayed several days on account of the bad weather, she would hardly get off that wet *Friday*, did not come down. I was so busy, that for the time I did not *realize* that we were bidding a final adieu to our native land. Those whom our hearts loved most had been left weeks before, so that the hour of sailing was not the hour of painful separation. When, having cleared the land, we committed ourselves anew to the Lord, we experienced a sweet satisfaction in the belief, that though we had chosen a path in life along which *might* be more thorns than along some others, we had chosen one well pleasing unto God, our Saviour. Frequently, when thinking upon the subject of devotion to this work, as I looked upon young men, my former associates and friends, laying out for themselves plans for happiness in life at home among friends, and as I saw the promise of *honor* and even of usefulness which was held out to them as the reward of diligence and perseverance unbidden, the question has arisen, “why may not I too join in the struggle? Why may not I too wrestle for worldly honor and emolument? Why may not I too remain to comfort the declining years of my aged parents? Could not I too be a Christian at home and give liberally of such substance as the Lord should

honor me with for the advancement of His cause in the world? Have not I the *right* to stay?" My answer, after reflection, has been, "No! God is sovereign—he is under no obligations to give us anything, but of his own goodness he bestows this favor upon one man and that upon another; to one he gives the honors of this world, while perhaps he does not effectually draw him to the Saviour; to another he gives riches, and at the same time fills his soul with love for God and his fellow-men; to another he gives the privilege of attending the footsteps of aged parents till, worn out with old age, they sink into the grave; to another he gives the companionship of brothers and sisters while he deprives him even in early life of a father's counsel and a mother's watchful care. To this one he gives strong muscle and a vigorous frame, to that one weakness and decrepitude; to this one contentment and plenty, to that one poverty and consuming care. Now, can the poor man complain against God because he has not such blessings as his favored brother? (for all these except the first may be alike Christians.) Could he be said to be making *great sacrifice* for God because he did not lay unlawful hands upon that which God had not given him? No more can I be said to be making a great sacrifice in leaving the pleasures which are no longer intended for me by Him who is the disposer of all things. He has appointed one lot for my former companions and another for me. He has given them some good things, and has given me others. He has continued my parents in life for some wise and merciful purpose, but not to be longer enjoyed in person by *me*; he has given me a brother and several sisters, but as far as I can now see, he has not intended them to be my companions in life. He has given me, as I trust, his Holy Spirit and very many of the comforts of life. But he withholds from me

worldly honor and blessings of life in a Christian land, he refuses me the pleasure of preaching any longer to my kindred in the flesh; but he gives me the unspeakable honor of offering salvation through a crucified Saviour to a heathen people. Now, for me to have remained at home to enjoy anything of which I shall be deprived in China, would have been, according to my view, very much like robbery. It would have been trying to seize enjoyments of which I had no right. So that while I suffered keenly the pang of separation from home-scenes, I cannot say strictly that it was a *sacrifice*. I had no right to anything, but what God gave me, and he intimated to me, as you and I believe, that he had no home for me America. I have, and I expect to have as long as I live, all that my Heavenly Father sees *fit* that I *should* have. I rejoice, and trust I shall always be thankful that God has cast my lot just where he has. I think I shall love to live and die in China as a messenger of peace. This principle (which I consider as very different from a stoical submission to fate) does much to make me contented and happy. But enough of this, of my own *feelings* on leaving home.

#### THE VOYAGE.

Thus far our voyage has not, I suppose, been different in many respects from most voyages to China. At first we had wretched weather and were dreadfully sea-sick. After the first week or two I got well and have done finely ever since. My wife, however, has suffered a great deal, though she is now, and has been for some time, quite well. Sea-sickness, fortunately, is more disagreeable than dangerous.

We have several Chinamen on board with us, none of whom speak the Shanghai dialect. One of them, Bedell Le Yun, is an Episcopalian—has been several years in the U. S., and is now going out, expecting in due time



to be ordained and to join the Episcopal Mission at Shanghai. He is, I think, a man of excellent spirit; and, I trust, will be the means of great good to his deluded countrymen. He speaks the Mandarin or Court dialect as well as the Canton. My wife and myself have been trying to get some idea of the language under his direction. We use the New Testament as our text book, trying to fix the forms, names and significations of the strange characters which constitute the language, in our minds. Besides this, in order to get some knowledge of the spoken language, we have sometimes used a *French Ollendorf*, which Le Yun happened to have. He fills out the vocabularies with Chinese instead of French, and then we translate the exercises. Both of us like the study. Eliza thinks we have learned pretty well, but I am a little harder to satisfy. In the forenoon we study and recite Chinese, in the afternoon read, write, or whatever else each of us may choose, and at night, if the weather be pleasant, often sit on deck and talk or sing, or listen to the conversation of others. We find it specially pleasant to talk with Soli, one of the Chinamen, who is also an Episcopalian. We think him a sincere, humble Christian, and love to have him tell us of the progress of the work of grace in his soul, what were his ideas when he first heard the gospel, and how he was gradually led into a belief of the doctrines of the Cross. Both he and Le Yun speak of it as something *strange, wonderful*, that in America, where men have the Bible from childhood, and all the influences of Sabbath School and ministerial instruction, there should be *any* who reject the true religion, and disbelieve God's revelation. Time has not hung heavily upon my hands. I have always been able to find something to do. Of course we relieve the monotony in every way that we can conveniently. Several times we have managed to get

birds of different kinds on deck, have caught and examined different kinds of insects that inhabit the sea, watched the spouting of whales and the movements of other fish, &c., &c. Every Sabbath when the weather will permit, we have religious service in the cabin, and after service distribute tracts among those who attend.

We find Capt. Cartwright one of the kindest of men. He has seemed to sympathize with us very much when we have been sick, and has done everything in his power to relieve us and make our time pass off pleasantly. He has been upon the sea 21 years, and has of course visited a great many foreign ports, and has collected a great deal of interesting information, with which he very kindly furnishes us.

If I were gifted with the power of description I would like to picture to you some of our stormy looking seas as well as some of the lovely sunsets we have in the Southern summer.

In my pocket memorandum I find one entry as follows; "Often do we see spread out upon the heavens above us, or on the earth around us, tokens of the majesty of God; but seldom is it the lot of man to behold a more marked symbol of the Divine glory than we looked upon this afternoon. A short time before setting the sun hid his face behind a small though *heavy* cloud. The light streaming abundantly around the cloud, and thence to the rest of the heavens gave the scene in the west an appearance inexpressibly grand. To speak of the edge of the cloud as golden would be to use faint, inadequate language. They were as gold seven times purified and burnished to splendor, exposed to the meridian sun. That cloud came nearer my idea of the appearance of the Shekina which hovered over the mercy seat of the ark of the Lord than anything that painter could depict on canvass. It seems to me that the manifestation of Jehovah was something like this when he permitted Moses to

look upon his hinder parts while his face was turned from him."

#### MAN OVERBOARD.

You will be sorry to learn that we have had the misfortune to lose one of the sailors overboard. It was the night before Christmas. We had just retired when, at about 11 o'clock, the cry was heard, "man overboard." We all hurried to the deck, but alas, we were too late to do anything for the relief of the poor drowning man. He had fallen from the flying gib-boom, and so dark was the night and so rapidly were we sailing at the time, that before it was known over the ship that he had fallen, he was astern. This sudden, *sad* visitation of Providence, cast a gloom over our hearts from which it was long ere we recovered. Even yet its memory causes a shudder to pass over us.

HONG KONG HARBOR, MARCH 14TH, 1859.

After 128 days of sea-life, we cast anchor here about 12 o'clock last night, all well and happy. The Captain has been ashore and learned that the mail closes to-day; so that I have hastily to close each of my letters as will bear it and hold on to the others till the next mail. We feel that we have abundant reason to be thankful that God has brought us safely through so many dangers, and has set before us so fair a prospect of entering soon upon the work for which we have long yearned. I believe our present safety is in answer to the fervent prayers of many Christian friends who promised us before we left that we should be remembered at a throne of Grace. Will they not pray that now, when we have reached the land of darkness, we may be filled with the Spirit of our Master and clothed with power in the dispensing of the word?

There is a sailing vessel in port which will, probably, be ready to start to Shanghai very soon; though as sailing up the coast is now *very* bad, and the

steamer is to leave in about a week, it is likely we will take passage in her in preference.

Hong Kong has, from the ship, a most romantic, beautiful appearance. The whole bay is surrounded by mountains—at the foot of one of the tallest of which the city lies. I say at the foot—perhaps I had better say upon the *side* of the mountain.

The number of letters I have to close and the shortness of my time compels me now to say no more to you. Our affectionate regards to Brothers Poin-dexter and Thomas, and to their families as well as our other friends in Richmond.

Very affectionately your brother.

J. B. HARTWELL.

#### CANTON--CHINA.

*Journal of a Trip to Ts'ang Shing District, by Rev. R. H. Graves.*

March 29th.—This morning went on board the passage-boat for *Sin Tsun*, a large town about forty miles from Canton in a direct line. By water the distance is much greater. We had only ten or twelve passengers. One of them, a man of about sixty, was full of talk and fun, and seemed to be quite an original character. He kept the rest in laughter by his jokes and stories. He said that the town to which we were going was called *Sin Tsun*, i. e., Fairy Village, because an old man of ninety odd years who lived there became a fairy, or *genius*. The Chinese idea of *genii* is, that an old man gradually grows thinner and thinner until he vanishes into thin air, and becomes a *genius*. Hence in their pictures and images the *genii* are represented as men who are nothing but skin and bones. There are eight principal *genii*; these have many worshippers. Ex-Governor Yah was noted for his devotion to *genii* worship. He consulted them as to the English being able to take the city, and was

told that he need not fear such a catastrophe. But this is wandering from the account of my trip.

#### NOVEL IDEA OF BAPTISM.

On board the boat I heard rather a novel idea of baptism. I was speaking of Dr. Kerr's hospital, when a man inquired what disease that was which foreign doctors cured by immersing a man in the water. A friend of his had seen brother Roberts baptize a candidate in the river lately, and mistook it for a cold water cure. When speaking of sin and atonement, I was listened to with attention by both passengers and sailors.

We had very little wind, and often made our way along by poling. At about four P. M., we saw two boats that the captain said were piratical. The larger was paddled by fifteen or twenty men. They did not meddle with us, as there were several passage-boats in company; but they probably levy black mail on any little boat that is unfortunate enough to get into their clutches.

At nine P. M., we reached our destination. As it was so late we slept on board the boat.

#### A PROVIDENTIAL OPENING.

*March 30th.*—Here let me say, that in undertaking this visit, I had what I thought a Providential opening. A native friend hearing that I wished to visit this part of the country, offered to give me letters of introduction to some friends of his. When I sent for the letters I learned that one of his friends from the country was stopping with him. They came to see me, and dined with me. The man from the country offered me a home at his house, and promised to send a man to the boat to meet us. This morning, not seeing any one, we went on shore to speak and distribute books. While visiting the shops with tracts we met the man who had been sent to conduct us to our

friend's house. So about sunrise we set out for a walk of thirteen miles. We passed through a fine country. The hills were terraced, some half-way up, and some to the top. On many of them were the beautiful *lai-chi* (*Dimocarpus leche*) with its dark, glossy green foliage. Some of the fields on the hill-sides were planted with sugar cane, which has lately been set out; others with sweet potatoes, ground-nuts, or wheat. The low lands are flooded for rice. On the banks of the road were numerous *Tsun Fa*, or "Spring Flowers," a very pretty cluster of pinkish white blossoms. There were also wild roses, which were very fragrant. Wild raspberries were also often seen, and are now in bloom. As it grew towards noon, we saw the labourers returning from the fields to their noon-day meal; some driving their buffaloes, some carrying their plows and harrows, and others with big, cumbering wheelbarrows, with solid wooden wheels, and handles four feet apart at their extremities. We saw many bamboo water-wheels for the first time. These are ingenious contrivances, and raise the water eight or ten feet. You see pictures of them in some of the books on China.

About noon we reached the dwelling of our hospitable friend. As we had not yet eaten breakfast, he immediately prepared us some rice. On the wall of his house were two bee-hives, made of bamboo and clay; these are the first that I have seen in China. The honey was very good.

On our way from *Sin Tsun* we distributed some books and talked to the people, but did not pass through any large towns. We went through some villages and saw others at a distance, as *Kwok Tsun*, *Si Tsun*, *Fang Tsun*, &c., or, as we would say in English, *Kwokville*, *Fangville*, &c. The Chinese in their country villages are settled in clans, and all the inhabitants of a village have the same sur-name. Some

of the villages have a name beside that of the clan who reside there.

We met some men from *Tsung Fu*, an adjoining district, who were going from Sin Tsun with salt, and sent a copy of Matthew and some tracts by them to their native town, with the word that we would try to visit them in the future, and tell them more of the doctrine of Jesus. I also tried to explain the way of salvation to them. This I try to do. When I have a man from a distance going the same road, I try to give him a definite idea of salvation through Christ, and send some books by him with the word that we may come hereafter to tell them more of the doctrine.

#### PREACHING AND DISTRIBUTING BOOKS.

After we had rested awhile at the house of our host, we went out to preach and distribute books in some of the neighbouring villages. At a market town called *Chau Sung Hu*, I spoke to a very attentive congregation. A man afterwards invited us to his shop to drink tea. Here we had an opportunity of conversing on the subject of salvation. I also spoke in a temple and a wayside altar in another village.

We then visited *Tui Po Hu*. This is another market town. As this was the market day there were many people there from the surrounding country. Here I spoke for some time, and distributed some books; but the crowd was so great that I had great difficulty in doing so, and was obliged at last to desist. We returned to the house about sunset. After eating rice, the evening was spent in intercourse with the villagers, answering their inquiries, and trying to impress the truths of God's word on their minds. After prayer with the people, they dispersed and we retired for the night.

*March 31st.*—Started this morning at eight o'clock for *Fuk Woo*, (Happy Peace,) a market town seven or eight miles distant. I hired a man to guide

us and carry the books, and it is well that I did, for there were so many cross roads that we would have lost much time in finding the right road.

On passing *Tui Po Hu*, many people who failed to get books yesterday came running to ask for them. We left a few with them and went on our road.

#### TO KEEP A HILL FROM GROWING.

We soon drew near some hills called *Tui Sing*, or the Great Ridge. Observing that the highest was surrounded by an embankment encircling the top, I inquired if it was intended for a fort. Our guide said, "No; the hill is high enough already and so they have girdled it to keep it from growing!" This certainly was a use of the trench that had never entered into my mind. This hill was thickly wooded part of the way up. At its foot lay a large Hakka village, called *Tui Ling Ha*, (Great Ridge Base.) Here we stopped and spoke, but the people were not very attentive. One old man, the village school-master, pressed us to come to his house and have a cup of tea, and interrupted us several times with his invitations. After we had finished and had given away a few books, we accompanied him. We sat awhile there, but the school-room was soon so crowded that we were glad to leave.

We next reached a large village named *Shan Mi*. Its inhabitants surnamed *Ch'an*, were of the same clan as our host, *Ch'an Kam Un*. A shop-keeper asked us to come in and drink tea. A large crowd soon collected around the door. I addressed them and distributed some tracts and Gospels. They were quite attentive and well-behaved. On our way back in the afternoon, this shop-keeper wanted us to stop with him all night, but our blankets were at *Chan Sung*. I should like to have an opportunity of speaking oftener to the people of this town.

After leaving *Shan Mi*, we saw several villages, but as the road did not

pass through them we did not visit them. While resting under a tree by the road side, a man came up who had heard me speak at the "*Shing Wong Mui*," in Canton. He often visited Canton with partridges,—which are found in numbers here.

#### PICTURESQUE SCENERY.

We now crossed the ridge. On reaching the top a fine prospect lay before us. The Chinese do not live scattered about on their little farms, but in villages, around which lay their fields. At the back of each village is always seen a little wood. To cut a tree or bush from this is forbidden, and would arouse the whole village. These trees keep the houses cool, and make the villages very picturesque. The low cottages appear at a distance hidden among the banyans, camphor, pine, and other trees. Often a hamlet has its *Man Fass*, or Library Pagoda. This is a monument raised to some deceased scholar, who has distinguished himself by his merits. These towers with their pointed spires rising among the trees, very much resemble a rustic church in an English village. I know nothing more picturesque than a plain dotted with Chinese villages. But these villages, like many other things in the world, do not improve upon closer acquaintance.

After crossing the ridge, we soon reached the town of *Fuk Wo*. This is a market town in the centre of a fine district in which are many flourishing villages. I first spoke at a shop door to an attentive audience, but finding that the narrow street was blocked up by those anxious to hear or to get a sight of a foreigner, we adjourned to a temple. From the temple porch I spoke for some time, and distributed a few books, but found the people so eager each to get the first book, that I was obliged to stop. I wished very much to visit the shops and leave a book in each, but the crowd was too

great. A second attempt to distribute tracts was also unsuccessful.

An old man wanted us to come to his village which was not very far off. We accompanied him, glad to get rid of the crowd of the town. This village was called *Lin Mi*; its inhabitants sur-named *Wong*. It was the finest village that we saw, and contained many public buildings. We were told that many of the villagers had obtained literary degrees at the national examinations. The place wore the aspect of wealth and respectability. The houses were better and the people better dressed and more polite in their behaviour than in any other place we visited. I spoke for some time in a temple porch to a large and well-behaved audience; a large part of them were women. After the address we gave away a number of tracts and Scriptures. I left one copy of the whole New Testament with a man who was pointed out as a literary graduate.

We now turned our faces homeward, passing over the same road that we did in the morning. In this plain the cane was very fine, and we regaled ourselves on a stalk fresh from the ground. I know nothing more refreshing to one hot and tired than a juicy cane.

#### DESIRE FOR BOOKS.

On our way home we were everywhere applied to for books. As we passed along the road, we saw men leaving their work, and boys running from the village on all sides, all eager for a book. As a general rule I do not give them to those who I suppose cannot understand them, but I thought it well to send some to the villages, which we could not visit, by boys, knowing that they would reach those who could read.

A Hakka village requested me to interfere in a lawsuit which they had with another village, offering two or three hundred dollars as a fee. But our guide, through whom the applica-

tion was made, told them that my business was simply to preach the Gospel, and that I would not interfere. I told him that was just the answer he should give.

These country villages have constant bickerings and quarrels. The weaker are often a prey to the avarice and tyranny of the stronger. Though I can always sympathize with the oppressed, my duty is, like my Master, not to interfere with the duties of a ruler. Besides, there is no knowing the right or wrong of feuds that have been carried on for years, for there is almost always much wrong on both sides, whichever was originally in the right.

At sunset we reached the house of our host. After we had eaten rice, as on the previous evening, the people of the village came in. The children seemed never to be tired gazing at the strange visitor, and the men had many questions to ask. I related the parable of the Prodigal Son, and tried to impress the valuable lessons it teaches on the minds of the people. They seemed to be much interested. After prayer with them, we lay down for the night.

*April 1st.*—This morning we rose at daybreak, and intended to leave then, but our kind-hearted host was cooking rice for us, and insisted on our eating breakfast before we left. So we waited awhile,—and it was perhaps well that we took a good meal before starting, as we got nothing but cakes and tea and sugar cane on the road.

The sun was just above the eastern horizon when we started for Canton, a distance of twenty-eight miles. It was a beautiful morning; the rich sunlight on the trees, the pure white buds of the wild rose set among the glossy leaves pearled with dew, and the fresh morning air, brought back sunny memories of other days to one accustomed to be shut up in city walls.

We went up a beautiful valley. On

our left hand were mountains rising quite high; on the right was the cultivated land, while beyond rose another range of hills. This valley was principally inhabited by the industrious Hakkas. As we came to their little villages, we left some tracts and two or three copies of one of the Gospels. I hope that these portions of God's holy word will diffuse some light among the mountain hamlets never before, I suppose, visited by a foreigner.

After climbing some steep hills at about nine o'clock, we reached the top of the *Fong Mi Lung* ridge. This high ridge forms the boundary line between *Ts'ang Shing* district, which we had been visiting, and *P'un-ü*, in which the eastern part of Canton city is situated. We rested awhile at a road-side tea-shop, and had some tea and cakes.

The road was now through a rough country, with few people. There were many wild roses by the way-side. We also saw a very fragrant yellow blossom, which I think is a species of *Laburnum*. There were many nests of the black ant on the bushes. They look very much like hornets' nests, but are built around the principal stalk of a bush, and not suspended. We saw some firs, and some chinquepin trees about thirty feet high.

At noon we reached *Wong Pi*, a market town, distant fifteen miles from Canton. Here I spoke to quite a good congregation. After we had distributed books, a Doctor, sur-named *Shek*, or, as we would say in English, Doctor Stone, asked us to have a cup of tea with him, and appeared very friendly. On going to his house we found that he had a copy of our Almanac which a friend had brought him from Canton. He was very kind, and begged us to stay all night with him. It would perhaps have afforded an opportunity of teaching the people more of the Gospel, but I wished to push on and reach Canton by night. So, after resting awhile we left. We had not gone very

far, when we met a man who was returning to his home at *Wong Pi*. When he learned what our object was, he was quite pressing in his invitations for us to return and stop all night with him. These invitations seem to be a Providential call for us to go to *Wong Pi*, which I hope to obey in the future. A walk of four or five miles brought us to *Lung N'gan Tung*, a large market town, which I visited several months ago. As we had no books and were anxious to press on to Canton, we did not visit this town. The road between here and Canton we had passed over before; we therefore felt that we were nearly home. Just as the sun was setting we reached home. Both were pretty well tired, but a sound night's rest put us all right.

#### THE COUNTRY OPEN.

This trip proves that the country, at least some part of it, is open to the Gospel. We were everywhere well received; our message was generally listened to with attention, and our books sought after with eagerness. O that the Holy Spirit may apply the word spoken to the hearts of those who have heard it.

The hot weather which is now coming on may render such long walks imprudent, if not impossible,—but if God spares my health, I hope to make some excursions by boat. I regard my chapel as my centre of operations, but think that such efforts to spread abroad the Gospel are demanded. I hope to be able to make something like a systematic visitation of the country towns—say, once in two months. Thus the seed sown may be watered, and it may please God to give an abundant increase.

*Letter from Rev. C. W. Gaillard.*

CANTON, April 25th, 1859.

Dear Brother Taylor:

From our last letters to the Board, you will learn that the Lord is begin-

ning to bless us, and has made our hearts to rejoice greatly; and as we hope, He has given us only a foretaste of greater blessings in store for us.

#### BAPTISMS.

March 27th I baptized two, one of them a man and the other a boy about 16. April 3rd brother Graves also baptized two men in the city near his chapel. Brother I. J. Roberts has baptized four this year, and among them was a *household* baptism, and the first woman that has ever been baptized in Canton. Sunday the 17th of this month, I baptized a pedo. He is 49 years of age, and has been a pedo for 12 or 13 years. He was present when brother Roberts baptized the first convert; and he said that he felt that it was according to Scripture; he saw the man come up out of the water, and he read in Matthew that Christ came up out of the water; and he quoted nearly all of the passages in the Scripture relating to baptism, saying that sprinkling does not agree with the sense of these passages. He came before the church on the 16th inst., gave his reasons for wishing to be baptized, and being questioned as to his Christian experience, was received into the church by baptism on the 17th. My cook applied for baptism at the same time, but was not received, though I hope he will be before long. His experience was not satisfactory to some of those present; but I have known him for some time, and have conversed with him several times privately, and have strong reasons to believe that he is a convert. His wife came to my enquiry meeting last Sunday for the first time, and I was rather surprised to see her there, for she has been in our house ever since I came to China and has never attended prayers till two or three months since.

When I first began to have worship in Chinese, I told those about my house that I did it for their good, and would like to see them all present; but left it

to their own choice. Most of them attended regularly. Since writing the above brother I. J. Roberts has baptized another man. I had several conversations with him previous to his baptism. In one of these conversations he said that some ten or twelve years since he heard preaching several times at our old Lun Keng Ky chapel, and what he heard there induced him to quit worshipping idols, and he has not worshiped them since. But still he did not know how to worship God till the latter part of last year. He lived with a Mr. Tsung, who has also been baptized this year. He says that this man, Tsung, taught him how to worship God.

One of the other men baptized by brother Roberts made a similar statement. He said that several years since he obtained a tract, which taught him that it was wrong to worship idols, and he quit it. But he did not know how to worship God till the first of this year, he met with a man who knew brother Roberts, and who also was an inquirer. This man directed the other to go and see brother Roberts. He went forthwith, and about his first question was, "How can my soul be saved?" I believe there are many others who have ceased to worship idols; but do not know how to worship God. It is comparatively easy to show a Chinaman the uselessness of worshipping wood, stone, paper, etc., but it is a very difficult thing to explain to them how to worship one living, True God.

#### INQUIRERS.

We are frequently asked "how to worship the True God?" and in many cases I hope they get some idea of it. They understand the words we use; but at the same time seem to have no definite idea of the spiritual meaning we wish to convey.

I now have three "knocking at the door of the church;" they are all females, two of them are the wives of the men I baptized some time since, and

the other is a widow. They have all been attending my inquiry meeting for some time, and I hope that two of them are near the kingdom. The third I have not much acquaintance with, and am not prepared to give an opinion.

#### EXCURSIONS.

We have lately made three short excursions to the country. The first was to the North-west, about 18 or 20 miles—gone three days. The second was to the West, 18 miles—gone three days. Third was to the South, about 35 miles—gone four days. During these three trips we distributed about five thousand books and preached about forty times, to congregations varying from thirty to seven or eight hundred.

We generally go to an open space in front of a temple, or under a large tree, where we are sure to find an altar three or four feet high, which serves for a pulpit. When we first make our appearance, the women run to their houses and shut the doors, and the men come to meet us. As soon as we begin to preach, the women, seeing there is no danger, come to the outskirts to listen, and by the time we get done preaching they are quite tame, so that we can also have a talk with them. The number of women vary from 20 to 50. We were well received wherever we went. We go in a boat that is large enough for us to sleep in at night; and there being so many rivers and canals, that we can go to any town, from the East to the North-west, by water. The country is wide open, and the facilities for going are abundant.

#### BUT WHO IS TO GO?

Now, Brother Taylor, it seems to me that it is high time that some of our good brethren in America should begin to think about coming to Canton. It is true, that in former days the Canton Mission was not very inviting. But few were gathered into the fold at Canton city, and the country was, to a great extent, closed against missionary



effort. But those days of exclusion are passed, and I trust gone forever; and now a wide, wide field has been opened up to us, and many people pay good attention to our message; a few have recently come out from the world and declared themselves on the Lord's side; so that our brethren in America can no longer say that China is closed, or none believe our report. Eleven have put on Christ by baptism this year; several others have asked baptism at our hands, and a few others seem to be seeking after the Lord.

I have several times asked for *ten single men* for Canton. But if "ten righteous" cannot be found, peradventure there may be five righteous found. I greatly desire to see a reinforcement of *single men* at this mission.

I do not think it necessary that a man, in order to be a missionary, should first rub his coat against a college wall. There are now in Canton two missionaries, who have not "been through college." But I think they are more like the missionaries that we "*read about in books*," than most of those who have "*been through college*." For the translation of the Scriptures we need educated men. But the Scriptures are already translated. I think that we now need men of good sense, deep piety, ardent love, and steady zeal,—men who have *seen the sun in America*, and would not be obliged "to open an umbrella in order to walk across the yard in a *cloudy day*"—men who have seen some hardship at home, and will consequently be better prepared to endure it here—men who will go to work under the influence of such a degree of piety, love and zeal, that some of the wise of this world will conclude that "*Nothing but insanity, or hypocrisy*," can induce men to act thus! If you know of any such men send them to Canton, and we will give them a hearty welcome, and promise them work enough to fill both heart and hands; and as it regards temporal comforts, we can, judging

from the past, promise them as many as they have been used to in America, and to some, we might say, a few more.

I see from some paper that eight Associations in Georgia have proposed, each, to sustain a missionary in Africa. This, truly, is good news, and I think it is *the way* that missionaries should be sent and sustained, and no doubt will be when the churches awake to their duty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Commission.

RICHMOND, AUGUST, 1859.

### AN APOLOGY.

We have been absent nearly all the time since placing the matter for the August number of the Journal in the hands of the printer, on the business of the Board. We leave again to-morrow morning and cannot be in the office again for several weeks. Brother Taylor also has been and will be away the greater part of the time. This is the season for Associations and we are under the necessity of attending them. We trust our readers will receive this as a sufficient apology for the want of Editorial in this number, and that correspondents will also for any delay in replying to communications. P.

### THE ORIGINAL ARTICLES

In this number are very interesting. We trust they will all be read. We have not time to speak particularly of their merits. P.

### THE COMMUNICATIONS,

From our Missionaries, of which we give a large number, contain many very interesting facts. See, especially, the Journal of brother Graves, the letter of brother Gaillard, and that of brother Reid. P.

## RETURN OF BROTHER AND SISTER PRIEST.

Our readers will regret to learn that brother Priest and family have been induced, by sickness of Mrs. P. and their little Robert, to return. We had received information of his having decided to come only a short time before the letter came to hand from which we extract the following:

*New York, August 4th, 1859.*

Rev. A. M. POINDEXTER.

*My Dear Brother,*—I arrived here with my family yesterday morning. Mrs. P. is very sick now, but we trust she will soon be able to go South. Our little Robert is improving, but he has lost the use of his legs. May the Lord be merciful to our little boy! The babe and myself are well.

I have but a few spare moments, and shall excuse myself by thinking we shall be in Richmond soon.

I am as ever, yours,

R. W. PRIEST.

We have advised brother Priest, as both the Secretaries, and several members of the Board will be absent, to take passage on a steamer from New York to Montgomery, Alabama, thinking the trip will be more pleasant by that route, than by Railroad. We regret much not seeing him. He will, however, we trust, after he has rested somewhat, be able to visit us in Richmond.

It is a sad thing that our missionaries in Central Africa are so much afflicted. But we still trust that God will prosper the mission. Read the letter of brother Philips in this number. Pray for our missionaries—and pray for our brother Priest and family, especially in their affliction. May the Lord protect and comfort them. P.

## DAN RIVER ASSOCIATION.

We attended the meeting of this body which convened on the — of July, at Hunting Creek, Halifax County, Va. This is a small body of only fifteen churches. It is a liberal body. We were sorry to see that for some objects

the amount sent up by the churches was less than last year. For Foreign Missions, owing to a visit from brother Crawford to a part of the churches, it was large. The session was pleasant and we trust profitable. P.

## MIDDLE DISTRICT ASSOCIATION.

This body met at Sandy Creek, in Amelia County, Virginia, on Tuesday, the 2nd of August. We were with them on Wednesday and Thursday. The attendance was large, and the session, to the time of our leaving, interesting.—We secured some two hundred dollars or more for Foreign Missions and brother Sumner, as we were told, a larger amount for Domestic and Indian Missions. What was done for other objects we did not learn.

This Association, in addition to what it is doing for others, has for several years sustained a Missionary and colporters within its own limits. May the spirit of Christian love and holy enterprise abound more and more among them. P.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*The American Baptist Almanac.* American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

Our thanks are due for this valuable Annual. We have not had time to examine it, but upon the character of previous issues, commend it to all who wish the most complete and reliable statistics of the denomination. It is a neat pamphlet of 48 pages.

We have also to thank the society for their catalogue. We were not aware of the number and value of their publications, until we had glanced over it. We knew they had done much for our literature, but they have accomplished more than we were aware of. Success to all well directed efforts for the dissemination of a correct religious literature.

These and other valuable books to be had of T. J. Starke, Richmond. P.

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