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OR

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THERE IS A PROVIDENCE IN CHRISTIAN MISSIONS WHICH WARRANTS ULTIMATE SUCCESS.

One might suppose from the enthusiasm that sometimes glows in our Missionary Meetings, and from the unanimity and spirit with which the most exultant resolutions are passed, that the churches were approximating their millennial state. But there is reason to doubt after all, whether the missionary enterprise stands out before the great Christian mind, in the vividness and intensity of a *divine reality*. The friends of Missions would rise to the point of true Christian duty, and see millennial glory dawn upon the earth, they must learn to recognize the cause of Missions, in its origin, its progress, and its consummation, as the outgrowth of a special Providence. Let us then endeavor to bring our minds in contact with this great fact, that *there is a Divine Providence in Christian Missions, which warrants ultimate success.*

Passing over that most eminent of all the spiritual creations of Providence, the greatest of all human missionaries, the Apostle Paul, whose moral power came down upon the world like an avalanche—passing over eighteen centuries, with their varied unfoldings of the missionary spirit, let us turn our eyes to Great Britain, as it was some seventy years ago. In the midst of churches that lay slumbering over a perishing world, there burned in the

bosom of a gifted servant of Christ, a missionary fire from God, which touched and magnetized other congenial hearts with its own celestial power. Soon they were melted and attracted into a union effort for the heathen. This was the germ of the English Baptist Missionary Society, a very insignificant body it is true, at first, but a body full of the concentrated, electric power of Christianity. This little band conceived the bold idea of converting the whole of Eastern Paganism to Christ. The project seemed to worldly wisdom supreme stupidity and madness. The idea, that an illiterate shoemaker, with a few feeble assistants, should undertake to convert three hundred millions of heathen in a far distant empire, with only a few pounds sterling to begin with, was scouted as superlative nonsense. But the God of Providence was in the movement, and the subsequent success of that seemingly unpropitious undertaking, may well teach us "not to despise the day of small things." Since that time seventy years have rolled by, each bearing to heaven some tidings of the stupendous increase of this work of Providence. Already is the world being filled with the news of its astounding results.

Not having time to dwell upon the many minor monuments of this enterprise in different parts of the world, let the mind glide over the few intervening years, to rest for a while upon a second remarkable instance of Divine Provi-

dence, as seen in the origin of American Baptist Missions. In the conversion of Judson and Rice to Baptist sentiments, and the consequent organization of the Triennial Convention, there was an interposition of Providence so marked and declarative, as to challenge our wonder and gratitude to the latest age. The subsequent enlargement of the stone then cut out of the mountains, has confirmed and heightened the same emotions. At first the undertaking seemed unpropitious and discouraging. For five or six years, Judson labored without seeing a single convert. What but the direct hand of Providence could have sustained him during that dark night of trial. He dared to trust in the promises of God. Nor did he trust in vain. Turn your faces to the East, and see what a multitude of churches are springing up, where the "Wicked One," a few years ago held undisputed dominion, and millions of idolaters enabled to read the words of life in their own tongue—behold, in all this, the clear hand-writing of God, giving his seal of approbation to the divine authority of Missions.

Turning another leaf in the book of Providence, we light upon an empire of three hundred millions of people, shut up in hopeless idolatry, until the God of Providence unbolted her city gates to the missionary and the Bible. For years a gloomy cloud hung over our missions in China. They have been called to suffer deep affliction and to grapple with sore misfortune, but the God of Providence will doubtless overrule all that, to the conversion of Chinamen. Even now, from "behind a frowning Providence, the shining face of God appears."

Other missionary movements springing out from the great wheel of Providence, might be mentioned in passing. Go, stand in Germany, in the midst of that revival of primitive Christianity, and look upon Oncken, that chosen ves-

sel of Providence, on whom has fallen the Apostolic mantle, and on whom Divine inspiration has bestowed the true idea of the gospel work. Pass on eastward to the centre of the old world, where Mohammedanism has long held dominion over the very birth place of Christ, and see what a glorious reformation has been going on among the Armenians, and how scenes and circumstances of a most remarkable Providential character, have been transpiring in Turkey, preparing that benighted empire for the reception of the pure gospel of Jesus Christ. Transport yourselves hence to the opposite side of the globe, and linger awhile on the shores of California, where a mysterious Providence seems to be gathering the representatives of all nations, that they may "hear the wonderful things of God," each in his own tongue, and from thence disperse, like the scattered Disciples of Jerusalem, 'preaching everywhere' the glorious gospel of the Son of God." But the want of time forbids detail. Let us pass on to another Continent.

Not in Europe, in America, and in Asia only, but in degraded, down-trodden Africa also, Providence is wonderfully unfolding the great mission of the church. In that hitherto neglected Continent, a vast door, and effectual, has been opened. The church on her voyage to the millennial port, has crossed another latitude, and broken a new seal in the letters of her divine instructions. A new tack is ordered and she moves forward before God's special breezes, and a vast Continent hitherto unknown to civilization and Christian effort, looms upon her view, inviting to wider and still wider conquests. While the teeming cities of Central Africa lay measurably hid from the civilized world, God was training a chosen vessel among the Texas Rangers, to bear the tidings of salvation to those unnumbered multitudes of Pagans. And about the same time, the

hand of Providence is seen pushing back the bolts, and throwing wide the doors that had for long centuries shut out the interior of Africa from the eye of Christian philanthropy. How striking the Providence which led to the establishment of the Central African Mission! And can the Christians of the South fail to discern in all this a loud call from God! Ye disciples of Jesus! listen to the Macedonian cry of "the sons of Africa, in ninety million notes, peeling to our ears, louder than the winds that waft them, or the roar of ocean that rolls between them." Up ye men of God. Ships are waiting, and propitious gales are blowing to waft your missionaries to Africa's open ports, there to gather a people prepared for the Lord.

And while these vast fields, scattered as they are throughout every quarter of the globe, are just being entered by the missionary reapers, lo! away down in the East, Japan throws wide her gates, and troops of heralds from various denominations are seen flying before the winds of Providence, to carry them the Bread of Life. Soon our own chosen missionaries will be on their way to the vast and whitening field. Antipodal to these lie the semipagan nations of South America. On portions of this benighted continent, also, the light of a pure Christianity is beginning to gleam. Thus, as the resources of the church multiply upon the one hand, Divine Providence is unfolding wider and still widening fields on the other hand. The church, upon the wings of her missionary operations, has been lifted to a higher stand-point, and the sphere of her vision greatly enlarged. Heathenism has been stripped of its covering, and the distant nations thereof laid at the feet of God's people, that they may see their naked wretchedness and misery. God has placed in the hands of his people the means of their deliverance, and commanded them to go, and offer them

this deliverance, and pledging as a guarantee of success, "all power in heaven and in earth," and promising still farther, to "be with them alway, even to the end of the world."

And now, what is the ground of our hope of ultimate success? It is this: *The work of missions is the work of Providence, and cannot fail.* The cause is God's and will prevail. As soon might the puny arm of flesh stay a thousand torrents rushing from a thousand hills, as to stay the missionary work. It is an emanation of Deity, and can no sooner fail than Christianity itself can fail. As soon might mortal man push back "the wheel that universal rides upon," as to arrest the Apocalyptic angel in his flight. The progress of this cause may be slow, like that of all grand achievements; the misguided efforts of its friends may at times meet with discomfiture and seeming failure; death may cut down now and then a leader, and send a thrill of discouragement through the whole army; thousands of dollars may flow out into its treasuries, bringing back no cheering reports of great gatherings;—still the cause is God's, and cannot fail. Away, then, with that pitiable distrust of God that would limit the divine procedure to the imperfect plans of erring men,—that would measure divine results by dollars and cents,—that would speak of the past achievements of the missionary enterprise as a *failure*.

Tell me not, that the hundreds of churches now pouring their streaming lights athwart the empire of pagan darkness, is a failure. Tell me not, that the incense of praise now ascending in many thousand Christian voices, where once rolled up the smoke of human hecatombs, is a failure. Tell me not, that the entire organization of American Baptist missions was founded in mistake, and has been perpetuated for nearly half a century in contravention of God's plan, and God's

teaching; and that the monuments of missionary success in Western Asia, are but specimens of miserable failure, destined to stand as beacons upon the shores of coming ages, to warn Christian generations to come of the dangerous rocks upon which their misguided forefathers Judson, Boardman, and others, were dashed and broken. Keep, O keep far from me such dishonouring skepticism. Tell me not, that the multitude of redeemed spirits that have gone up to heaven from heathen lands, any one of which is worth more than all the money ever given to missions since Christ came to our earth! O, tell me not, that the achievement of all this is a failure! The ministering angels, as they usher redeemed idolaters amid acclamations of triumph through the portals of glory, do not deem such results a failure. Nor does the Son of God, as he views from his throne in heaven, the purchase of his blood coming up from heathen lands to glory, esteem all this a failure.

Brethren, let this unworthy term *failure*, be heard no more in connection with missions, save by the enemies of God. Such language would be appreciated on the lips of infidels and ungodly men. But brethren of the Lord Jesus Christ should utter no such speech. It would take away the Christian's Rock, stay the stream of his beneficence in its fountain head, and send skeptical suggestions shuddering through his whole soul. Take from the believer the divinity of Christian missions, and you remove the strong bulwarks of his faith, and leave the citadel of his soul to yield to open infidelity.

Away, then, with all idea of failure in a work of God. And such is the work of missions. Let devils and wicked men oppose this work; let false friends cripple and abstract its progress; let discord separate its friends, and break the cords of their strength,

but let all Christian men remember that underneath those slow moving wheels of Providence, underneath these giant obstacles, these trying afflictions, these upheaving troubles, there is an unseen, Divine hand, guiding and controlling all to the accomplishment of his omnipotent will. Believe it, ye tempted and doubting disciples, there is a Providence in Christian missions that warrants ultimate success.

Friends of missions, take courage! Your money expended in this cause is not wasted on a fruitless project. You cannot possibly make a *safer* investment. God is the indorser in this transaction, and you cannot lose. Every dollar invested here, becomes a reproductive capital, that will yield a hundred fold interest of souls saved in heaven. Prayers offered up for this cause, do not float away upon the idle winds, but ascend to heaven, to stimulate the love of God, and swell the praises of his name. The labourer in this work has souls for his hire; he builds monuments for eternity; his toils are neither solitary nor rewardless. He who commands to this work promises his presence and his blessing. Brethren! be not discouraged! The missionary work is a safe business, and *success is a certainty*.

J.

“WHOM SHALL I SEND? AND WHO WILL GO FOR US?”

The inquiry is earnestly made, ‘Who is willing to offer himself, and go as a missionary to the heathen?’ Why should it be difficult to find men? Permit some suggestions from one who has thought much on the subject.

When we need a president or professor in a college, or a man to fill any important station, we inquire who is qualified for the office, and make a proposition directly to him, and request him to accept the appointment. We do not wait for the formal offer of a candidate. Let the Boards, the Asso-

ciations, and especially THE CHURCHES, "look out" those who are qualified for missionary work, and give them a *regular call* to go to China, Japan, Brazil, or elsewhere, and urge them to accept the appointment, and *settle* in that field.

The Church at Antioch was in some way moved by the Spirit to "separate Barnabas and Saul," as foreign missionaries, and they were ordained for that work. The Church did not hesitate, because its *two best men* were called. Barnabas "was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," and Paul was "filled with the Holy Ghost," and the "Apostle of the Gentiles." Such were the men whom the Church was directed to call, ordain and send for the great work of preaching the gospel to the heathen.

These calls should not be confined to *young men*. Let the middle aged be sought. Paul had been an acceptable and powerful preacher ten years, and was, probably, forty or forty-five years old when he was sent out. He was well matured in years, and thoroughly imbued with divine knowledge, when he commenced his missionary labors. These he continued, with some seasons of relaxation, till he was denominated "*Paul the aged*," in the year 64.

Questions of very grave importance are to be settled by the pastor in a heathen land. An erroneous precedent, once established, may lead to serious evils for years to come. Correct examples, in all the ramifications of church government, are necessary. So that the work requires more discretion, prudence and wisdom than is generally found in those who have just completed their academical studies. The ardor of youth and the moderation of age should be intermingled in the foreign as well as the home field. 'Let us have *young men* for action, but *old men* for counsel.'

Would that many of our advanced, experienced and approved pastors could be persuaded to leave their pleasant homes, their dear people, and, if neces-

sary, their *beloved children*, to go and settle in some of the great cities of China, Japan, Africa or Brazil. They may be very useful there. This may be considered a great and an unreasonable sacrifice. Such should remember the Scripture: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." Paul wished to remain in Jerusalem. He thought he could be useful there. But God said, "Make haste and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem, for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me." "Depart, for I will send thee far hence to the Gentiles." It is a privilege and an honor to be a missionary. So thought the Apostle. "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace (favor or privilege) given, that I should preach among the Gentiles (the heathen) the unsearchable riches of Christ,"—"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."

An aged minister will be more attentively heard, and his preaching will make a deeper impression on the heathen mind, and thus greater good may be effected. On this subject, "wisdom is profitable to direct."

* H *

BRAZIL AS A MISSIONARY FIELD.

No. 3.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF EXTENSIVE TRAVEL.

Although Brazil abounds with the precious metals, it is a singular fact that copper is its principal currency, and so bulky that it is difficult to travel to any extent without a mule to bear the "sinews" necessary for the way. The Government Bank issues notes of small denomination, called "Millreis," denoting a thousand reis. The value of these notes in American currency is about fifty-two cents. The copper currency ranges from this denomination down to small numbers. Some of them

are as large as a Spanish dollar, and of but little value. I found the silver confined more generally to vendees and other places of extensive business.

The traveller will find his conveniences of a character with those of the border settlements in America. Sometimes he will fall in at a rural cot, called by the Portuguese settlers "Fazenda." Here he may be hospitably entertained, but not without apparent caution. The rustic lords of these Fazendas never rubbed against the shoulder of a warm-hearted citizen of the Old Dominion.

In the neighborhood of the cities the roads are tolerable, but bear sad proof that a regular system of road-making never disturbed the peace of government. Remote from the cities and busy scenes of commercial life the roads are mere pathways, meandering among the hills and through the valleys. Horses and mules are the only conveyances in travelling into the interior. The country is generally wild and but poorly cultivated. Lonely as the traveller may feel, one thing never disturbs his mind, the fear of robbery. The copper coin is at least thirty per cent. below par, and too bulky and of comparatively little value to tempt the robber.

There are stations on the various routes from the Metropolis to the interior, called "Ranchos," which are rude sheds prepared for the accommodation of mules and horses, and without comfort for man. The venda is generally a more desirable place of rest to the traveller, if he can there find a "quarto" and a bed.

The "Estalagem," a house of entertainment, is a rare thing, and when reached by the weary stranger, affords him the satisfaction that a beautiful oasis does to the wanderer

"After the hot-breathed desert."

The stranger will find, after due acquaintance, that the Brazillians are a cheerful people. They have a taste for

music and are fond of the dance. They are so fond of sedentary games of chance, that they will sooner sacrifice the good opinion of a customer rather than quit the game to wait upon him. They drink the caxas freely, and by it become intoxicated.

With all its imperfections, Brazil is destined at no distant day to become the most enviable portion of the New World.

The interior is full of interest, and the tribes are waiting for a day of gladness, which will never reach them unless our people, with the Spirit of Christ, give of their riches, to send them a missionary. We ought to support at least twenty missionaries in that vast empire. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." May God fully impress us with our obvious duty. Amen.

Yours, &c.

THEOPHILUS.

JAPAN.

Bro. Poindexter :

While temporarily residing in Polynesia, I labored to obtain information touching all the islands of the vast Pacific. In this I was so far successful as to obtain many reliable facts concerning twenty-six nations of Oceanica, and many of them deeply interesting to the Christian traveller.

Japan, although not immediately within the defined boundaries of Oceanica, or Polynesia, was nevertheless a subject of inquiry. These inquiries were awakened by the following circumstance. While tarrying at one of the islands of the North Pacific Sea, a Japan junk came ashore, and in a few hours was a perfect wreck. The crew were saved, and, coming up on the land, they bowed most obsequiously to all who approached them. Separated from their fatherland by immense seas, and sustaining a great loss by the wreck

of their vessel, and withal among strangers, in an unknown country, they cropped their hair as a token of sadness and distress. I felt much interested for them, and was extremely glad to witness the humanity of the natives towards them. They passed from the north side of the island, where they were wrecked, to the seaport on the south, realizing nothing but kindness every step of the way. The natives, learning their sad misfortunes, sympathized with the sufferers; and, gazing them full in the face, exclaimed, "Now we can see how *our* islands were originally peopled." On hearing this, I observed them more minutely, in order to discover whether or not there existed any affinity. After due investigation I found that the strangers' language differed from the Hawaiian at least in one particular—the former abounded with sounds of the S or L, while there is no hissing sound in the latter, as the following example may show:

Alaha ko na mauna,
I paa mau i ka hau,
A me ko Aitiopa,
Ko Inia me Makao,
Na muliwai kahiko,
Na moku, na papu;
Kii mai ko laila pio,
I ola no lakou.

The above is intended to imitate the first stanza of the missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," &c.

Looking at these strangers, I could not fail to discover a family likeness. Indeed, my researches in Polynesia brought me to the conclusion that the multitude of isles, which rise up in the midst of this vast ocean, are parts of a *once great continent*, stretching from the Gulf of California westward to the Phillipine Isles, (which lie southward from Japan,) and thence along the China Sea to Sumatra; thence to Papua, or New Guinea; thence along the

Tropic of Capricorn to Pitcairn's Isle; and from thence north-easterly to the region of the Equator, connecting with the mainland. The evidence sustaining this view may be found—*first*, in the general likeness that the Polynesians bear to each other; *second*, mode of living, manners and customs; *third*, affinity and identity of language; *fourth*, tradition—which affirms their original greatness as a nation, their territorial unity with an unbroken surface, stretching from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, and from the north to the south—that the earth shook terribly, heaved to and fro, sunk and became a general wreck, leaving here and there a solitary isle, with but few people saved—that fire belched forth from the sea, and new islands were thrown up; *fifth*, the geological testimony of all Polynesia, or the isles thereof, confirms the tradition.

I learned from a respectable source, while in Oceanica, that above seventy years ago the Jesuits from Portugal found their way to Japan, and after acquiring the language, they commenced their missionary labors, and were so far successful as to win the regards of the functionaries of the government, and to make many proselytes among the people.

They, however, grew bold in stragem, and infamous in design. They persuaded the Emperor to marry a Portuguese lady of great charms; and it was not long before her attachment to her Father Confessor was very perceptible. A plan was at length put on foot by which the Emperor and all of royal blood were to be assassinated—sparing of course the Empress. The conspiracy was detected in time to prevent the effusion of blood, and the Jesuits were banished forever. From that time forward an implacable hatred for any new religion has burned and rankled in every bosom, from plebeian birth to royal blood.

They will not be dictated to in mat-

ters of religion or politics. The late request of the American Consul to the government to allow Americans to trade in advance of the time specified in the treaty, so enraged them that they expressed their design not to send a commissioner to Washington.

Now from all I know in relation to the Japanese, I would humbly suggest that it is injudicious to send men as missionaries to that country. Just as certain as they go there, declaring their intention to teach them Christianity, the odium merited by the Jesuits will, I fear, fall on those men, though of better character and with holier designs.

I would further suggest, that the men designed for that field, in order to lay an immovable foundation for future success, ought to go there as teachers of the English language. The fruit will soon appear. The pupils will become impressed with the superior morality of the preceptor, and, as they naturally possess an inquiring mind, they will desire to know the cause of this difference; and then the teacher will have a favorable opportunity to inspire the minds of his pupils with the lofty sentiments which govern his own heart and life. Our sacred literature may then be safely put in their possession, and by this means a way prepared for the missionary. "And I will also take of them for priests and for Levites, saith the Lord."—Isaiah, lxvi: 21.

Yours, &c.

THEOPHILUS.

Sept. 13th, 1859.

THE BEAUTY OF HUMILITY.—The humble soul is like the violet that grows low, hangs the head downward, and hides itself with its own leaves; and were it not that the fragrant smell of his many virtues discovered him to the world, he would choose to live and die in his self-concealed security.

YORUBA.

DIET.

The people of Yoruba eat a plenty; yet to us it seems very, very sparingly. Their diet is also very simple, and for most part healthful. I suppose it is all wholesome to them, though I find they eat things which are not good for the white man, viz: the red beans boiled with, or without corn, (all have palm oil in them,) and palm oil, especially in such quantities as this people use.

Corn is raised in abundance, and is consequently a chief article of diet, and may properly be called "staff of life." It is prepared in a variety of ways, some of which are as follows. The corn is boiled, and then mashed into meal by laying it on a flat rock and rubbing with another. The latter is a foot or so long, and nearly round. The mashed meal is then put into a pot of water until it is slightly sour. Then it is strained through a kind of bag, or basket, made of palm leaves, by which the brand is very thoroughly separated. The meal (wet) is then put into a pot with sufficient water to make a good mush, (hasty pudding,) and is boiled until it is done. It is then at once ready for use, or it may be wrapped up, a little together, in leaves and eaten cold. If eaten hot from the pot it is dipped out with a little calabash, and put into another calabash with some warm water, and is then dipped up with the fingers, and put into the mouth. Some are beginning to use spoons. If it is wrapped in leaves, there is generally about five cowries' worth together, (about the eighth of a cent,) and carefully wrapped, and is sold either hot or cold, and is generally hawked about the streets in baskets. When eaten hot, it is generally eaten with a little bread, (so called,) made from beans, which are ground as the corn, and fried in palm oil. Being previously mixed with some other

things, especially plenty of red pepper, it is made into a thin batter, in a wooden bowl, or a calabash, mixed with the hands and fried in a shallow pot.

The one in the leaves, (all is called eekaw—iko,) when eaten cold or warm, is eaten also with a little of the above described bread, or with palaver-sauce, which I shall describe directly; or when cold, is mashed in cold water, and drank, when other food is scarce: corn is also ground as described above, and boiled and sold for bread.

Yams also enter largely into their diet, and, except the corn, may be called the chief article of diet. They, as the corn, are prepared in a variety of ways. Much is simply eaten boiled or roasted, and answers best for bread in that way, of anything seen in the country. When simply boiled or roasted, it is excellent to eat with palaver-sauce, or even alone, and has a fine taste. The boiled yam is often beaten in mortars when hot, and by adding a little water it makes a dough very much resembling wheat dough. This is called "dumb-boy," and is eaten mostly by the upper class as a common diet; though all eat it more or less. It is, I believe, taken invariably with palaver-sauce. Then the green yam is often sliced and dried until it is very hard. This dried yam is then beaten to flour, and is then made into a kind of dough, by putting it into hot water, which thickens it. When done it is called aukah, (oka,) and is a dainty food, eaten with palaver sauce.

You see palaver sauce enters largely into each meal, or is taken every time, so I suppose by this time the reader would like to know what it is and how made. It is by no means a principal article of diet, but is eaten by all once or twice a day. It is made in various ways, and will be rather hard to describe: but I will explain how made with one or two articles: Some vegetables are cut up and boiled in water, seasoned with palm oil, pepper and

salt; this compound is boiled until most of the water is boiled out, and it becomes thick. It is very hot with pepper, and for that is all the more palatable to the natives. To the compound just named may be added fresh or dried meat, fish, chicken, or almost any thing desired. Sometimes the vegetables are altogether wanting, but mushrooms make a fine palaver sauce. Oera also makes good soup. This sauce or soup is eaten very sparingly.

Meats may always be obtained in the market, of various kinds. Domestic animals, viz: sheep, goats, and cows, are generally slaughtered for the market, the two former in abundance—and can be had either alive or butchered—the latter is never to be had except dressed, and not always then.

Wild animals, such as buffaloes, elephants, wild hogs, several kinds of deer, &c., &c., are generally obtained in market.

Dried fish, squirrels, fresh snails, little turtles, with many other small animals and creeping things, are in abundance. I should not fail to mention the great quantities of chickens and domestic pigeons.

Other things might be mentioned which are eaten, and other ways of preparing those already mentioned. I have, however, endeavoured to be as minute in describing their diet, as I well could; but hope the reader will not become weary at my minuteness. I am often reminded of an occurrence mentioned in the Old Testament, by some act of this people—for instance, that of eating parched corn. In travelling I see carriers at the villages and towns I stay, with large pots of corn on the fire parching it. And often when about to start on a journey, I have known them to prepare a quantity of parched corn for the journey. And I have known carriers who went with me and carried heavy loads, and walked twenty or thirty miles a day, to eat but little, for several days, except

parched corn. Yet they were cheerful and lively all the time, and seemed well satisfied.

At the close of my last article* I endeavoured to show you that the souls of this people were even worse clothed than their bodies—that they were satisfied with the clothing for the body, &c. I felt sure then that many, if not all of my readers would be very sorry for the temporal wants of this people. I now feel sure that many a kind-hearted reader will pity a people who subsist upon such things.

Now if you please make the contrast for yourselves between the food of their bodies and that of their souls. While the body is strong, cheerful and healthy upon such food, the soul is sad, weak and sickly—and even famishing for any kind of food. Who will come and point the anxious heathen to the tree of life? Who will sustain more laborers?

Lord put it into the hearts of many to offer themselves to such a glorious work.—Amen.

A. D. PHILLIPS.

IJAYE, July 23rd, 1859.

Sin may entangle the mind and disorder the affections, and not yet be prevalent; but when it hath laid hold on the will it hath the mastery.

If you will see the sinfulness of sin look upon Christ crucified. Christ on the cross is a glass wherein you may see the sinfulness of sin.

Worldly happiness is but a picture that is seen by the eye of sense in the false light of the present time, and therefore is imperfectly beheld.

Hope soothes under sorrows, supports under afflictions and difficulties, and anticipates under trials.

* The article alluded to is not to hand.

Our Missions.

Journal of Rev. A. B. Cabaniss.

CHINESE MODE OF WEAVING FLOWERED SILK.

SU-CHAU, Wednesday, November 11th, 1858.—Took some books this morning and entered the city by the East Gate. Much silk is manufactured in this part of the town, with the most ordinary kind of looms, which look as if they may have been invented in the days of Noah; though they answer just as good a purpose as those with which our grandmothers were wont to weave our clothes in days of yore.

It takes two persons to weave flowered silk. While one sits in front to work the treadles and throw the shuttle, the other has a seat above the loom, behind the harness, where there are strings reaching from the warp and tied to a beam above his head. As the man below works the treadles, the one above pulls up the warp by these strings in regular order. The strings are previously grouped together in such bundles as will raise threads enough to form the required figure. They seemed to work as fast as those who were weaving plain silk.

From the rude appearance of the looms which are painted in the tombs of Ancient Egypt, some have thought they could not be the same with which the Egyptians wove their far-famed "fine linen," mentioned in the Old Testament.* If such persons could see the looms on which Chinese weave fine silks and satins, their doubts would immediately vanish.

The Chinese also weave gold and silver lace, which is used in trimming ladies' dresses. I saw many persons plaiting the silk cord which is much used by the gentlemen for lengthening their cues. They wear these so long that many of the dandies have to tie

* Ezek. 27; 7 Exod. 26: 36 and 39; 3.

theirs up, in rainy weather, to keep them from dragging in the mud at their hee's.

Distributed some books among these workers in silk; but doubt whether many of them can read. They will probably, through curiosity, get some one to read the books to them, and thus they may do good. Now, as in days of old, in China, as in other lands, the gospel is, at first, most readily received by those in the humble walks of life.

Passed on to a labyrinthine garden, with grottoes, mounds, rocks and trees, in imitation of nature. The Chinese admire such things very much. The name of this is *Sz-tsz-ling*. Can you pronounce such a string of consonants? If not, do not come to China, for they have many more of the same sort.

SIGHTS IN THE CITY TEMPLE AT SU-CHAU.

Went hence to the City Temple, which is a large block of Taoist buildings, filled with mammoth idols. The main building is three stories high. In this temple people gamble, artists sell their paintings, and fortune-tellers delude their credulous countrymen. In the courts attached are booths for strolling players, amateur singers, historic rehearsers, and every kind of catch-penny show. Jugglers, here, swallow swords, kindle fire in their mouths and blow forth flames. They also stab a person till he bleeds like a hog and then heal up the wound in a few minutes. In fine, they make you believe black is white and white black, and astonish the natives with their many wonderful feats.

Itinerant quacks rehearse, in measured tones, the marvellous cures performed by their magic pills,—their all-healing salves and light-giving eye-lotion; while others—more dignified—sit by their tables, looking all the wisdom of Esculapius, through full-moon spectacles; having skeletons of monkeys, sharks and reptiles,—with deer's horns, tiger's bones and other rare things—hung up in pompous array behind them, as evidence that their medicine is ex-

tracted from things which came from afar.* A dentist,† too, shows hands-full of old teeth in proof of his skill, and a seller of ratsbane exhibits a number of the dead animals, as *prima facie* evidence that *his* medicine is *no humbug*. A grave old physiognomist may be seen sitting one side, with cuts of the human face, marked off and numbered, just as Western phrenologists do the head. He also professes to be as wise as Fowler and Wells, and will undertake to tell you anything about yourself you may wish to know. A little beyond him a ventriloquist is amusing the crowd by his wonderful powers in imitating sounds. Hucksters of every kind here vend their little wares. Portable kitchens furnish the crowd with any desired dish at a moment's warning. Here is a man who can give you four different hot dishes, all at once, from the same pot.‡

SPIRIT-RAPPING AND TABLE-TURNING.

I did not see any spirit-rapping or table-turning. But these arts have been so long known and practiced in China, it would be, in their estimation, only another proof of the ignorance of "the barbarians," should we tell the Chinese they are but recent discoveries in the West. In Ningpo they are very

* Besides these quacks, the Chinese have regular bred physicians, some of whom get a large practice, and write their prescriptions to be sent to the Apothecary's shop, just as our Western doctors do.

† One of our missionary ladies, at Ningpo, had a Chinese dentist insert an artificial tooth for her, which, she informed me, answered very well. It is an interesting fact, which the mummy pits have revealed, that the Egyptians, 3000 years ago, had dentists who plugged teeth with gold; while we have but recently learned this art. The fact is, we are not, by half, so much wiser than the ancients, as many have been accustomed to think.

‡ The pot has divisions in it.

expert at table-turning—and nearly every city has one or more “mediums,” who make a comfortable support by conversing with departed spirits and giving their responses to the anxious friends and relatives. Shanghai can boast a “medium,” who, when under the spiritual influence, trembles from head to foot, and foams at the mouth, while the sweat pours from her body. In this state she can call up any dead person, or hold converse with any spirit. The by-standers cannot see them; but she, by the spiritual light given her eyes at such times, can see them distinctly; at least she says so, and who has a right to doubt, when even Dr. Johnson believed in second sight?

It seems the Romans also had “mediums;” and Virgil’s description of the Sibyl under the influence of the afflatus, as she was about to initiate Æneas in the mysteries of the nether spiritual world, corresponds well with the appearance of the Shanghai “medium” when she is under the same influence.

———“Thus while she said,
(And shiv’ring at the sacred entry staid)
Her colour changed; her face was not
the same;
And hollow groans from her deep spirit
came.
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage pos-
sess’d
Her trembling limbs, and heav’d her
lab’ring breast.
Greater than human kind she seem’d to
look,
And, with an accent more than mortal,
spoke.
Her starring eyes, with sparkling fury
roll
When all the god came rushing on her
soul.
Swiftly she turn’d, and foaming as she
spoke,
‘Why this delay?’ she cried—‘the pow’rs
invoke.’”—ÆNEAS, *Book 6*.

Dr. Livingstone, in the 4th chapter of his interesting work on South Africa,

gives an account of a male “medium,” who, when under the afflatus, professed to hold converse with the gods, and manifested the same symptoms as this Sibyl. Commander Wilkes, in his U. S. Exploring Expedition, also gives an account of a man whom they saw at the Feejee Islands, who, while under the afflatus, or perhaps, to speak more properly, while getting himself into that state, acted very much like the above mentioned Sibyl.

The Chinese, who consult their mediums, consider the responses oracular, and are as fully persuaded that they come from real spirits as any believer in spiritual manifestations in the United States. The Greeks and Romans believed the same; and so do the Africans and Feejee Islanders at the present day; as well as many other people in different parts of the earth.

UNION OF THEATRE AND HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

The description above given, of what is carried on in this temple, is but a specimen of what may be daily seen in the precincts of the City Temple at Shanghai. It will thus be seen that the Chinese attach but little sacredness to their houses of worship. In fact, they seem to have no conception of the word desecration, as we apply it to certain things done in houses of worship. For example, we consider a theatre and a house of worship as opposite as sin and holiness, and that a union of the two would be an abomination in the sight of God. But the Chinese think just the reverse, and consequently construct nearly all their large temples with theatres attached. Instead of its being an offence to their deities, the man who is able to have a play performed at any temple, considers that he has gained the good will of the god and laid up a stock of merit for a time of need.

HOUSE OF MIRTH AND HOUSE OF MOURNING UNITED.

The vilest sinner in the United States

would consider the union of a theatre and cemetery as something incongruous. But not so with the Chinese. In their cemetery, about three hundred yards from my house, they are now rebuilding a large mortuary, (where they deposit the coffins of their dead till they are buried,) and in connection with it they are fitting up a theatre. It would strike a foreigner as something very singular, to see a woman enter this abode of the dead, hunt over two or three hundred coffins till she found her deceased relative, and then, falling down by it, weep and lament as if she were in the greatest affliction; but on coming out, enter the theatre and enjoy the play with outbursts of laughter. To a Chinaman, however, it would be nothing strange. Rev. M. T. Yates told me he once saw a woman weeping at a grave, and a person passing along said something which offended her. She immediately rose up and abused the individual at a terrible rate, after which she turned around and went on with her weeping.

Having exhausted my books—and as we had been out nearly a month—when I got back to my boat we concluded to return home. We bade adieu to this Athens of China, with the consolation of knowing that missionaries with their families might visit it, distribute books and preach the gospel. We now—January 5th, 1859—have the consolation of knowing that we may not only go there, but may take our families and settle permanently.

Adieu, dear reader.

CANTON—CHINA.

Letter of Rev. R. H. Graves.

NEED OF LABORERS.

Canton, June 28th, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER POINDEXTER:

Your letter to Brother Gaillard and me reached us safely. I break open every letter which you write, hoping to

find the glad news of the appointment of more men for Canton, but letter after letter comes and still we hear nothing of the men. I have, since your last letter, had this subject before my mind oftener in my prayers. God is right in rebuking me. I have written and pleaded for more men, and talked about it, but alas, I forgot God too much. God will always disappoint us. O may God send us men,—the right men—in His own time. There is another subject, and a kindred one—that has been upon my mind lately, that is, that God may raise up some earnest preachers of the gospel from among those who have put on Christ in China. Ask the brethren to make this a subject of much prayer. Men will not come from America, but God can raise up and qualify men here. In many respects the native preachers are far more important than foreign ones. This country must of course be evangelized mainly by native agency.

ANOTHER BAPTISM.

You will be glad to hear that another has been added to our church. His name is *Mak Lin*; he is from *Lak Lau*, a town of 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants in the *Shun Tak* district. He had heard the gospel occasionally from the missionaries in Hong Kong. Year before last he came to our chapel in Macao and had a conversation with Yeung Sin Shang. After coming to the chapel twice, he left for the country, taking with him a copy of the New Testament. He says that he read some of this and finds that the doctrine is true. About three months ago he came to Canton and sought for a chapel. Not knowing where to find one he went to the *Shing Wong Min*, where we preach on Sunday afternoon. Here some fortune-tellers directed him to my chapel. He came and heard preaching, and says that I talked to him and asked him to come back the next day, and gave him some books. Among

the books was one called "The Way to Constantly Worship the True God." It is a four-page tract, and contains a prayer. He took it home and commenced using the prayer morning and evening. He had already ceased worshipping idols for several years. As he used the prayer, he says a change took place; before all seemed dark and confused, but now he seemed to be full of light. He said that he put his whole hope for salvation in Jesus and now came to Canton on purpose to join himself with the worshippers of the true God. I could but hope that this was the work of the Holy Spirit. He was very anxious to be baptized before his return to the country. We therefore had a meeting of the church in the afternoon, and he was unanimously received. I therefore forthwith baptized him. He stayed with me that night and left for his home the next morning.

In some things he is still ignorant, and had he lived in the city, we should certainly have delayed his baptism. We may have acted too hastily, but under the circumstances it seemed well to act as we did. O that God may keep him and teach him by the Holy Spirit. Will not the brethren remember this case before God. I feel anxious for one who has at most but the rudiments of Christ.

Yours in Christ,

R. H. GRAVES.

Journal of Rev. R. H. Graves.

REVISITING WONG PI, &c.

May 24th.—Since the kind reception which we met at *Wong Pi* on our return from *Isang Shing* in March, I have wanted to revisit this place. This morning, after several unexpected delays, I started at about 6½ o'clock, accompanied by a coolie to carry the books and attend to my pony. We went along slowly, as it was quite hot.

TEA SHOPS.

We stopped at the tea shops by the roadside as we passed. There are gene-

rally from ten to twenty men in these places, so that I had a fair audience. At one shop one of the men seemed to catch the idea of Christ's vicarious sufferings quite clearly. On the road we overtook a man who told us he kept an apothecary's shop in the town to which we were going; he was on his way home with some medicines, and seemed very friendly.

After a rather hot and tiresome journey, we reached *Wong Pi* about 4 o'clock P. M. I went to the house of *Dr. Shek*, but found he was not at home. After putting the baggage in the house, I spoke to the people for 20 minutes and distributed some books. The apothecary now sent a man, asking me to come and visit him. I went and had quite a long conversation with him and the people who collected in the shop, on the subject of salvation through Christ. *Dr. Shek* having returned, sent a man informing me of the fact, and inviting me to his house. The apothecary asked me to come back and eat rice with him, but as I was the guest of *Dr. Shek*, I could not accept his invitation.

VACCINATING CHINESE.

I took my lancet and a vaccine scab with me to the country. On making this known I had several applications for vaccination. This evening vaccinated 15.

When I first mentioned that I wished to stay all night, I was told that it would hardly do. *Dr. Shek*, however, seemed to be quite willing that I should stay with him. Of course the people of the place never before visited by a foreigner, or visited but seldom, feel suspicious; they cannot understand our object, but suppose we must have some other intention than that which we profess. Hence the importance of breaking the ice. Having once stayed and established the precedent, I hope there will be no trouble in the future.

DISTRIBUTION OF BOOKS.

At night a great many people called

to get books, and many of them listened attentively to my message. One man had been at my chapel in Canton, and seemed somewhat glad to make inquiries about the doctrine, and listen to the plan of salvation.

I now saw that our host was not only a doctor, but also sold opium. Some smoked their opium in his shop, and some took it away with them. I spoke to those who came of the folly and guilt of their habit, and told them that they were ruining themselves body and soul.

A RESTLESS NIGHT.

May 25th.—Last night was very hot, and I found it difficult to sleep. In the small, close room, were men smoking opium and talking for a great part of the night. Early this morning I set out for the village of *Wong Pi*. Where I passed the night was the *Wong Pi* Bazaar, or business part of the town: the village is mostly dwelling-houses. It is about a half a mile from the Bazaar. I met with an indifferent reception here. After speaking a while and leaving some books, I left for *Sháu Há*, another village. The scenery was very picturesque and beautiful. *Wong Pi* is situated in a level valley, perhaps a mile in diameter. The fields were waving with rice wet with a gentle shower. The hills were wooded with pine. The road led me by a stream through overhanging trees. Heber's words occurred to me—

—“every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”

WONG PI MARKET DAY.

At *Sháu Há* the people seemed quite glad to receive my books, and listened attentively to what I had to say. I returned to *Wong Pi* about 8 o'clock. As this is the day for market, I found the people were assembling in large numbers. Many hearing that a foreigner was in the house, crowded in to see me. After eating rice I went to

the market house and addressed a large audience for 20 or 30 minutes, and distributed a number of books. Vaccinated four more children this morning.

U. TSUNG.

About 9 o'clock left for *U Tsung*, the town near which I stayed when on my first trip. Passed many people on the road going to *Wong Pi*, and left some books with them. The road led us through several large villages where I talked with the people and gave away some books.

As we drew near to our destination a shower of rain came up. On entering the town I took refuge under a shed, and was recognized as the man who distributed books there before. One man suggested that I might stay all night as it was raining. While I was getting some tea he found a house for us and the horse. It was a new building used for storing rice. At one end there was a large pig-sty. I was very glad of the opportunity of staying, and of the accommodations. After putting my baggage in this place, I started to distribute books. The rain was now over. A book was left in almost every shop in the town, perhaps 150 or 200. On my return to the house the children soon came for vaccination. This occupied me until nearly dark. I then took a seat on an elevated altar and talked with the people of our Heavenly Father and salvation through the only “name given under heaven among men, whereby we must be saved.” They listened very attentively and asked me many questions, principally about the coolie trade, opium and the capture of Canton. I have no doubt that some of their prejudices against us were removed.

I have more hope for a place where I can stay all night than for anywhere else, other things being equal. The fact that you show your confidence in the people and entrust yourself to them is a great deal. They have an oppor-

tunity to understand your object. Another advantage is this: if we go to an agricultural village in the day time, the farmers are busy in their fields, or have gone to market,—so that you see none but women, who are so timid that they try generally to keep out of your way unless there are men present. At a business town the shop-keepers are too busy to listen to you long, or are on needles lest some one in the crowd should make off with some of their goods. At night the farmers have come home and the shop-keepers are at leisure. Walking or riding through the sun, and putting up with such accommodation as God in his providence appoints you, is sometimes rather trying to flesh and blood, but it is for Jesus. Did not He himself lead such a life as this? “*In* keeping God’s commandments there is great reward. There is pleasure in simply casting yourself on God and going forth, not knowing where you will stay, and then seeing prejudices disappearing and food and dwelling offered you. I always, on leaving, make a return for kindness shown me, for the people are poor, and I can afford it.

About 9½ o’clock I left the people and returned to my lodging. A young man was there who listened to me very attentively. He had heard the truth in Hong Kong. A boy of 14 years of age showed me all the kindness he could, he said that he lived in my street in Canton last summer.

TUNG PO.

May 26th.—This morning, after vaccinating some more children, and getting breakfast, I left for *Tung Po*. Vaccinated altogether at both places, 52 children. On our way to *Tung Po* passed through several villages. A shower came on as we reached one. Having found a number of men collected in a temple, I preached to them and left them some books.

Tung Po is a market town about three or four miles from Whampoa,

the anchorage for foreign shipping. A part of the place is in ruins, having been destroyed I believe by the rebels a few years ago. We reached here about 11 o’clock, A. M., and I spoke to a small audience. From *Tung Po* we returned to Canton, passing several towns on our way, and reached home about 4 o’clock, P. M.

LAGOS—AFRICA.

Letter of Rev. J. M. Harden.

LAGOS, Aug. 8th, 1859.

REV. JAS. B. TAYLOR,

Richmond, Va. :

Dear Brother.—Your very welcome and encouraging favour of May 21st, was duly received, and for which I return you many, many thanks. I trust that some future day, not very distant, the “good seed” sown, will take root and spring up, and bear fruit unto everlasting life; though there be but little prospect of it at present.

I frequently feel encouraged while preaching to some poor soul who has never before heard of the Gospel; but when I go back to the same person at another time, I find that the Wicked One has been there before me, and caught away that which was sown in his heart, and so no fruit is produced. Many, many are the times when I make a second or a third visit to a house, the inmates run and hide themselves, and tell great falsehoods, too, to get rid of me,—and all this because they love darkness rather than light.

SCHOOLS.

Enclosed you will find a letter for brother Poindexter, from my wife, with regard to her little school. She has an interesting little school of nine girls, whom she endeavours to instruct to the best of her ability. I have also opened a little school for boys, and have now four scholars. There are very few persons here who care anything about the education of their

children, especially that of their daughters.

A month or so since, Rev. T. B. Macauley of the Church Missionary connection, opened a grammar school for boys; and Mrs. Macauley has opened a school for girls. But as the parents will have to pay for the instruction of their children at those schools, I fear that they will prove a failure.

Dear brother Crane has sent me a small school or chapel bell, and some few school books, &c. I have not received them yet, but hope to receive them by the next mail. Oh, may God reward him for his untiring kindness to me and mine. He is always sending me some good book, or something else that is useful to me.

THE RAINY SEASON.

The present rainy season has been very destructive to life and property here. The tornadoes have been worse than I ever knew them to be before. Many walls and fences, and houses, too, have been blown down by the wind. Our chapel is among the demolished, and our wall has suffered considerably. The bar, too, has been worse than ever I have known it to be before. The mail bag could not be sent off by the last steamer; and on the 8th ult., Lien, Hope, and two other officers belonging to the little steamer, which guards Lagos, and ten Kroomen, were all lost in attempting to survey the bar, for the purpose of taking the steamer out to sea. But I must here stop.

My wife joins in sending much love to you and all the brethren. The Lord be with you.

I am yours affectionately,

JOS. M. HARDEN.

Letter of Sister Harden.

HER SCHOOL.

LAGOS, Aug. 6th, 1859.

REV. A. M. POINDEXTER,

Richmond, Va.:

Dear Sir.—In the multitude of the mercies of our Heavenly Father, I am

permitted to begin a correspondence with you.

I feel very grateful indeed to the Board for giving me a school, for it is my chief desire to be an humble instrument in the hands of God to do something for the good of my poor benighted country people.

The school was commenced on the 17th of January, with four children, and now I have nine. All the emigrants from Sierra Leone who seem to care anything about the education of their children, think it their duty to send their children to schools connected with the Church Mission Society, or the Wesleyan Missionary Society, as they are members of these churches. And they are very indifferent about the education of their daughters. It is with the greatest difficulty that I can get them to pay for books for their children.

The parents of one of my girls, whom I had given a book to when she first came to school, absolutely refused to buy her another when she had gotten through that one. I explained to them that Mr. Harden has to pay for the books, and cannot afford to give them away. But that was nothing to them; they would not buy the book.

I teach reading, writing, sewing and knitting, and intend to begin geography and grammar soon; but I fear that they will not understand geography without maps. They have made some improvement; five of them could read a little before they came here, and now those can read in the New Testament, which we spend an hour in reading every morning, and I try to explain it to them. Oh! may God bless his Holy Word to their souls. One great obstacle to their improvement is their irregular attendance; some of them stay away one or two days in every week.

The natives will not send their children to a day-school at all; whenever they are asked to do so, their reply is

that the children must stay at home to help them to work,—and whoever wishes to instruct them, must feed and clothe them too; for their idea is, that it is a great favour shown to us when we are permitted to teach their children.

Please to remember us in your prayers, that God may bless our humble efforts for good.

I am, sir, yours, in the bonds of Christian love,

SARAH M. HARDEN.

LAGOS—AFRICA.

Letter from Rev. J. M. Harden.

LAGOS, June 8th, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER POINDEXTER:

Your excellent letter of instruction, dated March 28th, came duly to hand.

We have lately been visited with several heavy tornadoes, one of which blew down about twenty feet of our yard wall; and another, on the morning of the 19th ult., did a great deal of damage, blowing down walls, houses and fences. Our chapel, too, was destroyed with the rest, though I saved the pulpit by taking it out some time previous, on account of fire. I also saved twenty-four benches; and we now hold service at home in our dwelling. One of our neighbors' house blew down, and killed a little child and nearly killed its mother. The mother has since that time died from the injury then received. We have about as many to come to our dwelling to worship as we had at the chapel; and I am building a room about 40 by 14 feet, against the wall, which will do well to worship in for the present. It will cost about \$30, or a little over that, and if I can *pinch* enough off of the incidentals to pay for it, well, and if not, I will try to pay for it myself.

We are doing what we can for the salvation of these poor people. Our heart's desire and prayer to God for

them is, that they may be saved. But there is not much to encourage us but the word of God. Brother, pray for us. Remember me kindly to *all* the brethren, especially to Brother Taylor and yourself. My wife joins me in sending love to all. I do assure you that she is doing her best to make her pupils understand and love the word of God.

Hoping that you are all in good health,

I am yours in Christ,
JOS. M. HARDEN.

IJAYE—AFRICA.

Letter of Rev. A. D. Phillips.

IJAYE, Aug. 2d, 1859.

VERY DEAR BRO. TAYLOR:

It is with great pleasure I again address you as Corresponding Secretary of the Board. Your letter just after the Convention, was received with the greatest pleasure. I wish you had told me more about the Convention, but I hope you will not fail to send me the minutes as soon as they are published. I was also sorry you had not said more about brother Clark. I have not heard from him in a long time.

There is nothing of new interest to be recorded at present, but the interest in the work still continues, and encourages us very much. If I had time to write you the occurrences of each day, you could not fail to be deeply interested. I preach from house to house without an interpreter, and I am greatly encouraged at the attention given to my preaching. Many interesting conversations take place between me and the people—some of which surprise me much. They show more thought than I once supposed them capable of; and it serves as an evidence to me that the Gospel is making an impression where we had hardly thought.

We now have three native Ijaye

children, who are beginning to learn; and sister Stone is much interested in teaching them to sew. My interpreter teaches a little school—altogether eight children.

You know how much of my time here has been devoted to the secular affairs of the mission. I felt and still feel it was necessary; but at the same time had rather have been freed from it. I always wanted to devote my whole time to preaching the Gospel, and have always been looking for a chance to get out of the secular business. I *think* I now have a plan that will release me from at least a part. Brother Stone is a willing labourer—willing to do anything he can to advance the cause; and at my proposition, he is willing to take charge of this station—that is, its secular affairs; *provided*, I stay here to assist whenever necessary. This will allow me time to preach and study,—and not only time, but will free my mind from other cares. If this meets with the approbation of the Board, please inform us immediately. You know my intention is to travel in the interior this fall, so I will be glad to have the arrangements completed before I leave.

I long to see the day when I will be allowed to spend all my time preaching the Gospel. Up to this time God has given me reasonable health in Africa, and I do not know how much longer my pilgrimage will last, and at all events I want to spend my few remaining days wholly to the service of God. I am glad that I feel more interest in his service than in all things else. You know that long ago my warmest earthly ties were severed; and since then I have been left to battle with the cares of life alone. I sometimes feel that I have not a great while longer to live, and I feel that I lack much of being ready to meet my Judge.

It is the hope of an immortal crown that bears me up here in this dark land of idolatry. But still I can say:

“When a few more days I’ve wasted,
When a few more springs are o’er,
When a few more *griefs* I’ve tasted,
I shall live to die no more.”

I hope and pray, as you say in your last. Let this be a year of renewed effort and prayer, for the salvation of souls in a heathen land.

Farewell. May the God of all grace guide and control us all, is my humble prayer.

Your brother in labour,

Very affectionately,

A. D. PHILLIPS.

Letter of Sister Stone.

IRAYE, August 3, 1859.

Dear Bro. Taylor:

Though I wrote to you by the last mail, I feel as if I would like to write again. I am glad we again have the pleasure of receiving letters from you.

The pleasant hours I passed with you in Baltimore will not soon be forgotten by me, and hearing from you now gives me great pleasure. Your letters are always filled with good advice, which I would love to follow at all times. Truly the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

During the past month I have been quite well, excepting a few days, and have tried to study Yoruba a little each day. I cannot say I have made much progress. I am very anxious to be able to speak the language. When trying to instruct the children in anything, I find it necessary to tell as well as show them.

In our walks I often meet persons with whom I would like to talk. I can salute them, and speak a few sentences, but after hearing that much, they seem to expect more, and I sometimes fear they think me not willing, instead of not able, to talk.

I enjoy going out in town among the people very much. I am always followed by a crowd of both grown per-

sons and children. If we stop, the children crowd around us, each one trying to be first to shake hands with me. Many of them are not so friendly, and some will run at seeing me.

The rain during the past month has prevented my going out into the country often, which I always enjoy; but a day seldom passes that I do not go out in town.

I am still pleased with being here. I have many reasons to be contented and happy, and endeavor to be so.

I have never seen any member of your family, but desire to be remembered to them, also to the good brethren of the Board.

Affectionately,

S. J. STONE.

Journal of Rev. R. H. Stone.

April 26th.—This morning we all started for Ijaye, in good health. We are now stopping at a native house, in a little town called Itadi. We have quite a comfortable little room, but the pleasure of having such comfortable lodgings is greatly diminished by the indisposition of my wife, who is groaning with pain. In this very room I passed a sleepless and delirious night, in my first trip to Ijaye, and the same fortune now falls to my companion.

Wednesday, 27th.—We arrived this evening at a little town called Illugan, where we have been accustomed to stop for the night. When we entered the house of the man, of whose hospitality we usually partook, as regards shelter, he became, from some unaccountable cause, furiously angry, and compelled us to leave his house, though we were all greatly fatigued, and my wife so sick and feeble that it was with great difficulty she could walk. We were compelled to take shelter under an old shed belonging to the "bale" of the town. Here we lay until Bro. Phillips returned from a search for a better house, and informed us that a man in

the farms had consented to let us stay with him. On arriving at this place, we were kindly received, and have a very good, though dirty room to sleep in. While lying in the wind under the old shed I contracted fever, and my temples throb with fiery blood.

Thursday, 28th.—We reached Ijaye this evening. Our joy, when we came in sight of town, can be better imagined than known. It was greatly increased when we reached our house, and were surrounded by our affectionate family, who deeply sympathized with us in our afflictions. I arose this morning very sick. At first I rode in a hammock, but this making me worse, I mounted my horse. Nausea, vomiting and feebleness soon overcame me, and I was compelled to take the hammock again, where I remained in a state of prostration until we came within a few miles of Ijaye, when I rode my horse the remaining distance. After leaving Illugan, Sue became very sick also. She became completely prostrate, and was afflicted with a most distressing nausea and great vomiting. She is still no better; but I thank God, who has brought us all safely home, and who has given her a comfortable couch and house.

May 5th.—My wife and self so much convalescent as to take a ride on horseback.

Saturday, 7th.—Great Mahomedan celebration yesterday. Returning from market yesterevening, I met a company bearing a woman, who was wailing most piteously. I understood this evening she was beaten by her husband, and is now dead. If caught, the man will probably be sold as a slave.

Thursday, 12th.—Bro. Phillips was waken early this morning by some one at his door, crying "Blood! blood!" in the Yoruba tongue. On demanding an explanation, he was told that a man and his wife, who lived in a neighbouring compound, were fighting, and that his presence was desired to settle the

difficulty. The wife had bitten off a part of her husband's lip, but appeared repentent. The husband visits us as a patient.

Saturday, 14th.—Bro. Phillips gone to Abeokuta. Pay day. All our cowries are nearly gone, and there is no prospect of getting more very soon. The chiefs of Abeokuta have closed the gates against our loads, on account of the bad conduct of the E. Niger Expedition, and I am not able to buy here. I sent to the chief to borrow some.

Sunday, 15th.—Preached twice to-day; but this has been a day of sadness, care and labor. Early last night Sue was seized with a vomiting, which continued, with but little intermission, all night. This morning it assumed the *black* form, and was very profuse—so that I felt it my duty to send immediately for Bro. Phillips. By diligent application of remedies, she is now much better. A rogue has taken all our provision cowries.

Tuesday, 17th.—Yesterday the milkman came for his pay, and took nearly every cowry. But last evening two men came, and I bargained for \$30 worth. I've been much engaged having them counted to-day.

Wednesday, 18th.—We were greatly surprised last night by the arrival of Bro. Phillips. He came the whole distance from Abeokuta in one day. He came alone, and was pursued by a wild beast, supposed to be a leopard.

Saturday, 21st.—Had 'roasting-ears' for dinner. Disturbed by a rogue last night. He knocked at the front door, to see if we were all asleep, but vanished at the sound of our approach. Bro. Phillips gone to Abeokuta again. Sue is sick again, with nausea, chills and fever. Many heathenish noises are around us to-night. The rolling of drums, the wild song, and the shout indicate that they are at their accustomed revels. Occasionally the wild wail of mourning women breaks upon the night air, telling that death has

come, and making a significant discord with the sounds of mirth. All is deathly silent about the house, and nothing breaks upon the profound stillness but the measured ticking of the clock, and an occasional sigh or moan from Sue, sleeping in an adjoining apartment.

Monday, 23d.—Preached twice yesterday. Sue was up, but taught children, and had fever and delirium all last night. The chief sent his messenger to-day, saying that if I was in need of anything, to send to him for it.

Wednesday, 25th.—Received the mail from America. Sue's face was like an April day—sunshine and showers; but alas, for me! I did not receive a line from any of my friends. Sue nearly well.

June 4th.—Bro. Phillips returned from Abeokuta on the 31st ult., and found us both sick in bed. I am now in excellent health, and Sue is convalescent.

Sunday, 12th.—Preached to-day in the parlor. It is amusing to witness how pleased the children are to get on their Sunday, American clothes.

Wednesday, 15th.—Among the people who visit us daily, is a quite interesting Mahomedan from the interior, to whom Bro. P. preaches in Yoruba. I hope he will scatter the word. All of us in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Friday, 24th.—Lightning struck a house this afternoon, and the Sharego are catching everything they can find outside of any compound, to sacrifice to him.

July 7th.—Called in a compound to salute a bride. She was entirely covered with cloth, so that I did not see her face. A bit of romance was connected with her wedding. She had intended to elope with a young man connected with our family, but the scheme was frustrated. Bro. P. and myself have been suffering much with tooth-

ache. In endeavoring to have mine extracted, it was broken off.

Saturday, 9th.—After visiting a sick girl we all went to the markets. Sue and I sat down under one tree, and Bro. P. preached under another. The crowd of people around us was so dense that we could not see him; but he soon came over to our side, and, mounting a large stump, he called the attention of the people by requesting silence, and then proclaimed the everlasting gospel, in their native tongue, to an attentive and numerous audience. A nod here and there indicated that something, respecting the mercy of God, was assented to. Returning, Sue had to be carried across the branch. One man made an effort to lift her, but utterly failed, to the great contempt of another, who seized and bore her off as if she had been a child. This was a sight probably never seen in Ijaye before.

Tuesday, 19th.—Rode out to the "bush." Was thrown from my horse; my gun kicked the blood from my nose, and I received a good drenching from the clouds besides.

July 26th.—All in excellent health. In a walk this morning we made a call upon a friend, who is by profession a weaver. All appeared glad to see us. A woman gave us a mat to sit on. When the barley came he gave us a cola nut in a calabash. This is a token of friendship, and I divided it among ourselves and himself and friends.—When leaving, they followed us to the gate, saluting us, and exclaiming—"Iyawo abo, iyawo abo," (white man's bride,) as if they would never weary calling her name. As we came home a company of children followed us to the gate of our compound, where they took leave of us as if greatly grieved in having to part. They crowded around, taking entire possession of our hands, and shaking them with more cordiality than grace.

July 27th.—Have laid aside Yoruba

and Theology for awhile, to read my mail from America. How delightful is "good news from a far country." We all visited the chief this afternoon. When we entered the front court-yard, a crowd was collected on each side of the chief's door, awaiting him to hold court. What kind of justice is sometimes dispensed at these courts was implied by a frame standing near the chief's door, into which criminals are placed for execution. Though a cruel man, Kumi appears to be a man of great justice and impartiality in his judicial decisions. Among capital crimes may be mentioned adultery and theft. For the latter crime the chief once beheaded two of his own brothers. He invariably beheads with his own hands, and does it at a single blow.

The drums having informed him of our arrival, we soon were in pleasant conversation with him. While thus engaged, he privately called his confidential messenger, who, after prostrating himself at the feet of the chief, and receiving a secret command, departed. Before leaving, the mystery was explained in the present of a goat. Kumi is a man of very inferior intellect and policy. He inspires the greatest reverence and fear among the people of Ijaye. Once when we went to salute him, he appeared very angry about something. As we were leaving, crowds of people came and prostrated themselves at a distance before him. When we reached the gate we met a man, who had a dirty head and terror-stricken countenance, showing that he was in great danger of losing his head, or being sold as a slave.


R. H. STONE.

They that spend their days in faith and prayer, shall end their days in peace and comfort.

He who cannot feel friendship, is alike incapable of love.

The Commission.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER, 1859.

 The Binder, in putting up the last number of the Commission, misplaced the forms, putting in some two of the first, and in others two of the last. If those who received such numbers will return them, we will, so far as those returned will enable us to do it, have them re-bound and sent to them.

P.

COMMUNICATIONS.

We would call special attention to the first article of this number. There is a strong tendency to undervalue the results of missionary labor, and a want of confidence in ultimate success, which both the promises and the providence of God forbid. The writer of the article referred to, takes a just view of our encouragements and our duty. The articles regarding Brazil and Japan, are from one who has visited the former country, and was once a missionary in Polynesia. Our readers will be amused and gratified by the detailed account given by brother Phillips, of the diet of the Yorubans in the article "Yoruba."

P.

OUR MISSIONS.

The work of the Lord still progresses at Canton. Read the letter and Journal of brother Graves. While there is no special manifestation of the Divine blessing in Yoruba, it will be seen by the letters of the missionaries that they are hopeful, and cheerfully prosecuting their work. Pray for them, and for all our missionaries.

P.

THE DOVER ASSOCIATION.

This body, venerable for its age, and honourable for its usefulness, convened

at Concord Church, Caroline County, on Tuesday, the 6th of September. The session was one of pleasant and harmonious Christian intercourse, and the business was transacted with spirit and a disposition to enlarged effort. It rained every day during the meeting. In consequence of this, only one sermon, the introductory, by brother Willis, pastor of Leigh Street Church, in this city, was preached. This was a valuable practical discourse. We should be glad to see it in print.

Elder Hardwick, agent for Virginia, plead the cause of Domestic and Indian Missions, and received a liberal contribution. Elder Dickerson spoke in favor of Colportage, Elder Broadus in favor of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Elder Hume in favor of the Bible Board of the General Association. The claims of State Missions, Foreign Missions, various schools and Richmond College, were also discussed. For the Bible Board, State Mission Board, and the Theological Seminary, contributions were made. The session was one of much interest, but we cannot enter further into an account of the proceedings.

P.

REV. M. T. YATES.

The friends of this brother will be happy to know that he and his lady, and daughter, are about to resume their much loved work in China. They are now in our city on their way to New York, whence they expect to sail within the present month. They have found pleasure in greeting those they love in this land, but, more than all things else, they long once more to proclaim to the perishing they left behind them in the Empire of China, the Words of Life.

T.

JAPAN.

"Rev. H. Osgood, recently an Episcopalian of high education and social

connections, possessing ample means, has become a Baptist, and his soul filled with the desire and purpose to devote himself to the work of evangelization in Japan. He is now preparing himself for this labor, and is ready and able to support himself and family, pecuniarily, only desiring to be under the general care and direction of the Missionary Union. Is not this interposition like that which connected Judson with our denomination, and the Burman mission, and may we not hope, and shall we not pray for a similar issue?"

The above intelligence we clip from an exchange paper. It is full of encouragement. T.

The following regulations are substantially the same as those under which the Board has acted from the beginning, in conducting its missionary operations. They have been subjected to a careful revision, and as many have desired to understand the relation which exists between the Board and its co-laborers, we conclude to give them a place in the Commission.

RULES,

Defining the Relations of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention, and its Missionaries.

PREAMBLE.

It is distinctly understood that the relation existing between the Board and its missionaries is voluntary, and of the most fraternal character. In his appointment, the missionary is pledged to continue in his work through life, unless otherwise specified, while the obligation of the Board to continue its patronage is equally solemn and binding. The compact can be dissolved by neither party, excepting for reasons valid and weighty. If the missionary should become unsound in his religious views, or deficient in his moral character, or, on any other account unqualified for the useful pursuance of his work, the Board possess the inherent

right to dissolve the connection. On the other hand, the right to withdraw for sufficient reasons is possessed by the missionary. The relation being founded on this basis, the following rules are agreed on between the Board and the missionaries.

I. The Board shall have the right to constitute the missionaries of a station, or district, into a Mission, to act as its agent within the limits assigned, or to hold each missionary directly responsible to the Board. But in all such cases due regard shall be had to the wishes of the missionaries to be affected thereby.

II. Each Mission established by the Board shall hold stated meetings, at such times and places as the mission shall appoint, for prayer, consultation and business.

III. Every missionary shall devote himself earnestly to the work, and shall engage in no secular business judged by the Mission or the Board to be injurious to his character or usefulness.

IV. All missionaries supported by the Board shall, with their wives and children, be considered as having claim on the Mission fund for equal support in similar circumstances. The wives of missionaries will, in all suitable cases, be regarded as assistant missionaries, and as far as their domestic duties will allow, will be expected to contribute their share of influence, especially in conducting schools, and giving instruction to those of their own sex.

V. Salaries will be fixed according to all the information the Board can obtain. It will be expected of each Mission, if experience shall show that the amount allowed is either too much or too little, that it will furnish such statements of facts as will enable the Board to arrive at correct conclusions, so that in the one case the amount may be increased, in the other, diminished.

VI. The salary of the missionary shall commence on his arrival at the field of labor he is expected to occupy.

VII. No missionary, or assistant missionary, shall abandon his station, or return to the United States, except on account of sickness of himself or family, without permission of the Board; and in the cases excepted, the sanction of the Mission shall be obtained, when the individual is a member of a mission. The necessary expenses of a return home will be borne by the Board only in accordance with this rule. The salary of returned missionaries shall cease upon leaving the field.

VIII. Missionaries who support themselves from their own income, may be missionaries of the Board equally with those who receive pecuniary support, and in such cases must be equally subject to the instructions and general regulations of the Board.

IX. Each missionary shall transmit to the Board, at least quarterly, a detailed account of his labors, and each Mission shall report annually the result of its operations.

X. There shall be a regular annual meeting of each Mission, at which an estimate of appropriations for the ensuing year shall be made and submitted to the Board; specifying, as far as practicable, the items for which funds are required, and the missionary for whom needed. Unassociated missionaries shall annually submit their own estimates.

XI. The Board shall appoint the Treasurer of each Mission. But in case of a vacancy, the Mission shall have the power to appoint *pro tem*.

XII. It shall be the duty of these Treasurers to hold all funds, and other assets belonging to the Board, subject to its order, under the regulations herein provided.

XIII. Salaries of missionaries, and special appropriations, may be paid quarterly, in advance, upon the receipt of the missionary for whom they are designated. No other payments shall be made except by order of the Mission, or the Board.

XIV. Each missionary shall render to the Mission a quarterly account of all moneys, except for salary, drawn by him from the Treasury.

XV. In no case shall appropriations made for one object be applied to another, except by the consent of the Mission or the Board, nor shall a Mission, or missionary, contract debt in the name of the Board, unless from actual necessity.

XVI. No missionary shall change his station without the consent of the Mission, or the Board, nor shall the station of a missionary be changed without his consent.

XVII. The salary is intended to cover the personal expenses of a missionary and his family. House rents, postage on official letters, traveling expenses in the prosecution of missionary labors, the salary of a teacher to afford instruction in the language to be acquired, text books, and other expenses incident to his work, shall be met either by special appropriation, or from the common fund of the Mission with which it is connected.

XVIII. No missionary, widow, or child of a missionary, shall have any claim whatever upon the Board for support, after the dissolution of his or her connection with the Board. But the Board may, in cases of special need, extend aid to disabled missionaries, and widows and children of missionaries.

XIX. The support of missionaries returning to this country, with the expectation of resuming their labors in the Foreign field, shall, after their arrival, be regulated by the Board in each particular case.

XX. If any member of a Mission persist in violating any of the above regulations, it shall be the indispensable duty of the Mission to give, with his knowledge, full information to the Board.

XXI. The missionaries in Liberia and Sierra Leone, shall be subject to

such regulations as the Board may, from time to time, adopt; anything in the above rules to the contrary notwithstanding.

SELECTIONS.

OBITUARY OF THE REV. J. H. CHEESEMAM.

We extract the following notice of our departed brother Cheeseman from the *Liberia Herald*. Brother Cheeseman was a good man, a devout Christian, an able minister. In his death our Mission sustained a great loss.

P.

"OBITUARY.

"*Mr. Herald*—Suffer the indulgence of a few lines in your columns, not to controvert, but rather to show respect to a departed friend, in whose death I have lost a father, a brother, and a true friend; he whose death I now lament is no other than our well beloved brother, and distinguished fellow-citizen, the Rev. J. H. Cheeseman.

"Affection catches the last look, friendship treasures up in memory the last sentence. We cannot follow the spirits of those who wing their flight to unknown worlds. But we like to descend into the valley with them. We linger on the shore and weep, anxiously watching their passage over the river. Such scenes are opening to us now. On Sabbath, the 19th of June, if I am correct, the Rev. John H. Cheeseman, Pastor of the Edina Baptist Church attended the quarterly union meeting of the church of which he was Pastor, which was held in the Township of Bexley, a settlement on the St. John's River, Grand Bassa County, where he faithfully, as usual, expounded the doctrine of salvation, the hope of mankind; in his sermon he was moved upon more and more, it is said, by that Spirit that imparts life and energy to the man of God. He

at that meeting assisted in the administration of the Lord's Supper for the last time, he called to the memory of the Church the language of the Saviour, 'I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine with you until it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God.' Notice the language that impressed his mind, and the call from his work to his reward. The indefatigable zeal and the Christian character of my beloved Pastor, is too well known for me to here enlarge, suffice it to say he lived a life devoted to his God, yea I feel conscientious when I say, he walked with God, in prosperity, in adversity, in sickness, and I do also say in death, he remembered and trusted in the mercy of God. My acquaintance with brother Cheeseman has been now for eight years, six of which I was under his special care and enjoying his liberality, and I feel a deep sense of my indebtedness to him for past kindness. I was one of the sheep of his flock and feel justified in saying, that his only thought with a few exceptions was for the salvation of sinners; oh, how can I forget his sweet counsels, his warning voice, when ever my feet would go astray, as a good shepherd he would say as Milton,

'Do'nt graze too near the bank, my gentle sheep,
The sand is quick beneath thy feet, the pit is deep.'

"But he is gone, no more I'll hear his voice, he is called and

'His sainted spirit rose on wings of love
Above this vale of tears, to joys above.'

"Before the close of the meeting at Bexley, where his last sermon was heard, he said to the brethren, I am informed, we will not all meet again in this chapel, he continued, I feel so, I know we will not. The gloomy shades of death was then before his mind, yet his hope was too deeply fixed on Jesus to fear. O, death, where is thy sting.

'Our Saviour nailed it to his cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.'

"The Sabbath passed off, and on Monday morning, as usual, he retired to his office for prayer and meditation, yet with this gloom before his mind, and being in an agony he prayed more earnestly. Every action on his part was marked with attention by his well beloved and affectionate wife, and every action of his indicated his approaching dissolution. He waited the call of the messenger death who must yet perform his office. Alas, he is called, at which time he arose from his seat as if to meet the champion, he said to his wife I must go, my hour is come.

'Oh, for the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord.'

"From his house he proceeded across the River St. John to the city of Buchanan, as if to take the last view of his friends on that side of the river. There he remained until his second call, at which time he and my dear Cousin Josiah T. Neyle, (*cease fond nature to weep,*) together with poor little Charles Washington, were turned over in the river, and sunk to rise no more alive. The letters I received from my beloved pastor and cousin, written five days before their death, satisfy me that they had a fore-knowledge of their death. Brother Cheeseman spoke as an inspired man in his last epistle to me; brother Neyle, my cousin, said 'A gloom passes over me, I have witnessed more of the power of the Spirit of God lately than ever,' he continues, 'I cannot last long.' They are gone.

'Being pilgrims in the world below,
They only sojourned here.'

"Thus it was with our beloved friends, their humility deepened while their hopes were within the vale, and their souls were sustained by that peace which is perfect. The hovering shades at the entrance of the dark

valley did not appal them, for it was irradiated by the beams of the Son of righteousness. There was no dependence in or upon past duties, all hopes of salvation rested upon the atonement of their Saviour and the immutability of his love.

'Brethren they are gone to rest,
With the Saviour they are blest.'

"Z. B. ROBERTS.

"Greenville, July 15th, 1859."

THE YOKE OF JESUS.

The yoke of Jesus is easy, and his burden is light. It well fitted his shoulders and will fit ours also, if we will but bow the head. Here lies all the difficulty. We carry the head too high, and then it chafes us. This is not the fault of the yoke, but of the yoke bearer.

It is designed for lowly ones. Jesus was a lowly one. We are called to learn of him, be lowly too, and then it will fit our shoulders as it did his. It is only in this way that we can walk with Him. How sweet thus to walk with Jesus—step by step, side by side, shoulder to shoulder! This is now our great lesson—having taken the yoke upon us, to learn of Jesus. Then, even whilst laboring, we shall find rest unto our souls. It is so in glory. There they serve him day and night, and yet they have entered into his rest. This is a law in God's house, Service in the spirit gives rest to the soul. The Lord's burden never makes us weary. We become weary only when we attempt to carry our own burdens. Our shoulders are not adapted to this. They are adapted to bear one another's burdens. Jesus bore ours. We are to bear one another's and so fulfil the law of Christ. If Christians understood this more fully, there would be far greater liberty, and joy, and power in service than we now witness in the churches. Nor should we so frequently hear the words of

mourning and lamentation uttered by the children of God :

"Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?"

Ah, where! but in the place of lowly and self-denying service. He says, "If any man serve me, him, will my Father honor." "If any man love me, let him keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." Here then may again be found the "soul-refreshing view of Jesus and his word," even in the path of lowly and self-denying service.

Christians must be brought to feel that they are not their own; that their bodies, souls, minds, spirits, time, talents, property, money, all belong to Christ. They must be willing to serve him, as well as worship him; to serve him by renewed acts of consecration to him, both of themselves and their property. If Christians are not willing to do this, they will certainly suffer loss in their souls. This is a law of the spirit, it cannot be evaded. There will be leanness. It may be concealed for a time, but effect will follow cause; and sooner or later, it will become obvious, even to the world. Then we shall not only have leanness in the churches, and hear the voice of lamentation; but we shall also have to bear reproach from the keen-sighted world, because of our departure from that simplicity of faith which characterized the pilgrim fathers.

Moreover, if the churches are not awakened to a sense of their departure from lowly, energetic, self-denying service, and quickened to acts of dedication both of themselves and property to the furtherance of the gospel, we shall have to witness, through God's providences, the removal of property from the hands of unfaithful stewards, that it may be bestowed upon others more

worthy of it. Already we have had intimations of this. Our Master is head over all things to the church. The silver and gold are his. These are required in his service. And if the present holders of property refuse to make appropriations to the Lord, or to give back to him that which he has loaned to them, that they may know the blessedness of giving, then, as the kingdom of God was taken from the Jews and given to the Gentiles, so will property be taken from the hands of unfaithful stewards and given to others. This will be brought about in the Lord's governmental dispensations. He "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." Men will have to learn that it is not enough to say "Lord, Lord," and then turn and worship mammon. * * * * *

"Faith in God," must become the motto of every house of business. Every merchant must adopt it and act upon it. All commercial transactions must have reference to it. Governmental acts should be based upon it, administrators of law be guided by it. Let it become a household word; let children early be taught to lisp it; let family arrangements spring out of it; let all the churches live it out, and thereby commend it to the world. Then, and not till then, shall we be exalted as a nation. Christians must deny themselves; self-denial will give them opportunities of proving their devotion to the cause of Christ. They must be brought to understand that to use upon themselves, or to lay up on the earth that which should have been devoted to the Lord, will be followed by great loss: whereas, to give themselves first to the Lord, and their property to his service, is to secure great gain, and glory in the world to come. The liberal soul will be made fat. He that gives himself and his substance to the Lord, will receive Christ and his glory in return. So that he may say, "The Lord is the portion of mine in-

heritance, and of my cup." His cup will be full, running over; and his language will be, "O, taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him."

There is no honour like following Christ—no service like bearing his yoke—no security for riches, save when they are laid up in heaven—no labour so remunerative as labour for the Lord—no investment like works of faith and labours of love, for these shall appear unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ—no fortunes like those of devoted Christians, who are rich in faith and good works, whose inheritance is undefiled and fadeth not away.

* * * * *

The church has become straightened, not because she has been drawing largely and cannot draw more, but because she has been saying, "I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing." Let her now change her language and say, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." The Lord is able to make all grace to abound toward you, so that ye, having all sufficiency, may abound to every good work. So that in this great trial of affliction and poverty, the abundance of joy among the Lord's people may be made to abound under the riches of their liberality.

Other Missions.

ENGLISH BAPTISTS.

ORISSA.

The way in which the Gospel first took root in Orissa, is without a parallel in India; and furnishes a striking illustration of the wonderful manner in which God sometimes fulfils his purposes of mercy to men. The circumstances were as follows: Some years ago, there lived a few miles north of

Cuttack an old guru, or spiritual guide, named Sudra Das. In early life he had been a warrior under the Athgur raja, one of the hill chieftains, but had now become a kind of Hindu reformer, being thoroughly dissatisfied with idolatry, and seeking for something better. This was the man appointed to prepare the way of the Lord in Orissa. He was a man of great intelligence, and used to expatiate with the most cutting satire on the evils of Hinduism, holding it up in the most striking way to deserved contempt, and divesting the minds of his followers of all respect for the idols of their ancestors. He gathered a large number of disciples, whom he called his children, and instructed them in various moral duties. At different times, two or three Christian tracts circulated by the missionaries fell into their hands; and teaching the unity of God and the folly of idolatry, were much approved by them. An Oriya catechism, received by one of the disciples from a missionary, was read in their assembly with great delight. They had read other tracts, but found this much more easy of comprehension. They were especially struck with the Dos-agya, or ten commandments, which the guru expounded at length; dwelling on their beauty and perfect truth, and showing how all men had violated them. Henceforth this book was their law. Shortly after, some of them made inquiries at Cuttack, and received more tracts, a Gospel, and a Testament. These books also were welcomed by the old guru, who gladly adopted them for the improvement of his disciples. He found them answer the end they had in view, i. e., his own exaltation as a moral teacher, since they confirmed and carried out the doctrines he had taught, viz., the folly of idolatry, the unity of God, and that all men should worship Him. The influence of these truths among the disciples was very great; they learned whole passages of the

books by heart; they kept the Sabbath; and, as the next step, began to teach their fellow-countrymen. Various parties of them were sent by the guru in different directions, to expound and enforce these wonderful Ten Commandments; and four of their number in particular, who afterward became faithful missionaries of the cross, were long engaged in their propagation.

But for this they were persecuted by their heathen neighbours; and at last sought out Mr. Lacey and asked him for advice. Mr. Lacey and Mr. Sutton, from that time, were in constant intercourse with them; and as the guru had expounded the law, so did they preach the Gospel. One day the guru, in their presence, thus addressed his disciples respecting the New Testament:

"My children, there is the truth, and great truth. There are gifts of rice, of clothing and of wisdom. This is wisdom, the highest gift; rice decays, clothing perishes; but wisdom never dies. Take this, my children, and let it be your guide; all the silver and the gold in the world cannot purchase this."

The children soon grew wiser than their teacher, who never embraced Christianity. Indeed, he gave himself forth as an incarnation of Jesus Christ, appointed twelve apostles, after the example of Christ, and thus tried to retain his own spiritual power. But some of the disciples remembered that it was written, "Many false Christs shall arise, saying lo! here, and lo! there;" and his influence with them was by this act entirely ruined. He continued to preach Christ, "of envy and strife," and thus contributed to the further spread of Gospel knowledge; but was very indignant that the missionaries "reaped the corn which he had sown."

In one case he gave a severe beating

to a disciple who had been baptized, for which he was imprisoned. During the last five years of his life, he recovered much of the influence he had lost by the conversion of his followers, and collected many others; he continued to inculcate the spiritual worship of Vishnu, spoke of the Bible doctrine of God as an error, and taught that the Scriptures were not infallible. In this spirit he died, in April, 1838. He commanded that his body should not be burned, but should be buried in the house where he taught. The grave still exists there, in a wild and jungly spot. His slippers, his stool, punka and lamp, lie near it; many visit it as a holy place; and it is said by the heathen that even miracles are performed there.

Gunga Dhor, a high caste Brahmin, was the first of the old guru's disciples who avowed Christ. He was baptized March 23, 1828. He had been the chief reader among their number; and, possessing great energy, had also been most active in spreading the Ten Commandments. The conflict was long and painful ere he could renounce his caste, his family, and all his worldly honours and prospects; but at length he resolved, and, in the spirit of a martyr, counted all things loss for Christ. This, however, was not until he had tested the divinity of Juggernath, in his own characteristic manner. He repaired to the temple, and after numerous prostrations and offerings, entreated the god to be propitious and answer the petition which he presented. He returned to his lodgings for the night, waiting for Juggernath to appear to him and answer his petition, as his worshippers say he does, by vision or dream. However, no Juggernath came, neither was their vision nor dream. The next day he resolved that if Juggernath was in abstract meditation, as he is sometimes supposed to be, he would rouse him to something like sensibility. For this

purpose he secreted under his cloth a sharp pointed rod of iron, and again presented himself before Juggernath, thoroughly abusing him for not answering his petition of the previous day. He then went behind the idol, and taking out the iron rod, mercilessly probed his back and sides until he thought he must be roused, if he had any life or feeling in him. Having done this, he repeated his prostrations, demanding to be informed if he were really a god, and threatening to abandon him and his worship forever, if he did not answer him. No answer was given; and Gunga left the temple in high dudgeon, never to appear in it again. He has, however, often appeared before it since, but it has been in the capacity of a minister of Christ; and such was the effect of at least one of his addresses that, among the crowding thousands of listeners, there was scarcely one that was not moved to tears. For many years has this second Boanerges been engaged in proclaiming the Gospel to his idolatrous countrymen; his exposures of idolatry have been and are most masterly, and his power as a preacher has rarely been equalled.

Rama Chundra, the next disciple who made a profession of Christianity, was son of the last Mahratta governor of the fort of Cuttack, when it was taken by the English, and a wealthy man; but at the command of the guru he had given away most of his property to the poor. He, too, became an earnest and affectionate preacher of the Gospel, and has proved himself to be a man of sterling character. It is an interesting fact that, upon the death of Dr. Sutton in 1855, after thirty years spent in the mission field, this native brother improved the event in the chapel at Cuttack by an appropriate and impressive sermon from the text, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest

from their labours; and their works do follow them."

* * * * *

The total number of native converts baptized at Cuttack and its immediate dependencies, Choga and Khundittur, since 1828, is upwards of three hundred and thirty, in addition to numbers of Europeans and East Indians. Of these, some have formed the nucleus of other stations in the province; others are scattered abroad in different parts of India; some have made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience; many appear among the redeemed hosts before the throne of God and the Lamb; and many more yet remain among us, as living proofs that our labour has not been in vain in the Lord.

Oriental Baptist.

BOOK NOTICES.

SUNDAY MORNING THOUGHTS; *Or, Great Truths in Plain Words.* By THOMAS GELDART, Author of "Truth is Everything," "Daily Thoughts for a Child," "Emilie, the Peace-Maker," &c. New York: Sheldon and Company, &c.

SUNDAY EVENING THOUGHTS, &c. Same Author and Publishers.

EMILIE, THE PEACE-MAKER. Same Author and Publishers.

These interesting volumes are a part of Sheldon and Company's Sunday School Library. The first two contain short chapters on important Scriptural topics, suited to interest and instruct, not children merely, but Christians of mature growth; while in style and thought they are peculiarly adapted to the young.

Emilie is a pleasing narrative of the genial and blessed influence of a peace-loving and peace-making little girl. We hope all our sisters will give their daughters a chat with Emilie.

P.

JESSIE ALLISON; *Or, The Transformation*. By MARY A. RICHARDS, with an Introduction by Mrs. Bradley. Same Publishers.

This is Vol. 43 of the Sunday School Library. It is another book for the girls. In it are illustrated the disagreeable and destructive effects of a selfish, willful temper, the beauty and happiness of youthful piety, and some of the methods of Divine Providence for the reformation of the vicious. The style is lucid and easy, and well adapted to the design of the work.

We would commend the Sunday School Library of Sheldon and Company to our brethren who are engaged in conducting such schools, and to our colporters. The books are well printed and bound, and so far as we have read them, we think them *safe* and valuable. P.

LESSONS FROM JESUS; *Or, The Teachings of Divine Love*. By W. P. BALFERN, Author of "Glimpses of Jesus." Same Publishers.

This volume contains thirty-two short discourses on texts relating to the leading events in the life of our Saviour, and interspersed with poetry. Such works are to be commended. They serve to give a more accurate and impressive acquaintance with the character and work of the Redeemer, and also to cultivate a devotional spirit. We have not had time to read many of these discourses. As far as we have read we are pleased with them, and think we may safely and strongly commend the work to general circulation.

The above works and other valuable publications of Sheldon and Company, together with a choice collection of the best religious works from other houses, may be had at the store of T. J. Starke, Main St., Richmond.

P.

RECREATIONS OF A SOUTHERN BARRISTER. *With an Introduction by T. G. JONES*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Richmond: A. Morris.

The author of these Recreations finds his pleasure in what, to many, would be severe labour. The subjects of these essays demand, to a worthy treatment, profound thought, and rigid analysis. And they are worthily treated. The essays are: Thomas Chatter-

ton—the splendid, the unfortunate, the criminal, Thomas Chatterton; A Review of the American Citizen, by John Henry Hopkins, D. D.; A Review of Bledsoe and Stringfellow on Slavery; The New Literature, a Review of "Confessions of a Converted Infidel, by Rev. John Bailey;" Christianity in the Legal Profession; A Review of "The Forum, or Forty Years full Practice at the Philadelphia Bar, by David Paul Brown;" A Review of the Lectures of Wm. A. Smith, D. D., on Domestic Slavery in the United States; A Review of Milburn's Lectures.

Our space will not permit us to speak of the distinctive merits of these essays. But we cannot pass them by without expressing our high appreciation of their merit. The Introduction, by Rev. T. G. Jones, is worthy of the author; and in saying this we say much, for he wields a powerful and classic pen. P.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST REVIEW. No. III., Vol. 5. Nashville, Tenn.: Graves, Marks & Co.

Contents: Art. I. An Able Ministry, J. M. P., Ed.; II. Who Vote in a Congregational Church; III. Conduct in the Kingdom of Christ, "J. F. B.;" IV. Divine Love vs. Universalism, Rev. D. D. Buck; V. Ordinances Administered by Pedo-baptists, Eld. James Whitsett; VI. "The New Heavens and the New Earth," *Sol.*; VII. Notes on the Revelations, G. H. Orchard; VIII. China Mission, Geo. C. Conner; Eclectic Department; Notices of New Publications.

We do not receive this Review regularly. It is ably conducted, and although it is devoted to the defense of some views with which we do not agree, we like to see it. P.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN JOURNAL.

The September number of this periodical has been laid upon our table. From the very interesting matter it contains we infer it is a most excellent publication, and demands the support of young men of all denominations, and all others favourable to the work. Its liberal terms is an inducement for its wide circulation; and its mechanical execution reflects much credit upon its Publishers.

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