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A NOBLE TRIBUTE TO DISTINGUISHED WORTH.

We cannot do a better or, we judge, more acceptable service to the readers of the Commission, than by transferring the following interesting article. It is long for such a magazine, and will exclude original essays from this number. We thought of dividing it, and publishing in consecutive numbers; but we are satisfied that our patrons would prefer to have it in one number. We trust it will lead many of them to procure the work of which it is a review.

P.

(From the London Quarterly.)

LIFE AND TIMES OF CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD.*

Great honor is designed for the memory of the fathers of the Serampore Mission. No Englishman of the present generation will forget, and the history of England will convey to those of future times, how the heart of the nation, when sore with repeated tidings of disaster in India, was first relieved, and then filled with exultation, by gleam after gleam of victory from the sword of a hero leading a slender band; and how good men were told with delight, that Havelock was a son-in-law of Dr. Marshman, the missionary.

The same distinguished man left a son, who was long recognized as the unrivaled leader of the Indian press, and who, in the columns of the *Friend of*

* *Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, Embracing the History of the Serampore Mission.* By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN. In Two Volumes. Longmans. 1859.

India, has exerted no inconsiderable influence on its history. Retired now to England, he has employed his leisure in telling the wonderful tale of Carey, Ward, and his own father, in a work which no missionary, or statesman, or student of Indian affairs, can safely dispense with or honestly ignore. It is the moral history of North-India, and of the Indian Government, illustrated by and interwoven with a strange tale of enterprise, almost incredible mental prodigies, and eminent Christian graces. It is well told. The author has the advantage of perfect familiarity with the scenes and persons to which his narrative related. Yet sufficient time has elapsed to make the men already public personages. The work has the double advantage of history and biography—the elevation and gravity of the one, with the liveliness and personal interest of the other. Mr. Marshman is a practiced writer, holds his pen easily, never tries to be eloquent, but often is so; and now and then seasons with a gentle grain of salt. You feel at once that your author is outspoken and fair. He does not hesitate to set forth the faults of his heroes, or let it be seen that missionaries are subject to infirmities like other men. He is an honest Baptist, a frank dissenter, and perhaps a little hard on Bishops; not so much on the genus as a whole, as on that anomalous species of it, the Colonial prelate, who, being a Bishop, is always wondering why he is not a baron. But

genial and manly throughout, though he deals a few knocks on names we are wont to honor, he seems to feel his reasons to be good, and does not give offense. The variety of incident, the dovetailing of events, the shifting of the scene, are all admirably managed; and men are made to live before you, without formal descriptions of them.

We could have wished the conversions both of some of the leaders and their disciples more fully given. History is gradually getting deeper into man, from the camp and court to the arts, from them to social life, and at length will come to the root of all life, the soul. Conversion has yet to be fairly recognized in general history as an element in national life, quite as much as genius or power. It is here in the world. It has affected men who have influenced nations. The historians must deal with it, or evade the most copious source of light upon moral questions. Mr. Marshman is far from overlooking conversion; but we should have been glad had he, in one or two cases, given the inner history of a soul, as fully as D'Aubigné has done that of Luther.

No historian has told us what kind of a shoemaker was Clarke Nichols, of Hackleton; but he had the most wonderful apprentice in Northamptonshire. The son of the parish clerk and school-master of Pury, William Carey, had what store of letters his father could give. To this he had added the whole of a Latin vocabulary found some how. He was always busier with the structure of plants and insects than of soles and uppers. In Nichols' house he found a Commentary with here and there a Greek word. Of course he was puzzled, but was not to be put down. At Pury lived a learned weaver, Tom Jones; and Carey carefully copied each Greek word as best he could, and carried it for a translation.

At sixteen the death of his master transferred him, as a journeyman, to one Mr. Old. The well-known com-

mentator, Scott, paid pastoral visits in this family. There his eye was struck by "a sensible-looking lad in his working apron," and he foretold that he would be "no ordinary character." He who thus foresaw his greatness, was a leading instrument of his conversion. Carey, chiefly through the influence of a fellow-servant, received deep religious impressions. That fruitful fear which leads to efforts after salvation, lay heavily upon his soul. Mr. Scott's preaching was a blessing to him, which he never forgot; and, by slow and dimly lighted steps, he rose out of the pit of despondency into the sunshine of Christian life. He had not long experienced the joy of true religion, before he began to tell it to others. His neighbors relished the words of the wise journeyman. He was called to one village and another to preach. In the midst of this good work he adopted Baptist views; and Dr. Ryland, of Northampton, says, that "on the 5th of October, 1783, he baptized a poor journeyman shoemaker in the river Nen, a little beyond Dr. Doddridge's chapel in Northampton." Who, upon the banks of the Nen that day, imagined that the poor youth would win a name on the banks of the Ganges greater than all the celebrities of Northampton?

Mr. Old died, and Carey, at nineteen, took a business and a wife. He never was capable of managing the former, and the latter was not to be managed. Not only was she infinitely his inferior, but incapable of understanding his pursuits, or feeling proper respect for his grand character. She was a weight and a tease for him while she lived; leaving a lesson, that men whom Providence marks with gifts above their original position, ought to beware how they tie themselves for life to a perpetual reproach. Nothing prospered but his garden. His congregation would not give him as much as would buy clothes. He was long beset

with fever and ague. He trudged and toiled to make and sell shoes; but gave up his first "charge," and came to be over a little Baptist flock in the village of Moulton.

Here he hoped to do well by taking up a school, the master of which had just left the place. But his genius did not lie in the pedagogue's line any more than in the tradesman's. "When I kept school," was his own remark afterwards, "it was the boys that kept me." His gains from this source soon stood at 7s. 6d. a week. His church raised him £11 a year, and some fund paid him £5. Well might he turn again to the last. He plodded once a fortnight to Northampton with his wallet on his shoulder, full of shoes going, and of leather coming back. Mr. Marshman insinuates that he was an indifferent workman; yet his own biographer vindicates his questioned honor on that point, and repeats a saying of his own in defense of it. Mr. Marshman, as if to meet this, has his anecdote also. Thirty years after Carey's ugly journeys under the wallet, he was dining with the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India, and, overhearing a general officer inquire of an aid-de-camp whether Mr. Carey had not been a shoe-maker, he stepped forward and explained: "No, sir, only a cobbler."

Moulton was a memorable place to Carey, and through his name that of Moulton will never be forgotten. There he went deep in biblical study. There he broke above clown companionship into the society of kindred intellect. The venerable author of *Help to Zion's Travelers*, the father of Robert Hall, became his friend. Dr. Ryland was added to his circle; and one day, on descending from the pulpit, the pinched and tried village preacher had his hand grasped, his sentiments commended, his future friendship claimed, by the noble Andrew Fuller. But, above all, here was born within the soul of William Carey that idea which has already made

his name renowned, and whence will come to it increasing veneration with every age that our race is continued on earth.

It was in a poor cot, in that poor village, that, after reading Cook's Voyages, he was teaching some boys geography. Christendom was a small part of the world. The heathen were many. Was it not the duty of Christians to go to the heathen? It does not appear that he had received this idea from any one. His obscure position, and the absence of missionary spirit in his religious associates, kept him from all knowledge of what had been felt or done. God sent the thought direct from heaven into his own soul. It inflamed and filled it. It became his chief theme. With different sheets pasted together he made a kind of Map of the World, and entered all the particulars he could glean as to the people of the respective countries. Andrew Fuller found him, the fruitless school abandoned, working at his last with his map on the wall before his eye, which every now and then was raised; and while the hand plied the awl, the sage and glorious mind revolved the condition of that wide world, and its claims on those to whom Christ had made known the riches of His grace. A mission to the heathen! the Bible for the heathen! were the constant thoughts that filled the soul of the never-to-be-forgotten shoemaker of Moulton.

We shall ever remember one Monday morning, a few years ago, when—after a visit to the chapel of Dr. Doddridge, with its reminiscences of him and of Colonel Gardiner; and then to Weston Flavel, whence Hervey gave a voice to so many tombs—we approached Moulton, attracted by the memory of a far greater man than either. In as common a cottage as can be found, not inviting by beauty, striking by ugliness, or picturesque by decay, just a common shoemaker's cottage, were as common a couple as need be. And that was the spot where Wil-

liam Carey's soul received the spark from heaven which sped him to Bengal, and made him a shining light. We uncovered, and bowed, and said: "Blessed be the Lord, who can raise up His instruments where He will!"

At a meeting of ministers, Mr. Ryland called on the young men to name a topic for discussion. Up rose Carey, and proposed: "The duty of Christians to attempt to spread the Gospel among heathen nations." The venerable preacher sprang to his feet, frowned, and thundered out: "Young man, sit down! When God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine!" All the old men of his denomination were steadily against him. By degrees the young men were brought to his side. While he and his family were passing weeks without animal food, and with but short provision of other kinds, he prepared a pamphlet on this great theme. Mr. Marshman says that it "displayed extraordinary knowledge of the geography, history, and statistics of the various countries of the world, and exhibited the greatest mental energy, under the pressure of the severest poverty."

At the age of twenty-eight, Carey removed to Leicester, somewhat improving his circumstances by the change; but, what was more to him, getting among good libraries and cultivated men. As his ample intellect laid in stores of knowledge, the internal fire turned all to missionary fuel. He was one of those grand enthusiasts who can wait, be foiled, and give due place to a thousand ideas beside the ruling one, yet never lose sight of the work resolved upon as that of their lives.

The meeting of Baptist ministers in Nottingham, at the end of May, 1792, must ever be noted in the Church history of India, and illustrious in that of the Baptist denomination. The pastor of the Church at Leicester was appointed to preach. The fire which had burned under the constant musing of five years,

to which books of travel, and maps, and histories had been daily fuel, prophecies and precepts oil, and the discouragement of sage and good men but covering that sent it deeper, had leave to burst out at last. The pinch of want, the wear of labor, the keen sorrow of inability to give a good cause an influential advocacy, had all wrought deeply on the soul of Carey in his long training. The pent-up feelings of five years, pregnant fountains of the events of many centuries, burst upon the assembled ministers and congregation as if a geyser had sprung at their feet. Dr. Ryland said he should not have wondered had the people "lifted up their voice and wept." The burden of that ever-memorable sermon was:

1. Expect great things from God.
2. Attempt great things for God.

Even after this, when the ministers came to deliberate, the idea of doing any thing cooled down before the difficulties. When they were about to separate, Carey seized the hand of Fuller, and cried in an agony: "Are you going away without doing any thing?" That was the birth-pang of the Baptist Missionary Society. They resolved: "That a plan be prepared against the next ministers' meeting at Kettering, for the establishment of a Society for propagating the Gospel among the heathen."

At Kettering they met in the parlor of Mrs. Wallis. After difficulties had again arisen, and again been vanquished by "Mr. Carey's arguments and the irresistible influence of his great mind, the ministers present were prevailed upon to pledge themselves in a solemn vow to God and to each other, to make, at the least, an attempt to convey the Gospel message of salvation to some part of the heathen world." A society was formed, and a collection made, amounting to *thirteen pounds, two shillings and sixpence*: and so the Baptist Missionary Society was brought into existence.

Mr. Marshman does not say, but we gather, that the money was contributed by the ministers themselves. If so, it resembled the first collection made for Methodist missions twenty-three years before, in Leeds, by John Wesley and his poor itinerants alone; and thus the funds of two considerable missionary societies took their origin in the offerings of preachers of the Gospel, very poor, but rich in faith. But the early struggles of the mission cause among the Baptist Churches were carried on under discouragements unknown in the kindred body. The patronage of the Kettering meeting was not that of the Conference, and the unknown Mr. Carey was not an Oxford doctor of laws, with great influence and liberal fortune. Yet, while Dr. Coke's wonderful success rendered a society unnecessary till his death, Carey's want of fortune or influence turned to account in making it necessary to form a society at once. The moment the deed was done, his long-bound soul felt free. The thirteen pounds were no sooner in hand, than he declared himself ready to go to any part of the world. "His mind," says Mr. Marshman, "was imbued with that irresistible enthusiasm to which great enterprises owe their origin; and, notwithstanding the ridiculous contrast between the resources obtained and the magnitude of the enterprise, he was eager to enter upon it at once."

In all London the provincial ministers who had originated this great work could find only one minister of their body to countenance them. "There was little or no respectability among us," said Mr. Fuller; "not so much as a squire to sit in the chair, or an orator to address them." But they were doing a work which made them greater than squires, orators, or the decent doctors who frowned upon their zeal. The mission was to be.

But what country should be chosen as its field? A letter came from Bengal, written by a Mr. Thomas, asking

for subscriptions towards spreading the Gospel there. He was a flighty ship's surgeon; one of those creatures who live in the torrid zone which skirts the region of insanity, full of great plans and noble zeal—of crotchets, tempers and talent. Yet this was the instrument used by Providence to open the Gospel commission among the Bengalees in their own tongue, and to turn to their shores the firm and well-considered steps of Carey. He had landed at Calcutta, and found the only sign of Christianity to be the hoisting of the flag on Sunday. He advertised "for a Christian." He also published in the papers a plan "for spreading the knowledge of Jesus Christ and his glorious Gospel in and around Bengal." This brought him only two communications, and nothing resulted. On a second visit he found a patron in one whose name is dear to every friend of India. Charles Grant, in an age of general skepticism and wild immorality, almost alone among high officials avowed and adorned the Gospel of Christ. He forefelt the sense of responsibility as to India, which was afterwards to rest upon the minds of Christians generally; and, even with an unsteady though zealous agent like Thomas, nobly gave of his fortune for missionary purposes. Under his auspices the latter spent three years laboring among the natives; but he quarreled with his best friends and came home.

He arrived in time to lay his plans before the infant society. It adopted him as its missionary, and appointed Carey to accompany him. This was done in a committee at which Carey was present, doubtless blessing in his heart the wonderful man who was the instrument of pointing out to him whither he was to go in his long-sought work. Mr. Thomas was unexpectedly announced. Carey sprang up, rushed into his arms, and they wept on each other's neck.

Carey had reached the point at which

he had steadily aimed for years; but, alas! he was not past his trials yet. His wife would not hear of being dragged with her four children to India. Either loneliness or a retreat was forced upon him. With a sore heart he said: "I could not turn back without guilt upon my soul." The comfort he did not find in his family, he sought in vain from his colleague. He was deeply in debt, and hunted by creditors. Then, as to a passage? the great question with every intending voyager. No ships but those of the East India Company sailed to India; and none of them would carry such combustibles as Christian missionaries. A director had said that he would rather see a band of devils land in India than a band of missionaries. Thomas persuaded the captain of his own former ship to smuggle them out, by taking them secretly aboard at the Isle of Wight. There they went before her arrival; and Carey patiently waited for a clandestine passage, with a companion who was constantly dogged by bailiffs, and his family left behind. At last they were on board, and hope opened for a moment. But, alas! the captain at the same time had an anonymous letter, telling him the consequences of secretly carrying objectionable persons to India. They were put ashore, and much of their passage money sacrificed—that precious money, bought with Carey's labors and Fuller's tears—ay, tears; for, like Dr. Coke, he went from door to door to beg for the heathen; and, when rebuffed by religious men in this cold, brick London of ours, he sometimes went into a by-street, and opened his full heart with weeping.

From Portsmouth, Carey saw the fleet of Indiamen set sail for the land where his faith would be, and he shed bitter tears. They came to London. Men of Thomas's cast, with a cracked and porous intellect, like cork, never sink. He hustled about till a Danish Indiaman was found. He plagued Mrs. Carey

till she consented to go. He took passages for himself and her sister, who accompanied her, as servants, that the cost might not exceed the funds. On the thirteenth of June, 1793, the party embarked, and on the eleventh of November the soil of Bengal was first pressed by the man whose name will shine on the first pages of its Christian history.

They had no money and no letter of credit. Their all was some goods, which worthy Mr. Thomas sold. He lived well while the money lasted. Carey, after various troubles, was indebted for shelter to a generous native, whom, twenty years after, when their lots had changed, he was enabled to place "in a situation of ease and comfort."

His colleague was living in luxury, while Carey was struggling in a foreign land, "with a large family, and without a friend or a farthing." He wandered about, endeavoring, with an interpreter, to explain the Gospel, and returned to his hovel to encounter a wife and sister-in-law full of bitterness and reproaches. What was he to do? how and where can he find bread? Along the shore of the Bay of Bengal is a vast flat region of deadly jungle, inhabited by wild beasts, called the Sunderbunds. Here woodcutters resorted; and small patches were cleared for the manufacture of salt. Something possessed Carey, in his distress, with the idea that he could live by his labor here, and preach at the same time. After miserable failures in endeavoring to get money enough to convey him from Calcutta, at last he reached a spot where more than twenty people had been carried off by tigers in a few days. He and his large family were welcomed to the house of a European whom he had found. After a while he settled on a tract cleared from the jungle, and began to build a hut. His gun was his chief means of daily bread. Providence saved him from the fever, and

permitted him to show that no weight of poverty, trouble, and hindrance will break down a real instrument of God's good will toward men.

Thomas, who had been so often his plague, was again to open his way. He had renewed an old friendship, lost by his eccentricities, and obtained a situation as manager of an indigo factory. His excellent friend and employer, Mr. Udny, had another; and for it he recommended his forlorn and long-forgotten companion in the Sunderbunds. This called Carey from starvation in a wilderness to a moderate income at the head of a large establishment of natives, to whom he could preach the Gospel. He at once wrote home to the society, saying that he no longer needed to be paid from their funds, and requesting that what they would consider as his salary should go to print the New Testament in Bengalee. "At the same time," says this true-hearted missionary, "it will be my glory and joy to stand in the same relation to the society as if I needed support from them." Of his salary he devoted a fourth, and sometimes a third, to the purposes of his mission. "His time was systematically apportioned to the management of the factory, the study of the language, the translation of the New Testament, and addresses to the heathen." He was prostrated by fever; one of his children was carried off by dysentery, and his wife's reason fled, never to return. Still the servant of God worked on, worked at that secular duty for which he had neither heart nor head, and at those studies and sacred labors for which he had such a heart and head as were hardly ever given to another man. He preached to his work-people constantly, and itinerated when he could. He had a taste and power for one secular pursuit, and only one—horticulture. He loved plants and flowers; and, whether at Moulton or Serampore, cultivated them ardently. He set up, while a factory manager, as an impro-

ver of agriculture, and sent for implements from England.

But he was sowing wonderful seeds in England, while thus cultivating indigo at the unheard-of village of Mudnabatty. Dr. Ryland, in Bristol, received letters from Carey, and, knowing that Dr. Bogue and Mr. Stephen were then in the city, sent for them to hear the missionary news. When they were finished, they knelt down together, and prayed for a blessing on the distant evangelists. Strange and wondrous then was a missionary's tale, though to-day happily familiar to our ears. The two Independents retired to speak of forming a society in their own denomination. The London Missionary Society was the result: a noble plant sown by Carey's pen in the soil of that England which he had left forever.

Carey had already had trials in most forms, and new ones arrived in the person of a colleague hot with politics, who abused every authority in India and England. He was splendidly rebuked by Andrew Fuller, with hearty English feeling and strong English language; but this could not save the missionary from the plague of a political colleague. Then his temporal prospects began to lower. The factory was not prosperous. The neighborhood was ill chosen, and the manager not well. He formed a plan for a missionary settlement of seven or eight families, living in little straw houses, and having all things in common: the details of which show that though he had been years in the country, he had no idea of how to arrange every-day affairs.

But there was a matter which he understood. God's holy word was ready for printing in Bengalee. He obtained types. A wooden press was presented to the mission by Mr. Udny; and as it began to work at Mudnabatty, the natives of India, like those of Fiji in later days, declared that it was a god. He wrote home for a press and paper, adding: "If a serious printer could be

found willing to engage in the mission, he would be a great blessing. Such a printer I knew at Derby before I left England."

The factory was broken up, and he took one on his own account at Kidderpore. Meantime Mr. Thomas had gone round a circle of occupations, always the same queer being, but always a clever doctor and a zealous preacher. Carey, steady as a rock, yet acute as a needle, learned and labored, and did good incessantly. "I preach every day to the natives, and twice on the Lord's day constantly, besides other itinerant labors;" yes, and besides ponderous labors in study and translation. And this while in secular employment!

For five years and more had he followed his labors uncheered by success, tried at home, and tried by colleagues. At length a letter announced the arrival of four yoke-fellows; but they were forbidden English territory, and had sheltered under the Danish flag. The little settlement of Serampore, across the river from the Governor-General's country house, a few miles from Calcutta, had happily remained under Denmark. A Danish ship carried Carey out, when an English one would not; and now that an American one had brought him colleagues, Danish authorities defended them. The powers at Calcutta were disposed to take offence; but brave Governor Bie was staunch in his little possession, and his firmness made his flag and his guests respected. For that deed, the name of Colonel Bie will never cease to be mentioned while the Gospel is preached in India.

Carey wrote urging his brethren to join him in the interior. But he was there as an indigo planter: they had avowed themselves missionaries, and dared not in that character settle on the territory of the East-India Company. One of them, protected by a Danish passport, set out to persuade Carey to come and settle in Serampore.

This was no other than that very

printer whom Carey had mentioned as having seen him at Derby, when, in his letter home, he had said how useful "a serious printer would be." William Ward had never forgotten the words Carey spoke to him, on a walk, before he started for India. He had become a popular newspaper editor, first in his native town, then in Hull; had imbibed republican principles, and advocated them till his writings had twice the distinction of being prosecuted by the state, and defended by Erskine. At Hull a religious change passed upon him. He joined the Baptists, devoted himself to the ministry, went to a college, and so completely broke with politics that for ten years after he had been at Serampore, he did not even take in a paper.

It was with great excitement he jumped from his boat, and walked from the river to the house of the man whose influence had attracted him from the heart of England to the flats of Bengal. He met Carey with an outburst of affection, and exclaimed: "Blessed be God, he is a young man yet!" A letter followed him from Serampore, showing that the Company's servants were becoming even more threatening; and therefore Carey was forced to abandon his own plans, and come down to head his brethren on the one sheltered field where they might labor.

At Serampore he found three brethren, of whom two were soon to rest from their labors, and the third was Joshua Marshman, whose name and reputation were to take a place beside his own, and out of whose family India was to welcome the pen of John Marshman, and the sword of Havelock. He had been a prodigy-boy quite as much as Carey; one of those greedy and vigorous minds, that gulp down knowledge of every kind, and digest it into good brain-blood, in spite of all probabilities to the contrary. His early history, as sketched by his son, is a touching piece of biography. He had a Huguenot, as Ward

had a Methodist mother. He grew up among devout Baptists at Westbury Leigh. The powers of the Church were Farmer Bachelor, and other three deacons, who met weekly, and ruled strictly. Young Marshman was steady, serious, and in all lore more learned than ten dozen of the deacons, especially in Puritan divinity. But church government is church government, and here is the style in which it was administered by the excellent four.

"They maintained that as a work of grace, once begun in the heart, could never become extinct, it was more advisable to postpone the admission to church fellowship even of those who might appear to be sincere, than to admit one unconverted person into the fold.

"When Mr. Marshman sought admission into the Church, Farmer Bachelor and the other deacons remarked that he had too much 'head knowledge' of Christianity to have much 'heart knowledge' of its truths. They kept him, therefore, in a state of probation for seven years, and he eventually left Westbury Leigh without having been baptized."—Vol. i. pp. 105-6.

Happily, in Bristol, where he conducted a school, the door of the Church was not so very low, but that even men with heads on their shoulders could get in. There he was the means of converting a Mr. Grant from infidelity; and there at last he offered his services for the Indian Mission; and in three weeks from that day was sailing down the Channel.

At Serampore the missionaries found the governor and authorities among their best friends. In Calcutta they had on their side two chaplains—David Brown, a noble Yorkshireman, who long and well bore witness for his Master amid fearful ungodliness, and Claudius Buchanan, whose name is better known in England. The British Government were persuaded by them that the missionaries did not mean any harm. The state of religious information in Calcutta may be judged of from the fact that a newspaper editor, taking it for

granted that the unknown word "Baptist" must be a mistake, announced that four Papist missionaries had arrived.

The missionaries, according to a plan of Mr. Carey, agreed to live together as one family. They were to dine at one table, to place all their income in a common fund, by whomsoever earned, and to allow each family a certain sum for "personal expenses." This was a plan conceived in a fine spirit, but not fitted for permanent working. No Missionary Society then labouring in India had adopted the rule, which served the Methodists so much from the first, that men were not to engage in secular pursuits. The devoted at Serampore had their own efforts to look to for the chief part of their expenses. Yet, as Mr. Marshman shows, those who did little in the way of money were willing to do much in that of control, and could give strong opinions even upon the cost of Mrs. Ward's bonnet.

Poor Mr. Thomas, as fervent and wayward as ever, was away in the interior manufacturing sugar, and preaching the Gospel. He came with a hopeful inquirer to Serampore in a great excitement of joy; but when, after his return, his disciple disappeared, he became as much depressed. Yet the first fruit gathered was to be partly of his planting. On the very day that his inquirer had rejoiced his heart by telling the "Church" at Serampore of his religious experience, he had to set a native's arm. He preached to him till he wept. Nor were his tears feigned, or from transient feeling. Mr. Thomas was in a few weeks summoned to take part in the baptism of Krishnu, with his brother, wife, and daughter. He came. He saw the wonderful sight of these Hindus sitting down to the table of the missionaries, and thereby renouncing their caste. This step raised the mob, who dragged the converts before the magistrate; but he sensibly commended Krishnu and his brother, and ordered the mob to disperse. The con-

verts were brought before the Church to state the way in which they had been led to embrace the religion of Christ. Poor Thomas, who now saw his long labors of many years repaid, was overcome. Heavy weights of sorrow had not overturned his ill-balanced mind; but as he heard these first Hindu converts tell how the grace of God had led them, his reason gave way under excess of joy. The mob once dismissed by the magistrate returned, accusing the convert Krishnu of having refused to give his daughter to the man to whom she was betrothed. But the feeble Danes showed a moral courage which, after all these years, is not always displayed by British magistrates, as witness the Royapettah riot at Madras. The rioters were dismissed, the girl was assured of liberty of action, and a voluntary offer of protection was made to the missionaries for the public administration of baptism.

The scene of the baptism was on steps leading down to the river, before the Mission premises. The Governor, the Europeans, and a vast crowd of natives assembled. Carey walked forward with two candidates—his own son and the Hindu Krishnu on either hand. The other converts had quailed at the last hour. As he advanced from the mission-house, poor Thomas was raving wild in a room on one side of the path, and his own wife hopelessly wailing on the other; as if the spirit of darkness had permission to rage at the first triumphs of Christianity among the natives of Bengal. Down to the water went the Baptist preacher and his two disciples, the one the son of his own heart, the other the first-fruits of a great nation. He solemnly addressed the crowd. Silence and deep feeling prevailed.—Brave old Governor Bie shed manly tears. The waters went over the Hindu, and the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, sounded across an arm of the Ganges. That evening the Lord's Supper was first cel-

ebrated in the language of Bengal. The cup of the missionaries was full of joy and hope. Krishnu was but one, but a continent was coming behind him.

Perhaps we feel all the more touched with this ceremony from the fact that we are thorough anti-immersionists. It is as certain that "dip" in our English version is never *baptize* in the original, as it is impossible to say where three thousand people could be immersed in a day in Jerusalem. Besides, we do not believe that any living soul ever saw one man immersed by another (unless he were a European Baptist) in all the East on any occasion. We have watched for the phenomenon in India, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine; but never once saw a native of those countries immerse himself. No doubt they do dive or duck sometimes; but we never saw it. They go down to a piece of water; sit by it or in it, and dash it over themselves, or go in to the shoulders, or swim, though seldom; but diving or ducking must be very rare. There was a tale told, we know not how true, of a Baptist translation into Bengalee which, in making the word "baptize" mean "immerse," got a term which meant "to drown." When the people heard of multitudes being "drowned" by John, they innocently murmured,— "What a sinner!"*

About six weeks after the first baptism came another great and holy event. The blessed New Testament was placed

* This paragraph is a striking exhibition of the ignorance and prejudice so very prevalent on the subject of baptism. How easily might the author have corrected his error regarding "dip" and "baptize" by consulting a "Greek and English Concordance," and his statement about the impossibility of saying "where three thousand people could be immersed in a day in Jerusalem," by referring to almost any description of the Holy City. The ludicrous anecdote about "a Baptist translation" is unworthy of the gravity of the subject, and the piety of the author.

P.

complete in the hand of its happy translator. The first copy was solemnly laid on the communion table; and the whole mission group, with the native converts, gathered around to offer up fervent thanksgiving. Men talk of making history; but of all the history-makers in the annals of a nation, none is equal with him who gives it the word of God in the mother tongue. From that hour the names of Carey and Serampore were touched with that true immortality which lies in the principle, "The word of the Lord endureth forever."

As in many other languages, the New Testament was the first *prose* work printed in Bengalee, except a code of laws.

Three eventful years of progress and toil had passed; and another great occasion came in the Mission—the first Christian marriage of Hindu converts; the first solemn inauguration of that happy institution, the Christian family, before which the seraglios of Bengal were eventually all to disappear. The pair to be united were a young Brahman and a girl of the carpenter caste; thus setting aside the prejudices of ages. Under a tree in front of the father-in-law's house, the faithful Krishnu, the first convert, gathered the party. The natives sat on mats, the Europeans on chairs. Mr. Carey performed the service, and the youthful couple signed the agreement—the first time the hand of a Hindu female in North-India had performed that act. All the missionaries signed as witnesses; and we feel sure that they were happier men that day than proud fathers attesting a flattering alliance. That night they partook of the wedding supper. The repast began by singing a hymn of Krishnu's own, which still lives; and then the Brahman husband, the European missionaries, the Sudra father-in-law, all feasted together; nothing wonderful in the eyes of England, a prodigy and a portent in those of India.

Another solemnity soon came. The little band of converts was called to see

one of their number die—the same whose heart failed him the first day of baptism; but who "afterwards repented and went." The first Christian death was a scene of tranquil hope and joy in prospect of immortality. It strengthened the souls of the converts. How was the Christian to be buried? Usually persons of this creed were borne by drunken Portuguese, and among the Hindus a corpse is touched only by those of the same caste. A crowd gathered around to witness the novel ceremony. To their stupefaction the missionary Marshman, and young Carey, Byrub a Brahman, and Perroo a Mohammedan, placed the coffin of the Sudra on their shoulders. Singing a Bengalee hymn, "Salvation through the death of Christ," they marched the funeral march of caste among the Christians of Serampore. The German missionaries in South-India had unhappily permitted caste to enter among the converts; but in the North it was faced at first, and the benefit has been great.

The first labors of a native evangelist soon followed. The Serampore Missionaries early perceived that the most fruitful of all their works would be sending forth native laborers. They kept this cardinal point steadily in view. They daily and carefully trained their converts, and prayed much and earnestly in all their undertakings. The first who had gladdened their hearts as a convert, Krishnu the carpenter, was also the first to go forth on Christ's errand among his countrymen. In this journey tracts were freely distributed, thus bringing two powerful agents into play at once. The eagerness of the people to receive the strange thing, a printed book, was very great. Some of the books thus given away brought inquirers from a great distance to Serampore, who, following the light first showed by the book, found the teachers and became true Christians. The first convert from the Kayusts, the caste next to the Brahmans, came in this way from a dis-

tance of thirty miles: and the first from the Brahmans themselves, a fine young man, came by the same means from the neighborhood where Carey had passed a miserable month in the Sunderbunds. The history of every mission in India shows many cases of this kind. Yet good men, even missionaries, are found zealously opposing a free distribution of books, ay, even the word of God, in regions where, at the present rate of progress, a missionary can not reach for ages. Crotchets can stop the simplest efforts at usefulness, as well as the most elaborate.

Now came the effort to establish stations on British territory. One was tried, but the missionary had to retreat under shelter of Serampore.

Nearly twelve years had passed since Carey was smuggled into Calcutta, and sheltered in a hovel by the charity of a heathen. It was a high day at Government House—that superb residence built at a cost of £145,000, for the Governors-General, by the most splendid of their line. The fashion, wealth, and beauty of Calcutta crowded its noble throne-room. “The most eminent men in the native community; the learned Brahmans from all parts of the empire, in their simple attire; the opulent rajahs and baboos, and the representatives of the native princes of India, in their plumed and jeweled turbans, were assembled to do honour to the majesty of British power.” On the dais at the head of this grand assembly, surrounded by the judges and high officers of state, was seated the magnificent Marquis of Wellesley, in full meridian of his renown. The occasion was to honour the college which he had created, by a public disputation. Three selected pupils from each class were brought forth as disputants, headed by the professor, who acted as moderator. In that presence stood forth the meek but mighty Carey, as professor of both Bengalee and Sanscrit, and on him devolved the task of

addressing a speech to the great viceroy, in the latter ancient and, to India, sacred tongue. He fully avowed his work as a preacher and teacher, and took his place as bravely as he wore his fame humbly.

The position of professor in the Fort William College, to which his preëminent talents had carried him was advantageous to him in many ways, and all these were turned into advantages to that for which he lived—his mission. In point of literary labour he and Marshman were scarcely men, they were a sort of miracles. They dealt with languages, hard and untried languages, as other men might with poetry. To learn one language *well* is a work of some skill; and all agree that one Indian language is about equal in point of difficulty to five European ones. They learned the living and the dead, those spoken at their doors, those spoken far away. They made grammars and translations of Scripture, and of native works into English, on the scale that had much more of prodigy than of practical wisdom; but, as a prodigy, nothing like it has been done. They conceived grandly, lived like great souls in a wide sphere, and wrought for millions, and for distant generations. Men in Serampore translating into Mahratta, and Canarese, and Teloogoo, was not wise, but it was wonderful and zealous. But wonderful beyond all, and a proof of patience combined with intellectual power never exceeded, was Marshman’s undertaking, in the midst of his other labours, to learn Chinese. He did it; and actually translated the Scriptures; and then, to get money to print them, translated *Confucius*, for which the rich liberally subscribed. This can be written in a sentence, but, before it can be done—

“How large a space of fleeting life is lost!”

And how many lives would have to be

doubled a dozen times before it could be done at all! The man who did this was earning £2,000 a year, with his wife, for the Mission, by a boarding-school. They lived out of the common stock, and had besides £100 a year for their family expenses. So Carey's salary as professor, and Ward's earnings as printer, went to increase the funds for their work. Let it be remembered that they were not paid by a Society on a scale to support them; but only allowed something to eke out their earnings.

Yet, gigantic in intellect, and noble in heart and reputation, as these three were, the younger men who joined them, from time to time, could ill brook their well-merited precedence in managing the Mission affairs. They claimed equality; and the noble seniors yielded to this intolerable injustice too far. Mr. Fuller said plainly: "Who of us ever advanced the democratic nonsense of every apprentice we send you being equal the moment he set his foot on the soil of Bengal?" Yet this nonsense, and worse, this conceit and naughtiness, embittered many precious hours of men whose name will be dear to the catholic Church forever.

When they had been ten years at Serampore, the glowing mind of Mr. Ward reviewed the mercies they had witnessed.

"Amidst all the opposition of government, they had succeeded in settling four stations in Bengal; they had sent a missionary to Patna, and planted stations on the borders of Orissa and Bootan, and in Burmah; the number of members in church-fellowship exceeded two hundred; they had obtained a footing in Calcutta, where a chapel had been erected at a cost of more than £3,000 and a large church and congregation collected; the Scriptures had been printed, in whole or in part, in six languages, and translations had been commenced in six others. 'And now, dear brethren,' concludes the Report, 'has not God

completely refuted the notion that all attempts to disseminate the Gospel among the heathen are vain? This happy degree of success, which surprises us who are on the spot, has been granted within the space of about nine years; for it is no more since the baptism of the first Hindoo.'"—Vol. i., pp. 421, 422.

The opening into Calcutta here alluded to, offers points as lamentable as anything in the moral history of our nation. That great metropolis growing with the rapidity of London, to rival the magnitude of Pekin, lay at the door of the missionaries, and their souls longed to enter it. There were its swarming heathen. There were Armenians and other Christian bodies. There were multitudes of neglected creatures descended from European fathers. Yet they were shut out from preaching to them. In all the evil doings of the East India Company's servants, few things are more calculated to rouse feeling in England than Mr. Marshman's calm and lucid narrative of the way the missionaries were beset and persecuted in their attempts to preach the Gospel in Calcutta. They were followed by spies; called up in police courts; stopped again and again; and dragged through scenes of humiliation and sorrow. Yet, like true men, we find no railing at the authorities, no abuse or ill-will, but a meek manliness in pursuing their end, and a loyal British heart that does one good. They were glorious days for the Christian soul of Ward when he could preach, and preach again, in the midst of the Calcutta multitudes; but they were slowly and painfully arrived at.

Even after Carey had been installed as Professor for years, the Mission owed its escape from ruin to Denmark. First, offense was taken at a tract prepared by a native, which abused Mohammed: and the press was ordered to be removed from Serampore to the Company's territory at Calcutta. By

petient and manly resistance on their part, and on that of the Danish governor, this was averted. Once in Calcutta, the press soon would have been made harmless enough. Then the arrival of additional missionaries was made the occasion of terrible menaces. Mr. Marshman narrates, more patiently than any one could whose life had been spent under English liberty, the mean and wicked ways in which those proceedings were conducted, till five missionaries were actually banished. The tale of these proceedings throws floods of light on the moral career of the Company, and fixes an everlasting stain on the name and government of Lord Minto. But they were the last deeds of the persecutors. In 1813 the British Parliament ended their power to do what a Christian government in the darkest ages had never done— forbid the Gospel to be preached to the heathen.

From this moment a new era set in for India; the word of God was not bound, and those who had so long struggled against a powerful government, were left to contend with their natural enemies, the superstitions and darkness of India. Yet all the sorrows of Serampore were not past. The system of missionaries being partly supported by a public body, and partly by their own earnings, is inherently bad. The public body ought to engage for the man's full support, and the missionary give his whole efforts to the public interest alone. This had not been the case at Serampore; and serious, we may say painful, collision between the missionaries and the Society at home was the natural result. Into the results we do not enter. They will be remembered as an instruction in the future management of missions.

The great passion of Dr. Carey's life was to give the Holy Scriptures to all India in the mother tongue of each province. Few things more clearly display the magnitude of the country, than the

difficulty of learning how many languages are spoken in it. At Serampore a map was published, according to the best light of the day, showing where each tongue prevailed, the errors of which are a touching proof that India is a region so vast as to baffle not only conception, but even inquiry, for a length of time. Pandits of different nations were assembled at Serampore, and laboured under the direction of the missionaries in producing versions in the various languages. Seven years was the shortest period given to the preparation of any one version; but several proceeded simultaneously. In the year 1822 the New Testament *had been published in twenty of the languages of India*. This prodigious performance overtaxed the resources at their command, and brought them into straits. These, and the painful separation from the Society in England through questions of property, clouded many of their later days.

It was more than thirty years since Dr. Carey, now renowned and honoured, had landed friendless on the shores of Bengal. For the chief part of that time his two great coadjutors had been joined with him in every success and trial. They were not alike, but well suited. They had misunderstandings with their colleagues, struggles with the government, controversies with persons of other denominations, and heart-burning differences with their Society in England; but between themselves had always subsisted a firm and happy union. Ward was the most genial, affectionate, and eloquent of the three. He was eminently devoted to the service of God, and happy in the active work of seeking souls, to bring them to the Redeemer. He had been to Europe and America, where his speaking and writings did much to bring the mission not only before his own denomination, but the public at large. After having preached one Wednesday evening, he was next day seized with

cholera, and speedily rested from his labours. "The three old men," says the historian, "had lived and laboured together for twenty-three years, as if one soul animated them, and it was difficult to realize the fact that one of them was gone." Grief turned a partial deafness of Dr. Marshman into a total one. "I never," he said, "did anything, I never published a page without consulting him." He had first gained the missionary's reward, and his brethren had yet to wait and labour.

Twelve years longer the two Titans of Indian philology toiled on in love and oneness. Marshman more than once fell, for a season, under the effects of melancholy, but was mercifully delivered from it, and enabled to "enjoy almost a heaven upon earth" with his Bible, and in his glorious work. Carey had generally good though not robust health. He had reached his seventy-third year. More than forty had been spent in Bengal without a break. He was, as Sir Charles, afterwards Lord Metcalfe expressed it, "surrounded by his own good works and attended by the respect and applause of all good men." He had the feeling of every good servant strong in him—a dread of "becoming useless."

To labour till the hour of his final rest sounded, by his Master's order, was his ambition. Yet he was gently laid aside for a little while before the moment for meeting his Lord.

The two old men loved each other like boys, and took counsel together like patriarchs, standing on the banks of the deep river we have all to cross, with the unseen but not unknown shore only hidden below the horizon. Dr. Marshman

"visited him daily, often twice in the day, and the interviews were always marked by cheerfulness. They had lived and laboured together in the same spot for nearly thirty-five years. They were the last survivors of a gen-

eration which had passed away, and they seemed peculiarly to belong to each other."

"The progress of Christian truth in India was the chief topic of conversation with the various missionary friends who visited Dr. Carey during his illness. While confined to his couch, Lady William Bentinck repeatedly came over to visit him, and Dr. Wilson, the Bishop of Calcutta, came to his dying-bed, and asked his benediction. In the prospect of death Dr. Carey exhibited no raptures and no apprehensions. He reposed the most perfect confidence in the all-meritorious atonement of the Redeemer. He felt the most cheerful resignation to the Divine will, and looked at his own dissolution without any feeling of anxiety. 'Respecting the great change before him,' writes Mr. Mack, 'a single shade of anxiety has not crossed his mind since the beginning of his decay, as far as I am aware. His Christian experience partakes of that guileless integrity which has been the grand characteristic of his whole life. . . . We wonder that he still lives, and should not be surprised if he were taken off in an hour; nor is such an occurrence to be regretted. It would only be weakness in us to wish to detain him. He is ripe for glory, and already dead to all that belongs to life.' His decease thus came softly on his relatives and associates. On Sunday, the 8th of June, Dr. Marshman engaged in prayer at the side of his bed, but was apprehensive that he was not recognized: Mrs. Carey put the question to him, and he feebly replied, 'Yes;' and for the last time pressed the hand of his colleague. The next morning, the 9th of June, his spirit passed to the mansions of the blest. He was followed to the grave by all the native Christians, and by many of his Christian brethren of various denominations, anxious to pay the last token of reverence to the father of modern missions. Lord William Bentinck was at the time at the Neel-girry hills, but Lady William sent over a letter of condolence, and desired her chaplain to attend the funeral."—Vol. ii. pp. 476, 477.

Three lonely years the last of the giants traveled cheerfully on, expecting to overtake his happy comrades. He reached close on to his seventieth

year; bowing to his honored grave "in graceful poverty," says his son, "after having devoted a sum little short of forty thousand pounds to the mission—and that, not in one ostentatious sum, but through a life of privations." On this point the words of the old man were: "I have never had a misgiving thought for having done it, though I have two sons unprovided for." Ah! how many have, and ought to have, misgivings for not devoting thousands to such works, on the plea of providing for children—meaning, thereby, leaving them very rich! And of the sons so left, how many rear to the father who enriches and, perhaps, ruins them, such a monument as the two noble volumes of which we are about reluctantly to take leave?

A frightful danger from which his daughter, now Lady Havelock, barely escaped with life, shook the old man. He rapidly failed:

"but he was supported by the blessed hope of immortality, and the richest consolations of the Divine presence were vouchsafed to him. The resignation of his mind and the serenity of his feelings afforded the clearest evidence of the value of Christian truth at the hour of approaching dissolution. When apparently unconscious, he repeatedly exclaimed: 'The precious Saviour! He never leaves nor forsakes.' Frequently after a night of broken rest and bodily suffering, the triumph of joy beamed in his eye in the morning, as he informed his friends that he had experienced the greatest delight in communion with God. A week before his death, the swelling began to subside, and he felt a degree of lightness of head, but his mind was still fixed on the work in which he had been engaged; he prayed in Bengalee, and conversed in that language on spiritual subjects. Soon after, he appeared to regain his strength, both of body and mind, and at his own request was carried about in his 'tonjohn,' or sedan chair, to take his last look at the various objects on the premises. On Thursday morning he caused the bearers to convey him to the chapel where the weekly prayer-meeting was held, and to place him in the

midst of the congregation; and, while seated in his 'tonjohn,' he gave out in a firm voice the missionary hymn, which he and his colleagues had been accustomed to use in every season of difficulty, till it came to be identified with their names, and to be designated 'the chant of the Serampore missionaries.'"—Vol. ii. p. 516.

His last act was to inquire "if there was anything more he could do for the cause." So slept the last of the Serampore fathers, three wonderful instruments of Providence, the contemplation of whose course makes us feel that He who draws such men from the cottages of shoemakers and weavers, holds indeed in his hand the power to raise up laborers for the widest harvest. Already the lives of the three are a wonder; in a few centuries the tale told in this book will be considered a part of the history, not of the Baptist denomination, or of Bengal, but of the human race.

Our Missions.

SHANGHAI—CHINA.

Letter from Rev. J. B. Hartwell.

SHANGHAI, Nov. 5th, 1859.

Dear Bro. Poindexter:

I know that Bro. Cabaniss is so regular and so interesting a correspondent with you, that I generally feel that when he writes to any member of the Board, it matters very little whether I write or not. To-day, however, he is so busy about other matters, that he begs me to send you a letter. You are aware that the question of a return to the States for the restoration of his health, and that of his family, has been before his mind for a long time. Last spring he gave up the idea of so long a voyage, in hopes of getting to some more healthy region in China, after the ratification of the treaties between China and the several Western Nations. Disappointed in this, there seems to be no alternative but to visit America.

His passage has accordingly been engaged on the ship "*Eastern State*," Capt. Kilburn, which is to sail for New York on Monday or Tuesday next, (7th or 8th November.) The Capt. seems to be quite a clever man, if not a Christian, (Bro. C., I believe, thinks he is the latter,) and has made liberal preparations for their comfort on the voyage. They seem to have room enough, and we think their prospect is for quite a pleasant voyage. The ship is not a full clipper, nor, on the other hand, is she such an old tub of a craft as the *Currituck*, on which *we* came so near taking passage, and which took very nearly seven months to make the passage from New York to Shanghai. I do think, my brother, that very great care ought to be taken as to what kind of a vessel is chosen for so long a voyage. Since I have been here, and seen what kind of vessels come to this port, and others on the China coast, I am satisfied that there is no necessity of sending a missionary and his wife by ANY KIND of opportunity that may offer. I do not say this to find fault at all with the selection that was made for *me*, for ours was a *first rate* barque compared to those on which some missionaries come out.

Bro. Cabaniss takes with him a Chinese servant—a member of our church. We think this quite proper, as otherwise, Mrs. C., who suffers dreadfully from sea-sickness, would have the care of *three* little children all the way.

Until I can preach, or until our returning brethren reach us, our deacon Wong will preach to the church on Sabbaths, and I administer the ordinances.

Mrs. H. and I had the pleasure last Sunday of witnessing, for the first time, a Chinese convert buried in baptism. The subject is a daughter of the Ning-po woman, who was baptized not very long before our arrival. At the time of her mother's baptism *she* was also anxious to unite with the church, but

the brethren thought it best for her to wait awhile. She has ever since attended regularly (as before) all the meetings for preaching and prayer, and has seemed to enjoy them. So far as the missionaries, the girl's mother, and the church members generally, could judge, we could but hope she had been made a child of God, and we could not longer, therefore, refuse her the privilege of membership in the church of Jesus Christ. She was unanimously received, and last Sunday, in the presence of a large congregation in the Sung Way Dong, she was baptized *into* the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

It must have been particularly pleasant to Bro. C. on what he supposed was his last Sabbath in Shanghai, to administer among the Chinese both the ordinances of the house of God. The native members feel very happy in having another added to their number. They seem to feel Bro. C.'s leaving them very much.

The girl just baptized has a brother who wishes to join us, but as yet all are not satisfied that he is prepared for baptism.

There is an interesting fact in regard to this poor family—for they are *very* poor—i. e., that ever since the mother's conversion, she has daily called her household together, grown sons and all, and had them kneel down with her in prayer. How many Christian widows do you know who thus call their grown-up, worldly-minded sons and daughters around the family altar, and commit them to God *every day*? This woman's *heart* seems really to be in her religion, and I think we ought to pray God to hear supplications and convert such of her heathen children as care for none of these things.

The concerns of the mission are about as prosperous as we could reasonably expect under the present circumstances. The little school I was about to open when I wrote you last, is now doing

tolerably well. I hope the children are learning some things which will profit them in time and in eternity. The teacher is one who was, for a long time, in Bro. Yates' school as a pupil. He has pretty good ideas, therefore, as to how a foreigner would have a school governed.

The scholars, of course, learn to read and understand what is written in Tuh-pah, in the new character, much faster than we foreigners can; for just as soon as they hear the sound of the words, they understand the meaning, and have no difficulty about the arrangement of the words, as the dialect is that in which they constantly express their thoughts.

The new hymn-book is just printed in good time for us. I have been trying to teach the children the very pretty hymn that commences, "There is a happy land, far, far away," &c. Bro. Cabaniss translated it into Chinese. We sing it to the same old tune which so many Sunday School scholars in America love so much.

It really does my heart good, and I think it would do good to any Christian heart, to hear our church members (recent converts from Paganism) singing the songs of Zion to the same tunes which Christians use in our own loved America—not that there is so much music in their voices, but that they have it in their hearts to hymn the praises of our own beloved Saviour.

Mrs. Hartwell joins me in kind regards to yourself and family. She hopes to be able to write you some of these days.

Note from Rev. A. B. Cabaniss.

SHANGHAI, Oct. 20th, 1859.

Bro. Poindexter:

I have just time to say I have engaged my passage to America with my family, on board the ship Eastern State, Capt. Kilburn, for about \$350 less than I was to have paid, had I gone in the

spring. For particulars, I must refer you to a letter in the Religious Herald, which I have written to my Goshen friends. The ship sails between the 1st and 10th of next month.

Hoping to see you once more in the flesh, I remain, as ever,

Yours fraternally,

A. B. CABANISS.

P. S.—Tell Brother Edwin Wortham that Brother J. B. Hartwell takes my place as treasurer.

AWYAW—YORUBA, AFRICA.

Journal of Rev. T. A. Reid.

MOHAMMEDAN ALMS-GIVING.

August 22nd.—During the forenoon Nasamu was engaged in distributing cowries to the poor for the king, who had 10 bags distributed, worth \$75 00 in this place. Although it was called a day of alms-giving to the poor, yet they did not receive all the benefits of it. Alms-giving is one of the boasted tenets of Mohammedanism, which they, as the Pharisees did, love to do that they may be seen of men. Truly, as Christ said, they receive their reward.

WALK OVER TOWN.

During the afternoon Nasamu, as directed by the king, went with me to show me the town. He put on quite a number of charms, and took his instruments of execution in his hand. While thus guarded I felt perfectly safe from all kinds of insults from any one, however desperate in their character. We proceeded in a westerly direction till we came near to the wall, where we stopped to salute a special friend of Nasamu. While there a young man came up with rather an old-looking book in his hand, which indicated that he was a student. I asked to see the book; he hesitated to give it me, but the old man, whom we had called to see, told him to give it to me. After looking at it a little I returned it, and asked him to read some in it. He remarked that this was the book of ser-

mons, and was much harder to read and understand than the Koran. He then read and explained to me the five cardinal points of their doctrine. He seemed to have a very good knowledge of the Arabic, and well drilled in their doctrine. I was much please with the ease and freedom in which he expressed himself. After leaving here we turned rather a N. E. direction, and in about half hour we came to the residence of a Yoruban chief, who received us with great respect.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

After some general conversation I spoke some to him about Christ, which was listened to by himself and the large crowd with marked attention. When I closed he exclaimed to the crowd, "do you hear what the white man has said?" Not having any kolanuts, he gave Nasamu some cowries to buy some for me. The kola is always given as a token of respect and friendship. We then proceeded homeward, as it was growing late.

A PROFESSED INQUIRER.

After tea an intelligent young Mohammedan came to visit me, he said, to learn something of the doctrines which I taught. I replied that if he would listen respectfully I would take pleasure in giving him instruction. He listened some time with great respect and expressed himself much pleased. I did not, however, believe this, because what I had said was in direct opposition to Mohammedanism. He wrote the Arabic very beautifully and easily. He left me after 10 P. M. Our conversation attracted a large crowd, who also listened with great attention.

HAUSA MARKET.

August 23rd.—At 10 A. M., we set out to visit another part of the town, and passed through the Gambaree, or Hausa Market. This market generally attracts the most attention because of the variety of its trade. Here we find a mixture of native and Arabian articles

to sell, which are not found in the other markets. While in this market a rain came up, and we had to leave with but little examination of anything. On account of the rain, we were not permitted to visit much during the day. After tea, in the evening, I had the privilege of talking some to the people, who gathered around the door of our little room and in it together. During the day it was impossible to talk to the people with any hope of profiting them, because of the bustle which was constantly going on, but at night, when their evening repast was taken, they would listen very quietly and attentively.

FURTHER EXPLORATIONS.

August 24th.—At 9 A. M. we set out again to see the Eastern part of the town. Nothing striking attracted our attention. We passed the house in which the Tapa King lived in when he sought refuge from his enemies at the hand of the people of Ilorin. Though protected by them, and by their assistance re-instated to his kingdom, he is now an enemy to Ilorin, and is using his influence to stop the trade of horses, &c., with Ilorin. This is an instance among many which occur, which prove how little sincerity and dependence are found in heathen rulers and people. We returned at 12 from our morning visit—took some refreshment, and rested till 3 P. M., and then started to re-visit the Gambaree Market. Our entry into the market was soon made known to all by the great excitement and desire among the people to see the white man. I had a good opportunity of examining the market, which was truly pleasant. The merchants were very expert in exhibiting their goods to me, and really some were equal to some of our city merchants in their politeness. One man was rather unusually polite and accommodating. For, after he had shown me his articles of trade, &c., and some curiosities, he took out a small piece of loaf sugar, broke it, took a piece himself,

and then gave me some. At this I was both amused and surprised. It is customary in all this country to taste whatever is presented to eat or drink before giving to another. This is a safe-guard against poison, which is one of the principal means of revenge among this people. My visit to the market was both annoying and amusing to myself and others. When I would stop, the crowd would gather around me as densely as possible, which almost wholly excluded the breeze which was so necessary to cleanse the atmosphere from the impurity caused by the crowd. When I would arise and start the crowd would recede in such rapid confusion as to run over children, overturn calabashes and scattering the various little articles of trade upon the ground, calling forth squalls from the children and curses from the women. Occasionally a native musician would run up closely and pour forth his crude strains, and then bow down before me for pay for what he regarded as an excellent performance.

I found many articles from Arabia, such as small pieces of silk cloth, beads and bridles, &c. I saw a great many slaves in this market, as well as in all other markets, for sale. In all the markets which I visited, except this one, the women were the sellers, as is the case in all the Yoruban country. I found in this market, however, the men were the sellers. This is the principal market in which the Arabs trade. Although I was much gratified with my visit to this market, I was, nevertheless, glad when I was released of the annoyance connected with it. I returned to my lodgings much fatigued, yet greatly pleased with what I had seen of this great town. One fact I have not mentioned; that is, the great number of blind persons sitting and standing on the public streets. I sometimes saw from five to ten with their hands joined, chanting very merrily some native song. Some were tolerably

well clad, while others were not. I was told that so much blindness was caused by the use of Shea butter in their food instead of palm oil. Every man who can is allowed to have cows in Ilorin. But there are many poor people who cannot own cattle. These have to use the Shea butter. In all the Yoruba country none but the rulers, or certain privileged characters, can own cattle, but palm oil is abundant, which supplies their uses. After returning I sent a message to the King, that I expected to leave the following day for Ogbomishaw.

DEPARTURE FROM THE CITY.

August 25th.—At 9 A. M. Nasamu went to salute the King for me, and to tell him I was ready to start. When Nasamu returned, he told me that the King saluted me very much, and wished all the good blessings upon me—that the King expressed great regret that he could not now give me a good horse, for he needed those he now had and was not able to buy any more now, because the road to Shokoto, from whence horses came, was closed, and none were allowed to pass. He said, however, that when he could he would give me a good one, for he did not want to give a poor one. I did not give much credence to all this, because I thought it boasting and desiring popularity. At 12 I set out amidst many warm salutations from a large crowd who had gathered to do me this honor. Nasamu, with his badge of office, and others, accompanied me to the town gate. From there to the Ilorin farm house, the special messenger, or guide, sent by Dungari, conducted me. Here we took lodging for the night. Nothing more of a special character occurred—all lively and glad that we had started home.

August 26th.—Early this morning we began to prepare to start, and 25 minutes before 6 we left in high glee, in company with several hundred carriers.

ARRIVAL AT HOME.

At 10 I stopped and made a small fire, and made a cup of tea, for the early travelling had made me quite feeble, and I needed something refreshing. While doing this I was the subject of wonder and conversation by several hundred who had come up and stopped to rest and take some refreshments. Lighting the match was the greatest wonder to them. They could not understand how it was that the white man could obtain fire so easily. I poured my tea into my travelling cup and sent on my company, as I could soon overtake them. They and the large crowd present soon left me alone to enjoy my refreshing cup in the solitude of an African forest. I could but think of the circumstances which surrounded me, which were so different from those generally connected with tea-drinking. My tea done, I set out again, and two hours travel brought me up with my company at the Ogbomishaw farm-house. Here we rested one hour. One hour and a half more brought me in view of the mission house, and half hour more I arrived there, where I was welcomed by my own people and neighbors, who came to salute me. My feelings were sad, because there was no white face to welcome me. After resting a few minutes, I went out to look at the tomb of my dear companion, which produced in my mind feelings of a mixed character. The remainder of the day passed off quietly. Soon after evening prayer I retired, feeling much gratified that my trip was over with, and I was again at home. I trust I felt thankful to God for His mercies and watchfulness over us while we were gone.

Many a true heart that would have come back, like the dove to the ark, after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry menace, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgiving world.

LAGOS—AFRICA.

Letter from Rev. J. M. Harden.

LAGOS, Nov. 9th, 1859.

Rev. A. M. Poindexter,

Richmond, Virginia:

DEAR BROTHER—Your last kind favor was duly received. I had learned, with much regret, the death of Bro. Cheeseman. It seems like all of our best missionaries in Liberia are dying off, and no others to take their places.

I have very little to write to you at this time that would be interesting. I have however one hopeful case of (apparent) conversion, at least, of great seriousness; and, if I am not too much deceived by appearances, I don't think that it will be very long before I shall have the pleasure of baptizing one more candidate. The young man of whom I now write pays great attention to what is preached, and when I talk to him privately, he not only gives his attention, but often weeps. Our little school is doing pretty well. The number of scholars is now thirteen.

Mrs. H. joins me in sending much love to you and brother Taylor, and all the brethren.

Affectionately, yours,

JOS. M. HARDEN.

IJAYE—AFRICA.

Letter from Rev. A. D. Phillips.

IJAYE, Nov. 2d, 1859.

Rev. A. M. Poindexter.

Richmond, Virginia:

MY DEAR BROTHER—Our mail has been delayed arriving up from Lagos, and I put off writing to you to the very last, hoping that the mail would come. Late this afternoon it came, so now I have time to write you only a short letter. Yours of August 31st came to-day. This mail brought me more relief than many. You will see by my last letter that our funds were low, and now we are informed that money will be here by next mail, besides I received three hundred dollars to-day.

I can say, my dear brother, that our mission was never in a more prosperous condition—I speak of Ijaye, for there is very little missionary work going on else where; though, now, Bro. Reid is making a start at Awyau. This has been considered the hardest town in the country to make an impression upon the people, or to gain confidence. But I begin to believe both of these points gained. We can now get children without much trouble. We have seven Ijaye children, two from Ogbomishaw and two from Abeokuta. So you see our family is on the increase considerably. A few days ago the chief sent us a very good looking boy; this I hope will give still more confidence from the people. The children are, for most part, very sprightly and learn well. We have two, a little boy and girl, which we keep in the house with us—being too small to work or do much at school. They are very smart children, and give many moments of pleasant past-time at their fun. Poor little creatures, they know no difference in color, and are so affectionate no one could help loving them. They are equally fond of us, as if they were our own children, and are always crawling upon my knees, or leaning on me when I am sitting down not engaged. They are very apt to try and say whatever they hear us say, and can pronounce short sentences of very good English. We have great hope for children of this size especially.

Our chapel is well attended every Sabbath, and among the wild heathen who come in, perhaps out of curiosity, we frequently have attentive hearers. I notice some are beginning to be regular attendants, and call to see us sometime in the week.

Though we see no especially interested persons, yet we feel we are even now beginning to reap little of our four years' toil. We receive these children as from the hand of the Lord. We feel sure that the gospel is taking firm hold here, and that a firm, steady influence

is quietly working upon the minds of the people.

I can well assure the churches at home there is no necessity to be discouraged about Africa; the hand of the Lord is with us. As I have said before, Gideon's hand will prevail against the host of Midianites. Then, brethren, be encouraged in your toils among the churches for Africa. Peace and harmony prevails among us, and the blessings of God *will* be with us. I rejoice at the success of the brethren in China, I mourn at the losses in Liberia. I also received encouraging letters from home, especially one from Columbus, Georgia. May the God of missions raise up others to strengthen us!

My health is very good, and I feel as full of energy and zeal as when I first came here. Pray for us; a little longer in the twilight, and I hope a glorious day will burst upon us.

P. S.—I am going on with my spelling book the best I can.

LIBERIA—AFRICA.

Letter from Rev. A. P. Davis.

BUCHANAN, Aug. 16, 1859.

Rev. A. M. Poindexter,

Richmond:

DEAR BROTHER—I hasten to drop you a few lines in reply to yours, dated April 22d and 27th. In the one I find counsel and advice, and in the other the information of the death of our venerable brother Day. But, previous to this, I have had much cause to mourn and inquire of myself, does the Lord of the harvest approve of us as his servants in this field of labor? Brother Murray was removed from the Sinou station, which seems to leave that station, till this hour, somewhat crippled. The latter part of last year brother R. White was removed from the Millsburg station. The early part of this year Bro. Day was called from a greater position, and one much more difficult to fill. The 20th of last June brother Cheeseman

fell in a most important field, the Edina station, and right by his side, brother J. T. Neyle fell at the same moment, by drowning in the St. John's, and both their bodies were found in one day, and buried in one grave. From the hour of the death of brethren Cheeseman and Neyle, Edina has been in mourning until this hour.

It was with difficulty that I could preach the funeral sermons of those brethren, more than a month after their death, in Edina. My own feelings and those of the whole of Edina were very sad. The meeting-house was dressed in deep mourning; the pulpit, Bible and Hymn book were distinctly dressed. Last Sabbath I spent the day with a part of my congregation there, and baptized two males; and I think the service will be useful to the cause. I also administered the Lord's Supper. The meeting-house is still in mourning. We had a most solemn and impressive season. I know not what we are to do for laborers in our mission field. I am not able to understand what the Lord is about to do, whether it is his purpose to blot us all out, and raise up a people that will eye his glory more closely, I cannot tell; so I say with one of old, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

In reply to some of your queries, I believe brother B. P. Yates is the best suited for superintendent; and my opinion is, that a faithful brother outside of the ministry best suits that duty. In regard to your second, I may say, our denomination has not been able at any time to boast of a man, in all respects, to take charge of the high school. In brother Day's time, Messrs. Bliden and Helery Johnson were teachers, and in this respect our Board has not taken the same precautions and care as other denominations, so they are in the lead. What information there is among the people of our denomination, has been gathered from schools, bearing that name by other denominations.

Anthony Gibson went to Day's Hope, but Mr. E. Bliden was his instructor; and when the Presbyterians found (as I have been credibly informed) that he was employed as high school teacher, they told him, we have use for you, and will give you better pay; and the consequence was, he left our high school, and soon Anthony Gibson followed. And when I was last at Monrovia, I was informed that Gibson was receiving a liberal salary as assistant teacher, and a liberal chance to attend his studies. But one thing seems favorable for us in the case this year; he has been brought to profess faith in Christ, and has united with the Baptist church at Monrovia; and so, if he continues to study, as I have no doubt he will, if he lives, he will be capable. I knew his father, and his mother yet lives—both Baptists of a thorough going kind; and all the children, five in number, are profitable members of the Baptist denomination.

The Commission.

RICHMOND, FEBRUARY, 1860.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

By the letters contained in this number, our readers will perceive, that while some diminution occurs in our Shanghai mission by the return of brother Cabaniss, the brethren are hopelessly prosecuting their work. They were looking forward to the arrival of brethren Yates and Crawford with their wives, and awaiting the earliest opportunity of establishing a station or more in the interior. The Divine hand which has thus far led our brethren and kept them, will, we doubt not, still be stretched out on their behalf.

The Canton mission is still as encouraging as ever in the increased interest of the people in hearing the Word of God. Here, we hope soon to send the long desired reinforcement.

We have no feeling of discouragement in reference to our missions to Africa. Since the deliverance from the ravages of small pox at Sierra Leone, the brethren are resuming their work at that point. Our Liberian missions are recovering from the shock produced by the death of Day, Cheeseman and Neyle, and a new energy seems to inspire those who remain. The Yoruba brethren say, they were never more satisfied of the experience of spiritual prosperity, and earnestly ask to be favored with new recruits for the service.

T.

THE HOME WORK.

It cannot be expected that in any enterprise for the good of the world, an uninterruptedly smooth path should be trodden. In the experience of the Foreign Mission Board, an exception to this remark is not found. We have had our trials. Indifference on the part of some, and opposition from others, have been seen and lamented. But in all this, we are not disheartened. If we can only aim to do right—if the Master's work and glory be, in simplicity of heart, consulted, all will be well. "If a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

In our home work, we have more than ever, reason to be encouraged. The friends of the Board are multiplying. An increase of the benevolent spirit of the gospel is apparent. Funds are being still liberally contributed. If we do not seriously mistake, a deeper interest in the spread of the gospel among the heathen is being entertained. We hope, too, ere long, to see the host of baptized believers in the South, one people, in the dissemination of those great principles which they advocate. In no period of the world's history have such openings appeared for the preaching of Christ in pagan lands.

We earnestly beg an interest in the

prayers of God's people. Pray for the Board, brethren of the South—that we may have, not only the spirit which consults the glory of Jesus, but wisdom to direct in all our plans.

T.

NORTH CAROLINA BAPTISTS.

We are happy to announce that our esteemed brother, Rev. B. F. Marable, has been secured as the Corresponding Secretary of the Executive Board of the North Carolina State Convention. Under his judicious and energetic management, we anticipate the happiest results. Brother Dodson, who has for several years, in his love for Foreign Missions, operated in the agency of our Board, now desires to retire, and we shall gladly commit our interests into the hands of Brother Marable. All subscriptions previously made to Bro. Dodson, may now be paid to the Corresponding Secretary.

It is pleasant to us, in retrospect, past intercourse with our brethren of the Old North State, to attest to their warm and growing attachment to the Foreign Mission work. We always feel when there as at home. An interesting fact also may be stated, that several of the young men of that State are anticipating an entrance upon the foreign field.

T.

REV. T. P. CRAWFORD.

It has already been announced that Brother Crawford had left Mississippi for his field at Shanghai, via California. The following letter is just received :

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 4, 1860.

Dear Brother Taylor :

We arrived at this city, last evening, in health and safety, for which we feel devoutly thankful to God. Our voyage was a long, and, in some respects, rather disagreeable one; but it is now among the things past, and will soon be among the things forgotten. There is no vessel up for Shanghai, and I can form no idea how long it will be before

we are on our way again. Hope it will be soon. Rev. Mr. Cheney, pastor of the First Church, has called on us, and received us cordially. My first impressions of him are very favorable. He is well pleased with his new home and field of labor. He says his labors have been greatly blessed, and the church is rapidly growing in strength and numbers.

I have not heard from Bro. Shuck. I design to go up to Sacramento, and spend some days with him.

Thus far my expenses have not surpassed my estimate. I think Mrs. Crawford's health continues to improve. There is no excitement here at present.

More soon. Kind regards to Brother Poindexter.

Yours as ever,

T. P. CRAWFORD.

We shall ever pray for the safe arrival, long continued, and successful labors of Brother Crawford in China.

T.

BRAZIL MISSION.

An almost universal regret is entertained that our esteemed Bro. Bowen does not return to Yoruba. It is due to him to say, that no one so deeply feels the disappointment as he. He has even expressed his purpose, if the Board shall so determine, to return to that field, though only to die. In the shattered condition of his nervous system, induced somewhat, probably, by imprudent exposures in the earlier history of the Yoruba mission, it is deemed by all a waste of life and money to send him back. But he is restless here, longing to be somewhere among the destitute, and the Board have consented to make him their pioneer laborer in Brazil. With proper care, he may yet live and labor many years. From a letter just received we extract the following:

"The course which I desire to pursue in Brazil is, to go out for two or three hours every morning and evening and converse with the people, as I find opportunity, besides such regular Sabbath services as I may be able to conduct.

"There is no doubt now but I shall be able to supply myself with 'The Fathers.' These works are esteemed by Romanists almost as much as the Bible. As soon as I am able to do it, or to have it done well, I desire to publish extracts from The Fathers in tract form, teaching the leading tenets of evangelized religion, with some of their fervid exhortations to repentance, &c. The Saviour, knowing the prejudices of his disciples, was pleased to give them the truth by titles, as they were able to bear it. My opinion has long been, that missionaries may declare the truth imprudently.

"I have felt much concern about Japan. For that country, we ought to have a work setting forth our conflicts with the Romanists, to convince the people that we are two people. Who will prepare such a work?"

As soon as a vessel is ready, he will, with his wife and child, depart for his field.

T.

CANDIDATES FOR MISSIONARY APPOINTMENT.

We are happy to announce that several worthy brethren are entertaining the question of consecration to the foreign field. As a specimen of several letters recently received, we insert the following:

"My heart, ever since Christ found entrance therein, has deeply felt for the poor heathen; yet whether I was among that number whom God designed should carry to them the Bread of Life, I regard as a question of vital importance, I therefore delayed an answer until by special prayer for Divine guidance, and more careful communion with my own heart I might decide with wisdom upon so important a step. I have sought to know the will of God concerning me, and now I feel not only willing, but glad to go, even to the heathen for his name's sake. 'Here am I, send me,' is now the language of my heart. But oh, brethren, if you will send me, help me by your prayers, and beseech God on my behalf that a double portion of the Spirit of Christ may abide upon me, and that as I obey the command of Jesus, which is: 'Go ye into all the

world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,' I may hear *him* say: 'Lo, I am with you always.'"

The question thus considered, is of solemn import. To leave home and friends, and to plunge into the darkness of heathenism, there to suffer, toil, and even die for Christ's sake, is no light thing. And yet, is it not the duty of many to do this? Should it not be esteemed a privilege and an honour with many to do this? How many are doing all this for gain, and for human glory? Shall not the glory of Christ be more potent, with such as profess to trust and love him?

T.

Other Missions.

BURMAN MISSION.

Rev. Cephas Bennett writes: "We hear, and hope it will prove true, that the king of Burmah has followed the example set in China and Japan, and given to the people 'free toleration in matters of religion.' This kingdom is almost, if not quite, the last on the earth to grant it; and now, in the providence of God, hardly a people or tribe of its broad surface is not opened for the exercise of faith and the labor of love, to the Tract Societies, Bible Societies, and Missionary Societies of Christendom. How many times have the 'excellent of the earth' been led to exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' and now the time seems nearer, and the prospect more certain than ever heretofore, that 'the whole earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.'

"In the indications of the present day for good, the humble believer in Jesus has many occasions for joy and rejoicing. Surely all of us who believe in the efficacy of prayer, can have no doubt but God has heard and answered. How many have been praying and desiring that a 'wide and effectual door' should be opened; and it now is not

only open, but the call is loud to all who love the Lord Jesus to enter in and possess the promised blessing—not possess simply, but *diffuse* it abroad, believing that 'he that watereth, shall also be watered himself.' There never was a time since man fell, when he was called upon so loudly as now, not only to become reconciled to God, but to do all in his power to induce others also to become reconciled.

"We live in days the prophets would have rejoiced to see, and if the present generation will do their duty, their children will see still greater things.

"Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease."

CHINA MISSION.—BAPTIST UNION.

The following is from the pen of Rev. Mr. Knowlton, showing how our brethren of other Boards are feeling with reference to China:

BAPTISM AT CHUSAN.

"*Ningpo, May 23, 1859.*—On the first Sabbath in April, an interesting case of baptism occurred at Chusan. It was that of a man who had long been a devoted Buddhist, and earnest merit-seeker. He had long been indefatigable in the use of the various means by which Buddhists in China hope to obtain merit, and a comfortable abode in the future world. He had visited various temples of celebrity; made his offerings upon their shrines; there paid his vows, and chanted most reverently and devoutly his prayers. He had expended much money in offerings, and had accumulated a large number of notes or orders prepared by Buddhist priests, with which, on arriving at the future world, he might draw money for all his wants. In order to obtain greater purity and merit, he had confined himself to a vegetable diet, refusing all flesh; and had consumed immense time in chanting prayers, and in repeating, with the use of a rosary, a

countless number of times, the name of Buddha, which, in this dialect, becomes, O-me-do-veh.

USE OF THE ROSARY IN CHINA.

"The repetition of this name is supposed by all Buddhists to possess peculiar merit. Hence, every priest, every devotee, every person feeling the need of some superior aid, is everlastingly chanting in a sing-song tone, these four syllables, 'O-me-do-veh.' Often in going along the streets, we see aged persons, usually aged females, rosary in hand, repeating in a low, whining voice, O-me-do-veh, at every slip of a bead. At the daily morning and evening services in the temple, the priests spend most of the time allotted to them in walking back and forth before the huge idol representing Buddha, repeating in regular time, which is marked by striking at every repetition, with a little hammer upon a small bell or piece of wood held in the hand, the mystic 'O-me do-veh,' 'O-me-do-veh.' In case any person is exposed to sudden danger, the first and almost only exclamation is, 'O-me-do-veh.' Not a minute probably passes during any day in China, in which this name is not repeated millions of times. The magic influence which is attached to the repetition of these four monosyllables, constitutes the most striking feature of Buddhism in this country.

A WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"But the devotee of whom I am speaking, did not find peace of mind. Notwithstanding all his zeal and devotion, the future still remained dark; he was still without hope and without God in the world. A few months since, passing the chapel when the native assistant was talking, out of curiosity he went in, took a seat and listened. His attention was arrested. He came again and again. He became convinced that here was presented the true road to that which he had so long and earnestly sought, viz: peace of mind, and

a substantial hope of everlasting happiness hereafter. He began to speak of his convictions to his family and near neighbors, which brought upon him their ridicule and bitter opposition. His wife and daughter, especially, berated him so severely for listening to 'red haired men' and receiving their doctrines, that for a short time he ceased to attend the chapel. But his heart was there; and it was not very long before he began again to attend the meetings. Daily he listened, while the assistant unfolded the plan of salvation through the atoning merit of the Son of God. Gradually the light dawned upon his mind. He saw that his sins against the infinite God and Sovereign of all could not be removed by any efforts of his own, nor could any fancied merit of his own serve to justify him. He was enabled at length to realize that Christ was just the Saviour he needed, and to trust entirely in Him for pardon and salvation. He now spoke of having a peace of mind that he had never experienced before; also of Christ as his Saviour, and expressed an earnest desire to be baptized and unite with the church. His examination before the church being satisfactory to all, he was baptized at the time above mentioned, in the presence of a large concourse of people. As he is about sixty years of age, and has property sufficient to support himself and family, he has but little business or care, and is able to give his whole attention to the service of God and preparation for heaven. He is present daily at the morning and evening services at the chapel, and is diligent in the use of all the means whereby he may grow in grace and increase in the knowledge of Jesus. Though naturally a timid and retiring man, he is not ashamed to acknowledge his new religion, and to recommend it to others. His wife and daughter have ceased to oppose, and, I trust, they will ere long be constrained to follow him.

BAPTISM OF A CONVERTED OPIUM-SMOKER.

"At the communion season at Ning-po, on the first Sabbath of this month, a young man was baptized, whose case possesses peculiar interest, from the fact that he formerly was an opium-smoker. Opium-smokers are a most hopeless class; yet this man seems thoroughly redeemed from that fascinating vice, has left the company of his former associates, and his relatives and friends are astonished at the change that has been wrought in him. His father, who is considerably advanced in life, is deeply impressed by the great change in his son, and seems to feel that it is high time to attend to the interests of his own soul.

GROUND OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

"June 1.—Though the obstacles to the evangelization of China are numerous and great, yet they are not sufficient to discourage the laborers in the field who are best acquainted with them. Hence they should not discourage the friends of missions at home; but, on the contrary, stimulate them to greater exertion. My own heart is filled with hope and bright anticipations for China; but they are not founded upon what man can do, but upon the sure word and promise of God."

 MISCELLANY.

 THE FIRST SCHOOL IN JAPAN.

The chaplain of one of the United States frigates that recently visited Japan, opened a school for the instruction in English of some Japanese young men who were employed by the government as interpreters. They were very intelligent and of inquiring minds, eager in the pursuit of knowledge, and the intercourse between teacher and pupils was mutually pleasant. They had no knowledge of astronomy beyond what their eyes taught them; but their teacher was able to give them

distinct and satisfactory ideas by the help of good celestial maps. The comet which was then visible, and which they regarded with admiration, furnished an opportunity which he was seeking, to present to them the great themes of God and his character, with the origin, extent, and laws of the material creation, and to show the absurdity of worshipping idols, who were unable to create or regulate the immense systems above and around us, of which the blazing and beautiful comet was a part. They listened with attention and respect, and from what afterwards appeared, their teacher had little doubt they saw the foolery of idols, and seemed to be ashamed of them as a national reproach.

The chaplain had with him several volumes of Natural History, with well-executed pictures of the domestic animals of Europe and America, which they examined with great interest. A cow, an ox, or horse are seldom seen in that part of Japan, and none of them had seen either a goat or a sheep. The teacher explained to them the native habits and uses of the goat, and the adaptation of their country to its wants and habits, the hill-tops and the mountain sides being covered with thick luxuriant grass of which no use was made, and at the same time earnestly recommended its introduction. A few days after, one of the scholars in a written exercise inquired about sheep, which led to a discourse of their nature and uses, and the manufacture of their wool into cloth. They were told that their hills and mountains were as well adapted to sheep as to goats, and of the advantages to be derived by all classes from their introduction. The interpreter who made the inquiries was the highest in office, having daily intercourse with the governor, who had doubtless directed him to make them.

The teacher had dismissed the sub-

ject from his thoughts, when greatly to his surprise and gratification, just as the ship was leaving for China, the governor sent a request to the ship's purser to purchase *one hundred sheep* for him in Shanghai and forward them to Nagasaki, which was done. The governor, with the good common-sense, and cool, deliberate judgment characteristic of the Japanese, had reasoned it out that the sheep was preferable to the goat, and had sent for the flock, not for his own benefit, but for his country.

Thus, owing to the advice of an American clergyman, this useful animal has been introduced into an empire of 40,000,000 of people, not one man in fifty of whom ever tasted of animal food except wild game and fish, and where a fabric suitable for winter clothing for the masses is not to be found.

The great object of the chaplain in undertaking the labour of teaching these young men, was to ascertain the state of the Japanese mind towards Christianity, and if possible to make an impression favourable to its re-introduction. After securing their confidence and affection, opportunities occurred when such words as *church, pulpit, organ*, etc., occurred in their reading lessons, for the explanation of the doctrines and duties of Christianity, to which they listened with great attention. After stating what there was in the church, it was natural to remark what there was not in it; that there were no idols, as in the Japanese temples, for God is a Spirit, etc. The way was thus open, in compliance with their own request, to explain the whole system of Christianity on the very spot where it had been extinguished in blood and flames two centuries and a half before.

In other conversations he was startled at hearing them use the words *Paradise, Creator, Jesus Christ, Resurrection*, which had probably travelled

down from the time of the Catholic missions, showing that certain essential Christian doctrines yet linger in the Japanese memory, dim it may be, but capable of resurrection when Christian teachers shall again explain them.

American Messenger.

CHINESE WAR.

The English government have decided to make a considerable increase of the army, to meet the drafts necessary for India and China, and to furnish a more efficient protection for the extent of English territory. England is arming for a home defence to an immense extent and at great cost.

The English and French expedition to China will consist of 6,000 European and 6,000 native troops on the part of the English, and a complete division, including sailors and marines, of about 20,000, on the part of the French. The number of French volunteers was more than double what was required. The expedition will be the most complete and carefully calculated that ever left France. The cost is estimated at \$30,000,000.

EARLY MISSIONS.

The first mission of the Protestants was that of the Huguenots to Rio Janeiro in 1556, which was concerted by John Calvin and Admiral Coligny, the noble leader of the Huguenots who was brutally murdered at the massacre at St. Bartholomew. Missionary efforts were also made by Swedish Christians in Lapland near the end of the same century; by the Dutch early in the next century; by John Eliot the apostle to the Indians, and the Mayhews in Massachusetts in the same century; by the king of Denmark in 1701, and by the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts in 1705; by Sargent, Edwards, and Brainerd among the North American Indians about the middle of

the last century; by the Moravians in 1743; by the English Baptists in 1792; by the London Society in 1795; by the Edinburg and Glasgow Societies in 1796; and by the Netherlands Society in 1797.

SIERRA LEONE—AFRICA.

The following reference to this English colony, where we have established a successful mission, is from the pen of George W. Hall, Esq., of Baltimore.

Although Mahomedan Africans have so far resisted the influence of Christian missionaries, such has by no means been the case with the heathen who have found a refuge in the colony; Christianity with its civilizing influences has wrought great changes among them.

Of the present colonial population, composed, as it chiefly is, of liberated Africans and their descendants, a large proportion are Christians; their being I believe, over 10,000 communicants in the several churches. Moreover, at the time of taking the last census, it was found that out of a population of 44,501,* over 36,000 had renounced idolatry and become attendants upon Christian worship. Of these, some few belonged to the Timmanee, Bulom, and other heathen tribes in the vicinity of the colony, and were converted by direct missionary influence exerted upon them while residing in it.

* NOTE.—

Episcopalians,.....	13,863
Presbyterians,	5
Wesleyan Methodists,	13,946
African Methodists,.....	5,134
Baptists,	462
Lady Huntington's,.....	2,849
Roman Catholics,.....	46
Jews, (white,)	3
Mohammedans,	2,001
Pagans,	6,192

44 501

Martin's British Colonies.

Others, members of these tribes, were in early life given by their parents or guardians as apprentices to missionaries or colonists; but by far the greater proportion of real converts and nominal Christians are to be found among those liberated from slave ships. These being members of different tribes, and for the most part far removed from their native homes and the influences which there surrounded them, were more easily induced to profess a religion which was presented as a part of a civilized life then before them. Although free, they were obliged to remain in the colony and under the protection of its laws, as the natives in its vicinity would most gladly have re-enslaved them; to do this, they had to adopt civilized habits and modes of obtaining a livelihood. Many, especially all those supposed to be under age, were, on landing, as before stated, apprenticed by government for a term of years to colonists and members of their own tribes who were already so far civilized as to be capable of instructing them. All these advantages of control could not be exercised by missionaries among the adjacent tribes; but the constant association of members of these tribes with the newly converted and civilized Africans has greatly aided missionary effort among them.

* * * * *

Of the many tribes represented by the liberated population of Sierra Leone, those called Arkus and Eboes are the most numerous and civilized.

The "Arkus," or "Yorubas," as they are generally called by missionaries, are from the region of country interior to Lagos, in the Bight of Benin. All speak dialects of the same language, but are members of sixteen or more different tribes, some of which are independent, while others are tributary to their more powerful neighbours, including even the Fulahs. Great objection is made to the term "Yorubas," as applied to those who do

not belong to this tribe; but all accept the nick-name of Aku, or Oku, which is the word used in salutation by all the tribes.

Some of these people are idolaters, while others have been converted by the Fulahs to Mohammedanism. Many of the former are worshippers of thunder, which is represented among them by a wooden image, the hands and arms of which rest close upon the body, while a thin block of wood covers the head. They have also what are termed the Axes of "Sheango," or Thunder, which are small pieces of wood about ten inches in length, with heavy knobs upon one end. They believe that "Sheango" strikes his victims with this weapon. Childless women worship an imaginary Deity called "Obabatala," which is represented by the images of two children, with full breasts, and to which they sacrifice birds and rats. They also receive greengreases from the priests, upon which they sprinkle the blood of their sacrifices. Like other heathen Africans, they propitiate the devil, whom they call "Easha," and personify by any emblem which the priest may choose to prepare. Their priests and priestesses are not of lineal descent, but selected according to their peculiar fitness for the performance of the requisite duties. In "Ife," a large town, only three day's journey inland from Lagos, human beings are sometimes sacrificed to the supposed deities.

Yet men and women belonging to these tribes, are everywhere met with in Freetown—no longer possessed with devils, but clothed and in their right mind. A few, however, of all tribes still adhere to their early habits, and bow in secret before those images and other objects which the law forbids them to worship openly.

Ibo is the name of a town on the right bank of the Niger; and the terms Ibo, and Eboe, are applied, in Sierra Leone, to all Africans coming from the

Niger Delta, and even those from the Niger Donny and New Calabar rivers. They speak different languages, but are all somewhat allied to each other, and their habits of life and general characteristics are very similar.

YORUBA GRAMMAR AND DICTIONARY OF THE YORUBA LANGUAGE. By REV. T. J. BOWEN.

We clip the following notice of this work from the African Repository:

"The thanks of all friends of learning, of missions, and of the African race, are due to the able author of these works, and to the institution which has, in such rare beauty and form, paper and type, given them to the world. Great credit is due to Professor W. W. Turner, of the Smithsonian Institute, to whom the manuscript was referred by its distinguished Secretary, Professor Henry, for critical examination, and also for general revision and scientific arrangement. It was also submitted to a Committee of the American Oriental Society, who expressed the opinion that these works are 'true contributions to knowledge, interesting and valuable, from the subject and the manner in which it is treated, and that they will be welcomed both by the philologists and by those who have the success of philanthropic and Christian effort in Africa.' Mr. Bowen observes, that a young Yoruba, named Adzaye, since well known and beloved as the Rev. Samuel Crowther, begun about 20 years ago at Sierra Leone to reduce his language to writing. His first grammar and vocabulary was rude and defective. A second edition was published in London in 1852, containing 'nearly three thousand vocables,' and is the basis of the present enlarged dictionary. Mr. Bowen spared no pains, with the aid of Professor Turner, to reduce the language to a more harmonious system; and the 'entire grammar has been rearranged and re-written, so as to present the phenomena of the language

in accordance with the requirements of modern philology, as nearly as practicable from a native point of view.' It is evident that Mr. Bowen neglected no means during his few years' residence in Yoruba to acquire an accurate knowledge of the language, and to obtain ample materials for the work before us. His introductory chapters give a geographical and historical description of the country; its productions and climate; physical characteristics and origin of the people; religious belief; their industrial pursuits, and intellectual and moral characteristics. The labors of Mr. Bowen will greatly facilitate missionaries who are to succeed him, and doubtless encourage many to bear the messages of the Divine Word to the tribes and nations of Central Africa. The introduction concludes.

"When the first missionary entered the Iketu country in 1850, some regarded him as a spy, and others had superstitious fears that the presence of a white man would bring misfortune on the country. For these reasons they, in many instances, refused to admit him into their towns, but they never treated him with violence. The same thing occurred subsequently when he entered the kingdom of Yoruba. They obliged him to sleep without the walls, but they supplied him with food without charge. On one occasion he encamped under a tree near the gate of Awaye. Hundreds of friendly people came to look at him, and next day the women were singing a newly made song commencing with Oibo gun sidi akpe—'The white man encamped at the foot of the akpe tree.' Now that the people understand the real object of the missionaries, they are not only willing but anxious to receive them.

"The gospel was first preached to the Yorubas in Sierra Leone, where there are thousands of them who have been rescued from the slave ships. Most of them have embraced Christianity, and many have learned to read.

Some accumulated considerable wealth, and others have made no mean attainments in information if not in learning. The character of the Rev. Sam'l Crowther, whose Yoruba name is Adzaye, (*struggling for life*), is known to the public, and much admired both in Europe and America; and yet Mr. Crowther is only one among other Yoruba men, his equals in mind, moral character, and respectable attainments. The people are found to be equally susceptible of improvement in their native country. Although the missions have been so recently established, all the eight kingdoms of the Yoruba country have felt more or less the stimulus of truth; and if the social laws now at work among the people produce their natural results, it cannot be many generations before Yoruba will be reckoned among civilized nations."

INDUSTRY IN LIBERIA.

We copy the following from the Liberia Herald of September 21st:

It requires but little observation to learn that a spirit of industry and enterprise are abroad in our land. Even in Monrovia we find that occupations are sought out and engaged in which yield respectable support. An idle person, male or female, is scarcely to be found, if we except a few young men who are contented to be indolent, and who may be found lounging about at places where their presence could very well be dispensed with. Work is no longer considered degrading, and the well regulated mind finds delight in employment. Our females were the first to throw off the shackles of idleness and to learn how to support themselves and those depending on them.

We should manage our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity.