

C. J. Elford

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THE BEARING OF SCRIPTURE UPON THE QUESTION OF A GOSPEL FOR THE WHOLE EARTH.

All Protestant denominations regard the Word of God as the only rule of faith and practice, in matters pertaining to religion. The Romish church accepts it as a rule, but the rule is with them, both limited, and added to. Baptists above all others cling to this principle. We profess to reject all doctrines, principles and practices unauthorized by Scripture. Would that we could add that our people are equally decided in practicing all that is written therein! We barely add here, that it is impossible to recognize any one as a Christian, who is wanting in a purpose to comply with God's will, however that will may be conveyed. Thus it is that Protestant Christianity, at least, are *shut up* to the exclusion of whatever is written in the Bible, in regard to the question before us.

We may reach the same conclusion by another statement of principles familiar enough, and now, we believe, generally admitted. God's law is a *perfect* law, demanding neither emendation nor addition. No earthly power may legislate for the church. She may herself enforce the law of Christ, but she cannot make law even for the government of her own members. The Pastor may expound the law, but there his power ceases. God's word then, is the safe law not only, but also the only law for our guidance.

In assuming this, we are not to be understood as ignoring the personal agency and guidance of the third Person in the Trinity; nor yet the Providential dealings of God with his people, as oftentimes intended for their direction in doubtful cases. These, however, teaching in a language above and beyond us, are in a sense indefinite, and hence liable to misconstruction and perversion. Their existence and action in the manner indicated and as agent and instrument for God, cannot interfere with our general principle as here stated.

Now, to apply: If the Word of God be the only "infallible law" to Christians, then whatever be the teachings of that Word regarding the matter before us, they are finally and decisively authoritative. Oh! that Christians would feel the truthfulness of this sentiment, and would study the scriptures with simple and sincere purpose to know and do their duty.

We have been more explicit upon these introductory points as having an important bearing upon what is to follow.

What then, can we gather from the Old Testament in reference to the original design and general applicability of the Gospel?

Amongst all the promises, prophecies and covenants of the Old Testament, we shall be struck with the absence of the least intimation that the Gospel was designed to be restricted. Adam was

the "typical representative" of the entire race. The "Adamic Covenant" as it has been called, or first promise containing the germinal seed of the Gospel, reads thus: "*She—the woman—shall bruise thy (serpent's) head.*" The bruising of the serpent's head was a blessing which could not be circumscribed. It was a blessing for Adam and for all his seed who would accept it. It was a blessing that was to shed a ray of hope through all the dark portals of this world.

The same is true in greater force of the Covenant with Noah. We quote in part, commencing Gen. ix: 9. "*And I, behold I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you. . . . And this is the token of the covenant between me and you for perpetual generations: I will set my bow in the clouds, and it shall be a token of the covenant between me and the whole earth.*" It cannot escape observation that there is evident precaution here taken to exclude the idea of mere partial or personal favors. The covenant was with Noah's seed—and to "*perpetual generations:*" the blessing attached was to cover the "*whole earth.*" So also, of the more purely evangelical covenant with Abraham. We cannot quote in extenso. The closing words are so remarkable, especially in their bearing upon the matter in question, that we cannot forbear to quote. (Gen. xxii: 15-18.)—"*And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice.*" Did either God or Abraham contemplate less than a blessing for the entire race!

Again, the same great truth is declared in another form, to Moses on that occasion when under the influence of the evil disposed spies, Israel rebelled, and refused to "go up and possess the land." God would have destroyed the people, but Moses prayed that he would not. God in mercy answered, "*I have pardoned according to thy word, neverthe-*

less the whole earth shall be filled with my glory."

What is thus taught in the covenants and general declarations of Scripture, is greatly strengthened by Prophetic representations. Looking forward with the eye of prophetic inspiration through the vista of coming years, they saw the "*wilderness and the solitary place glad*" for the Gospel, and the "*desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.*" Jesus was to ask and receive the "*heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.*" He was to "*have dominion from sea to sea.*"—Ethiopia was to "*stretch out her hand unto God,*" and the "*abundance of the sea*" to be converted. We could multiply such allusions and illustrations, but the limits of this article forbid us to go farther.

What does all this seem to contemplate? Is there here intimated any restricted idea of the Gospel—any limited salvation, involving limited obligations! No—a thousand times no!

But it may be objected, God notwithstanding, did yet *choose out* one people, the Jews, and make it the depository of his grace, and covenants, and laws. And what then—did God proclaim one principle to Noah, to Abraham, to Moses and to Isaiah, and act himself upon another?

We admit what is here stated, and reply, 1st. The Jews were chosen as a nation for a *particular purpose*, which by no means conflicts with the idea of a Gospel to the whole earth. The calling of Abraham was *directly* a blessing to his posterity, but indirectly, it was designed to be through Christ, a blessing as diffusive as the light. And, 2nd. God, even after the calling of Abraham, did by no means confine the symbolic presentation of the Gospel to that family. Who was Melchisedec, to whom Abraham himself paid tithes, a "*priest of the most high God,*" most highly honored, and distinguished as a type of the Messiah? He was king of Salem,

and *outside* the nation of Israel. Who was Job, the type of Christian patience and faith—the “old man eloquent?” He sounded his incomparable notes most probably, from the desert and inappreciative wilds of Arabia, and no interpreter hazards his reputation upon the statement that he was of the sons of Jacob. Here we have a strong array of facts in answer to all such objections, and going to show that God had designed his Gospel *for all*. Nay, it is strongly argued by some, that the heathen world entire, once had the Gospel. (See Christian Review, No. C., p. 268, 1860); and that they are now condemned because they allowed it to fritter away to an idle system of idolatry.

We have now prepared the way to advance to the New Testament. We might, indeed, rest the argument, if upon examination, it be found that what we have clearly shown to be the teachings of the Old Testament be simply *allowed* in the New. But we shall not stop here. We shall go farther, and show from the record, that the sentiment is caught up, and reiterated, and enforced with all the authority and power of inspiration, in this blessed volume.

The adaptedness of the Gospel to all nations, and to every condition in life, is fully taught. The angel flying, in Revelation, having the everlasting Gospel to preach, was to go to “*every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.*” We might base an argument here. If God has ordained a Gospel suited to *all*, how in the name of mercy, can it be withheld from any portion? How dare we withhold it? And what is thus taught by strong inference, is abundantly confirmed by Jesus and his apostles in language direct and emphatic. “*The kingdom of heaven is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.*” “*The field,*” said he to his disciples, “*is the world.*” As much as to say, you may not limit your conceptions and your efforts to any narrow circle. Yon-

der are islands and continents teeming with their millions, yet to be converted and saved! And dear, blessed Saviour, shall *we* aspire to less!

And Jesus practised upon his theory. True, he said to his disciples, “*I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel,*” at one time. But did he not go beyond the bounds of his own nation, to heal the daughters of the Syro-phonician woman and the Roman centurian? Did he refute himself in the language above quoted? And should we Gentiles ever have received the Gospel, if the Gospel was meant to be confined to “*the lost sheep of the house of Israel?*” Nay, did the “*faith,*” which had not found its equal, “*no not in Israel,*” prove abortive? Thus the teaching and the example of our Lord do plainly argue a gospel for the whole earth: and when he was about to ascend to his Father, his parting commission should expel every doubt—“*Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature!*” It would be difficult to conceive how language could be plainer or more emphatic.

And the *Apostles*, what did they teach, and what was their action? Peter was first to preach the gospel to the Gentiles. He was instructed in a striking “*vision*” to “*call no man common or unclean,*” and himself taught, “*I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him.*” Philip preached Jesus to the Ethiopian, and sent him “*on his way rejoicing.*” Paul was thus instructed: “*Depart for I will send thee FAR HENCE TO THE GENTILES.*” And he went out guided by the Spirit, to the utmost regions of the earth. Over the burning sands of Arabia, and through the benighted regions of Asia (Minor), and along the classic shores of Greece and of sunny Italy, he bent his toilsome way—preaching everywhere to Jew and heathen, the gospel of our salvation.

We have thus given the outline of

this argument. It were easy and not unpleasant to elaborate these views, but the discussion would involve more of space than we have here at command. It is enough to say that the tenor of Scripture from Genesis to Revelation is plainly, and pointedly in favor of sending the gospel to every nation under heaven. We close with a few practical thoughts.

1. Christians are *shut up and bound* to the policy of sending the gospel to the heathen, as God may enable them. To do otherwise is to repudiate the Bible.

2. We are not unmindful that there are not a few who while *in theory* they dare not deny what we have here assumed, do yet practically ignore the duty involved. Shame upon that false religion that will not force us to do what God has commanded! Does it require gold, self-denial, constant and patient faith? Let God and the cause have them! He can more than repay us.

3. A gospel for the whole earth is an essential element of Scripture. The Bible is not itself, and the religion of the Bible is stripped of half its glory without this. Who will "*take from the things that are written in this book?*"

4. In this view how paltry and unworthy do the various objections urged against Missions appear. "Charity begins at home"—"Can God punish the heathen when they are without 'law,' and without the gospel?" "What a sacrifice of money, and time, and of life! "Could not God save the heathen without any intervention of mine, if he chose?" Nay, my brother, but God commands you to "go into all the world and preach the gospel!"

5. The magnitude of this object, and its prominence in the Word of God demand far more than is now being done. What a thought—God reigning in every heart, and every tongue vocal with the praises of Jesus! Can any sacrifice be too great?

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCHES.

Baptist Churches claim to be organized according to the models furnished in the New Testament. They boast that in their membership, doctrine, ordinances, polity, spirit, worship and aim, they are conformed to the apostolic churches. We propose to limit our remarks in this short article to a single point of resemblance. *Were the primitive churches missionary in their spirit and labors?*

Christianity is *essentially aggressive*. When Christ made his appearance in the world, the prevalent systems of idolatry were tolerant and pacific. They sprang from a common source, were imbued with a common spirit, and aimed at a common end. A conscious weakness made them forbearing. The introduction of a new god to the Pantheon infringed no right, conflicted with no cherished principle, and caused no ripple on the tranquil current of superstition. Judaism, though divine in its origin, and uncompromising in its principles, was rendered inert by the pride, worldliness and hypocrisy of its professors. They were bigoted and intolerant, but not aggressive. They were content to hold their own, and leave the world to its fate. But Christ proclaimed truths subversive alike of all the systems of idolatry and of Judaism. He taught that there is one living and true God; and that doctrine consigned to "the bats and to the moles" the whole rabble of heathen deities. He insisted on the obligation of men to render to God a sincere and spiritual worship; and that truth laid the axe at the root of Judaism. Christ could not take a place in the Pantheon, nor in the Temple, except it should be cleansed from its pollutions. He must reign without a colleague and without a rival. In short, he declared an internecine war against all error and sin.

When the Redeemer had finished his personal work on earth, he committed

to his disciples, and through them to the churches, the responsible task of carrying forward to its completion his sublime enterprise. He gave them unlimited commission. They were commanded to go "into all the world" and to "preach the gospel to every creature." It is unreasonable to suppose that the entire responsibility of evangelization rested on the apostles. All the disciples then in existence, or afterwards to be brought into existence, were to enjoy the honor of participating in a work so delightful and important. That all the lovers of Christ were to assist the apostles in spreading the knowledge of the gospel is a point that surely every Christian will readily admit.

For a time the apostles seem not to have understood their commission, or to have delayed to fulfill it. They continued in the city of Jerusalem for a year or more preaching the Word only to the Jews assembled there. The disciples were greatly multiplied, and the apostles found it pleasant to remain among them. A persecution, however, arose, in which Stephen was slain, and the defenceless disciples were scattered abroad throughout Judea, Samaria and Galilee, and wherever they went they published the glad tidings of salvation. In a short time the storm of persecution subsided, and we read of "churches throughout all Judea, Samaria and Galilee," that "were edified, and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." Seven or eight years elapsed before the apostles began to preach the gospel to the Gentiles. How much longer their national prejudices might have delayed the work, had not Peter been divinely instructed in a vision to publish the gospel to the Roman Centurion and his friends, it is not easy to conjecture. The conversion of Saul of Tarsus, and the calling of the Gentiles, gave a fresh and mighty impulse to the work of evangelization.

From A. D. 45 the Syrian Antioch became the centre of efforts for the spread of the gospel among the Gentiles. First Barnabas and Saul were sent forth by the direction of the Holy Ghost, and with the approbation of the church, on a missionary tour among the heathen. They visited the island of Cyprus, and several provinces in the Asia Minor, and preached the gospel with signal success. When they returned they reported the results of their labors to the church in Antioch. After remaining there awhile for their own refreshment, and for the edification of their brethren, they went forth again on their missionary work—Barnabas with John Mark, in one direction, and Paul with Silas, in another. On this occasion Paul and Silas were "recommended by the brethren unto the grace of God." From this point the *Acts of the Apostles* are a concise narrative of the missionary labors and successes of Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, and of his sufferings in the enterprise. Throughout Syria, Asia Minor, Macedonia, Thracia, Greece, and the islands of the Mediterranean Sea, he unfurled the banner of the cross. From Arabia in the East to Rome in the West, he published the word of the Lord. In one place he expresses his purpose to visit Spain, and tradition represents that he extended his journey westward to the island of Great Britain. His life was one continued scene of toil, suffering and triumph in the missionary cause.

From this brief sketch of the missionary work taken from the inspired record, two or three points are clear:

1. St. Paul, the great missionary of the Gentiles, must have infused his own spirit into the churches which he planted in Asia and Europe. It was the Spirit of the gospel—the spirit of Christ—and the example and teaching of the missionary were eminently fitted to communicate and cherish it. In the brief account we have of the churches,

we find conclusive evidence that this was their spirit. While Paul was preaching the gospel in Thessalonica, the Philippian church sent once and again to supply his wants. When, after some years of absence, they heard that their spiritual father was a prisoner in the city of Rome, they sent to him, by the hands of Epaphroditus, probably their pastor, a liberal contribution. They contributed freely to support Paul in his missionary work; and if all the churches were not animated by the same spirit, they fell short of the apostolic standard. None received from him such cordial and unmeasured commendation as the church in Philippi.

2. We have no account that the Antiochian church contributed anything to the support of Paul and his fellow-laborers; but almost certainly it did. They were poor—they went forth from the bosom of the church, with its approbation, to labor in a cause in which all were equally interested. If the church—large and flourishing as it was, and highly favored with religious teachers,—gave their missionaries nothing but their commendation and blessing, it fell far below its sister churches in Philippi and Corinth in liberality and zeal in the Redeemer's cause. 2 Cor. viii. 1, 2.

3. We cannot suppose that while Paul was filling western Asia and eastern Europe with the sound of the gospel, the other apostles and elders were idle. In the history of Paul we have merely a specimen of the apostolic spirit and labors. They all acted under the same commission, were all guided by the same inspiring spirit, were all animated by the same noble aim, and were all co-operating in the same blessed work. As Paul labored, so labored all the apostles. Their labors and suffering, if we may believe the voice of antiquity, were not less than his. The churches planted by them were imbued with their spirit—and that spirit was eminently a missionary spirit.

But I must close. In what degree do Baptist ministers and churches partake of the missionary spirit of the primitive churches? Let the earnestness of their prayers for the success of missions, and the self-denying liberality of their contributions for the support of missions, bear testimony. In vain do we boast of our conformity to the primitive churches in doctrine, the principles of our church organization, church government, &c., &c., if in the spirit that animated them, and in the labors and sacrifices to which that spirit impelled them, we are shamefully deficient. J.

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR THE HEATHEN?

BY L. L.

The Macedonian cry is still heard from afar, over the ocean, "Come and help us." The cry is earnest. Who will go? Who will send? Who will pray? When our Saviour ascended to His Father, He left to His followers a command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and with it a promise, a sure promise: "Lo, I am with you always." And to you, dear reader, and to me, and to every one, is the command given. How shall I obey? What shall I do for the conversion of the world, are questions which each Christian should answer before God. From his conversion to the time when he lies down in the cold, dark grave, the first object of his life should be the conversion of sinners, and to this class belong the wretched idolaters, who, in far off lands, bow down to gods, the work of their own hands. True, all cannot bid adieu to home and friends, go to foreign lands, learn difficult languages, and gather around them the poor, benighted heathen, and point them to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." All cannot stand in the pulpits at home and plead for prayers and contributions from Christians for the

devoted missionaries, who have left "all for Jesus," and for the dark-browed heathen whom they teach, yet God has given each one a work to do, and every one can do something for this glorious cause. Men are needed, strong men, with well disciplined minds—burning with zeal for their Master's cause, ready to lay down their lives, if necessary, for Jesus' sake, yet humble, feeling that without Christ they can do nothing. Are there any such? Within college walls, in many places, there are scores of young men, eminently qualified to labor at home or in foreign fields; and a "still small voice," at the midnight hour, has whispered to them, "Go ye into all the world, and preach my Gospel;" and when low before the Mercy Seat, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" has trembled on their lips, they have felt their place was far away from home and friends, amid those who "know not God." But the pathway of the missionary is not strewn with flowers of ease; a sacrifice, stern, entire, ushers in his new life, and trials come at every step; sickness, afflictions, discouragements, press heavily on his heart.

Is not the cross too great? Is not their work at home? Visions of pleasant pastorates, kind, sympathising brethren to "hold up their" hands, a sweet home and Christian privileges appear to their eyes. Ambition, tempting fiend, whispers to them of fame,—of a "name to live;" and too often the prayer is, "Lord, send my brother, and I will work for thee at home." Could the gates of the New Jerusalem open wide "on golden hinges turning," and disclose to these doubting servants the great joy of the Judsons, Boardman, and others, who have lived and died for the salvation of the heathen, as they mingle their notes of praise with those of rescued heathen from every clime, O would not every lingering doubt be banished? And could they speak, would they tell them of burning suns

and scorching sands; the fevers, pain and weariness; of the tears that fell on the new-made graves of the loved ones reposing under the Hopia tree, "on the lone rock of the ocean," or in the mighty deep. Would Mrs. Judson linger over the prison scenes—the "never to be forgotten Oung-peu-la," or Harriet Newell tell of the sufferings of her last dreary voyage, or her stricken husband of his bitter agony as he placed away, in the dreamless grave, his fair and gentle bride? No, no, methinks their mourning is all forgotten in the loud anthems of praise before the Throne of God, and the sweetest notes tremble on their golden harp-strings, as they rejoice that they were "accounted worthy to suffer" for the Saviour's cause; and were they permitted, would they not, with angelic smiles, bid them, "obey the call Divine," and tell the benighted heathen of "redemption through a crucified Saviour, who is now risen again."

And money is needed, also, for the Saviour's cause. Missionaries leave their homes and friends, "not counting their lives dear unto them," for the privilege of leading idolaters to Christ, only asking food and raiment from those who remain at home, enjoying the luxuries of life. Is it too much?

To you, Christians, who hoard up your gold with miserly eagerness, and cast "your mite" into the treasury, is the command of your dying Lord given, as unto them. It may not be your duty to go in person, and yet you must obey. "If ye love me ye will keep my commandments." How shall you do it? Will you not remember that your money is the Lord's, and with it you may preach to the heathen? The widow's mite and the rich man's thousands, are equally needed, and the blessings of God will rest on both. To all the appeal is, give something that the heathen may be saved from eternal woe, and that "the knowledge of the Lord may cover the whole earth."

Personal influence is needed among Christians at home. No one lives without an influence over some other mind, and this power should be used for the salvation of sinners. One real, earnest, working Christian, with the spirit of Christ, may do much, very much, for the cause of missions, by interesting others in the great work. To do this does not require wealth or great talent, and in this way many may obey the command of God, who can do it in no other. Mary Lyon, that great and good woman, whose whole life was one unselfish effort for the Saviour's cause, wherever her lot was cast, did as much, perhaps more, for missions in foreign lands, than if she had gone in the bloom of her youth to a distant field. Riches she never had, but on the altar of her Saviour's love she joyfully laid her great intellect, her almost unbounded influence over the minds of those with whom she associated, and the work of her life. When crowns shall crumble into dust, and the great ones of earth be forgotten, her life will be continued, in her work, her influence, and Christians of every name and clime will rejoice that she lived; and as with the sixty-four noble missionaries, she educated and bid them "God speed their labors in foreign lands," and the thousands clad in robes of victory, saved through their instrumentality, she sings everlasting songs of praise,

"She never will regret
That toils and sufferings, were her's below."

In all our institutions of learning, can there not be *one* to follow her noble example?

And Prayer is needed, *fervent, earnest* prayer to Him who has promised to answer, and commanded us to pray. And what encouragement there is to pray for the salvation of the heathen. It is not chance work. No, no. The heathen are to be given "to Christ for

an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession," and to Christians is given the glorious work to perform, to be the instruments by which the mighty Ruler "doeth his own will," and from every heart prayer, unceasing, importunate, should arise, that those who go "far hence to the Gentiles," may be blessed—that their efforts may be crowned with success—their faith strengthened, and that many others, yes, even our "loved ones," may join the devoted band.

All can pray—not the feeblest saint that has trusted in Christ—not the poorest wanderer over the earth—not the most helpless child of God, who retains his reason, but can "do this for the Saviour," and for the perishing heathen. O, then, will not all pray, especially for the blessing of God on the efforts of the missionaries in home and foreign fields.

"Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,

Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;

Now from eastern coast to western,

May the morning chase the night.

Let redemption,

Freely purchased, win the day."

Our Missions.

Letter from Rev. R. H. Graves.

CANTON, Aug. 3d, 1860.

Dear Brother Poindexter :

Enclosed I send you a journal of a trip which I recently made to the *Sy-Ui* district, about sixty miles from Canton.

It has been my privilege to baptize three candidates lately. One is Luk Sin Shang, who came with me from the country. He is very zealous in telling others of the religion of Jesus, he will, I hope, make a useful man. Last Sabbath I baptized two others; one is the brother of our printer. He has been under my instruction for sometime; about two months ago he was quite ill, since then he thinks that his heart has

been changed and now seems to be trusting entirely in the merits of Jesus. The other is a young man named Au. He was first awakened to the truth of Christianity by reading a tract called "Dialogue with a Temple Keeper," written by one of the native assistants of the German Missionaries. He heard the Gospel at Hong Kong for several months. On my return from the country he asked me for baptism, saying that he wished to profess his faith in Christ. When he returned to his native place from Hong Kong, he told the people of the new doctrine which he had heard and says that many of them are pleased with it, but some oppose. He seems quite an intelligent young man and will, I hope, be the means of bringing some of his fellow townsmen to a knowledge of Jesus. He has been staying with me for a few days, and seems to be anxious to understand the Bible.

I hope, from the indications of Providence, that God is preparing the way for us to get a foothold in the country. Luk, Au, and A Yeung, live in adjacent districts. Who can tell how they may advance the cause of Christ if they are but faithful.

An English soldier has asked me for baptism and will probably be immersed to-morrow. There is also a Chinese inquirer who has been attending my Chapel ever since it was opened. He says that he has been worshipping God in secret for more than a year; he now wishes to be baptized and come out openly on the Lord's side. He seems to be thoroughly in earnest and expresses his sense of sinfulness and his trust in Jesus with much more feeling than is common with the Chinese. I hope that he is a sincere believer in the Saviour.

I feel that God has indeed been blessing me both in my work and in my own soul, for they are dependent on each other. When we make a full surrender of all that we have and are to

Jesus and have our souls filled with a sense of our union with Him, then may we hope for His blessing on our labors. And when we have denied ourselves for His sake and encountered difficulties and dangers that we may preach His Gospel, then will He reveal Himself to our souls in His fullness. This, at least, has always been my experience.

JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO SY UI.

July 12th.—This morning at nine, I left Canton in a large boat, accompanied by three of our native brethren, A Peng, A Chau, and Liu. When we had gone a few miles, we had quite a gust of wind and rain, which forced us to anchor a while in a sheltered place. It was, however, soon over and we were again on our way. After I had spoken a few words on the necessity of earnest prayer, as well as self-denying efforts, for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, we read Acts, xvii., and sung "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," in Chinese, and engaged in prayer. About 6 P. M., our boat anchored under the thick shade of a *lung ugau* tree growing on the river bank. We took some tracts and visited the neighboring village called *Wo Shun*. Here we spoke for a while to a crowd that collected on the steps of a temple. A shower of rain prevented us from distributing many books. After sunset we again went ashore and talked with the people. At night we read again in the Acts and sung "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," which I have put into Chinese.

July 13th.—Left *Wo Shun* at sunrise. The water is very high in consequence of the heavy rains that we have lately had. The fields on both sides of the river are submerged. Where the ground is higher, sugar and flax are now the principal crops. We soon passed a Buddhist monastery on an island in the river. The scenery here is very beautiful. We sung "Awake, my soul, in joyful lays!" and had our

usual morning service. At noon we spent our time in holding a prayer meeting. It thrilled my heart to think that a few years ago these brethren were worshipping dumb idols—now they are singing the praises of Jesus. In a few years hence, perhaps many of the ignorant people to whom we are now going, who have never heard the words of eternal life, will be among our number; baptized into Christ and singing his praises on earth, and heirs of an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which passeth not away.

The river is kept within bounds by large embankments, the fields within these are in many places several feet lower than the river. In some places the channel runs near these levees, and in others, wide fields over-flooded with water, intervene. When the water is low, these fields are cultivated, and are generally planted with such crops as will not be injured by the water. By 5 P. M., we reached *Sai Mam*, a large market town at the junction of the North and West rivers. I did not go on shore here, as I wished to keep my books for the district beyond which has not yet been visited by a Missionary. We anchored for the night at *Pung Kong*, a village a short distance above *Sai Mam*.

July 14th.—After a sound night's rest, we started for *Tui Sha Hui*, the principal market town in the district of *Sy Ui*. As we passed a small village, we saw oxen treading out the grain which had just been reaped, illustrating a passage (1 Cor. ix. 9,) which we had read a few days before at evening worship. We soon reached the point of junction of the North and West rivers; the West river is a turbid stream filled with red mud, while the North river is clear and shallow, flowing over a sandy bottom. Near here is a mountain, called *Wang Shek Ling*, (Cross Stone Ridge,) which separates the two rivers. I walked along the embankment for a mile or so, and saw the dis-

trict town of *Sam Shui*, which is quite a small place a half a mile from the river. At the landing place I spoke for a short time to some soldiers and others and distributed some books. As I walked along the bank I afterwards had a long conversation with a boatman who was tracking a boat; he seemed to be much impressed with the truth of what was told him. We passed many patches of mulberry trees, which are now being stripped of their leaves for the silk worms. The mulberry is not suffered to grow large, but kept a few feet in height for convenience of gathering the leaves.

As we passed *Ts'ing Ki*, a small market town, we distributed a few books from the boat. It was soon known that books were being given away, and after we had gone past the town for some distance, a little boy came running to us, panting for breath, with a handful of betel nuts which he wanted to exchange for tracts. We gave the little fellow some books to take to his father but declined his nuts.

One of my objects in going to this section of country, was, to see two young men of whom I had much hope. They had stayed with me for a while in Canton, and were, I was led to believe, sincere inquirers. I did not know exactly where to find either, but knew the town in which one of them was living. Both had taken books to the country to distribute and had written me several letters. I wished very much to see them, that they might be encouraged and strengthened. God, in His providence, saw fit that my desires and prayers should be answered. After leaving *Ts'ing Ki* a shower came up, so that we had to shut the boat up close. After the rain, I went out the door and was immediately hailed from a boat coming down the river. It was *Luk Sin Shang*, one of the men whom I wished to see. He promised to be back the next morning. My seeing him was truly providential. Had I been a

minute later, the boats would have passed each other without either of us knowing that the other was there. He might have stayed where he was going for several days, and we should thus have missed one another.

About 1 P. M. we reached *Tai Shá Hui*. A scene of desolation presents itself on all sides. The houses and shops burnt to the ground, every temple burnt, leaving only charred beams and blackened walls standing; the idols are destroyed, some burnt, others have their noses or heads cut off, others defaced with stones and axes. This is the work of the insurgents. One reason for visiting this district was, that I hoped the destruction of the idols might be the means of opening the eyes of the people to their worthlessness, and thus of removing one great stumbling-block from the way of the gospel. So we found it. This was an argument which we often urged, and which was irresistible. The people at once assembled and seemed convinced. I spoke for sometime in a street, but as the crowd blocked up the way, the people asked us to go to a temple; here I spoke for sometime, and was followed by A Peng; when he was through I spoke again. We had many very attentive listeners. After spending between two and three hours in preaching and distributing books, we returned to the boat to rest and get dinner. Some came to the boat, and though my throat was dry and almost hoarse, I could not refuse to continue to give them the words of eternal life. I was particularly struck with one man. Hearing me, talking with an old man, he exclaimed, "Then we have all been worshipping wrong!" with an expression which showed that he felt deeply what he said. He seemed like one aroused to a sense of his danger. I told him he had been worshipping wrong and in vain; not only so, but idol-worship was breaking God's law, and calling down His righteous wrath. I told him of Jesus, and

was beginning to explain the third of John to him when he was called away. I believe that God has opened this man's heart, and hope that we shall hear more of him hereafter. After resting awhile we divided into two parties, and went on shore to distribute books in the shops, and talk to the people. In the meantime Luk S. S. returned. Two of my men stayed with him for the night.

(15th.) Sabbath. This has been the most pleasant Sabbath that I have enjoyed for a long while, for our hands have been full of our Master's work. Before breakfast we went on shore to the people, where we spoke yesterday. As this is market-day, the town is quite full of people from miles around. We had a two-hours' service preaching and distributing books. One old man afterwards visited our boat to enquire more about the doctrine. After conversing for sometime he went home, and subsequently returned to ask about the birth of Jesus. I read and explained to him Matt. i. and ii.

After getting some breakfast we went on shore two by two, Achau and I going to the temple, and the others in another direction. On first going ashore I spoke under a tree by the river-side to a very attentive audience. From here we went to the temple. The crowd was now quite large, but the man in charge of the temple kindly let us go inside, where we spoke for two hours to a large number of attentive listeners. As I was speaking a man jumped up on the altar of the idol and struck the image to show his contempt for it. I told the people that we were not *λεποσκευαίς* ("robbers of churches," the common English version unfortunately translates it,) but wished to convince men's minds and hearts, and not to break their idols. This we wished them to do for themselves.

When Achau remonstrated with a man about worshipping idols, who cannot take care of themselves, he said,

"Jesus is no better; can the Jesus that Catholics worship take care of himself any better than our images?" Achau told him that there was no difference between Popish and Pagan idolatry, but we exhort men to turn away from all image-worship and serve God with their hearts. Thus does the man of sin put a stumbling block in the way of truth in heathen lands.

While we were gone, a man from *Ko Ju*, the adjacent district, brought some money to A Peng to buy some books. He had heard that Jesus' books were to be had at Tai Shá Hii, and had come some miles expressly to get some. He returned with a Testament and several kinds of tracts.

After resting awhile, at noon, I went on shore and spoke to a number of women by the river side, hoping that there might be a Lydia among them, whose heart the Lord would open. Several "attended unto the things that were spoken," (Acts xvi. 13, 14,) and asked about worshipping the true God.

After this two of the Chinese accompanied me across the river to a village where we spoke several times. It was a beautiful place; a quiet stream, whose banks were shaded with feathery bamboo, and dark leaved, umbrageous *lung ugau* glided in front, and under the trees were frames filled with the yellow cocoons of silk-worms. Here, on the Sabbath afternoon, as the golden sunlight poured upon the trees, freshened by a passing shower, we stood under the trees by the water-side and preached a crucified Saviour to those who had never heard before of his dying love. Some women listened with very great attention, and wished to know how to worship God. My mind went back to the time when God opened Lydia's heart by the river-side on a Sabbath day.

We were very kindly treated here, and stopped for sometime in a man's house. He and his uncle, who had got some books from me on the other side

of the river, pressed us to stay and take dinner with them. But, as it was getting late, we returned to our boat, much cheered by the reception which our message met with.

After we returned to the boat we were visited by several men from a distance, who, on coming to town, had heard of our books, and came to enquire about the doctrine and get some books. They remained with us and conversed for sometime. At night the native brethren and I talked for sometime with a blind man in a boat near to ours. He listened very attentively, and wanted to know how to pray to the true God.

(16th.) This morning we left about sunrise for the distant town of *Sz Ui*. As there are still several thousand "braves" there who have lately repulsed the insurgents, and are much elated at their victory, some of the Chinese advised me not to go, but yesterday we read Acts xx., and I told the brethren that we should make Paul our pattern, and not even count our lives dear unto ourselves if we may but testify the gospel of the grace of God; after reading this chapter and prayer all were willing to go. I left Canton with the hope of going to *Sz Ui*, and felt that it was my duty to give the people there an opportunity of hearing the glorious tidings of salvation, and besides I felt anxious to see A Yeung, one of the enquirers before mentioned. Although I knew not where to find him, still my faith was strengthened by meeting with Luk so providentially, and I felt that we should also see A Yeung. A Peng remained at Tai Shá Hii to seek an opportunity of further conversation with some who had shown an interest in the truth. Our trip up the river was a delightful one; the clear waters were hedged in by thickets of bamboos, while every now and then a graceful mimosa or trembling-leaved tallow tree was seen, adding a new shade of green to the banks. In the background were

mountains, sometimes hidden by clouds, and then shining in the sunshine. Though feeling a little unwell, I could not help enjoying the freshness of the morning and the quiet beauty of the scene. The pigeons were cooing in the bamboo groves, and every now and then a white crane flew up. I could but think how Jesus would have enjoyed such a quiet rest after the toil and sweat and crowds of a day's preaching in town. But, though He sometimes sought "a desert place apart," the eager crowds followed Him even there, and he forgot His weariness through the pity which He felt for these "sheep without a shepherd."

We reached the district town at noon. A great part of the suburbs have been burnt down by the insurgents, but they did not succeed in getting inside the walls of the town. We landed in the suburbs and spoke for an hour and a half under the shade of the trees in front of a ruined temple. The congregation was attentive and very orderly. Some seemed to be favorably impressed. There were some "braves" among our hearers, but they were very well behaved. While we were here, however, five of these soldiers went to our boat and overhauled everything, looking for money or something valuable. The boatman was afraid to say anything to them, but they could find nothing worth taking, and so left. One of the braves said that they had driven the rebels away, and now the foreigners had come, and talked of killing the foreigners.

After our boat left we were followed by a crowd of these men along the shore. I therefore did not land where I thought of doing, but went to the other side of the town. The two native brethren took my cards to the Mandarin, and each took a bundle of tracts to distribute inside the walls.

While the brethren went in the town I remained in the boat, and proceeded to a suburb to the south of the town. As we were passing the walls I saw A

Yeung on the bank of the river. A Chau had seen him while I was speaking, and he promised to be with us soon. When the boat stopped he came on board, and was delighted to see me. After we had talked together for a few moments I went ashore to preach. A crowd soon collected around, and I spoke for an hour. Some of the people were very noisy, and some braves gave me some trouble. One of them had been drinking, and stood behind me, every now and then jerking my clothes or the bag of books. I felt that I was in God's hands, and had come to do His work, and therefore knew there was no danger. Some of the people said that I had come to look for precious things; (they have an idea that foreigners can see several feet into the earth.) I told them, that had I come for gold and silver I should have gone to the mountains, and not to a crowded town; but that I had come for precious things—I had come to save their precious, never-dying souls. A soldier who had opposed seemed to be quite deeply impressed, and listened with much interest to the story of salvation through Jesus. He took my part and tried to keep the people still when any noise was made. I hope that the hearts of several others were also touched. I cannot express the feelings which thrilled my heart as I felt that God was my defence, and that, as His ambassador, I was preaching the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

On returning to the boat I found that the brethren had come from the town. The district Mandarin himself was absent, but his secretaries sent me their cards and treated us very kindly. They sent some men from their office to see that we were not molested in any way, but asked us to leave as the braves are very unruly and they themselves cannot control them. Having distributed almost all the books that I had intended to leave here, and having spoken twice, I felt that we might go. A Yeung re-

mained on board and accompanied us for a short distance down the river, when we prayed together and he left us, taking a package of books to distribute as he has opportunity. We were rejoiced to meet with him and returned thanks to God for all his blessings. I think this young man is a true follower of the Lord Jesus, and hope to baptize him at the first opportunity.

From a Yeung, I learned that the insurgents had sometimes written "Fin Fu hung yan, (i. e. "The vast grace of our Heavenly Father,") on the walls of the temples which they destroyed.—From this it would seem that they are worshippers of the true God and connected with the Nanking party. I inquired of several persons how the rebels worship, it was sometimes said that they worshipped Heaven and Earth, and at others that they did not worship at all. One thing seems certain, that is, that they do not worship idols, but destroy them wherever they can.

We reached Tai Shà Hii about 8, P. M. After another conversation with the blind man, whom we saw last night, we retired for our night's rest.

(17th.) A Peng and Luk came aboard early this morning. They will walk to *Tsing Kì*, the first place which we visit on our homeward journey in order to distribute books at the intermediate villages. A Peng tells me that he saw several men yesterday with "*T'in la t'ai ping*," (The great peaceful empire,) tattooed on their cheeks. They had been captured by the insurgents and had escaped. This shows that these insurgents are almost certainly connected with *T'ai Ping Wong*.

We reached *Tsing Kì* at 10, A. M., and preached in the market. After distributing some books in the shops, we returned to the boat to rest. A Peng soon arrived very much pleased with the reception which he had met with. At one place, however, a literary man opposed him quite violently. Some women paid very good attention and

said to him, "If you had not told us of the true God, we should have continued worshipping these idols."

I went ashore again and spoke to a noisy audience at the college, a short distance from the market town. Returning from there, I addressed a large and attentive audience in the market-house. Several men seemed to be very much interested. On the bank of the river, near our boat, were a number of idols which the people had found floating down the river, where they have been thrown by the insurgents, and had collected them together to worship them.

After leaving this place, we went to Luk's native village where we met with a friendly reception. All four of us spoke to a congregation composed mostly of women. Four or five of them listened with great attention and inquired how to worship God. O that these people who are perishing for lack of knowledge may soon have an opportunity of learning of Jesus. After taking dinner with Luk, we returned to our boat and after reading, singing and prayer, retired for the night.

(18th.) Started at 4½, A. M., hoping to reach Canton by night, but we had squalls of head wind and rain all day so that we only reached Wang Shà, a village about 12 miles from the city. We went on shore once during the day at *Kun Ju*, a large town. Here we distributed the remainder of our books, but had not time to speak.

19th. Reached Canton at 7, A. M. Luk returned with us. He came to me as an inquirer last spring, and was then anxious to be baptized, but I wished him to wait a while, although I had much hope of him at the time. When he returned to the country, he took a number of books with him to distribute. Then the insurgents came, and his native place was in danger of being taken by them. This inroad of the insurgents caused great distress, and he was reduced to great straits, so that he was obliged to send his wife home to her pa-

rents, as he could not support her. In this state of things, he accepted the only employment that he could find, and that was with a man who among other branches of large business had an opium shop. Though Luk was generally travelling about, his employer sometimes required him to be in the opium shop. When I heard of his connection with this business, I told him that he must abandon it at once. He professes great sorrow that he was led astray and seems truly penitent. Even while connected with the shop he was very zealous in telling others of the gospel and wrote to me for books. He now wished to be baptized, and says that though he may have to starve he will not be again connected in any way with selling opium.

God has mercifully preserved us and kept us in health. Never have I been so much encouraged by a journey to the country. The revolutionists, though no doubt often very cruel, butchering men, women and children, if we may credit the common reports, have, I am persuaded, been opening a way for the gospel, by destroying idols. The people have listened to the truth with unusual attention. They seem to feel that the idols in which they have trusted are worthless. My prayer to God is, that He will bless the words which have been spoken, and will open the way for my living several months at least in this section of the country.

P. S.—Brother and sister Shilling have arrived. All well. Last Saturday (4th) I baptized the English soldier.

Letters from Rev. A. D. Phillips.

ABEOKUTA, Aug. 4th, 1860.

Rev. James B. Taylor :

DEAR BROTHER—You will, no doubt, be anxious to know why I am here, in these troublesome times, so I will at once explain.

We have been gathering children around us in Ijaye until our family is

large. Besides hired servants, we were feeding eighteen children, who are given to us to raise.

I found it very expensive and difficult to procure provision for them in Ijaye; so I took ten, principally of the largest, and came down here. I hope to be able to send food to those interior.

The road from here to Ijaye is considered very dangerous, and only travelled by large caravans of armed troops. I came down with a caravan of perhaps five or six thousand. The Commander-in-Chief of the Egba army, in Ijaye, gave me a special guide, and as the children were not able to walk with the caravan, he started us the evening before. We did not know we would start until the Basharun's (Commander-in-Chief) messenger came for us. When a caravan is about to leave Ijaye, it is kept a secret until the very morning when they start, for it is known some one will run away and tell it to the Ibadans, and they will likely fight them on the way. So we were secretly started on the evening of the 29th ult. My trunks were pretty well all packed, and my carriers notified to be ready, but we had no time to call carriers, so I rolled up a few bed-clothes, took a little bag of peas and corn, and we started. We travelled until nearly 10 o'clock that night, (arrangements were made to start my trunks with the caravan next morning). When we came to our place of encampment, we found some tents used by former caravans; so we built fires, (there were only four or five soldiers with us,) roasted what peas we wanted to eat, and all lay down and slept. Next morning we roasted the remainder of our peas and eat what we wanted, and kept the balance for the journey of the day. I also made me a little coffee.

The place where we slept is called Ausa. We waited here for the caravan; As soon as they were coming we started. The whole day's journey was through grass plains, with here and there a lit-

the dense forest. I would not allow any of the children to get before the Basharun's messenger, nor behind me, so that in case of an attack I could keep them all together. I suppose the caravan—when walking close together—about ten miles long, as they walked in single file. Once they stopped, and as far as I could see before, every soldier brought down his gun and made ready to fire, but we saw nothing, and soon we moved on. We did not get time to sit down until we reached Okemaje, the camping place for the night. We arrived here about 4 o'clock, P. M. The children were very tired, and as they did not get time to eat anything during the day, they were very hungry, so they eat up the few remaining peas at once. We fully expected provision to overtake us that night. So we occupied two tents (used by former caravans, made of grass,) and quietly awaited our food.

About 5 P. M., it rained very hard, the tents keeping us only partly dry. Night came on and no food came. Some of the children's things came, but no news from mine and nothing to eat. My bedclothes had not stopped, so I had not a sign of bedding. When it became certain that food would not overtake us the children went to sleep. I made a fire in the end of my tent, placed three boxes by it, and there lay down and sit up until day. The next morning a man gave me a little cusidaro—roasted—which I divided between the children, and we started. We were now out of all danger, and but for being so hungry we would have proceeded very slowly. We went on, however, as fast as we could, and reached Atada about noon. I then borrowed cowries and fed all the children and *myself*, and we rested the balance of the day and night. Next morning, 1st inst., we reached here about 9 o'clock, A. M. I found everything in very bad order, much property and cowries wasted, and the house in a very bad condition.

Since then I have been very busily engaged trying to get the house in order to live in, &c., &c.

August 5th.—One of my trunks has just come, but no letter from brother Stone, and no news of anything else of mine.

Before I left Ijaye we were doing but little direct missionary labor, but the work was evidently going forward. Our chapel is well attended every Sabbath, and very marked attention paid to preaching. A good many children were pawned to me, they were my neighbor's children, and I could not see them sold to others. Heretofore we have seen a great want of confidence towards the white man, and an objection urged to giving him children to raise, is, when they like him well he will take them off and sell them. But now we see a great change in the confidence of the people, at a time when it is to be feared many who came down for food will be sold. The people express not the least apprehension about me. All they feared was the Ibadans on the way, and would not have permitted their children to come except I myself came with them. Some, whose children have been with me a little while, are now beginning to come to church and hear the Word of God. We have, altogether, eighteen children, eleven of them are with me here.

Since we have been so much hindered in street preaching in Ijaye, I have devoted most of my time to the school. We labor under great inconvenience in teaching, having no spelling books. The one I wrote you about my making, some time ago, is now in the printer's hand. That is the first part of it. The first proof-sheet was handed me a few days ago, which I will have to correct. I expect, also, to prepare the balance of it now as soon as I can. I shall commence school here at once, though I am sadly in want of some one to teach the little girls to sew. In Ijaye I was carrying on a very nice

little agricultural school, the boys worked a few hours every day, and the girls sewed. I shall at once commence the same here, and try to get some one to teach the girls to sew. It will not be in my power to do much missionary labor, except teaching, here for some time. I will scarcely be able to maintain Sabbath service for the want of a suitable place for preaching.

I do not expect to make this my home, only until circumstances will allow me to return to Ijaye; but while I am here, I shall endeavor to put the place in order, and be ready to receive the brethren here this fall. It is not probable I shall return to Ijaye under five or six months.

My health has never been better since I have been in Africa, than for many months past. I have *no notion* of going home, or anywhere else, to recruit.

I wrote a long letter to the Index, respecting white men's living here. Was it ever published? Farewell. Let incessant prayer be offered for us in Yoruba.

Very affectionately,

A. D. PHILLIPS.

ABEOKUTA, Aug. 9th, 1860.

I heard from Ijaye yesterday, (but not from brother Stone,) that some towns north of Ijaye were bringing provisions to Ijaye. The Ogun river runs between Ijaye and Isahin, leaving the latter, and several other towns, north and north-west from Ijaye. Not long before I left Ijaye these people (all are called "over river towns") ("oke ogun") made an attempt to stop the road from Ijaye to a small friendly village, called Ewaun. In so doing they were met and defeated, and many of them caught by the Ijaye people—among the caught was the "Balagun," a chief officer. He said they all had desired to help Ijaye, but the Ibadan and other chiefs had made heavy threats, and said the Ijayens were about con-

quered, and then they would come and fight them. They said, farther, that if their people knew how it was in Ijaye they would certainly come over and help them. So Arie, the chief of Ijaye, begged for them, and they were sent home. So the messengers of the Basharun, who came yesterday, says the Isahin people, and all the "oke ogun," are bringing plenty of food to Ijaye. But when the Awyawans heard of it they went to stop it; but they met a party of Ijaye and Egba warriors, who drove them almost to the gates of Awyaw, and took four horses from them, besides a number of prisoners. He said, farther, that the Ibadans were going around there to assist Awyaw, and because they were so closely engaged now, no soldiers could come down to carry up the caravan now waiting at Atada; and he came to tell the caravan to wait a few days, until a body of soldiers could come.

Your brother, very affectionately,

A. D. PHILLIPS.

Letter from Rev. R. H. Stone.

IJAYE, CENTRAL AFRICA, }
August 28th, 1860. }

Rev. A. M. Poindexter:

Dear Brother.—I am informed that a caravan will leave this place for Abeokuta to-morrow, and as no other opportunity will occur before the mail leaves Lagos, I now use the present one to write my monthly letter.

Yours of May 16th, reached us. Like you, we all hoped that the confusion which filled this country would soon come to an end, but by this time, I suppose, you have been informed otherwise. Since the great defeat of the Egbas before the Ibadan camp, no fighting of importance had occurred until Monday the 13th of this month.—Skirmishing and kidnapping occurred almost daily in the farms, and frequently the enemy appeared in force as if about to attack the town, but after the

day had been passed in skirmishing between advance parties, both armies would retire to their camps without any serious loss or engagement. On Sunday the 12th, they approached unpleasantly near the walls—even burning the watchman's house, but on the appearance of the Ijays, they retired across a creek, at a ford of which, and also along its banks, a sharp firing continued through the whole day. On Monday the 13th, however, they advanced in manner not to be mistaken. It was evident they intended to make an effort to take the town. They were allowed to pass the ford before mentioned, when they were taken in flank by the left wing of the Ijaye army, and received a most singular and bloody defeat. The command given by the chief on this occasion, reminds me of one delivered at Bunker's Hill: "Tell them," he said, "not to throw away my powder." They were equally and fearfully obeyed. The heart becomes sick and would turn away in horror from such a scene, but there is a terrible beauty about a battle in Africa which fascinates the eye. As the mellow light of the declining sun falls upon the wide-spreading, intensely verdant, and palm-dotted plain which surrounds Ijaye, its beauty is indescribable. Imagine you have a far-extending view of this plain on a clear evening; hear incessant peals of rattling thunder echoing over its hills and through its vales; see silvery clouds floating in the bright light of a tropical sun, above the dark hosts engaged in combat, and you have in your mind what, alas, is too often realized by us.

The Bashorun of the Egbas frequently visits us. From him I hear all the particulars concerning the war. He is very sanguine of success. The Ijabus, a people on the South of Ibadan, and the people who furnished the Ibadans with arms and ammunition, have joined with the Egbas in the war, and nearly all the towns on the West side

of Ijaye have submitted. The strength of the enemy now consists in the Dahomians, and the towns on the North side of this town. The duration of the war depends principally upon the movements of the Dahomians. It is to be hoped, however, that they will not attack Abeokuta, as I hear that the British lion has shown them his teeth.

Not being able to provide for them here, I have sent two more of our children to Abeokuta, since brother Phillips' departure. Four now remain with us, one of the original seven having been taken home by his relations because we were not able to make them any presents. Brother P. has not yet been able to send us any provisions, as every one desires to bring food for himself. The Lord has daily provided such things as we have needed, and we continue to trust Him with unwavering faith. Through the kindness of the Bashorun and with what I have been able to buy here, the children have thus far been provided for, but we are now in a great strait for cowries, and I expect to have to send our remaining children down, if not go ourselves, to Abeokuta. I do not like to think of this, and will not go until the hand of Providence plainly points, and firmly urges me to do so.

Though surrounded by what some people call unenviable circumstances, Sue and I are in the enjoyment of health, and are very happy and contented. The Lord has placed us here, and we have no desire to be anywhere else, until His providence leads us elsewhere.

Though so few of us remain here, everything goes on as it did before. The confusion now prevailing is not favorable for street preaching, but fit opportunities are used to tell the "good news" to such as are willing to hear. A semi-weekly service is held in the Chapel. I preach twice on the Sabbath, and every Wednesday evening endeavor to strengthen and edify our converts.

I have been praying in this language for two weeks, and hope to be able to preach in it, before the year ends. My wife teaches the children. She is much pleased with the progress they make; she is now able to teach very intelligibly. We are much interested now in our work here, and not favorable to the idea of leaving Ijaye, unless Providence directs in a way not to be misunderstood. We cannot realize the consolations which the word of God affords until placed in circumstances for which it was intended. His promises now appear to us as living words, and His providence as a living hand.

We have not heard from brother Reid since I left there last February, but I suppose he has written to you by way of Ibadan, as that way was open before the Egbas declared war.

I am awaiting anxiously for the return caravan, as I hope it will not only bring us provisions, but the information that reinforcements are coming.

Yours, in Christ,

R. H. STONE.

Letters from Rev. A. P. Davis.

BUCHANON, July 6th, 1860.

REV. A. M. POINDEXTER, Richmond.

Dear Brother,—I have been acquainted with brother Yates ever since my arrival in Liberia, which is nearly twenty six years ago. And it was from my acquaintance with him, that lead me to recommend him as superintendent of the Board's affairs in Africa. I have known him a christian, and a gentleman—polite, affectionate and kind. Has been faithful in that which is least, and I really believe him trustworthy of the confidence reposed in him by the Board.—I was called to meet him at Little Bassa, about half way between Grand Bassa and Jonk, where we had an important conference of which brother Yates will inform you. I wrote from Marshall last April; supposing the Board to have received that communi-

cation, I make no reference to that time. I have endeavored in all faithfulness, at all times and suitable places, to preach the word to the best of my ability; but yet, I fear that I may have acted amiss some way, that my labours are not blessed to have scores added to my congregation, as I hear of others who are laboring in other fields, and some denominations in this field. Sometimes I attribute the slow growth of our denomination here, to the faith and practice, principles of us as a denomination. As Baptists, we receive none but penitent persons, if we know it, or if any circumstances render it doubtful. Nor is it our practice to receive the excluded members of other churches; while on the other hand, all other denominations take persons, penitent or not, if they will only attend their congregation; besides, receive any excluded member from any other church. But it appears most in accordance with the scriptures, and the nature of Christ's commands, to build up the church with proper materials, if it be by slow degrees. I am now the only missionary living, who was appointed when brother Day first received his appointment after he left the N. B. So I am the oldest missionary now belonging to our Board in Africa.

I have reported my entire labors to brother Yates for the half year, although I have from time to time given account of the same to the Board. I have nothing but what will be before the Board on the arrival of documents from brother Yates, save three candidates for baptism, one restored.

The Sabbath school is doing well, only we need some Bibles and Sabbath school Hymn Books. In a few weeks I hope to occupy a new house. I have been building on my farm about a quarter of a mile from where I now live. I have given brother Yates a full account of the day school at Buchanon. Please tell brother C. George his letters came safely to hand, and its contents quite

satisfactory; and I will write again soon. The blessing of the Lord upon the Board.

I am, yours in Christ,

A. P. DAVIS.

BUCHANON, August 16th, 1860.

REV. A. M. POINDEXTER, Richmond.

Dear Brother,—Your favor was duly received, and a reply was written, timely, to be forwarded by the M. C. S., but she stretched from Palmas directly to Monrovia, and we knew it not till too late. The disappointment was considerable; for letters, packages, bags of coffee, boxes and a passenger from our place left.

I think the work of the Lord is still prospering. Since the date of the former letter, which will come in the same envelope, I have baptized one more young man, and two more persons have been restored, making six added to the church lately. You understand all about the school through brother Yates, as our reports are made regularly to him. Our Sabbath school is doing very well.

We have several young men, I think, with proper management, might become competent teachers. When once men of our own denomination become masters of the language, being instructed by those who would not strain a point to carry a point, I should feel better satisfied.

I visited brother Vonbrunn's station last Saturday and Sabbath. When I arrived there, he was surrounded by a great crowd of natives. He says there is not a day in the whole week, that he is free from a throng of them. He has no assistant. I preached Sabbath, A. M., to 150 persons, from Acts 17th, 34 v. There were six chiefs among the number, and some of the congregation were from over one hundred miles distant, and some who had never heard of Jesus! and I do not know when I felt so inspired to preach Christ Crucified.

The natives listened with breathless attention, seemingly. I preached also in the evening, and assisted brother Vonbrunn to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His meeting house was the basement of his private dwelling. He has thirty or more adjacent towns to which he could preach in turn each day—but he has no assistant as a preacher, nor a teacher for his school, if I understood—has 40 children in his yard, beside the numbers at those towns mentioned above. He ought to have an assistant preacher. A teacher for the day school is absolutely needed there. Besides, his church, made up principally of natives, the constant coming of natives a distance, takes up a vast amount of time, and whenever brother Vonbrunn goes to a neighbouring town, those near complain, because they are left without preaching.

I am, yours in Christ,

A. P. DAVIS.

Letter from Henry Underwood.

MONROVIA, Aug. 26, 1860.

REV. A. M. POINDEXTER, Richmond.

Very Dear Brother.—I write to inform you that I have received yours of 1st instant, through the agent brother Yates. I was glad to hear of your wishes to me in regard to the great work that I have before me, in preaching the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, all of which I intend to do, God being my helper. As we are all frail creatures, we are liable to come short. I shall trust in God to aid me, by the agency of the Holy Ghost, in all missionary work, that I may do His will in all things.

The Church at New Virginia, is going on progressively at present, and we trust that the Lord will bring us off more than conquerors through Him that loved us. I am happy to inform you that the Lord has visited this branch of His Church in New Virginia with the outpouring of the Spirit, and has made

us to rejoice in these times of refreshings, from His presence. We have candidates for baptism in my Church. Any communication you desire to have with me, you will please direct letters to Monrovia, as that is the place of my residence, about twelve miles from my station. I send you a package of newspapers and a eulogy on the life of the late Rev. John Day. The fields are ready for harvest and the laborers are few. We have received fourteen hundred and some odd Conges, which were captured by the American sloop-of-war, and we are expecting more.

I am your friend, in Christ,

HENRY UNDERWOOD.

The Commission.

RICHMOND, DECEMBER, 1860.

EDITORS FROM HOME.

The deficiency of editorial matter in the present issue, is attributable to the absence of both of the Secretaries from home. Being necessarily called away to attend to the interests of the Board, their home duties have been devolved upon us to be discharged as best we can, consistently with our individual engagements. The deficiency in this department, however, will be abundantly supplied by the very ably written and interesting original articles, which we lay before our readers.

Several very interesting communications are necessarily left out for want of room.

W.

LETTERS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES.

The letters from our Missionaries will prove very interesting from the exciting circumstances which are surrounding them, both in China and Africa. What is to be the effect of these wars upon the future of our Mission enterprises, we of course cannot tell, but of one thing we feel well assured, that God will take care of his

own cause, and if we will but be faithful to the obligations which rest upon us as Christians, our efforts will not be in vain. The wars and commotions that have hitherto occurred, have been over-ruled to the opening of wider doors of access to the heathen. God can, and we believe he will, in these instances, cause the wrath of man to praise Him. Only let us be united in our approaches to a throne of grace. Our brethren in China and Africa, continually say, "pray for us." Oh, brethren at home, let us comply with their requests in the true spirit of prayer.

W.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

WATCH, MOTHER, WATCH.

Mother! watch the little feet

Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall;

Never count the moments lost;
Never count the time it cost;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother! while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay;

Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this heavy task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue

Prattling eloquent and wild;
What is said and what is sung
By the happy, joyous child;

Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow while yet unbroken,
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in the Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;

Keep, oh! keep that young heart true;
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

THE VAIN SEARCH.

A little boy was charmed with the tiny form and gaudy colors of an insect that flitted by him. He followed it a few paces, in the hope of catching it with his hat, but all his attempts failed.

At length he saw it dart suddenly down into some weeds on the margin of the brook, and then he felt sure of it. Creeping along cautiously, and looking intently, he drew near to the very spot where it disappeared. He softly parted the grass, and slowly turned up each leaf, and expected every moment to see it jump from its hiding-place, but it was a vain search. It was away from the place at which he lost sight of it, and its quick motions and gorgeous colors had already attracted the gaze of some school-children half a mile off.

It is a pity the little fellow should waste his time and pain his eyes in looking for what he will certainly never find.

But, alas! how many there are—men and women, as well as children—who waste their time and strength in pursuits as vain and fruitless as his! How few are seeking for objects that are within their reach, or that are worth the pains which it costs to obtain them!

The wisest of all men has given us a beautiful lesson, which we cannot study too early or too well;—

“Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them

that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.”—*The Sunday School Banner*.

SELECTIONS.

WHAT A BLIND GIRL DID.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

From her earliest childhood, Grace — had heard the sweet story of Jesus' love, and when she was only seven years old, she gave her heart to him, and became one of the little “lambs of his flock.” As soon as she began to love the Saviour, and feel the joy and peace which always flow from a sense of forgiven sin, she was moved by an earnest desire to tell others how precious a friend she had found. Her sister Angelica, two years older than herself, was the first one to whom she went, and with childlike earnestness, she besought her to “come to Jesus.” Together these children knelt, day after day, in a quiet secluded spot, and prayed for a blessing from their Father in Heaven. He listened graciously to their petitions, and he soon answered them, by giving to Angelica the same sweet hope which made little Grace so happy.

And now, the sisters, looking around upon the children of the neighbourhood, who were growing up in sin, without a knowledge of the Saviour, asked each other, “What can we do for them? How can we help them? Oh! that we might tell them of Jesus, and induce them likewise to come to him for a blessing.” This earnest wish soon led them to adopt a plan by which they might organize a Sunday-School; they would go around the neighbourhood, from house to house, and invite the children to come to their house on the Sabbath, there to read and study the Bible together. It was a great thing for them to undertake, for Grace was but seven, and Angelica, though two years older, was *blind*; but their love to Jesus, and their confidence in him were so strong,

that they had scarcely bestowed a thought upon the difficulties in the way.

Just at this period, and as their work was about to begin, dear little Grace was called away from this world, to be safe and happy in the arms of Jesus forevermore. Oh! how bitterly did the poor, blind Angelica mourn her loss. For a time she almost doubted the love of her heavenly Father. How could she live without her little sister! Why should God take her away just as she was beginning to labor in his vineyard? In this first violent grief, Angelica could not realize that Grace had fulfilled her mission; that she had served God on earth just as long as he needed her, and was now gone to offer him better and holier service in heaven. Soon, however, came calmer thoughts, and, although the ready tears would flow at every tender recollection of her sister, she became gradually cheerful and contented. And now she began to ask herself, "Can I carry out, *alone*, the plans which Grace and I hoped to carry out *together*?" How weak she felt; how ignorant; how unequal to the task; and yet, putting her trust in Jesus, she went boldly forth on her mission. A sister, younger than Grace, was her companion, and guided her little hand. Angelica passed from house to house, inviting the children to come to her on the following Sunday, to study the Bible, and learn about Jesus.

At the time appointed, her scholars appeared, three in number, and the school was organized. What a touching sight it must have been to have seen this blind child, with the three little ones gathered around her, offering up her earnest prayer that a blessing might descend from their heavenly Father! I think the angels must have beheld it with joy. Week after week passed, and Angelica's school increased in size, until now it numbered twenty-six. She has won the love of her scholars, and her heart is encouraged, for she feels

that Jesus smiles approvingly upon her.

The Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the twenty-third Psalm, together with select passages of Scripture, and lessons from the Catechism, have been taught these children.

It was the privilege of the writer to visit Angelica's school a few weeks since, and he was delighted with the correctness and precision with which the scholars recited their lessons. They repeated the Commandments, and other passages of the Scripture, quite as readily as the scholars of almost any school would have read them; and when they all knelt together at the close of the exercises, to repeat the Lord's Prayer, it seemed as though they really *felt* the spirit of it, and desired the blessings which it implores.

Angelica is now fourteen years of age. She has an elder sister, Caroline, who is also blind, but has had the advantage of an education at the New York Institution for the Blind, from which, if her life and health are spared, she will be graduated in another year. Such advantages Angelica has never enjoyed. She owns a Bible printed in raised letters, which is her daily study and delight. She is able to read it slowly, and it is evident to her friends, and all about her, that she endeavors to live according to its divine precepts. She is anxious to learn more, in order that she may be better qualified to instruct others; and it has been her desire to attend, like Caroline, the Institution for the Blind. Angelica doubtless left this anxious wish with the Lord, feeling that if it were best, he would provide the necessary means in his own good time and way. In a conversation with her mother, this desire for an education was alluded to, and the writer proposed to make known the facts, being confident that many hearts would sympathize with and assist her. Before this intention was carried out, however, a gentleman, not many miles distant, heard o

it, and at once exclaimed: "Stop him! stop him! Come to me for whatever you want." Thus the Lord in whom she trusts, has raised up a kind friend for our little Angelica. Yet still we tell the simple story of her earnest desire to labor for the conversion of souls, hoping that it may be the means of inspiring a similar desire in the heart of some other feeble lamb of Christ's flock.

May the blessing of God ever attend Angelica; may she be greatly blessed in her labors, and may she at last be so happy as to meet little Grace, and all the children of her love and care, in Heaven, where there is no more sin; *where the eyes of the blind are opened*, and where Jesus shall be loved and praised for ever!—*S. S. Times.*

STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

It is a lamentable but certain fact, that many of those who one would hope are real Christians, act in a manner egregiously contrary to Scriptural maxims, and thus confound those who are weak in the faith, and lay religion open to the scorn of the ungodly. A few specimens will enable many to see their own picture.

1. *The Tyrannical Christian.*—He whose sway over his domestics is not less dreaded than the despotism of an Eastern bashaw,—whose will is law, however unreasonable or arbitrary; and of whom it may be said, as it was of Nabal, "A man cannot speak to him."

2. *The Covetous Christian.*—A very generous person, perhaps, in public contributions; but one who will squeeze and grind at home, and scarcely allow what is necessary to make those around him comfortable.

3. *The Sulky Christian.*—This character is soon offended; but is difficult, and often impossible, so ascertain the cause. He stalks about, now and then venting a malicious or splenetic effusion. Excepting this, he is silent,

though symptoms of the corroding matter within are most evidently manifested by his countenance.

4. *The Censorious Christian.*—Such an one may be compared to a nettle, which is sure to sting you. He is keen to mark the faults of others, but very kind to his own.

5. *The Resentful Christian.*—He is one who, if you contradict his wishes, thinks it right to injure you in your business, to scandalize and deteriorate your character; and this under the pretence of showing spirit.

* * * * *

"YE ARE THE SALT OF THE EARTH."

This is a vastly important saying of Christ. The figure beautifully represents the great design of the true believer's mission, during his stay on earth. What a reflection for all professors of religion? It may well excite a serious inquiry, as to the tone and influence we are exerting upon society around us. This saying of the Master represents with singular fidelity, the power of Christianity to stay and correct the disorganizations of mankind. As applied to the apostles, the definition was especially accurate. Before them lay a world distinguished by nothing so much as corruption of doctrine and manners. What was there to stop the tide of evil, so fully set in and sweeping its thousands into the vast gulf of untold misery? Philosophy was at its height, reason had achieved her vast triumphs, eloquence had its profound admirers, yet after all, there reigned over the whole face of the globe the most terrible ignorance of God; poor fallen humanity seemed like an impure mass of corruption, so that if longer abandoned to itself, must have fallen into an incurable disease, and become covered with the livid spots of total dissolution.

Deliverance, if ever it comes, must come through the meek and lowly

Nazarene. He must penetrate the wilderness, where the miasma of spiritual death reigned among the masses of human souls. He sends forth his doctrines and his messengers, with the curative powers of that Gospel which dispels darkness, creates light, and gives life and health to the dying multitude. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.—*The Church Advocate.*

THE SPLENDOR OF DAMASCUS.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sand of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in a desert, “a predestined capital”—with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was “near Damascus” that Saul of Tarsus saw the “light from heaven above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Strait, in which it is said “he prayeth,” still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass, and the waterwheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean still “occupy” there “with the multitude of their wares.” The city which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter because it is given to have but one Paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world, is to this day, what Julian called the eye of the East, as it was in the time of Isaiah, “the head of Syria.” From Damascus came the Damson or blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called Damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of

Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the arts into Persia;—and the beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic—engraving and sculpture united—called Damaskeening, with which boxes and bureaus, and swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon, the “rivers of Damascus,” the “rivers of gold,” still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of “Syrian gardens.”

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

“The spirit, also, helpeth our infirmities.” Rom. 8; 26.

Languor may be the penalty of *egotism* in prayer. No other infirmity is so subtle, so corrosive to devotion, as that of an overweening consciousness of self. It is possible, that an intense self-conceit should flaunt itself in the forms of devoutness.

To a right-minded man, some of the most astonishing passages in the Bible, are the mysterious declarations and hints of the *residence* of the Holy Spirit in a human soul. We must stand in awe, before any just conception of the meaning of such voices as these: “The spirit of God dwelleth in you;” “God dwelleth in us;” “Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost;” “Full of the Holy Ghost;” “Filled with all the fullness of God;” “Praying in the Holy Ghost;” “With all prayer in the Spirit;” “The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us.”

But the mysteriousness of such language should not surprise us. Its mystery is only the measure of its depth. It is the reality which it expresses that is amazing. Let us not fritter it away by shallow interpretations. While, on the one hand, we are under no necessity of blinking the truth of the intense activity of the soul in

any holy experience; on the other hand, we must discern in such phraseology, the *greater* intensity of the Holy Spirit's action in a holy mind. The existence of the mind is no more a reality, than this indwelling of God.

What then is prayer, as seen in *perspective* with this doctrine of "the Spirit?" Is it merely the dialect of helplessness? Is it only, as Paley defines it, the expression of want? Is it nothing but the lament of poverty, or the moan of suffering, or the cry of fear? Is it simply the trust of weakness in strength, the leaning of ignorance upon wisdom, the dependence of guilt upon mercy? It is all these, but more. A holy prayer is the Spirit of God speaking through the infirmities of human soul;

"God's breath in man, returning to his birth."

We scarcely utter hyperbole in saying, that prayer is the Divine Mind communing with itself, through finite wants, through the woes of helplessness, through the clinging instincts of weakness, on this side of the Judgement. No other conception of the presence of God is so profound, as that which is realized in our souls every time we offer a genuine prayer. God is then not only *in* us, but *within* us.

That was human nature in honest dismay at its own guilt, in which the children of Israel said to Moses, "Speak thou with us and we will hear; let not God speak with us lest we die." That was an adventurous trustfulness, which could enable the Monk of Mount St. Agnes to say of this language, "I pray not in this manner; no, Lord, I pray not so; but with Samuel I entreat, "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth." Do Thou, therefore, O Lord, my God! speak to my soul, lest I die. But what is the sacredness of God's speaking to us, in comparison with the more awful thought of His speaking *within* us! Yet this is prayer. Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God?

It is obvious then, that the loss of much joy in prayer may be attributed to some form of dishonor done to the Holy Spirit, in either the intent or the manner of devotions. The Spirit sternly refuses to become a participant in any act which disparages Him, and exalts in the heart of the worshipper the idea of Self. A profound Christian truth may be clothed in the language of a heathen proverb: "A Divine Spirit is within us, who treats us as He is treated by us."

We may offer our supplications, with no penetrating sense of the *necessity* of supernatural aid. There may be no childlike consciousness of infirmity which should lead us to cry out for help. The inspired words, often on our lips, may seldom come from the depth of our hearts: "we know not what we should pray for as we ought." We make prayer itself one of the standard subjects of prayer; yet, on what theme do our devotions more frequently degenerate into routine than on this? Have we a sense of indigence when we ask for the indwelling of God in our souls? have we such a sense of need of it, as we have of need of air when we are gasping with faintness? It is the Law of Divine blessing, that want comes before wealth, hunger before a feast. We must experience the necessity, in order to appreciate the reality.

Have we desires in prayer which we feel unable to utter without the aid of God? Dr. Payson said, he pitied the Christian who had no longings at the throne of Grace which he could not clothe in language. There may be a silent disavowal of our need of the Holy Ghost, in the very act in which we seek His energy. The lips may honor Him, but the heart may say: "What have I to do with Thee?"

We may dishonor the Holy Spirit by irreverent *speech* in prayer. The Spirit can indite no other than reverent words. Where do we find, in the Scriptures, an unhallowed familiarity of communion

with God? Only at that gathering of the sons of God, at which "Satan came also among them." It required the effrontery of an evil spirit, to talk to God as to an equal.

The consciousness of Divine friendship in devotion, so far from being impaired, is deepened by holy veneration. The purest and most lasting human friendships are permeated with an element of reverence; much more this friendship of a man with God. Moses, with whom God spoke, "as a man with his friend," was the man who said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." Abraham was called the "friend of God;" yet his favorite posture in prayer was prostration. He "fell on his face and God talked with him." Angels, too, veil their faces, in any service which approximates to the nature of prayer.

"Lowly reverent

Toward either throne they bow, and to the ground,

With solemn adoration, down they cast
Their crowns inlaid with amaranth and gold."

Even He who could say to His Father, "I know that Thou always hearest me," we are told, "was heard in that he feared."

What, other than solemn mockery, can that devotion be, which clothes itself in pert speech? The heart which is moved in healthy pulsations of sympathy with promptings of the Holy Ghost, indulges in no such gasconade. It is not boisterous and rude of tongue, lifting itself up to "talk saucily to God." It is emptied of self, because it is filled with the fullness of God. Therefore it rejoices with joy unspeakable.

We may disparage the Holy Spirit by a *querulous* devotion. Self-sufficiency is impatient when it is rebuffed; scarcely less so in intercourse with God, than in intercourse with men. Complaint that prayer is not answered immediately, or in the specific thing we pray for, proves that the Spirit has not "helped our infirmities" in that prayer.

We have not sought His aid, nor desired it. He prompts only submissive petitions, patient desires, a willingness to wait on God quietly and self-forgetfully.

A Hottentot beats his idol when he fails in his supplications. The people of Naples are frenzied with rage, when the miracle of the "Liquifaction" does not appear at the festival of San Gennaro. How far is that Christian elevated above these, in possession of the "fruits of the Spirit," whose heart mutters hard thoughts of God, at the delay or the refusal of an answer to his prayers? Such devotion is intensely selfish, however it may be glossed by the refinement of devout speech.

We may be false to the moving of the Holy Spirit, by a diseased inspection of our own minds in the act of communion with God. Self-examination is a suitable preliminary, or after-thought, to prayer, but is no *part* of it. Devotion is most thoroughly objective, in respect of the motives which induce its presence. It is won into exercise by attraction from without, not forced into being by internal commotions. It is an outgoing, not a seething of sensibility. The suppliant looks upward and around beyond himself; and devout affection grows in intensity with the distance which he penetrates, as the eye grows keen with far seeing. The Spirit invites to no other than such expansive devotion. We are never more like Christ, than in prayers of intercession. In the most lofty devotions we become unconscious of self.

Joy, too, has, from its very nature, the same objective origin. It springs from fountains out of ourselves. It comes to us; we do not originate it, we do not gain it by searching. We are never jubilant in *thinking* of our joy. Our happiness is an *incident*, of which, as an object of thought, we are unconscious. Divine influence is adjusted to this law of our minds; it seeks to bless

us by leading us out of self into great thoughts of God.

Hence, one of the most delusive methods of crossing the will of the Holy Spirit, is that habit of mental introversion in prayer, which corresponds to "morbid anatomy" in medical science. The heart, instead of flowing outward and upward at the bidding of the Spirit, turns in upon itself, and dissects its own emotions, and studies its own *symptoms* of piety. Any kindlings of joy in the soul are quenched, by being made the subject of morbid analysis.

"There are anatomists of piety," says Isaac Taylor, "who destroy all the freshness of faith, and hope, and charity, by immuring themselves night and day, in the infected atmosphere of their own bosoms." Andrew Fuller has recorded of himself, that he found no permanent relief from melancholy, in his early religious life, till his heart outgrew the pettiness of his own sorrows, through his zeal in the work of Foreign Missions. We may often be sensible that the "teachings of the Spirit" in our hearts are of just this character. They prompt away from ourselves. "Look up, look abroad," is the interpretation of them. "Come away from thyself; pray for something out of thine own soul; be generous in thine intercession; so shall thy peace be as a river."

Have you never observed how entirely devoid is the Lord's Prayer of any material which can tempt to this subtle self-inspection, in the act of devotion? It is full of an *outflowing* of thought, and of emotion, toward great objects of desire, great necessities, and great perils. "After this manner, therefore, pray ye."—*Still Hour*.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE?

Modern missionary effort has given to 20,000,000 of people of Asia, Africa and America, the inestimable benefit of a written language, and this, as it has been their gift, has also been con-

secrated and used by missionaries as the means of diffusing a knowledge of Christ and His revelation. Twenty dialects of Africa have thus been enlisted in the cause of truth. In one of these, the language of three millions of men, a newspaper is published, printed by the natives themselves, and circulating amongst 3,000 readers. Thus, then, the Word of God has been translated and a Christian literature commenced for five-sixths of the heathen inhabitants of the world. In this department of effort most of the difficulties have been overcome. May we not regard this as a promise of still greater success? In benighted Africa about one hundred churches have been organized in different parts of the coast and interior, and more than ten thousand converts have been gathered into them. In India 1,170 missionaries, native preachers, and catechists, are employed; 75,000 scholars are taught in the mission schools, of whom 15,000 are Hindu girls; and 125,000 converts have been gained, not including those who have finished their course. In China about ninety missionaries are laboring at fourteen different stations. Throughout the whole of the mission-field nearly 3,000 European and American missionaries, and their assistants, and more than 6,000 native agents of all kinds, are engaged, having around them about 500,000 persons brought under the influence of the truth. The churches thus gathered are *germinal churches*, generally dispersed over a wide field of labor, and at the same time occupying positions of great influence.

THE GRAVE.

If in thy cool and silent bed,
O grave! the ashes of the dead
So sweetly rest,
How passing sweet the rest must be
Which wafts the soul, from flesh set free,
Among the blest. *Tholuck.*

MISCELLANY.

ETERNITY.

How vast the theme, how boundless the conception! With all his boasted powers of mind, with all his wisdom, all his reason, all his imagination, man fails to have the smallest conception of it. If he give loose reins to fancy, and let it wander amid mazes of thought, he but reaches the confines of time—the frontier of eternity. If he soar away on imagination's wing, leaving earth and dull mortality behind, he fails to fathom its boundless depth, he can but catch a glimpse of its illimitable ocean.

When we cast our eye over earth's mighty waters, and see wave after wave go rolling by; when we see its mighty heavings, and hear its deafening roar; when, as far as the eye can reach is one shoreless waste of surging foam, our souls are lost in wonder, and we cry out, How great, how awful, how sublime! The way-worn traveller, on the sandy plain, when day after day goes by, and naught is seen save the boundless desert and the smoking sand, wonders at its vastness and magnitude.

When the astronomer looks forth at the starry heavens, and sees the countless myriads of glistening worlds lighting up space around, and reflects upon their enormous size and distance, he imagines that surely nothing can be so grand, so incomprehensible, so boundless. But, ah! he has never cast his telescopic eye through the impervious veil between time and eternity, and explored the "worlds of time" that exist in its hidden labyrinths. Though he can read the heavens and travel on wings of thought through celestial worlds, he can never comprehend the vastness of eternity, can never estimate its endless ages. It is a line without an end, an ocean without a shore. It excludes all number and computation. Days and months and years, yea, even

ages, are lost in it like drops in the ocean. It is an infinite, unknown something, which neither human thought can grasp nor human tongue describe. Co-extensive with God himself, it can never, never end.

"Should the smallest insect that flits on airy wing be commissioned from heaven to bear this globe to the remotest fixed star, and should it consume ages in transporting the smallest leaf that grows in the forest, its work would be finished, its mission done ere eternity had begun. Should all the universe of God be converted into one mighty sea of ink, and the angel of the Lord be required to note the flight of ages only, the sea would be dried, the ink consumed, and eternity but just begun."

Western Recorder.

THE MIRAGE OF LIFE.

The child's eyes are enchanted, but he does not know it, and he believes in all he sees. He does not doubt the shimmer and the glory of the scenes that lie before him. To him the future is no sandy desert strewn with dead men's bones; it is a wide-spread savannah, fruitful as the tropics, and delightful as Elysian plains. He gazes down the vista of life, and every phantasm seems to his ardent sight as a real and pleasant thing. There is not a pageant looming in the distance, there is not one of the dissolving views which hope creates and fancy touches up to bewildering brightness, that the child does not accept as real, and soon to be proved so. All the prismatic views that appear to flash across his forward path, he thinks are really lighting it, and that he shall be touched and beautified by their radiance when once he is there. Bright and fair is the apparent prospect before him; no wonder that the child is in haste to get on. There is everything to lure him—freedom, plenty, sweet gardens, flowing fountains, noble forms, smiling faces, and beckoning

hands. He sees the waving of palms and the glitter of jewels; he hears the voice of trumpet and harp; oh! all is before him; on, on, on. And on he rushes, breathlessly, to the end of childhood, through youth, and often into manhood, before he becomes fully aware that the shape, complexion, and mien of his phantoms have all been rapidly changing, and that what he took for true worth and beauty, is in reality no better than a raree-show, or a mirage of the desert. At last, grown keen-eyed by hard lessons, he pierces through the cheat, and sees the bare and barren seeds of life. For him there is afterwards no more enchantment.

NEVER CROSS A BRIDGE TILL YOU COME TO IT.

"Never cross a bridge until you come to it!" was the counsel usually given by a patriarch in the ministry to troubled and over-careful Christians. Are you troubled about the future? Do you see difficulties rising in Alpine range along your path? Are you alarmed at the state of your business, and uncertainties hanging over your life, at the gloomy contingencies which fancy sketches and invests with a sort of life-like reality—at the woes which hang over the cause of the Redeemer, or at any other earthly evil? Do not cross the bridge until you come to it. Perhaps you will never have occasion to cross it; and if you do, you will find that a timid imagination has greatly overrated the toil to be undergone, or has underrated the power of that grace which can enlighten the Christian's every labor. In approaching the Notch of the White Mountains from one direction, the traveller finds himself in conical hills, which seem to surround him as he advances, and forbid further progress. He can see but a short distance along his winding road; it seems as if his journey must stop abruptly at the base of the barriers. He begins

to think of turning back his horse, to escape from hopeless enclosure among impassible barriers. But let him advance, and he finds that the road curves around the frowning hill before him, and leads him unto other, and still other straits, from which he finds escape simply by advancing. Every new discovery of a passage around the obstructions of his path, teaches him to hope in the practicability of his road. He cannot see far ahead at any time; but a passage discovers itself as he advances. He is neither required to turn back nor to scale the steep sides of towering hills. His road winds along, preserving for miles almost an exact level. He finds that nothing is gained by crossing the bridge before he comes to it! Such is often the journey of life. How much of its toilsome ruggedness would be relieved by attention to the above admonition. Or, to express the same counsel in a form that does not involve the charge of a Hibernicism, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God, 'which passeth all understanding,' shall keep (garrison) your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."

LIVE FOR CHRIST.

You have your work to do for Christ where you are. Are you on a sick bed? Still you have your work to do for Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the mid-day sun. Only live for Christ where you are. You can let your light so shine that all about you shall know that you have been with Jesus.

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

Rising early is an excellent habit.

THE TIDE OF GRACE.

Let me now urge on you the advantage and duty of improving to the utmost every season of heavenly visitation. There are seasons more favorable and full of grace than others. In this there is nothing surprising, but much that is in harmony with the common dispensations of Providence. Does not the success of the farmer, seaman, merchant—of men in many other circumstances—chiefly depend on their seizing opportunities which come and go like showers—which flow and ebb like the tides of ocean? The sea is not always full. Twice a day she deserts her shores, and leaves the vessels high and dry upon the beach; so that they who would sail must wait and watch, and take the tide; the larger ships can only get afloat, or, if afloat, get across the bar and into the harbor, when, through a favorable conjunction of celestial influences, the sea swells in stream or spring tides beyond her common bounds. The seaman has his spring-tides; the husbandman has his spring time, and those showers, and soft winds and sunny hours, on the prompt and diligent improvement of which, the state of the barn and barn-yard depends.

If the season of heavenly visitation be improved, who can tell but it may be with you as with one well known to us. She was a fair enough professor, but had been living a careless, Godless, Christless life. She awoke one morning, and most strange and unaccountably, her waking feeling was strong desire to pray. She wondered. It was early dawn, and what more natural than that she should say there is time enough—meanwhile, “a little more folding of the hands to sleep?” As she was sinking back again into unconsciousness, suddenly, with the brightness and power of lightning, a thought flashed into her mind, filling her with alarm—this desire may have come from God; this may be the hour of my destiny, this the tide of salvation, which, if

neglected, may never return. She rose, and flung herself on her knees. The chamber was changed into a Peniel; and when the morning sun looked in at her window, he found her wrestling with God in prayer; and like one from a sepulchre, she came forth that day at the call of Jesus, to follow Him henceforth, and in her future life to walk this world with God.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what the Eternal acts is right.

O, teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
So still my sorrow, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,
Encroaching, sought a boundless
away,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still—
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned
I'll thank th' inflictor of the blow.
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirits steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

THE PILGRIM.

COMMUNING WITH HIMSELF.

"Our Father which art in heaven."
MATT. vi., 9.

In prayer I must come to God as a child to a father, with great reverence to His name; with affectionate interest like that of a son and heir, in all persons and things that are His; with submission to His will—asking not so much for the removal of the rod as for victory over sin; not like a bad child, with loud outcry, asking amiss, but like a good child, saying, "Father, I did not listen when I was taught, now teach me, and I will try to learn." Asking not for a patrimony, but for daily bread—provision, such as a child may use, both for the soul and the body, and most of all for the soul, faltering through the childhood of an endless life. Asking forgiveness with the meekness of a child that is either unconscious of an offence or soon forgets it. Asking protection and companionship, not like the self-confident son, who hastens from his father's house, shutting his ears with impatience against the parting words of his parents, but like the child who lingers on the threshold, conscious of his ignorance and weakness, fearing to meet alone the temptations of society and the assaults of Satan. Asking not for wealth and distinction with covetous eagerness, but choosing rather to see the kingdom, the power, and the glory in the hands of that loving Father who knows what things I have need of before I ask Him. Praying thus I may come always like an infant that clings to its parents until even a good mother is weary; but God is never weary, and I may come to Him without ceasing and without fear, even like a little child, for such is the kingdom of God.—*Presbyterian.*

Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.

THE PRAYING WIFE.

Recently, in Wales, two men were returning home from a beer-shop, at a very late hour; as they were walking, one said to the other:

"When I get into the house to-night, my wife will scold me dreadfully."

"Ah!" replied his companion, "I shall have something ten times more intolerable than scolding; my wife is always quiet, but she weeps and speaks to me about my soul, and her words are burning like fire in my conscience."

He reached home, as he had anticipated, his wife met him at the door, weeping. He went to bed and slept, but his wife, distressed and anxious about his soul, instead of doing so, prayed to God on his behalf. About 3 o'clock in the morning, he awoke and saw her standing at his bed-side, still weeping. He said to her:

"Margaret, what is the matter with you?"

She answered, "The thought that my dear husband is an enemy to my beloved Saviour, and that he is likely to have his eternal portion with the damned spirits, almost breaks my heart."

This answer broke him down. He felt that his cause was a bad one, and the fact that his wife felt so deeply on his account, led him to feel for himself. He arose, and knelt by the side of his wife and prayed to God to have mercy upon him. And that God who blessed this conduct and language of his wife to his conviction, manifested to him His pardoning grace through Jesus Christ, and they are a happy couple, rejoicing in the hope of dwelling together forever in heaven.—*Mother's Journal.*

PRAYER is the pitcher that fetcheth water from the brook, therewith to water the herbs; break the pitcher and it will fetch no water, and for want of water the garden withereth.

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