

THE COMMISSION.

Vol. 6.

MAY, 1861.

No. 11.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

(Continued from page 298.)

We now approach another change in that life which had been "from the cradle," "full of changes." The 23rd of December, she writes to Mrs. Nott: "Mr. Gillette has been to Boston, and we are expecting him back to-morrow, with Dr. Judson. We are promising ourselves a rare treat in the company of the good missionary." Dr. Judson had recently buried his second wife in the island of St. Helena; and was enjoying (or suffering?) an ovation in his native land, after an absence of more than thirty years. The slightest things may sometimes change the destiny of men. On the way from Boston to Philadelphia, the train was accidentally detained for a few hours. To relieve the tedium incident to such detention, Mr. Gillette put into Dr. Judson's hands a volume of the newly published "Trippings." The Doctor was, at first, a little afraid of a book bearing so questionable a name, but having opened it, he soon became deeply interested. After reading a few pages, he remarked with the emphasis of repetition, that it was written "with great beauty and power—with great beauty and power." Then followed the inquiries, "Who is the author?" "Is she a christian?" and the expression of a desire to see and know her; and again, the other inquiry, "Is she a Baptist?" and also an expression of regret that a lady with such powers should not employ them

more worthily. Dr. Judson was in search of some one to write the memoir of his deceased wife,—had he not already determined upon engaging "Fanny Forester?" He was, also, probably, in search of another wife,—had he not already some expectation of finding the biographer and the wife in the same person? At all events, he was gratified to hear that the young authoress was under Mr. Gillette's roof, and that he might so readily make her acquaintance.

The courtship was brief; and so shall be our account of it. When Dr. Judson was already predisposed to fall in love, what wonder that he should be captivated by her who had taken all hearts? And Emily? The name and presence of Dr. Judson recalled the dream of her childhood. Of her early life, she writes; "One day I took up a little, dingy, coarse newspaper—the *Baptist Register* in its infancy—and my eye fell on the words: "Little Maria lies by the side of her fond mother." I had read about the missionaries and my sister had told me respecting them; I knew, therefore, at once, that the letter was from Mr. Judson, and that his little daughter was dead. How I pitied his loneliness! And then a new train of thought sprang up, and my mind expanded to a new kind of glory. No, thought I, though the Burmans should kill him, I will not pity him; and I—yes I will be a missionary." And now, after the lapse of years, again he is lonely; again she pities his loneliness;

and again her "mind expands to a new kind of glory." They met December 24th, 1845; and the 20th of the following January, Dr. Judson wrote:

"I hand you, dearest one, a charmed watch. It always comes back to me, and brings its wearer with it. I gave it to Ann when a hemisphere divided us, and it brought her safely and surely to my arms. I gave it to Sarah during her husband's lifetime, (not then aware of the secret,) and the charm though slow in its operation was true at last.

"Were it not for the sweet sympathies you have kindly extended to me, and the blessed understanding that 'love has taught us to guess at,' I should not venture to pray you to accept my present with such a note. Should you cease to 'guess' and toss back the article, saying, 'your watch has lost its charm; it comes back to you, but brings not its wearer with it.' O! first dash it to pieces, that it may be an emblem of what will remain of the heart of your devoted,

A. JUDSON."

The watch had not lost its charm.

The marriage of a public man must, to some extent, be a matter of public concern. We cannot agree with Dr. Kendrick when he says, "Dr. Judson's relations with Emily, were strictly a matter between himself and her—a matter with which, public man as he was, and treading in the shadow of a world-wide reputation, the world had nothing more to do in the way of public comment and criticism, than if he had been a boor dwelling in the obscurest nook in the Rocky Mountains." Dr. Judson was the representative of a great cause—a cause in which thousands of hearts were interested—and he had no right to do anything which might injuriously affect that cause. If he was about to contract an alliance which was altogether unsuitable, although the public would have no right to interfere, as a parent might in the case of a child, it would have a right to

enter a protest—a public protest if necessary. His fame had passed beyond his possession; it had become the property of the Christian world; and had he done anything to mar or diminish it, the world, no less than himself, would have been the loser. The same is partially true of Miss Chubbuck. She, too, was a public character. While the Christian public felt aggrieved that he should, as they thought, injure himself and the cause of missions, the literary public equally regretted that she should commit what they regarded as literary suicide.

Under such circumstances, we need not be surprised that the announcement of their betrothal created a "storm of wonderment." Dr. Judson was annoyed, but he was not a stranger to the voice of censure, and knew how to bear it. It fell with all the terrible force of novelty upon her; it grieved and disturbed her beyond measure. She writes to Mrs. Nott, "I must own that I have been twice surprised—at seeing the tear in the eye of the careless worldling, and receiving the God-speed from his lips; and at seeing those from whom I had a right to expect encouragement, looking askance and doubtful." To Dr. Judson she reveals more of her feelings: "I am distressed to death with the thousand things I am called to endure. I wonder if men—Christians or Infidels—have any human feelings about them, that they should think their fellows made of stone . . . I shall be happy with you, I know, but now I am most miserable. It seems that all New York is alive about the affair. It is the common subject of conversation on steamboat and in hotel, in parlor and in grog-shop. II. Anable, who has just returned from New York, says that there is no circle in which my name is not heard. There is even talk of preventing such an insane proceeding as Fanny Forester's "throwing herself away." They say such a sacrifice is unparalleled.

That Dr. Judson made a wise choice, has been fully demonstrated; that he was in every way worthy of Miss Chubbuck, and that he led her into a field of labour in every way worthy of her, can scarcely be doubted. But it could not at that time have been foreseen that the marriage would be so eminently suitable and happy. Granting that the public was grossly in error, was his course a prudent one? Did not she wilfully cut short a most brilliant career?

The only ground upon which we can think that Dr. Judson acted imprudently, is found in the supposition that he was about to marry a lady whom he had no right to suppose had any fitness for the high position to which he proposed to elevate her, as the wife of the most distinguished and influential missionary of our country. It was natural for the public, who knew Fanny Forester only as a popular magazine writer, to suppose that she was not worthy of such a position. But the public little knew how small a portion of her life had been spent in writing for magazines, and for what a noble purpose she was at first induced to write. Dr. Judson was better acquainted with her, and understood more of her character. He saw her not alone as the author of light and brilliant sketches, but as she appeared in the social circle and in the eyes of those with whom she had been most intimately connected. And although he felt that she had not been walking "in the most excellent way," he yet saw that it was possible for her to develop into a noble Christian woman. It was with this conviction that he addressed her. The sequel proved that he had not misinterpreted her character.

But if Dr. Judson's friends and the friends of missions, had no just cause of complaint, much less was there anything in the contemplated marriage to awaken the regrets of Miss Chubbuck's friends. In a merely literary point of view, it was the most fortunate step of

her life. Her fame rested entirely upon productions which, from their very nature, were ephemeral, and could hold public attention but for a short time. What would probably have been her fate, is now seen in the already comparative obscurity of her sketches. It is true, that she might have written something more worthy to live; but of this there was no certainty. The probability is, that she had reached the highest point of her greatness; and without something to develop the deep and better resources of her intellect and heart, she would have been soon forgotten. What she needed was something to solidify her fame. Her productions, at least those by which she was generally known, lacked the distinctive religious element, which, let worldlings sneer as they will, not only sanctifies, but renders more enduring the works of genius. She will not hereafter be known as an author by her brilliant magazine articles, but by her "Watching," her "Angel Charlie," her "Sweet Mother," and other things written after her marriage. But even these, beautiful as they are, might not have rescued her from oblivion. She was too frail to stand up alone against the rushing crowd—she would have been thrown down and trampled under foot; but clinging, with Ann Hasseltine and Sarah Boardman, to the firmly-rooted statue of Adoniram Judson, she may expect to hold her place forever.

The 2nd of June, 1846, they were married, Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick officiating; the 11th of July, they sailed in the *Fanueil Hall* for Burmah, and the 30th of the following November, anchored in the harbor of Amherst. Dr. Judson's immediate destination was Maulmain, the capital of British Burmah. Here the society was good and many of the comforts of civilized life were attainable. Under the protection of the British government, the missionaries had nothing to fear, and but for the difference in climate and productions

and the strange seeming, strangely speaking inhabitants—Burmans, Chinese, Mahometans and English, all mingled together—the change in Mrs. Judson's outward circumstances would have seemed scarcely greater than it would have been, had she only moved from one part of our country to another. But the change in her inner life was deep and radical. She saw at a glance the nature of her new position, and almost instinctively adapted herself to it. Her spirit went boldly forth to meet the duties and responsibilities of her station. She reminds us of that plant which itself grows in the bottom of the Rhone, but whose flowers, attached to a spiralelastic stem, always float upon the surface. If the water is low the stem contracts; if the river is swollen and high, it reaches forth to meet the emergencies of the case. In early life, she had easily sunk to the humblest duties of home, and now she as easily rises to the level of her high vocation. When Dr. Judson deemed it his duty to go to Rangoon, the scene of his first missionary labors, where he would certainly be cut off from all society and be exposed to inconveniences, dangers, persecutions and even death itself, she did not hesitate to go with him. We confess to a feeling of admiration for the young "*romance writer*" when we read her high resolves: "My conscience will not allow me to remain in delightful Maulmain, while there is the slightest hope of my husband's being able by going to a place of danger and privation, to do anything for the miserable nation at the door of which we are standing. I am not made myself for great things, but when I see his heart turning that way, I can say "go," and when the trials come, I know I can cheer and comfort him. . . . I do not believe in practising self-denial for self-denial's sake—I think that a relic of popery—but I should not shrink from suffering or even death in His cause." As bold as these last words are,

we believe them to be very much more than empty boasting.

On the 22nd of February, 1847, Dr. Judson and his family moved to Rangoon and took up their residence in an old brick house, which in Mrs. Judson's letters goes by the name of "Bat Castle." The seven months which they spent in this house were months of anxiety, toil and suffering. Dr. Judson's mission was not only without the sanction, but opposed to the wishes of the government. The church of native Christians which he had formerly gathered had been dispersed, but when they heard of his presence, some of them immediately returned, and but for the opposition of the Ray-Woon, the second officer of the government, the scattered members might have been reunited and many others added to their number. The congregations on the Sabbath had gradually increased to twenty, and then to thirty, and then to a still greater number. But these did not go together to the house of prayer, they dropped in one at the time between day-light and ten o'clock, some bringing parcels and some dishes of fruit and using other expedients to conceal the object of their visit. And when all were assembled the doors were carefully barred for fear of the heathen. When the service was ended they retired in the same cautious way. But, notwithstanding all their efforts to escape the notice of the government they were unsuccessful, and the house was finally so closely watched that not a native ventured near. Cut off from active missionary duties, Dr. Judson devoted himself diligently to the preparation of his Burmese dictionary, while Mrs. Judson found employment in learning the language, taking care of the family, and in preparing the memoir of Sarah B. Judson. During this time the long Buddhistic Lent came on, and for four months boiled rice and fruits were almost the only procurable articles of food. The former, Mrs. Judson, could

not eat; and, consequently, from want of proper nourishment, she was reduced to such a state of weakness that she sometimes sank down in her efforts to walk across the floor. Then, too, Dr. Judson was seized with dysentery in a most violent form. At the same time Henry was down with Rangoon fever and Edward with erysipelas. There was no physician, nor, indeed, any European to whom she could apply for assistance; and the prospect was that, in a heathen city, sick and surrounded by enemies, she would be left alone with her dead. This trial, however, was spared her—her husband and children recovered.

When it was seen that a longer stay at Rangoon would be impracticable and useless, Dr. Judson turned his thoughts and his heart to Ava; but, greatly to his surprise and mortification, he was prevented from going to that city by the withdrawal of contributions for that purpose. He therefore returned to Maulmain where he divided his time between his Dictionary and native Church. "His wife made herself growingly active and useful in the mission, conducting prayer meetings, and instructing classes in the Scriptures."

Here, on the 24th of December, Emily Frances, "My Bird," was born. During the year 1848, in "good, comfortable, pleasant Maulmain," they had a season of what Dr. Kendrick calls "unclouded sunshine." Dr. Judson felt that they were "a deliciously happy family;" and Mrs. Judson's letters were full of cheerfulness. But with the end of the year there came an end to their sunshine—clouds gathered never more to be dispelled. Mrs. Judson was seized with a cough in December, which continued to grow worse, until, at length, she was thought to be in danger, and finally, that she could not live. A trip to Tavoy failed to produce any beneficial result. She looked forward to the grave, and Dr. Judson to another bereavement—another break-

ing up of his family. The prospect of so early a separation was indescribably painful to both. "We have been so, so happy, and the time has been so short, we used to say to each other with aching hearts, many times a day." "Then," she continues, "I would watch the poor children in their play until the tears came and blinded me."

But her time had not yet come. She had written to her sister during her illness that Dr. Judson grew fat on his work, though working like a galley slave; and that he walked and ran over the hills like a boy; yet he was to die and she was to recover. Towards the close of the year 1849, it was observed that he had "a look of age," and almost before she was aware of it he began rapidly to decline. First, there came a violent cold, then dysentery—a prostration of six or eight weeks; and then a useless trip to Savoy. In February a long sea voyage was pronounced the last and only source of hope. But owing to the delicate health of Mrs. Judson, which rendered it imprudent for her to accompany him, that was delayed as long as possible. Lovingly, anxiously, prayerfully she watched over him. Her own beautiful poem, written by his bedside, brings her before us as she sits there, in the dusk of evening, pale and careworn,

While the white curtains waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pityingly the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

But, deeming it his duty to make every effort to recover his health, in the early part of April, he suffered himself to be carried on board the *Aristide Marie*, bound for the Isle of France; although he did not have much hope that he would now be benefited by the voyage. As if conscious of the end, he left his family with great reluctance. Often, before he embarked,

he repeated: "If it should be the will of God to let me die here, what a mercy!" The vessel did not immediately leave the river, and every morning Mrs. Judson took a boat and followed it, spending the day on board in providing and arranging for the comfort of her husband. When she left him for the last time, he was exceedingly weak; he returned her kiss* but spoke no word of parting, nor raised his eyes to look upon her. The 15th of April, she writes to Miss Anable: "I sit down to write you with a very heavy heart—indeed heavier than I ever carried before. I do not know whether my precious husband is still living or whether he may not have already gone to heaven; and I shall have no means of knowing for three or four months to come." In just a week from this time her second child—her "Angel Charlie"—was born, a body of exquisite beauty, but destitute of life. April, May, June and July passed without bringing tidings of her husband, but at length, the 28th of August, the tidings came and he was dead, and buried in the sea. "It is all over," thus she writes, "It is all over, Anna Maria, darling, and oh! do pity me. I am so, so desolate. He lived only four days after they left the river, and suffered so intensely that he longed for the release of death. And here for four long months I have been so anxious about him when he was wearing his crown in heaven." It was during this period of suspense that she wrote her inexpressibly sad and beautiful poem, "Sweet Mother."

After the death of her husband, for the sake of her children, and on account of her declining health, Mrs. Judson determined to return to America. She had learned to love the work of missions, and the thought of leaving Burmah gave her no little pain. To use her own expression, it was more painful for her to return to her friends than it was at first to leave them. She bade adieu to Maulmain, January 22d, 1851,

and in the following October she again set foot upon her native soil. The years which she had spent abroad had wrought a wonderful change in her whole being. At the time of her marriage she was, no doubt, a Christian, but her piety had not been cultivated; and was by no means a distinctive element in her character. By the suffrages of all, except, perhaps, her intimate friends, she would have been pronounced "too gay, too trifling for a missionary's wife;" and she herself confessed that she had little spiritual qualification for the position she assumed. She felt, if we may so speak, that she was called rather of man than of God to the land of the heathen. Not that she had no convictions of duty on the subject, but that those convictions would have continued to slumber as they had slumbered, had they not been awakened by her regard for Dr. Judson. The case was now different. Daily and intimate association with one of the best men—a man apostolical in his spirit and character—had given her new views of life and inspired her with other and higher motives than those by which she had before been influenced. Besides, her piety had been rapidly matured in the hot-house of suffering. She had walked so near to the borders of the world to come, as to feel its power and breathe its atmosphere. In short, she was now a decided and mature Christian. Even those who had before "looked askance" received her with open arms and admiring, loving hearts. Her triumph was complete. She had stilled the voice of the infidel scorner by convincing him that a noble life may be made nobler by being consecrated to religion. She compelled Christians who had bidden her farewell with doubts and misgivings to welcome her with confidence and applause. The laurel wreath still encircled her brow with no twig missing, no leaf withered, and above it rested a halo of celestial brightness.

The closing years of Mrs. Judson's life were happy and useful. She was surrounded by admiring and appreciative friends. Her parents were yet living, and her children, some under her own roof, and others at school and College, were a comfort and a joy. One by one she saw the older ones profess the faith of their father; and, if she should be taken, her little Emily would find a home with Miss Anable. Nor was her pen idle. She furnished invaluable contributions to the life of her husband, and besides, published two volumes—"The Kathayan Slave," a collection of tales and essays, and what she modestly calls "An Olio of Domestic Verses."

There is something very beautiful in the last days of her life. They were spent in Hamilton, the home of her childhood. She felt that the prospect before her was "not brilliant but very peaceful." As the day of her death approached, she said to her sister: "O Kate, how I long to be at home—to be at rest! I am so weary all the time that I can scarcely *think*. I love you all as dearly as ever, and try to be interested in all that you are doing. But in spite of myself, I have felt for two or three days that I have cared very little for you, and you know, Kitty, when it comes to that *I must be very far along*." She had a strange wish to die in June, and as if a kind Father, who in love had not forbore to chasten her, would indulge her in this simple, harmless wish, her life was lengthened out; and the first day of that month he took her home. One day more and the eighth anniversary of her marriage had come.

Shortly after reaching Burmah, Mrs. Judson recorded in her journal the prayer, "Make me a good wife, a good mother and a good teacher of the heathen," an unambitious prayer and one that was fully answered. She was regarded as a good wife by him who had borne the relation of husband to two

of the noblest of American women. She who could fill, and fill worthily, the place of Ann and Sarah Judson, need not aspire to any greater honor. And if she was a good wife, she was equally a good mother. Not only the youngest, but all of Dr. Judson's children learned to love and respect her. Her letters to them cannot be read without inspiring a feeling of admiration for her; they are so full of wise counsel, gentle warning and motherly regard. There is, too, a manifestation of the greatest interest in their spiritual and temporal welfare. While living she provided for their wants with rigid impartiality, and dying, made them equal heirs with her own child.

As a missionary, Mrs. Judson accomplished but little; she was only four years in Burmah, and during a great part of that time her health was such that she could not engage at all in the work of the mission. The duties of her family, also, required much of her attention. She is to be judged rather by what she promised to do than by what she actually did. Notwithstanding the difficulties under which she labored, she became an excellent Burmese scholar, and had already begun to write in that difficult language. She completed a series of Scripture question books begun by her predecessor; and also wrote or translated several hymns. It was just as she was beginning to be prepared for the work that she was called to leave it. The length of time necessarily spent in merely preparatory labors impressed her greatly with the desirableness of long life. More than once in her letters and journal she makes the remark that a long life is a great blessing, and especially to a missionary. If the preparation itself be a work of years, it was not to be expected that she should accomplish much during the brief space of her missionary life. But as little as she accomplished among the heathen, we believed that she fully accomplished the

work to which she was called. She was not, perhaps, alone equal to the task of recording the life and labors of her husband, but that task could not have been adequately performed without her assistance. Judson had spent his life in a distant land removed from the observation of those who felt an interest in his character and mission. His letters and private papers, which might have furnished materials for forming an estimate of what he was and what he did, with comparatively few exceptions, perished by shipwreck and fire, or by his own hands. There was danger that he should go down to the grave without leaving any suitable record of his life behind:

Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,

What record or what relic of him, then,
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath,
And rumors of a doubt?

By consulting Dr. Wayland's noble volumes any one may see how much Mrs. Judson did to prevent such a calamity. She was almost to her husband what Boswell was to Johnson, or Homer to Achilles. If it had been the privilege of his first wives to assist in the moulding and developing of his character, and to share the toils and labors of his early and middle life, it was hers not only to soothe his declining years, but to reveal him to the world in all the beauty of his noble and ardent nature. This was the great purpose for which God prepared her—this was her life mission, and having performed it, she folded her hands upon her bosom and lay down to rest.

POPULAR BENEVOLENCE.

"Wealthy Chinese, who care nothing for Christianity and less for missionaries, have contributed over *four hundred dollars* to the Female Foundling Asylum connected with our mission in Fuh Chau."—*Miss. Advocate.*

RETURNED MISSIONARIES.

To the friends of missions it has, doubtless, often appeared strange that God permits the health of missionaries to fail, and so orders events as to create a necessity for their return to their native land. We now have some in our midst, who have been compelled to suspend their labors. Are they not entitled to our sympathy and support? In early life they were constrained, by the love of Christ, to sever the ties that bound them to home, friends and country; and to expose themselves to the dangers of a long voyage, and residence in a new and unhealthy climate.

For years they laboured successfully under circumstances that would have discouraged many who have the reputation of being able and useful pastors. After mastering some of the most difficult dialects, and contending with depravity in its most revolting forms, they succeeded in translating and circulating portions of the "Word of Life," and many valuable tracts, which have been blessed to the good of souls.

They, in a few years, were instrumental in constituting little churches, into which they gathered those rescued from idolatry and made servants of Christ. They saw and rejoiced in the slow but permanent progress of the truth—thanked God, took courage and resolved to live and die in a work so congenial to their feelings, so Christ-like in its character, so beneficial in its effects. But God's ways are not like man's ways. They are high and deep, and often, for a time, wholly mysterious. In the ordering of His providence, disease prostrates and incapacitates them for labor. What are they to do? To remain will be premature death, to return will require a painful separation from those for whose welfare they have periled health, ease and life. Who will care for these converts? Who will instruct and perfect them in knowledge? Who will console them when bitterly assailed and persecuted

by their former friends? What a struggle it must cost the missionary to leave these tender lambs. Who can number the prayers offered to the disposer of events—the secret tears shed at the thought of taking a step that would seemingly retard the Lord's work!

Nor are these the only reasons that induce them to sorrow. They look at the churches at home and ask, What influence will a suspension of labor have upon them? Will they not conclude that the work of missions is a failure, or the missionaries would not return? That God disapproves it, or he would not allow their health to fail? Are these fears without foundation?

How often have we heard such doubts expressed. Yet, what unsound reasoning, if reasoning it can be called. In whose work are they engaged? Is it not the Lord's? Why should missionaries doubt of success? Why should churches complain? What law exempts missionaries from disease more than other men? Are not ministers here laid aside, or cut down in the prime and vigor of life? And must we assert that it is an evidence of Divine displeasure?—proof of a failure? Men of all classes, lawyers, mechanics, merchants, farmers, fail in health. Should this deter others from such labors? Some of them become embarrassed and utterly fail, but are the children of this world not wise enough to know that success, from the natural course of things, will crown well directed labor? The farmer fails in a crop—will he refuse the ensuing year to labor? If his servants are sick, will he refrain from procuring others? Why not apply this reasoning to the work of missions. The Word of God, and the past history of Christianity, teach us that the present and ultimate success of missions does not depend upon the continuance of *the health or life of individual missionaries*. The work of missions is no longer an experiment, but a glorious success. God has stamped it

with the seal of his approval. Its basis is as sure as the Rock of Ages, its triumph as certain as the fulfilment of prophecy. Its history is full of thrilling interest. We see in it the inspired predictions translated into living facts, prophecy rushing into history.

May not things which now appear adverse to the interests of missions, be the means of hastening their final success? Let the workmen sicken and die, truth marches right on to victory. Other hearts will be filled with its power, other hands made strong to fight its battles, other eyes will see its triumphs. We are not of those who feel discouraged because our missionaries are forced to return, for with the inspired Word before us, we can see, not only a wise providence illustrated, but great mercies revealed, and wise purposes foreshadowed in the ill health of missionaries.

The process of evangelization is not new. It was handed down to us by the Apostles. One of them, pre-eminent for his labors, was all his life afflicted. He regarded the affliction, though severe, as "light;" for it served to make him more humble and devoted. He regarded it as a means of sanctification. Do missionaries not need such grace? Are they not imperfect? Are they not in danger of pride, ambition and all the weaknesses to which humanity is heir? Public opinion has invested the work of missions with much of the romantic. They are regarded as modern martyrs. The journals teem with their praises, their names have a positional eminence. How liable their hearts are, at times, to wander from the Lord, we know not, but believing in the unity of religion, and the sameness of Christian experience, we presume they are, like other saints, severely tried by temptation. What heart is proof against the applause of the wise and good. May they not be tempted to turn aside from their legitimate duties, to seek renown

as scholars? What splendid prospects of self-aggrandizement are held up before them. The energy and ability requisite to their success, would lead to honor and wealth, if devoted to these purposes.

At times the apparent want of immediate success may produce impatience. Then God lays His hand upon them, but though a chastising hand, 'tis the hand of a father. How sweet the communion of the saint with God, when afflictions have performed their office. Afflictions enable missionaries to exemplify the reality of the religion they profess; to show the importance of that faith which sustains the soul in the darkest hours of trial. The privilege of laboring for souls is more highly esteemed as the probabilities of a long suspension of labor become obvious; and when restored to health, how willingly they renew their efforts.

Do these afflictions not endear to native Christians their teachers—the "Jesus Christ's men"—sent to instruct them in the things that pertain to life? "Blessings lengthen as they take their flight." Men esteem ministers more highly when they suppose them near the grave. The contemplation of the mere probability of their death, often serves to recall to their remembrance many long-forgotten admonitions and weighty instructions. And the kind attention and sympathy of these converts, must greatly increase the tender regard of missionaries for them.

I know of nothing more touching than the history of the afflictions and death of the first Mrs. Judson, an event signally blessed to her husband and those for whom he laboured. The simple narrative of her trials, endured with a meekness and patience that seems at times, almost superhuman, has done as much as any other book towards awakening the American churches to a just appreciation of the condition

and wants of the heathen. No eye can scan its pages that is not moistened with many a tear; no mind contemplate its facts without being convinced that much of the spirit of the holy men and noble women of the "Olden Times," remains in these degenerate days. Did ever an uninspired pen record facts more thrilling than those connected with the last illness, and triumphant death of Boardman; literally borne on the shoulders of his weeping, sympathizing Karen brethren towards his home, that he might die in the presence of those loved most and best? All these trials seemed not to discourage, but to energize the remaining missionaries. There was a necessity for them just at that time or God had never permitted them.

Afflictions are blessed to an increase of interest on behalf of the missionaries and their work. The intelligence is conveyed to ten thousand homes, that devoted missionaries are sick. What a mournful sensation it produces! How many true hearts send up petitions to the throne of our Heavenly Father for their recovery. In doing this Christians not only estimate the value of sound health, but the importance of the relation they sustain to the great work of the Lord. A missionary in peril by land or sea, among robbers, or borne down by disease, will arouse the slumbering energies of all hearts renewed by divine grace. Let him be recovered, and with what eagerness they search the mission journals for communications from him. With what interest they peruse and re-peruse them.

If, in the providence of God, it becomes necessary for missionaries to return, as they often do, to seek a restoration to health, how gladly do not only former friends but thousands before unknown, open their hearts as well as their mansions to them. By contact with the masses they not only make warm personal friends, but advocates

and supporters of missions. What pious enthusiasm Dr. Judson's visits to this country created. How warm and enthusiastic the welcome given to him—the great, then living, exemplar of what constant and well directed labour in a worthy cause can do.

The same is more or less true of all missionaries. If ovations less splendid have been made them, and greetings less public given, they have not failed to increase the interest of the churches wherever they have gone in their Master's work.

One of the most indefatigable laymen in this or any other State, remarked after hearing in humble state missionary speak at an association, "Brethren, I have heard brother P. and brother H. speak of destitution, but that brother, (pointing to the missionary,) has told us of things that he has seen and felt. I have made my annual contribution, but in listening to him, I resolved that another satin vest should never go on my body, nor a silk cravat around my neck, if they prevent me from giving another five dollars to this work." It is unnecessary to say that the contributions at that association were materially increased by that speech. No man of ordinary observation can be ignorant of the beneficial influence of these returned missionaries exerted upon associations and churches.

In common with others I regretted that Rev. A. B. Cabaniss was compelled to return from China. Since hearing his lectures, and the expressions of opinion they have called forth, I am compelled to view it as a blessing rather than a misfortune to missions. He recently visited one of the female colleges of Virginia, accompanied by Koh San, a Chinese convert, whose modest and dignified deportment never failed to impress all who became acquainted with him, and who, in the language of an intelligent lady, the wife of a Methodist minister, "is one

of the most polite men I ever saw." The young ladies were interested in the lectures, and of course in the man from the land where all the rest of mankind are regarded as "outside barbarians." Among the number that assembled to be presented to him, was an intelligent young lady, who, unfortunately, was a stranger to grace. Ah! what emotions filled her soul. The reader can judge from the following extract from a letter written soon afterwards to her sister, "Mr. Cabaniss, accompanied by a Chinaman, visited this institution a short time ago. I never thought before that I could ever become willing to be a missionary, but since I saw a man so recently a worshipper of idols, I am reproved for my sins. What privileges I enjoyed to which until very recently I was a stranger. I feel, if God was to pardon my sins, that I would be willing to devote my life to this cause. Sister, pray for me that I may become a child of God." Eternity only will disclose the effects of that man's visit to the churches of the South. What a striking illustration of the Providence and power of God. In visiting one of our city churches a short time ago he closed the exercises by prayer, and though the audience was unable to understand a word he said, such was his apparent humility, so moving was his manner, that scores were forced to weep. "I never had anything to affect me so," was the language of one who takes a deep interest in the cause of missions.

The visit of brother C. and his attendant has more than repaid the churches for all they ever did in sustaining him. If in the orderings of a wise Providence he is never permitted to return, he has already done enough to give an impetus to missions that will be seen and experienced in years to come. "We were once strangers, but God has made us friends," is the language of thousands who firmly resolve

to increase their contributions to a work so largely blessed.

The reader will at once perceive that missions were designed to accomplish a twofold purpose, to bless the nations with the Gospel, and to furnish a sphere of action for the entire Christian world. Whatever of talent or of means it may possess are demanded of God. We are all not specially required to go in person to these far-off fields; but that Christian is unfaithful to his Master, and blind to his own eternal interests, who does not go in person or by proxy. Action is essential to the health, vigour, and happiness of the Christian. The Great Law-giver has said through an inspired apostle, (a devoted missionary,) "that it is more blessed to give than to receive." The man who sends forth the means of life to those ready to perish has an inward sense of joy immediately greater than that produced upon those who receive them. While the heathen may be learning the elementary principles of Christianity, he is rapidly progressing towards that perfection in experimental knowledge and holiness which fit him for heaven. The spirit and principles of this work exist as really in the hearts of all who rightly aid it as they do in the hearts of those who go far hence to the Gentiles.

Wherever the spirit of missions prevails, there God pours out his blessings—smiles upon and prospers his cause. The church, destitute of this spirit, will no more advance in permanent and useful piety than a country whose noble rivers are barred to the commerce of the world.

In these times of darkness and of trial, let us "quit" ourselves "like men," who are not elated with an uncertain prospect of success, nor depressed by ordinary obstacles. The man whose perceptions are too weak to see the wisdom of the disposals of the ministry of God may fear and tremble. Why we have nothing new to

discourage us. The progress of the Gospel was never greater than at the present time. The comparative success of our missionaries has been equal to that of the pastors of the South, and yet because the missionaries became infirm from disease, men of weak faith conclude the work a failure. A failure! Why, were they all immediately recalled, the seed already sown would bring forth fruit. The heaven would continue to work until the whole mass is assimilated to it. Missions a failure!—then the work of the apostles failed, for our missions have been perhaps equally as successful as theirs were. They cannot fail. Those engaged in their prosecution are guarded by Him who led his ancient people forty years, and enabled them to subdue the land promised them. The promises made to the Israelites of the land of Canaan, were no more true and sure of fulfilment than those made the Son, of the heathen for an inheritance. Let not your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, and the work will progress. While there never was a more doubtful time than the present, we never knew more openings for the Gospel. Do not let your minds be diverted by national convulsions and civil eruptions from this work. "Secede" as you may from existing governments, and fight if you will for civil rights, but do not forget the rights of the government of Him whose reign will be that of peace, and more lasting than all the kingdoms of earth. While nations are being convulsed and the most dire confusion exists, let the friends of Jesus remain firm. The course of his empire may lead him and his followers to walk over the ruins of razed dynasties, and tread upon the ashes of the earth's proudest capitols, but on these ruins will be reared a temple that will stand until the suns of human systems shall be extinguished and records of men's mighty achievements forgotten.

J. B. H.

Our Missions.

SHANGHAI—CHINA.

Letter of Rev. M. T. Yates.

GOOD NEWS.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, }
January 21st, 1861. }

Rev. A. M. Poindexter:

MY DEAR BROTHER—Two days ago we received the November mail—it brings us a letter from brother Taylor, mailed in New Orleans.

I am unwilling that the mail should return without carrying to you a short account of

A VICTORY AT SHANGHAI.

In almost every congregation there are a few men of the world, of influence, in whom the minister feels more than ordinary interest, not only on account of their own soul's salvation, but on account of the influence they exert over others. I have long had two such men in the immediate vicinity of my chapel—the "Kiaw-hwo-dong"—near my house. One is Mr. Soong, the other Mr. Tsang, both of them my nearest neighbors. The former has ever been a very respectful, quiet, and good sort of a man, but would not attend church, though it was close to his door. Last summer, when the rebels came before this city, it was in my power to do him, and the whole family, (some twenty souls,) a favor. During the excitement I had an opportunity of making a personal appeal to him in regard to his soul. A few weeks afterwards he began to attend my services occasionally. At first he would drop down on the first seat near the door, and leave just before the congregation was dismissed. He is now, and has been for more than a month, a regular attendant at my services on the Sabbath, and twice during the week at night. He has moved up gradually, till now he is within four seats of the pulpit; and appears to be deeply interested in the message of salvation. Two of his

sisters, quite advanced in life, became interested about the same time. They, too, live near the chapel, and attend all my services, day or night, rain or shine. Mrs. Yates, who has long felt a deep interest in these old ladies, has just returned, with a full heart and tearful eyes, from paying them a visit. They exclaimed, as she entered their humble dwelling, "And you have come again to teach us about the doctrines of Christ—we are very glad to see you." The two sisters, a son and daughter, listened with much interest to her instructions. Another man of some influence, who lives next door to the chapel, commenced to attend our services regularly soon after Mr. Soong did. He, too, seems much interested in the Gospel message. But I have lost sight of Mr. Tsang, who lives next door to me, and from whom we purchased the lot on which our mission houses stand. There are some thirty-three souls in the Tsang family—and though I have known them for twelve years, and though they live within twenty paces of our chapel, I have never, until recently, seen one of them at a religious service. They not only would not attend themselves, but would laugh at those of their neighbors who did occasionally go into the chapel. Some six weeks ago, Mr. Tsang unfortunately got into a difficulty with a French officer, and was imprisoned by the native authorities. As I was an eye-witness to all the circumstances connected with this unfortunate affair with the Frenchman, I interested myself in his behalf, and rescued him from a heavy punishment and many months imprisonment. He, too, is now a regular attendant at my *night* services. Yesterday Mrs. Yates succeeded in prevailing on his wife and two of his tenants to be at church for the first time. O that the Lord would bless His truth, and bring these men, with their families, to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ! When they come they will bring with

them a long train. The position of these men is such as to make them very extensively known.

This, to you, may seem a small matter; but to me, it is a real victory.

MORE LABORERS FOR CHINA.

We have heard of the safe arrival of brethren Holmes and Hartwell, with their families, in Chee-foo. The weather was exceedingly cold. They were all well.

Brother Crawford will go up the Yang Tsz, with Admiral Hope's expedition, about the first of February. He will be assigned a position on one of the gun-boats. The expedition will probably go three hundred miles beyond Nanking. A vast field for missionary work is opening up in that direction. All the missionaries in China would not be sufficient to supply the demand. Truly, the "harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few." *More men needed for China!*

We hear nothing of the Edwin Forest. Brethren Bond and Rohrer are making a long passage.

TROUBLES IN JAPAN.

We have alarming intelligence from Canagawa. The native authorities had informed the foreign officials, that they could no longer protect them and their countrymen against the enraged populace, and had advised them to come within the citadel. The English Consul-General sent at once to Shanghai for aid. Several English men-of-war have sailed for that port. There is at present a strong anti-foreign party among the Princes of Japan, and it is highly probable they will so manage affairs as to get themselves into a war with England before they learn wisdom.

The first of November mail has just arrived, bringing us the calamitous result of the Presidential election. I trust our rulers will be endowed with wisdom to act wisely.

Faternally,

MATTHEW T. YATES.

CANTON—CHINA.

Letter of Rev. C. W. Gaillard.

CANTON CHINA, Jan. 7, 1861.

MORE BAPTISMS.

Elder Jas. B. Taylor.

Dear Brother,—My expectation is that we will reap more fruit this year than last. We have already made a beginning, by baptizing two men the 5th of this month. I will give you a short account of them. One is 41 years of age and lives in a house with another man. The other man had heard the gospel and embraced it, but had not been baptized; but, like all true Christians, he told what the Lord had done for him, and it pleased the other so well, that he said he would like to hear more about it. He was told where he could find our chapel. But he had to work hard all day for his living, and had no time to go so far to hear preaching. He was then directed to the chapel where we had preaching at night, and after hearing for a few nights, he began to come in the day, and after learning that he had to keep the Sabbath, he came on that day to hear preaching, and was baptized as stated above. The other man baptized at the same time, is 68 years old, and is an M. D. When young, he used to worship idols, but on seeing an idol that the white ants had eaten nearly up, he concluded it was of no use to worship a thing that could not protect itself. But having no knowledge of God, he used to worship the heavens. Still he was not satisfied as he had nothing to rely on, or as he expresses it, he had no master; "he wanted to do good, but he had no road, and was not alive." He first heard the gospel some two years since, and has heard preaching many times during the two years. But he says his heart (understanding) was closed up, he knew that he was a sinner, but did not know how to get clear of his sins. Some months since, when I went to chapel on Sunday, I found him there waiting for me. He got up and shook

hands with me, as if we had been old friends, and asked if I was teacher Gaillard. He said that he had been hearing preaching for two years, but his heart was closed up, and that some friend had told him that I could open his heart. I told him that I could not open his heart, but I could tell him who could. He seemed to feel himself to be a great sinner. I pointed him to the Lamb of God, and told him to pray for the Holy Spirit to open his heart, and to pray for more faith. After preaching, I invited him to my house and tried to explain to him what I meant by faith in Christ, and read and explained to him part of the 3d chapter of John, beginning at the 14th verse. He expressed himself as being well paid for walking two miles through the rain. He attended our services regularly and the New Year's day he came to see me, wished that Jesus would bless me this year, that I might receive a great many converts, and said he desired to be the first. I told him that he could not have wished me anything better than to have many converts, that it was the one desire of my heart, and I would be glad if he were among the first. Saturday the fifth, being our church meeting day, he brought an extra suit of clothes, and left them with a friend near the chapel, till he should see whether the church would receive him. He and the man above mentioned were baptized that night, because the tide was too low to baptize during the day. Last month I baptized one a little before day-break, (for the same reason) which I suppose was not far from the hour that Paul baptized the jailor. Some five others desire to be baptized, but they have not yet come before the church. We sent you our annual reports in December, and hope they will reach you in you in time, as I believe mine did not reach in time last last year.

Brother Graves is gone to the country again to see if he can get a foothold.

He has hired a boat for a month and if he does not get a house, he can live in his boat.

I am now engaged, part of five days each week, in making a Concordance, for the benefit of our assistants and Christians. They have been asking me to do so for more than a year. It is what they very much need, and it does not interfere with my regular preaching. I, or rather we, would like to have the funds to print it when completed, but I will try to see if we get any funds to circulate the scriptures with notes, before I say anything about the Concordance. I heard from brother Graves yesterday; he has rented* a house in Shew Heng, a chief city of this Province, some 60 or 80 miles west of this. I was there in 1856, but I do not now recollect the distance.

Yours, in Christ Jesus,

C. W. GAILLARD.

*Journal of Visit to Shin Hing, by
Rev. R. H. Graves.*

For some time I have wished to visit *Shin Hing*, the former capital of the province of Kwong Tung. It is a walled town, situated on the West River, some ninety miles from Canton. On the last day of December, 1860, I left for the country, accompanied by three native brethren, two of whom, Luk and Au, had been with me at *Tai Sha*,—the other A Fak, was a barber boy, who was baptized by brother Gaillard several months ago, and has suffered much from an adopted mother, on account of his profession of Christ. Brother Gaillard asked me to take him with me, that he might escape from his mother, who threatened to have him arrested.

We stopped for the first night at Fat Shan.

Jan. 1st.—This morning we left Fat

* A subsequent letter states he had not rented.

Shan at 4, A. M., in order to cross a sand flat while the tide was at its height. While walking on the bank of the river, we met a man who had heard me preach at the Shing Wong temple; he accepted a book quite gladly. Many sugar mills are now in operation, and the people are busy cutting and grinding the cane, boiling the sugar or burying cuttings for next year's crop. We reached *Sz In Kau*, an anchorage between the North and West Rivers, about dark, and passed the night there.

Jan. 2nd.—This morning we distributed a few books at *Shing Au*, a market town on the West River. After passing this place, we left a few tracts at a village. Here we met a man who professed to be a Roman Catholic, and showed that he had some acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity. He asked if we were of the same religion of the foreigner who was at Tai Sha, who taught men that they must throw the bodies of their deceased parents into the river. No doubt some one has been circulating the lying rumour that we taught such doctrines, in order to prejudice the people against the religion of Jesus. As the Chinese cannot find anything to say against the morality of Christianity they seize on our prohibition of the worship of ancestors as the weak point in our system, and try to make men think that we are opposed to filial piety. At about 5, P. M., we stopped for the night at *Kwong Li*. As we distributed books we met with quite a favourable reception.

Jan. 3d.—As *Kwong Li* is a large and important market town, I wished to speak and distribute a number of books. Taking Au with me I went to an open space and soon had a large crowd before me. Both of us spoke to the people for an hour or so, and were listened to quite attentively by most of the audience. One or two, however, opposed. The other two brethren took

some tracts and visited the shops in the other end of the town from that in which we spoke. After returning to the boat and getting breakfast we crossed the river to *Mak In Chau* (Ink Stone Island.) Here I spoke for some time, and was followed by A Fak. There were several intelligent looking men of the literary class, who listened with much attention, and seemed glad to get books.

After leaving this place, we proceeded on our way up the river. As the boat was making its way up the stream, we walked along the banks, leaving tracts and speaking a few words to those whom we met. At a little village near the mouth of a stream called *Lo Yang Ch'ung*, quite a number collected around us under the shade of a tree, while I spoke to them of the great salvation. We were listened to attentively by several, especially by a young man who asked us some questions, and seemed anxious to hear the words of eternal life. A mile or so further on, we reached the place where we were to pass the night. We had not made fast for the night before we were visited by a Buddhist priest, who came in his boat begging us for a subscription for his monastery. We gave him some tracts and told him that we could not contribute to support the system of lies to which he held. Two of the brethren took some tracts to leave in the shops, while I visited a passage boat which was about to start. The priest was there and seemed anxious to hear what I said. After leaving the boat I spoke for some time on shore, and again had the priest as a listener. After we returned to the boat, a lad some twelve or fourteen years of age called and welcomed me quite warmly. He was the son of an officer, and had heard me preach in Canton, and seen me baptize several brethren. He is now in the Custom-House at this place. The commander of the soldiers connected with the Cus-

toms also called and sat some time. After dark, the priest, with whom Luk had been conversing, called and joined in evening worship with us. He said that he had not derived any benefit from worshipping idols, and seemed to desire to know of a better way. He had heard the Gospel some years ago. From what he said we judged that he had only entered a monastery to escape punishment from the officers, as he or his father had been in some way involved with the rebels. The Chinese, like the nations of Europe in the middle ages, often use a monastery as a sanctuary or a prison.

Jan. 4th.—To-day we passed the Shin Hing Pass, which is a narrow defile through the mountains which rise some thousands of feet on each side. About 11 A. M. we reached Shin Hing. We at once went on shore and spoke to an orderly and well-behaved audience. In the afternoon we spoke and distributed books again. My object is to secure a house if possible. This afternoon we heard of one.

Jan. 5th.—The owner of the house is unwilling to rent to us. Day after day we pray God that he will enable us to secure a place in this town that these dying men may have an opportunity of hearing the words of life. This morning we spoke to a rather noisy crowd, who pressed me so for books that I was unable to distribute them. A man who has been an inquirer with an English missionary, called to see us, and has been quite active in looking for a house for us. In the afternoon we spoke to a large audience, but were unable to distribute books on account of the eagerness of the people to get them. Not yet able to rent a house.

Jan. 6th.—Spoke before breakfast to a large crowd near the east gate of the city. Very difficult to give books. After breakfast, crossed the river and visited two villages. At one we were very kindly received. I spoke for some time to some men who were as-

sembled in a school-room, and afterwards to some women in the street. On our return we had a prayer-meeting in the boat. Afterwards Luk and Au went into the city to distribute books, while A Fak and I spoke at a temple in the suburbs. The people were quite desirous to hear, and asked me to speak longer. We stayed until dark. To-day we heard of several houses.

Jan. 7th.—Speak and distribute books again near East gate. In the afternoon we have the offer of two houses.

Jan. 8th.—This morning Luk went to give the advance money for one of the houses which we had decided to take, while the rest of us were preaching at the temple of the Queen of Heaven. Luk returned, saying that the house was refused us. He looked at many others, but the owners all refused to rent to a foreigner. We felt quite disappointed. But we know that all things are in God's hand. It is His will that all shall have an opportunity to hear the truth, and in His own good time He will make the way clear before us. The owner of one house promised to let us have it if we could find some one to go security, and a man partially promised to go security for us. To-day about two thousand "braves" left here for Canton. They have returned from fighting with the insurgents, and are a great nuisance to every place that they stop at. The shop-keepers are all glad they are gone, on account of their extortion and robbery. This evening three school-teachers from the country called at the boat to get some books and inquire about our doctrine. One of them heard me speak in the street and received a book, "Important Words." He read it, and brought his uncle and a friend to get some more books. I gave them each a copy of Notes on Luke, Acts and Romans, and a number of tracts to take back to their village.

Jan. 9th.—This morning we dis-

tributed books in some shops that we had not visited before. All our efforts to secure a house have proved in vain. We therefore left about 2 P. M. to return to Canton. My object is to try to get a passport, which I hope will make it easier for us to secure a house. We passed the Pass this afternoon and stopped again at the Custom-House.

Jan. 10th.—To-day we had an east wind and a cold drizzling rain. As the wind was right in our faces we made slow progress. Visited *Wing-bu* and distributed some books. In the afternoon there was but little rain, so I walked for several hours. On the opposite bank of the river was a little village embosomed in trees at the foot of the mountain. The Man Pat or literary pagoda reared its white tower above the foliage like a village church in Christian lands. I could not help thinking, when shall the name of Jesus be preached throughout this land, and all these pagodas be changed into churches. "How long, O Lord, how long?"

How different these villages are in the distance and in close contact. All appears beautiful; the river gliding by the quiet hamlet with its graceful tower and overshadowing trees, but within how much debasing idolatry—the image of God prostrating himself before a senseless block, how much quarreling, how much gambling, how much cheating, how much vile conversation. Without a whited sepulchre, but within full of dead men's bones.

Jan. 11th.—To-day we had a cold rain and strong north wind, but as the wind was in our favor we went along quite rapidly down the river. It was so wet that I could not stop, except that we waited a while at Au's native village while he visited his family. Here I went on shore and left a few tracts, and spoke for a while to a few who collected around me. Au soon returned and brought an idol which had been worshipped for a long time. We passed

several large villages but could not stop. We stopped for the night at *Kam Chuk*, but arrived too late to go on shore.

Jan. 12th.—To day we landed at *Lak Lau*, a large town, and distributed a number of books and spoke to a large crowd. At *Wong Lin*, another large place, we also distributed books in the principal streets and spoke near a temple. This part of the country is devoted to rearing silk worms and fish.—Fish pools and mulberry trees abound.

Jan. 13th.—To-day is the Sabbath. The day has been cold and wet, and we have had the wind in our faces.—At noon we held a prayer meeting. We reached Canton at 6 P. M., after two week's absence. With the exception of a cold I was very well during all the trip.

These boat excursions, besides enabling us to spread abroad a knowledge of the gospel and to preach Christ, afford us an opportunity of being in immediate contact with the native brethren who accompany us. We see them here in their true character, and can form a correct estimate of their attainments in grace and in knowledge.—They, on the other hand, being constantly with us, can ask for instruction and advice, and what is still more important, can see how we act in the daily affairs of life and follow us as we follow Christ. Thus we can see what stuff they are made of and learn their qualifications for the work, and at the same time can correct their faults, give them hints and teach them the word of God. The three brethren who are with me spend much of their time in reading the Word of God. A-Fuh, especially, is busy from morning to night in studying his Testament. Some times he comes to me, or one of the other brethren, to ask the meaning of a character—then he asks me the sense of a verse or a passage. The other brethren are better acquainted with the Chinese language, and have more know-

ledge of the doctrines of the Bible, but every now and then bring a difficult passage to be explained, or perhaps an allusion to Old Testament history to be elucidated. Au has been asking me what is the meaning of "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." Luk asks what is the meaning of the passage which speaks of the Lord not sparing the angels who fell; and A-Fuh has just asked me about Jesus telling the Syrophœnician woman that it is not meet to give the children's bread to the dogs. While I am writing this, a question has been referred to me, which I find somewhat difficult to answer, viz: whether the wicked go to hell and the good to heaven *immediately* after death. Luk contending from the account of the rich man and Lazarus, that the reward and punishment is immediate, and Au holding that it does not take place until the day of judgment, when the body will be raised. It is a delightful work for me to explain and expound the word of God to these brethren.—My hope and fervent prayer is that they may be built up in their most holy faith, and that they may hereafter become effective preachers of the gospel to their benighted countrymen.

Here they also learn the practical part of the missionary work. They see men, learn how to meet their arguments, how to answer opposers, how to instruct inquirers, and how to bear ridicule and reproach for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

R. H. GRAVES.

YORUBA—AFRICA.

Letter of R. H. Stone.

IJAYE, Dec. 25th, 1860.

Rev. James B. Taylor:

DEAR BROTHER—I now have the privilege of writing my second annual letter—a privilege for which I feel very grateful to God.

This has, indeed, been an eventful year. Little did I suppose, when I

wrote my last annual letter, that I should be called to pass through such peril and affliction; such scenes of blood and suffering, as have been recorded in our letters, before I would be permitted to write another. If left to myself, the weakness of the flesh would have desired it to be otherwise; but I feel well assured that these things have not been in vain. Though still a weak and unprofitable servant of the Lord, I am, however, sensible of an increased faith, zeal, and love, caused by late events; and it would be criminal unbelief in the promises of Him who out of darkness and confusion brings forth light and order, if I were not well assured that all these things will be abundantly sanctified to the extension and establishment of His Kingdom among this people.

War appears to be a necessary evil. Through it the Lord makes the wrath of man to praise Him. It is a remarkable fact that no revolution for the civil and religious benefit of nations, has been accomplished without previous war and disorder. Hence, I suppose, the remark of our Saviour when speaking of the progress of His Kingdom: "Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars." The principles of the Gospel of the Son of God are *new*. They do not accord with the principles of human governments, and with the established customs and opinions of men. Political changes, by which men shall lose their power to hinder the proclamation of the Gospel, must be wrought. In the wisdom of God, war has generally, if not alone, been the instrument by which these things have been accomplished.

Now the whole earth is full of "wars and rumors of wars;" yet, I suppose, there never was a more interesting epoch in the annals of history. I suppose it is not now visionary for one to believe that the events which are transpiring in Europe, and other parts of the world, are hastening the second

coming of the Son of God; or rather, the day when human governments shall be established and controlled by His principles; and when His doctrines shall be the basis of every social institution, and the standard for every opinion. The loss of the temporal power of the "Man of Sin" must evidently make way for the fall of the spiritual Babylon which has controlled the hearts and minds of men for so many centuries.

It was very grievous to behold their distress, but this war has had a salutary effect upon this people. They have been humbled by it, and many are beginning to feel, as one remarked on a certain occasion, "There is no more way." But all these things happen in vain without the grace of God. Let us pray that He may enlighten the eyes of their understanding, that they may know what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of His glory in the inheritance of the saints.

I think myself happy to be able to mention the good health, which, through the mercy of God, I have enjoyed this year. My adventure with the Ibadan people, and the consequent exposure and excitement, could not have been favorable to physical health; neither could the continual confusion which has prevailed on account of the war. Besides, since brother Phillips' departure for Abeokuta in July, I have undergone increased toil and anxiety, occasioned by sickness in our family, and the difficulty in providing for our temporal wants, not to mention the inconveniencies attending the continual and fierce battles which have been fought during this autumn. Sometimes I would see little rest either day or night, performing the labor which belongs to almost every department of household affairs; yet, I have had fever but once this year, and that coming under the head of "accidental." I have been much exposed to the sun, to the night air, and at one time, during the rainy

season, I was almost barefooted; yet, these things did not give me fever.

I would not think it proper to mention these things were it not for the fact that so much has been said about white men living in this country. I will not say that they can—for I would differ with some who have lived here longer than I—but I will only say that the Lord has permitted me to live here two years, and enjoy, at least, reasonable health; probably as good as white men generally have in tropical climates. It is with peculiar pleasure, also, that I inform you that I can now preach in the language of the people. There is yet much space for improvement, but the people profess to hear all that I say. Will you not thank God, with me, for this privilege, and desire that I may be a faithful steward of the things committed to me?

I do not speak lightly when I say we have much cause to be encouraged. A brighter day is dawning, unless I am ignorant of the "signs of the times." I think that it is, without doubt, that as a general thing, the people are more favorably disposed towards us than ever before. We now have more than fifty children and youths under religious and scholastic instruction here and in Abeokuta. Nearly all of them are in Abeokuta under the care of brother Phillips. This arrangement was necessary on account of the famine here, and has brought much care and responsibility upon brother Phillips; but he is well qualified for the task imposed upon him. Let us pray that the Lord may give him grace for this work, and that *all* of them—not *some* of them, but *all*—may be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and that they may become mothers and fathers in Israel, and faithful stewards of the manifold grace of God. Except a strange fancy has seized me of late, and my faith is the result of a disordered imagination, Yoruba will yet become a second Bur-

mah, or, at least, a Madagascar. Let us endeavor to have faith to pray for this.

The present condition of things is not favorable for preaching in Ijaye, the public mind being almost entirely absorbed by the war and famine; but I hope before the year of 1861 shall end, that I may report a much more favorable state of things. I have had several enquirers this autumn, but only one—a woman—appeared to be sincere, and she is now gone to Abeokuta. O, that the Lord May glorify His name and give us many souls for our hire. We want more faith, more prayer.

Yours affectionately,

R. H. STONE.

ABEOKUTA—AFRICA.

Letter of Rev. A. D. Phillips.

ABEOKUTA, Feb. 2d, 1861.

REV. JAS. B. TAYLOR,

Richmond, Va., U. S. A. :

My Dear Brother.—The last mail from America came on the 25th and 28th ult., and we are sadly disappointed that nothing is received from the Board. Not a Journal or Commission, nor even our monthly letter from the Board. I received some letters from the South and some papers, so it can't be "*the mails stopped!*" The subject which mostly occupies my mind at present is the secession movement.

From what I see, it appears almost inevitable that the country will be involved in civil war. O, what a thought! May God avert it.

We who are in a foreign land and dependent on home for support, can but feel deep anxiety about the future in such a time. Though we do not get very much news from the South, yet that little is made the better from its being *so little*. But to be deprived of that, we would feel it very much—and then where would the means of our support come from, and how could they be sent to us? I look to God for all, for

he alone can devise and execute ways, and his ways are *always right*.

Feb. 5th.—There is not much news about the war. The Ibadans have moved much nearer to Ijaye, and are fortifying themselves there; but it is the general impression that they are endeavoring to hide their real situation, and in fact they intend soon to go home.

I have letters from Ijaye dated 1st inst. Sister Stone is rapidly recovering from her late sickness, and brother S. is quite well. Food is very plentiful in Ijaye, and brother Stone had on hand nearly ten bags (\$40) cowries.

We seem continually to be advancing. I have fine congregations of Ijaye people, and some of them seem to be becoming interested, and say they have thrown away or forsaken their Orishas. Many of them left their idols in Ijaye, and they do not know how to worship the gods of this country, and as they are brought under the direct influence of the Gospel, they seem to incline to embrace it. It is, however, exceedingly hard to enlighten their minds, and to make them understand they ought to be *sorry* for their sins. They *do* turn entirely around, and without much signs of repentance seem to entirely renounce idolatry, and heartily embrace the truths of the Gospel. This fact has long been a subject of deep thought with me, and perhaps I may write you my idea about it some time.

I am going ahead with repairs and out-buildings here, though I have not yet heard whether or not you will allow me the amount I think requisite. When I made the request, I sent also an order for such things as I thought necessary. I have heard nothing from that either, and I am suffering much for want of nails. The heaviest of the out-buildings is done, but the repairs are only cleverly begun.

I feel greatly encouraged at the prospect of good in my own yard. Not many Sundays ago, some of the little girls, (from 13 to 16 years old,) were

deeply affected, even to tears, and, after service, wept bitterly. Three of them went out in a secret place to pray. One of them seems to keep up the practice of secret prayer, but I cannot so well find out the others.

Last Sunday I noticed one of them seemed to cry much, and for a long time after service was missing, and when she came in seemed very serious, and evidently she had been crying; I often talk to them personally, but they say nothing excepting I ask them directly. Now will not a *great* many little girls and boys pray for these dear children, struggling to be free from sin?

Many of them have neither father nor mother, and if they have brother or sister, they do not know it; the present war has so scattered them. Will not parents feel deeply for these poor little orphan children? Some are not more than three or four years old, can scarcely walk and cannot talk plain. I now have *fifty*. Poor little things! many were ready to perish when they came here, and some did die. Now will not parents send me money to feed them? And will not all pray that God will give me grace to do my duty towards them and by them?

You know, brother Taylor, that I must have great care, and that the years spent in Africa, have been full of toil. But God has graciously helped me, and I am even now enjoying fine health and comparatively happy. I feel distressed about the present condition of my own happy land. But I leave that and all my dear friends in the hands of God. He will do all things well.

Pray for me. Very affectionately.

A. D. PHILLIPS.

Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust.

Letter of Rev. T. A. Reid.

IMPROVED HEALTH—ENCOURAGEMENT.

AWYAW, YORUBA, Dec. 13, '60.

My Dear Brother Taylor:

You cannot imagine the anxiety I feel in regard to the present war. The roads are all so hazardous now that we cannot send any one with safety. I have just time now to drop you a line, as one of my neighbors has just sent me word that he is going to Ibadan as messenger, and I thought I had better drop you a line, hoping that it will reach Lagos in some way.

I have not had any mail from America since that which came in August to Lagos. The good Lord has thus far provided me with the necessaries of life, and I now have enough to last me several months yet. O, how precious are the promises of God when we are able to realize them so plainly. I praise him with my whole heart, and constantly beg him to enable me to say: "Thy will, O Lord, be done." My health has improved some, but I am not yet able to do much. I rejoice, however, in spirit, because I have some indications of good among the people, although they are so much concerned about the war.

WAR INCIDENTS.

The Ibadans sent a tremendous force to Iwonwon, a small town near Isein, which has been furnishing Ijaye with food for some time past, also taking care of Ijaye warriors. On the 5th instant the Ibadans entirely destroyed the town and took all that were there prisoners, except a few, who escaped with great effort. One of Arie's principal officers was there severely wounded from a recent engagement, and two of Arie's sons. These three were taken, their heads cut off and sent to the King, and thence to the Ibadan camp. This is a great advantage to the Ibadans. Awaiyir, the town that it was reported that they were going to destroy

surrendered, and they let it alone, leaving a force to watch that part. On the 9th (Sabbath) this town was in a great excitement because of the entering of the Ibadan warriors on their return. A general salutation of guns was kept up all day. They passed by our gate, and we were not able to have but one regular service because of this. The recent fighting at Ijaye, I learn, has been very severe, and much in favor of the Ibadans. I have no hope now for Ijaye, because it is so much shut in, and such a tremendous force arrayed against it. The good Lord is able, and may, for the sake of his people there, deliver the town yet from the mighty enemy there. O that it might be so. We must wait patiently for him.

Since I wrote last I have not heard anything more about the engagement made between Dahomy's messengers and the Ilorin King, and cannot tell whether that report was true.

Mrs. Hinderer, of Ibadan, wrote me that they had it upon authority that Ilorin had sent messengers to the Dahomy King, and that he had cut off their ears. It is generally understood now among the people here and the Ibadan people, as far as I can learn, that Dahomy is getting ready to come to Abeokuta. If this is true the Egbas will all perhaps leave Ijaye and return home to defend their own town, and then Ijaye will be taken, because the Ijayans will not be able to withstand their enemies.

What the Ilorin people intend to do I cannot tell; that is, whether they will come and encamp against this town or just come in companies and kidnap. They came to the Iwo road yesterday, I learn, and kidnapped some caravans, but I hear nothing this morning about it, and I suppose it not so. This is the road to Ibadan, and if stopped we will be in a worse condition in this town.

The Ijebu King and his part of that country remain as they were, but the Ijebu, Ramo still profess friendship to

Ibadan, and say they will continue to keep their road open.

Provision seems to be becoming more plentiful in this town. I cannot tell, but I do not fear suffering here much now from want of food on the part of the people. I know nothing of the other missionaries, for I have not heard from them since September. I hope you will request the Index to publish this for the benefit of my friends in Georgia, who are doubtless anxious about me while so shut up by war.

ABILITY TO USE THE LANGUAGE.

I cannot attempt any report from my station now, because I do not know whether it will reach the coast.

I am now able to read the Scriptures, sing and pray intelligibly in the language, and hope very soon to be able to preach regularly in it. My visitations are very interesting among the people, and I hope profitable to them and myself too. I would like to tell you many little incidents of my visits, but cannot now. I keep a regular journal, and will send them to you another time.

A few days ago I had a boy about ten years old given to me. He is the son of the woman that visits me every day, and to whom I have already referred. His younger brother stays in the yard all day as if he belonged to me too. I hope you will grant me a small appropriation, or allow me to draw on the Board at the close of next year, for the amount necessary to support what children I may be able to get. Perhaps the latter course will be better, as I do not know what will be necessary.

Much love and Christian regards to all the dear brethern at home and an earnest request that they may make special prayer for Yoruba and the missionaries in it, that we may all be safely delivered from our present troubles.

Yours, in hope of a better day,

T. A. REID.

Christian Index please copy.

LIRERIA.

Letter of Rev. A. P. Davis.

BUCHANAN, February 14th, 1861.

Brother Davis thus records a visit to Careysburg and some other places.

REV. J. B. TAYLOR.

Dear Brother,—I purposed visiting Careysburg, on the 3rd of December, but did not reach there till the 7th inst., near the close of the day. I found brother Woodson's house pretty soon. I rested a little, and conversed with him awhile, meanwhile dinner was prepared, which, by the way, was very acceptable after walking 12 miles without refreshment. It was then nearly dark. We then went to the house of brother Duglass, where I spent the night. A good night's rest. In the morning, I had many calls from brethren and friends. I visited a few only, it being Saturday.

I was requested by brother Woodson to dispose of the church services, on Sabbath, as I thought proper. So I visited the prayer meeting Sabbath morning—mostly brethren out—very interesting prayer meeting. At the request of a brother, I delivered a lecture to the brethren in prayer meeting. They are new beginners in the midst of people surrounded by foreign help. I tried to show them that they had done nobly, (and indeed they have, for they have a neat, well constructed meeting house 40 by 30, neatly weather-boarded and shingled, without any aid at all scarcely, and only owe \$100, on the whole ;) and that God would by his providence provide for those who strove to help themselves. In addition to that subject, I gave them much instruction in regard to church discipline, and concluded by an exhortation to be careful to learn the path of duty, and then let nothing prevent their walking therein. At 11 A. M., I preached to the church—a good turning out. At 3 o'clock lectured, and collection taken up for the

benefit of the church. At night preached again, and so closed the day.

Careysburg is a pretty place, and is blessed with an industrious people. It has been settled over 4 years, they have cleared a vast amount of land, facilities considered. The settlement is in the midst of a dense forest, and trees of remarkable size. The Society's (A. C. S.) buildings, and a few others, are on a mount ascertained by the measurement of C. A. Pitman and W. Burns to be 103 feet, surrounded by a circle of mountains varying in distance from the centre mount. I saw no appearance of marshes, but the land from the position I occupied, seemed to fall in some directions in a gradual slope, and to a considerable distance, while in other directions it fell off more abruptly, and then gradually ascend to more distant mountains. Its distance is estimated to be 32 miles from Monrovia. Thus, 20 miles from Monrovia to the depot, and from thence to Carysburg 12 miles.—It does not exceed 12 miles from the East side of the river opposite Millsburg, but as soon as the bridges are erected, the route may be direct, and of course will still shorten the distance. It is said by a gentleman at Careysburg, who has worked at gold digging in California, that from the edge of the summit, (as mentioned above,) through the entire mount, lies the best of stone coal, and on the North side of the mount, is an immense bed of limestone. If so, it will greatly enhance the value of the place.

Millsburg has gone down. It does not appear as lively as it did 26 years ago, when brothers Crocker and Myln lived there. Many of the old settlers there are dead. I passed there under such circumstances, as I could not get an interview with the church. I believe brother Bullock, who is the chief dependance at Millsburg, is an honest and faithful licensed preacher. He can only read, but not correctly, nor readily—but he does the best he can.

I think he serves the Millsburg and Louisiana churches. As well as I now remember, brother F. Richardson supplies a little Baptist church at Caldwell. I had not time to visit these different places, Louisiana, Caldwell, Virginia and N. Georgia, although I had pressing calls from the brethren of those places.

CLAY ASHLAND.

The cause at Clay Ashland is doing very well. They have a very fine meeting house there. It is brick, 38 by 28 feet. It is sufficiently high in the story to have a gallery. The association was held with this church 1860.

Since the removal of our old faithful brethren, I feel much alone, and feel more sensibly my responsibility, in business and in doctrine. And as I near the grave, my labours and responsibilities seems to increase. I baptized a very intelligent young woman, the 2d Sabbath in January. I make great calculations upon her for usefulness. She was a Methodist four years. Circumstances prevented her becoming a Baptist sooner. She is the wife of brother C. R. Smith, the Dr.'s Brother. He is also a worthy member of my church.

DEATH OF HIS SON.

But, alas! I must tell you, that my son Aaron is dead! *The mournful event* took place the 15th of December, 1860, while attending the association at Clay Ashland. I cannot write more about it now. I have again, by the pressing request of the Edina Baptist church, consented to preach to them as often as I can, and administer the ordinances every second Lord's day in each month. I have only one licensed preacher to assist me, and he has a large family, and works hard. This preacher's name is Joseph Leftridge. He is an acceptable preacher to the churches.

Yours, in Christ,
A. P. DAVIS.

Letter of Rev. A. Woodson.

CAREYSBURG—LIBERIA.

CAREYSBURG, Jan. 14th, 1861.

Rev. J. B. Taylor :

MY DEAR BROTHER—I embrace this favorable opportunity to acknowledge with heart-felt gratitude your kind letter to me, dated 29th December, 1859. I have made several attempts towards an answer, but declined so doing until I had gained more experience, therefore I hope you will pardon the delay, and receive this kindly.

I beg to say that I am about forty-five years of age, was born in Cumberland county, about fifty miles from Richmond, was a member of Manchester Church 23 years, when I left Virginia: I was baptized by Elder Jordan Martin, and had been preaching the gospel through the blessing of God, to the best of my ability, for thirteen years previous to my leaving my native home. Now I am in Africa engaged in the blessed work still.

I have a wife and three children with me, and two in Richmond, Va., belonging to Mrs. Louisa Brander. I was a slave all my life, until I was set at liberty by the late Mr. Frederick Bransford of the city of Richmond in 1857; and on the 25th December, 1860, I had been in Africa three years, residing in the settlement of Careysburg, about 36 miles from Monrovia, and 16 miles it is reported to be from the St. Paul's river. When I first arrived at this place, I found a small church, numbering from eighteen to twenty members. The church had no pastor, there had been one appointed by the Association; but the appropriation not being sufficient for his support, he drew from his appointment, and I was then called by the church and regularly appointed by the Association. The first year I did not get anything, the second year a donation of one hundred dollars; and last year 250 dollars, and even at this time, I am somewhat in debt. We had a little log-house on the Society's premises

in which we worshipped. Being annoyed, we had to pull it down, and undertake to build a better elsewhere. Whereupon we commenced the erection of a frame edifice 30 by 22 feet, and have it so far completed that we can worship in it comfortably in the rains. We did not have money, but we went to work, and now we have a house to worship in which some value at \$500. Such work as we could not do, we had to hire, and I am now under an obligation for \$100 for said labor. I owe to a white gentlemen in the city of Richmond two hundred dollars on the purchase of my wife and children. This gentleman paid nine hundred dollars for me to secure two of my children from being sold away. The agreement was, that the amount should be refunded in 18 months: I was successful in paying all but the amount above specified before I left for Africa; and since I have been here my circumstances have been such, that up to date, I have not been able to liquidate the balance due. Had it not been for this kind hearted and benevolent gentleman, whose advice to me in my affliction was, that I should look to Providence, and he would do the best he could for me, sustained me in my time of trouble; and, but for the advance of the nine hundred dollars for me, I should have been overwhelmed. I paid him seven hundred, and he permitted me to come to this far off country with my wife and three children, depending upon my honour to pay him. I am determined to use every possible means to liquidate the above mentioned obligations.

The immigration in 1850 settled in part from three to six miles out of the township of Careysburg, and I was called to preach last Sabbath at this settlement, and with the blessing of God, I will fill every such calling at this and the other settlements.

The Methodists are strong here, and had many advantages that we had not. We commenced building at the same

time; they have quite a large frame church. But they had encouragement. Mr. Seys gave them \$50, Mr. Dennis, Agent A. C. Society, gave them \$25; Mr. Dennis, brother to the former agent here, gave \$15, and the M. E. Mission gave from two to three hundred dollars. These gentlemen refused to give us one cent. I sent a subscription paper to Monrovia, and we got four pounds of tobacco, three dollars worth of nails and \$3.50 in money; all that was given outside of our own efforts was from \$8 to \$9.

I feel very thankful the Lord has done great things for us in Careysburg, whereof we are glad. I asked brother Yates and some of the elder brethren whether or not we would be allowed anything to help us, but have had no definite answer as yet, but I am determined to do all I can to keep the Baptist cause from going down in this settlement. I am, dear brother,

Yours in Christ,

A. WOODSON.

CAPE MOUNT.

Letter of Rev. J. J. Fitzgerald.

ROBERTSPORT, G. C. MOUNT, }
February 11th, 1861.

Dear Brother Taylor:

The Stevens being ready to sail, I have only time to drop you a line or two, and inform you that the good work is still progressing, and the bread cast upon the waters is being gathered after many days. We are still receiving a few persons into church-fellowship on their profession of repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus. I have three now waiting for baptism. The enemy of souls has not been idle while God's work was going on, but has done all to hinder and prevent us.

I am more than ever interested on the subject of a native school. We have a native boy that Mrs. Fitzgerald has been instructing every evening when health would permit, and he is

advancing most rapidly indeed. Many boys could be obtained, and girls too, if some arrangement was adopted. To make it a permanent blessing, they should be taken from their heathen associates, and their surroundings should be those of Christianity and civilization. To this end they should reside with the missionaries, or in families of known piety; and they should be daily instructed by some one employed for that purpose. There is a great deficiency in our efforts to Christianize the natives. These boys and girls must be taken from their native homes and fed and clothed by us, before we can exert such influence over them as will be beneficial and effectual. I throw out these hints as I feel it to be the weak place in our mission system, and it is this that gives other denominations the advantage of us.* As before stated, I have one now; next week I shall take four more. Quite a number of chiefs and kings have spoken to me to take their children and learn them God's Book, but I am compelled to decline. Among the rest is King Brown, a Gola chief, who wishes a school established at his town. He lives 40 miles in the interior. I have promised to visit his place in a few weeks, if Mrs. F's health will permit me to leave home. He is most urgent for a school.

A few Sabbath school hymn books are much needed here, and would please the children much.

Yours as ever,

J. J. FITZGERALD.

~~~~~  
BEXLEY.

*Letter of Rev. Robert F. Hill.*

BEXLEY, February 20th, 1861.

*Rev. James B. Taylor:*

DEAR BROTHER—I again find an opportunity of sending you a line or two. I regret, however, that I have nothing

of a cheering nature to write to you. I suppose that the elder brethren have, ere this, written you fully on all subjects of interest as regards the mission operations in this part of your field.

My health has been so feeble for the last three months, that I have done but little in the way of preaching. Early November last I had quite a severe attack of bilious fever, and a rising in the left knee, in which I was shot in the war of 1851. So that I gave up all hope of attending our Association at Clay-Ashland in December, still I felt an ardent desire to be there, and prayed earnestly that the Lord would grant me that desire. He did so. I was enabled to go up in a hammock. Immediately after my return I was again taken down with bilious plury, which has so much affected my lungs that I have not been able to preach more than three or four times since. In view of this increasing weakness, I have been advised to visit the United States.

The great influx of Congoes into the republic has added much to my family. I have six living with me, beside some eighteen or twenty in our school. As the United States government provides for them for one year, they are not much additional expense; and I hope, by the expiration of the year, the most of them will be able to help to support themselves. As regards the Bas-saes, we have reason to be encouraged. Time is making its mark in civilization among them. It is true, that they are not now found in large townships, as in the days of Crocker, Myln and Clark, and the reason, in my opinion, is this, that as the old kings and headmen die out, the younger ones either move in and incorporate themselves amongst us, and thus become identified, (as many have done,) or else each man, having a family at the demise of the king, now moves out of the royal city and makes his own town. Now that the slave trade is suppressed, and

\* The Board has been doing what its means allowed in just such schools elsewhere, though not at Cape Mount.

the government giving to each man protection, it is no longer necessary that they should huddle together in such large towns for their safety. Notwithstanding they are thus scattered, they can be, by a day's notice, gotten together by hundreds. Their farms are much larger, and their mode of building more comfortable. Their reverence and respect for the Sabbath, and religious institutions, their desisting, not only near us, but far in the interior, to cut and burn their farms on the Sabbath, all abundantly testify to their uniform advancement. Thus the work of the missions is extending a glorious influence in this land of darkness, where satan hath so long held his throne.

When I read the letters and reports of missionaries in other parts, and see how the Lord is blessing their work, and then think how long it takes the seed sown in this soil to spring forth to life, I begin to fear that I have not sown in tears, therefore have no sheaves to rejoice over. "But I will wait on the Lord, and He will give me the desire of my heart."

With my best wishes for yourself and the cause in which you are engaged, I am, as ever, your

ROBERT F. HILL.

---

## The Commission.

---

RICHMOND, MAY, 1861.

---

### THE CONVENTION.

Should it be permitted, in Divine Providence, that the Southern Baptist Convention assemble, according to appointment, in Savannah, it will be an occasion of great and solemn responsibility. Never did such a body meet under graver circumstances. The Union which, since the days of our revolutionary sires, has bound together the States of North America, is virtually

dissolved. War has begun. The government of the United States, and that of the Confederate States, are appealing to the arbitrament of battle. Thus all business is unsettled and all interests are imperiled. Men's minds are agitated, and their passions aroused. The future, with all its uncertainties, stretches its dark pall before us; and though patriotic faith may see, beyond the cloud, the bright shining of the glorious sun of Southern liberty, and the calm, sweet landscape of peace restored, still all feel that a struggle, arduous and deadly, may await us.

Under these circumstances the Convention will assemble to decide what, so far as their action and influence can control events, is to be the future of Southern Baptist Missions. The position and progress of the denomination at home, and the destinies of millions of heathen are involved in this decision. O, how much need of that strong faith, that earnest consecration, and calm superiority to the commotions of worldly dynasties, which the grace of God alone can impart and maintain, will be needed! How much of "the wisdom which is from above."

The Foreign Missions of the Convention have now attained a condition of permanency and prosperity, the result of years of toil and anxiety, which, with the blessing of God, justify the hope of increasing success. In Africa and China foundations have been laid upon which it will be comparatively easy to build. The openings for the enlargement of our work are abundant and inviting. In both of those fields, scores of additional laborers could be judiciously employed. China, especially, is offering ample room for the employment of far more of men and of means than have hitherto been at the disposal of the Board for their entire work. Under such conditions it is, that the Convention must deliberate regarding the further prosecution of the work.

But the state of our country forbids

the hope that plans for enlargement can be entertained. The only real question will be, "Can the present position of the work be sustained?" Can the missionaries now in the field be supported? Can those ready to join them be sent out? Can means be furnished to support the stations already occupied?

We trust wisdom and grace will be given to direct the Convention to right conclusions. For this we invoke the earnest and united prayers of all our readers. There is *power* in prayer. "Elijah was a man of like passions with us." He prayed that it might not rain, and it rained not. He prayed that it might rain, and the clouds gathered, and the rain descended. There is power in prayer! O, that Christians may realize this truth, and that united, earnest, importunate prayer may be made for the Convention. P.

#### OUR RECEIPTS.

The receipts of the Board are again falling off. Under our earnest appeals, there was, for a time, an encouraging increase, but now remittances are less frequent. This should not be so. The demands upon the Board are *continuous*. Month by month they recur, and must be met, or the credit of the Board is lost, and the missionaries are left to suffer. Dear brethren and sisters, remember these facts. Do not permit such disasters to befall your mission work. Many of you have done nobly. Will you not still aid? From many we have not heard; will not all such send on their contributions? P.

#### THE CONSTITUTION OF THE CONVENTION.

At the last Convention a Committee, consisting of brethren J. L. Burrows, R. Fuller, and C. D. Mallory, was appointed to report at its next meeting upon a proposition to add to Article III. of the Constitution the words, "Provided, that no person shall be a

member of this Convention, who is not a member in good standing of a regular Baptist Church."

To the design of such an amendment to the Constitution we have no objection; though we see no necessity for it. We do not desire that other than Baptists shall be members of the body, but if others chose to pay their money for a seat, we see not how it is likely to injure us. There is not the remotest probability that the number of such would ever be sufficient to exert any appreciable influence. And the restriction regarding the Board's officers and missionaries, places the entire control of the business in Baptist hands.

But, to the provision of the suggested amendment, we have a decided and irreconcilable objection.

I. *It would invest the Convention with jurisdiction over churches.* If every member must be "a member in good standing in a regular Baptist church," then the *character of every church*, a member of which proposes to take a seat, is subject to the judgment of the Convention. It is the duty of that body to decide whether it is or is not "a regular Baptist church." Now, ought the Convention to be invested with such jurisdiction? Ought any church to submit to it? In our Associations such jurisdiction is usually allowed, because it seems to be a necessary condition of *fellowship among churches*. We may, as we have heretofore done, bear with it in these small bodies, yet even in them it is a dangerous power—one very liable to be abused. But to grant such power to a body like the Convention would be to institute an Ecclesiastical Hierarchy of fearful portent.

II. We object, secondly, *that this provision would bring the personal standing of every applicant for membership under the supervision and judgment of the Convention.* He must be "a member in good standing," to be entitled to a seat. The records of

his church must be searched to ascertain that there is no charge against him. Generally, it might be enough that he produce evidence of connection with "a regular Baptist church." But, should any one choose to object to his reception on the ground of disorder he would have to meet the charge, not before the church of which he is a member, and where he could have access to all the records but before the Convention, by this provision created a judge of his church relations.

II. Our third objection to the provision is, *that it would, from the very necessity of the case, be a dead letter, in ninety-nine of a hundred—yea, nine hundred and ninety-nine of a thousand cases; and only serve as a means of distracting the body when some restless spirit chose to obtrude local difficulties upon its attention.*

That the Convention itself, or any Committee of the body, would think of requiring in every case the presentation of authentic evidence that the applicant was "a member of a regular Baptist church," is not to be believed. But it is easy to see how, in a local difficulty between churches, or between members of the same church, enmity had been excited, the rule might be insisted upon. And it is easy to see how such cases might bring out party spirit, and array partizans against each other to the disgrace, and perhaps to the destruction of the Convention.

IV. The only remaining objection which we will urge, is, *the impracticability of the rule in any case of real difficulty.* How could the Convention possess itself of the evidence needed to an impartial adjudication of a case of real difficulty? How could it devote to such a case the time needed for a thorough investigation? And surely if such a body undertake to decide at all, it should do so after full investigation and mature deliberation.

Should the Committee recommend

any change, for which, as we have said, we see no necessity, we trust they will so alter the proposed amendment as to show, beyond a doubt, that no regard is to be had to any other than the *associate status* of a church; that is, its being recognized by churches concerning which there is no dispute, and no notice taken of the position of the individual, further than that he is a church member in a church thus recognized. This, in our judgment, is as far as the Constitution goes now with respect to its officers, &c., in Article IX. And we do not think it can go farther without a violation of the fundamental principles of "Independence."

While upon this subject, it may not be amiss to refer to another suggested change in the Constitution, *abrogating the money basis.* Now, if any one can suggest a plan for arranging representation which will not make the Convention an *Ecclesiastical body*, that is, a body representing churches in their individual or associational relations, as simple and easy of application as the money basis, we shall not feel inclined to oppose its adoption. But "there's the rub."

While you keep the Convention to its present character of an association of individuals as the friends of missions under Baptist control, you run no risk of violating Scriptural principles in working out its results. But as soon as you attempt, however remotely, to give it an Ecclesiastical character, you are at once in the way to hierarchical assumption. Now, how will you apportion representation when you reject the money basis? *By the number of members in a church, or an association of churches?* But then, these delegates are the *representatives of these churches*; and your body becomes at once an Ecclesiastical Association. Then, it must have the right of deciding *what churches* it will receive, and what refuse. Thus it is at once a grand

Ecclesiastical confederacy. Who of us that thinks soberly is prepared for this?

It may be said by some that, according to the present Constitution, delegates are received from churches and Associations. True, but *not because they are from these bodies*. They are received from Societies, and individuals represent their own funds, as well. Thus there is not the most remote approximation to Ecclesiasticism. The Convention is a purely missionary body. May it ever remain so. If improvements can be made in its practical workings, we shall hail them with pleasure, but never, never, shall we be willing to see any step taken which would clothe it with power over churches, or the church relations of individuals.

This article is but the expression of our individual opinions upon the important subjects referred to. We ask for it no further weight than its positions deserve.

P.

## SELECTIONS.

REV. JESSE HARTWELL, D. D.

Jesse Hartwell, D. D., was born of Christian parents. He was a son of the venerable Jesse Hartwell, Sr., so well known among the Baptist ministers of Massachusetts at the beginning of this century, and, we are told, still living—having exercised his ministry for sixty years. Young Jesse was born in Buckland, Hampshire (now Franklin) county, in that State, May 2, 1795. In 1800 his father removed to New Marlborough, and in that town the boy was brought up. A religious education, singularly enough, inspired the desire to become a missionary to the heathen, before he had gained evidence of his own conversion, and led him to resolve upon getting a liberal college culture. His father, for this purpose, put him under the training of Rev. Thomas

Rand, of West Springfield. In 1815 he was brought to rejoice in the Saviour, and was baptized by his father into the fellowship of the Baptist church of Sandisfield, Berkshire county, Mass.

A year after his baptism he was licensed to preach. He graduated at Brown University, R. I., in 1819, (mis. printed 1816, in the Address of Dr. Crane) and the same year took charge of the Second Baptist Church, in Providence. In 1822, on account of failing health, he resigned his pastorate, and sailed to Charleston, S. C., for a change of climate. Here he became acquainted with the excellent Dr. Furman, whose friendship he enjoyed till the Doctor's death, in 1825. Mr. Hartwell took charge of the Baptist Churches at the "High Hills of Santee and Sumterville." He also served the churches of Darlington and Ebenezer for one year. Here he entered upon his great work of training young men called of God to the gospel ministry—in which Dr. Crane thinks "he accomplished more than any other one man in the Southern States."

In 1828, when the "Furman Theological Institution was established at the High Hills of Santee, Mr. Hartwell was associated with Rev. Samuel Furman as Professor, and built the house first used for the Institution at his own expense. Here he labored efficiently for six years, and several eminent men now living were among his pupils. From this Institution grew up the now noble Furman University at Greenville, S. C., together with 'The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary,' located in the same place, now under the instruction of Drs. Boyce, Broadbush, Manly and Williams."

In 1836, Mr. Hartwell removed to the State of Alabama, and labored for a time as an agent of the Triennial Convention for Foreign Missions. He also exerted himself warmly in the cause of Temperance. He raised up a Baptist Church at Carlowville, Dallas Co., Ala.,

and supplied the church in Montgomery, the capital of the State, two years. For several years he was the Moderator of the Alabama Baptist Association, and in 1839 he was chosen President of the Baptist State Convention. The next year he took an active part in the measures connected with the Slavery agitation, which ultimately led to a separate Southern Convention in 1845. He distinguished himself in the origination of "The Judson Female Institute," and of "Howard College" at Marion. In 1844 he was appointed Professor of Theology in the College, and removed to Marion. The next year he received the degree of D. D. from Alabama University, and soon after was chosen President of the Southern Domestic Mission Board. In 1848 Dr. Hartwell removed to Arkansas in Union county, where he resumed his beloved work of preaching the gospel, while acting as Principal of the Camden Female Institution. After repeated opportunities, he relinquished this post, and in 1857 removed to Mount Lebanon, Louisiana, to take the position of President of the University in that place, and Professor of Theology. Here he closed his useful life in 1859, in the holy triumphs of faith. The last word that lingered on his dying lips, was "Heaven."—*Bap. Fam. Mag.*

## MISCELLANY.

### JAPAN.

A letter writer in that country, whom we take to be a Methodist, asks: "Why is it the Methodist Episcopal Church does not establish a mission in Japan? Perhaps some one may be appointed about this time. God grant that there may, for if it please Providence to sustain me here, I should like to strike hands with ten thousand of every denomination, if only in their hearts were the love of God."

We suspect the writer of the above is himself a Methodist minister, who by

his unaided effort—unaided so far as any missionary board or church is concerned, found his way out to that distant field. There is rarely an excess of that kind of zeal in these days. We make this record for the profit of all who are casting about to see what they shall do and where they shall go.

*Miss. Advocate.*

### STATISTICS.

The BIBLE has been translated during the last sixty years into upward of one hundred languages. There are 100,000 professing Christians in New Zealand; 100,000 in Burmah and Pegu; 112,000 Protestant Christians in India; 5,000 or 6,000 in Turkey; 250,000 in Africa; 40,000 in Armenia, and 250,000 in the islands of the Pacific. There are Christians in China, Madagascar, Mauritius, and many other parts of the world. There are 200,000 or 300,000 negroes under the care of Christian pastors in the West Indies. There are more than a million and a quarter of living Christians, who, but for the labors of the missionaries, would all have remained idolaters.

### METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION.

The annual report of the Chinese Methodist Episcopal Mission furnishes the following account of a Chinese Christian:

"Last February Father Hu died in Christian triumph. He was one of our earlier converts, and in every respect a remarkable man. He was respectably educated; was a soldier at eighteen, an oil merchant at two and twenty, a cavalry officer at twenty-five, and continued to be promoted till within a few years of his death. I think he practiced astrology at one period of his life. Some seven years ago he first heard the Gospel, and three years since joined the Society at Yong Tau.

*Miss. Advocate.*