

FOREIGN MISSION JOURNAL

Published Monthly by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

"ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO ME IN HEAVEN AND IN EARTH. GO YE, THEREFORE, AND TEACH ALL NATIONS."—THE SON OF GOD.

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MISSIONARIES APPOINTED.

The Foreign Mission Board has recently appointed two missionaries—Mrs. Lowellyn, of Texas, to China, and Rev. W. W. Colley to Africa. The former is a lady of wealth and culture, who proposed to pay her own expenses. She is well known and highly esteemed in Texas; and will be a valuable accession to our missionary force. She will probably go to the northern part of China, and labor in connection with the ladies of the Tung Chow Mission.

Rev. Mr. Colley goes out with brother David to Africa. He was educated at the Richmond Colver Institute. We hope that the Board may have the privilege of sending out a number of educated colored men, and the African mission may receive the attention it deserves.

MEN FOR CHINA.

Affairs are becoming critical with some of our stations in China. Dr. Yates, at Shanghai, has long been deprived of the use of his voice. He has been enabled to give to the church his valuable counsel and direction; but, in view of his disability and the many calls upon him in various directions, it is exceedingly desirable for him to have an assistant in his important field.

At Tung Chow the case is even more urgent. Brother Crawford's health is such as to make it proper for him to have some respite from labor; but he hesitates to come to this country because there is no one to take charge of his work. In case of his death, or even temporary absence, the mission would greatly suffer. Have we no young men, for the love of Christ, are willing to go to Tung Chow? What say our brethren in our colleges and seminaries? The question is, who will go? Who will answer, Here am I, send me?

THE HOUSE IN CANTON.

Our brethren must not forget the house in Canton for brother Graves. The churches in Baltimore propose to give seven thousand dollars, provided all the other churches in the bounds of the Convention will give three thousand dollars. Let them not be disappointed in their expectations.

THE REASON WHY.

A Protestant contemporary inquires why "modern missions have accomplished so little." The answer given is that "what the church most sadly needs is missionary organizations—associate missions—made up of clergymen, married and unmarried, of brotherhoods of laymen, and sisterhoods of self-sacrificing women." We wonder how much modern missions must have accomplished before some good people would be willing to acknowledge that they are successful. If they had lived in the days of the Apostles it would have been all the same. They would have been greatly troubled at the failure of the mission of Paul and Barnabas. A few converts in Cyprus and a few at Antioch, and Derbe and Lystra, would seem so insignificant as not to be worthy of mention.

For our part we are not willing to admit that the results of missionary work have been small; or that other agencies than those now employed are necessary. In our reading of the Acts of the Apostles we see nothing of "brotherhoods of laymen, and sisterhoods of self-sacrificing women." These are post-apostolic human contrivances. The Apostles and early missionaries went forth two and two. We read of Barnabas and Saul, of Paul and Silas, of Barnabas and Mark. As nearly as may be the various missionary organizations have been following Apostolic example. They have sent out brethren to labor in the same field, or in fields near enough together for sympathy and co-operation; and in the formation of native Christian communities they take the very best means of engrafting Christianity upon the domestic and social and national life of the people. If there has been any lack of success it has not been that the laborers are not of the right kind, or not sent out in the right way, but because the yare few. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he send forth more laborers.

GRATIFYING TESTIMONY.

The *Examiner and Chronicle* says:

"There is wide misgiving as to the value of Rev. W. C. Van Meter's work in Rome. So many representations are made of its working which awaken doubt and fear, that we believe the Board of the American Baptist Publication Society, under whose patronage the Mission is, would do a wise and needful thing to appoint a committee thoroughly to investigate and to report the facts. The Southern Board have a Mission in Rome, under the direction of Rev. G. B. Taylor, D. D., against which no injurious report has reached us from any quarter."

What is here said of Dr. Taylor is just what all who know him would expect to hear of him and his work. He is a wise man, prudent, looks far ahead, and works with a sincere purpose to glorify his Master. He may make no great noise about what he is doing in Italy; he will sound no trumpet before him; but long after he has been called to his reward, his work will endure and grow. He is a solid, true, devoted man, and as such we are proud of him and can trust him. We never expect to hear any "injurious report" of him.

MRS. LEWELLYN.

This excellent Christian woman, appointed by our Board a missionary to China, will be claimed by the Texas churches as their missionary; but the whole South will be glad to unite with the Lone Star State in sustaining her hands by their prayers and contributions. The time of her departure is not yet determined. Her address is McKinney, Collin county, Texas.

SOON TO SAIL.

Our brethren W. J. David and W. W. Colley, appointees of the Board of Foreign Missions to Africa, expect to sail from New York directly to Monrovia, early in January next. The preparation and other expenses incident to going to their distant work will suggest the importance of the States sending up their quotas as speedily as possible. Will brethren examine the account on our fourth page, and notice how great is the arrearage of the churches. How can the Board make brick without straw?

AN ILLUSTRATION.

Xenophon, the historian, tells us, in the *Cyropædia*, that when Cyrus the Great, on his march of conquest, approached the borders of Armenia, Tigranes fled with all his family, determined not to be exposed to the tyranny of such a monster as he had heard Cyrus to be. The conqueror was too sharp for him; he intercepted his flight across the mountains, captured the king and all his retinue. To show his magnanimity, Cyrus offered to allow Tigranes to pass sentence on each one of his own officers as they were brought before the court. He could not induce him to open his lips until the queen was presented. Then Tigranes, leaping to his feet, said, "O king, I would die rather than she should be enslaved." Cyrus, admiring his conjugal fidelity, dismissed them, telling Tigranes that he might enjoy all of his royal prerogatives, if he would become and remain his faithful ally.

When they had withdrawn from the presence of Cyrus, each of his courtiers had some word of praise to bestow upon the Persian conqueror. One admired the majesty of his person; another the magnanimity of his soul, until they had all exhausted their encomiums, when Tigranes, noticing that the queen had not even expressed any gratitude for their restoration to their dominions, said to her, "And what dost thou think, O Armenian Queen, of Cyrus?" She replied, "I did not see him."

"Whom, then, didst thou see?"
"I saw only him who said, 'I would rather die than that she should be enslaved!'"

Is it not a forcible illustration of Jesus' love for his people? Not only was Christ willing to die, but actually did shed his blood on Calvary that his people might not be enslaved by sin. And as soon as the sinner can appreciate this love, and realize its fullness, freshness, unselfishness, he cannot see any other object. No created being, no imaginary gratification, nothing whatever, can attract him from the cross, and from his zeal, love, adoration and desire to please that Saviour that first loved him and gave himself for him.

THE WORK IN JAPAN.

Rev. J. T. Joyen, who is laboring under appointment of the Baptist Missionary Union, gives a hopeful view of things in Japan. In a letter to the *Chicago Standard*, he says;

"The English language is being so widely studied among the people, that even the newly arrived may gather around them numerous scholars who read the Bible in our language. It is a delightful sight to behold these young men busy searching the Scriptures in our grand version. Many thus become converts, and they never go back to heathenism, as the priests openly lament.

"The Catholics claim several thousand adherents from many old families and but few converts. There are probably a thousand converted Protestant Christian natives, and this leaven is working both up and down. Most belong to the middle class of society, but several of the highest officials are professed Christians, and the most famous of living authors and scholars is also a Christian in sentiment, though not connected, as yet, with any church."

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FOREIGN MISSIONARIES OF SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.
CHINA.

TUNG CHOW—T. P. Crawford, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Holmes, Miss Lottie Moon, Miss E. Moon, Woo Tawun Chau and two native assistants.

CHEFOO—J. B. Hartwell and Mrs. Hartwell.

SHANGHAI—M. T. Yates, Mrs. Yates, Wong Piu Sang, and two native assistants.

CANTON—R. H. Graves, Mrs. Graves, N. B. Williams, Mrs. Williams, Miss Whilden, native pastor, and eight native assistants.

ITALY.

ROME—G. B. Taylor and Evangelist Cecorda.

CIVITA VECCHIA—Evangelist Gardiol.

BARI—Evangelist Basile.

BOLOGNA—Evangelist Giannini.

MODENA AND CARPI—Evangelist Martinelli.

LA TONDA—Evangelist Egon Ferraris.

AFRICA.

MARSHALL—G. F. Gibson.

OLD FIELDS—T. Early.

CONGO TOWN—G. Tytler and G. F. Gibson.

TAYLORSVILLE—G. Tytler and G. F. Gibson.

LITTLE BASA—T. J. Tate.

PHILIPSBURG—M. D. Liberty.

DONOGA—J. Cook.

MONROVIA—B. P. Yates.

EDINA—J. J. Cheesman.

REV. JESSE BOARDMAN HARTWELL.

*Missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention, at
Chefoo, China.*

He was born at Darlington, South Carolina, it October, 1835, while his venerated father, Rev. Jesse Hartwell, was pastor of the Baptist church at that place. Before this his children had all been daughters, and the birth of Jesse was a very joyful event. About that time he had a visit from Luther Rice, to whom he joyfully exhibited his fine boy, who had not yet been named. Brother Rice said, "Name him Burmah, brother Hartwell!" This suggestion met with a favorable response, so far as to secure to him the name of Boardman, in honor of the beloved and eminently useful missionary of that name, whose life was devoted to the rescue of Burmah from her false gods. This meeting of two such noble and congenial spirits was a significant circumstance. No doubt the father's consuming zeal for foreign missions had led him often to pray that he might have a son to give to the cause he so dearly loved; and Rice was on hand just in time to lay consecrating hands upon the boy's head, and solemnly dedicate him to the mission cause! God's hand was in it. He heard those prayers.

Brother Hartwell's stay at Darlington was not long. In response to a call to Alabama, he removed to that State in December, 1836, and in 1843 to Marion in the same State, where the subject of this sketch was partly educated. In 1853 he entered Furman University at Greenville, South Carolina, where he graduated with distinction in 1856. After spending a year as teacher in Mount Lebanon University, Louisiana, he was solemnly set apart to the work of the ministry at Greenville, South Carolina, in 1858, on which occasion the venerable Dr. Jeter, of Richmond, Va., preached the ordination sermon. He then traveled for several months in the interest of the Foreign Board, and in September of that year was united in marriage with Miss Eliza H. Jewett, of Macon, Georgia; and in November sailed from New York for Shanghai, where he arrived the following March. After several years of missionary labor there, he removed to Tung Chow, where he remained till Dr. M. T. Yates left Shanghai to spend a year in Switzerland. He then returned, and temporarily took Dr. Yates' place, both as preacher and interpreter at the Mandarin Court.

At Tung Chow he was the honored instrument in speedily building up a church, where a native preacher was raised up under his ministry, whom he left in charge on his return to this country, and who is now the pastor of a self-supporting church. He had out-stations to which he would go, accompanied by his deacons, and preach the gospel, while his faithful, efficient wife for some time kept up a boarding-school, where the Bible was daily taught. She was an invaluable helper in the propagation of the gospel. During the great Chinese rebellion he encountered difficulties which would have caused a man of ordinary faith and courage to falter; but this, perhaps after all, turned out to the furtherance of the mission cause. For six weeks of that memorable time, he had not less than one hundred refugees on his premises, among whom he acted the triple part of surgeon, nurse and preacher. He was afterwards accosted by a man who would always remember him as his benefactor for having, as he expressed it, "Sewed his head on for him."

His severe labors and exposures during the rebellion were followed by a long and serious sickness—recovery

from which, however, left him in more robust health than he had previously enjoyed. Persecutions entered to interrupt his work, and he was obliged to seek the protection of the United States flag; and on one occasion he and family escaped for their lives on horseback to a place of temporary security. Through all these vicissitudes this laborious and able servant ceased not to present the claims of the gospel, and like his Master, he literally went about doing good.

At the session of the Southern Baptist Convention at Macon, Ga., in May, 1869, a scene of profound interest occurred in connection with the Tung Chow church. In their name, Dr. Burton, of Tennessee, was charged with the duty of delivering a letter and a contribution to the Convention, and Dr. Burton finding it out of his power to attend, committed the trust to Dr. J. A. Broadus, who executed it with peculiar fitness and effect. The reading of the letter and the accompanying remarks of Dr. Broadus, melted the vast audience to tears; but the fountain was more fully opened when Dr. De Votie rose, and in tones of thrilling eloquence, spoke of the time when he was a student of Theology under Jesse Hartwell, and an inmate of his house, where he had seen him rise from his knees at the family altar with tears running down his cheeks, after having poured out his soul to God in prayer for the heathen—saying, "Lord send me—send my children—send whom thou wilt, and let the Chinese wall of superstition be broken down by the gospel!" This was long before the birth of the missionary, and Dr. De Votie rejoiced in it as a signal instance that the prayers of that devoted father were answered long after he had passed to his reward—in having a faithful son to go forth and plant a gospel church in the Chinese Empire!

In 1870 a deep affliction befel him in the death of Mrs. Hartwell, who was truly a help-mate in every respect, as well as a most efficient missionary. The infant twins she left became quite sick, and thus to all the other cares of the missionary, were added those of nurse and protector for his motherless children; but his work did not cease. Remarkable method and rigid system in all his labors, enabled him to accomplish a large amount of varied work. In 1871 he regarded it as his duty to bring his children to this country with the approval of the Foreign Board, and arriving in California in April, he passed on to the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention at St. Louis, which was to him as well as to his hearers there, a scene of surpassing delightful privilege. In company with two Chinese, a man and a woman, he passed through the country preaching the gospel with singular power, and helping on the interests of the Board. His pulpit efforts gave no indication that his ministerial life had been spent in a heathen land, but rather most decidedly indicated that had he remained at home, he could have commanded positions of the highest influence and power.

In November, 1871, he attended the session of the Welsh Neck Association at Society Hall, South Carolina, the residence of his excellent sister, Mrs. Ellen Edwards, where his presence added greatly to the interest of the meeting. Here the native female, called Chinese Mary, was adopted as a beneficiary by the Association, to be educated by brother Hartwell for mission work in her native land. In December he was married to Miss Julia Jewett, of Macon, Georgia, sister of his first wife, and left in April for his foreign home. He left his son Jesse, a promising boy, who has since united with the church, with his sister at Society Hall.

This faithful servant of Christ is preaching daily to crowds, and sowing broad-cast the seed of the Kingdom. His devoted and efficient wife is much hindered in her work by ill health. That God will long spare their lives, and make their path like that of the just—to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, when they shall enter into the city of eternal rest—is the prayer of many Christians in this Southern land.

T. P. L.

DARLINGTON, S. C., Sept., 1874.

LETTER FROM BROTHER T. B. CRAWFORD.

TUNG CHOW, Aug. 12, 1874.

My health is shaky, as well as Mrs. Holmes'. I am very anxious to see a fresh family come out. No time is to be lost. We may have to break up at any day. My wish is to hold on until re-inforced. I have just baptized one of Mrs. C's most promising boys. There is deep interest in her school. Dr. Knowlton, Mr. Mills and Mrs. Carpenter, all old friends and faithful missionaries, have died since last spring. Mrs. Holmes and Miss Lottie Moon are out preaching in the country.

Yours hurriedly,

T. P. CRAWFORD.

CANTON, CHINA.

CANTON, CHINA, October 2d, 1871.

Our coast has just been visited by one of the worst typhoons ever known here. We did not suffer much from it at Canton, though some vessels were wrecked and some lives lost. But at Hong Kong and Macao the storm had full sway. Thousands of lives have been lost and much property destroyed. At the Typa, near Macao, only fourteen native vessels were left out of six hundred anchored there. Brother Williams and family were at Macao during the time and were exposed to great danger, but providentially were preserved from serious harm. They had to leave the house where they were living, and found shelter for two nights in a Chinese house. Brother W.'s little child was very ill at the time, and is still very sick, though getting better. We have cause for much gratitude to God for sparing to our mission two such valuable laborers as brother Williams and Miss Whilden.

I have closed my Bible-class for this quarter, and the brethren have gone into the country to their respective work. We read the latter part of Psalms and I lectured on the 1st and 2d books of Kings and examined the students on them.

Last Sunday I had the satisfaction of baptizing seven, some of them connected with Christian families and others not. One was the wife of a brother baptized last spring, another was the brother-in-law of one of our native preachers, and a third was the mother of my house-boy, who is one of our most earnest members. During our series of prayer-meetings in June, prayer was desired for all of these, and now God has, we hope, answered our prayers. Of ten for whom special prayer was made, all but two have been baptized. Since then prayer has been made for others who have also been brought in.

Of the others baptized on Sunday one was a young man from Sai Nam, the first fruits of that new station. He is a lumber sawyer by trade, but was turned away from his place because he brought his fellow-workmen to chapel. I trust he will succeed in his efforts to find employment elsewhere.

Another was a barber from the neighborhood of Ju Ku, the out-station established by the native brethren. He heard the gospel there and in Shin King. A month before his baptism he was taken ill, his eyes closed and his buffaloes went blind, and another died. His neighbors ascribed it all to his renouncing the idols and becoming a Christian, and urged him to abandon his new faith. He said: "Though the slay me, yet will I trust Him." If I should lose all I have left and my own life I will die depending only on Jesus." He has a fair knowledge of books, and would like to go to school for six or eight months to improve himself in the knowledge of the Scriptures, but he could not find employment in Canton, and so had to go back to the country again. I had advised him to work half the day and study the rest of the time, coming to my house of an evening to hear my explanations of the Bible. I hope the brethren may continue to pray for us that we may see a greater ingathering.

At our last church meeting we excluded one for non-attendance at public worship, and appointed a committee to visit two more who have been neglecting the assembling of themselves together with the people of God.

Since my return from America I have been giving most of my time in my study to preparing a hymn-book for the use of our native churches. Eleven different collections from various parts of China have been examined, many hymns have been revised, and some forty or more of our best hymns have been translated into Chinese. I have been assisted in this work by an able native scholar who is very intelligent. I have followed the "Baptist Hymn Book" in the arrangement of the subjects, and almost all the hymns translated are old standard hymns from that collection. I have about two hundred and fifty hymns, which will be amply sufficient for the needs of our native members for years to come. I have aimed to have a few good hymns on every subject on which we preach. This book is much needed. Our present collection consists of seventy-three hymns, and it has "grown" without any symmetry. Hymns have been added as suitable ones have been found. On many subjects there are no hymns at all, and the hymns are not arranged according to any subject. All is in confusion.

We have no funds to have the blocks cut for this hymn-book. The sum of, say about sixty dollars in U. S. currency, will enable us to have the stereotype blocks. Can you not get some brother to make a special subscription for this object, or apply to the Publication Society for a grant for the purpose? Please let me know about this as soon as convenient, as the manuscript is nearly ready.

Your brother in Christ,

R. H. GRAVES.

LETTER FROM BROTHER N. B. WILLIAMS.

CANTON, CHINA., Sep. 30th, 1874.

Since writing my last letter to you, dated at Macao, I have been called to pass through trying scenes. Only through the marked providence of God, am I permitted to write to you now.

On the night of the 22nd, and morning of the 23d instant, a typhoon unsurpassed by any in the memory of the oldest citizens, passed over Macao, carrying death and destruction in its pathway. At about 2 o'clock A. M., while the storm was at its height, a servant startled me by running up stairs, where I was trying to make "assurance doubly sure" about the fastenings of doors and windows, saying, "The sea is pouring into the house, the water is already over a foot in height, the waves will be sure to break down the walls, and we'll be crushed to death if we do not get out quickly."

Going down stairs with him, it needed but a glance to see the horror of our situation. A terrific hurricane was blowing from the sea, driving it from its bed, and submerging everything within its level. Our house being located where the full force of wind and tide was felt, the water poured in, wave after wave, with a fury that was appalling. Surely, thought I, the walls of this old house, which have been standing perhaps for the last fifty years, will go down before these merciless waves; but how to get out was the difficulty. There was no exit by the rear of the building. The only plan immediately suggested to my mind, was to go out by the front door, before the water rose higher, trusting to Providence and my skill as a swimmer, to save myself and others. But a great difficulty presented itself in the number of unprotected women and children to be cared for. The upper part of the house was occupied by Mrs. Godsil, the wife of an officer in the Chinese naval service, with her six children. The second story was held by myself and family, including Miss Whilden and three young lady guests from Canton, belonging to the Northern United States Presbyterian Mission, viz: the two Misses Noyes, and Miss Crouch. Besides there were several Chinese servants—some women and some men.

Returning to the company above, I reported the state of the case as quietly as I could to prevent confusion, and urged all to make hasty preparation to leave the house, if necessary. Of course there was considerable delay where so many were to be made ready, and in the meantime the undertaking became more and more dangerous from the rising water. When the whole company was assembled, I first went down to try the depth and force of the water, and calculate the possibility of escape by this method, before others ventured.

Descending the stairs in the rear part of the building I was soon in the water of about a foot's depth. As I walked forward the depth increased till it reached a little above my knees. I was now some five or six yards from the door, which had been carried away from its hinges, and stood open for the ingress and egress of the sea. Here I found it more difficult to keep my footing. When about two yards from the door, I saw a large wave coming down upon me, and attempted to beat a retreat; but it was too late. Entering the door it lifted me like a feather upon its bosom, and bore me out some distance before it held up. I never before realized the power of water as an enemy, as I did when floating on the surface of that wave. Every struggle revealed but the more painfully my own weakness and my enemy's strength. Feeling the extreme danger of my situation, I resigned myself and family into the care of God, and awaited my chances of escape.

When the force of the wave died out, I struggled to my feet, only to be knocked down and submerged by a smaller wave. Struggling to my feet again, partly swimming, partly running, partly blown by the wind, I made some progress back to the house, when a second small wave submerged me, and floated me a little towards the house. Rising to my feet I saw (I suppose by the phosphorescent light of the sea) the iron grating of a window; toward this I struggled, and managed to grasp one of the bars before the second large wave struck me. Climbing up into the window, and, looking upward, I discovered the Venetian blinds of what I supposed to be my own verandah. As I looked up a heavy gust of wind shivered the blinds, and opened a way for me into the house.

Upon ascending above you can imagine my astonishment when I found myself, not in my own house, but an adjoining one. The house, I could feel, was very insecure. Every blast of wind and roaring wave made it tremble to its foundations, and tiles and bricks continually giving way, fell with a crashing sound. Nothing was more plain to me than that it was death to remain there. Feeling the back wall of the house for a door, I found one barred on the inner side. Against this I threw myself several times and broke it open. From

this room there was no exit; but here I felt no more safe than in the other room. Not to particularize further—after about ten minutes spent in prayer, I set about climbing the wall and making holes in the ceiling and roof. This, after some trouble, was effected, and I got upon the roof, clinging tightly to keep from being blown off by the wind, and laying low that I might not be struck by missiles. Creeping sometimes on hands and knees, at others sliding myself along in a sitting position, I at last reached a good solid new roof, where I rested behind a sky-light as a protection from wind and missiles until morning.

Oh! the hours, the long dreary hours of that night! Their impression will never fade from my memory. One heart-rending picture continually stared me in the face the "live long" night—that of my lonely journey back to Canton in charge of the crushed, encased remains of my loved family and friends. Thanks to a merciful Providence the morning brought joy instead of sorrow to us all. The house, though broken, did not fall; and, aside from the anxiety and care incident to their perilous situation and grief at my supposed death, the ladies and children were unhurt. Many mutual, earnest prayers had been ascending during the night from the two separated parties for each other, and God had heard them.

Macao is in a state of ruin in consequence of the typhoon. Houses have been destroyed, and thousands of lives have been lost—the latter principally among the Chinese boat people. Hong Kong also suffered terribly. Immense loss of life occurred there also, and great disaster among the foreign ships in port.

Since returning from Macao my baby has been quite ill, but is now convalescent. The rest of us are tolerably well. God has mercifully preserved us. I take it to mean He has work for us to do in China.

Your brother in Christ,
N. B. WILLIAMS.

WORK AND VIEWS OF SOME OF OUR SHAN TUNG MISSIONARIES.

From the *North China Daily News* we extract the following remarks made at a late missionary conference at Chefoo, where our brother J. B. Hartwell is stationed:

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

Mr. Mills said that he had been requested to say a few words respecting this branch of mission work carried on at Tung Chow. The work had been carried on for eleven years at this place by Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Holmes, and others, while the first-named lady had had twelve years experience of similar work in Shanghai. In this latter place she found house to house visitation almost impossible, but great good had been effected by the foreign lady attending the mission chapel with her husband, and so rendering it respectable for woman to attend there. In Tung Chow the whole city had been canvassed by the ladies in the various missions there, and with the exception of a few of the higher families, admittance had everywhere been given to them. Their method was to go out every afternoon, attended by a Bible woman, and to visit from house to house. Repetitions of their visits at too early a date were avoided, as they found that frequent visits were not acceptable. In the summer they went out into the villages surrounding the city, and selecting a shady place, gathered some ten or twenty women together for conversation upon the truths of the gospel. As yet they had not been able to establish women's schools. The results of their work could hardly be measured by an actual accession of church members. The men were bitterly opposed to their wives becoming Christians, and they repeatedly heard the women say that they accepted the gospel with all their hearts, and wished to enter the church, but their husbands would not let them. This opposition was mainly due to an intense feeling of hostility to foreigners. (Mr. Mills added, that he had frequently had occasion to notice that this hostility was modified, if not entirely removed, when there were any foreign children connected with the mission. Many were apt to consider their mission work hindered by their home ties; but he was inclined to think that a very great, though indirect influence, was exerted by the presence of their children.)

Mr. Hartwell said that the united sentiments of the meeting were that the results of the work of women in China had equalled, if they had not surpassed, those of the men. He could testify that of all the members he had admitted to his church at Tung Chow, half of them had been due to the influence of the work of the women there.

SCHOOLS.

Rev. Mr. Hartwell said it was the genius of Christianity to create a thirst for knowledge. We find that the lowest coolies and even old women after conversion

immediately learn to read. This impulse, which is so universal, is an indication of the leading of Providence. Schools are the most satisfactory means of satisfying this desire. Nor need we fear that it is an unjust diverting of funds to support these schools; for the churches at home expect this work of us. But on the other hand, he did not believe it was the duty of missionaries to devote themselves exclusively to schools, for preaching is our great work. In regard to the advantage derived from these schools, he mentioned that about half the girls who had passed through his school were converted, and were now bringing up Christian families. But even had there been no conversion, the influence diffused by those who left their schools was worth all the money and trouble expended. Our educating agencies show the Chinese that our religion is not an ignorant superstition. Each school formed a nucleus of influence.

MEDICAL PRACTICE.

Mr. Hartwell had had opportunity of seeing the effect of medical practice by men who knew but little about medicine. At Tung Chow they had been compelled to undertake the work of healing diseases, and in spite of their assuring the people that they were not doctors, they attained a reputation throughout the neighborhood; but what was needed was a medical mission, carried on by thoroughly educated and competent men. He did not believe in the medical missionary combining preaching with his other duties. Such men in China had neither made good doctors nor good missionaries. He would have a medical missionary devote his whole time to his own special work. It must not be forgotten that the labor of acquiring the language was greater to a medical man than to the ordinary missionary, as in addition to the ordinary stock of words, he had to acquire a large medical vocabulary. Another portion of the work of a medical missionary was to disseminate truth regarding science. With this field of knowledge they were better acquainted than most ministers, and this in itself might be a means of introducing more enlightened views regarding medicine.

RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

Mr. Hartwell thought that in some respects the religions of China must necessarily be diametrically opposed to the religion they came to proclaim. Every heathen religion was a religion of works, our system was one of grace, and sooner or later we must come to this point of antagonism. There was no need, however, of our letting the Chinese feel we came to trample upon all they counted sacred. No one could live long in China without coming to some conclusion respecting the literary classes and their literature. They were not at liberty to treat lightly the sages of this country, while they did not profess divine inspiration, their writings contained great wisdom. Nor was it wise to overlook the immense influence the sages exerted in China. His own conviction was that Confucius and Mencius were sent of God. He was quite prepared to acknowledge that the absence of any knowledge of God which confronted them in China was more due to Confucius than to any other cause, still he regarded him as a messenger of God, and a teacher of morality. It was of great influence to introduce quotations from the Classics into their preaching with regard to the worship of ancestors; while they might uphold the respect which was paid, they must keep that respect from trenching upon the worship due to God alone.

LETTER FROM BROTHER M. T. YATES.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, October, 1874.

My new church will be completed, I hope, in a month. It will be called *Tsui Way Dong*, (The Baptist Church,) also a nice parsonage on the same lot (within fifty feet of my own house lot,) for the native pastor *Wong Ping Sung*. When completed every thing will be in a most satisfactory condition for the native pastor to look after the interest of the church during my absence, if I should leave again. My voice is about the same. I cannot sing or make a speech. When my church is completed, I shall consider the question of my duty in the matter. I have been urged to take the appointment of Secretary of Legation, and the United States Minister at Peking, when S. Wells Williams, L. L. D., the present incumbent, returns in the spring; but I have no ambition or inclination in that direction, and have so informed the Consul-General. I do not wish to leave my chosen field of labor.

Faithfully,

M. T. YATES.

