

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

"AND THE DESERT SHALL REJOICE AND BLOWN AS THE ROSE."

BY THE BOARD OF INDIAN MISSIONS.]

LOUISVILLE, KY., NOVEMBER, 1847.

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THE INDIAN ADVOCATE

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TERMS:

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From the Churchman's Penny Magazine, An Indian Family in the Oregon Territory.

Any one accustomed to read books of travels, will find frequent references in them to the missionaries we have sent out into foreign lands. These are almost universally in favor of the missionaries. Indeed, in a long course of such reading, the only remarks I have ever met with that have been otherwise, have been all written by men who are evidently loose in their moral feelings as well as in their religious opinions.

To my mind, testimonies of this kind to these devoted men come with much greater force than any other. They may not be more deserving of credit than what we hear concerning them from the avowed friends of missions; but they seem more deserving of it, as coming from impartial, and sometimes reluctant witnesses, men who have no end to answer in the testimony they give, but only relate things they themselves have seen them. They describe a missionary and his doings just as they describe a river and its windings, or a mountain and its cliffs—caring no more generally for the excellences of the one than for the beauty or magnificence of the other.

I send you, for the readers of your Magazine, an extract from a volume of travels which has just come into my hands. It is written by an American who appears to have gone into the much-talked-of Oregon Territory, on a tour of examination for the government of the United States. He is now in the heart of this territory at the Rocky Mountains, where the foot of civilized man seldom treads, and where the native Indian is still for the greater part in a state of savage wildness. I must premise that the writer, as his book shows, is by no means a decidedly religious man.

About three o'clock we came into the camp of a middle-aged Skyuwa Indian, who was on his onward march from the buffalo hunt in the mountain valleys. Learning that this Indian was proceeding to Dr. Whitman's mission establishment, where a considerable number of his tribe had pitched their tents for the approaching winter, I determined to leave the overland and accompany him there. My guide, Carbo, therefore, having explained my intentions to my new acquaintance, departed with the remainder of his charge for Ford Wall-walls.

"Crickle (in English, 'poor crane,') was a very kind man. Immediately after the departure of Carbo and his company, he turned my worn-out animals loose, and loaded my packs upon his own, gave me a splendid saddle horse to ride, and indicated by significant gestures that he would go a short distance that afternoon, in order to arrive at the mission early the next day. I gave my assent, and we were soon on our way.

"Having made about ten miles at sunset, we encamped for the night. I noticed during the day a degree of subservience towards each other in this family of savages, which I had never before observed in that race. When we halted for the night, two boys, Crickle's sons, were left behind.—They had been talking with their parents, and as the darkness came on left the trail (the track.) It was a half-hour before they made their appearance, and during

this time the parents exhibited a most affectionate solicitude for them. One of them was but three years old, and was lashed to the horse he rode; the other only seven years of age, young pilots in the wilderness at night! But the elder, true to the sagacity of his race, had taken his course and struck the brook on which we had encamped, within three hundred yards of us. The pride of the parents at this feat, and their ardent attachment to their children were perceptible in the pleasure with which they received them at their evening fire, and heard the relation of their childish adventure.

"The weather was so pleasant that no tent was pitched. The willows were bent, (beaten down,) and buffalo robes spread over them. Above these were laid other robes, on which my Indian host seated himself, with his wife and children on one side, and myself on the other. A fire burned brightly in front. Water was brought, and our evening ablutions having been performed, the wife presented a dish of meat to her husband, and another to myself. There was a pause. The woman seated herself between her children. The Indian then bowed his head and prayed to God: 'A wandering savage in Oregon,' the American writer exclaims in admiration, 'calling upon Jehovah in the name of Jesus Christ. After the prayer he gave meat to his children, and passed the fish to his wife.—While eating, the frequent repetition, in the most reverential manner, of the words 'Jehovah' and 'Jesus Christ,' led me to suppose they were covering on religious topics, and thus they passed an hour. Meanwhile, the exceeding weariness consequent on a long day's travel diminished me to seek rest.

"I had slumbered I know now not how long, when a strain of music awoke me. I was about rising to ascertain whether the sweet notes of Teller's Chant which I heard come to these solitudes from earth or from sky, when a full recollection of my situation, and of the religious character of my host, easily solved the rising inquiry, and induced me to observe instead of disturbing. The Indian family were engaged in their devotions. They were singing a hymn in the Nez Perces language. Having finished it, they all knelt and bowed their faces on the buffalo robes, and Crickle prayed long and fervently. Afterwards they sang another hymn, and then retired to rest. This was the first breathing of religious feeling that I had seen since leaving the United States, (three months)—a pleasant evidence that the Oregon wilderness was beginning to bear the rose of Sharon on its thousand hills, and that on the barren soil of the Skyuwa heart, were beginning to bud, and blossom, and ripen, the golden fruits of faith in Jehovah, and hope in an after state."

I know not what the feelings of your readers may be after perusing this narrative in its detached form, but if they read it as I did, among many revolting descriptions of ordinary Indian life, they would, I think, be feelings of delight and thankfulness; they would see, as I did, that the gospel of Jesus Christ is indeed a blessed gospel, and wonder at the efforts they make to send it to heathen lands. The writer arrives next day at this mission station, and gives a very pleasing account of what he saw there. The missionary and his wife, it is clear, are indefatigable in their labors for the good of the savage tribes around them, and happy and thankful among their labors and hardships. With reference

to the latter, the author says, speaking of a pleasant meal he took with them— "When the smoking vegetables, the hosing steak, bread white as snow, and the newly- churned gold butter graced the breakfast table, and the happy countenances hung around, I could with difficulty believe myself in a country so far distant from, and so unlike my native land in all its features. But, during breakfast, this pleasant illusion was dispelled, our steak was of horse flesh. On such meat this family subsist most of the time. It enables them to exist to do the Indian good, and this satisfies them." "I risked myself, the traveller, on his departure from the station, engages as his future guide, and when the poor fellow eventually falls sick and is left behind, he bears his strong testimony to him— "He was an honest, honorable man, and I can never think of all his kind acts to me from the time I met him on the plain beyond the Walla walla mission, till I left him sick on the banks of the Columbia, without wishing for an opportunity to testify my sense of his moral worth in some way, which shall yield him a substantial reward for all he suffered in my service."

From the Christian Citizen.

THE PACIFIC CHARACTER OF THE INDIAN.

What now shall we say of the poor Indian?—What shall we speak of him as a being that is fierce, fiendish and unmerciful? Is he then indeed without moral principle, a "truce-breaker," and opposed to measures of peace? Verily not! We consider this not his true original character. However historians may have misrepresented the poor Indian, however much the white man has mistreated him in his home of peace—however much he may have been maddened into rage by opposition and cruelty, and however much he may have sought just revenge—I shall not now stop to consider. But let us take the Indian as we find him—in his forest home—in his peaceful dwelling by the pleasant streams and among the woodlands of our western world.

Let us consider him as a native, a citizen, and a Christian. As a native, he ranges wide and free—he claims the wide forest as his home—as his undisputed right—as his own lawful hunting-ground. His real wants are few, and easily satisfied. He gains his subsistence by hunting and fishing. When plenty of game crowns his efforts, his heart is filled with gratitude and contentment. His habits are roving—to no fixed spot has nature fixed his seat nor confined his home. His home is everywhere. The green earth is his carpet—the skies his canopy—the birds his living hat—the woods his shadowy bower—the bounding deer his noblest prospect—the sequestered rivulet the place of his most pensive melodies.—Dear as life are his attachments to his own tribe—to his own household. He provokes not resentment, and renews not ill provoked. He lives in peace with his fellow men as long as his fellow men are at peace with him. Turn your head against his best interests, and see if his hand be not put turned against thee. But bless him, and you become his sincere and perpetual friend. Do good to him, and he will ever do good to you.

As a citizen in a Christian republic the Indian is industrious, peaceable, generous, constant, full of energy, and

cable, and noble hearted. In attestation of these distinguishing traits of a good citizen, I might direct you to numerous instances of thrilling and illustrious character now upon record.— But as I seek brevity, I will introduce one fact only—well known to all—as illustrative of the amicable and pacific character of the Indian as native—as citizen.

Most heroic white men took possession of their colonies in the United States with arms in hands. To such the red man was a sworn and uncompromising foe. But not such do you find the Indian, when you proffer terms of peace. "Fierce Indian wars disturbed the tranquility of other colonies" but men of amicable and peaceable principles, such as William Penn and his associates, were received and cherished as friends and benefactors, and never did such lose a drop of blood by Indian aggression. "Such is the testimony of history to the safety of pacific measures."

Turn your eyes for a moment, if you please, to the large elm tree at Shakamoxon, near Philadelphia, where Wm. Penn formed his grand treaty with the Indians. Here you have a sublime exhibition of the noble and peaceable character of the Indian, when as a citizen of great commonwealth, he is treated with great civility and philanthropy—stipulated with, on amicable terms, and with the brotherhood that should characterize all nations, he is acknowledged as a bond of kindred consanguinity. See the Indians on that memorable spot, under the wide spreading tree! How lovely the scene! how sacred the hour! Wm. Penn stands in the midst of this noble assembly, and thus addresses them:—"We meet on the broad pathway of faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely, nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendships between me and you, I will not compare to a chain; for that the rain might rust, and a falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."

These, fellow-citizens, are peace principles.—They are noble sentiments from a noble heart.—They speak volumes against war, and in favor of pacific measures. But how were these glowing words of Penn received and cherished and responded to by the children of the forest. Hear them in their own "declaration of peace"—"We will live in love with Wm. Penn and his children, as long as the moon and sun endure." But were they true to their treaty of peace? did they keep their sacred covenant? Were they faithful in their attachment to the great mind? Penn and his posterity? They were—and that nobly, too! For they returned to their wigwams, kept the history of the covenant by strings of wampum, and long afterward in their cabins would count over the shells on a clear piece of bark, and recall to their own memory, and repeat to their children or to the stranger, the words of Wm. Penn." Here the world is presented with a true picture of the Indian as a native citizen. And from the general survey, we may fairly deduce this important testimony in favor of the Indian:—the Indian will live at peace with all

men if all men will live at peace with the Indian.

But as a Christian, the Indian is most devout, sincere, uniform, charitable and dignified. I have attended their worship, and united with them in their devotions. They are more devout and deeply fervent in their spiritual invocations, than any people among whom I have ever worshiped. They use the name of the Most High with most profound reverence, while their worship is conducted with becoming and Christian-like decorum. While hymning the praise of God, oft have I seen the big tear of love and gratitude steal down their cheeks. I have seen them mingle with the white man in worshipping the Most High. What could appear more lovely, charitable, more like brothers of the same household, more like being "fellow-citizens with the saints!" "How good and how pleasant a thing is it, thus to see brethren dwell together in unity," and under the same canopy worship the God of our fathers. As a native, the poor Indian is not to be despised and maltreated; as a citizen, he is to be respected and esteemed; as a Christian, admired and beloved.

"I venerate the pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead;
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws,
He turned to nature for a creed.
Beneath the pillard dome,
We seek our God in prayer;
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
And the Great Spirit worship there.
But our fellow-tribe with us he felt;
To one Divinity with us he knelt—
Freedom, the self-freedom we adore,
Bade him defend his violated shore."
—*Urbana, O., March, 1847.*

THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

LOUISVILLE, NOVEMBER, 1847.

Rooms of the American Indian Mission Association, No. 78, 3d street, between Market and Jefferson.

Letters on business connected with the Indian Mission Association, should be addressed to Rev. SIDNEY DYER, Corresponding Secretary; and those containing remittances to C. VAN BUSKIRK, Esq., Treasurer, Louisville, Ky. Office No. 511 Main street.

OUR PAPER.

We send forth the Indian Advocate, this month, on good paper, and printed with new type; and we ask our readers to read it, and determine whether it is not fully worth *twenty-five cents a year!* if so, give the Board your aid in giving it a wider circulation. Let each friend of the Indian, see how many subscribers he can obtain; and we make the following proposition:—the person who will obtain the largest number of subscribers for the Indian Advocate, and forward us the money, shall be made a life member of the Association.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The attention of the friends of Indian Missions, is called to the following preamble and resolutions, passed at the last meeting of the Board; by a careful observance of the requests contained therein, much unnecessary trouble will be saved the Board.

Whereas, experience, has demonstrated the importance of communicating through the organ of the Board monthly, an account of all money received for Indian Missions. Therefore,

Resolved, That hereafter the Corresponding Secretary, keep a standing account in the columns of the Advocate,

that all persons remitting money for Indian Missions, remit the same to C. Van Buskirk, Treasurer, and all persons coming to the city, and having money to pay to our Treasurer, be requested to call at the Store of Rupert, Lindenberger & Co., No. 511 Main-street, Louisville, and pay over the same. That being the office of the Treasurer.

Resolved, That papers in the different States, exchanging with the Advocate, be requested to publish no above notice.

ANNUAL MEETING AT NASHVILLE.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the American Indian Mission Association, was held in the Meeting house of the First Baptist church, in Nashville, Tennessee.

A very large delegation was present, coming from eight or ten different States. The business was very harmoniously and expeditiously disposed of although several subjects of a grave and important nature were brought before the Association.

The interest manifested by our Tennessee brethren in the objects of our organization, both by word and deed, was highly gratifying, and we number them as among the warmest friends of the Indian Mission. The fact that the attendance of the citizens was not larger, was in nowise, in our opinion, owing to any lack of interest or preparation on the part of the brethren in Nashville, but should be attributed to other causes. The Legislature had just commenced its session, and was engaged in electing local officers, in which the mass felt much interested; many were engaged in repairing the effects of the *Mississippi explosion* which had just occurred; while others were attracted to witness the ceremonies performed at the dedication of the new Catholic cathedral.

The presence of brethren Potts and Islands, from the Indian country, added much to the interest of the occasion; and their interesting addresses were well calculated to arouse all to the exercise of greater zeal and devotion in laboring for the salvation of the aborigines of the land.

The Annual Report is now in the hand of the printer, and will soon be distributed broad cast over the land, that the churches may read how the Lord has most signally blessed our efforts, and thus be impelled to come up to the noble work, and help it onward. Upwards of a thousand dollars was received into the treasury during the continuance of the meeting.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

About a dozen little girls connected with the Sabbath school of the First Baptist church, made up in about nine months, upwards of forty-two dollars for the Indians. How many wealthy churches there are in the land, who have not given for five years, half this amount. Will not these little girls at the judgment day, stand the best chance of being approved as faithful servants? This year they say they intend to make up one hundred.

ORDINATION OF A MISSIONARY.

A council was convened at New Carlisle, Ohio, on the 13th instant, for considering the propriety of setting apart to the work of the Christian ministry, Bro. Americus L. Hay, a licentiate of the Baptist church, in the above named place. Rev. C. A. Clark, agent of the American and Foreign Bible Society, was chosen Moderator, and Rev. F. Snyder, of Dayton, Clerk. After the Council was duly organized, Bro. Hay, gave a relation of his christian experience, call to the work of the ministry, and views of christian Theology, all of which, being considered highly satisfactory, it was resolved, to proceed to ordain him in the following order:

Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. C. A. Clark, of Greenfield.

Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. W. S. Roberts, Pastor of the Church.

Charge by Rev. S. Dyer, Corresponding Secretary A. I. M. Association. Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. F. Snyder, of Dayton.

Although the day was very inclement, and the attendance consequently small, yet the services were deeply interesting.

On the 14th, it being Sabbath, three services were held, which were attended by large congregations, and a deep interest manifested in the future success and welfare of our beloved young brother, who was born and raised among them; but the most affecting scene, was the parting between the widowed mother and her only son, and the bestowal of the last kiss from the pure lips of affectionate sisters. All eyes were bathed in tears, and many were the audible prayers for God's blessing upon the departing Missionary.

Bro. Hay is to locate among the Creeks, at North Fork Town, the residence of our excellent Bro. Islands, who will thus be relieved of some of his onerous duties, and his exhausted constitution permitted to gather strength from rest.

Brother Hay is now on the way to his station, which he will probably reach the first of December.

OUR AGENTS.

Rev. V. R. THORNTON, General Agent for Georgia.

Rev. G. B. DAVIS, Alabama and Tennessee.

Rev. I. TICHENOR, Mississippi.

In addition to the above, the Secretaries of the Southern Baptist Convention, Rev. J. B. TAYLOR, and Rev. E. HOLMAN, are authorized to act as agents.

RETIREMENT OF A MISSIONARY.

Dr. J. Lykins, after a quarter of a century's missionary service, has deemed it his duty to retire. His resignation has been accepted by the Board. He will, however, remain in the Indian country as physician to the Patawampus, among whom he will, we have no doubt, continue to exert an influence for good. In his retirement, he will carry with him the best wishes of the Board for his future prosperity and happiness.

The poor Patawampus must not be neglected, who will take our brother's place!

VISIT OF BRETHREN POTTS AND ISLANDS IN LOUISVILLE.

Brethren Potts and Islands, from the Indian country, spent the first Sabbath in the present month, in this city; and addressed crowded congregations in the First and Second Baptist churches. They were listened to with the deepest attention, and the nervous lips and tearful eyes, seen in every part of the house, testified to the power of their eloquence, and the interest felt in the subject of their communications. Their visit among us will be remembered, and will no doubt, produce an increased and permanent zeal in behalf Indian reform.

Brother Islands' health was so poor as to make it necessary for him to return to his home without delay. He left with Potts, Nov. 10; and it is hoped, has before this arrived safely at the North Fork, the place of residence.

DESIGNATION AND DEPARTURE OF A MISSIONARY.

Appropriate exercises were held in the meeting house of the First Baptist church, in this city, on Sabbath 21st inst., for the purpose of setting apart Rev. A. L. Hay, as a Missionary to the Creek Indians. The house was crowded with deeply interested spectators. The services were conducted by brethren Sears, Keen, Morse, Willard, Porter, Dyer, and the candidate.

Brother Hay is to locate in the North Fork Town, the residence of our excellent brother Islands, whom he is to relieve of some share of his arduous duties, and thus, it is fondly hoped, prolong his invaluable life.

Brother Hay left on Monday, 23d instant, for his station, and carries with him the ardent prayers of the Board, and also we have no doubt, the prayers of all the friends of the cause of our blessed Redeemer, for his future success in the chosen field of his labor.

COMMUNICATIONS.

POST SMITH, Oct. 15, 1847.

This day I have returned from my last visit to the Choctaws, Creeks and Cherokees. Things are onward as it regards the Saviour's Kingdom. Last Sabbath immersed six at Weber's Falls among the Cherokees, and administered the Lord's Supper to the newly organized church, now amounting to 38 members. The Arkansas again received those disciples of Christ into its bosom, and the venerable trees upon its banks furnished a cooling retreat, while I had—once more to point my hearers to the God of nature and salvation. Five have been received for baptism at North Fork, and should our Brother Islands not return by the 1st Sabbath in November, shall act as his substitute at the baptismal waters. One has also been received at Pleasant Bluff, and three have offered themselves at Fort Smith. There are favorable indications at other places among the Choctaws. They have experienced much fatigue this journey, and have been unwell occasionally, continued riding, &c., has acted almost like a charm, and I feel to-day as brisk as ever. One thousand miles per yr. and sometimes more, remains some little resolution that double this would be no object had I sufficient strength. Nevertheless I do my work very peaceably indeed, I know I cannot do it long. The Lord I trust and want I trust is acceptable to him who does not give the measure. The receipting

time is fast approaching. Blissful period! where all God's faithful ministers and people will shout the harvest-home. And shall I be there? Jesus whispers, "Of those of little faith, why shouldst thou doubt?"

PETITION OF MISSIONARY AID.

To the Board of the American Indian Mission Association.

DEAR BRETHREN:—At a meeting of the First Baptist Church of Christ, of the Choctaw Nation, held on Saturday the 19th of Sept., the undersigned were appointed a committee to earnestly petition you to send us a preacher of the gospel.

The reasons with which we might urge our request before you are many. Time and space will allow us to ad-vance but few.

Our beloved pastor, who has been la-boring faithfully for nearly thirteen years, and who has almost worn himself out in the work, is so closely con-fined to his duties as Superintendent of Armstrong Academy, that he is able to travel but very little to supply the many destitute places around us.

The people are ready to hear the gos-pel. They are sending request after request, that the word of life may be sent to them. They are asking us again and again to establish preaching in their neighborhoods. But our hands are tied. We have no one to send.— It makes our hearts bleed, and fills us with sorrow to hear these prayers and not be able to send help. We want a man to preach to the people—to tell the poor dying Choctaws of Jesus Christ, to take him by the hand and lead him away to that dear blessed Saviour, who is such a kind friend to poor sinners. Oh, brethren! will you not send us a man!

Is there not some one who loves Jesus Christ and the souls of the poor Choctaws, who is willing to come and labor with us? We know you will have to give up friends and many privileges and comforts which you now enjoy, but Oh, remember what the dear Redeemer has done for you; what he suf-fered that wicked sinners might live; and then can you not come and wear out your lives to save our perishing friends around us.

Again, the members of our church are scattered over a wide tract of coun-try. They are like sheep without a shepherd. They have no one to in-struct them and lead them. We fear some of them are getting so far away into the woods that the wolves will har-ness and destroy them. We want an under-shepherd to guide them and carry the lambs in his bosom. We want some one to look after and encourage them. Can you not send us a faithful shepherd? We need a man to travel about the neighborhood, and devote himself entirely to preaching the gospel and looking after the flock. We would also request that he be a man whose talents and education be such, that he will be able to contend successfully with the erroneous doctrines taught in our midst.

We send this, our fervent petition by the hand of our beloved pastor, who will be able further to represent our wants, earnestly praying that our re-quest may be granted.

Your Brethren in a precious Saviour,
SARVEE WOODBURN,
WILLIAM LUCAS,
P. F. BAKER.

The above petition being read be-fore the church, all present, united and cheer-fully unite in the request.
P. F. B.

From the Tennessee Baptist GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

We give to-day the proceedings of this body at its last annual session.— The meeting of the Tennessee Bible

Society took place on Friday. Open- ing address by brother O. J. Fisk. His theme was, "The Reasons for the For- mation of the Baptist American and Foreign Bible Society." This separation the speaker justified in a clear and mas- terly manner. Although the subject was familiar, we have seldom listened to an address with more interest. It was worthy the speaker and the occa- sion. We are happy in announcing to our readers that it is under revision for the columns of the Baptist, agreeable to a resolution of the Society.

On Saturday the General Association convened. The Introductory Dis- course by the Junior Editor: Text, "As we have opportunity let us do good unto ALL men." The Associa- tion was then organized by brother How- ell. Several distinguished brethren from abroad were introduced to the meeting: Bro. James B. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., Cor. Sec. of the Southern Baptist Convention; bro. R. Holman, of Marion, Ala., Cor. Sec. of the Domestic Mission Board; bro. T. Haynes, Agent of the Southern Pub. Soc. Charleston, and bro. E. Collins, Delegate from the Western District. Here too we saw for the first time the devoted Potts, Prin- cipal of the Armstrong Academy, Indian Territory, and now for nearly 25 years a missionary among the Indians; and the native convert and Baptist preacher Bro. Islands, the Paul of the Creeks, and the Apollus of any nation. The presence of these brethren added an uncommon interest to the whole meet- ing.

Saturday was spent as usual in or- ganization, receiving letters from churches, receiving reports from the various secretaries and treasurers, and appointing committees, etc. etc. Day very wet. Preaching at night by bro. Bidenthal. Sabbath morning the rain continued to fall in torrents until about ten o'clock; consequently not a very large audience collected. Bro. Hol- man, of Alabama, preached, with his distinguishing clearness, on "Practical Godliness, from the 43d of Isaiah, "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." This was an admirable discourse; would that every Baptist in the State could have heard it. He was followed by bro. Taylor: Theme, "The Progress and ultimate Triumph of Christianity," well designed to inspire every heart with a missionary spirit. Brother T. is not a stormy, or flighty speaker; but the simplicity of his manner, his pathet- ic and earnest address, are calculated to impress his hearers and imbue them with his own spirit. A very handsome collection was then taken up for foreign missions. After a short recess, a large congregation was addressed by brother Potts, stating the condition of the Indian tribes; and afterwards by bro. Islands. This sermon we cannot describe. It passes our powers of description.— "Twas an Indian's experience—how a poor heathen Red-Man found the Saviour, with no one to direct him to the Cross.— Its effect on the audience was indescribable. Scarcely was there a dry cheek in the house, but loud sob- bings often interrupted the speaker, and caused portions of his narrative to be unheard. At the close, he came down from the stand, and the brethren gave him the hand. Here, again, was a scene no pen can describe; 'twas enough to have convinced an infidel of the reality and truth of religion 'twas a genuine *lacrime fusa*. The col- lection for brother Islands amounted to \$30. Thus closed one of the most pleasant and profitable Sabbaths in our life, and this sentiment we heard fall from the lips of many a brother.— "Twas a precious day. When we left the church the sun was going down. Bro. Islands preached at night, from his favorite text, "Thou shalt be a tower in the straight gate." 'Twas a fine ef- fort, and made a good impression.

From the Christian Index: INDIAN MISSION ASSOCIATION.

This body held its anniversary in Nashville, 28th Oct. and day following. Neither the President nor any of the Vice Presidents were in attendance.— Rev. A. Sherwood was chosen Presi- dent *pro tem*. Bro. Mr. Sears preached the annual sermon at night, and to teach all nations." &c. The report of the Treasurer furnishes the pleasing fact that more than \$2,000 over the receipts of last year were in the treasury; yet only one sustained agent in the field, except one other for about two months! The Advocate, the organ of the Board, is regarded as having done much to rouse up the churches to the work of duty. The presence of Mr. Potts, the superintendent of Armstrong Academy, and of Joseph Island, a native Creek, added much to the interest of the meeting.

The next meeting is to be held in Augusta the last of October, 1845, and a semi-annual meeting in Lebanon, Ohio. Dr. Howell is to preach the in- troductory in August.

About forty ministers were present, chiefly from Kentucky and Tennessee, though a few were from Mississippi— Mr. Holman from Ala., and J. B. Tay- lor, from Richmond, Va.

The meeting was one of harmony and good feeling. Mr. A. L. Hay was appointed a missionary for the Creeks, and would start for his destination in November.

The messengers from Georgia failed to attend. Two or three missionaries are greatly needed; Mr. Potts, who has labored single-handed among the Choctaws some 12 years, made a power- ful appeal for one to go with him; but after Mr. Island had stated his wants and his own declining health and need of help or the mission must cease, Mr. P. nobly responded. "Let the first man go to the Creeks—I am not so nearly worn out as is Bro. Islands." The effect was electric—every one felt that he was making a noble sacrifice for the good of others, and could not but approve the motive. God bless the missions among the red men.

SENIOR. From the Banner and Pioneer. A MISSIONARY MEETING AT GEORGETOWN.

The Rev. A. L. Hay, having been appointed to labor among the Choctaw and Creek Indians, as a school teacher and preacher, was set apart for that pur- pose by a very interesting ceremonial at Nashville, during the recent meeting of the Association there.

Mr. H. having recently finished a partial course of study at Georgetown College, it was deemed desirable to have some public service which might en- able his late friends here to show him their interest in him and his mission, and at the same time bring the Indian Mission before the students and congre- gation. Accordingly, on Tuesday evening, the 9th inst., according to previ- ous notice, a meeting was held in the new Baptist meeting house.

The services were opened with read- ing the Scriptures, by the Rev. D. E. Campbell. Rev. H. Hay, professor of mathematics, addressed the audience. Brother Hay gave some account of the state and prospects of the mission.— Rev. H. Malcom addressed the candi- date at some length. Mr. Hagerty Con- dale, a student, who has offered himself to the services of the Southern Board as a Missionary to the East, made some remarks, and the pastor followed, and closed the meeting.

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SACRIFICE OF THE MISSIONA- RY WORK.

The missionary enterprise contem- plates such sacrifices as can be met only by steady principle. It supposes that there must be great self-denials, great expenditures, great sufferings.— It was an elementary idea in the work of the Saviour when he undertook our redemption, that he was to be poor, despised, and forsaken; that he was to grapple, single-handed, with the most mighty enemy of God that the universe contains; that he was to endure the keenest tortures which the human frame could be made to bear. It was an elementary idea in the religion of Paul, that he was to abandon his splendid prospects of distinction; that he was to look away from the honors of scholar- ship, office, or eloquence which had glistered in his youthful eye; that he was to leave his country and his home; that his dwelling was to be among stran- gers, and that his life was to be spent "in perils of waters and of robberies, in perils among his own countrymen and among the heathen, in the city, in the wilderness, in the sea, and among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings and hunger and thirst, and fastings and cold and nakedness."

The great enterprise in which the church is embarked, now involves simi- lar sacrifices and self-denials. His father is to be ready to part with his own—the pride of his heart and the an- ticipated glory of his age—the son whose only comfort has been radiant on the light of the morning without clouds, and who is qualified by native endow- ments to adorn the bar, the bench, or the senate chamber—no preach the gospel to strangers, and to lay his hand on him and bless him, as the ship is leav- ing from her moorings, depending to

time is fast approaching. Blisful period where all God's faithful ministers and people will about the harvest-home. And shall I be there? Jesus whispers, "Of thou of little faith, why shouldst thou doubt?"

PETITION OF MISSIONARY AID.

To the Board of the American Indian Mission Association.

DEAR BRETHREN:—At a meeting of the First Baptist Church of Christ, of the Choctaw Nation, held on Saturday the 19th of Sept., the undersigned were appointed a committee to earnestly petition you to send us a preacher of the gospel.

The reasons with which we might urge our request before you are many. Time and space will allow us to advance but few.

Our beloved pastor, who has been laboring faithfully for nearly thirteen years, and who has almost worn himself out in the work, is so closely confined to his duties as Superintendent of Armstrong Academy, that he is able to travel but very little to supply the many destitute places around us.

The people are ready to hear the gospel. They are sending requests after request, that the word of life may be sent to them. They are asking us again and again to establish preaching in their neighborhoods. But our hands are tied. We have no one to send. It makes our hearts bleed, and fills us with sorrow to hear those prayers and not be able to send help. We want a man to preach to the people—to tell the poor dying Choctaws of Jesus Christ, to take him by the hand and lead him away to that dear blessed Saviour, who is such a kind friend to poor sinners. Oh, brethren will you not send us a man!

Is there not some one who loves Jesus Christ and the souls of the poor Choctaws, who is willing to come and labor with us? We know you will have to give up friends and many privileges and comforts which you now enjoy, but Oh, remember what the dear Redeemer has done for you; what he suffered that wicked sinners might live; and then can you not come and wear out your lives to save our perishing friends around us.

Again, the members of our church are scattered over a wide tract of country. They are like sheep without a shepherd. They have no one to instruct them and lead them. We fear some of them are getting so far away into the woods that the wolves will harass and destroy them. We want an under-shepherd to guide them and carry the lambs in his bosom. We want some one to look after and encourage them. Can you not send us a faithful shepherd? We need a man to travel about the neighborhood, and devote himself entirely to preaching the gospel and looking after the flock. We would also request that he be a man whose talents and education be such, that he will be able to contend successfully with the erroneous doctrines taught in our midst.

We send this, our fervent petition by the hand of our beloved pastor, who will be able further to represent our wishes, earnestly praying that our request may be granted.

Your Brethren in a genuine Service,
SAMUEL WOODMAN,
WILLIAM LEWIS,
P. P. BROWN.

The above petition being read before the church, all present, united and cheerfully unite in the request.

P. P. B.
From the Tennessee Baptist General Association.

We give to-day the proceedings of this body of its last annual session. The meeting of the Tennessee Bible

Society took place on Friday. Opening address by brother O. J. Fish. His theme was, The Reasons for the Formation of the Baptist American and Foreign Bible Society. This separation the speaker justified in a clear and masterly manner. Although the subject was familiar, we have seldom listened to an address with more interest. It was worthy the speaker and the occasion. We are happy in announcing to our readers that it is under revision for the columns of the Baptist, agreeable to a resolution of the Society.

On Saturday the General Association convened. The Introductory Discourse by the Junior Editor: Text, "As we have opportunity let us do good unto all men." The Association was then organized by brother Howell. Several distinguished brethren from abroad were introduced to the meeting: Bro. James B. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., Cor. Sec. of the Southern Baptist Convention; bro. R. Holman, of Marion, Ala., Cor. Sec. of the Domestic Mission Board; bro. T. Haynes, Agent of the Southern Pub. Soc. Charleston, and bro. E. Collins, Delegate from the Western District. Here too we saw for the first time the devoted Potts, Principal of the Armstrong Academy, Indian Territory, and now for nearly 25 years a missionary among the Indians; and the native convert and Baptist preacher, Bro. Islands, the Paul of the Creeks, and the Apolos of any nation. The presence of these brethren added an uncommon interest to the whole meeting.

Saturday was spent as usual in organization, receiving letters from churches, receiving reports from the various secretaries and treasurers, and appointing committees, etc. etc. Day very wet. Preaching at night by bro. Healdenthal. Sabbath morning the rain continued to fall in torrents until about ten o'clock; consequently not a very large audience collected. Bro. Holman, of Alabama, preached, with his distinguishing clearness, on Practical Godliness, from the 43d of Isaiah, "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." This was an admirable discourse, would that every Baptist in the field could have heard it. He was followed by bro. Taylor: Theme, The Progress and ultimate Triumph of Christianity—well designed to inspire every heart with a missionary spirit. Brother T. is not a stowey, or flighty speaker; but the simplicity of his manner, his pathos and earnest address, are calculated to impress his hearers and imbue them with his own spirit. A very handsome collection was then taken up for foreign missions. After a short recess, a large congregation was addressed by brother Potts, stating the condition of the Indian tribes; and afterwards by bro. Islands. This sermon we cannot describe. It passes our powers of description.—Twas an Indian's experience—how a poor benighted Red Man found the Saviour, with no one to direct him to the Cross. His effort on the audience was indelible. Scarcely was there a dry cheek in the house, but loud sobbing when interrupted the speaker, and several portions of his narrative, to be echoed. At the close, he came down from the stand, and the brethren gave him the hand. Here, again, was a scene so just can describe; 'twas enough to have contained an India of the reality and truth of religion; 'twas a grand old feat. The collection by brother Islands amounted to \$200. Then, closed one of the most pleasant and profitable sessions in our life, and this sentiment we heard fill down the lips of many a brother—'Twas a precious day. When we left the church the sun was going down. Bro. Howell preached at night, from his favorite text, "Try to enter in at the straight gate." 'Twas a fine effort, and made a good impression.

From the Christian Index.

INDIAN MISSION ASSOCIATION.

This body held its anniversary in Nashville, 28th Oct. and day following. Neither the President nor any of the Vice Presidents were in attendance.—Rev. A. Sherwood was chosen President pro tempore. Rev. Mr. Sears preached the annual sermon at night: "Go to teach all nations." &c. The report of the Treasurer furnishes the pleasing fact that more than \$2,000 over the receipts of last year were in the treasury; yet only one sustained agent in the field, except one other for about two months! The Advocate, the organ of the Board, is regarded as having done much to rouse up the churches to the work of duty. The presence of Mr. Potts, the superintendent of Armstrong Academy, and of Joseph Island, a native Creek, added much to the interest of the meeting.

The next meeting is to be held in August the last of October, 1848, and a semi-annual meeting in Lebanon, Ohio. Dr. Howell is to preach the introductory in August.

About forty ministers were present, chiefly from Kentucky and Tennessee, though a few were from Mississippi—Mr. Holman, from Ala., and J. B. Taylor, from Richmond, Va.

The meeting was one of harmony and good feeling. Mr. A. L. Hay was appointed a missionary for the Creeks, and would start for his destination in November.

The messengers from Georgia failed to attend. Two or three missionaries are greatly needed. Mr. Potts, who has labored single-handed among the Choctaws some 12 years, made a powerful appeal for one to go with him; but after Mr. Island had stated his wants and his own declining health and need of help or the mission must cease, Mr. P. nobly responded, "Let the first man go to the Creeks—I am not so nearly worn out as is Bro. Islands." The effect was electric—every one felt that he was making a noble sacrifice for the good of others, and could not but approve the motive. God bless the missions among the red men.

SENIOR.

From the Banner and Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MEETING AT GEORGETOWN.

The Rev. A. L. Hay, having been appointed to labor among the Choctaw and Creek Indians, as a school teacher and preacher, was set apart for that purpose by a very interesting ceremonial at Nashville, during the recent meeting of the Association there.

Mr. H. having recently finished a partial course of study at Georgetown College, it was deemed desirable to have a public service which might enable his late friends here to show him their interest in him and his mission, and at the same time bring the Indian Mission before the students and congregation. Accordingly, on Tuesday evening, the 9th inst., according to previous notice, a meeting was held in the new Baptist meeting house.

The services were opened with reading the Scriptures, by the Rev. D. R. Campbell. Rev. H. Day, professor of mathematics, addressed the audience. Brother Hay gave some account of the state and prospects of the mission.

Rev. H. Malcom addressed the candidates at some length. Mr. Harvey Goodale, a student, who has offered himself as a missionary to the East, made some remarks, and the pastor followed, and closed the evening.

Several prayers were offered, and missionary addresses sung, and the whole meeting was one of deep interest. Brother Hay is much beloved in Georgetown, and seems to be qualified, in an uncommon degree, for his great

task. He seemed entirely happy at the prospect of being soon in the midst of his new labors, and anxious to commence.

It is gratifying to see our beloved College thus beginning to send out its sons to the various departments of holy enterprise. Already we see them occupying important stations in Missouri, Louisiana and Mississippi, as well as Kentucky; both as pastors and school teachers. With such encouragement as the fruit of a few years, what may we not hope for in a century? M.

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