

# Indian Advocate.

"And the Desert shall Rejoice and Blossom as the Rose."

BY THE BOARD OF INDIAN MISSIONS.

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## THE INDIAN ADVOCATE.

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From the Southern Lady's Companion.

### LITTLE JANE A True Story

BY SAMUEL M. FORD.

It was a calm summer evening. The sun had gone down, and the western clouds, radiant with golden splendor, shed a loveliness over the gathering twilight. The stars were peeping out from the sky, and a light fanning breeze blew gently from the river. It was a Sabbath evening and all around was still. On the left, over against the blue sky, rose the towering bluffs in rude sublimity. To the right lay the town, now hushed in silence, and beyond it the river, stretching far miles before the eye, rolled on in majestic grandeur. The moon was walking forth and the starry hosts were gathering. All nature seemed a temple and every object a worshipper, whose deep and silent praises ascended to the throne.

"What a lovely scene!" said the silvery voice of a female at my side, while her dark eye dilated with rapture. Oh! with what pleasure can that woman whose mind is trained, whose heart is sanctified, whose feelings and faculties are expanded and elevated, feast at the banquet of nature, revel amid its splendors, and drink rich delight from its streams of beauty. And such were the holy enjoyments of her who leaned on my arm. She is now gone to the grave. The soothing influence of her society will inspire me with gladness no more on earth; but still her image plays brightly before my mind; her piety, her purity, her sweet submission, can never be forgotten. She was my wife, my earthly all; dear indeed is her memory to me. We were going to see a little girl who was at the point of death.

"Well, Priscilla, you seem deeply interested in this little girl."

"Interested! I never saw such a child in my life. Why, she talks of death and heaven with the confidence of a saint."

"Her parents are religious, I believe."

"Her father is not, but her mother certainly is a very pious woman."

Our conversation here ceased, for we approached the neat little cottage in which the family resided. We entered the house of affliction. Her father, evidently in the bitterest agony, was pacing the floor. Beside the sick bed bowed the heart-stricken mother, whose sighs and prayers evinced her mingled anguish and submission.

"Oh! I am so glad you have come," said the sweet child, as she fixed her eyes, now sparkling with unusual brilliancy, upon us. She was about nine years of age. Peculiarly modest in her manner, she never attracted any special attention, though a regular attendant at the Sabbath-school of which I was superintendent. My wife had conversed with her the day previous, when in a most affecting manner she spoke of Christ, of her sin, pardoned through his death, of her hope of endless life. Drawing near to the bed on which she lay, I took her little hand in mine.

"Well, Jane, are you very sick?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, "I shall soon die."

"And where will you be then, Jane?"

"In heaven, sir; I'll be in heaven."

"And what makes you think you'll be in heaven, Jane?"

"Because Jesus died for me; don't you think he did, sir?"

"Yes, Jane; certainly Jesus Christ died for you, but how do you know that his death will bring you to heaven, Jane?"

"Because he said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' Didn't he say that, sir?"

"And have you ever gone to Jesus, Jane?"

"I have prayed to him, sir; don't it mean that?"

"Yes, Jane, that's the meaning of it, and do you think he has answered you?"

"Oh, yes!—bless the Lord!—I do love him! He has pardoned my sins. I am going to Jesus."

These and other broken sentences followed each other in rapid succession, while her pale face was lit up with heavenly smiles. Astonished, I looked around. What a scene! The mother still bowed

at the bedside, in tears—at the other side, her sisters and brothers, weeping as though they would break their little hearts—the father groaning aloud—fall prostrate in tears. 'T was the house of mourning.

"Will you pray with me?" said Jane.

"I was melted. I wept with the weeping group. We knelt down together. Our prayers were uttered in broken sighs. Death was in our midst; yet hope shed its following influence over our bleeding hearts. Surely some angel hovered over the spot, waiting to wait the ransomed spirit home. We arose from our knees, and all around was tranquil.

"Well, Jane, do you think the Lord has heard us?"

"Yes, sir; I know he has."

"And do you feel no fears of death?"

"Oh! no; I shall go to Jesus; I want to go."

"And what will you do when you are with Jesus, Jane?"

"He has pardoned my sins, and I will tell him I love him. Yes, that's what I'll do."

As she said these last words, her countenance kindled with delight, her strength failed, she closed her eyes—we thought in death. This is not a fiction scene. As the father of the child afterwards told me, he could not have believed it had been seen it described in a Sunday-school book, so some, perhaps, who read this, may be ready to doubt its truth. She soon opened her eyes and said, "Mother I've been in heaven, I want to go." She then turned to her father and said, "Father, won't you love Jesus Christ and serve him, and then get to heaven?"

Oh! 'twas touching to see that dying child exhorting that affectionate, weeping father. Calling her little brother to her, she said in a more calm manner, "Robert, I am going to die. I want you to be a good boy and love Jesus Christ." Her parting with her mother and my wife, was particularly affecting. I approached her but to bid her a last adieu, when lifting herself up, she threw her arms around my neck, pressed her cold lips to my cheek, fell back into her mother's arms and expired.

She fell asleep in Jesus, her spirit went up to the throne. I left the house, and as I gazed on the river rolling on in silence, and the stars twinkling in the blue depths of night, I thought how man, like that river, was passing swiftly on to the tomb; how the spirits of the righteous, like those distant ones, should shine forever in the galaxy of heaven. The following announcement of her death appeared in the weekly paper:

Died, in this city, on the 25th of June, Lucinda Jane, daughter of John H. and Lucretia Stokes, aged about nine years.

And is she gone? I watched her latest breath—Behold her struggling in the pains of death. I heard the heaving sigh, the dying groan. Her eyelids closed in death. Alas! she's gone—Gone from a world of woe and pain, and strife. To peaceful plains of pure celestial life.

"Jesus called little children unto him," she said.

"He can give brighter bliss than cannot fade. Oh, bless the Lord! I go to thee, My father, mother, friends, come go with me. Yes! as I the Saviour, heading from above. Received her spirit to the home of love."

"Mother, I've been to heaven, the lovely child With joy exclaimed—then like an angel smiled. Oh! 'twas the dawn of him a morning ray. Emitted from the realm of endless day. And now her spirit in joy's celestial light. Ranks in heaven's host of happy spirits bright."

You, lovely Jane is gone, but do not weep. Sweetly in Jesus' arms she fell asleep. Her raptured spirit from this sad place goes. By angels waited to her world above. All freed from toil and pain, completed now. Wound a bright wreath of glory on her brow.

Six months had passed away; the day was slowly breaking. My wife, my loved one, had just breathed her last. Chilled with this new affliction, I had retired to the corner of the porch, where I remained, unconscious of everything that was passing. A hand was gently laid on my arm, and a sweet voice now tremulous with emotion, thus addressed me: "You know what you told me when I that my little Jane, you told me to take comfort—she was in heaven."

"Yes," I answered, "she is in heaven; but I am here, desolate and lonely, in a miserable world."

Oh! how hard it is to receive the comfort we so readily give to others! When the stroke of affliction withers every joy, strips life of its verdure, and leaves us, like the blasted oak, seathed by the lightning of heaven—how hard it is to hope! how hard to submit!

"I have one request to ask," said he. "Your wife loved my Jane, pointed her to the Saviour—They are both in heaven now. I want them to be buried side by side."

"Thank God!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "she has not lived in vain, she has one star in her crown. Yes let them be buried together." My heart melted, we both wept. And there, beneath the green sward, in the lonely grave-yard, they will sleep on in silence till the resurrection morn, until Christ shall appear in the clouds of heaven, followed by the splendid train of angelic and blood washed spirits, to call up the slumbering dead and award the irrevocable allotments of eternity. And then shall the simple means blessed in the salvation of little Jane, be in vivid, permanent, and grateful recollection; while the deeds of arms, the pompousness of wealth, and the wonders of genius shrink to insignificance, or be lost in oblivion.

### Translation of the Bible into English.

Every lover of the Bible must be interested in knowing the facts associated with the translation of the Scriptures into the English language—a language spoken by so many millions of human beings—probably the vernacular tongue of more than of any other one language on the earth. In giving to man a revelation of his will, God evidently did not design that it should be shut up in the Hebrew, Greek, or Latin languages. Hence, by his providence, men were raised up, whose piety and literary qualifications, rendered them competent to translate the word of God into a language spoken by thousands, whose ignorance of other languages necessarily kept them in ignorance of the Bible.

The "venerable Bede," who died A. D. 735, furnished a translation of John's gospel into the Anglo-Saxon, just before his death. About two hundred years after that, King Alfred gave a translation of the Psalms. It remained for John Wickliffe, who was born in England in 1324, to prepare the first complete translation into English. This was translated not from the Hebrew and Greek, but the Ancient Vulgate, a Latin version which had been prepared by Jerome, in the fourth century. Wickliffe died in 1384. But his enemies would not permit his bones to rest peacefully in the grave. They were disinterred, burned to ashes, and thrown into the "Swiff"—a small brook, as alluding to this fact, Thomas Fuller says, "This brook has conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe, are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over." Wickliffe's Bible was translated before printing machines were invented, hence, in a manuscript form its circulation must necessarily have been comparatively limited. To William Tyndale belongs the honor of having taken the first steps toward giving to the English nation a Bible printed in their own tongue. In 1524 the gospels of Matthew and Mark were printed in Hamburg, and the whole of the New Testament 1534. Subsequently, in 1536, was printed the entire Bible, under the auspices of Miles Coverdale, who mostly followed Tyndale as far as he had gone; but without any other connection with him.

In the year 1537, a folio Bible was printed in a city of Germany, bearing the following title: *This Bible, which is the Holy Scripture, in which are contained the Old and New Testaments, truly and purely translated into English by Thomas Matthew. MDXXXVII.* This Thomas Matthew was none other than John Rogers, the Martyr, who was burned at the stake in the days of "Bloody Mary," and who went at that time by the name of Matthew. This translation is substantially the basis of all other translations into the English language, including the one now in common use. It contains Tyndale's labors as far as he had gone previous to his martyrdom—the Old Testament as far as the end of the 2nd book of Chronicles, and the whole of the New Testament. It is said that there is now in this country, in the hands of one of his descendants, a copy of the Bible used by this eminent martyr for Christ.

In the year 1540, the great Bible now called "Cranmer's Bible," first appeared. Cranmer's

Bible, which was translated by the royal command, differed but little from Tyndale's translation.

About 25 years after Tyndale translated the New Testament, it was revised by a different and more exalted scholar, and was printed in June 1567. This was the celebrated Geneva Testaments, and was the first English Testament divided into verses, and the way to a revision of the whole Bible. The next revision of this revised edition of the English Scriptures, was probably William Wieringh's. He was selected in the work by Anthony Day and Thomas Sampson. It was a very good improvement on the Geneva Bible, and was the first English Bible to be printed in England. It was revised and translated by English Scriptures, which has about eighty years been the Bible of the English nation.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth in 1568, what is known as the Bishop's Bible was published under the supervision of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was revised by a learned and pious man, nearly all of whom were Bishops. Hence the name of the work.

When James I. ascended the throne of England, in 1603, in compliance with a petition bearing the names of about one thousand ministers, a conference was called at Hampton Court for the purpose of *revising and determining things pretended to be amiss in the Church.* This conference consisted of six Puritan divines, nine Bishops, as many Catholic clergymen, and four divinity Professors from Cambridge. The result showed that this meeting was called to afford the King an opportunity to thunder his anathemas against the Puritans. In one respect, however, this conference was productive of great good. Dr. Reynolds, a staunch Puritan, and a bold advocate of his oppressed brethren, requested of the King that there might be a new translation of the Bible, "without note or comment." The King granted the request of Dr. Reynolds in the following form: "That a translation be made of the whole Bible, as consonant as can be to the original Hebrew and Greek, and this to be let out and printed without any marginal notes, and only to be used in all churches of England in time of divine service." About six months after this the scholars were chosen, (47 in number,) and soon entered upon their work. After seven years of severe toil, in the year 1611, the English version of the Bible, now in use among us, was completed.

Those who read the English Bible, and feel their souls with the precious truths it contains, should bear in mind that to procure for them in their own language the Word of God, Christian men have toiled hard, suffered reproach, and sighed in dungeons, and burned at the stake. The Papal church would have kept the Bible locked up in the Latin language, from the common people—could have substituted for it human inventions and superstitions.

But to set right all them, the sacred book In dusty repositories was long. As when the secrets of our native tongue, And he who guides the plough or tills the ground. With understanding spirit now may look Upon her records, listen to her song. And after long—much weeding that the wrong Which faith has suffered Heaven could easily bring. Translucent should gleam that earthly King Now bestowed to enlighten and bless. Under the weight of mortal weakness.

THE POWER OF HABIT.—"I trust everything, under God," said Lord Ebury, to "habit," upon which in all ages, the law-giver as well as the school-master has mainly placed his reliance, habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Male sobriety a habit, and temperance will be helpful; male prodigality a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown up, adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of impudence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an enactment in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.

Refrain not in giving of thy substance, but, in his righteous judgment, God should make barren thy vineyard, and leave thy denude.

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LOUISVILLE, AUGUST, 1853.

### Removal of the Rooms.

The Rooms of the Association have been removed to the corner of Third and Market streets, adjoining those occupied by the Western Recorder and Christian Repository; entrance on Third street.

### Agents for the Board.

Rev. R. W. Thomas, Gen. Agent for Kentucky.  
Rev. V. R. Thornton, Gen. Agent for Georgia.  
Rev. W. M. Manning, for Mississippi.  
Rev. A. G. Nugent, for Indiana and Illinois.  
Rev. B. Kimbrough, Tennessee.  
Rev. L. Comper, for Mississippi.

### Special Notice.

Letters on business connected with the Indian Mission Association, should be addressed to  
Our Secretary Am. Ind. Miss. Association  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Those containing remittances, to  
CHARLES S. TUCKER,  
Treasurer Am. Ind. Miss. Association  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

It is also particularly requested of all persons coming to the city, having in charge money for the Association, that they call at the Treasurer's Office 463 Main street, and pay it there.

It is known to the friends of the Indian Mission that at the last annual meeting of the American Indian Mission Association, I was appointed Corresponding Secretary, perhaps it would be superfluous to say that this was done entirely without my solicitation; but I can in truth say I very much regretted it at the time—not that I am unwilling to work for my divine Master anywhere, but I was and still feel doubtful of my ability to discharge the high trust committed to my hands. This, together with my devotion to pastoral life made me slow to act. But after much prayerful and painful anxiety, I resolved to yield to the solicitations of my brethren and the friends of Indian Missions.

In accepting a position involving such fearful responsibilities and laborious duties, I must beg the patient indulgence of my brethren towards my inexperience. It is a business to which I am unused and will necessarily fall into many blunders at the start, which experience and practice will correct. I have no selfish ambition to gratify in taking the position. I have ever felt and still feel that the pastoral office, in point of moral elevation and excellence, is above all, and he that descends from it to any other, leaves the greater for the less. The present profligate appropriation of preachers to the school room and agencies, is deplored by all the thinking men in the denomination. But if they refuse who is to do the work? Missionary organizations, schools and colleges have become necessary and useful auxiliaries to religion. But their proper management and support require great sacrifice and patient, self-denying devotion, which of necessity and by common consent must be made by preachers.

Our missionary organizations furnish the largest facilities for usefulness to the Baptist. If we neglect and suffer them to go down, their very destruction will be a burning reproach to our denomination, and we hold guilty before God. There is not a Baptist in the land but would have to bear the reproach, however obscure and careless he may be. Since, then, we must have these organizations, some one must see to their proper management. Why I have been chosen, to my present post the world must judge, and with their verdict, be it what it may, I will be content.

The only promise I have to make is to do the best I can to sustain the Mission and the credit of the denomination. I currently implore the counsel, co-operation and prayers of my brethren and the guidance of God in all my actions. To meet the present exigencies of the Mission—to do the greatest amount of work in collecting funds at the least possible expense, and as far as

possible relieve the Mission and the churches of the expense of agencies, the Board, after full deliberation, resolved to divide my time with the East Baptist church in this city, and keep one general agent in the field to collect. By this means the correspondence can be kept up promptly—much larger collections made at but little more expense than would be necessary to employ the whole time of the Corresponding Secretary, and I allowed to pursue my appropriate and favorite work of pastoral life.

In pursuance of this system, I am now addressing letters to preachers and brethren all over the land, urging them to take collections and send up donations to our Treasurer. Already success is beginning to crown our efforts, and brethren beginning to feel a new and lively interest in the Mission.

The settled policy of the Board is, to conduct in future the whole mission on the most economical scale, yet not embarrass its operations by parsimoniousness towards its agents or missionaries.

To the Baptists of Kentucky a word—brethren, the Indian Mission received its inception or organization in Kentucky—the Board is located in Kentucky—some of our missionaries are Kentuckians. I am myself by birth and education a Kentuckian, and feel all the warm impulse of pride for the honor and usefulness of Kentucky Baptists. The Indian Mission was once a favorite cause with Kentucky Baptists, it is still doing its great work of rescuing from oblivion and hell the now scathed and injured, though once proud lords of our soil. Still they appeal to you for help, a Saviour, their wail of suffering and death, and their Macedonian cry be unheeded by you. I feel that you will, with your wonted zeal and liberality, come and relieve our suffering missionaries, and save the Indian from destruction.

Baptists of America, your position to the aboriginal tribes of our continent involves fearful responsibilities. Can you be guiltless before God and longer neglect them? Will you satisfy yourself with the infidel argument that an Indian will be an Indian still? May not the same be said of all nations, and is it not the high province of the gospel "to make of all nations one family to God?"

We have their lands, their homes and the graves of their fathers. Out of their immense forests we have built towns and cities, cottages and palaces, school-houses and churches. Upon the fields once the scene of his wild and savage sport we are now gathering golden harvests of the rarest and richest productions of earth's luxuries. Upon the field once red with the blood of battle bloom our favorite roses and holly-hocks. But the Indian still roams in search of new forests, new scenes of sport, and new enemies upon whom to quench his thirst for war. This you say is his native element, his savage proclivity. True—but superabundant grace through the gospel can subdue this and make him with us "one in Christ Jesus."

Will you not then lend a helping hand in this noble enterprise, always so successful and now so prosperous? This is a national organization, in all its imports name, the Indian Mission? It strikes the Indian mind with fear, gratitude and pride to hear that his "pale faced" brethren have an organization with direct reference to his condition and wants. Brethren, we invoke your aid, your prayers, and your co-operation.

R. L. HELM, Cor. Sec.

### Local Prospect.

A generous-hearted and intelligent member of the Walnut Street Baptist church, and also a member of the Board of the Indian Mission, is thinking up to say to his brethren in this city, that he will be one of ten to raise five hundred dollars for the Indian Mission, by the first of June next. We will report from time to time, the number who accept the proposal.

This is but another assurance given the friends of the Mission, that the Board and the Baptists of Louisville do not intend to let the Mission suffer.

Brother, "walk a time with patience," and

we get fully organized and harnessed for the work, and we feel sure that the Board and the Baptists of this city will prove themselves worthy of the high trust committed to their hands.

Hand in your names, brethren. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." "The Lord loves the cheerful giver."

### Another Proposal.

Rev. Y. R. Pitts proposed to the brethren and friends of Indian Mission, in Elkhorn Association, to be one of twenty to raise \$1000 to aid in the circulation of the gospel among the Indians.

Brother Pitts has been one of the first, fast and most efficient friends of the mission. Who will respond to his proposal and send up their pledge for fifty dollars to be paid at any time between this and the next meeting of the Elkhorn. We feel quite sure that the names will come.

### At his Post.

I am now at my post and ready, to the utmost of my capacity, to discharge the duties of my office. Correspondents may rest assured that all letters addressed to me pertaining to the Mission, will receive prompt attention. Unless I am deceived in myself, I will not be out-done in courtesy to the friends of the Mission, agents and missionaries. So write.

### CORRESPONDING SECY.

### Wanted.

The Board are anxious to secure five or six good brethren and sisters, as missionaries and teachers at some of our stations; and two or three able intelligent agents. Any one wishing to engage themselves, will please address the Corresponding Secretary, stating the field preferred, and they will receive a prompt reply.

### Elkhorn Association.

We have just returned from this venerable and intelligent convocation of Baptists, where we were permitted to strike hands with full many friends and old acquaintances.

The business of the Association was all transacted in the true spirit of active piety. The claims of nearly all the benevolent Societies were presented and discussed, none of which was more favorably considered or liberally responded to than the Indian Mission. We received \$1500 while there. The presence of Miss Eliza McCoy, our devoted missionary, added much to the interest of the occasion, and won many friends for the Mission and for herself.

We returned home better than ever satisfied that the brethren in Kentucky do not intend to let the Indian Mission suffer.

### A Cooking Stove.

A few ladies in this city are engaged in raising money to buy a cooking stove for the West Station. Enough has not yet been raised to make the purchase. Sisters, it will cost you but little, and be of great benefit to your sisters who have to cook for the missionaries and schools. Call and leave a dollar at the Mission rooms, or place it in the hands of your pastor.

### A New Thing in New Mexico.

It must afford our friends who have contributed to the meeting-house at Santa Fe, very great satisfaction to know that a neat and commodious house of worship is being erected under the direction of our missionary brother, Rev. L. Smith, who is now stationed there. The corner-stone was laid, with appropriate services, on the 21st of May. The structure will be 30 by 60 feet of sand-dried bricks with a steeple in front, and will be finished by the first of October and paid for, if our friends in the States will furnish about \$4000 for a small bell, cheap organs, little bells, &c. necessary to furnish it appropriately. Think of it, thank God, and take courage! The first Christian sanctuary for the worship of God in spirit and in truth—Patri is turning to light. Look again—a few years are gone, say ten or twenty. Go through that rising State and count up her churches and school-houses. Stop at the missionary of this Association and that, and let all the people gaze and exclaim! What can you do for the improvement of this? What will you do—M. R. R.

### More Blessed To Give Than To Receive.

Happiness is our supreme good; the end of our wishes. But when we reflect that man is unhappy, and that, as the maker of his own condition, getting and receiving is the immediate object of all his efforts, we discover that one of the things must be true; that happiness, the ultimate end of his life, is, from the constitution of his nature, an impossibility, or that receiving it prominently and almost exclusive means be employs, is not adapted by his nature to the production of that ultimate and supreme good. The first none will maintain. The second inspiration declares to be true. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The Author of inspiration being the Author of our existence, he best knows what shall make us happy. In a world like this of which we form a part, a world composed of associated and dependant beings, his wisdom could but for-see that the only condition upon which the general welfare could be secured was that each should seek the good of others. Let self-interest be the ruling motive, and the miseries of human life, as they actually exist, truly though but partially indicate what the result would be; truly, because a spirit of self-aggrandizement and of disregard for the interests and happiness of others is the real cause of those miseries; partially, because in this world God has renovated many hearts by his grace and restrained others by his power.

But that wisdom which could foresee that the welfare of a race of beings made—for society could be secured only when each should seek the good of others—was none the less displayed when he so constituted them that to promote this end should be the only source of individual happiness. Hence it is more blessed to give than to receive for two reasons: It is productive of a state of society which is alone calculated to make those happy who compose it, and it is that which fills our own bosoms with the purest emotions of delight. As the latter is that at which men generally aim first, let any one make the experiment an opportunity may occur to him, by observing the difference between the pleasure he feels in receiving a gift and bestowing one, and he will never need further conviction. Such is the fact God has thus made us. To promote another's happiness immediately promotes our own, a nothing else in human experience or in the teachings of divine revelation will do. It is a singular fact, and one worth long and serious meditation, that to be miserable we have only to confine our motives within ourselves, and that to be happy we have simply to endeavor to make others so.

But we are not to disparage all receiving. We receive from God our existence, our capacities for enjoyment, and his constant provision for both. We are not to relax our efforts to become the recipients of temporal blessings. He who receives nothing can give nothing. But this let us do, having "freely received," let us "freely give." Then will that which we have received become really a blessing. Then even our efforts to give of others will be converted into acts of giving. For there can be little difference in giving that which we have and in laboring to acquire it with the purpose of giving it fully in view. And with this purpose labor would be sweet. Acquisition instead of administering to avarice, would stimulate our benevolence, and light up the countenance with joy. Every man would meet his fellow with a smile, which would be instinctively read as the language of good will to men.

Let any one for a moment look outside of him self—lose sight of self-aggrandizement, and embrace within his wishes simply the happiness of others, and immediately his nature rises above its sordid self, assumes its native beauty and nobility—is reanimated with a spirit of joy, and preaches to the glory of God, its author, the existence is a blessing. How much, then, do we lose in our intercourse with the world, how much of the comforts of Christianity, when we forget that to give is more blessed than to receive? Andrew Fuller, at one period of his labors with the church at Kettering, devoted much time in an effort to remove the doubts and misgivings to the



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comforts of his flock. But their complaints, after his utmost endeavors, being unabated, he was at a loss what to do next. Just at this time he became interested and actively engaged in the India Mission. His church followed his example and lent their aid to this great cause. Immediately the cry of despondency was hushed, and his people enjoyed fully the comforts of Christianity. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

J. H. Y.

## Personal Piety and the Cause of Missions

Personal piety bears the same relation to the spirituality of the church, and to evangelical enterprise and success, that individual industry does to the prosperity of nations. It is an easy argument, and as true as easy, that the character of a body composed of individuals is simply an aggregate of individual character. And it is just as true, that not only the character, but also the progress and prosperity of a nation, depend upon the virtue and the exertions of private citizens. The constant effort of each to better his own condition, being the true source of all aggregate prosperity; a source so potent as often to produce its legitimate results in spite of occasional misgovernment and public calamity. Nor, on the other hand, can the spirituality of the church and the success of her missions, home and foreign, consist with a want of personal piety in her members, any more than a nation's prosperity can consist with indolence and profligacy in her citizens.

Until Christians are fully awakened to their individual responsibility in sending the gospel to the heathen, we shall look in vain for any large success of the evangelical enterprises of the day. And we shall as vainly look for them to be so awakened until they possess an ardent love of the Redeemer; the only source of the desire that others may enjoy his salvation. At the present day the deficiency is not in the number and extent of such enterprises. There have been in intelligence and piety enough to suggest them and to set them on foot. It is not in the ignorance of the churches. They have been enlightened by the circulation of religious periodicals, and by the appeals of pastors and missionary agents. But it is in that sort of zeal which shall cause them, not only to pray the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into the field, but also to appropriate their means to this end, as God has blessed them. To give is as necessary as to pray. God will not send laborers into the harvest to famish. And it must be apparent to all that there are already as many in the field as the churches will sustain. The cry of destitution is loud. The complaint that there are few candidates for the ministry is universal. But the very cause which has permitted such destitution is that which would have failed to supply it even with a sufficient number of ministers. It is the want of that evangelical spirit which, while it prays for laborers, can freely contribute to their support, whether their field be home or foreign; but which can neither pray nor give in sincerity only so far as it proceeds from a heart renewed and actuated by the grace of God. He who prays can give. And he who gives can pray. But he who gives without praying has reason to fear that he will lose his reward. And he who prays without giving, has reason, if not to doubt his sincerity, at least to conclude, that, were all like himself, his prayer could never be answered.

Such is the dependence, not only of evangelical enterprise upon personal piety, but also, and to almost an equal extent, of personal piety upon evangelical enterprise. For though a proper disposition must precede good works in the order of nature and of time, yet such is the reciprocal influence of one upon the other, that they become, each, in its turn, first the cause and then the effect. Hence, the most means of cultivating the benevolence of the gospel, is to engage promptly in its appropriate work—to put into execution the good intentions we may have—to establish the habit of doing and giving feasible benefits of others.

J. H. Y.

Living to the Lord improves wealth, but not such as is.

## The Wea Mission

From a conversation with Miss McCoy, who has spent several years in the Wea Mission, and who is at present in this city, we are enabled to lay before the readers of the Advocate, some account of the success of our missionaries there.

The Wea tribe numbers about six hundred, and is situated in the Indian Territory, between the Osage and the Kansas rivers, near the Missouri line. This mission was established about nine years ago, under the supervision of Rev. David Lykins, who is still at the head of it. He found the tribe, not only uncivilized, but extremely intemperate; the chief himself having drunk until it was feared that his life would soon terminate from this cause. The temperance reformation, notwithstanding the intoxication that still prevails in the neighboring tribes, has been complete. Miss McCoy thinks that a drinking man is not now to be found among the Weas. This has been accomplished by inducing them to sign the Temperance pledge.

Considerable progress has been made in the work of civilization. Most of them live in huts and cultivate the soil to some extent. Many of them, especially the young, have adopted the dress of the whites. While in not a few instances are to be seen houses more commodious and comfortable in appearance, and larger tracts of cultivated land, with corresponding evidences of advancement. Stock is raised to such an extent as is needed—principally cattle. Hogs are not raised.

The labors of brother Lykins were begun by establishing a school among the natives; this being the only means of preparing them for the reception of the gospel. Interpreters are hard to get, and even could they be had, the acquisition of the English language, will, in the end, be the means of far more extensive good. The school at first progressed slowly, as would be expected. But in the last few years it has been more prosperous; the average number of pupils during this time being about thirty. The whole number of pupils connected with the school from its commencement, is about one hundred, or one-third of the present number of the tribe. They manifest an encouraging disposition to send their children to school, saying they wish them to grow up in the manners and customs of the whites, but as for themselves, they say they are "Indians," and cannot be changed now. Alas! poor Indian, too true!

The number of converts to Christianity has been sufficient to afford ample encouragement to the friends of the cause, and sufficient, considering the general state of affairs at the station, and throughout the tribe, to justify the hope that the reward of missionary labor here will soon be equal to that of any other field. It is an interesting fact, that not one who had been connected with the school has died without satisfactory evidence of a saving knowledge of Christ.

This station has labored under peculiar difficulties. It is to be hoped that in future it will meet with more encouragement. When we imagine ourselves leaving the comforts of home, and taking up our abode with the red man of the forest, who cannot speak a word of our language, nor conform to a single custom of civilized life, in order to undertake what has been here understood and accomplished, our sympathies can but be awakened for those who have voluntarily sacrificed everything of life for this cause.

J. H. Y.

## Abuses of Wealth

A large proportion of our gambling saloons, grog shops, and houses of ill fame, are located in buildings owned by wealthy men, who thus draw their largest revenues from the misery and vice of the poor and depraved. How applicable to such men is the scathing warning of the apostle James:

"Go ye now ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you."

"Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten."

"Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have hoarded together treasures for the last day."—*N. E. (Am. Rev.)*

## Letter from Rev. H. F. Buckner

Can any Christian read the following deeply interesting letter from brother Buckner, and longer doubt the success of the gospel among the Indians? Who can read and not feel like adding by their prayers and contributions in the support of a cause so successful?

For the Indian Advocate

## Church-Meeting at North Fork—Baptisms, &c.

North Fork, Creek Nation, July 21, '53.

During our church meeting at North Fork I remained almost incessantly. Notwithstanding this, we had a very large and attentive congregation all the time, with nothing to protect us but a bush arbor and our canvas tents. I counted 10 tents that were occupied by brethren from a distance with their families. What I regard as a very favorable omen is, many brethren were present whom I had never before seen at church meeting, and who, from some cause or other, had been disaffected ever since the death of brother Joseph Islands. They seemed, at this meeting, to take a lively interest in all that was preached or done, and from many indications, I have reason to believe that, hereafter, peace and harmony will abound. At night I preached from "the wicked is driven away in his wickedness, and on Sunday from "the righteous hath hope in his death." About 15 or 20 came forward for prayer, after which we repaired to a neighboring stream, and I immersed three believing and willing converts. All this time "the clouds poured out water, the skies sent out a sound," but such was the deep interest manifested, that the people seemed as comfortable and happy as if they had been in ceiling houses.

## FEDERAL SERMON OF SISTER LIZZIE MCINTOSH, &c.

On the 15th, 16th, and 17th inst., I preached at the Muskogee church, on Arkansas, 15 or 50 miles North from this place. An entertainment was given during the whole time by Gen. Roly McIntosh, father of the deceased, and principal chief of the Creek Nation. A more sumptuous entertainment I never saw in my life. I think it must have cost the Gen. \$500. There were from 800 to 1000 people all the time. On Saturday night and Sunday, from 20 to 30 came forward for prayer. Some united with the church by experience at night, and on Sunday morning several applied for admission, but on account of the other religious duties claiming our immediate attention, they were requested to wait until next Saturday. During this meeting I was so exhausted by excitement, loss of sleep and exercise, that I could scarcely stand up on the last day. In going and returning, the prairie flies were so bad that we were compelled to travel by night, a practice which has had more to do with the sickness of this country than perhaps anything else. However, I feel amply compensated for all my toil on this occasion, by the visible fruits of the meeting.

I could not avoid contrasting the difference in the general appearance of the congregation with what it was four years ago. Then there were not more than four sun-bonnets to be seen in a congregation of that size; now there is not a congregation in any country town in Kentucky that can excel this one in neatness of dress or good order. Indeed, the probability is, that very soon these people will run into an opposite extreme. The principal and second chief were in attendance all the time, encouraging by their example the religion of Jesus Christ. Nothing of a disorderly nature—such as we frequently observe on such occasions in the States—occurred during the whole time, save that one drunk Indian came on Sunday, but he was soon taken by the "light horse" and "put in strings" until he became sober.

Here allow me to turn aside to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of our departed sister Lizzie McIntosh. I found her an orderly and consistent member of the Muskogee church when I first came to the nation. Though wealthy, and belonging to the first family of the nation, she "threw to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," at a time too, when praying was con-

sidered a luxury, and when a but black people looked to the church.

She always was ready to give of her substance to the support of the gospel, and for the expenses of the "Sister's" was very generous. I can remember that, on one occasion, that she was not in the wrong yet having some might think she was, she would not communicate, but she had consulted with the ministers and deacons.

When I went to Kentucky on a visit she was a messenger of love and Christian regard to my father, and mother, and by writing and expressing many wishes for my safe return, manifested that her mind was numbered into the Spirit of Christ.

I never knew her to be absent from a meeting of her church except from sickness. Oftentimes when at rest ready to leave this world, your worthy missionary has been comforted by her presence and example.

She died as she had lived, a pure and pious Christian, and we have no reason to hope that her all her relations are prepared to follow and reign with her in the kingdom of glory.

## FAMILY AFFLICTIONS

Upon my return home I found my wife and son upon a bed of affliction. They had been taken with the fever the day after my departure, and at the present time my wife is led to my right, and like other young men, scorches with fire and demanding my constant care. I scarcely know what I have written in this report. O my God, ease me not off in these angry and chasten me in thy sore displeasure.

Next Sunday I have an appointment to baptize at Tuckabache, and the Sunday following I did hope to baptize 20 who had been received at sister July's. The Lord only knows if I can go.

Yours in affliction

H. F. BUCKNER

P. S.—July 24th—This morning, my family being clear of fever, I visited Tuckabache town, baptized seven converts, administered the Lord's Supper, and returned, finding my family still convalescent. The Lord be praised. H. F. B.

## Folly and Sin

The man of the world, equally with any other man, is an immortal, and shall never die. He shall always think, and be happy or miserable, and yet his plans, his pursuits, and his provisions, have reference only to the mortal. His is the folly of the man, who should put to sea on the voyage of a year, with the bare sustenance of a day; or of the caravan which should attempt the crossing of the desert with a single can of water. Whatever he is seeking, be it the world's wealth, or the world's admiration or pleasure, it is a provision only for the life that now is. His gold has no currency beyond the grave; his pleasures die with him. When he cometh, to that dividing stream, he finds that every thing he possesses is contraband, and cannot even be smuggled into eternity. Naked and destitute as a new-born child he goes. "We brought nothing into the world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out."

As to those gay and happy creatures, into whose reckoning the pleasures of God and devotion do not enter, it is but to alter their circumstances a little, and they become dull and miserable. It is but to bid them away from the field of their customary amusements, and to introduce them to a spiritual world, and they are sad, and forlorn, and wretched. They shall be happy so long as the play-house opens its inviting doors—so long as the gay and bright assembly holds out its most beguiling charms—so long as the fashion and glitter, and imposing pomp of the world remain to them. Let the recess, brought in by death, come to these things, and perfect misery is the necessary result.

He who digs for wealth, ought to know that every ounce of earth he throws up, is grieved from his own grave; and he, of pallid look, that sits hour after hour, studying for the crown of literary distinction, that the very lamp, by which he labors for the prize, is fed by the precious oil of life, that will soon be all wasted away; and the man who dashes through dust and blood, in the fierce pursuit of military glory, knows well that his struggle is in the field of death, and that often it is the cold hand of death that puts the wreath of glory on his brow. Yet is their folly not exposed?

