

Flemming trembled. He placed his hand upon his fevered brow. That magic word, mother, and the recollections it awakened, prostrated his remaining strength, and the stern pride which had sustained his sinking frame, and diseased mind, in his sudden change of habits, and confinement, and exposure, was broken down; his nerves relaxed; his power of endurance was gone. He was taken to his cell and placed on his bed of straw. A dangerous fever followed, and before night he was in a state of mental derangement.

My interest in him was increased. I was permitted to watch beside his bed, in a dark, lonely cell, till midnight.

He talked incessantly. Now of his father's dying advice, as he sunk in death, ere his son was disgraced; and then of his mother—her prayers and tears—the last kiss, and fond embrace, as he parted with her at the garden gate. And ever and anon would he speak of Emma, the idol of his heart; and with tenderness would he plead with her to forgive him, and promised to heed her warnings, and seek with her the pardon and blessing of heaven.

"Yes, Emma," he exclaimed as I left his cell, "you will forgive poor George, and we shall be happy yet, and sit again beneath the shades of Oak-wood, and gaze on the bright waters of the French Broad."

I passed through the iron gates of the prison.—The silent stars beamed down on the shining river; and the soft breeze was cool and refreshing. All nature, robed in its midnight loveliness, was reposing in tranquil beauty, while harmonious music seemed to flow from every object, breathing in upon the soul love and peace, and lifting it to God.—And there amid night's myriad splendors stood that gloomy pile, flinging its dark shadow over the enchanting scene, a monument of human depravity, witnessing in the universe that *cell name the spirit of man is divine.*

The Betrothed.

Three weeks had passed. A note without a signature was placed in my hand requesting me to visit a lady at the hotel, who had just arrived.—Suspecting who it was, I obeyed the summons, and was soon in her presence. She was a lovely being, with graceful form, and beautiful features; and about twenty years of age. Her aspect, though modest and winning, indicated promptness and decision.

"You are the person who wrote to the post-master at Oak Grove," she said as I entered.

"The same, and you are Emma, I presume?"

"Sir, I may have acted imprudently in coming here, but when you hear it all, you will not blame me. Where is he, sir?"

Her eye was fixed with painful anxiety upon me, as though she would read my answer before it was uttered. I hesitated a moment, she saw my embarrassment, and sunk back in her chair.

"I know not," I at last answered, "how to break to you the painful—"

"You need not, sir," she said, "I know it all; my forebodings are realized; he is lost."

"Not lost, Miss; there is hope to cheer the gloom; however dark."

She was silent, and bathed in tears. Faithful woman—loved image of heaven. Oh, with what tenderness she clings, through every storm and misfortune to whom she loves. Though fallen, though unworthy of the confidence and affections he has won; yet her prayers are breathed for him, and like mercy, she is ever ready to bless and forgive.

"Shall we go and see him, Emma?"

"See him, sir! *can* he live?" she exclaimed, as she arose with excitement.

She leaned on my arm, as silently we walked towards the prison, where George, still confined to his cell, was rapidly recovering from his dangerous illness. We entered the frowning arch-way that led to the prison gate. Suddenly the truth flashed in upon her mind. Strangely embarrassed, I had thought that she knew it all. She let go my arm.

"What place is this, sir? Oh! for mercy sake, tell me what means all this?"

I trembled with painful excitement, almost equal to her own, and with choked utterance, said—

"It is the penitentiary; did you not know he was here?"

She uttered a low, agonizing shriek, which I never shall forget. A death-like pallor spread over her rigid features, and she sunk powerless in my arms. Her servant had followed us, who assisted me in conveying her to a little cottage not far from the prison. She soon recovered. The painful story of his fall, his crime, his punishment, had to be recited.

"Oh, sir!" she said, while she bitterly wept, "I knew him in boyhood; he was my associate from childhood, and even then we vowed to be each others. Though he was wild and dissipated, never did I think he could be guilty of meanness.—But it is all over now. I bid him forever adieu."

"But can you not forgive him?"

"Yes, sir; he never injured me."

"And will you, who have thus loved him, through long and many years, forsake him now in his dark hour of sorrow?"

"Oh, if it were sorrow, the darkest misfortune; but shame, disgrace—never. God help me—why did I come here?"

"And think you that cannot wipe out forever that disgrace, and make him a blessing to you and his race?"

"Yes, sir; but George is an infidel; a blasphemer 'twas that parted us, and led him to ruin."

"No, Emma, he is a Christian. In the darkness of that prison, with the hand of affliction heavy upon him, he has sought God; he has found mercy; his cell has been the birth-place of new hopes, and new principles; and together, there have we wept and prayed, till the star of hope and joy beamed in upon our darkness, with a radiance resembling that which illumined the manger of Bethlehem. And will you, who have prayed and labored for this, forsake him, now that your prayers are answered. Her heart was moved. She was the orphan daughter of a man of extensive wealth. Deeply pious, she had discovered the dissipation and infidelity of George; and though she deeply loved him, she could not consent to marry him with such habits and principles. She knew that falsehood was not in him—that he would not play the hypocrite—no, not to save life."

"Come, Emma, you must see him; Jesus descended lower to save him and you. You are sent here as a ministering spirit to meet the returning prodigal—to strengthen him in his holy resolves, and lead him back to happiness and heaven."

She consented to see him. Pity had triumphed over other feelings, and we both wept, as I left her to inform George of her desire.

He was convalescent, and slowly his shattered system was regaining its strength. During those three weeks of sickness which we thought must prove fatal, in which his spirit, like the flickering lamp that burned dimly in his cell, trembled on

the verge of eternity, now sending out dim, quivering light, and then sinking back as though about to be extinguished in the darkness of death. We had conversed and prayed together. He had sought the mercy of heaven, and pardon and blessing, through the Redeemer's blood. He was sitting on his iron bedstead as I entered the cell. A stream of morning light gleamed in through the narrow grated window by which he was reading the "book of life."

"I am glad you have come, sir," said George, as I entered.

"You will be better pleased when I tell you the object of my visit," I replied.

"And what is that, sir," he asked with a bland smile.

I sat down beside him, and took his thin hand in mine. "George, while sick, when you thought you were bidding adieu to earth, you spoke to me—perhaps you do not remember it—you spoke to me of one you loved. While I prayed with you, here in this dark cell, she was asking God's blessing upon you, beneath the shade of your favorite tree, in the woods of Oak-Grove."

He started at that word, and his hand trembled in mine. "George," I continued, "that lovely being—your Emma—is here."

"What, sir," he said, as he started to his feet, and breathed convulsively, "how learned you that name? how came she here? Have you, even you, betrayed me?" And he sunk back upon his pallet.

"Betrayed you, George; no, what do you mean?"

"Then how did she learn I was here? Oh, this is the last and bitterest drop in this full cup of anguish." He flung himself back upon his bed and wept bitterly.

"George, be calm," I said in tears, as I tried to soothe him. "This is really for the best. Often did I hear you speak so tenderly of Emma, and incidentally, when the fever was upon you, I heard you mention her residence. With the kindest intentions, I wrote to the post-master, desiring him to show the letter to Emma if he knew her by the description, as I only know her given name. I described your sickness, and told them that you knew nothing of my writing. Your name I knew was not William, as it is enrolled on the prison list. I therefore concluded that Flemming also was assumed. I therefore called you in the letter simply George, describing your person, and that was sufficient. She left home at once, in company with some acquaintances going to Nashville. Then, accompanied with her servant, she came under the protection of a family, with which she was slightly acquainted, she took passage for St. Louis. She arrived here this morning, George, and wishes to see you."

"Never!" he convulsively answered, as he rose to his feet. "Never, sir. You have, in this, blotted out the only hope that could have cheered my dark existence. O, God! O, God! have mercy upon me, and stay thy afflicting hand."

He bowed upon the prison floor. I knelt down beside him. We wept and prayed together. A cloud had floated before the sun, and obscured the ray of light which had shone through the prison bars, and added to the gloom of the moment. Soon it passed on, and again the rich light streamed in upon our darkness. Hope seemed to come with its bright return. "I will see her," he said, as he arose from his knees, "and may God prepare her for the sight."

"No one but father Richmond and myself knew whence she came or who she was."

With trembling steps she walked with me along the narrow, dark passages which divided the dark cells in the prison. Heavily she leaned on my arm, and breathed short and convulsively, as slowly and in silence I opened the door of the cell.

"Georgel!" "My Emma!" was all that was said. They silently embraced, while they wept in mingled joy and sorrow. I turned my face to the wall, and wept and prayed.

The Wedding.

Three days had passed. The morning star, in twinkling beauty, was heralding the approaching light. Seated in the Governor's carriage, we drove up to the side gate of the penitentiary. A steamer at the landing, was getting up her steam to depart at the break of day. Father Richmond was up, and received us. Emma, who had been staying with his family, was with him. A small office was lit up, into which we were taken.

Father Richmond left us, and in a few moments returned with George. He was handsomely dressed in a suit of clothes prepared for the purpose. His dark hair had grown during his sickness, and hope and joy lit up his manly face.

The Governor shook him warmly by the hand, and presented him his written pardon. Emma leaned upon his arm. A sadness, mingled with the joy we felt. I pronounced his name—a name well known to fame, but not to be uttered in connection with that scene—and there, in the silent prison, I united them in the name of God, and pronounced them man and wife.

"God bless you both," said father Richmond, as he bade them adieu.

The grey light of morning had obscured the stars, and the blushing east was glowing with the splendors of the coming day, and the soft air was vocal with the melody of birds, as we left the prison and went to the boat. We bid them farewell. The boat left the shore. We waved the last adieu as she was disappearing from our view. I followed it with tearful eyes as I walked down the bank, and in a lonely spot, bowed down, and wept, and prayed that God would bless them, and shield them through the storms of life.

As the boat disappeared in the distance, the sun rose on the bright scene; and gladness as that bridal morn has been their journey since; and the far sunny South has not among its joyous children, two more united or happier spirits.—*Parlor Visitor.*

We do like to see generosity in children. It is a noble trait in man or child. If there are generous promptings in the heart of a child, they promise something noble for the man. A few days since a boy twelve years old, while skating on the canal, observed a German boy whose tattered garments allowed the piercing winds to reach his very bones. The first boy returned to his comfortable home, and after reflecting awhile remarked:

"Mother, I think I have two or three old pairs of pants which are of no use, hav'nt I?"

She replied in the affirmative.

"Well," he said, "I want a pair to give to a poor little boy who is nearly frozen for the want of clothes—he's nearly asked. May n't I give them to him?"

He did get a pair and more, and before he went to bed that night he had given them to the little German. The poor sufferer wanted to repay him in work, but this was indignantly refused.—*Evansville Journal.*

Poetry is the art of substituting shadows, and of lending existence to nothing.—*Burke.*

EVERY MAN MUST SPREAD THE "GLAD TIDINGS"

In a sermon of Dr. Wayland, entitled, "The Apostolic Ministry," and published by Sage and Brother, Rochester, he illustrates the duty of every man to take part in preaching the gospel, spreading the glad tidings, *evangelizing* the world.

"At the close of the last war with Great Britain, I was in the city of New York. The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been for two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth, and as she had now concluded a peace with the continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single handed. Our harbors were blockaded. Communication coastwise between our ports was cut off. Our ships were rotting in every creek and cove where they could find a place of security. Our immense annual products were moulding in our warehouses. The source of profitable labor were dried up. Our currency was reduced to irredeemable paper. The extreme portions of our country were becoming hostile to each other, and differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of every household. The credit of the government was exhausted. No one could predict when the contest would terminate, or discover the means by which it could much longer be protracted.

"It happened that on a Saturday afternoon in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a cartel, bringing home our commissioners at Ghent, from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily before any intelligence from the vessel had reached the city. Expectation became painfully intense as the hours of darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the ratification of the belligerents.

"The men on either side rushed to the city, to repeat them to their friends, shouting, as they ran through the streets, 'Peace! Peace! Peace!' Every one who heard the sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches were flying to and fro, shouting like madmen, 'Peace! Peace! Peace!' When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few men slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fireside, beguiling the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agonies of war was over, and that a worn-out and distracted country was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. Thus, *every one becoming a herald*, the news soon reached every man, woman, and child in the city, and in this sense, the city was *evangelized*. All this you see was reasonable and proper. But when Jehovah has offered to our world a treaty of peace, when men doomed to hell may be raised to seats at the right hand of God, why is not a similar zeal displayed in proclaiming the good news? Why are men perishing all around us, and no one has ever personally offered to them salvation through a crucified Redeemer?"

A GOOD LIBRARY.—Says Southey, "I no sooner set foot in a library, and fasten the door, but I shut out all those vices of which idleness is the mother, and ignorance the nurse; and in the very lap of eternity, among so many illustrious souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit, that I then pity the great who know nothing of such happiness."

A HINDOO REFORMER.

The Friend of India has the following account of a strange personage in India. It makes one think of the iconoclast movement in China, and the possibility of a new edition of the same in India.

The Native Reformer Ramaya Baba

We mentioned, in our last year's volume, a native Reformer who had appeared in the Mirzapore District, and was preaching a crusade against the god's idol worship, and caste distinctions. During the last month, we have had a visit of several days' duration from our newly enlightened friend, and have learned from his own lips the story of his conversion, and the object contemplated in his present movements. He says that he is a Bliuher in cast (considered to amount to a Brahmin) that he was, up to a late period, a Hindoo in the observance of all his customs; that he saw a dream, in which God appeared to him and informed him that all India would become Christian. His impression is, that, long haunted with such a dream, he has virtually received a commission to destroy idolatry. He has drawn up a form of confession, which he reads before the people, and requires all who are his disciples to adopt, and act accordingly. The nature of it is, that God has formed all men, but that they have forsaken him and worshipped idols; but that they should now repent, and ask for mercy and forgiveness. His first idea was, that the East India Company would employ him as a demolisher of Hindooism; and, with a view to this end, he wrote to several of the Company's civil servants. On not receiving a reply, he was very much disconcerted, and had resolved to proceed to Calcutta, when certain zemindars suggested to him that instead of applying to magistrates and judges he should write to the missionaries. This Leupolt, which led to the interview with that gentleman of which we have made mention. Mr. Leupolt pressed him to receive Christian instruction first, but he declined to become a disciple in the usual way. Such are still his sentiments. At this place, he made a request to be baptized, and seemed to wish to be employed in connection with the Mission, although not wishing to receive any salary; but it was impossible to get him seriously to listen to the great doctrines of the gospel, without the knowledge and general belief of which, baptism would be a mere profanation. Still, he said, that, if we would send him a Christian catechist to be with him, he would learn of him, and they conjointly would do the work. He has entirely abandoned the distinctions of caste, cordially repudiates the worship of gods; and on these subjects, he speaks with such power that even Pandits are even unable to withstand him. He has, moreover, great facility in native versification, and recites and chants his productions with great vehemence. He is, however, at present quite unacquainted with the truth. When asked by a Khatri, who is in sentiment a Deist, and alike opposed to Hindooism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity, as to what his new creed was, he replied, he had no creed, only has repudiated his own creed. When the Khatri, again pressed him to the consideration, whether it was not a foolish thing to pull down the old house, when he has not sketched the plan of the new one, he was somewhat staggered, and made obeisance to his interrogator, thus virtually acknowledging him as his teacher; he subsequently made the same to the missionary.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Under the patronage of the American Indian Mission Association.

Twenty-five copies for one year.....	\$5 00
Single copy, for one year.....	25

LOUISVILLE, JANUARY, 1854.

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. R. Kimbrough, Tennessee.
Rev. L. Compere, for Mississippi.
Rev. A. McKenzie, for Mississippi, Alabama and
Louisiana.

Special Notice!

Letters on business connected with the Indian Mission Association, should be addressed to

REV. S. L. HELM,
Cor. 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 person coming to the city, having in charge money for the Association, that they call at the Treasurer's Office, Fourth street, below Main, and pay it there.

Removal

The room of the Board of the Indian Mission Association has been removed to the Walnut Street Baptist Meeting-house, on the corner of Fourth and Walnut. Entrance from the alley at the west end of the building. Room on the second story; where the Corresponding Secretary will be found from eight to ten o'clock each day, except Sunday.

Our Paper.

We have long felt the necessity of enlarging our little paper, and making a Sunday school as well as a missionary journal. This we have done at a nominal expense, and we hope our friends will approve of it. In future we will have arranged interesting facts and statistics under the following heads—Indian Mission, Home Mission, Foreign Mission, and Sabbath Schools.

If our friends will bestir themselves and enlarge our circulation, we shall soon be able to make the paper a source of large revenue to the cause of Indian Missions, and a source of valuable missionary intelligence.

As we have not increased the price, and feel sure we will be reimbursed in the small additional outlay, none will complain.

How easily could each church and Sunday school send up five dollars and take twenty-five copies. This would soon furnish all our churches with all the missionary intelligence they need.

We will send to any one address 100 copies for \$15. Brethren, help us.

A good brother in Louisiana proposes to educate a native preacher from some of the Indian tribes, in one of the best Colleges in the United States. We hope soon to furnish the student.

Never before, since the organization of the American Indian Mission Association, was there a greater need of the prayers and benefactions of the friends of missions than just now.

Notwithstanding the Board, for two years past, has observed the most rigid economy—used every available means to increase their funds—they still find themselves largely indebted to their missionaries, and no money to pay them. For months past they have met regularly, and as often as they have has the inquiry been made, what shall we do? what can we do to relieve the poor missionary? Often has the silent tear marked its course down the cheeks of the members, while letters were being read from our brethren, describing their sufferings, and imploring assistance. Again and again have letters been received from brethren and sisters entreating us to send them to the Indian country, and as often have we been forced to adjourn, with out being able to grant the needed assistance to the one, or encourage the other to hope we might send them to bear a part in the labors and sufferings of those already there.

It may be meet for brethren to sit silently and witness all this, without doing more than find fault with the Board for not paying the salaries of the missionaries; but, my brethren, did it never occur to you, that the Board could not supply the wants of the mission beyond the amount of means placed in their hands for that purpose. If the contributions of the churches are less than the demands of the mission, and they surely are, ~~be what~~ efficiency? But why need we thus write, since it is a truth too palpable to admit of doubt, that those who complain most against Missionary Boards give least? Who ever heard of a brother who was always ready to find fault with the policy of Missionary Societies, give liberally to their aid? Who ever heard of a minister who is always ready to shake out a suspicion by a significant look or nod of the head, or bold declaration of defamation against his brethren—whose duty it is to conduct the affairs of a Missionary Society—urging the claims of a lost and ruined world upon the prayers and liberality of his brethren?

But for the fact that these are hindrances to the Gospel—stumbling-blocks to others less informed—it would not be necessary to allude to them. We do hope that all such will find it in their hearts soon to send us up a liberal donation; and, at least, as often as they think of the heathen, pray for their conversion.

ELDER A. McKENZIE—This devoted man of God, now acting as General Agent for our Board for Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, writes encouragingly of his work. He hopes to be able to make large and liberal collections this year. Knowing that the Baptists in these States are among the most liberal in the world, we confidently expect Bro. McKenzie to do well. We commend Bro. M. and his cause to the churches at the South.

Whose Fault Is It?

Letters, written and published, have been received lately, complaining of the suffering condition of Elder H. F. Buckner, and the Tribe to which he is preaching. That Bro. B. is one of the most pious and devoted men in the world, that he has suffered almost beyond description, and that he has just cause to complain, none can doubt. The question naturally enough arises, Whose fault is it?

There are so many ready to find fault with Missionary Boards, so willing to believe them haughty and dictatorial, indifferent to the wants and character of brethren and missionaries, that we feel that it is not wholly out of place to make some developments.

For more than a year past, the Board of the American Indian Mission Association, at Louisville, has done all that could be done to retrench the expenses here, and provide for the salaries of the missionaries. The salary of the Corresponding Secretary, which is just what the missionaries receive, post-office bill, stationery, lights and fuel, are all the outlays of money allowed by the Board here, in carrying on the Mission. All these do not exceed seven hundred dollars per annum. *The Walnut Street Baptist Church now furnishes the room, rent free.*

The Board meets once each month, and often-
er, if need be; do all their business in an earnest,
calm and prayerful manner.

Appeal after appeal has been made, through the religious papers and by circulars, for aid.—Within the last six months the Corresponding Secretary has addressed hundreds of brethren, by letter, asking aid. At last we have been driven to the dire and painful necessity of issuing our drafts on time to the missionaries for several thousand dollars more than we now have the money to meet. Our agents are regularly reporting, and in every report assure us it is hard to get money out of the brethren.

In addition to preaching regularly every Sabbath to his congregation, the Corresponding Secretary has attended to the correspondence of the Mission; and the letters on file will show it has been no small task; edited the Indian Advocate; and by public appeals from the pulpit, and by personal appeals by letter, collected double as much as he has received for his services.

The Board not only give their personal attention and time to the Mission free of charge, but give liberally of their own means.

We repeat then, *whose fault is it*, that the missionaries are not provided for? Will any one doubt that, if we had the money, we would not pay the missionaries? Will some of those brethren, who are so ready to asperse Missionary Boards, be so kind as to aid in giving relief to our brethren in the Indian country? We could now send, at least, ten more missionaries who wish to go if we had the money.

The Western Methodists propose sending Christian missionaries to the Mormons in the Territory of Utah.

Worthy of Imitation.

We take the liberty of publishing the following letters as worthy of imitation. We hope the authors will pardon us for their publication, as our sole object in doing so is to provoke others to like good work:

GREENSBORO, GA., Dec. 19, 1853.

Treasurer Indian Mission, Louisville, Ky:

BELOVED SIR: Enclosed please find one hundred dollars. I notice in the last issue of the Advocate, that \$100 would enable brother Mundy to devote a much larger portion of his time to preaching, than he is now able to do. If you do not know of any place where it would likely do more good, appropriate it to brother M., but if you do, let it go where most needed. Praying that the year near at hand may be memorable for the out-pouring of the Spirit, especially upon the Aborigines of our land. I remain with Christian regard,

Yours truly,

C. A. DAVIS.

CHARLESTON, NOV. 26, 1853.

MR. CHARLES S. TUCKER, Treasurer Am. Ind. Miss. Association, Louisville, Kentucky:

DEAR SIR: The Teachers and Scholars connected with the Wentworth Street Baptist Church Sunday School, having formed themselves into a society called the Juvenile Missionary Society of the Wentworth Street Baptist Church Sunday School, last spring, having now collected the sum of forty dollars, it was resolved at their last meeting, that the same should be remitted to you as Treasurer of the Am. Ind. Miss. Association, to be applied to Sunday Schools, either in rearing up new schools or lending aid to those that are weak. May the blessing of God attend this feeble effort, and may many souls now destitute of religious instruction be gathered into the vineyard of the Lord, and become co-laborers with those who are thus mindful of them. It will afford me great pleasure to have frequent occasion to address you in like manner. All we ask of each member is to contribute one cent per week. It may therefore be sometime before I shall be able to make another remittance, but we shall aid you in our supplications to the Most High.—You will please acknowledge this, that I may read your acknowledgement to the Society.

Yours truly, JOHN G. MILNOR, *Supt.*

Wentworth St. Baptist Church Sunday School.

Our readers must pardon the delay in issuing the January number of the Advocate. It was occasioned by the change made in the size. We wish to say to brethren who write articles on missionary subjects, that the Advocate in its present size will be an excellent medium of publication for them. Its circulation is now about 5,000, and rapidly increasing.

THE BAPTIST PREACHER.—A monthly magazine of original sermons, published by H. Keeling, Richmond, Va., lies on our table. It costs but \$1 per annum. Those who are fond of reading original sermons and essays, could not do better than to take the Baptist Preacher.

The One Dollar Plan.

Brother Sam. Haycraft responds to our proposition, for each reader of the Advocate to send us One Dollar, as follows:

ELIZABETHTOWN, Dec. 23, 1853.

The request in the December number of the Indian Advocate is so moderate and reasonable. Here it is.

MR. C. S. TUCKER, Treasurer.

A brother, signing himself "A Baptist," has sent One Dollar, but thinks we do wrong in saying that Baptists are not stingy. We confess there is room to doubt the assertion. It is only where they have not been thoroughly instructed in the Gospel that stingy Baptists are found.

THE PARLOR VISITOR.—A monthly devoted to the educational and moral interests of the females of the Southwest, published by W. P. Jones, in Nashville, Tenn. The first number of the first volume is now on our table. Its paper and mechanical work is of the best order. The subjects are all well arranged under appropriate heads, and are worth the perusal of all lovers of the chaste and elegant style.

The very touching narrative, written by our cotemporary of this city, Elder S. H. Ford, can not fail to be read with interest.

We take pleasure in recommending this truly valuable work to the lovers of a pure religious literature. It costs only one dollar per annum, will be a real gem for a parlor table, and may be bound at the close of the year and placed in the library as a book worth having. We wish Bro. Jones success in his truly laudible undertaking and that he may, before many years, have the pleasure of knowing that his Magazine visits every Baptist family in the Southwest.

APPOINTMENTS.—Bro. Charles Alexander, of Missouri, has been appointed Superintendent of the Puttawatomie school; and Bro. A. S. Denison, of Carrollton, Ky., Superintendent of Armstrong Academy; Bro. Munday, a native preacher, has been appointed missionary among the Creeks.

The Board wish to send out several more missionaries in the spring, provided they are assured that the churches will furnish the means of support. There are several brethren now asking permission to go. Will the churches say stay?

ONCE MORE.—Once more we say to our agents and friends, bestir yourselves. We must have money, or the cause of Indian Missions must suffer, and suffer greatly. Let all our agents remit the money on hand as soon as possible. Let all our friends who intend to help us this year, send up their donations forthwith.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All the moneys which have come into my hands have been entered on my private memorandum-book, and the aggregate amount reported to the Treasurer. We hope that to save trouble all moneys will be sent to C. S. Tucker, Treasurer of the Indian Mission Association.

For the Indian Advocate.

Indian Missionary Society.

By previous appointment, the ladies of Robertsville and its vicinity met on the 12th of December, 1850, and organized themselves into an Indian Missionary Society, with the following Constitution:

CONSTITUTION.

Being convinced of the deplorable and suffering condition of our Indian Tribes—their entire dependence on us for all the blessings which flow through the Gospel—our obligation, in common, to extend them these blessings—that the Gospel is their only, their last rescue, and, without it, extermination, with all its attendant evils, must be the inevitable result; we, therefore, mutually agree to form ourselves into a Society for the purpose of aiding in spreading the Gospel among this neglected race.

ARTICLE 1st. This Society shall be called "The Black Swamp Female Indian Missionary Society."

ARTICLE 2d. The officers of this Society shall be President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, whose duties shall be the same as those of similar capacity in other Societies.

ARTICLE 3d. These officers shall be elected annually, by a majority of the votes cast.

ARTICLE 4th. Any one may become a member of this Society by paying three dollars, annually, or any larger sum.

ARTICLE 5th. The meetings of this Society shall occur twice a year; the time and place specified at a preceding meeting, and at the call of the presiding officer.

At a meeting of this Society, January 6th, 1851, it was resolved that we appropriate the funds of this Society to the support and education of two girls of the Puttawatomie Tribe of Indians, to be selected by Mrs. Ashburn, and named Sarah Judson and Catharine Maner.

THE DIFFERENCE IN BRETHREN.—Some of our brethren have written to us in no measured terms of severe rebuke, because we did not pay the missionaries their salaries. Some think or write as though we had thousands of dollars locked up in the treasury here, and were always contriving to spend it among ourselves. All such are very careful never to suggest a remedy; and are sure to forget to send us any money. Others write in the true spirit of religion, and send what they feel able to spare from their earnings to help us in the work.

We are happy to record the names of nearly fifty brethren and sisters who have sent to the Treasurer one dollar, in response to the request in the last number of the Advocate. We will still keep the list open until March. Brethren, send on your dollar. Some have been much more liberal, and sent larger sums.

GRAHAM for February, 1854, is received; as usual, is replete with the purest literature. This monthly, so deservedly popular, has been enlarged, and is now above all praise.

For the Indian Advocate.

Choctaw Tradition of the Flood.

That the earth has at sometime been deluged with water is certain. Its present appearance cannot be accounted for on any other hypothesis. Revelation declares it and gives us the cause: and the traditionary stories which we find in circulation among barbarous tribes confirm it. So general have the traditionary stories concerning a universal deluge obtained among tribes and nations, that it is difficult for us to account for the origin of the stories themselves, unless we believe that the earth has been deluged with water. As we trace these traditionary stories down the stream of time, they become more obscure, and the circumstances and facts and cause much changed, and some of the stories even foolish and childish; especially so among very barbarous nations, among whom perhaps the light of science never shined. And the further removed these stories are from the actual facts and circumstances of the deluge, is a sure index to the moral and mental condition of the people among whom they obtain. The traditionary stories of the deluge among the North American Indians are very different.

The following story of the flood was related to me by an old Choctaw, which he said formerly obtained very general belief among the Choctaws before the introduction of the gospel:—Many years ago, he said, when men were very many upon the earth, the deer became very scarce so that the people were reduced to almost starvation. But all at once, the Great Spirit caused a great many deer to come among them, and were commanded by his prophet to kill and eat, and save some for the future. After this, all at once it became completely dark, so that they were not able to distinguish each other. After being completely involved in this darkness for an unknown length of time, they thought they discovered a great light at a distance, but could not at first tell what it was, but as it drew nearer it was discovered to be water. They instantly began to cut down trees and cane and construct rafts, and as many as were able to get on the rafts with their provisions, floated along with the flood, while those who were less fortunate perished. After floating about on their rafts hither and thither for an unknown length of time, the water dried up. Small patches of the saved ones were scattered over the world, which gave rise to so many different tribes.

The above story does not seem to correspond with the following, which was publicly related by a very intelligent Choctaw, a minister of the gospel: He said, when he was a boy and knew nothing of civilized life, that our teachers told us that the Great Spirit did not create the Choctaws, but that they had been from time immemorial in a large hole under the ground. But the Great Spirit made a snake who found them out, which took pity on them and drew one out. And the one who was drawn out prevailed with the snake so as to influence it to draw a number

of others out. But after a large number had been drawn out, the snake all at once became enraged with the man and would not draw out any more, and there they remain in that hole to this day. The snake told him, however, that some of his brethren should have "overpowered the snake and wolf tribes, so that through them they would be able to control diseases and the elements of nature, they would be able to save the wigwam from the tempest, stay the pestilence, arrest all kinds of diseases, and cause the rain to descend on the corn when necessary, and insure success to them when engaged in the hunt. A number of the Choctaws professed to be rain-makers and doctors, and who caused it to rain when needed, and arrest diseases through the influence of the snakes and wolves. And they received so many gifts for the exercise of this pretended powers, that they lived without labor. If, however, the rain-makers failed at any time to make rain, they were first to invoke the snake tribe, and secondly the wolf tribe; and when they failed in this, they were to set the prairie on fire in circles so as to cause all the snakes and wolves to meet in the center, and then to demand rain, and if rain did not fall, then the rain-maker would be pronounced an impostor, and his life only paid for his imposition. But although they pronounced him who had failed to make rain an impostor, yet so strong was their confidence of the power which some of the tribes had over the snakes and wolves to produce rain, that they would immediately employ another of the pretenders to make it rain.

It may be observed that notwithstanding the gospel has been widely diffused among the Choctaws, many of the old Choctaws still believe in rain-makers, and some still pretend to be able to make it rain through the means of snakes. A few miles from here, and about a year ago, one of these pretended rain-makers shot a female and a mother, and who had embraced the gospel, because he had heard that she said that she did not believe that he could make it rain. But so far advanced are the Choctaws now as a tribe that the pretended rain-maker was judged worthy of death, and was executed, which a few years ago would not have been the case. We can truly say, the gospel has done much for the Choctaws, and we trust that the day is not far distant when all these dark superstitious notions will be dispelled by the advance of the gospel.

A. M.

To the many brethren who have asked to be appointed as missionaries and teachers we regret to say, that only a few can, at present, be appointed. Already several appointments have been made; and as soon as the Board feel assured that the means of support will be furnished, others will be appointed. We ought to send at least ten more missionaries next spring.

The Coosa Association, Alabama, and the Aberdeen Association, Mississippi, each propose and have engaged to support a native mission-

ary. This is commendable. It is as it should be; and, in our judgment, approximates the true idea of Apostolic missions. We should rejoice to have more such Associations.

For the Indian Advocate.

"Truly the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few," said the blessed Saviour, as he looked with compassion on the multitudes that thronged the cities and villages through which he passed, preaching the Gospel and performing acts of kindness and mercy to the afflicted. And very appropriately may the same language now be addressed to the churches in regard to the Indians who are scattered over the Western plains as sheep having no shepherd.

In the Indian Territory north of those tribes where the Gospel is preached with so much success, there are about forty thousand souls, including the Pankas, Omahas, Otoes, Pawnees, Ioways, Kansas, Kickapoos, Putawatomes, Delawares, Shawnees, Ottawas, Sauks, Peorias, Piankashas, Weas, Miami's, Quapaws and Osage's. Among some of these missions and schools have been established, and the happy results bear testimony of the susceptibility of those who have ever been regarded as incapable of being anything but roving hunters.

Wherever missionary enterprise has been properly continued, the bow and arrows have been exchanged for the plow, and the bark and buffalo skin wigwam for a comfortable log house, and the inhabitants once so intemperate and deeply ensnared in sin, are now comparatively happy, and many of them constant attendants at the house of God.

But there are other tribes wholly destitute of the means of improvement, some of whom are asking for help; but to the call there is no response, though the "fields are white for the harvest." And why? Have they no place in the sympathies of Christians? Or, are they too near to "lead enchantment," so benevolent effort. Be the cause what it may, there is no heathen more justly entitled to aid from us, nor are there any more destitute or more deserving, notwithstanding the prevailing opinion that their indolence and disinclination to help themselves render them unworthy. But the popularity of this opinion does not make it correct.

The Indians are just what other people would be, placed in similar circumstances. If they are idle and disposed to roam, it is because they are ignorant of a better mode of living and have not the ability or the inducements necessary for improvement.

Already have they been driven from the graves of their ancestors on the Atlantic to the prairies of the setting sun. And even there they have but little hope of a permanent home. Nor is this the worst. To rob them of their annuities, remorseless white men have stationed themselves on the frontier, whence they send among them a destroyer more fatal and more horrible than slavery in the mines—the cross-bow and the blood hounds—the means used for their destruc-

tion by the Spaniards in the West Indies and Mexico.

By artifice, these men gain ascendancy over the Indians so as to bring them almost entirely under their influence, and then, for a few barrels of whisky, a few blankets, and some other article of little or no value, they take the whole of their annuity, and leave the poor deluded creatures to seek subsistence for themselves and starving wives and children the best way they can; and when pressed by poverty and hunger—bordering on despair—they venture across the line to ask relief or seek it by the chase, they are severely whipped and sent back to their own destitute country, unable to tell the story of their woes and wrongs, and without one friend to plead their cause or point them to a happier way.—But to speak of all their sufferings would be impossible. It is enough to know that no people in the world are suffering oppression and cruelty from so many different sources as the Indians. And for all, there is but one way by which relief can come; and that is through the Gospel. Let the devoted follower of Jesus Christ go in the name of the God of the oppressed, and establish missions and schools, teach them to read, place the Bible in their hands and let them know they have souls—that they are immortal—that it is their privilege to love and respect life—to respect themselves, and become an intelligent, happy, Christian people. Let this be done, and soon poverty and wretchedness beyond description will be exchanged for peace and comfort—the bochehanian revel to an assembly of divine worship, and the savage voice tuned to the praise of the true and living God.

Who among those who know the value of civilization and religion, are willing to make the sacrifice of a few years comfort in hope of being the means of saving perhaps a whole nation?—Eternity alone will tell how much even one devoted missionary may do for the salvation of the too long neglected Indian.

LILLIE.

A BEAUTIFUL SMILE.—The pious Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the spring of the year, laid humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower, they may not even notice it; but, nevertheless, it will diffuse a sweet fragrance upon all that dwell within its lowly sphere.

If our little paper should lack of interest this month, our readers will please bear with us, as we are now engaged in a series of delightful meetings with our little church. Up to this time the meeting has steadily increased in interest and power. Some eighteen or twenty have been added to the church.

We hope our correspondents will accept the same apology, if they are not promptly attended to.

From the Western Recorder.

A Retrospective View.

NORTH FORK, Dec. 1, 1853.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I wish to keep before the friends of Indian Missions an account of the Gospel's progress among the Creeks; and, as I see that several of my reports have failed to reach the Board, I will give a summary of them for the past four months.

1. **TUCKABACHE.**—In this town I have baptized twenty-six converts during the past quarter; besides John Smith who lives there, but was baptized at North Fork. Three others were received for baptism, among whom is the wife of David Barnett, and also one of his sisters. Billy Harjor—a leading Chief, but not a member—is now engaged in building a meeting-house for the Baptists. Only a year ago missionaries were unwelcome, but now we have two congregations, of about one hundred members, and a meeting-house sixty feet by thirty "on the way." Bro. Manday, an ordained minister, and member of the Muskoke church, lives and labors in this town, but spends most of his time preaching to the Seminoles on Little River.

2. **NORTH FORK.**—I have baptized sixteen at this church during the last quarter, and have collected for benevolent purposes \$70 36½. This is a large church, and the members are scattered over a great extent of country, so that there is not a general gathering oftener than once a month; however, preaching is kept up every Sunday. It is likewise my present home-church, and I preach in the vicinity about three times a week, except every eighth week. Various causes, heretofore, have combined to render some of the members disaffected; some to neglect their regular meetings, and others to go back again to the customs of their fathers. But during the last quarter, I believe, all the divisions have been healed, and the majority of the backsliders—among whom were two exhorters—have been reclaimed. We take collections about as regularly as they are taken in city churches.

3. **MUSKOKE.**—This was my home-church before my removal to North Fork, and is yet the church of my membership; though now, I can visit them only once every eight weeks. I have baptized four, and brother Jacob thirteen—making seventeen baptisms during the last quarter. I have collected \$31 50 at my appointments, but I cannot tell how much they have contributed in my absence. This is decidedly the largest, most wealthy and influential church in the nation; and "even beyond their power," they contribute for benevolent objects. In 1849, I think it was, the ministers of the annual meeting of the Indian Mission Association represented this church as "composed of a few blacks, with brother Jacob as their pastor."

4. **BIG SPRING.**—This church is about ninety miles north from North Fork, and I have not been able to visit them since my removal. I frequently see their pastor, however, brother Perryman, and he informs me that he has baptized

twelve during the past quarter; but I have not heard from there since my last appointment at Muskoke. In addition to these twelve, Bro. P. has baptized two at Hightree, two at the Second Baptist church; and has collected \$60 for the children of deceased ministers and deacons.

5. **SEMINOLES.**—Bro. Manday preaches on Little River to the Seminoles, every fourth week; and had baptized four the last time I saw him. By-the-way, this brother merits the patronage of the Board. No one can supply his place among the Seminoles. I have known him ever since I came to the nation, and can testify of a truth, that he is unassuming, persevering and useful.

6. **VARIOUS DESTITUTE CHURCHES.**—In addition to the churches specified, there are others almost entirely destitute. *Broken Arrow* was constituted two years ago, with something over forty members; but, for want of a preacher, their number has increased but very little, if at all. It is about sixty miles from here. *Deep Fork*: Bro. Islands, in his life time, baptized many at this place, but now they have no church organization for lack of a Baptist minister. Some of them are very faithful, praying with their families night and morning. A large church could soon be organized, if a preacher could be had. *Cross Timbers*: Even as far west as this, there are about fifty Baptists—on the very borders of the Camanches. They have sent for me to visit them, but it is beyond my power, unless some one was here to supply the churches in my absence.

Total number baptized, 79; amount collected, \$161 86½.

In reviewing the past four months I can see much for encouragement, and great cause for humiliation. I have never seen so much affliction in any four months of my life, though my own health has been remarkably good. My wife and son—one or both—have been confined with sickness nearly every day, and it has been out of my power to obtain any assistance. I have had no time for reading and meditation; and I have been forced to forego the pleasure of visiting many destitute regions, where I had pressing invitations to preach the Gospel. But it will not do to descend to particular personal crosses. We can say Jesus has been with us—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Finally, brethren, do not forget or neglect your duty to the Creeks. Listen to their Macedonian cry. I ask, are you doing as much for them as for other tribes? as much as your duty requires? as their wants demand? as our former success should stimulate you to do?

Affectionately, &c., H. F. BUCKNER.

FAVORS AND THEIR OBLIGATIONS.—To feel oppressed by obligation is only to prove that we are incapable of a proper sentiment of gratitude. To receive favors from the unworthy is simply to admit that our selfishness is superior to our pride. Most men remember obligations, but not often to be grateful for them. The proud are made sour by remembrance, and the vain silent.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE RIPENING HARVEST.—The words of our Redeemer to his disciples, at the well of Samaria, are peculiarly applicable to the present time. "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white, a ready to harvest." Truly the fields are white, inviting the reaper to go forth and gather in the precious harvest. It is true in respect to our African missions, and especially so with those in China. Our brother Yates, in speaking of the accessible fields in China, says that "Nanking, Soo-Chow are very large cities; some of them have a population equal to London, and all much larger than New York. And besides these, there are scores of large cities in this plane, to say nothing of other parts of China, and accessible from this place, having a much larger population than the city of Richmond. From this, you will be able to form some idea of the number of men and the means requisite to meet the demand, when the country shall be thrown open to the Christian missionary. My dear brother, the work that is looming up before us is positively bewildering. May the Lord of the harvest grant us strength, wisdom, and faith, adequate for the day and times in which we live."

Whence shall the supply of laborers come! This is a question which forces itself upon the Board with painfully intense interest. We urge it upon the young men of our churches. We press it upon the more experienced ministers of the land. Who will go and teach the multitudes now waiting in Southern China, to know the way of the Lord more perfectly? Who will go and help to occupy the scores of cities above named, in the very heart of China? Who will go to the populous cities of Central Africa, some of which already beseech the "God men"? Who will go? We wait for a reply. —*Hong Mission Journal.*

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Sandwich Island Mission held a final meeting at Honolulu in May last, preparatory to its dissolution as a mission of the American Board. Its members henceforth will labor as pastors among a Christian people, requiring only a measure of assistance such as some of the more feeble churches in parts of our own land receive. The churches now number 22,226 members in regular standing. There are four ordained native preachers, four graduates of the Lahainaluna Seminary are looking forward to the ministry, and there are many valuable native helpers not ordained. The churches have sent out laborers to two new missions in the Pacific, to the Micronesian Islands in 1852, and to the Marquesas the last year. Their missionary spirit and zeal in every good work are on the increase. What hath God wrought! —*Macedonian.*

RANGOON.—Mr. Kincaid, under date of Sept. 16, alluding to Froom, his new station, and to its importance as a center of missionary labor, states that the land route to Arracan, which has been heretofore mentioned, is decided upon, and will be immediately commenced—a road 115 miles long, which will make Froom nearer to Calcutta than Rangoon. Of the state of things at Rangoon, he remarks, "In fourteen months we have baptized 277 Karens, forty-five Burmese and Shans, and at this time we have a larger number of hopeful inquirers than at any former period. Our Burman chapel at Komandine is always full on Lord's day." —*Macedonian.*

HERVEY ISLANDS.—Some idea of the progress in these Islands may be gained from such figures and facts as these:—At one station a congregation of 1500, at another of 400, stately assemble for worship on the Lord's day; some 900 pupils attend the Sabbath and week-day schools; and nearly all the young people over twelve years of age can read. They now have the Bible entire in their own language. When the edition was landed from the vessel, the packages were borne by the natives through the surf with the most lively demonstrations of joy, singing. "The Word has come, the whole Word has come!" and they could hardly be restrained from breaking them open at once.—*American Missionary.*

JEWISH CONVERT.—We are told by the Rev. F. C. Ewald, that "eighty-four members of the house of Israel have been received under Christian instruction during the past year, they were natives of Syria and of the coast of Africa, of Italy and France, of Germany, Holland, and England; it was therefore required that the truth should be set before them in the languages they best knew, namely, in Hebrew, Arabic, French, Italian, German, and English. Twenty-four of that number have been baptized; namely, two families, consisting of ten persons, including six children. A widow, whose three children had received baptism previously. A father of a large family, whose six children had been baptized before him. A head of a family, whose wife and children are still Jews. The rest are single individuals, of whom two are inmates of the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution, and two have been baptized as infants." —*Jewish Record, June, 1852.*

The New Reformation in Asia is so little understood, even in the United States, that even the best newspapers have scarcely any account of it. It is but very few years—I think only twenty—since the Mission to Turkey was first established, and not half that time since the American Mission took a distinct form. Yet now, as Mr. Lazard stated, Protestant communities have been formed in almost every town and village of Turkey, while in the large places, regular churches have been formed. The church at Antioch, for example, has a congregation of five hundred, and numbers one hundred members. At Trebizond, on the Black Sea; Diarbekir, on the Tigris; Erzeroum, Sivas, Tokat, and many other places, flourishing churches of the reformed faith have been established by the American Missionaries, and there is a moral excitement throughout the American population. The same is true to some extent, of the Greeks.—*New York Times.*

LIBERIAN MISSIONS.—We have been for weeks past in daily expectancy of arrivals from the coast of Africa, bringing us information directly from stations there. As yet the packet has not arrived, and apprehensions are entertained that some disaster has occurred. It is our hope, that in the next issue we shall be able to present distinct information from our stations in Liberia.—*Hong Mission Journal.*

CONVERSION TO MOHAMMEDANISM.—The Bishop of the Cape of Good Hope mentions one truly astounding fact—that some English emigrants have actually been converted to Mohammedanism by certain Mahy settlers.

WEST AFRICA.—The English Baptist mission on the island of Fernando Po and on the main land adjoining, communicate intelligence of the baptism of twelve converts, and that others are waiting for the ordinance. At Clarence many of the young are awakened. At Cameroons, Mr. Baker says, "we have much hope that the Word of the Lord will prevail. We are now becoming a body, a visible church. At our last ordinance we numbered not less than thirty believers. This number we could increase to fifty in a few days, but for an excess of caution. . . . Distant districts seem only waiting for some one to show them the right way. A deep feeling, a wide spread inquiry prevail, and is spreading still wider."

UNITARIAN STATISTICS.—According to the Unitarian Register, there are 236 Unitarian Societies in America; of which 197 are in New England, and 156 of these are in the State of Massachusetts. Fifty-six Societies are without pastors. Unitarian Societies have been established in twenty of the States, seven of which have only one each, three have two each, one has four, another five. Thirty-eight Doctors of Divinity are without parishes.—*Western Watchman.*

Dr. Macgowan, of the Ningpo Mission, in reviewing his ten years labor in China; says that more than one hundred natives who ten years ago were perfectly ignorant of the gospel, are now members of the Church of Christ; hundreds of children have obtained a general knowledge of the way of salvation, and hundreds of thousands have heard of Christ through the printed page.

RELIGIOUS COMPLEXION OF PHILADELPHIA.—It appears from the Directory of 1852 that there are 224 places of worship here, 46 of which are Presbyterian; 25 Baptist; 23 Protestant Episcopal; 7 Lutheran; 4 Dutch and German Reformed; 13 Roman Catholic; 27 Methodist, including 4 Methodist Protestant; and 29 of various other classes, including 12 colored.

RECEIPTS.

V. R. Thornton, Agent,	\$481 65
E. C. Kirwin, Alabama,	2 00
H. B. Minor, Treasurer of Brecken Ave.,	30 00
H. F. Tindal,	1 00
Rev J. Cole,	5 00
John G. Miller, Sup't Westworth street	
Bap. Ch. Sunday-school, Charleston, S. C.	40 00
A. R. Prichard, New York,	1 00
Mathias Lipscomb, Alabama,	1 00
A. G. Nugent, Agent,	10 00
Black Swamp Female Ind. Mis. Socy, S. C.,	50 00
H. A. Williams, Georgia,	5 00
B. Jordan, South Carolina,	25
O. D. Billingsly, Indiana,	10 00
C. A. Davis, Georgia,	100 00
A. S. Wynne, Agent,	150 16
A Baptist,	1 00
Samuel Hoyerath, Elizabethtown,	1 00
From U. S. Government, for Schools,	463 14
Philip Bligh,	1 00
James Allen, Alabama,	1 00
Gordonsville, Alabama,	10 00
J. G. C. Williamson, Louisiana,	1 00
C. M. Williamson,	1 00
John L. Childs,	1 00
M. H. Hill, Illinois,	1 00
James Kelly, for ten persons,	10 00
J. P. L. Stark, Indiana,	1 00
E. J. Fugh, South Carolina,	5 00
James B. Frake, Virginia,	1 00
G. P. Crowder, Alabama,	1 00
Wm. C. Morgan, Alabama,	2 00
Joe. M. Turner, Indiana,	4 00
Received per Rev. S. L. Helm,	216 75