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INDIAN ADVOCATE.

VOLUME VIII.

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

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LOUISVILLE, AUGUST, 1854.

THE BOARD OF INDIAN MISSIONS.

MRS. JUDSON—FANNY FORESTER.

A mind more gifted, a temperament more sensitive, and a heart more wondrously tried by all that could bind the crown of thorns which shines brightest in heaven, never passed from the earth, we may well believe, than in the death of her, whose names (by which she is known to the world) we have here written. Of the two lives that she lived successively, while a tenant of the fragile frame whose pulses are now still—the first, a brilliant and brief one of literary success, and the last a slow and painful martyrdom of sacrifice and sorrow—genius and an almost unparalleled sensibility deepened, a thousand-fold, the varied experience. Few will have ever gone to the right hand of God, we reverently feel, with more about which the angels will gather, to read the record in eyes tearful no longer. She was of that heavenly purity and self-sacrificing and humble goodness, which, it is the mystery of an inscrutable Providence should be selected for such trial on earth.—To those who knew her, she was, in every sense, sainted; yet none who knew her well, and what she so changeably suffered, would believe there was ever another lot so apparently deepened but to be filled with bitterness. Before saying the few words by which we would recall the points of her sacred life to our readers, let us give one of the drops of agony wrung from this heaven-child while here on trial—a poem written for her mother's eye only, and, certainly the most manifest *first breath of a soul's utterance*, that we have even seen in human language. It was sent to us some years ago, by one of her friends, under a seal of privacy which we presume is removed by her death. She wrote it while at Maulmain, the missionary station in India at which she had been left by her dying husband, Dr. Judson, when he embarked on a nearly hopeless voyage for health. At the date of this poem he had been four months dead, although it was ten days before the sad news was communicated to her.

Sweet Mother.

The wild south-west monsoon has risen,
With hoarse, gray wings of gloom,
While here, dim out my dreary prison,
I look as from a tomb—Alas!
My heart another tomb.

Upon the low thatched roof, the rain
With ceaseless pattering falls;
My silent treasures bear its stains;
Would gather on the walls—would heaven
'Twere only on the walls!

Sweet mother, I am here alone,
In sorrow and in pain;
The sunshine from my heart has flown;
It feels the driving rain—Ah, me!
The chill, and mould, and rain.

Four longed months have wheeled their round,
Since love upon it smiled,
And everything of earth has flowned

Oh, thy poor stricken child, sweet friend,
Thy weary, suffering child.

I'd watched my loved one night and day,
Scarce breathing when he slept,
And as my hopes were swept away,
I'd in his bosom wept—Oh, God!
How had I prayed and wept!

And when they bore him to the ship,
I saw the white sails spread,
I kissed his speechless, quivering lip,
And left him on his bed—Alas!
It seemed a coffin bed.

When from my gentle sister's tomb,
Long since, in tears, we came,
Thou saidst, "How desolate each room!"
Well, mine were just the same that day,—
The very, very same.

Then, mother, little Charley came,
Our beautiful, fair boy,
With my own father's cherished name:
But oh! he brought no joy—my child
Brought mourning, and no joy.

His little grave I cannot see,
Though weary months have sped
Since pitting lips bent over me,
And whispered, "He is dead!"—Mother:
'Tis dreadful to be dead!

do not mean for one like me—
So weary, worn, and weak—
Death's shadowy paleness seems to be
E'en now upon my cheek—his seal,
On form, and brow, and cheek.

But for a bright-winged bird like him
To hush his joyous song,
And prisoned in a coffin dim,
Join Death's pale phantom throng—my boy
To join that grizzly throng!

Oh, mother, I can scarcely bear
To think of this to-day!
It was so exquisitely fair,
That little form of clay—my heart
Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far, far more,
Come thickly-gathering tears,
Mystic of faith is clouded o'er,
I sink beneath my fears, sweet friend,
My heavy weight of fears.

Oh, but to feel thy fond arms twine
Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
Might kiss away the pain—might soothe
This dull, cold heavy pain.

But, gentle mother, through life's storms,
I may not lean on thee,
For helpless, covering little forms
Cling trustingly to me—poor babes!
To have no guide but me.

With weary foot, and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,
Thy dove looks backwards sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more—thy breast
Seek never, never more.

Sweet mother, for thy wanderer pray,
That loftier faith be given;
Her broken treads all swept away,
That she may lean on Heaven—her heart
Grow strong in Christ and Heaven.

Once, when young Hope's fresh morning dew
Lay sparkling on my breast,
My bounding heart thought but to do,
To seek at Heaven's behest—my pains
Come at the same behest!

All fearfully, all tearfully—
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky,
Fast to the Cross I cling—Oh, Christ!
To thy dear cross I cling.

MAULMAIN, August 7th, 1850.

Of the hymns in human language for the soul only—few and holy and full of meaning as the commandments—this is one.

Our readers—those who have kept with us through years gone by—will remember our reception and first announcement of the writings of "Fanny Forester." She was at that time a school-teacher at Utica, and with one or two intimate and most talented friends among her pupils. Knowing nothing of her real name, or her circumstances, we were exceedingly captivated by the off-hand brilliancy of her style, and its undercurrent of good sense never out of sight; and she and the friends she wrote of (and who wrote with her) became soon, to the public as well to us, the nucleus of a new kind of literary interest. It was the beginning of a new school of female authorship—*immediate and familiar expression, made sacred and rose-colored by the personalness of women*. By writing as if she were talking, she secured the respect and attention that would be given to her presence. She embellished our journal for a while, and then appeared as an authoress, with "Alderbrook" and other volumes.

We had never seen "Fanny Forester" till she came to New York with Dr. Judson, having devoted herself to missionary life, and about to embark with her husband for India, to share his exile of apostleship and his many and dangerous cares. Looking upon her, we saw at once, that it was a spirit which had already outworn its frame—a slight, pale, delicate and transparent creature, every thought and feeling shining through, and every word and movement tremulous with fragility of mortal tenure. We said farewell with no thought that she would ever return—hardly a hope that she would reach her far-off destination. She did arrive there, however. The poem above tells in deathless tears what was one hour of the years she suffered there. She returned, utterly bereaved and a wreck in health, two years since, and, in

the retirement of her mother's humble home, and gradually to the grave.

Mrs. Judson, by her genius, is incidentally one of the world's memorable ones. To a religious class, also of which her husband was a shining prophet, her memory will be dear. But there are those who look for bright ones among the pilgrims on that path of trial by the world unseen—the soul-sore and heart-wrung, with the higher sensibilities that are alive to an angel's scope of agony. She will be, by those, recognized and remembered.—Sacred be the spot where rests what has so suffered and won!—*Atlanta Journal*.

BURMAN.

MAULMAIN, April, 1854.

Not unfrequently there appear in your columns notices of living preachers in Christian countries, of celebrity or otherwise, which are read doubtless with interest and profit. Peradventure like notices of such preachers in heathen countries, rescued from idolatry and enlisted in the service of the living God, might be alike interesting and profitable. Burmah, India, China, and other fields where the missionary had toiled and planted churches, might furnish many subjects for portraiture, and every happy demonstration to Christians at home that their prayers and alms have been acceptable before God.

The Christian public are already acquainted with a few names of such men, some of whom—Ko-tha-byn for example—have become stamped upon the memory, and whose brief and brilliant career are quoted often with high commendation. I should like to be able to sketch for your paper the characters of some of our Burman preachers, but I am afraid I should not be able to do them justice, and will not attempt the task. I will, however, add a few words about one, whose first attempt before a full audience, on a Sabbath morning, produced quite a sensation, and satisfied his hearers, of what they already knew in part, that he was no ordinary preacher.

The Burman church has among its members several evangelists, who labor continually in itinerating in the town of Maulmain and neighboring jungle villages. One of these, named Ko A, has recently been elected and ordained pastor of the church. I know not how it happened that he was chosen before other more acceptable preachers, unless it be that his life has been more harmless, and his Christian course more blameless. There is much in this, and I suspect that to this he owed his election. Such, unhappily, is the standard of morality even among a Christian community in a heathen country, that one cannot but constantly fear the outbreak of corruption and sin like that of David, or of some of the Corinthians in St. Paul's day, and the occurrence of which has made it necessary to silence the voice of more than one preacher who at first gave high hopes of a useful, if not brilliant, career. However this may be, it is certain that he is not among the most gifted preachers—far from it, though, as in a great many like cases elsewhere, he has awarded to him the commendation of being "a good man."

Ko Oungmoo, on a recent Sabbath morning was called to occupy the pulpit of the pastor, who was sick. As long as he has been a preacher, he has never preached before the church in the morning until on this occasion, at which time only in there a full congregation, and it would seem that he had never before put forth his strength. Nature has made Ko Oungmoo more than an ordinary man. He has traits of character and an outward bearing that would make him a leader almost any where.

It would be difficult to place him in a subordinate position, or if so placed, he would not fail to show that it is not the place which makes the man.—There may be others in the church more intellectual, of whom is Ko Dway, but there are none which command more awe and reverence, and none more active. Never at a loss, but always ready and always apt, confident, zealous, cheerful, a child among children, who fear and love him, and a man of gravity, wisdom, and prudence among men. Some think him overbearing, but I doubt it. He is independent, shrewd, and natural; speaks his mind plainly, strongly, and oftentimes bluntly. Though not pastor of the church, without any apparent assumption, his influence is paramount; and there is a kind of common consent that it should be so, acquiesced in as cheerfully by the pastor as by the people. On a Sabbath not long since, the pastor had exhausted his subject, but not his time; and was eking out his discourse tediously. Ko Oungmoo got nervous, and others, too, perhaps; but he, as soon as he could catch the eye of the preacher, raised his hands to a "she-ko," (excuse a Burman word, which is more expressive than any English,) which was equivalent to saying, "It is time to pray." The pastor took the hint, and stopped instantly. It might be rather presumptuous in a member of a church in a civilized land to signalize his pastor when to pray, but "circumstances alter cases."

Ko Oungmoo never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion. He was cleanly and neatly dressed in a pud-tso, a snow-white ingyee, finely wrought in its seams, in the Burman style, a narrow white gong-boung (turban) binding up his long, coal-black, glossy hair, his countenance as fair as a bronzed white man, dark but sparkling bright eyes, and a thin moustache, that becomes him much, with a countenance of good nature, that seemed to tell you beforehand that he had derived pleasure in studying his subject for the occasion. As he rose to read his first hymn, there was an unmistakable manner in his movement and in his look as he scanned, somewhat minutely, I should say, every person in the congregation—something which arrested attention and put you to expectation—something to forewarn you that the worship of God was a solemn service, demanding undivided and reverent homage. I think he learned this of Dr. Judson, who always passed in solemn silence for a long time after rising, during which period he seldom failed to ascertain the moral complexion of his audience, and not seldom preached sermons quite different from those prepared. Ko Oungmoo's reading of the hymn was careless, quite careless of words and meter, but losing nothing of the sentiment. Even here he was characteristic. If a word of his own expressed the sentiment more to his mind, he rejected that of the author without ceremony. In reading the Scriptures he was more reverent. Indeed, before commencing, when he opened the Bible, he invoked for the sacred page the solemn reverence of the audience. I will not attempt to describe his sermon. It was just what might be expected from such a man, and it may be added that, with such men to preach the Gospel in Burmah, there would be little need of sending missionaries from America. He spoke for three-quarters of an hour with unabated freedom and fullness, with untaught but graceful and natural gestures, and as he moved about in the narrow limits of the narrow pulpit, one might almost have supposed that he had somewhere taken lessons in modern oratory. His contrast between Gaudama and his followers, and Christ and his disciples, was charming. He followed Gaudama up through all

the successive natural worlds, depicting all the miseries of the Buddhist as he passes through successive ages and stages of punishment, his sins never forgiven, until Buddh and Buddhist are lost in annihilation. Then he briefly described the advent of Christ, his suffering for sinners, his death, burial, resurrection, appearance to his disciples, and his visible ascent into heaven, sealing the contrast by holding up the dismal hopes of annihilation with the bright realities of the Christian's heaven. Following the ascent of Christ to his abode of glory, he placed the seal of assurance upon the testament of the inheritance of the Christian, by quoting the last words of the Saviour to his disciples, "Let not your hearts be troubled." "I go and prepare a place for you. I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." "I do not attempt any analysis of the discourse, but give this as only one feature of it.—*New York Recorder*.

GLORIOUS THINGS FROM BURMAN.

Extracts of a letter from Mrs. Vinton, dated Rangoon, March 23d, 1854, to Rev. M. G. Clarke, of Philadelphia:

"The happiest and most successful part of our missionary life has been since we came to Rangoon. And no part of that time has been more blessed than the present. The last time Mr. Vinton was in from the jungle, he said that his last trip was the happiest one he ever made; that he was never so well received by the heathen before. They provided him a pony to ride and a buffalo cart to carry his baggage, and kept guard around him night for fear of robber bands. He was literally thronged with people, begging him to go to each of their villages, if it were but to spend one day. With tears in their eyes; they said, 'Had it not been for you during the famine, we should all have starved to death; now, do go to our villages and let our wives and children see him who saved them from the grave.' Had he complied, it would have taken him two months of more, and yet had all of Laing and Engapoo districts to visit before the rains. It is impossible for him to get the rounds of his circuit before the rainy season, but it only remains for him to do what he can. He stopped but a few hours the last time he was in town, and is now off for a three weeks' tour. He is full of faith, that churches of the living God will spring up all through Dalooh and Laing and the Engapoo districts, where the gospel has never been preached till since we came round from Maulmain to reside here. Six interesting churches are already planted, and the germs of many others. I have not been out into the jungle but twice this year. The fact is, we have so much company from all parts of the jungle every day, that we cannot shut up our house, as we used to at Maulmain, and leave it for six months; but it is necessary for some one to be here all the time; and the opportunities for doing good are nearly as great as in traveling. In addition to my other duties, I have a nice little school. I wish you were here to witness the gratitude of this people to us. During all this dry season, they keep up a guard for the every night, when Mr. Vinton is away. I have told them that I did not think it necessary. But they insist upon it, on account of robber bands, which they say may attack us, and we being so far from town, could not get help. These guards are supplied by the chiefs of the different districts, both Burman and Karen. Dear brother, it has been no small privilege that we have enjoyed since we came here, to assist these people in time of war, of pestilence

and famine, and as they say, saving them from death *three times over*. True, we have suffered some, and witnessed more suffering than ever before in our lives all put together; and yet, sometimes, I have thought that angels might envy us the privilege of doing good to the souls and bodies of these people on so extensive a scale.

"Since I commenced this letter, Mr. Vinton has come home unexpectedly. His errand is, if possible, to look up some new assistants to send to new posts. In almost every tour he makes in the jungle, he gains several new posts to occupy and he needs additional assistants to occupy them. He felt very anxious on the last tour, for a while, but at length concluded, that if the Lord opened new posts to be occupied, he would provide the men. Just then he received my letter to him, stating that two assistants had just come in from Maulmain, and were here waiting his order. He visited one village in the upper part of Laing, where seventeen men and thirteen women asked for baptism, and as many more were just ready to do so. He left an assistant to teach and instruct them in the ways of God more perfectly, and will send up one of the ordained pastors in a few weeks to baptize them. To-morrow we are going up to a village, a few miles above us, where the whole village have left off idol and Nat worship, and commenced the worship of God. Out, the Chief of the village, some weeks past, requested that Mr. Vinton would visit them and have a formal ceremony, in which they might publicly and unanimously renounce Nat and Idol worship; and solemnly choose Jehovah to be their God and Saviour. So we are going up with our children to spend the Sabbath with them, and witness their consecration to the Eternal God. Will not angels, also, be there as spectators? Do you not think Gabriel would like to preach the gospel to a people so prepared of the Lord? Four hundred and fifty have been baptized in this region among the Karens, and five hundred in the region of Bassein since the commencement of the war. But, what are these to the great mass left in the road to eternal death? The work must go on faster than this, or Christ's kingdom will be slow in coming. With love to all, in which Mr. Vinton and the children join."

INDIAN THEOLOGY.—The precise idea which the Western Indians entertain of a future life is this: As soon as the Indian threw off the flesh, he would find himself standing on the bank of the river, the current running with great rapidity. Across this river was a slender pole stripped of its bark, and lying close down to the water.—The Indian who had lived a good life, then sees a bright object on the other side: that was "light." He would then, desirous of embracing the object he loved well in the world, walk across the pole, unmindful of the raging torrent beneath his feet, arriving in safety on the opposite shore; and "light" would then lead him among mountains covered with gold and silver, into noble hunting grounds, where he would hunt for eternity. But, on the other hand, the man who followed "Wrong" all his life, when attempting to cross the pole, after death, would fall into the foaming stream, and be swept down into a whirlpool surrounded by rocks; there he would be carried round for many centuries until, at last, he would be gradually sucked towards the centre of the vortex, and finally engulfed in an immense bottomless hole. What became of the unfortunate sinner, the Indians could not surmise, further than he lived forever.

TECUMSEH'S MONOR

An Indian's Word and Gratitude.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press gives some deeply interesting anecdotes of the great Indian warrior and prophet, Tecumseh:

While the enemy was in full possession of the country around Monroe and Detroit, Tecumseh, with a large band of his warriors, visited the river Raisin. The inhabitants along that river had been stripped of nearly every means of subsistence. Old Mr. Rivard, (a Frenchman) who was lame, and unable by his labor to procure a living for himself and family, had contrived to keep out of sight of the wandering bands of savages a pair of oxen, with which his son was able to procure a scanty support for the family. It so happened, that, while at labor with the oxen, Tecumseh, who had come over from Malden, met him in the road, and walking up to him, said:

"My friend, I must have those oxen. My young men are very hungry, and they have nothing to eat. We must have the oxen."

Young Rivard remonstrated. He told the chief that if he took the oxen, his father would starve to death.

"Well," said Tecumseh, "we are the conquerors, and everything we want is ours; I must have the oxen; my people must not starve; but I will not be mean as to rob you of them. I will pay you \$100 for them, and that is far more than they are worth, but we must have them."

Tecumseh got a white man to write an order on the British Indian agent, Col. Elliott, who was on the river some distance below, for the money. The oxen were killed, large fires built, and the forest warriors were soon feasting on their flesh.

Young Rivard took the order to Col. Elliott, who promptly refused to pay it, saying: "We are entitled to our support from the country we conquered. I will not pay it."

The young man, with a sorrowful heart, returned with the answer to Tecumseh, who, said to-morrow we will go and see."

In the morning he took young Rivard and went to see the Colonel. On meeting him he said:

"Do you refuse to pay for the oxen I bought?" "Yes," said the Colonel; and he reiterated the reason for refusal.

"I bought them," said the chief, "for my young men, who were very hungry. I promised to pay for them, and they shall be paid for. I have always heard that white nations went to war with each other, and not with peaceful individuals; that they did not rob and plunder poor people. I will not."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I will not pay for them." "You can do as you please," said the chief, "but before Tecumseh and his warriors came to fight the battles of the great King, they had enough to eat, for which they had only to thank the Master of Life and their good rifles. Their hunting ground supplied them with food enough; to them they can return."

This threat produced a sudden change in the Colonel's mind. The defection of the great chief, he well knew, would immediately withdraw all the nations of the Red men from the British service; and, without them, they were nearly powerless on the frontier.

"Well," said the Colonel, "if I must pay, I will."

"Give me hard money," said Tecumseh, "not rag money"—army bills.

The Colonel then counted out a hundred dollars in coin, and gave them to him. The chief handed the money to young Rivard, and then said to the

Colonel, "Give me one dollar more." It was given, and, handing that also to Rivard, he said: "Take that, it will pay you for the time you have lost in getting your money."

THE SUTTER

On the 30th of August, 1833, the princely city of Oodypore was the scene of a terrible solemnity. About mid-day, a prolonged discharge of artillery from the fort, announced the unexpected decease of Maharaja Juwan Singh; and, as is usual in tropical climates, preparations for his obsequies immediately commenced. The palace gate was thronged with the expectant populace. Something, however, in the extent of their voices and gestures, boded the approach of a spectacle more thrilling than mere pomp could render even a royal funeral. It was not the dead alone whom the eager crowd were awaiting to see pass from among them. Sculptured in startling abundance on the tombs of their rulers, the well known effigies of women's feet, gave ghastly assurance that a prince of Oodypore would not that day be gathered to his fathers without a wife; or a concubine, sharing his pyre. The only question was—how many? It was known that the youngest of the two queens had emanated from a family in which the rite was rarely practiced; while the suddenness of the Maharaja's death had given but scanty time for any of his inferior women to mature so tremendous a resolution. Great, therefore, was the admiration of the multitude when they learnt, that, immediately on the fatal tidings reaching the Zenana, both the queens and six out of seven concubines had determined to burn. The seventh, a favorite, had excused herself on the plea—which, characteristically enough, was at once admitted—that "she felt none of the inspiration deemed necessary to the sacrifice."

It next became the duty of the chief nobles to address the ladies with the forms of dissuasion. But to these they quickly put an end by an act that rendered retreat impossible:—loosening their hair, and unveiling their faces, they went to the gate of the Zenana, and presented themselves before the assembled populace. All opposition to their wishes now ceased. They were regarded as sacred to the departed monarch. Devout ejaculations poured incessantly from their lips. Their movements became invested with a mysterious significance; and their words were treasured up as prophetic.

Meantime the pile had been prepared. The eight victims, dressed in their richest attire, and mounted on horseback, moved with the procession to the cemetery. There they stripped off their ornaments and jewels, distributed gifts to the bystanders, and, lastly, mounting the pile, took their places beside the corpse. As the Maharaja had left no son, his nephew, the present sovereign, applied the torch. The crash of music, the chanting of the priests, and the cries of the multitude, arose simultaneously, and the tragedy was consummated. "The father of one of the queens" (concludes the native report) "had been present during the whole. He is here immersed in contemplation and grief, and his companions are comforting him."

"Integrity is the first moral virtue, benevolence is the second and prudence is the third. Without the first the two latter cannot exist; and without the third the two former would be often rendered useless."

True virtue is like precious odors; sweeter the more inhaled and crushed.

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Special Notice!

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

THOS. M. VAUGHAN, ESQ.

Cor. Secretary Am. Ind. Miss. Association,
 LOUISVILLE, KY.

Those containing remittances, to

CHARLES B. 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, Fourth street, below Main, and pay it there.

Is it true? Yes, it is true, and what a shame! Is it true that there is not a dollar in the Treasury of the Indian Mission Association? Yes, it is too true! We called to inquire and were informed that the Treasury was exhausted and that the Board had overdrawn several hundred dollars; but this would not have been so discouraging had not our excellent Treasurer remarked to us as we were leaving that several of our drafts had been protested. Oh what a shame, thought we, as we returned to the Mission rooms, to read over the letters of our poor Missionaries who are begging us for help as a starving man begs for a morsel of bread.

It is true that this Society has strong claims upon the patriotism, benevolence, and piety of American citizens, who are growing rich upon lands who were once the rightful inheritance of the Indian. It is true that no mission on earth save our own home mission has been attended with so much interest; none presents stronger claims upon the real patriot and Christian than this does, yet it receives less than any one of them.

It is true that no Missionary enterprise of modern origin, has been attended with so much success as the Mission to the Indians. If infidels and anti-missionaries sneer at other similar efforts and charge their success to the superior talents and learning of the Missionaries or the simplicity of the heathen, such cannot be said of the Indian Mission. Most of the men employed in that work are plain and unassuming, and the Indians themselves are generally jealous and of quick perception.

The success of the Gospel among them has

been a most signal triumph of the power of revealed truth. Many of the most successful Missionaries are native converts.

Is it true that many of our Missionaries are actually suffering? Yes, it is true! Well, why do they not return home then? Because some of them have not the necessary means, and others with a martyr's zeal, are resolved to trust in God and continue the work, if they starve at their posts.

When we say they are actually suffering, we mean all we say. They are in want of the necessities of life, of food, clothing and comfortable houses, and worse than all their salaries are not paid.

Is it true that these men have left their homes and entered upon the arduous labors of a Missionary life upon the faith of the most numerous wealthy and powerful denomination in the land? Yes, it is true the most successful men among them are Baptists. The simplicity and power of the truth, as held and practiced by our denomination, strikes the unsophisticated mind of the Indian with overwhelming force. They become Baptists more readily than any thing else.

Oh what a shame, then, that Baptists will not support these faithful men of God. How many will wish in their dying hour, that they had given much of their abundance to this good cause, instead of bestowing it upon those sons and daughters to make them prodigal and miserable.

We must appeal again to the friends of the Indian for aid in the great cause in which we are engaged. Our affairs have come to crisis, and unless something is done, and that speedily, the labors of the Indian Mission Association must be abandoned. But we trust that the Baptists of the South-west have too much benevolence and piety, and Christian sympathy, to allow their missionaries among the Indians to starve for want of pecuniary aid. Many of you God has blessed in your day and generation, into your hands he has entrusted riches. You are but his stewards, and unless you lend a helping hand to every cause like this he will hold you to a fearful responsibility.

This call, we humbly trust, will be responded to, and that in a short time our treasury will be replenished, and that our poor and suffering missionaries will be relieved from the distresses in which they are now placed. Already a great work has been accomplished, and may the time speedily approach when the "barren and the solitary places may be made glad, and the desert shall bloom and blossom as the rose."

Putnam's and Graham's Magazines, for August are on our table. They are valuable numbers and fully sustain the high reputation they have already won. We commend them cordially to the reading community.

"He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will seldom do any good at all." That is very true.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.—An estimable sister, who quit this vale of sorrow, left to an only little daughter a legacy of \$17,000. This sum, by the will, is to be kept at interest until the daughter becomes of age; one-half the interest is to be appropriated to the maintenance and education of the daughter, the other half to be equally divided between the Southern Domestic Mission Board and the Indian Mission.

This sum will be sufficient to support a native Missionary among the Indians one year. Suppose it be ten years before the daughter be entitled to it, and then suppose (which is but reasonable) that there are an average of fifty conversions per year under the labors of that Missionary; the result will be five hundred Indians saved. What a treasure is laid up in heaven for the dear mother, and what a lesson of religion taught the daughter! Suppose, upon the same basis, that the sum given to the Domestic Board will support a Missionary six months of the year, and a proportionate result follows. How glorious will be the reward of the donor, how great the result of a small bequest.

At a late meeting of the Indian Mission Board, the Corresponding Secretary was ordered to write to Brother H. F. Buckner, our devoted missionary to the Creek Nation, and request him to accept a general agency for the Board, in the South-west. It may seem impolitic to withdraw him from a field where his labors have been so greatly blessed, but his zeal for the Indians, his minute acquaintance with their wants, peculiarly qualify him for the office, and in view of the embarrassed state of our finances, we think the Board has acted right in making the request.—We have written, and trust he will accept the appointment.

Brother A. G. Moffatt, one of our missionaries, and teacher in Armstrong Academy, has resigned his place. We regret to lose the services of Brother M.; but wherever he goes may the Lord bless him and make him a useful laborer in whatever portion of the field his lot may be cast.—Whom can we get to succeed him in Armstrong in Armstrong Academy?

CHARACTER.—Some writer has said: "We may easily judge of a man's character, by what he loves—what pleases him. If a person manifests pleasure in low and sordid objects, in vulgar songs and debasing language, in the misfortune of his fellows, or cruelty to animals, we may at once determine the complexion of his character. On the contrary, if he loves purity, modesty, truth,—if virtuous pursuits engage his heart and draw out his affections, we may be satisfied that he is an upright man. A debased mind shrinks from association with the good and wise."

The Minutes of our late anniversary, and the able address of Brother H. F. Buckner upon that occasion, will be published together. Also one thousand copies of Brother B.'s address will be published separately. They will appear about the first of September.

The following letter from brother Moffat we commend to the attention of our readers. It will be found interesting:

ARMSTRONG ACADEMY, C. N.

DEAR BROTHER:—I send you the report of my labors during the last five weeks, and you can make what disposition you please with it.

April 23d. To-day attended my appointment at Ishkanas. Had a very good and orderly congregation. Good attention was given to the preached word.

April 29th and 30th. Attended an appointment near Byington's, fifteen miles from here. Had a very large congregation both days. I found that part of our Church much excited on account of a difficulty between three of the most prominent members of our Church. Was much depressed myself, and cried earnestly to God for help and wisdom. After much trouble, collected the members together, and exhorted them to hold fast the profession of faith unto the end, assuring them that the Church was not built on man, but on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. And that though some of the members may have done wrong, there was no necessity for the others to become discouraged, as the gates of hell can never prevail against it. Continued the meeting until a very late hour in the evening, until I got the Church into a good state of mind. On Lord's day, had a good prayer-meeting. About one hundred and seven of the members being present. Two persons presented themselves before the Church for baptism; one had been a very worthy member of the Presbyterian Church for a number of years. After the usual course of examination of their Christian experience, they were received for baptism. And after the forenoon sermon, we went to the water, where I buried them with Christ in baptism. In the afternoon, commemorated the last supper of our Lord and Saviour.

May 7th. Prevented from going to my appointment to-day on account of high water.

May 14th. Preached a funeral sermon this forenoon, two miles from the Academy, and another in the afternoon. Had a very large congregation.

May 20th. Attended my appointment in the vicinity of David Holmes', about fifty miles from here, and where I baptized five persons a few weeks ago. On Saturday, preached at 11 o'clock, A. M., and at 3 o'clock, P. M. The people were exceedingly attentive. We had the assurance that the Spirit of God was present, accompanying the word to the heart with power. Five men and two women professed to have found the Saviour precious to their souls. At night they were examined, and all gave satisfactory evidence of a change of heart, and were received as candidates for baptism. On Lord's day, in the morning, had a prayer-meeting. Was much surprised to see how ready the young converts were to engage in prayer. After preaching we went to the water, where we buried the seven

with Christ in baptism. The people were very orderly and attentive.

Brother Holmes has been the only Baptist in that region for fifteen years. There is a sufficient number there now to organize a church, which I expect to do at my next appointment there.

A. MOFFAT.

Read the following letter from Bro. Peter Folsom, one of our native missionaries, and see what the Gospel of Christ can do for the poor Indians.

July 7, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER: According to promise I once more have the privilege, through the will of God, to write to you, though I have nothing of interest to you.

After you all left me in Memphis, I remained until Thursday afternoon. On the 8th of June I started out, and reached Napoleon on the 9th, about 10 o'clock on Friday, and remained there until Sunday night. I got passage up the Arkansas, and got up to Fort Smith on Friday, about 12 o'clock, and remained here with brother Wallace until next morning; 17th of June, I started up, and reached my house at night, and preached one sermon on Sunday, notwithstanding I was rather in feeble state of health; and was taken sick in the evening, which reduced me quite low. But through the mercy of God I am now able to write to you. When I reached home I found all my family in good health; they are still enjoying very good health. One of my brethren lost one dear son, and I attended the burial yesterday. I had made the appointment of three days' meeting at Dog Creek, before I went on to Memphis, which was held on 1st of June last. I requested brother Wallace to attend to this meeting, and administer baptism. So he told me had baptized eleven souls. I expect to baptize seven or eight more week after next. I have not commenced my labor as yet, as it is almost impossible to ride out any distance on account of horse-flies so bad at this time; it is worse this year than ever has been known for many years.

In consequence of this I cannot comply with your request, as yet, in going to Armstrong Academy. But I will do it so soon as my horse can stand to travel. Therefore I hope you will bear patiently with me; I will go and see to it as soon as practicable.

My crops are not good this year. My hiring left me so soon as I got home, for Memphis. Therefore I shall hardly make enough to support my family.

People are, generally, not doing as much as usual, on account of so much rain this season of the year.

You will please write to me, for I would be happy to hear from you; particularly any advice you wish to give with regard to our missionary operation, would be thankfully received by me.

I am, your brother in Christ,

PETER FOLSOM.

From the Western Recorder.

THE CHOCTAWS—LETTER FROM REV. S. WALLACE.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS, June 15, 1854.

BROTHER FORD:—We commenced a meeting on Friday before the first Lord's day of this month, at Dog Creek, and continued it till Monday morning. The meeting was well attended, and everything seemed to move on in a harmonious manner. During the time I preached five sermons and baptized twelve persons, all Choctaws. Brethren Shuanubby and Hancock, spoke each several times with considerable fervor. They are both full-blood Choctaws, and promise to be useful men in the cause of God.

On Monday morning, breakfast being over, the members formed a line and all engaged in singing and prayer, after which, by a kind of counter march, they extended to each other the parting hand. This was done with apparently much feeling, and evidently made a deep impression upon those who stood as spectators. I think I have not witnessed a more interesting meeting since I came to the Indian country.

Being in a favorable position to count them while brother Shuanubby made them a short speech before dismissal, which I could not understand; there were still present one hundred and ten members, some left the evening before and others that morning. These were all Choctaws, and I believe that I was the only one present that had not full rights in the nation.

Everything was held in common and managed in the most systematic order. A committee was appointed to keep charge of all the horses, another to do the cooking among the women, another to set the table and attend on it, &c., &c. So that everything was attended to in its time and place, and to the satisfaction of all. We left the meeting deeply impressed at seeing the power and influence of the gospel over the hearts of this once benighted and wild people of the forest.

Yours, ever,

S. WALLACE.

A SCENE IN BURMAH.—Dr. Mason left Toungoo on the 18th of January. He thus describes his departure: "Before stepping into the boat, we knelt down on the grassy bank of the river, with the lofty turreted walls of the city on one side, and the gigantic mountains on the other, the clear blue sky over head; and more than a hundred Burmans and Shans in a circle around us; and I commended the little church in Toungoo, that knelt with us, to the Saviour who has purchased it with his blood. The parting was to all painful and sad, but it was one which all felt that duty required, and we therefore calmly said, 'The will of the Lord be done.' I explained to the assembly in a few words the object of our praise, and prayer; and Sau Quala gave out a Karen hymn, which was sung in one of the plaintive minor mode tunes in which the Karens have sung their religious traditions for untold ages.—The prayer was in Burmese, on account of the numerous Burmans and Shans present who understood that language but not Karen; and Sau

Quala pronounced the blessing in the same language."

THE WAR-CHIEF CONVERT.

The story of the conversion of Pecheto the once savage warrior of the Chippewas, adds fresh encouragement and interest to the missionary efforts for that tribe. Mr. Tanner writes in the Home Mission Record, under date of February 24:

I received a message lately from Turtle Mountain, sent to me by the Indians of that place, wishing to know what was to be done about forming a settlement. The messenger is the first war chief of the plains. I laid before him the amount of labor resting on me; and my need of more help; and then laying the fast perishing condition of our poor countrymen before him, I reminded him of his having ever stood on the battle-field in defending and trying to save the lives of his countrymen; that his name was spread far and near and was mentioned in their songs; and I then told him that, as a man and a father to his country, it was his duty to look after the still greater good of his countrymen; and then asked if he would enlist in the same army that I belong to, enter in the same service, handle the same weapons—that is, to seek the spiritual good of our people—and walk in the same road until we reach our Father's home. I begged him, before answering, to consider that he must, in such a course, meet many enemies, and must be willing to let his name be cast as an offscouring of earth; that he would no more hear his name sung in songs of praise in the dances or in the family circles of the bands. I laid before him fully the trials of a Christian—that he could no more seek his own glory but that of the Great Spirit, and then requested his answer.

He slowly raised his manly form, and, looking me full in the face, seemed to recall the bustle of the battle-field, and all his victories, and the applause he had gained from the people, all of which he must count as nothing if he became a servant of God, while a deep struggle seemed to be going on in his breast. At last he said: You are not the first who has put this question to me. Conscience has done it before. Mine is not a hasty conclusion. The first time I saw you in our country I began to think of this. My answer is made up. It is this: Yes. Your work is my work; your weapons are my weapons; your enemies, my enemies. By your side I will stand, and fight, and die. I now throw myself under your teachings and your orders. Begin at once to teach me my duty out of the Big Book" (the Bible.)

This is now the sixth day he has been with, as ever calling only to be taught. I have often thought how pleased you all would be to have heard and seen this terror of the surrounding nations calling or teachings from the Great Word, and humbly bowing before the Great Spirit. He leaves here tomorrow for his far-off home; he lives about one hundred and eighty miles from here, and will return as soon as the snow is off the ground, in company with his whole band, and the civil chief, then, in the presence of all, is to be buried with Jesus in the watery grave. Oh, what a happy time that will be, if I shall have my heart's desire granted me! This war-chief is my brother Pecheto, that cruel and savage warrior. Is not the Lord good unto us and is he not all-powerful? The Lord is moving among the people.

The following letter from the war-chief alluded to came inclosed in the above:

"My friends, accept of my thanks, and the thanks

of my people, to the people of America, and all Christian friends, for your kindness to our younger brother, Esh-kue-gone-bi, when a stranger in your big towns, and your kindness in sending him back to us, to show us the way to the pleasant lands where the Great Spirit lives. We hope your help will not be thrown away.

"I am your friend,

"EDWARD TANNER, or PECHETO." [His mark.]

LETTER FROM THE REV. E. KINCAID.

The following is an extract of a letter recently received from the Rev. E. Kincaid, by Rev. J. H. Kennard, which was kindly handed to the Christian Chronic for publication:

"I do not go to Ava now, as there is no man to preach in Arone, and the neighboring towns. In all the newly acquired provinces, there is only brother Inyang to preach in Burma besides myself. Within 60 miles of Prome are five other cities, and a great number of villages. Did you preach on the passage, 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest?' Laborers! that is what is wanted; does the church understand this? There may be ministers and missionaries, according to modern ideas, and yet not laborers, in the true evangelical sense. There must be singleness of purpose—there must be faith in preaching—there must be adaptation to the work—there must be love for souls. . . . I have been just one month in Prome, and have twenty-five or thirty inquirers, and five have asked for baptism. I have fitted up aayat for a dwelling, and another for a chapel. I can have a congregation at any time and in any place. I am invited to other cities and villages; and as one penny could not endure all the work, I have just bought another. The Lord has opened a door of faith here to this people, blessed be his holy name. Pray for us, and for the Holy Spirit's influence on these churches. I have only one native preacher, but expect another. Our brother Simons has arrived. I am sending out three others as colporteurs to talk or give a tract or a portion of the Scriptures. Two of them I have sent East, to some Karen villages, as they have never heard of Christ. I was in hopes some brother from Lewisburg University, burning to preach Christ to the heathen, would have been here before this. The resurrection power of Christ must be felt by the churches, and then there will be laborers."

THE Czar's INTOLERANCE EQUAL TO THE POPE'S.—Notwithstanding the hitherto cruel and bloody character of Mahomedanism, the present Sultan is more humane and tolerant, and there is more religious liberty in Turkey, than in Russia and Italy.

The Czar is pope of the Russo-Greek Church, and within his dominions it has far less freedom than under the dominion of the Turks. The priesthood, especially in the rural districts, is irreligious and corrupt. They form a caste by themselves. No priest or "pope" ever marries any one, except the daughter of another pope. "Documents state that in the year 1836 no less than 206 ecclesiastics were deprived for infamous crimes, and 1985 convicted of lesser offences; about two per cent. of the whole number convicted in a single year." In 1839 it had risen to five per cent. The most insulting proverb in the language is, "Do you take me for a pope?" Yet the people are superstitiously attached to the rites and ceremonies of their worship, but seem to have no better idea of true religion than the heathen. No missions are allowed. Thirty years ago, under Alexander, Bible societies were formed, and with the aid of the British and Foreign

Bible Society, 500,000 copies of the Scriptures were circulated. But now, no association for the purpose is tolerated, and no one is allowed to print the Bible in modern Russ, and no association is allowed to import the Bible in the language of the people, not even of the Jews.

CAREY'S WATCHWORD—MISSIONARY SERMON.

The celebrated sermon of Carey which gave the watchword to many missions, "Attempt great things, and they shall grow upon thee," is familiar to every Baptist. The following is the simple record referring to this memorable discourse, transcribed by a recent visitor to Kettering, from a copy of the Minutes of the Northamptonshire Baptist Association for 1792:

"At 10 o'clock Bro. Morris prayed. Bro. Satchell introduced the work of the day, and prayed. Bro. Carey preached from Isaiah liv. 2, 3. Bro. West concluded with prayer. At half past two Bro. Ryland, Jr., preached from Zech. iv. 6; "Not by night, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." The circular letter, drawn up by Bro. Ryland, was then read; Subject, Godly Zeal.

It was then:

"Resolved, That a plan be prepared against the next minister's meeting at Kettering for the forming of a Baptist Missionary Society for propagating the Gospel among the heathen.

"Bro. Carey generously engaged to devote all the profits that may arise from his late publication on this interesting subject, to the use of such Society."

Who will despise the day of small things?—What wonderful results—unmeasurable by any pecuniary "profits"—have proceeded from that one sermon of the humble village Baptist pastor and shoemaker. In the same library was found an advertisement of the late publication, which reads as follows:

"By the Rev. William Carey, Leicester.—An inquiry into the obligations of Christians to use means for the conversion of the heathen; in which the religious state of the different nations of the earth—the success of former undertakings, and the practicability of further undertakings, are considered. 8vo. pp. 87. Price 1s. 2d. N. B. The profits of this publication are to be devoted to the use of a Society for propagating the Gospel among the heathen."—*Christian Chronicle*.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.—There are those who tell us that the work of redemption will be looked upon in a future state as nothing more than one of the ephemeral acts of the God-head! Never was assertion more gratuitous or more unfounded. Independently of the sublime mysteries of the cross, there could have been for fallen man neither grace nor glory; neither purity nor moral perfection; neither rest nor blessedness, nor a joyous life of immortality. It is from the cross that redemption, in all its plenitude of freedom and happiness, is derived; and from the cross will come all the light which is to illumine the great wide field of eternity. For ever standing in this light, we shall gather up the vast designs of the Godhead in all the perfection of their character, and in all the grandeur of their results; and viewing them in all the harmony of their plan, and in all the blessedness of their end, thought will heighten into wonder, and wonder into praise, and sweet, and pure, and seraphic will be the worship of the redeemed Church. Theirs will be the new song. While being lasts, or immortality endures, we shall never lose the freshness and the interest of that sublime, unending strain: "Thou art worthy, for thou hast redeemed us unto God."—*Rev. R. Ferguson*.

THE MARTYR.

BY MRS. M. C. CONANT.

It was a small, dark chamber in the Tower of London. Its very aspect was enough to freeze the blood. The cold, gray walls of stone closed upon the inmate like a sepulcher. The heavy, oaken door, with its massive bars and bolts, seemed the seal of bondage rather than the portal of hope. A high, narrow window towards the west, admitted through, most of the day, an uncertain, cheerless light, which served only to reveal the desolate appearance of the interior. At this moment, however, an unusually brilliant sunset shot a rich amber gleam athwart the gloom, which fell like a glory around the head of the prisoner. It was a woman. She lay extended on a coarse bed, in an attitude of utter exhaustion and helplessness. Her face was a deathly pallor, and the cold sweat stood in great beads upon her high, open brow, and drenched the hair which lay in wild matted masses around her neck and shoulder. Yet the pale countenance wore a triumphant smile. A conqueror's soul beamed forth in that radiant, upward glance. In that slender, broken form beat a heart, which proved itself stronger than the love of life or the fear of death. It is Anne Askew just from the torture of the rack.

This beautiful, cultivated, and pious lady was one of the victims of the cruel religious persecutions under Henry VIII. Belonging to an ancient and noble family, her early years were passed in the bosom of a happy and luxurious home. As was the fashion with the distinguished ladies of that time, her mind was trained by a severer discipline and richer culture than is common in our day. Early in life she changed her parental abode for that of her husband. We know nothing of the first period of the union nor its duration; but we know that when her earnest, inquiring mind had seized the doctrines of the Reformation, and her warm heart had found satisfaction for all its restless cravings in the living gospel, her husband turned against her, and brutally drove her from his house.

Resuming her maiden name, she thenceforward devoted herself to the extension of that knowledge, for which, like the Apostle, she had "counted all things as loss." Many great ladies of the court secretly embraced her sentiments, and it was rumored that the Queen herself had received heretical books from her. Katherine was well known to be favorable to the Reformation; but the admirable prudence of her conduct had thus far offered no handle to her enemies, eagle-eyed and malignant and powerful as they were. But an overt act of disobedience to the royal decree promised what they wished. This would have been an offense beyond pardon, in the eyes of the despotic and passionate. To convict Anne was the first step towards the downfall of the Queen. She was seized and sent to prison.

But Anne Askew proved more than a match for her enemies. To the world's eye, weak, helpless woman, she stood alone against a host. But her feet were planted on the eternal rock of principle. Her faith was no mere creed, a speculative belief in abstract dogmas. It was a life in her soul; and at this hour of need proved itself the well-spring of a wisdom, which her adversaries could not gain say, of a strength which they could not subdue, of a joy which smiled with undisturbed serenity on the terrors of the prison, the torture, and the stake.

Writheless, the Lord Chancellor of England, visited her in prison with the purpose of terrifying

her into a confession of her accomplices. Such were those called, who had committed the crime of receiving religious books from her, and of contributing to her support in prison. Her calm and cautious answers afforded him no clue. Enraged by disappointment, the dignified and manly Primate orders her to the rack. Think of it! A Man, a wise and learned statesman, a high dignitary of the realm, ordering a weak and unresisting woman to the rack—and for what? For this, verily, that she could not believe the consecrated wafer to be the literal body and blood of Christ, and that she would not betray those who held with her in the rejection of that Popish dogma.

Perhaps, in this happier age, some of my readers do not even know what is meant by the torture of the rack. Let us accompany Anne Askew to the question-chamber. See that heavy oaken frame furnished with wheels and pulleys. That is the rack. She is laid by the rough executioner, on the floor directly under it. The depending cords are fastened tightly to her slender wrists and ankles. Now the hellish instrument begins its work. Slowly, slowly, the victim rises, till her body is on a level with the rack. Now is your time, Lord Primate; under these convicting arguments, surely light will dawn upon her mind, especially as she well knows that these are the prelude to others still more cogent. In vain. She is as blind and obstinate as ever. The noble examiner directs the officer in attendance to increase the torture. But the Lieutenant of the Tower, used as he is to the scenes of legalized cruelty, cannot endure this sight. Perhaps he has a wife, a sister, the thought of whom makes his heart weak. He remonstrates, he entreats, but without effect. He then endeavors, by his directions to the jailor, to mitigate the torture. Perceiving his aim, the Lord Chancellor, in a fit of fury, flings off his costly robe, seizes the lever with his own noble hands, and plies it with so fierce a will, that the bones of the poor sufferer start from their sockets. Will she confess now? No! Though the frail flesh quivers with the sharp and rending agony, though the low moan, perchance the wild shriek, confesses that mortal anguish, the strong heart is still true to its friend and its God.

Turn we for a moment to a scene of a far different character. In a magnificent apartment in the palace of Westminster, we find Queen Katherine surrounded by the pomp of royalty. Priceless jewels sparkle in her golden hair. The necklace that clasps her white throat would buy a small kingdom. Her splendid attire well benefits the highest lady of the realm. A canopy of the richest damask overhangs her chair of state. Her lightest word is law to all around her. Still young and beautiful, every motion grace, every look expressive of dignity and sweetness, who can doubt that her empire is secured by love no less than by right! Does not this brilliant scene seem to mock the misery and horror of that which we have just left? Are we not ready to complain of the unequal distribution of the gifts of Providence.

"Judge not, according to the outward appearance." There two hearts, that in the dungeon, and this in the palace, beat in perfect unison. The same humble, living faith reigns in both. The same love to God and man, the same high, self-forgetting devotion to truth and duty. But Anne Askew is the happier of the two. The sword hangs by a hair over the regal head of Katherine. Cares, anxieties, fears, nestle under that velvet and ermined mantle. Trape and footfalls beset her steps. She knows that among her royal consort's counsellors are her own deadly foes; that

his capricious fondness may at any hour fasten on a new object, and make way for it by consigning her own head to the block. She fears indeed less for herself than for others near and dear to her, who would be involved in her ruin. At this hour her heart is distracted with apprehensions, from which her noble kinswoman has been forever set free. True she has the same refuge from which Anne has drawn help; and were she called to the test, doubtless she would endure as worthily. But it is also true, that the martyr's strength and the martyr's joy, come not but at the martyr-hour.

All efforts to induce her to recant or confess being found unavailing, Anne Askew was condemned to be burned alive. The stake had no more terrors than the rack, for her constant spirit. One who saw her the day before her execution, has recorded, that "she wore a smiling face, and her countenance was like that of an angel." Her limbs being so dislocated that she could not walk, she was carried in a chair to the fatal spot. She was already fastened with her fellow-sufferer to the stake, when a message arrived from the Lord Chancellor, that their pardon was already drawn and signed, and would be given upon the instant, if they would recant. This last temptation was promptly rejected by them all. The flames were kindled, and soon Anne Askew had put off mortality, and entered into the eternal joy!

THE OLD NEGRO'S LOGIC.—A clergyman asked an old servant his reasons for believing in the existence of a God: "Sir," says he, "I see one man get sick. The doctor comes to him, gives him medicine; the next day he is better; he gives him another dose, it does him good; he keeps on till he gets about his business. Another man gets sick like the first one; the doctor comes to see him; he gives him the same sort of medicine; it does him no good, he gets worse; gives him more, but he gets worse all the time, till he dies. Now that man's time to die has come, and all the doctors in the world can't cure him.

"One year I work in the corn-field, plow deep, dig up grass, and make up nothing but nubbins. Next year I work the same way; the rain and dew comes, and make a good crop.

"I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world, I see the sun rise in the East and set in the West. The North star stand where it did the first time I ever saw it; the seven stars in Job's coffin keep in the same path in the sky, and never turn out. It ain't so with man's works. He makes clocks and watches; they run well for a while, but they stand stock still. But the sun, and moon, and stars keep on the same way all the while. There is a power which makes one man die, and another get well, that sends the rain and keeps everything in motion."

What a beautiful comment is here furnished by an unlettered African, on the language of the Psalmist: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and firmament show His hand-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth, but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture; the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. There is nothing, says Plato, so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray and speaks without any intention to deceive.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CHURCHES.—In 1850 the population of the United States was about twenty-three millions, for whose accommodation there were thirty-six thousand houses of worship, sufficient to seat nearly fourteen millions. This is a large amount of accommodation to be possessed by a new country, whose population has augmented so rapidly during the past twelve years, and is spread over so vast an area. Of these churches, the following are the most prominent in number and in the amount of accommodation which they afford:

	Churches.	Accommodation.
Baptist,	8,791	3,120,878
Episcopal,	1,423	625,213
Methodist,	12,467	4,309,336
Presbyterian,	4,584	2,040,310
Roman Catholic,	1,112	620,963
Lutheran,	1,212	531,100

Roman Catholicism, it would seem, does not flourish in the United States, considering the large number of people belonging to that Church whom Ireland has sent out during the past few years.

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS IN BOSTON.—The following statistics of the churches in Boston, have been compiled from the latest and most authentic source. The number of organized religious societies is exactly one hundred; they are divided among seventeen distinct denominations, as follows: Congregational Unitarian, 32; Congregational Trinitarian, 14; Baptist, 18; Episcopal, 12; Roman Catholic, 10; Methodist Episcopal, 8; Universalist, 6; Methodist Protestant, 4; Presbyterian, 3; Christian, 1; Freewill Baptist, 1; Quaker, 1; Swedenborgian, 1; Jews, 1; German Lutherans; German Protestant, 1; Second advent, 1. Total churches in Boston, 100.—*Christian Observer*.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.—In the report of the Book Committee of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, loans were recommended to be made to the several papers. The Conference ordered the following loans to be made:

New Orleans Advocate,	\$6,000
Memphis Advocate,	5,000
St. Louis Advocate,	5,000
Houston Advocate,	5,000
Texas Christian Advocate,	5,000
Christian Observer, California,	5,000

Total, \$31,000

It was strongly contended that \$10,000 should be appropriated to the California paper.

"A letter from the captain of the Mission ship John Williams, received at the London Mission House last week, reports a visit to Erromanga in the New Hebrides. During the stay of the vessel off the island, the very man who levelled the fatal blow at the martyred missionary Williams came on board. He is now a learner of Christianity. The question was put to him, Why he killed the missionary? His reply was, 'White man had been to the island, and had slain his brother and sister, and he feared this white man would do likewise, and so he killed him.' The island is now, to a great extent, reclaimed from heathenism by the labors of native evangelist."

The Wisconsin University at Madison, Wisconsin, is now in process of erection. It stands on the eminence of 1,000 feet, a mile West of the Capitol, in a park of 55 acres. It has a fund of \$400,000.

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD.—At Saharanpur about twelve Hindoos have professed to renounce idolatry, and are in the habit of assembling daily to read the Scriptures and to inquire about Christianity.

Princeton College has educated more than 600 Clergymen, more than 200 Judges, Statesmen and M. C.'s—so says the new President of the Institution, Rev. Dr. McLean.

Four young men of the Senior class of the Connecticut Theological Institute, it is said, have in view the work of Foreign Missions.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS IN NEW ORLEANS.—To the casual observer of the eddying whirlpool of commerce and the gaudy glitter of fashion and pleasure, there seems to be no deep-seated religious feeling amongst the inhabitants of the Crescent City. The absence of those external marks of respect by the whole population for the Sabbath, usual in more northern cities, ever gives us the outward appearance of heathenism, not elsewhere paralleled in the country. But there is by no means an entire religious apathy here. There is not the indifference of disbelief—the reckless disregard of moral duties and the neglect of all that pertains to future existence, which seems prevalent from a casual glance at the outward appearance of this city.

This has been a place in which Protestantism scarcely had a foothold. Rome had cast the popular mind in her mould, and morals were measured by her standard. Consequently, here was necessity for energy, self-sacrifice and heroic struggle on the part of Protestantism. From the advent of the pious and eloquent Larned, who, baptized with sacrificial fire from the altar of Heaven, nerved with the zeal of an apostle, raised the standard of Evangelical Protestantism in the midst of worldliness, immorality and superstition, the cause of religion has made steady progress. The Protestant churches are increasing in numbers; growing in devotion to their principles; and, step by step, are gaining an influence over public mind and a control of popular sentiment.

With the majority of male Catholics, except those of Irish descent, their creed is merely a cold formality. Protestantism is a living principle.

But let us particularize to show the actual state of religious progress. In the Fourth District, a part of the city lately annexed to New Orleans, six years since, there were but two Protestant churches, (a Presbyterian and Methodist,) and they were feeble in influence and labors. About that period the Second Presbyterian Church was organized, with twelve members, its house of worship being a small chapel 40 by 30 feet. This church now numbers over one hundred communicants; has a commodious house of worship, settled pastor, and a large congregation. The First Presbyterian Church has also exhibited late evidence of a recuperative power, and gives promise of growing strength. A third Presbyterian Church has lately been organized, consisting of Germans.

The Methodists have built a handsome church edifice, and stand prominent in the district in influence for good.

The Episcopalians have also organized a church, and erected a truly beautiful church edifice on one of the principal thoroughfares of the district.

The Lutherans have a large congregation and the services are conducted in the German tongue. A Protestant church for the blacks has been constructed by themselves, where religious worship is regularly held. Six years since, say three, grocery stores were open upon the Sabbath in the Fourth District; they are now almost all closed. There was little feeling in favor of the observance of the Sabbath, or any active movement to resist the pretensions of Catholicism. There is now a state of active effort and an open antagonism with Rome.

The population of the Fourth District is nearly equally divided between those of Irish, German and native American descent. More than half of the Germans and a few of the Irish, if not Protestants in faith and practice, are opponents of Roman Catholicism. The latter creed makes its increase by emigration. The rising generation of foreign born parentage, as they become Americanized, are gradually loosened from tyranny of the Catholic church. Six years ago hopeful progress in the Fourth District. We will hereafter glance at other portions of the city.—*Greek*.

PROGRESS OF ENNOB.—Purgatory and the prayers to the saints began to be preached about the fifth century. In the eighth century image worship got footing after much opposition; transubstantiation was invented in the ninth; the clerical orders were compelled to an unmarried life in the eleventh; the denial of the cup to the laity in the Lord's Supper came into practice in the twelfth; the worship of the Virgin Mary was authorized in 1431. These inventions of men, many of them derived from the practice of the Pagans, sank the professing Church lower and lower into superstition and vice.

AN AUTHORIZED VERSION.—This phrase, familiarized to us in allusions to the English Bible, especially by English writers, and symbolized in English copies by the Royal arms engraved on the title-page, is coming to have a meaning in China. The Insurgent Chief and the probable future Emperor of China, is issuing an edition of the Scriptures in Guttaf's version. Four hundred printers are said to be at work on it, and the copies are authenticated by the Pretender's imperial arms.

Who can predict the consequences of this measure? Copies of the Bible by themselves, though when searched disclosing eternal life, may not be expected, indeed, to do the work of a living ministry. As Gordon Hall long ago said, to circulate books alone, would be like casting sickles into a field, expecting the harvest to be gathered without reapers. But we cannot believe that God has caused such a movement as that in China to surge over a great nation, and to subside like the billows of a tempest, without leaving a trace behind. He is multiplying the utterance of his work—he will be inquired of for men to do all his pleasure, and will raise them up and send them. Not knowledge and power and wealth, but faith, hope, and love, in new fullness and energy, are the most essential needs of the Church for the blessing of a world that seems now to wait for the messengers of peace and salvation.—*Macedonian*.

A BENGAL UNIVERSITY.—A great scheme has been announced in Bengal. This is the establishment of a Presidency College in Calcutta, which will in reality be a Bengal University. Pupils from all the government schools throughout Bengal are to be admissible, and it is proposed to grant degrees, or rather diplomas, answering to the University degrees at Oxford and Cambridge. The idea of this University was roughly suggested by Lord Dalhousie, and it has been filled in and modelled into shape by Mr. Jas. Peter Grant, and Dr. Mount, the Secretary to the Council of Education.

In 1850, the number of Protestant missionaries in India, was four hundred and three, of whom twenty-two were ordained natives; and these were assisted by five hundred and fifty-one native unordained preachers. The number of native churches was three hundred and nine, with 17,256 communicants. The missionaries had established twenty-five printing presses, and the whole Bible had been translated into ten languages, while the New Testament had been rendered into five more.

The Italian correspondent of the New York Independent, says it has long been the desire of the friends of evangelization of Italy, that the Waldensian churches should possess a theological school of their own, where pastors for themselves, and missionaries for the whole of Italy, could be educated. Thanks to the help received from the United States the foundation of that school has now become possible, and the Synod has resolved that measures should be immediately taken toward establishing it at La Torre.

SUPPLY OF MINISTERS.—It appears by the last published reports of the Theological Schools in the United States, the number of students connected with them is about one thousand four hundred—some three hundred more than it was in 1836. It is estimated that there are needed annually in this country, to supply vacancies made by death and otherwise, from one to two thousand ministers, exclusive of the number made necessary by the increase of population.

LARGEST CHURCH IN EUROPE.—The largest church in Europe is at St. Petersburg. It was begun in 1771, and in twenty years, two thousand men had not finished the walls. It is of polished marble, both outside and in; the pillars are of one piece, fifty feet high, the base and the capitals of solid silver; but the greatest curiosity of all is a wooden box.

Rev. Dr. Perkins, of Oremiah, Persia, states that he has just put to press the last sheets of Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, in Syriac, and is proceeding with other works. A revival of religion is in progress in the seminaries at Oremiah.