

THE BAPTIST

"The gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations."

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abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, frequent meetings were held and numerous addresses made during the week, in halls crowded to excess. At one of these meetings in Exeter Hall, with the Earl of Stanhope in the chair a surgeon, from a distant town, in the midst of his speech, to prove his positions in regard to the deleterious effects of malt liquors, produced a small bottle of alcohol, which a student of his had on the preceding Saturday distilled from a quart of common ale. The earthy residuum was produced in a little box, which was filled with a dirty glutinous, disgusting material, the remnant of the quart of beer, after the abstraction of the water and the alcohol. These were passed round among the assembly upon the platform, the spirit was then poured into a dish, and a torch applied to it, when it burned with a blue lambent flame in the view of the whole audience. The experiment excited a powerful sensation.

and retired to the extreme corner. "I'm hungry! I'm faint!" again he cried, and turned his back upon a table spread with substantial food, and inviting delicacies. So it is with many disciples. They mourn over their coldness, while they refuse to come to the fire, kindled by the love of God. They cry out "my leanness! O my leanness!" while they turn their backs upon the gospel feast. Jesus has made abundant provision for the spiritual wants of his children; and if they are cold, it must be because they will not come to the fire—if they are hungry or thirsty, it is because they will not partake of the bread and water of life.—*Reveries.*

From the New York Weekly Messenger
A DIALOGUE.

To be spoken by the little girls at a Sabbath School exhibition.

- Sarah. Mary, why do the flowers bloom?
Mary. To show the pathway to the tomb.
S. Why do the twinkling stars arise?
M. To light our spirits to the skies.
S. What makes the sunbeams shine so bright?
M. The Word that said, "Let there be light."
S. What is yon arch, which every where I see?
M. The sign of Omnipresent Deity.
S. Whence are the winds, and whither do they go?
M. That's more than mortal man or east can know.
S. What token does the beauteous rainbow bear?
M. That Justice still cries, "strike," and Mercy "spare."
S. Why does the bubble break, O tell me, why?
M. To show the course of all beneath the sky.
S. What laws the rolling waves of Ocean bind?
M. These which in reason's limits hold the mind.
S. Say, what is time, and whither does it flee?
M. Time was, time is, and time no more shall be. 'Tis now, but soon 'twill be Eternity.
S. Eternity! what is it, sister! say—
M. Time past, time present, time to come, to day.
S. Where are the dead, where can their dwelling be?
M. The house for all the living—come and see.
S. What is our life—why is it called a breath?
M. Because it is a vapor lost in death.
S. O death! how terrible that solemn thought!
M. Not to the just, who have the victory got.
S. O gravel where is thy boasted victory!
M. Sarah, ask him who died for thee and me.
S. O Mary! tell me what and where is heaven!
M. 'Tis rest beyond the grave—to all the faithful given.

BENEFITS OF MISSION.

The religion of the Bible is beneficial to both soul and body. It renders the condition of society happy and blessed. The following account corroborating the preceding assertions is from a ship master of New Bedford who visited Rurutogra, one of the Sandwich Islands.

"This mission has been but eight years established, and what a mighty change has been effected in the moral condition of this people, whose only occupation was exterminating war, whose only ambition was to exceed each other in deeds of cruelty. Now the war song is no more heard among them; the spear and club are laid aside; and the different tribes unite in singing the songs of Zion, and praising God for his infinite goodness in sending forth a ray of light to their once benighted island. But a few years ago, the shipwrecked sailor, so unfortunate as to be driven to their shores, would have met with instant death from them; but now he is treated kindly. Our property protected, and ourselves respected, we can now go fearlessly ashore among them, and furnish ourselves with abundant supplies for a mere trifle, such as cotton cloth, knives, hatchets, fish-hooks, &c. We are protected by the benign influence of christianity, not only at this, but at any and all of the Islands, where the faithful missionaries have sounded the Gospel trumpet; and still there are many who make it their business to deride the labors of those who have, perhaps forever bid adieu to their friends, their country, &c. If the endearments of home, in obedience to that command, "go preach the gospel to every creature." They are engaged in a good and a great work; and have my good wishes that they may go on from Isle to Isle, until the numerous nations who now inhabit the different spots of earth that chequer the great Pacific, shall hear the glad tidings of great joy, and shall be gathered into the fold of the Great Shepherd."

The English Navy consists of 22,000 seamen, and 10,000 Marines, the army of 68,000.

PM COLD.
"I'm cold! I'm cold!" cried the maniac; as he entred the room where was a blazing

NEW AGENTS.

The following gentlemen are requested to act as agents

- Jeremiah Farmer, Harrisonville, Mo.—Jacob Martin, near Huntington, Ten.—Adam Dale, Columbia, Ten.—H. B. Kelsey, Morehead, Va.—Rev. G. Everett, Valley Creek, Dallas, Ala.—B. F. Jones, Rome, Ten.—W. Perry, Turnersville, Ten.

LETTERS.

P. M. Franklin, T. L. Davis, P. M. Louisiana Mo. Dis.—P. M. Tusculum returned papers sent to Rebecca Dickey, we have discontinued it, due \$2.—P. M. Huntington—P. M. Carthage T. O. discontinued James Haynie's paper, due \$2.—P. M. Blooming Grove, sent \$1, paper ch'd.—P. M. Purdy sent \$1 for annual paper, requesting his paper discontinued, due yet \$1.—P. M. Three Forks, T. sent \$1, and three new subscribers—P. M. Paris, sent \$1 and one new subscriber—Win. Moore writes us that he sent \$3, by private conveyance, the money has not come to hand yet, and we cannot credit the names with it until it is received, we have discontinued James Bradford's paper, due 50 cents.—P. M. Huntsville, Ala. paper ch'd.—P. M. Paducah, Ky. L. Davis.—J. D. Everett, Huntington T. paper ch'd.—P. M. Oakland T. paper ch'd.—V. M. Lucas, Tusculum, Ala. sent \$5.—P. M. Calmeyer T. L. Davis, due 1.—P. M. Mt. Hope Ala. sent \$3 and one dis.—P. M. Carthage Co. sent \$1.

RECEIPTS.

The following persons have paid up to the rates affixed to their names.
James Horne, A. Zellner, Mrs. Martha Trench, A. S. Murhead, Matthew Martin, Davis, R. Connell, J. R. Elliot, Julia M. Payne, W. W. Lucas, V. R. Bradford, to January 1, 1838.
A. Farmer, J. Farmer, Rebecca Caldwell, Rev. G. Everett, to Nov. 1st, 1837.
Evan Lawler, Samuel Farrer, to August 1st, 1838.
Rev. John Farmer, George D. Cleere, to October 1st, 1838.
Samuel Pike, January 1st, 1838.
Win. H. Hawkins, James Jones, George Sharp, John Carden, James Washington, Wm. Lucas, to December 1st, 1838.
James Martiu, A. Vannoy, L. S. Morton, A. Zellner, John Tillman, to Jan. 1st, 1838.
James Phillips, to January 1st, 1838.
S. Watters, June 1st, 1838.
Nicholas Smith, March 1st, 1837.
Mrs. Lucy Cleere, Thomas Chiles, to Oct. 1st, 1838.
G. G. Osborne, to January 1st, 1810.
Lewis McCoy, to November 1st, 1837.
J. Miller, to August 1st, 1838.
Thomas A. Jones, O. S. Connell, to July 1st, 1838.
S. Turner & W. Cannida, S. H. Gould, A. Drake, J. Tyrone, to April 15, 1838.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, if they were in their places.

RESIGNATION.

Having determined to retire from the Editorial Department of The Baptist, it becomes my duty to inform its patrons and friends, that, with the present number, ceases the relation which we have sustained to each other for the last twelve months.

In reflecting on the events of the year, I have many motives for thankfulness, that my efforts have been so kindly received, and my deficiencies so charitably overlooked. I regret that the duties of the station have not been better performed, and, perhaps, had my time been less occupied with other indispensable engagements, the review might have been more satisfactory to myself.

But this is now of little consequence. I chiefly rejoice that the paper has continued a useful medium of intelligence to the friends of Zion. Brethren have been enabled to correspond with each other through its columns; to instruct and encourage one another; to communicate the news of glorious revivals, and the general improvement in the condition of the Church. In it have been recorded many accessions to the sacramental host; many evidences of prejudices overcome, and advances in pious consecration. The influence of sanctified talent has become increasingly prominent, and is producing a salutary effect. There is, throughout the community, a growing disposition to inquire for the old paths; to cherish apostolic principles and practice; to learn our duty, and perform it. It is needless to remark, that the Press has an important agency in promoting this state of improvement. And I have too happiness to believe that the time has arrived, when a large majority of the subscribers to this paper consider its essential utility to the cause of religion as no longer questionable. I am persuaded, that they here resolve that it must be sustained, and that many of them are willing to make still greater efforts to extend its circulation.

I have the pleasure of announcing, that

the former Editor, the Rev. Mr. Howell, will resume his labors at the commencement of the next year, and will make the best arrangements for the acceptability and usefulness of the paper in future. And in making this announcement, it becomes me simply to express my gratification, that I am about to yield the pen to one already so extensively and favorably known to the religious public. Under his auspices, I confidently hope that the patronage of The Baptist will be greatly increased. The recollection of his former labors in the same field, will doubtless stir up many old friends among the early supporters of the paper.

I gratefully return my thanks to many individuals who have distinguished themselves by successful exertions in behalf of The Baptist, some of whose kindnesses have already been recorded; to many Postmasters and others, for their polite attentions; and tender them all my hearty wishes for their prosperity and happiness.

I take leave of the corps Editorial, for the second time in my life, with feelings of regret. For, say what we may of the Editor's stormy path, there are pleasures in his vocation. There are roses here and there; although they be too "few and far between" to be woven into a bower, or gathered for an luxurious couch, yet they afford their modicum of pleasure to the senses, and sweeten some hours of his arduous toil. If he have not the good fortune to please the whole public, he has at least the gratification of "attempting great things" in a sphere in which no man has ever met with perfect success.

NOTICE.

Correspondents are requested to direct all communications of every description intended for The Baptist, from this date, to "Rev. A. D. C. Howell, Editor, Nashville, Ten."

EDITORIAL AND PASTORAL CHANGE.

The Rev. Basil Manly has relinquished the

charge of the Southern Watchman, Charleston, S. C., and will be succeeded by Rev. Wm. T. Brantly, of Philadelphia, who has also been unanimously called to the pastoral care of the Charleston Church, which station brother Manly vacated in consequence of having accepted the Presidency of the University of Alabama.

THE MOBILE MONITOR.

Right glad are we to greet our new friend again. Our readers remember that we announced some months ago, that brother George P. Heard, the Pastor of the Baptist Church in Mobile, had founded the *Monitor*, a weekly religious paper, with the preceding title. The publication had been suspended some time until within a few weeks, when it was resumed, and may now be considered permanent. Mr. H. is a good writer, and his language flows in a familiar style. His paper will contain, besides the usual religious information, commercial and miscellaneous matter; and judging from the numbers received, will possess much literary merit. This is the only religious paper in Alabama, and ought to receive an ample support. Its price is \$5 per annum in advance.

ORATION.

We are indebted to brother A. A. Closser, of Wake Forest Institute, N. C., for a copy of an oration, delivered before the Philanthropic and Exaltian Societies of that institution, by W. W. Childers, a student, July 4th 1837. It is a well written production, and replete with sentiments appropriate to the occasion. Its perusal was doubly interesting to us, coming as it did from an old acquaintance, and reviving the memory of the scenes of our early connection with the Church. We were present, and gave our vote when brother Childers was chosen to preach; we remember his difficulties, and his determination to persevere, and now rejoice in his advancement, and promise of extensive usefulness.

We have room to insert only the closing paragraph of this Oration.

Gentlemen of the Executive and Philanthropic Societies! You live in an age of wonders. You look around you, and behold the literary world employed in research and investigation. Mind is trying its strength. The dark clouds are disappearing before the light of knowledge. The bulwarks of infidelity, the strong holds of vice, the dens of ignorance and error, are yielding up their wretched claims at the approach of truth. Tyranny in Government is surrendering her unjust demands to intelligence and virtue. You see too, the political, moral, and religious world busily employed in advancing the cause of civilization, learning, and religion. No doubt you are looking forward to the period, when you shall have quitted the classic groves and these college walls, to engage in some favorite pursuit. You have perhaps, some point fixed in your view. Your pathway is marked out before you. When you arrive at this point of distinction or that summit of literary fame, you promise yourselves much happiness. Like a man ascending the Alps or Andes, you see rising before you, some lofty summit, at which when you arrive, you will have a splendid prospect. You hasten your steps to reach the top. Behold another, of a still loftier character; as you ascend, the peak gradually rises before you. You bend all your energies to raise the top of one, which seems almost to pierce the clouds. You succeed. Behold another, and another, hid behind the lofty cliffs of the former, soon present themselves to your view. At each, indeed, there is much to please, and much for sublime contemplation. But remember, Gentlemen, the mind is on what in its powers, so extensive is its domain, and lofty is its contemplation, that nothing can satisfy it but immortality—nothing but Heaven. Like Noah's dove let loose from the hand of her benefactor, the mind can never rest until it returns to the source from whence it came, and brings the reward of its toil—the emblem of obedience and affection. Resolve, therefore, to take a bold and manly stand against vice and immortality.

"To pour in virtue's lap her just reward, Keep close restrained behind a double guard."

On your virtue and morality, depend the safety and perpetuity of our free institutions, and your own present and future happiness. Though your country may be founded on the sacred and wise principles, and regulated by the best of laws; yet, in the language of an ancient bard,

"Quid leges, sine moribus Vanae, praesunt."

Christian, therefore, every principle of moral virtue, and employ every means promotive of telegraphic improvement. Resolve to ascend the hill of science, to be constantly distinguished for your literary acquirements, usefulness, and piety. Heaven prosper your endeavors—may you be an honor to your Alma Mater, blessing to your country, a benediction to the world, and worthy to dwell in the regions of the blessed.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG CONVERT.

The following letter from a little girl in South County, to her father now in this City, was handed to us by the latter a few days since, for publication or comment, it would think it worthy. We do think it worthy publication, because it indicates extraordinary advancement in a young mind. Very few persons at the age of twelve years, even with the moral advantages of education, could have written such a letter, considering merely its literary merits; fewer still, at the same age, have ever manifested such an acquaintance with the spirit of true religion, or uttered such touching appeals to a parent. We have satisfactory evidence that this is the unadvised production of the little girl alluded to, and present it to our readers without altering a word from the original.

Nov. 27th, 1837.

MY DEAR FATHER—

I avail myself of the present opportunity of addressing you in a few lines. I hope you will pardon my negligence of not writing to you sooner—as I had nothing then to relate worth your attention, but I hope I have something to write now that is worth your time and attention; not only you, but the rest of my friends that care any thing about my eternal happiness. I know its more counting to me than any thing I ever had to communicate in all my life. I feel a desire, my dear father, for you to know what I hope my blessed God, the friend of sinners, has done for my poor soul. I feel conscious that if my sins are forgiven that it is not for anything that such a poor, unworthy, guilty sinner as I was could do—but the sweet Saviour who bled, groined, and died on the cross, to save poor wretched and helpless sinners. Oh, what a kind Saviour! ought we not to love him with all our heart—He first loved us, and gave himself to redeem us from all iniquity, and purified us unto himself. O my dear father let me entreat you, as one that most earnestly wishes and prays for your happiness, both in time and eternity—try and seek religion, it is the only thing that can give you real happiness. What comfort can this wicked world with its allurements, give you in a dying hour, if you have never found Christ—if you do not feel your need of him now. I am sure you will when you come to die. But I think it is essentially necessary for all those who wish to enjoy eternal felicity, to try and serve the true and living God while on earth. Don't flatter yourself that it will be time enough to seek religion when you get old, or when you come on the bed of affliction, for it may then be eternally too late. O my father, you may think this is too much for a child to say; but I feel so much for your spiritual, and afflicted body, that I cannot help weeping when you say you have no religion. O father, let not the things of this world trouble you any more—but try and serve the Lord. You mentioned in another letter, something about my joining the church. I have some idea of joining the

church at Dixon's Creek, next Saturday week. If I do will receive my little expi-ri-ence. I shall like very much for you to be here. The revival is still going on here—there has been ninety-five baptized at Goose Creek since you left, and fifty-five at Dixon's Creek.

GOOSE RIVER ASSOCIATION.

We have been favored with a copy of the Minutes of the fourth Annual Meeting of the Goose River Association of United Baptist Churches, held at Charlaw meeting house, Talladega co. Ala., from the 18th to the 18th September inclusive. During the past year 4 have been received by baptism, 101 by letter, making 125; and dismissed by letter 63, excluded 3, and lost 2 by death, making 68; showing an increase of 57 since the last preceding session. The following proceedings which we extract from the Minutes, speak much in favor of the benevolent spirit of this body.

Resolved, that the publication, in our own State, of a Religious Newspaper, adapted to our own times and circumstances, and relating to our own affairs, is thought to be of much importance to the prosperity of the cause in general, and of the Baptist denomination in particular; and whereas, such a publication, under the name of the 'MOBILE MONITOR,' will be continued in November next, by a competent brother, in the city of Mobile, herefore,

Resolved, That we recommend the same to the patronage of our brethren and friends.

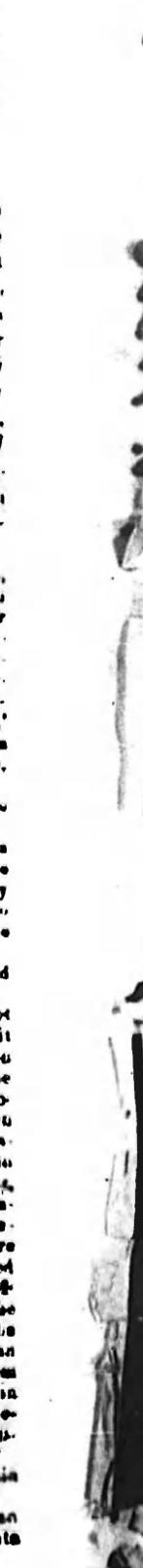
Resolved, That as this body corresponds with the Baptist State Convention, and the objects of that body are highly approved of by us, we therefore request our Churches to send up contributions to be forwarded to them by our messengers.

Resolved, That the following preamble and resolutions be adopted:

Whereas, the American Bible Society, not long since, declared by a resolution that it would not aid in the printing and distribution of the Scriptures in foreign languages, in the version now used by our missionaries, whereas, in baptizo and its kindred words have been translated, nor transferred, as in our present version, though many of our brethren were members of that society; and whereas, in consequence of this refusal, our denomination met at Philadelphia in April last by Convention, when delegates from 21 States were assembled, who, after deliberation, organized a distinct society, under the name of the American and Foreign Bible Society, for the purpose of printing and distributing the Scriptures; whereas, this Convention, by an address to the churches, has requested them to express to the next Convention to meet in New York, in April 1838, by letter or delegates, their opinion with regard to distribution.

Therefore, Resolved 1st. That we sustain our own institution:

2d. That it is our opinion the American and Foreign Bible Society, should circulate



in the entire field which is the world, if men be, and their funds warrant it;—in foreign languages, in the version now in use by our missionaries;—not in our own country, if necessary, in the version now in use.

3d. That the Clerk of the Association forward to the next Convention a copy of the second resolution, expressive of our opinion, as required by their address.

HOLIDAYS.

There is something wrong in our views; we are afraid to think of the holiness of God; and if we dislike to think of it, there is something wrong in our hearts. Our dislikes will not move, however, until our dread is removed. No long as the holiness of God prevents any thing to terrify us; or is regarded as an attribute which is against us; or as an awful perfection which would turn from us with abhorrence, were it not prevented by love and mercy, so long we shall not love it. We cannot love the holiness of God whilst we reckon it our enemy, or regard it as no farther our friend than just as far as the intercession of Christ keeps it from breaking out upon us in fury. This, alas! is however, the ordinary view of it. In this light, the generality contemplate it; and their fire dislike the subject. It seems to them to have no "beauty" that they should desire it. Do you then appear to you an attribute blessing rather than devouring fire, than with soft splendour? Do you look to it only from necessity, and never from choice, except when you feel your need of a strong check up in yourself? Were you never so charmed by the beauty of Jehovah's holiness, as to "give thanks at the remembrance of it?" Can you hardly imagine how you could ever so get over your instinctive dread of it, as to delight in thinking of it or in being capable of contemplating it with composure? Does it seem to you impossible to be so much charmed with the holiness of God as you have been with his love and mercy? I multiply these questions, and magnify their importance, just to throw your thoughts fully off from vulgar opinion, and fairly to show the revealed character of God in Christ. "In the face of Jesus," the brightness of the glory of the Divine holiness, shines as mildly as the instant radiance of any perfection you admire. In order to be convinced of this, you have only to ask yourself the single question—Were God un holy, what security would remain for the continuance of any of his lively perfections? Do you not see at a glance, that his holiness preserves them all? It is the vital principle of the Divine character. Because it lives—lives, mercy, grace, truth and wisdom, "live also."—Philip's Beauty of Female Holiness.

PRAYER.

Prayer is an all-sufficient penny—no securing treasure—in exhaustion mine—no sky unobscured by clouds—no heaven unreflected by the storm—it is the root, the fountain, the mother of a thousand blessings. I speak not of the prayer which is only, for the void of energy—but of that which is

no child of a contrite spirit, the offspring of soul converted—born in a blaze of unutterable inspiration, and winged the lightning of its native skies.

"The power of prayer hath quenched the violence of flames—stopped the mouths of lions—hushed anarchy to rest—extinguished wars—calmed the fury of the elements—repelled demons—healed disease—burst the chains of death—opened the gates of heaven. It hath rescued cities from destruction—stayed the sun and moon in their course, arrested the thunderbolt's progress, and in a word destroyed whatever is an enemy of man. I repeat, that I speak not of the prayer of the lips, but of that which ascends from the recesses of the heart. Surely nothing is more potent than such prayer. Yet, nothing is comparable to it. The march robed in gorgeous habiliments—made illustrious than the kneeling suppliant, and adorned by communion with his God. How exalted, how glorious the privilege—when angels are present and cherubim and seraphim encircle the throne with their blaze—that a mortal may approach with calm and unrestrained confidence, and still free converse with the majesty of heaven! O! what honor was ever conferred like this! When a true Christian stretches forth his hand in fervent prayer to God, in that moment his passes beyond terrestrial things, and into the wings of interest on his inmost, traverses the realms of life. He contemplates celestial objects only, and realizes in the present state. Could we but perceive their fervency—with a soul raised—no law kenol—in understanding quick—no hon, were Satan to appear, he would quickly flee, and were the gates of hell thrown upon us, they would be instantly closed.—Chrysostom.

Order.—In all matters of opinion, the social compact, or the principle by which society is held together, requires that a majority of opinions become the rule of the whole, and that the majority yield practical obedience thereto; this is perfectly conformable to the principles of equal rights; for, in the first place, every man has a right to give his opinion, but no man has a right that his opinion should govern the rest.

THE SUM OF RELIGION.

BY THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE MALE. He that fears the Lord of Heaven on earth, and walks humbly before him, and humbly lays hold of the message of redemption by Jesus Christ and strives to express his thankfulness by the sincerity of his belief; that is sorry with all his soul when he comes short of his duty,—that walketh faithfully in the dew of himself, and loveth not yield to any lust or knowledg-

that, if he fails in the least measure, is restless till he has made his peace by true repentance,—that is true in his promises, just in his dealings, charitable to the poor, firm in his devotion, that will not deliberately dishonor God, although with perfect security from temporal punishment,—that has his hopes and his conversation in heaven,—that dares not do any thing unjustly, although never so much to his advantage; and that is because he truly believes Him that is invisible, and fears him because he loveth him—fears him as well for his goodness as his greatness—such a man, whether he be an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian, an Independent or a Baptist; whether he wears a surplice or wears none; whether he kneels at the communion, or for conscience sake stands or sits—has both the life of religion in him; and that life acts in him, and will conform his soul to the image of his Saviour, and go along with him to eternity notwithstanding his rejection of things indifferent. On the other side, if a man fears not the eternal God, committeth sin with presumption; can drink to excess, lie, swear vainly or falsely, loosely break his promises—such a man, although he cry down Episcopacy, or cry down Presbyterianism, although he be re-baptized every day, or determine to abstain from every thing he can get all the while, or fast out of pretence of avoiding sin, or get notwithstanding those, and a thousand more external conformities, or coalous oppositions of them; he wanteth the life of religion.

HAPPINESS.—An eminent modern writer beautifully says, "the foundation of domestic happiness, is a faith in the virtue of women; the foundation of political happiness, is confidence in the integrity of men; the foundation of all happiness temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God."

Ah! young men, the word of the Lord is a light to guide you, a counsellor to comfort you, a comforter to comfort you; the word is a mirror to correct you, a robe to clothe you, and a crown to crown you; it is bread to strengthen you, wine to cheer you, and a habitation to rest you, music to delight you, and a Paradise to entertain you.—J. H.

At our best cast to we are getting.—May God keep me truly to be humble. Luther used to say there were three things which made a minister; affliction, meditation, and prayer; that is, sanctified affliction, very earnest meditation, and earnest prayer.—T. Spencer.

PRAYER.

The first thing in the morning light. The chief thing thro' the busy day, And the last thing ere you sleep at night. Should be to watch, reflect, and pray.

From the Baptist Missionary Magazine. JOURNAL OF MR. MALCOM. (Final departure from Burmah.)

Leaving the shores of Burmah, probably forever, inflicted on me a small pain. The dear list of names who compose our hands of honor in Burmah, seemed before me as the shore receded. Personal intercourse has been rendered endearing by intimacy, by mutual prayers, by official ties, by the kindest attentions, by a common object of life, and by similarity of hopes for the world to come. To part forever could not but wring my heart.

"Fixed to part, even with the thought That we shall meet again; For there it is that we are taught, A lesson with deep sorrow fraught, How firmly, silently is wrought Affection's viewless chain. Long ere that hour, we may have known The bondage of the heart; But, as unroving winds alone Disclose how deep the tree has grown, How much they love is only known. When those, who love, are part."

The little churches gathered from among the heathens, added much to the sense of the leaves, and inflicted by this parting. The faces of the preachers and prominent members had become familiar to me. With most of them I had journeyed many weary miles. Through them I had addressed the heathen and diffused the word of God. To some of them I had endeavored to impart important theological truths. I had heard them pray, and preach in their own tongue to their heathen audiences. I had marked their behavior in secret, and in hours of peril. Not to love them would be impossible. To part from them for life, without pain, is equally impossible. May it but prove salutary to myself.

The consciousness of a thousand imperfections in the discharge of my duty, forms the principal trial. Still there has been good devised, and good begun, and evil checked, and plans matured, which I trust will be found in the great day among the things which perish not.

Madras. A voyage of thirteen days, in a small trading vessel, brought me to anchor in the roads of Madras, January 28, 1837. The city presents, from the sea, nothing to create large expectations. Only a few public buildings are visible, and not much of the town, as the site is quite level. There being no indentation of the coast, nor any island to break off the sea, a heavy swell rolls in throughout the year.

Vessels anchor in the open roads; the large ones keeping about a mile distant. Cargoes are loaded and unloaded by boats adapted for passing through the surf. Among the first objects that struck me, were the calamans, sailing in every direction. These are exactly like New England stone-bleed. Three or four are piled about eight or ten feet together, horizontally, and

then propel it with a paddle, flattened at both ends, and dip first on one side, and then on the other. They sit on the calves of their legs. In this position, which is the only one in case of adults, they often remain for hours. The water, of course, comes up between the boards, and washes over the little vessel, so that the men are kept wet to the middle. If they would carry any articles dry which is seldom attempted, they construct a little lattice of bushes in the centre. When it could not live five minutes, these catamarans go about in perfect safety. The men are often washed off, but instantly leap on again without alarm. A water proof cap, or the carriage of letters to and from newly arrived vessels is almost their only articles of dress. The rest is but a strip of cotton cloth, two or three inches wide, fastened to a twine tied round the hips.

Loading seemed so difficult, though the weather was fine, that it was hard to conceive how goods could be conveyed without getting wet. Yet these boatmen do it, and display energy and skill scarcely to be surpassed. Keeping time in a rude tune, they now taking long pulls, and now short ones, with the waves run past; they at length push forward on a foaming billow, and she is thrown upon the beach. As it recedes, some jump out with the ropes, who, at every returning wave, get her a little higher, till she lies still on the sand. The operation is sufficiently disagreeable, especially to the tourist. The passenger is not only almost thrown from his seat, but the heavy striking of the boat upon the beach, but is generally well sprinkled by the breakers dashing against her before she can be hoisted sufficiently. The boats are very large and deep, but made entirely without ribs or timbers, and very light. The sides are formed of thin wide planks, warped by fire to a proper shape, and fastened together by strong twine. Against the soles, a row and mast are fastened strongly by the twine which ties the planks together. No nails are used, for none could keep a boat together, knocked about on the sands as these are.

The Black town, so called from the color of the natives who reside there, is well laid out, and is defended by a substantial brick wall. The houses are far better, on an average, than those of the natives in Calcutta. Though there are not so many superb residences of nabobs as in that city, there are some scarcely surpassed in elegance by any country seats in America.

A space of several miles in the rear of the Black town is occupied by the Europeans. Their houses, are not placed in rows, but scattered about and embosomed in gardens and shrubbery. Trees are planted in rows along the principal avenues, and the number of pleasant drives surpasses those of any city I have yet seen in the East.

The fort is on the shore south of the Black town, with a large open space between, reserved as an esplanade. On the margin of this opening next to the sea, and also below the fort, are the most fashionable resorts for the numerous equipages which bring out inhabitants to the freshness and the glory of

unset. The rushing of the ceaseless surf at your feet—the scores of vessels—the cool sea breeze—the quiet ocean—the wide view of the western sky—the varied equipages—and the cheerful faces, make it every way charming. In going to "the course," you meet, along the less pretending roads, merchants on their canals, Arabs on their splendid steeds, Burmans and Moguls on their stout ponies, native gentlemen in their handsome but close carriages, drawn by bullocks, whose necks and feet gingle with many bells, while the humbler ones are drawn by a single ox in an indescribable sort of wheel-barrow, or by one or two men, or are borne in palanquins.

The population of Madras, including all the villages within several miles, is generally reckoned at 420,000. But a census made in 1823 gave only 27,000 houses. This, at seven inhabitants to a house, would make the population about 190,000. Large spaces, even within the walls, are wholly vacant. Allowing for houses omitted in the count, the population is perhaps 200,000. There are populous villages in the neighborhood, containing probably 100,000 people. One of the most striking peculiarities in the town, is the universality with which males and females, old and young, bear upon their foreheads, arms and breasts, the marks peculiar to their religion, or sect of it. Some have a red or blue spot on their forehead; others a blue, red, white or yellow perpendicular line; others horizontal lines. Some, in addition to these, have white ashes rubbed in lines on their arms and breast. I could not help recurring continually to that text, Deut. 10: 6, "Their spot is not the spot of his children." The allusion is doubtless to a similar custom.

The incident of Elijah running before the chariot of Ahab, (1 Kings 18: 46,) is continually brought to recollection here and wherever else I have been in India. Men of distinction have servants running before. At least two always run beside the carriage. Even the humblest equipages, and persons on horseback, are never without one of these runners, who is called *ayce*. It is astonishing how these men, accustomed to the business from childhood, can endure. The coachmen never slack his pace on their account, and they keep up during the whole drive. For a long time this appendage destroyed the pleasure of my rides. The men however do nothing else, and their labor, on the whole, is certainly far less than that of a mechanic with us.

State of Religion. The state of religious feeling in Madras, just at this time at least, is little better than in Calcutta. The concert of prayer, which is held unitedly at different churches in rotation, was held, while I was there, at the Scotch kirk. One city minister only was present. The services resembled those of public worship. It could not, with propriety, be called a prayer-meeting. But religion seems to be exerting its blessed influence in the city more and more; and just at this time there seems to be something like what is called, with us, a revival of religion. The

directness and ardor of address of the newly arrived American missionaries, has produced strong impressions on several interesting individuals, and on one of the pastors. Fifty or sixty persons, chiefly soldiers, are anxiously pressing into the kingdom of God.

I was happy to find, in the city, several Sunday Schools. Only that of the Wesleyans seems flourishing.

As regards Christianity among the natives, Madras is behind Calcutta. I inquired of several ministers, and most of the missionaries, but no one knew the state or number of native converts. The nominal Christians are few. As to real converts, one thought there were but two or three in the whole city and suburbs; another thought there were not a half a dozen, at the utmost; no one supposed there were more than that number. Some hundreds have been baptized, with their children, and many have grown up, who were baptized in infancy. The conduct of this body does little honor to the cause.

Of the Catholics there are some thousands, but they are scarcely distinguished by better morals or manners from the heathen, except by their not smearing their bodies and faces with idolatrous marks.

Anniversaries. I had the pleasure of attending the anniversary meeting of the Wesleyan Mission the Madras Bible Society, &c., and was greatly refreshed to see the crowded attendance, and the general interest taken in these institutions. They brought me also into a pleasing acquaintance with many missionaries from distant stations, and thus enabled me to enlarge my stock of official memoranda.

I was particularly pleased with the Wesleyan plan of having a second anniversary for the natives, in which the services and speeches were in Tamil. The body of the chapel, cleared of the steeple, was well filled with natives, who sat, after their fashion, on the floor. They behaved with perfect decorum, and listened with attention. It certainly is a plan happily calculated to enlighten and improve the converts, while it instructs and informs the heathen.

A case has recently occurred, which has excited a great interest among the natives, far and near. Arunuga Tambiran, (literally, the six-faced god,) a distinguished devotee, has been converted to Christianity. He is now very old, having been for fifty years a prominent pilgrim and teacher. Dressed in a yellow robe—the sacred heels round his neck—smeared with ashes and clay, and hearing the various insignias of his high station, he made pilgrimages to many and distant pieces of distinguished sanctity, and was everywhere received with profound veneration. Eleven others, who had begun this course with him, had all died. Scarcely any one, far and near, stood so high, in his way. Arunuga. His public baptism, last August, had created a strong sensation throughout the entire peninsula. Being a poet, he has written several pieces, which have been printed in large quantities, and are sought after with great avidity,—this being the style of the sacred books. The poor old man has

been much persecuted, and is certainly but the missionary who baptized

me, associated to me its doubt whether he was really converted to God. Saving conversions, is not made a term of reception by missionaries, generally throughout India, except those of the Baptist persuasion and those from America.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF MR. BENNETT

On the 21st of Dec. Mr. Bennett left Calcutta, on a tour to Belim, passing through the Ganges' village, (where he left his family,) to the Hestang river, and distributing tracts and portions of Scripture at several villages on the way.

Arrival and Reception at Belim.

Dec. 23, 1837. Arose early this morning, and hired a cart to carry our boxes and bundles of books over to Belim, a distance of near ten miles by land. Arrived at 4 P.M. took up my residence at a public *zayat* on the east side of the city, outside the stockade. I was only four hours on the road, the remainder of the time having been consumed in stoppages at the villages, and the ferry. The road was only a path; and as it is only a few days since the water has fallen that boats cannot go up, the path has been out trodden. We have several small streams to ford, and many marshes to cross, in no one when the mud was over shoes for half a mile.

As I wished to send the boxes back by the cart, we took the tracts out before the *zayat* and yielded them up. As the *zayat* is situated with the river on one side and the stockade on the other, our labors were easily seen by the multitude, and before sundown more than 1,000 tracts were called for and distributed at the *zayat*; the people actually coming in great haste more than a mile, to see their copy of a tract. The *zayat* was thronged, and while a group here were listening to one reading a tract, another group there were listening to the preached gospel. I would not forget her to acknowledge the goodness of God in being far better than my fears, yesterday and a part of to-day I have felt much cast down and fearful, especially in hearing accounts from this place, which is literally called, and I have reason to suppose with much truth, "a den of thieves and robbers;" and I had feared we should have to return with many of our tracts. But, even before our arrival, I had reason again to record, that the Lord does hear and answer prayer.

As yet seven in the evening spread my mat for the night, sat down and read the 33 chapter of John's gospel, preached on the new birth to a very attentive assembly, had worship, and lay down to sleep in the open *zayat*. Arose early this morning, and dispatched two of the assistants to a large village a few hours distant, with tracts. The people collected in throngs, as they did yesterday, and kept us all as busy, that the sun had passed the meridian, before we could get liberty to go inside the stockade. Then, with one of the assistants, took a bundle of tracts under my arm, and went (brought the town, visited the *kyong* on the west side, had considerable conversation with priests, and called them with tracts, &c. We had

several attentive assemblies. We stopped at one house, where an old man and his wife were very much interested. They seem to have taken up their residence not far from the *kyong*, hoping thereby to increase their previous stock of merit; but, on hearing how their sins could be forgiven; they were impatient to know all of Christ, what he had done, and what they should do to please him. After being informed, they desired to know how they should pray out to him, &c. After spending a long time with them, in reading and conversation, I gave them a new Testament, and returned to the *zayat*, where I found that all the books were gone, and but very few of the tracts left. Sat down to rest me, with a throng about, to whom I read and explained the 17th of Acts, part of which, I judged from their conversation, would be applicable to them. During my conversation, a venerable looking old man came and took his seat near me, who as soon as he had an opportunity, began to inquire. I found he was formerly a resident of Rangoon—had, from various sources, obtained nearly all of our tracts, and would repeat over their names as rapidly as a child his A, B, C. He had the whole New Testament, except two gospels; and, beginning with Romans, he repeated the names of all the books of the Testament in order. I then inquired what the books and tracts were, about which he repeated the summary of several, showing that he had not only received, but had read his books. After all, my heart was pained to look at him, with so much truth in his head, and so little in his heart. Poor man, he was near the grave, and I fear, far from heaven, to sojourn a poor, blind Pharisee.

By special invitation, slept in the house of one of the head men, who treated me very kindly. He speaks Karen, and is over a great portion of the Karens who live on or near the Uzalin river. A Karen *Sauka* also staid over night, with whom I had some conversation. He is a disciple of a youth who has set himself up as being somebody, and after whom a great body of the Karens go, but who is destined soon to come to nought, and all, as many as follow him, to be disappointed.

A few weeks before my arrival, in consequence of a difficulty between the woodcock and atelwoun, the two highest officers, the former put the latter into a pit dug in the prison, so shallow that he could not stand upright, beside loading him with iron; where it is reported he was found dead this morning. As I did not make many inquiries, I did not hear particulars. Such occurrences being common among the *Burmese*, they talk about it as a trifling affair. Not only the individual now dead, but more than thirty others had been or still were in prison, and their all confiscated; and I should suppose, from what I heard the natives say in conversation with each other, the *thum-saraw* had been freely used. How pleasing to reflect upon the blessed change the gospel will produce in this land, when it shall have dominion in the hearts of the people. Several called to-day for tracts from Sit-tung, one other

