

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

HIS DOMINION SHALL BE FROM SEA EVEN TO SEA, AND FROM THE RIVER EVEN TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

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ILLUSTRATIONS OF FILIAL PIETY IN CHINA.

1. At the bottom of the picture there is a young man on his knees, with the horns and skin of a deer on his head and back. His old grandfather longed for some deer's milk, and he dressed himself up in this strange way, and skipped about on the mountains, that the deer might take him for one of themselves, and so he could get some of their milk! But there happened to be two hunters who were after deer as well as himself; and if he had not cried out very loud, they would have shot him.

2. At the right of this odd-looking figure there is a boy lying on the ice. He was so anxious to catch carp for his parents that he slept on the ice, wishing to improve every possible opportunity of taking the fish which they wanted.

3. Higher up you see a smaller boy, who is carrying rice on his back. He does this to earn a little money that he may buy something to make his old father comfortable.

Ought not children in this Christian country to be as willing to please their parents as children are in China?

From the Foreign Missionary Chronicle.

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

NUMBER FOUR.

WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS.

Continued from page 25.

Having seen and said all that was necessary in the great hall of the temple of Confucius, we will now go into the other principal buildings, of which there are two. One of these, which is just behind the great hall, is called the *Tsung Shing-kung*, or "Hall of Ancestral Sages," being devoted to the ancestors of the sages whose tablets are in the building we have just come through. This is a large building, about one hundred feet long, and forty feet broad. It is partly paved with brick, and partly unpaved, and is not kept in as good order as the one we have already seen. It contains three shrines, in which are the tablets of fifteen persons, among whom are the fathers of Confucius, Mencius, and other chief sages whom the Chinese delight to honor. Nothing particular is known of most of these persons; but the fact that their sons became so eminent entitles them to a place in the national temples. You will be ready to ask how this is, and to explain it I must give you some account of the ancestral worship of China.

In the time of Confucius, and before, there was very little idolatry, that is, worship of images, in China, and even now you never see an idol in all the temples of Confucius. It is difficult to find out what they really did worship. There is much said in their ancient books about *Shang-te*, the Supreme Ruler, who is also called *Zeen*, Heaven, which is good and true, even when spoken of the true God,—though perhaps it would be better to

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say, which partakes much of the same nature as what our Western Indians say about the *Great Spirit*: but then again there is much said about this Supreme Ruler, or Heaven, which makes one think only of the visible heavens, or of some indefinite controlling power somewhere, like the Fate or Destiny of ancient Greek and Roman philosophers. Then again, other things are said of the Supreme Ruler, which show that he is very little superior to men. Thus, in the twenty-second chapter of the *Chung Yung*, it is said that "the man whose heart is sincere, can assist heaven and earth in the great work of bringing forth and nurturing creation; and since he can thus assist heaven and earth, it appears that he ranks on an equality with them both." And in the tenth chapter of the *Taheo*, it is said that the monarchs of one of the ancient dynasties "could equal the Supreme Ruler."

The remark of Confucius, quoted in a previous letter, that men should "reverence the gods, but keep them at a distance," was so strictly followed by himself and his disciples, that it is difficult to tell precisely what they meant by the gods. They kept them so far off that one can see them only as you see the dim outline of men or trees, or some distant mountain, or the flickering lights in a marsh, which the more you follow them, the further they recede. It may be sufficient to say that, in those days, they worshiped heaven, earth, the gods of the land and of the grain, and their ancestors; and all of this worship is nominally kept up now: but it is only their ancestors to whom they pay much real devotion. There are altars to the earth in every neighborhood, where you will often see smoking incense, sticks, and cups of tea, placed there of an evening by the

people who live near; but the solemn sacrifices to heaven, earth, the land and grain, are purely a government matter, with which the common people have little to do. The worship of ancestors, however, is very different, and as it is the real native religion of China, and the most important of the whole, the rest of this letter will be devoted to this subject.

Confucius, and all the philosophers of his school, taught that the chief end of man is to serve his parents. If any one wants to be a good man, he must commence by obeying his parents, and seeking their comfort. If a man wants to rule in his own family, benefit his neighbors, govern a province, or rule an empire, he must equally commence by obedience to his father and mother. It matters not how poor, ignorant, or wicked, the parents may be, the son (no matter how rich, wise, or good) must look on his father as on heaven, and his mother as on the earth, giving them equal reverence. If he has a wife and children of his own, he must still attend to his parents in preference to his own family. If his house is on fire he must seek his father's safety before he thinks of wife or child; and even should he be the emperor of the land, and his father in distress, (nay, if his father should have committed a crime for which he deserved to die,) he must throw away all his power, "as he would a pair of old shoes," and become a poor peasant or an exile, if he can thereby gratify or profit his parents, or preserve his father's life. All this, and much more, you will find in the four books. When his parents are dead, he must, in the first place, give them as honorable a burial as it is in his power to bestow. He must then for three years give himself up to mourning for them, neglecting his own appearance, his comfort, and his business. If he be an officer of government, or the heir apparent of the crown, he must procure some other person to attend to all business for him, and build himself a hut by his father's grave, and abide there till the three years are ended. He must also be careful to repair and adorn the graves of his ancestors; and he must burn incense, and offer sacrifices and make prayers to them all his life long. Mencius says this is the highest duty of man, and so important and necessary, that the most wicked thing a man can do is not to marry a wife and bring up a family, because if a man has no family his name will become extinct, and his ancestors will have none to come and worship at their graves.

Some of the above regulations, such as that of mourning for three years, are such that they cannot be followed; but most of them are carefully observed, and hence it may be said, that the real religion of China is not the worship of heaven and earth, nor of idols, but of Confucius, and of one's own ancestors. You may laugh at a Chinaman all day long for worshiping idols, and he will laugh too; but he will not laugh if you tell him not to worship his ancestors. Here is one of the greatest difficulties that a missionary meets in China. It is easy to tell them not to worship idols; but as soon as you begin to tell them not to worship their parents, they will turn round on you and say, "What! must we not give all honor to the authors of our being, who took care of us when we were infants, and brought us up, and gave us everything we enjoy?" And they are very apt, when they hear the missionary talking on this subject, to suspect that he does not love or honor his own parents. They often ask us how we can have the heart to



leave our aged fathers and mothers, and to come away off to another part of the world, instead of staying at home to take care of them? They have no idea that there is One who requires us to love him more than father or mother, or wife or child. Concluding that we do not love our parents as we ought, they hence infer that our religion is not so good as theirs. How cunning and malicious is the devil! He has taken one of the best feelings of our nature, and artfully turned it into a most powerful engine against the truth; nay, even made it an instrument for throwing discredit on the motives and filial piety of those whose sorest trial on leaving their native lands for the good of this people was, that they had to leave parents whom they loved as no heathen ever loved his.

There is nothing in China that makes it so hard for a man to become a Christian as this worship of ancestors. Suppose a young man becomes convinced of the truth of Christianity, and wants to be a Christian. He must at once renounce not only idolatry, for which his friends would care very little, but he must refuse to worship his ancestors too. Yet all his life long he has been taught that this is his first duty, and as soon as he says he will not do so, all his neighbors will cry out on him for an undutiful and ungrateful son, his father and mother will be angry with him, his brothers and sisters will scold him, and mock him, and call him fool and wretch, and it will be well for him if they do not do worse than all this. This is no fancy sketch. It has all happened since I have been in China with one young man, whom I mentioned in a letter written some time ago. There is a boy now in our school in Ningpo whose behavior pleases us very much. He is very attentive to his studies, and the Spirit of God seems to be working on his mind to lead him to Christ. He does not like to go to his father's house, lest he be asked to engage in their idolatrous worship; and in the vacations, when all the other boys are gone home, he stays alone in the missionary's house, where he can hear the truth. If he becomes a Christian, as we all hope he will, he may be a very useful man. Will you not pray for him, and such as he? If such a young person becomes a Christian, what is he to do? In many cases he must forsake father and mother, and house and friends, for the kingdom of heaven's sake. Pray for the converts, and pray for those that are inquiring. You have little idea at home of the difficulties, both within and without, that a man meets with here when he wants to become a Christian.

I might now give you some account of the manner of worshipping ancestors; but the subject has been pretty fully treated of in some former letters, and not wanting to make this letter too long, I refer you to them. In Canton it is called *Pai shan*, "worshipping at the hills," because there the graves are generally on the side of a hill. In Ningpo, where the graves are on level ground, it is called *Pai-fun*, "worshipping at the tombs."

While speaking of the worship of ancestors, I must not omit to tell you of the "Family Temples." These are more numerous in Ningpo than churches are in New-York. There is scarcely a street here which has not one or more of them, and they are sometimes very pretty buildings. Each of the large families that have been long settled here has a family temple, in which are kept the tablets of such of its important members as are dead, and the titles of honor or office that any of them may have received from the government. In these temples incense is offered to their departed progenitors, even those who died hundreds of years ago; and at stated seasons the whole family and connections come to worship in solemn state. They put on their best dresses, hire musicians, burn incense, bow down, and bow down again, till one is tired of counting how often they bow. A table is spread out with wine, fruit, cakes, meats, and all sorts of eatables, for the departed spirits to come and feed upon; paper money and clothes are burned to supply their wants in the

other world; crackers are fired to drive away evil spirits; and after half a day is spent in this way, the people go back to their homes, feeling that they have done a good work. Sometimes they hire a band of playactors, turn the temple into a theatre, and open it for everybody to come and see; and this is considered to be a great mark of honor to the dead.

Then there are families which have become extinct, that is, have no descendants left, or else their descendants have moved away, and forgotten them. What are these to do? If there be no one to worship them the spirits will be very unhappy,—so the people build temples in every district throughout the country, called *E-ho-tsz*, or "Orbate Temples," in which are deposited the tablets of such families as have none left to worship them. These temples are commonly built near a Buddhist or Taou establishment, and one of the priests takes care of it, and burns incense there, making a few bows to all the tablets together. And sometimes the families in a neighborhood make a collection, and give it to the priests or monks, who get up a feast and some music for the repose of the dead; and when all is over, the priests divide the feast and the money that was not spent among themselves. This is one of the ways in which Confucianism, or the native religion of China, mingles with that of Buddha and Taou; for the worship of ancestors is purely Confucian: but they have to get a priest of another sect to attend to it for them.

W. M. L.

THE BOY AND THE FLOWERS.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Radiant with his spirit's light
Was the little beauteous child;
Sporting round a fountain bright—
Playing with the flowrets wild.
Where they grew he lightly stepped,
Cautious not a leaf to crush;
Then about the fount he leaped,
Shouting at its merry gush.
While the sparkling waters swelled
Laughing as they bubbled up,
In his lily hands he held,
Closely clasped, a silver cup.
Now he put it forth to fill;
Then he bore it to the flowers,
Through his fingers there to spill
What it held, in mimic showers.
"Open, pretty buds," said he,
"Open to the air and sun;
So to-morrow I may see
What my rain to-day has done.
"Yes, you will, you will, I know,—
For the drink I give you now,—
Burst your little cups and blow,
When I'm gone, and can't tell how.
"O! I wish I could but see
How God's finger touches you;
When your sides, unclasped and free,
Let your leaves and odors through.
"I would watch you all the night,
Nor in darkness be afraid;
Only once to see aright
How a beauteous flower is made.
"Now remember, I shall come
In the morning from my bed;
Here to find among you, some
With your brightest colors spread!"
To his buds he hastened out
At the dewy morning hour;
Crying, with a joyous shout,
"God has made of each a flower!"
Precious must the ready faith
Of the little children be
In the sight of Him who saith,
"Suffer them to come to me."
Answer'd by the smile of heaven,
Is the infant's offering found:
Though "a cup of water given,"
Even to the thirsty ground.

SPEECH OF REV. PHILIP BOUCHER, OF PARIS, AT THE LATE ANNIVERSARY OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

My Christian friends,—A fortnight ago, I was in a Wesleyan Chapel for the purpose of meeting a large assembly in connection with the Evangelical Alliance, and that was in Paris. A fortnight since, your esteemed and well-known friend, Rev. Mr. Toase, the superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in Paris, was addressing that meeting; and, in his address, I found the following words:—"The cordial understanding is not broken between us; no, sir, it still exists, and must exist as long as the love of God exists in our hearts." (Applause.) And now I stand in Exeter Hall, where a French voice is desirous of repeating the words which were used in Paris. The Englishman said, "The cordial understanding is not broken;" and the Frenchman now says, "Rather let the cordial understanding be strengthened." (Applause.) The resolution which I have been called upon to support, says—"That this meeting, while offering its grateful acknowledgments to Almighty God for that measure of success which he continues graciously to vouchsafe to the Wesleyan Missionary Society." Surely, it is such a blessed thing to be called to the knowledge of God, to dependence upon him, and it is such a good thing to be engaged in blessing God's name, that I know you will bear with me, while I address a few words to you in broken language,—you will bear with one whose accents are foreign to you, although he hopes he is not a foreigner to your faith. (Hear, hear.) It is the first time, Sir, I have had the honor of speaking in this assembly, and the present meeting of my brethren reminded me of what was said in Paris a fortnight ago, to an esteemed brother, whose name will be familiar to many of you, the Rev. — Bost, the Protestant chaplain to one of the prisons in that city. Such was the influence of his love and his benevolent efforts on the prisoners, that the Catholic prisoners, who had heard of him from the Protestant, desired to know more about him. As the Protestant and Catholic prisoners are not kept together, the latter were not permitted to see him; but one of them having heard from a Protestant prisoner the instructions he had received, said, "The man who told you such things must be a very good man, for the things are so very good," and so intensely did he desire to speak with the Protestant minister, that he said, "Even if I be put in prison for it I must speak to him." As the clergyman was walking along one of the passages, the man flew toward him, and although he ran the risk of punishment for it, he exclaimed—"O, sir, I love you very much." And, my dear brethren, the speeches I have heard, the hymn I have heard this morning, made such an impression on my heart, that it placed me in the exact position of the prisoner, and I felt as if I could only say, "Brethren, I feel that I love you very much." (Applause.) It is a blessed thing for a person, and one who was not born in the Protestant communion,—one, as there are thousands in my country even now, without the least knowledge of the Word of God—not hostile to it, not feeling anything against it, because they know nothing of it—but merely living and dying without the least opportunity of knowing what is the will of God, what is the word of God, what is the truth of God,—it is, my dear friends, a glorious thing, to stand surrounded by 4,000 or 5,000 persons, listening with interest to those things which concern our peace,—and I am sure you will bear with me for giving expression to these feelings the first time I have the pleasure and honor of addressing you. (Applause.) Another reason why you will perhaps bear with me is, that you have very few occasions of listening to a French minister, to a brother from France, in your own language; and, however difficult it may be for me to speak, and perhaps still more difficult for you to understand, (loud applause,) yet I know, from what I have experienced in England,

that many of you would wish to hear more broken English. (Hear, hear.) My dear friends, I have accepted the honor of speaking to-day, for the purpose of giving you a testimony of the usefulness, and prosperity, and success, of that part of your missionary work which is carried on in my country. (Hear, hear.) On reading your report, I find the name of France in it, and it is that name which makes me feel it to be my duty to speak a word on this occasion. (Hear, hear.) The Wesleyan Missionary Society have a field of labor in France. It is right that it should be so; and if you adopt a name which may sound rather in a different way in France from what it does here—the word “mission” being likely, perhaps, to offend some of those delicate people who don't like to be treated as heathens; (laughter;) yet I don't quarrel for the name or for the thing; and I say that I shall be most happy to appear, not only in one such assembly, but in ten such assemblies, to meet the friends who send Missionaries to France; for they are wanted and are useful there. (Hear, hear.) Now, allow me to make a few remarks on the words “they are wanted,” and “they are useful.” They are wanted. My dear friends, do you know what the enemies, the adversaries of the Protestant religion are doing in that country? I heard in your Report of the sum of £116,000 having been raised. My French ear caught it as £160,000, which I hope it soon will be. But there is a Society called the Propaganda, at Lyons, which annually raises £180,000. And, Sir, for what purpose? For spreading superstition in all lands, and in your land as well, for the Jesuits come into England, where they are working to secure the spread of Popery. (Hear, hear.) I have heard a great many things about the new Pope. It is said that he is a good man. I wish he may be; (applause;) and as an experiment of his goodness, I wish he was here to-day. (Loud applause.) I should like to know how he would feel after such a meeting. When he commenced his career, he did what all his predecessors had done,—he launched an anathema against all our societies—and in his Encyclical Letter these words are to be found—“These men (speaking of you all) are tied together by criminal ties.” (Hear, hear.) And what are those criminal ties? The ties of pure affection to mankind, and devotedness to God, through Christ, and submission to his word alone. After having listened to the voices of such a meeting, if he has a heart to beat in unison with the hearts that beat here to-day, I should like to know if his hand could still launch the anathema against us. (Applause.) But if he is not here, (a laugh,) the system is here—and the consequences and striking instances of his work, the works of his church, are here; and I have one proof in my pocket, which I will show you. (Laughter.) My friends, I am quite delighted to find that you are pleased. Let me only say, there is a sort of gayety and brotherly joy which is consonant with solemnity; and what I have to say is really solemn. You shall judge for yourselves. I have stated that the annual income raised by the Propaganda Society is £180,000. What is it for? Is it for sending the true gospel to the heathen? Is it for preaching the Bible? Is it for telling sinners that they are lost in themselves but redeemed by the blood of the covenant? O, no; no such thing. It is to print such papers as this. And what is this small paper? I will read it to you. It contains only ten lines, but ten horrible lines, ten shameful lies. What is this paper? It is, I may say, an imitation, a caricature, of the Lord's prayer. I will pass it into your hands, Sir, and will afterward make a proposition on the subject. This, as I have said, is an imitation of the Lord's prayer, but addressed to whom? It is addressed to the Virgin Mary. Now listen to the words. I will translate them as nearly as possible. The prayer is printed in French, with beautiful engravings, and ornaments, as you may see, and hundreds and thousands are spread over the country.

It runs thus:—“To Mary, our Mother, who art in heaven. O Mary, may your name be blessed for ever. May your love come within our hearts. May your desires be accomplished in earth as they are in heaven. Give us to-day grace and mercy. Give us the forgiveness of our sins, as we hope for boundless mercy; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.” And yet the Roman Catholics tell us they do not countenance idolatry. (Loud cries of “Hear, hear.”) But what is this? (Applause.) The proposition I would make is this, that every faithful Protestant should get such a paper, and keep it in his family. Your Missionaries, when they go to the heathen, bring back specimens of their idolatry in the shape of stones and pieces of wood. Take this paper and keep it, and when a man comes and says we ought to be at peace with Rome, show that paper, (loud applause,) and repeat, with one of your friends, “No peace with Rome.” (Continued applause.) They say the new Pope is a reformer—they say he is a good man. Then the system must be bad which allows a good man to countenance such things. (Hear, hear.) But you will find persecution going along with this superstition. Persecution? Yes, and not a month ago, at a meeting in Paris, a minister belonging to the Baptist denomination appeared before us, and related the manner in which he and a brother minister were arrested and thrown into a secret part of the prison; and he gave an instance of persecution and opposition to the truth, the recital of which would make your hearts bleed. One person was taken and led to prison by the gendarmes just like a criminal, and, on his arrival at an inn on the way, he recognized a book which he had sold some time before. This was a copy of the New Testament. At the time the master of the inn was not there, but the person when he recognized the book, said with great joy, “You have a copy of that book—it is a good thing—it is the book of God.” The woman, who seemed to have read the book, turned to him and said, “I know it is a good book, and those who observe what is written in it, don't go to prison.” “You are mistaken,” replied the person, “in this land they do go to prison for the mere crime of selling that book, for I have done nothing more.” She turned to the gendarme and asked, “Is that true? Is he a guilty man?” The answer was, “He is accused of having distributed Bibles and Protestant books in a Catholic land.” That was all his offense, and he was imprisoned for it. (Hear, hear.) Is there no room for your exertion? Is there no room for your labor in a land where religious liberty is not yet acknowledged? I say it is right and proper that you should send Missionaries to our country—it is right that you should send more than you have sent; and it is right also that other denominations should send them. As you receive these papers from the Church of Rome in this country, the only way to return good for evil is to send back the truth to them, in exchange for their error. (Applause.) They raise £180,000 for the purpose of sending you the doctrines of Popery. You ought to raise more for the purpose of sending them back the truth—the word of God, and nothing but the word of God. (Applause.) I will just mention one fact within my own knowledge, respecting a minister whose name I cannot mention in this assembly, who was called to the knowledge of God, and strengthened in his faith, and blessed in his ministry—a French minister—in consequence of his having attended the administration of some of your Missionaries in France;—a man born in the Romish faith, but who has been converted to pure Christianity,—who has become a member of our reformed national Church, and who has been the means of converting hundreds of Roman Catholics. It was mainly owing to your Missionaries that such a blessing was conferred on his soul, and that he was able to confer so many blessings on others. (Applause.) That is a reason why you should continue your efforts in that country. But, let

me call your particular attention to one means by which much good may be done in that land, I mean by the Christian press. (Hear.) Perhaps it is not right to use the word “mission,” when speaking in a nation where nicety of feeling and delicacy of taste are so prevalent, but I would say, whatever you do, bear this in mind—that the French are not a church-going people—unfortunately they are not in the habit of keeping the Sabbath. But they are a reading nation, and that, through the providence of God, ought to teach us how to do good. We should give them the truths of Christianity in books and papers. If they will not come to hear our ministers we must distribute papers among them everywhere. (Hear, hear.) Let me also urge this most striking point on your consideration. There are but three great languages that rule the civilized world—the German, the English, and the French. I place the German first, because we are not in Germany, and must be polite to strangers, (laughter;) and I place the French last, because I am a Frenchman. (Laughter.) I feel no other reason for so doing, because on other occasions I should be ready to contend that it were not the least, but then I must discuss that matter in French, because it is only in that language I could make my point good. (Laughter.) These three languages, as I have said, are the three languages of civilized mankind. Now consider this point. The Pope—I mean the system, for I have no personal feeling against the Pope—a pope may be saved, and I wish the present one to be saved, and to be the last of the popes—(Applause and laughter)—but the system to which I allude is submission to anything but the Word of God. That system has lost two of the three languages. The Pope has no control over the English language. I may say he has lost the English language, I hope for ever, and God be blessed for it! In Germany he has lost the better half of that language, and has preserved that which is not the better half. For instance, he has preserved his power in Austria in certain places; but the power of intelligence, learning, and faith, are all on the side of German Protestantism. And we may say besides, the truth is on its side, and God is with the truth. (Applause.) And now suppose, my dear friends, that he is going to lose the French language too. What will remain to him? Nothing that he can boast of. The fact is, his day will be over and the victory will be ours, when, in the three languages, men will extol the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible. (Loud applause.) My dear Christian friends, I was employed, as a minister, for several years in Belgium. I stood once, for an hour, on the celebrated plain of Waterloo, looking at a small house of no appearance whatever, but one full of interest to my heart. What was that house? It was the first chapel, the first Protestant place of worship, in the village of Waterloo. I stood and mused over it, and thought, perhaps the day will come, when I shall be enabled to address my English brethren in France, and say to them, “Let us join for a spiritual Waterloo, a conquest in which we shall all share—the conquest of the Lord. (Applause.) Let us be soldiers in Christ's militia, banded together where there will be no vanquished, but only conquerors,—where there will be no party defeated, but all parties will be triumphant, with Christ and in Christ.” May the blessed day come. Multiply the number of your missionaries. Especially multiply good books, good papers. Do more for them than you have hitherto done. If you have had the day of trial, you will have the day of blessing. God himself will be with you, and he will crown your efforts with success. I rejoice, my Christian friends, in having been enabled to say thus much to you; and I only want you to pray for that country, to remember that country; and, whenever the recollection of the friend who addressed you to-day passes before your mind, let a sincere and earnest prayer be offered up by your souls for France.

NEGRO WOMEN IN BERBICE.

Mrs. Davies, of Berbice, was one day taking a class of negro women, who came together, to be taught the truths of religion. Instead of talking to them herself, she asked one of them to tell the others, in as plain a manner as she could, some of the things she had learned about God's way of saving sinners. She did this partly to find out if the woman remembered what she had been told, and partly because some of them were very ignorant, and perhaps they could understand one who would talk to them in their own style better than they would understand Mrs. Davies.

It was a very old woman who was asked to speak, and she very readily complied. If you had seen the old negro women sitting round on the floor, all stretching out their long necks, and listening to the speaker, as though their very life depended upon her words, you could never have forgotten it.

She began, "Well, granny, you must open your ears and listen good, and I'll tell you ebery ting I'member about Jesus Christ's story.

"Long time since, before anybody live in Africa, God make dis world. He made all de trees, all de beasts, eberyting, and when he make 'em done, den he make man. Well, he look, he see de man no have matty; den he make him sleep, so he take piece from de man's side, and make woman, den he tell de man, 'Look, your wife dere, mind her good.' Den God say to 'em, 'See guava dere, mango dere, banana dere, plantain dere, eberyting so good, you may eat 'em, except the one many apple in de middle of de garden; you mustnt touch dat; if you do, you shall dead.' So dey two live so good together, till one day de woman was alone, she walk in the garden, she see one big snake on a tree; de snake begin to peak wid de woman; he ask her why she didn't take de many apple off de tree, in de middle of de garden? She say, 'O! God tell an me not to touch de tree, for if me do me sa dead.' He say, 'No, you sa not dead; go take it; da tree more better than any of de trees, and God know very well de tree shall do you good.' So de woman took some of dem many apples, she eat some, and carried some to de man; he too eat 'em. Well, afterward God come down, he call de man, but de man no give answer; for dey both get frightened when dey hear God call 'em. God know dey been touching de tree; so he say to Adam, 'What make you take de many apple, after I told you you mustnt touch it?' Den de man put all de blame on de woman. God ax de woman, 'What business you had to touch de tree, after I tell you not?' Den de woman put all de blame on de snake. Well, God was very angry, and he curse de snake; he curse de woman, wid de man, and de ground; he drive 'em out of de garden, and make his angels stand with big cutlass to keep 'em out. O! dey two very sorry for taking de fruit. Well, dey look all about, dey no see noting. Guava no dere, mango no dere, banana no dere, plantain no dere, noting at all no dere, but black sage and sour grass.

"Well, God hab one son up at top. He see all dis trouble, and he know very well dat when his Fader make de bargain wid Adam, it no for he alone, but for all dem pickaninny what shall come. So he peak wid de Fader, and tell him he sorry for dem people soul, heself will go and suffer all de punishment for dem. God say, 'Yes, by and by; but dey must try to obey me, and kill plenty of sheep, with goat and oxen.' So dem people do. Some try best, and some good, like Abel; but plenty do bad. Den Jesus Christ did come into dis wicked, sinful world. Dey treat him bad; dey want to kill kim, even while he was a baby. When he grow, he behave so good; some people go to him wid blind eye, he make 'em see; some have lame foot, he make 'em well; some dead a'ready, he make 'em get out of de coffin. Still dem people no believe; dey say, 'No, it is not Jesus; he one man like an we.' So dey get de policeman to catch him, carry him to magistrate,

tell lie upon him, till dey say, 'He must die.' Dey got a tree, and nail piece of wood upon it for his two arms; den dey nailed Jesus to de tree, big nail through his foot, and big nail through his hands; he hang so till he fainty; dey give him bitter ting to drink, dey strike his side wid sword till he die! All dis he suffer for we poor sinner. *What we must do for Jesus for all this?*" Here the tears rolled down the cheeks of the poor women, and the exclamations, "O, my beloved Lord! Ah, my sweet Saviour!" were heard amid their sighs and tears.

My children, could you give a better account of the sin of Adam, and the way of salvation through the Lord Jesus, than the negro woman gave? No; the negro woman is *before you, before you far*; for I fear there are some of you who have never asked as she did, "*What we must do for Jesus for all this?*"—*Miss. Rep.*

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST, 1847.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

The annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was held at Exeter Hall, London, May 3d, 1847. After a brief address from Sir Culling Eardley Smith, on taking the chair, Rev. E. Hoole read the financial report, from which it appeared that the income of the society, for the last year, from all sources, had amounted to £115,762, (being an increase of £2,838 over that of the previous year,) and the expenditures to £111,534. The receipts from the home auxiliaries, including the contributions at the mission-house, were £32,950; from juvenile, Christmas and New-Year's offerings, £4,770; from Ireland, £6,462; from foreign auxiliaries at the missions, £11,788. Rev. John Beecham then read the general Annual Report of the society.

Addresses were delivered on the occasion by Rev. Edward Bickersteth, rector of Watton, Rev. Dr. King, of the United Secession Church, Glasgow, Rev. G. Osborne, Rev. John Jordan, vicar of Enstone, Rev. Dr. Hannah, of Didsbury, Rev. Peter Latrobe, secretary of the Moravian Missionary Society, Rev. R. Boucher, of Paris, Rev. Edward Craig, of Pentonville, Rev. Thornley Smith, late missionary in South Africa, Rev. Thomas Waugh, Rev. Thomas Hodson, late missionary in Mysore, Rev. Daniel M'Affee, of Ireland, Rev. A. Thelwall, and others. Most of these speeches were of a high character. We insert one of them in our present number. Others may appear in future ones.

We abound in *propositions* and *plans* for raising missionary funds; but the defect lies in their *execution*. System is important; fidelity in carrying it out still more so.

COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

DEAR BROTHER,—On Saturday last we spoke the Scottish barque *Nemesees*, from Calcutta, bound for London, by which I sent letters to yourself and others, in a package, to Rev. Thomas Jackson, London, for Rev. G. Lane, &c.

I commence another letter, in which I shall note the passing events of each week, so far as they are of any interest. We are almost under the equator, and yet the weather is very pleasant—somewhat cooler than it was on Christmas.

On Saturday last, about 4 P. M., we had a specimen of nature's hydrostatics, in the shape of a water-spout. Its first appearance was on the face of a dark storm cloud, which arose in the west, some three miles astern. It was soon discovered to bear down directly for us. It came within about one hundred yards; and, although it excited some apprehension, yet, as it had less of tornado-like violence than such meteors generally have, we rather enjoyed the scene. Its form was irregular, the lower end resting on the surface of the water, the upper end leaning over as though it were bent; the pre-

cise point of union with the cloud was so far above us as not to be visible. It was simply a whirlwind at sea. We see many of them here, in these latitudes; but none so near as this.

We find it somewhat difficult to preach on shipboard, from the absence of those exciting circumstances to which we have so long been accustomed; however, if our audience be small, it is select, and very attentive. Our sailors are under the strictest discipline; although, from anything we see or hear of rules, we are not aware that there are any in existence. However, the Lord is precious; and we are not only content, but cheerful and happy. This (Tuesday) morning there are seven or eight vessels in sight, and one of them is lowering away, about to board us.

In a few minutes a whale boat came along side, and in it Capt. Hall, of the *Betsy Williams*, bound for the Pacific Ocean, Sandwich Islands, North Coast, &c. It was a very pleasant visit, for he staid to dinner, and some of our company visited his ship, from which we were supplied with oranges, bananas, and cocoa-nuts. He had just been into one of the Cape de Verdes, and obtained a supply of tropical fruits. We supplied his crew with Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and papers, which were very acceptable. Capt. Hall is a Baptist; but by some unlucky omission a supply of Bibles for the crew was neglected. We had made an arrangement to have preaching on board his ship on the following sabbath, provided we could keep company; but our Lady Whiton, whether from prudish principles or not, I will not say, seemed resolved not to *keep company*, and Capt. Hall was soon at a respectful distance behind. The following day we caught a dolphin—a most beautiful fish, (the *Coriphenia* of Linnæus,) long celebrated for the swiftness of its swimming, and the brilliant and beautiful colors which it successively assumes in the act of dying. It had been swimming on our bows for hours, although we had been throwing the harpoon at it incessantly. At length the poor fellow was caught, and soon graced our tea-table. We are now nearly becalmed.

Jan. 1st, 1847. The old year has gone, and how have matters changed during the year! To-day we gain the south east trades in lat. 1° 40' north, long. 22° 49'. On Saturday, at half-past twelve o'clock, we crossed the equator, and the usual jokes were played on all "green hands." Our solicitude now is to avoid being too near Cape St. Roque. We have a strong equatorial current setting west; but our ship is a good sailor. Sails close to the wind, and there is no cause to fear.

We experienced the north-east monsoons during most of the following week, and the sailing was more than ordinarily pleasant. We crossed the magnetic equator (that part of the earth's surface where the dipping needle is horizontal) on Thursday. I was not aware of being near it until I had magnetized a needle of somewhat domestic construction, and found that, instead of the north end mounting up a little, it remained precisely level. Wilkes found it, when he passed in 1838, in lat. 13° 30' south. And now we crossed the *line of no variation*.

This is a somewhat irregular line, running from one pole to the other, on which the needle points precisely to the north pole. It is somewhat remarkable that this line is constantly changing its position, and makes its annual circuit once in a little more than three hundred years.

Jan. 14th. All well; just past Rio Janeiro, a day or two since, and, with moderate breezes, are on our journey. Expect to reach Cape Horn by about the 1st of February. We are now bearing down for a vessel in sight. I shall close hastily in hope of sending this letter.*

Saturday morning, Jan. 30. Near Cape Horn, lat. 51° 44' south, long. 57° 1' west. The Falkland Islands were in sight yesterday. We are all in tune for Cape Horn, and are not so well prepared to send letters as we were when it was warmer; but a vessel is in sight, bound home, as we think, and we shall send if we can. We are all in good health, and expecting a little sea sickness—have been so. We expect soon to be over the worst of our voyage. Another ship is in sight: I close hastily. I am yours truly,

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

Barque Whiton, at sea, Dec. 29, 1846.

* The vessel above mentioned proved to be a slaver who would not let us approach her.

AFRICA—EXTRACTS FROM REV. MR. BENHAM'S JOURNAL.

TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

BROTHER PITMAN,—I wrote to you a few days since, giving you some extracts from my journal, in which I dwelt, somewhat at large, upon the comparative health of white and colored missionaries in Liberia; since which, I have obtained a correct statement, which I here submit. A transcript of what I sent you, I also sent to Bishop Hedding: please, therefore, send him, if convenient, a copy of the statement given below:—

Of the thirteen white missionaries who have labored in connection with the Liberia Conference, six have died, six have returned to America, and one remains here; whereas of the *thirty-one* colored missionaries who have labored in the same field, seven only have died natural deaths: one was drowned, one murdered, two expelled, one located, three have been discontinued, one is superannuated, one is supernumerary, and fourteen remain in active service.

The aggregate amount of time spent by white missionaries is about twenty-eight years; that of colored missionaries is about one hundred and eighty-five years. With the exception of brother Seys, brother Burton, and Dr. Gohéen, the white missionaries have been able to do little more than take care of themselves. Relative to white ladies I believe my former statement was correct. Here follows the balance of my journal up to this date:—

March 25. The vessel from New-Orleans leaves today, bearing dispatches and letters to New-York.

In company with Dr. Lugenbeel and brother Morris, left in a boat for White Plains and Heddington. Stopped at the Virginia Settlement, to rest and take some refreshment at the school-house of sister Harris, who is still patiently and perseveringly pursuing her work. We had an opportunity of surveying the walls of the building designed for the reception of recaptured Africans—building jointly by the United States government and the Colonization Society.

We found one man there clearing away rubbish. The building is of brick, sixty-three feet two inches, by thirty-one feet nine inches, and one story. There were a few plank, and some framing timber, lying near the walls, and it was said there were carpenters in the woods getting the complement of timber for the roof. They have slate for covering the building, and it is hoped it will be inclosed before the rainy season commences. When this building shall have been completed, it will be a very important acquisition to the colony. When not required for the purpose for which it is to be erected, it will serve as a receptacle and hospital for emigrants, or a place for holding religious meetings, &c.

The settlers at this point appear to be improving their farms and adding to the natural beauty of the scenery on the St. Paul's. We left about one o'clock for White Plains, and arrived about four.

Here the doctor had several patients, and I had some business, after attending to which, we again embarked and crossed the river to Millsburg. Here we stopped where the workmen are erecting a brick building for the accommodation of sister Wilkins' school, at the expense of the Missionary Society, twenty-one by forty, with a piazza nine by forty. The walls of the first story are nearly up, and we have material mostly on the spot for inclosing the whole. We think this building, thus far, is done the most workman-like of any in the colony. The superintendent of the building (brother Gripon) deserves much credit. There were eight masons at work. The boys at the manual labor school render themselves very useful in helping on the building. We hope to have it ready for occupancy by August.

We found sisters Wilkins and Brush, and their charge, in very good health, took tea, prayed with them, and returned to White Plains, where we were hospitably entertained by brother and sister Roberts. I retired late, much fatigued—passed the night tolerably.

March 26. Rose very much enfeebled; however, in company with the doctor, and several men to carry me in a chair, we left for Robertsville, after nine o'clock. Brother Morris was too feeble to accompany us; but the doctor performed the journey on foot, with great ease, proceeding before me. I came up with him at brother Wilson's soon after twelve o'clock. Heat oppressive, and myself much fatigued.

We found brother and sister Wilson, their family and charge, in very good health. We examined the school, and found the boys making fine improvement. Some of the large boys read quite intelligibly in the New Testament. After dinner Dr. Lugenbeel proceeded to Heddington, whence he intended returning to White Plains.

I was glad to share the hospitality of brother W. and family for the remainder of the day and night.

March 27. A very hot day; but about two o'clock, in company with brother Wilson, proceeded to Heddington. The walk, in my feeble state, was very wearisome.

At Heddington a very marked change has taken place since my last visit, in relation to improvements about the mission establishment. The church and parsonage have undergone pretty thorough repairs, and brother Russel's plantation and out-fixtures are a model of neatness. Besides his plantation, each boy has a spot set apart for his own advantage. These are cultivated with various degrees of neatness and effect. Their progress in learning is quite encouraging, though not equally so with the boys at Robertsville. Upon the whole, the success of our missionary and his wife here gives good ground to hope that a religious revival will soon be experienced, when all things will be new. Few of the people having come in from their farms, we had no meeting in the afternoon; but in the evening both brother Russel and myself spoke through an interpreter. Several strangers from the Pessu country were present, who perhaps for the first time heard the gospel; so these brother Russel explained the first principles of religion.

Sabbath, March 28. At a very early hour a soaking and timely rain commenced, which continued most of the forenoon, preventing many people from Robertsville attending. We had a love-feast of some interest. Among others present were Black Tom, John Kenada, and the wife of young Zodaquee, all of whom spoke. Tom is evidently "a double-minded man," unstable in all his ways. Kenada came nearly seven miles, together with his wife, to attend quarterly meeting. He was the first man converted at this place, about six years ago; has been held a prisoner of war for a year; but he is said to have sung and prayed so much that the native king was afraid either to kill or sell him, and therefore let him go.

During the morning discourse there was evidently something of a move. Brother Wilson preached at about three o'clock, P. M. The feeling was evidently deepening and extending. Brother Russel preached in the evening: after which an invitation was given to the penitent to come to the altar for prayer; on which twenty or more came forward. Some of them appeared to be sincerely awakened. Our brethren think the prospect encouraging.

March 29. Set off at an early hour, and, after many haltings for rest, arrived at White Plains for breakfast. Our company set off at eleven o'clock, and arrived at Monrovia before sunset.

On the way I met a letter from Mrs. B., which gave an account of her sickness, not expecting my return before the sixth of April. This is another illustration of the uncertainty of health in this country. Here follows an extract. Speaking of her return home from the house of a friend, she says: "Before I arrived home I really thought I must faint. I vomited along the way; but I got up stairs and in bed, but continued, with short intervals, to vomit for two hours, accompanied with a chill." On my return home I found her convalescing and able to sit up.

March 30. Writing to correspondents, and making preparations for the April number of the Luminary. All improving in health.

March 31. Having an unusual press of business just at this time, and, as a consequence, not feeling well, I conclude to leave the quarterly meeting at Robertsville with brethren Wilson, Roberts, and Russel, all of whom are intending to be there. I wrote to brother Wilson accordingly.

April 1. Brother Morris continues quite feeble. In the evening he was very sick, but chiefly as the result of medical treatment. He suffers considerably, but patiently. The remainder of our family are tolerably well, or improving. A few days since I heard from Cape Palmas: all in usual health, except sister Johnson, who has the coast fever.

We are anxiously looking for letters from dear friends and brethren, and for our valued periodicals.

Please give our joint respects to the Board, bishops, and other interested friends.

We have concluded we shall not have health to enable us to remain more than one year longer, and be able to do anything. It is with reluctance I say it; but duty to God, the Board, the heathen, and ourselves, requires it. Without hesitation a suitable man should be sought to assume the superintendency of these missions. Yours with kind Christian regards. In this Mrs. B. and brother Morris join me.

J. B. BENHAM.

Mission-House, Monrovia, April 1, 1847.

FIRST QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE WILLIAMSBURGH GERMAN MISSION, N. Y. CON.

TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

DEAR DOCTOR PITMAN,—Having been sent to this field of labor by the last New-York Conference, it is my duty to give a short report of this mission. This mission has been somewhat better than a year in progress. It was first established by a few of the members of the New-York German Mission that moved over here to Williamsburgh; they were formed into a small class; they then had need for a church, which, through the industry of the Rev. Adam Miller, and the help of the two societies here, was soon completed. During the past year the class increased to the number of twenty-one. Since conference I have received eight on probation. These persons formerly belonged to the Lutheran Church. They did not make this choice hastily; but well considered what they were going to do; and at last they took the step. They now say, "We never thought religion was so good."

We also have a fine sabbath school, which numbers upward of forty children. This school is under the care of brother Charles Matthews. This brother formerly was an Englishman; but of late years he turned to be a German. Our church stands in, or near by, what many call Germany here. The Roman Catholics occupy nearly the whole ground. Some of their children come to our sabbath school. There are now some marks of conviction to be seen, and there is no doubt the Lord will yet gather unto himself a people here that shall prove a blessing to the Germans. Let me say to the friends of missions, that the last day only can bring to light how much good we may do in supporting these missions.

I remain yours respectfully,

E. H. BUHRZ.

Williamsburgh, June 29, 1847.

FLINT MISSION—THIRD QUARTERLY REPORT.

TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

DEAR BROTHER PITMAN,—I cheerfully comply with the duty of making to you my quarterly report of this mission. We held our third quarterly meeting for this mission the fifteenth and sixteenth of the present month, at *Oh-kah-kah-ning*, the Indian name of a river where there is plenty of fish called *pike*. We found the people on the ground on Friday; so we had a meeting of three days' length. Several were converted; twenty-two were baptized, and joined the church. During the past quarter five have been expelled. Some eight or ten have come with letters from Canada, and about twenty-five have been added to the church from Pagan bands.

We have had two schools in operation during the most of the quarter. The one at *Pe-wah-ne-go-ning*, on Flint River, commenced April 19th, and continued until quarterly meeting, being seven weeks. Number of boys in attendance, nineteen; girls, twenty-two; making forty-one in all. The teacher says that all are reading in easy lessons, and are making good improvement. Twenty of the girls are learning to knit. The teacher says, "I have not yet introduced sewing for the want of proper materials." It will be remembered that the first school this band ever had, commenced last January.

The other school that has been kept is at *Ne-bis-ning*. It has been kept ten weeks. During the quarter, twenty-seven boys, and seventeen girls, making in all forty-four pupils, were in attendance. Several of these read

very well; and I think this school has made good progress for six months past. This school is taught by a young man, (an exhorter,) who is devoted to the work, and doing well. Our prospect for future usefulness is good, if the work is rightly managed and persevered in. A portion of the sabbath is devoted to giving sabbath-school instruction, by all the teachers. We commence the third school with this quarter, so that we shall have about one hundred and twenty pupils under instruction during the coming quarter.

The mission is extending in influence among the Indians, so that individuals, from distant Pagan bands, frequently come a long distance to our meetings, and return converted men and women. The next we hear the chief will send some of his men, who will ask the missionary to come and see him; he *wants a talk*.

Our last quarterly meeting was a very good one; sabbath night was spent, even until daylight on Monday morning, in prayer and praise; and the meeting broke up with a great shout, while some of the good brethren sung the good hymn beginning with,

"Watchman! what of the night?"

O! my dear brother, it would have made your heart glad to see the devotion manifested by these poor Indians.

In short, I think the foundation is being laid for lasting good to the Indians of our Peninsula. May the great Head of the church prosper his good work until the wilderness shall blossom like the rose, and the voice of praise be raised to our Immanuel from the rivers to the ends of the earth! Amen.

Yours affectionately,

Geo. Bradly.

Indian Village, June 9, 1847.

RELIGIOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

We find in a Paris paper, called *l'Ami de Religion*, a statement of the donations that were received from all parts of the world, and disbursed during the year 1846, for the dissemination of the religious views of the Roman Church. The receipts were not quite so large as during the previous year, and it is accounted for by the embarrassments which have been experienced in many of the countries of Europe.

The receipts and disbursements are stated in francs, which we have reduced to dollars, as follows:—

Receipts.—France, \$284,361; Germany, \$10,388; North America, \$15,722; South America, \$1,870; Belgium, \$32,625; Great Britain, \$37,499; States of the Church, \$19,156; Spain, \$4,028; Greece, \$300; Ionian Isles, \$192; Levant, \$635; Lombardy, \$8,418; Lucca, \$1,870; Malta, \$2,318; Modena, \$3,519; Parma, \$2,806; the Low Countries, \$17,450; Portugal, \$4,580; Prussia, \$38,089; Sardinian States, \$46,770; Two Sicilies, \$17,390; Switzerland, \$7,109; Tuscany, \$8,605; various districts of Italy, \$2,806; from countries in the north of Europe, \$69.

Total receipts for the year 1846, \$668,986. Balance on hand at the commencement of the year, \$57,349. Total means for 1846, \$726,805.

Disbursements.—Missions in Europe, \$120,447; missions in Asia, \$205,656; missions in Africa, \$68,811; missions in America, \$190,541; missions in Oceanica, \$81,040. Expenses for printing and publications, \$42,093. Incidental expenses, \$780.

Total disbursements for 1846, \$726,300.

We cut the above from the *New-York Evening Post* of June 11. The learned editor is frequently conferring obligations upon the American public by his translations from foreign papers of matters most interesting to the cause of civil and religious liberty among men. We have been waiting for some time past in hope that he would give to the public the results of his observations during his late visit to the principal parts of the old world. He may think that "Observations," "Incidents of Travel," and "Notes," by travelers, in these portions of the earth, have been sufficiently multiplied among us of late; but, in our own opinion, no man who has been abroad could offer reflections upon the men, manners, and customs, the new movements, and their probable results, noticed in his travels, that would command more respect than the editor of the *New-York Evening Post*, W. C. Bryant, Esq. It would be particularly desirable to many readers of our *Missionary Advocate* to have opportunity to know his reflections

upon the religious movements in France, Germany, and Prussia; and the more so because of the reflections offered us by Commander Wilkes upon the missionary work in the Sandwich and other Islands, and in the Oregon Territory, which may be found in that great national work "Wilkes' History of the Exploring Expedition," ordered by the government of the United States.

D. T.

CONVERSIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE AT UMLAZI.

We extract the following from a letter of Rev. Mr. Bryant, who embarked for South Africa on the 15th of April, 1846, and arrived at Port Natal on the 15th of August. From this communication we learn that the labors of Dr. Adams, who occupies the Umlazi station, have already resulted in some spiritual fruit. Several of the natives manifest unusual seriousness, and a few of them give good evidence of piety, by abandoning their heathen customs, and conforming to the practical requirements of Christianity. But to the extract:—

"An interesting event occurred on the Wednesday after our arrival at Umlazi, which is worthy of a passing notice—I allude to the marriage of two men, who give evidence of being truly converted, and who, of their own accord, abandoned polygamy and desired to be married in a Christian manner. Men here commonly buy their wives with cattle, paying about ten head for a common woman, and thirty or forty head for the daughter of a chief. It is a mark of wealth and honor to have several wives, and hence the natives are desirous of increasing the number as they have the means. One chief who lives a few miles distant, it is said, has eleven.

"Polygamy is one of the strongholds of heathenism. It is an institution which is bolstered up by two pillars, the selfishness of the people, and their code of honor; and it is cheering to those who have long been toiling in this part of the missionary field, to know that some progress is made toward undermining this gigantic evil. Nothing but the gospel, operating on the heart and life, can thoroughly remove it; and men give some evidence of being truly converted, when, in defiance of the sneers and opposition of their countrymen, and at the sacrifice of their own temporal interest and honor, they renounce polygamy and begin to live according to the commandment of Christ.

"The men to whom I have already alluded had both had two wives. One man was married to the woman whom he had purchased first, the other to the one he had purchased in the second instance, because the first opposed his becoming a Christian, and had no desire to live with him afterward. Having been duly published according to the English laws, they were publicly married by Dr. Adams, in the school-room, about eighty of the natives coming in as spectators. The occasion was improved to show them the sinfulness of polygamy, and to press on them the duty of living according to the institutions of Christ.

"After the marriage ceremony was performed, about half a bushel of wedding cake was distributed among the people, made of Indian meal, to which was added a little sweetening and a few raisins. Mrs. Adams had also prepared a supply of coffee, which, with the native cake, made a comfortable repast. At the close of the entertainment, the people retired to their homes, apparently well satisfied with the events of the day. From one of the native converts I have since learned, however, that the marriage has led to considerable discussion among the people, and that there is in some minds a strong feeling of indignation and opposition. This was to be expected."—*Missionary Herald*.

The spiritual prosperity of our churches at home may generally be tested by their efforts to extend the blessings of Christianity abroad.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

A new place of worship has recently been opened by the evangelical Armenians in the city of Constantinople. This step has been the occasion of fresh hostility on the part of the patriarch and his friends. The owner of the house in which the meetings are held, whose name is Stepan, was seized and put in prison; and a list of charges, over the official seal of the patriarch, was preferred against him. Four priests and nine laymen appeared as accusers and witnesses; but the judge decided every question in favor of the accused. The following extract from a letter of Mr. Dwight, dated March 6, contains a history of a part of this trial:—

"The patriarch asserted that the neighbors, being all Armenians, did not wish Stepan to reside in their quarter; and, furthermore, that the whole Armenian community wished him to remove. To this Stepan replied that, if they could prove that he was a bad man, unfit to live among civilized people, very well; but if, as they acknowledged, his moral character was good, their not wishing him to reside there was no reason why he should leave. If they did not wish him, and urged this as a ground for driving him out, he also might say that he did not wish them, and, therefore, they must remove. The judge was compelled to decide this point in his favor. The patriarch next urged that either Stepan, or some other person, stood in the window of his house, and railed at the Armenians, as they were passing by to go to the church, which is near. But unfortunately for the patriarch, the house stands in the midst of a garden, and is not even visible from the street; so that this charge fell to the ground.

"At last the Turkish judge said to Stepan, 'Let the objections of the Armenians all go for nothing; but we (the Turks) do not wish you to hold meetings there. The government gives you no such permission.' To this Stepan replied, with great solemnity, 'I beg that you will not give yourselves the trouble to try to prevent us from meeting; for I declare that not only I, but all the Protestant Armenians also, are ready to shed their blood for this thing. Consult together, if you please, as to the best method of getting rid of us; whether you will banish us from our homes, or drown us in the sea, or cut off our heads; but it is useless to try to prevent us from meeting. The holy gospel commands us to meet; and it is a matter of duty and of conscience with us, and not of choice. We cannot cease to meet.' The judge said nothing more on the subject; but merely directed his clerks to record that the Protestants say that it is a matter of faith and conscience to meet."—*Day-spring*.

A RESCUED SLAVE.

It is a custom among some of the African tribes, at the death of a chief, to sacrifice a number of hundred of human beings at his grave. On one of these occasions, several victims were assembled together; among them was a boy, who contrived to escape to the woods. There he lived for some time on wild fruits; but he was captured by a tribe of cannibals, as those savages are called who eat human flesh. From this peril also, by great skill, he managed to escape; but was again captured and sold for a slave, and was put down with many others in the hold of a ship which was employed in this barbarous traffic. He now felt increasing terrors. After some days, to his great joy, a sailor entered the hold, crying out, "Good, good," almost the only English word the poor negroes understand; and their fetters were struck off, and their oppressors loaded with them. The slave-ship had been captured by a British vessel sent out to give freedom to slaves. They were taken to Sierra Leone. In this place, after being instructed in Christianity, the lad related these adventures, adding, "I at first thought myself a very clever boy, and that I had escaped through my own skill; but I now find it was the Lord Jesus who was leading me. He leads the blind by a way they know not."—*W. H. Cottle*.

CANTON.

A letter has been received from Mr. Bridgman, and published in the July number of the *Missionary Herald*, which contains a gloomy picture of Chinese morals. The following extract throws some light upon the administration of justice in that empire:—

"Places of trust are purchased, and at a high rate, by the officers of government. The consequences are obvious. There are said to be, at this moment, more than two thousand unadjudicated cases in the magistracy of the western half of Canton; and the parties concerned are kept in duress under circumstances the most distressing. During the cold weather of winter, many of them die daily; and their oppressors fatten on what they may chance to leave of worldly effects. One of the members of my Bible class would have died in this condition, but for the timely interference of the representative of the United States in this country. It would require a long letter to give you all the details of this poor man's case. His only crime was a willingness to lease a site of ground to foreigners. After having been kept nearly three months in confinement, and threatened with perpetual banishment, compelled to write a bond surrendering the lease, and declaring it false, his written testimony to the contrary notwithstanding, he was allowed this evening to return to his family. This is probably one of the mildest cases of the whole two thousand and upward now existing under this magistracy. The common jails are glutted. Large parties of robbers, pirates, murderers, &c., &c., are thrown into them almost daily, and the public executions are very frequent. Being obliged to pass the execution-ground on Friday last, I saw some of the fresh blood and the trunkless heads that continually mark the spot. Three men had just been decapitated; two of the bodies had been removed, and the third was lying in its own blood. To-day forty-one more have fallen on the same spot, and more are to follow soon."

FUH CHAU.

Mr. Johnson, formerly of the Siam mission, has recently made a visit to Fuh Chau, one of the free ports of China. Among a population which has been estimated at not less than six hundred thousand souls, he found not one missionary. In view of the claims of this important city, he felt constrained to tarry there, and endeavor to make known the gospel of Christ to the immense multitude which he found on every side of him. It is expected that Mr. and Mrs. Peet, who were associated with him at Bangkok, will join them.—*Dayspring*.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The general letter of this mission has at length been received. This document shows that the whole number of persons admitted to the churches from the beginning is 33,198; of whom 5,485 have died; while about the same number are under censure; making the present number of communicants in regular standing nearly 23,000. The number reported as admitted to the church during the year which preceded the annual meeting was 1,789.—*Dayspring*.

A GOOROO.

About twelve months ago, a great gooroo, of the Madhiva caste, came to Cuddapah, a large town in the Madras presidency, to collect his disciples, impress them with the marks of his caste, and to fleece them of their money. His train consisted of twelve elephants, four camels, one hundred bullocks, fifty bandies or carts, and about two hundred followers. He brought with him eight bullock-loads of idols, many of which are placed around a large room in which he resides. The practice of this great gooroo is to burn his disciples in different parts of their bodies with five

red-hot copper seals, which are the signs of the particular caste to which he belongs. His tutelary deity is Kunumuntoodoo, the monkey-god, the image of which, together with some sacred stones, he places before him and worships. In order to be impressed with these holy seals, his disciples who have situations under government must give three months' pay, and those who are otherwise employed must give according to their means, some fifteen, others thirty, and others fifty dollars. One rich man, in Cuddapah, actually gave, for himself and wife, the sum of one thousand dollars for being burned with these copper seals; and besides this, made a great feast in honor of the gooroo, which cost him two hundred dollars. When the disciples of the great man approach his presence, they bring with them offerings of fruits, clothes, &c. The secretary of the gooroo then informs him who they are, and the purpose for which they have come. Afterward he receives their offerings, and orders his servants to seal them with the copper seals made red-hot. During the time they are occupied in this painful task, he repeats a muntum or prayer to his god. After this is done, his disciples wash his feet with water in a silver dish, pay homage to them, and place flowers upon them. The gooroo then repeats muntums behind a curtain, and dismisses his disciples with his blessing, giving them, at the same time, some holy food and water. They receive this with an act of homage, and then retire to their homes, having been well burned in their skins, and well fleeced of their money. Should any disciple refuse to give the money which the gooroo demands, he is tied up to a pillar, well flogged, and then put out of caste. If a man out of caste wants to be restored to its privileges, he has only to offer a certain sum of money to the gooroo, and, after performing certain ceremonies, he is replaced in his former dignity.

This great impostor rises at five in the morning, and, after bathing himself in cold water, stamps his body in many places with the holy seals, not made red-hot, but rubbed with white clay. He then worships the monkey-god, after which he sits upon a stool, and relates some stories out of the pooranas, or sacred books of the Hindoos. He then presents his disciples with some holy water, and some sacred leaves, called "toolesoe." At noon he bathes again, worships the idol, and presents various offerings of rice, fruit, &c., to his followers. This is done to give the people an exalted idea of his charity. His food consists chiefly of boiled rice mixed with sacred leaves, sugar, and ghee.

This is one of the many impostors that are continually rambling over the numerous provinces of Hindostan, endeavoring to seduce and destroy its ignorant and degraded inhabitants. How appropriately does the language of the great apostle of the Gentiles apply to these degraded people: "For ye suffer if a man bring you into bondage, if a man devour you, if a man take of you, if a man exalt himself, if a man smite you on the face!" And how thankful should you feel to that gracious Redeemer, who, by his glorious gospel, has delivered you from such degrading superstition and lying wonders!—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

A HINT FOR BUSINESS MEN.

The receipts of the (English) Wesleyan Missionary Society, it is well known, are very large, and they are constantly increasing. The Rev. Edward Bickersteth asked a friend, not long since, what was the cause of the financial prosperity of the society. The reply was, "When the members of the Methodist communion are successful in business, many of them, rather than enlarge their establishments, increase their contributions to benevolent institutions." Why may not some of the business men in our own country, whom the Lord has greatly prospered, imitate this example?—*Dayspring*.

THE SORROWING CONTRIBUTOR.

A professor of religion in one of the Baptist churches in New-England, not many years ago, was called upon by his pastor to aid in sending the gospel to the heathen. This professor was a man of handsome property, with a small family, and far advanced in life. He was not, however, distinguished for his knowledge of benevolent movements of the day, or for his liberality in contributing to their support. He was one of that class of Christians who so piously believe that "God will convert the world in his own time and way," and who are so very careful to stand aside and let the Lord do the work alone. Said the pastor, "Brother S., I am making an effort to obtain funds for the cause of foreign missions. Will you aid in this good work?" "Well, sir," said the professor, "I have never given anything for that object, for I have little confidence in this missionary business. But out of regard to you, sir, I will give you twenty-five cents." The pastor, whether rightly or not we will not say, received the gift and departed.

A year elapsed, and the pastor again commenced his labors for the heathen among his flock. Calling on the professor above mentioned, he said, "Brother S., I am making my annual effort for the cause of foreign missions. How much shall I receive from you this year?" "Not one cent, sir, not one cent," was the immediate and emphatic reply. "Not one cent?" said the disappointed pastor. "Why you gave me twenty-five cents last year." "I know it, sir, I know it," returned brother S., "and I have been sorry for it ever since." The pastor with a sorrowful heart went his way.—*Macedonian*.

THE BRAHMINEE WIDOW.

When we read of the poor heathen in India we find a great deal said about the brahmins. They are the priests, and the Hindoos pay them very great attention. The brahmins pretend to be very holy, and they often put themselves to all kinds of bodily suffering to make the people admire their devotedness. Sometimes, too, their widows become great devotees. I will tell you of one of them, who was called Dalimba. She lost her husband and her infant son while she was very young, and she resolved to become a devotee or very religious person. She took her husband's youngest brother, brought him up as her son, and when he was old enough, she gave all her property to his care, and set herself to seek the salvation of her soul.

She visited the temples of all the idols; went to bathe twice in the Ganges, a river the Hindoos think very sacred; gave money away to the brahmins; kept various feasts and fasts in the worship of some of the idols; and did a number of other things in order to please the idols, and obtain happiness for herself. Do you think she succeeded? O no! She found, after she had taken all this trouble, that she was still sinful. All she had done could not change her heart, and you know unless that is changed, unless we are "born again," as the Saviour tells us, we cannot be happy. Well, what was she to do next? You shall hear what she resolved upon, and judge whether you think she would get much good from it. She left home again to go to Juggernaut, a large idol worshiped in India. She intended to put herself under the wheels of his car, and so be killed, and, as she thought, most certainly be saved. The poor Hindoos think that those persons are happy who die under Juggernaut's car, for they say that he likes human sacrifices.

Dalimba did not tell any one what she was going to do; but she gave away all the money she had, and commenced her journey. As she was passing through a village, she saw a crowd of people. They were standing around a Christian Hindoo, who was reading the Bible to them. Dalimba stopped to listen, and when he had done reading, he asked her where she was going. She

said to Juggernaut. He replied that Juggernaut was nothing but a piece of wood, and could do her no good, and began at once to tell her about our Lord Jesus Christ, and what he had done for us. She received his news gladly, and wished to hear more about such good tidings; so he brought her to his house to read to her, and teach her more about the Bible. God mercifully blessed his endeavors, and opened this poor woman's heart, and made her believe in the Saviour. She gave up all her trust in the idols, and became a Christian. She lived with the missionaries for many years, and at last died very happily, and went to heaven. O how thankful she must have felt to God, who had so graciously prevented her from destroying herself! She tried in vain, you see, to make herself happy. Until she found Jesus all was of no use. Dear children, remember there is no other way to holiness than this for you.—*Juv. Miss. Herald.*

TRIUMPHS OF MISSIONS.

In one of the islands of the southern seas, Tonga, you may go into a place of Christian worship, and, if you are "given to exhortation" or "prophecy," you will ascend the pulpit, and on the stairs you will see two curiously carved images supporting the pulpit rails. They were once the gods of that people. If you are simply a fellow-worshiper, and you kneel down at the communion rail of the same chapel, you will notice that the very rail is supported by the shafts of spears which the warriors among that people once used against each other.

Touch next at the West India Islands. The emancipation of the black population from the galling fetters of slavery was not so much brought about by the Christian energy and effort of the men at home, as it was by the preparation of the negro mind for freedom by the instrumentality of the missionaries. Go to death's own shore, Western Africa; go to death's own city, Sierra Leone; and if you want to worship the great God and Father of all, you may do so in a chapel built out of the masts, and spars, and planks, of condemned slavers; while the hundreds and thousands who worship there have been liberated with a better and holier freedom than any man or set of men can confer.

If you want to see the results of missionary labors, go to Ashantee, the most murderous and blood-thirsty of the nations of the earth; and there Wesleyan Methodist missionaries have pursued their aggressive warfare, while their nerves have been shocked with the sight of corpses rolling in the street, headless bodies, and heads scattered around them. But a missionary visited them, and his first convert on his dying bed said to him, "I hear you preached last night about heaven. I could not be there; but I am going to heaven itself; and when I get there I will go to my Saviour and throw myself at his feet, and thank him for his mercy in sending a missionary to this land to tell me of the truth. Then I will come back to the gate and sit down until you come; and then I will take you to my Saviour's throne, and say that you are the man who first told me of the cross of Jesus."—*Mr. Corderoy at the Anniversary of the Miss. Soc. of the M. E. Church.*

HAVE YOU TOLD JESUS?

Elizabeth attended a sabbath school in England, and was very fond of her teacher, who took great pains with her, and was most anxious that all her scholars should make Jesus Christ their friend, and should tell him all their desires and all their troubles. One day Elizabeth had a very mournful countenance. Being asked what was the matter, she replied, bursting into tears, "O, teacher, I cannot get any money for my missionary card; I have asked everybody I can think of, and I do not know what to do."

Teacher. My dear, do you remember what the disciples did when they had toiled all night, and could not catch any fishes?

Elizabeth. Yes, teacher, they told Jesus Christ about it.

T. And what did Jesus say to them?

E. He told them where to cast the net, and they caught a great many fishes.

T. And do you not think that Jesus Christ knows where the money is, as well as he knew where the fishes were?

E. Yes, of course he does; I never thought of that before.

T. Well, then, my dear Elizabeth, dry your tears, and go home, and pray to Jesus, and ask him to help you, and come to me again in a week, and tell me what you have done.

Before the week was ended, the little girl came again to her kind friend, her face beaming with joy, and exclaimed, "Look at my card, teacher, it is quite full; I have seven shillings. I went home and told Jesus my trouble, and afterward I thought of so many persons whom I had not asked before, and I went to them, and they all gave me some money. Now I am quite happy."

Now, my dear young friends, we may learn from this little anecdote, how kind and gracious the Saviour is; he hears and answers the prayers even of a little child. You need never think that your troubles are too trifling to bring to Jesus, for he will fill your hearts with comfort, while you are seeking to do his holy will; he will ever guide you in the right way in fulfillment of his promise, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths."—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

MISSIONARIES EMBARKING FOR CHINA.

Hear how the Saviour calls!

His voice is on the breeze:

"Go," saith the Lord of missions, "Go, Fulfill my high decrees!

"A door I open wide,

A door which none shall close;

Strong be the heart of all my friends, And tremble all my foes.

"The idols stoop and bow;

Confucius reigns no more;

The priests of Buddha soon shall scorn The gods they now adore.

"In Sinim is my throne,

My gospel there proclaim;

To all her myriads now make known The glories of my name."

Great Captain of thy host,

At thy command we bow;

Before us go in all thy might, And with us conquer now.

To China's distant land

We'll haste with zeal away,

Nor heed the labor or the toil Which thou wilt so repay.

Be China all thy own,

A gem of purest ray,

To sparkle in thy blood-bought crown Throughout eternal day.

Before thy glorious throne

Let all her millions bend,

Till heaven shall hear from Sinim's land Immanuel's praise ascend.—*Evan. Mag.*

A ROYAL CONTRIBUTION TO MISSIONS.

The king of Prussia has recently given one thousand thalers (about seven hundred and fifty dollars) to the Rhenish Missionary Society, toward defraying the expense of sending its first missionaries to China. The Minister of State, Dr. Eichorn, in transmitting the donation, informed the society that he was charged by the king "to testify the lively interest which his majesty takes in this enterprise, in behalf of which he invokes the gracious aid and the rich blessings of the Lord." This may remind the reader of the language of Isaiah: "And kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers."

SABBATH IN INDIA.

A late number of the Bombay Times states that the Governor General has directed that henceforward there shall be no labor on the public works, throughout Hindostan, on the sabbath. The same paper adds, "A similar measure, introduced three years since by Sir George Arthur into Bombay, has been eminently successful. Though the natives dislike our faith, they despise us when they see us neglect its precepts."

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The income of this society at the end of the first ten years from its formation was only £2,500. During the second period of ten years it rose to £30,000; during the third to £47,500; during the fourth to £100,000. It had in its service, in 1845, one hundred and twenty-five ordained ministers, one hundred and fifteen of them being Europeans and ten natives; also one thousand seventy-seven catechists, thirty-five of them being Europeans and the rest natives. The missions of this society have generally been successful, the chief failures having been among nominal Christians. Twice were its missionaries driven out of Abyssinia. From Asia Minor they were also compelled to withdraw, through the jealousy of the Greek Church, as soon as their labors began to exercise any spiritual influence upon the pupils in the mission schools. And all attempts to co-operate with the ecclesiastics of the Syrian Church, on the Malabar coast of Southern India, have failed; so that the missionaries now invite the Syrian Christians, equally with Romanists and the heathen, to separate from their brethren.

DRESDEN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Evangelical Lutheran Missionary Society at Dresden has a mission in South Australia, consisting of three missionaries, who are laboring at two stations. It has another mission at Mayavaram, Southern India; but only one missionary was at that post at the date of the last intelligence. It is the wish of this society to effect a union in the missionary operations of all the Evangelical Lutherans in Europe.

BERLIN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Missions among the Heathen at Berlin has five stations in South Africa and one in Hindostan. In connection with the former, it sustains eleven male laborers; and in connection with the latter, four.

RHENISH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The missions of this society are in South Africa and on the southern coast of Borneo. An account of those in South Africa will be found in the Missionary Herald for May, 1847. In Borneo the society has six stations, and six missionaries, all of them married.

MISSIONARIES FROM WURTEMBERG.

The kingdom of Wurtemberg, with a population not exceeding 1,800,000, has sent forth one hundred and twenty missionaries, many of them being supported by English missionary societies.

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