

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

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

VOLUME III.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER, 1847.

NUMBER 8.

THE WAY PREPARED.

Much regretting that he could not prudently leave a teacher in the Vavau Islands, Mr. Williams pursued his course to Samoa, and, after encountering a furious storm, beheld, with joy, the majestic mountains of Savaii, the principal island of that group. After beating about for a short time, the Messenger of Peace anchored in a beautiful little bay, where the missionaries were shortly surrounded by the natives, who came off to them in large numbers in their canoes. Fauea, the Samoan chief whom Mr. Williams had brought from Tongatabu, was delighted in again beholding the home of his fathers, and the prospect of the good news of salvation being communicated to his deluded countrymen. On the voyage, he had expressed great doubts of the reception of the gospel by his people, as they were held in complete subjection by a powerful chief, named Tamafainga, in whom they supposed the spirit of the gods dwelt, and who exercised such control over their minds, that if he forbade their listening to the missionaries, they dared not disobey. The obstruction which this man might offer to the missionary work pressed heavily on the mind of Fauea, and, among the first inquiries which he made on meeting with his countrymen, was, "Where is Tamafainga?" "O," they shouted with delight, "he is dead! He was killed ten or twelve days ago!" On hearing this, Fauea sprang down the steps, and into the cabin where Mr. Williams was seated, exclaiming, "The devil's dead! the devil's dead! Our work is done; the devil's dead!" He then explained that Tamafainga had been killed.—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

TRIBUTE TO FRENCH COLPORTAGE.

The Record of the Free Church of Scotland, in giving a view of the progress of the gospel in France, says, "It is well known to the religious public, that the most important instrument in the hands of God for shaking the power of Popery, and spreading the gospel, within late years, in France and Belgium, has been the labor of colporteurs. Their efforts have been crowned with marvelous success; whole districts of country have been awakened out of their lethargy, and made to feel their need of the gospel, through their instrumentality. Numerous little companies of forty or fifty, or sixty individuals, have been led to assemble together among themselves for reading the Word and prayer; and many have been the instances in which revivals have taken place."

EXTENT OF MISSIONARY EFFORT.

It has been said that the sun never sets on the dominions of the queen; that is, that before the sun sets in England it has risen in the West Indies; before it is lost sight of there, the natives of New Zealand see it; then Australia; and India, and Africa, are all in turns lighted by its beams, till we see it in England again.

So it is with our Missionary stations; the sun never sets on our Missionaries' labors, but it is always shining on some spot where the gospel is preached; and wherever the name of Christ is proclaimed, there also the Sun of righteousness arises with healing in his wings, enlightening many hearts that but for his presence would have remained in everlasting darkness. O may the time quickly come when the whole world shall be filled with the glory of the Lord!—*Wes. Juv. Off.*



A CHINESE SCHOLAR WRITING.

The modes of writing to be met with in Chinese books are various; namely, the ancient form, the seal character, the grotesque, the regular, the written, and the running hand. The ancient form shows, in some measure, how the Chinese characters were constructed; for in it we find various objects delineated, as they appear in nature. The seal character, as it is called, because found engraved on seals, differs from the usual form in being entirely composed of horizontal and perpendicular strokes, without a single oblique or circular mark belonging to it; resembling, in some degree, the arbitrary marks used among the Egyptians. The regular and exact form is that met with in all the Chinese books, from which the written form differs as much as our Italic from the Roman letters. The running hand seems to have been invented for the sake of expediting business; and, by the saving of strokes, and the blending of characters, enables the transcriber to get over a great deal of work in a little time. Such productions are not easily deciphered, and yet the Chinese are so fond of this ready, and, in their opinion, graceful mode of writing, that they frequently hang up specimens of penmanship in the most abbreviated form, as ornaments to their shops and parlors. The Chinese writers are generally so practiced in the use of the pencil, that they run down a column with the utmost rapidity, and would transcribe any given quantity of matter as soon as the most skillful copyist in England or America.

SOMETHING DONE FOR GREECE

The Rev. Dr. Baird, on visiting Athens, wrote respecting the progress of the missionary work in Greece, "From inquiry, I learn that it is probable that nearly, if not quite, two hundred sound evangelical books and tracts have been published in modern Greek, by these various missions. The Rev. Mr. Buel, the excellent Baptist missionary, who, with his wife and Miss Waldo, is laboring at the Piræus, (and, blessed be God, not without encouragement,) told me the other day, that his Sunday-School Library contains one hundred and sixty of these works. It is probable that the tracts and children's books constitute one-half of the whole number. But the other hundred embraces books, from the 'Dairyman's Daughter' up to 'Wilberforce's View,' 'Butler's Analogy,' 'Wayland's Elements of Moral Science,' and works of similar size. These books are becoming scattered over all Greece, and among the Greeks who live in other countries."

From the Foreign Missionary Chronicle.

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

NUMBER SIX.

THE SECT OF TAOU.

Continued from page 50.

The sect called the Taou sze, or Doctors of Reason, is now a very insignificant one, and so utterly degenerated from the doctrines of their founder, that a description of them, as given in their ancient books, would not agree with their present character. Their temples are comparatively few in number, and their priests differ from the Buddhists principally in not shaving off all their hair. They suffer the hair on the back of their head to grow, and fasten it up in a knot. Their clothes are different from those of the common people, and their robes are not so long as those worn by the Buddhist priests.

This sect derives its origin from Laoukeun, a philosopher who flourished while Confucius was yet young. Many strange and ridiculous stories are told respecting him. Some say that his mother bore him for eighty years in her womb, so that when he was born he was an old man, with white hair, from which circumstance the name by which he is commonly known, *Laoutsze*, "an old boy," is derived. Others say that he lived for several centuries; and others again that he visited the earth a number of times to propagate his doctrines. It is pretty certain that, in the time of Confucius, he was well known, and much esteemed for uprightness and probity. On one occasion, Confucius being in the country where he lived, paid him a visit. Laou tsze received him very politely, and among other things said, "The wealthy merchant does not hawk his goods about like a common pedler; but stores them in his warehouses, and you would scarcely know that he is a rich man. So the man of eminent virtue does not proclaim his own praise abroad; but walks forth humbly as though unconscious of possessing any merit." Confucius thought there was so much wisdom in this remark, that, when he went out, he said to his disciples, "I understand how a bird flies, or a fish swims, or a beast walks; but I cannot comprehend the movements of the dragon that mounts the clouds and ascends to heaven: so the wisdom of Laou tsze fills me with amazement, for he is like the dragon in its upward course." When Confucius was about to return to his own country, Laou tsze sent him the following message:—"I have heard that rich men present jewels to their friends; but men of the highest virtue give them good words. Now my words to you are these: 'Acute men, who are fond of spying out the defects of others, are in danger of losing their own lives, for people do not like to be harshly spoken of; and men of great intellectual power, in speaking evil of others, expose themselves to great danger.'" Confucius, receiving the message, bowed and said, "I respectfully receive this instruction."

Laou tsze was the author of the *Taou-teh-king*, or "Classic of Reason and Virtue," a book much admired by the Chinese, but very little known or studied by those who now profess to be his followers. It is said to contain five thousand words. The character of this man is thus summed up in one of the Chinese books: "He did not seek after fame, nor blazon abroad his virtue, and considered purity, retirement, and inaction, to be the most desirable of all things."

Those who call themselves Doctors of Reason,

or followers of *Laou tsze*, have very little in common with their master, and in one of their largest temples his image is placed in a bare, unfurnished room, with no particular marks of veneration or respect. There was a time during the Tang dynasty when this sect possessed a good deal of influence; but commonly they have been, what they are now, little better than so many jugglers and mountebanks, and the most of them would find it difficult to give any account of their principles or doctrines. In the Chinese novels and historical books, they are commonly spoken of as practicing magical arts and enchantments; but I have never been able to get any satisfactory account of their system of faith, if indeed they have any. On this account, and the insignificance of the sect generally, it is not worth while to trouble you with many details of what nobody understands, and which exerts no perceptible influence on the people. The Chinese make but little distinction between the Taou and Buddhist temples, and flock to the one as freely as to the other, and even the officers of government, and the literary men, who, if they were consistent and strict in the principles of Confucianism, would never go near them, make no scruple of going to the Taou temple to offer sacrifices.

It would be proper here to give a description of a Taou temple, and of some of their modes of worship; but having already sent home a full account of the largest temple of this sect in Ningpo, and having given several notices of their worship, it is not necessary to repeat these accounts here.

W. M. L.

HOPE STILL FOR TAHITI.

Your (London Missionary Society's) report with regard to the prospects of Tahiti is somewhat sombre and mournful. I fear that there is for this but too good ground; and yet will the meeting sympathize with me when I say, I am not disposed to give up that cause. I look back upon the history of my own country. I find there was a time in its history when the people of God there were a poor and persecuted remnant, when their cause seemed as dark and desperate as that of the people of Tahiti. They were driven from their sanctuaries and their homes. Their old men, their wives, their children, who could not follow them to the mountains, when they were seized by the brutal soldiers who traversed the country, were murdered in cold blood. Men had to seek their spiritual food at the peril of their lives; they had to maintain their retreats by continual conflict; they had to worship their God with the sword at their side and the musket in their hand; to spread the elements which commemorated a Saviour's dying love under the broad eye of heaven; and to perform their sacred services in the open air. They uplifted their psalm in the hoarse murmurs of the northern gale. The screams of the plover, the shriek of the eagle, mingled with their song, or disturbed their devotions. Their bride received the hand of her betrothed at an altar not made with hands; the babe, born in some mountain-cave, was baptized by water from the mountain-stream, and consecrated to God under the expanse of heaven. The dead were carried to their last repose in some lonely glen, or on some sterile mountain-brow. All seemed dark; and, as the year went on, every day seemed darker than the preceding. To the human eye, everything seemed lost and hopeless; but the men of the Covenant were men, every inch of them. They had pledged themselves to a great cause, and they determined to stand by it. Their daughters and their wives had engraven upon their standard, "For Christ's Crown and Covenant;" and while there was a breeze on their native hills to carry out the folds of that standard, they determined to stand by it to the very last! And they did stand by it; and the time of their deliverance came; and after the darkness there was the dawn; and the enemy retreated before them, partly vanquished by their valor, and partly ashamed of himself; and then they came forth

from their hiding places, with that old banner torn and soiled, but not dishonored, took possession of their old sanctuary, and made the walls ring again while they sung their Scotch psalm:—

They in the Lord that firmly trust
Shall be like Sion's hill,
Which at no time can be removed,
But standeth ever still.

As round about Jerusalem
The mountains stand alway,
The Lord his folk doth compass so,
For henceforth and for aye.

Now, when I think of these things, I am not disposed to despond of Tahiti and Tahitian patriots. I remember their cause; it is the cause of truth, virtue, and freedom. I lay to heart that this cause is always, sooner or later, the winning cause. I do look forward, with something of hope and expectation, to the time when Tahiti shall welcome back her sons; when her storms shall clear away, and they shall see that the firmament is as blue and clear as ever; and the stars have been shining there all the while; and when that favored and much-loved isle shall lift up her gem-like crescent amid the waters of the Pacific, again the home of the loyal, the virtuous, and the free. Am I too sanguine? Perhaps I am. How can we give thee up, Tahiti? The land of so many prayers, the scene of so many successes, the cause of so many thanksgivings unto God, the land which we have been permitted to point to as the great triumph of our missionary work, as the great pyramid of our missionary operations, the land, part of whose dust belongs to heaven, and is destined to shine in immortality! We cannot give up that land. I, for one, never will. My mother taught me to lisp that word, and I will speak it till I die. And if there were in this assembly any misgivings, any disposition to be done with Tahiti, I think there is one part of your report that would rebuke the ungenerous feeling. Look at that assembly of refugees; see them watch, with intense interest, the countenance of the British ambassador, as he proceeds to unfold his message. See the cloud of disappointment that gathers on their brow as they hear him say, "England has acknowledged the protectorate, and can do nothing more for you." What follows? Groans, murmurs, execrations, complaints? No such thing. They forget the present in the past, and, remembering nothing but England's ancient conduct, there bursts forth from that assembly the unanimous shout, "England, England for ever!" Shall we not respond to that cry? Shall we not take it up in a similar spirit? Men of England, the loyal, the free! women of England, mothers, and maidens, and daughters of an unpolluted soil! lend me your sympathy while I stand up before the country, before Europe, and before the world, and pledge you to cry, "Tahiti for ever! Tahiti for ever!"—*Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Edinburgh.*

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

A beautiful incident, illustrating the zeal of Nestorian scholars, is related by Mr. Stoddard. As the Nestorian New Testament is sold for about a dollar a copy, and the pupils have no ready means of procuring such a sum, the missionaries proposed to them that they should commit the Scripture proofs in a manual of Biblical Theology, amounting to about one thousand and two hundred, promising to each one who should do so a copy of the New Testament. They applied themselves with great diligence to the task; many rose before daylight, and retired late, to secure the utmost possible time for study. The more intelligent advanced at the rate of four hundred verses a week; and, in about three weeks, the missionaries presented each of them with a copy of the New Testament, which they received with tears of joy. But a few of the whole school remained at the expiration of two months who had not completed the task.

AN ADVENTURE IN GREENLAND.

Hans Egède Saabye, grandson of the celebrated Hans Egède, was a Christian missionary in Greenland many years ago. He has left a journal behind him, giving an account of the dangers and toils he endured. I will pick out for you a few leaves of this journal.

One Saturday, Saabye was going to Christianshaab to catechise the young people there on the next day. The sea was full of a great many pieces of floating ice; still, it was not blocked up, and he resolved to venture. He sat off early in the morning, with a steersman, six women to row, and a Greenlander, in his kajak. There are two kinds of boats in Greenland: the women's boat, and the kajak, or men's boat. The women's boat is much larger than the kajak. It is used to convey goods from place to place, and the women row it. The men row beside in the kajak, and with this protect the boat from large waves; and, in case of need, keep it upright by taking hold of the side.

The good missionary set out in the large boat, with six women to row. With much labor, they managed to row three miles through the ice, by twelve o'clock. They had another mile to go, and they were just saying to each other, "This next mile won't be so dangerous," when the steersman suddenly cried out, "Look there, up to the rock, sir! a dreadful storm is rising, which will soon overtake us." Saabye saw it, and answered, "We cannot go on, the waves are too strong against us; let us put back: we shall find some place in the neighborhood, where we can stop till the storm is over." They tacked about; but while they were doing so, the storm came up, and would have overset the large boat, had not the Greenlander, in his kajak, kept on the side of the wind, and let the waves roll over him first, by which they lost some of their violence before they reached it. The women lost their courage, and would not work any longer. "Row!" cried Saabye, and took an oar, "or we shall be drowned." "We shall be drowned, do what we may," they said; "nothing is of any use." Saabye rowed with all his might, and encouraged the women, saying, "Let us do what we can, and we shall be saved." After an hour of great peril, in which sometimes their hopes quite sunk, they were able, through the goodness of God, to land upon firm ice. Here they rested for a little while, lying down upon the snow, and turning the boat upside down over them. They were very faint, and would have been glad of something to eat; but Saabye had but two biscuits, and he wished to keep them for a time of sorer need.

A part of the afternoon was already gone, when the weather became more calm. "To-morrow is Sunday," said the missionary: "I must go forward by the land, or else back." "You are joking, sir," said the steersman. "No," replied Saabye, "I am quite serious." "You cannot go forward," said the steersman, "for I don't know the way; and you can't go backward, for the way is too long for you to reach home by night." "Let us see," said Saabye; "follow me." The steersman and two of the women followed. The others would not stir. As long as daylight lasted the travelers did very well, though the snow was deep; but when night came on, they could not tell where were the hills or where were the valleys. They fell into heaps of snow; helped each other up; fell again, and again got up, and became every hour more fatigued and faint. It was now the middle of the night. They were half frozen with cold, and could not stir another step. "We have missed our way," said the Greenlander; "I no longer hear the sea roar." This was sad news for the poor travelers. Saabye stood still and listened. "No," said he, "I can't hear the sea roar; we have lost our way." They changed their course, and, after two hours' toil, they came to a plain near the sea. "I know where we are now," said Saabye; "we are in Sand Bay, not far from home." "We must clamber up that rock," said the Greenlander; "then we shall have

scarcely half a mile." How were they to get up the rock? Now for Saabye's biscuits. The two biscuits were divided among them; they swallowed some snow, and felt a little refreshed. "As you get near the top of the rock, you will find it perpendicular," said the Greenlander; "if your foot slips, you fall into the sea, and no one can save you." "We will try," answered Saabye. And now they began, with the little strength they had left, to climb up. They crawled along till they came to the perpendicular ascent. The Greenlander, who had, of course, been accustomed from his youth to climb high rocks, got up first. After resting himself a little while at the top, he lay flat on the ground, stretched himself out as far as possible over the side, and helped to pull the others up. Their knees tottered, they staggered, and were almost on the point of falling; but the Greenlander's arm was strong, and he helped them faithfully. "God be praised!" they said one to another, when they found themselves safe at the top. They were so exhausted that they were obliged to sit down and rest themselves ten times during the quarter of a mile which they had still to go.

It was four o'clock on Sunday morning when the missionary reached home. His wife was praying for him. When he opened the door, and showed her that he was safe, she wept for joy, and could only say, "God, then, has restored him to me." The tired missionary rested for a few hours, and performed divine service at the usual time.

How would my young readers like Greenland traveling? This was one of Saabye's adventures. He had hundreds like it.—*Miss. Repository.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

More than a hundred years ago, a good missionary, George Schmidt by name, visited the Cape of Good Hope. He soon cleared a plot of land, and, by gaining the good-will of the Hottentots, persuaded them to send their children to a school which he had begun. He taught them to read Dutch, and instructed them in the truths of the gospel. Difficulties, however, were soon thrown in his way by the Dutch people who lived in the colony; and, after laboring seven years, he went back to Holland with a view of obtaining further help from his brethren. But he never returned; and fifty years passed away before another missionary was sent to the poor people among whom good Mr. Schmidt had labored. He came and commenced a station near the one which Mr. Schmidt had established. He expected no welcome. He supposed that all the effects of Mr. Schmidt's labors had ceased, for only seven persons had been baptized. But no! The tidings of his coming had spread; and a poor Hottentot woman, eighty years old, was carried to see him, being too infirm to walk. Schmidt had baptized her, and given her a Dutch Testament as a treasure beyond all price. Schmidt's scholars had taught some of the people to read it. The faith and the knowledge of the little colony had been preserved, and the new missionary found a band of disciples ready to receive and help him.

Throughout a large district of country in South America, the Jesuits had established many stations, and gathered a large band of disciples. They were at length expelled from the country, and in a few years all trace of their labors was blotted out from the minds of the people. What was the cause? They gave their converts no Bibles. The work was built upon the sand; the storm fell and swept it away. The poor Indians of Paraguay are pagans still. The descendants of the early converts are heathens now. No signs of Christianity remain.—*Juv. Miss. Herald.*

The king of Prussia, at his own expense, has caused the printing of 17,000 copies of the Scriptures for distribution among the schools of his realm,

THE TWO GIFTS.

The largest sum given to the Church Missionary Society this year, by a living person, was seven hundred pounds, and it was given in a secret manner. A gentleman called and asked to see Mr. Venn, the secretary, and then presented him with a handful of bank-notes. Mr. Venn counted seven, and perceived that each was a note for a hundred pounds. He asked the liberal stranger his name. "O! that matters not," he replied, and disappeared. And what was the smallest sum sent to the society? It was two shillings, from a widow. This widow's only son was slain in battle. When he was lying dead on the battle-field, his fellow-soldiers searched his clothes, that they might send some remembrance to his mother, and they found a little piece of money, called a rupee. When the widow received it, she bathed it with tears, and wore it round her neck; and when she died, she left it to the Church Missionary Society. Why did she love that society so much? She loved it for the sake of Christ, who had saved her son from eternal death.—*Author of the Night of Toil.*

THE ISLES OF THE GENTILES.

Calm on the bosom of the deep
A thousand beauteous islets lie;
While glassy seas, that round them sleep,
Reflect the glories of the sky.

How radiant, mid the watery waste,
Their groves of emerald verdure smile,
Like Eden-spots, in ocean placed,
The weary pilgrim to beguile!

Graceful through forest vistas bright,
The fair Mimosa's shadows spread;
And 'gainst those skies of amber light
The palm-tree lifts its towering head.

Alas, that in those happy vales,
Meet homes for pure and heaven-born love,
Unholy discord still prevails,
And weeping peace forsakes the grove!

Alas, that on those lovely shores,
Where earth and sky in beauty shine,
And heaven profusely sheds its stores,
Man shrouds in heathen bondage pine!

O haste, ye messengers of God!
With hearts of zeal and tongues of flame—
Go, spread the welcome sound abroad,
That all may "bless Messiah's name!"

That where the smoke of offerings base,
From idol fanes, obscure the day,
May rise the incense of a race
Whose souls are taught by heaven to pray.

When shall the solemn sabbath-bell
Chime through those plains at morning prime,
And choral hymns of praises swell
Through those deep woods, in notes sublime?

Soft mingling with the wave's low moan,
The sound shall float o'er ocean's breast,
To tell the wave-tossed wanderer lone,
"The ark of mercy here doth rest."

The late Mrs. M. L. Duncan.

ATTRactions OF THE CROSS.

The Rev. Mr. Abbott, missionary from Burmah, has recently sailed for his station, tearing himself from his native land, his mother, and his children. "Father," says one little boy, as he clung about his neck, "I don't want you to go." "Father," says the older, "you cannot live long." "But," says the father, "the cross of Christ is more attractive. I look toward the Eastern world with intense delight. I would not remain another day."

A writer of the last century quaintly observed, that, when the cannon of the princes began war, the canons of the church were destroyed. "It was," says he, "first mitre that governed the world, and then nitre—first Saint Peter, and then salt-petre.

PIETY OF THE TAHITIANS.

Mr. Moore lately left Tahiti, the land of Queen Pomare. In that island there are no remains of the old idolatry, except heaps of stones where some of the altars stood. Yes, all the stones of the altar are "as chalk stones that are beaten in sunder." When the French arrived in their great ships, and the priests began to perform their ceremonies, bowing, and crossing, and sprinkling, and throwing up balls of incense, the people said to each other, "We will not follow this religion, for it seems so much like that bad religion which once made us miserable." And not one of all the Tahitians has become a Papist. Often has Mr. Moore, on the sabbath morning, gone to the mountains to feed the scattered flock; and, as he approached, he has heard the voice of the Christians, in prayer for their enemies, entreating that the French, who have taken away their land, may yet be heirs with them of the everlasting kingdom of glory. The Tahitians have read their Bibles, and have learned, by the grace of God, to forgive their enemies. More Bibles are going out to this persecuted people. The children's ship, the John Williams, is to bear five thousand Bibles to Tahiti! The queen has returned to her island, and she and her people are going to submit to the French; but not to follow their religion. This is our hope. Let it be our prayer! May God keep that blessed queen, and those faithful people, steadfast in the truth! God is trying them. May he soon deliver them!—*Author of the Night of Toil.*

THE IDOLS DESPISED.

A little while ago there came through a village, called Cherolopilly, which is about ten miles from Cuddapah in India, a great procession of a hundred and forty persons, in honor of Rama, one of the Hindoo gods. Some of the men carried guns; some spears; some swords, and some bows and arrows. Then came eight men, carrying a palanquin, containing three images made of copper; one representing Rama; the second, his wife; and the third, his brother. These idols were dressed with clothes, and ornamented with flowers. Near them were placed men with fans to keep off the flies and dust; some had small bells in their hands; others had tamboreens, which they were playing to amuse the gods; and others again were clapping their hands, and crying out, "Narainu, Govindu—Hurree—Hurree—protect us!"

At this village there was a native Scripture reader stationed. He met the procession, and said, "O foolish men, why do you bring your idols here? What is Rama that you should worship him as a god?" The worshipers of Rama could not answer; but made a great noise with their instruments, in order to frighten the people, and make them bring presents. They wanted to get a great deal of money, and then to make a feast, which they said would be in honor of their idol; but, the truth was, they wished to enjoy it themselves. Some of them asked, in great anger, "Why do you abuse our god Rama?" The reader said, "We do not abuse God; we only speak against your foolish worship."

The people of the village stood still all the time, and offered nothing to the idol; so that at last the idol-worshipers turned away disappointed, and went somewhere else. O, that very soon all the villages in India may pay just the same respect to these false gods; and that a better name, even the name of Jesus, may be everywhere adored!—*Miss. Repository.*

AFRICAN MISSIONS.

A valuable paper in the Missionary Herald, of May, gives "A Survey of African Missions." The general results are 17,068 communicants, and 20,090 scholars. The number of "laborers" is stated at 434—probably including several kinds of assistant missionaries.

LITTLE DAVY.

In June last, the *Anne*, of Bristol, a fine vessel of six hundred tons burden, was at St. Vincent's, in the West Indies, taking in a cargo of sugar; and while there, a little boy, called Davy, eight years old, became warmly attached to an English lad, named John, who was apprenticed to the captain of the vessel. John had been a Sunday scholar in England, and he taught little Davy what he himself had learned at school. Davy said that he should very much like to go over with John to England. His father was quite willing that he should go; but the captain did not wish to take him. Davy, not so easily moved from his purpose, hid himself in the boat that went backward and forward between the shore and the vessel; and from the boat he managed to creep into the vessel. During the night, finding the deck both wet and cold, and not having much clothing on, he was so uncomfortable that he determined to find out where "Massa John's" berth was; and, having gently entered, he said, in a very pathetic tone, "Massa John, me want part of your bed; deck so cold for poor Davy. Massa John love Davy." John offered him a blanket, on which he gladly reclined, and was soon fast asleep.

The captain, a most kind-hearted man, in going his usual early rounds, about three or four o'clock in the morning, to see that all was right, stepped into John's berth; John was not there, it being his turn to be on the watch; but there was little Davy, sound asleep in the blanket. He woke the little fellow to ask him the reason of his being there, and to tell him he must not remain; but, before he had time to say anything to him, the boy, as soon as he found himself awake, fell down on his knees, and, with clasped hands, offered up his simple prayer, "God bless dear fader and moder, sisters and broders, and God bless Massa John, and make me a good boy. Give me dis day daily bread." The captain was moved, and could not say to little Davy, "Begone." So he took pity on him, and gave him a free passage to England, where he arrived last August.

One sabbath, a few days after his arrival in Bristol, the captain introduced him to a few friends, and at their particular request, desired him to dance and sing. But Davy had been better taught. I fear that there are some English Sunday scholars who would not have acted as he did. He modestly but firmly said to his friend John, "Massa John, me no dance; dis be no captain's day, dis be God's day." May God's blessing rest upon Davy, and upon all little black boys; and hasten the time when all the children in the world, whether black or white, shall be one in Christ Jesus!—*Miss. Rep.*

CASTE.

The Rev. T. Boaz, at Calcutta, illustrating the force of caste in India, states that, when a native was baptized some years ago, he "took the pains to ascertain how many individuals were placed out of caste by that one conversion," and found that "the number was four hundred and sixty-one! The Brahmins took good care to ascertain all the ramifications of this man's connections, every one of whom was put out of caste."

DESIRE TO GIVE.

I will relate to you a little anecdote of a few girls in our boarding-school, which will show you how they feel on the subject of giving. Our subscriptions consist chiefly of cocoa-nut oil. A few weeks before our May meetings, (for we have May meetings here,) all the people are busy seeking old cocoa-nuts. These they scrape, and gather the pulp into canoes. They then let it stand in the sun until the oil has separated, and then they put it into bamboos, to bring for their subscriptions. The girls of the school have canoes for this purpose also. This last May, something had prevented one part of the school from having their

oil ready in time, and as I wanted to make up an account of our oil, and close the list, I sent word to these girls that they need not make their oil. Well, they did not rejoice to save their cocoa-nuts and the trouble of making the oil, but deputed one of their number to ask me in what way they had offended that they were not to be allowed to assist! They regarded it as a punishment. I explained to them my reasons, and stated that it was not a punishment. They sent again to say they had lent their canoe to a family which had not one, and hence they were not ready in time, but begged I would wait a few days, and they would begin immediately. They did so, and soon brought a good subscription. Would you regard it as a punishment not to be allowed to give your money to the Missionary Society? I have heard of schools where the punishments are fines, to be put into the missionary box; but where do they say to a girl coming to subscribe, "No; you have done wrong; you must not give!" Now, in my opinion, our Samoan girls were right on the subject, and may be so far taken as an example.—*Mr. Harbutt.*

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER, 1847.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR BROTHER KIDDER,—In accordance with our arrangements, we left Buffalo on the 2d ultimo, a little before 10 o'clock, P. M. The expansive waters of the beautiful Erie were calm and placid, and there was nothing in the appearance of the weather to excite apprehension. Committing ourselves to the protection of our almighty Friend, we were very soon in the embrace of "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

The next morning, about 10 o'clock, we arrived at Cleveland, Ohio. But a few years ago, and here all was wilderness. Now, a large and flourishing city looms up before the vision of the inquisitive and astonished traveler, and compels him to do homage to the spirit of western enterprise. As we were informed the boat would remain an hour or two at this point, we resolved upon going ashore, and taking, at least, a partial view of the city. But, as it was now near the middle of the day, and the weather very warm, we soon found that the gratification of our curiosity was not likely to be without cost. Still we resolved not to abandon our purpose. Under the direct and merciless rays of a burning sun, and nearly suffocated with rising columns of flying dust, we pursued our way along one of the principal streets, passing several beautiful blocks of buildings, made up of stores, hotels, churches, &c., &c., which soon convinced us that we were in "no mean city." Our time, however, would not allow us to make any observations worthy of record, as but a single hour had been allowed us for the excursion.

We were very happy to learn that a German mission has been established here also. C. Helwig, an excellent German brother, is laboring at this place with a commendable zeal and encouraging success. A flourishing class has been organized, and the prospects of the mission are said to be flattering. We should have been gratified with a longer stay at this place, and to have become more familiar with the circumstances of this mission; but we were hurriedly called to bid adieu to Cleveland, and resume our voyage.

We were soon under weigh again, and swiftly gliding upon the unruffled surface of the beautiful Erie, toward the point of our destination. We passed Detroit August 4th, in the morning, about two o'clock, and of course did not see it. We hope to spend a little time there on our return.

In our notes of the voyage up lakes Huron and Michigan, we have recorded many things which we cannot incorporate in our correspondence for the *Missionary Advocate*. Suffice it to say, that, after having been on the lakes about four days and nights, we reached the place from which I write, on Friday, about six o'clock in the afternoon.

Immediately on landing, we were met by a number of kind friends by whom we were soon conveyed to comfortable quarters. Bishop Waugh took up his lodgings with brother C. Hobart, the pastor of the Clark-street Church, and myself and wife were assigned to the kind and hospitable family of Mr. G. C. Cook, where we had a delightful home during our stay.

This city has sprung up in the course of a dozen years, and already numbers some fifteen thousand inhabitants. Many of these are eastern men, whose characteristic spirit of enterprise is rapidly making them rich, and contributes much to the prosperity of the place. The most of the prominent religious denominations have one or more churches here, some of which are fine and commodious buildings. The M. E. Church has two houses of worship, one on Clark-street, and the other on Canal-street, on the west side of the river. Both are comfortable houses; but that on Clark-street is a superior edifice, perhaps the best Protestant church in the city. Methodism has a very fair standing here, and will doubtless be able to vie with any other church in the place, unless—as in many other places—it be crippled by the imprudences and improprieties of its professed friends.

The Rock River Conference commenced its session yesterday morning, at nine o'clock, Bishop Waugh presiding. The bishop opened the conference with singing and prayer, followed by a most pertinent and powerful address. The roll was then called, and a secretary appointed, when the conference proceeded to business in the usual order.

I must reserve some remarks respecting this conference and its missionary interests for another letter.

Yours affectionately,

C. PITMAN.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 12, 1847.

DEAR BROTHER KIDDER,—

The Rock River Conference closed a long, laborious, and harmonious session, on Saturday night, 21st instant, at about eleven o'clock. This conference was organized only seven years ago, since which it has been divided—the Iowa Conference having been taken from it. It now numbers nearly one hundred and fifty preachers, and will, most probably, be divided again at the next General Conference. A large portion of the preachers are young men, the most of whom promise great usefulness to the church. There are a few men of age and experience among them—enough, we should think, to steady the ark. Many of these brethren have their field of labor assigned them, from year to year, where they do not receive half their disciplinary allowance. Still they appear to receive their appointments with uncomplaining submission, and to pursue their sacrificing toils with as much cheerfulness as is usually witnessed in more favored portions of our work. Is not this the true missionary spirit? Are not these men as much conformed to the missionary models of primitive times as those who consent to engage in the foreign work, only when a salary of six hundred to one thousand dollars per annum is secured to them? From my heart I honor these western pioneers; and I verily believe that there are few better specimens of missionary consecration anywhere to be found.

The Anniversary of the Conference Miss. Society was held in the Clark-st. Church on the evening of the 17th inst. A very respectable congregation was in attendance, and an excellent spirit generally prevailed. Bishop Waugh presided on the occasion, and the meeting was addressed by Dr. Elliott, of Cincinnati, and the Corresponding Secretary of our Missionary Society. The fact that most of the congregation remained quietly until eleven o'clock, is sufficient evidence that the services were not without interest. The collection and pledges for life-memberships amounted to nearly three hundred dollars. In addition to this, about thirty persons pledged themselves to pay five dollars per annum, for ten successive years, to sustain a missionary in some foreign field—that missionary to be selected from the Rock River Conference. The amount pledged in this way, it will be seen, is about fifteen hundred dollars. The missionary receipts of this conference, for the past year, are a little over twelve hundred dollars.

The election of delegates to the next General Conference came off on Tuesday morning, the 17th inst., with the following result, namely: Henry Sumners, Richard Haney, Asa E. Phelps, Philo Judson, and John Chand-

ler. On the following morning it was ascertained that the conference was entitled to a sixth delegate; and Hooper Crews was elected. This is a strong delegation, and perhaps six better men, for that responsible position, could not have been found. On the great questions which are agitating the church, they will doubtless act in view of her best interests.

The foundation of a new German Methodist Episcopal Church in this place was laid during the session of the conference; on which occasion Dr. Elliott and the writer officiated. The collection was comparatively small, as most of those who were present had contributed liberally already. There are rising three thousand Germans here, and the prospect of good among them is encouraging. Brother Barth, the missionary stationed here, has an excellent report, and seems to be deeply devoted to his work. He receives only about two hundred and seventy-five dollars per annum, out of which he pays his moving expenses, house-rent, and one dollar per week for a place to preach in. I sympathized deeply with him, and yesterday morning, at the close of my sermon at the Clark-street Church, brought the case before the people. About twenty dollars were collected on the spot, by which he was considerably relieved.

We leave this evening, at nine o'clock, in the steamer Champion, for the Ohio Conference. The cordiality with which we have been greeted, both by preachers and people, and the kind attentions we have received from our Chicago friends, will not soon be forgotten. May He who will not suffer a cup of cold water, given with proper motives, to lose its reward, grant them a hundred fold in this life, and everlasting life in the world to come!

Yours affectionately,

C. PITMAN.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 24, 1847.

OHIO CONFERENCE.

In the course of our late western excursion, we had an opportunity of visiting the Ohio Annual Conference—a privilege we had long and earnestly desired. We arrived in Columbus, the seat of the conference, on Thursday morning, the second day of the session, just in time to be introduced before the adjournment. By the kindness of Rev. G. Moody, the stationed preacher of the place, we had our lodgings assigned us at the house of J. W. Andrews, Esq., in whose family we had an excellent home during our stay. Our host is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Highly intellectual, truly evangelical in his principles, catholic in his spirit, and free from every tinge of Puseyism, or High Church exclusiveness, we found him a most instructive and agreeable companion. To him, with his kind and hospitable family, we acknowledge ourselves under strong obligations.

The Ohio Conference, though divided only a few years since, has again become a very large body, numbering over two hundred and fifty preachers. Among these are a few of the veteran pioneers of Methodism in the western country. Father Quinn, who was our room-mate during the session of the General Conference of 1836, is still living, and was present at the conference. He is deservedly loved and venerated by all his brethren; and all seem to be waiting and watching the hour of his release from earth, each one desiring to catch his falling mantle as he ascends to heaven with the "chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." It was indeed a privilege to shake the palsied hand of this aged pilgrim once more in the flesh—most probably for the last time. Farewell, veteran soldier, thou wilt soon be in that land where "the inhabitants no more say they are sick," and where the numerous souls of thy ministry shall be as "stars in the crown of thy rejoicing," for ever and ever.

The aged veterans, David and Jacob Young, and J. B. Finley, are also still alive; the former trembling under increasing infirmities, with his wing poised for an upward flight, and the two latter, in all the buoyancy and vigor of a green old age, still performing the duties of effective men, in the spheres respectively assigned them. And, as an additional mark of the respect and confidence of their brethren, these two worthy fathers in our Israel are again honored with a place in the delegation to the next General Conference.

There are also in this conference a large number of

middle-aged men, possessing strong and well-cultivated intellects, who love Methodism, and are exceedingly jealous of her honor, having their faces strongly set against every threatened innovation upon her doctrines and usages. Firmly believing that her distinctive peculiarities are the badges of her glory, and the pledges of her success, they are not prepared to compromise great principles and well-tryed usages to experiment upon new theories or visionary projects. They have discernment enough to see that, by accommodating the peculiarities of our beloved church to the tastes and wishes of mere nominal Christians, and the spirit of a time-serving age, it would be perfectly easy to fritter away all that is valuable in our system, and vital to its interests. And they are sufficiently eagle-eyed to perceive that, when the peculiarities by which, as a church, we are distinguished, are given up, we must be left as powerless for good as are many other religious organizations. With these views, they seem to have adopted as their motto, "Let well enough alone."

This conference also enrolls upon its list a multitude of young men, many of whom have enjoyed advantages for mental cultivation to which their fathers were strangers. Should their spiritual power keep pace with their intellectual, they may become giants in the field; otherwise, after all their scientific training, they will be nothing more than "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." Let the whole church pray that all our young ministers may "be endued with power from on high;" and that they may always enter upon, and proceed in, their holy work with the true spirit of Christian missionaries. With such a ministry, Methodism can never wane.

This conference has under its supervision a large portion of our missionary work among the Germans. The reports from the various German circuits and stations were exceedingly interesting and encouraging. They indicated great zeal, and much of the true spirit of sacrifice, on the part of the missionaries, and showed a considerable increase in the membership during the past year. In that part of the German work connected with this conference there are four presiding elder's districts, and thirty-four circuits and stations, in which are employed forty-six missionaries. These devoted men are laboring in the true spirit of Christian missionaries. Not boasting "in another man's line of things, made ready to their hand," it is their ambition to preach the gospel in regions beyond the limits occupied by their predecessors. In this way, the field is constantly enlarging, and the demand for laborers and means to sustain them continually increasing. It is true, some of the older mission stations now support themselves; but new ones are so rapidly multiplying, that the expenses of our German missions will, for years to come, be more likely to be increased than diminished. Such, however, is the character of the Germans, that they will not be dependent upon our missionary funds any longer than they are compelled by stern necessity.

The Anniversary of the Sabbath-School Missionary Society of the Columbus Station was held on Friday evening, September 3d; and was attended by a crowded congregation. Brother Strickland, agent of the American Bible Society, delivered the first address, and was followed by the Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church. An excellent spirit prevailed, and a collection was taken up, amounting to fifty-five dollars; making the whole amount collected for the year, about one hundred dollars. Brother Moody deserves great praise for the pains he has taken in training these children to missionary principles and sympathies. Were his example generally followed, the annual receipts of the society could not fail to be greatly augmented. We earnestly hope increased efforts may be made to enlist our sabbath schools in this holy cause.

The Anniversary of the Ohio Conference Missionary Society was held on Monday evening, September 6th, brother Laws presiding. A crowded assemblage was present, and appeared to be much interested in the services. Brother Gaddis read the Secretary's, and brother Fife the Treasurer's, report. A brief and pertinent address was then delivered by Bishop Jones, who was succeeded by Dr. Bond, in a speech characterized by great appropriateness and simplicity, which was listened to with manifest interest. The Corresponding Secretary closed with a few remarks, relating

mainly to the collection. The pecuniary result of this meeting was, at least, five hundred dollars—not counting the pledges for China. A most excellent spirit prevailed throughout, and the meeting was considered among the best held by this conference for several years.

Having learned that the appropriation for the domestic work in this conference, and that for the German work especially, was insufficient, we took occasion to allude to this fact in our address. An Episcopalian gentleman, who was present, was deeply affected by this representation, and took a private opportunity, after the meeting had closed, to say that he would be one of twenty to make up the sum of five hundred dollars for the establishment of new German missions. This proposition we named to the conference, the next morning, and, in about fifteen minutes, the nineteen responses were forthcoming.

The whole amount collected, for missionary purposes, in this conference, the past year, is about eight thousand five hundred dollars; which is an advance upon the year immediately preceding it of some twenty-five hundred dollars. Well done, Ohio Conference! May the year just commenced be as the past, and even more abundant, in missionary liberality!

Our visit to this conference was exceedingly pleasant. It has added to the number of our Christian acquaintances, and, in some instances, originated new and cherished friendships. It will hereafter be associated with many pleasing remembrances, not to be obliterated by the lapse of years.

DEPARTURE OF MISSIONARIES.

Rev. Henry Hickok and wife, and Rev. Robert S. Maclay, the newly-appointed missionaries of the M. E. Church to China, embarked for their field of labor, in the ship Paul Jones, on the fourteenth of October, 1847.

These brethren are to be associated with Rev. Messrs. White and Collins, who were sent out last year. The sphere of labor assigned them is the city of Fuh Chau, in the Fuhkien province, on the river Min. Including the wives of two of the missionaries, we have now six missionaries destined for that important field. And we most devoutly hope that the day is not distant, when the opening prospects of the mission, and the pious zeal and liberality of the church, will authorize the appointment of ten times that number. The friends of this mission, however, must not be too sanguine of immediate and visible success. There are many obstacles to be overcome, even in preliminary movements. Among many difficulties with which our missionaries must necessarily struggle, that of the acquisition of the Chinese language is by no means the least. This must be done; and it will require, at least, three or four years for its accomplishment. To those, then, who sympathize with this noble enterprise, we would say, Let your contributions for this mission be liberal, your prayers for its success, constant and ardent, and then wait, in the exercise of faith and patience, for the promised harvest. Such a course cannot fail to insure the ultimate success of the China Mission.

COMMUNICATIONS.

CINCINNATI GERMAN DISTRICT.

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

DEAR BROTHER PITMAN,—I would much rather preach Christ to the Germans, than write missionary reports in English; but as this too is made my duty, I will do it as well as I can, in the fear of the Lord. Though much afflicted with chills and fever this year, I thank God I have finished the labors of another conference year. All my brethren, on this district, have been faithful, and, I believe, have done the best they could. Thank God, we have not labored in vain! The Lord has blessed our feeble efforts with many powerful awakenings and happy conversions. The most of us are poor, and were put on short allowances; but the Lord gave us the needful for life and godliness, and I believe we are not much in debt.

The Cincinnati District embraced, this year, the following old missions:—Cincinnati Station, Dayton and Sidney Missions. The new missions established this

year, are Cincinnati Second Mission, Detroit, Ann Arbor, and Monroe Missions, in Michigan; and Cleveland, in Ohio. We have a membership in this district of five hundred and eighty-nine; received, this year, two hundred and ninety-one; conversions, one hundred and ninety-two; local preachers, six; exhorters, four; number of Sunday schools, ten; Sunday-school children, four hundred and sixty-five; superintendents, ten; teachers, eighty-one; conversions in Sunday schools, nine. We have the Word of God and Spelling Books, but no Sunday-school books. The work of God, in this district, is in a highly prosperous state. We have not had one quarterly meeting, this year, without conversions and additions to the church. The sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit has been felt by some of the preachers, and many of our people.

This district has been changed every year to suit the state of the work, and will have to be changed this conference again, and a third mission established in this city, and another in Michigan, on the St. Joseph River. The Lord has given us the men, and I think the church will give us bread. I think religion, among the Germans of our church, has just about enough feeling and excitement mixed with it, and none to much. Dr. Bond and Bishop Janes were in our love-feast on Monday evening, and what they could not understand they felt. Methodism among the Germans in the west has already exerted a powerful influence, felt by all, and feared by many. Some are in heaven, and many on the way, who will bless the day they first heard the gospel from German Methodist preachers. We are building monuments that will stand when those of stone are crumbled to dust. Glory to God! the parched ground is becoming a pool, and the wilderness made to blossom as the rose. When I look back through a period of nine years, to the time when brother Nast and myself were the only German Methodist preachers here, and a little society of about twenty members, (the fruit of two years' labor,) and survey the field now, I am ready to exclaim, "Behold what the Lord has done among the Germans!"

Your brother in Christ,
P. SCHMUCKER.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 24, 1847.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

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

DEAR BROTHER PITMAN,—Such have been my engagements that I have not found time to write you, according to my agreement, till the present time. The Oneida Indian Mission, as I informed you, is in great need of a house for the preacher to live in. The one now occupied is a log-house, and fast rotting down. It can hardly be called even a shelter from the rain, for the family have to get out of their beds very often in order to find a dry place. I have urged the claims of this mission; but hitherto have failed to get help toward erecting a dwelling for the preacher there. I have concluded, if you will furnish the goods, to try and build by their assistance. I think I can sell the goods, and get materials for building, and then pay the workmen in goods, without much difficulty. Now, dear brother, as you sympathize with the missionary, I trust you will send on goods, that are now in store, and idle; or such as may hereafter be prepared, in sufficient quantity to build a parsonage for the mission, and a school-room for teaching the children. There have a few boxes, I learn, come from Cincinnati. The freight of the four boxes is rising of ten dollars, besides the charges at the Bay. They have been shipped two or three times; hence there are extra charges. You can direct them to Green Bay, care of Bruce & Aldrich, or to Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, care of Farnsworth & Son. Some to each place would be the best.

We also need an addition to the parsonage at the Brothertown Indian Mission. I think we can do the building at both places with mission goods, if you will send them to me. We have been engaged, since my return, in securing the success of the "Lawrence Institute." I think it will go.

Last Saturday and Sunday I spent at Brothertown, and had a profitable and happy time, and I trust the season will not be lost to the mission. I think there is a good prospect of a revival. Brother Colman left the mission in an excellent condition. Next Saturday I

expect to be at the Oneida Indian Mission. The missionaries have not all got to their work, but, so far as I can learn, they are all expecting better times. I hope the Lord will sanctify his church, and that we shall have a general shower of grace on all this western world. I hope you had a pleasant journey from Chicago, and a safe arrival home.

I am glad you visited our conference. I think it will have a good effect on our missions. I feel a deep interest in the work on this district, and anything that promotes the interest of the cause here, is a matter of rejoicing to my heart. I trust you will be recompensed in eternity for your pains in visiting the far west.

Yours most respectfully,

W. M. H. SAMPSON.

Fond du Lac, Sept. 14, 1847.

WILLIAMSBURGH GERMAN MISSION—NEW-YORK CONFERENCE.

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

DEAR DOCTOR PITMAN,—This is the second report of this mission. I have great reason to rejoice, for my labor has not been altogether in vain. The members of the mission are happy in the Lord; they tend to all the means of grace. A few Sundays ago I was assisted by brother Miller in the administration of the Lord's Supper. The same afternoon we held our love-feast, and it truly was a feast to our souls. Since my last report I have received eight into church. It also became my painful duty to turn two out. One of the new converts (formerly a Roman Catholic) moved away with a certificate. The number now in the society is thirty-four. Our prospects are good. Strangers visit our meetings from time to time. Our sabbath school is in a good state.

My daily prayer is for a great revival among the Germans.

Yours respectfully,

E. H. BUHRE.

Williamsburgh, Sept. 16, 1847.

For the Missionary Advocate.

REV. DR. PITMAN,—The following lines I copied from the Bible, in the church pulpit, at Brothertown Indian Mission, in Wisconsin Territory:—

Lord, bless the preacher, day by day,
Who would this sacred book explain:
Help him to guide us in the way
That leads where endless day shall reign.

Lord, grant to fill his heart with love,
His mouth with arguments divine;
O let thy Spirit on him move,
And all the glory shall be thine!

The above lines were composed and written by Thomas Commuk, the Indian poet, in the pulpit Bible of the new church, at Brothertown Indian Mission.

This settlement of Brothertown Indians is located in Wisconsin, near Winnebago Lake. They are so far redeemed, by Christian effort, that they live like the Christian white man.

Their temperance society, sabbath school, house of worship, farms, flocks, and herds; their Christian enterprise, and Christian love, constrain me to say, *Truly, God hath done this.* They number eighty-three members of the M. E. Church. Their Sunday-school library contains two hundred volumes. Two years since they sent one of their number to the territorial legislature, which is proof that they are naturalized.

Yours truly,

REEDER SMITH.

Aug. 21, 1847.

MISSION AT FUH CHAU.

The Rev. Messrs. Johnson and Peet have transferred their labors from the mission in Siam to *Fuh Chau*, (or *Foo Choo Foo*), one of the five free ports of China, on the river Min, the great mart of the black tea trade, lying north of Amoy and south of Ningpo and Shanghai. The city walls are about eight miles in circumference; population, perhaps six hundred thousand, though the Chinese estimate it much higher.

INTELLIGENCE FROM FEEJEE.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. John Watsford, dated Ono, Oct. 6, 1846.

During the past year we have seen much of the goodness of the Lord, and our hearts have rejoiced in the prosperity of his blessed cause; but we have also had deeply to mourn over the wickedness and cruelty of the thousands around us.

HORRORS OF CANNIBAL WARFARE.

The war between Bau and Rewa has terminated, and we cannot tell you how many have been slain. Hundreds of wretched beings have been sent to their account, with all their sins upon their heads. Dead bodies were thrown upon the beach at Vewa, having drifted from Bau, where they were thrown into the sea, there being too many in Bau to be eaten. Bau literally stunk for many days, human flesh having been cooked in every house, and the entrails thrown outside as food for pigs, or left to putrefy in the sun. The Somosomo people were fed with human flesh during their stay at Bau, they being on a visit at that time; and some of the chiefs of other towns, when bringing their food, carried a cooked human being on one shoulder, and a pig on the other; but they always preferred the "long pig," as they call a man, when baked. One woman, who had been clubbed, was left upon the beach, in front of our houses, at Vewa. The poor creature's head was smashed to pieces, and the body was quite naked. Whether it was done by the heathen to insult us or not, we do not know. One Christian man was clubbed at Rewa, and part of his body was eaten by the Vewa heathen, and his bones thrown near my door; my lad gathered them up, and buried them, and he afterward learned that they were the bones of one of his friends. After Rewa was destroyed, heaps of dead bodies lay in all directions; and there their bones still lie bleaching in the sun.

There has lately been some dreadful work at Ovalau. The Savone people, living in the mountains, have risen up in arms against those living on the shore, and have slain many hundreds of them, and are still carrying on the work of blood. It is probable that this will involve them in a war with Bau, and many hundreds more must fall. On every hand we hear of war and blood, and thousands are perishing around us.

We do not, and we cannot, tell you what we know of Feejeean cruelty and crime. You have heard much; but, after all, you have not been told one half; every day we hear of murder and bloodshed, and every fresh act seems to rise above the last. There have been some great monsters in Feejee. A chief at Rakeraki had a box, in which he kept human flesh. Legs and arms were salted for him, and preserved in this box. If he saw any one of his friends who was fatter than the rest, he had him or her killed at once, and part roasted and part preserved. The people say that he eats human flesh every day. At Bau, the people preserve human flesh, and chew it as some do tobacco. They carry it about with them in their clothes, and use it in the same way as tobacco. I heard an instance of cruelty the other day, from one of our teachers, that surpassed everything I have heard of the kind. A canoe was wrecked, near Natawar, and many of the people swam to the shore. They were taken by the Natawar people, and ovens were at once prepared in which to cook them. The poor wretches were bound ready for the ovens, and their enemies were anxiously waiting to devour them. They did not club them, lest any blood should be lost: some could not wait until the ovens were heated, but pulled the ears off the wretched beings, and ate them raw. When the ovens were ready, they cut them up very carefully, placing dishes under every part, to catch the blood, and if a drop fell they licked it up off the ground with the greatest greediness. While the poor wretches were being cut in pieces, they

pleaded hard for life; but all was of no avail: all were devoured by the cruel cannibals. But time would fail to tell a part of what we may tell; but the worst parts will yet remain concealed: enough is known to make every heart feel and deeply mourn.

Amid all the darkness, the cruelty, the cannibalism, by which we are surrounded, our hearts are cheered by the conversion of some to the Lord; and it is a pleasing and cheering fact, that those who formerly were the worst of the Feejeans, have been among the first to embrace the gospel of Christ; and many of these have been converted to God. I allude to the people of Vewa. The chief, Elijah, is a good man. He is one of the best men I have met with in these islands. He is a determined man, and will be very useful. He was formerly a cruel cannibal; but the lion has become a lamb, and a little child can lead him. He has suffered the loss of all things for Christ. He has literally given up all, and he seems willing to do anything or suffer anything for Jesus Christ. What has been done encourages us in our work. Jesus shall reign. Our full hearts are crying out, "O Jesus, ride on till all are subdued!" Glory be to God for what has been done! and glory be to God—says faith—for what he will shortly do! Lord, increase our faith! We want great faith for Feejee. Pray for us.

Extract of a letter from Rev. John Hunt, dated Vewa, November 6, 1846.

REMARKABLE PRAYER MEETING.

At Vewa we have had much of the presence of God in our meetings of late. The spirit of prayer has been poured upon us, which we know is a token for good. As many appeared to be concerned for salvation, we determined last week to commence a penitent-meeting on a Saturday night, and to invite all those who felt a desire for salvation. The time of meeting arrived, and a good congregation assembled. After singing and prayer, the object of the meeting was stated, and the people were exhorted to pray without being called upon by name, and to pray short, and to the point. One of our oldest and calmest members commenced, and prayed with great feeling. Another followed with increased feeling; and the sacred influence increased as the meeting proceeded; so that long before its close nearly all the people were praying together. As they had never seen anything of the kind before, there could be no deception in the case. It was evident that the hand of the Lord was among them. Many were pricked to the heart, and cried, in agonies, for mercy; and some were enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and were made happy in a consciousness of their acceptance with God through him. Then they prayed for others with amazing fervor; and thus the holy fire spread. The meeting was not long; but the sacred influence remained with the people, until most of them were converted.

CONVERSION OF CANNIBALS.

To describe what followed is impossible. Some of the worst cannibals in Feejee were suddenly seized with the most powerful conviction, and a sight of their state and danger threw them into the most awful agonies of sorrow. They wept and wailed most piteously; and some were so agitated, as to require several men to prevent them doing themselves and others bodily harm. Yet there was nothing foolish in what they said. They bewailed their sins and prayed for mercy in a manner which astonished us.

Some of them had but very lately abandoned heathenism; yet their knowledge of the gospel, and the propriety with which they expressed themselves in prayer, would have done credit to a person who had been born and educated in a Christian country. Were they not taught of God? What some of them had long heard, with-

out much apparent effect, was now of the greatest use. Conversion to God is the only proper means for making theological knowledge practically useful. I never saw this truth so clearly illustrated as in the case of some of the older members of our society in Vewa. We had long mourned over their apparent inability to understand the plan of salvation by simple faith in Jesus. Their class-meeting statements showed a defective experience; they were, in fact, servants, not sons, of God. Now the difficulty was removed by the faith-inspiring Spirit. His inspiration made all easy, and his testimony to the fact of their acceptance made all clear and satisfactory. At the end of five or six days we visited the whole of the people, for the purpose of learning their state; and we found upward of seventy who had found peace with God. Some of our people visited the out-stations in this circuit on business, and took the sacred fire with them; so that, when we paid our regular visit to them, we found them fully prepared, not merely for the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper, which we went to administer among them, but for the salvation of which these are but the signs and symbols. We had indeed a blessed, spiritual visit. Many times, when administering the Lord's supper, the people were so overwhelmed with the power of God, that they could scarcely receive the elements. Let men deny our right to administer the sacred ordinance, so our Master and Lord honors us with his special presence, and makes it the means of salvation to those who receive it at our hands.

Our societies have increased in number about two hundred during the year; but our increase of numbers gives but a poor idea of the extent of the good work. Those who have had a name to live, but were in reality dead, have been quickened; and, indeed, all have partaken more or less of the blessed boon of saving grace.

During part of the revival the Bau Chiefs threatened the Vewa Christians with everything fearful; and, indeed, they appeared determined to root out Christianity from every place where they had any influence. Our teacher was sent away from Ovalau; and other persons who had embraced Christianity in places connected with Bau were obliged to leave their homes, and come to reside at Vewa. A Bau chief, who was favorable to Christianity, was sent to Vewa, where he became a Christian, and is now meeting in class. The storm appeared to be gathering, but it burst in blessings on our head. We were delivered by our God; and now the persecution appears to have ceased, and the word of the Lord continues to grow.

It will not be imagined, that now the greater part of the people of Vewa, and some other places, are truly converted, that our work is accomplished. No; they require all the attention of children. They are children in two respects. They know but little more than children on many subjects; and they are but babes in Christ. Again: but few comparatively, even of our professing Christians, are clear in their experience. Perhaps four hundred, during the year, have obtained remission of sins, in various parts of the group. Many more have professed; but even if all are truly saved who profess to be, a great many remain who are not. We want a perpetual revival, and one which will reach the heathen. For this we entreat your prayers, and the prayers of the church of God.—*Wes. Miss. Notices.*

The Committee of the "Priests' Protection Society," for Ireland, have issued an address, which enumerates ninety-six priests of the Romish Church, who, within a few years, have been converted to the reformed faith, and upward of sixty laymen, chiefly Irishmen. At Dingle there are eight hundred converts; at Achil, five hundred; at Kingscourt, two thousand; and at St. Andrews, Dublin, one thousand and eighteen. Many of these are distinguished for education and talent.

INTERESTING SERVICES—THE CHINAMEN

The Rev. George Loomis, of Attica, N. Y., former Principal of the Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, sailed on the fourth ult., in the bark Candace, as a chaplain of the American Seamen's Friend Society to seamen in the port of Canton, China.

Mr. Loomis received the instructions of the Board on the eve of his departure—sabbath evening—in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Allen-street, New-York. The occasion was one of deep and solemn interest. The house was filled to overflowing. The Rev. Dr. Peck preached from Matt. ix, 36-38. The subject of the discourse was the compassion of Christ—the objects which excited it, and its practical exercise. In his application of the subject, the doctor brought into view the *two millions* of seamen on the globe, scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd.

The Rev. Mr. Spaulding gave the instructions. He alluded to the departed Abel and Stevens, his predecessors in this field; and to the increasing importance of the field. In the year 1784, the first American vessel entered that port; now there are annually more than fifty American ships, a still larger number of British vessels, and several from other European nations. More than *three thousand* seamen are engaged in the foreign commerce of Canton, and Chinese sailors almost innumerable are employed in the inland commerce, frequenting that port. Mr. S. also alluded to the nature of his labors—not only preaching the gospel on ship-board, but from ship to ship, and distributing the word of God to all men of all nations, as he has opportunity. He would often be called to the sailor's death-bed, to wipe from his brow the damps of death, to point the destitute, desolate, dying stranger, to the Lamb of God, and administer to him the consolations of religion.

Mr. Loomis replied, alluding to the sacrifice of his own feelings in parting from a widowed mother and younger brothers—the next setting sun would shut out from his view, perhaps for ever, his native land: to the crushing responsibility awaiting him in his distant field of labor, and, with much tenderness and earnestness, solicited the prayers of Christians in his behalf.

There were present on the occasion twenty-six Chinese sailors, who came over in the "Chinese Junk," and who have been inmates of the Sailors' Home for some weeks, under the instruction of Lin King Chew, an educated Chinaman, whom Providence seems to have sent over to this country in another vessel, just at this time, to supply the lack of *the gift of tongues*; who has regularly preached Jesus to his countrymen in their own language; and reasoned with them of temperance. They have enrolled their names, with their own hands, in the Chinese character, among the members of the Marine Temperance Society. Lin King Chew closed the exercises of the evening with a farewell address to his countrymen, in the Chinese language, from a portion of the Chinese New Testament.

They sailed in the Candace with Mr. Loomis. It was affecting to see the tear fall from the cheek of some of these Celestials, as they were shaking hands, and bidding good-by to some of us Barbarians, and to know that commerce and Christian charity and kindness are breaking down the wall of partition between China and other nations, and conquering them more effectually far than war.—*N. Y. Observer.*

INSATIABLE WAR.

The first Tennessee regiment of volunteers, under Col. Campbell, about nine hundred strong, left their homes in the vigor of health and hope. Disease and the accidents of war—the bloody conflicts of Monterey, Vera Cruz, and Cerro Gordo—stripped this gallant band of its numbers, until a campaign of twelve months left but three hundred and fifty men to return to their homes. Fifty victims a month, in one regiment, to merciless war!

GAMBLING FOR PRAYERS.

The Roman Catholics are trying very diligently to convert Protestants to Popery, and many persons are afraid that, before long, they will greatly increase their numbers; for they leave no arts untried to gain people to their way of thinking. They may, perhaps, make converts of those who know nothing of religion, and who have never read the Bible; but I do not think any of our Methodist children will be drawn away: you who have been so carefully taught God's holy word cannot believe their false doctrine. Some of their practices, too, are so foolish, as well as sinful, that we could scarcely believe the accounts of them, if they were not written by people who we are sure tell the truth.

You all know what prayer is: you have heard your parents and preachers pray, and I hope you often pray yourselves, and you feel what a holy and blessed thing it is to draw near to God in prayer.

I will tell you an anecdote of the Roman Catholic Canadians; which will show you how they pray. These Canadians are very fond of playing at cards. During Lent, the priests will not allow them to play for money; but, as they must have something for a stake, what do you think they do? Why, instead of money, they play for prayers! The person who loses, is to repeat a certain number of prayers, and the merit of their prayers is to go to the man who wins the game! nay, further, the loser is not obliged to do this drudgery himself; there are old women to be found, who, for a shilling a dozen, will repeat the prayers for him, and relieve him of his task!

Is not this worse than heathen superstition? And these men are called Christians! O! how great is the guilt of the priests who lead them astray! Do you think, my dear young friends, there is any danger of your being deceived by them? I think not; but, that you may be guarded against their attacks, read the Scriptures diligently, pray to God earnestly to enlighten you by his Holy Spirit, that you may see and feel the truths contained in them; and then, clad in the whole armor of God, you will be able to withstand all the arts that may be used to deceive you.—*Wes. Juv. Off.*

ACTIVITY OF ROMANISM.

Each successive year affords fresh proof of the warlike activity in the Romish camp, and sees multitudes sent out on foreign missions, who have been trained in the college of the Propaganda. In numbers and activity they far outdo the advocates of the truth. While we are meditating to send a missionary or catechist to a distant tribe of North American Indians, one thousand miles from the missionary head-quarters of both parties, we hear that four Romish priests are already among them! While the Church of England, for a whole year, seeks, and seeks in vain, for one single missionary to China, the Romish agent at Hong Kong negotiates for a contract with a steam navigation company to carry to China one hundred priests within the year! Their missionary lists contain a host of archbishops, bishops, vicars apostolical, priests, deacons, sub-deacons, and nuns. In extent of ground, they surround and overspread our positions. The intrusions into our missions, at Krishnaghur and New-Zealand, are but faint skirmishes, to be numbered among the many signs which unequivocally proclaim that the battle between Popery and Protestantism must be fought on the mission-field no less than at home.—*Church Miss. Soc. Report.*

ROME.

Affairs at Rome appear to be in a critical position. The present Pope is evidently a patriot, and feels for the prostration of his country under the yoke of Austria. His main reliance is on the people, whom, by his public acts, he encourages

to resist foreign despotism. Father Ventura, who delivered the funeral oration in honor of O'Connell, for two days addressed an audience of fifteen thousand Romans, on their duties and their position in the eyes of Europe, so eloquently, that, in the language of the London Daily News, "the old rostrum of republican times never gave utterance to such stirring appeals, and the thermometer of popular self-reliance rose to its height." The old conservatives of Rome are grieved that the people are awake to their power, and that the Pope favors their aspirations. The design of the late conspiracy has been discovered to be, to make it appear that the people are unfit for freedom, to overturn the present liberal policy, and to restore the reign of terror. The conspirators intended to assassinate many of the friends and favorites of the Pope, and remove his holiness by force to Naples. Several cardinals, as well as high civil and military officers, were implicated in the plot.

GO PREACH MY GOSPEL, GO!

There is a voice upon the wind,
A voice that comes from far,
A voice from where the distant groves,
And perfumed breezes are:
'Tis not the song of triumph, nor
The scream of heathen rage;
But 'tis a cry for gospel light,
The echo of the age.

The orb of night is going down;
The crescent hastes to set;
For where the Arab prophet ruled,
The men of God have met:
The Persian Moollah seeks for light;
The Tartar waits to know
If Christ's command hath been repealed,—
"Go preach my gospel, go!"

Along Sumatra's tropic shores,
And Java's upas vale,
The heathen strains his eye to catch
The missionary sail;
The idol-gods, that long have ruled,
Are burned in Borneo,
And there the voice from heaven proclaims—
"Go preach my gospel, go!"

The Karen, from his rocky hills,
And native of Japan,
Unite their voices with the sound
That comes from Hindoostan:
They call on us, in words direct,
Or in their rites of wo,
Obey, ye saints, your Lord's command,—
"Go preach my gospel, go!"

The voice of strong entreaty still
The breeze from Burmah brings;
The call is echoed from Siam
And China's ancient kings;
The region of the Simoom blast,
Where Niger's waters flow,
Repeats to us our Lord's command,—
"Go preach my gospel, go!"

From many a river's templed bank
Where pagans bend the knee;
From continental villages,
And islands of the sea;
Each ship that floats upon the wave,
And all the winds that blow,
Ring out to us the Lord's command,—
"Go preach my gospel, go!"

Judson Offering.

CHILDREN IN SUMATRA.

In the Island of Sumatra, some years ago, Capt. Wickes, an excellent man, who rejoiced in carrying out some missionaries, found a little boy shut up in a coop. He supposed that it was intended as a punishment; but what was his astonishment when he was told that he was put there to be fattened for a sacrifice! He immediately purchased him, and took him to Calcutta, to be brought up by the missionaries.—*Juv. Miss. Herald.*

ROMISH EXPEDIENTS.

The last report of the Leopold Foundation has a letter from an American correspondent, which states that one of the weightiest cares of the Catholic bishops in this country is directed to the formation of a great number of priests from native Americans. It speaks of the advantages which they will have over foreigners in gaining access to the minds of our countrymen, and says that large sums of money will be needed to carry their designs into effect. He also says that the nuns effect much good by their intercourse with Protestant parents of children confided to them, and that by this means Protestants are converted.

MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Of the 2297 churches reported at the meeting of the Old School General Assembly, in 1846, contributions are acknowledged for Foreign Missions from 850; and of the 2376 churches, reported in 1847, contributions for Foreign Missions are acknowledged from 877.

This shows that a little more than one third of the churches contribute to the cause of Foreign Missions.

The Puritan says of the members belonging to churches connected with the American Board, "It is stated that not more than one in three, on the average, is in the habit of contributing to this cause."—*N. Y. Observer.*

COST OF WAR IN INDIA.

A Bombay correspondent of the London Morning Herald estimates the gross charges of the three great Indian wars, between the years 1827 and 1847, at thirty-nine millions pounds sterling, or nearly one hundred and ninety-five millions of dollars! To these enormous expenditures are to be added the China war, Coorg, Gwalor, and Punjab, for the expenses of which the English government received some compensation.

The several states of Germany comprise 20,158,957 Protestants; 16,880,104 Romanists; 507,519 Jews; 242,791 of various other sects; and 5,184 Greeks. In 1820, the numbers were about 13,690,000 Romanists; 15,215,500 Protestants; 350,000 Jews, and 3280 Greeks. In Hungary and Transylvania, there are 860,840 German Romanists, and 610,720 Protestants; in Switzerland, 1,039,279 Protestants, and about 50,000 Romanists.

FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Not one of all the churches, (seven hundred and twenty-two in number,) connected with the Free Church of Scotland, has failed to send up its contributions to the Boards of Missions and Education during the last year. The sum received for these objects amounts to \$350,000. What a noble example this for other churches!

The Scottish Tract Society at Edinburgh, in its fifteenth year, circulated 1,969,349 tracts, (monthly visitors,) and 42,429 copies of the Magazine. Total circulation, in fifteen years, 20,819,796 copies.

The MISSIONARY ADVOCATE is published on the first of every month, for the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Lane & Tippet, 200 Mulberry-street, New-York, and may be had of them or of G. C. Rand & Co., Boston. It is under the editorial supervision of the

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY.

All communications for the paper should be directed to "The Missionary Advocate."

TERMS.—For eight copies \$1; forty-five copies \$5; one hundred copies \$10, per annum. For a single copy, sent by mail, 25 cents. Payment, in all cases, must be in advance.

N. B. Ministers of the gospel who order forty-five copies, or more, according to the above terms, shall be entitled to one additional copy gratis.