

# 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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DEVIL-TREE.

On a beautiful day in the month of April, 1846, at five o'clock in the morning, a small company of Christian missionaries left Nagercoil, a city in the province of Travancore, Hindostan, on their way to a village six miles distant. They had set out thus early, that they might take advantage of the coolness of such an hour. Most of the missionaries were stationed in that region; but one of them, Mr. Drew, a missionary at Madras, had come to see, with his own eyes, the progress which his companions in labor had made. It is to him that we are indebted for the power of telling you what they were going to see and do so early in the morning. Having soon arrived at the village, they did not enter any of its houses, but went directly to a large banian-tree, before which they stopped. This was the end of their journey. You have doubtless heard this singular tree described. Its long branches, bending down, force their way into the earth, and take root; and thus give birth to new trunks, which grow in their turn and throw out other branches, until at length ranges of beautiful arbors are formed around the primitive trunk. The above is a picture of this wonderful tree.

Mr. Drew, who had seen many banian-trees, says that never had his eyes rested on one so magnificent as this. The trunks had multiplied themselves on every side, so as to represent, by the arches which they formed, a long series of vaulted apartments. The circumference of the entire tree was six hundred feet. One of the branches reached to the distance of one hundred and ten feet from the central trunk.

But why did the missionaries stop to look at this tree? You will have anticipated the answer. This was the devil's tree. Yes, this beautiful and ancient tree had been sacred to the devil; and upon one of its sides there was a temple, devoted to his worship. Trembling at this thought, the missionaries, nevertheless, looked with pleasure upon this little temple; for it was in ruins. That very morning three idols had been taken away, and the temple itself had been destroyed. One of the missionaries had given the first blow to these idols; and the stones of the altar now served as steps in a sort of staircase, in one part of the path along which the missionaries traveled under the banian-tree. Is it surprising that the day was to them one of thankfulness and joy?

But I have not told you the best part of the story. Not only was the temple of the devil in ruins; not only were the false gods broken in pieces; this venerable old tree, with all the land which it covered, had been given to the missionaries. This very day they had come to hold in its shadow their first worshipping assembly. At half-past ten o'clock, six hundred persons, among whom were many children, met together, and the service began. The sky was cloudy, and, by means of some parasols, they protected themselves sufficiently from the scorching rays of an India sun. After singing and prayer, Mr. Drew and two other missionaries addressed the assembly. There is no need of saying what sentiments of pleasure and gratitude filled many hearts; and how many ardent prayers went up in silence to God, asking that a multitude of souls might be rescued from the empire of Satan, and gathered into the bosom of Jesus Christ! A palisade was to be placed around this devil-tree, now consecrated to the true God; and public worship will be regularly maintained under its widely-extended branches.—*Le Petit Messager des Missions.*

From the Foreign Missionary Chronicle.

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

NUMBER EIGHT.

BLENDED OF ALL THE SECTS TOGETHER.

Continued from page 74.

In the preceding letters, several allusions have been made to the mutual toleration of the three sects of Confucius, Taou, and Buddh. Toleration, however, is not the word, for these three sects are in fact so intimately blended together, that it is not worth while to speak of them as separate bodies. In theory they are distinct, and

even opposite; but for many years past they have laid aside all opposition, and the union of the three is now the actual religion of China. In the notes of Ching-tze and Choo-tze, or the Four Books, and in some of the graver histories, Buddhism and Taouism are spoken of in terms of strong reprobation, and the people are earnestly warned to beware of their false pretences and magical arts. All the learned men in the empire (and by consequence all the officers of government, for the latter are chosen from the scholars) are professed followers of Confucius, and if they were consistent would utterly disapprove of the idolatry

and worship of the other sects; but here is a case in which Confucius, with all his wisdom, quite overlooked a point of indispensable importance. To maintain the Confucian system, not only the men, but the women, should be educated; but the sage made no provision for the instruction of women. Hence, they grow up ignorant of letters, and by consequence utterly unable to take any interest in the refined scheme of morals and government which the Chinese philosophers took so much pains to work out. But the female sex has ever been the most devout, and as they found nothing in the system of Confucius to satisfy them, it is no wonder that they have been forced into idolatry. Thus all the females of the empire have been ranged on the side of the Buddhists and the followers of Laoutsze, and, by consequence, the earliest instruction every child receives has been to impress on its mind the importance of worshipping the idols. How often have I seen mothers dress their children in their gayest clothing, and carry them to the temples, to witness the ceremonies there! On one occasion, a mother, after she had finished her own devotions, took her little child, not more than two years old, and placed it before the idol, teaching it to kneel, and bow, and shake its hands before the image, as she had just been doing. As the little thing was too young to understand, and seemed slow to kneel, she, with her own hands, bent its knees, and placed it on the ground, and then took its hands in hers, and performed the common bows before the god. All this I saw. In this way, the first thing that children learn is to worship idols, and it is not till after these principles have been deeply impressed on their young minds that they commence to learn the Confucian system. The consequence may be easily imagined. They are idolaters before they learn to read, and as they are taught to pay the highest veneration to Confucius by their teachers, and to worship idols by their mothers, they naturally blend the different systems of religion together. All idolatry, after the first few years of its origin are over, is tolerant of whatever does not interfere with its own gains; and the Buddhists make no objections, if the admirers of Confucius will only come and burn incense and make offerings in their temples; while the Confucians, finding that their system does not at all suit the common people and the female sex, have quietly suffered them to choose the form of worship they like best, and, indeed, encourage them in so doing. Hence, as already remarked, the emperor often orders sacrifices to be performed in the temples of the Buddhists and of Taou, and many rich gifts have been given to them, even by those emperors who have spoken in the highest terms of Confucius. At Poo-to, which is the stronghold of Buddhism in this part of the country, there are several temples which have received rich gifts from the Emperor Kanghe and his successors, and two of the largest of them are covered with yellow tiles, one of the strongest evidences of imperial favor. Thus, too, the officers of government, in different parts of the country, go at stated seasons to the Taou and Buddhist temples to worship. The chief officers of Ningpo go, on the first and fifteenth days of each month, to worship in the Yu-shing-kwan, a Taou temple referred to in one of these letters. There has been a great drought here during the past summer, and the officers of government have several times ordered the *Kin-too*, that is, have forbidden the people to kill swine, in hopes of appeasing the gods. This

would seem to be a purely Buddhist ceremony; for, according to the principles of Confucius, they should rather have offered sacrifices. They have also been going, for several mornings past, to one of the Buddhist temples in this city, to *worship a crab*, for the purpose of procuring rain! (They know not that there are none of "the vanities of the Gentiles that can give rain, nor can the 'heavens' which they worship give showers," unless He who "made the heavens" give the word. See Jer. xiv, 22.)

Such are the facts of the case, and these, with many more that might be mentioned, show that the religion of China is a strange blending of opposing principles. It is a curious thing, however, that when you speak to the Chinese on the folly of idolatry, the most of them attempt to fall back on the doctrines of Confucius, and excuse themselves by them. This makes it necessary for the missionary to acquaint himself with the Chinese classical writers, as well as with their superstitions; and he must be prepared to attack them, and defend himself on all points. The fact of this difference between their idolatry and their sacred books, gives the missionary a good ground for arguing with them. Many of the learned people have already observed the incongruity of their professions and their practice, and the consequence is, that they are very little better than atheists. They see the folly of idolatry, but know not the true God: and "to whom shall they go?" How forcible are the words of the Apostle Paul: "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" Rom. x, 14, 15.

Where there is such a blending of opposite systems of worship, it is not to be expected that the people should feel any deep or enthusiastic attachment to their religion. There is here but little of the fanaticism, or long and painful pilgrimaging that is so common in India, and the people will hear you speak against their gods, with but little appearance of displeasure. Nothing is easier than to excite a laugh on the folly of idolatry. Their religion seems to sit very loosely on them, and it is not till you come to their worship of ancestors that deep and serious opposition is to be expected. But it must not be thought that because most of their superstitions are old and decayed, therefore they will easily embrace Christianity. Be the superstitions old or new, rigorous or decayed, the human heart is still "enmity against God, not subject to his law, neither indeed can it be;" and it is as hard to convert a Chinese as an Indian, or a Hottentot. Nothing but God's grace and his Holy Spirit can do it. The work is, if anything, harder here, because of this very indifference about their own religion. They have tried theirs, till it is like an old story, for which they have little regard, and they think that all others are much alike, so that we find it a very difficult thing to induce any of them to give a *serious* attention to the message we have to proclaim.

W. M. L.

#### SCIENCE AND MISSIONS.

Missionary travels form an interesting and important part of our modern evangelical literature. No travels that have ever been written can be fairly said to equal them in thrilling incident, or worthy object, or real value. They are generally the productions of men of disciplined minds, trained to habits of discriminating observation, and capable of taking comprehensive views of the countries and tribes which they visit. The accurate scholarship of many of our missionaries qualifies them, in an eminent manner, for the responsible but useful task. Their knowledge of geography, history, and literature; their acquaintance with the elements of diverse language; their intellectual culture, guiding them to investigations which promise the most beneficial results, and directing their attention to points of the highest consequence, render their works the most interesting contributions of this department of learning. They

know what discussions will be most acceptable to men of letters. They know on what points information is demanded. Their religious character and object give them an element of qualification for their work, raising them above the sphere of common travelers, and securing to us a series of interesting investigations and observations, which in the notes of merely worldly travelers would be sought for in vain. They go abroad with the eye of scholars, and the hearts of Christians. We trust the time is not distant when science will more fully acknowledge its obligations to missions; when it will be universally understood, that while this great enterprise is raising human beings from degradation and sin, and preparing them to be "partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," it is, at the same time, contributing to enlarge the treasures of learning, the extent and profits of commerce, the benefits of international intercourse, and all the salutary results of mutual sympathy and communication between man and man. In the journeys undertaken for the promulgation of the gospel, while this primary end is accomplished, the boundaries of human knowledge are also increased, the safety and the virtue of our mariners are secured, national honor and influence are extended, the foundations of new literature are laid, the cause of morality and human happiness is advanced, new intellectual energies are aroused, mind acts upon mind, both by direct and reflex influence, evangelical truth is illustrated and confirmed, and the period of the world's highest prosperity, peace, and joy is hastened.—*Christian Review*.

#### "OUR SUFFICIENCY IS OF GOD."

But who sufficient is to lead

And execute the vast design?

How can our arduous toil succeed,

When earth and hell their forces join

The meanest instruments t' o'erthrow,

Which thou hast ever used below?

Mountains, alas! on mountains rise,

To make our utmost efforts vain;

The work our feeble strength defies,

And all the helps and hopes of man:

Our utter impotence we see;

But nothing is too hard for thee.

The things impossible to men

Thou canst for thine own people do;

Thy strength be in our weakness seen;

Thy wisdom in our folly show;

Prevent, accompany, and bless,

And crown the whole with full success.

Unless the power of heavenly grace,

The wisdom of the Deity,

Direct and govern all our ways,

And all our works be wrought in thee,—

Our blasted works we know shall fail,

And earth and hell at last prevail.

But, O almighty God of love,

Into thy hands the matter take!

The mountain-obstacles remove,

For thine own truth and mercy's sake;

Fulfill in ours thy own design,

And prove the work entirely thine.

From the New-York Evangelist.

#### A SUPPOSITION FOR MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

Let us for a moment suppose, that, with a single exception, every church on earth should, by some sudden calamity, be blotted from existence. That single church, of course, would be under just as great obligations to do everything in its power to send the gospel to every creature, as all the churches combined are under such obligations. Let us suppose that you are the pastor of that church. How would you feel under such circumstances? Would you not tremble at the thought, that it depended upon your church, so far as human instrumentality is concerned, whether Christianity should be retained in the world or rooted out from it? Would you not, with a degree of

interest never before experienced, look round upon the different members of your church, and ask yourself whether this and this pious young man had not the qualifications for the gospel ministry; and would you, if you thought you had such a one, ever give sleep to your eyes, or slumber to your eyelids, until you had been urgent with him to give up his secular pursuits and study for the ministry; would not your eyes be firmly fixed also upon all Christian mothers under your charge, and would you not be instant in season and out of season, in urging them to consecrate their children to the great work of the world's salvation, and to train them up in such a manner that they, through grace, might eventually enter upon the work to which they had thus consecrated them? To say nothing of your adults, would you not marshal all the children of your charge into a missionary society, and set before them the miseries of this lost world, and endeavor to fire their minds with a desire to relieve these miseries? Would you not teach them, that eventually they should either go to proclaim the gospel to those who are perishing, or that they should seek after the treasures of the world, for the great purpose of pouring them out upon destitute places, both at home and in heathen lands; places where the inhabitants are famishing for the bread and waters of life? Would you not have your monthly concert of prayer, and if parents would not take their children to it, (as they will not in these days,) would you not have a monthly concert of prayer established exclusively for them? Would you not also make the most vigorous efforts with your people, to induce them to contribute of their substance for the spread of the gospel; urging upon every one in moderate circumstances to give at least one-tenth of their annual income to the Lord, and much more than this, when able to do it? I repeat my question, Would you not, under the circumstances now alluded to, pursue such a course as I have marked out? Could you, with any peace of conscience, do otherwise? Methinks I hear you say, No, no, I could not pursue a different course. Well, then, can you pursue a different course under the circumstances in which God has now placed you, and be blameless when the day of your final reckoning shall have come?

It is a melancholy consideration, that, though there are marked indications that a moral revolution of the world is just at hand, many ministers of the gospel take no part in furthering it. The glorious work, however, will go on; but they will have none of the honor of bringing it about. Gethsemane and Calvary will have no wreaths of distinction to hang around their necks. "Well done, good and faithful servants," will never greet their ears. Their stars will go down, without clustering around them any of those stars which might set, to rise and shine in the firmament of heaven for ever; and at the conclusion of the day, when the Master comes to reckon with them, he will wind up their affairs for eternity, by saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."—*Rev. Dr. Scudder*.

#### THE BIBLE.

What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passion obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed; many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good—leavening society with its holy principles—cheering the sorrowful with its consolations—strengthening the tempted—encouraging the penitent—calming the troubled spirit—and soothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?—*Dr. M'Collough*.

## SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

An English merchant was traveling slowly along the River Modder, carrying his goods, when he found himself all at once surrounded by some Korannas, who ordered him peremptorily to unyoke his team. "A little further on," he replied. "Not so," they rejoined; "but this shall be the place." "Whip up," said the traveler to his servant. "Ah! you are obstinate," continued the Korannas; "very well; we will unyoke for you." No sooner said than done. The yokes are on the ground; and the cattle, not at all displeased with the adventure, are already feeding. "Unpack, now, and show us what you have," resumed the Korannas. "Wait a moment," answered the merchant; "what do you propose to buy with?" "Are you still obstinate, Mr. Englishman?" replied they. "Well, then, we will unpack for you." In an instant the wagon is assailed. One seizes a pair of pantaloons; another a vest; a third remembers his wife and children, and takes possession of a good piece of calico. In a word, in less than no time the merchant finds himself robbed to the amount of nearly six hundred francs! The Korannas, dressed in their stolen garments, remount their horses, and disappear on the plain, leaving their victim to deplore his loss, with Piet, his faithful driver.

"Master," said the latter, as soon as he had recovered from the terror, "confess now that you have been altogether too mild; one crack of a gun would have frightened all this rabble." "Perhaps so," responded the merchant, in a dolorous tone; "I had two pistols in my coat pockets. But, remember, one man cannot kill forty; I should have been overcome and slain, if I had shed blood." "Very possible," answered Piet; "let us say no more about it; but let us be off immediately, and find a bed for the night." Toward nightfall our travelers were agreeably surprised to find a wagon, near which sat a Mochuana, decently clothed, and of very respectable appearance, who invited them to stay with him. "To-morrow," he added, "is the Lord's day; we can spend it together." In the course of the conversation which followed, the Englishman learned that this native was a catechist, and that he had come to preach the gospel to the Korannas.

A large congregation assembled next day at this place. In the first row there was a man, of repulsive appearance, whom the eyes of the merchant measured from head to foot. He was the interpreter; and he was intending, by means of his clicks and clucks, to translate for the Korannas the sonorous phrases which were about to proceed from the mouth of the Mochuana. The preacher began; but the interpreter was silent. The first sentence was repeated; still there was no echo. The evangelist, surprised, questioned the interpreter, who stammered out a few words, heard only by the former. "In good time," cried the Englishman, shaking his head; "I thought that you would not have the hardihood to take God's word upon your lips." Turning to the catechist, he continued, "Friend, this rogue robbed me yesterday. Do not insist on his interpreting; the gospel will be dishonored. Here is my Piet; he shall translate. And, mind, Piet, do not fail to reprimand the audience stoutly." Piet did not forget the injunction. He and the Mochuana, who profited by the happy interruption which the service had suffered, united all their energy and eloquence to make a salutary impression on this horde of plunderers.

The day passed away quietly. Piet and the catechist set themselves, after the service was over, to reading the Scriptures; while the poor merchant lamented his losses. The sun of Monday had hardly begun to rise, before a troop of Korannas surrounded the two wagons. These robbers had ascertained that the good catechist had a quantity of tobacco, with which he bought his provisions; and they had come to take it from him. Ah! they did not know what they had undertaken to do! This humble Christian,

trusting his God, quietly placed himself on the seat of his wagon; and as soon as they commenced the onset, he took his New Testament, and read from it with a loud voice. At the sight of this sacred volume, the robbers recoiled; then they hastened to their horses and fled. "Ah!" cried Piet, looking at his master, "we are only half-wise. Why did not we take our Bibles Saturday, instead of thinking about the pistols?" "Indeed," replied the merchant, "I should have remembered that the word of God is called a two-edged sword."

They separated; and the wagon of the merchant, conducted safely by Piet, arrived, as evening approached, at the residence of an emigrant Boor. The Englishman, still oppressed by his misfortune, talked long about it to his host. "What!" inquired the latter; "is this the way you act? I see that you are still a novice in the country, and that you do not know how to bring the blacks to reason. Leave the matter with me." Next morning, behold the Boor, another Don Quixote! He has armed himself, and is going off alone for the war. He advances near to the village of the thievish Korannas, alights from his horse, discharges his gun, loaded with shot, five times among their huts, then returns coolly to his cabin to sit down and smoke his pipe.

This anecdote, which the Englishman related to me, suggests a profitable lesson; but I need not mention it. I will only say that it presents a tolerably faithful picture of the men in the midst of whom most of the missionaries in Southern Africa are laboring. You have here the savage, still untamed; also the savage transformed into a disciple of Christ; the Englishman, full of good intentions, having the theory of Christianity, but generally too much occupied by his business; and lastly, the Boor, trusting to nothing but his musket, and looking with pity on any man who hopes to produce an impression on the natives by other than forcible means.—*A French Missionary.*

## RESPONSE OF A FEMALE.

A woman who resides in Massachusetts, of good report for Christian liberality, having but very little property, has been deeply moved by the statements made at Buffalo in respect to the financial condition of the Board. Having forty dollars in the hands of a friend, she wrote to him, a short time since, as follows:—"I wish you, as soon as is convenient, to give what I left with you to the American Board. They are in debt, and have more missionaries to send; but they have not funds equal to the calls; and I must help them. I am so tried that there is so little done, and so little felt for them, that I cannot rest without doing whatever I can." Nor is her liberality restricted to a single object. In the same letter she says, "We have had many more agents than ever before, and I cannot send any empty away. Yet we have not had half enough. I love the sound of an agent's voice so much, that I should be glad to see one every week." Some persons are greatly annoyed by the appeals of agents; this good woman, however, has learned the secret of escaping all inconvenience from this source.—*Dayspring.*

## SACRIFICES IN CALCUTTA.

At a single temple in the neighborhood of Calcutta, the ordinary number of daily sacrifices averages between fifty and a hundred he-goats and rams, besides a proportion of buffaloes. On Saturdays and Mondays, which happen to be days particularly sacred to the divinity worshiped there, the number of sacrifices is doubled or trebled; while, on great festival occasions, the number is increased from hundreds to thousands. At the annual festival of Durga, there are hundreds of families, in the Calcutta district alone, that sacrifice severally scores of animals; many present their hecatombs; and some occasionally their thousands. It is within the present half century that the rajah of Nudiya, in the north of Bengal, offered a large number of sheep, and goats, and buffaloes, on the first day of the feast; and vowed to double the offering on

each succeeding day, so that the number sacrificed in all amounted, in the aggregate, to upward of sixty-five thousand. Mr. Ward states, that the rajah "loaded boats with the bodies, and sent them to the neighboring Brahmins; but they could not devour or dispose of them fast enough, and great numbers were thrown away."—*Wright's Curiosities and Remarkable Customs.*

## HUMAN SACRIFICES.

The Khonds of Goomsoor have yearly sacrifices of human beings. Their victims are sometimes stolen, sometimes bought. When the day for the sacrifice comes, they assemble from all parts of the country, dressed in their finery; some with bear-skins thrown over their shoulders; others with the tails of peacocks flowing behind them, and the long, winding feather of the jungle-cock waving over their heads. Thus decked they dance, leap, rejoice, beat drums, and play on a musical instrument. In the afternoon the priest, with the aid of an assistant, proceeds to fasten a man or a woman, or, it may be, a boy or a girl, to a post which has been firmly fastened in the ground. Around this post stand hundreds of Khonds, with great knives in their hands. At an appointed signal, they rush upon the poor creature, and try who can cut the first piece of flesh from his bones. Great value is attached to the first morsel which is cut from the body. This is only one way of their sacrificing. It will make my letter too long to tell you of any other.

Now, my dear children, why do these Khonds do such things? I will tell you. They believe in a goddess, who, they say, is an unkind being. They say that she is the cause of their miseries; that she brought sin and death into the world, and that, unless they offer human sacrifices to her, she may destroy them. To preserve their own lives, therefore, they kill their fellow-men, and offer them up as sacrifices to her. These sacrifices, I fear, continue, to a most frightful extent, even up to this day.—*Dayspring.*

## A CHILD'S TEARS.

A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of the last sermon. The child gave no answer—she only wept. He found out that she had no Bible in which to look for the text; and this led him to inquire whether her parents or neighbors had a Bible; and this led him to begin a Bible Society for Wales. Some good people in London said, "Why should we not have a Bible Society for England, too?" And others said, "And for France, and the nations of Europe?" And then another said, "And why not have a Bible Society for the whole world?" The tears of that little girl led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

## LANGUAGES OF AFRICA.

The Rev. John Leighton Wilson, the intelligent and persevering missionary, first in West Africa, and since at the Gaboon, has obtained satisfactory evidence that the dialects spoken in the large and populous part of Africa, south of the equator, have very close affinities; so close that one who learns a particular dialect, can soon be understood substantially by many tribes far removed, and using various other idioms and dialects. Not only a common language seems to lie at the foundation of them, but their vocabularies are, in important respects, alike. If the facts are so, they constitute one of the most extraordinary providential encouragements which have occurred in the history of missions. An almost insuperable obstacle to the spread of the gospel among unknown millions is at the outset removed.—*Am. Mis. Mag.*

One layman (Mr. Start, supposed to be a resident in India) is supporting eighteen German laborers, at his own expense, all of whom have acquired the vernacular language, and have commenced operations at different points on or near the Ganges.

From the Macedonian.

**"THEY PRESENTED UNTO HIM GOLD."**

They opened their treasures, and presented unto him gold. Matt. ii, 11.

Presenting gold to Jesus is not a new thing. It has been the practice of the benevolent and good in every age. It is what we are now doing by our contributions to support his disciples, who go forth into all the world to preach the gospel to every creature, although it is feared that some "for gold bring copper." "David, the king, dedicated to the Lord thousands of gold;" "the Queen of Sheba came also with gold;" "the chief of the fathers gave their thousands of gold;" and "wise men from the east" came unto Jesus, not as the manner of some is, leaving their treasures at home, but to fall down and worship him, open their treasures, and present unto him gold.

Not to give, is to disobey a command which we find recorded on almost every page of the gospel, and to sin in the same sense as to break the command, "Thou shalt not steal;" for the same God who has said, "Thou shalt not steal," has also said, "Give." Nor has he said or done less to encourage giving than he has to discourage stealing. "Give," he says, "and it shall be given unto you, good measure," which with us is seven per cent.; "pressed down," which is eight; "shaken together," which is nine; "and running over," which is ten. How strange that so many, professing to believe the gospel, will sooner trust their money on a promise from men of seven per cent. increase, than on a promise from God of ten!

Of all the precepts of God, we do not know that one is more important to the Christian than that which says, "Give." It is written to meet the *supreme selfishness* of the natural heart. Regeneration leaves the remains of the selfish nature in us to be overcome and carried off by obedience to this great precept. Not to obey it, therefore, is to foster that selfish spirit.

To give is to imitate our heavenly Father, "who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust," "who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not;" to be like the Saviour, "who loved us, and gave himself for us," that we, having by him "freely received," might to him "freely give," and to manifest our love to God and his people. Those who "love in word and in tongue" only, "while their hearts go after their covetousness," are condemned as heartless, worthless hypocrites; but "exceeding great and precious promises," are made to all who show their love in their sacrifices and services for Christ.

The quantity and quality of our gifts show the strength of our love. When we see persons giving cast-off clothing, or fragments of food to the poor, we infer that they love them less than they do their own families, to whom they give the best. So when we see one less cheerful, less bountiful, and less constant, in presenting his gold to Jesus, than in using it for himself, his family, or the world, we do not see how the love of God can be in him; for he who gives not his *first* affections and *noblest* sacrifices to God, gives nothing.

Obedience to this command promotes our happiness. Who doubts that the wise men were happier, after opening their treasures and presenting unto Jesus their gold, than they would have been had they only rendered lip-service and returned? The reason why so many have little or no enjoyment in religion, is, that they seldom if ever open their treasures and present unto him gold. They withhold more than is meet, and it tends to poverty. But liberal souls are made fat. They contribute to the happiness of others, and thus bless themselves. The more benevolent they are, the more they are like God; and the more they are like God, the happier they will be. And yet, many are never more wretched than when their pastor, or some friend, is urging them to give. They will listen with apparent interest to the *doctrine* of Christ; contend earnestly for keeping the *ordinances*, as they were delivered unto

us, safe and sound; but you must not ask them to open their treasures, and present unto him gold. Like one with a broken limb, they can bear to be touched anywhere and everywhere, save where they need most of all to be touched; and where they must be touched and healed, or go halting to their graves, and be saved so as by fire, suffering loss, if saved at all. I leave it for those who read to make the *application*, greatly desiring that they may abound in this grace also.—*Spicer*.

**BENEVOLENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.**

A certain philosopher once expressed a wish that he had a window in his breast, that he might lay open his heart to all the world. He felt so much satisfaction in his past attainments, and in his daily researches after knowledge, that, had it been possible, he would have shown it to the whole universe, and enriched the minds of his fellow-creatures, throughout the habitable globe, with the same literary stores of pleasure which he enjoyed himself. Similar to the wish of this liberal philosopher is the desire of every sincere Christian. He derives so much comfort from the possession of religion himself, that he longs to have all mankind made acquainted with its blessedness. He by no means wishes to monopolize these pleasures, and thus steal to heaven alone; but, with a heart expanding with celestial charity and glowing with the "love of Christ," he cries,—

"O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace!  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace!"

**MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.**

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY, 1848.

**OUR NEXT VOLUME.**

One more number will complete the third volume of the *Missionary Advocate*; and though its patronage thus far has hardly met our expectations, it affords us much gratification to learn that it is generally well received. So far as we have had an expression of opinion concerning its merits, that expression, with perhaps a single exception, has been favorable. Indeed, we have received several communications respecting its importance and usefulness, which were highly flattering, and have served greatly to encourage us in our labors. The editorship of the paper, small as it is, has added considerably to the duties of an office, sufficiently onerous in itself. Still, the work has been cheerfully, though gratuitously, performed, under a firm conviction that such a paper was needed, and with a cherished hope that, by its circulation, the cause of missions would be promoted. This conviction remains unchanged; and the hope we have entertained, has already, to some extent, been realized—sufficiently so at least to encourage us to proceed in our work.

We cannot but regret, however, the comparatively limited circulation of the paper. At the commencement of the current volume, we had been led to expect that our subscription list would have considerably augmented. But, in this expectation, we have been greatly disappointed. We are sorry to say, the patronage of the current volume has scarcely equaled that of its predecessor. In place of circulating a hundred thousand copies of our paper, which, with proper effort, might easily be done, we shall send out the present year less than twenty thousand. With such a patronage, the paper will not fully sustain itself. We have stated, more than once, that, at its present prices and size, it cannot be sustained with a less number than twenty-five thousand subscribers.

What, then, is to be done? Shall we reduce the paper to its original size? Unless there has been a great change in the views of its patrons within the past year, we are sure this would not be satisfactory. Shall we increase its price? This would be to defeat one of the avowed objects of its publication—that of placing a *cheap* mis-

sionary periodical within the reach of all our people. Or shall we involve the Society by its publication? This is certainly not desirable; nor can we believe the friends of missions will consent that it shall be done. There is really no necessity that we should be reduced to either of these alternatives. It is only necessary that a more general and united effort should be made by the pastors of churches and their flocks, to extend the circulation of the paper, and it will not only support itself, but soon become a source of revenue to the Society. And in view of the fact, that several of the more prominent missionary organizations are each sustaining two missionary periodicals, the M. E. Church will respect herself and the cause she advocates too much to allow one to become a failure, or to drag along with only a sickly existence.

The agitation of this subject, thus early, is deemed important to the interests and success of our volume. Only a few weeks will have elapsed before several of the conferences will hold their annual sessions, when a number of the preachers must necessarily be changed. The claims of our paper can be much better attended to by preachers acquainted with their people, and who have gained an influence among them by ministerial oversight and pastoral care, than by those newly appointed, to whom everything, for a time, must be new and strange. Besides, it is greatly to be feared, that in the midst of these changes, and the unavoidable cares and anxieties attendant upon them, the claims of our little sheet may be entirely overlooked. Now is the time, brethren, to attend to this important interest of the church. It will require but little effort, and a very small portion of your time, to secure, in your respective charges, such a subscription list for our new volume as we have a right to expect you to furnish. A couple of hours, faithfully employed in this service, would secure, at least, *eight subscribers*, and, in many cases, from forty-five to two hundred. Let it not be forgotten, that an average of eight subscribers, from each effective traveling preacher in the connection, would sustain the *Missionary Advocate*, in its present form and at its present prices. With anything like a proper effort, at least four times that number could be obtained. We have ourself, in several instances, obtained from one to two hundred subscribers, in one congregation, by a single effort, and that too in less than half an hour. Others, we are advised, have done the same. And in very many churches, where the subject has never been broached, similar results might be secured. In small and feeble circuits and stations, results like these could hardly be expected. But where is the preacher who could not raise a dollar for the support of the only missionary periodical in the church? "Echo answers, Where?" That single dollar would put into circulation eight copies of our paper, by which such intelligence would be conveyed to several families as might enlist their sympathies and secure their contributions for the cause of Christian missions. The mere probability of such a result should be sufficient to prompt every minister of Christ to make the effort.

To those of our patrons who, from the beginning, have been the unwavering friends of this enterprise, we hereby tender our grateful acknowledgments; confidently hoping their aid will not be less efficient in the future. Let them continue their *personal* efforts, and labor as they have opportunity to enlist others in the good work, and we cannot fail of ultimate success. It is very desirable that our fourth volume may have a subscription list sufficient, not only to sustain it, but to warrant its improvement by enabling us to ornament it occasionally with new and appropriate cuts. In this respect we have heretofore been subjected to the necessity of practicing the most rigid economy; not daring—except in a very few instances—to incur the expense of getting up such cuts as the paper and the times would seem to demand.

We cannot conclude this article without an affectionate and urgent appeal to our ministerial brethren. It is upon your active agency, beloved brethren, the success of our enterprise mainly depends; and without it we cannot possibly succeed. By the obligations resting upon you to enlighten the people under your care on the subject of Christian missions; by your desire to enlist the sympathies of your flocks in favor of missionary enterprise; by your love to Christ and the church of your choice; by the perilous condition of the heathen world; and by the solemnities of that day when we must all render up our account to God, we beseech you to aid in this and every possible way to further the extension of

the Redeemer's kingdom. Let no time be lost. Do not say, "There is time enough yet." The current volume closes with our next number. It is for you to say with what prospects we shall commence our fourth volume. Let us hear from you soon. To delay may be to disappoint our hopes altogether. Let us have a general, united, immediate, and determined action on the subject, and the enterprise will assuredly be crowned with triumphant success.

## CORRECTION.

We have received a letter from Rev. T. J. Thompson, in which he states, that, in our article headed "Missionary Finances," we have done injustice to the Philadelphia Conference. If so, it was certainly unintentional. Our statistics were taken from the accounts of the Treasurer of the Parent Society, the correctness of which we had no reason to doubt. We can only say, if the whole amount collected for missions in that conference was not reported to our Treasurer, it is to be regretted, for more reasons than one. It not only subtracts from the credit of the conference, but does injustice to the Society itself, by a correspondent deduction from the aggregate amount of its annual receipts. By reference to the Annual Minutes and the Report of the Philadelphia Conference Missionary Society, brother Thompson makes the receipts of the conference, for missions, about \$6,300, instead of \$4,442, as stated in the article referred to. If this be correct, the average contribution, per member, will be a little less than sixteen cents, instead of eleven, as we made it. Not having the means of examining for ourself, we assume that brother Thompson is well posted up on the subject, and therefore cheerfully make the correction. We presume the report of the New-York Conference is not too much, as the Treasurer would hardly be likely to credit them with more than he had received.

We assure our brother that our object was truth, without misrepresentation. He has had experience enough to know that entire accuracy in statistical exhibits is not always easily arrived at. Had brother Thompson's letter come to hand a little sooner, we would have given it entire, with our other communications.

## DISPATCHES FROM AFRICA.

Since our last number was made up, two communications have been received from Rev. Mr. Benham, the superintendent of the Liberia Mission. One of these has already appeared in several of our church periodicals. From these and other dispatches we learn that the missionaries generally are in their usual health, and that prosperity has attended several of the mission stations; among which is that of Monrovia. In another part of this paper will be found a letter from Mrs. Ann Wilkins and one from each of the natives now employed in the office of the Luminary. Various circumstances combine to render these letters interesting to the friends of missions, and we doubt not they will be read with special interest.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## ST. REGIS INDIAN MISSION.

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

DEAR BROTHER,—Though our mission is somewhat informal, as it was begun after the last session of our conference, and is sustained by Potsdam District, so far as sustained at all; yet, as you have kindly granted us some books, with an offer to purchase more, if they can be found, I send you this report.

The St. Regis Nation numbers between 1000 and 1500 souls. They reside at that point where the St. Lawrence River leaves the boundary between New-York and Canada. The Racket and St. Regis Rivers empty into the St. Lawrence about a mile apart; the first south, the other north, of the national line. A very beautiful crowning point of land is thus left between them, divided by the line. This most eligible site for a town, on our northern frontier, is occupied by the Indian village of St. Regis. The houses are principally built of hewed logs, of a somewhat neat appearance. Some six hundred of this nation are American Indians; the residue British. The American portion own, adjoining their village, about eleven thousand acres of land. Much of

this tract is quite fertile, and the whole is well situated. Though they sold to the State, in former years, a considerable tract, which brings them a handsome annuity, yet for several years all efforts to induce them to sell more have been unavailing; and the probability seems settling into certainty that they will never sell out. They must, therefore, be Christianized, or remain a permanent scourge to northern New-York.

## THEIR RELIGIOUS AND MORAL STATE.

Their religion has been Roman Catholic from their youth. They have paid thousands of dollars to support it, and have worshiped, for many years, in a church standing upon the British side, in whose tower still hangs the "Old St. Regis Bell," of war notoriety. They have carried all their dead thither, to bury upon consecrated ground; and have, from the natural superstition of their character, ignorance of their minds, and taste for rum, gaudy equipage, and imposing ceremonies, proved good Papists, and have become notorious, in northern New-York, for their regular and splendid observance of Popish holidays. But, as might be expected, they remain unchristianized; and old settlers agree, that for years they have been upon the wane in civilization and morality. Often have their pious neighbors inquired, What can be done for this miserable people? which inquiries have only met the echo, *Miserable people!* Scarcely can a male be found who has not earned the reputation of a hard drinker; and many of the women have become wedded to the bottle, and, of course, divorced from virtue.

## THEIR INTELLECTUAL CONDITION.

Their children have been, for several years, counted in several school districts where they have resided, scattered over their territory; but have not been encouraged to attend school. Recently our legislature has built them a fine, spacious school-house, at the south end of the village, and entirely sustain, I believe, a school therein; but, strange as it may appear, this school is strictly Roman Catholic, taught by a foreigner, speaking but indifferent English; and neither good morals nor temperate habits are likely to meet with much encouragement within its walls. Protestants are excluded from this house; they cannot worship there, and their children have no encouragement to enter it. Besides, it is quite unequal to their wants, as they are scattered in their residence, and no provision is made for their education elsewhere. Under these circumstances, the general ignorance of the nation may be readily accounted for.

## THEIR GENERAL CONDITION.

A considerable portion obtain their living by boating, rafting, and day labor, when stern want drives them to it. A few are farmers upon a small scale. What they get of their annuity, after the demands of a heavy titheing system, amounts to about four dollars a head. This is mostly spent beforehand in drink, tobacco, and clothing. The men dress like their French neighbors; the women like most squaws. Some wear fine broadcloth skirts and pantalets, a calico short-gown, and broadcloth blanket. They speak a dialect of the Mohawk language, though in matters of trade, and so forth, most of the men can talk some French and English.

## HISTORY OF THE METHODIST MISSION AT ST. REGIS.

A small revolt from Popery took place in this tribe in July and August last, through the instrumentality of one Win. Woodman. He is an Oneida Indian, whose grandfather was a St. Regian. Several years ago he lived here as a drinking fiddler, and was a hale fellow. Here he married, and some nine years since returned to Oneida, where he and his wife heard from our missionaries that gospel which proved the means of their conversion to God. He spent some time as interpreter at Green Bay, and last July moved to St. Regis. Here their relations of Christian experience, their Christian songs, exhortations, and prayers, soon arrested attention, which induced him and a St. Regis friend to come to the Brasher Parsonage and sound the Macedonian cry. Regarding it as affording one explanation of the singular providence which cast my lot this year on Brasher Circuit, and having experienced, within a few weeks, an unusual baptism of the missionary spirit, I thought I heard in this cry the call of God to preach the gospel in St. Regis; and though my work was already hard, I added it to my week-day appointments.

On the 30th of August, 1847, I started to preach the first Protestant sermon in St. Regis. As serious threats had been made by the Roman Catholic priest, several brethren from Brasher thought it prudent to accompany me. We arrived in time at the dwelling house where our meeting was appointed; but, for fear of the threatened mob, none had ventured out but a few squaws, who, encouraged by the arrival of so many whites, sent away to rally their more timid lords, and after long delay our audience was assembled. Four or five men, a dozen women, and a few frightened children, were all that could be raised in a community of more than one thousand souls. These few, however, listened with eagerness, sung sweetly from some Mohawk hymn-books, and knelt in prayer time. After sermon all came forward and shook hands with us, bidding us, in their way, a hearty welcome.

Such, however, was the fierceness of the opposition from the Romanists that they thought it hazardous to give out any more appointments at present. They had kept a sharp lookout during service, and the interpreter was very much discouraged. For three or four weeks persecution raged violently, so that many considered my life and brother W.'s in danger. The priest stirred up the chiefs, who, by threats and terrors, labored to drive away brother W. and family. The few who were really in earnest for salvation privately gathered together to escape drunken rage. I visited them at their houses and their little gatherings, encouraging them as well as I could.

In September I succeeded in getting nine of them away for a few days, to our camp meeting, nearly fifty miles distant. Here the brethren provided them a tent and provisions, and the affection of the people produced a powerful effect upon their minds. They here had every attention that could be bestowed by preachers and people upon their spiritual wants. The choicest laborers were selected for their instruction and encouragement, and labored day and night. For a time but little effect appeared, save gratitude for our kindness and increased confidence in our instructions; but, after a day or two, conviction began to deepen, when for many long hours they looked very sad and could only say, "*Heart very bad—ache very hard.*"

But near the close of the meeting, after very clear and powerful instruction from our spirited presiding elder, they at length broke over their old views of order, and burst out in earnest prayer. The coming of the Lord was that time "like the rushing of a mighty wind;" four or five came into glorious liberty. Their countenances changed; their sadness and groans were gone, and they sung like David upon the rock. Thus began the work of conversion among the St. Regis Indians, which has been moving slowly the most of the time since. At this camp meeting fifty dollars were raised to sustain brother W. as colporteur and interpreter, and a deep interest was planted in many hearts for this nation, which we trust will grow and bear much fruit.

## DIFFICULTY IN SUPPLYING THE MISSION WITH PREACHING, ETC.

The work, though slow, has progressed so encouragingly that all agree that it *should* be supplied with all requisite aid. Our class there numbers sixteen, nearly all heads of families, and giving good evidence of a change of heart. Their prayer meetings and class meetings are very promptly sustained, "rain or shine." The men, though mostly reformed drunkards, are strictly temperate, as well as the women, and faithful to duty, so far as they know. But it was found that mere week-day preaching could not meet the wants of any of this nation, except such as were fully committed to our congregation. But who would preach on sabbath? Our circuits and stations in this district are but partially supplied with laborers—there being a scarcity of preachers. Though Brasher Circuit was nearly destitute nine months of last year, it has spared me nearly half the time for the last three months. My last sabbath appointment at St. Regis called out about fifty attentive Indians; and could they have a suitable house to worship in, and steady sabbath preaching, even once every sabbath, I am fully persuaded one or two hundred might be safely calculated upon as our steady congregation. But where is the man who can be spared, and how can he be supported? Is there not, my dear brother, some way to recognize this young mission, and supply it with a missionary? More than

half of the American Indians at St. Regis have given more or less evidence, within a few weeks, of their growing distrust of the Roman Catholic religion; and when once the light of the clear experience of our church there shall be fully seen and understood, so as to demonstrate that the priest has kept back from them a part of the Bible system, such is the suspicion of the Indian mind that "He no catch them again." O that the light could be allowed to shine fully at St. Regis!

Yours affectionately,

EBENEZER ARNOLD.

Brasher Falls, Nov. 24, 1847.

### LIBERIA MISSION.

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

REV. SIR,—You will see by the date of the following letter that it was written a long time ago, but has lacked opportunity for a conveyance to America till I have another from you to answer, and think it probable you will get both at one time. This has been to Montserrado and returned, and, as I understood, lost an opportunity the other day by not being there, and my not knowing till too late.

ANN WILKINS.

October 12, 1847.

DEAR BROTHER PITMAN,—Excuse my long delay of answering your two very gratifying letters, which came with my beloved sister Brush, in January. They should have been answered immediately but for some hindering circumstances, which I suppose brother Hoyt has explained before this time.

If I had received your first letter, without the second, and without the sister who brought or accompanied both, it would have seemed discouraging with regard to help, and to the future prospects of the school; the former because two persons are actually needed in the different branches of household and literary instructions, and care to be given to these, till lately, untutored children of nature, and in the constant watchfulness necessary to be exercised over so many youth, from little children up to young women, taller than myself, just beginning to merge from the darkness of heathenism; and to the latter, namely, the future prospects of the school, because I could not expect to continue in it many years longer: I may either be called away by death, or the time arrive when it may be duty to return to my dear widowed mother, to comfort her in her declining days.

You say it was argued in the Board "against sending an assistant," that "the superintendent had not asked" for one, "and that even I had not addressed the Corresponding Secretary on the subject." I had "the sanction of the superintendent" to write as I did of the necessity of an assistant, though whether I mentioned that in writing to sister Lane or not I do not now remember. I think at the same time brother Benham told me he would write to the Board about it; and he told me, on reading your letter to me, that he had addressed brother Pitman on the subject; but that you could not have received his letter when you wrote this to me. Another reason I had for not being too forward in the business was, that I wanted it to be all of the Lord's doing, and then I was sure it would be right. I think if I had been in America myself, and all the sisters in the church should have been placed before me, and I told to choose an assistant from among them, I should not have dared to make a choice; and I am sure I could not have chosen one that would have pleased me any better than the one whom I think I have many reasons to believe the Lord has sent. And now that this dear sister has come, and been here long enough for me to form a most agreeable acquaintance with her—she having been a very efficient help in the school since the 10th of February, affording me, at the same time, by her agreeable companionship, great comfort—I must return to yourself, brother Lane, and all those who were with you in favor of sending such a friend to my assistance, in a real time of need, the best thanks of which I am capable, next after thanking my heavenly Father for having moved her to come. I highly appreciate your equal division of sympathy; it seems to me to be dictated both by justice and mercy. Could it seem right to any piously reflecting brethren to let this school, after a few years at furthest, sink and utterly fail, by the death or otherwise necessary removal of one teacher, for want of another being sent to fill her place? It was

needful too that a new teacher should be here a sufficient length of time to become acclimated before the whole charge of such an institution as this, with its weight of care and responsibility, should devolve on her.

What you say of the confidence of the friends of this mission sinks me in deep humiliation, and binds my heart strongly in a sense of obligation never to abuse that confidence; and for the kind sympathies and prayers of dear Christian friends, whether I have ever seen them or not, I am heartily grateful, for I feel as though I lived upon their prayers.

With regard to toil and suffering, I think I have no more than my share of them, so long as I find it possible to perform the toil; and against suffering I hope, by divine grace, never to murmur, in view of my Saviour's infinite sufferings for me. Since, by the mercy of the Lord, I was led to make religion my portion, I have never viewed this world as my place of rest, neither have I ever thought of religion as a sluggish or self-indulgent principle, or one that would suffer me to seek only my own and not another's good. I thank my heavenly Father that his grace enables me to be content to labor here, if at last I may attain the rest which he has prepared for the faithful, and I often think that rest will be glorious; and will it not be better enjoyed for the recipient having toiled to weariness here in the Lord's service? But yet I do not find that my work sustains me, or, in other words, that the nature of the work itself, viewed merely as a work, abstracted from faith in Christ, can afford me any very essential comfort, or keep me above the power of temptation. I find the same need of watchfulness and prayer, and living by faith, with eternity in view, that I ever did.

In reply to your inquiry about Charles and Lucy Ann, I may say that Charles is still a good boy, of steady habits and amiable manners. I think the last I heard from him he was employed in the Luminary office. I saw, last year, a very well-written and well-composed letter, for a native youth, which I was told Charles had written in a few minutes to you, without any one assisting him to compose; which I hope you have received, long before this time, as an answer in itself to one of your questions about him. He read quite well some years ago, and was one of the teachers in the sabbath school in this town I think about a year before he left White Plains, which was, if I remember correctly at this moment, two years ago last January or February. Lucy Ann reads intelligibly in the Bible and other books with which she is familiar, and practices writing on a slate. She has worked a book-mark with the words "God is love" for you, and is now by me finishing one that she had begun for sister Pitman, with her name on it. The work on both is done with fibres of the body of the plantain-tree, colored with a berry that grows here. Lucy Ann said to me the other day, "Please, ma'am, write to Mr. and Mrs. Pitman, ask them please print themselves in a book, and send it to me." Your impression concerning a Bible sent to Charles by me is correct. You also sent one for a girl to be named Lucy Ann Pitman, when I could find one to give the name to, which I had to keep a long time before I could obtain one. Perhaps you have not been informed that she is a daughter of Zoda Quce, the chief of the town named Robertsville.

Thank you, Brother Pitman, for the pains taken about the stove, though I have not received it yet, nor learned anything further about it, except that some stove furniture that came to the mission house in Monrovia may belong to it; the said furniture consisting of iron boilers, pans, and so forth, came, brother and sister Benham said, packed in a barrel with clothing, without any word concerning them.

I rejoice that missionaries are still going to the distant parts of the world to carry the glad tidings of salvation. It seems to me that we ought not to have our affections and our cares all narrowed down to the little spot which we can occupy personally; but embrace in our earnest prayers, if we can do no more, the millions that inhabit the whole round earth. May the Lord greatly bless those who have gone to Oregon, and those who, I have lately learned, have gone to China! May I still have your prayers!

With Christian regard and highest respect to yourself and sister P.,

ANN WILKINS.

Millsburgh, June 28, 1847.

### LETTER FROM CHARLES PITMAN.

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

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter which was dated July 14, 1847, and I was very much rejoiced, to learn that you were enjoying good health. I am well, and yet trying to drive at my old trade in the printing office; and I am glad I can say that I am able to write with my own hands to you. This is my own hand writing. I am very sorry to state that our friend William M'Kendree has resigned his office, as assistant printer, and left us alone. But I hope this will not discourage us, but that we may still, by the help of the Lord, stick fast to the mission which has done so much good for us, and in view of what it is still doing for us and for the advancement of the good cause in our country. It calls upon us, who profess to be civilized, first to set a good example before our people, that they may follow after us. My dear namesake, I am more deeply concerned in the affairs of my soul at present than ever I have been in all my life before. Since you told me in your last letter that "it is a dangerous thing to live without prayer," I do indeed feel condemned that I am most dangerously situated.

Perhaps you will ask, Why do you not turn from the errors of your ways, and fly to the outstretched arms of Jesus? To this I can make no other reply than to say that my mind is so corrupt and hard, that when I would do good, evil is always nigh. O! will you not pray for me, so that the Lord may melt this rocky heart of mine, and that I may be able to say, with the poet,—

"A prison would palaces prove,

If Jesus would dwell with me there?"

Mr. John A. Clarke and his dear family are well. I received the presents which you sent to me by the bark Montgomery, namely, a blue cloth cap, a box of steel pens, and ten quires of writing paper, all of which I was very glad to receive, and I do heartily hope that the Lord may restore unto you tenfold. Will you please to give my best respects to your family, and especially to Mr. F. A. Pitman, and tell him to pray for me, so that I may be useful to my country people, and strive to lead them in the narrow way and to the Rock of eternal ages, which is Christ Jesus, our Lord? I will try to write to you, if my life be spared, every opportunity that can be had. I would write you a long letter but for want of time. I have found Mr. and Mrs. Benham to be very good people to me. So I will conclude by saying, Pray for me, so that I may live uprightly and strive to serve the Lord.

Your unworthy namesake,

CHARLES PITMAN.

P. S. I suppose you have heard about our independence, which was celebrated on the 24th of August last, and which you will find in the columns of our little periodical. I send you a copy of the Constitution of the Republic of Liberia, and one of the extras.

Monrovia, Liberia, Oct. 8, 1847.

Yours, C. P.

### LETTER FROM JOHN A. CLARKE.

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

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—As an opportunity offers me to write, I will address you these few lines to inform you of my health. I am well at present, and hope these few lines may find you and your family the same as they leave me. I am sorry to say that our friend, William M'Kendree, is gone from the M. E. Mission printing office. He has gone with the United States brig Dolphin, Pope commanding, I suppose for steward. I have no person now in the office with me but your namesake, Charles Pitman, who I think is improving very much. I hope the Missionary Society will be able to raise young men and young women in Africa, without depending on some others to carry on the good works in Africa, as we are now trying to become a helper in the good cause of our Redeemer. I am thankful to-day that the Lord has sent Christian missionaries to this benighted Africa, to preach his gospel to every creature, and that he has also begun his work in the western coast of Africa, and in almost every section of the globe. And again I am thankful that the Lord has been so good in his kind mercy to raise some good men among such creatures as we are to come out from so distant a land to preach the gospel to us, poor Africans; but, O! I hope their preach-

ing will not be in vain, and that they may be truly called of the Lord.

My dear brother, I rejoice in the day that the good missionaries caught me in their nets that have been cast for sinners. One painful circumstance is, that so many of the former mission boys have gone back to their bad habits. This grieves me to my heart; but I hope the Lord will change their hearts to return again to their civilized habits.

This day I feel satisfied for what the Lord has done for my soul, and I hope he will continue me in his grace that I may not make shipwreck; and I hope you all will pray for me that I may improve the talents which he has given me. When you write, please mention some of my friends' names in your letter. I would write you a long letter if time would permit; but I must conclude by saying, if you please, give my best respects to your wife and son, F. A. Pitman, and all inquiring friends in your great city. Mr. and Mrs. Benham are both good people indeed.

Your brother in Christ,  
J. A. CLARKE.

Monrovia, Oct. 10, 1847.

#### A NEW SECT IN HINDOSTAN.

It is a remarkable fact that the conversions in Krishnaghur were, by the wise providence of God, prepared for by the effects of a dreadful famine, which occurred about that time; as well as by certain events, which had happened many years beforehand. The first families who applied for baptism, belonged to a sect who call themselves "Kurta bhojahs," that is, worshipers of the only God. This sect appears to be extensively spread in Bengal, along the Ganges and its various branches. The founder of it is said to have lived in the beginning of the present century, in a village near Culna, and to have become acquainted with the Scriptures by means of one of the first Protestant missionaries, either Carey, Foster, or Thomas. The doctrines and precepts of Jesus appear to have come home to his conscience, and, possessing a considerable knowledge of the Hindoo shasters, he undertook the task of preparing a new religious system, retaining in it a considerable portion of Hindooism, but rejecting the worship of idols entirely, and substituting the worship of the only true God as the foundation of his system. This new teacher succeeded in enlisting disciples from among his friends and neighbors, and the sect increased every year; Hindoos of all castes, Mohammedans, and even Indo-Britons, and descendants of the Portuguese, are now found among the Kurta bhojahs.

This brotherhood seems to manifest an uncommon degree of energy and vigor. They have their missionaries, whom they send out in all directions to make proselytes. I met with one of them in the neighborhood of Burdwan; and if they have many agents possessed of the same talents and lively energy as that individual, I am not surprised at the rapid increase of their disciples. He was a handsome young Brahmin, polished and dignified in manner, very agreeable in conversation, and eloquent. He assured me that the sect numbered above one hundred thousand members, and promised to introduce me to their private evening assemblies. They meet every Thursday in certain villages, after sunset, two or three hundred together, sitting cross-legged, in a circle, on the ground. They sing hymns in praise of their Creator. Every distinction of caste ceases at these nightly meetings; the Brahmin is sitting in brotherly fellowship by the side of the Soodra and the Mohammedan. They break bread together, and a cup passes round the circle, from which all are drinking; doubtless this is an imitation of the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

Thus is an obscure sect, by the wise and gracious providence of God, destined to break through the chain of caste, and to become the pioneers to our mission work in Bengal. The people composing this sect are, as it were, already in a transition state. Some of these Kurta bhojahs, hear-

ing Mr. Deerr preach at Krishnaghur, exclaimed, "Surely, this is our own religion;" and were shortly afterward baptized. Moreover, I received from our brethren, laboring in that place, the interesting information that their converts from that sect are the most consistent Christians, and give them the greatest satisfaction; evidently from this simple reason, that purer ideas of a divine Being had previously been implanted in their minds.—*J. J. Weitbrecht.*

#### A DYING HINDOO.

There was a native convert employed by the missionaries to read the Bible to the Hindoos, whose name was Vanketswammy. At his baptism he was called Thomas Kilpin. He married a young woman from a Christian orphan school, whose name was Lucy. They lived very happily together; they had one little boy, whom they loved very much; and never did father and mother seem more delighted with their child than were Thomas and Lucy with theirs.

Thomas used to go long journeys with the missionary, under whose charge he was placed, and assist him in reading to the people; and very highly the missionary regarded him; but when out on one of these journeys, Thomas caught a violent cold. He hoped, and we all hoped, he would get better; but he became worse and worse, and in a few months he was brought to his dying couch. He felt very deeply, when he saw his end approaching, that he must leave Lucy and his little boy.

I shall never forget seeing him the day he died. Lucy sat weeping by him, with her beautiful child at her side. He looked at his wife with much tenderness, and said, "Do not cry, Lucy; I am going to heaven. O! I am so happy; but God, our God, will take care of you and our little boy; only keep close to him. Our missionary and his wife will be father and mother to you; but, O! Lucy, take care of our boy; O! bring him up for Jesus. Jesus makes me happy. Now, if I had never heard of him and loved him, I could not die so happy. O, Lucy, never let our child worship idols! bring him up for Jesus." And thus, after saying some other delightful things, he fell asleep in Jesus. Dear young friends, will you not do all you can to send the gospel to these heathen? You see it made a poor heathen man die happily, and it made him so earnest about the best interests of his little boy. Pray much, and pray often, that the Spirit of God may bring multitudes of these heathen and their little ones to the Saviour.—*A Missionary's Wife.*

#### AN AFFECTING DEATH.

In a few days the sound of wailing from the house of Likelike reached the ears of the missionaries. Two of us, repairing to the place, found the poor sinking woman shrieking and writhing in the agonies of death, beyond the reach of human skill or help. O how different the death of a heathen from that of a Christian! What horror appeared to hang over the grave! For four nights in succession, at her earnest solicitation, her friends had carried her out and immersed her, to cool the burning fever, with the hope of prolonging her life till her husband should arrive. But now the hour of her departure had come. Boki, who had called us to sit near her, finding that her breath had ceased, and every sign of life was gone, turned his face upward, and set up the loud heathen wail, which soon became general and deafening from a multitude of voices. We retired from the crowd, while some stood wringing their hands in anguish, crying with loud and lamentable tones and cadences, while floods of tears ran down their swarthy faces. Others uttered piteous moans, without tears; and a few, after a little time, sat in silent sadness. Not a ray of Christian consolation, probably, fell upon the group.—*Bingham's Residence at the Sandwich Islands.*

#### THE AGED HEATHEN.

One old man, tottering on his staff, came in, and listened with the strictest attention. He is one of those who seem to feel that something must be done, if we would be happy after death. Accordingly, he wore a string of beads around his neck, which he frequently counted, repeating the name of the God, O-me-to-fuh. He asked some questions after the service, and seemed anxious to know how Christ was to be worshiped, though he did not wish to give up his other gods. He insisted on his being free from sin, because he did nothing wicked, and was very old. Still he wished to find out all about our worship, that he too might practice it; and he wished to know all immediately, for on the morrow very early he is to return to his home, more than twenty miles from Ningpo. I told him as much as I thought he could understand and remember, and gave him some tracts. He expressed himself very grateful; and before I was aware of his intention, dropped on his knees before me, and touched his forehead to the floor. I exhorted him to bow to Jesus, and put his trust in him only; and he went away, promising to come and see me when he visited Ningpo again. He said he would come on purpose to learn more about Jesus. How painful to leave such a one, with so little ground to hope that he will escape from the snares of Satan, and flee from the wrath to come! But the Spirit of God may use a single word to enlighten the darkened understanding, and change the corrupt heart.—*Rev. M. S. Culbertson, Ningpo.*

#### THE YOUNG TEACHER.

An African missionary relates that, when taking his walk to a distant station one fine evening, his heart was gladdened and his faith confirmed by the little circumstance which we will now describe. Seated under a tree, with a copy of the Gospels on his knees, he perceived a poor negro. Before him stood a little native girl, whom the missionary recognized as one who was in the habit of coming from some distance to attend the mission school, and who, now reading a verse, now pointing upward, seemed anxiously endeavoring to impress upon her friend the truths she herself had learned from that precious book.

The missionary would not disturb them; but finding, on his return, the poor man still there, asked him some questions respecting his little teacher, and thankful indeed was he to find that the words of this little girl had been blessed to that poor man's soul, and that he really was anxiously desiring to be taught "what he must do to be saved."

Christian children, Sunday-school children, have you ever thought that all you have learned so frequently, and are taught so carefully, is not for yourself alone, but is a precious talent, committed to you by your heavenly Father, to use for his honor, and to promote his glory? Can it be said of you, as it might be said of this little girl, "She hath done what she could?" Are you careful to seize every opportunity of leading others to God? Are you, like the holy child Jesus, "about your Father's business?"—*Children's Magazine.*

#### "HEATHEN ENOUGH AT HOME."

Say not you have heathen enough at home. Heathen you have, God knoweth; but a missionary church is the only church that can care for them. The reaction of a missionary spirit will inconceivably accelerate your labors among your own people. When all is dead in the body of our church, both England and India perish without regard; but when the life-blood beats vigorously at the heart, it flows to the most distant parts of the social frame. The love of Christ inspires the zeal and discovers the means for efforts, both at home and abroad. All prospers, as the blood of the Lamb is deeply felt, and sanctifies the inward principle of action.—*Bishop Wilson.*

## CHRISTIANS OF MADAGASCAR.

Rev. J. Le Brun, of Mauritius, sends home interesting news from Madagascar. Christianity, it appears, has too strong a hold among the Islanders to be rooted out, even by the bloodiest of its modern persecutors; and there is yet better hope for the future. He writes:—

"Great and glorious news from Madagascar! The Christians, though still persecuted, are daily increasing in number. There has been of late a great awakening among them, and there are more than one hundred new converts. Among the number is the Prince Royal, presumptive heir to the throne, and the only son of Ranavalona. There is yet in this young Prince a little of the spirit of Nicodemus; but he joins with the Christians for prayer and reading the Bible. The Queen has given orders to apprehend all the Christians, and twenty-one of them were condemned to death, when the young Prince stepped forward to defend them; he succeeded so far, that only nine of the twenty-one were obliged to take the tangena, and one of them, I regret to say, died in consequence. The rest were reduced to slavery; but were immediately redeemed by their friends. It is rumored that the Prince contributed largely to their redemption."

The history of the Madagascar Mission is one of the most interesting of modern times. In most cases, modern missions to the heathen have either been prosecuted under the protection of Christian governments, or have found favor, or at least toleration, with the native authorities. Persecution unto death has consequently been rare. Sometimes a bloody barbarian has given way to his passions; sometimes a bigot has carried fraud and violence to extremes against an individual; and sometimes harsh expression has been resorted to. In Madagascar alone, so far as we recollect, the spirit of martyrdom has been fully tried in the case of large numbers; and there Christianity has shown the same power which was proved in the first centuries. The mission flourished for a time. Large numbers became Christians. A persecuting Queen arose, and determined on the extermination of the Christians. They were driven to dens and caves of the earth. They were hunted from their retreats, tortured, and put to death. But their faith has triumphed. The Christianity which we preach to the heathen shows itself able to endure the same hardness that it met with at the hands of the Roman Emperors when those who had heard the preaching of Paul, and Peter, and John, were crucified, and thrown to be devoured by wild beasts.

The interference of the young Prince, as mentioned above, is an interesting fact, and encourages the hope that the reign of terror may not be long.

## A VENERABLE MISSIONARY.

The Rev. Dr. Glen, who has been a missionary thirty years, has recently reached Ooroomiah, Persia, to superintend the distribution of the Scriptures, which have been translated into Persian, and printed at Edinburgh under his supervision. He was first a pastor in Scotland, his native land. Then, under the protection of the evangelical Emperor Alexander, he was seventeen years at Astrachan, Russia, whence he was compelled, by persecution, to retire, after the death of the emperor. He is now threescore years and ten; but still vigorous and active.

## LIVE FOR LIFE'S END.

God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air—on the breeze that rocks the flowers on the stem—upon the raindrop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its deep chamber—upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of

creatures that live in its light—upon his works he has written, "None of us liveth to himself." And probably were we wise enough to understand these works, we should find that there is nothing, from the cold stone in the earth, or the minutest creature that breathes—which may not, in some way or other, minister to the happiness of some living creature. We admire and praise the flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and the tree that bears fruit the most rich and abundant; the star that is most useful in the heavens we admire the most.

And is it not reasonable that man, to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister—man who has power of conferring deeper misery and higher happiness, than any being on earth—man, who can act like God if he will; is it not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of living—not for himself, but for others?

## LINES ON A MISSIONARY'S WIFE WHO DIED IN SIERRA LEONE IN 1844.

She passed from her home with a cheerful heart,  
On the path now chosen by few:  
She had counted the cost of the better part,  
And her Saviour she kept in view.

There was one by her side to protect and cheer;  
But she leaned on an Arm unseen:  
And an upward glance calmed each doubt and fear,  
And gave her a spirit serene.

Yet as she caught sight of the low blue hills  
That skirted the land of her choice,  
The breeze seemed to whisper of coming ills,  
And moaned with a saddening voice.

But soon as 't was given her eyes to behold  
The work she was longing to share,  
Her spirit rejoiced, like the saints of old,  
And she felt it was good to be there.

Few, few were the days ere her work was done,  
And the hour of her rest was nigh:  
Ere the battle was fought, was victory won—  
She entered that land but to die.

Yet she joyfully thought of the path she had trod,  
And praise was her parting breath:  
She knew she had given her all to God,  
And was his or for life or death.

If, then, she rejoiced that her life she had given  
To guide the dark heathen to bliss,  
O, surely her joy is not less in heaven,  
Now she knows what salvation is! C. S. W.

## THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Mr. Calderwood, lately a missionary among the Caffres, was some time since going to Graham's Town to preach to the white people about the jubilee, and was telling one of his native teachers of his intention. The man said to the missionary, "Why don't you speak to us, and ask us to do something?" Mr. Calderwood replied that he really thought they were not able to do more in raising money; but he wished they would feel more and pray more. He answered, "The Lord may put it into our hearts to try and do more."

Mr. Calderwood called the members of the church together, and addressed them, scarcely expecting any money, for they had not much themselves. A poor widow came forward with fifteen shillings in her hand. Mr. Calderwood did not like taking it from her, as she could not well afford it; but she gave an answer which went to the heart of the missionary: "The Lord has done much for me." She has since brought five shillings more, saying that her heart would not be still until she made up the pound.

Mr. Calderwood said to one of his native teachers, who is very poor, "I don't think you can do much more than you now do." He replied, "Two words overcome me: one is, 'Ye are redeemed, not with corruptible things, as silver and

gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish.' I see," he added, "that cows die, horses die, all earthly things die; but God has redeemed us with something far more precious than these. God has done great things for us. *I must try.*" The other word is, 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' I see," said he, "the soul is indeed precious; *I must try.*" —*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

## PROFANATION OF IDOLS.

If you express your surprise to a Hindoo as to how a lump of straw and clay can become a god, he answers, "Why should this be impossible? God can do everything." But if a dog, or a woman, or a European should touch the idol, the god will make his escape from it. If it be of clay, it must be thrown away; but if it be of solid material, the brahmin undertakes the consecration of it a second time. On passing through a village, I once had the imprudence to touch the stone image of Shiva with my stick, and some persons saw it indistinctly from a distance. The following day a number of villagers came to the mission premises, when their chief speaker said, "The god felt very indignant at your touch yesterday, and was ready to make his escape;" they, therefore, requested me candidly to tell them if I had touched him or not. Had I answered in the affirmative, the brahmins would forthwith have proceeded to a second consecration, which is always accompanied with a sumptuous dinner; and I should have had to pay the bill of fare. My reply was, "I shall not tell you: if the stone be a god, my touching him with a stick can have done him no harm; and if he be not, you deceive yourselves; accordingly, the sooner you throw him away the better for you, and then come and worship the true God with me."—*Rev. J. J. Weilbrecht.*

## PROGRESS AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

One of the missionaries, who has recently taken a somewhat extensive tour in the islands, says the American Messenger, states that the incidental influence of the gospel upon the manners and education of the inhabitants is surprisingly great, especially among the people of Hawaii, where, in a few more years of continual prosperity, not a single vestige will be left of their former degradation and heathenism. Schools are rapidly advancing. The common branches are as well taught, in many of the schools, as they were in this country twenty years ago. The children are clean and well dressed, and the people are rapidly acquiring property. Very few can now be found destitute of decent clothes; and while civilization is everywhere making steady progress, there is also a continued ingathering to the churches. Native helpers render great assistance to the missionaries, especially the older church members, who go out by two and two as instructors among the people.

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