THE CHINESE AT BREAKFAST.

The group in the above cut was drawn by Mr. Mayr, from actual observation on board the Chinese junk, Keying, while anchored off Castle Garden, New-York. He went down, at the request of the editor of the Sunday-School Advocate, early in the morning, so as to see the junk before it was thronged with visitors. By doing so, he made several sketches, which may be seen in the " Notices of Fuh Chan," an interesting little volume lately published at the Methodist Book Room, No. 200 Mulberry-street, New-York. These men are Chinese sailors; and, of course, are not to be considered a specimen of facility.

Rice is their most common article of food, and that of which they are most fond, whether at home or abroad. Every substitute for this favorite food, says Mr. Gauldoff, is by them considered meagre, and indicative of the greatest wretchedness. Chop-sticks, among the Chinese, are a universal substitute for knives and forks, and are used by them in eating rice, which they pick up with them a single grain at a time; or, according to one writer, shovel the article into their mouths by handfuls. The mount.

THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD PRACTICAL.

It has been shown to be practicable to organize the Christian community, throughout the world, and to call out its entire strength for the work of propagating the gospel. Nay, we should hardly exceed the limits of the most sanguine, were we to say that the entire Christian community has been organized for this work. Where are the churches recognized as belonging to the great fellowship of Christ's disciples, which do not acknowledge that they hold their very charter from their King, on the express condition of co-operating for the extension of his kingdom; or to whose solemn assemblies the missional agent does not come, in one way or another, asking for this work their contributions and their prayers? Where is the individual disciple to whom the annual, or semi-annual, or weekly appeal does not come, demanding of him, in the name of his Redeemer, his portion of time, money, of thought, of effort, for the conversion of the world? The Chinese engage in this series of labors without a contract.

It is, not yet indeed in all its strength, nor with all the self-devotion which so vast an enterprise demands; still it is up, and in array for aggression on all the interpenetrations and domains of darkness. Nor is this a mere gust of sudden, and therefore transient, excitement. How calm, how deliberate, how intellectual, how conscientious, is the conviction in respect to this subject, which has been fastened upon all the churches! There is nothing sudden or enthusiastic about it. How gradually has this vast organization been effected! How steadily, and with how many tokens of an eternal and irresistible energy has this mighty impulse extended itself, till it now connects, with a stronger sympathy than ever, all the kindreds of the redeemed! The spirit of propagandism is an essential element of Christendom; and the development of that spirit, in this age, is only the necessary result of the opportunities for Christian effort which the present aspect of the world spreads out to the eye of re­viving faith. See how that spirit pervades the Christian literature of the age; how itingles in every page of the very elementary instruction in the sabbath school and by the fire-side; how it thunders from the pulpit in the voice of every minister of the word; how it breathes in the prayers of myriads who pray without ceasing; how it gives to the hymns of Zion a sweeter and more thrilling melody! see how that spirit is showing itself, everywhere and in every form, to be, not an accidental impulse, but an essential characteristic of a pure and living Christianity; and then say whether experiment has not demonstrated the practicability of calling out, in behalf of the world's conversion, the entire strength of the whole Christian community.

It has been shown to be practicable to Christianize all nations by the simple process of Christian instruction. We do not refer here to that experiment which was made with so glorious a success when apostles and the primitive evangelists were the agents of the spirit; we refer only to the history of modern missions, when we say that experiment has proved the practicability of converting the world, by the simple process of Christian instruction. Missionaries have already gone to all sorts of men; and everywhere they have had success enough, at least, to show that they are engaged in no impracticable enterprise. Do we know any such work, whether in Christendom itself, or in the heathen world, and whether the Chinese can be taught the lessons of the gospel? While you ask, China...
penetrated; Chinese Christians are at this moment spreading abroad among their countrymen the knowledge of the gospel. Do you ask whether the Hindoo can be christianized—the Brahmin, proud, learned, shrewd, and disputatious—the Soodra, degraded to the dust—both, and the untouchable, with the iron collar upon his neck—the caste?
The Hindoo has been converted; the Brahmin and Soodra have been cleansed by a holier and purer stream of waters of the Ganges, and walking together at the threshold of the house, they have eaten of one bread, and drunk of one cup, in remembrance of Jesus. Do you ask whether the fierce red man of the American forest can be subdued and humanized? The gospel has taken him; and you may see him sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind. Then indubitably, by the aid of the Pacific—he too has felt the power of the gospel; and O wonders has the gospel wrought among those tribes that gen the bosom of the southern deep. What more desperate experiment can there be? Go to frozen Labrador; go where, under the rigor of a polar sky, the dwarfish Greenlander maintains a precarious existence and looks to the missionary for an escape from the clutches of death. And here something like an experiment has been tried; and there the wretched native, sitting in his snow-built cabin, has learned the filthy dress of sheep-skin, and with it the brood vide in these exhibitions of success, the African, about whom philosophy, the most skeptical, has thrown off any sort of reserve. There are such rewards as belong to them who turn many to righteousness, and whose it shall be to shine as the brightness of the firmament for ever and ever, as God, in the harvest of eternal glory, shall carry their names and their works. And what will be their joy who meet before the throne of God, arrayed in the brightness of eternal purity, and crowned with garlands of immortal joy? Let the experience at Labrador prove to whom they have sent—that word is the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation. Then will be fulfilled—how sweetly—this word of Christ, "that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." Then all who, in every age, have borne any part, however promiscuous, or however humble, in the great work of the world's redemption, will be partakers in the same unutterable and boundless joy.

And this is not the sum of the benefits that the missionary has achieved. Do you ask what is the missionary work in the wild negro, the outcast Hottentot, has come and built his hut by the rivers; tribe after tribe has thrown off the fetters of barbarism; and for the better, that the report of it has traveled to the farthest extremities more favorable to success than any. And there what triumphs has the gospel achieved there! It has penetrated; the gospel has spread over a wide tract, beginning at the Cape of Good Hope and extending far into the continent. Village and hamlet, who, in her weakness, could only say, with the Israelitish woman, "Spare me, Lord, but give me this one last morsel," has tamed him; and you may see him sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind.

We would ask our readers now, Do we not hear, as we glance over the exhibitions of such specimens andjoyful evidences of the voice of our Saviour, the voice of our God, coming from the heavens, and from all the regions of the earth, coming from the four winds, and from every island and sea, and telling us of the approach of that blessed consummation for which his elect have so long been waiting? Lift up your eyes, and look upon the footsteps of the Lord—it is white behind and glory in the harvest. O the dearness of that man who will not hear! the blindness of that man who will not discern the signs of the times! God bids us look upon the aspect of the earth, hastening to a crisis, such as earth yet never has known. God calls us, as with a voice from heaven, Put in the saddle and saddle up; for the harvest of the earth is ripe; and was then carried under the tree where I discourse with the people. Here they placed the corpse in the center, and performed their superstitions. Do we not hear, as we glance over the evidences which the poor had met? Do we not hear, as we glance over the evidences which the poor had met?

A TURKISH FEMALE MARTYR

The following fact, while it shows the intolerance of the miserable nation of the Turk, empire, at the same time illustrates the power of the gospel, and the holy fortiitude with which it blesses its possessor:

A Turkish woman, being divorced from her husband with a grievance for two years, had not, however, left the beach, when several of our boys, who had watched the process, ran for the cowries and the half-dead pigeon, which they took home. In short time the bird was restored, a pigeon, which had been offered in a similar manner, was entirely recovered from the edition. I had never, during the three years I was there, heard the news of any one in the world: but I had not, however, left the beach, when several of our boys, who had watched the process, ran for the cowries and the half-dead pigeon, which they took home. In short time the bird was restored, a pigeon, which had been offered in a similar manner, was entirely recovered from the edition. I had never, during the three years I was there, heard the news of any one in the world.

HEATHEN CRUELTY AND SUPERSTITION

At Badagery.

We are thankful to state that the missionary work at Badagery has been steadily carried on since our last notice of the mission. How deeply we sympathize with the poor had met? Do we not hear, as we glance over the evidences which the poor had met?

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CONCENTRATION OF HEATHENISM.

The Island of Pootoo, near Chusan, in China, is remarkable for the number of its Hindoo temples, estimated at 108; thirty-six are very spacious, and has no females upon it. The Island is—but about twenty miles long, and has no females upon it.
MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

THE DISAPPOINTED IDOLATER.

Disappointed! Of what? Of honor, or wealth, or fame? No. The lover of idols may enjoy all this; but one thing he wants, which is far better than jewels, or riches, or crowns, and that he cannot have, while a heathen. He has no hope of the pardon of his sins.

"He reads no promise that inspires belief; He seeks no God that pities his complaints; He finds no balm that gives the heart relief; He knows no fountain, when the spirit faints."

But let us listen to the confession of a Hindoo, converted to Christ at one of the Wesleyan Missions. For twenty years he had been a religious beggar. On his public bapism, he said, "I have traveled day by day to gather flowers. I have talked and put on temple garments. I have made offerings to idols; yet no idol, either in dreams or awake, has said to me, 'Thy sins are forgiven.' Receive salvation. Thy sins are washed away." I have fasted and prayed; but it has never said to me, 'Escape from hell, and enjoy heaven.'"

Never said it and do you think, my young readers, that any idol can ever say it? "Who can read it?" Yet the poor pagan is taught from childhood, that by visiting his priests, and by offering flowers, sweetmeats, and money, to his idol, he shall secure the pardon for his guilt, and peace with Heaven. Sad experience, however, has proved to millions of idolaters that a glassed stock, or a chiseled stone, is nothing but "a refuge of lies." Cannot save itself, how can it save its worshippers? It is dead itself; can it, then, give life to them that are ready to perish?

Ah! the very hopes of heathenism are comfortless. It is the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. This is a long story for the very young readers of the Repository to spell and explain. It means the passing of the soul from one body, place, or state, into another. And the idea which the Hindoo has, is, that before his condition as a man, his spirit lived in some other being, which may have been in an ape, or an ass, a bird, or a fly; and, on his death, it will pass from his body into some other, and thence again into a third, and a fourth, and this without end. But what Hindoo can cherish such a prospect at the close of his human life?

One of them, when he was dying, lamented thus; and in his complaint he uttered the disappointment of all his idols—"Ah! into what hell shall I go? What hope have I of getting into heaven? What praiseworthy acts have I performed? Here I have suffered for the sins of my father, and now my sufferings are growing apace. Through how many births have I yet to pass, before I reach the end of my sufferings?"

A sorry hope was this; and, strange to tell, it is the best offered to the poor Hindoo in the shrines, or sacred books, of his religion. On that every idolater throughout the world knew—"Jesus Christ's men, [the Hindus, and which Christian missionaries are known in Bumrah, and the writing that tells about Jesus Christ!] What joy they would wake up in his heart by preaching from the text; 'The blind and the lame shall enter into the kingdom of heaven,' " and what beams of glory they would fling over the valley of death, could they only assure him, "Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, hath abolished death, and hath made the blind to see, and lame to walk, and the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak, and the dead to rise again." But, for that assurance, let us go to the heart of the matter—What is the knowledge of God to the heathen? How can they believe in the gospel if they have not heard of the gospel of the Saviour?

"Hear that cry! It is the cry of the Coromans. Missionaries are going far beyond us; but they come not to us. We have heard there is another life after death; we have eaten of it. Thus they are doubly disappointed: in the first, not by their own religions, which give them no hope of the forgiveness of sins; in the second, by our keeping from them of 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.'"

And will you, my dear reader, disappoint them?

For the Missionary Advocate.

THE MISSIONARIES.

Outward, ye bearers of God's word. Its sacred truths explain; To Bumrah's superstitions lead The voice of God rendeth dear. Outward, ye heralds of the cross! To India's shores sail on; Let Greenland's icy wreath rejoice With Africa's burning lawns. Roll on the gospel chariot, roll, Till earth's remotest bound Shall catch the strain, from pole to pole, And echo back the sound. Go, into every nation go, And seek the Sabrine for the soul; For this the world was made; or heaven? The temple's roofed arch. But the mother's heart is steel— She, unmoved, that cry can hear. Breaks the cry upon the ear; But the mother's heart is steel— She, unmoved, that cry can hear. Breaks the cry upon the ear; She may then her children spare, If owned by that resistless power; But the mother's heart is steel— She, unmoved, that cry can hear. Breaks the cry upon the ear; Act the mother's tender part. See that heathen mother stand With her own maternal hand O'er send the bread of life to "hands now, Thy Christ, and God's salvation."

THE MISSIONARY HYMN FOR A CHILD.

Let not the heathen die! Lord, can a simple child like me Assist to turn the world to thee? Or send the bread of life to hands Scattered over earth in heathen lands? Will this poor mine I call my own Lead some lost Hindoo to the throne? Or help to throw the idols down Which, mid the groves of Java, frown? In dreams or awake, has said to me, 'Thy sins are forgiven.'"

The apostle teaches, also, that, in order to be acceptable to God, their contributions should be bestowed, not by constraint, but of a willing mind. "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, not grudgingly, or of necessity, for that is as God loveth a cheerful giver."

The missionarist, then, is required to teach his hearers, it be more than me can bear. Never was a soul more thirsty for the gospel than that of the Hindoo. "Let him speak to me, it be more than me can bear. Never was a soul more thirsty for the gospel than that of the Hindoo."

But, however bountifully they may, in this way, sow, they can have no reasonable ground to hope for a bountiful harvest. It is the method, in the case of the Hindoo, to plant the grain, and then to rest. Certain it is that a plentiful crop of grain will spring up and grow in a well-seeded, fertile field, so just it is that the blessing of God will rest upon that man who, by bountifully and in a generous spirit, gives his offerings to the poor Hindoo in the shas of his religion."

PITY THE HEATHEN.

What a large object is the missionary. In the season of persecution, in 1826, he was allowed to walk, for an hour each day, in the prison-yard, for air, under the restriction that he should not speak to any of the imprisoned negroes. A man, seventy years of age, one of eleven who formed the first church at Montego Bay, in the year 1824, called to him from the grating of his cell; but, remembering the ten years of imprisonment, he took it for granted that his sufferings continued for three days. On the fourth day, he determined, at all risks, to speak to this old disciple, and he proceeded to the cell; but he was not allowed to enter. He called to him from the grating, asking of his chains, and in an instant he came to the grating, and, with tears in his eyes, said, "Minister, what make me feel to see minister in trouble; me "hear he caus me if we wanner to suffer what God see fit; but when me see minister, I leave father and mother, and him country, to come to teach me, it be more than me can bear. Never mind, man; bear up, keep good heart, you know we Saviour suffer more than we suffer." He little expected such an interview; but, on the contrary, that the poor man would apply to him for a word of comfort; not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."

A CHILD TAUGHT IDIOMAT.

In a small room, apart from the crowd, I noticed what I took for a family at worship—there was, as I supposed, the grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, and just then they were all, with great interest, observing a little child, apparently not more than a year old, which the father was teaching to worship. He placed him on the stool, upon his knees, before an idol, and, holding him in his breast, as he knelt, he was causing him to perform a multitude of prostrations. Thus it is heathen children are early taught the ceremonies of a false religion.——Rev. A. W. Loomis, Ningpo.
MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1846.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

With this number the third volume of the Missionary Advocate closes. It has been our anxious desire to have this paper more extensively read, and we trust it has been so by many. The Advocate has been published since its commencement by a voluntary subscription of subscribers, who have, year after year, tendered offerings to sustain it in the discharge of its mission in the world, and have engaged in the work of translating and publishing the sacred Scriptures, and in serving the great cause of missions. The Advocate has been, in fact, the servant of missions, and the friend of the Gospel, and of all who labor in its cause. It has been a constant pointer to the proselyting efforts of the Church, and a constant resource in the hour of trial and adversity. It has been a constant companion to the missionary, and a constant comfort to the home church. It has been a constant monitor to the world, and a constant reminder of the duties of the Christian. It has been a constant witness for the truth, and a constant advocate for the cause of missions. It has been a constant comforter to the soul, and a constant solace to the heart. It has been a constant guide to the world, and a constant light to the people. It has been a constant comfort to the soul, and a constant solace to the heart. It has been a constant guide to the world, and a constant light to the people. It has been a constant comfort to the soul, and a constant solace to the heart. It has been a constant guide to the world, and a constant light to the people.
RECENT INTELLIGENCE FROM AFRICA.

By the ship Halleck, we have received Africa’s Luminary, No. for November, with several letters from brother Benham and others. From these we learn that brother Benham’s health is much improved, and that he has determined to go on a visit to the mainland. The other missionaries are as usual, except Mrs. Wilkins, who is said to be much prostrated. The Luminary is rich with revival intelligence. A beloved work of God has been going on for some time in several of the mission stations, and in this work the natives have largely participated. About forty of the Congo children, taken from the slave Fons, are among the subjects. We invite special attention to the letters published in this number, and in other numbers, in relation to this glorious work. These letters contain "good news from a far country."

DISPATCHES FROM CHINA.

Several letters have been received from brothers White and Collins, of different dates; but all previous to their sailing from Hong Kong to the place of their destination. We are happy to learn that the mission family were in the enjoyment of good health and spirits, and that the brethren were making encouraging progress in the acquisition of the Chinese language. Our next dispatches will probably be dated at Fuh Chau, where the mission is to be established.

COMMUNICATIONS.

GERMAN MISSIONS. RESULTS AND PROSPECTS.

The following communication to Rev. A. Miller has been put into our hands for publication. It breathes the right spirit, and is characteristic of the writer. We in- terpret it not as a mere profession of faith, but as a conviction that it will be read with interest by the patrons of the Missionary Advocate—

DEAR BROTHER,—The Instrumentalists employed by the Church, in our German work, have, with few exceptions, become men of exemplary attainments; but, so far as my knowledge extends, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. I have often been astonished to hear these men preach, and still more so in witnessing the effects produced upon their hearers. Hundreds and thousands, whose ears seemed almost hopeless, while under the preaching of their own ministers, have been awakened and powerfully converted under the preaching of these unselfish, self-denying missionaries. I do not believe that any sacrifice of this nature could have been made so much as the meaning of the impression, and did not use the talent which was given to me by the kind providence of the Lord, and I did not let it pass, but went on in my old state, until our revival, which soon afterward broke out, and I was again pointed to the Lamb of God, by both Mr. and Mrs. Banham. But I did not go to the mourners’ bench immediately—at last I went to pray and be prayed for. I went about, more than three days, with my head hung down; but, thanks to God, that during all that time I was more and more encouraged to pray.

On one evening I went to church, and during preaching I went into solemn prayer, and before preaching was through I got to happy that I did not know what to do; but still I could not believe. And O how wretched I felt! I felt that I had lost my comfort, my blessing by not believing on the Lord Jesus! But, however, I did not stop. Knowing that the Lord had the same power that he had before, I made a resolution that I would never again refuse to come to my preacher’s Redeemer’s table, pardoned of my sins; and so I entered into a secret prayer with God, that he might speak peace to my soul. And now I am able to say, “As far as the east is from the west, so far has the King of glory separated my sins from me.” Yes, he has placed my feet upon the Rock Christ Jesus. O how good is the Lord! I now see for myself that the Lord is no respecter of persons. “O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endured for ever.”

It was on the 31st of October, on Sunday, when the Lord spoke peace, sweet peace, to my soul. O what a happy day it was to poor Charles! On that day I was able to say, with the people of God, “As far as the east is from the west, so far has the Lord separated my sins from me.” On that day I was able to “speak to sinners round what a dear Saviour I had found.” O that I could now be with you at this moment, only to tell you how I felt on that memorable day, and how I feel even now! But here I must close by saying that the Lord is good. A very good time is still going on among us, and many souls are still being saved under the ministry of the Saviour who bought our pardon on the tree; and many are still asking the way to Christ.

Please give my best love to all the friends, and especially to your family. —

Your humble brother in Christ,

PETER SCHMUCKER.

Cincinnati, Nov. 21, 1847.

LETTER FROM CHARLES PITMAN.

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

Dear Sir—As I now have another opportunity of writing you, I will add a few lines to the enjoyment of good health and spirits, and that the Lord spoke peace, sweet peace, to my soul. O how good is the Lord! I now see for myself that the Lord is no respecter of persons. “O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endured for ever.”

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Please give my best love to all the friends, and especially to your family. —

Your humble brother in Christ,

PETER SCHMUCKER.
MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

CHEERING INTELLIGENCE FROM WESTERN AFRICA.

Rev. Brothers Benson,—I herewith forward you my third quarterly report:

1. The town of Heddington is growing, and is supposed to be as large as it was when the Methodist mission first commenced its operations here. But it now stands almost alone, save a few very small half towns. Most of the people who used to live in this region of country have gone off, for fear of the Congos, &c., and nearly all the present inhabitants of Heddington are strangers. Native Africans of some tribes, especially traders, do not continue long in one place, without they see encouragement in trade; nor are we blessed with any as yet; but we have taught the advantages arising from the cultivation of the soil more extensively. We have, however, reason to believe the folly of so much running amongst the Colons, &c., as usual, to last but a short time. The spirituality and heart work of religion are what seem to be understood; and the belief that God wills of him a honest living with a thorough education: as much as my time has been unusually occupied with anything but my letters; Ralph W. Allen, and "Sissa," a boy with no English name as yet, who will reach the second class; Allen and Wright are now part of the mission boys, Sisim, King Longman's son, from Long Pessah. These spell in two or three syllables.

Fourth class, of four boys, two from Mount Andrew, just come; three of the last, though living with us, are not boarded by the mission. For the smallest we want a name. (Name him Hiram Matison, if that will suit.)

During last quarter we built a house, with the assistance of the boys, as the upper part of the chapel was uncomfortable, and they could not hear these other cold nights: strange talk for Africa; but true; and the boys helped. This house is worth twenty dollars, cost the mission nothing. We have another house, a country sitting house, such as is in the valley kings about Mount Andrew, built upon pillars, and made, for the dry season. The upper part answering for a granary. These houses are called palaver or rice houses, the lower part constituting an African parlor. We wish to make the children as comfortable as possible; the house is finished, worth thirty dollars at least, costing nothing but our labor.

We are planting sugar-cane, have transplanted our seed arrowroot, which turned out well, and are thinking of planting coffee. Show them work to do, and the advantages arising from it, such as the culture of coffee, sugar-cane, and other things, and an end of the work is accomplished, especially where the missionary is giving the daily example, and making the children, whose hands he must teach to work, to unite in an honest and useful education: and Jonathan Pitman told me, as we were coming home, that a few praying persons being present, Lucy Ann Pitman, Belinda Stopford, were the first converts, and Sarah L. Seudder, also converted last year. Lucy Ann Pitman, Belinda Stopford, were the first converts, and Sarah L. Seudder, also converted last year.

2. The attendance at the chapel, though pretty good, and the work very attentive, and will come forward to be prayed for, and to pray, at the mourners' seat, the impressions seem, as usual, to last but a short time. The spirituality and heart work of religion are what seem so hard to be understood; and the belief that God wills of him an honest living with a thorough education: as much as my time has been unusually occupied with anything but my letters; Ralph W. Allen, and "Sissa," a boy with no English name as yet, who will reach the second class; Allen and Wright are now part of the mission boys, Sisim, King Longman's son, from Long Pessah. These spell in two or three syllables.

3. The school is progressing finely; the first class consists of four boys, who are reading, writing, and studying arithmetic. Those Ed. Bond, Jas. S. Tobin, John Jackson, and Abel A. Burton, compose this class. Bond is emphatically the foremost, though not the blest boy in Africa, is black enough to be named after any true believer or editor in the Union. Those and Joseph are the grandsons of King Gil-hassam of Mount Andrew. These boys left parents, friends, and country, and followed me to this place, over a hundred and twenty-five miles, to learn book and God-palaver; John Russell is a very boy, and Barton a Pessah.

The second class are reading, spelling, and study of arithmetical tables. This class is composed of nine—Leonidas L. Harkins is King Dobbek's son, from Mount Andrew. Ed. Ward Stout, an orphan, Peter Akers, both Goulahs from Mount Andrew; also Valentine Buck, William Reddy, John B. Benham, Samuel Dyer, and Jesse Gardner, are Goulahs from the slave Pons. They were with us at Mount Andrew. Boys not disgracing their names, industrious and obedient. Our interpreter, Jack Ware, is in this class.

The third class:—John A. Wright, named after the Corresponding Secretary of the Trinity Church Missionary Society, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who wrote to us while in Goulah, and to whom we had written twice, without hearing any tidings of our letters; Ralph W. Allen, and "Sissa," a boy with no English name as yet, who will reach the second class; Allen and Wright are now part of the mission boys, Sisim, King Longman's son, from Long Pessah. These spell in two or three syllables.

The great change manifested in some of the Congo boys in this neighborhood reminds me strongly of the power of the gospel, when received into the heart, to civilize, not Christianity the only thorough civilization?

One peculiarity of expression marks the experience of all these converted girls, and, as far as I know, the boys also: that is, they say, 'I gave my whole heart to Jesus;' some add, 'Every bit—every bit.'

Achass and Eliza Stopford were the first converted, and as I was listening to Eliza's earnest supplications, I was deeply interested with her repeating over and over again, 'Please, Jesus, I beg you, I give my whole heart to thee.' Mary Davis was among the converted, and said, after a few days had passed, 'I feel as if I had a sense of my own perverseness, I am so happy I know not what to do.'

She prayed hard, and felt as if the Lord answered her, and that she was a new creature, I would with pleasure, to write to you of this; for I think they both were converted last year. Lucy Ann Pitman, Belinda Stopford, were the first converts, and Sarah L. Seudder, also converted last year.

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Heddington, October 15, 1847.

Sincerely yours,
A. F. RUSSELL.

Extracts of a letter from Mrs. Wilkins to Mrs. Ben­ham, dated Millborough, Oct. 28, 1847.

My Dear Sister Benson,—I would with pleasure have answered your letter some days ago, but that my time has been unusually occupied, and besides I have not seen an opportunity for sending to you since receiving brother Benson's note of last Friday.

I have some facts to communicate which I doubt not will interest you. You will see I write with a trembling hand—trembling from present excitement; for just now, since I began to write, David and Jonathan Pitman, and W. Clark have been converted down stairs, and there was a great noise; when I heard the shout, I ran down to see what was the cause, sung a verse of praise for them, and ran back to write to you, as I must snatch every moment for this and other writing that I can. I am more than paid now, for all the years spent in Africa (it being more than ten), for I am in the conversion of all the Congo girls who are at home, except Martha Elizabeth. Several of the others, and both the boys: Joanna Curtis is doubtless clearly converted, and so is Lydia B. Lane, or, perhaps, rather renewed after a time far from the Lord; for I think they both were converted last year. Lucy Ann Pitman, Belinda Stopford, were the first converts, and Sarah L. Seudder, also converted last year. Lucy Ann Pitman, Belinda Stopford, were the first converts, and Sarah L. Seudder, also converted last year. Lucy Ann Pitman, Belinda Stopford, were the first converts, and Sarah L. Seudder, also converted last year. Lucy Ann Pitman, Belinda Stopford, were the first converts, and Sarah L. Seudder, also converted last year. Lucy Ann Pitman, Belinda Stopford, were the first converts, and Sarah L. Seudder, also converted last year. Lucy Ann Pitman, Belinda Stopford, were the first converts, and Sarah L. Seudder, also converted last year.
failed in almost every attempt. Our exercises are reading, spelling, repeating the ten commandments learned in the Wesleyan Catechism, and repeating the Lord's prayer. The people attend meetings pretty much as they did when I was last here.

There is some disturbance between the Boson tribe and the Goash: and it is quite likely it will result in war. The Goash people on this side of the river are becoming quite fearful. The king sends a number of men down to keep my boys still at night as possible, that, if there should be an outcry by the people, at their farms, on the other side of the river, they might understand the nature of the alarm, and that we, who are on this side, may prepare to make our escape from the enemy. These people will run before they will fight.

Yours respectfully,
J. W. Hazl.

Mr. Andrew, Oct. 13, 1847.

THE BASSA WOMAN WHO HAD HEARD OF THE JUDGMENT.

Mrs. Crocker, who spent several years as a missionary in the Bassa tribe, of West Africa, states that large groups of bright-eyed men would stop and listen to hear the words of eternal life; but seldom could there be seen a mother, sister, or daughter, among them. Early taught by their children, they would be wise, and have no interest in the words of the teacher; and, if led by curiosity to know what the white man had to say, they were sent away from their towns when it was known that the "God-man" was to tell them God's word. The chiefs feared that something might be said against their foolish superstitions which would destroy their power. A school for little girls, by great perseverance, was formed; but no female teacher had been able to labor constantly among the adults of her own sex.

Some time in the latter part of 1844, a poor Bassa woman looked wistfully into the mission school-room, where were assembled about twenty little girls of her own tribe. Earnestly looking at the teacheress, she clasped her hands repeatedly, saying, "Wait! Wait!" (an exclamation of sorrow.) The little girls evinced much interest, and eagerly inquired what the teacheress meant. Pointing to her book, she replied, "When I saw her, my heart would not lie down; though she catch me plentiful. Once I heard God-man Crocker talk about God." Why did this affect her so? she related her simple story—Once, when the young chiefs were gone from her town, and the God-man was preaching, she thought she would go and hear what he said. He told her of the day of judgment, and looked at her, saying she would die there; and he would know, and God would know that she had heard this word once, if she never heard it again. "And these things trouble me," said she, "for I know he has told God about it." Light had only begun to shine in her dark mind, leaving an impression of guilt and danger.

MOTHERS BURNED TO DEATH IN INDIA.

Dr. Scudder, in a letter to "The little readers of the Dayspring," says:—If you will look at the map of Asia, you will see that India, the country in which I am, is a great country. It is a land of idolatry, a land filled with iniquity and blood. If all the men, women, and children who have been offered up in it, as sacrifices to false gods, from time to time, could be brought to life, they would fill a country perhaps larger than New-England. Through God's mercy, the English government have put a stop to many of these idolatrous practices; but in many places they are still offered up. Even widows are yet burned to death in many places.

If you have a large map of India, I wish you to look at the following places: Meywar, Hotah, Marvar, Beckenan, Kishengur, Ulwar, and Boon-dee. Meywar occupies a space measuring 11,784 square miles; Hotah, 6500; Marvar, 54,122; Beckenan, 18,000; Kishengur, 720; Ulwar, 6250; Boondee, 2500. In all these places widows are burned to death, on the funeral pile, with the corpses of their husbands.

If you will look at your map of the United States, you will see that Maine occupies a space measuring 32,400 square miles; New-Hampshire, 25,950; Vermont, 12,700; Massachusetts, 8000; Connecticut, 4789; Rhode Island, 1251. Now I wish you to compare the number of square miles in the seven states of India, to which I have just alluded, with the number of square miles in the six of the United States which I have now mentioned; and if you find, as I think you will, that the former have more square miles in them than the latter, then you will learn that, in a larger portion of country than New-England, poor widows are now burned to death on the funeral pile. Every day, when you sit down to eat your food, in the happy land of America, some poor widow is burning upon the funeral pile, or must soon be burned there. And had you been born in Meywar, or the other places I have mentioned, perhaps some of you, my little girls, would be burning up the funeral pile, and just and justly burned to death; or some of you, my little boys, would be standing with fire in your hands to put to the funeral pile to burn up your mothers. But is it possible that you will burn up their mothers? Yes, for it is the business of sons, on such occasions, to do these horrid deeds; deeds at which you shudder now, but at which you would be made to do when you are burnt to death. Why do your little widows burn themselves with the corpses of their husbands? Because their sacred books declare that, if they will do so, they shall go to heaven; but if they do not, they shall suffer the same fates as your mothers. And have you been brought up in this way? Did your mothers burn themselves with the corpses of their husbands? Because their sacred books declare that, if they will do so, they shall go to heaven, and if they do not, they shall suffer the same fates as your mothers. And why do your little widows burn themselves with the corpses of their husbands? Because their sacred books declare that, if they will do so, they shall go to heaven, but if they do not, they shall suffer the same fates as your mothers.

A FAMILY IN GREENLAND.

One of the Moravian brethren, going very early one morning to let out sheep, heard uncommonly sweet singing in a tent, and, drawing near, found it was the head of the family performing his morning devotions with his people. Beckoning to the others to come, "We stood still," say the brethren in their diary, "and listened to this sweet melody with hearts exceedingly moved, and with eyes filled with tears, and thought these people were, no longer than two years ago, savage heathen, and now they sing to the Lamb that was slain, so charmingly that it strikes the inmost soul".

ROMISH CHURCH IN CUBA.

A learned German, who has resided thirty years in Cuba, thinks the pope would do well to change his ways. Indulgences are now only purchased by a few, and the demanding of tickets of those who had been to confession and mass has been stopped; but, as he says, "We are now on the point of being burned to the stake, as that is the form in which the pope wishes to be rid of his old age."