MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

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

VOLUME IV. NEW-YORK, MAY, 1848. NUMBER 2.

BURNING WIDOWS IN INDIA.

In explanation of the above cut we publish the following graphic description, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, of the honghoo custom, which still prevails in some parts of India, of burning widows on the funeral piles of their husbands. It is hoped the revolting scene therein depicted will excite in the breasts of both children and parents, a spirit of gratitude for the light of the gospel, and a spirit of active sympathy for the poor benighted heathen.

"I saw her pacing her appointed circuits around the pile. I saw her ascend the bed of death, and tied to the dead body of her husband. I saw her take her jewels from her neck, her ears, and the various members of her body, and distribute them as parting memorials to her friends. I saw her, whom she had nurtured and whom she had nursed, take the torch into his hand, and, in several places, kindle the flame that was to consume his mother. I saw the servants of iniquity cut the ropes to let the canopy of fagots fall upon her head, to crush her, and to prevent her escape; and as the flames ascended, and as the pile became one mass of fire, I heard the horrid yell and the shout of exultation from the surrounding multitude, to drown the shrieks of that victim in the plaudits of their joy.

O! I thought I was standing on the borders of the infernal lake. I wondered that the earth did not open her mouth to devour the perpetrators of this horrid murder."

REFLECTIONS ON THE GANGES.

When we have stood on the banks of the Ganges, surrounded by deities engaged in ablations, in order to cancel the guilt and wipe away the stains of transgressions; here assailed by the pangs of the sick and the dying, stretched on the wet banks beneath "a hot and copper sky," and there stunned by loud vociferations, in the name of worship, addressed to innumerable gods; on the one hand, the flames of many a funeral blaze risling in view, and, on the other, no sublime spectacle of human carcasses floating, unheeded and unknown, amid the dash of the oar and the merry songs of the boatmen; and when we felt our own solitude in the midst of the teeming throng, a cold sensation of horror has crept over the theology of the Reformers and the Puritans; and ere ever creed was his, to the domestic vineyard as well as the foreign field.—

FOOTNOTES.

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CONVERSION OF DR. CHALMERS.

Though a minister, he was ignorant of essential Christianity. There was in nature much that quickened step and gave him courage. Through the soul, and the heart has well nigh sunk and failed, through the overbearing impressiveness of faith. "Gracious God," have we exclaimed, "how marvelous is the extent of thy long-suffering and forbearance! What earthly monarch could, for a single hour, endure the thousand thousandth part of the indignities that are here daily offered to thy throne and majesty, O thou King of kings!" And yet, thou it has been for ages. Lord, how long wilt thou continue to be? For ever. Not; the character of the widow was that of worship, addressed to innumerable gods; on the one hand, the flames of many a funeral blaze risling in view, and, on the other, no sublime spectacle of human carcasses floating, unheeded and unknown, amid the dash of the oar and the merry songs of the boatmen; and when we felt our own solitude in the midst of the teeming throng, a cold sensation of horror has crept through the soul, and the heart has well nigh sunk and failed, through the overbearing impressiveness of faith. "Gracious God," have we exclaimed, "how marvelous is the extent of thy long-suffering and forbearance! What earthly monarch could, for a single hour, endure the thousand thousandth part of the indignities that are here daily offered to thy throne and majesty, O thou King of kings!" And yet, thou it has been for ages. Lord, how long wilt thou continue to be? For ever. Not; the character of the widow was that of worship, addressed to innumerable gods; on the one hand, the flames of many a funeral blaze risling in view, and, on the other, no sublime spectacle of human carcasses floating, unheeded and unknown, amid the dash of the oar and the merry songs of the boatmen; and when we felt our own solitude in the midst of the teeming throng, a cold sensation of horror has crept through the soul, and the heart has well nigh sunk and failed, through the overbearing impressiveness of faith. "Gracious God," have we exclaimed, "how marvelous is the extent of thy long-suffering and forbearance! What earthly monarch could, for a single hour, endure the thousand thousandth part of the indignities that are here daily offered to thy throne and majesty, O thou King of kings!" And yet, thou it has been for ages. Lord, how long wilt thou continue to be? For ever. Not;
These poor heathen were very unwilling to have only representations, the poor fellow, as soon as he got and form a mission among the natives living there. Doctors who passed by told him he would never do it; but his mind was kept in perfect peace. One day, however, as he sat at his frugal tea, it often went out by the morning; it would have preserved him. The following circumstance is still more remarkable, and illustrates, in a singular manner, the care of God over his servants. Being one who lived with me, and he can tell you that I was often in no small danger from wild beasts and was often annoyed that she retired from the throng, went careless mother, with her infant son in her arms. The following anecdote, illustrative of this fact, was recently related at a public missionary meeting:—

The people of India, who are still without the gospel, think very little of human life; but, when brought to a knowledge of the truth, all the sensibilities of their nature are at once awakened. The following anecdote, illustrative of this fact, was recently related at a public missionary meeting:—

A little time ago, an English traveler, who had found his way to the city of Shiraz, received an invitation to sup with a Persian party. He went, found his way to the city of Shiraz, received an invitation to sup with a Persian party. He went, and interrupted her pleasure; when she was so annoyed that she retired from the throng, went out into the street, and attempted to get back across her knee, threw it in the bush, and returned to the heathen festival to enjoy it without further interruption. A short time afterward the gospel was brought to this dark part of the earth. A few of the natives received it in meekness and in love. A Christian school was established; and, after a time, an interesting anniversary was held, when the school children sang most sweetly, and went through their various exercises in the catechisms and in the Scriptures, to the great delight of their parents and teachers. Among the spectators at this anniversary the cruel heathen mother, mentioned above, was present; and, in the course of the exercises, she burst into tears, with loud lamentations. When the missionary came to her to ask what was the matter, she explained, with misery depicted in her face, "O my child! my child! I had no one to help me with my own little hands. Why did you not come sooner? If you had brought the gospel sooner, my child might have been alive, and standing with the school children to-day; but you came too late. O my child! my child!"

We have here an important lesson. What we intend to do for the heathen must be done at once, or it may be far too late. —Rev. W. Masters.
A NOVÆWEGIAN MISSIONARY.

A little more than three years ago, a tall, interesting Norwegian called upon me at Gravesend, and anxiously sought an introduction to our Mission-House, or to any one who by information could guide and send him on his way to the mission field. I found that six years before this, while a student of theology in Norway, he felt a deep impression that he ought to become a missionary to that country. This was the more remarkable, as he, as far as I know, no missionary had gone forth from Norway; no missionary publication in that language was circulated in that land; no missionary association existed in the country at that time. It appeared to him, said simply:—

"It is my duty, in preaching the gospel, to go to those who need me most; and, assuredly, I am most needed here, where the foot of a messenger of Christ has never trod."

He mentioned his desire to friends in whom he had confided, and which they passed on to others; they decided his notion as mere fanaticism. The more he was opposed, however, the more did his sense of duty increase; and, persevering labor, year after year, he had succeeded in getting a few Christians at Stavanger to consider themselves as the first missionary society in Norway, and himself as their first missionary.

When the Rev. Mr. Schröder called on me, he was in company with a priest from his way to Africa, intending to take up his residence among the Zoolu Kaffirs in some part of that country where no other missionary was ever landed. He had sailed in the same vessel with the Rev. Barnaba Shaw and others. —Rev. George Scott.

PILGRIMS IN INDIA.

About a month ago there were three hundred pilgrims passing through Goobbee. They had come from a place about a hundred miles beyond this, and were traveling on foot to Tripaṭṭor, a distance of four hundred miles from their native town. They halted at Goobbee about four o'clock in the afternoon. Our attention was first aroused by the piercing wind, by their sides, crying most pitifully, "O! we will put one where it tells about Jesus Christ being crucified for wicked men; and another where he says, to allergo little children;" while others were crying: —"I have money enough, and will buy one, and send it to them not to kill their little children." When I dwelt upon this subject for several months, the Bible was purchased; the boy then proceeded to pack it in paper and put a queen's head upon it, that it might go by post to India; and great was his disappointment when told that manner of conveyance would not serve. Fortunately, when in this dilemma, and quite unhappy about the difficulty of safely sending his gift to India, Mr. Pigott, commander of the ship "Lord Hungerford," and the story being told, he was comforted by the promise of its being carried out direct and speedly to Calcutta for him. The boy said to his sister: —"Let me open it, and look at it again; and we will put marks in to show where the poor Indians are to read." He was surprised what he found there. —"O! we will put one where it tells about Jesus Christ being crucified for wicked men; and another where he says, to allergo little children;"

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CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

What a different world would this be could the spirit of Christian brotherhood pervade the hearts of all its inhabitants! We have; oppression, and injustice, cease, and every man look upon his fellow-man as a friend, the larger portion of the sorrows of humanity would disappear for ever. And none are doing wrong in the midst of the advent of this happy day, than those who are aiding, by their personal example, influence, and means, to extend throughout the whole world the religion of Jesus Christ. —Rev. John S. C. Abbott.

A CHILD'S OFFERING.

In the year 1844 a Bible was sent to India, under the circumstances detailed in the following statement:

It was told to a thoughtful boy, a boy not four years old, that in part of India the pagans had destroyed their infants; and that some instances were known of the same mother killing as many as seven or even nine in succession. The boy asked why they were so wicked; and was answered, that they did not know how wicked it was to do so, as they had never heard about God and Jesus Christ, as he had done in happy England. "Then," said he, "I will tell my mother; and she will teach them. I have money enough, and will buy one, and send it to them not to kill their little children."
PRINCIPLE, SYSTEM, AND PERSEVERANCE.

Next to the divine sanction nothing is more important to the success of any moral or Christian enterprise than these three elements. By principle, in this connection, we mean a thorough and well-established persuasion of the excellency of the cause opposed; by system, a combination of the means and method in action; and by perseverance, steadiness in pursuit, and constancy in progress. Without the first, little reliance can be placed upon professions of piety, which will be full of confusion and dereliction: and without the last, the noblest object must fail for want of a steady and faithful prosecution. These three elements of success should never be separated. They are essential ingredients in every scheme for the mitigation of human condition. This is true in application to all the benevolent institutions of the age.

The missionary cause, for instance, has many zealous friends; but how few, comparatively, are steady and firm supporters! Some, like the "pure judge," do out their feeble pinion to ease themselves from a weight of trouble, and contribute only as they are strongly excited; while a few have embarked in the cause from a firm conviction of its divine character, and a full persuasion of its holy obligations, and imperative claims. These are its only reliable friends.

Now what is wanting to give efficiency and success to our missionary efforts is, that the spirit possessed by a few individuals, should permeate into the Church. Until this is the case, at least to a much greater extent than at present, the directors and managers of this great interest must necessarily be liable to fail in great and serious mistakes. While the receipts of one year are consumed, and seems to be insufficient to meet the demand, an enlargement of the mission field, and those of the next as imperatively call for reduction, how are the appropriations to be wisely and safely made?

When it is known that large sums in the treasury, much dissatisfaction is expressed that the money is lying idle: and when it is embarrassed by dearth, there are doleful murmurings of mismanagement. Now in reference to all such complaints, we have only to say, that when the annual contributions of the church shall become more systematic and regular, the General Missionary Committee will govern their action accordingly. Our expenditures must be regulated by our receipts. No longer is there so much variable in our annual contributions; the policy of the Board must also vary: with the result that day may be hailed by the conductors of this enterprise, when the whole of our missionary machinery shall be characterized by solid principle, and a freer and steadier movement.

In view of the large balance in the treasury at that time, the General Missionary Committee and the Board, in their joint meeting, held in May last, made a much larger appropriation than usual both for the foreign and domestic work—exceeding the whole amount of our annual receipts. A new foreign mission was established in China, and the appropriations to the several annual conferences were generally increased. The result is, that our surplus, which was but a small fraction of what we might have hoped for, should there be any falling off in the receipts of the current year—which is strongly indicated—the dreaded notes of retardation will again be sounded. And should that course become necessary, the effects must be most severely felt in our domestic department. The thought of calling home any of our foreign missionaries cannot be indulged for a moment.

But really there is no necessity for retrenchment at all. Nothing but the criminal delinquency of the church can create such a necessity. A little rising sixteen cents a member will give an annual aggregate sufficient to sustain all the missions now under our care; and twenty cents a member would furnish us with a surplus sum of twenty thousand dollars for enlargement. And who will say this is an unreasonable demand? A less sum, contributed for missions, would not allow us honestly to claim the character of a missionary church. Let all the present fix their standard at nothing less than twenty cents a member for this cause. Let us, then, come to conferences with a less average amount. Let the principle be settled once—this sum is necessary, the cause requires it, and God demands it at our hands. Let us set out and in the spirit of unaltering perseverance, and our efforts will be crowned with glorious success.

COMMUNICATIONS.

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM REV. M. WHITE.

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

We arrived at Macao, August 4, and, without landing, proceeded, on the 6th, to Canton, where we arrived on the 7th. We remained on board ship over the Sabbath, and on Monday visited the missionaries at Canton, where we were most kindly entertained. On the 12th we started for Hong Kong in a passenger boat, where we arrived on the 14th. While going down the Canton road to the forest trees, we remained at Hong Kong one week, and were kindly entertained by the missionaries at that place. We left Hong Kong August 21st, and arrived at Amoy the 26th, where we remained for a week, and then proceeded for this place, and arrived at the mouth of the Min the 4th; but we could not get up the river till the evening of the 5th. The next day of the 6th, we broke up, and took up our residence in a house just engaged by the American Board; Rev. Mr. Peet and family, for

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THE HISTORY OF A LITTLE INDIAN GIRL.

Elizabeth, an account of whose life and death I am going to give you, was named Sugah-she-maqua, (which means, "the rising sun") and lived at the River Credit Mission, near Toronto, in Upper Canada. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Jones, and her father, Mr. John Jones, is brother to the Rev. Peter Jones, well known as a native missionary. From earliest childhood, Elizabeth showed a mild temper; and, as she grew older, this amiability, blended with a generous disposition, capable of the strongest affection, procured for her the love of all around.

She took great delight in learning to read, and in hearing the Bible stories. She loved to retire by herself to pray to God, for Christ's sake, to forgive her for doing wrong during the day, she burst into tears when going to bed at night; and, being asked why she cried, she said, "I am really afraid God will send me to hell; I have been so wicked." She was told that if she were sorry in her heart, and prayed to God, for Christ's sake, to forgive her, she would; when she immediately knelt at the table, and sobbed out these words: "Please, God, forgive me, and make me a good child." On referring to what had occurred the next day, she said, "I did mean what I said, and I really forgave myself. I felt so happy." Who would not be happy too, who felt the assurance that God had forgiven her? Does not every dear child, whose eye rests on this page, wish for the happiness which little Elizabeth enjoyed, resulting from the assurance that Jesus loved her, and had forgiven her sins?

The circumstances attending her death were peculiarly affecting. No painful or lingering disease carried her to the grave; but in a moment the thread of life was snapped asunder, and she was with God.

One morning in November, (which in Canada is a very fine and pleasant month,) she sallied forth with a joyous countenance, and four others followed, carrying evergreens, that they might pierce the dead silence of the woods, and take up its notes of retrenchment, and thus slipped through the hole.

The wild flowers—she loved will bloom, Shaded by forest trees, Watered with fondest tears; And Hope's bright star appears.”

PERSEVERANCE.

My dear reader, what a lesson is this for you! Elizabeth's parents declared that she was going to be with God, and that comforted them; but could we have that assurance about you, were you to die as suddenly? O seek to bear the faith as she did, to pray and read the Bible as she did; try to be obedient and kind to all, and love the Saviour; then every one will love you, and Jesus will love you, and you will be very happy. Let any one live or die.—Missionary Repository.

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DIE CORMEXIN'S HISTORY OF THE POPES.

We have received from the publisher, T. B. Peterson, of Baltimore, the "History of the Catholic Church, from the earliest period to the present time." The writer is a French Catholic, who appears to have discharged his duty to an historian faithfully, and without any manifestation of prejudice which would magnify the virtues, and conceal the vices, of the men, who, at various times, have occupied the papal chair. The writer's style is easy and attractive, and he has been careful to conduct the work to our readers as well worthy of a perusal.

The book will be published in ten weekly numbers, at twenty-cents each. It may be had in New-York of W. H. Graham, Tabernacle Buildings, who is agent for the publisher.

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whom the house was procured, concluding to live with Rev. Mr. Johnson till we could procure another. It was
in securing the house brother Poet was obliged to pay six
months' rent in advance, besides three hundred and
fifty dollars for the repairs and improvements which had
been made. We were only the rent which he is charged,
except that we have built a new flight of stairs, the
cost of which we have entered to the account of house-
rent. Brother Collins lives with me, occupying part of
the premises, for which I have paid the rent, which he
sooner mentioned. After spending much time in looking
at a large number of houses offered for sale or to let, we
have engaged a house near the one we now occupy, and it
is to be fitted up in a style somewhat like the one taken
by the American Board. The house is located on the
Island of Tung Chau, on the great thoroughfare leading
across the river and island by the famous stone bridge.
The house is about twelve feet long, forty, two
wide between the walls, at the entrance, and about
twenty-two wide at the water's edge. Next to the water
the pier is built of granite, about ten or twelve feet
thick. The house, when completed, will be a very com-
venience is to be expected from floods. The advantages
which our location affords, being within sixty feet of the
great thoroughfare, and in the most favorable situation
for communication and communication, are supposed to
counterbalance its disadvantages.
Our location on the river affords great security against
trees, which have recently made great havoc on both
sides of the river at a little distance from it. We hire
this place at twelve thousand copper cash per month,
which is equal to about nine dollars and nine cents.
We would pay six months' rent in advance, on entering
the premises, and remit in advance afterward. We have
the right of perpetual rent, and of transmitting it
successors, under the same conditions. We have
made a contract for building the second story, with a
flat roof, covered with red brick, about fourteen inches
square and one half thick. These are to be laid in
cement, on a footing of plaster, two and a half inches
thick. The house, when completed, will be a very com-
fortable residence. We have agreed to pay three hun-
dred dollars, besides the monthly rent. The repairs will
probably be completed by the first of January, 1846.

The rent is to commence when the repairs are
made. We have engaged the stone work and the pro-
jects, which must originally have cost a large sum; but
we wood work we find in a very diseased condition.
Finding that any house we could procure would need an
outlay of one or two hundred dollars for repairs, we
thought it best to procure a house in the most healthy
location, and then make such improvements as were re-
quired. It might have been better, in the course of
years, to have rented a vacant lot, menaced in the mid-
way of this place which I sent home last month; but it
would have required a greater outlay than our present resources
would warrant, and, for other reasons, we did not like
to attempt it. Therefore we thought it well to procure
what we have mentioned. The house we hire is owned by a
very wealthy man. We have contracted with his agent,
from whom we hire the house, to make the necessary
regulations for us, so that we can determine our
way, with little interruption, to our appropriate work.

The population on the south side of the river number
many thousands within a few minutes' walk of our resi-
dence. The river is divided by large islands, and it is
such a vast amount of people that we supposed, for
some time after our arrival, that their numbers were
much greater than within the walls. Foreigners are allowed to enter the country by a ferry, which they can
go and return the same day. Within this range there
appear, by looking from the top of an adjacent
mountain, to be five hundred villages, containing an
average population of one thousand or more.

The city of Fush Chau, surrounded by the wall, lies
two miles or more from the river, and contains a vast
population, which in the open air would doubtless be interesting to our readers. Brother Benjamin has been in Africa about two years, during
which time he has been almost constantly afflicted, and
the want of the conscientious service of Brother
Johnson upon the 28th of December—eight days earlier than it
was formerly appointed—to accommodate our brethren
at the headway, who may be enabled to come up to
the Packet without much loss of time, and ourselves
also, as we have concluded to return by this opportunity
to the United States. I am, therefore, very busily em-
ployed in writing to the members of the conference relat-
ing to the change, &c. I think, with the blessing of
Providence, we shall be enabled to arrange everything
justly and satisfactorily, before we leave.

Nov. 25. Commodore Boulton, of the United States
Squadron of War—"Jamestown," called on us, and spent
nearly an hour very agreeably to ourselves. He left
the United States on the 10th of September. He expres-
sed his intention of attending church with us, if practi-
able. This is very commendable in an officer of his rank.

Nov. 26. Quite unwell; but, hoping a trip to the
Bev. Mr. Johnson till we could procure another house.
Leaving Chau, his illness of sufficient moment to occasion the discon-
tinue of his labors in the school, or to acquire addi-
tional assistance. About five o'clock in the afternoon
he was visiting at the house of a friend—at about ten
the same evening, he died. He fell suddenly from hi
chair to the floor. This is the second principal who
has died suddenly since my connection with the mission.
31st conclusion now is, as we have no competent per-
son in the mission, not otherwise engaged, and as I soon
expect to return to the United States, to close the school,
and by the subject before the Board of Managers, as
home, for their consideration.

Sunday, Nov. 28. Upon me devolved the duty of
presiding upon the occasion of the sudden decease of
brother Gripton. I was assisted by his friend and neigh-
boring, Rev. A. D. Williams. The congregations in
our favor, and the custom of every morning. The Packet
has again manifested in forwarding a very general assort-
mant of late news. The Packet has our supplies expect-

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the Packet without much loss of time, and ourselves
also, as we have concluded to return by this opportunity
to the United States. I am, therefore, very busily em-
ployed in writing to the members of the conference relat-
ing to the change, &c. I think, with the blessing of
Providence, we shall be enabled to arrange everything
justly and satisfactorily, before we leave.

Nov. 31. Commodore Boulton, of the United States
Squadron of War—"Jamestown," called on us, and spent
nearly an hour very agreeably to ourselves. He left
the United States on the 10th of September. He expres-
sed his intention of attending church with us, if practi-
able. This is very commendable in an officer of his rank.

Nov. 26. Quite unwell; but, hoping a trip to the
thing better. I remained in disposing of our supplies, which
came to us annually. Their arrival five months later
than they were expected involved no inconsiderable
damage and loss.
Dec. 1. Quitted Baltimore, but able to sit up most of
the day. I engaged in some business.
I now begin to devote the practicability of attending
my approaching quarterly meetings.
As the season is now changing from the rainy to the
dry season, we have endured usual hot and close storms,
without not some solicitude for Mrs. B., who was over
in the sick during the night, though somewhat better when I left.
left the place of my destination in safety; and thus
the journey
The families of brothers Roberts and sister Wilkins,
were well or improving, except sister Wilkins herself,
who is evidently very much debilitated. Through
the kindness of certain officers return to Ameri­
rica, for her health. She has been advised to do so; but,
declined, trusting both soul and body in the Lord's
hands.
Dec. 3. Most of the day I have been quite sick; I
have been able, however, to do a little business in for­
sanding the academy, which we hope will be ready for
occupancy within a month.
Dec. 4. Something better; but, by the advice of bro­
thers Roberts, who kindly consented to go as substi­
tute for me, fathered at White Plains. It is quite this is a
disappointment—it being the last serial of quarterly meetings for the year, and the last time
I expected to visit that station.
Dec. 5. A day of suffering: most of the time my pulse
was up to one hundred and twenty, attended, as usual,
with violent pain in my head and loins. An old lady
who called manifested some sympathy for me, kindly
instructing me that I was improved by the journey.

Dec. 6. Two years ago to-day we arrived in this place.
What changes have since occurred! What sufferings
we have endured! But out of them all the Lord has
delivered us.
My health is slowly improving; but Mrs. B. is not as
well, though her symptoms are not particularly unfavor­
able.
Dec. 10. Mrs. B. is evidently improving in health; but
she is very weak—the result of her late severe attack.
Thanks be to God for this, though we enjoy little health
in this climate. The famine of affections through which
we have passed, Jarret's residence in Liberia, I hope
has purifed us from some dross.
Sunday, Dec. 12. Both Mrs. B. and myself are much
better. I have been able to sit up most of the
day. We have left off our visit for the present.
Mor­
tork, who is in the army from Gold Coast. His sen­sions
peets there are not very encouraging. There is a pre­
babili of an attack upon Mount Andrew soon by a
beetle tribe. Little or no precipitation, however, has
been made for defense. When the king was asked why
he did not barricade the town, he replied, "I do not

Dec. 14. Spent part of the day in the printing office, do­
ing some necessary business.
We have had two proofs taken of the Luminary, as a
mater of necessity. When our compositor make but
one blunder to four corrections, we are encouraged.
To give a specimen: in the proof it read, in one paragraph,"the king is a head" and we wished it to read,“head,”
but, by not understanding our pencilling, "the a"was omitted, which made it read,"the king is head"—very
appropriate, but made no
sense of the sentence in which it was placed.
Well, this probably closes my editorial career. I know
just enough of the business of the fraternity to sympa­
thize with them. They are a useful, but an afflicted
class.
Dec. 16. The governor having been informed that
some hundred slaves were collected on the coast, about
twelve miles to the leeward of Monrovia, ready to be
shipped on board a suspicious-looking vessel, which
had been cruising about in sight for a day or two, dispatched
about forty men to receive the captives from the pale-faced
slavers who were just ready to receive their prey. They
were cut off near the island and parted, when about a
shore, and were just about to recover from the fright, to use his gun, or to take the
dimensions of his snakishness, before he was far out of
ight.
Sunday, Dec. 19. A day of great interest at Caldwell.
We had the opportunity to meet with several preachers and prize preachers.
After endeavoring to plead in the morning, brother Rob­
tarized baptism—fearful, thirty-three of whom were
Greeley—twenty-four by immersion. Some very
valuable candidates were also among those con­
dates after immersion, which I was sorry to see encouraged by a few of the brethren; such as shouting, jumping,
struggling in the water, and rolling in the mud. An
some sort of wild enthusiasm went on to the effect that
this wild enthusiasm by captivating the candidates, before they went into the water.
Brother Simpson preached in the afternoon, immo­
tantly, which was calculated to move the heart of the
large number of communicants, some of whom were
overwhelmed by a sense of the love of God in the gift
of his Son. I was too much exhausted to go out in the
evening to brother Birch's. He rather desired that they enjoyed that a good meeting, which continued
until near midnight.
Dec. 20. Returned to Monrovia without any na­
tive girl, Charlotte, who were considerably on our arrival
at the mission-house, on finding herself alone. We were
very grateful to observe this, insomuch as it gave
some evidence of affection and fine feeling. We now con­
cluded the meeting with brother Matthew, who in charge of the
mission premises, and shall continue to so until we
leave for America.
To be continued.

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

To be continued.
MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

FRAY FOR US.

When you hear of poor heathens in distant lands, you think, I dare say, it is a long way off, and because it is so far, you hardly realize the sad truth that multitudes are daily bowing down to Wooden Statues.

And then you think, perhaps, the time of their day and night is so different from ours, that you cannot in your mind associate them with yourselves, even in thought.

But now suppose you cast your eye down a map of the world, and trace the first line of longitude, the meridian of Greenwich—you shall see how close the heathen continent of Africa lies to the countries we live in. You can think, when you rise in the morning, and when you lie down, it is true, but perhaps, before morning, and after nightfall, you are to think of the heathen who live on that line, as near to you as the heathen who live in Africa. You can think, when you rise in the morning, and when you lie down, it is true, but perhaps, before morning, and after nightfall, you are to think of the heathen who live on that line, as near to you as the heathen who live in Africa.

THE LEATHERED LEAF.

The following circumstances are related in the interesting account of Charlotte Green, a poor little Armenian girl, who was received into the Calcutta Orphan School, in a state of the utmost destitution and ignorance.

At the time of her admission into the school, she knew nothing, not even the alphabet; she had never heard of the Bible, nor had a Saviour's name ever reached her ears; heaven and hell, sin and salvation, were unknown sounds to her. It pleased the Lord to open her heart and mind to the truths of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that there were societies in England, Germany, and France, for sending missionaries to these poor heathen. The little girl wished to go portable, and would be seen retiring to some corner, taking out her leather-bound Bible, and when she had read a little, she would place it back, and return to her pillow by night. During play hours, she would take it out and read it; and when it was time for tea, she would place it on her lap, and read it again.

Let our little readers learn these beautiful lines.

WILL WHO HELP TO CONVERT THE HEATHEN?

In the burning countries of Africa, a missionary had formed a school of little negro children: they had caused him much joy; for they loved the Saviour.

One day he told them that there were a great many idolators in the world, who knew nothing of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that there were societies in England, Germany, and France, for sending missionaries to these poor heathen. The little Negroes said immediately, "And cannot we do something for missions; but think for your own souls. If any of you are like her, then, when you kneel down in the morning, think of African children, and ask God to send more missionaries; and then see if you cannot spare something to put in the missionary box.—London Children's Miss. Mag.

A HINDOO CHILD CONSECRATED TO AN IDOL.

A missionary was once standing near the temple of a very celebrated and cruel idol—a man, a dark man, a father, approached the shrine of the goddess—the Goddess of Cruelty. He led by the hand an interesting little boy, his son, probably his first-born, and may be his only son. The little fellow was very much alarmed, for there was a great crowd of worshipers, and the musicians were beating their shrill drums and sounding their horrid trumpets, and crying aloud, in honor of the goddess, and they were bowing fractionally before the altar—the blood of goats and other animals was flowing (near him) which had just been sacrificed to the goddess. Amidst all this confusion, the little fellow was afraid, and he clung fast to his father, now looking round at the people, and they at the Goddess, and he up like a father, as much as to say, "O, father, save me from these cruel people!" But no; his father had brought him to consecrate him to the service of the goddess, and to do this, he put into the poor boy's hand a piece of silver; this the boy handed to the priest, and then the father handed to the priest two sharp-pointed pieces of iron, which the priest sprinkled with the sacred water of the River Gan­

LETTER FROM A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL TO HER BENEFACTRESS.

My Dear Miss M. G.,—I have received your letter, and the things which thou hast sent to me from Miss G. I am very thankful to you for your great kindness to me; take this little present which I give to you, one bag, that kind which Chinese say, I think you like to see it. Yes, truth what you say, God has brought me to the school, and to know there is one God. I am very glad to see; I giveth to you, one bag, that kind which Chinese say, I think you like to see it. Yes, truth what you say, God has brought me to the school, and to know there is one God. I am very glad to see; I giveth to you, one bag, that kind which Chinese say, I think you like to see it. Yes, truth what you say, God has brought me to the school, and to know there is one God. I am very glad to see; I giveth to you, one bag, that kind which Chinese say, I think you like to see it. Yes, truth what you say, God has brought me to the school, and to know there is one God. 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On—on—on—slowly—very slowly; but the land gradually becomes more distinct; the purple hue of the sky is strengthened, and the highest point rises the taper spit of a pagoda, and the pagoda turns my back upon loved scenes and loved faces, no new power. I do not expect to scatter the few flowers I may have gathered through the pleasant sights and smells in which others are interested from famine, disease, and exposure. 

DREADFUL MORTALITY.

"Out of one hundred thousand emigrants who arrived at Quebec last year," says the Montreal Herald, "two thousand and four hundred perished from famine, disease, and exposure."