

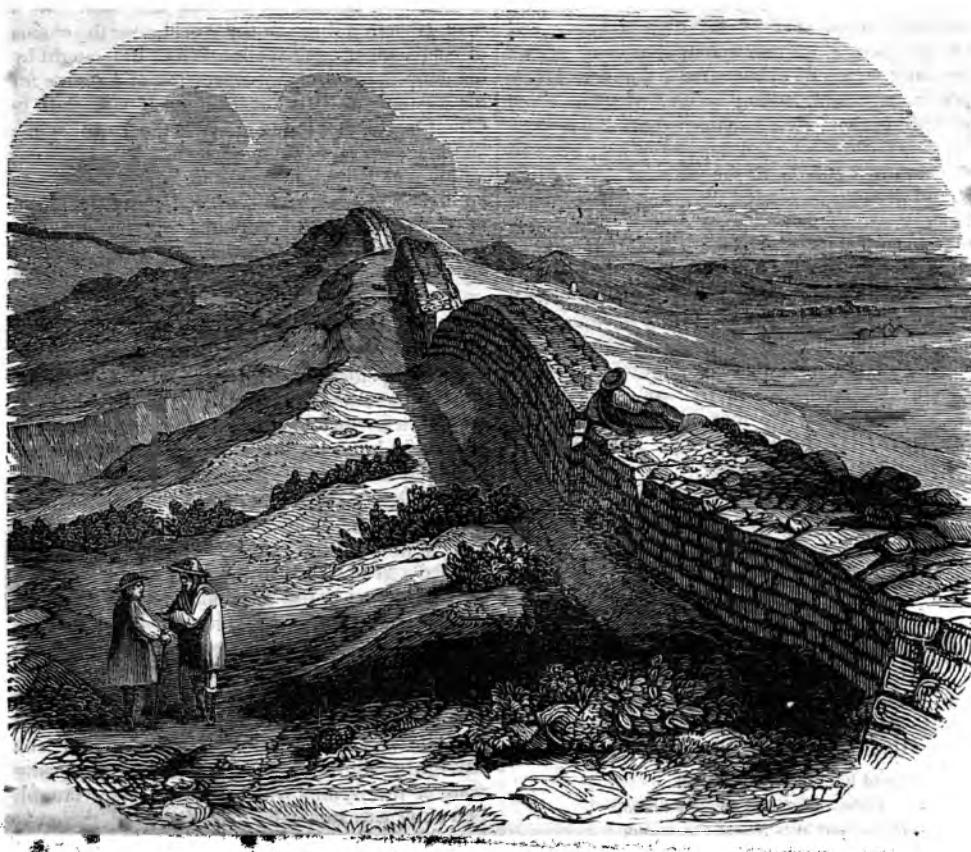
MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

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

VOLUME IV.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST, 1848.

NUMBER 5.



CHINESE WALL.

This is one of the most wonderful remains of antiquity in the Chinese empire. It passes all along the northern frontiers of China, over mountains and valleys, for the length of twelve or fifteen hundred miles. It is principally built of brick and mortar; and so firmly cemented, that although it has been erected more than two thousand years, it is very little decayed. It is about five-and-twenty feet high, and broad enough for five or six horsemen to travel abreast. At different stations there are towers erected, and some few gates.

This was built to prevent an invasion of China by the Tartars. No bulwarks, however, can defend a people who depend on them rather than on their own courage, military skill, and patriotism. Accordingly we find Jenghis Khan, and after him Tamerlane, made dreadful irruptions into the country, and carried away an immense booty; though they were unable to subdue the empire, or to keep possession of what they had overrun.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, during the reign of a weak prince, a bold rebel slew Tamerlane, and seized on the throne: but a principal commander of the Chinese army, not choosing to submit to him, called in help from the prince of the Mantchew Tartars, who slew the rebel, and placed himself on the vacant throne. A Tartar prince and family, descended from him, are still in possession of the government: so that this famous wall has become of no use, but is merely an object of curiosity.

VISIT TO A GREAT HEATHEN FESTIVAL.

The following narrative of Mr. Fox's visit to the great annual festival at Mangalagherry, at which place he arrived on the 27th of February, 1847, is taken from his journal:-

Mangalagherry probably contains 3000 or 4000 people. There is a large temple, with a handsome gopuram, (tower over the gateway,) about 120 or 150 feet high; and just beyond it rises the hill, to the height of six or seven hundred feet.

Half way up this hill is small pagoda, where the most sacred idol is kept. It is a stone one, about two feet high, called Narasingha, and represents an uncouth incarnation of Vishnou, half man, half lion. There are several miracles connected with it. One is, that whatever quantity may be poured into the idol's mouth—even if it be a hundred gallons—the idol, small as it is, holds it all.

The manifest refutation of this is, that from all the crevices of the rock around the temple the sugared water trickles down in large quantities; but the stupid people are persuaded that this arises only from the spilling at the time of pouring it into its mouth. Another is, that if a number of vessels full of this liquid be left in the temple during the night, next morning they will be found half emptied; the idol never taking more than half. I told those who reported this miracle to me the story of Bel in the Apocrypha; which greatly amused them, being so closely to the point.

The festival consisted in nothing more than certain nightly processions. On the night of the 28th, the Lord's day, an indecent representation of one of the scenes of Krishna's life took place in the public street, by means of figures about two feet high. The next night was the marriage:

this consisted of a procession of an image of the god, so wrapped up in swaddling clothes that I could make out nothing of its shape, seated upon the folds of an enormous cobra de capello, and overshadowed by its outspread hood. Along with the image—and, like it, borne aloft on men's shoulders—was a small shrine, containing two brass idols, which represented the two wives of the god. The procession moved slowly about the town, pausing every now and then, while music was played before the idols, rockets were let off, guns fired, and a firework or two burned. The great night was Tuesday; but nothing else took place beyond the dragging about a great car, in which was seated a little idol.

The crowd was enormous: on Sunday the town was crammed; but on Monday all the ground round about was also covered with people, and on Tuesday it was still more closely and widely crowded. The poor people came from all directions; many of them twenty or forty miles, and some even more. Of course there was no room in the town for them, so they just lived day and night on the open plain. Each night, about seven or eight o'clock, I saw numerous groups of women and children, worn out with the excitement and heat of the day, lying all round about the temple asleep: the men were still moving about. All the main street and neighborhood were crowded with booths, where ornaments, toys, food, or sweetmeats, were to be sold: indeed, in many respects, allowing for the difference of customs, it was like a great English fair, without its riot or drunkenness; but, instead of that, defiled with idolatry. In the place of mountebanks and wild-beast shows, were a number of people whom I might call fire-dancers. A man, three-fourths naked, would take two thick torches, made of cotton rags, with oil on them, and, having lighted them, he would dash them one against the other, until he was enveloped in the cloud of sparks which flew from them. All this while, dancing about violently, he would vary the spectacle by beating his naked breast and back with the burning end of the torches, or by holding them both before him in such a position that the flames passed close by his breast and face. Sometimes he would sit down on the ground, take a roll of rags about an inch thick, light one end of it, and put it into his open mouth, holding it on his tongue without extinguishing it. Meanwhile another man, fantastically dressed, would be beating a small gong. I saw four or five of these characters in the space of one hundred yards. Another man varied the amusement by mounting on stilts, and running through the skin of his back and arms four skewers of wood, the further end of which terminated in small flaming torches. On inquiring, many times, the cause of all this outrageous and unmeaning self-torture, I was assured that it did not arise from religion or devotion, but was simply an expedient to collect a few pence from the bystanders.

On the Lord's day I was alone, and spent the greater part of the day quietly in the travelers' bungalow, just outside the town. In the morning and evening I spent more than an hour, on each occasion, in disputing with, and preaching to, large numbers of listeners. They everywhere, and at all times, treated me with great respect and civility, the immediate cause of which was probably the well-known good will of the excellent collector of the district to the missionaries.

On the morning of Monday, the 1st inst., I was joined by an American Lutheran missionary, from

Guntoor; and morning and evening we sallied forth into the crowd. However, the better to get at the people, I pitched my tent in a grove of tamarind-trees, in sight of the great temple, and just outside the crowd. Here I had crowds of listeners. As many as could find room sat down in my tent: the rest crammed all the space round about the doors on each side of the tent, and looked in through the windows. I must have had from fifty to sixty people at a time, most of them attentive, and continuing for a length of time: among them were a good many women. I continued for an hour and a half or more at a time, to preach to them about idols, sin, and Jesus Christ the one sacrifice for sin. When I was tired, I read to them the ten commandments, explaining and applying them, or else a tract, commenting on it as I read. When the two days were over, I was greatly fatigued, and my throat very sore. But it was a subject of great rejoicing that I had been permitted to preach Christ to such great numbers, who had never heard of him before, without obstruction or opposition.

I was not a little amused at the looks of wonder which I saw continually in the crowds who looked at my companion and myself, and at the crowds which usually followed us to the bungalow; for their looks confirmed what they told us, that they had never seen a white face before.—*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

DEATH OF A PIOUS NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN YOUTH.

The following interesting account is given by the Rev. J. Smithurst, our missionary at the North West America Mission. John Smith, the subject of the account, was a young man who had long been occasionally employed by Mr. Smithurst, and had always given much satisfaction by his general good conduct, and his attention to the means of grace. In July, 1846, he was taken ill, and some medicines given him by an Indian doctor made him worse. On the 1st of August Mr. Smithurst went to see him, and writes:—

It appeared to me a severe case, but not a dangerous one, as I was not fully aware of the treatment which he had received. I gave him the usual medicines, and told his friends how to treat him as to diet, &c. On the 8th, John sent to ask me to go again and visit him. I did so, and found him looking much worse. It appeared that his friends were not quite satisfied with my medicine, because it did not produce immediate effects, and had again administered their own astringents. After reprimanding them very sharply, and perceiving that the case was getting a desperate one, I asked John many questions as to his state of mind, and the foundation upon which he was resting his hope of acceptance with God. His answers, though diffident, were very satisfactory. I told him that it might please God to raise him up again; but, as there was some doubt on that head, I wished to know if his faith in Christ were such as gave him full confidence of being admitted into the kingdom of heaven. He said that it was, and that he felt no fear. I then asked if there were anything more that he wished to ask me. He said, "I only want you to pray with me." Having done so, I left him. On the 12th I myself was seized with the dysentery, and was confined to the house both on that day and the following. On the 14th I received a message from John, saying that he wished very much to see me before he died. I was very unwell; but determined at all risks to go. The weather being excessively hot, his relatives had pitched a tent in the field, under the shade of some trees, and there I found poor John, with evidently but a short time to live. He was perfectly sensible, and I said to him, "John, my lad, I am sorry to see you so low." He said, in a faint voice, "Yes, I am very low." I then, in a few words, exhorted him to rest wholly upon the Lord Jesus Christ, the sinner's only hope. He said, "I do." I then asked, "What did you want me for, John?" "Only to pray," he an-

swered. I knelt by his side, holding one of his hands in my own, and prayed for a short time, concluding with the Lord's prayer, which he repeated after me. Having finished, I still continued kneeling, and, having his hand in one of mine, I covered my face with the other that I might not disturb him with emotions that I could not control. During this brief interval he exclaimed, with considerable emphasis, "*Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!*" I said, "Yes, my lad, he will. He always did, and always will, receive those to himself who put their trust in him." What with weakness occasioned by my own sickness, and the operation of so much mental anxiety, after a few more words of exhortation I found it necessary to leave him, feeling assured that he could not long survive. Being unable to bear any fatigue, I kept my room for a few days after this; but sent my servant regularly to see how he was getting on, and whether he needed anything. He brought me very satisfactory reports of his comfortable and peaceful state, and of the advice that he gave to his parents and brothers: telling them not to grieve for him, and saying that he did not wish to recover, but to go at once to his Saviour. On Lord's day morning, the 16th, he asked to be carried out of the tent, that he might look at the church. He continued in the same happy and peaceful state until the morning of the 17th, and then departed, I doubt not to be with Christ.—*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

AFRICA.

BY J. DODSON.

Heard ye not harmonious strains,
Wafted by the whispering breeze,
From dark Afric's torrid plains,
O'er the vast and stormy seas?
Once a fierce and bloody race
Now unite in hymns of praise,
Magnify the Saviour's might,
Glory the Spirit's light.
Loud hosannas rise around,
Thousand voices sweetly blend,
Rocks and hills repeat the sound,
High as heaven the notes ascend;
Dark of visage though they be,
See them humbly bend the knee!
Simple, earnest words they say;
O how sweet to hear them pray!
Thus the Bechuanas praise
God in new and noble songs;
May the burden of their lays
Echo wide from million tongues!
Idol worshipers profane
Raise discordant tones in vain;
Sweet hosannas rise supreme
While the heathen priests blaspheme.
Blessings on our Moffat's head!
Many swarthy sons of Ham,
By his deathless zeal, are led
To embrace the bleeding Lamb:
Numerous nations, barbarous bands,
Tribes that traverse sultry sands,
Yet shall wake from mental sleep,
And emerge from darkness deep.
Ethiopia shall behold
In the south a flaming star,
Egypt view its rays unfold,
Beaming brightly from afar;
Purged from vile and pagan dross,
By the conquests of the cross,
Africa, through all her coasts,
Shall extol the Lord of hosts.

A NEW-ZEALANDER'S VIEW OF 2 COR. v. 3.

On the 11th of November, 1846, Archdeacon Brown left his station, Tauranga, on a long missionary journey. He writes, on the 17th:—

My traveling companions kept me talking throughout the day, explaining passages of Scripture which they found it difficult to understand; among others, "Salt of the earth;" "Strong meat;"

"Keys of the kingdom of heaven;" "If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked." From the latter verse, the native, who, ignorant of its meaning, had asked me for an explanation, had drawn, nevertheless, an important lesson. "I thought," he said, "of a man traveling through a desert country: he sees signs of a coming storm, and hastens to build himself a shelter, that he may not be found naked and exposed to the rain. Another sees the same sign; but travels on, till he is overtaken by the rain, and, not being clothed, not having any shelter, he shivers and dies. So a man, traveling through the world, sees the clouds of God's anger against sin arising; but, taught by his lamp"—a common expression of a native for his Testament—"he covers himself with faith in Christ, and is not found naked in the storm; while another man sees the same signs; but, knowing nothing of Christ, he seeks no cover, but travels on, naked in his sins, till, overtaken by the storm of God's wrath, he perishes everlastinglly."—*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

From the Juvenile Missionary Magazine.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

Not long since there was living at New-Zealand, at one of the missionary stations in that country, a chief who had formerly been a cruel warrior, but whose heart had been completely changed by means of the gospel. At some distance from that station there resided one of his former and most bitter enemies. This was also a chief, but who yielded himself up to the most ferocious passions. He had a little girl, as a slave, and who was placed for instruction in the missionary's family. The child was sent to the mission school, and learned to read the Bible. In the course of time her master sent for her to return, and as there was no means of detaining her, the missionary was obliged to consent to her going back. The first evening that she had returned home to her master, the little girl knelt down, said her prayers, and sung some of the hymns which she had been taught. The chief was somewhat offended; but the next morning she went through her devotions again in the same manner. Her master then beat her severely, and threatened to punish her in the most dreadful manner, if she ever did so again. She merely replied that, though he should put her to death for it, she could not cease to praise the Saviour, and to call upon his name. This reply astonished the savage, and awakened within him, through the grace of the Spirit, the desire of knowing what it was that could give such firmness of character to a timid little girl.

He resolved therefore to pay the missionary a visit himself, and sent a messenger forward to acquaint him with his design. Now, as he was known to be a very powerful and sanguinary chief, the news created some alarm in the mission family, and they began to consider whether they should adopt some means to resist him, or to await peaceably his arrival, and prepare to die. They had scarcely formed their plan, when it was announced to them that the chief had arrived with several of his people; but without arms and with words of peace. The next moment he entered the house, leading by the hand the little girl herself; and great was the joy of the missionary when he heard this chieftain say, "I come to request you to teach me what you have taught this child." Their surprise did not end there. The next day was Sunday, and the first thing that the missionary, who was conducting the service, saw, was these two chiefs, who had been for so long a time irreconcileable enemies, sitting side by side, and affectionately shaking hands with one another. The text of that morning was, "The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them."

The next day a member of the congregation told the missionary that he rather feared lest yesterday's sermon should produce a bad effect, because the natives did not like to be compared to

animals. The missionary went in search of the chief, and found him at school in one of the classes, and actually learning A, B, C, from the lips of that other chief, whom, a few days ago, he would have killed without mercy. The missionary told him the pleasure he felt in seeing him so engaged, and began to make some excuses lest he should have taken offense at what he had said on the day before; but the chief immediately interrupted him, and said, "O no, no! all that was very true, perfectly true; I have been a *devouring wolf*; but now *I wish to become a lamb*."

He remained afterward with the missionary to receive instruction. The Holy Spirit opened his heart, and he soon gave ample proof of true conversion. Thus God accepted the services of a poor little slave, to bring to the knowledge of salvation one of the chiefs of the country. Does not this little story somewhat resemble the history of Naaman, the Syrian, (2 Kings, chap. 5?)

Such are the trophies of the Saviour's wondrous grace! Striko loud your golden harps, ye angels, to his praise! Dark, fierce, and savage man, is melted and subdued; His heart beats love, his lips breathe peace—the man's renewed.

THE GODS OF A HINDOO.

The English have, as is well known, a vast and flourishing empire in the East Indies. They have constructed large works there, and maintain a very extensive commerce. Their power has frequently so impressed the natives that they have formed the opinion that these English must be a far superior race to themselves. A very curious proof of this occurred some time since, which serves also to show the extremely gross ideas of these Hindoos on the matters of religion. A missionary was one day conversing with one of them in the neighborhood of Madras, and asked him, "What do you worship?" "I worship the English," said the Hindoo, without a moment's hesitation. "The English! what folly! why do you do so?" "Because they must be gods," he replied, "for look at that iron-bridge; (a very large one had just been finished in the neighborhood;) none but the gods could have done such a thing as that. Look also at that steam vessel; (and there was a steam-boat lying at anchor at some distance;) when the Indians place iron on the water it immediately goes down to the bottom; but the English, they make it swim like wood, and make it go wherever they please. Then only look at the smoke coming from it, and the terrible noise it makes! Surely they must be gods who can do all that."

The missionary endeavored to make the poor man understand, that, if the English were so superior to the Hindoos, it came from the superiority of their religion, education, &c.; and that, in similar circumstances, the Hindoos would be able to do these very things, which caused them so much surprise. It was, however, in vain; the spirit of the man was involved in thick darkness, and it was impossible for the missionary to lead him to acknowledge that it is God alone, who made the heavens and the earth, who should be adored. The poor man continued in that same groveling paganism which, alas! attributes to the creature the glory due only to God.

Let us be grateful for our improvements in education and science, our knowledge, and our civilization; but, above all, let us prize the religion of the Saviour, which brings light to them that sit in darkness, peace to the troubled conscience, purity to the heart, and which leads to "endless joys above."—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

ANECDOTES FROM THE SOUTH SEAS.

A short time ago I had a conversation with Mrs. Wilson, widow of the Rev. Francis Wilson, who was some time missionary at Tonga; she told me many stories about the Tonguese and the Feejeeans, which I am sure you will like to hear.

The Tonguese are a gentle, pleasant people.

The group of islands where they live was called the Friendly Islands by Captain Cook, because the natives were so kind and friendly to him. They are a fine race of men, and very clean in their persons, for they wash themselves twice a day; the women are fond of European clothing; but they do not like fine colors or patterns: when they choose a print for a dress, they always fix upon the neatest pattern, and the quietest color.

The Tonguese are very honest. The missionaries never bar or fasten their doors, and leave all their property without locking it up, for the natives might be trusted with "untold gold."

One day Mrs. Wilson went to her school, Mr. Wilson also was away from home, and there was no one left in the house; when Mrs. Wilson returned home, she was very much surprised to find three Tonguese men in her bed-room; one was standing before the looking-glass putting his hair in order, the other two were examining different things in the room. When they saw Mrs. Wilson, they immediately sat down on the floor, for that is the Tonguese way of being polite; on paying a visit to any one, they go into the house, sit down on the floor, and then begin to talk. As soon as the men were seated, they told Mrs. Wilson they had come to the house to see her husband, and had knocked several times at the door, but, as no one answered, they walked in, and had gone from one room to another, till they had come to her bed-room, which they thought very pretty. They asked her if she was angry with them: she said she was not at all angry, and told them to continue their examination till they were quite satisfied. She then went into another room, and heard them moving about her bed-room, and opening one drawer after another, to see what was in them. When they were satisfied, they thanked her, and went away.

Do you not think it was very kind of Mrs. Wilson to let them look at her things? They were men from the country, who had not seen a missionary's house before, so that everything was quite new to them; but they had not injured or displaced a single article. These Tonguese men would be a pattern to many Englishmen, I think.

But the most remarkable story she told me was about a Feejeean chief, a great, frightful man, seven feet high, with immense whiskers, and a beard a yard and a quarter long; he was a cruel, fierce man, and only let the missionaries live near him that he might get what he could from them; for he liked their tea, and sugar, and flour, and always made them give him of their stores as long as they lasted. One time the missionary's wife, Mrs. Hunt, had been ill and confined to her bed for some months. By some good fortune Mr. Hunt had got two eggs, which he had boiled, and was just taking them to his wife, when the chief met him, took them both from him, and ate them. Mr. Hunt told him how weak his wife was, and begged him not to touch them; but it was of no use. He sends every day to the missionary for some tea; and if it is not as sweet as molasses, he makes them take it back again for more sugar. Mrs. Rabone, who lives in another island, wished to send Mrs. Hunt some lard; but as she knew how greedy the chief was, she put it in a large iron pot, and thought he would never find out that it was filled with lard: but, unfortunately, when some natives were carrying the pot on shore, they thought it was very heavy, and they would just look and see what there was in it; they stripped off the band round the pot, and discovered the lard. Very soon after the chief sent for some lard to fry his fish in. Mr. Hunt sent him a piece of pork; but he sent it back, and said that was not what he wanted, he must have some lard out of the iron pot: and they were obliged to let him have it.

Mrs. Wilson went in the "Triton" to visit the island where this chief lived; when he saw the ship coming he ran away, for he knew how badly he had behaved to the missionaries, and he was afraid the captain would punish him; after a short time, however, he yen-

tured back; and one day, as the mission family were sitting at dinner, this frightful cannibal made his appearance at the door of the room: he came to look at the new lady that had arrived in the "Triton." Mrs. Wilson was a little afraid of him, so she did not look up, but went on eating her dinner, with her eyes fixed on her plate. The chief could not get a good view of her where he stood; so he came round the table to her, knelt down close by her side, and poked his great head over her plate, that he might look up into her face; the missionary scolded him, and told him he was very rude; he said he did not mean to be rude, he only wanted to look at her.

This man is still a heathen and a cannibal. He is the son of the chief who tried to kill Mr. Lyth, because he told him of his sins. When a ship comes to the island he is very much afraid the missionaries will go away; and then he tells them they must not go, for he means to *lotu*, that is, turn Christian, by and by.

These troubles I have been telling you of, are very little trials, compared with many the missionaries have to suffer; they are sometimes obliged to witness things too dreadful to tell you; they are often in danger of their lives, and suffer from hunger and sickness, without friends, and far from help.

Mr. Hunt has been in Feejee eleven years: he may be called the Apostle of Feejee; for, though he is not forty years old, his hair is gray, and he has the appearance of an aged man, he is so worn and broken with what he has suffered; but in the midst of it all he has found time to translate the Scriptures into the Feejeean language. This glorious work is now nearly finished; and, for the future, the Feejeeans will be able to read in their own language those truths which will make them wise unto salvation. You must not think that the missionaries complain, or are tired of their work; O no! Mr. Hunt would not change with any monarch in Europe; the only complaint they make is, that so few men are sent, and so little done for poor Feejee.—*Wesleyan Juv. Offering*

HORRIBLE SUPERSTITION.

The following extract, from the Luminary of March 8th, indicates the horrible superstition prevailing among some of the native tribes in Africa:—

Not long ago, we are credibly informed, a famous Goulah chief, named Selly, being engaged in the war which has been carried on between the Goulahs and Condoes for a number of years, applied to a priest of the Mohammedan profession, to know what he should do to be more successful in his expeditions against the Condoes. The priest inquired of him whether he was able to make the necessary sacrifice, to which he replied he could make any sacrifice that could be named; upon this, the nefarious impostor told him he must sacrifice his son; and taking his dead body upon his shoulders, his feet swung around, and his head hung behind him, in this manner advance before his troops to the contest, and victory would be his.

It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that these sanguinary directions were complied with. Calling his son into a house, he caught him, deliberately tied him, and then, with his own parental hand, cut his throat! Having offered this sacrifice, he and his troops prepared to advance toward the jurisdiction of their enemies; then was this inhuman father seen with his dead son on his back, in the manner directed, without any display of parental affection, or any emotion, save that aroused in his barbarous breast by the confident expectation of victory.

He was successful in three subsequent engagements, and undoubtedly ascribes his victory to the costly sacrifice made to obtain it. This inhuman affair is attributed to one who converses as well about the Old Testament, or some parts of it, as most professors of Christianity.

"I SHALL SUP WITH CHRIST."

Mr. Robert Bruce, the morning before he died, being at breakfast, and having, as he used, eaten an egg, said to his daughter, "I think I am yet hungry; you may bring me another egg." But having mused awhile he said, "Hold, daughter, hold; my Master calls me!" With these words his sight failed him; on which he called for the Bible, and said, "Turn to the eighth chapter of Romans, and set my fingers on the words, 'I am persuaded that neither death nor life, &c., shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord.'" When this was done, he said, "Now, is my finger upon them?" Being told that it was, he added, "Now, God be with you, my children; I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night," and then expired.

GOD BLESSING THE WEAK THINGS.

Last sabbath I observed a number of strangers present at the Griqua service, in Griqua Town, South Africa, and, from their complexion and cast of features, at once perceived that they were not Griquas. On concluding the service, I inquired of some of our people who these strangers were, and was told that they were a party of Amakosa Caffres, who had come to hear the word of God. Next morning some of the men called upon me, and I then had an opportunity of ascertaining who they were, and what had induced them to come to Griqua Town for instruction. In reply to my inquiries, they stated that they were a small portion of a party of Amakosa Caffres, who, many years ago, emigrated from their own country, and were located near the Zak River, to form, I suppose, a barrier between the farmers and the Bushmen, who were at that time numerous and very troublesome in that quarter; and they had now come to see if Waterboer would allow them to locate themselves in his district. I inquired if the portion of country in which they were located was unfavorable for their cattle. They replied that they had no complaints of the country; but they could not live there any longer, as they were quite destitute of instruction. They had applied for some means of instruction, but as yet had received no favorable reply; and, therefore, they had determined rather to leave that part of the country, and come where the word of God was taught.

I then inquired what had induced them to become so solicitous for instruction? They replied that, some years ago, a party of their friends from their own country had visited them, and told them that they were receiving instruction about God from missionaries. This, however, had not much influence upon them. But some time ago, said they, this man (pointing to a very insignificant looking little old man) came among us, and since then we have been desirous of instruction. On looking at the individual pointed to, and making some inquiries, I ascertained that he was an old Griqua, who had left Griqua Town some years ago, on a visit to his wife's friends who were living in the colony. I then asked him, "Are you the teacher of these people?" "No, sir," he replied; "I know nothing, and how can I teach?" "But they say that they heard something of the word of God from you?" "Yes, sir; I will tell you how that was. While wandering about in the colony, I came to where these people were living; and, as usual, in the evening, before going to sleep, I and my family sung a hymn. The Caffres came round us to see and hear what we were doing. They then asked me some questions about what we had been singing; and I tried to answer them as well as I could by telling them some few things I remembered having heard at Griqua Town. Since that time they have wished me to remain with them till they could get a teacher. We now meet and sing a hymn, I try to say something to explain it, and then we try to pray to God; but, O, sir," he added, with great simplicity, "it is hard work to teach when you know nothing yourself!"

And so we agreed to come here together to see if we cannot get some one to teach us."

This man, I should remark, was not a member of our church when he left Griqua Town. I asked him if he could read; his answer was, "No." "Do you remember any portion of Scripture?" He had some general knowledge of Scripture truth; but could remember very little of the language of Scripture. "What, then, do you know?" I asked. "I know two Dutch hymns," he replied, "and these I have taught the people; and that is all I know." I make no comments upon the preceding narrative. I thought it sufficiently interesting to justify me in communicating it. These individuals had come two hundred and fifty miles to seek religious instruction, being induced to do so by the feeble efforts of a poor ignorant man. I am daily becoming more and more convinced of that humiliating truth, "So, then, neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."—*Rev. E. Solomon.*

the Corresponding Secretary of the Parent Society. The services were commenced with singing and prayer by Rev. Mr. Redford, of the New-York Conference. Addresses were made by Mr. Robert A. West, of Brooklyn, and Rev. Wm. M. Daily, of the Indiana Conference. These addresses have already been published in the Christian Advocate and Journal, and therefore need not be repeated in our little sheet. Suffice it to say, they were appropriate and warm, and produced the happiest effects. The collection and subscriptions were reported as about one hundred and fifty dollars.

The fourth Anniversary of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church was held in the Mulberry-street Church, on Thursday evening, June 22d. The Corresponding Secretary again presided. The report of the Society was read by Rev. J. W. B. Wood, and presented an encouraging exhibit of the operations of the Society, with its future prospects. Rev. T. F. R. Mercein, who was the first speaker, gave a statistical account of the moral destitution in this city, and of the extensive and efficient operations of the Society. Rev. Mr. Scudder, of Poughkeepsie, then addressed the meeting, urging the reflex influence of the missionary spirit. At the close of his address *sixty-six* life members were made, which, with the public collection, amounted to about three hundred and fifty dollars. A warm and interesting address was delivered after the collection by Rev. Mr. Hedstrom, of the Bethel Ship in this city.

A missionary meeting, supplementary to the anniversary of the Parent Society, was held on Friday evening, the 23d of June, at the Seventh-street Church. No bishop being present, and very few of the preachers, the Corresponding Secretary of the Parent Society was again called upon to preside. This meeting was addressed by three African missionaries, who had just arrived in the United States; namely, Revs. Beverly R. Wilson, A. F. Russell, and J. S. Payne. These speeches were excellent; but we were sorry so few had the privilege to hear them. Another severe storm came on just at the hour for the opening of the services, which prevented hundreds from attending the meeting. Only about one hundred were in attendance; but the meeting went on, and all seemed to enjoy it. Between sixty and seventy dollars were collected and pledged on the occasion.

We were present at all the above meetings, and found them seasons of great interest. Often, in the midst of the exercises, we felt constrained to ask the question, How can true Christians deny themselves the privilege of these sacred festivals?

CALIFORNIA.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, held on the 21st of June, a resolution was passed, recommending to the bishops the appointment of two missionaries to California.

COMMUNICATIONS.**LETTER FROM REV. R. S. MACLAY.**

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

DEAR BROTHER,—Far out on the waves of the mighty deep, surrounded by its dangers, I sit down to commence with you that correspondence which it shall be both my duty and pleasure to continue. It has become fashionable with travelers to pass over the "sea voyage" as "not worth mentioning," but I always disliked it. In my early thoughts of the ocean I had fancied to myself a thousand things in reference to its wonders; had spent many an hour, in day-dreams, picturing its, to me, unseen beauties; and had looked forward, with trembling delight, to the period when I should gaze on its broad waters with my own eyes. If there were nothing else connected with a voyage of this kind beyond the realization or destruction of these preconceived opinions which float in the mind, it would still be interesting; but when I think of the thousand and one other thoughts, springing on us, day after day, as we glide over the waters, of the many thrillingly interesting incidents and associations clustering round a life at sea, I cannot believe it is "not worth mentioning."

You are aware that, on the 13th of October, 1847, we stepped on board the "Paul Jones," and sailed from our

Allen-street Youth's Missionary Society celebrated their eleventh Anniversary on the evening of the 21st of June. This is one of our most efficient juvenile auxiliaries; and though the congregation on this occasion was not so large as usual, there was no abatement of the true missionary spirit. The chair was occupied by

native land. Of New-York as seen from the water, its bay, studded with beautiful islands and skirted with romantic highlands, I need say nothing to one whose classic eye and Christian heart have so often gazed upon and enjoyed its beauties. Suffice it that I say the scene is one of great beauty. His head must be prosy, his heart callous indeed, who does not derive pleasure and profit from such a scene. To me it had, in addition to its intrinsic beauties, all the freshness of novelty. I had looked on the Chesapeake and the Delaware; had stood on the banks of the Potomac, the Juniata, and the Susquehanna, and felt that there was beauty, deep and sooth-ing, in the scenes before me; but never before had I seen anything that came up so nearly to my idea of scenery. Without any forced effort to awaken any poetic feeling that might lurk in my nature, or "work myself up" to a fit of enthusiasm, I felt that there was inspiration in this harmonious mingling of waters, islands, and sky.

Accompanied by the friends whose unobtrusive kindness had soothed our cares while preparing for our voyage to, and residence in, the "Celestial Empire," we passed quietly down the bay, looking at Governor's, Bedlow's, and Staten Islands, as they glided by us. About six miles from the city the steamboat which had towed us out returned, carrying with it the friends who, thus far, had escorted us on our voyage. With merry songs from our "jolly tars" we spread our white sails to the wind, and soon, with a gentle sky beaming on us, and favorable winds swelling our canvass, we were bounding away. Standing on deck we heard the hearty cheers, that came joyously over the water, from the retiring boat, and saw their white handkerchiefs floating on the breeze, till, gradually fading, they sunk from our view, and we saw them no more. Then we felt another link is broken. Peak after peak sunk fast behind the waves. It seemed as though the impatient ship, like the fiery steed, did haste to bear us from our native shores. Still on—the "Narrows" are passed, and the "Hook" draws its white coast along the south-east. Here we dropped our pilot; and, leaving Sandy-Hook on the starboard side, we swept out into the wide Atlantic. It is singular how strongly our feelings will cling to the scenes of our early life. Home! there is music in the word. Its sound, like magic, throws a new world of light, and beauty, and loveliness, around us, transports us over mountains, and rivers, and seas, and causes us, once more, to gather wild flowers in the "deep green wood," to gambol on the hill, to drink, once more, from the glassy spring beneath the old beach-tree, or, whistling to the setting sun, to drive our flocks to the guarded fold.

We still lingered on deck. The land was fast disappearing, and we were anxious to catch the last glimpse of those lands where dwell all we have loved and cherished. Now there remain only a long faint outline of jagged peaks, on the north-west, and the heights of "Neversink," on the west. Soon all is gone save "Neversink." Of all the western world only this remains. These heights still shoot up against the sky, and bind me to my country. With deep feeling we watched them, till after rising and falling with the waves, for some time, at last, with a tremulous, undulating motion, at eleven minutes past five o'clock, they sunk from our view, and we saw them no more. Farewell,

"Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
Land where my fathers died."

It was gone. The sad reality burst upon me. I go, far from my home and kindred, to labor—perchance to die—among the tawny sons of Shem. My heart felt, deeply felt; and those beautiful lines came strongly to my mind,—

"Yes, my native land, I love thee!
All thy scenes I love them well."

In other days, when young, and sportive, and light hearted, I sat amid the family circle gathered round the evening fire, and heard my brother sing these words, and smiled to see him look so sadly; but now I felt their power.

But though I was sad at parting with scenes and friends I loved so well; my heart was calmly stayed on God. I felt holy joy in thus giving up all for Christ; and this sustained me. I knew my eyes should look on strange faces; that unknown sounds would strike my ear; that the degrading rites of superstition would soon surround me; but my heart faltered not. And then, too,

I thought of those I had left behind me. An aged father had given me his last blessing; a mother's fondest kiss had been given; friends and kindred had looked into my face, and doubtfully had hoped my life would be spared; the scenes of my childhood were forsaken, and the academic shades, where, amid the daily exercitations of study, and the wholesome influences of virtuous associations and kind instructors, I had trained my mind for doing and suffering: all these I shall see no more, till my feet have roamed where millions, for whom the Saviour died, are perishing for lack of knowledge; but my heart confidently looked up and said,—

" Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me."

I have a deep, painful consciousness of my ignorance and insufficiency. O what a vast field stretches out before me! Millions have never heard of Jesus; and must I go there as the representative of Christ, as the embodiment of his glorious truths, and show myself to them? My heart sinks at the thought; but I hear a voice sounding from heaven, "*I am with you.*" O precious truth! I am not alone, then, am I? Does Christ go with me? Then gladly will I go. Beneath the shadow of the Himmalah I will raise up a standard for my God. I will tell the Chinaman of a Saviour, of the comforts of religion, of heaven. Then

"Bear me on, thou restless ocean."

Brother Hickok and wife are doing well, and will doubtless soon write to you. Pray for us, dear brother. O you will! yes, I believe you will. Tell the church to pray for us. And may the power of the gospel be displayed in China!

I remain, dear brother, yours in Christ,
R. S. MACLAY.

At sea, Oct. 20, 1847.

AFRICAN INTELLIGENCE.

The following communication, directed to brother Benham, was handed over to us for publication. As it is of more recent date than any letters we have received from Africa since the late superintendent left, it cannot be uninteresting to the friends of that mission, and to our readers generally.—ED.

REV. J. B. BENHAM.—As the first quarter of the present conference has passed, I therefore send you a few lines, giving you some account of our proceedings, which may be in some degree interesting to you at a distance.

We still feel the great mission work, in this land of moral darkness and death, to be equally important now as ever, and entitled to receive our attention and labor. We can, in a few instances, look upon developments which inspire us with hopes of future success in the great undertaking; we are also prompted to perseverance by the reflection that "duty is ours, results are the Lord's;" although the developments and fruits be few, compared with the great amount of work to be accomplished before the object desired is fully realized.

During the last quarter no extraordinary excitement, of a spiritual character, has taken place on this charge, from which we could have the satisfaction to record accessions to the little society here: it is, however, pleasant to know that we have had no reasons to proceed against any so as to cause dismemberment; but that there is, in general, a manifest disposition among us to "follow on to know the Lord." The accession made to this society in the Congo boys and girls, with others, a little before your departure, remains the same, and they continue to evince a change of heart by corresponding conduct. We entertain high anticipations for their future prosperity and usefulness, spiritually and temporally.

Brother S. I. Matthews, our school teacher for this establishment, entered upon the duties assigned him, as such, with apparent zeal and interest. The arrangements, in regard to the instruction of the boys in the shoemaking business, and to which you made allusion in my letter of instructions, seems not to have been understood as you directed, by brother Matthews: nothing, therefore, in that line has as yet been done; of his intentions for future operations in this particular, I am not prepared to advise you—perhaps more in accordance with your wishes than hitherto. Brother Matthews concludes that it will be to the interest of himself and his department of labor to move his family upon the premises, for his accommodation; therefore I have fitted up

the room in the east end of the school-house. I presume you will sanction the extra expense accruing from such an arrangement. The boys connected with the carpentershop are operating advantageously to themselves, and, in some degree, to the benefit of the mission.

In repairs at this place, though much needed, we have been able, up to the present time, to make but little progress, as brother Lynch, the mission carpenter, has been, and is now, busily employed on the academy in Millsburgh. This building being nearly ready for the reception of sisters Wilkins and Brush, we expect soon to have brother Lynch's services on this side. A workshop in the blacksmith's line, which you regarded as an important addition to be connected with this establishment, and partly instructed me to bring into operation, has only received partial attention. An incumbent for such a department is available on reasonable terms. According to your suggestion, we are awaiting further direction after you shall have known the opinion of the Board. We fully concur with you in the importance of a department of this kind, for the benefit of the boys connected with the mission here. In our expenditures we shall observe strictly the amount appropriated for expenses in that way; although the said amount will not be sufficient to defray the expenses necessary to meet the requisite repairs. All the buildings are in a more or less dilapidated condition, especially the principal dwelling. If the Board continue to sustain this establishment—nor have I reason to think otherwise—I must repeat what I have previously expressed, that economy dictates the erection of at least one building of more durable materials than these here.

In company with father Johnson, whom I found on his circuit as I ascended the Montserado River, I visited Marshall on the 29th and 30th of Jan. Brother Morris preceded me two or three days, he having been detained longer at Monrovia than desirable for want of an opportunity to get to his station. The interest of the meeting was somewhat lessened by the want of a knowledge of its approach until within one or two days previous, and necessary provision for the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Notwithstanding, we had a good meeting, and believers were apparently built up in the "faith of the gospel." We greatly appreciated the labors of father Johnson on the occasion, as the health of brother Morris disengaged him for rendering any service, in the way of preaching. By efficient labors of the preacher the little society at Marshall may do well. The meeting house required some repairs, which brother Morris regarded as necessary to be done previous to opening school, as it is designed that the same house shall serve the double purpose of a place for preaching and teaching school in.

We visited the quarterly meeting at Heddington, which was held on the 18th and 19th of February. Much interest was manifested on the occasion. At the close of the meeting two native youths professed to have embraced religion, after great struggling. To God be all the glory!

The quarterly meeting held on the Caldwell circuit and at New-Georgia, on the 4th of March, was well attended, and much enjoyed by the people of God; nor could we discover any abatement in religious interest. One or two of the society there had seen occasion to change their religious name, and unite with another body; which disunion we regard as beneficial to the little band of which they were formerly members.

On the 6th we left Monrovia, via Marshall and Mount Hall, for Bassa. On our arrival at Edina we learned that the quarterly meeting had been held on the preceding Saturday and Sunday. We felt somewhat disappointed, as we had previously sent word of our coming at the time we went; but, as our services perhaps could not have added any interest to the occasion, they having had a propitious time and seen the fruit of the meeting in the conversion and quickening of several souls, we were satisfied to enjoy a sabbath after the quarterly meeting with the society in Bassa Cove, and felt some comfort in preaching in the meeting house there—the corner post of which we planted—for the first time. We left for home the following Monday by the same fatiguing route.

Brother Clarke, the school teacher at Mount Hall, and his family, were at Marshall, on our way to and from Bassa. He informed us that the unsettled state of affairs in the Little Bassa Country made it expedient for him to be absent for awhile in order to safety.

I must now conclude, presuming that you are before this time in the enjoyment of the society of your friends and relatives. Please remember us in Christian regard and esteem to sister Benham. In sending you these lines, I do not design them for publication; should you, however, see anything in them worthy of being regarded as missionary intelligence, and you are disposed to make extracts, I demur not.

Yours, with esteem,
J. W. ROBERTS.

White Plains, Liberia, April 4, 1848.

LETTER FROM C. PITMAN,
TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

DEAR NAMESAKE,—I again have the golden opportunity of writing you a few lines to tell you how I am getting on at this time. Much-respected sir, I am well at present, and I do most heartily hope that this may, in the kind providence of God, find you, your family, and all inquiring friends, in the enjoyment of a good portion of health. Dear sir, I have very strong desires to serve the Lord; for I am convinced that this "is the whole duty of man." Though young in this good cause, I am determined, by the all-sufficient grace of my God, to make heaven my abiding home and Jesus Christ the rock of my salvation; for I am clearly convinced this "world is no friend to grace to help me on to God." But, ah, when I would do good evil is always nigh! I must acknowledge that, in going into bad company, I have found that I always went out of the way a little; I then retire to some secret place, and there ask the Lord please to pardon me; and he sends answers of peace to my soul, and I am encouraged to go on and stand fast as a living witness for my Saviour. I feel, as I have told you before, a strong determination to serve the Lord, and I am daily and hourly trying to put this determination into practice, by the grace of God assisting me. Dear sir, though I am young in this good cause, I yet feel bold in it, knowing that the Lord is on my side.

Please to excuse me, for I am not able to write plain, and I make many mistakes. Dear sir, I am sincerely thankful to you for sending me so many things, when I do not deserve them. I never will be so unkind as to treat you as some of the other boys have treated their namesakes. It makes me ashamed when our people talk to me about their conduct; therefore do not think that I will do the same: it is true, circumstances alter cases; but the way I feel now, and have ever felt since I could speak the English language, I know I never shall return to the place whence I came to live again, unless I go to do some good.

Dear sir, I want to see you very much, and if you can make it convenient for me to come and see you and all the good folks, I should like it very much; but if you cannot, pray for me so that if I should not see you in this world I may be able to see you in heaven, which is a better place. Dear sir, I should like very much to see America; I want to see that country very much. I cannot write you a long letter this time; therefore I will close by saying, Pray for me; for I must have heaven for my home, God for my father, and my Redeemer for my elder brother.

I remain your most unworthy servant in Christ,
CHARLES PITMAN.

Monrovia, March 30, 1848.

JOHN REYNOLDS, THE SAILOR BOY.

The following fact was related by the Rev. P. Kent, visitor for the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the meeting of the association at Malton, Yorkshire, Sept. 31, 1847:—

After an absence of some years, a minister returned for a Sunday to the place where he had formerly preached the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. When the services of the day were over, a widow knocked at the vestry door, and requested an interview. "Do you not remember me, sir?" said the widow. "Not at this moment," was the reply. "Do you not remember my John?" "No." "Why, he was at your Sunday school." "That may be; but I cannot promise to remember every boy that has been in the school." "But, sir," said the widow very earnestly, "my John was the best John in all the world." "That may be too;

still I cannot say that I remember him." "But I am sure that my John is the best John in all the world, and you will say so too when you hear what has happened since you left us some years ago." And then the poor widow gave the minister the following account of her John:—

"After you left us, sir, my husband died, and we became very poor; indeed, we were almost starving. And one day my John said to me, 'Mother dear, we cannot starve, and there is no work to be got: let me go to sea for a time, and try to earn some money for you.' I was very loath to part from him; but times were bad, and, as he seemed so anxious about it, I gave him a parting kiss, and he went to the nearest port, about seven miles distant, to seek for a berth in a merchant vessel. John tried in many quarters; but he could not succeed for some days; and he was almost going to give up in despair, when he saw the master of a ship passing by. 'Do you want a boy, sir?' said John. 'Why, that is the very thing I am looking for,' said the captain. 'Do, then, sir, take me.' 'Well, where is your character?' 'Sir, nobody knows me here: in my own parish I could easily get a character; but I am a stranger in this town.' 'I cannot take you without a character.' 'But I will be very obedient: I will do all that you tell me.' 'That is fine talking, my boy; but I tell you I must have a character, or I cannot take you with me.' John looked thoughtful and sad for a moment; and then he bethought himself of his pocket Bible, which had been given him as a reward in the Sunday school. Opening the Bible, where the inscription was written, before the captain, 'Will that do, sir, for a character?' The captain read the following:—

'PRESENTED TO
JOHN REYNOLDS,
For his good behavior in
Sunday school.
Date.'

"'Ay, ay, my boy, I will take you on this recommendation. Come along with me.'"

John was accordingly shipped in a merchant vessel for St. Petersburg. A few days after a storm arose, and the wind blew a hurricane, and the waves dashed over the ship, and the danger became frightfully great. John took his pocket Bible, and read, in a loud and solemn voice, the fifty-first Psalm. On his bended knee did that young sailor boy cry to that God who alone can appease the raging storm. And one by one, one after another, did the sailors, and the mate, and the captain, kneel down by that sailor boy, while he read the Psalm at the top of his voice. And it pleased God to hear their united supplication. The storm abated; and the ship pursued her voyage in safety. The captain used to say to John, in the after part of the voyage, "It was a good day for me, my boy, when I shipped you: your prayers saved my ship: when we get to St. Petersburg you shall have a holiday."

When they arrived at St. Petersburg, according to the captain's promise, John had the holiday. Boy like, he must needs go to the emperor's palace, to see all the great people go to court. There he stood gazing on the novel scene; and as carriage after carriage passed by, something dropped from one of them at his feet. It was a bracelet which had fallen from a lady's hand. John picked it up, and called aloud to the coachman to stop; but in vain: the crowd and the noise prevented John from being noticed, and he returned to the captain with the bracelet. "You are a lucky boy," said the captain: "these are diamonds." "But they are not mine." "How did you come by them?" "I picked them up; and I called to the driver to stop, but he drove on, and did not hear me." "You did, then, all that you could do under the circumstances," said the captain, "and they are clearly yours." "No, captain, they are not mine." John was too honest and simple-minded to be caught by the captain's guile.

"Why, you foolish boy, let me have the diamonds, and when I get to London I will sell them for you: they will fetch lots of money." "That may be, captain; but they are not mine: and, captain, suppose that we should have a storm as we go home, what then?" "Ay, Jack, I never thought of that: however, let us try and find out the lady to whom the bracelet belongs."

The owner was soon discovered, and the lost property was safely restored. John Reynolds received from the lady, as a reward of his honesty, the sum of thirty-five pounds, and this, under the captain's advice, was laid out in skins and hides; and when John left his good ship at the end of his voyage, he had, buttoned up snugly in his pocket, the sum of eighty pounds, [\$400.]

Thus enriched, and with a heart bounding with happiness, he set off as fast as possible to his native village, and very soon he found himself at the wicket-gate of the well-known cottage. But here, what a scene presented itself! the narrow pathway to the cottage door was all covered with grass and weeds; the windows were all closed; there was an appearance of desolation all around; and burning grief soon withered all poor John's hopes: he felt sure that his dear mother was dead. He stood before the desolate cottage, and gazed upon it: he could not weep or speak. Alas, how cutting, how grievous his disappointment!

Just at this moment a woman came out of a neighboring cottage. "Is that you, John?" John did not reply. The woman instantly saw what was passing in his mind. "Your mother is not dead, John." "Is she not? is she not?" and the big tears flowed plentifully. "Where is she?" "She's in the Union Workhouse." "Is that all?" said John; and he brushed the tears away, and with a throbbing bosom set off for the Union-house. There he knocked at the door in fine style; and the master came running out, thinking that it was the chairman of the Board, or some great man on important and pressing business. "What do you want?" said the master, in a gruff, disappointed voice. "I want my mother." "Your mother! who is your mother?" "Mary Reynolds." "What do you want with your mother?" "Support her, to be sure." "You support her! that is very likely." "I am a merchant," said John: "I have got lots of money, and I will have my mother." "You must get an order from a magistrate first." "Order! do not talk to me about orders: I must, I will have my mother."

And John succeeded. He carried off his mother in triumph, rejoicing in the prospect of being able to minister to her comfort. We do not wonder at her saying, "My John is the best John in the world." She concluded her touching and true story by affirming, "All this, sir, was through the Bible." Yes, it was the blessed word of God which had changed his heart. The Spirit of God had been his teacher; so that he could say, with David, "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." It was this that made him an honest boy, and a dutiful and affectionate son.

Who would not help to send the Bible to those who have it not?

O send God's holy book where'er
Or winds can waft or waters bear;
Let India's sons its page revere,
Let Afric's land the blessing share.

Send it to where, expanded wide,
The South Sea rolls its furthest tide:
To every Island's distant shore
Make known the Saviour's grace and power.
Ch. Miss. Juv. Ins.

A GOOD REPLY.

Some years ago a clergyman was addressed by his friends thus:—"You have a very large family, you have as many children as the patriarch Jacob." "True!" answered the good old divine; "and I have also Jacob's God to provide for them."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

From the (London) Children's Missionary Magazine.
POOR SAMBO.

There are few parts of the world more sultry than the West Indies. It is there that the poor negroes toil under the rays of a burning sun to procure sugar for our use. A very cheerless toil it used to be; for, till of late years, the negroes were slaves to the white people. There were, however, many true servants of the Prince of peace, who felt much grieved and displeased by the cruel slave trade, and, in answer to their prayers, and to reward their labors, the God of peace moved the hearts of our rulers to make laws against this cruel practice; and there are now no longer any slaves in those islands of the West Indies which belong to England: there the negroes are set free.

Some years before the slaves were set free, there lived on an estate in the Island of Jamaica a poor negro, whose name was Sambo. He was so happy as to work for a kind master, who allowed him to live with his mother. Some masters used to divide children from their parents; but Sambo's master was too kind to do this, and therefore his slaves were much happier than those of many other planters.

Sambo's mother had a small part of a New Testament, which she loved very much; and as Sambo could read, when his mother, who was an old woman, came to lie on her death-bed, she bade her dear boy farewell, and, with her last breath, told him to read his book, by which she meant that little part of the Bible already named. Sambo loved his mother, and thought of her dying words; he read his book every day, so that in time he could say much of it by heart, and he used to repeat it to his companions while they were at their work.

But poor Sambo's book, as he called it, was so much used and read, that it became less and less, until it was nearly all worn away. Sambo could recollect what once had been in it; but his friends used to laugh when he repeated it to them, and say, "Ah! it may be all very true, Sambo; but show us in de book, show us in de book."

Now Sambo could not do this; but he heard that in Kingston, the chief town of Jamaica, there lived a missionary who kept a stock of Bibles to sell to any who wished to buy them. Sambo had now become an old man, and having been made free by his kind master, he was allowed to live in a cottage on his estate, and to work in the little garden, which belonged to it. Kingston, where the good missionary lived, was fifty miles from old Sambo's cottage; but he made up his mind to go all that way on foot to buy a Bible; and he really did so. He went to the missionary's house, and when he saw the nice-looking Bibles, and thought of the "book" he had once so much prized, he was delighted, and cried aloud, "O, massa! how large! how fine! how great! how good!" "Yes, my friend," said the missionary, "that is very true; they are large, and fine, and great, and good." Sambo then told him he wished to buy one, and asked the price. "A dollar and a half," said the missionary. Poor Sambo looked very sad. "What is the matter?" said the missionary, who saw this sudden change. "O massa!" said Sambo, "this all me have," showing a dollar.

The missionary then asked Sambo who he was, and after finding that he had come all that way to buy a Bible, did not like to send him home empty; and, knowing his master, asked him if he would pay him the other half dollar as soon as he could get it. "Yes," said Sambo, "me will, indeed me will." The missionary then let Sambo have the Bible.

Sambo came in sight of home in the evening, just as the negroes were leaving their work. When the negroes saw Sambo, they cried, "Well, Sambo." Sambo held up his Bible, and exclaimed, "Joy, joy!" the negroes cried, "Read, Sambo, read," and Sambo, tired as he was, sat down, and

read to his companions. When he had finished a chapter or two, he shut the book. His companions then said, "Read on, Sambo." Sambo said, "Me no read on, it no paid for; how much you, Tom; how much, Betty; how much you, Jack?" He then collected enough to finish paying for his Bible.

Sambo then had one day's rest, and then began his journey to pay the missionary; and by the time that he came back, he had traveled two hundred miles to buy a Bible.

Dear children, see what love Sambo had for the Bible! Perhaps most of you who read this tale have only to cross the room to reach your Bible. If you read with a dark mind, it is a dark book. Sambo prayed for instruction, and this made him so willing to go so far to buy himself a Bible.—*T. Ry—d.*

THE SILENT PREACHER.

In the middle of France stands a town in which many English Christians take a deep interest. This is because they have had a remarkable opportunity of doing good there, through a lady from England, who has been led to reside in the town, and to spend her whole time in seeking to extend the knowledge of Jesus in it. The name of the place is Auxerre.

If you were to go into the burying-ground at Auxerre, perhaps your eye would be struck with one neat, white tombstone—the only one in the whole ground which has a passage of Scripture engraved on it. On all the tombstones round there is written some such motto as, "Priez pour lui," (Pray for him,) "Priez pour elle," (Pray for her,) but this tombstone bears on it the beautiful inscription, "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." This must be a Protestant grave: it is very plain that they who erected this stone disbelieved in purgatory, and loved their Bibles.

I will tell you who it is that is buried underneath this stone. She was one who had heard about the Saviour in the chapel which was built by means of the lady of whom I have told you. She heard and believed. By and by she was taken very ill, and laid upon her dying-bed. The "Sœurs de Charite," sisters of charity, or nuns, came to see her, and tried, as much as they possibly could, to persuade her to confess to the priest, that he might forgive her her sins. But she would not listen to them. The priest himself came; but all his pleadings were in vain. A few days only before she died, he called again, and though she was sinking fast, he insisted on seeing her. For two hours did he stay, promising, threatening, persuading. She said, "I have confessed to God, and have done with man. It is God who forgives me." When he was gone, she fainted from the two hours' exertion.

As the priest was leaving the house he met at the door her brother. "Well, Monsieur le cure," said he, "how have you got on with my sister?" "O I can do nothing with her!" "And if she had confessed," asked the brother, "what would you have done with her sins?" "I should have sent them to the archbishop, to be sure." "And what then?" "He would have sent them to the pope, and he would have sent them to the Virgin, and the Virgin would have sent them to her Son." "Well, Monsieur," replied the other, "with our new religion we have learned a shorter way; for Christ says, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.'"

There are hundreds in Auxerre who know nothing of Jesus as the way, and the only way, to God. The priests to whom they look up for direction, teach them nothing of his love; they persuade them that all is right with them, if they go regularly to mass, and do what they tell them, without asking questions. In their blind zeal they even pray *against* the Protestants; they pray God to send the Protestant heretics quickly out of the town. We are afraid that such as these will not

enter the chapel where the pure word of God is read in the hearing of the people, and the true way to God is explained; but, as they wander about in the burying-ground, will not their eye be struck with the gospel message, which silently meets their eye from the Protestant grave? As they are weeping, perhaps, over the graves of their departed friends, whose souls they think are enduring the fire of purgatory, will they not look up, and read that "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life?" and will they not say, Yes, this is a promise that comforts my heart; this is the religion for me, which tells me, if I believe in Jesus, of no purgatory, no fierce fire, no cruel pains after death; but of the love of God and life everlasting?

May God grant that, while the minister is preaching in the chapel, *that* silent text may preach in the grave-yard!—*London Miss. Rep.*

THE LIGHT-HOUSE AND MISSIONARY BOX;
OR, FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

Nearly sixteen years ago a gentleman who loved the cause of missions to the heathen, was on a visit to Margate. Soon after his arrival he was informed that a public meeting was to be held in the town to form an association in aid of missions. He attended, and was much delighted with the whole proceedings; and his mind was, more than ever, impressed with the duty of sending the gospel throughout the whole world. The next morning, during his rambles in the neighborhood, he came near a light-house, and visited the same. No sooner had he entered the dwelling than his eye was attracted by the appearance of a missionary box on the table. He entered into conversation with the inmate, who was a widow, with a family of young children, on the subject of missions. The widow related to him the following circumstance in connection with the box. She said, after attending a missionary meeting, she was induced to take a box, and place it in her house; but, as the main support of her family depended on the gifts of those visiting the light-house, a difficulty arose how she could present the box to them without serious injury to her temporal interests. At last she resolved that all the money that might be given to her before twelve o'clock every Monday morning, should be the Lord's, and be put into the missionary box. The Monday morning returned: the first visitor happened to be a gentleman, who, seeing her in the attire of a widow, kindly felt interested for her, and gave her a sovereign. Her resolve immediately told her it belonged to the box; but many thoughts crossed her mind. The pressing wants of her family; a bill of three pounds that she owed the doctor for attending her late husband, agitated her breast. She asked the advice of friends; one advised one way, another the contrary. At last she determined to ask God in prayer to point out what she should do with the sovereign. She rose from her knees convinced it belonged to the missions, and put it, at once, into the box. God, who is a father of the fatherless, and a husband to the widow, was mindful of her faithfulness. Soon after the attention of the family was arrested by seeing some visitors approaching—it was a widow lady of high rank, with her little daughter, and several attendants. During her inspection of the light-house, she made many inquiries of the poor widow; and before she left put a piece of gold into her hand. The next morning one of the pages came with a letter, in which it was stated, that if the widow had a son, the lady would take the entire charge of him. The widow's answer was, that the whole of her family were daughters. However, on the following day, another letter came kindly stating that the said lady felt much interested for the family, and begged their acceptance of twenty pounds from herself, and five pounds from her daughter,

who also was concerned for their welfare. The widow's heart was made to rejoice in the faithfulness of that God whom she served; and she was not a little delighted when told that her kind and generous visitors were no other than the Duchess of Kent and her little daughter Victoria, now Queen of Great Britain.

A WIDOW RESCUED FROM DEATH.

In all those countries where heathenism prevails, the condition of woman is very degraded. She is subjected to many hardships, and her spirit is broken by the cruel and unkind treatment of even her nearest relatives. But, more than this, she is, in some countries, as you have been told, burned to death on the funeral pile of her husband. In others, as I am going to tell you, the poor widow is *strangled* to death.

In one of the Polynesian Islands, where this horrid practice exists, a Christian native teacher was told that a poor woman, living in a neighboring village, had lost her husband, and would shortly be put to death in the usual way. He determined to make the attempt to save her, and set off to the village with all speed.

He entered a small hut, in which were two individuals. On the one side sat a poor, disconsolate woman, hanging down her head, and looking the picture of wretchedness and despair. On the other side sat a man of ferocious appearance, the brother of the widow, who held in his hand a strong rope. Between them lay the corpse of the dead man, the husband of the woman. The teacher spoke kindly to the brother, entreating him to spare the life of his unfortunate sister. The man, provoked at his interference, savagely replied that it was the law of the country, and that she *must die*. At the same moment he sprang forward, attempting to cast the fatal noose over his sister's head. The teacher threw himself between them; they wrestled together, struggled, and fell. A fearful contest ensued.

At length, at the earnest request of the native teacher, who, but a few years before, would himself have acted in the same barbarous manner, the life of the unoffending, helpless widow, was spared. How delighted the Christian teacher must have felt to be the means of rescuing her from so terrible a death! From that time he doubtless felt deeply interested in her welfare, and let us hope that, through his counsels and prayers, she was induced to seek from the Saviour a new life, better than that natural life which she was so near losing, even the eternal life of her soul.

s. c.

BIBLE BURNING IN CORK.

A correspondent of the *Kerry Evening Post* gives an account of the burning of Bibles by a priest of Newmarket, county of Cork. "Twenty-two Bibles," he says, "were thrown into the flames, surrounded by hundreds of rejoicing spectators, who, with clubs, threw the flaming Bibles into the air, and, as they fell, beat them back into the flames, shouting, 'We will beat and burn the life out of them.' Part of the town appeared illuminated, as if in commemoration of some great national victory. This scene was repeated on the following day."

THE OLD SHEIKH'S ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

"The Lord sent us another shepherd. He was young; but we loved him. One day as we, poor sheep, were feeding around him in the wilderness, he stooped. This was not his custom. We looked at him, and he at us. He shook us by the hand, stopped, tied his sandals on his feet, and took his staff in his hand, and went across the Jordan into Canaan, and left us, poor sheep, in the wilderness. We could not blame him; for his Lord stood on the other side and beckoned him."

RELIGION IN AMERICA.

BY JOSHUA MARSDEN.

Along thy boundless forests, wide and far,
Though Hesper reigns, yet shines the morning star;
Truth gilds the margin of thy inland seas,
Whose white waves ripple with the forest breeze;
And spreads her red-cross banner, wide unfurled,
O'er every section of thy sylvan world.
Where wide Ontario rolls a world of waves;
Where fair Ohio half an empire laves;
Where high the Alleghany Mountains frown,
Or deep Missouri rolls his waters brown;
Fair truth is borne along with every gale,
The woodlands echo with Redemption's tale.
Where once the war-whoop fell, in sounds of fear,
Like passing death-bell to a culprit's ear;
Where fate impelled the deadly tomahawk,
And rival chiefs by belts of *wampum* talk;
The woods are cleared, the demon discord fled,
Towns spot the forest, churchmen lift their head.
"Where wild Oswego pours her swamps around,
Where Niagara stuns with thundering sound;"
Or further west, where rolls the tide of man
Along the pine-crowned shores of Michigan;
Truth follows culture o'er the vast extent,
And builds an altar where he spreads a tent;
And while he fills the wood, and clears the soil,
Renews the heart, and cheers him with her smile.
For this, like vernal dew or summer showers,
O'er all the continent the Spirit pours;
And wide and far each pastor spreads his line,
To make new channels for the stream divine.
So wide the field, so vast the moral need,
Admits no idler to dispense the seed;
All at it, always at it, enterprise
Is here the ruling mark of fool and wise.
Hence where the ax has cut the forest down,
And shaped the wilderness into a town;
Within those avenues, so lately trod,
Crowds bend the knee, and haste to worship God.
See spreading zeal a wider compass fetch,
And still the line of active labor stretch
To regions far beyond, that ask a name,
And newly peopled towns, unknown to fame.
In these shall nurseries of truth abound,
To spread the written word, or joyful sound.
Here may new Wesleys and new Whitefields spring,
New Baxters write, and tuneful Cowpers sing.
Along these woods, at no far-distant day,
The light of life may shed his holiest ray:
And here, when truth has left our eastern skies,
(Which God forbid,) the Morning Star may rise.
Some say (O may they prophesy in vain!)
That piety will cross the western main,
And fair Columbia steal the holy gem,
That shines so bright in Britain's diadem.
That learning, luxury, refinement, gold,
Will sweep all piety from England's fold,
And write a *Tekel* on the church of God,
A moral, desolating *Ichabod*.
'Tis false; why write the Church-in-England's doom,
That truth may in yon western forests bloom?
Is naught in Britain sound, in Britain right,
Because Columbia has seen the light?
Ah, no; whatever Master Irving say,
While half a million Christians daily pray,
While twice three thousand ministers proclaim
The Lamb of God, and glory in his name,
While, from these shores, Bibles and missions fly,
And holy men the work of mercy ply,
The glory in our midst shall shine as clear,
And on that glory a defense appear.

Ask we the reason why in western skies,
Till late obscured, such recent lustre rise?
Ask we the reason, why of late, and now,
Jehovah should to them his heavens bow?
And make the present time their joyful hour,
A day of lustre, gladness, love, and power;
Why, in her sylvan bower, the word prevails,
Gladdening her pine-clad hills and peopled dales?
Why on each settlement the Spirit blows,
And makes the wild-wood blossom as the rose?
'Tis prayer, that sends its fragrance up to heaven;
'Tis prayer, that spreads the all-pervading leaven.
The Indian's wigwam, the professor's chair,
Are altars hallowed and embalmed by prayer.
Seek we another reason? but I fear
To trust myself, and will be silent here.

Free is religion as the mountain roe,
Free as the gales that o'er her forests blow.
Beneath his vine and fig-tree each may sit,
And shape his creed by what apostles writ.
Her pastors split not on our golden rocks,
Rich only in the reverence of their flocks.
No hunting, dancing parson, wears the cloth,
No drone bred up in luxury and sloth;
Her shepherds are protectors of the fold,
On nobler principles than sordid gold;
None in her senates e'er a bishop saw,
Or rector from the bench dispensing law;
No squire and parson dare the village ban,
Or trample on the rights of free-born man.
All, all have liberty to praise or pray,
As love constrains, and truth directs the way.
All worship God, and bow to him alone,
And truth and freedom have one common throne.

RECEIPTS OF ENGLISH RELIGIOUS BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

A table is here presented of the respective incomes of the various benevolent and religious societies of England, collected from the last annual reports, and calculated upon an average of the last three years:—

British and Foreign Bible Society	£115,000
Church Missionary Society	116,000
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts	95,000
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge	90,000
Society for Building and Repairing Churches	24,000
Church Pastoral Aid Society	45,000
British and Foreign School Society	15,000
Religious Tract Society	57,000
Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society	116,000
London Missionary Society	75,000
Baptist do do	28,000
London City Mission	14,000
Methodist New Connection Mission	3,000
New-Foundland Schools Society	4,000
London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews	28,000
British Society for Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews	2,300
Colonial Church Society	4,000
Foreign Aid Society	5,250
Home Missionary Society	8,000
Irish Evangelical Society	2,500
Colonial Missionary Society	2,500
Naval and Military Bible Society	2,500
Christian Instruction Society	600
Indigent Blind Visiting Society	650
Protestant Association	1,500
Sunday-School Union	1,600
Adult Deaf and Dumb Institution	900
British and Foreign Sailors' Society	1,200
do do Anti-Slavery Society	1,850
Orphan Working School	12,500
New Infant Orphan Asylum	2,800
Clergy Orphan Corporation	4,500
Friends of Foreigners in Distress	2,500
Trinitarian Bible Society	1,500

During the year 1847-8, the receipts of nearly all the societies show a decrease as compared with the preceding year—a circumstance attributed to the monetary pressure.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

It appears from the reports read at the recent anniversaries, that the receipts of the benevolent societies have advanced very considerably the past year. The aggregate amount of the American Bible, Tract, Home Missionary, Seamen's Friend, Board of Foreign Missions, Colonization, Anti-Slavery, Foreign Evangelical, General Assembly's Board of Missions, Protestant, Jews, and New-York Institution for the Blind, is \$1,120,818. If the Baptist societies are added—the American and Foreign Bible Society, Union Missionary, and Home Missionary—the amount of the year is \$1,276,951.—*J. of Com., May 27, 1848.*

ARRIVAL AT FUH-CHAU.

Messrs. Baldwin and Cummings, with their wives, and Mr. Richards, arrived at Hong Kong, March 25, after a very pleasant passage of one hundred and thirty-one days. Grateful mention is made of the kindness of Captain Lockwood during the voyage. The reinforcement was expecting to proceed immediately to Fuh-Chau.

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

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY.

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

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

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