



47-5-
5

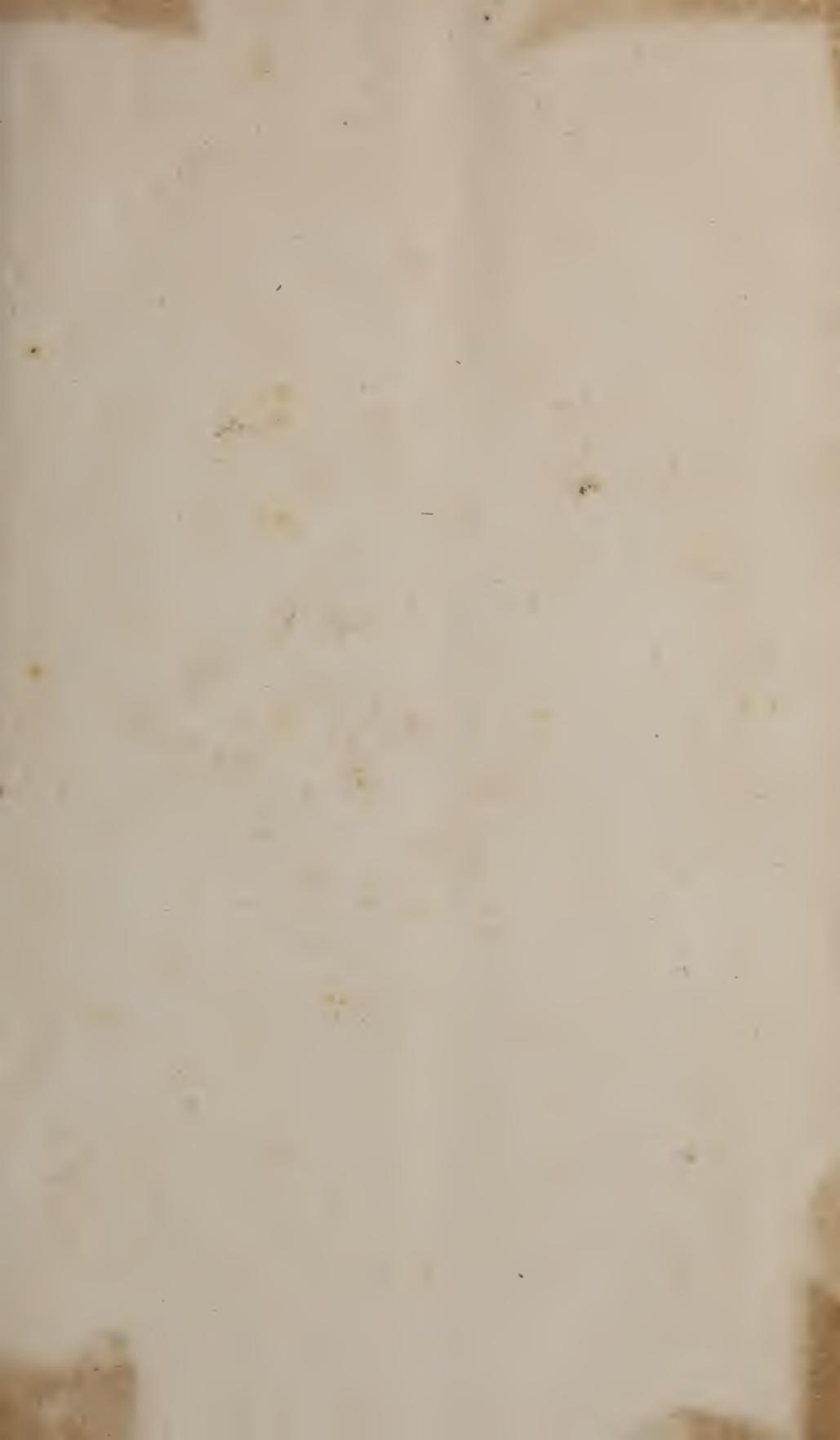
No. 146.
SOCIETY *C. A.*
OF
INQUIRY ON MISSIONS,
AND
THE STATE OF RELIGION.

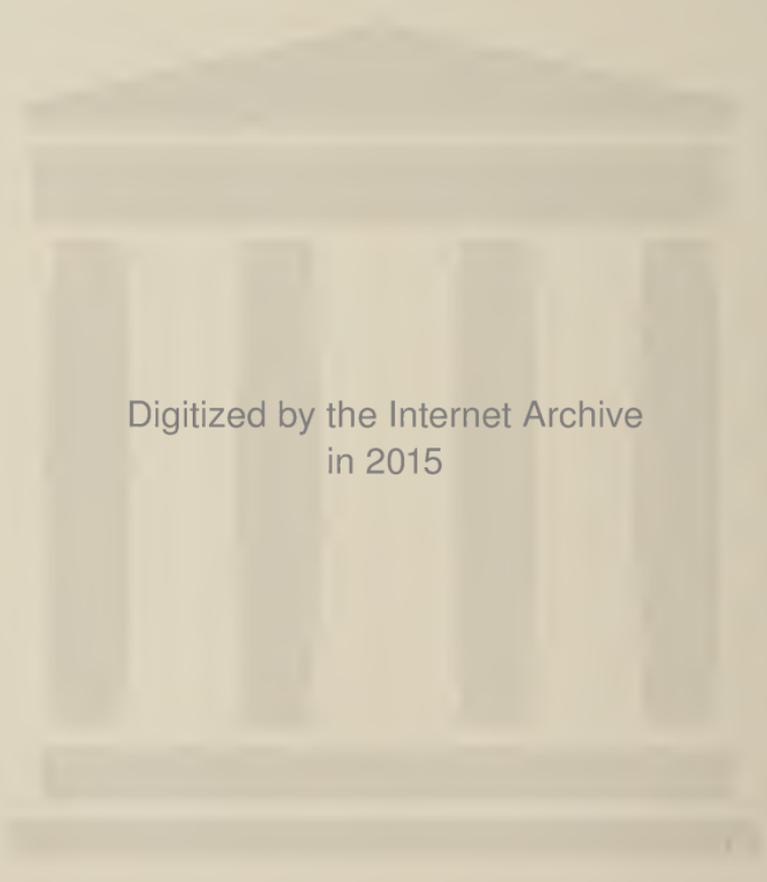
LIBRARY
OF THE
Theological Seminary,
PRINCETON, N. J.

Case,..... Division *I*
Shelf,..... Section *7*
Book,..... No.

Loc. of Ino -
on Missions -
146. E. A

1790. 2. 24
The ...
...





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

THE

AMERICAN BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

Vol. 13. November, 1833. No. 11.

THE PROPHECY OF HABAKKUK.

AGE OF THE PROPHET.

THERE is much uncertainty in respect to the precise time when this prophet lived. It seems to be quite evident that it must have been at a period when the Jewish government was in a very corrupt state, and the Chaldees were threatening to ruin the nation. Eichhorn supposes him to have written his prophecy after the reign of Jehoiakim, when the Hebrews began to be oppressed by the Chaldeans. Although this opinion might at first seem to be necessary, from the nature of the book, yet when we remember the liveliness with which inspiration presents scenes long future, it may at least be rendered doubtful. From the very nature of prophecy, Habakkuk would describe the future, as it passed in vision before him, just as he would describe things actually present. De Wette makes the prophet a contemporary of Jeremiah, whose work was continued till the end of the kingdom, under Zedekiah. Rosenmueller supposes the three chapters of Habakkuk to have been written during the reign of the three last kings of Judah—the first, under Jehoiakim; the second, under Jehoiachin or Jeconiah; and the third under Zedekiah, during the siege of Jerusalem. Several other writers, however, agree in assigning the prophecy to the early years of the reign of Manasseh, who ascended the throne B. C. 699. The state of Judah, as it was at that period, coincides with the descriptions in the prophecy. Injustice and oppression prevailed. Manasseh used all his influence to uphold the cause of idolatry. He set up an idol to be worshipped in the temple of Jehovah, and sacrificed his own son to Moloch. For his rebellious and wicked administration, God suffered him to be defeated in battle, and carried in chains to Babylon; thus beginning to deliver Israel into the power of the Chaldeans. About this period, also, the latter people were just assuming the rank and character of a nation, which agrees with the sentiment in chap. i. 6.

Of the history of Habakkuk we have no traces. The contemptible story of his carrying food to Daniel, while in the lion's den, as related in the Apocrypha, could never obtain the credence of a reader of the canonical scriptures.

STYLE OF THE PROPHET.

The style of Habakkuk has long been admired and extolled by men of taste. The whole prophecy presents a beautiful example of the nature of such revelations. The dialogue, the soliloquy and the description are so combined and yet so easily discernible, as to delight the mind, at the same time that they call for the use of all its powers, in eliciting the full beauties of the original. There is a liveliness of manner, an abruptness of expression, a grandeur of imagery, which

are wholly unequalled. With extraordinary skill in selection, the prophet culls out of the history of the Hebrew nation, the most striking scenes, with which to embellish his message, and clothes them in magnificent drapery. His description of the descent of Jehovah, in chapter third, has long been quoted as inimitable. He there gathers up whatever of majesty had been developed by earlier writers in similar descriptions, and adds, from his own stores, an array of matchless splendor. We can conceive of nothing superior to the following: (chap. iii. 4—6.) ‘His glory was like the sun; lightnings were cast forth from his hand, and there [among the thick clouds of Sinai] were the hidings of his majesty. Before him went the pestilence; and the consuming pestilence followed his steps. He stood, and measured the earth [with a glance;] he looked, and drove asunder the nations. The everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow.’ Witness also the description in verses 9—12. God appears veiled in clouds, and lightnings announce his presence. All is thick darkness. The sun and moon stand still in their habitations; they come not out to shine upon the earth. There is no ray but the sharp electric flash. The armies move by the light of God’s arrows, and the gleaming of his spear. The mountains tremble, the earth shakes and cleaves asunder, the ocean rolls and roars. What grandeur is there in the movement of the hosts of Jehovah amid the lurid light, the sublime thunders, the rush and tumult of the elements! Where in classic, or even in sacred literature, can we find so gorgeous a scene! Who, except under the immediate guidance of inspiration, would have ventured to soar so high? Eichhorn says of the style of our prophet, with as much elegance as truth, “all that is terrible and sublime in nature flows out together in a single stream.” The perfection and completeness of the figures of Habakkuk are as characteristic of his style as his sublimity. Examples occur in i. 14—17 and ii. 9—11. But these will be noticed under the head of remarks.

CONTENTS OF THE PROPHECY.

The prophet begins by complaining of the wretched state of Judah—the oppression and violence that prevailed, the laxity of the laws, the perversion of justice, and the triumph of the wicked over the righteous, chap. i. 2—4. He receives the answer of God, that these crimes should be avenged by the instrumentality of the Chaldeans, 5—11. Afflicted by the prospect of the grievous slaughter of the Jews by their enemies, he immediately expostulates with God, that they might be restrained, 12—17. He then places himself in a waiting posture, to hear what answer will be returned to his remonstrance, ii. 1. The response informs him, that at the appointed time, the Chaldeans also shall be destroyed, and deliverance shall at last arrive to his people, 2—20. The prophet acknowledges the response of Jehovah, and entreats him to appear again for his servants, as he had done in ancient times, iii. 2. This prayer is immediately followed by a vision of God, coming to the rescue of his people, clothed in indescribable majesty, and uniting all that was grand and striking in his former interpositions in behalf of Israel. This forms the theme of the incomparable ode, 3—15. Overcome by the majesty of such a scene, and trembling at the thought of beholding such an advent of the Almighty, the prophet became, as it were, lifeless. In the close, he expresses his trust in God, amidst all the desolations he anticipated, and his belief that he should find safety, 17—19.

TRANSLATION.

CHAPTER I.

1. The oracular vision which Habakkuk, the prophet, saw.

Complaint of the Prophet.

2. How long, O Lord, shall I cry, and thou wilt not hear?

[How long] shall I complain to thee of violence, and thou wilt not save?

3. Why dost thou cause me to behold suffering, and to see adversity?
Why should desolation and violence be before me?
[Why] should there be strife, and contention lift up itself?
4. Therefore, the law is paralyzed, and judgment no more goes forth;
Because the wicked prevaileth over the righteous,
Therefore perverted judgment goes forth.

Response of Jehovah.

5. Behold, ye among the heathen, and look, and be greatly astonished;
For I work a work in your days, [which] ye will not believe, though it
be declared.
6. For behold I raise up the Chaldeans,
A bitter and hasty nation,
Which marches far and wide in the earth,
To possess the dwellings which are not theirs.
7. They are terrible and dreadful;
Their decrees and their judgments proceed only from themselves.
8. Swifter than leopards are their horses,
And fiercer than the evening wolves.
Their horsemen prance proudly around;
And their horsemen shall come from afar, and fly
Like the eagle, when he pounces on his prey.
9. They all shall come for violence,
In troops--their glance is ever *forward*!
They gather captives like the sand.
10. And they scoff at kings,
And princes are a scorn unto them;
They deride every strong hold;
They cast up [mounds of] earth, and take it.
11. Then renews itself, his spirit, and transgresses and is guilty;
For this his power is his God.

Remonstrance of the prophet.

12. Art not thou from everlasting, O Jehovah!
My God, my Holy One, we shall not die.
O Jehovah, thou hast appointed him for judgment;
O Rock [of Israel] for correction hast thou ordained him.
13. Thou art of purer eyes than to look upon sin,
And behold iniquity, thou canst not.
Why [then] dost thou look upon the treacherous?
[Why] art thou silent, when the wicked devours him that is more right-
eous than himself?
14. [Why] dost thou make man like the fishes of the sea--
Like creeping things, which have no ruler?
15. Every one of them with the hook takes up [some];
He sweeps them into his net, and gathers them in his drag;
Therefore they rejoice and are glad.
16. Therefore they sacrifice to their net,
And burn incense to their drag;
Because by them fattened is his portion,
And his food is plenteous.
Shall he then empty his net to fill it again,
And perpetually to slay the nations shall he not cease?

CHAPTER II.

The prophet waits for a reply.

1. On my watch will I stand,
And I will take my station on the watch-tower;
And I will watch to see what he will say concerning me,
And what I shall bring back [what reply I shall receive] in respect to
my remonstrance.

Jehovah speaks.

2. And Jehovah answered me, and said,
Write the vision and engrave it upon tablets,
That one who is running may read it.
 3. For the vision is yet for an appointed time;
But it hasteth to the fulfilment, and shall not fail :
Though it tarry, wait for it ;
For it will surely come ; it will not tarry.
- Vision concerning the Chaldeans, with a description of their acts.
4. Behold the proud [unbelieving] shall not be prosperous ;
But the just shall live by his faith.
 5. Moreover, because of wine, he deals treacherously,
The proud man, and he does not dwell [in one place ;]
Who hath enlarged his appetite like the grave :
He is like death ; he is never satisfied,
But he gathers to himself all nations,
And he heapeth up to himself all people.
 6. Behold these shall all take up against him a parable,
And satirical poems against him ;
And shall say, Wo to him that increases what is not his [plunders ;]
How long [shall he do thus,] and make guilt heavy upon him ?
 7. Behold, suddenly will they start up, who shall vex thee :
They will awake, who shall agitate thee ;
And thou shalt be a prey to them.
 8. Because thou hast spoiled many nations,
All the remnant of the people shall spoil thee ;
On account of the blood of men [which thou hast shed] and the violence of
the land, the city, and all the dwellers in it.}
 9. Wo to him that coveteth wicked gain for his home,
That he may set his nest on high,
That he may be delivered from the hand of evil.
 10. Thou hast consulted shame to thine house by cutting off many people ;
Thy soul hath transgressed.
 11. For the stone from the wall shall cry out,
And the beam from the wood-work shall reply to it.
 12. Wo to him that buildeth a town with blood
And establisheth a city by wrong dealing ;
 13. Behold, is it not the decree of Jehovah of hosts,
That the people shall labor for the fire,
That the people shall weary themselves for nothing ?
 14. For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of Jehovah,
As the waters cover the sea.
 15. Wo to him that gives intoxicating drink to his neighbor,
That pourest out thy bottle, and makest him drunken
That thou mayest look on their nakedness.
 16. Thou shalt be drunken [satiated] with shame, instead of glory :
Drink even thou, and display thy uncircumcision :
The cup in Jehovah's right hand shall come round to thee,
And vomiting shall cover thy glory.
 17. For the violence thou hast done to Lebanon [Judah] shall cover thee,
And desolation by wild beasts shall terrify them.
Because of the blood of men, and the violence of the land, the city and all
the dwellers in it.
 18. What shall the image, which the maker hath carved, profit him,
The molten image and the false prophet ?
[What will it avail] that the former hath put confidence in his work and
made dumb idols ?
 19. Wo to him that saith to the wood, rouse up ;
To the dumb stone, awake ; it shall teach.
Behold it is overlaid with gold and silver ; but there is no breath in it.
 20. But Jehovah is in the temple of his holiness :
Be silent before him, all the earth !

CHAPTER III.

1. A prayer of the prophet Habakkuk in the style of lamentation.
2. O Lord, I have heard thy words; I am afraid :
O Lord, thy work in the midst of the years revive;
In the midst of the years reveal [thyself];
In wrath remember mercy.
A vision of God coming to answer this prayer.
3. God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran. Selah.
His glory covered the heavens,
And the earth was full of his praise.
4. His splendor was like the sun;
Lightnings were cast from his hand,
And there was the hiding of his might.
5. Before him went the pestilence;
And the burning pestilence went at his feet.
6. He stood, and measured the earth [with a glance];
He looked, and drove asunder the nations;
Cleft in pieces were the eternal mountains;
The everlasting hills bowed down.
His ways are everlasting.
7. I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction;
The curtains of the land of Midian trembled.
8. Was the Lord displeased against the rivers ?
Was thine anger against the rivers ? thy wrath against the sea---
That thou didst ride upon thy horses, thy chariots of salvation ?
9. Thy bow was made quite naked, [according to] the promises to the tribes, [even
thy] word,
With rivers didst thou cleave the earth.
10. They saw thee—they shook--the mountains :
The flood of waters rolled back;
The deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high.
11. The sun and the moon stood still in their habitations.
By the light of thine arrows they marched,
By the gleam of thy glittering spear.
12. In indignation thou didst march through the land;
In wrath thou didst tread the nations.
13. Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people,
For salvation with thine anointed;
Thou didst smite the head of the house of the wicked;
Thou didst lay bare the foundation [of the Red Sea]
It came up to the neck [of Pharaoh;] Selah.
14. Thou didst smite with his [Israel's] staff the head of his [Pharaoh's] leaders;
They rushed out to dash me in pieces;
Their rejoicing was as if to devour the poor in secret.
15. Thou didst march through the sea with thy horses,
Through the channel of mighty waters.

Effects on the prophet of this vision of God.

16. I heard, and my frame trembled;
At the voice my lips quivered;
Rottenness entered into my bones, and I trembled within myself,
Because I must remain till the day of distress;
Till the coming of him, who should invade the people with troops.

He encourages himself.

17. Although the fig-tree shall not blossom and there be no fruit in the vines,
The cultivation of the olive and of the fields produce no food,
The flock fail from the fold, and there be no herd in the stalls,
18. Yet in Jehovah I will rejoice,
I will exult in the God of my salvation.
19. The Lord God is my strength;

He will make my feet like gazelles.
 And to my fortified places he will direct me.
 To the chief singer on my stringed instruments.

REMARKS.

By reading the above translation in connexion with the common version, the reader will, we hope, find light, thrown on most of the difficult passages. A perfect translation of any book, if such a thing were possible, would supersede the necessity of commentaries. How far the present attempt has been successful in making this interesting prophecy of the scriptures more clear, we leave for others to determine. The space allotted to this article will not permit us to add much, in the way of further elucidation. We deem it necessary, however, to vindicate a few variations from the authorized translation, and to make some general suggestions, for the better understanding of each chapter.

CHAP. I.—The prophet, throughout the book, adopts the poetical fiction (*Dichtung*), common in Hebrew poetry, by which he *seems* to be holding a dialogue with Jehovah. That God spoke through him, in all cases where prophecy is concerned, could not for a moment be doubted, in whatever shape he should express himself. The present form has only the advantage of greater liveliness.—In the complaint, 2—4, some commentators think there was no reference to the state of the Jewish administration; but only to the oppression of the Chaldees. The context, however, rather leads to the interpretation proposed above.—The strangeness of the work promised by Jehovah (v. 5,) consists in the fact that he would ‘raise up’ a people, who then ‘were not a people,’ to execute his judgments. The Chaldeans had hitherto been a nomadic tribe, living among the mountains; independent in government, bold in their robberies, expert in horsemanship, and fearless. They were now assuming new strength and ferocity, which were to be used in plundering and trampling down their Jewish neighbors. That a small band of mountain robbers should increase in numbers and power, so as thus to conquer the chosen people of God, might well be supposed incredible.—(See Robinson’s Calmet, art. CHALDEANS, from which the translation of v. 6—11 is taken.) The common version of the sentence in v. 9—‘their faces shall sup up as the east wind’—seems less intelligible than the one proposed. The literal meaning of the original is ‘the panting of their faces is towards the east.’—And a mode of expression common in Palestine made it usual to call that which is *before*, eastward, and that which is *behind*, westward. The present form is certainly in keeping with the rest of the description.—The reasoning in v. 12—17 seems to be this: The Chaldeans are idolaters, and worse than the Jews, notwithstanding all the wickedness of the latter. Hence, because God cannot look upon evil, there is reason why that furious nation should be staid in their progress, and the chosen nation rescued.—The figure in v. 14—17 is carried through with great completeness and unity. The whole Jewish people are represented as irrational creatures—fishes—and the Chaldee, as an angler with his net, sweeping them together into his net, feasting daintily, and emptying his drag, only to fill it anew. By the spoils of Israel, the Chaldee territory was enriched, v. 16.

CHAP. II.—This chapter, we have already seen, is taken up with the declaration of God, that judgments awaited the Chaldeans also, which should be inflicted at the time appointed. Their national character and habits are here brought into full view, as furnishing a reason why the divine wrath should, in due season, fall upon them: They are described as fond of wine, treacherous, haughty and insatiable, v. 5, 6. But, in the divine purpose, the cup of indignation should also ‘come round’ to them, v. 16. They who had taken Judah captive should become a prey. They who had been ambitious to dwell in lofty houses (v. 9), like those in Babylon, sometimes 200 feet high, should nevertheless have no peace; for the stone from the wall and the beam in the timber—both the outside and the inside of their houses, should charge them with the guilt of their robberies, v. 10—12. Their splendid buildings, erected

with so much labor, were erected only for the fire; for they should be burned to the ground, v. 13; and all Jehovah's designs should be accomplished, without exception, v. 15. As the Chaldean had treacherously robbed Judah of his glory, so his glory should be covered with shame, v. 15. The violence he had done to the Jews should return upon his own head. Lebanon, and the wild beasts, its inhabitants, are here put for Palestine and its people—Lebanon being in that country, v. 17. The idols for which the Chaldees were famous, would be of no avail to them in their distress, v. 18, 19. But Jehovah, in his holy temple, requires the silent attention of all the earth, v. 20. Whether this verse relates to the vision of the next chapter or not, we are unable to decide.

CHAP. III.—In v. 2, the prophet, in view of the present condition of his country, beseeches God to 'revive his work'—i. e. to renew or perform again (*ad vitam revocare*) for the deliverance of Judah, a work similar to that by which he anciently wrought their rescue. This prayer, we conceive, relates solely to a temporal deliverance. In what follows it is recalled to memory how God formerly secured the deliverance of the nation from the oppression of Pharaoh in Egypt, and on the battle-field at Ai; as if humbly to remind him that their necessities required that he should again interpose in the same manner, to save them from the anticipated oppressions of the Chaldeans. Whether the present ode was composed by Habakkuk as part of a prayer, or expostulation with Jehovah, as if recalling his past wonderful acts to God,—or whether it is the record of a vision, in which the Omnipotent seemed to Habakkuk to come down, robed in all this splendor to deliver his people from the affliction, which, though future in reality, in the vision was already existing, is a problem to be solved. We prefer the latter, on account of the effect of the vision on the prophet, stated in v. 16.

The separate parts of this chapter require a little notice. Teman and Paran (v. 3) were parts of the Sinai chain of mountains, from which, perhaps, the bright cloud seemed to come and rest on Sinai, when the law was proclaimed. In v. 4, in the common version, it is said of Jehovah, 'he had horns coming out of his hand'—an error the most ludicrous and astonishing, so far as we remember, in the whole Bible. It possesses not the slightest verisimilitude; and it is therefore the more strange that it has found place. The meaning, doubtless, is, 'irradiations proceeded from him,' or 'lightnings were cast from his hand.' Rays of light bear a slight resemblance to horns. Hence the Arabian poets call the beams of the sun his horns. While our translators have here rendered the Hebrew noun *qeren*, a horn, they have elsewhere translated *qaran*, the kindred verb, to emit rays of light; as, the face of Moses when he came down from the mount, (Ex. xxxiv. 29,30—35.) The Vulgate, however, retains the primitive meaning of *qeren* in the latter case; and, in conformity, we sometimes see ancient paintings and wood-cuts of Moses with horns! The idea of the text is, that the lightnings from his hands emitted brilliant rays.—Much of the imagery of the Hebrew scriptures is drawn from the early history of the nation (Comp. Ps. xviii. etc.) In this chapter, verses 3—6 seem to derive their imagery from God's descent on Sinai, at the giving of the law. Verses 8, 10, 13 and 15; from the overthrow of Pharaoh in the Red Sea, and the rescue of the Hebrews; v. 9, from the smitten rock, which afforded the Israelites drink in the desert; and verses 11, 12, from the battle of Ai, 'when the sun stood still in Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, and went not down for a whole day.'

In this whole description, there is inimitable grandeur; and the more it is studied, the richer does it seem. In v. 5, we find Jehovah going forth from his abode, and pestilence before and behind him, to destroy the foes of Israel. In v. 6, he stops on Sinai, and, as it were, measures the earth with a glance, to see where he should stand. The mountains are cleft asunder, and the hills do him obeisance. In v. 10, the floods are personified; the waters of the Red Sea are represented like men as lifting up both hands, that they may bring them down with all their force on their enemies. And their rushing and roaring, when they returned to overwhelm Pharaoh and his troops, are spoken of as

'the deep,' uttering his voice. In v. 11, the sun and moon withhold their light, and the armies of God go forth enlightened only by the gleaming of his arrows, to execute his indignation. In v. 13 and 14, the princes of Israel's enemies are either drowned or slain in battle, and their malignant rejoicings laid at rest forever.

With such a view of God's majesty, the prophet sunk down as if lifeless. He could not endure what was to come. But at length he receives strength and courage, and expresses his trust in God, that he shall have speed given him to escape to the fortified places of Judah, where he should be saved from the vengeance of the Chaldeans. A more thorough analysis, and a critical exposition of the book, we would cheerfully introduce, but our limits are already exceeded.

AFFLICTION.

Out of a wide, woody estate, we had contrived to redeem just land enough, by incessant toil, to furnish provisions for the family. There was a little patch, in one corner of the field, which I had cultivated with devoted attention; and my anxiety was repaid by the prospect, in a few days, of an abundant harvest. I was, one evening, admiring and proudly boasting of my success to a friend, just after the sun went down. I arose in the morning—some animal had found his way into the enclosure; and while the rest of the field was vigorous as ever, my own little harvest was trodden into the dust.

My parents were always fond of indulging me, especially when the indulgence could be made to minister to intellectual improvement. They had assigned to me a few feet in the garden, which I was to cultivate according to my own taste. I was remarkably successful in the choice and arrangement of my flowers; at least, I have reason to suppose so; for every body praised my bed above all the rest. I began at length to grow proud of it. It became a perfect idol. There came up one night a tremendous thunder-storm; I saw, in the evening, the heavy clouds in the horizon, but apprehended nothing. The lightning was terrific. The roaring and rumbling which followed seemed to shake the pillars of creation. There was a tempest of wind, like that which passed over Horeb, when Elijah was in the cave. The rain came down in torrents.—The morning sun arose, fair and sweet as ever; but the beautiful flowers on which I had set my heart were prostrated by the storm. They never bloomed again.

'It has a delightful odor,' I said to myself concerning a sweet briar which I found one day by the road-side; 'I will transplant it, and cultivate it under my window.' With incessant care I watched over it; and, after many misgivings, I found it was beginning to put forth young shoots. I rejoiced that I had succeeded, and doubled my care over it and my affection for it. The third summer came. There were several buds upon it; and its first rose was smiling under the morning sun. I went out to attend to some necessary calls, and when I returned, my sweet briar was gone. Some rude boy had been in, and torn it up by the roots. The few leaves, that were rent off and trampled where it stood, were more fragrant than ever; but they only reminded me that the tree was no more. It was my only idol; and it was taken from me.

The moral of the above is very evident. If there is any thing earthly on which we have idolatrously set our affections, it will be taken from us. We can indeed conceive that God may, in some instances, suffer us to keep it, to our hurt; until he teaches us the lesson of supreme love to himself in some other way. But in general, whatever comes in competition with himself—whatever we set up as an idol, in forgetfulness of him—he removes.

There is a minister whom you esteem the most holy and gifted man on earth. In his prayers, he communes with heaven. His sermons are a field of glowing thought—a mine of gems—a banquet of intellectual food—true nourishment to the immortal spirit. He is tender, affectionate, humble. He was the instrument of bringing you to Christ. You can never feel towards another as you do towards him. If he should go away, you would weep as for one dearer than your dearest friend. You may not believe it, but it is true that you worship him fervently. While he is pointing you to Christ, your thoughts are fixed on him. While he urges you to love the Saviour, you are expending all your love on him. Beware! he will be taken from you. It is always so. God loves his people too well to furnish them with idols, whom they shall adore instead of himself. Look beyond the gift to the giver; or the chastisement of bitter affliction must be used to recal you to God.

You have a family of lovely children; but one is lovelier than all the rest. There is something about that one, which has peculiarly attracted your affections from the beginning. They are all dear to you. But sweetness of disposition, mildness of demeanor, strength of mind, brilliant talent, all pre-eminently combine in your favorite. There is a charm, which wins the love of all who hold communion with that one—the idol of your affections—at whose shrine you are daily offering up unhallowed incense. Perhaps there are good reasons for your devotion—at least for your preference. But remember, if there is but one Isaac, he must be bound on Jehovah's altar. If there is but one Joseph, he must be eaten by wild beasts. If there is but one Benjamin, the child of your old age, he must be left with the haughty monarch, in a far-off, barbarous land. If you have but one idol, that is the one which God will take from you, that he may draw you to himself. We are apt to say, 'I could bear any affliction, but this'—it is the very one you most need. 'I should not have felt the loss of any friend so much: if it had been any other, I could have borne it.' God knows it; and he has sent the very affliction you could not bear, to induce you to 'cast your burden upon the Lord.' We are apt to think, we could endure any trial or temptation, but that with which we are exercised. Yet how preposterous are we in our choices! If God should leave us to our own will, we should ruin ourselves by our partial administration.

Let us listen to his voice in affliction. Let it teach us to be humble and submissive—to set our affections on that which is beyond the reach of destruction or change—to love earth and earthly friends less, and the Redeemer more—to hold temporal enjoyments as comparatively of little value, and to be chiefly desirous to be clothed in the likeness of God.

MISSIONARIES' GRAVES.

They rest on many a hill,
In many a vale they sleep;
For some, the gloomy forests wail;
For some, the restless deep.

They left their hallowed homes,
They left their kindred sires,
To plant upon the heathen soil
The gospel's beacon-fires.

Their bosoms thrilled with joy,
When from the native's soul
They saw the veil of wretchedness,
Like midnight vapors, roll.

Their tongues broke forth in praise,
As on the heathen's night
The glory of the gospel dawned,
And faith was changed to sight.

Still year by year passed on,
As one by one they fell,
And heard the plaudit of the Judge,
That they had labored well.

Though o'er their humble tombs
No marble pile may rise,
They have a monument in souls
Passed with them to the skies.

INSENSIBILITY TO THE FUTURE.*

This insensibility to the futurities of our immortal state is one of those strange anomalies in our nature, than which none are more certain, and yet perhaps none more inexplicable. We know that so it is, but we feel a vast difficulty—by any effort of mental analysis, or any power of discernment into the mysteries of the human constitution, to determine how it is. The fact is undeniable. It is the reason of the fact which is so hard of solution, and so copiously beyond all the attempts of reason to give account of. For it is not that man is actually satisfied with present things; that is not the reason—it is not that he is sitting down in placid acquiescence among the creatures and the circumstances by which for the moment he is surrounded. We see nothing of the repose of full and finished attainment in any of our acquaintances; there is not one of them, in fact, who is not plainly stretching himself forward to some distant object or other, by the tokens of which he is evidently on the pursuit. We behold him in a state of motion and activity and busy endeavor; but when we inquire into the nature of the object which so stimulates his desires and his faculties, you may find it to be something that lies within the confines of mortality—something suited to such senses and such powers of enjoyment as death will extinguish—something that he will, perhaps, hand down to posterity, but which 'a few happy years will wrest away from himself, and that by an act of everlasting bereavement.

We cannot move amongst our fellows, whether in meetings or in market places, or even on those convivial occasions when man is so willing to drown all his graver anxieties in the playfulness of the passing hour, without most plainly perceiving that the present is not enough for him—that he is constantly going forth in anticipation of some distant future which he has not realized—that instead of the quiescence of one who has found the promised end, he has the forecast, and the restlessness, and doubt of one who is still agog and seeking. There is not an individual we know, who is not thus bounding onward, and that with the certain strenuousness of his whole heart, to some object which lies, or seems to lie in the vast horizon before him. But when we come to inquire how far on the line of his history it may be placed, we find, in the overwhelming majority of instances, that it belongs to the region of sense, and almost never to the regions of spirituality—that the main efforts of human ambition are lavished on some brief and splendid evanescence, which cannot last to any single possessor beyond his own puny generation. Now that all are seeking there can be no doubt; but where is the discernible symptom of almost any seeking beyond the confines of that territory which God hath spread under our feet, first for the sustenance, and then, for the sepulchre of human bodies? Where is the man who is prosecuting, with the assiduity of business, his personal interest in that country where dwell the spirits of just men made perfect? This tendency towards the distant unseen, stood out most plainly and most clearly in the history of the believing patriarchs, of whom we read in the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews; but now the tendency of almost every man we see is plainly the opposite of this; so that travelling the round of human experience it may nearly be affirmed without alleviation of all, that they are a horde of hard-driving creatures, in full pursuit of something that lies in the distance before them, which they can only hold in frail and fleeting tenantry while they abide in this world, and which death—remorseful and insatiable death—will soon ravish from their grasp.

Now to behold in man such a fondness for futurity enhances the paradox. Were man satisfied with present things, this might explain his startling insensibility to the futurities of the unseen world; but when we find that palpably

* The eloquent and strongly characteristic passage which constitutes this article, is from a very recent sermon of Dr. Chalmers. We copy the extract from the first number of the "Religious Magazine," a monthly of great merit, just issued under the editorial care of the Messrs. Abbot.

he is greatly more engrossed with things future, than with things present, we say, it enhances the paradox we are now speaking of. To behold in man such a fondness for futurity, and, at the same time, such a perverseness in all his computations of futurity—to see him so disdainful of the past, and so dissatisfied with the present, and yet still laboring for the future, and fixing his regards on that only futurity which must soon be present, and soon be irrevocably past—to see him so boundless in his desires, and yet so averse to the alone field of enterprise where he can find scope for them, and so unwilling to exchange the objects of time for those of a boundless eternity—to perceive him so obstinately and so peremptorily blind in this matter, and that not merely in the face of the most obviously admitted dangers, but in the face of the most urgent and affecting mementos with which sad history is ever strewing his path in this world—surely it is one of the strangest mysteries of our nature, and, at the same time, one of the strongest tokens of its strangeness, that man should thus embark all his desires in a frail and crazy vessel, so soon to be engulfed by that sweeping whirlwind which, sooner or later, will overtake the whole of our existing generation—that on the quicksands of time he should rear his only resting place, and even please himself with the delusion of its firm and secure establishment, though he knows, and most assuredly knows, that a few little years will witness its total and irremediable overthrow.

Now to explore a little further this mystery of our constitution—let me observe, that to alleviate this gross infatuation, it may be said, and has been said with plausibility too, that the region of sense and the region of spirituality are so unlike the one to the other, that there is positively nothing in the experience of the former that can at all make out a claim to the conceptions of the latter; and then, again, as if to intercept the flight of our imagination forwards to eternity, there is a dark and cloudy envelopement that hangs on the very entrance to it. Ere we can realize that distant world of souls, we must pierce our way beyond the curtain of the grave—we must scale the awful barricado which separates the visible from the invisible—we must make our escape from all the close, and warm, and besetting agencies which, in this land of human bodies, are ever plying us with constant and powerful solicitations, and force our way beyond the boundaries of sense, to that mysterious place where cold, and meagre, and evanescent spectres dwell.

We know not that there is another tribe of beings in the universe who have such a task to perform. Angels have no death to undergo; there is no such fear of unnatural violence between them and their final destiny. It is for man, and for aught that appears, it is for man alone, to watch, from the other side of the material panorama that surrounds him, the great and the amazing realities with which he has everlastingly to do—it is for him, so locked in an imprisonment of clay, and with no other loop-holes of communication between himself and all that surrounds him than the eye and the ear—it is for him to light up in his bosom a lively and a realizing sense of the things that eye hath never seen, and ear hath never heard. It is for man, and perhaps for man alone, to travel in thought over the ruins of a mighty desolation, and beyond the wreck of that present world by which he is encompassed, to conceive that future world on which he is to expatiate forever. But a harder achievement, perhaps, than any,—it is for a man, in the exercise of faith, to observe that most appalling of all contemplations, the decay and the dissolution of himself; to think of the time when his now animated frame-work, every part of which is so sensitive and dear to him, shall fall to pieces—when the vital warmth, by which at present it is so thoroughly pervaded, shall take its departure, and leave to coldness and abandonment all that is visible of this moving, and acting, and thinking creature—when those limbs, with which he now steps so firmly, and that countenance out of which he now looks so gracefully, and that tongue with which he now speaks so eloquently; when that whole body, for the interest and provision of which he now labors so strenuously, as if indeed it were immortal—when all these shall be reduced to one mass of putrefaction, and at length crumble, with the coffin that encloses them, into dust! Why, my brethren, to

a being in the full consciousness and possession of its living energies, there is something, if I may be allowed the expression, so foreign and so unnatural in death, that we ought not to wonder if it scare away the mind from that ethereal region of existence to which it is hastening. Angels have no such transition of horror and mystery to undergo. There is no screen of darkness like this interposed between them and the portion of their futurity, however distant; and it appears that it is for man only to drive a bridge across that barrier which looks so impenetrable, or so to surmount the power of vision as to carry his aspirations over the summits of all that revelation has made known to him.

This is at best but an approximation to the solution of the mystery. I am not sure that a full, satisfactory solution is at all practicable; but however uncontrollable the task may be, satisfactorily to explain the reason of this strange infatuation, let us never cease from our efforts, when there is even but a slight and shadowy chance of success, practically to overcome it; and for this reason it is right to sound the alarm that has so oft been sounded before without success—it is our duty to reiterate the attack on the heretofore unmoved listlessness and lethargy of the human spirit. It is true that a moment of tragic sensibility may be all the effect of an argument drawn from the rapid flight of those days which have passed over our heads, and the wide and wasting ravages that death has made on our familiar society; nevertheless, it is right again to aver, that your days will soon be summed up, and that your death-bed with all its agonies, its fears, and its heart-rending separations will soon be realized. We know that it is not the moving eloquence of the preacher which will dislodge this infatuation, and that it needs a strength mightier than that of human argument to make a breach on the carnality in which man hath so firmly entrenched him.

All his views of futurity are puny: time appears to him as large as eternity; and eternity, in shrunk and shadowy remoteness, appears to his vision in all the littleness and insignificance of time. This is the true secret of the peace; it is a spiritual blindness; it is the peace of one who looks only at earthly things through the loop-holes of an earthly tabernacle; and if he continue unblest by an illumination from heaven, it will not be till this tabernacle be taken down—not till the soul hath escaped through the rending of that frame-work which now so confines and darkens it—not till it hath broken loose from the prison-house of this mortal element shall the spirit that is in all flesh be dissipated, and the wretched child of this world be, at length, awakened from his bed of then irrecoverable delusion.

Let me, however, before quitting this part of the subject, assure the children of men of this obstinate delusion, who are now expending their energies on the pursuits and the politics, and the busy schemes of a world which is fast passing away—let me warn them of the truth which one and all of them will soon find to be fearfully realized. They are rearing their chief good on a foundation that is perishable—they are laboring for one portion only which will speedily be arrested from them by the grasp of the destroyer, who will leave them without a portion and without an inheritance forever. They are laboring for a part of this world's substance, and in the possession of it, verily, they have their reward; but with regard to the substance which endureth, as for that, they have never labored, so that they never will acquire. They have sought to be arrayed in perishable glory, and perhaps will find a little hour of magnificence on earth, ere they take their everlasting adieu to its infatuations: but that hour will soon come to its termination, and death may leave all the possessions untouched; but he will lay his rude and his resistless hand on the possessor. The house may stand in castellated pride for many generations, and the domain may smile for many ages in undiminished beauty; but in less perhaps than half a generation, death will shoot his unbidden way to the inner apartment, and without spoiling the lord of his property, he will spoil the property of its lord. It is not his way to tear the parchment and the rights of investiture from the hands of the proprietor; but to paralyze and so unlock the hands, and then they fall like useless and forgotten things away from him. It

is thus that death smiles in ghastly contempt on all human aggrandizement; he meddles not with the things that are occupied, but he lays hold of the occupier; he does not seize on the wealth, but he lays his arrest on the owner; and he forces away his body to the grave, where it crumbles into dust, and in turning the soul out of its warm and well favored tenement, he turns it adrift on the cheerless waste of a desolate and neglected eternity.

I have dwelt the longer on this topic in that I believe the peace of nature to be no more than insensibility. I consider it a very great mistake to say that all the peace that is in the world is from true or false theology; because men may receive a sound theology, and yet the whole character and constitution of them be overcharged with that listlessness, that apathy, or to use a scriptural phrase, that carnality of which I have now been speaking. It is on this account that I advert a moment to this topic, that I believe the peace of nature to be no more than insensibility. I say, man hears of God and eternity without dismay, not so much from the inspiration of a fallacious hope, as from the absence alike of both hope and terror from his heart—not because he looks at the bright side of things spiritually, but because looking neither to the one side nor the other of these, he is wholly engrossed with things carnal. His is altogether a negative tranquillity, founded more on the sluggishness of his mental constitution, than on any misjudgment of the intellect that is actively engaged on the contemplation of the unseen world. It is the unconcern of a man who is blind, or a man who is asleep, and who needs not so much to be reasoned into a correct view of the subject, as to be so roused that he may open his eyes to take an intent or earnest view of the subject at all.

PROSPECTS OF AFRICA.

With unfeigned gladness the Christian philanthropist perceives the events of propitious mein, that are occurring in relation to this country. Less than half a century ago, it lay under a deep and deathly curse, which had penetrated to the centre, and made it an abode on which civilized man hardly deigned to look—except that he might minister to it the dregs of the cup of wo. The wrath of God seemed, in a special manner, to rest upon Africa; and there was no bright spot in all her heavens, except when the Christian, at distant intervals, lifted up the supplication, “that Ethiopea might stretch forth her hands unto God.” But among all fields of incipient or prospective missionary labor this ill-fated continent is now foremost, both in the efforts used for its evangelization, and in the rich fruits it bids fair to return. Its geographical situation, the politics of its rulers, the dispositions of the natives towards foreign laborers, and the judicious and philosophical manner in which missions there have commenced their operations—all betoken the dawn of Christianity, speedily on the whole continent. In addition, the great mass of the American people, some for political and some for religious motives, are taking an unheard of interest in the affairs of Africa.

Its *geographical situation* is in favor of its evangelization. By the Atlantic, the Southern and the Indian Oceans, and the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, it is wholly surrounded by water, except at the Isthmus of Suez. This position renders every point of its boundaries accessible to Christian instruction. The great waters, which were once esteemed an impassable gulf between nations, have become, in the present state of science, the grand connectives, bringing man into easy contact with his fellow man. We cannot get at so much as a third part of China by edging along the coast. Hindostan has navigable water only on two sides. Thibet, none at all. Persia and Chi-

nese Tartary, including Bukharia and all the dense population of Central Asia, are in a position scarcely any more favorable. We can only approach them by long and tedious journeys by land, in the midst of perils by robbers and wild beasts, by steep rocks and rapid rivers, a hostile, idolatrous population, and the almost utter impossibility of maintaining free or frequent intercourse with the Christian world. The thick forests and burning deserts of all those countries must make the progress of mission slower than any where else. But Africa lies open on every side. We may make our assault wherever, and in as many places simultaneously, as we please, secure the conquests we have made to the cause of God by planting Christian churches behind us all the way, and advancing into the interior from every shore, till missionary meet missionary, and church stands by the side of church, in the very heart of the continent.

The *politics of the rulers of Africa* are in favor of its religious interests. The strange inclination of the Egyptian monarch, in the north, to introduce and patronize every thing European, is well known; and it cannot be doubted that this is a most propitious period for the religion of the cross to step into so wide and important a field. France, to say the least, would be as favorable to Christianity as to Mohammedanism in her Algerine dominions. Certainly, she would not suffer her Christian missionaries to be molested; and there would be no difficulty, which is not every where else presented by the superstitions of the followers of the false prophet. This difficulty will, moreover, become gradually less and less, by the necessary intercourse of the natives with their more liberal conquerors. The tribes in the neighborhood of the colonies on the coast are so captivated by the temporal benefits Christianity has conferred on the colonists, that they are willing to submit to the same government and discipline. And, judging from all experience thus far, there is reason to believe that the missionary would find but little opposition from native prejudice.

The *feeling of the Africans toward missionary laborers* is another favorable omen. A chief in the interior of Africa, with whom Mr. Lessing had some intercourse, offered him land for the mission house, provided he would accept it, and all the necessary expenses of erection. Some of the converts connected with the church Missionary Society have penetrated, as itinerant missionaries, from one to two hundred miles into the country from the western shores; and among their native brethren have formed a society, expressly to facilitate the work of missions. The same disposition is exhibited by the natives from the South. In a letter recently received in America from Dr. Philip, superintendent of the missions of the London Society in South Africa, we find the following interesting notices:—

“From the peninsula on which Cape Town stands, in S. lat. 34, to De la Goa Bay, which is in S. lat. 26, and from the eastern to the western coast, the people in this country are anxious to have missionaries. During my last journey I had people who came four and five days journey to request me to send them missionaries. We cannot suppose for a moment that this desire to have missionaries among the savages and barbarous tribes of South Africa, arises from any sympathy which they can have with us in the great end of our missionary labors, the conversion of the heathen to God, and the salvation of their souls. This would suppose a state of society among the ignorant heathen of which we have hitherto had no example in the history of the human race. But it shows that the missionaries, wherever they settle, impart certain advantages to those among whom they labor, that those around them can appreciate; and for this reason, among others, they become valuable auxiliaries to us, inasmuch as they soften down the prejudices of the heathen against the truth and doctrines of Christianity, and procure for us a favorable reception and hearing. On one of my journeys into the interior of Africa, I met with one tribe of Korannas, which had been three weeks on the road, by which I was to pass, expecting me, to request me to send them missionaries. When they understood I could not then send them a missionary, they requested me to send them an instructed native from one of the missionary stations; that by his superior ad-

vantages they might be secured against the frauds and impositions practised upon them by the traders from the colony. Inquiring as to the office or station such a person would be called by them to fill, they replied that they would make him a chief. On the ground that their chieftainships were hereditary, and descended from father to son, I asked them how they could raise a person of no family to that rank. Their answer was curious and amusing. To get over this difficulty they proposed that the stranger should be married to a daughter of their chief. According to their usages, it appeared that a connection with one of their great families conferred the rank of a son upon a son-in-law; and it was very gravely added, that, by this means, and the approbation of the counsellors and the people, the stranger would have a preference granted to him above any other member of the chief's family.

"About fifteen days journey N. E. from our missionary station at Philippolis, on the Great River, there is a tribe of Bechuanas, that have been very much harassed of late years by a plundering horde of Korannas, who have been very much corrupted by the Colonial Traders, who have been in the habit of supplying them with brandy, guns and gunpowder, which they have received in exchange for the cattle they have stolen from the more remote and defenceless tribes. This Bechuana tribe had never been visited by a missionary; but they had heard of our missionary stations among the Griquas from their countrymen, who had found protection at them, and the chief had set out on a journey to find Dr. Philip, taking a thousand head of cattle with him to purchase a missionary. Shortly after this event he was visited by a respectable man from Philippolis, to whom he related the above circumstances, and that his old enemies, the Korannas, met him on the road, and robbed him of his cattle. What this chief's motives were, in being so desirous to have a missionary, I cannot precisely state, but it was stated by the individual to whom he related the circumstance, that he entreated him very much to procure a missionary for him; and he added, that if he did not send him a missionary, that the next time he came to see him he would detain him, and make *him* his missionary."

The judicious manner in which missions to Africa have been located, is another interesting omen in respect to its christianization. If we begin in the north, our eye first rests on Egypt, where Messrs. Lieder and Bruse, of the Church Missionary Society, are actively engaged in preaching, distributing tracts and maintaining schools. Mr. Parsons, the American Missionary, rests at Alexandria, in hope of a joyful resurrection. The seed which he there sowed, God will cherish. On the western side of Africa, the brilliant success of the missions of the Church Missionary Society in connection with the British Colony at Sierra Leone, can never be forgotten. The influence has gone several hundred miles into the interior. The same may be said of the religious influence of the American colony at Liberia, a little further south. Monrovia, the capital, contains a Baptist and a Methodist church, and, it is said, morality and religion flourish and prevail. A few miles further south, at Cape Palmas, the Maryland Colonization Society are about to establish still another colony of emigrants of known morality, each of whom, in order to be a candidate for settlement, is required to sign the temperance pledge, in all its length and breadth. The first expedition, which is just about to leave America, is to consist of forty approved men from this country; and the vessel is to proceed to Liberia, and add forty more of similar character, that their experience may be rendered available in the new colony. Proceeding along the western coast, we come next to South Africa, the theatre of some of the most interesting missions of modern times. Branching out from the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, the knowledge of Christianity and the influence of the missionaries has penetrated at least six hundred miles into the heart of the country. The United Brethren commenced operations here as early as 1737; and after various interruptions formed a permanent settlement, and organized a church of seven persons, in 1793. They now number six stations and thirty-seven missionaries, including females. In 1798, Dr. Vanderkemp planted the mis-

sion of the London Society, among the most efficient and successful that have ever been attempted. This mission numbers fourteen stations within the Cape colony and seven without it. Aside from the African islands, Mauritius and Madagascar, are supplied by, at least, thirty laborers, exclusive of females. The English Wesleyans have also come forward to take part in the toil, and the English Baptist Society. Ascending up the east side of the continent, we come to another point, designated by Dr. Philip, as a most favorable position for the operations of American Societies. And still farther north, we find in Abyssinia two missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, with a native Abyssinian convert. They were cordially received, on their arrival in 1829, by Sebagadis, chief of Tigre.

In addition to this, the Presbyterian Board in this country, it is well known, hope to occupy the interior of the continent, through the agency of Mr. Pinney. The expedition of the Landers to explore the sources of the Niger, furnishes also a favorable opportunity for the introduction of missionaries and tracts the whole length of the river, which leads quite into the centre. It is understood that the two Steamboats now on the Niger will probably remain there for purposes of trade. This will be a subsidiary convenience to men, who go to carry the natives the glad tidings of the gospel, "without money and without price."

The *present interest of the American community in the affairs of Africa* is the last item of propitious aspect. The universality of the discussions on Colonization and Anti-Slavery have turned the attention of the whole country to the state of the colored population. So absorbing and general an interest has perhaps never been awakened in our country on any other point, since the peace of 1815. But we would here especially note the efforts of religious bodies for the evangelization of that continent. The American Baptist Board commenced their efforts in that country many years since; and if men can be obtained, they are desirous still to maintain their footing. From the last annual report it appears that a correspondence is in progress with various parts of the South, with this end in view. The American Board of Commissioners have just ordained a deputation at Philadelphia, who are to go out with the expedition to Cape Palmas. Mr. Pinney will probably soon return with a companion to the interior of the continent, under patronage of the Western Foreign Missionary Society. The American Methodists sent out Rev. Mr. Cox, a year since, who has deceased; and two other missionaries from their Society are just ready to embark. The friends of religion in Europe, we know, are not forgetful of Africa. The Basle Missionary Society have sent out two or three young men to the western coast within a short time; and it is certain Dr. Philip will plead so eloquently from the South, as to be heard in England and answered.

In view of all these circumstances, we feel that the prospects of Africa are truly bright. The God of missions has wonderfully interposed for that land of the curse. May we not hope that it shall soon become as "the garden of the Lord?" It would, indeed, be singularly delightful to behold Christianity again shedding its glory on that continent.

There Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, "a man of severe wisdom and great dignity of character," was valiant for the cause of Christ, and passed, through the fires of martyrdom, to the Christian's crown. At a later period, Cyril, bishop of Alexandria, swayed a sceptre of vast influence.

The Ethiopian eunuch, who was baptized by Philip, founded, probably, the Abyssinian church, which stood proof, age after age, against the incursion of Mohammedanism. The same gospel is still adapted to produce in Africa the same effects as before. The star that has dawned upon that country is too bright to go down. It may be partially obscured by pestilential vapors; but its light cannot be extinguished. Let Christians pray faithfully and fervently, and let men "full of the Holy Ghost" go out in reply to her call, "and Ethiopia will soon stretch out her hands unto God." If we believe his promises, and watch the operations of his providence, how can we doubt it? The eye of

faith already glances forward to the consummation. It requires but little fancy, in view of present and prospective efforts, to see every town a 'habitation of holiness,' and every hill crowned with a temple of the living God; and to hear the chorus of heartfelt praise mingling with the eternal bass of the circumjacent oceans.

REVIEW.

PEACE IN BELIEVING; *A Memoir of Isabella Campbell.* Crocker & Brewster. Boston: 1830. pp. 307, 12mo.

A memoir so excellent has rarely fallen into our hands. It is not marked by stirring incident or awakening narrative. But it furnishes an example of religion, flowing down from its heavenly source to sanctify and enlighten the intellect, to elevate the affections, to warm the heart. It shows that the Bible says truly of the love of Christ, that it fills the soul 'with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' We find here the legitimate effect of pure, simple, childlike trust in Christ. Religion becomes 'a life.' Like a pure well-spring, its waters are constantly coming up to refresh the spirit. The eddies and whirlpools of excitement are exchanged for the steady unvarying flow of a stream, deep and broad. With perpetual, but noiseless current, its course is onward; and it is embosomed in that rich fertility which itself has created, and which enhances its own beauty.

ISABELLA CAMPBELL was a native of Rosneath, Dumbartonshire, Scotland. 'She was, from the earliest childhood, of singularly mild and gentle manners, full of affection and tenderness, beloved by all who knew her, because so lovely and worthy of love. Her countenance had a gravity very far beyond her age, combined with a most delicate sweetness of expression; while her manner was very diffident and retiring.' Although from the remotest house in the parish, she was always present at the Sabbath school when the weather would permit. Often she appeared in the place even on stormy days, when the children of the contiguous villages would not venture beyond the threshold of their cottages. 'Her delicate frame, for more than five miles along the open shore of the Gairloch, would be beat upon by the winds and the rain, when the most robust of the people, shrinking from the exposure, came not up to the solemn assembly. When in the school, her demeanor was singularly decorous and solemn, her diligence most assiduous, and her intelligent discernment of the meaning of what she would utter was very apparent from the mode and emphasis of her expression.'

At the early age of five or six years, she was the subject of religious impressions. The fear of death and its eternal consequences was often present with her, and fervently did she pray that life might be spared, till she should be better prepared to meet God. At the age of eight or nine this seriousness increased, shedding over her character a still solemnity, quite unusual to one so young. Besides her daily, regular supplications, occasions of more protracted and earnest prayer were frequently furnished in the concerns of those who were dear to her. And though selfishness prompted those petitions, yet we can scarcely avoid overlooking the deficiency of holy motive, in admiring the beautiful spectacle of a child thus confiding in the strength of God.

Sometimes her religious impressions were concentrated, as it were, into a single point, producing the deepest agitation. For example; as she returned one evening, when eleven years old, from a Sabbath school meeting with her sister, 'as if seized with sudden anguish, she knelt down by the way-side, and

with many tears deplored their want of religion. 'Oh, let us pray,' she said, 'let us pray to God that he would make us religious, at least before we die; that he would tell us, since we know not, how to be so!' Anxious as she felt to go, her sister was rivetted to the spot, awed as in the presence of the Invisible. 'She could not but feel,' she said, 'as if Isabella was approaching HIM.' 'She prayed for a long time, in the presence of her trembling and agitated sister; and when she arose, seemed as if her mind had been lightened of a heavy burden. They proceeded homewards, often weeping as they went, conversing upon the absolute necessity, and forming together various plans, of a religious and holy life. One resolution after another they laid down, to which they vowed most faithful and scrupulous adherence.' For several days, a decided change seemed to be wrought in Isabella, rendering her demeanor, more than usually decorous and solemn, while in her intercourse with all around her she was more civil, and tender, and affectionate than ever before.

She had, partly by nature and partly by the refinements of thought and cultivation, a deep fondness for her friends; and when any of them were taken away by death, it seemed like rending away a part of her own frame. The fountains of her affectionate heart were opened, and the gush of grief was almost insupportable. One link in the chain of providences, by which she was led to the cross of Christ, was the death of a brother, to whom she was enthusiastically attached. He was a kindred spirit, of meek and tranquil disposition, whose thoughts ran in channels beside her own. Her delight was in retirement; and he made for her a little garden in a sequestered spot, which was her favorite haunt for years; and as long as she was able to walk, she spent in it a portion of almost every day—a secluded oratory, well fitted for meditation and prayer. During the illness of her brother, she was often in her little garden, with the importunity of the widow in the parable, imploring his restoration to health. His death seemed like the blasting of all her hopes. She could not conceive how God could turn a deaf ear to her prayers and fastings, and take from her one she so tenderly loved. Her father was soon after removed. With the same incessant watchfulness that she had bestowed on her brother, she lingered at his dying pillow: but prayer for his recovery she avoided; because it seemed to her 'a presumptuous interference with the irrevocable decrees of the Giver of life and death.' These repeated visitings of the rod of trial were well calculated to turn her thoughts toward the eternal world. Her feeble frame drooped under the labors that attention to the dying beds of her father and brother required; and the anguish of affliction prepared the way for the malady that was so early to come over her. But as yet, she was in dim uncertainty in respect to her spiritual character. She had never gone to the great source of Christian consolation. Her heart was still unreconciled to God—in the expressive language of her biographer 'a lonely mansion of all unholiness.'

Several months after her father's death, her mind was filled with new emotions. By reading Walker's 'Christian,' she perceived that a condition of the soul which she had never possessed was essential to comfort and blessedness. A new standard was there placed before her. The 'new creature in Christ Jesus' was presented to her view, with such clearness and beauty and excellence, that she felt there was a charm in piety, which she had never known. The glory thus revealed so absorbed her mind as to render her miserable, till she attained a like character. The feelings thus inspired, gathered power and energy and agony, increasing with their duration. And while all was dark and dubious, and the path seemed hedged up before her, she was 'pressed beyond measure' by the words—'*This* is the accepted time; *this* is the day of salvation—to-day, if ye will hear my voice.' She searched the word of God; but to her it was darkness. She hurried to the gospel; but they were filled with the arrows of the Almighty. It was obvious to all around that some heavy sorrow possessed her soul. By day she was silent and solemn; and by night, when she supposed all were asleep, the bitter lamentation could often be heard from her room—'O Lord, I can see nothing but the blackness of darkness for-

ever. I feel that I am far from thee, and that is misery.' The thoughts of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and the doctrine of divine sovereignty successively poured their terrors upon her spirit, and well nigh drank up all the springs of life. Her bodily strength decayed, while her mind seemed to retain its vigor only for the endurance of greater suffering. 'She began, at length, to think it sinful in one with so much conscious hatred to God and all things holy, to dare to hold communion with him, or to examine the revelations of his will. She seems, accordingly at this time, to have abandoned altogether the reading of the Bible, and refrained from intercessory prayer, although she continued to deplore and confess her guiltiness.' She also absented herself from church, because, as she expressed herself, 'had she felt able otherwise for such an exertion, she recoiled from any such outward profession of piety, while her enmity against God was reigning with all its virulence in her mind.'

Her state of mind had now assumed very much the aspect of fixed despair. Yet the darkness was not without occasional and distant rays of light. Passages of scripture sometimes arose in her memory, and awaked some dormant feeling, and encouraged her to resume her duties—prayer, and reading the word of God, and repeated fastings. 'Every day beheld her more assiduous in her work of righteousness. While she was anxious to do all the law required, she was most scrupulous in avoiding what it forbade, even to the least appearance of evil. She resorted, at regular seasons, to her sequestered garden, for reading, meditation and prayer; and nothing was suffered for a moment to draw off her attention from the concerns of eternity. But with all her duties, she remained still in anguish of spirit. 'Groaning and lamenting night after night, she literally watered her couch with her tears—the house continually resounding, throughout the silent watches, with the voice of her weeping. Long would her mother lie sleepless, listening to expressions of grief for which she had no remedy or comfort; or, when awakened from slumbers, which, through weariness of nature, she could not avoid, finding Isabella absent, she would be filled with alarm lest some new calamity should visit her beloved child. Thus at dead of night had she to rise and leave the house, and search for her in the fields, or where she often found her, and that during the depth of winter, careless of any of its storms, weeping and praying in her little garden.'

We pass over the delineation of her dreariness and sorrow, filled though it be with melancholy and moving interest—to see the advancement within her, of the Spirit's work. 'She had now traversed, as it were, the whole world of legal inventions; left nothing unexamined, no art untried; and all she now intensely felt to be but travail and vexation. She was thus, however, made thoroughly aware how impossible it is for the creature to secure or enjoy solid peace by attempting, of itself, to propitiate the offended Creator. Her progressive experience of this truth was a record of darkness, perplexity and suffering, reducing her to the very lowest point of conscious helplessness. *There*, however, light, at last, began to dawn upon her; and this desolate child, so long tossed and afflicted with tempests, seemed to have some prospect of repose to her weary and troubled spirit.' There was a surpassing sweetness to her in the passage, 'He shall not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.' It was a balm to her wounded bosom. It soothed every sorrow. It presented a Saviour adequate to all her wants, and under whose refreshing consolations she could abide with delight.

At this period she first communicated to her sister the feelings that had for two years agitated her soul. They had been under the same roof, companions from their infancy; but now, during all this period, so intent, each for herself, on the important transaction of securing an eternity of happiness, and avoiding an eternity of sorrow, as to have suspended, by mutual consent, or in delicacy to each others feelings, all the confidential endearments of sisterly love.

For a while, her mind seemed satisfied with the perception that a Saviour so adequate and worthy existed. She forgot herself, and rejoiced that there was one so able to comfort the broken spirit and pardon the returning penitent.

But after a time the question arose, whether that Saviour could pity her—whether to so unworthy a sinner his peace could be imparted. This doubt again threw her into the depths of sorrow. The scattering clouds again gathered. The pure sunlight was shrouded. The serene enjoyment she had indulged passed away, and night and despair reigned anew. The shades, however, were comparatively of short duration. The tender voice of Christ applied to her his invitation—‘Come unto me, all ye that are weary.’—In the beautiful language of the memoir, ‘the multitude of her thoughts concentrated, as it were, around these words. Her agitation has now subsided; her struggles were at an end; the terrors that had distracted her were rebuked. The elements of her frame, ready to melt in the fervent heat of her combat with the powers of darkness, in seeking for glory and immortality, if I may be allowed so to express myself, were moulded into a new and happy creation. And at the feet of her Deliverer, the first born of all new creatures, she now sat, meekly rejoicing in conscious security, believing that Christ Jesus had died to take away sin; the Spirit witnessing with her spirit, in so believing, that she was a child of God.’

Soon after this crisis in Isabella’s feelings, she received a letter from her sister, describing in herself similar peace in believing, after a similar period of darkness, doubt and perplexity. Thus were they enabled to sympathize with one another, in all that the Lord had done for them. The following letter is a more lovely exhibition of her state of mind than we can give in our own words.

“I am very unwell just now with a bad cold; it is almost a month since I caught it, and I think it is still increasing. A cough and severe pain in my side trouble me much. But, Mary, I am happy. Jesus enables me to feel quite contented under all this, and would, I am persuaded, although my sufferings were twice as severe. Yes, I can cheerfully say, the will of the Lord be done, and trust him for strength to bear his dear will.

“It gives me unspeakable joy, my dearest sister, to know that you are now clothed in the splendid robe of our Redeemer’s righteousness, that you are delighting in his sweet smiles. You wish me to assist you in praising and glorifying our God and Father, for what of his love and mercy he hath manifested to your needy soul. I have done it with my whole heart; I trust I shall ever continue to do so.

“You tell me, if I have still any remaining doubts, to throw them aside, and believe in the everlasting love of God recommended to a perishing world, in the offer of a free and adequate salvation by his dear Son.—My Sister, I have done so; the Holy Spirit hath pointed my weeping eyes to Calvary, and the awfully glorious sight has chased away my fears. Yes! Mary, with his stripes I am healed—surely he hath borne my griefs, and carried my sorrows;—yet I still weep. But O! it is just, because I shall never come into condemnation, and because I cannot love my risen Lord. O Jesus, whom have I in heaven but thee; and there is none in the whole earth that I desire besides thee:—thou art fairer in my estimation than any of the children of men—yea, the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. O Mary, Mary! let it be our delight to confess and glorify him; in the midst of a wicked and gainsaying world, may we rejoice to be counted fools, that he may be honored and extolled. Dear Mr. — has preached here several times since you went away, and also once or twice in Glenfroom. I am sure you would have much pleasure in hearing him now, he is so rarely earnest. Much seed has been sown by him here; pray, my dear, that the Lord would water it with the rich influence of his Holy Spirit, and produce a shaking among the dry bones.

“In conclusion, I solicit you will not be uneasy respecting me; just leave me in the hands of him who hath redeemed your spirit. Adieu, I weary much to see you, and to talk with you of our matchless refuge. Your dear loving
“ISABELLA.”
pp. 82, 83.

The whole course of Isabella’s early religious experience, as indeed of her whole life, is peculiarly sweet, as presenting an example of one who was emphatically ‘taught of God.’ Means and instruments of an assignable nature are commonly used in the divine administration; but in the present case, the whole seemed to be a transaction between herself and God. She was once asked, subsequently—‘Did you not think of revealing your mind to any one during this gloomy season, that by Christian advice and instruction you might be led to look to the Lamb of God for peace and pardon and life?’ She answered—‘No, sir, I did not; I could not prevail with myself at that period to reveal my

mind to any one. I continued, as before, to address God in prayer, and to plead for deliverance in the name of his dear Son from sin, and from the wrath which I saw impending over me.' She could truly appreciate the teaching of the Spirit. It was he alone, who led her to Christ.

In the Presbyterian church in Scotland, the sacrament of the Lord's supper is celebrated but once a year; and then with a day of preparation before and a day of public thanksgiving after it. At the sacramental season which occurred soon after Isabella's joyful deliverance, she was present as a communicant. She had formerly regarded that ordinance merely as a means of grace. Now, conscious of kindred spirit and affections with the risen Redeemer she anticipated a day of certain and rich enjoyment. Her heart burned within her with holy aspirations—and her spirit exulted in the belief that God would fulfil every promise, and reveal to her his glory. Amid great bodily weakness, (for her mental actings had broken down the strength of the material frame;) she attended the various services, and found them indeed 'a precious drop of honey, from the rock, Christ.' She was advised by her friends, in consequence of her great debility, not to attend on Monday; but she returned, on the day of thanksgiving, to give glory to God. Thus for the last time in the earthly sanctuary did she record her vows, and garner up the sweetness of the hidden manna, which was to sustain her till she should enter into her rest.

After the services were concluded, she returned to her lodgings with her sister Mary. The biographer says—

"For two years they had had no confidential intercourse regarding the state of their minds; by conjecture only, they judged of each other's feelings; each, in her own way, toiling for deliverance from the greatest of all miseries, feeling, that the secret of her sorrows could be reposed only on the bosom of God. They met; and words can give but little idea of the joy they felt. They wept, and they sung together. The day was exhausted in making mention of the righteousness and love of God. Their mouths were opened to show forth his praises; while their hearts were filled with a rapture of blissful gratitude, to which they felt they could give no adequate utterance. They retired to rest, but they could not sleep. All that night, in prayer and praise, their souls were poured out like a stream of living water before the God of their salvation. Truly, in the language of Scripture, "they fulfilled each other's joy;—being like minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind; having such consolation in Christ, such comfort of love, such fellowship of spirit, such bowels and mercies together," as in this would the most tender-hearted sisters but seldom know, and to which the bosoms, even of the most loving and devoted, must be strangers, till warmed into the same ecstacy, by the contemplation of the same King of Glory, in the beauty of his holiness drawing forth their admiration and love." pp. 90, 91.

The 'life of faith' of this exalted Christian had now begun. The pure and deep enjoyment which belongs to true religion had begun to flow. She had now fixed her eye and her hopes and her affections on heaven. The Saviour had become the grand source of her life, and holiness the inspiring theme that filled her spirit. Dr. Payson said, a short time before the close of his life, that the sun of righteousness, which formerly seemed like a diminutive star, had been constantly growing higher and brighter to him, till then, it appeared like a brilliant sun, whose radiance and glory had filled the whole hemisphere. Amid such ineffable light and glory did Isabella seem to dwell from the beginning; in its brightness and beauty, she floated with unspeakable pleasure; in that atmosphere of splendor she was lost; to use her own sweet language—'Oh the riches of divine love! my Creator, my Redeemer, my Sanctifier, my All, I am lost in thee!'

Her constitution was plainly undermined by the former strong emotions of her soul. The hectic cough increased upon her, and the gradual weakening of the outward tabernacle seemed the 'index of the will of God, that she was not long to linger in this house of her pilgrimage.' But all within was peace. Though the outward man decayed, the inward man was renewed day by day. Take, as an example, the following extract from the notes of a friend who visited her:—

“When I entered Isabella’s apartment, she welcomed me with a sweet smile, and, holding out her hand, said, ‘O dear, come and bless God, because I have seen you before being called home. I am going even to my Father’s house. It is true, I am unacquainted with disembodied spirits; but Jesus reigns there in his holy human nature: this Jesus is my trust; what have I then to fear?’ I remarked, she was weak.—‘O yes,’ she said, ‘my body is fast decaying. I am weak, but it is only in the outer man. My soul is nicely fed, even as with marrow and fat.’ When she had uttered these words, she shut her eyes, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed, ‘Thou art a holy, holy, holy God—I adore thee; thou art a kind, kind Father and Redeemer—I reverence and love thee. O preserve this spirit, which thou hast redeemed, until the day of Christ Jesus. O Jehovah, my God, I commit it unto thee.’ After this she lay for some time quite silent, seemingly lost in admiration. I approached her and said, ‘What are you seeing?’ Gazing sweetly upon me, she said, ‘O my love, I was just, by the aid of the Spirit, viewing the glorious harmony of the glorious plan. Truly it is divinely finished!—it hath pleased the Father, and well may it please me.’ p. 113.

She lingered for a while longer upon the shores of mortality, clothed in almost angelic beauty and excellence. Every breath was full of praise to the Redeemer. Every power was absorbed in the rapturous contemplation of him in whom she had believed; and ‘the comfortable hope of purity,’ as she beautifully expressed it, was the master-hope, that outshone and predominated over all others. Till the 1st of November 1827, she remained a pure and lovely token of the transforming efficacy of religion; and then her spirit winged its triumphant flight to the land of immortal blessedness. She had but just passed the 20th year of her age.

We are unwilling to attempt the portrait of a character so full of sweetness, and piety, and every amiable excellence, both human and divine. Communion with such an individual makes us shrink back, like Moses by the mount—‘Draw not nigh hither—for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.’ The super-eminent beauty of religion, when presented in such a living example, is too sacred to be attempted. We feel, in the blessed society of such a spirit, how meagre is human language—how feeble the richest strains of human eloquence—how poor the aspirings of all human loftiness, when Jesus has thus made mortality a participant in his own divinity. As the best portrait of Isabella, we will present three letters, written to her friends a short time before her death. They bear the image and superscription of her own lovely spirit. The first is to a young lady, for whom she had cherished a deep and ardent affection. It was the last she ever wrote with her own hand:—

“MY DEAR FRIEND, WHOM I LOVE IN THE TRUTH,

“Grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, be multiplied unto you. God is my record, how much I long after you, in the bowels of Jesus Christ; and although my bodily weakness has prevented me sooner returning my heartfelt thanks for your kind remembrance of me, and more especially for your two last letters, the which were in very deed a refreshing to my poor soul: yet I trust I have not been forgetful of you, at those seasons when, for the sake of our dear Intercessor, I have been admitted into intimate communion with the Father. O my beloved friend, how astonishing that this infinitely pure and holy Being should condescend to dwell with such creatures as we are! Well, well might the angelic hosts desire to look into this amazing mystery of love; and surely, it becomes us, who are the more immediate objects of it, to begin our hallelujahs, even in this militant state. Thrice welcome happy home, when we shall have no evil hearts to mar our adorations; but when, with glorious delight, we shall admire the unclouded beauties of our dear adorable Emmanuel. Yes, dear, dear Saviour, thou art all. How sweet to think that thou shalt be our theme forever and ever; O yes, nothing shall ever be able to separate us, unworthily though we be, from thy love. Grant, O grant us then while here, more grace, to enable us to proclaim to all around, to taste and see that thou art good, and that they alone are blessed who trust in thee. Because it is our compassionate Father’s pleasure, I will not, my dear friend, grieve at your weakness; he is wise, and since he has given you eternal life in his Son, he will cause all things else to work together for your good. I bless him for what of his gracious presence he vouchsafes unto you; and pray that, for Jesus’ sake, you may enjoy still nearer fellowship with him; and when you are so favored, I hope you will not forget me, who oftentimes groan, being burdened.

I think myself considerably weaker these some weeks past, and would fain hope the time is not far distant when I shall join my unworthy voice to those who are at this moment triumphantly singing ‘Worthy is the Lamb.’—And now, my beloved friend, farewell! may you go on all the day in the light of your Father’s countenance. Commending you to Jesus, I remain your affectionate friend in truth,

“ISABELLA CAMPBELL.”

The next is an extract from a letter to a female friend of noble family, whose mind had been led through a similar course of discipline with her own. For a long period, they corresponded together, and at last enjoyed a most refreshing and delightful personal interview.

“MY DEAR FRIEND IN THE SAVIOUR,

“I cannot express the pleasure which the perusal of your dear note has afforded me. I was just saying to Mary a short time before its arrival, how much I longed to hear from you, and the delight I often experience when contemplating what the Lord hath done for your soul. But O! my dear, dear friend, how limited while here, are our most enlarged conceptions, of what Christ has done for ourselves and others. It is only when we arrive on the heavenly shore, and view the awful gulf from which we have by distinguishing grace been snatched, that we shall be able to estimate aright the glorious privilege of being heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ.—How invigorating the thought, that we shall one day be able to render unceasing adoration to him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his blood, and look on the way by which he made us meet for such exalted services. O! my beloved friend, when I think of being permitted to follow the Lamb amid the glories of Mount Zion, and of being led by him to those fountains of living waters, and of being completely freed from all pain, and sorrow, and sighing, and our daily enemies sin and Satan, I am almost swallowed up with delight. O! the comfortable hope of purity, not to speak of any thing else; but happiness as well as holiness is promised to us: yes, my dear friend, such happiness as even the deeply experienced and lofty soul of Paul, who had been in the third heavens, could not at all comprehend. O! how animating, that unworthy we shall one day be partakers of so much blessedness. Now, we must needs taste the painfulness of rebellion against the source of all excellence, but in that land of delights, holiness and happiness shall continually attend each other, and each contribute to the glory of its companion. There shall the Christian be eternally freed from all his imperfections; there shall he be permitted to eat plentifully of the hidden manna, and to gaze throughout unnumbered ages on the incomparable beauty of our adorable Emmanuel:—

‘Millions of years our wondering souls
Shall o’er his beauties rove,
And endless ages will adore
The glories of his love.’

“But, my beloved friend, do we here know nothing of the heavenly joy? Yes, I am aware you can with sincerity say we do. Are there not seasons when the soul enjoys much sweet communion with the Father, and with Jesus through the blessed Spirit? Are there not seasons when he is pleased to chase away the langour and frightful insensibility which so frequently affect our souls; and pour out upon us the spirit of grace and supplication, giving the soul a keen relish for divine things? And are there not seasons when the glorious Sun of Righteousness is pleased to look with beauteous effulgence through those mists which sometimes eclipse his admirable suitableness from the view of the soul, filling it with joy unspeakable and full of glory? But I must quit this dear exhaustless subject for the present.” pp. 203, 204.

The next letter was intended for the same individual—a final token of her sincere and devoted friendship. She did not expect it would be given her, until mortality should be swallowed up of life.

“April, 1827.

“MY DEAR AND TENDERLY BELOVED SISTER IN THE LORD JESUS,

“Before this shall be put into your hands, all that is mortal of her, whom you have so often, and so affectionately called your dearest Isabella, shall be mouldering beneath the clods of the valley, exposed to the devouring greed of the hungry reptile. And the spirit which now dictates, shall be shouting with inconceivable triumph the praises of our Emmanuel, before the throne of the most high God. Yes, my dear sister, while you are reading this, my unincumbered spirit shall be swimming with infinite delight in the spacious

and eternal ocean of God's fathomless and unchanging love; wondering, and every moment seeing new cause for wonder. And although to the unconcerned and mere formal professor of the name of Jesus, this may, and I know will, appear strange and presumptuous language; yet believing him faithful, who has promised me eternal life in his Son, I dare use no other, I dare indulge no other prospect than that of being more than conqueror through him who hath thus loved us. For, sooner than question for a moment my being justified freely by his grace, would I question whether I had ever received a letter from my beloved sister whom I now address. Being justified, then what follows, but that I shall be sanctified and glorified. Yes, and I believe the period is not far distant, when, respecting me, all this shall be accomplished. Indeed many things combine to strengthen the thought. The spirit seems desirous of a better lodging, and the frail tottering cottage seems unable long to afford it shelter. O no, I feel that it is fast, fast decaying, and must soon tumble into dust. The enemy of souls, also, as if weary of the warfare, as if quite worn out by opposing Omnipotence, seems almost regardless of casting at me his fiery darts, and even the remaining corruption of my nature, will, I believe, soon be annihilated, through the communication of rich, free, purifying grace. Yes, my much valued sister, worn though I be, I shall soon sing louder than Gabriel, and a song too, which he never sung. Yes, I shall soon compose part of the number who stand upon the sea of glass, having the harps of God, who sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. O yes! yes! I shall see that Lamb who was slain, even our adorable Emmanuel, even him who is now the joy and rejoicing of our hearts, even him whose glorious effulgence irradiates with unfading lustre the length and breadth of the New Jerusalem. O what unutterable delight must seize my astonished and unfettered soul, when I behold the wondrous majesty of him, who in the garden of Gethsemane was sore amazed and very heavy. When I see him, who condescended to assume our nature, and become obedient unto death, even the shameful, hated death of the cross, crowned with glory and honor, the joy of his church on earth, and of his church in heaven, reigning king in Zion; O! my dear, dear friend, surely when I see him, I can never look from him. But why do I talk thus? Where can I cast mine eyes around the sacred place, where his glory doth not shine. Yes, I am persuaded there is not a single spirit among the thousands of redeemed, but sees him, and that plainly too. O Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! thou art all! We shall praise thee, and that eternally. O what a theme! The Creator of the ends of the earth in our nature, even God our Redeemer! Wonder, O heavens! for the Lord hath done it. Ah! my dearly beloved sister, how does my feeble imagination falter, when I would attempt to pry into the profound subject! Surely, surely, it is when we come into close contact with the great and Almighty God, that we feel our own nothingness, our want of knowing any thing as we ought. But seeing, my loved friend, that I shall soon cease to talk in the language of mortals, I hasten to say a few things unto you, which I wished. O! may the Lord God give me grace to speak in much wisdom—to speak according to his holy will in all things. O! I would speak as one who has seen the perishable nature of all beneath the sun, who has found them inadequate to satisfy the vast desires of an immortal spirit. I would speak as a sinful and dependent creature, as one who has seen the complete adaptedness of Jesus to her very need, who has embraced him as all her salvation and all her desire; and lastly, as one before whom eternity appears with awful importance. And O my dear, dear friend in the Lord, I would first request of you as my dying wish, to rejoice much in Jesus, in the Lord your righteousness and strength. I know that you already rejoice. I bless and adore our God always, in your behalf, making mention of you always in my prayers. I thank him, that he hath given you to see the simplicity that is in Christ, and caused your soul to rejoice in the contemplation of his gloriously finished work; but I wish you to rejoice yet more and more. I wish great things for you, but not greater than God is willing to bestow. I wish you to be valiant in the cause of the Redeemer, that in the most trying circumstances you may be able to say, I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, and to exhibit this by the whole tenor of your life. O my friend, indulge, live much in prayer. It is a glorious privilege granted to sinful dust and ashes. O! that we should prize it so little!

“When I think how little the professed friends of Jesus live in prayer, I do not, cannot wonder at their inconsistencies. Can you not, do you not say that prayer is a privilege? Have you not, at the throne of your Father, enjoyed seasons of unspeakable delight, moments which you would not exchange for this world and all that it contains. In holding communion with him, through the blessed Spirit, has not your soul been feasted as with marrow and fatness, and have you not longed to make your escape and be gone? Let your life then be a life of prayer, and while others are wearying themselves with the transient things of time, you shall be walking as a stranger and pilgrim, seeing how you may please your God and Father in all things. O see that you lose no opportunity of commending Jesus. It pains me now, that I have lost so many. Endeavor to press the precious, the important truth, that our God is love, upon all around. Pray for, and rejoice much in the prosperity of Zion. Soon, my friend, the night cometh when you can no longer work. My dear, dear friend and sister, I use great liberty of speech in addressing you; for though

I have never seen your face in the flesh, I have received ample proofs that you have been taught to love me, and I ask and believe my Father will reward you for it. Yes, you have oft refreshed my body and spirit. Often have your letters refreshed this poor soul, and sent me to a throne of grace, when otherwise I would have been cold and barren. And I bless our God and Father, that our union shall not be dissolved when my spirit leaves the body. O no! It shall exist, yea, exist forever! O my sister, weak as I am, I find it pleasant to review the singular manner, in which our acquaintance commenced, and the soul-satisfying intercourse we have since enjoyed. I do not know how it is, but I never felt to any one I had never seen, the intensity of affection I do towards you. O! my ever dear friend, I could wish to see you. I could wish to clasp you in these feeble arms. I could wish to talk with you of Jesus, and by the eye of faith to take a survey together of the promised rest. But good is the will of the Lord, should it appear right unto him, that I should never behold your dear countenance in this weary land. If in heaven the spirits of the just made perfect are ever called to accompany the angels in going forth to minister to the heirs of salvation, who knows (at least mortals do not know) but my glorified spirit may, some time or other, hover above thy bed, and see you, though unseen. And, at all events, although we should never see each other's faces till the resurrection of the just, our souls, long before that momentous day shall dawn, shall mingle with yon untainted company who surround the throne. I am not afraid, my well beloved sister, to leave a sufferer in this insalubrious clime, for I believe that as your sufferings abound, your consolations will much more abound; that your Father will mightily support and comfort you, and enable you to glorify him in the fires. In the hands therefore of that God, to whom I myself am going, I with much confidence leave you. Now, may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

“Tell your dear sister, that though I do not know her much, I love her much for the sake of Jesus, and believe I shall know her better in heaven. Till we meet there, my dear, dear sister, farewell.

“ISABELLA CAMPBELL.” pp. 213—216.

We cannot forbear to add a single extract further, to the same individual.

“MY WELL BELOVED SISTER IN JESUS,

“I would begin by saying, bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, for surely I am a highly favored creature; when, O when, shall I in any measure feel grateful for his goodness manifested unto me, a poor worthless worm. I shall not now, my dear friend in the gospel, attempt to describe the real joy I felt, at seeing you. It was almost too much for this poor decaying frame to bear up under; and such a favor as I never expected to receive in this weary and parched land. Often had I given thanks to God on your behalf, but never did I so much rejoice over you, as since I have seen you. And adored be grace, the time is not far distant, when I shall see you without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing: when I shall see you forever basking your delighted soul beneath the immediate shining of the adorable Sun of Righteousness. O what a ravishing sight will it be to see Jesus, our friend, our hope, our all; not as a man acquainted with grief, but seated upon a throne, even very highly exalted, having a name above every name, listening with infinite complacency to the grateful adorations of redeemed thousands.—Having, my dear friend, the prospect of such amazing blessedness, may we not, even now, well rejoice! yes, we may surely well rejoice in Jesus, in the Lord our righteousness, and in the Lord our strength. We err greatly, if we do not rejoice; because it is an evidence that we incline rather to trust a little to some of our endeavors, than rest entirely on the gloriously finished work of Christ. O my friend, what shall I say of this vast, this stupendous work? alas! the dear subject is too weighty for such a worm.

“Who shall fulfil the boundless song?
What vain pretender dares?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue,
And Gabriel's heart despairs.”

“Haste on, O blessed eternity! and let us begin aright the praises of the Lamb. While here, our best attempts to celebrate his praises are most imperfect; but there, no impurity shall ever be known. We shall there sing an everlasting farewell to all suffering, and welcome, with hitherto unknown delight, unnumbered ages of consummate felicity.” pp. 232, 233.

However the man of the world may receive this book, we are confident it will be to the Christian, food for the soul. It plants the feet on a lofty eleva-

tion, and bids us look into the holy of holies. It binds us in sweet affection to the Redeemer. It lays open the hidden springs of the religious life. It wakes up a kindred chord in the heart of every follower of the Lamb, whose vibrations soothe, and soften, and exalt. It weans from the world. It clothes eternal things with reality. It 'allures to brighter worlds and leads the way.' It arouses us to the true end of existence, to the true nature of religion, to the true blessedness that attends upon intelligent, enlightened piety.

A beloved and respected minister of New England says of it,—

"The biography is uncommonly valuable in these respects.—It is a biography of *religious experience*, made up of *that*, and not of accidental incidents. It therefore has not been sought after with avidity by the all-devouring appetite of the public.

"It is a biography, which exhibits religion somewhat, though not entirely, disconnected with the labor and active duties of life, and therefore is a more transparent medium of exhibiting the *principle* of religious life, than is common.

"It is a biography, which gives to Christ crucified the prominence which he has, in the experience of every active and devoted Christian, where mind is also the sweet home of a holy peace.

"It is a biography especially needed, in this country, to withdraw the mind from a metaphysical self-questioning, (concerning the nature of our religious affection, from which no conclusion is drawn, or, if drawn, it is with such doubts as becloud the mind) and to awaken it to a life of faith, as its sustaining and energetic element."

The style in which the work is written is exceedingly charming, as will be seen in several of the foregoing quotations. The richness and beauty of expression is in many cases, surpassingly attractive. The book has been through six or seven editions abroad; and we wonder that it could have slumbered so long and so secretly as it has on the shelves of our booksellers in America. It is pure gold.

THE SUMMONS.

Men of God, they wait your coming;
Unto you they turn their eyes;
While your life is here consuming,
Many a precious spirit flies;
Many a heathen,
While you feebly linger, dies.

Men of God, the voice imploring
Comes on every wind to you,
Louder than the ocean's roaring—
Men of God, what shall we do?
Must the heathen
Cry in vain, and perish too?

Pledged before the holy altar,
Holy to the Lord to be,
Men of God, ah will ye falter—
Will ye break your loyalty,
When the heathen
Need your help beyond the sea?

Men of God, the Spirit calls you;
Go and bid the Gentiles hear;
Go, whatever ill befalls you—
Dry at once the unmanly tear:
Be ye faithful,
And the Saviour will be near.

MISSIONARY REGISTER.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Convention of the Baptist Denomination, in the United States, for Foreign Missions, &c. should be transmitted to Heman Lincoln, Esq., Treasurer, at the Baptist Missionary Rooms, No. 17, Joy's Buildings, Washington Street, Boston. The communications for the Corresponding Secretary should be directed to the same place.

Burmaah.

REV. MR. KINCAID'S JOURNAL.

RANGOON.

February 20, 1833.—In four days past, have given away about 500 Tracts, and a few copies of Luke and John. Had a long conversation to day with three Priests from *Ava*; one of them was an intelligent young man, and, after many inquiries about the Christian religion, particularly its origin, and commands, he said, if I was willing, he would call again in one or two days.

INTERESTING APPLICATION.

21. Returning from my morning walk, a young man came after me and inquired, 'are you a teacher of religion?'

'Yes; what do you want?'

'A book that tells about God and Jesus Christ; but I have come from Siam, and have no money: will you let me have a book for some tobacco?'

'If you follow me to the house, I will give you a book that will teach you the true God, and the way to be saved from hell; only you must read the book to all your friends in Siam.'

This he promised, and seemed quite surprised to get the book so cheap—he said he had come to worship at Shwa dagong; but the day before had seen a book that told of another God that made all things.

EFFECTS OF TRACTS.

23. The Priest mentioned on the 20th, called again to day. He says his mind

shakes so much that he has not worshipped the pagoda since getting the tracts, and he wants to know more about Christ and the resurrection from the dead. I had a long talk with him about the carnal and spiritual mind.—I told him he must pray for the Holy Spirit, to teach and give him a new heart or he would live in darkness, and at last die and be shut up in one eternal darkness.

24. Had fourteen at worship, and afterwards had a number of inquirers from a distance: some of them staid till dark.

26. About 130 or 140 tracts go every day. The young man, mentioned two or three times before (who is a relative of the Governor's wife,) called this evening: he says, he puts off baptism for the present, for all his movements are watched with the greatest vigilance.

March 1. Yesterday and to-day we have had a great number of inquirers at the house. Some of them declare their belief in the Christian religion, and others say they are not satisfied.

3. This has been an interesting sabbath—18, besides children, were assembled in an upper room: after services, I gave them a long account of the progress of religion, from the days of Luther and Calvin down to the present time. When they heard how many disciples in France, England and other countries had suffered death, rather than renounce Christ, they said they would pray for more faith, that they might be bold in the cause of Christ. One interesting inquirer was present to day, from a town above Prome. He got the Balance more than a year since, and says it shook his faith in Gaudama at once. He listen-

ed to the gospel with much attention, and, for the first time, got an idea of the atonement and of the resurrection of the dead. His heart seemed to be prepared for the reception of the gospel. More than 200 came to the house for tracts.

5. This has been a great day with the Burmans.—The Viceroy made a display of all his kingly grandeur. In the morning, with all his immense train, he visited the great pagoda—an ocean of people might be seen bowing before their idols. Gave away 2300 tracts, and, except in some rare instances, no person received but one.

DIFFUSION OF CHRISTIANITY.

6. Gave away 2600 tracts to day, and if my strength had been equal to the work, might have given double the number.—Had much conversation with inquirers from various parts of Burmah—some of them said, Why do you not go to *Ava* and all the great cities in the Empire? many have heard of the new religion, and of the books, and wish to understand what it is. I told them I expected to be in *Ava* soon, and would teach all who were disposed to listen. When they understood our method of multiplying books by the use of machinery, they were quite astonished, and exclaimed, “How ignorant the Burmans are; they do not know any thing!”

I constantly have interesting intelligence from *Toung Oo*—a considerable number, and some of the first class, have turned out against the priests, and consequently against the religion of Gaudama. Were it not for *Ava*, I should feel disposed to visit that city immediately. About nine months ago I had one of the principal men of *Toung Oo* as an inquirer, for ten or twelve days—I trust he became a warm-hearted, and enlightened Christian. He was a man of superior mind, and his soul was charmed with the gospel of Christ.

9. Had much conversation with Mounz Zoo-the, a young man of promising talents, who has been an inquirer for some time, and for two days past has been asking for baptism—I said to him, “Are you not afraid to be baptized?”

“*I have been; but it is gone now, and I feel strong.*”

“But, supposing you are seized, put in prison, and beat with a bamboo; will you be strong then?”

“I cannot deny Christ.”

“But supposing they kill you?”

“Let them kill; I desire to follow Christ.”

In the evening we had a prayer meeting preparatory to the Lord’s supper.

BAPTISM OF ZOO-THE.

10. Lord’s day. This has been a precious day—I trust we have had a little of the Saviour’s presence in this heathen land. After a discourse on the object of our Saviour’s coming into the world, we examined Mounz Zoo-the; and during the examination he was asked, How can you go to heaven?

“*By being washed in the blood of Christ and getting a new heart.*”

“Do you know that you have a new heart?”

“*I have thrown away my old religion, and I love Christ.*”

After baptizing Mounz Zoo-the, I administered the Lord’s supper:—as five have been baptized since the last communion, I endeavoured to explain to them the design of this ordinance.

It is now two years and three months since I arrived in Burmah, and, by the blessing of God, have been permitted to baptize one hundred persons into the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh that these souls might be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, and all the souls that have been baptized in Burmah hereafter shine as gems in the crown of the Saviour’s rejoicing.

15. The young man, (relative of the Viceroy) called this evening. For some time, I have seen nothing of him. His conversation is encouraging.

17. Twenty-one at worship to-day. As soon as the services were ended, I married a couple, and then we proceeded to the examination of Mah Oo, a very respectable female. She was cordially received; and when the heat of the day was past, was baptized in the royal tank—this tank is about one and a half miles from the town, very large, and affords one of the finest places for baptizing in the world.—On one side of it are a number of large and splendid Kyoungo, beautifully shaded by mango and other large forest trees—just on the margin of this delightful basin of water, a few days since, two females were murdered, merely for the wretched garments that covered them.

ESTEEM FOR RELIGION.

24. Nineteen at worship.—Several old inquirers called in the evening, and spent two or three hours in conversation. Ko Shwa Oo asks for baptism. The young man, mentioned March 15th attended evening worship—he appeared quite affected, and two or three times, in the midst of the sermon, he said aloud, *This is wonderful.*

I feel a little encouraged about this interesting young man.

25. Two old inquirers to day—these men, like scores of others, have gone on well in their inquiries, till they have come to a certain point, and here they stick as immovable as the hills—they give up idolatry, and acknowledge the Christian religion to be true; but after all, do not come to the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

28. The young man mentioned on the 15th, has called every day since, though generally after dark—he is certainly growing in knowledge, if not in grace. This evening, after worship, I asked Ko San boon, (who is a most excellent man,) if he ever felt disposed to leave out the cross of Christ while preaching to the Burmans.—He said, he often did, for the Burmans would ridicule the sufferings of Christ, and that made him ashamed; but he said when I keep it back, I always feel condemned.—I told him, Here we see the wisdom of God, that which men despise above all things else, is that alone which saves the soul—our only hope of saving the Burmans from an eternal hell is the power of the cross. The young man mentioned above could contain himself no longer, and addressing himself to another Government man who sat by him, he went on for half an hour, comparing the Christian religion with heathenism.

We do not know, said he, what we worship: according to our books, Gaudama was a sow, an alligator, a monkey, a man, and almost every thing else—such religion is stupid nonsense, and what does it do for the people? And what is *nig ban* (annihilation) the home of brutes? we are as ignorant as *Ko la into* (black foreigners.)

31. Had worship in English, and then in Burman, on account of a few Portuguese who did not understand Burman. After worship, *Ko Shwa Oo* asked for baptism. After a long examination, the Church voted to receive him. He has attended worship every morning and evening for about two weeks. He came from *Sha yu wa de* district, for the purpose of hearing the gospel, about four days' journey from Rangoon. *Ko Aa* baptized him in the royal tank.

Another *Ko Shwa Oo*, living in Rangoon, a man above mediocrity, has become a decided Christian; but he says he dare not at present be baptized. Five have been baptized in Rangoon since the first of January.

These extracts from my journal embrace only a few of the particulars which

have deeply interested me during the six weeks past. It is now exceedingly hot, and the number of visitors is comparatively small. Every day we have more or less. Pray for us, that we may be guided in the path of duty, and faithfully make known the everlasting gospel. The ship that carries this, sails for Bengal this evening, and to-morrow or the day after, we expect to take leave of Rangoon.

Yours very affectionately,

E. KINCAID.

Rev. Dr. Bolles,

Cor. Sec. A. B. B. F. M.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. KINCAID TO THE COR. SEC.

Rangoon, April 2, 1833.

I have every thing ready for a tour to Ava, and expect to be off in two or three days. There is no end to perplexities, if one has any thing to do with Government men. I have been troubled about getting a *pass*; but last evening the Viceroy promised me one to-day, given under his own hand.

I shall take along all the *Tracts* on hand, (about 17,000) and a considerable number of the gospels of Luke and John, the Acts, and the Epistles. Brother and sister Bennett intend being in Rangoon in three or four weeks, and will bring on a new stock for this station.

I should esteem it a peculiar favor, if some brother could go with me; but there is no one that can go, all having more than they can do of the most pressing importance. My design is to have nothing to do with King or people, only as a teacher of the Christian religion, and to ask no favor, only a place to build on. It is my unceasing prayer that God will make my way plain, and open widely a door of faith among the heathen.

In reference to Burman schools among the people in Burmah proper; I do not know that any thing can be done to establish day schools, unless there is a change in the Government.

I have constantly had a number of Portuguese, half cast children, but without any expense to the Board. I have not been aware that any appropriations could be made for the education of this class. They are as degraded and as ignorant as the natives of India; yet some of them wish to learn, and their parents are willing to have them.

Burman slave girls to any number might be obtained and educated without Government molestation. A girl about thirteen years old, whose mother is dead, was giv-

en to us, and I placed her under the care of *Koo Lan Loon*, an assistant, who lives near me. She is an active girl, has learned the *Ghembong-gee*; can read a little, and is learning to sew. We have given her a new name, *Elizabeth Nelson*, (a name mentioned in the circular) my object is to prepare her for teaching school, and we are now a little encouraged to hope that religious truth is making an impression on her youthful mind. Such children can be bought for ten and fifteen rup's each; afterwards the expense is not greater than in Maulmein.

LETTER OF THE REV. MR. BROWN TO
THE COR. SEC.

Rev. Messrs. Brown and Webb, with their wives sailed from Boston in Dec. 1832. The following letter gives pleasing intelligence concerning their voyage and arrival.

Mouth of the Hoogly, May 2, 1833.

Rev. and dear Sir:—

Through the goodness of God I am able to address you from this place, and to inform you that our voyage has been, for the most part, highly prosperous.

We have had religious service on board, once every sabbath, when the sailors have usually been present. They have also attended at evening prayers. Several of them have been deeply impressed with a sense of sin, and the importance of religion; and two of them are indulging hope in the Saviour. One of them had been serious for a considerable time previous, but had never ventured to think himself a Christian. Their conduct among their ship-mates has been such as to give very good evidence of conversion.

While we rejoice over them with trembling, we cannot but hope that theirs is a religion which will stand by them in the trying hour, and that we shall hereafter see them ranged on the right hand of the Son of Man, in that day when he comes to make up his jewels. God grant that we may see them there, and that they may not be the only individuals of the Corvo's crew, whom we shall meet in heaven.

April 22. We spoke the brig *Constantine*, bound from Madras to Nicobar and Marclonia. On the 30th, we came in sight of Juggernaut and the Black Pagoda, and the next day we took our pilot, having been out 130 days. Since we came to anchor in the river, several boats from Kedgerree, a village just above us, have been alongside, affording us a view of the native Bengalees.

Calcutta, May 6. After being detained at the mouth of the river a day or two, we had a rapid passage up on Saturday. We got under way at half past seven, and in eight hours we had reached Calcutta—distance 130 miles. We were received most cordially by brother Pearce, at whose house we now remain, about three miles from the river. Yesterday we had the happiness to attend public worship at the English church, in the forenoon and evening, where Mr. Yates preaches. Afternoon I went to the native church, where Mr. Pearce preached in Bengalee. The prospects of the native church are encouraging. Eight were received by baptism a week ago.

There is a vessel about to sail for Maulmein, the *Phenix*, in which we shall probably take passage. I hasten to close my letter in order to send it by the *Apthorp*, which is to sail to-morrow. That the blessing of God may rest upon you and upon the cause in which you are engaged, and that you may long live to hear glorious news of the ingathering of the heathen to Christ's kingdom, is the prayer of your unworthy brother,

NATHAN BROWN.

Indian Station.

VALLEY TOWNS.

LETTER OF JESSE BUSHYHEAD TO THE
TREASURER, DATED SEPT. 17, 1833.

I shall endeavor to give you an account of what I have seen since I left home. I came here the day before the protracted meeting, which commenced on the 29th of August, and continued till the second of September. On Thursday the 29th, the congregation was not very large, but appeared solemn; and also at night. On Friday, worship was held very early in the morning, and about ten o'clock preaching commenced. The number of people increased; and truly in the evening it appeared that Jesus was amongst his people. His followers appeared to be glad they had come; and sinners were made to mourn on account of sin. A considerable number came forward to express their desire, and wished the church to pray with and for them. On Saturday morning, worship was held, and at this time brother H. Posey arrived from North Carolina. About 10 o'clock, preaching commenced. The presence of the Lord continued, and the num-

ber of people increased. In the evening, the church attended to the examination of candidates, and five were received. At night, it was a time of shaking among the dry bones. On Sabbath morning, worship was held early. After breakfast, preaching commenced. After one sermon, a church meeting was again held, seven were received, and others were put off till another time. Then we went down to the water to see eleven Cherokees and one white man follow the footsteps of the meek and lowly Jesus. There they were buried with him in baptism. After this was performed, solemnity seemed to rest on the minds of a very large congregation. Then we went back to the stand: the Lord's Supper was administered, at the conclusion of which, as an individual, my soul was made to cry with the Psalmist of old,—‘Marvellous are thy works, O God, and that my soul knoweth well.’ The mourners were called up, and even the very daring and hard-hearted sinners were made to fall before the Lord, and cry for mercy. Again, at night, the mourners were many. On Monday, worship was held early. About nine o'clock preaching commenced. One sermon was given through an interpreter, by Brother Posey, and an exhortation in Cherokee; and it was truly a day of days. Mourners were again called up; considerable numbers came forward to express their desires, and I do believe the Christians were truly with one heart engaged to God for sinners. I hope the labors of the servants of Jesus will not be in vain; but that the fruits will be seen in the great day; and that it is the beginning of good days to many souls that have attended the meeting. Thus the meeting concluded on Monday, about 11 or 12 o'clock.

I remain your very affectionate
Cherokee brother,
JESSE BUSHYHEAD.

Honored and very dear Brother,

Since the conclusion of our meeting, which was quite interesting and which I hope will be the commencement of more abundant manifestations of grace to the Cherokees, Bro. Bushyhead and myself have been constantly riding from one town to another to visit the brethren at all our preaching places. We have called at home twice in the time, but had to start off immediately, so that I have not had time to write. We are going to start again in a few minutes, and it will take us

four days more to complete our circuit. We have often earnestly wished for your presence, to witness many instances of blossoms putting forth in the desert and the waters breaking forth in the wilderness.

I am my very dear brother, yours sincerely,

EVAN JONES.

Sept. 18, 1833.

EXTRACT OF REV. H. POSEY'S LETTER TO THE TREASURER.

Protracted meeting in the Cherokee Nation.

I arrived on Saturday morning, Aug. 21, and staid until the meeting was adjourned on Monday, at 10 o'clock. During the meeting, I preached twice on Saturday; twice on the Lord's day. I also preached the farewell sermon on Monday morning, from 2 Cor. 13 : 11—‘Finally, brethren, farewell,’ &c. And truly it was an interesting farewell; and I may say, in truth, that from first to last the whole meeting was interesting. Good order, seriousness, and manifest tokens of the good pleasure of Him who gathers his lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom, made white men say, Never did we see a meeting before. On the Sabbath, I baptized Gideon F. Morris and his wife, mother-in-law, sister-in-law, and two more Cherokees; and brother Jones six Cherokees, making in all eleven Cherokees and one white man; we also had the Lord's supper administered; and surely, if the brethren in Boston had seen us eating and drinking in remembrance of our common Saviour, and showing our union with him and one another, while we felt as if our sorrows were nearly at a close, and, with redoubled resolution, put on the whole armour of God, determined in the strength of the Lord to stand against all the wiles of the devil—I think they would have said, at least in their heart, ‘Thank God that we ever did any thing for the poor benighted Cherokees.’ From this meeting I came on home, last Tuesday. Since that, I have been three days at my own meeting-house by Franklin, with a Presbyterian preacher, and on Lord's day we had a very solemn time indeed. I hope a revival is at the door in our valley: indeed there have been several baptized already, and I think a good many more have found the Lord precious. Pray for us dear brother, and tell the brethren in Boston to remember Franklin and our part of the country in general, at a throne of grace.

SAULT ST. MARIE.

Extract from the fifth annual report of the Missionaries to the Board, dated July 31, 1833.

We have, in our boarding school, supported 14 scholars most of the year, and part of the time 15, with the exception of the clothing of one small girl, (which has in part been found by one of the traders.) But our number has lately been reduced.

The following is an account of their increase and diminution:

One has been received; three having been enticed away, have left the Mission; and two have died. Leaving our present number eleven. A little rising of 30 other Indians and mixed blood pupils have been taught in the mission free of expense, so much of the time as they remained at the place, and could be prevailed upon to attend.

Reading, writing, and arithmetic have been taught in the school, and a part of our boarding scholars have made some progress in all of these branches. They have also been instructed a trifle in geography, so as to answer questions on the map, and have likewise been taught some in Indian. The progress of most of the pupils who have not been boarded in the Mission has been but moderate, owing to their unsteady attendance.

Our scholars are taught to labor, when out of school: the boys work at hoeing, chopping and sawing wood, and such other business as we have for them to do. The girls are taught sewing, knitting, and all kinds of house-work, and make very good improvement.

Our sabbath school, which convenes twice in the day for instruction, contains, in both branches, probably not far from fifty scholars. I think, however, many more than that number have received occasional instruction in it. In the sabbath school the Indian has been taught to those who did not understand English.

Much exertion has been required to keep up the temperance interest, and prevent the place from being inundated with what our Indians call *fire water*. Although we have not accomplished all that we desired, and have aimed at, yet we trust that our labor has not been in vain. Notwithstanding the unsettled state of society with us, and the numerous goers and comers, there are but two houses in the place where ardent spirit is kept for sale. One store, and a tavern. One vessel brought up ten barrels of whiskey, and was obliged to carry the whole back, for want of purchasers.

The numeral state of our society has been greatly affected by the movements of the army. At our last year's report we numbered 101 adult males, exclusive of Indians, and at the removal of the troops from this place the present spring, we were reduced to the number of thirteen. But we have increased it again to 58. We feel that in this place much of our success in Missionary labor depends on the prosperity of the Temperance cause. Let that run down, and all our hope of many conversions among the Indians or soldiers is at an end.

The religious state of things with us is much less animating than at our last report; yet we think that the Lord has not withheld from us all tokens of his favor. Some mercy drops descended the latter part of last winter, which brought a small addition to our little church. In the revival the two churches shared about equally alike in the reception of members.

Our additions and diminutions since our last are as follows:—Added by baptism, *five*; by letter *five*; by secession from other denominations, *two*. Dismissed, *one*; excluded, *two*; died, *one*; present number *fifty*. Ten of this number have received letters of recommendation and dismissal for removing their standing, but have not reported themselves united with other churches. Two of the converts, received by baptism, were native females; the others were men from the Fort; together with one reclaimed from a backslidden state, and received by secession:—all from the new company which wintered here.

We have *licensed one* of our brethren to preach the gospel to the Indians, and hope that the blessing of many, ready to perish will come upon him.

As the troops which formerly occupied this post, and among whom the revival took place, have all been removed, and the garrison supplied with others, our numbers belonging to the army are all absent from the place; but they are formed into two branches with a Moderator and Clerk in each; with authority to transact all usual church business except excluding members; in which, should occasion require, after proceeding in the proper steps of labor, they are to report the case to the church with the allegations and evidences for their decision. We have one branch at Green Bay, containing ten members, and another at Chicago, containing nine. Thus we are almost unconsciously scattering the salt of the earth, and we hope increasing the light of the world, and diffusing abroad the heaven.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO REV. DR. BOLLES.

Shawnee, Sept. 23, 1833.

Last Sabbath was a day of good things to us. It being communion season, we had the pleasure of seeing around the board, in this remote place, fifteen members of our church; but the most gratifying to us is, that five of these are Indians—a sixth being absent. At eleven o'clock in the morning the church heard a Delaware woman relate her experience, who was joyfully received. After sermon by Rev. Mr. McCoy, the most of which was interpreted into Shawnee, the congregation proceeded to the water, where remarks were made by the same, on the subject of baptism, which were also interpreted to the Shawnees, a number of whom were present. While the brethren sang 'How happy are they, who their Saviour obey,' the candidate was led down into the water, and then, while all was silence, and many poor Indians were looking with intense interest on the scene, she was baptized.—The whole scene was pleasing and impressive. After the services at the water, the Indians returned with us, to witness the showing forth of the sufferings and death of him, who, to fulfil all righteousness, was himself baptized 'in Jordan.'

This is the fourth Delaware baptized. Two males and two females, all interesting members.

There is something particularly joyous in seeing these poor wanderers become partakers of the joys, and hopes, and comforts of the gospel; for truly they are the poor of the earth.

We are greatly encouraged, and rejoice much over the few whom we trust the Lord has graciously given us; and let our dear friends, who pray for, and contribute to the support of missions, rejoice with us; and though they may not see in the flesh, the fruits of their prayers and labors, yet we trust, that these will be met in the kingdom of Jesus, where the redeemed shall dwell together.

It is matter of rejoicing too, that at almost all of the mission stations conversions are taking place. Is there not a shaking 'in the tops of the mulberry trees?' Who has heard the sound, and prepared for the battle?—prepared to come to reap these whitened fields, and gather fruit unto life eternal?

WESTERN CHEROKEE NATION.

By a letter from D. O. Bryant, missionary among the Cherokees west of the Missis-

sippi, we learn that a meeting-house, just erected for the natives, was dedicated June 8th, 1833. The house is 24 feet by 20, of hewed logs, roof of boards, and floor of planks. The same letter says, 'Lord's day, June 16th, I preached in Washington Co. near the line. Both Ckerokees and whites attended the meeting, and it was marked with considerable attention.' There is a school connected with the station.

WESTERN CREEK NATION.

A letter from David Lewis, missionary at this station, dated August 10, 1833, informs us that he was just recovering from severe illness, in which he enjoyed much of the Saviour's presence, and regretted only that he had not done more for the cause of the Redeemer. Before his sickness, his school was flourishing, containing 30 scholars. Two candidates for baptism had been received, and the church (Muskogee) were to commence a series of religious meetings, Oct. 4. The nation is very desirous to have boarding schools, and the chiefs had lately invited Mr. Lewis to attend one of their councils, that he might make the necessary suggestions, and write accordingly to the Board.

EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

A letter has been received by the Treasurer, from a brother in a neighboring town, whose feelings were deeply enlisted in the subject of the education of young ministers in France, by reading Prof. Chase's communication to the Board. In order to facilitate the education of such young men, natives of the country, to labor in the cause of the Board, he makes the following proposition:

"I will give \$50, on condition that 19 other persons will each pay \$50 into the Treasury of the Convention, by Jan. 1, 1834. URBANE."

The above is from a responsible individual, whose name is known to the Treasurer, although it is not made public. The project of raising \$1000 for so worthy a purpose, will, it is hoped, be reciprocated by those friends who are desirous of extending the Redeemer's kingdom in that country.

REV. MR. BOARDMAN'S MEMOIR.

By a recent vessel, the private papers and journals of the late Rev. Mr. Boardman have been received. The expectation of these articles has delayed the appearance of the memoir for several months. Enriched by these additions, it will be, as soon as possible, prepared and put to press.

STATE OF THE SCOTCH CHURCH.

The established Church of Scotland, (Presbyterian,) is shaken, not less than the Church of England, by the growth of liberal principles, and true toleration. Many persons, of every grade, refuse to pay their tax to the clergy; and when goods are distrained and brought to auction by the officers, the mob often threatens any who should bid, and effectually frustrates the sale. A case is stated in a letter from Edinburg to the Rev. Mr. M., of this city, which excited much attention—"Mr. T., our leading publisher and bookseller, refused to pay his rate, and was thrown into prison. His friends having procured his discharge, went for him to the gaol with a carriage. The populace, learning the fact that he was then to be released, assembled in great crowds, took away the horses, and drew him in triumph to his home! The popular feeling is intense on the subject. Dr. Chalmers in vain contends for the old regime."

The same letter mentions that one of the Kirk ministers has lately been suspended, and will soon be deposed from his office, for encouraging his audience to speak out during divine service, which they do in a most violent manner, professing to speak by the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Surely the time has not yet passed, when Christians are careful to "*try the spirits whether they be of God.*"

ORDINATIONS AND INSTALLATIONS.

MR. WILLIAM A. BROWNSON, late a student of Hamilton, ord. missionary to the

Mississippi Valley, at Steuben, Oneida Co., N. Y., July 17.

MR. JAMES W. GOSS, ord. at Charlottesville, Va., Aug. 7.

MR. ANDREW COLLINS, ord. pastor of the Bethesda Bap. church, Chester Co., Pa., Aug. 8.

REV. WILLIAM BOWEN, inst. pastor at Medway, Mass., Aug. 14.

MR. WARHAM WALKER, (late editor of the Vermont Telegraph,) ord. evangelist at Brandon, Vt., Aug. 14.

MR. DAVID PERDUN, ord. evangelist, at Squan, N. J., Aug. 19.

MR. LOOMIS RANSTED, ord. pastor at Frankfort Village, N. Y. Aug. 11.

MR. ELIHU ROBINSON, late of the Hamilton Institution, ord. at Louisville, Ky., Aug. 24.

MR. W. K. MOTT, ord. evangelist, at Braintree, Luzerne Co. Pa., Aug. 29.

MR. STEPHEN STILES, ord. evangelist, in Deposit, Delaware Co. N., Y. Aug. 29.

MR. CHARLES G. SWAN, ord. at Southport, N. Y., Sept. 10.

MR. GEORGE W. ASHBY, ord. pastor at Northwood, N. H., Sept. 11.

MR. JAMES W. GREEN, ord. pastor at Middlefield, Otsego Co., N. Y., Sept. 11.

REV. ROLLIN H. NEALE, late of the Newton Theological Institution, inst. pastor of the South Boston Baptist Church, Sept. 15.

MR. JAMES GOING, ord. evangelist at Freedom, Cataraugus Co. N. Y., Sept. 18.

REV. GIBBON WILLIAMS, formerly of Cornish, N. H. inst. pastor at Dover, N. H., Sept. 24.

MR. NATHANIEL HERVEY, late of the Newton Theological Institution, ord. pastor at Meriden, Conn., Sept. 25.

Account of Moneys received by James Loring, Treasurer of the Boston Baptist Foreign Mission Society, from April 11, to Oct. 14, 1833.

1833. April 11, From Female in East Haverhill Bap. Ch. for Karen Mission,	5,
19, Female Bap. Missionary Society, South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Neale, for Mississippi Valley,	46,31
May 5, Collection at First Bap. M. House, Concert of Prayer,*	10,
do. at Charles St. do. do. do.	15,43
Cash from Females of Fed. St. Bap. Ch. by Rev. Mr. Malcom, for Burman Bible, \$10, and for Burman Tracts, \$5,	15,
June 3, Collection at Fed. St. Bap. M. House, Concert of Prayer,	57,19
do. at Baldwin Place, do, do.	17,62
Cash from Juvenile Miss. Society of First Bap. Church and Con. for educating a Burman lad named William Hague,	25,

* The contributions at this Concert are for the Female Schools in Burmah.

	Cash from Dr. Bolles, from unknown donor,	20,
	Collection at Baldwin Place, May 17,	95,33
	Cash from Mr. Sheafe,	1,
	Cash from Rev. Mr. Stow,	6,
July 1,	Collection at First Bap. M. House, Concert of Prayer,	17,15
19,	Cash from Fem. Burman Mission Soc. in Charles St Bap. Church and Con. by Mrs. Ann Sharp, Treasurer,	75,65
August 5,	Collection at Fed. St. Bap. M. House, Concert of Prayer,	13,33
Sept. 2,	do. at First Bap. M. House, do. do.	11,62
	do. at Charles St. Bap. M. House, do. do.	15,50
Oct. 7,	do. at Fed. St. Bap. M. House, do. do.	19,75
	do. at Baldwin Place M. House, do. do.	11,25
14,	do. from sailor, who visited Sabbath School in Baldwin Place,	1,

Account of Moneys and other articles received by the Treasurer of Newton Theological Institution, from Dec. 1832, to Aug. 12, 1833.

From Female friend, Cambridge, 5,—Friend, Newton, 5,	10,
Asa Wilbur, Boston, 23,75—Friend, 1—Seth Williams, Cummington, 10,	34,75
Calvin Alexander, do. 1,—Eph. Culver, Jr. do. 1,	2,
Asa Quincy, Jr. do. 3,—Almira Packard, do. 0,50,	3,50
Alonzo Genney, do. 0,50,—Rev. D. Wright, do. 1,	1,50
Simon Stearns, Bidford, 5,—Sally Nichols, Westford, 1,	6,
Friends in Dummerston, 1,50,—Abraham Wilcox, Colerain, 5,	6,50
Rominen Smith, do. 5,—Geo. W. Willis, do. 3,—John Smith, do. 3,	11,
Tirzah Lang, do. 0,25,—Hannah Long, do. 0,25,	50
Wm. Stow, Conway, 1,—Obadiah Ingraham, do. 1,68,	2,68
Friends in Lebanon, 2,—Rev. A. Beach, Pittsfield, 5,	7,
L. Bancroft, do. 1,—Mr. Kent, Southwick, 0,50,	1,50
Isaac Todd, Westfield, 1,—Lorinda Puffin, do. 0,50,	1,50
Geo. Stearns, Athol, 2,—Elder Briggs, Athol, 1,—Capt. Walker, do. 1,	4,
Collections, do. 1,50,—Phineas Ross, do. 1,—Mr. Sullivan, Gardner, 1,	3,50
Mrs. Durell, Newton, 5,—Bap. Ch. Colerain, by Dr. Puffin, 26,	31,
Mrs. Elizabeth Cobb, Plymouth, 5,—Female friend, Cambridge, 10,	15,
Fem. Bap. Char. Soc. Westminster, in Bedding,	5,

Cambridge, Aug. 13, 1833.

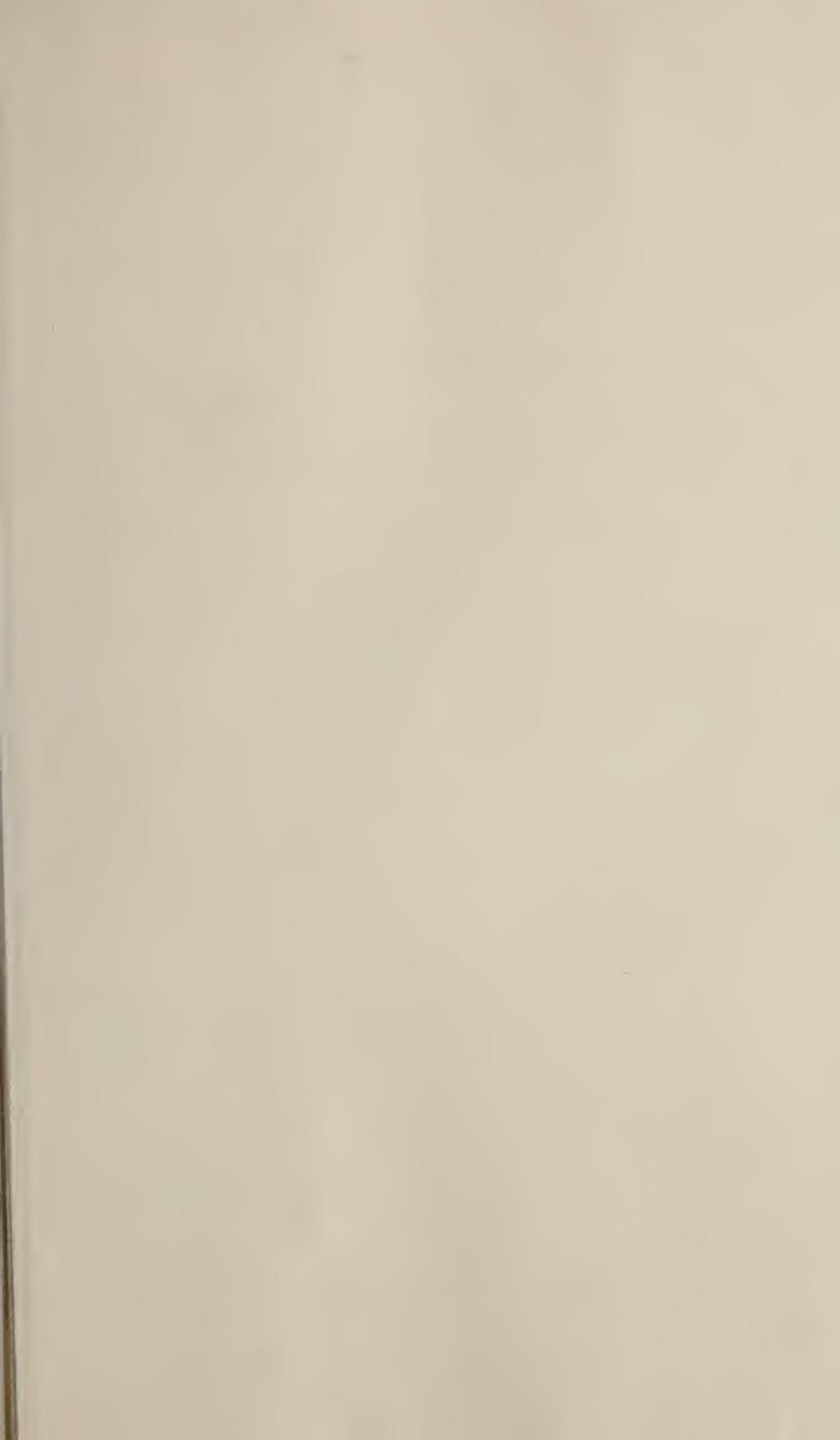
LEVI FARWELL, Treas.

Account of Moneys received by the Treasurer of the General Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States, for Foreign Missions, from Sept. 16, to Oct. 21, 1833.

Cash from the Fem. Bap. Miss. Soc. Mount Desert, for Foreign Miss., per Miss Milliken,	3,61
Rev. James Grow, of Thomson, Conn. being part of the sum handed in after a Sermon by Rev. Alfred Bennett, for For. Miss., by the hands of J. W. Converse,	16,15
A friend to Missions, for Bur. Tracts, \$2,	
“ “ “ “ Bur. Miss. 3,	5,
The Framingham Mite Soc. to educate a Burman Youth named Charles Sears,	25,
A Fem. Soc. in the Fourth Bap. Ch. Providence, being a quarterly payment towards the support of a Burman child, per Rev. Mr. Morey, Brown University,	6,25

Account of Money.

Contributed at the meeting of the Boston Bap. Association in Woburn, Sept. 18, for Bur. Missions,	19,27,	
Bap. Ch. in Townsend, for purposes as follows:—for tracts in Burnah,	5,28	
For Burmah Mission,	16,11,	
	<hr/>	21,39,
Bap. Ch. in Weston, for For. Miss.		14,63,
The Medfield Fem. Primary Soc., for Bur. Mis. per Rev. Mr. Driver,		18,
		<hr/>
		73,29
The Bap. Ch. and Soc. in South Reading, for For. Miss., by the hands of Dea. Smith,		45,20
Mr. John Lincoln, jr. Lebanon, Ohio, for Bur. Miss. per Mr. John Putnam,		1,50
Mr. Gehiel Dayton, East Granville, for Bur. Miss. per Mr. Everett,		5,
A Fem. friend in Milton for Bur. Miss. per Mr. Ebenezer Bowen,		1,
The Worcester County Bap. Charitable Soc., for For. Miss., per Rev. Otis Converse, Treasurer,		205,50
Mrs. E. Coggeshall, towards the support of a Burman child named Elizabeth Coggeshall, being the fourth and last payment,		20,
A Fem. friend in Salem, for For. Miss., per Dr. Bolles,		1,
Children in the Sab. School in Third Bap. Ch. Providence, for Bur. Schools, per Rev. Mr. Phillips,		10,50
Being a poor man's donation of Richmond, Va. for Bur. Miss., per H. Hill. Esq.		62
Mrs. Nancy Hsley, Treasurer of the Fem. Bap. Miss. Soc. of Portland, for Ed. of Bur. Youth, sent by Mr. W. R. Stockbridge, by the hand of Mr. Z. Humphries,		58,51
Mrs. Sarah Stockbridge, of Bath, for the Bur. Miss. per Mr. Z. Humphries,		3,
From Hingham Juvenile Bur. Miss. Soc., Eliza H. Chamberlain, Treas. for Bur. Miss. per Mr. Th. O. Lincoln,		3,10
Mr. Wm. Fitch, Cor. Sec. of the Louisville For. Miss. Soc., Aux., &c. for Bur. Miss., per Mr. A. S. Langley, Philadelphia,		23,50
Mr. John Tucker, Gardner,	10,	
Mr. Nathan Smith, Templeton,	5,	
Mr. Seth Tucker, Winchendon,	10,	
per Nathaniel Tucker, Esq.	<hr/>	25,
Dea. J. A. Waterbury, Treas. of Saratoga Bap. Association, for For. Miss. per H. Lincoln,		3,
Bap. For. Miss. Soc. Cornville, per Rev. Seneca Standley, Cornville, by the hands of Rev. E. Thresher,		12,37
Nathan Alden Esq. East Bridgewater, for Bur. Miss.	5,	
A friend in West Dedham, for Tracts in Burman,	1,	
Fem. Bap. Soc. in Middleborough, of the third Bap. Ch. and Con. to aid in the support of a Burman child named Mary Hubbard, per Miss H. N. Bennett, Sec.		22,
(Also new Gingham valued at \$4, for same object.)		
Dea. James Loring, Treas. of the Boston Bap. For. Miss. Soc. Auxiliary, &c.		374,96
Fem. Boardman Soc. of Lynn, for the support of a Bur. Child under the care of Mrs. Boardman, per Miss Rachel Johnson, Sec.		25,
From Kingville, Ohio, for Bur. Miss., per Mr. Jacob Bailey, as follows:		
Abigail Bemis, Southington,	1,	
Abel Woodworth, New Lyme,	1,	
Rev. Asa Jacob, Conneaut,	1,	
Amy Hartwell, Perry,	1,	
Joshua Emms,	50	
Ezra Hickox,	25	
Harvey S. Spencer, Geneva,	50	
A friend to Missions,	1,	
From a Methodist sister,	50	
Bap. Ch. Rome, Ohio,	2,64	
Ira Benton, Munroe,	50	
Bap. Fem. Bur. Missionary Soc. of Kingsville,	26,86	
Collection at Grand River Association Session, 1833,	13,25	
E. E.		H. LINCOLN, Treasurer.







For use in Library only

For use in library only

I-7 v.13
American Baptist Magazine (Boston)

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 00307 4798