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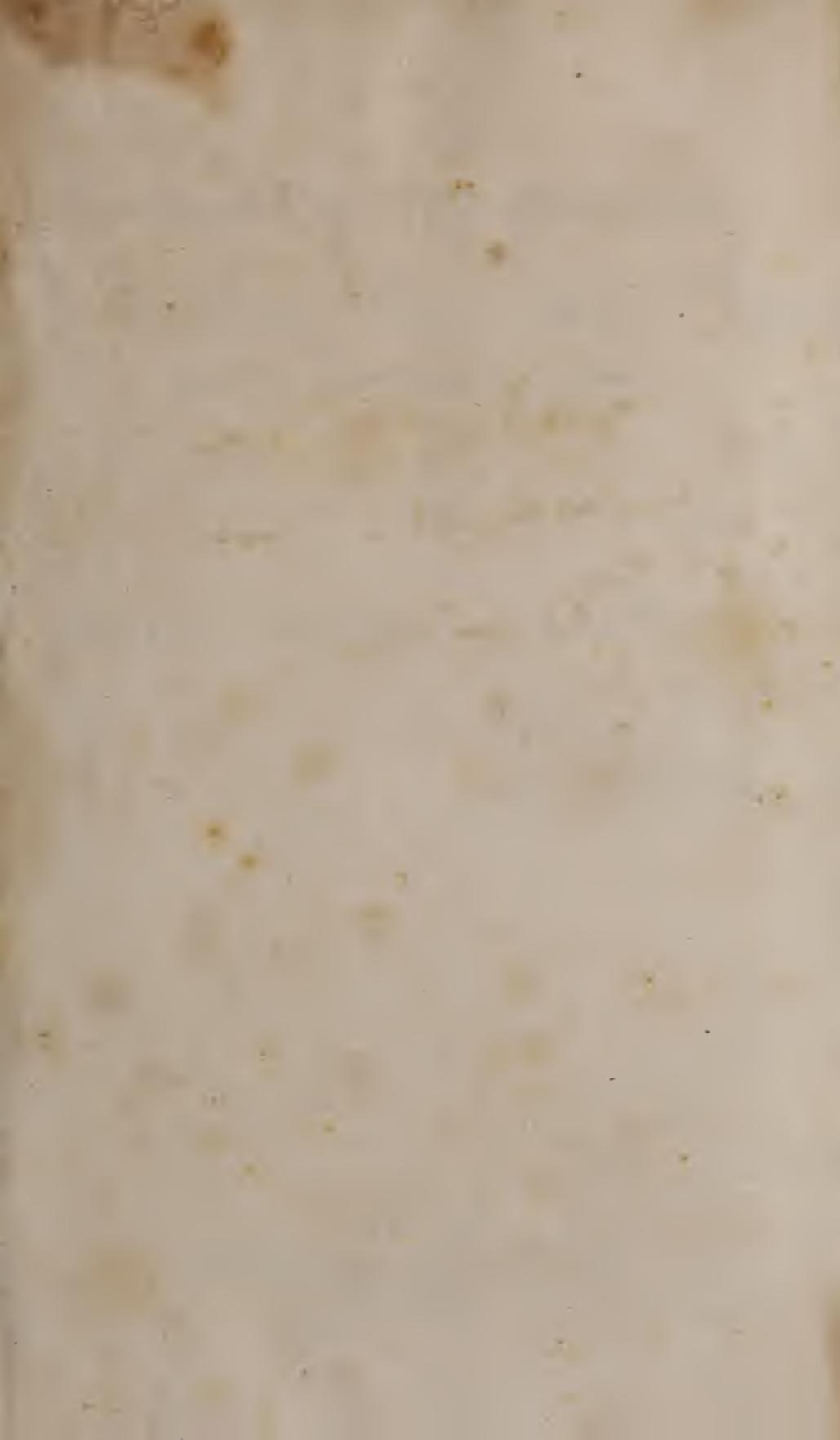
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AMERICAN BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

✓ [Baptist Missionary Mag.]

PUBLISHED BY THE BOARD OF MANAGERS

OF THE

BAPTIST GENERAL CONVENTION.

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VOLUME XIV.

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MDCCCXXXIV.



## P R E F A C E .

A FEW words to our respected patrons seem called for, on commencing a new volume of the Magazine. The promises of improvement, which, it will be recollected, were made a year ago, in consequence of the new arrangement of the Board of Missions relating to the work, it is believed have been amply fulfilled by the rich contents of the last volume; among which, are some articles that do honor to our national literature, as well as breathe, in an eminent degree, the holy and beautiful spirit of Christianity. It is proposed, the present year, to improve its appearance still further, by the use of a larger and fairer type in the body of the work; and, although its superintendence has passed into other hands, its columns, it is hoped, will still continue to be enriched by articles from the pen of its late Editor, as well as from various new contributors.

Few periodicals now existing in our country, can claim a more venerable antiquity than this, or a life of more extended and unspotted usefulness. From Maine to Georgia, and from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, to the far west beyond the Mississippi, its pages have conveyed the most solid instruction, the most interesting intelligence; quickening, edifying and consoling multitudes, who, except the Bible itself, have held no other work so dear. And even the devoted missionary, toiling under the sultry sky of Burmah, has greeted its arrival with delight; and its good tidings from a far country,—the country of his kindred and of his youth, the blessed land of revivals, and the radiating centre of missionary effort—have been refreshing to his exhausted spirit, *as cold water to a thirsty soul.*

The Board of Missions are happy in believing that the encouraging information, and animated appeals which have appeared in this periodical in the course of the last year, have not been in vain in nourishing and increasing the spirit of missions. Their funds have been replenished with contributions, of a kind and to an amount, which show, in the most satisfactory manner, that the labor expended in the improvement of the work has not been in vain. They have the pleasure, also, of acknowledging a very generous increase in the number of subscribers; no one of whom, it is believed, has had cause to regret the patronage bestowed on this official and standard work of the denomination. While they shall spare no pains nor expense to make it every thing that can be desired in a work of this description, they anticipate, with just confidence, a like increase of new subscribers the present year; in order to meet which, several hundred copies will be struck off, beyond the present subscription. They long for the time when the number shall be so greatly multiplied as to bear some better proportion to

the value of the work, and to the wants of our wide spread population.

And here permit us to ask,—Is there a family of our denomination, is there a single member of our churches, that can be willing to be without the AMERICAN BAPTIST MAGAZINE? Can any religious *paper*, however excellent, prefer superior claims, or exclude this *permanent* register of doctrinal, experimental, practical, and missionary knowledge, from the bosom of the family circle, and from the best books of the family library? The present Editor remembers with pleasure the fact, that he became a subscriber for the Magazine when but fourteen years of age; and he cannot now turn over the pages, consecrated by these early recollections, without wishing, in view of their profit and sweetness, that every youthful disciple of the Saviour might enjoy the like precious privilege, for Zion's sake, no less than their own. Indeed, it has long seemed to him, that, as far as possible, in relation to *this* work, it should be made a point of conscience with every young convert added to our churches, *to become a subscriber for life*. Since it is written of the Saviour and his kingdom, *He must increase*; since, therefore, the the work of missions *must* go on; and this publication, if for that reason alone, *must* be sustained as the vehicle of the Baptist Board of Missions; why is not this *a matter of conscience* with every one who loves that holy cause, and is praying with the fervor of principle and feeling, *Thy kingdom come*? We submit it to the consideration of all, especially of the pastors of the churches, on whose zealous co-operation so much depends. Let them not fear to take hold of this object with affectionate ardor.

Those who have formerly contributed to extend the circulation of the Magazine, while assured of our warmest gratitude, are earnestly requested to continue and multiply their exertions this year. Contributors, whose articles have enriched the columns of the work in former years, are entreated to continue their favors; that every variety of talent and information may concur in the improvement and elevation of the churches, and the illumination of mankind, wherever its pages shall be found, in this or future years. Well-written Essays, Biographies, Reviews, Poetry, Statistics, Notices of Revivals, &c. will be welcome to our columns. The Editor relies greatly and confidently on the assistance of his brethren to make the Magazine worthy of a place in the many thousand families of our extended denomination. And he deems it not too much to hope that the recent and great increase of our missionaries, and the manifest blessing of God on their labors, will supply, every year, a growing amount of interesting information in that most important department of our work—the Missionary Register.

With these explanations and hopes, this new volume is committed to the blessing of HIM whose we are, and whom we serve; to whom alone, be the glory forever and ever. Amen.

THE EDITOR.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1834.

THE

## AMERICAN BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

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### THE NEW YEAR.

THE turning over a new leaf in the volume of our existence—the commencement of a new year—is wont to be hailed with universal congratulation. All of us, perhaps, have participated in the general gladness, and the general greetings of good will. But, permit us to ask, from what secret causes springs this universal joy? What are those unexplained feelings which, on this day, beat in the bosom of childhood, impart a new animation to the family circle, and warm with momentary ardor, even the cold and wintry bosom of age.

If we reflect, probably we shall discover that these feelings may be traced to two distinct sources—the joy of hope, and the joy of deliverance. It is not alone that we anticipate a happier year than the past; it is also that we have escaped the dangers which threatened to arrest us in the career of life—that the thread of our frail being is not yet broken—that we have advanced, where others have fallen in the desolating progress of time. In looking back over the past year, we admit, with more instinctive willingness than at other times, the impressive lesson of our mortality, that we may, at the same time, indulge the delightful consciousness of having one year more triumphed over the danger. Thus every new year's day is, in fact, a silent monitor of the frailty of man; and in its very mirth mingles the mortifying remembrance of that inevitable hour when, to us, *time shall be no more*.

While, however, we are thus forcibly admonished of the rapid flight of time, the commencement of the new year admonishes us of the sure and certain approach of eternity. If the voice of the new year proclaims the sad truth of the brevity of life and all its joys, the voice of God proclaims, in his word, the no less sure, but sublime and consoling truth, that there is, for all who love him, another and

a better life awaiting the close of this. How well is it that these two momentous facts should be remembered together. How fit it is that at the same time in which we are called to realize the vanity of a mortal state, we should be thus seasonably directed to a state that is immortal; and from the very midst of the ruins of time, be enabled to descry the imperishable glories of eternity, and secure them as our own inheritance.

“When Jehovah was pleased,” says Robert Hall, “to command Isaiah the prophet to make a proclamation in the ears of the people, what was it, think you, he was ordered to announce? Was it some profound secret of nature which had baffled the inquiries of philosophers, or some great political convulsion which was to change the destinies of empires? No; these are not the sort of communications most suited to the grandeur of his nature, or the exigencies of ours. ‘The voice said, Cry: and he said, What shall I cry? Cry, all flesh is grass; and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever.’ Instead of presenting to our eyes the mutations of power, and the revolutions of states and kingdoms, he exhibits a more awful and affecting spectacle, the human race itself withering under the breath of his mouth, perishing under his rebuke; while he plants his eternal word, which subsists from generation to generation, in undecaying vigor; to console our wretchedness, and impregnate the dying mass with the seed of immortality. As the frailty of man and the perpetuity of the divine promises is the greatest contrast the universe presents, so the practical impression of this truth, however obvious, is the beginning of wisdom; nor is there a degree of moral elevation to which it will not infallibly conduct us.

“The annunciation of life and immortality by the gospel, did it contain no other truth, were sufficient to cast all the discoveries of science into the shade, and to reduce the highest improvements of reason to the comparative nothingness which the flight of a moment bears to eternity.

“By this discovery the prospects of human nature are infinitely widened; the creature of yesterday becomes the child of eternity; and as felicity is not less valuable in the eye of reason because it is remote, nor the misery which is certain less to be deprecated because it is not immediately felt, the care of our future interests becomes our chief, and, properly speaking, our only concern. All besides will shortly be nothing; and, therefore, whenever it comes into competition with these, it is as the small dust of the balance.”

All objects, we are aware, are illustrated more clearly and vividly by contrast. Our conceptions of their nature are in this manner rendered more distinct, their comparative value is more accurately discerned, and a more powerful and lasting impression is made upon the mind. The light of day never appears so delightful as when contrasted with the gloom of night; nor is the value of life ever appreciated so perfectly, as when in the immediate prospect of

death. As it was the will of our Creator to make this a law of the human mind, so, in his word, we find frequent advantage is taken of this principle to bring home to our hearts a clearer perception and livelier sense of the things which belong unto our peace. Thus in Isa. 51:6, "Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner; but my salvation shall be forever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished." With the same view, our Lord says, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." And thus the apostle Peter, "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word, which, by the gospel, is preached unto you."

Let us then spend a few moments in contemplating the nature and glory of the gospel, in contrast with the perishable nature of man.

In speaking of the nature of the gospel, it will be proper to exhibit briefly, but with clearness and precision, the peculiar truths of which it consists, and which entitle it, pre-eminently, to the character of "glad tidings to all people"—"the glorious gospel of the blessed God." This is the more important, because it is well known that different opinions are entertained upon this point; and, above all, because of the inherent and infinite importance of the subject. For it is a solemn truth, that, in that specific scheme of doctrine, denominated the gospel, "God has comprised and distinguished by a very peculiar character, all the religion which he wills to be known or to be useful to our world. The gospel, so far from being merely one of the modes, or merely even the best of the modes of religion, is, as to us, the only and exclusive mode; insomuch, that he who has not a religion concordant with the New Testament, is without a religion."

That we may not be misunderstood, however, we should here observe, that every truth which is comprised in the gospel, and is essential to the perfection of the system, is by no means to be considered as of equal importance to our salvation. As in the construction of a building, there are some parts fundamental, and others essential only as contributing to the completeness of the superstructure, and the comfort of its inhabitants; and, as in the human body there are certain parts of vital importance, and others important, chiefly, as they contribute to the symmetry, strength, beauty, usefulness and activity of the whole; so is it in that glorious assemblage of sacred truths which constitutes the gospel.

Besides, we are inclined to believe there is, in fact, a distinction to be made between truths that are fundamental, and those which are vital. The term *fundamental* may be used to designate those doctrines which compose the basis of the Christian *system*; and the term *vital*, those, the belief of which, is radical to the formation of the Christian *character*.

To illustrate this distinction, we would observe, that the doctrine of the Trinity, or of the one only living and true God, subsisting and manifesting himself in three persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, each sustaining a distinct and important office in the work of our salvation, appears not to be a *vital*, though it certainly is a *fundamental*, doctrine in the system of Christianity. Without it, as a fundamental fact, we see no possibility of the salvation of sinful men; and yet there may be individuals who, without perceiving this truth, appear to have embraced the gospel, so far as to feel its vital efficacy in their hearts. Content to rest upon Christ crucified, as the foundation of their hope, they have never, perhaps, inquired what gave its inherent worth and stability to his atonement; and are not aware that it is the infinite dignity of the Redeemer's character on which their salvation ultimately rests, as on the Rock of Ages. We think the case is similar, also, with the doctrine of Election. It does not seem to be vital, in such a sense that no one can be a Christian without believing it, yet it is fundamental to Christianity. According to the Scriptures, no sinner would ever have become a Christian, but in consequence of the eternal electing love of God; yet we honestly think there may be, and are, multitudes of Christians who, from ignorance, or wrong instruction, do not acknowledge the doctrine of election. Satisfied with drinking of the water of life, as it flows down freely at their feet in the promises of the gospel, they have never taken the pains to trace the refreshing stream up to its eternal fountain in the gracious purposes of God. But while we thus distinguish between truths revealed, as touching their comparative importance—we would not for a moment be understood as countenancing the too common opinion, that nothing ought to be preached but what is absolutely vital, and essential to salvation. We are not of those who would mar the perfection of Christianity, or the proportion of its parts. We believe cordially in the beauty and utility of the whole. We plead for the *integrity* of the system. We would have no maiming and mangling of the body of divinity. We claim the right of declaring, as far as in us lies, *the whole counsel of God*. We would say with Paul, "But as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak; not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts."

If the gospel is the richest of treasures, as the word of God affirms, then every truth contained in it is a part of that treasure. Every atom, therefore, which you take away from it, tends to make the soul poor. Every atom you take away, or rather cloud and conceal from the eyes of your brethren, you, as far as in you lies, diminish the legitimate property of the Christian church: you do more; you commit a sacrilege upon the unsearchable riches of Christ. In this view, we may apply to the doctrines of the gospel, the declaration of our Lord concerning the precepts of the law, "Whosoever shall break one of these *least* commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called least in the kingdom of

heaven; but whosoever shall both do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."

The capital truth of the Christian religion, no doubt, is the great doctrine of justification by faith without the works of the law; or, in other words, that through the atonement of Christ, effected on the cross, God can be just, and the justifier of any sinner whatsoever, who believes the testimony he has given of his Son. Hence the gospel is often styled "the preaching of the cross;" and the preaching of "Christ crucified." The cross of Christ is the central and radiating point in the plan of salvation. It is the point to which all the lines of revealed truth converge, and from which they all receive unity, life, lustre, and power. It is the living heart of Christianity, which imparts vitality, and omnipotent virtue, and an aspect of exceeding and ravishing beauty to every lineament and feature of the entire system. Intimately connected with this grand truth, subordinate to it, dependent upon it, illustrated by it, are the important doctrines of man's universal and entire sinfulness before God; God's free and efficacious grace in regeneration, according to His eternal purpose in Christ; the certain preservation of the redeemed and regenerate, through faith, unto eternal life; their indispensable obligation to glorify God, by maintaining his cause, and walking together in visible church relationship, in the beauty of holiness, and in brotherly love; the aggravated guilt of all, who, by impenitence and unbelief, reject the only method of salvation; the ultimate resurrection of the dead; the final and righteous sentence; the everlasting punishment of the cursed in hell, and the everlasting inheritance and reward of the blessed in heaven.

These are the leading features of the doctrine of Christ—the form of sound words pervading the sacred pages—the principal facts embodied in the evangelical system, and alike essential to its character and its practical operation. The full assemblage of these grand and momentous truths constitutes the gospel, the everlasting gospel; the brightest display of the love, and purity, and power of God; the exclusive boast and treasure of the Scriptures; the hope of ruined man; the wonder of angels; the confusion of devils; the terror of scorners; the salvation of believers; the balm of life; the solace of death, and the high song of eternity among blessed souls. For every portion of this glorious scheme, we can produce a "Thus saith the Lord;" to the full and faithful promulgation of it we dedicate our ministry; and increasing multitudes, we trust, from generation to generation, shall feel its renovating power, when we shall be sleeping the sleep of the grave. "For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory thereof as the flower of the grass: the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word, which, by the gospel, is preached unto you."

Only compare for a moment the weakness of man with the stability of this gospel: compare all that man naturally glories in, with the transcendent worth and excellence of the blessings of salva-

tion; compare man sinking under the resistless sentence of decay and death, with the perpetuity of that truth which has God for its author, and everlasting life for its ultimate end; and who can fail to perceive and be affected by the contrast? It is the contrast of dust and ashes, with the glory of heaven. It is the contrast of all that is corrupt, and mean, and perishable, with all that is pure, and bright, and indestructible. It is the contrast of all that is painful, sickening, and dying, with all that is joyful, and flourishing, and immortal. Compared with the value of the gospel, "all the glory of man" his birth, genius, wisdom, learning, accomplishments, his wealth, magnificence and renown, his social affections, external moralities, and self-righteous deeds, however splendid in the world's esteem, "are as the flower of the grass," withering and worthless in the sight of God.

It is an obvious, but important reflection,—if the gospel possess such transcendent worth and glory, what solemn reproof and warning should this consideration administer to those, who, up to this new year, have neglected and disobeyed it.

Every sinner who neglects it, ought to consider that he is voluntary in his neglect. It is his choice. God has thought it worth while to work the most astonishing miracles to confirm it, and excite the attention of mankind to it; but he, miserable man! does not think it of consequence enough to attract his serious attention. Angels have visited this world to congratulate its inhabitants on receiving such a treasure; but he, miserable man! does not think it a treasure worth his seeking. Millions of wiser and better men have esteemed themselves happy to suffer persecution and death for its sake; but he, miserable man! dares not look his fellow in the face, and tell him he is resolved to embrace the gospel. And yet he is a dying man; and all which he now prefers, and pursues so eagerly, will abandon him forever on a dying bed! "This is the condemnation, that light has come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." Oh! impenitent reader, beware lest that come upon *you*, which is spoken in the prophets, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish."

And you, Christian, who believe and love this glorious gospel, whom this new year finds rejoicing in its cheering light and blissful hopes, think of those to whom this gospel is unknown, unwelcomed, and unloved! Deliberately compare, to-day, the condition of the vast majority of your fellow-men, with your own, in the spirit of humble, thankful, melting tenderness. Crowned with light and privilege yourself, can you fail to exercise love and compassion for the dark and dying around you, and afar from you in heathen lands? You know that another year is cut off from their probation, as well as from your own. You know that ere another new year dawns on the world, thousands of them will be gone from the world, where alone the means of salvation can reach them. And you yourself, ere that period arrives, may find the close of all earthly opportunities. *For all flesh is as grass*; and both the giver and receiver of the everlasting gospel, have but a little space of fresh unfaded

vigor, in which to secure and to extend its inestimable benefits. And shall not that little space be vigorously filled up? Blessed be God, we can do something to make known the gospel of his Son, and to replenish that world of immortality and joy, to which we are looking forward, with *the redeemed from among men!* Our brethren, whom we have sent forth in this blessed work, look to us from Burmah, from Siam, from France—from the east and from the west. This year, at least, let us not forget them; let us not forget those among whom they labor.

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#### WITHDRAWAL OF DIVINE INFLUENCE.

My soul shall wish mount Zion well,  
Whate'er becomes of me.—

Watts.

That is a beautiful trait in the character of God, as described by the psalmist, that *he taketh pleasure in the prosperity of his servants.* This kind interest in the success of their labors is the more endeared to us by the reflection, that all their success springs from his blessing. If that blessing, then, be in any measure withdrawn, or even less apparent, should it not deeply affect us?

In one respect, the Magazine of the last year has been less copious and interesting, than in some other years. Although God has not left himself without a witness in the work of his grace among us, yet it is a fact, that we have had fewer revivals of religion to record, than heretofore. May this painful fact be duly acknowledged before the mercy seat, with deep searchings of heart, and humble confession of sin, that it may please the God of all grace to return and visit his churches, and cause the vineyard which he hath planted in this lovely land, to *blossom and bud, and fill the face of the world with fruit.*

In the mean time, under a solemn sense of personal responsibility, we would entreat each pastor and member of our numerous churches, with redoubled energy and zeal to apply himself to the care of his own individual portion of the vineyard; to plant, to prune, to water, and to watch over it, that so the flourishing of vital piety at home, may promote its extension abroad, and a holy rivalry and healthy reaction may exist between our brethren living and laboring for Christ in the bosom of domestic privileges, and those whose high office it is to advance the same precious cause amid the privations and perils of the missionary field. Then may we be lawfully permitted to hope and believe, that every month, our Magazine shall record the triumphs of grace in all directions, and every monthly concert of prayer be made joyful by the announcement of fresh answers of salvation from a prayer-hearing God.

## JUDSON'S APPEAL.

[If the following lines should serve no other purpose than to recall the reader's attention to the affecting Appeal of the Missionaries, published in the Magazine of last January, their object will be attained. The Appeal was drawn up by Mr. Judson. It should be frequently read, that Christians may know *what* to ask in supplication, for their missionary brethren.]

A cry—a cry—is on the air!  
It comes from Asia's peopled plain;  
A voice of grief, of love, and prayer—  
O Christian, shall it come in vain?

Hear us, for we are in distress!  
It is not for ourselves we plead;  
Though toils and cares upon us press,  
Our toils and cares we little heed.

But oh, to see on every side,  
Souls wrapt in error's darkest gloom;  
Borne on by sin's tremendous tide,  
Hastening to sin's eternal doom!

To see new realms to truth expand,  
Where truth was never known before;  
Fields ripened to the reaper's hand—  
Mines rich in everlasting ore—

To see, to hear, to think, to know,  
All this—for deathless souls are there!  
And yet have none for us to go—  
This, this is more than we can bear!

O Christians! in the land we love,  
And only left these souls to save—  
Have ye no feeling hearts to move,  
When Pity pleads across the wave?

Oh, hear the thrilling cries we hear,  
From Bangkok, Yah-heing, and Lah-bong;  
From tribes whose names ne'er reached your ear,  
Unknown to science and to song.

Pity imploring Arracan!  
Remember sainted Colman's dust,  
Kyouk-pyoo awaits the man,  
Who shall accept the sacred trust.

And Ava, with her golden towers,  
Dear, dreaded Ava! leave her not;  
For God shall haste the destined hours,  
When all our sufferings there forgot;

We shall behold her sovereign bow,  
Lowly before the King of kings;  
And souls that seek Gaudama now,  
Shall fly to Jesus' sheltering wings.

## THE MISSIONARY CONCERT OF PRAYER.

[The following article we select from the Minutes of the Warren Association, for 1833, for its peculiar importance, and valuable suggestions. It was prepared by the Rev. J. O. Choules. May it have its desired effect!—*Ed.*]

This world is not as God made it, and is nothing like what he will have it to be. Jehovah called it into existence to become the theatre for an illustrious display of his glory, but the introduction of sin has marred the perfection of its beauty, and now the world only answers its original end, as He produces the result by a display of divine power and grace.—Although sin and Satan are now rioting in the extent and richness of their spoils, yet their cause is a ruined one; for He that sitteth on the circle of the heavens has purposes of mercy to the world. He has established a kingdom in it which shall survive the material universe, and whose victories and triumphs shall demonstrate, that in every conflict He is the overcomer.

It is delightful to look at Zion, and then anticipate her progress from the page of prophecy; for glorious things are spoken of her in reference to the enlargement of her boundaries, the increase of her inhabitants and the honors of her King. To accomplish all this, Jehovah travelled in the greatness of his strength—for this, the councils of peace were convened, and the purposes of his eternal love were early revealed in promises, types and shadows—for this, increased light was afforded in successive ages; and at last, to destroy the works of darkness, and dethrone the prince of the power of the air, in the fulness of time God accomplished the promise which he made to the fathers. The Lord Jesus Christ came into our world, lived, died and rose again; and having become King in Zion, he ascended to his throne.

In their departing moments, the hearts of men are full of the things which are dearest to them; and how often do we see “the ruling passion strong in death!” The Saviour’s heart was set upon a kingdom; when about to quit this province of his dominions, he committed the interests of his newly established empire to the care of his friends, and gave regulations for its universal extension;—“Goye forth, and preach the gospel to every creature.” The Master’s will was made known, and the disciples’ duty enjoined. Obedience was yielded by the followers of the Saviour, and they went forth preaching every where, and Christ was with them.

But too soon the church became corrupt; under a mistaken policy she formed an alliance with the world, and forgot that spirituality was the livery of the church, and separation her watchword. The crucified One frowned upon the folly, and the disciples had days of darkness. We are called however, to mark the watchful care of God over his church, in preserving to himself a people in the darkest ages. Zion was not without witnesses, although they testified in secret places. At the Reformation, the set time to favor Zion seemed to have arrived; God raised up a rare race of men for the

exigences of the age. Providence lent her agency to the economy of redemption, and all events combined to aid them in their enterprise.

The art of printing gave access to the minds of men, and the state of Europe presented an unprecedented field for the spread of truth. Ever since the days of Luther, Calvin and Melancthon, the church has been upon the march; it is true, she has known vicissitudes—but her cry has been, *onward*, and in the conflict, voices have been heard, crying, “The battle is the Lord’s!”

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries beheld a large augmentation of the assemblies of the faithful in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, the Netherlands, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany; but the chief object of the watchmen on the walls was to comfort and instruct the church, and there was a strange inattention to the enlargement of her boundaries.—This was pathetically deplored by the excellent Baxter, in his last days—a period of life when truths and facts are very apt to assume their true importance and proper relations. Perhaps this supineness was owing in a great degree to the prevalence of persecution and the difficulties of access to heathen lands, impediments which are no longer insurmountable.

The rapid increase of the North American colonies, and other circumstances, paved the way for an extension of Christian effort, and in 1732 the missionary flame was kindled in the Moravian church, or, as they term themselves, the United Brethren, a name which may be envied. The history of this body is little known on earth, but its record is on high, and that church is illustrious in the heraldry of heaven. Then came Whitefield and Wesley, like angels of light—men who by their labors might almost have appropriated to themselves the character of the angel in the Apocalypse. From this period tides of holy influence have been poured out, and heaven has been receiving vast accessions from the redeemed out of the nations of the earth.

The formation of the English Baptist Mission was introduced by the existence and spread of a fervent spirit of prayer. The Northamptonshire churches set apart the first Monday in the month, as a season for special supplication to God, for the spread of the gospel and the effusion of the influences of the Holy Spirit. The good men who devised this scheme knew and felt that all success in labor came down from the Father of lights. The meeting was soon adopted by all the churches in Christendom, and continues to the present.

In England, the missionary prayer meeting is regarded as one of the deepest interest. It is always crowded, and often affords a delightful earnest of the day when *all flesh shall come and appear before God*. We can think of no meeting on earth that attracts so much of heavenly notice as the Missionary Concert. How must the glorified inhabitants of heaven look down upon the militant church in this her nearest approximation to the celestial state! At these occasions, Zion seems ready to go forth to her destiny and duty. Arrayed in panoply divine, she stands all armed and ardent for the foe.

But all that is glorious and gladdening in religion is allied to the solemn; and so here we would remark that the Monthly Concert is tremendous in its relations. We would ask, Are Christians in earnest on these occasions, in saying, Thy kingdom come? Then follow them home, and see if there is the reiteration of that prayer at the family altar? Is it made as earnestly at that consecrated spot, and in the secret retirement, as at the meeting? Is the appeal to Heaven followed by efforts as strenuous as the prayer was earnest and tender?

Is there any anxious examination to discover answers to prayer? Are Christians conversant with the circumstances of the militant church? She is in the battle field. Do her friends ask for tidings? Tell us not of friendship which can consist without anxious inquiry after welfare, participation in joy, and sympathy in mishap and grief. O there must be an awakening up in the church. Christians must become familiar with the intentions of God to the church, and observant of his providential interference on her behalf.

To all who duly regard the subject, it must be a matter of profound regret, that the concert of prayer for missionary purposes occupies so small a share in the affections of the American churches. Is a prayer meeting a thermometer by which you may determine the spiritual state of a religious body? Oh, then, by a visit to our concerts on the first Monday evening in the month, what inferences are we to form? Go to our large cities—examine our churches in the length and breadth of the land, and say, where is there a healthy, vigorous action? Brethren, the thing is entirely wrong, and we are verily guilty of neglect in this duty. Allow us to say that the whole matter is wrong.

The *meeting itself* is not sufficiently regarded as *important*. There is an obvious deficiency in *preparation* for it. And here ministers stand reproved. It is believed that few public interviews between pastors and people receive less direct anticipation and forethought. No meeting should receive greater attention—for what sublimity of subject, and what materials to work with, does it not present? There are the miseries of the fallen, and the energies of the renewing Spirit—prophecy and its perpetually growing accomplishment—the victories of grace—the triumphs and sacrifices of love, kindled at the cross—the progress of civilization, and the advance of literature—the formation of churches—the glorious death-beds and the peaceful graves of those who rest in hope;—these are the topics which should be brought to the people, and ministers should talk of the glory of Christ's kingdom, and the majesty of his power.

It is not enough to read mere journals and letters. Ministers should arrange the facts, and place the history of the progress of truth in some particular city, country, island, empire, or continent, clearly before the audience. The secretaries of our missionary societies ought to regard it as a very important part of their duty to furnish the churches, from month to month, with statements lucid

and affecting, in reference to the grand contest of destiny.\* Nothing can excuse the omission of this service; and if their duties are too arduous, and prevent the performance of this labor, fresh help should be called in, which may permit its execution. In vain shall we look for a missionary spirit until proper and adequate attempts are made to awaken and impress the public mind.

The addresses delivered at these meetings should not be tame, lifeless and unpremeditated efforts, but result from the ablest exertions of the intellect, and the warmest affections of the heart. It is on these occasions that we should have the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary, the empty sepulchre, the ascending Saviour, the sinking world, the gaping pit, the gnawing worm, the immortal song, the heavenly harpings, and the one redeemed family!

Beloved brethren, permit us to call your attention to this subject. Our churches are happily coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty; but vain is the help of man. O let us not forget that there is a derived omnipotence in prayer. O let the thousands of Israel put God in remembrance of his promises—let them take hold of his strength.

It is declared in holy writ that prayer shall be made for the Saviour continually. Christians, you cannot neglect this duty without violating every principle of consistency, of benevolence to your fellow-creatures, and of well-regulated self-interest. O think of the honor which Jesus confers, in permitting us to intercede on his behalf. He stands in no need of our supplications on his own behalf, for he is the object of the Father's unbounded complacency, and all things are placed in his hands. How astonishing, then, that he should ask for our supplications in his behalf;—that he should permit us to breathe an entreaty for him;—that he should place us, whose every act was one of rebellion against him, whom he had to create anew, before we would take any part in his service,—that he should place us around his golden altar as priests and intercessors for him;—that he should, as it were, change relations with us, placing us in the office of intercessors for him, though the acceptance of our prayers, and the salvation of our souls depend entirely on *his intercession* for us.

Let us never forget the certainty of the success with which we pray for Christ and his kingdom. At the very moment when such a prayer is offered, at that very moment does the Almighty answer it in the divine intent, though he may wisely delay, for a time, to reply to it. The petitioner may forget his own supplication, but He is still mindful of it; and however obscure the petitioner may be, He prizes the prayer; it is a prayer for his well-beloved Son, and as such, it is music in his ear, of which he loses not a single note. It is a prayer for the accomplishment of an object in which he has bound up his own glory, and to the success of which he has pledged every perfection of his character. In such petitions man takes his stand on the immutable promises and everlasting covenant of God;

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\* Cannot this service be supplied monthly, by means of this Magazine.—[Ed.]

he prays with the force of an almighty decree; he puts his hand to the furtherance of a cause which is destined to move onward with the force of omnipotence. It is a prayer for the divine glory, and as such, He places it among the perfumed supplications already offered by the saints of past generations. He places it among the last aspirations breathed from the death-bed of David, the son of Jesse,—among the mighty prayers which ascended from the fires of the early martyrs,—among the loud cries of those whose souls are heard from under the altar, saying, “How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?”—among the earnest entreaties of the wide creation, which sighs to be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. It is a prayer for the salvation of a world He loves; and with delight He sees it flow into that channel where a stream of prayers has for ages been flowing and accumulating, and which shall finally overflow and pour forth a healing flood of heavenly grace over the whole earth. “Ye, therefore, that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the whole earth.”

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#### CRITICAL EXPOSITION OF MATTHEW 16:26.

*For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*

THE only difficulty in the exposition of this passage lies in the supposed ambiguity of the original term, which in our version is rendered *soul*. On this term, indeed, the meaning of our Lord, in this emphatic interrogation hinges.

There are but two opinions on the subject, which require consideration. The *first* is, that the term should be rendered *life*. The *second* is, that it properly designates the *soul*; or, in other words, *the principle of intelligence and immortality*.

That it may be seen how much depends upon the determining of this point, we would remark, that of those who adhere to the first opinion, there are two classes.

Of these classes, the one supposes the question of our Lord to be proverbial, importing merely what value mankind are accustomed to attach to their lives; and having no reference whatever to a future state. To settle the meaning of the word translated *soul*, is of the greatest importance to this class; because it determines, in their view, the whole meaning of our Lord's interrogation.

The other class, who agree with them in supposing the original term should be rendered *life*, yet differ materially as to the meaning of our Lord. They suppose that the Saviour refers ultimately to the future life, and not exclusively to the present. As to this point,

they pretty much coincide in interpretation with those who think the term rightly translated *soul*.

The original phrase is, *την ψυχην αυτη*, *his own soul*. The question to be settled in the first place, is, Does this phrase, in this passage, denote his *life*, or his *soul*—the *mortal*, or the *immortal* existence?

No light is thrown upon this question, so far as we know, by the etymology or derivation of the word. There is one compound word, in 1 Thess. 5:14, which perhaps may be mentioned, where *ολιγο-ψυχως* is translated *feeble-minded*. The literal translation would be *little-souled*. Here it evidently means the mind.

One most important source of evidence to which we can appeal to decide this, or any other question about the meaning of words, is what is well understood by the phrase *good usage*.

If we go back to the use of the term *ψυχη*, in classic authors, it is favorable, we believe, to the sense expressed in our translation. Plato, for instance, in his Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, uniformly employs *ψυχη* as its appropriate designation.

If we examine sacred usage, we apprehend the result will be the same. It is true, there is some variation in the use of this term, as well as of others; but the use of *ψυχη* in the sense of soul, or mind, is the most common use in the Septuagint of the Old, and the original Greek of the New Testament. From its perfect correspondence with the Hebrew *nephesh*, which is generally translated *soul*, it appears that out of about two hundred times in which it occurs in the Septuagint, more than one hundred and fifty designate the unseen principle of intelligence and enjoyment—the principle which originally distinguished man from the inferior tribes of animals, and gave him an essential likeness to the Father of spirits.

Of its use in the New Testament, we can speak yet more definitely. Here the word *ψυχη* is found one hundred and sixteen times, from Mat. 2:20 to Rev. 20:4. It is used by the sacred writers in three different senses—all, however, bearing an analogy to each other, and to the primary meaning of *the principle of intellectual life*.

1. The first is what may be called the *generic sense*; where it is used for human being, or, as we should say, *person*. Example—Acts 2:41, “There were added to them, the same day, about three thousand souls.” In this sense, it is used twenty-nine times.

2. The second sense is somewhat indefinite and vague; but, perhaps, cannot be better rendered into English, than by the term *life*. For example—Mat. 2:20, “They are dead which sought the young child’s soul.” 6:25, “Be not anxious about your soul, what ye shall eat.” 20:28, “And to give his soul a ransom for many.” John 13:37,38, “I will lay down my soul for thy sake.” See also Rev. 8:9. This is what we should call the *idiomatic* or *Hebraistic* sense. In this sense *ψυχη* is used thirty-two times.

3. The third sense is the same which we are accustomed, in our tongue, to attach to the term *soul*; in other words, *the intelligent and*

*immortal mind.* Examples—Mat. 10:28, “Fear not them which kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul.” 11:29, “And ye shall find rest to your souls.” Luke 1:46, “My soul doth magnify the Lord.” Acts 14:22, “Confirming the souls of the disciples.” 2 Cor. 12:15, “I will very gladly spend and be spent for your souls,” (Gr.) Ephes. 6:6, “Doing the will of God from the soul.” Heb. 10:39, “We are of them which believe unto the saving of the soul.” James 1:21, “Receive with meekness the ingrafted word, which is able to save your souls.” 1 Pet. 1:9, 22. 2:25, “Bishop of your souls.” 3 John 2, “As thy soul prospereth.”

This last is what we should consider its proper sense. It is specific, definite and clear. In this sense ψυχή is used, in the New Testament, fifty-five times.

As far as frequency and appropriateness of usage, therefore, can go in settling the question before us, the weight of evidence preponderates in favor of the present translation.

It may be proper, however, to mention that we have remarked one striking peculiarity in our Saviour's use of this word, which we know not how to designate better than by calling it the *double sense*. The peculiarity referred to, is that of using this term in opposite senses in the different members of the same sentence; apparently with the design to give brevity and force to an antithetical apothegm, and thereby fix it more strongly in the memory. An instance of this is found in the verse immediately preceding the one under consideration. “Whosoever willeth to save his soul, shall lose it; but whosoever willeth to lose his soul for my sake, shall save it.” Here it is evident that our Lord avails himself of the two principal senses in which this word is employed, and connects them together in a manner altogether *sui generis*, but easily understood by his hearers, and exceedingly impressive. The phrase is perfectly idiomatic. It cannot be rendered into another language without losing half its energy and beauty. Our translators seem to have been aware of this. They have given it perhaps as good a translation as the English language will admit, substituting *life* for *soul*. The meaning is, however, but half expressed in our idiom; and we are obliged to resort to a periphrasis, (such as is found in John 12:25,) to give the sense fully and clearly.—“He that loveth his life, shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal.”

The reasons which induced our translators to render ψυχή in the 25th verse, by *life*, do not, however, apply to the 26th, which is the one under discussion. Perceiving this, they have, as we think, rightly, rendered it by the only word, which, in our idiom, would convey the full import and energy of our Saviour's question; “For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” The design of our Lord, as is most clear from the connexion, was to inculcate the last degree of self-denial on his followers; and to fortify them against that fear of death, which would, in their circumstances, be a constant temptation to apostasy.

cy. For this purpose it is, that he places before them the certainty of an eternal retribution, and in the prospect of such a retribution, demands of them a proper estimation of the worth of the soul, which is to be the subject of it. If this be not his obvious meaning, we certainly have mistaken the scope of his instructions on this occasion.

But if we are right in our understanding of his design, the word  $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$ , could not be rendered *life*, without an entire evaporation of the spirit of the passage. Indeed, it appears to us that this translation is calculated to convey an idea exactly the reverse of what our Lord intended. For what could be the effect of the question in this case, but to heighten that very love of life, which it was the object of our Lord to depress into its proper subordination to the esteem of things unseen and eternal? And what greater, what more insurmountable objection can be produced against any version, than that it conveys an impression the very reverse of the original?

We adhere, then, for the reasons assigned, to the present translation, as giving the true impression of the meaning of our Lord. We think the sound exposition of his words to be this. In your estimate of the good and evil to result from your attachment to my religion, be careful to calculate on the scale of eternity. To think to escape from suffering by renouncing the gospel, is the extreme of folly; since thereby its blessings, without which existence is a curse, must be forever forfeited. Think not so much of the ease or the agonies of a dying body. Think rather of the enjoyment or the anguish, which, by your conduct, must be fixed forever in the immortal mind. Could your abjuration, or neglect of religion secure to you unspeakably more than you can possibly expect—could it elevate you to the highest honors and enjoyments earth can bestow, yet how poor a price is this for your hopes of everlasting felicity! Could you ever be so thoughtless or so base as to make such an exchange—the period of reflection must arrive, when, with endless and unavailing remorse, you will bewail a choice pregnant with such fatal and palpable folly. Think now, I beseech you, before it is too late, “What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

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#### POPISH CATHEDRALS IN ENGLAND.

One of the most striking situations for a religious and reflective Protestant is, that of passing some solitary hours under the lofty vault, among the superb arches and columns, of any of the most splendid of these edifices remaining at this day, in England.

If he has sensibility and taste, the magnificence, the graceful union of so many diverse inventions of art, the whole mighty creation of genius that so many centuries since quitted the world,

without leaving even a name, will come with magical impression on his mind, while it is contemplatively darkening into the awe of antiquity. But he will be recalled,—the sculptures, the inscriptions, the sanctuaries enclosed off, for the special benefit, after death, of persons who had very different concerns during life from that of the care of their salvation, and various other insignia of the original character of the place, will help to recal him,—to the thought, that these proud piles were in fact raised to celebrate the conquest, and prolong the dominion of the Power of Darkness over the souls of the people. They were as triumphal arches, erected in memorial of the extermination of that truth which was given to be the life of men.

As he looks round, and looks upward, on the prodigy of design, and skill, and perseverance, and tributary wealth, he may image to himself the multitudes that, during successive ages, frequented this fane in the assured belief, that the idle ceremonies and impious superstitions, which they there performed or witnessed, were a service acceptable to Heaven, and to be repaid in blessings to the offerers. He may say to himself, Here, on this very floor, under that elevated and decorated vault, in a 'dim religious light' like this, but with the darkness of the shadow of death in their souls, they prostrated themselves to their saints, or their 'queen of heaven,' nay, to painted images and toys of wood or wax, to some ounce or two of bread and wine, to fragments of old bones, and rags of clothing. Hither they came, when conscience, in looking either back or forward, dismayed them, to purchase remission with money or atoning penances, or to acquire the privilege of sinning in a certain manner, or for a certain time, with impunity; and they went out at yonder door in the perfect confidence that the priest had secured, in the one case the suspension, in the other the satisfaction, of the divine law. Here they solemnly believed, as they were taught, that, by donatives to the church, they delivered the souls of their departed sinful relatives from the state of punishment; and they went out at that door resolved to bequeath some portion of their possessions, to operate in the same manner for themselves another day, in case of need. Here they were convened to listen in reverence to some representative emissary from the Man of Sin, with new dictates of blasphemy or iniquity to be promulgated in the name of the Almighty; or to witness the trickery of some detestable farce, devised to cheat or fright them out of whatever remainder the former impositions might have left to them of sense, conscience, or property. Here, in fine, there was never presented to their understanding, from their childhood to their death, a comprehensive honest declaration of the laws of duty, and the pure doctrines of salvation. To think; that they should have mistaken for the house of God, and the very gate of heaven, a place where the Power of Darkness had so short a way to come from his appropriate dominions, and his agents and purchased slaves so short a way to go thither. If we could imagine a momentary visit from Him, who once entered a fabric of sacred denomination with a scourge, be-

cause it was made the resort of a common traffic, with what aspect and voice, with what infliction but the 'rebuke with flames of fire,' would he have entered this mart of iniquity, assuming the name of his sanctuary, where the traffic was in delusions, crimes, and the souls of men? It was even as if, to use the prophet's language, the very 'stone cried out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber answered it,' in denunciation; for a portion of the means of building, in the case of some of these edifices, was obtained as the price of dispensations and pardons.

In such a hideous light would the earlier history of one of these mighty structures, pretendedly consecrated to Christianity, be presented to the reflecting Protestant; and then would recur the idea of its cost, as relative to what that expenditure might really have done for Christianity and the people. It absorbed in the construction, sums sufficient to have supplied even manuscript bibles, costly as they were, to all the families of a province; and in the revenues appropriated to its ministration of superstition, enough to have provided men to teach all those families to read those bibles.—*John Foster.*

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#### THE BALSAM TREE, OR BALM OF GILEAD.

This celebrated tree is often mentioned in Scripture. Gen. 37 : 25. 43 : 11. Jer. 8 : 22. 46 : 11. 51 : 8. Ezek. 27 : 17. The word *Balsamon* or balm, may be derived from *Baal-shemen*; that is, lord of oil; or the most precious of perfumed oils. In Arabic it is called *Abuscham*; that is, 'father of scent,' sweet-scented. The tree is an evergreen—grows to the height of about fourteen feet, and from eight to ten inches diameter; the trunk having a smooth bark, with spreading crooked branches; small bright green leaves, growing in threes, and small white flowers on separate footstalks. The petals are four in number. The fruit is a small, egg-shaped berry, containing a smooth nut. The mode in which the balsam is obtained is described by Mr. Bruce. The bark of the tree is cut with an axe, at a time when its juices are in the strongest circulation. These, as they ooze through the wound, in single drops like tears, are received into small earthen bottles; and every day's produce is gathered, and poured into a larger bottle, which is closely corked. When the juice first issues from the wound, it is of a light yellow color, and a somewhat turbid appearance; but as it settles it becomes clear, has the color of honey, and appears more fixed and heavy than at first. Its smell, when fresh, is exquisitely fragrant; strongly pungent; not much unlike that of volatile salts, but more odoriferous. If the bottle be left uncorked, it loses this delicious aroma. The quantity of balsam yielded by one tree never exceeds sixty drops in a day. Hence its scarcity is such, that at the present time the genuine balsam, though found in several parts of Syria and Abyssinia, is seldom exported as an article of commerce

Even at Constantinople, the centre of trade of those countries, it cannot without great difficulty be procured. Its taste is bitter, acrid, aromatic, and astringent. The Turks take it in small quantities in water, to excite the animal faculties, and fortify the stomach. It is in the highest esteem, as a medicine, as a cosmetic, and as an odoriferous unguent. It is said now to grow spontaneously and without culture, in its native country, Azab, and all along the coast to Babelmandel. But in ancient times, its most famous place of cultivation was Gilead, or Jericho in Judea. Hence the beautiful language of Jeremiah, '*Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?*' Jer. 3 : 22.

There were three kinds of balsam extracted from this tree. The first was called *opo-balsamum*, and was most highly esteemed. It was that which flowed spontaneously, or by means of incision, from the trunk or branches of the tree in summer time. The second was *carpo-balsamum*, made by expressing the fruit when in maturity. The third, and least esteemed of all, was *hylo-balsamum*, made by a decoction of the buds and small young twigs. The great value set upon this drug in the East is traced to the earliest ages. The Ishmaelites, or Arabian carriers and merchants, trafficking with the Arabian commodities into Egypt, brought with them *balsam* as a part of their cargo. Gen. 37 : 25. 43 : 11. Josephus, in the history of the antiquities of his country, says that a tree of this balsam was brought to Jerusalem by the queen of Sheba, and given among other presents to Solomon, who, as we know from Scripture, was very studious of all sorts of plants, and skilful in the description and distinction of them. And here, he adds, it seems to have been cultivated and to have thriven; so that the place of its origin, through length of time, combined with other reasons, came to be forgotten. Notwithstanding the positive authority of Josephus, and the probability that attends it, we cannot however, put it in competition with what we have been told in Scripture, as we have just now seen that the place where it grew, and was sold to merchants, was Gilead in Judea, more than 1730 years before Christ, or 1000 before the queen of Sheba; so that in reading the verse, nothing can be plainer than that it had been transplanted into Judea, flourished, and had become an article of commerce in Gilead, long before the period he mentions. 'A company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt,' Gen. 37 : 25. Theophrastus, Dioscorides, Pliny, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Tacitus, Justin, Solinus, and Serapion, speaking of its costliness and medicinal virtues, all say that this balsam came from Judea. The words of Pliny are, 'But of all other odors whatever, the balsam is preferred, produced in no other part but the land of Judea, and even there in two gardens only; both of them belonging to the king, one no more than twenty acres, the other still smaller.' The whole valley of Jericho was once esteemed the most fruitful in Judea; and the obstinacy with which the Jews fought here to prevent the balsam trees from falling into the possession of the Romans, attests the importance which was at-

tached to them. This tree Pliny describes as peculiar to the vale of Jericho, and as 'more like a vine than a myrtle.' It was esteemed so precious a rarity, that both Pompey and Titus carried a specimen to Rome in triumph; and the balsam, owing to its scarcity, sold for double its weight in silver, till its high price led to the practice of adulteration. Justin makes it the chief source of the national wealth. He describes the country in which it grew, as a valley like a garden, environed with continual hills, and, as it were, enclosed with a wall. 'The space of the valley contains two hundred thousand acres, and is called Jericho. In that valley, there is wood as admirable for its fruitfulness as for its delight, for it is intermingled with palm trees and opo-balsamum. The trees of the opo-balsamum have a resemblance to fir trees; but they are lower, and are planted and husbanded after the manner of vines. On a set season of the year, they sweat balsam. The darkness of the place is besides as wonderful as the fruitfulness of it; for although the sun shines nowhere hotter in the world, there is naturally a moderate and perpetual gloominess of the air.' According to Mr. Buckingham, this description is most accurate. 'Both the heat and the gloominess,' he says, 'were observed by us, though darkness would be an improper term to apply to this gloom.—*Religious Encyclopedia*.

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## REVIEW.

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MEMOIR OF JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR, by *John Holt Rice*, D.D. and *Benjamin Holt Rice*, D. D. New York, 1833. pp. 330, 12mo.

Of the multiform religious literature of the present day, perhaps none is destined to be so extensively useful as biography. Biblical criticism attracts the notice and contributes directly to the benefit of a comparatively small portion of the community. Sermons and treatises on religious truth or Christian doctrine are rarely touched by the great mass of men. They do not *think* enough, to relish them. They have minds; but they lie quiescent, if not absolutely dead, to all purposes of valuable thought. They have understandings; but 'the deep things of God' are not of a nature to excite them. They wander up and down amid fields of wealth and banquet-halls of richest food; but their intellectual faculties, shrivelled and grovelling, are in want amid the abundance; they pine away, where we might anticipate a growth to the stature of angels. It is biography alone, which has a universal charm. This is both the strong meat and the dessert, the recreation and the rest, the pattern and the motive, adapted to the wants of all minds. The me-

moirs of persons, whose memoirs *ought to be written*, are therefore always to be hailed as valuable additions to our religious literature.

The volume quoted at the head of this article is valuable on two accounts. First, because of the deep-toned piety, which breathes in every page. Mr. Taylor was no common Christian. His life was truly 'hid with Christ in God.' He had the humility, the love, the devotedness, the holy joy, the blessed assurance, which belong to the eminent saint. Removed far above our dull, dingy atmosphere of secularity and worldliness, he had 'meat to eat which the world knoweth not of.' He 'sat under' the Redeemer's 'shadow with great delight.' His life reminds us chiefly of the 'beloved disciple.' The same affectionate and childlike dependence, the same love and loveliness, the same zeal to do the will of God, which shone in the one, shone also in the other. The prayerfulness, the submission, the obedience, the living testimony in favor of holiness exhibited by Mr. Taylor, present to the pious mind an irresistible attraction.

The memoir is valuable, secondly, because it is an exemplification of *piety in students*. Under this head, a truly characteristic article—an extract from Mr. Taylor's correspondence—appeared in this Magazine in October last. The subject is one of so much interest and importance, that we shall here make no apology for recalling it to memory. We feel it a matter of vital concern to the church of God, that some means should be invented, by which it may be shown, that literary occupations are not necessarily the grave of piety. We would draw the attention of Christian students, whether in theology or in the earlier parts of their course, to this, their fellow-student, who, by a divine energy, and with divine success, came off victorious over all temptation. His example is a precious light, kindled up in the monotonous darkness. It is a complete solution of the question, 'can a student enjoy religion at college.' His own language is—'These walls cannot shut out the Lord; and where he is, there is heaven. I do not find the obstacles I anticipated. The Lord has proved better than all my fears, and has given me daily bread. I have fed on angels' food. My room has been made a Bethel; and I find it is growing better and better, instead of diminishing. My cup overflows. I am on my journey to heaven, with the desire to love God more, and serve him better.' And again, about two years after commencing his studies, he says—'Instead of declining, my march has been onward in the divine life. Were I to attempt a narration, it would be impossible for me to tell you even the half. Suffice it to say, I have had, during the last thirteen months, the witnessing of God's Spirit with mine that I am born from above, and travelling towards heaven. The fruit of the Spirit has been, from day to day, love, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

JAMES BRAINERD TAYLOR was born at Middle Haddam, (Con.,) April 15th, 1801. The first deep impressions of a religious character were made upon his mind, by some remarks of an elder brother

after family-worship in his father's house. These impressions, however, were gradually erased by the frivolities of life, and he returned to the world. In this state of mind, he was placed as a clerk in the store of a merchant in New York. Here he was carefully watched over by two older brothers, and thus mercifully preserved from the temptations around him. He attended the ministry of Rev. Dr. Romeyn, at the Cedar street church; 'and there, at the age of fifteen, he first united with the Lord's people in commemorating the dying love of Jesus Christ.'

There was nothing, so far as we know, of a marked and striking character in his religious experience. Renovated by the Holy Ghost, and gently drawn into the kingdom of Christ, we find him bringing forth with patience the fruits of the Spirit, even before we had looked for the Spirit's presence. The risen sun is pouring his warming and vivifying influence abroad, before we had supposed him above the horizon. This fact may serve to put at rest the frequent excuse of the indolent Christian—'If I had had a great experience, I would seek for eminent devotedness.' It is not for us to choose what shall be the beginnings of grace within us—whether bright and glorious, absorbing every power and overwhelming the soul with emotions of indescribable joy, or mild as the first approaches of the morning. It is our chief and paramount concern to cherish the kindled fires of holiness, and watch over the dawns of divine light, with intense and ceaseless care, till it increases into perfect day.

Immediately after joining the church, we find Mr. Taylor vigorously engaged in the work of Sabbath school instruction. For three years, he continued to fulfil his duties as a clerk, and, by all the means in his power, to promote the kingdom of Christ. His mind was probably led gradually to the idea of exchanging his mercantile, for a ministerial life. But there was a crowning-weight, which served to balance the scale and to determine him in his plans. In May, 1819, he witnessed the sailing from New York of Dr. Scudder, a promising and prosperous physician, who, with several other missionaries, was destined to Ceylon, under the patronage of the American Board. A letter which he wrote to a friend on the evening of the same day testifies to the deep impression made upon his mind by the scenes of the morning, and the conviction, indirectly resulting from it, that the Lord had in reserve for him another and a different situation in life. It is enough to say that he took the advice of the most judicious friends; and, with the co-operation and influence of his pastor, was placed, in the beginning of the year 1820, in the academy at Lawrenceville, N. J. Thus, in the very act of departing from his native shores, was this missionary made the means of calling out into the spiritual vineyard a young man whose subsequent labors and successes were so great. Little, probably, did he think, that his own removal from America would result, that very day, in bringing another into the ministry, who would become so brilliant a star in the firmament. Let young men be hence instructed, who fear to leave their own country, lest their places should not be filled.

Mr. Taylor remained at Lawrenceville, till Nov. 1823, when he entered the Sophomore class in the college at Princeton. His whole academic life was characterized by communion with God, zeal in the performance of his duties, and unquenchable desire, coupled with untiring efforts, to be useful. He could not content himself with the prospect of doing good at some distant period. He labored for God day by day. And through his instrumentality in Sabbath schools, Bible classes and other meetings, a revival commenced in the neighborhood of his labors, which resulted in a large number of conversions. Thus early did the Lord of the vineyard fulfil the cherished longings of his heart, and render him a messenger of salvation to the perishing.

Of his communion with God, and lofty Christian enjoyment during this period, his own journal and letters furnish the best record. We select the following specimens, not as possessing any peculiar elevation, but as examples of the history at large.

“What shall I render to the Lord for his goodness this day? Words fail: ‘tis unspeakable and full of glory.’ O the sweet communications of grace and love! He has followed me with his loving-kindness. I felt deeply the import of these precious truths: ‘In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were SEALED with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance.’ I doubt not I have experienced *all* this. I *feel* that I have been ‘sealed.’ The sweet ‘earnest’ pervades my inmost soul, and all is heaven there. How precious is Jesus! It is he that charms and comforts my heart. I hear men talk of the works of creation—of lofty mountains and pleasant vales—of verdant plains—of foaming cataracts and gentle rills—the sturdy oak, and the forests green—the fragrant flowers, and the standing corn: I hear them talk of fine houses, handsome furniture, grand equipage, and royal splendor; and a thousand other things, which they seem to admire almost to adoration. But these are not *my God*. The heavens indeed declare the glory of God; the firmament showeth his handy-work; all nature is stamped with Deity. But what are these? One glimpse of thee, my dearest Lord, one glimpse of thee, as seen in the gospel, outshines them all; and when thou art near, my soul rises above all sublunary things. Thou art my satisfying portion. To-day have I been on Pisgah’s top, and seen the promised land. Not long, and I shall rise higher. O blessed prospect!” p. 121.

“I have not, a more convincing evidence of my natural life than I have of the spiritual life within me, if PEACE, LOVE, and JOY in the Holy Ghost, are *evidences* of one’s acceptance with God; for these are within me and abound. O what abundant cause I have to speak of the Lord’s goodness to me. But my tongue cannot speak, much less can my pen describe, the marvellous loving-kindness of the Lord. O, he is good, ‘and his mercy endureth for ever.’ O that men would praise him for his wonderful works to the children of men.—Since I left New York, I have had a fulness of joy and love indescribable. The windows of heaven have been opened, and have poured down fatness. The oil and wine of consolation have been freely imparted, and I have gone on from day to day praising the Lord. Jesus alone is the source of my happiness. His presence makes my paradise. Take Jesus from the Bible, and the sinner’s hope is gone. Take Jesus from the child of God below, and this world would be a desert.—Take him away in the hour of death, and all is darkness and despair. Take him from heaven, and

heaven would be annihilated. Let Jesus, then, be our all. May we walk as he walked, live near to him, and ever follow him whithersoever he leadeth. As the good shepherd, he will lead us into the green pastures, and make us to lie down beside the still waters. How rich his provisions! How refreshing to our souls! Foretastes of heaven and endless felicity! Lord, evermore give us this food. I feel that I am a pilgrim, away from my home, and from my love, whom I can only see by the eye of faith. But by and by—O welcome hour! my soul, and your souls too, will escape from these tenements of clay, and wing their flight to heaven and glory. And there we shall see him as he is.—Who would not be there?" p. 103.

It was during his residence in the academy, that Mr. Taylor experienced that fresh unction from on high, which seemed to introduce him into a new life. For the first six years of his Christian course, he had lived, like most other professors, a life of doubts and fears, hope and despondency. And yet, unlike them, he spent those years in fervent longings after conformity to God. Not content with a few faint and periodical desires for holiness, his soul panted with unutterable emotions for eminent attainments in piety. In April, 1822, as he walked out one morning, meditating on this absorbing theme, he called in upon a friend. He there took up a hymn-book and cast his eye at once upon a hymn, expressing all his present feelings. The perusal of it increased his desire 'to be baptized anew with the Holy Ghost.' He lifted his heart in prayer. A sense of his necessities rushed upon his mind. He was weighed down in view of his utter feebleness. He fled to the strength of the almighty Saviour, and at that moment felt most delightfully conscious of giving up ALL to God. He was enabled to say—'Here Lord, take me, take my whole soul, and seal me thine—thine now, and thine forever.' This was a season to which, in subsequent life, he often referred, as filled with deepest interest. He looked back to it as the joyous hour of assurance, when the chains were taken off, the captive delivered, and the glory of God revealed. Then the clouds, as it were, rolled away, the sun burst forth in his might, and the pure, serene atmosphere put on a deep tranquillity, a symbol of the peace that reigned in his soul. It was to him a season of ineffable delight; of sweet childlike repose on Jesus. It was the dawn of a day which no more departed. It was the beginning of a life of the most lofty, unblenching piety—of a true walk with God. We can only refer our readers to the extract in a former Magazine, already referred to, where the account is given in his own graphic words.

It is not to be expected that the life of a young man in college can present much of stirring incident. The regular, equable flow of duty renders it one of the quietest and most unvarying periods that ever occur in human probation. It is the season when the seed lies, as it were, in the earth, before it germinates and springs up. It is like the day when we hear the silent and steady distilling of the early rain, preparing the soil for the future harvest. But though there be no marvellous histories to relate of Mr. Taylor during this period, we feel that in entering on his college life, we

tread upon holy ground. This was the period when he grew most rapidly in grace—when he was so humble and so heavenly, that his words seem to come upon us with all the force of inspiration—when he daily and sweetly sunk down into the will of God—when his soul panted, with such unspeakable ardor, for conformity to God and usefulness to men. The journals and letters exhibit the most striking evidence, as they proceed from month to month, of advancement in holiness. The Christian graces flourish and grow upon him with an almost unexampled rapidity; and every day we find some new trait to admire, some new attraction to draw us to God.

Perhaps an idea of the character of Mr. T. during these years could not be given better than in his own words. In his private journals and his letters, we shall find him as he was in reality. Here all disguise is thrown off (if he ever wore any,) and we are made spectators of the inward emotions that were his prominent characteristics. We shall first make some extracts, evincive of his *desires for increase of holiness*.

In writing to a friend, he says—

“‘God is love;’ and I feel the indescribable weight of this truth resting upon my soul. To the world and to the formalist, I know indeed that these are unmeaning words; but my friend can rejoice that God has imparted the knowledge of this hidden mystery to me, and is building me up in faith and holiness. Holiness! O, what charms in the very word! God is holy—angels are holy—saints in glory are holy—and ‘without holiness no one shall see the Lord.’ \* \* \* O, to be more like our blessed Jesus—more like God!” p. 182.

And again—

“Holiness captivates my soul. It is *this* that gives the character of God its glory, in my view. It is *this* that makes the character of angels and disembodied spirits lovely in contemplation. It is *this* that makes heaven desirable. And it is this that illumines my soul, and allies it to the most holy on earth. *My cry is*, Lord give me wisdom and holiness. And let this be the burden of your prayer for me—that I may be wise to win souls, and holy to enter heaven.” p. 234.

In his journal, dated January 13th, he says—

“‘His loving kindness, O how great!’ Have just risen from the floor, where my peace was like a river. \* \* I longed for more of God; for a suitable preparation for the work of an evangelist. I felt myself a worm, and no man; but, blessed be the Lord, I am in his hands. Here would I lie, and wait, and long for his direction, from day to day. I love the truth, and long to be more and more sanctified through it. Praise the Lord for *holiness*—for a clean heart. May I keep myself in the love of God.

“Since Sabbath, I have, for the most part, enjoyed a sweet savor of divine things; but this evening the Lord has come of a truth, to deepen his work in my soul. The effect seemed to be,

‘The speechless awe that dares not move  
And all the silent heaven of love.’

Incense had been burning through the day. My willing soul looked upward. \* \* \* I longed for a deepening of the work of grace. Peace, in a steady stream, glided me along; but my soul thirsted for God—for the liv-

ing God. Sat down and opened the word, and read, 'Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' Jesus! O, at that name what emotions arose; his loveliness; his condescension! My soul melted, and was filled with love.

"What most occupied my mind, was my anticipated office. O! it is more and more magnified in my view. And as it gathers greatness, I long for the best qualification for it—holiness.

"More of late than formerly, does this subject call forth strong cries and tears. I now feel in my soul—'Who is sufficient for these things?' Shall I be left to prove a drone among the church's watchmen? Shall I live as I see *many* ministers live? Forbid it, Lord:—They are *ciphers* when they ought to be thousands. And what lukewarmness—what apathy—what worldly-mindedness, pervade *candidates* for the ministry!

"How I longed for full preparation for the work; and of the kind the Lord would have me possessed of. And rather than live to prove a curse to the church, by being a mercenary—worldly—and thus, a *soul-damning* minister, I would now be removed. But the great Head of the church is breathing on me from time to time. He gives me the holy anointing; he sends sweet longings for his glory—holy jealousy for his honor. On him let me still lean and cast every care.

"It was then I felt willing to relinquish all for Christ, and to go any where, and to be any thing for him: and he showed me his countenance, and my strength was renewed."—pp. 202—204.

He exhorts others likewise, in his letters, to partake the same spirit, and to labor after the same devotedness.

"You recollect the season of our last interview. I think I shall never forget it. It was apparently a heavenly place in Christ Jesus. And have you found the '*God of love and peace*' with you? I doubt not that you have, if you have been of '*one mind*' to seek a high attainment in the divine life, '*adding to your faith virtue,*' and have kept all the Christian graces in exercise. And if you still '*grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ,*' you will abound more and more in the consolations of the gospel. For the sake of Christ, then—for the sake of the church, which is his body, and which he has purchased with his own blood, and for which he intercedes—for the sake of your pastor, who prays for your prosperity—and for the sake of brother S., who has labored among you—and for your own sakes, I pray you to be—what? O! be UNCOMMON CHRISTIANS; that is, be *eminently holy—self-denying—cross-bearing—Bible—every-day Christians.*" pp. 226, 227.

The record of Mr. Taylor's *Christian enjoyment* is extremely full.

In most every page, we find him exulting in the love of God—triumphing in Christ—filled with all joy and peace in believing. He presents a beautiful example of that religion, which supports and cheers the Christian. He experienced a constant flow of pleasure, such as seems to most persons entirely impossible. He enjoyed daily communion with God—daily refreshings from his presence. In illustration of these points, his diary is so full that selection is almost unnecessary. Promiscuous extracts, taken almost any where at random, will show him to have been truly a heavenly man. The day was witness to his joy, and in the night, when he awoke, he was still with God.

The following are from two letters to his friends—

“I have not much to say of myself. But I can yet testify of the riches of the grace of God. I am yet a miracle of grace—yet a pilgrim, and glory that I am counted worthy to bear the cross. Heaven’s rich munificence is manifested in the choicest of its stores bestowed upon the most unworthy. These college walls do not shut out my God: my room hath become, from the first, a glorious Bethel, yes, a little heaven. It is a sacred spot, where my soul hath often drank of the river of the water of life. ‘God is love.’ This is my theme below: ‘God is love.’ Help me to praise him for what he has done for my soul. He hath done great things, and marvellous, whereof I am glad and would rejoice. I wish to live for none else besides my God, and feel an increased determination to spend and be spent for him.

“Twenty-one months have now gone by, since he so powerfully blessed me. Rich seasons, and richer still, have I enjoyed since, and *richer* still am I expecting below. But heaven! heaven! There is a heaven to come—a holy heaven—an eternal rest—a glorious habitation—and new glories are yet to be revealed.” p. 152.

“Having passed the day in my ordinary pursuits, and been *abundantly refreshed at evening devotion*, I feel constrained to bless the Lord and take courage. Yes, I rejoice that another day has been numbered—another of the days of my pilgrimage below; for the sweet prospect of heaven has gathered brightness, while my soul has melted with the love of God, let down in streams from the overflowing fountain. O my dear E., who is rich, and the Christian not rich? Who is happy, and the Christian not happy? Let the world have the pleasures of the world; but our souls cry out for God; for the living God, in whose presence *below* is joy unspeakable and full of glory.

“I can tell you how my mind was led this evening, and it may prove a blessing to you. I read the 2d chapter of Isaiah. The promise of prosperity to Zion, the mountain of the Lord’s house, cheered my heart; I could believe that all nations shall flow unto it, and I anticipate the glorious day, though not on earth, to witness it, yet in heaven to rejoice with the church triumphant. My soul cried out, *Let the Lord alone be exalted*. But the last verse, which speaks of ‘man whose breath is in his nostrils,’ came with a richer blessing. Thought I, soon my pilgrimage will end. Perchance these hands will *soon*, with all this frame, lie motionless in the grave. The thought was sweet, for my spirit laid fast hold on ‘the resurrection and the life.’ In his name I could look up to God, and cry—Abba, Father. My Father smiled. Jesus looked upon me—the Spirit comforted me—my heart exulted. O bless his name forever. Such a view of Jesus and his cross—his sufferings and death—his resurrection and ascension—and his reigning power, I have seldom experienced.” p. 169.

And in his diary he says,

“March 7.—This has been a high day with my soul. The banner of Jesus over me has been love. He has breathed on me, and I have been baptized with the Holy Ghost. O, I love his visits! How animating his presence! It is my heaven below. Lord, enlarge the vessel, and give me more. The King is on his throne. I am a temple of the Holy Ghost, with a sweet prospect of heaven.” p. 161.

“March 30. Memorable, memorable day! It has been a day of days to me. In it *much* has been unspeakable and full of glory. On my knees I recorded my resolution, never more to boast save in the cross of Christ.

While before the Lord, I have been much affected with the view of his *overwhelming* greatness, and of my own *infinite—infinite littleness*. No wonder that the beloved disciple became as a dead man. No wonder that Moses feared and quaked. But it is indescribable. I have felt so infinitely unworthy, that I could not look up; yet my hope in God is raised on high. God's greatness, connected with his amazing love and condescension, affected me much. I indeed felt constrained to say, 'I am a worm and no man.'" p. 257.

"June 4.—Sabbath.—Such a season of sweet submission of my will to the will of God was given, that I wept, and cried, glory—glory—glory. This was as spontaneous as my breath. I was brought to see and feel my utter *helplessness*, as never before, and throw myself on God, who graciously received me and afforded me the communications of his love.—But my nothingness! *Infinite* is stamped upon the amazing contrarieties. God is infinitely holy. One sin of mine is deserving infinite damnation. And I should have it, were it not for an infinite merit in Jesus Christ, for whose sake the infinite God stoops infinitely, and takes up an infinitely unworthy, self-condemned wretch—O where shall I find an epithet—dreg, from a loathsome, horrible pit, to an infinitely exalted station. If sons, then heirs—heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. O, glory infinite be unto the infinite God! And what do I profit him? O wonder of wonders! 'Where can a creature hide?'" p. 262.

In September, 1826, Mr. Taylor finished his collegiate course at Nassau Hall, and left Princeton for New Haven, where he expected to pursue the study of theology. On his arrival at New York, he was attacked by severe pain, which was apparently the commencement of the disease from which he never recovered. With diligent nursing and carefulness, however, he was able, after a little while, to finish his journey, and he arrived at New Haven in the beginning of winter. But he was soon seized with hemorrhage at the lungs. His outward frame was thus enervated. His prospects of usefulness in the ministry, to which he had looked forward with such earnest, burning desires, were overclouded. During the remnant of his life, the process of dissolution went steadily forward. At one time, he felt only a distressful weariness, and inability to study; at another, the springs of life seemed to be breaking up, and the mortal tabernacle rapidly falling to decay. But under all the dismal disappointment in respect to the cherished object of his soul, he exhibited the sweetest tranquillity and submission. The following letter to a brother and sister, dated at New Haven, Nov. 11, 1827, presents a lovely exhibition of his state of mind under the affliction:—

"I doubt not you now and then mention my name, as you converse around your fireside. Gladly would I interchange words with you, and tell you how happy I am. Surely I am blessed of God—you know my late trial—the sweetness resulting is beyond description.

"You know, that leaving business, I commenced preparation to preach the gospel. My prospect of entering the ministry, as the time approached, has brightened, with longing of soul for the work. Often, in your hearing, have I hailed the coming day. The issue of my late bleeding may determine my future employ—nay, my stay in this world. O, my dear brother and sister, it is *sweet* to lie *passive* in the hand of God, and know no will

but his. But my heart is full. To this state of feeling I have come, only through tears and lying low at mercy's door: and now, when I think of the dear, dear object of co-working with God, in preaching the gospel, my soul finds ready way to my eyes. Must I—must I give it up? O my Father, my Father! must I go back? It does not sink my spirits—far from it: but it breaks my heart—tears run down my eyes. It swells my soul to unutterable language, till I lie and groan before God.

“Indeed I am not worthy to look up—how much less worthy to be put into the ministry! Well—for he that doeth all things well, knows what is best—and that is best for me.

“Heaven never appeared more desirable—I have longed to see the King in his beauty—never did I gain so near access to God. Dying seems like going to my Father's house. \* \* \* And I could gladly bid adieu to the world—to those I tenderly love, to parents, brothers and sisters, to you, for my anticipated home with Christ, whom having not seen, I love—but I would willingly live and labor yet for threescore years and ten, nor count the time long; for I have longed—longed to enter heaven, after having, under God, been the means of sending multitudes thither.

“The cup which hath been put into my hands I would drink; yet my heart's prayer has been, ‘If it be possible, let this cup pass.’

“I have felt this evening, that if God would but speak the word, his servant should be healed. This, however, may not be best: surely, then, you and I should willingly say, ‘The Lord reigneth.’

“To contemplate this hand that moves to address you, stiffened in death—to view this ‘mud-walled cottage’ already shaken and tottering—fallen to the ground—is sweet:—for should I not sleep *sweetly*? O yes, and my active spirit, which now clings to Jesus, would be adoring, active and wondering among the spirits of the just made perfect.

“Dear, dear brother and sister, it is but a little way from this to yonder mansions. We each expect to find a welcome resting-place. How sweet the earnest! Only a little while, and we shall be there.

“Affectionately.

pp. 282—284.

“JAMES.”

The following letter also, breathes so much of his peculiar spirit that we cannot omit it—

“NEW HAVEN, NOV. 25, 1827.

“My dear Mrs. W.

\* \* \* \* \* “You saw me in anguish of body—you heard me tell how happy I was in God. As on earth I have thanked our heavenly Father for that cup, so in heaven the visitation will be more clearly expounded.

“You have heard of my late *light affliction*. It would be too long a story to tell of all the attendant blessings—but consolation has *abounded*.

“The renewal of my old attack of rheumatism has been a little painful to the body; but O, the unspeakable and full glory that has come along with it. The cup is sweet, sweet, sweet beyond expression. Believe me when I say it, I think it worth worlds—nay, worlds weigh nothing to it; for worlds without Christ would be nothing worth. With the pain, I have Christ.

“I think I can adopt the language of some one, I know not of whom—‘Though I am sometimes full of pains, yet I am at all times full of patience. I often mourn under a sense of my corruption, but never murmur under my affliction.’ And why should I murmur? This would be to oppose the medicine that *heals* my soul. The Lord never afflicts us to *hurt* us; but to *heal* us. While in this *wilderness*, the Lord would have our souls a fruitful paradise. The husbandman knows his choice trees of righteousness,

and when he comes with his pruning-knife, it is not to *cut down* the tree, but to lop off superfluous branches.

“That this my poor cottage shakes, is a kind premonition of its fall. Let it fall—responds my inmost soul; for who would not resign such an earthly tabernacle, for a house not made with hands? Never did the thought of having a glorious body so overpower me as this evening. And think you, my dear sister, I shall prize a glorious body the less, for having had one so frail. More of this, when we shall have heard the archangel’s trump, assembled at Christ’s right hand, and been made like him; ‘for we shall see him as he is.’

“I am inclined to think—though I am in a strait betwixt two, having a great desire to depart, yet longing to live to subserve the *dear interest of our dearest Lord Jesus*—I am inclined to think that God is not about now to take down this superstructure. He may be renewing the foundation. \* \* \*

“I think I have learned a little about *glorifying* in infirmities, *rejoicing* in tribulations, and possessing the soul in patience. Sweet lessons—lessons to be learned only in a certain school. In this school, an apt scholar, having a skilful teacher, may become a wonderful proficient. The wiser, the better we ought to be—then the holier, consequently, the happier. Well, I am happy—I lean on my Beloved, and call him mine.

“It has been *most sweet* to lie in the hands of God. I have longed to drink *every drop* of the cup that my Father puts into my hand. Not one pain less; for he knows what is *best*, and that is *best* for me.

“Could I tell you, I would; but the blessing that I have received this day from God, is above description. \* \* \* \*

“Remember me to the family, and tell them that God often removes outward mercies from us, in mercy to us.

“Faternally yours, in our dearest Lord Jesus,  
pp. 286, 287.

“J. B. TAYLOR.”

With the hope of staying the progress of his malady, Mr. Taylor accepted the advice of his friends to take a southern tour in Jan. 1828. While at a distance from home, he found that his outward man still failed. The seeds of death were sown so effectually, and had sprung up so rankly, that there was no likelihood of their ever being eradicated. But the inward man was renewed day by day. In proportion as he drew nearer to his mansion in heaven, the brightness and peacefulness of that world seemed to hover more sweetly around him. The joys of a submissive heart were his daily food; and he felt the blessedness of lying passive in the hands of God. This will appear evident from part of a letter to his brother, dated at Augusta, (Geo.) April 20th.

“How pleasant to feed in green pastures while travelling through the wilderness. To-day the good shepherd hath given me a rich repast. My soul has gained strength from feeding on angels’ food—if *angels feast* on the manifestations of God to them. Singing one of the songs of Zion, my heart began to melt, and sweetly flowed down into tenderness and love. To call God my Father, was sweet beyond expression. Christ, as my elder brother, friend, shepherd, Lord, my all, captivated all my powers, and I cried with a broken heart—

‘Thou lovely source of true delight,  
Whom I unseen adore;  
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,  
That I may love thee *more*.’

“O how soul-humbling! how soul-elevating! how full of consolation! to have the manifestations of Jesus, as they are *not* made to the world. \* \* \* Perhaps never with more confidence could I ask for the Holy Spirit. Blessed anointings! with this blessing we climb the ‘delectable mountains,’ stand on ‘mount Clear,’ and look away to the fair land. How fair and desirable it appeared to me this evening—more desirable than the land of my fathers! O the prospect of meeting the holy, when I shall have answered the end of my being in this world. \* \* \* \* My prospect brightens, as God shows his beauties to my soul. And I long for the time to arrive when I shall become a disembodied spirit. I wish to behold the *glory* which Christ wishes his disciples to see. ‘Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.’ Much is comprised in that word, *GLORY*. Well, it will not be long before the disclosure will be made.

“Whenever I am so peculiarly blessed, then my longings are to preach the gospel. There is an intensity of feeling that finds no expression but in groans. Still I lie in the hands of God, and if I mistake not, acquiesce in his will; and I feel fully persuaded that my protracted trials will issue in my good, whether I live or die. Through your prayers I may yet be restored and given to the church, to which, under God, long since and repeatedly I have surrendered myself.” pp. 294, 295.

He returned to Connecticut in the summer, hoping with renovated vigor to resume to his studies. But the Head of the church had other designs respecting him. The autumnal winds of New England no sooner began to blow, than the violence of his symptoms returned. It now became certain that he could only hope to prolong his usefulness, by a second journey to the southern states. Before leaving Connecticut, however, he received licensure from the Middlesex Consociation; so that, if his health should permit, and opportunity present, he might preach on his tour, the unsearchable riches of Christ. He left home in October; and on his way, wrote thus to a friend whom he had hoped to meet:—

“I have detained this with the hope that in person I should see you. For this purpose I had designed to pass through Princeton and Lawrenceville. But as my health does not warrant the fatigues of journeying, and the excitement of seeing dear friends, I am denied the pleasure. It is a self-denial. Peradventure I may return in the spring, better able to enjoy the society of those I love. If not, the land of dear delights is before me. Do you ask how I am in my protracted afflictions? The Lord doeth all things well. \* \* \* Sweet thoughts of Jesus melt my soul. Communion with heaven is soul-elevating and soul-transforming. In a word, I am a happy, though a sick and dying man. The Lord most gently and mercifully hands me down the hill of life, while the descent seems very short. O, it will be sweet to take the last step, and walk into eternity. To me the grave wears choice attire—paradise more choice. I wish, and often with longing, to see Jesus as he is, to mingle with the holy above—to sing the song of the shining ones. O think not that I am gloomy or depressed; far, far, very far from it. Think of me as visited from above, and rolled along in a chariot all paved with love—think of me as one who loves you—think of me and pray for me, as one feeble, shattered, tottering, and almost falling—falling into the arms of our Beloved. \* \* \* \*

“If my last—my most affectionate adieu!

This was his last journey. He returned no more to his father's house. In January, 1829, he arrived at the Union Theological Seminary, in Prince Edward, Va., which was his last resting-place. In a letter to his brother, soon after his arrival, he says—

"In my absence heretofore, as now, I have often thought myself the happiest of men. So be comforted, my dear brother, and ever think of me as taken up by our heavenly Father as a little one, and continually and greatly blessed. \* \* \* \* On Saturday, my soul was melted under a sense of our heavenly Father's presence. Sitting alone, my uplifted desire was uttered—Father, give me the Holy Spirit. An unction from the Holy One greatly refreshed my soul. I had been saying, Lord, how long—in reference to my protracted trials. My whole soul yielded, and said, Even so long as the Lord will; but thou wilt give me thy Spirit. I hardly know when my confidence gathered strength so fast, in God, that he would make me happy. With unusual sweetness I adopted the language of Jesus, 'Father, glorify thyself.' O, I felt happy that he would be glorified. \* \* My confidence in the gift of the Holy Ghost was greatly strengthened.

"After such baptisms the soul rests in calm, sweet, heavenly peace.

'Not a wave of trouble rolls  
Across my peaceful breast.'

"With increased affection,

pp. 307, 308.

"JAMES."

He now very rapidly sunk under the violence of his disease. The 'mud-walled cottage' hastened to fall. The clefts and chinks grew wider and wider; but each cleft and chink served as an avenue for the admission of glory. He exulted in the prospect of meeting the Saviour, and entering into a holy heaven. That prospect was soon fulfilled; and into that blessed place he soon found an open and abundant entrance.' On the 28th of March, 1829, at half after six, on the evening of the Sabbath, he departed from this world, in full assurance of a glorious immortality. The following account of the final scene, by one who witnessed it, cannot be otherwise than interesting:—

"We have just witnessed the departure of a Christian—of an eminent Christian, from this world of trial, to that of everlasting rest—the Sabbath which is eternal in the heavens.

"For a considerable time during his sickness, his debility was so great that he required unremitting attention, day and night; yet they to whose lot it fell to nurse him in his last hours, so far from being wearied out by the labor, considered it a privilege to be near him. And their testimony is, that his conversation gave them more enlarged ideas, than they ever had before, of Christian experience, and a more distinct conception of the power and preciousness of religious truth.

"From the time he came among us to the last moment of life, his faith did not fail, nor even falter; nor did a cloud intercept his view of heaven. It would require a volume to record his various expressions of love, joy, and triumph—and all the same, whether he had hopes of recovery, or felt that he soon must die. The full exercise of reason was granted to him until the last. And when death came, although as fully sensible of it, as any who attended him, yet his spirit was as calm as a 'summer evening; and he remarked that he 'had endeavored to live in such a way, that when he came to die, he should have nothing to do but to die.' About five minutes

before his death, he said: 'Farewell to you all, farewell to this earth.' Then, after a short time, addressing a beloved friend who was supporting him, he said with great emphasis: '*Strive! strive!*' His friend asked him, 'Strive to do what?' '*To enter into the kingdom of heaven.*' These were his last words. His ruling passion was strong in death: to the very last moment he wished to preach the gospel. After uttering this solemn exhortation, he drew a long breath—another and another—and then without a struggle or a groan, his breast gradually sunk, and he gently fell asleep in Jesus; and took an upward flight, 'if ever soul ascended.'"

pp. 312, 313.

In the character of Mr. Taylor, we have an example of *genuine piety*—not the poor, flickering taper-light, which usually bears that name—but the deep, thorough, all-pervading principle of holiness—a blessed degree of conformity to God—a participation of the divine nature—a drinking into the spirit of heaven. Ever after the memorable 23d of April, to which he so often recurred, he *lived* in high and holy 'communion with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ.' His duties were all performed with pleasure, as calculated to prepare him ultimately for the work of the ministry. For this work, he had burning, unquenchable desires, which, it would seem, could never be suppressed, nor satisfied, but by the enjoyment of the work itself. Yet, even these desires, he was enabled to resign—to come just to the edge of the fruition of his blissful anticipations, and then calmly resign all up to God—willing to serve him here or elsewhere, as he might see fit. The cup of suffering administered to him, in thus cutting off his cherished hopes, we cannot help feeling, must have been truly bitter; yet, such grace was his, that we hear him pronounce it 'sweet—sweet—sweet beyond expression.' 'The dear service of our dearest Lord Jesus,' as he called the work of the ministry on earth, he was enabled to resign. He had full confidence that God would do that which would ultimately work out his highest glory. Like a weaned child, he peaceably submitted all to him. And, like the Saviour, in his deepest sorrows his soul overflowed with the tender, chastened prayer—'Father, not my will, but thine be done.'

It is among the darkest of providences, that a young man so eminently fitted for usefulness in the ministry should be thus early transplanted to the paradise of God. He had, in a pre-eminent degree, all the kind susceptibilities, the generous tenderness, the sweet affectionateness, which are so essential in a shepherd of the Redeemer's flock. Above all, his eminent piety, glowing and burning alike in all places and at all times, set upon him the seal of apostleship, and seemed to point him out as about to be one of the most successful of our ministers. He had already, indeed, begun to gather gems of glory for his future crown. At the academy, his little meetings were blessed; and at one place twenty or thirty numbered themselves, as the called of God, through his instrumentality. While in college, he spent several of his vacations, in assisting his ministerial friends during revivals. Thus had he entered on a career of unrivalled splendor, and much was thought to be de-

pending on his future life. But he has gone to higher and purer services. And we can only say—'How unsearchable are God's judgments, and his ways are past finding out!' The bright track of glory he has left behind him in his heavenward path, will, we doubt not, draw many, many others to tread in that path, and imitate his precious example. Thus he will not have lived in vain.

Mr. Taylor was truly a missionary man. His Christian life received, as it were, its first impulse from the missionary cause. He took great interest, especially in the Burman and the Palestine missions. His influence, we have means of knowing, has already begun to spring up in this department; and now that he slumbers in the tomb, at least one young man, who through his means was led to devote both fortune and life on the missionary altar, is just completing his preparations to go far hence to the Gentiles.

In completing this review, a variety of thoughts crowd upon our minds. Indeed we feel as though we had been in a holy place. It is rare to find an home, where we may hold intercourse with one so pure, so holy, so heavenly. Such communion brings us near to God, and God near to us. We come as it were into direct contact with the omnipotence of holiness. It is a sweet place, and we are unwilling to go away from it. We feel like the saints on Mount Tabor—'Lord, let us build here three tabernacles.'

But the length of this article warns us to forbear. We must leave further remarks, suggested by this interesting memoir, to be presented hereafter. We can here do no more than recommend the work to universal circulation.

Christian readers! This article has a voice to you. Taylor, though dead, yet speaketh. And his language is—'Strive to be *uncommon* Christians. Seek for *eminent* attainments in piety. Live above the world. Walk with God.'

S. F. S.

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#### ON READING THE MEMOIR OF J. B. TAYLOR.

Go, spirit of the sainted dead!  
 Go to thy longed for heavenly home;  
 The tears of man are o'er thee shed,—  
 The voice of angels bids thee come!

If life be not in length of days,  
 In silvered locks and furrowed brow,  
 But living to the Saviour's praise—  
 How few have lived so long as thou?

Go! though Earth boast one gem the less,  
 May not even Heaven the richer be?  
 And myriads on thy footsteps press,  
 To share thy bless'd Eternity?

# 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.

## A TABULAR VIEW OF THE MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST BOARD, For Jan. 1, 1834.

That our friends may see at one view, the extent and the present state of the operations of the Board, we present them, in this number, with the following table, carefully drawn up, and corrected according to the latest intelligence received from the several stations. It will be seen that the Board now sustain no less than 17 stations; nearly 100 Missionaries, School teachers, &c., including native assistants; and schools, containing not far from 500 pupils. Thirteen churches have been gathered from among the heathen, with upwards of 1000 members, baptized on a profession of their faith in Christ. Besides this, four printing presses, and a type and stereotype foundry, have been put in operation, in Asia; from which, already, 6,237,800 pages of tracts and the scriptures, have been issued in the language of the Burmans and Talings. A printing establishment is also provided for the Indians at the west.

BURMAH. Population 18,000,000.

### 1. RANGOON. Commenced in 1813.

Cephas Bennet, *preacher and printer*.  
Mrs. S. Bennet.  
Moung Thah-a, *native pastor*.  
Moung En, } *assistants*.  
Ko Shan, }

Here the schools have been broken up, the last year, by the government. This station has been occupied successively, for a short time, by Messrs. Judson, Wade, Jones, Kincaid, and Bennet. These changes have been unavoidable, but it has had an unfavorable impression upon the people. It is now in contemplation to build a permanent house for the mission. Eight have been baptized the last year. The present number of the church is forty-two.

Rangoon is a city of Burmah proper, and is the principal seaport. Be-

sides its commerce, it is the centre of attraction for religious festivals. Hence, it furnishes unusual facilities for the circulation of tracts and portions of scripture through every part of the empire. Mr. Jones, alone, gave away 11,000, the year past, giving only to those who ask. Many of them have gone far into the interior, and awakened a strong spirit of inquiry.

### 2. AVA. Commenced in 1822.

Suspended in 1829.—Resumed in 1833.

Rev. Eugenio Kincaid.

Ava is the royal residence, the capital of Burmah. Little is known of the progress of the gospel there since the death of Dr. Price. Mr. Kincaid is probably now there; but sufficient time has not yet elapsed to receive communications from him.

## 3. MAULMEIN. Commenced in 1827.

Rev. Adoniram Judson,  
 Rev. Jonathan Wade,\*  
 Mrs. D. B. L. Wade.\*  
 Mr. Oliver T. Cutter, *printer*.  
 Mrs. Nancy B. Cutter,  
 Mr. Royal B. Hancock, *printer*.  
 Mrs. Abigail S. Hancock,  
 Rev. Thomas Simons,  
 Rev. Nathan Brown,  
 Mrs. Brown,  
 Rev. Abner Webb,  
 Mrs. Webb,  
 Miss Caroline J. Harrington.

*Native assistants.*

Ko Myat-kyan,  
 Ko Swa-ba,  
 Ko Dwah,  
 Moug Luther,  
 Moug Tsan-loon, } *at Yay.*  
 Moug Swa Moug, }  
 Moug Zah, *at Pah-ouk.*  
 Ko Shan, and family, *at Taranah.*  
 Moug Doof, *Wadesville.*

Most of the missionaries at this station are recently arrived, and are engaged in learning the language.

Maulmein, the second *Serampore*, is the principal seat of the Burman mission. It is situated not far from the mouth of the river Salwen. It is the chief town of that part of Burmah which is under the British government. Here, the missionaries have full protection. Here, also, is the printing establishment, where four presses are now in operation. A type and a stereotype foundry also, are just established.

There are three churches, the Burman, the Karen, and the English; the last consisting chiefly of converted British soldiers. The total number of members is 406.

There also are several native day-schools, and a sabbath school of 40 English scholars.

This station has been greatly blessed by the Holy Spirit, and the blessing still continues. Mr. Judson, in three excursions among the Karens in 1832, baptized 66 disciples to Christ. Eleven English, and nine natives, were baptized the past year at Maulmein. Mr. Judson, for the last two

years, has chiefly devoted himself to the translation of the Old Testament, which is probably by this time *completed*. The New Testament was finished two years ago, and is now printed and in circulation. Successive editions will follow, as the demand for them shall require. Tracts of twenty different kinds have also been published, and have produced great effects on the minds of the people. An alphabet and spelling-book have been prepared for the Karens,—thus giving them a written language.

## 4. TAVOY. Commenced in 1828.

Rev. Francis Mason,  
 Mrs. Helen M. Mason,  
 Mrs. Sarah H. Boardman.

*Native assistants.*

Ko Thah-byoo,  
 Moug Shee-too  
 Moug Swa Moug.

Tavoy is southwest of Maulmein. It is a fortified city, lying on the river open to the sea, and contains about 9000 inhabitants. The number of fruit trees gives the city the appearance of a grove. It is an older and pleasanter place than Maulmein, and has 200 kyoungs for priests, and more than 1000 pagodas. The last year, Mr. Mason distributed here 40,000 pages of tracts. The Karens still continue to inquire after, and receive the gospel. Mr. Mason has made repeated visits among them, and baptized many. The present number of the church is 172. Here are five or six schools for native children, containing 170 pupils. Some of them travel 40 or 50 miles over almost impassable mountains and deserts, the haunt of the tiger, to hear a sermon, and beg a Christian book.

## 5. MERGUI. Commenced in 1829.

Ko Ing, *native pastor*.  
 Ko Man-poke, and wife.

Eight were recently baptized here. The whole number of the church is not known.

## 6. CHUMMERAH. 1829.

Miss Sarah Cummings.

This is a new station, some miles north of Maulmein.

\* Mr. and Mrs. Wade are now in this country, but are expected to return in the Spring. Several new missionaries will go out with them.

SIAM. Population, 3,600,000.

7. BANKOK. 1833.

Rev. John T. Jones,  
Mrs. Eliza G. Jones.

Bankok is a large and populous city. It is the capital of the kingdom of Siam, and its public buildings have much of eastern magnificence. A treaty of amity and commerce has just been effected with this empire, by the United States.

This mission is but just established. Mr. Jones and his wife arrived safely at Bankok, March 25, 1833. They are now studying the Siamese language. The prospect of usefulness is great.

FRANCE. Population 30,000,000.

PARIS. 1833.

Rev. J. C. Rostan, and family.

Mr. Rostan, in company with Prof. Chase, arrived here in Dec. 1832, and shortly after, opened a chapel for preaching the gospel. They were joined by Mr. Cloux, a native of Switzerland, sent out by the Baptist Continental Society of England. Their object met with unexpected encouragement, considering the difficulties of this situation. Several persons have already presented themselves for baptism, and it is expected soon to organize a church of Christ.

Prof. Rostan has of late been delivering lectures before the *Society of Civilization*, on the subject of true Christianity, which are exciting astonishing interest; and, we trust, will result in incalculable good to the French people.

WESTERN AFRICA. Pop. unknown.

LIBERIA. 1822.

The Baptist church at this place is under the care of Messrs. Teague and Waring, who are both licensed preachers. There is no missionary on the ground at present, though the Board are desirous to obtain one. A recent revival of religion has increased the church to about 200 members.

INDIAN STATIONS. Pop. unknown.

*East of the Mississippi.*

1. VALLEY TOWNS. 1818.

Rev. Evan Jones,  
Mrs. Jones,  
Mr. L. Butterfield, *school-teacher*.  
Mrs. Butterfield,  
Miss Sarah Rayner,  
John Wickliffe, }  
Dsulaine, } *native assistants.*  
Alexander M'Gray }  
Jesse Bushyhead,  
John Timson, *interpreter*.

This station is within the limits of North Carolina. Present number of boarding scholars, 21. Many parents also attend. Great additions have recently been made to the church, which now contains 192 members. All the members belong to the Temperance Society. The good work of grace is still in progress.

2. THOMAS. 1826.

Rev. Leonard Slater,  
Mrs. Slater,  
Mr. R. D. Potts, *school-master*.  
Mrs. Potts.

This station is on Grand river, Michigan Territory. Here are two schools, containing 36 scholars, a Temperance Society, and a church of 40 members, about half of whom have been added within the last year.

3. SAULT DE ST. MARIE. 1828.

Rev. Abel Bingham,  
Mrs. Bingham,  
Mr. James D. Cameron, *lic. preacher*.  
Eleanor Macomber.

This station also is in Michigan. A boarding and district school are here taught; and an infant school part of the year. In all, there are 60 pupils. The church, which at one time contained 50 members, has been diminished by the removal of the U. S. army. The New Testament has been translated and published by Dr. James, in the Chippewa language, and is now in circulation.

4. TONAWANDA. 1820.

Rev. Eli Stone.

This station is within the state of New York, and is under the supervision of a Board appointed by the Baptist Convention of that state.

The school contains 30 scholars, and the church is flourishing.

*West of the Mississippi.*

5. CHEROKEES. 1832.

Rev. Duncañ O'Briant,  
Mrs. O'Briant.

A school has been recently opened among them with flattering prospects. A church is also gathered.

6. CHOCTAWS. 1832.

Rev. Charles E. Wilson,  
Rev. Sampson Birch, *native preacher.*

Mr. Wilson has been principally engaged in school teaching.

7. SHAWNEES. 1831.

Mr. Johnstone Lykins,  
Mrs. Lykins,  
Rev. Alexander Evans,  
Mrs. Evans,  
Mr. Daniel French,  
Rev. Isaac M'Coy.

Instruction has been given, not only to the Shawnees, but also to the Delawares; and arrangements are making to extend it to other tribes in the Indian Territories.

8. PUTTAWATAMIES.

Mr. Robert Simerwell.

Mr. Simerwell is now removing, with the school lately instructed by him, to the west of the Mississippi, where it will speedily be re-organized.

9. CREEKS. 1829.

Rev. David Lewis,  
Mrs. Lewis,  
John Davis, *native assistant.*  
Mrs. Davis.

This station is in the Indian Territory, west of Arkansas. The location is a good one, and every thing connected with the schools and church, already wears a flourishing appearance. In the Sabbath schools are 80 pupils, and God has blessed the church by a revival. It has 63 members.

10. OTTOES. 1833.

Rev. Moses Merrill,  
Mrs. Merrill.

The village of the Ottoes is 200 miles northeast of Shawnee. The

tribe contains about 2000 souls. Mr. Merrill has recently arrived, and is engaged in acquiring the language, and instructing a school at the Agency.

The materials for a printing establishment among the Indians have been recently provided by the Board, and are now arrived at Shawnee. Its location is not yet determined. It is in the care of Mr. Jonathan Meeker, late of Cincinnati.

Such is the present state of our missionary efforts. They exhibit a steady and most cheering increase, especially for the last three years, sufficient to awaken our liveliest gratitude. Let our expectation be from God.

**Burmañ.**

REV. MR. MASON'S JOURNAL.

TAVOY.

(Continued from page 471.)

*Burman recklessness of truth.*

Nov. 3. *H'tsen-ma-hat.* On inquiring of the head man at Yung-men-boung, whether there was a kyoung in the village, 'No,' he replied; 'before the English came we had a kyoung here, (and at five or six other villages in the neighborhood which he named) but the taxes are so high that we cannot support them now.' And what are your taxes, I asked. 'Why, sir, the *half* of every thing we raise goes to the government.' 'The half!' I said with an unbelieving air, knowing it to be a falsehood. 'Yes sir,' he continued, '*a quarter* of all we cultivate is taken for taxes.' And what, I inquired, did you pay under the Burman government? 'Nothing, sir, nothing.' 'Only,' cried one in the crowd, 'when they got out of rice in the city, they came into the country and took ours.' How many baskets of rice, I asked, do you pay out of a hundred for taxes now? 'Fifteen baskets, sir,' he replied, with undiminished confidence, 'fifteen baskets of rice out of every hundred have we to pay the English for taxes, making about a *seventh* of

what we raise.' Such is a specimen of the reckless manner in which a Burman treats the truth.

*A magnificent prospect.*

6. *Wa-mick-tha-mountain.* Waiting for the tide this afternoon, I have walked up to the top of this hill, which stands isolated amid the level rice-fields, a thousand feet high; and I find before me one of the finest prospects in the province. The broad surface of the river, winding its course to the sea for more than fifty miles, is well defined by an almost uninterrupted rice-field that bounds it on both sides, now yellow for the sickle.

The city lies in the southern landscape with three China junks, and an English steam-boat, anchored before its solitary wharf,—bringing at one view before the imagination the days of Noah, with the days of Fulton; and uniting in the perspective, the actual scenery of the Mississippi with that of the Ho-hang-Ho—

‘Though

Half the convex world obtrudes between.’

On the west a precipitous ridge of hills stretch themselves from the river's mouth up the narrow peninsula that separates it from the sea, till, rising into mountains on the north, the eye loses them in the distance. Beyond them I see the ocean waves spending their idle rage on the coral rocks that bound the Moscus isles before me. Wearied with their ceaseless roar, I turn and see the clouds curling around the conical summits of the eastern mountains, which rise in successive ridges from the plain beneath, like the steps of a magnificent terrace. The hundred villages at their bases are hid in the luxuriant foliage, which eternally clothes a tropical landscape, leaving nothing to remind the spectator of man, but the recently white-washed pagodas that crown every prominent point; while these chill the soul with the remembrance of man only as the enemy of God; and one would fain regard them, not as the unhallowed work of these ‘last times,’ but like the pillars of Seth, the remnant of a world passed away.

My seat is on one of these pago-

das, which, though fast crumbling to dust, is still remembered in the traditions of the villagers as a place of uncommon sanctity. While I have been writing, my guide has been unceasing in his communications, not in the least disconcerted by my inattention. ‘Within this pagoda,’ he continues, ‘is one of the real hairs of Gaudama, and another precious relic of his person, both brought from the island of Ceylon. There is the spot,’ pointing down the river, ‘where the six ships anchored that brought them; and here the plain where, for months, incessant feasting and rejoicing was enjoyed by all the inhabitants of the kingdom, while the king of Tha-ga-ra built this pagoda.’

He has been pointing into a cave where a hermit dwelt, whose virtues obtained for him miraculous powers; and at the eastern base of the hill, the site of an old city, which is mentioned in history as the capital of the kingdom for a short time, between three and four centuries ago. The numerous remains of cities scattered throughout this province must be traced to the devastating wars that have almost constantly agitated Tavoy for the last five centuries; destruction as a thing of course marking the steps of the conqueror. O thou unsearchable Being who holdest yonder shoreless waters in the hollow of thy hand, and to whom these ‘cloud capt’ mountains are but as the dust of the balance, and who hast meted this canopy between with a span,—when shall man's footsteps cease to be traced into antiquity by blood and blasphemy only—by murder and idolatry?

*Reception at Ya-byoo.*

Evening. *Ya-byoo.* We came up here by moon-light, and though many had retired to rest before we arrived, twenty or thirty gathered around us, to whom we preached the word. After worship closed, I inquired whether the books I left them last year had been read. ‘We have read them,’ replied the head man. What do you think of the doctrines they teach? I asked. ‘Some things sir, we understand, but many things

in them we do not understand.' On further conversation he shifted off the subject from himself, saying, 'The men that understand your books best, and approve them most, are out of the village, harvesting.'

7. *Na-bu-la*. I am again on the sea coast which is distinguished by many peculiar features in its natural productions. Immediately down on the shore, the *pine* shows itself; the only situation in the province where it is found. It bears a strong resemblance to that on the pine lands of Massachusetts, but is characterized by a much smaller burr, which usually grows downward, and some other features which have acquired for the species, the appellation, 'pine of the east.' Beyond the pine is a strip of what I judge a species of the cyprus. Although it is not the magnificent tree that adorns the forests of Louisiana, yet it has most of the popular characteristics distinctive of the cyprus family. Here, too, is found the thorn; and I have met with several plants of the castor bean, but whether indigenous or not, I am unable to say.

There being no *zayat* in the village, our lodgings to-night are in the *kyoung* yard, a place seldom deficient in such conveniences. The people here seem to have little taste for the gospel, or they are afraid of the priest. Few came to hear, and fewer seem interested.

17. *Tavoy*. The last ten days have been constantly occupied in visiting different villages, but without meeting with any incidents that would diversify the remarks that have been already made on these excursions.

Yesterday I found at *Tha-kyut-dau*, about fourteen miles above the mouth of the river, another *Taling* settlement, of whose existence I had not been aware. I regret the want of *Taling* books exceedingly; for none of the *Talings* can read *Burman*, although they usually understand it, when spoken. Near this village is shown the site of the first city built in the province; and which was the first settlement of the colony that introduced *Boodhism*; but from whence

the people came, originally, is not clear. Some of their traditions represent them as coming from *Cassay*, others from *Arracan*. The latter seems the more probable. There are some resemblances in the *Tavoy* and *Arracanese* dialects which favor this opinion. I have a book in my possession, written in the *Arracanese*, and others in the *Tavoy* dialect. There is no more difficulty in reading the one than the other.

The histories extant claim no great antiquity for the settlement of this colony, and the introduction of *Boodhism*—six hundred and twenty-eight years ago, or A. D., 1204. The first king is said to have fixed the boundary line between his own dominions and the *Siamese*, at *Pa-la*, the village which bounded my travels to the south last season; rendering it highly probable, that previously the *Siamese* had possession of the whole country. This king's son built *Wa-du*, an old city six miles south of *Tavoy*, to which he removed the seat of government. The next generation introduced anarchy among the royal family, which ultimately led to the *Siamese* coming into the country and utterly destroying *Wa-du*. Since that time, the country has been, with short intervals, a constant theatre of war and rebellion, in which the *Burmans*, *Siamese*, *Talings*, and *Merguiers*, have, one or all, always been parties. The latter seem to have been formerly a much more numerous and important people than they are at present.

Several *Karens* are in town to-day; one of whom, from *Pa-low*, six or seven day's journey from the south, asks for baptism. Thus they come, 'One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of *Jacob*; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of *Israel*.'

*Moral insensibility of Boodhist Priests.*

Nov. 23. These *Boodhist* priests are the most invulnerable to the truth, of any people with whom I ever meet. "How can I be a sinner," they say, "when I have separated myself from sinful men, and

wear the yellow cloth?" At Myu-h' tro-ken, to-day, a priest, to show the absurdity of Christianity, remarked, "Suppose, for instance, two men; one spends all his life in the transgression of the five great commands; is habitually guilty of drunkenness, speaking falsehood, murder and adultery; the other from his youth is never guilty of these sins, but separates himself from common men and lives a holy life in a kyoung; now, shall both these men go to hell together?" closing with a loud laugh at a doctrine that taught such absurdities. They will not understand that pride and unhallowed affections are crimes in the sight of God.

(To be continued.)

CONVENTION OF WESTERN BAPTISTS.

Charlestown, Dec. 5, 1833.

MR. EDITOR,—Some account of the General Convention of the Western Baptists, recently held in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, may be interesting to the readers of your *Missionary Register*. This meeting was commenced on the 6th of November, ult. at 10 o'clock, A. M., and has continued, by adjournment, till the Monday following, when it was adjourned to meet again in the same city, on the first Wednesday in November, 1834.

*The Occasion and Objects of the Convention.*

It is well known that great objections have existed in the minds of many of our western brethren against what are denominated 'The Benevolent Efforts of the Age.' And not only these, but also against the pecuniary support of the regular ministry of the gospel. Aware of those obstacles to the improvement of the churches and the prevalence of sound and beneficial sentiments, a few individuals in Cincinnati carried on a very extensive correspondence with the friends of the denomination in the west and the east, and such was the encouragement given, that they resolved to invite a general meeting of the Baptists in the Western States, for the purpose of mutual prayer, deliberation, counsel and effort. From such a combination of the piety, talents, and wisdom of their brethren,

they anticipated much; knowing full well that during a free exchange of opinions and Christian kindness, many wrong impressions would be removed, and such views would be taken as would promise no small good to the cause of Christ in the great valley.

Among many others, the presence of our valued friend, bro. Heman Lincoln, the treasurer of the Foreign Board, promised at an early period of the session, that these objects would not fail of being accomplished. He was prompt to answer any questions concerning the financial concerns of the Board.

*Subjects discussed and approved.*

After a very interesting discourse from bro. Noel, of Frankfort, Ken., and the organization of the Convention, by choosing him moderator, and brethren Stevens and Wingate, secretaries, the regular business of the meeting was introduced. First came the subject of preaching the gospel. This was presented first, because it is first in order and in matter of fact. And I was delighted to witness the entire unanimity with which the Convention voted that they considered it "the great and prominent means which God has appointed for the conversion of sinners," and that "his great designs in bringing them into his kingdom is, that they should endeavor to promote, by every means in their power, the salvation of sinners" through this medium. After such an adoption of these resolutions, I had no fears that there would be a division on any questions of kindred character; nor was I disappointed. Next in place, the Foreign Mission was brought forward for examination. Brother Wade, himself a foreign missionary, very happily exhibited its sacred claims. One after another spoke in its support, till the Convention itself became perfectly missionary, and every member was led to inquire, if the missionary cause did not come from heaven, whence its origin? The Foreign was no sooner discussed, than the Home Mission, gathering strength from the very zeal already kindled, met with a most hearty welcome. And it was very evident, that while the body felt for other lands, the hold was not weakened by turning their attention to their own. Thus passed Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—memorable days for the missionary enterprise.

On Friday evening, commenced a series of resolutions in favor of 'Benevolent

Efforts' generally, which continued to engage the attention of the Convention for that and the following evening. Saturday was devoted chiefly to the subject of organization and the adoption of a constitution, when the basis of future meetings was laid, and the hope inspired, that from this source, annually, great good may be expected to our Zion. On the Lord's day, the brethren resorted to the house of God, to hear from their brethren, whom they had never till this meeting seen, the messages of grace and life. The new and neat edifice of the Enon Baptist church was on that day opened, for the first time, for public worship. On Monday, the subjects of Religious Periodicals and Ministerial Education, and the Sunday school—the Temperance—the Bible—the Tract—the General Education cause, and many other things, lovely, pure, and of good report, were most cordially sustained and recommended by the meeting.

*The results of the meeting.*

There, on the broad platform of Christian union, were brethren heard from our Zion, east and west, north and south, and the living voice, too, from Burmah. There they prayed and vowed together. And there, in calm discussion, every measure I have alluded to, was carried by that united and firm 'aye,' that impressed the congregations with the sincerity and perfect co-operation of the whole Convention. Scattered as the members now are, it cannot otherwise than be expected that God will hear the fervent prayer of his servants, and diffuse the light of knowledge and piety over the vale for which they still pray and toil. That pure and heavenly zeal will not, cannot die away. If the future meetings resemble the first, the feeling that would cultivate Burmah, will till the soil of our home possessions; and great will be the harvest.

*Reminiscences of the meeting.*

Those crowd my mind in rapid succession. I have written of the union. I shall never forget the prayer-meeting on the day preceding the convention, and on the morning of each day during its sitting, nor the Christian intercourse that brethren enjoyed with each other. Nor shall I cease to remember the emotions I felt as I passed, on Monday afternoon, the Sixth Street Baptist meeting-house, and beheld it thronged to overflowing with ladies, every one anxious to hear

of God's grace to Burmans and Karens, from the lips of sister Wade.

Two remarks only shall I repeat. The first was made by bro. Bennett. 'The church,' said he, 'has been married to Christ. Christ, as her husband, before he went away, said to the church, Go, preach the gospel to every creature. In obedience to his command, the church is sending abroad her gifts. If any question this wisdom, let them not impeach her, but her husband, Christ.' This remark he illustrated very beautifully, by following the comparison. The second remark is, said bro. Wade, 'I am glad to hear the temperance cause discussed; for I want to give answer to the Burmans when I return, to the question they have often proposed to me, 'Do Christians drink ardent spirits?' When they have beheld persons from Christian countries drinking thus, they have thought, if they became Christians, they must drink likewise. I want to tell them, No! *Christians drink no ardent spirit.*'

It was the midnight hour when the Convention adjourned. After prayer, and the singing of the Union Hymn, the members parted with each other, presenting one another, as they bid farewell, the significant expression of their Christian fellowship—the right hand. May the God of all grace hear the prayer of his servants and bless them abundantly out of Zion.

Yours with Christian regard,

HENRY JACKSON.

Rev. Dr. Going has received a communication from Mr. Judson, dated April 13, 1823, in which he speaks of the operations of the Baptist Home Mission Society with the most affectionate interest—remarking, that although the fields are distant, yet their labors are one in heart, and one in object.—*N. Y. Bap. Repos.*

*A joyful harvest.*—Rev. P. L. Gayle, of Davidson Co., Ten. writes us that within six months he has not spent six whole days with his family, but has had the pleasure of baptizing 225 professed believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Ibid.*

A Baptist Convention was formed in Oct. last, for the state of Tennessee, and many of the churches in that state are now enjoying precious revivals. Three associations have received more than 1400 members each.

ORDINATIONS AND INSTALLATIONS.

MR. MASON BALL, ord. evangelist at the meeting of the Wendall association, Mass. Sept. 26.

MR. DANIEL ROBINSON, ord. evangelist at Oppenheim, Montgomery Co., N. Y. Oct. 8.

MR. JOHN ALDEN, jr. principal of the Franklin Academy, at Shelburne Falls, Mass. ord. evangelist, Oct. 10.

MR. THOMAS J. CONANT, formerly professor in Waterville College, Me., ord. evangelist at Charlestown, Mass., Oct. 26.

MR. AARON B. JONES, ord. evangelist in Alleghany, N. Y., Oct. 23.

MR. ALFRED HANDY, ord. pastor of the Baptist church, Sardinia, N. Y., Oct. 23. Mr. Handy has recently relinquished the practice of law, for the higher work of the gospel ministry.

REV. J. O. CHOULES, formerly of Newport, R. I., inst. pastor at New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 30.

MR. ERASTUS WILLARD, ord. pastor at Grafton, Vt., Oct. 30.

REV. NOAH HOOPER, inst. pastor at Sanbornton, N. H., Nov. 6.

MR. S. B. SWAIM, late of the Newton Theological Institution, ord. evangelist, at Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 7.

MR. LUCIUS S. BOLLES, late of the Newton Theological Institution, ord. pastor at Lynn, Mass., Nov. 20.

MESSRS. ALBERT WEDGE and ABEL WATERS, ord. evangelists, at South Rutland, N. Y., Nov. 21.

MR. MARSHALL M. EVERTS, ord. evangelist in the Baptist church of Berkshire, and Lisle, N. Y., Nov. 21.

MR. LUTHER C. STEPHENS, ord. evangelist, Nobleborough, Me., Dec. 4.

*Account of Moneys received by the Treasurer of the General Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States for Foreign Missions, from Nov. 25, to Dec. 20, 1833.*

From the Carey soc. of First Bap. ch. and soc., Boston, for the education of an In. child named J. M. Winchell, per Miss T. Rogers,	15,	
Fem. Bap. miss. soc. in Malden, for For. miss., per Rev. C. Sawyer,	6,60	
Cincinnati, Ohio, by the Treasurer, viz:		
Rev. A. Bennett, on account of collections taken by him in New York and Ohio,	210,	
Rev. J. Wade, on account of collections taken by him,	300,	
Noble S. Johnson, Esq., having been collected at the monthly concert for prayer, by the Enon Bap. ch. Cincinnati, Ohio,	60,	
“The Fem. soc. of Industry,” of the Enon Bap. ch., Cincinnati, Ohio, for the support of Ko. Chit-thing, a native Karen preacher, now in the United States,—this sum being the first payment for that object,	30,	
Rev. J. M. Peck, it having been contributed at the Presbyterian ch. in Quincy, Ill., for printing tracts in Burmah,	6,	
Rev. S. W. Lynde, it being a collection taken up after a missionary sermon by him at the Bethel ch., Cheviot, Hamilton Co., Ohio,	14,75	
Nathaniel Oviatt, Esq., Richfield, Medina Co., Ohio, for Burman mission,	75,	
Samuel Jackson, Aurora, Portage Co., Ohio,	9,	
Mrs. Eliza M. Widdle, Cleaveland, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio,	1,	
Master Heman Lincoln Rouse, Cleaveland, Ohio,	2,	
By Mr. B. Rouse, per Rev. E. Tucker,	— 87,	
Dea. A. Hammell, Cincinnati, for Bur. Miss., it having been contributed as follows, viz: collected at Mount Carmel Meeting-house, Sycamore Township, Hamilton Co., Ohio, after sermon by Rev. S. W. Lynde,	8,33	
Elder W. Kelsey,	1,62	
Elder W. Bruce,	1,75	
Dea. A. Hammell,	1,	
	— 12,70	720,45
Mr. Wm. Durbrow, from the First Bap. ch. in the City of New York, for Foreign missions,	100,	
Avails of beads, chains, &c. at sundry times, per Wm. Colgate,	63,26	163,26
The avails of jewelry which the owner has disposed of and given for the Bur. miss., per Mr. David Fosdick, Charlestown, Mass.		3,

From The Juv. miss. soc. of the Fed. st. Bap. ch. and soc., Charles M. Bowers, Treasurer, to aid in the support and education of a Burman lad, named William Manning,		18,
Widow Susanna Hobart of Ashburnham, Mass., for Bur. miss. per Joseph Jewett, Esq.,		50,
N.B. The above named lady also at the same time contributed \$50 to the A. B. Home Mission Society.		
Miss Mary Taylor of Lowell, per Rev. Mr Morrill, for Bur. miss.		1,
Rev. David Wright, Treasurer of the Evangelical Benevolent Society of Westfield Association, viz:		
Indian Mission, 25—Burman Bible, 3,88	4,13	
Burman Tracts, 1,62—Burman Mission, 226,36	227,98	
Foreign Missions,	58,03	
	<hr/>	290,14
Rev. F. A. Willard, Worcester, Mass., being avails of jewelry from his brother lately deceased, and a lady of his church,		1,37
H. B. Rounds, Esq., Treasurer, Utica, N. Y. Bap. For. Miss. Society, viz: Bur. Mission, 79,11—Bur. Bible, 36,89	116,	
printing Bible in Karen language,	5,	121,
A young lady in Royalston, for Bur. miss.,		3,
Nova Scotia For. Miss. Soc., per Rev. E. A. Crawley,		623,
Messrs. Bennett & Bright, Utica, N. Y., as follows, viz:		
Washington Bap. Asso., per Rev. S. C. Dillaway, Treas.,	98,26	
Sylvester Howard, Berlin, Bur. miss., per Dr. C. Tanner,	5,	
do. do. for spreading the gospel among the Indians west of Mississippi river,	5,	
Collected in J. Oakley's school, Niagara, U. C. for Bur. miss.,	2,25	
Sand Lake Fem. miss. soc. for Bur. Miss., per J. B. Fox,	12,	
A presbyterian lady, Harpersfield,	1,	
Bro. Furman, East Avon, for Bur. miss.,	10,	
Stephentown Bap. Asso., for Bur. miss., per Dr. C. Tanner,	34,54	
James Adams, avails of pension, per Dr. C. Tanner, for Bur. mission,	12,	
Melina Leach, per Dr. C. Tanner, for Bur. mission,	26	
Worcester, N. Y. Bap. Assoc., per R. Bently, Treas.,	65,22	
Ontario Bap. For. miss. soc., per Dea. A. Spear, Treas.,	150,	
Steuben do. do. per Rev. A. Chase,	85,83	
P. W. Cowley,	87	
Oswego Bap. Assoc., per Rufus Tiffany, Esq., Treas.,	51,17	
do. do. for Bur. miss.,	5,91	
Sister F. Lyon, Stockton, per Rev. J. W. Sawyer, for Bur. mission,	6,	
Rev. J. Freeman, Adams, for Translation of Bur. Bible,	10,	
	<hr/>	555,31
Jewelry, it having been contributed as follows: chains, rings, &c. from Mrs. Shays, Cincinnati, Ohio.—Cost \$50—sold for	20,24	
Various articles, gold beads, rings, &c. contributed for the personal benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Wade, sold for	23,52	
Sundry articles, gold necklaces, &c., contributed for the Bur. miss. to Mr. and Mrs. Wade,	19,37	63,13
per Rev. J. Wade, received from him by the Treasurer at Cincinnati.		
Avails of gold ring, from Miss Bartlett, Mount Desert, Me.,	75	
Avails of gold chain, presented by Mrs. Polly S. Tolman, (lately deceased) wife of Mr. Johnson Tolman, Stoughton, Mass.,	4,84	
E. E.	H. LINCOLN, Treasurer.	

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 TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several miscellaneous articles designed for this number have been omitted, on account of the press of matter.

"A Missionary Hymn" is under consideration.

Our subscribers may expect a portrait, as soon as it can be prepared, to embellish the present volume.



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