

# FREEWILL BAPTIST MISSIONARY.

PUBLISHED ONCE IN TWO MONTHS BY THE FREEWILL BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY.....EDITED BY E. NOYES.

VOLUME I.

DOVER, SEPTEMBER, 1843.

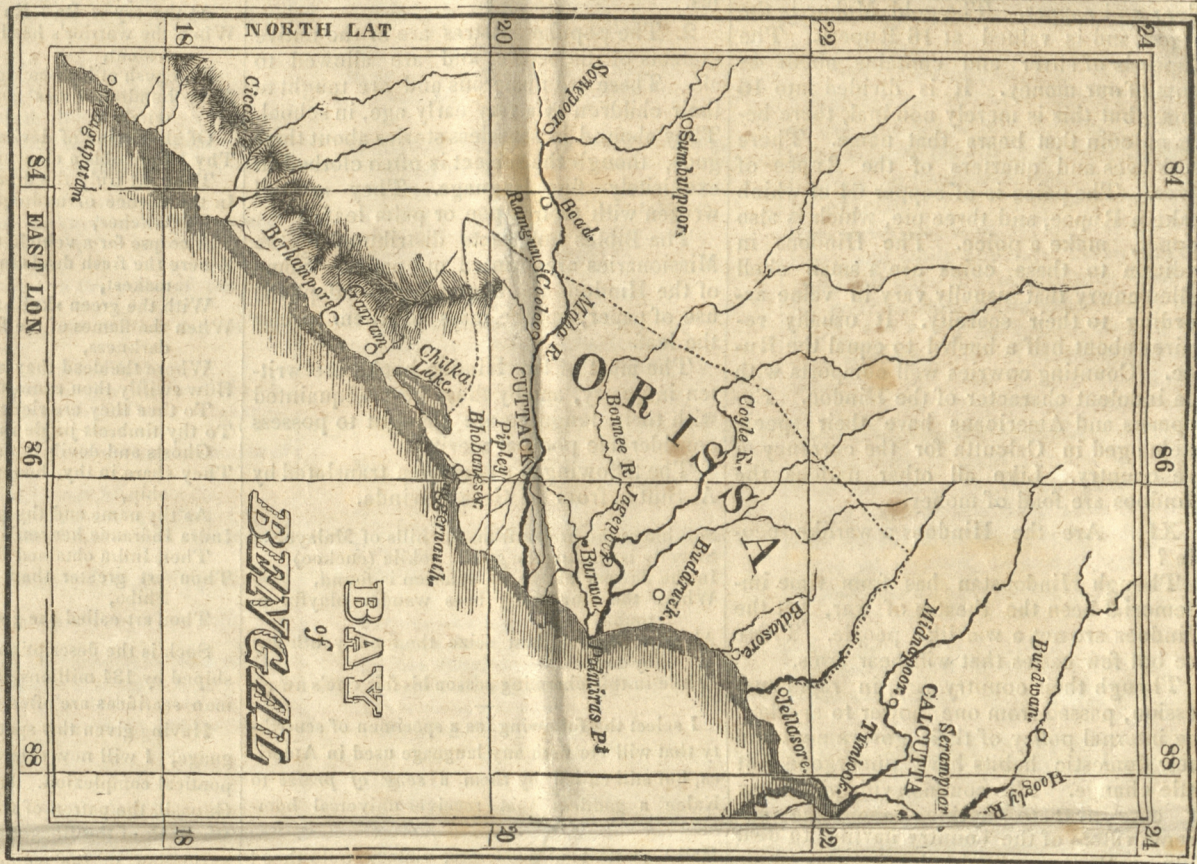
NUMBER 3.

## Map of Orissa.

This Map contains some of the principal towns in that section of Hindostan, where your Missionaries are located.

Calcutta is a large city, containing half a million of natives and ten thousand Europeans. The buildings of Europeans are very magnificent and beautiful, but they are interspersed with little dirty mud huts that form quite a disagreeable contrast. Your Missionaries land at Calcutta, and sometimes go there to purchase supplies.

Midnapoor is a large town, beautifully situated about 70 miles south west of Calcutta. It is considered very healthy, especially during the rains, when it is unusually dry for a place in that country. It was formerly occupied by a Gen. Baptist Missionary, but has of late been vacated and is free for us.



Jellasore is a fine town situated upon the river Suberna Raka, about 140 miles south south east of Calcutta, in the midst of a populous and fertile country. Here our beloved bro. Phillips is situated.

Balasore contains a population of about 14 or 15 thousand. It is situated upon the river Budabullung, about 7 miles from the coast. Here is our beloved brother Bachelor. This was formerly my station. Many small vessels are built at Balasore that are employed in conveying salt to Calcutta.

Sumbulpoor is a large town in the interior where we spent a year. There sister Phillips and our eldest child died, and we were all visited with such alarming sickness as to be obliged to leave the place. It is however considered healthy during the cold and hot seasons.

Cuttack has a population of about 70 thousand, and is the head quarters of the General Baptist Mission. Brethren Sutton and Lacey reside here. Here is the missionary printing press, superintended by bro. Brooks.

Pooree or Juggernaut is the place of the famous idol Juggernaut. It is not occupied by any missionary, but they go there to preach and distribute books during festivals. Lying on the sea shore, it forms a delightful and healthy retreat during the hot and rainy seasons.

Ganjam and Berhampore are stations of our Gen. Baptist brethren.

### Do you think the Heathen will ever be Converted ?

This is a question that is frequently asked, especially by those who are favorable to Mr. Miller's views. In answer we would say that we do not think that the Bible teaches that every individual soul of the heathen will ever be converted, but we do most conscientiously and solemnly believe that the day will come when the mass of both Jews and Gentiles will be converted to God and their enemies will be made to lick the dust, and when the wealth, power, and influence of the world will be on the side of the Lord, just as it is now on the side of the devil, and that all this will take place in time. See Psalms 72:5 to the 18th verse. From these verses it appears that Christ is to have dominion from the river to the ends of the earth, the righteous are to flourish and his enemies lick the dust, all kings are to fall down before him, all nations are to serve him and the whole earth will be filled with his glory. Every one knows that these predictions have never yet been fulfilled. In that day to which the Psalmist alludes there is to be a sun and moon and seas; hence the prophecy cannot be fulfilled in the new world of which St. John speaks, for the city is to have no need of the sun, nor of the moon, neither is there to be any sea in that world.

Again see Isaiah 60:5. "Because the abundance of the sea (not every soul, but the great mass) shall be converted unto thee and the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee." Compare also Isaiah 59th from the 20th verse to the close of the 60th chap. with Rom. 11:25—27. Luke 2:34. Also, compare Hosea 3:4—5, with Gen. 45:10. If these Scriptures do not prove the restoration of the literal Jews, we confess we have a wrong idea of them.

If however any brother believes that this year terminates all earthly existence, let him regard the injunction, "Occupy till I come." God is causing the young tree to grow, but if the world should be destroyed this year, it will never bear fruit, hence while he goes on with his work without interruption, we may safely go on with ours.

Friends who wish to send any thing to our Missionaries will have a good opportunity when bro. Dow goes out.

## FREEWILL BAPTIST MISSIONARY.

## Manners and Customs of the Hindoos.

## XI. What money do the Hindoos have?

Their coins like our own are of gold, silver and copper. The gold Mohur is the largest and is valued at 16 Rupees. The Rupee is of silver and contains about 48 cents of our money. It is divided into 16 annas, but this is merely nominal, there being no coin that bears that name. There are halves and quarters of the Rupee of silver. The poice is of copper 64 of which make a Rupee, and three pie, which is also copper, make a poice. The Hindoos in addition to these coins use a small shell called cowry that usually vary in value according to their scarcity. It usually requires about half a bushel to equal the Rupee. Counting cowries well comports with the indolent character of the Hindoo. Europeans and Americans have their specie exchanged in Calcutta for the currency of the country. Like all other nations the Hindoos are fond of money.

## XII. Are the Hindoos a warlike people?

Though Hindoostan has from time immemorial been the theatre of war, yet the Hindoos are not a war-like people. There are but few castes that will bear arms.

Though their country has, in rapid succession, passed from one power to another, the internal policy of their government and their domestic habits have undergone but little change. The common villagers know or care next to nothing about the supreme rulers of the country having to deal only with their land-holders, who alone stand amenable to the general government.

When an army passes through the country the villagers hear of it in season to bury all their substance, which is easily done, and they all go off into the jungle, leaving their worthless mud huts for the accommodation of their enemies. When the army has passed they return to enjoy the fat of the land. Thus tho' the country has oft been overrun with foreign invasions, the peculiarities of the country villages remain unchanged.

The British keep a standing army of 250,000 Hindoo soldiers in India, under European officers. With these they have conquered the country and continue to hold it.

The native instruments of warfare are of a very rude kind. A shield made of sheet iron or green hide bows and arrows, guns without locks to be touched off with a segar, swords, spears and dirks, form the principal panoply of the Hindoo soldier. They are said to make very bold soldiers when under English discipline.

## XIII. What books have the Hindoos?

The Hindoos have a great variety of books, all of which are considered sacred even such as treat of Geography, Medicine or Astronomy. The Veds or Baidas are four in number and are of the highest repute. These are in the sunscrit language, which is understood only by a few of the most learned priests. A soodre is forbidden even to listen to their sacred stanzas under the penalty of being struck with deafness or to

look at them under pain of being visited with blindness. The substance of these four books has been elegantly translated into English by the celebrated Hindoo philosopher Rammohun Roy. They consist principally in the dryest kind of metaphysics.

2. The popular shastres are in the native dialects of the people and are allowed to all. These are numerous and are taught to their children at a very early age, in school. They abound in senseless stories about their gods, though the subject is often clothed in exquisitely fine language. They are all written with an iron pen or palm leaf.

The Bibles and tracts distributed by the Missionaries are printed on paper. Some of the Hindoos are beginning to adopt the use of paper, but the mass of them prefer the leaf.

The most of the Hindoo books are written in poetry, and by those best acquainted with their language are thought to possess considerable poetical merit.

The following is a specimen translated by A. Sutton from the Geta Govinda.

Soft blows the breeze from the hills of Malaya,  
Sweetly is singing the gentle kokila (cuckoo)  
In the flowery alcove no delusion is found,  
Where the murmuring bees wander playful around.

Ah what anguish must seize the fond youth day  
by day,  
While in this charming season his fair one's away.

I select the following as a specimen of scurrility that will vie with any language used in America, but still called by them a *song of praise* to Kalee a goddess that receives universal hom-

Hail! greatest of goddesses, victory unto thee!  
Victory to thee, Hurree Chandee?

In thy forehead thy red mark appeareth so glowing,

O Babe, we tremble to see thee.  
At thine ears hang the gold rings so large and so brilliant;

At thy nose is the rich gopamattee:  
Thine hand holds the cleaver and trident and blood-dish,

So dreadful appears Bogabatee!  
Sixty-four times ten millions of witches and spectres,

Thee their patroness and mistress attending.  
Thou art Loksmee the primeval mother of all things,

In creation we see the extending.  
In each house dost thou enter on holiness thinking,

There to dwell with the pure thou are wont,  
Who as primeval matter, art called Parbatee,  
The daughter of mount Hemabanta.

Five score million times over than a warrior stronger,  
Thine arm Mayaswara did slay,

Thy sword Ruktabrja the dread demon laid low,  
And the fear of the gods did allay.

The wife of Eswara, a strange changeful demon,  
A ghost and the mother of all;  
Ninety millions of devils all females and fearful,  
From thy body come forth at thy call.

In Malatee, Malatee goddess they name thee,  
The three worlds see thy beauty with wonder  
With round eyes and flat forehead thou starest portentous,

And utterest thy dread voice in thunder.  
Dread goddess, we think thee the great Agatara,  
On a corpse he went airing and riding.

With thy cleaver and blood-dish and bloody tongue quivering,  
Misfortune and famine betiding.

Thou enterest grave yards devouring choice corpses,  
Still with battle-field slaughter unfilled.

How sweet is the blood of the good man unto thee,  
Still his gore from thy mouth is distilled.

Thou rejoicest to hear the dread battle's loud slaughter,

The sound of the Ra! Ra! so dire.  
When the warrior falls, as in child's play, thou suckest

His wounds of the warm gushing gore.  
The chief of the holy; thy names, lady, are many,

At the cry of Ra! Ra! swiftly flying.  
When the warrior's head drops thou whirlst thy trident,

The gush of his black gore descrying,  
Nine hundred times counted one thousand of witches,

Of ghosts and of devils obey thee,  
Thy hand holds a cleaver, thy hair all dishevelled,  
Thou art truly the dread Maha Dabee.

In the silence of midnight, when dark are thy witches,  
A corpse for a vehicle using,  
Where the fresh dead are lying thou a feast gladly makest,

With the green skulls thy fancy amusing.  
When the flames of the funeral gleam thro' night's darkness,

Where the dead they are wont to consume,  
How swiftly thou runnest to snuff the rich odors,  
To thee they are richest perfume.

To thy timbrels jingle in the air ever sounding;  
Ghosts and devils innumerable dance,  
They share in thy honors and share in thy worship,

As thy name and thy praise they advance.  
Indra Indranee heaven's potentates praised thee,  
Then Indra obtained Baraswattee,

Thou art greater than Brahma or Bishnoo or Shibo,  
Thou art called the great Bagabatee.

Such is the description given of a goddess worshipped by 134 millions of our fellow beings. Human sacrifices are often offered to Kalee.

Having given this specimen of opprobrious language, I will now select one of a softer and more poetical complexion. It is a salutation to the god Gunash, the patron of wisdom, selected from the 4th Book of the Bhagabat—a literal translation.

Salutation to the water-lily feet of the son of Ambhlekā,

Whose name amongst all the gods is the opposing king.

Thy moon-like beautiful visage,  
Thy diadem hair falling in ringlets about thy shoulders

Are all fascinating to the mind.  
Thou quaffest ambrosial waters with cheerful heart!

O thou holder of the noose and the trident,  
Be propitious while I relate the history of Dhrooba,  
Even the fourth Book of the Bhagabut.

The following taken from the 10th Book of the Bhagabat, will show that the Hindoo Poet can address himself to the sympathies. The Monarch Kungas is about to slay Dabakee, his sister, in consequence of a Divine prediction that her eighth child should be his destroyer.—Basudabe, the partner of the lady, beseeches him to desist, promising to surrender all her offspring into the monarch's hand.

Now Basudabe with heaving breast,  
His supplication thus addressed;

Great Monarch, Kungsa, deign to hear,  
And injure not thy sister dear.

Her son alone thy foe shall be,  
But she's no enemy to thee.

The offspring of this trembling maid,  
Lo at thy feet shall all be laid,  
And, O ye gods, from every place,  
Bear witness in this solemn case.

Thus Basudabe his bosom vents,  
And Kungsa's iron heart relents,  
Believes the vow, withholds the blow,  
And lets the captive goddess go.

And now with joy the parties come,  
To taste the sweet delights of home,  
Many glad days together passed,  
But ah! the pang must come at last.

A child is born—so very fair,  
Cupid could not with him compare.  
When Basudabe the babe beheld,  
With what sharp pangs his breast was fill'd;

With eyes diffused in tears, said he,  
Which should I keep, my word or thee?  
In hesitation thus he stands,  
But soon his sympathies commands  
Resolves to keep the vow he made—  
At Kungsa's feet the infant laid—  
With wonder all the courtiers gazed.  
Kungsa himself stands quite amaz'd,  
And thus propitiously he spake,  
Good Basudabe thy offspring take,  
Thy loyalty and faith I know,  
So take thy smiling babe and go.

The description of Krishnoo's birth, given by Byasdabe, in the tenth Book of the Bhagabat, will not be thought destitute of poetical merit. The following is a literal translation.

Hear, O King, the birth of Govinda,  
By which thy mental darkness will be dissipated.  
Of the six seasons caused by the sun when births  
are most propitious,  
It was now that season—in the midst of the most  
plenteous rains.  
It was at midnight, on the eighth day of the  
moon's decline,  
The sun was in the mansion of Rohenee,  
And the queen of night was passing the Bhrusab.  
At the same time all the celestial orbs were most  
propitious,  
The clouds now uttered their voices in sounds of  
distant thunder;  
The notes of Superior Beings filled the air,  
The heavenly courtesans danced their varied reels,  
While all the gods rained flowers in rich profusion.  
Indra now calls to the god of wind—"go thou to  
Mattura,  
And taking thy sweetest perfumes, blow softly o'er  
hill and plain,  
But particularly shed thy most delectable breezes  
in the prison house of Kungsa."  
Hearing this injunction, the god of wind takes his  
way to Mattura, and sheds around all his  
ambrosial sweets.  
At this time the sky became clear and the atmos-  
phere serene,  
The birds in the branches tuned their notes in  
lofty hymns of praise,  
The flowers of the forest expand and dispense  
their odiferous fragrance all around.  
The holy brahmins were cheerfully chanting the  
Veds,  
And throwing offerings into the sacred fire.  
The whole earth gave signs of gratulation that  
Krishnoo was about to assume a human  
form.  
Now just as the queen of night had arisen in the  
firmament Govinda entered the world;  
His body was the color of the dark blue cloud,  
And around his loins a scarlet cloth surpassing in  
brightness a million cupids.  
On his head glittered a golden diadem beset with  
pearls,  
His four arms with which he held the emblems of  
his divinity,  
Were like pillars of polished emerald.  
This is indeed beautiful language, though pros-  
tituted to the praises of a god whose character is  
blacker than the pit and subtle as Satan. May  
the time soon come, when the language of the  
Hindoo Poet shall be consecrated to the praises of  
Jesus.

What if we do not give the gospel to the  
Heathen?

We shall become worse than heathen our-  
selves. The Jewish church has been cursed  
with blindness of mind, the primitive  
Christian church with Papacy, the Protest-  
ant church with sectarianism, and now God  
is about to let loose the blood-hounds of  
infidelity in the form of come-outerism. In  
every age the church has been punished  
for her want of benevolence.

The largest church in the world is at  
Honolooloo in one of the Sandwich Islands.  
Less than 30 years ago that place was in  
the darkness of Paganism.

POETRY.

ON LEAVING INDIA.

BY A MISSIONARY ORDERED HOME.  
(From the Calcutta Christian Observer.)

1.  
To the sultry Indian land  
Ask ye how I bid farewell?  
Homewards, reckless of command,  
With a swell like Ocean's swell,  
Rush my thoughts, an eager band:  
There alas! they will not dwell.
2.  
While fond heart to fond heart straining,  
Gathers in the love of years:  
While beloved eyes are raining  
Smiles that gladden, sweeter tears,—  
O that blessed light is waning,  
Saddens, darkens, disappears!
3.  
Lo! a den of lust and blood,  
Dark, unutterably foul,  
Where, in hell-born brotherhood,  
Men, with cold and cruel scowl,  
For their idol's chosen food  
Slay the body and the soul!
4.  
Midst a dull and bloody gleam,  
There, where in yon cursed pile  
Rises what a throne may seem,  
Sits a hideous thing and vile,  
Palsying even the victim's scream,  
Devil-like, with curdling smile.
5.  
Millions—living, dead, unborn,—  
Reason, love, and hope give o'er  
To that thing, too mean for scorn,  
Puppet, dripping human gore!  
O is it enough to mourn,  
Weeping idly on the shore?
6.  
GOD OF LOVE, in this *thy* earth  
Are there none to hear thy word?  
When thou bid'st thy people forth  
To the battle of the Lord,  
All unworthy of their birth,  
Shrink they from that thing abhorrd?
7.  
Men *have* risen for the right,  
Few, obscure, but fearless men,  
Sworn in Earth's and Hell's despite,  
To destroy that murderous den,—  
Sworn to bear the gospel light  
To the blinded heathen's ken.
8.  
Words of peace and love are heard;  
Viewless shields before them thrown;  
Mortal arms they may not gird:  
Yet, while mortals scorn or frown,  
Hell through all its depths is stirr'd,  
Heaven with joyful eyes looks down.
9.  
Onwards ever as they move,  
One by one they sink, or die:  
Each has left his home of love;  
Each has borne his agony;  
Not in their own might they strove,—  
Therefore calm are heart and eye.
10.  
Not in weariness or fear  
Leave I that beloved band,  
Sad at heart, a voice I hear,  
"Sick one, to thy native land!  
Go! for what availeth here  
Failing knee, or weary hand?"
11.  
He, who in the van hath ridden,  
When the battle's heady roll  
From his eager eye is hidden,  
Wounded, faint, can he control  
Passions, fears, that all unbidden  
Sweep, like storm-clouds, o'er his soul?
12.  
When I see my brethren go  
On, to bear the brunt of fight,  
On, to leave me in my wo,—  
O, before that solemn sight,  
Dies the exile's burning glow,  
Fades each thought of home delight!

13.

When the crowds, that to and fro  
Reel around yon murd'rous den,  
To the moles their idols throw,—  
When these mad and wretched men,  
Right of mind, their Savior know,—  
Home and all its treasures *then!*

Extracts from Bro. Phillip's letter dated  
March 14th, 1843.

Beloved Brother Noyes:—

"Our companionship for years under  
circumstances the best adapted to unite our  
hearts, and blend our feelings, and at the  
same time to try our very souls, has not failed  
to leave an impression on my mind never to  
be effaced. \* \* \* \* I should hail your re-  
turn to Orissa, with feelings of peculiar de-  
light, and while you are detained at home,  
you shall have my best wishes and prayers  
for your success in the cause of our common  
Lord. \* \* \* \* I am glad to hear of the suc-  
cess you meet with in pleading the cause of  
those who are both unable and indisposed  
to speak for themselves. More must be  
done to stir up the churches to take hold  
of this work in good earnest before we can  
hope for any thing like complete success.

We have some things to encourage us in  
our work. The day I received your letter  
three young men, from a village four miles  
distant, spent several hours in my study in  
the character of enquirers. I am acquaint-  
ed with the father of one of them who has  
professed his faith in Christianity for more  
than two years. The young man appears  
serious and disposed to know and obey the  
truth. One of them has thrown away his  
mala (necklace) and is almost persuaded to  
be a Christian."

AN INTERESTING CASE.

Bro. Phillips writes in the same com-  
munication:—"On a late trip across the  
rice fields to Khartee, 40 miles towards  
Hidjeele, we found a very interesting man  
of the fisherman caste. He stated that 13  
years ago, he had brought two small books  
from Pooree. They were given him by a  
Sahib, at the *rath jatra*. At the time he  
was unable to read, but an older brother  
read, considered, believed and renounced  
idolatry. He cheerfully endured persecu-  
tion for a number of years. He bore wit-  
ness to the truth and died as he lived. The  
mother opposed the younger son (whom we  
saw) and said one son had become a fool,  
what could she do should another follow  
his example? The mother is now dead  
and this younger brother has learned to  
read. He appeared greatly delighted with  
the news of salvation, and declared his in-  
tention to become a Christian at all haz-  
ards. I gave him a New Testament, and a  
tract with which he was much pleased."

BENGALLEE AND OTHER INQUIRERS.

Bro. P. writes, that a number of Benga-  
lees have recently called upon him to en-  
quire in regard to the Christian religion and  
that they appear promising. There are sev-  
eral other persons whom he should consider  
hopeful had he not been so frequently dis-  
appointed in the fairest cases.

How goes the 50 cent subscriptions in  
our churches for the support of Hindoo  
children? Don't forget that \$12. per an-  
num will support an orphan child in our  
Missionary school.



The above cut represents a Baptismal scene. The candidate is Gungador, a celebrated Hindoo preacher connected with our Gen. Baptist brethren, of whom, probably, the most of our readers have heard. The administrator is bro. Lacey of Cutch. By the side of the river are two palanquins, in which some ones have rode, and at a little distance to the right are two washer-women, swinging their clothes as though nothing was going on. There have been between one and two hundred Hindoos baptized in the Province of Orissa. I have several times attended to this ordinance when hundreds of spectators stood upon the bank quite astonished at the scene, and some appeared much affected.

In all translations of the Oriya N. Testament, we have the word Baptizo translated by the Oriya word dubana, which signifies to dip.

#### Christian Perfection.

It may be thought strange that an article on this subject should appear in a Missionary paper, but why? If sanctification is a blessed doctrine and the cause of Missions is a blessed cause ought there not to be some way of bringing them in contact with each other?

By sanctification we do not mean that kind that consists in a mere repetition of the words, holiness, perfection, consecration. Neither do we mean any abstract theory or feeling that can never be reduced to practice. Such religion has ever been at variance with the great work of *doing good* from the beginning. The Bible meaning of the term sanctify is to set apart for some benevolent work, thus the priests and Levites sanctified themselves to bring up the ark of the Lord God of Israel, (2 Chron. 15:14) and the Lord Jesus sanctified himself for the sake of his disciples (John 17:19.) Observe; he says, "For their sakes I sanctify myself that they also might be sanctified through the truth," as though he had said I set myself apart to benefit

them that they may benefit others. Now as the Lord Jesus set himself apart to the great work of doing good to men, so it is the duty of all who profess to be his disciples, to set themselves apart to the same work. Sanctification then consists in doing all the good we can, just as long as we live, or, in other words, daily imitating our Savior in benevolent acts.

In regeneration all past sins are forgiven and one receives the light by which he may learn to have an understanding of himself, and to obey God in future; but sanctification is the exercise of these principles in the complete performance of every known duty. This is an every day work. Sanctification to-day will not answer for to-morrow. No man enjoys sanctification any longer than he continues to do good. This is indeed a blessed work to enjoy. We do not like to call it a state, for the meaning usually applied to the term state seems to indicate a condition of rest or inactivity, and there is no such *state* in the Christian journey. Of the man whose house was full of devils it is said that "the last *state* of that man was worse than the first." The active Christian has but little time to remain in states, or to talk about them. He must seek, labor, strive, wrestle, run and fight. If one applies the term to Christian experience in the same sense in which he should use it when he said of a fighting man that he was in a dangerous state, we have no objection, but this is not the sense people usually attach to it. Too many think they have reached a *state*, where they may sit down and do nothing.

Sanctification therefore does not consist in remaining in a good *state*, but in active benevolence. But perhaps the expressions, do good, acts of benevolence, &c. are not sufficiently explicit. We will therefore make the matter a little more tangible by referring to individual acts that those who are laboring for the blessing ought to perform. The Savior was fond of particularizing. A great part of his preaching is made up of

individual acts, to be shunned or practiced. One particular is worth ten thousand generalities. We would therefore say let all who desire the blessing of sanctification patronize all our benevolent institutions. Let our rich brethren sit down immediately and enclose \$12 each for the support and education of a poor starving Hindoo child and send it to Br. Burr, Treasurer of the F. M. Society. If more is exacted by your conscience, then send something to the Education Society, where our young Missionaries are educated, and let the poor do what they can. Now, don't say we have wandered from the subject, for we have not. This is the very Bible doctrine of sanctification, and the only kind that will ever do this ungodly, wretched world, any good.

#### Afflictions amongst the Gen. Baptist Missionaries.

Bro. Stubbins and wife were about to leave for England, on account of bro. S.'s health. Bro. S. was a faithful, devoted and useful missionary. O may the Lord soon restore his health, and return him to his field of labor.

Bro. Grant who recently went out from England, died of fever a few weeks before the date of bro. Phillip's letter, at Berhampore.

They that do nothing, are in the ready way to do that which is worse than nothing.

#### TERMS,

TWELVE CENTS PER ANNUM.

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✂ Any church that requests 20 copies or more sent to one address will have them at 10 cents each.

✂ Subscriptions, &c., to be forwarded to

WM. BURR, Dover, N. H.

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## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE HINDOOS.

### XIV. Have the Hindoos any prose works?

As has been remarked the most of their books are written in poetry. A few, however, the principal of which are the *Thirty Three Image Throne* and *The Twenty Five Tales of a Demon*, are written in prose. The former of these is the most chaste and affords the best specimen of native composition. The stories themselves will compare very well with the story of Jack the giant killer, though they serve greatly to illustrate Eastern habits and modes of thinking.—The design of the work appears to be the instruction of Kings. The following is a specimen that will not only be amusing to the reader, but give him some idea of the notions of the Hindoos with respect to magic, and their ideas in regard to burning widows.

#### Tale of the 31st Image.

“When king Vikramditya reigned in the city of Abunttee, on a certain day a Magician came to the palace door and thus addressed the door keeper. “O door keeper, I have heard much of the fame and glory of King Vikramaditya, and have come a great distance to seek an interview with him, now, therefore, make known my request to the king.” The door keeper, hearing the word of the Magician, called a servant and bade him make known the affair to the king. The servant went before the king, & joining his hands, made known that a Magician desired an interview; and the king commanded him to be brought forward—having received the king’s command thro’ the servant, the door keeper brought the Magician to the king. The Magician having entered the king’s council chamber, saw that the place was even more glorious than the residence of Indra. . . . Seeing the king seated upon his throne, the Magician joining his hands, thus supplicated: “O king, if you and your counselors will give ear, I will perform an unprecedented enchantment.” Hearing the word of the Magician, the king assented. The Magician then withdrew, and soon after another man came, holding a sword in one hand and a young and beautiful female with the other, and thus spake: “O, great monarch, in this world there are many people who say that learning is the essential thing, but that is not my way of thinking. My opinion is, that this beautiful woman, and also much wealth, are the two essential things. Therefore, O king, I never wish to trust these

two in the hands of another. But, to-day, the demons are to have a battle with the gods in the heavens, and I must go as the ally of Indra. This woman is my wife, and I love her more than my own life. It is not proper to take a wife to the battle field, and I have not sufficient confidence in any one to place this woman in his hands. Therefore, O king, hearing that you was very holy, and that as you protected your own people so you protected others,—and knowing you to be a most excellent and true person, I will place this woman with you while I go to the war. On this account I have come. As you in many ways render assistance to others, protect this woman, and thus render assistance to me.” The king assented, and the man, after delivering the woman into the hand of the king, in the sight of all, from the council chamber ascended and went in the path of the sky. The king and his counselors stood gazing upward with astonishment as long as the man could be seen. A little time after the disappearing of the man, the sky reverberated with the sound of the warriors. Hearing that noise, all were so filled with fear that they became like statues. At this time, the man’s two hands being cut off, fell before the door. A little while after his two feet fell, and a little while after his head being cut off, fell down before them. His wife knowing the head of her husband was greatly distressed, and she thus addressed the king. “O king, as the light of the moon mixes with the moon, and as the lightning of the cloud mixes with the cloud, so it is the wife’s greatest holiness to kill herself when her husband dies; therefore, ~~and will follow my~~ husband to death. Therefore, give command that preparation be made for me.”—The king hearing this from the woman was much distressed, and thus replied—“While your husband lived he was your husband, but now you are not bound to him—To leave the body for one to whom you are no longer bound, can never be holiness.—Now, therefore, if you have no property or dwelling you can become an ascetic and worship Eswara. Or, if you are so disposed, regard some good man as a husband. I will give you many riches, and you shall in no way suffer.

Hearing the king’s words the woman thus replied. “O king, thou art a holy incarnation, therefore hear me. What you first advised, viz. to become an ascetic, I might indeed do; but this mortal body will ever be subject to passions and appetites, which are strong enemies, and I should be under the necessity of observing much study and thoughtfulness. Hear what the holy shaster says. “It is much better for the widow to die, for she who becomes an ascetic must separate herself from all things until death. She must not desire another husband, nor even call the name of another man. Thus remaining, she must eat only clean flowers, fruits and roots, and clothe herself in sackcloth till her body wastes away. As it is

difficult to remain thus, the religion of her widowhood is easily destroyed.”

“Again, O king, at the time of marriage I heard from the Veds that “the husband and wife have one body, and that the woman is the strength of the man.” Now the man being cut off how shall the strength remain? As when the fire goes out the heat is gone, so the woman who has warm love to her husband will follow him to death, and thus the world will witness her affection. Hear again what the holy shaster says. “On every man’s body are three millions and a half of hairs. The same number of years, viz. three millions and a half, shall the woman who burns with her husband, dwell with him in heaven, in the enjoyment of sensual pleasures. If her husband has been the murderer of a brahmin or a drunkard, or the murderer of a friend, or has been guilty of any other heinous crime, she shall save him from all and enjoy a union with him in heaven.” Now, O king, what is said in the shaster must be correct, and it will not do for any one to oppose.—He who opposes the shasters is like one striving against the strong current of a river.”

Hearing these words the king replied, “What you have said is reasonable, and what I have said was unreasonable. I only wished to try your strength of mind. The king then gave command, and the fire was prepared with clarified butter and diverse kinds of combustibles, and the woman threw herself into the flame as though she had been going to bathe in cool water, and was burned with the body of her husband. ~~Then the king and his council praised the holiness of the woman exceedingly.~~

Soon after this the husband of the woman whom they had thought dead returned from the battle. Seeing him all were horrified and stood speechless gazing upon each other. The man now spake. “O king, I have returned victorious, and have obtained the favor of the gods. Now please bring me my wife and I will return to my country.” The king hearing these words did not know what answer to give, but stood looking upon his council. The council knowing the thoughts of the king, said to the man, “O most excellent hero, you had not been gone long when your hands, arms and head fell down before us, and seeing which your wife wept greatly and insisted upon burning herself.”

Hearing these words, the man drew a long breath and for a time remained silent. At length he thus addressed the king: “O king, the people of the three worlds praise your holiness and excellence. Now, my wife is the delight of my heart, and if your men are now sporting with me, know that this is no time for jesting, for I have not seen my wife for a long time.” Hearing these words the king assured him that they were not jesting, but that what they said was indeed true. The man replied, “That I may have evidence of your holiness give

me my wife, or if she is not then give me your own."

The king being a most holy man, and somewhat influenced by fear, went into the inner apartment and brought out his queen; but when he had come into the council chamber the man had vanished. At this time the Magician who first made his appearance came, and with joined hands said to the king, 'O, Divine Monarch, I have been working enchantments; what you have seen was all deception.'

The story closes with the king's giving the Magician many presents of elephants, horses, &c.

The above translation is somewhat shortened, though I have brought in all the features of the story. The reader will have a more clear view of the Hindoo mind from such a specimen of their own composition, than he would from any thing that might be written respecting them.

The burning of widows referred to in the tale, is still very extensively practiced, especially in those countries where the British have the least influence.

XV. Do Europeans know the contents of the Hindoo Veds of Baids?

It is very difficult for Europeans to see them in the original Sanscrit. The brahmins who are their sole inheritors have a great prejudice against giving them to foreigners. The following is a translation of the substance of the Sama Veda, by Rammohun Roy. It will be recollected that Rammohun Roy had received a Christian education, but he ever had a strong attachment to the religion of his own countrymen, and in his translation of the Vedas, he does his best to clothe them in Christian language. He leaves out the grosser parts which enjoin idolatry. Let the reader bear in mind that the Hindoo does not receive the same impressions from reading the original that he himself does in ~~reading~~ translation.

1. Who is he (asks a pupil of his spiritual father,) under whose sole will the intellectual power makes its approach to different objects? Who is he under whose authority breath, the primitive power in the body, makes its operations? Who is he by whose direction language is regularly pronounced? And who is that immaterial being that applies vision and hearing to their respective objects?

2. He (answers the spiritual parent,) who is the sense of the sense of hearing—the intellect of the intellect—the essential cause of language—the breath of breath—the sense of the sense of vision; this is the being concerning whom you would enquire. Learned men having relinquished the notion of self-independence, and self-consideration, from knowing the supreme understanding to be the sole cause of sense, enjoy everlasting beatitude after their departure from this world.

3. Hence no vision can approach him, no language can describe him, no intellectual power can compass or determine him. We know nothing of how the Supreme Being should be explained: he is beyond all that is within the reach of comprehension, and also beyond nature, which is above conception. Our ancient spiritual parents have thus explained him to us.

4. He alone who has never been described by language, and who directs language to its meaning, is the Supreme Being, and not any specified thing which men worship; *know thou this.*

5. He alone whom understanding cannot comprehend, and who, as said by learned men, knows the real nature of understanding, is the Supreme Being, and not any specified thing which men worship; *know thou this.*

6. He alone whom no one can conceive by vision, and by whose superintendence every one perceives the objects of vision, is the Supreme Being, and not any specified thing which men worship; *know thou this.*

7. He alone, whom no one can hear through the sense of hearing, and who knows the real nature of the sense of hearing, is the Supreme Being, and not any specified thing which men worship; *know thou this.*

8. He alone, whom no one can perceive through the sense of smelling, and who applies the sense of smelling to its objects, is the Supreme Being, and not any specified thing which men worship; *know thou this.*

9. If you, (continues the spiritual parent) from what I have stated, suppose and say that "I know the Supreme Being thoroughly," you in truth know very little of the Omnipresent Being; and any conception of that Being, which you limit to your powers of sense, is not only deficient, but also his description which you extend to the bodies of the celestial gods is also imperfect; you consequently should enquire into the true knowledge of the Supreme Being. To this the pupil replies, "I perceive that at this moment I begin to know God.

10. "Not that I suppose," continued he, "that I know God thoroughly, nor do I suppose that I do not know him at all; among the above stated assertion is possessed of the knowledge respecting God, viz. that I neither know him thoroughly, nor am entirely ignorant of him.

11. (The spiritual father again resumes,) He who believes that he *cannot* comprehend God, does not know him; and he who believes that he *can* comprehend God, does not know him: as men of perfect understanding acknowledge him to be beyond comprehension; and men of imperfect understanding suppose him to be within the reach of their simplest perception.

12. The notion of the sensibility of bodily organs, which are composed of insensible particles, leads to the notion of God, which notion alone is accurate and tends to everlasting happiness. Man gains, by self-exertion, the power of acquiring knowledge respecting God, and through the same acquisition he requires eternal beatitude.

13. Whatever person has, according to the above stated doctrine, known God, is really happy; and whoever has not known him is subjected to great misery. Learned men, having reflected on the spirit of God, extending over all moveable as well as immoveable creatures, after their departure from this world, are absorbed into the Supreme Being.

In a battle between the celestial gods and the demons, God obtained victory over the latter in favor of the former; but upon this

victory being gained the celestial gods acquired their respective dignities and supposed that this victory and glory were entirely owing to themselves. The Omnipresent Being having known their boast, appeared to them with an appearance beyond description. They could not know what adorable appearance it was; they consequently said to fire, or properly speaking, the god of fire, "Discover thou, O god of fire, what adorable appearance this is." His reply was, "I shall." He proceeded fast to that adorable appearance, which asked him, "Who art thou?" He then answered, "I am fire, and I am the origin of the Ved," that is, "I am a well known personage." The Supreme Omnipotence, upon being thus replied to, asked him again, "What power is in so celebrated a person as thou art?" He replied, "I can burn to ashes all that exists in the world." The Supreme Being then, having laid a straw before him said to him, "Canst thou burn this straw?" The god of fire approached the straw, but could not burn it, though he exerted all his power. He then unsuccessfully retired and told the others, "I have been unable to discover what adorable appearance this is."

Now they all said to wind, (or properly, to the god of wind,) "Discover thou, O god of wind, what adorable appearance this is." His reply was, "I shall." He proceeded fast to that adorable appearance, which asked him, "Who art thou?" He then answered, "I am wind, and I pervade unlimited space." The Supreme Being, upon being thus replied to, asked him again, "What power is in so celebrated a person as thou art?" He replied, "I can uphold all that exists in the world." The Supreme Being then having laid a straw before him, said to him, "Canst thou uphold this straw, but could not hold it up, though he exerted all his power. He then unsuccessfully retired and told the others, "I have been unable to discover what adorable appearance this is." Now they all said to the god of atmosphere, "Discover thou, O revered god of atmosphere, what adorable appearance this is." His reply was, "I shall." He proceeded fast to that adorable appearance, which vanished from his view. He met at the same spot a woman, the goddess of instruction, arrayed in golden robes in the shape of the most beautiful Uma. He asked, "What was that adorable appearance?" She replied, "It was the Supreme Being, owing to whose victory you all advanced to exaltation." The god of atmosphere, from her instruction, knew that it was the Supreme Being that had appeared unto them. He at first communicated that information to the gods of fire and of wind. As the gods of fire, wind and atmosphere, had approached to the adorable appearance, and had perceived it, and also as they had known, prior to the others, that it was indeed God that had appeared to them, they seemed to be superior to the other gods.—As the god of atmosphere had approached to the adorable appearance, and perceived it, and also as he knew, prior to every one of them, that it was God that appeared to them, he seemed not only superior to every other god, but also for that reason, exalted above the gods of fire and wind.

The foregoing is a divine figurative representation of the Supreme Being; meaning that in one instant he shines at once over all the universe, like the illumination of lightning; and in another, that he disappears as quick as the twinkling of an eye.—Again, it is represented of the Supreme Being, that pure mind conceives that it approaches to him as nearly as possible.

Through the same pure mind the pious man thinks of him, and consequently application of the mind to him is repeatedly used. That God, who alone in reality has no resemblance, and to whom the mind cannot approach, is adorable by all living creatures; he is therefore called adorable; he should according to the prescribed manner, be worshiped. All creatures revere the person who knows God in the manner thus described. The pupil now says, "Tell me, O spiritual father, the Upanishad, or the principal part of the Ved." The spiritual father makes this answer, "I have told you the principal part of the Ved, which relates to God alone, & indeed told you the Upanishad, of which, austere devotion, control over the senses, performance of religious rites, and the remaining parts of the Ved, as well as those sciences that are derived from the Ved, are only the feet, and whose altar and support is truth.

He who understands it as thus described, having relieved himself from sin, acquires eternal and unchangeable beatitude.

#### Why have so few of the Heathen been Converted?

1. Because so little has been done by the church to convert them. It is doubtful if the church gives the value of their paper rags to convert the heathen, and yet, they profess to follow him who said, "Whoso he be among you that forsaketh not all that he hath he cannot be my disciple."

2. Because what they do give is often given with impure motives. Many professors of religion will give if you make them feel by discarding on the temporal sufferings of the heathen, but they soon forget their warm impressions. Such cannot say, "The love of Christ," but my own sympathies "constrain me." O, for more of the benevolence of Jesus in the church.

3. Because many have given to this cause what they had no right to give. The prices of men, women and children have from time to time, been thrown into the missionary fund. Ah! the intercessions of Gabriel can never sanctify these gifts, for God has declared that he *hates* robbery by burnt offering. Thanks be to God that our Treasury is free from the price of blood—May it ever be so.

4. Because we have so few men who are qualified to go on missions. Not every one who is willing to go, not every one who is educated, not every one who has good speaking talents, is fit for a missionary amongst the heathen, but he who can *suffer* with pleasure, and who can live completely *above the world*. Lord, raise up such men.

5. Because so many professors of religion do not believe that the gospel is to be given to the whole world. The doctrines of Millerism have paralyzed the missionary efforts of many who do not fully admit his theory. Strange it is that so many have a-

dopted the views of that sect as it respects the denial of a temporal millenium, who go no further. O, how prone is the heart of man to seek an excuse for indolence. Millerites do sometimes patronize missions, but it is not usual. Their doctrines do not lead to such a course, and their religion is not the proper kind to engage in such a work.

6. Because so many professors of religion have no intention of being Bible Christians. What is it to be a Christian but to have Jesus Christ *within*? As Christ could not always abide in the world and dwell in every place, it was his will that each of his people should become just such a being as he himself was. Hence he says to his Father, (John 17:18,) "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." Now, were there just as many persons, *just like Christ* in the world, as there are of professors of religion, how long think heathenism would stand?

How much does the gospel require?—Complete conformity to the Divine law.—Rom. 8:3, 4, "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit." These words teach that Christ saves by enabling us to keep the law.

Can any one be saved who does not come up to this standard?

"And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand," &c. The sayings to which Christ refers are those contained in his sermon on the mount, one of which is, "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

#### Nothing done for Christ is lost.

"We mean not to intimate that the costless service we can render has any inherent worth, or any independent influence to produce the smallest spiritual results. But we do mean to say, that nothing Scripturally done for Christ is lost; that of every such act he graciously takes the charge—appoints it a place in his system of means—and causes it to move in a line parallel with the great laws of his government.

Say, what of all the past is lost? the mites of the widow? True, the gift in itself was small, the act trivial; but she has, in high moral effect, been giving them daily ever since. They have multiplied into millions. Those mites have formed an inexhaustible fund; and to the end of time will constitute for the Church an ever-augmenting treasury of wealth. What is lost? the labors of those who first took the Mission field, and who have already fallen? True, they failed in some of their immediate ends, and fell comparatively unwept. But, holy, honored men, your day of moral power is yet to come. Already your names are our titles; your memory is our inspiration; your example, a precious part of our inheritance. By the perusal of your tale shall many a youthful bosom swell with the sacred ambition of living to Christ in heathen lands; and, as he hears your name pronounced

with benedictions, or touches the soil which contains your hallowed dust, or opens the sacred pages which you first laboriously unlocked to wandering eyes, *your* memory shall fire his zeal, and in his labors shall you live again.

What is lost? the blood of the martyrs? True, they fell. The voices which bewailed them sank into silence; the tyranny which crushed them waxed stronger and stronger; and age followed age apparently only to blacken their names, or to proclaim that they had lived and died in vain. But did they? Let the history of truth, struggling with error ever since, testify. Never have their sufferings ceased to thrill the general heart. Long have some of their softest whispers at the stake, been oracles to support the suffering, and watchwords to animate the valiant for the truth.

The time will come, the time when Christ will have taken the earth for his possession. The price has been paid, the time for actual possession appointed—the approach of that time divinely indicated. Let us imagine that future period to have come. There is Christendom purged of its corruptions; India without its caste; China without its wall of selfishness; Africa without its chains; earth without its curse. All its kingdoms consolidated into one vast spiritual empire, are happy in the reign of Christ, and prostrate at his feet. And will it form no part of the employment of that blessed time to trace back that grand consummation to all the trains of instrumentality which led to it? It will, doubtless, form a part of the occupation of heaven itself.

And will not *he* be among the happiest Christians *then*, who perceives that, by embarking his *all* in the cause of Christ, he has an ample *revenue of glory to lay at his Savior's feet?*—*Harris*.

#### "We have got it again."

A French correspondent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, writes from the Department of Mayenno:—"One of our colporteurs, on entering a small town, went into the first house that was open. 'Would you please to buy a Bible?' said he to a woman whom he met with. Scarcely had he asked the question, than the woman, hastily rising from her seat, called out lustily, 'My husband! the Bible! the Bible! We have at last got it again!' On hearing her cries, a man came running in. 'What?' said he, 'the Bible? Where is it? where is it?' At these words the woman turned again to the colporteur, who held a Bible in his hand, and hastily seizing it, she pressed it to her bosom, exclaiming, at the same time, 'No! no! I will never let you go again!'

"The following may serve as an explanation of the foregoing: The Bible had actually been once in the house; it had been read; but in a moment of fear it had been given up to the Cure, who had destroyed it. As much, however, of it as had been read, made a lasting impression upon the readers and hearers; and not a day passed but sighs and prayers were offered up for the return of the Bible-seller."—*Macedonian*.

Convince men by substantial deeds of kindness that you love them.

## Another Heathen Mother.

In this country we often have rain, and we never know when the rain will come; but in the great country far over the seas, called India, it is not so. There it does not rain for many months together, and the burning sun scorches the ground. When the rain comes, it pours so hard, that in a little time the low lands are covered with water. Then it keeps on raining more gently for nearly four months. This rain comes every year. It begins in June, and ends in October.

There is a plant which grows in India, called Indigo.—The blue dye which is used for coloring men's coats, and little boys' dresses, is made from this plant. It is ready to be cut about the time that the heavy rains begin.

One day a gentleman in India was riding over his grounds. The rains had begun, and the waters were rising, and his men were cutting the Indigo plant as fast as they could, for fear it should be spoiled by the floods. The gentleman saw two of his men a little way from him; they had left off cutting the plant, and they were stooping down over something, and seemed to be pitying it very much.—The gentleman went up to them, and he found that they had picked up a poor little baby. Its cruel mother or father had left it there on purpose to die. It must very soon have died: the jackals or vultures would have eaten it, or it would have been drowned in the water. It was very nearly dead; its lips were blue, its eyes were fixed, and its little fingers were clenched together. The gentleman was very sorry for the poor little baby, and he told his men to make haste, and to carry it as quickly as they could to his house. Then he galloped home, and begged his wife to get a warm bath ready for the poor baby. As soon as it was brought in, it was put in the bath, and then it was rubbed with warm flannels. Presently it began to get warm, and the color came to its lips, and it opened its eyes.—How pleased its kind friends must have been that they were in time to save it from death! They could not find its cruel mother. I should think they would not have trusted it with her again. They found a kinder nurse for it, and a few days after they sent it to the Missionary Orphan Asylum at Berhampore. This baby is now growing up into a great boy, and he helps to teach the other little boys in the orphan school. His name is Moses, because, like Moses of whom we read in the Bible, he was drawn out of the water.

There are many poor children in India who have nobody to care for them; no kind parents, and no Christian friends to show them the way to heaven.—Let us pray for them, and try to think what we can do for them.—*Macedonian.*

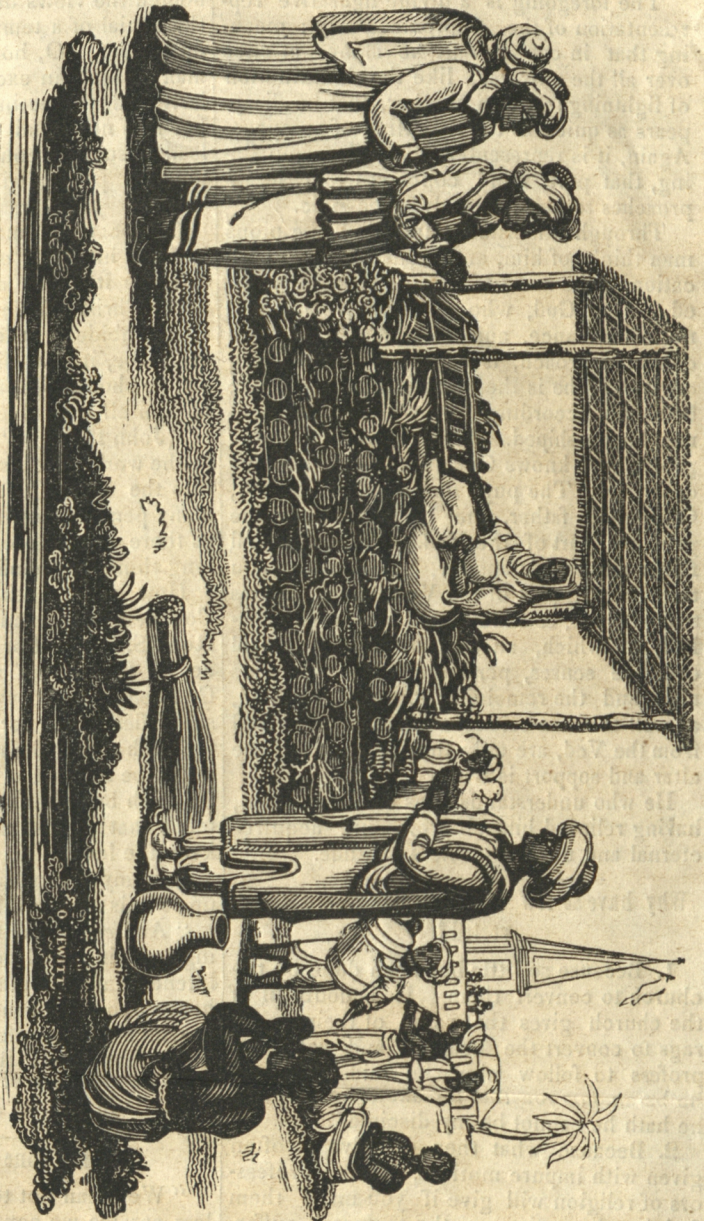
## A Heathen Father.

In India, and China, and many parts of the heathen world, fathers do not love their little girls. Many thousands are killed every year while they are little infants, and those who are allowed to grow up are so unkindly treated, that they are often ready to wish that they too had been killed in infancy.

The wife of a Rajah, or native prince, in India, had five little girls, who were put to death as soon as they were born, by order of their cruel father. When a sixth was born, the mother began to long very much to have a daughter to love, and she managed to get a servant to take it away, without the Rajah knowing anything about it. He thought that the sixth had been put to death like the rest. The poor mother never dared to send for her little girl. She never saw her again, and died some time after.

Many of the little girls in India are very pretty; they have bright dark eyes, and sweet expressive countenances. This little child grew up a very beautiful girl, and

THE SUTTEE—THE SACRIFICE OF BURNING A WIDOW UPON THE FUNERAL PILE OF HER HUSBAND.



when she was eleven years old, some of her relatives ventured to bring her to her father. They thought that he would be struck with the sight of his sweet child, and that he would love her for the sake of her mother who had died. The little girl fell at his feet, and clasped his knees, and looked up in his face, and said, "My father!" What do you think that father did? "Took her in his arms, and kissed her," perhaps some little girl will say. No! he seized her by the hair of her head, drew his sabre from his belt, and cut off her head at one blow!

Dear children, will you not pity and pray for the little girls in India?—*Ib.*

"Every thing in Nature exists for a purpose."

And is it so? has God a purpose fixed  
For all the works of his creation vast?  
The stars that shine in yonder firmament,—  
The glorious monarch of the day,—the moon,  
Whose gentle light the midnight traveler guides,  
The hills, the vales, the rivers in their course,  
The beasts that roam at large the forests wild,  
The insects, buzzing in the summer eve—  
The elements, created by his power,—  
All, are his servant, winds his messengers,  
Rocks, trees, brooks, flowers, obey his well-known law,  
Nor drop of water ere was formed in vain.

Then, surely man, the noblest of his works,  
Created in the image of his God,  
An heir of immortality, endued  
With reason, conscience, judgment, sober sense,  
Man was not made in vain!  
But above all, the Christian, surely he  
Exists for high and holy purposes!

For he is bought,  
Bought too with precious blood, the blood of  
Christ,

And therefore bound to glorify his God  
With all his ransomed powers;  
His time, his talents, influence, reason, speech,  
Whatever he possesses, all belongs  
To Christ, his Lord and Master, to be used  
As pleases God, and not as pleases self.  
What then, should be the object of his life?  
To follow Christ, to walk as Jesus walked,  
Not to gain gold and silver, but to win  
Lost souls to Christ!  
C. P. N.

To die without accomplishing any thing—  
Always intend to do something great here-  
after, but neglect the present humble oppor-  
tunity of usefulness.

To have influence with the public—Take  
a positive rather than a negative position.

This No. completes the first year.—  
Whether any more will be published re-  
mains to be determined by the Ex. Com. of  
the Foreign Mission Society.