NORTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

PUBLISHED FOR THE GENESEE, ONEIDA, AND BLACK RIVER CONFERENCES OF THE M. E. CHURCH.—J. COPELAND, WM. HOSMER, D. HOLMES, A. J. CRANDALL, G. BAKER, A. D. PECK, PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.—NELSON ROUNDS, EDITOR.

VOLUME V. NUMBER XXII. AUBURN, NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1845. WHOLE NUMBER 230.

PUBLISHED AT AUBURN, N. Y.,
In the Basement Rooms of the M. E. Church.

WM. J. MOSES, PRINTER.

THE PAPER.—The Northern Christian Advocate is devoted to family reading and to intellectual and religious progress. The news department, to which a due proportion of the paper is to be appropriated, will present the latest and most important items of intelligence. Our object is to make the Advocate one of the best and cheapest family newspapers in the country.

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Oliphant's Power Press.

ORIGINAL.

For the Northern Christian Advocate.

Oneida Conference Missionary Society.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

The Oneida Conference Missionary Society, in presenting its seventeenth annual report, would recognize, with suitable humility, the solemn and admonitory providences by which two of its members have, during the past year, been removed from the labors of the Church militant, to the rewards of the Church triumphant. The Reverend brethren John Griffin, and Dennis B. York have fallen since our last anniversary; but they fell at the post of duty, and covered with glory. Brother Griffin has been long and favorably known to the ministers and membership of the M. E. Church, within the bounds of the Oneida Conference. His chief characteristic, as a Christian minister, was missionary zeal.—This burned in his bosom with an ever ardent flame. It was the motive power under whose influence he lived and acted. Propelled by its agency, he went out into the highways and hedges; he taught the people from house to house, and with tears: and having spent more than thirty years faithfully and successfully in the field of active service, his career of usefulness was arrested in September last, and he departed in great peace—

"His body with his charge laid down,
And ceased at once to work and live."

May his mantle fall upon his sons in the gospel. Brother York had just left the halls of learning and entered upon the active duties of the ministry. He prosecuted his work for a short period with a zeal and energy which could not have failed to meet with success. But an inscrutable Providence terminated his labors, and transferred him to the heavenly state. Thus is God removing his laborers from the vineyard of this world, to the more exalted employments of the world of glory. We cannot omit to mention a circumstance which adds no little interest to our present anniversary. We allude to the safe return of our beloved brother Seys from Africa, that most dangerous field of missionary labor. The thrilling emotions felt by hundreds at the session of our conference, two years since, when the bishop announced the appointment for Africa, have not yet escaped from our recollection. The fervent prayers that were offered to the God of missions, for the protection of the missionary, have been answered—and having explored the interior of that benighted land, a distance of two hundred miles, and preached the gospel of peace to the degraded natives, he has once more returned in safety to the shores of his adopted country, with the missionary fire still burning in his bosom. Were he present, we would bid him hail on the field of our mutual toil—we would point him to his successor; assure him that the Oneida Conference will never forget Africa, and offer him a share in the responsibilities, sacrifices and rewards of our *glorious itinerancy*.

The cause of missions is the cause of God.—It commenced actively with the advent of the Divine Redeemer, who came on a mission to our fallen world. It has thus far been nourished by the richest effusions of the spirit, and attended by divine manifestations of a marked and signal character; such as gave conquest to the gospel in its first announcements, and will give it triumph in the final consummation of its great and glorious purposes. The first great missionary, Jesus, the Son of God, having planted the standard of his religion in this dark world, sent forth his disciples, saying, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." In the light of this commission, which is the only one under which men can claim authority to preach the gospel, the whole moral field which Christianity is aiming to cultivate, is regarded as missionary ground. Every man, therefore, who becomes a minister of the gospel, is a missionary by virtue of his office. And if he possesses no degree of that missionary fire and zeal which burned in the heart of St. Paul, he is out of his place, and should forthwith return to his former employment.

Sacrifices must be endured by all who enter the evangelical gospel field, and labor successfully. And yet there are particular departments of this field which more especially call for sacrifices than others. Such are some portions of the domestic work, but more especially the foreign missions, under the fostering care of the Christian Church. In entering these fields, the man of God feels himself called as was Abram—to go out from his country and kindred, into a land that God will show him, that he may raise up a people for the name of the Lord.

Though the whole world is in one sense missionary ground, and the Church of God a missionary Church, and every true minister a missionary, yet some departments of the general Church seem better adapted than others, to fulfill the prophetic vision of Daniel, respecting gospel times, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase." Amongst these we rank the M. E. Church, whose providential history and singular organization, mark her as peculiarly missionary in her character. The itinerant feature of her economy, the evangelical zeal and diversified gifts of her ministry, prepare her to act an eminent and efficient part in the work of spreading scriptural holiness over the world. Missionary fire and zeal brought the M. E. Church into being, and have unto her given the signal success; and so long as her ministry keep the fire of divine love burning in their bosoms, and commence and continue their work with the motto of Wesley, "The world is my parish," they will, like him, be permitted to pass away to their eternal reward, cheered with the reflection, "the best of all is, God is with us."

What is the present prospect for the conversion of the world? Viewed from one point it is by no means flattering. For when we consider the much that yet remains to be done, before we can expect to hear from the throne of God's excellent glory, the announcement, "The tabernacle of God is with men," what has been done, loses much of its power to cheer us; and if we depended on the arm of flesh for success, we should be tempted to yield the contest in despair. But viewed in another light, there is great encouragement. For when we reflect that but a small portion of the Christian world are, as yet, awake at all, and that those who are awake are but half awake: when we consider the various disabilities under which the Church has labored, the weak and irresolute efforts she has put forth, and the powerful opposition she has had to contend with, we may well exclaim, "what hath God wrought!" If a nation has not been born in a day, some whole tribes have embraced the true religion, and the gospel leaven is working amongst some portions of every nation under heaven. The success that has thus far attended the feeble attempts made to extend the Redeemer's kingdom, should be regarded as a sufficient pledge of what God will do, when the whole Christian Church is roused to action, with a zeal and energy commensurate with the greatness of the enterprise. It is feared, however, that there has been within the last few years, a falling off from the zeal and enterprise which has hitherto characterized our missionary operations as a Church. From the last annual report of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, it will be seen that we have now in our employ, in the foreign and domestic departments, four hundred and thirty missionaries, including a membership of 57,416.

This, though an advance upon former years, is not, nevertheless, so great an increase as we were authorized to expect, in view of our numbers and facilities, and in view of our former successes. Still we feel that we should be grateful for so much success as has attended our labors. And while we rejoice that God has not left us to labor in the mission field without success, it is our duty to deprecate the occasions of our partial failure, and as far as we can, endeavor to remove them. These occasions may be found in the superficial piety of the Church, the worldly mindedness of Christians, and the financial embarrassments of the country. To these we may add, the deleterious influence of ultraism, north and south. An ultraism, which in the north, has, in many instances, resulted in a morbid sensibility and blind zeal for the extirpation of slavery, without regard to circumstances or consequences—and in the south, has rendered itself ridiculous, by displaying more zeal to maintain the right of owning the bodies than to effect the salvation of the souls of the people. When will these ultraisms cease, and the Church have rest?

Our foreign missions have been generally successful; though this remark must not be taken without some abatement. In some parts, various causes have concurred to hedge up the way of the missionary, and render his success less than was anticipated. But these obstacles are becoming less and less formidable every year—new and interesting fields are opening before us, and calling for laborers: the whole heathen world is rapidly becoming accessible, and making loud demands upon the Church for the Bible and the missionary. And the Church must respond to these calls. She cannot do herself a greater injury than to be indifferent to the Macedonian cry which is sent out from different portions of our benighted race. Let the words of the venerable Dr. Beecher burn in our hearts—"Take care of the foreign missions, and God will take care of the domestic missions: take care of the foreign missions, and God will cause the river of life to roll through the earth till nations shall be born in a day." Our domestic missions are quite extensive, and generally prosperous. The Indian tribes and colored population, and destitute white settlements of our own country, have shared liberally in the benevolence of the Church; and thousands and tens of thousands have been gathered into the fold of Christ, who otherwise never would have heard a gospel sermon.

We have now only a single domestic mission within the bounds of this Conference; the character of which is so well understood, that we need not describe it. There are other places, however, that are justly entitled to be called missionary ground, and nothing is wanting but funds to place them on the mission list. We hope to be able during this session of our Conference, to increase the number of missions within our bounds, and also to commence and carry out measures for improving our missionary collections. Since we began to circumscribe our home missionary operations, our efficiency in the general cause has greatly diminished. We never prospered more, as a Conference, than when we were breaking up new ground, and supporting quite a number of missions in our midst. Nor did we ever do more than then for the general cause. Within the last few years, we have dropped off these missions one after another, and our collections have dropped off in nearly equal proportion. We have decreased long enough, we must now increase, and commence at this anniversary; and we trust there is not a minister in this Conference, or a member within its bounds, who will need any other motive for increased action, than the fact that souls are perishing—perishing for want of the bread of life which we have in our hands.—Though our stock may not be abundant, let us distribute what we have, in the name of the Lord, and he who made the widow's pot of oil a perpetual fountain, and a few loaves and fishes equal to the wants of thousands, will increase in our hands more and more the means of getting and doing good.

The hope of the world's salvation depends on the success of the missionary enterprise. And it will be successful. The decree has passed the court of heaven, that the Son of God "shall have the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.—And the vitality and supernatural energy of divine truth embodied in the missionary cause, is itself a pledge of its final prevalence. It is expansive and diffusive. Like the leaven hid in three measures of meal, its nature is to work till the whole is leavened. Opposition serves but to quicken its energies, and render its triumphs the more complete. Like the sun, it may be obscured, and obliged for a time to travel under clouds; its bright disk may be darkened by the fog and mists of a corrupt and selfish world, but it will emerge to shine with the greater splendor, and the vegetation of the moral world will start forth into new life, and smile under its heavenly rays.

When we look at the positive advance of Christianity, the omnipotence of truth, the moral power of the gospel, the pledge of God that it shall prevail, we cannot feel otherwise than assured of its final and glorious triumph. The victory may be long delayed by the inefficiency of the Church, but come it must, and come it will. Let every Christian adjust the weapons of his warfare, and renew the conflict.

D. HOLMES, *Secretary.*

A Portrait.

A correspondent of one of the daily papers, writing from Mt. Vernon, gives the following spirited sketch of one of the inmates of that venerable mansion.

"On entering the house, we were received and conducted round by a colored man, one of the properties of the place, whose quiet movements, and respectful distance, showed him to be of the household. His head was one that an artist might study for statuary; it was large and well formed, slightly bald, with a round projecting forehead; a full, but mild eye; a large, but proportionable mouth; with a general expression of meekness and almost of veneration, that made us more than once propose questions to him, less for the information which the answer should contain, than to bring into action the features of his face. They told the same story that they did in repose; and we felt certain, that had our attendant lived in the time of Cyprian, he would have done honor to the faith and companionship of that African prelate. We are not sure but even now he does honor to the *faith*, for we thought that on one occasion, there was in his countenance a light, such as religion alone sheds down, when the heart is elevated to the source of all good, and the countenance catches a ray of the light that bursts outward from the heart, newly lighted to a sense of goodness.—And let not our readers smile at the idea of light upon the face of a slave, or of goodness in his heart—Goodness is not the consequence of learning, or of freedom; and truth and religion pour a glory that is the most conspicuous when seen in the contrast of human disabilities."

For the Northern Christian Advocate.

"Follow Me."

Mr. Editor:—If I mistake not, those who, in this enlightened age, profess to be the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, are under no less obligations, so in reality to be, than were the twelve apostles at the time, and after they were chosen. They, immediately on hearing the invitation or command, forsook their homes and wonted employments, and commenced following the Savior. They became intimately acquainted with, and closely attached to Him; and were unwilling to be separated from him, even for a short season. They beheld with interest the miracles which he performed, and were present on every extraordinary occasion, to lend their help if needed, and to show to His enemies and persecutors, that they were determined to follow their beloved Lord. But if I am not mistaken, one of their number—yea another, who wholly apostatized, and finally basely betrayed his Master—became so overconfident in himself, that on a certain occasion he said, Matt. xxvi. 33, Mark xiv. 29, Luke xxii. 31–35: "Though all men be offended, and deny Thee, yet will I not;" and when Christ plainly told him, that before the cock should crow, he would deny Him thrice," he could not be convinced that he should commit so base and ungrateful a deed; but when brought to the trial, he found his confidence and resolution begin to fail him, when he was charged with being one of the disciples of Christ.

Yes, Peter denied his Master, saying, "I know not the man." Had he gone no farther than this, far better had it been for him, but he not only denied his Master, but also began to curse and to swear. O how fearfully had Peter so quickly fallen; but when he came to himself, he wept tears of bitter sorrow, and mourned in deep anguish of soul, that he had been so basely unfaithful, and yielded to temptation in an evil hour.

Christian reader, to you I would appeal.—You have obeyed the voice of the Savior, taken up the consecrated cross, and have resolved, through the grace of God assisting you, to follow the Lord Jesus, through evil as well as good report. You thought, and probably resolved, you never would forsake the Savior, and perhaps have faithfully kept the resolution. You meant to be a faithful and cross-bearing Christian, in every place and under all circumstances. You have often thought, and perhaps desired, that before you should be left to deny your Master, you would rather have your body buried under ground, and your name forgotten among men. Your soul shrunk back, and recoiled as it were, within you, at the thought of forsaking the cause of religion, and denying your Redeemer. But have you not become weary in well doing? Have you not almost lost sight of the object many times, and become unmindful of your duty to God and your fellow men? Have you always followed the Savior in every emergency, and have not neglected the cross in time of trouble? Have you never grieved the holy spirit, so that it has left you to mourn over your unfaithfulness, which has brought desolation and leanness of soul? Does the preaching of the cross melt down that soul of thine in ardent love and devotion, and draw from those eyes tears of humble penitence and contrition, that it once did? Is Jesus, in all his loveliness, continually before your eyes, and in your thoughts and meditations, to excite you onward in the faith of holiness, in humility and fear? If so, then, if I mistake not, your prospects are bright for heaven and immortal glory.

The few thoughts presented in weakness above, I intended should form the foundation, though weak, for the concluding thoughts on that important subject, for the Christian's consideration, contained in those words uttered by our Savior, "Follow me." When I try to drink in and understand the full import of these words, so fraught with meaning, and feel how far short I come of conforming to them, my feelings are strongly affected at the view, and my ardent desires arise to God, that he would give me grace to follow the Savior in the way that he pointed out for the Christian by his precepts and examples.—The importance of yielding obedience to this command has often been proclaimed in the ears of the Christian, and if I attempt to offer any new thoughts on the subject, I shall utterly fail of so doing. This is not my design. Man, though a free moral agent, endowed with reason, is so much like a machine which ceases to move as soon as the propelling power is withdrawn, that he, yes, even the Christian, must be continually acted upon by moral suasion, and every motive that can be set in array before him, to keep him constantly in action, or he will cease to act, and there will be a want of vitality, not in natural life, but in that lively, spiritual existence, that should characterize the Christian; consequently the great importance and utility of keeping fresh before the mind of the Christian the depravity of the human heart, its proneness to evil, its natural tendency to become dormant in the spiritual life, and indifferent in the cause of Christ and religion; and hence the absolute necessity of much of the grace of God in the soul, with much prayer and watchfulness on his part.

It is upon this consideration that I would urge the Christian to increasing zeal in the service of his Divine Master; that I would desire to wake him up to the great importance of being faithful to the cause which he has espoused, and becoming more and more nonconformed to the world, and transformed by the renewal of his spirit, into the image of Christ; of living near the bleeding side of the Savior, by discharging every Christian duty, with an eye fixed on the judgment; living unspotted from the world, and finally, of following the Savior as he intended his disciples should, when he said unto them, "Follow me." Need the Christian be reminded where, and how he should follow the Lord Jesus? No. This he knows if he has read his Bible as much as he should. Men, and some Christian men too, appear to be so constituted, that after they are convinced of their duty, and know what is required of them; when they believe that the commands of the Bible must be strictly conformed to by them if they would finally gain heaven, and are very desirous to live for eternity alone, still they will sink down into a deplorable state of lethargy and stupor, and become almost wholly indifferent to the cause of religion, their own souls, and the souls of their fellow men. A stranger becoming acquainted with them while in this sad condition, could not determine whether they were Christian or infidel in their views; for he would not hear them say any thing on the subject of religion. No; judging from their actions and conversation, he would conclude this was a subject of indifference to them entirely.—Whereas, if his new acquaintance saw him, as head of a family, take down the family Bible from the shelf, and collect his family together, and read the precious promises therein contained, then meekly bow the knee around the family altar, praying to Almighty God, invoking his blessing to rest upon them while they address the throne of grace; thanking him for former mercies so bountifully bestowed upon them, though wholly undeserved; acknowledging their entire dependence on Him for life and all its enjoyments; pleading the merits of Christ as their only hope of salvation, and humbly asking his divine guidance through the day; and then going forth to engage in his daily labors with a glad heart, acting out the principles of the inspired word, and conducting as though he remembered his morning prayer, and was constantly trying to carry out his resolutions in practice; thus living day by day with his heart evidently fixed on things above; saying by all his actions and conversation, "there, in heaven is my rest;"—I say, if this stranger was witness to this kind of consistency of life, would he not quickly conclude that this man was a Christian? O what a pleasing object to behold, is the warm hearted, zealous, active, living Christian! He is like the fertile spot in the midst of a dreary desert, where all else is barren wastes and burning sands. Let us, Christian reader, follow the meek and lowly Savior, follow him through evil as well as good report; deny ourselves of every thing that serves to distract the mind; and take it off from its object, and live as sojourners and pilgrims here; showing forth, by our daily walk and conversation; that we walk by faith on the Son of God; that he is our strength and our Redeemer; our everlasting portion; that God is our God, and Heaven our eternal home.

J. D.

Martinsburgh, August 7, 1845.

For the Northern Christian Advocate.

Conformity to the World.

No. 3.

"A Christian is the highest style of man."—Thus sung a favored child of song, whose heart was tempered by the softening graces of religion. But a greater than Dr. Young hath said:—"Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, (or love to God and man,) I am nothing." We learn that every human attainment is very defective, and of no *real value*, except *religion* crown the whole. Man may place value in some earthly treasure—his corrupt and perverted nature may find a great deal of excellence in the cankered riches of this world, but the pure and spotless dignity of Jehovah does not take these into the account, in judging of character.

"No; thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale."

There is a native dignity in religion, baffling human language to picture.

There are charms real and elevated. Religion gives to human nature its *worth*. It softens the untempered passions of the soul, and gives proper direction to the downward, unsanctified propensities of our nature. It makes the poor man *rich*, and the rich man *poor*. It springs up in the vale of poverty and sorrow, and like a star in the darkness of midnight, it points onward to a fadeless inheritance in the skies. It sits gracefully in the palace, and richly adorns the king on his throne. It lifts reason through the mists and fogs of sense, and captivates the wild imagery of human intelligence. O thou daughter of Paradise! how lovely and excellent are thy virtues!—one of those germinations of Deity wanting a name.

"Knew I the name devout archangels use,
Devout archangels should the name enjoy."

We speak of "pure and undefiled religion." If then, it is a thing so valuable, the only *real* dignity of our being, why should not its beauty shine through its professors? Why should there be such crouching to the world? Why are Christians so often ashamed to recommend it to the ungodly? Why do the Church so often throw their own duties upon the minister? Why is personal effort such a stranger in the Church?

Some Christians press all their religion into a very narrow compass of time. Upon the Sabbath they are attentive to Christian duties.—They are in their seat in the sanctuary. They are in the class and prayer room. If they meet a poor humble follower of the Lamb, they can then press his hand and give him a Christian salutation. The Sabbath is past—the cares of life spring up around them—they are ushered into the world—and alas! they have carefully laid aside their religious garment, for the next Sabbath. They have no time to worship God at the family altar—they cannot be troubled with Christian duties in their business with the world—they are eager to make a "good trade," and tell as smooth a story as any of their ungodly neighbors. If they meet that same humble child of God, it is with a cold smile, and perhaps cannot "stoop" from the dignified company of some "rich man" to speak to him. From all such Christians may a righteous God deliver the Church.

The world has no controversy with this kind of fashionable religion. This kind of religion is no new thing. It existed in the dawn of Christianity. It was that kind which asked, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" It is an inferior edition of that which "made long prayers in the streets to be seen of men." It was this kind of religion which "passed by on the other side;" and at an earlier period said, "preach unto us smooth things."

It has followed down through the track of time, and has reached the 19th century—it is in the Church of Christ now—in the Methodist Church. O may God sweep it from our borders?

It is impossible to be a "speculators," and a true Christian. God has not any where given his children liberty to depart from strict honesty. There is no apology that will prevail for doing wrong. The claims of God's law will not bend to suit our peculiar circumstances.

There is enough *professed* religion in Christendom, to purify the world. Were the Church to become indeed "a city set on a hill," her light would soon charm and illumine the entire world. "A little (pure) leaven leaveneth the whole lump." I would not be a "fault finder." I remember that "charity suffereth long, and is kind,—hopeth all things, believeth all things." But if there was ever a period in the history of the Church, when the naked, unsophisticated *truth* should be proclaimed, we have fallen upon that age.

What Christian heart does not bleed amid the present moral desolation in the Church? Our *cause* with many a mere play-thing—the zeal of warm hearts growing cold—and discord and division springing up among brethren—where is the Christian who can coolly behold this scene? We lose much every way, by conforming to the world. We lose the life and power of godliness out of the soul, and endanger our eternal happiness. We bring a severe wound upon Christ's cause, and withhold the salutary influence we should exert. We lower ourselves in the favor of God, and in the esteem of the ungodly world, we attempt to please.

The "world" is not destitute of *reason*, and reason admires *consistency* in all things.

My young brother, think of this. When you again turn to the flattering appearances of the world, remember you have once proved them to be air, and "altogether lighter than vanity."—When you are turning away from duty, and listening again to the delusive song of merriment, think, I beseech you, how *great* is your sin. My sister, turn not thy mind to the gay notions of the world's feverish vanity. They will cheat thy soul of enjoyment and heaven. The way to heaven is "straight and narrow." O let the dignity of thy work, the value of thy cause, lead thee to "walk carefully before God." When death shall call, and the veil to the "dark future" be lifted, how trifling will earth's gayest treasure appear. And O, when the dawn of eternity awakens us to the reality of our existence—when the "throne is set," and God "separates the wicked from the just"—then eternally happy will it be for us, if our names are among those who, while on earth, were *not conformed to the world*.

JAMES.

Rigs, August 20, 1845.

For the Northern Christian Advocate.

Is there not a Better Way?

It has been customary, at least for some years past, to make some special efforts at our Conference missionary meetings to raise funds for missionary purposes. But how far have such efforts succeeded beyond what the preachers themselves have done? I have frequently attended such anniversaries, and have seldom known many to respond to the call except ministers, or in other words, those who were themselves missionaries. I do not wish to object to those interesting and soul-stirring occasions, but it does appear to me that one of the most prominent objects they have in view, or are intended to secure, is almost entirely lost, and that is aid, from the people. At some period during the session of the Conference, the names of the preachers are called over, that each may pay his dollar or more for his annual membership of the Conference Missionary Society, and perhaps as much more for his lady. In the meantime arrangements are being made for the Conference missionary meeting. The time arrives, the best speakers are generally introduced, and noble efforts are made. After much has been properly and fitly spoken, and many are apparently feeling after their purse-strings, the collection is taken up. But who are the contributors? Why, those very preachers who had been paying in the missionary money before.—But what next? It would be rather small business to wind up with that collection merely.—But what is now to be done? Set on foot some one, two, or five dollar propositions. But who? Why the preachers of course. No other one, it is hoped, would be so obtrusively forward as to start a proposition. And though it should be announced that there is "no monopoly," yet no one dares interfere in this matter, except a few venturesome spirits, who are willing to hazard their reputation by the announcement of their names. Such boldness, however, will be pardonable in them, seeing it may be the last proposition, and the preachers' purses are becoming pretty nearly exhausted. The benediction is pronounced. The meeting is spoken of as being very interesting, and so it was. The people have made a splendid contribution.

Ministers, especially, should give, from principle, to the various benevolent objects, all that duty requires. They should need no special excitement to induce them to do so. And in giving all they feel able to, at these places, the influence of their example seems almost entirely lost. It can be but little or nothing on the charges they have been serving, or those they are about to serve. Who are to be the prominent agents in collecting missionary supplies during the year? The itinerant preachers.—But with all their missionary zeal, and that newly fanned up, they have disqualified themselves to take the lead on their respective charges, either at their missionary meetings or on the subscription list. Hence the people whom they are exhorting to do all they can, suppose the preachers to be doing little or nothing themselves. Would it not be better, therefore, for each preacher to use the little he is able to give as a fulcrum of his operations during the year? If he is able to constitute his whole family members of the Conference Missionary Society, let him place the amount, whether little or much, at the head of the subscription list for raising missionary monies on his charge. Or if he must do less, let him pursue this course; and will it not be a powerful stimulus to others to follow his example? How many private members, on our circuits and stations, pay more than a dollar each? We hope the preachers will by no means diminish their annual contributions, nor their personal efforts in the missionary cause, but by precept and example, lead the people into a systematic method of sustaining it. The late efforts in our Church to introduce system into all our missionary operations, will, we hope, not prove fruitless. We need *system*. Could we but introduce the Wesleyan plan to support the gospel, as well as other benevolent enterprises, it would relieve many puzzled heads and aching hearts. Yea more, it would doubtless very much increase the efficiency of the itinerant minister, who has abandoned every other employment to carry the glad tidings of salvation to a lost and perishing world. May the time soon come when every wheel in the great machinery of our beloved Methodism will be in perfect order, and move in its appropriate place.

DELTA.

August 15, 1845.

From the New York Evangelist.

The Missionary—A Sailor Story.

BY REV. JOHN B. C. ABBOTT.

The following story of a seaman was recently related to the writer.

Many years ago, when New Zealand was a land of uninterrupted heathenism, the ship in which I was a common sailor dropped anchor at a cautious distance from the shore, in one of the harbors of that island. We had been months upon the ocean without seeing any land. And when the sublime mountains and luxuriant valleys of the magnificent isle rose from the wide waste of waters before us, it was difficult to realize that we were not approaching some region of fairy enchantment. We soon, however, found that we were in this world of sin and woe, for it so happened that there was a terrible fight between two war-parties of the natives raging at the very hour in which we entered the lovely bay. From the deck of our ship, we witnessed with awe the whole revolting scene, the fierce assault, the bloody carnage, the infuriated shrieks, the demoniac attitudes of those maddened savages, as they fell upon each other with a degree of fury which seemed more than human. Often we saw the heavy club of the New Zealand savage fall upon the head of his antagonist, and as he fell lifeless to the ground, his head was beaten by reiterated blows, till exhaustion satiated fury. This awful scene of savage life, as beheld from the deck of our ship, impressed even us, unthinking sailors, with emotions of deepest melancholy.

In consequence of the war, or of some other cause no canoe from the shore approached our ship. As we were entirely destitute of wood, the captain sent a boat's crew, with many cautions as to safety, to the opposite side of the harbor to collect some fuel. I was sent with the party. We landed upon a beautiful beach, upon which a heavy surf was rolling. The savage scene we had just witnessed so filled us with terror, that we were every moment apprehensive that a party of cannibals would fall upon us and destroy us. After gathering wood for some time, we returned to the boat, and found to our dismay, that the surf rolling in upon the beach had so increased, that it was impossible to launch the boat. The sun was just setting behind angry clouds which betokened a rising storm. The crested waves were rolling more and more heavily in from the ocean. A dark night was coming on, and savage warriors, their hands already dripping with blood, were every where around. We were all silent. Not one was willing to speak of his fears, and yet no one could conceal them.

Before we left the ship, the Captain had informed us that an English missionary had erected his hut about two miles from the place where we were to land. The captain had visited him about two years before in his solitary home, and it was then very uncertain whether he would be able to continue in his post of danger. We immediately resolved to endeavor to find the missionary, and to seek such protection as he could afford us for the night.

Increasing masses of clouds rolled up and spread over the sky; and as we groped our way through the deep and tangled forest, darkness, like that of Egypt, enveloped us. After wandering about, we hardly knew where, for some time, we heard the loud shouts of savages either in conflict or in revelry. Cautiously we approached the sounds, till we beheld a large war-party gathered around their fires, with the hideous trophies of their recent battle, and exulting over their victory. We thought it wise to keep as far from them as possible, and again turned from the light of their fire into the dark forest, where we could hardly see an arm's length before us. We at length came upon a little path, and slowly following it along, stumbling in the darkness, over rocks and roots of trees, we came in view of the twinkling light of a lamp. I, with another, one of the party, was sent forward to reconnoitre. We soon found that the light proceeded from a hut, but whether from the night-fire of the savage New-Zealander, or from the lamp of the Christian missionary, we knew not; and few can imagine the anxiety with which we cautiously moved along to ascertain how the fact might be. Our hopes were greatly revived by the sight of a glazed window. And when through that window, we saw a man in the garb of civilized life, with his wife and one little child kneeling in their evening prayers, our joy knew no bounds.

Waiting a few moments till the prayer was closed, we entered the door; and, though the surprise of the inmates was very great in seeing two white sailors enter their dwelling, we were most hospitably received. The missionary immediately lighted his lantern and proceeding with us, led the rest of our party to his humble abode. We all slept upon his floor for the night. Weary however, as I was, I found but little rest. I thought of my quiet New England home, from which I had been absent but a few months. I thought of my mother, and her anxiety about her sailor boy in this his first voyage. The scene was indeed a novel one to me. The swelling winds of the tempestuous night, the wild scenes of man and nature all around us, the vivid image of the bloody conflict, with the remembrance of its hideous and fiend-like outcries, all united so to oppress my spirit that I found but little repose. My companions, however, perhaps more accustomed to danger and perhaps less addicted to thought were soon soundly asleep.

Early in the morning, a party of warriors came to the missionary's hut in search of us, having somehow ascertained that a boat's crew were on the shore. The missionary and his wife, both in countenance and manner, manifested the deepest anxiety for our safety. The savages were imperious and rude, and it seemed to me, then, that nothing but the restraining power of God preserved us uninjured in the midst of such cruel and treacherous men. While they had been somewhat subdued in spirit, by the kindness, the meekness, and the utter helplessness of the missionary's family, they considered us sailors fair game for plunder and abuse. By the most earnest solicitations on the part of the missionary they were induced to spare us. The missionary accompanied us to our boat, and we had for our retinue, a troop of, rioting and carousing savages, brandishing their bloody war clubs over our heads, to convince us that we were in their power. A walk of two miles conducted us to the beach. It was a fearful walk, and the watchful anxiety of our friend proved that he considered our danger very great. When we arrived at the beach, some of the natives manifested great reluctance to let us go. Some took hold of our boat to draw it farther upon the land, while they seemed to be earnestly arguing with the rest upon the folly our escape. At length, however, they yielded to the remonstrances of the missionary, and aided us in launching our boat, through the now subsiding surf.

As we rowed from the shore and looked back upon the devoted man, standing upon the beach in the midst of these rude savages, and thought of his return to his solitary home, and of the days, weeks and months he must there pass in thankless labors, I thought that his lot was, in a worldly point of view, one of the hardest I had ever known, and I wondered that any man could be so hard-hearted as to speak in terms of reproach, and point the finger of scorn towards the Christian missionary.

In my last voyage, about two years ago, I again entered the same harbor. It is now called Bay of Islands, and it is one of the most beautiful places, in natural scenery, on the surface of the globe. I could hardly credit my eyes as I looked out upon a handsome and thrifty town, with many dwellings indicative of wealth and elegance. There were churches of tasteful architecture, and school children with their slates and books. And there were to be seen New Zealander families dwelling in cheerful peace, sanctified by morning prayers and evening hymns. The untiring efforts of the missionary had, through God's blessing, created a new world. And the emotions of deep compassion with which I had regarded him, when we left him