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CONTENTS.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.—Dedication and Training, p. 35. Education and Foreign Missions, p. 35. Pastoral Hints to Candidates, p. 36. Good Influences, p. 36. School in Charleston, p. 37. Two Academies in West Hanover Presbytery, p. 37. Another Presbyterian Academy, p. 38. McDonough College, p. 38. Oglethorpe University, p. 39. Educational Truths, p. 39. Receipts, p. 40.

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—Correction, p. 40. Recent Intelligence, p. 40. China: Ningpo Mission, p. 41. Letter of Rev. A. W. Loomis, p. 44. Omahaw and Otoe Mission. Extracts from letters of Mr. D. E. Read, p. 45. Extracts of letter from Rev. E. McKinney, p. 46. Ottawa Mission, Report of Rev. F. Dougherty, p. 47. Later, p. 48. Home and Foreign Missions, p. 48. Missionary Contributions of the Poor, p. 48. Donations, p. 49. Notices, p. 50.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION.—A Word to our Friends, p. 51. Agency for the South, p. 51. Instrumental in Revivals, p. 51. Cheering Letter, p. 51. The "Great Supper" Going the Rounds, p. 52. A Friend Indeed, p. 52. Systematic Circulation by a Pastor, p. 52. A Young Man's Impressions of the Colporteur Work, p. 52. Notices of Books, p. 53. They rank with any Books, p. 53. Engraving and Notice of Mary Gutzlaff, p. 54. Sketches of Virginia, p. 55. Donations, p. 55.

BOARD OF DOMESTIC MISSIONS.—Notices, p. 56. Present state of Domestic Missionary Operations, p. 56. Sabbath-school of Central Church, Cincinnati, p. 57. Females may do much for the Cause, p. 57. Church Extension, p. 58. Communications from Missionaries.—California, p. 59. Wisconsin,—Iowa, p. 60. Arkansas, p. 61. A Missionary in want of Books, p. 61. Receipts, p. 61.

MISCELLANEOUS AND ECCLESIASTICAL.—Wants of our Church, p. 53. Letting the People give, p. 34. Ecclesiastical Record, p. 63. Revivals, p. 64. Circulation of Record, p. 64.

For the Home and Foreign Record.

THE WANTS OF OUR CHURCH.

It is well for the church that her head is the "Wonderful Counsellor." No finite mind can comprehend all the wants of any church. Yet we may, and, if we would do our duty, we must exercise our best powers in learning our own real wants, both as individuals and as communities. The subject is vast. Yet the following thoughts may be suggested:

1. We much need a copious effusion of the blessed Holy Spirit. We are greatly wanting in zeal and liveliness in our Master's cause. The fires of devotion have not a vehement flame. What would apostles and martyrs have done with no more love to God than is generally manifested now!

2. We must raise the standard of ministerial learning. Commonplaces and mere exhortations will not much longer pass for good preaching in many parts of our country. The ministry must go in advance of the popular mind much farther than it seems likely to do, or it will lose much of its power.

3. A support must in some way be secured for our ministers, especially those of moderate talents. Many of them receive just enough to keep them unhappy and distressed. Double their present income would not more than bring the comforts of life within their reach. They are heartless and discouraged. Their libraries do not grow. They are driven to secular pursuits. Our Board of Missions does all it can, but it should be so supported that it might this year double the average allowed to missionaries.

4. Immediate steps should be taken to erect a thousand parsonages in our churches. Let

among us by Providence, and must be supported. Who will give to our Board the small sum of twenty-two dollars per year? They could then call the name of this boy either — or — or —.* May God use him for His glory!

LETTER OF THE REV. A. W. LOOMIS: DATED AT SEA, SEPTEMBER 24, 1849.

Reasons for his returning to the United States.

The return of a valuable and esteemed missionary from such a field of labour as China, is a sad event. But it may be a measure at once necessary and expedient. This letter of Mr. Loomis, stating his views of duty, and an account of his loss of health, will secure for him the sympathy of our readers. It is not always that a particular statement, as in this instance, of the reasons for a missionary's return from his field, can be published, though the measure may be one of urgent necessity.

My Dear Sir—This may be the first intimation you will receive that Mrs. Loomis and myself have left Ningpo and embarked for Canton, with a design to proceed to the United States, unless Providence points out some other course to be pursued.

I know full well how much to be regretted such a step will appear to you, and to all who have been giving to, praying for, and looking for favourable results from this missionary field. I know something of the feeling that prevails in the churches in reference to the return of missionaries from the scene of their labours. I assure you that it was my sincere desire, and has ever been my prayer that, if the will of the Lord be so, I might continue till death labouring according to my poor ability in a foreign field. I have not, however, at any time thought it a wrong or improper thing for a missionary to leave a field in which from want of health he could no longer be of service. I have never thought it wrong for a missionary to be absent for a season from his field, if there was a prospect of his life being preserved by the means, or prolonged, or if he might be by this means recovered and prepared for renewing his labours.

I fully believe in an overruling Providence, which is a particular providence, and that all our steps, all events, every thing that befalls us, is of God's ordering. But it is still true, that some of these providences seem for a time to bring evil to the church; they seem disastrous, and I fear that perhaps I may be chosen as the instrument of some of these apparently disastrous providences. Not that I suppose that my

being called from the field will be such a loss, but I fear that the return of another labourer may dishearten the friends of missions. But if I know my heart in this matter, I do desire to feel submissive to the allotments of Providence. If God has sent disease upon me, which will prevent my being of service here, it would be unreasonable in me to insist upon remaining a burden and expense to the mission.

Perhaps I am to be blamed for not submitting earlier to what was very plainly intimated to me months ago that I ought to do. The doctor said last spring that almost the only thing he could have hopes from, for permanent cure, was a long sea-voyage and rest. He had some hope that the residence in Chusan would benefit me; and I have been constantly using such remedies as he prescribed; yet notwithstanding the disease has been increasing. . . .

We all have the greatest confidence in Dr. McCartee's skill and judgment in medical matters, and none of us think he would advise the return of a fellow-labourer, unless he thought it consistent with his obligations to the Church and with the duties he owes to God. I feel that much time has already been consumed in trying what may be done in this country. It is now about four months since I was laid aside, and I fear the result of experimenting longer in so critical a matter; though so great was my aversion to leaving Ningpo, that I probably should have remained some time yet, had not this opportunity been presented.

It is a trying providence to me to have to leave at this time. I have been looking forward with hope to the time when one should come to relieve me from the care of the printing-office, that I might give myself more exclusively to study and to the preaching of the word. I am disappointed in some of my fond anticipations. I love my field. I love my brethren here. I love the perishing people. I love my work. Yet I hope also that I will love my heavenly Father no less, though he cut off my fond hopes. I wish ever to be ready to hear his call, whatever it may be.

I do not fear that the work will suffer because I leave. My service is poor at best, and I am aware of my slackness in performing the duties I ought to have fulfilled. I believe, moreover, that God is able to raise up more and better labourers; and he will keep in this field just as many and just that kind of labourers he would have here.

A kind Providence has hitherto watched over the Mission at Ningpo, in sending help just at the time it was needed. Mr. Coulter is now there, and has taken charge of the printing department; and Mr. and Mrs. Rankin have been appointed to take charge of the female school, for which they seem well qualified, and it appears to be a department of labour in which they both delight. We leave our brethren all in the midst of their labour, and all suffering more or

* His name is Ying Yuh—Illustrious Brightness.

less from the effects of the uncommonly sickly season we have had this summer. Not one in Ningpo, I think I may say, has been free from sickness of one kind or another. Fever and ague, remittent fever, and diarrhoea have prevailed principally. As the cold weather comes on, we hope there will be an improvement.

You have already been apprized of the nature of my disease, bronchitis. It had been coming upon me for some time before I thought it sufficiently serious to apprise the doctor of it—a slight cough, hoarseness, sore throat after speaking, much expectoration,—these had been increasing during the winter. Mrs. Loomis, who had been noticing these symptoms, at length apprized Dr. McCartee, and he at once began a course of treatment, and advised cessation from labour, especially from speaking and conversation. After my return from Chusan, I wrote to you, informing you of the manner in which I had been spending the summer, and stating that though my health in other respects had improved, yet my throat was no better. At the regular meeting of the Mission in June, I was strongly advised to take a short sea-voyage, and the funds were voted to defray the expense. I could not then bear to think of such a step, and begged to be allowed to try Chusan for two months. I have tried that place, but with no beneficial results so far as my throat is concerned. Sore throat, pains in the chest, expectoration of blood and bloody matter, are now constant symptoms.

Much is hoped for from a long sea-voyage, yet these hopes may not be realized. I may not recover, but I pray to be at all times, and under all circumstances, resigned and cheerful. I feel some degree of comfort in the consciousness that I gave myself to God to be employed by him in his service. I thank him for what he has permitted me to see of the work that has been done in the foundation of his temple at Ningpo, while I trust he will forgive my shortcomings and imperfections in the part I have undertaken. Praying for every blessing to be unto you,

I remain, dear sir, Yours sincerely.

OMAHAW AND OTOE MISSION.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF MR. D. E. READ.

Notices of a Journey with an Indian Hunting Party.

Writing from his station on the 2d of November, Mr. Read gives some accounts of his journey with the Omahaws on their summer hunt in pursuit of the buffalo. He is probably the only white man that ever went with them on such an excursion.

We started on the 7th of June, and reached

home on the 27th of August, after going a distance of three hundred and twenty-five miles in a direction nearly north-west. I went with these rude savages unarmed and unprovided with food or shelter, anxious to have them understand that I relied upon the principles of the religion of peace for that protection which they sought in the gun, the tomahawk, and the scalping-knife. . . . In my intercourse with them, I have always endeavoured to exemplify the law of kindness, to meet them with tokens of friendship, to listen with ready sympathy to their tales of want and sorrow. In return, I have always been treated kindly by them. I have received no threats and met with no abuse, but they have shown me the kindness of brethren.

At a distance of three hundred and twenty-five miles from home, we had the dreadful misfortune to come in contact with a horde of savages, who attacked us, and cut down six Omahaws, and disabled ten or twelve more, besides killing and taking forty-two of our horses. My horse was taken by the enemy, and I was left to get home with my luggage as well as I could.

Mr. Read then speaks of the kindness of the Indians on his return. They insisted on carrying his burden, though heavily laden with their own, and put themselves to no little trouble to help him in crossing the numerous streams on their way.

Concerning his end in accompanying them, Mr. Read says:

The kindness of my Omahaw friends greatly strengthened my attachment to them, and increased my desire to have them become acquainted with the "Friend of Sinners," so that they might love him, and choose him for their Prophet, Priest, and King. I was enabled to tell these degraded heathen that there is one, and but one God, and that all men were made by him of one blood, and should therefore love him and love one another. . . .

They were unusually successful in their hunt, but, alas! these poor, ungrateful creatures, instead of being thankful for the supply of their wants, and contented when they had gotten enough, kept on killing and wasting the buffalo, in utter disregard of the Great Giver. Was it not by his permission, as a punishment, that they were visited with the awful infliction already mentioned? Thus their prodigality and neglect of God were rebuked, and they were made not only willing, but anxious to return home. May the time soon come when they shall be "made willing in the day of God's power!"