

FOREIGN MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

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WESTERN FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

AFRICAN MISSION.

Agreably to an intention expressed in our August No., the Mission for Africa was organized, in the city of New York, early in the present month, and has since sailed for Monrovia. It consists of the Rev. John B. Pinney, the Rev. Matthew Laird and wife, the Rev. John Cloud, and Mr. James Temple. The Rev. Mr. Laird was ordained by the Presbytery of Northumberland, in the first week of the present month. The ordination of Mr. Cloud took place in the Rev. Dr. Spring's church, (N. Y.,) on the evening of the 11th instant.—That spacious edifice was filled to overflowing with a very attentive congregation. The appropriate discourse of the Rev. Mr. Krebbs, and the impressive charge and ordaining prayer of Dr. M'Cartee, were such as truly to deserve the close and solemn interest which they awakened.

At the closing missionary meeting, held in the Wall street church, (N. Y.,) on the following Monday evening, at which the instructions to the missionaries were delivered, the Rev. President Durbin and the Rev. Dr. Spring addressed the meeting—Mr. D. in reference to the growth and progress of the missionary spirit, and the present state of Christianity in Africa; and Dr. Spring on the need of a great increase of laborers for the foreign field, and the duty of ministers and churches in this country, by the union and consolidation of small congregations, and the exercise of a stricter economy of means in other ways, to provide for a larger contribution of ministerial help in the great work of Foreign Missions. The assembly were also addressed by two

of the missionaries, Messrs. Pinney and Cloud; and the services, (after a collection amounting to \$141 18 $\frac{1}{2}$,) were concluded with the benediction, by the Rev. Dr. Phillips, who also presided, and offered the introductory prayer. Of the addresses delivered by President Durbin and Dr. Spring, we have only room to say, that we entertain the hope of being hereafter enabled to lay an abstract of them before our readers.

Instructions to the Rev. Messrs. Matthew Laird, John B. Pinney, and John Cloud, and Mr. James Temple.

In conformity with your convictions of duty expressed to us, and the wishes of the Western Foreign Missionary Society, arrangements have been made for the commencement of a mission in Africa, and the time has now arrived when you are about to bid adieu to your native land, and repair to the scene of your future labors. You will proceed from this city to the borough of Norfolk, Va., and take passage in the ship Jupiter, now waiting at that port, bound for Liberia.

Among the earliest acts of the Executive Committee of our society was the adopting of a resolution to commence a mission in Western Africa, and one of you was among the first missionaries whom the society received after its organization. Before any laborers were sent to that important field with the view of commencing a permanent establishment, it was deemed expedient to attempt an exploration of the accessible parts of Western Africa. When the two brethren appointed to that important and ar-

There with converts Christ adoring,
Sing with joy redemption's song;
Go, dear brethren,
Win to Christ a happy throng.

Yet shall Afric's lofty mountains,
Ev'ry vale and verdant grove,
Burning sands and cooling fountains,
Echo God's redeeming love:
Hope of heathen—
Jesus will their refuge prove.

Wand'ers near the waste Sahara,
Arab, Mussulmaun and Moor;
All shall sing, with bless'd Caffrar'a,
Christ's salvation evermore;
Brethren hasten,
Sound the theme from shore to shore.

Make, O God, the winds propitious,
Hush the storm, the billows quell;
Make, O make their course auspicious,
Saviour, in their bosoms dwell,

With affection—

Dear young brethren, thus FAREWELL!

This was followed by the Missionary's Farewell, written by the Rev. S. F. Smith, of Boston, which was sung by the brethren Cloud and Laird, and the republication of which in this place will not be unacceptable to the friends of missions.

Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well,
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home! indeed I love thee!
Can I—can I say—*Farewell?*
Can I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me:

Lovely native land farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died, the blessed Savior—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Bear me on, thou restless Ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, Farewell—Farewell!

The Rev. Dr. Brown then pronounced the benediction, which, at fifteen minutes past nine o'clock, closed a meeting, the record of which will doubtless long remain unimpaired in many a Christian's heart.

Contributions were received in aid of the Society's funds, amounting to between two and three hundred dollars, and several articles of jewelry.

The assembly on this occasion was unusually large, and the peculiar attention which was manifested indicated that a more than ordinary interest was felt in the object of the meeting. It must be truly grateful to every one who sincerely prays, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," to observe, that although meetings in relation to the departure of missionaries for foreign fields of labor have ceased to be novel, yet the interest in them, and the appropriate feelings which they are calculated to excite in every benevolent bosom, are increasing. May the time soon come when every monthly concert of prayer shall be connected with salutations of brethren on the eve of their departure to convey the lamp of life to souls involved in the deep and dreadful darkness of the night of death. * * *

From the Rev. Dr. Miller, of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, who had been invited to attend the meeting in New York, and address the audience, the following letter was received. As it came too late to be read on that occasion, and contains an impressive appeal in behalf of the

missionary cause, we take the liberty of inserting it in this place.

—
Princeton, Oct. 14th, 1833.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:

Your letter of the 11th instant reached me in the afternoon of the next day, at too late an hour, however, to admit of my replying by the return of the mail; and now I write without being certain whether my communication will arrive in time to answer the purpose for which it is intended.

I am rejoiced to hear of the proposed missionary meeting this evening, in the Wall street church. It would give me peculiar pleasure to be present, and to take a part in the exercises. No secular business, that I can easily think of, should prevent my enjoying this privilege. But, situated as I am, I must deny myself the gratification. Our Synod meets to-morrow afternoon, at Newton, in Sussex county, sixty miles from this place. For several special reasons, I consider it as my duty to be there, and have accordingly made arrangements for setting out this morning, for that place, which I am persuaded ought not to be abandoned.

But, my dear Sir, though necessarily absent in body, I shall be present with you in spirit—and, I hope, in some measure engaged, in private, in imploring a blessing on your meeting. I rejoice that *Ethiopia* is beginning, in good earnest, to “stretch forth her hands unto God.” I rejoice that our promising and incalculably important colony in *Liberia* (which may God of his infinite mercy protect, extend, and bless!) is likely to receive new and valuable accessions of light and strength. And I rejoice that the “Western Foreign Missionary Society” is advancing, with plans which appear to me so judicious, and with strides so vigorous. Every thing, at the present day, seems to conspire to encourage and animate in the missionary enterprize. The state of the *heathen nations*, and the state of *our own country*, alike call us to redoubled effort. The *whole heathen world* is now, with very little exception, *wide open before us*, and, if not actually, yet virtually, inviting the labors of Christian benevolence. And *our own country* was never so well able to answer this call, and to send to the

benighted and the perishing the light of life, as at this hour. In these circumstances, surely every consideration, both of *piety* and *humanity*, calls upon us to be active; to extend our plans; to cherish new zeal; and to endeavor to secure the co-operation and the prayers of every one who wishes well to the church of God, and the cause of human improvement and happiness.

It is delightful to see a new spirit rising in reference to that greatest of all objects, the conversion of the world to God. The time has been, when serious Christians were apprehensive that the spirit of Foreign Missions, if cherished and acted upon beyond certain very moderate bounds, would exhaust the resources and impair the strength of the churches at home. This error, I trust, is now beginning to be abandoned by the most of those who study the word of God, and regard the dispensations of his providence. They begin to see that efforts to spread the gospel abroad are the surest pledge of its power and success at home; that, when such efforts are sincerely and fervently made, they never fail to rouse, to animate, and to draw down a blessing upon those who make them; and that, of course, however feeble and impoverished a church may be, one of the very best means of enlarging, strengthening and building herself up, is to engage, heart and hand, in the hallowed work of sending the gospel to the benighted and the perishing. O, if we could hear of all the churches being united as one man, in feeling, praying, and laboring for the conversion of the world, we might certainly conclude that “the time, even the set time to favor Zion, in a glorious manner, had come.”—That Christian is the best friend to the revival and spread of religion at home, and does most effectually promote it, who is most zealous, active, and prayerful in the great work of sending the gospel, from the rising of the sun, even to the going down of the same.

These are my views of the spirit and aspect of the missionary cause in general.—But how shall I describe my feelings, when decisive symptoms begin to appear, that even *AFRICA*—dark, neglected, injured *AFRICA*—is “coming up for a memorial before God!” May the Lord unite every

heart and every hand in this glorious enterprise, and turn to foolishness the counsels of all those who would pervert its design or arrest its progress!

May our Master in heaven prosper and bless you, dear Brother, in your benevolent labors! May He preside at your expected meeting, and bless all the plans and measures of your Society! This is the unfeigned and daily prayer of your friend and fellow servant in the best of bonds,

SAM'L MILLER.

MISSION TO HINDOOSTAN.

No intelligence has been received from our Missionaries since they sailed from Madeira, in July last. We trust that they have ere this arrived at *Calcutta* in safety, and been greeted by those kind friends to whom they were commended. On his passage to Madeira, Mr. Lowrie, agreeably to a desire expressed by some of the members of the Presbytery of New-Castle, prepared and transmitted to this country a circular letter, addressed to the Churches of that Presbytery. Although this interesting paper has been already published in the Presbyterian, we think it expedient to insert it entire in the columns of the Chronicle

—
*Ship "Star," Atlantic Ocean, }
 near the Azores, June 20, 1833. }*

Dear Christian Brethren,—It was with very sincere regret I found myself unable to visit you before leaving our beloved country. From the acquaintance I had formed with your dear pastors, as well as from what I have heard respecting yourselves, I would have felt much interest in spending some time in your midst, and also in laying before you some statements respecting the great work of Christian Missions. There was another reason why I desired to meet with you,—it was that I might personally request that interest in your prayers which is of higher value than any other favor a Christian at home can confer upon a missionary abroad. But since this privilege has not been granted, it has occurred that the same end might be partially gained by addressing to you a letter. Laying aside, therefore, all formality, I wish to write to you as Christian Brethren, with the same

freedom and affliction I should use were I personally acquainted.

When we attempt to form simple views of the condition of the heathen, apart from all speculation and curious questions, there is very much to affect our hearts. We see whole nations, several hundred millions of our fellow creatures, men and women of like passions with ourselves, dying as we die, but having souls like our own which shall never die—sitting in the region and shadow of death. They as well as ourselves are capable of knowing, loving, and serving the true God, yet they bow down and worship created objects. They are ignorant of the only way of acceptance in the sight of God, and vainly seek to establish their own righteousness by costly sacrifices and soul sickening absurdities. Their moral character is exceedingly degraded; in truth they live in the neglect of almost every duty and in the practice of almost every vice, so that the description of Heathenism recorded by the Apostle 1800 years ago, (Rom. 1:21–32,) is still painfully correct. Now the affecting nature of this view will chiefly appear when we consider it in the light of the future world. Man should live for eternity. Time with all its care and its woes will soon come to an end, but the soul of man will never die. We are taught that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," but the heathen have not that holiness in any sense. When the new Jerusalem, the abode of the saints in light, is described, we are also informed that "there shall in no wise enter into it any thing which defileth, neither whatever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie;" but in this short paragraph we have an epitome of the heathen character. And while it is a cheering truth that "whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," yet common sense and sacred Scriptures both ask "how shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?" One minister of the Gospel to one million of immortal souls surely is not adequate to the work of proclaiming the Saviour so that all may hear, believe, call upon him, and be saved. Can we in the view of such truths form any favorable conclusions re-