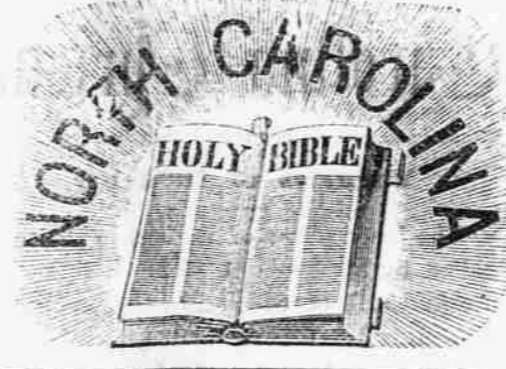


CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



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ORIGINAL.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate. Colportage in North-Carolina.

Since September 1st I have visited 497 families in 18 counties. In some portions of these counties the families are blessed with religious and educational advantages, by which they are made happy, intelligent and active in extending the Gospel to poor and destitute families. In one of these favored families I proposed to a gentleman that we would go out among some of his poor neighbors. Among others we called at the house of a poor widow who had recently moved there. She had been a member of the church many years; and one or two of her grown children were also members. The family had been sorely afflicted, and from their poverty and imperfect views they had scarcely no education or books. After I talked, prayed and supplied them with appropriate tracts to be read to them, the aged mother expressed her gratitude for such aid and encouragement, and remarked that it was the first religious visit and prayer in her family. Near to this family I found children from 8 to 12 years old who did not know who made or died for them. On my return to the house of the gentleman who accompanied me, he remarked that he saw and understood Colportage in a light he never had before, as being important for the laity to take hold of to aid the ministry in conveying the Gospel to families, and that he should henceforth more clearly feel his duty and privilege to give annually to its support without being called in. and also make religious visits himself to the families of his neighborhood, distributing tracts and teaching the children.

In another county, I visited 25 families in two days, only 4 of whom ever had a religious visit before; 19 were entirely destitute of religious books; 13 habitually neglected Church, which was about 6 miles distant; 11 of the mothers had not heard a sermon or prayer in two years, and some of them in a much longer time, owing to their poverty, heavy family duties, and wicked drunken husbands.—Some of the children that were 12 and 14 years old had never heard sermon or prayer,—not even a blessing asked at the table. Besides the catechizing and other religious exercises, I began teaching the alphabet to 7 fathers 18 mothers, and 43 children. I engaged the services of three suitable persons to continue visiting and instructing these families. I also employed a faithful Colporteur for this county, to visit every family, to supply all, and especially the poor and destitute, with printed tracts, and to enlist Christian men and women in the blessed work of making voluntary religious visits to their own poor and ungodly neighbors, supplying them with books and tracts at their expense, instead of allowing the Society to do all, by which they follow up and cultivate the seed sown by the Colporteur, and by the Society in their own neighborhoods will be improved, for the greater safety of children and servants, who are now being corrupted by these poor degraded families; and, finally, souls will be saved as the result of such continued efforts. Every Christian should have a fixed habit of making religious visits to some family or families, as often as possible, leaving a good book or tract, by loan or gift.

A few years ago I found a father and son drunk, by the road side. When I reached the home I found a crushed-hearted wife and ignorant children. The kind treatment and instruction at once made them feel that Christianity cared for them. I got a godly neighbor to visit them oftener than I could. In less than a year this and other poor families were so interested by religious truth at their homes, that they were formed in a Sabbath School, which they opposed before. In this school, a few Sabbaths ago, I saw the above father and son engaged as Sunday School teachers, both having learned to spell and read, and been converted since the commencement of this school. Now, instead of being drunkards to corrupt, they are a blessing to the community as Christian teachers, as the result of bringing gospel truth in contact with them, cultivated by a Christian neighbor under God's blessing. Will not every one help extend this work in North Carolina, as a gent once recently did by giving me \$200 to support a Colporteur, or as a pious working lady who sent me \$100 to secure 5 Life Memberships, (by which each one draws 1500 pages, gratis, each year,) or by giving a smaller amount, according to ability, united with prayer and individual Christian effort, in visiting needy families, to get before them religious truth, in person, by example, by word, and by the printed page, which will remain and continue to direct souls to Christ?

Yours truly,
W. J. W. CROWDER, Gen. Agt.
of Am. Tr. Soc. for N. C.
Raleigh, N. C., Dec., 1859.

SELECTIONS.

Cookman's Anti-Sectarian Speech.

The following extract from a speech pronounced before the Young Men's Bible Society of New Brunswick, N. J., by the Rev. G. G. Cookman, of the Methodist E. Church, is copied from a Magazine for 1829.

Time was, when, for a Presbyterian minister and a Methodist preacher to appear as joint-advocates in the same common cause, would have been a crying wonder; but, sir, thank God! the age of sectarian bigotry is passing away:—Ephraim is ceasing to vex Judah, and Judah Ephraim.

I am well aware, also, that many well-disposed persons have imagined that the surest method of silencing infidelity would be for the Christian Church to effect a union in doctrine, to lay aside their peculiarities of religious opinion, and amalgamate into one uniform mass of sentiment and action.

Against such principles of Christian union you must permit me, sir, this night, as an individual, to enter my decided protest. All union which involves any surrender of conscientious views of religious truth would be pernicious, and promotive of the spirit of infidelity.

Let us suppose, sir, that you are an honest Presbyterian, and I am an honest Methodist; that is to say, we each conscientiously believe our principle to be right. Let us suppose that we are engaged in a friendly debate on the respective merits of our peculiar doctrines. An infidel standing by cries out, "Gentlemen, you are both wrong." Well, sir, what is to be done? A fourth person appears as mediator between the parties. "Brethren," says he, "the scriptures of the gentleman standing by arise from your contradictory views of Divine truth. Now make a union; lay aside your sectarian peculiarities; be liberal, and think and speak alike."

Suppose, sir, we agree. Is the infidel convinced? What says he now? "Gentlemen, I am now doubly convinced you are both wrong, and I charge you both with a want of principle and courage, in not maintaining and defending what you believe to be the truth."

We say, let each sect and party maintain its own distinctive position, and pursue its own plan of operation in its own way, to the very utmost. Let us agree to differ. We are none of us infallible. It is possible we may all be a little wrong, for it is as natural for a man to err as to breathe. But how are we to set each other right? By the silent quiescent neutrality of a nominal union? Nay, sir; in such a motionless reservoir the waters of life would stagnate. Let them run and encounter the winds of opposition and the rocks of controversy, and they will clear and purify and sparkle. Truth never did nor ever will lose any of its power by open and liberal discussion, even on religious points. Give it an open field and fair play, and it shall overthrow the empire of infidelity and conquer this world of sin.

Let, then, the Bible be the rallying point of protestant Christians. Let them dispute for truth, not victory; let the God of peace preside in every controversy, yet, let it all be conducted in the unity of the spirit and in the bond of peace. Let each go to his post of duty, and, without interfering or quarrelling with his neighbor, do his utmost under his own particular standard. Let there be no strife, for we are all brethren, and the world is large enough for us all.

The union, then, which I would propose, would be a union in spirit, rather than a union in doctrine.

I believe, sir, we are on the eve of a general engagement. Now, sir, borrowing the allusion, will you permit me to marshal the Christian army on those principles of union I have endeavored to sustain?—Let, then, our Bible Societies, with their auxiliaries, be a line of forts established along the enemy's frontier, as bulwarks of defence. Let them be military magazines, well stored with spiritual weapons and gospel ammunition; general rallying-points for the whole army, and strongholds from whence our missionary riflemen may sally forth on the enemy. Let our Sabbath schools be military academies, in which the young cadets may be trained for the battles of the Lord. Let the Tract Societies be so many shot houses for the manufacture of that small, but useful material.

Having thus, sir, disposed of the out-works, let us now endeavor to arrange the army.

Suppose, sir, for example, we begin with Methodists. As they are said to be tolerable pioneers and excellent forgers in new countries, and active, withal, I propose that we mount them on horseback, and employ them as cavalry, especially on the frontiers.

And, as our Presbyterian brethren love an open field, and act in concert, and move in solid bodies, let them constitute our in-

fantry; let them occupy the centre in solid columns, and fight according to Napoleon's tactics, in military squares, ever presenting a firm front to the enemy. Our Baptist brethren will station on the rivers and lakes, which we doubt not they will gallantly defend, and win many laurels in the lake warfare. Our brethren of the Protestant Episcopal Church shall man the garrisons, inspect the magazines, and direct the batteries.

But, sir, we want artillerymen. Whom shall we employ? The light field-pieces and the heavy ordnance must be served. I propose, sir, that we commit this department to our brethren of the Reformed Dutch Church; and, sir, may they acquit themselves with a valor worthy of their ancestors, when the proud flag of De Witt swept the sea, and the thunder of Van Tromp shook the ocean!

And now, sir, the army is arranged.—We have one great Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose orders we are all bound to obey. Our standard is the Cross, and Onward is the watchword. Let us give no quarter. We fight for death or victory.

At the same time let us preserve our original order. United in spirit and design, let us be distinct in movements.—Let not the cavalry, infantry and artilleryman mingle in one indiscriminate mass.—Let each keep his proper position, adopt his peculiar uniform, act under local orders, and fight in his own peculiar manner. Thus we shall act with consistency and vigor, without discomposing each other, or disordering the ranks.

Let a strict religious discipline prevail through our camp; for we must not suffer that shameful reproach, that we recommend to others what we practice not ourselves. Accordingly, let us, like the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, read our Bible and pray twice a day in each of the tents.

And no, sir, let us to the field of action. May the God of Battles give the victory, and the trembling gates of hell shake to their centre.

Before I sit down, I have a duty to perform for that portion of the army here assembled. I have to forewarn them that there is lurking, in different sections of our camp, a dangerous and malignant spy, as well as I can. He is remarkably old, having grown gray in iniquity. He is toothless and crooked. His name, sir, is Bigotry. He seldom travels in daylight; but in the evening shades he steals forth, from his haunts of retirement, and creeps into the tents of the soldiers; and with a tongue as smooth and deceptive as the serpent who deceived our first mother, he endeavors "to throw arrows, firebrands and death" into our camp. His policy is to persuade the soldiers in garrison to despise those in open field; and, again, those in open field to despise those in garrison; to incite the cavalry against the infantry, and the infantry against the cavalry. And in so doing, he makes no scruples to employ misrepresentation, slander and falsehood, for, like his father, he is a liar from the beginning. Now, sir, I trust the army will be on the alert in detecting this old scoundrel and make a public example of him.

Hope if the Methodist cavalry catch him on the frontiers, they will ride him down, and put him to the sword without delay. I trust the Presbyterian infantry will receive him on the point of the bayonet; and should the Baptists find him skulking along the banks of the river, I trust they will fairly drown him; and should he dare approach any of our garrisons, I hope the Episcopalians will open upon him a double-flanked battery, and the Reformed Dutch greet him welcome with a whole round of artillery!

Let him die the death of a spy without military honors; and after he has been gibbeted for a convenient season, let his body be given to the Quakers, and let them bury him deep and in silence. May God grant his miserable ghost may never revisit this world of trouble!

Christian in China.

The missionaries in conference with the bishop of Victoria have under consideration a plan for locating in the district cities a native deacon or catechist under the supervision of an itinerating European missionary. The Rev. Canon Stowell narrates the following discourse, by a Chinese tailor with references to the relative merits of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity: "A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in its miry bottom groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius, walking by, approached the edge of the pit and said, 'Poor fellow, I am sorry for you; why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice, if you ever get out don't get in again.'—'I can't get out,' groaned the man. A Buddhist priest next came by and said, 'Poor fellow, I am very much pained to see you there; I think if you could scramble up two thirds of the way, or even half,

I could reach you, and lift you up the rest.' But the man in the pit was entirely helpless and unable to rise. Next the Saviour came by, and hearing his cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up, and said, 'Go and sin no more.' It must be admitted that this allegory possesses the merit of much originality, while the simplicity of its details renders it easy of general comprehension.

Bishop Soule's Farewell Address.

To the preachers of the Tennessee Conference, after the resolutions passed in reference to himself, Columbia, October 20, 1859.

I feel a deep sense of obligation with respect to the resolutions adopted by you.—In looking back upon my past life, I see defects and weaknesses. I have been an unprofitable servant. Yet by the grace of God I am what I am.

A few words to the preachers of the Tennessee Conference. I have no reasonable expectation of meeting you again on earth. Such a thing is scarcely probable. In taking leave of you, you will indulge me in a word of myself. Sixty years ago the fifth day of last January, I left my father's house and went to a circuit. I have been in the work ever since. I have never been a su perannuated preacher; I have never been a local preacher. And from the first day I entered the itinerant Methodist ministry, I have never looked for nor made calculations of any location but one, and that is a location in the grave. By the grace of God I have been enabled thus far to continue.

During your present session a considerable number of young men have entered the traveling connection, and have done so, I trust, from settled fixed principles. I trust they have entered here with one design and purpose, to devote themselves to one work—the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ: work enough for one man, most assuredly.

The qualification of young men for the ministry: Much has been said about qualification. We all need it. But you may take young men, and if they have a capacity for acquiring knowledge, and a thirst for knowledge, they will obtain it, place them wherever you will. I speak sentimentally. But if they do not have this capacity and this thirst, you may carry them through your schools, and they will come out minus. "Study," my dear brethren, "to show yourselves approved of God; workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." What an important lesson St. Paul teaches to Timothy, his son in the gospel: "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life." Beware, my dear young friends, how you entangle yourselves with the cares and concerns of a family.—It will be time enough—I speak with feeling and experience—to devote yourselves to domestic affairs when you shall have become elders in the ministry, and shall have made yourselves acquainted with the doctrines and discipline of the church, and become capable of preaching those doctrines, and ministering that discipline. I advise you to keep free from matrimonial alliances. If you do not, I look for your early location.

I can proceed no further. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ abide with the Tennessee Conference.

(Here the venerable Bishop would have closed, on account of physical weakness and frequent coughing; but the members urged him to go on.)

I wanted to say something more, I will touch one point. In looking over your work, I have suffered pain. I have seen contracted, poor circuits placed in charge of preachers on trial. Of your course I would speak respectfully; and with regard to these young men, I esteem them highly. But may we expect them to be so well read in the government and discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church as to take a wise and profitable course in the due administration of that government and discipline? At their age I needed government myself, instead of being prepared to govern others. I speak plainly on this subject: I speak in view of the judgment.

In looking over our General Minutes, I perceive that over three hundred circuits and stations are in charge of preachers on trial! Under these circumstances the church cannot be prosperous in all its departments.

Again: I believe there are thousands of members of the M. E. Church, South, who do not receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, from first to last, during the year. Why? Because you have sent to them young men who cannot administer the Lord's Supper. This is because you have cut up the work into small patches. How many four week's circuit have you in the Tennessee Conference? There are but few. How many circuits with two preachers on them? There are but few. Our colleges are excellent; but, depend upon it, a large circuit, with two preachers on it, is the best place to train our young men.

I hope to see this thing of cutting up our circuits ended. If I had time and ability, I would enlarge on this subject.

But, again: We need parsonages. This is an important part of our system. There are but few of them in your bounds. I suggest that one cause of this is the cutting up of your large circuits, and changing the form of them so frequently. Thus you have small circuits and little bits of stations. Do you expect our members to build homes for the preachers in these small circuits and little bits of stations? I do not expect it. But when you make your circuits permanent, settled, fixed, and make them sufficiently large, you have my word for it, the members will show a liberality in building parsonages which you have not witnessed heretofore.

If I see you no more until that day when we must give up our account to God, I trust I shall meet you and dwell with you in that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.—Nashville Ch. Advocate.

That Unbroken Chain.

Every now and then our attention is called to some High Church arrogance, some haughty assumption of superior official sanctity, arising from the unbroken succession of orders, which has come down from apostolic times "upon their own pates." We can never gravely argue with those men. They remind us of a man standing at the mouth of a huge sewer, catching the inky flood, and shouting to those who drink from the gushing fountain over the way, "Stop! stop! We have a chart, red right to these pure streams.—They flow to us by authority. You are good people, and in a fine state of physical preservation, but—you don't drink our oil, if men prefer the sewer to the fountain, it is a matter of taste, but, when they make it a sine qua non that ere we are acknowledged as citizens we too must take the same inky compound, we beg to be excused. But we simply design to ask those men to read what follows, which we clip from the Press and Tribune of this city, and see whence their orders come, and they may be refreshed when they next quote, as they are so fond of doing, the line about Wesley.

"Who laid hands on him?" May they not naturally claim, that their honor is enhanced in proportion to the distance they have descended from such orders? We surely should.

THE PATRIMONY OF ST. PETER.

The high-sounding phrases with which the pope seasoned his late alacrotic snaffle to the Catholic clergy—"Vicar of Jesus Christ," "patrimony of St. Peter," etc.—would have more force with the world at large if they could be read without the light which history throws on former vicars of Jesus Christ, and the way in which they severally scraped together the patrimony aforesaid. When it is borne in mind that one of those "Vicars" was a woman, another an atheist, a third a Unitarian, a fourth a pirate, a fifth the murderer of two other popes, a sixth guilty of incest, a seventh deposed for "adultery with 300 nuns," and eighth the getter-up of a model artist exhibition, and that scores of them were assassins, thieves, poisoners and adulterers, what degree of respect can attach to the mouthings of Pius IX. about the sanctity of the papal office? Let the reader look into the biographies of the Johns, Gregories, Bonifaces, Alexanders and Benedicts, who have worn the tiara, and held the keys which bind on earth that which is to be bound in heaven, and learn whether we have exaggerated the Newgate Calendar of the Vatican. All this would count for nothing against the "holy religion" if the infallibility of these persons were not an essential part of the religion. The Johns, Gregories, Bonifaces, Alexanders and Benedicts, according to Catholic ideas, are all rejoining together in Paradise, singing the praises of the Father and the Lamb—the one who drank his own poison while attempting to poison his cardinal not less loudly than the rest!

And then, "the patrimony of St. Peter." History makes no mention of the patrimony of the fisherman of Galilee. "Neither scrip, nor staff, nor two changes of raiment" belonged to the estate of Simon son of Jonas. Nor had his successors, (so called) any landed sovereignty or temporal power for a period of 754 years. The patrimony of St. Peter" came from Pepin the Brief, King of the Franks, who wrested it from the Lombards and bestowed it on Stephen II., bishop of Rome. Charlemagne is said to have battered the same territory to Pope Leo III. (A. D. 800,) for the title of Roman Emperor. Yet this was a small share of the patrimony which Pope Pius IX. is clamoring for. It devolved on Matilda, of Tuscany, two hundred years later, to make recompense to the supreme pontiff for the failure of St. Peter to leave any patrimony. This woman donated to the needy Gregory VII., who was "sick and in prison," Tuscan,

Mantua, Parma, Modena, Verona, Ancona and several other pleasant places, which, three centuries afterward, were all taken away by the unlucky exclusion of the popes from Rome by the outraged populace.—The expatriation continued seventy-one years: When the priests returned they set about the enlargement of the Papal dominions; and Pope Julius II. raised an army, which he commanded in person, and with which he subjugated Bologna and Ancona. This warrior is, more properly than any one else, the founder of the Pontifical government by the "holy league" of Cambray, in 1509 he used the power of France, Spain and Germany, to wrest the richest portion of the Romagna from Venice, and by another holy league the next year he prevailed on Spain and Germany to expel France from the same territory, and allow him to absorb it. He consolidated the "States of the Church," flourished mightily in his dominions, ordered the sale of indulgences for revenue, and brought on the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Ferrara was wrested from Modena, in 1598, and Urbino bequeathed to the church in 1626.

In this way the "patrimony of St. Peter" was pieced together. Twice in the present century has the pope found himself without any patrimony at all, and twice have foreign armies been invoked to restore him that which was never rightfully his. It would seem that the warning of the Son of Man to St. Peter—"they who take the sword shall perish by the sword"—is not far from being realized in the person of his two hundred and sixty-third "successor."

From the Fay. Observer. Texas in North Carolina.

MESSRS. E. J. HALE & SON:—GENTLEMEN:—Two letters have recently appeared in the Observer, written from Texas, giving a description of the climate, soil, productions, etc., of that new and flourishing State, and of the cheapest and best way to get there from North Carolina. Now, be it known to all whom it may concern, that we have rich, very rich lands in the old North State, that, for climate, productiveness, convenience of market, etc., can scarcely be, if at all, surpassed anywhere. But I wish to speak particularly of a district of country below Newbern, which I have recently visited, and some of which I have very carefully examined. There is a body of elevated low lands commencing near Neuse and stretching thence north by the head of Bay river and down South creek to within a few miles of Pamlico river in Beaufort county. It is about 15 miles wide and on an average 24 long. All of it, however, is not first quality, but I suppose that at least two-thirds, or one hundred and fifty thousand acres are. It will bring from 8 to 15 bbls. of corn per acre. Some of it is very good for wheat and some of it for cotton, producing, it is believed, a bag to the acre. Mr. Noah Guilford, on South creek, sowed 4 acres in wheat and measured up 112½ bushels per acre. But let the reader judge of its productiveness from the following description:

The soil is from 6 inches to 7 feet deep. It is of a dark mulatto color in the more elevated portions, and in the lower, black. It is of course of vegetable origin. Underlying the soil is a red marl clay from 12 to 18 inches thick, under that a blue marl clay of about equal thickness, and under the blue clay an immense bed of shell marl of uneven thickness and in various stages of decomposition. Can such land ever be exhausted? The timber is gum and poplar, mostly, with some oak, ash, horn-bean, beech, with rattan and reeds and grass. The range exceeds anything in North Carolina. Thousands of cattle not only live through the winter but keep fat upon the reeds, &c.

These lands are at an expense of not more than \$1 50 per acre, at the outset, and are very easily kept drained. The yield of corn per acre the first year will more than pay for clearing. I saw a field of corn on the lands of Charles Tripp, on South Creek, in which there had never been a plough nor mattock; the timber was felled in the Fall, and everything burnt off the last of May, and holes dug in the ground with a hoe and the corn planted and chopped off twice. It was thought by good judges, when I was there in September, that it would produce 11 bbls per acre.

On the Neuse river there are beautiful sites for building at a town just laid off, called Cherryville. This place is near enough to all the Southern part of the lands; it is healthy. The river is from 6 to 8 miles wide, the water salt, and ebbs and flows, and the breeze delightful. Fish and oysters abound. Ex-Sheriff Chadwick, who lives, and has lived for many years, on the river, just above the town, told me that it is nearly as healthy as Beaufort; that chills sometimes visit them, but they are mild and readily yield to the usual remedies. And Samuel Whitworth who lives at the place, and has for many years

assured me that he never had a physician professionally called in to any of his family, white or colored.

Now is not this place—those lands, take them all in all,—one of the garden spots of the world?

Vessels, bound from and to Newbern, go up and down on the Neuse, in full view. Also, steamers, fishing smacks, etc.

The very best of those lands can be bought now—or could a few weeks ago—for \$6, \$8 and \$10 per acre. \$10 is the highest price, I believe, asked for any. Thousands of acres have been bought in the last few months by farmers from Hyde, who say that the land is nearly equal to the very best Hyde county land, worth \$125 per acre. Other farmers have and are buying. J. B. BLOCKER.

The China Mission.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, Aug. 16, 1859.
REV. E. W. SHIEN, D. D., Missionary Secretary of the M. E. Church, South:

MY DEAR BROTHER:—The newspapers will no doubt contain many bloody stories concerning the recent disturbances at this port. The last mail left during the height of the excitement, and we may suppose, from the alarm which prevailed generally among the foreign residents, that the letters which it carried away will tend to magnify our real danger. We were in danger, and perhaps our danger was at one time greater than we were aware of; but, thank God, the storm has passed over, and we sincerely pray it may not return.

On former occasions of difficulty and danger here the dispute was with the Mandarins—not with the people; but this time the masses were engaged against us, and a fearful thing it is to see the heavings and swellings and to hear the roarings of such a turbulent sea. There is majesty in the voice of the people, especially when they cry for vengeance on their oppressors. The bloody scenes of India came up before us, as awful realities which might soon be repeated at this hitherto quiet port. An ignorant heathen populace could not be expected to discriminate between those who had injured them and those who were of the same country, though not guilty of any offence. No more would they discriminate than the waves of the sea—all would have been swept away.

We now look back with sincere gratitude to God that so little mischief has been done. Two churches in the city have been partly destroyed—one belonging to the London Mission, the other to the Protestant Episcopal Mission. Some three or four foreigners lost their lives, but not one missionary has been seriously injured. Brother Lambuth was assaulted, but escaped without the least injury.

The cause of all this uproar and trouble was in the "coolie trade," as it is called. It is in fact, as practiced here and at other points on the coast, a system of kidnapping the little better than that practiced on the coast of Africa. The coolies are called "emigrants," and wages are offered them, and such like; but were I a coolie, with my present knowledge, I should consider myself a bondman for life, if once on an emigrant ship.

Going into the country will be, for some time at least, unsafe. If the English declare war against China, as probably they will, our fair hopes and prospects for labor in the interior must be held in abeyance for a time. Still, the way is opening, and will be opened wider. The present difficulties must soon pass away. All well.

Your brother,

W. G. E. CUNNINGHAM.

P. S.—The native Christians are now suffering persecution of the recent difficulties. Will the Church remember these few sheep in the wilderness? Pray that their faith fail not. W. G. E. C.

Pekin.

A recent traveller, speaking of the Chinese town of Pekin, and the first impressions a stranger receives on entering within the wall, says:

"Once he passed under the ponderous northern gate, measured the thickness of the stupendous wall, and is fairly in Pekin, he will be entirely bewildered; all before him is a confused and dusty mass of colors, men, mules, caps, hundreds of camels, with the weary Mongols in their once red gowns, enthroned and fast asleep on their high summit; an immensity of wide, perfectly straight, and endless streets; a living ocean of the most degraded beggars, of cooks, barbers, blind men beating upon kettle drums, orators delivering speeches; then, right and left, brilliant shops, cafes, and hotels, surmounted by long poles of all colors, wooden walls beautifully carved and gilt over; in fact it is a scene so unique in the world that no dream could ever be so eccentric."

PASTORAL VISITING.—John Wesley said: "By repeated experiments we learn that, though a man preach like an angel, he will neither collect nor preserve a society which is collected, without visiting them from house to house." A writer in an exchange adds: "One hundred years of Methodist labors, suffering and successes, have greatly added to the strength of this remark."