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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

My Father.

My Father! O the magic word
That thrills my lonely heart,
It fills my soul with peace and joy,
And bids my cares depart.

My Father, strong and true,
Was once my life's delight,
And while I leaned upon his strength,
My path was always bright.

Alas! I hear no more his step,
I see no more his form,
Nor hear his welcome tones of love,
To guide me through life's storm.

But could I now, upon His breast,
Pillow my weary head,
And catch the sweet melodious songs,
And hear the words "said,"

How this faint heart would beat with joy,
And upward strive to rise,
Till I should clasp His hand in mine,
In mansions in the skies.

I sometimes think when sad and lone,
His Spirit hovers near;
That God in love will let Him be
My guardian angel here.

I linger now till Jesus calls,
My spirit for him waits;
And when I reach my home, I'll meet
My Father at the gates.

HAWTHORN.

Religious.

Baptists among the Seminole Indians.

One of our Western exchanges, *The Baptist Herald*, published in Lebanon, Missouri, gives the following account of a camp meeting among the Seminole Indians in August last. It is entitled "JOHN JUMPER'S CAMP."

Seminole Nation, Aug. 23rd, 1878.

We arrived at the Seminole camp meeting on Wednesday the 21st, accompanied by two native Creek preachers. We found the Seminole Baptists camped on the ground, and services commenced at once.

Up to this time one has been received for baptism, and several come for prayer at every invitation, but there is not that depth of feeling and manifestation of profound interest that I have seen, and would like to see again. The most peculiar feature that interests us is the presence of several Indians from the wild tribes, headed by Black Beaver. They manifest great interest in the meeting, and have already learned to sing several Creek choruses, though they do not know the meaning of the words. John Jumper has just given them a public talk on the Bible account of how sin was introduced, and how it must be expelled.

His Creek talk was interpreted into English, and from that into Caddo. The Caddo language was remarkable for its softness, lack of emphasis, was spoken in a low monotone, and sounded to me like baby talk. The Greek is even more masculine than English.

Saturday, Aug. 24th.

Last night one more was received for baptism, and two benches were filled with seekers.

Brother Murrow arrived yesterday and is to preach this morning; after which brother Black Beaver will give us a talk in the broken English which he uses. I will perhaps send you notes from what he may say, until then I lay down my pencil.

After preaching this morning by Brother Murrow, Black Beaver rose and said:

"I am mighty glad to meet you all in Camp meeting. I wanted to bring all the Christians from our country but he (they) could not come.

This is the very thing we need (alluding to Christianity.) We want to learn all Christ's laws. Good many of our people never heard of these things, but one year ago when Brother John

McIntosh came we heard the gospel, many did not understand. Bro. John McIntosh did heap of good. Many times he tried hard to explain the Gospel. When he came they sent a White man. I did my best to help this White man, but in the spring so many of my people turn against me because I help White man, that I had to draw back. Then John Jumper sent me another man (alluding to Tulase Micco a native preacher.) He do heap of good. We have good meeting every Sunday. When a White man go there, he can't get an interpreter. Not one understands English good, except such as are against us, and bring us trouble.

After awhile trouble came between Brother Holt and Tulase Micco. Bro. Tulase Micco came to me and said: "I can't get along with Holt and you must let me go back to my people, the Seminoles." I tell him "no; stay three weeks longer, and I will write John Jumper to explain; if he lets you go, then I let you go. My Brother, I think God sent you here, and you should not go back.

A good native preacher will suit us; that's the reason we came here to explain this to you. I want you to understand what we need. Things we do not want, we can't make them fit; but things that we do want, we can make them fit. You must look over my bungling talk in English. You must pray for me. This is all I have to say."

AN EPISODE.

Among the representatives from the wild tribes is one woman who has never parted with the fashions of savage life. She came with her hair disheveled, and hanging loosely down each side of her face. Nothing covered her body but a piece of coarse unwashed cloth wrapped closely around her, while her feet were entirely bare. This morning Mrs. B., Sister McIntosh and others visited her camp and dressed her *cap a pie*, in the very best their wardrobes could afford. She appeared under the arbor to-day in her new dress, and those who had been seeing her every day since the meeting commenced did not know her, but wondered what Creek woman that could be. Her husband, seeing his wife thus fashionably dressed, was so ashamed of his old clothes, or of his wife's new ones, I know not which, remained in his camp, and never appeared in meeting.

Bro Murrow and myself have agreed that, this evening, we will dress him in such a way that he will be his wife's equal. I am satisfied that after this, we will have annual visits from the plains.

Evening.

The young husband now sports as fine a suit as his wife, and it is amusing that for some time the other people from the wild tribes, did not recognize them.

The Sermon this afternoon was preached by a full blood Creek, and no invitation was given for seekers. Bro. John McIntosh and I will preach Sunday morning—

BAPTISM ITS OWN WITNESS.

Last night, among those who came forward to unite with the Church was one who came from the wild tribes, the man who interpreted into the Caddo language. As he could understand English, but could not speak the Creek language, I was appointed, to examine, I asked him if it was his desire to be baptized. He replied; "I wish to unite with the church, but I had water poured on my head by a Methodist preacher when I was a boy, and I think that will do."

I said to him "No; we could not receive the Queen of England with such a baptism; and if an angel from Heaven were to preach thus, it would be "another Gospel."

Christ requires believers to be baptized, and pouring water on the head is not baptism. He said, "give me time to study; and if I find that Christ's law requires immersion, I will join at Witchitaw, and brother Tulase Micco can baptize me."

"Certainly" said I, "we do not want

to baptize any man until he is convinced that it is his duty." After this he retired, and we proceeded to examine and receive two converts.

This morning the congregation proceeded to the water after the morning service and among them was the Caddo interpreter. I was too much exhausted to go to the baptism, but remained under the arbor. As the congregation were returning from the baptism (administered by Bro. Murrow) this Caddo interpreter was found stricken down by the wayside.

He had witnessed the baptism, and such powerful conviction seized him that that was what Christ required of him, that he suddenly fell prostrate upon the ground. He had to lean upon the arms of two brethren as he walked back to the arbor.

He begged us to open the doors of the church again saying, "I cannot return to my people without being baptized." We did so; and he related his experience, was received with gladness; the congregation once more repaired to the water, and brother Murrow baptized him. Thus we see "Baptism is its own witness," and we now have a Baptist on the western plains who can interpret the Gospel to the Caddoes Anadar Roes and I-an-ais, who are one people.

PREACHING THROUGH TWO INTERPRETERS AT ONCE.

Sunday night the representatives from the wild tribes having repeatedly urged that at least one sermon should be interpreted to them, I consented to preach through two interpreters so that all could understand. I took for my text the language of the Grecians to Philip, John xii. 21.—"Sir, we would see Jesus." The sermon was interpreted into Caddo by the brother from the plains who was baptized that day, and into Creek by Bro. Cloud, a Presbyterian. The brethren from the Wichita-taw agency paid the most profound attention. Black Beaver and Towackne Dave frequently giving audible expressions of approval. After preaching two more were received for baptism, and Brother Cloud, who had left us and joined the Presbyterians, came back to the Baptist fold.

Thus we gained two valuable interpreters while the Presbyterians lost one. Meeting continued all night, and at daybreak Brother Colbert baptized the two that were received: "Praise ye the Lord." H. F. B.

Eufaula, Creek Nation.

How one Chinese woman became a Christian.

TRANSLATED FROM HER VERBAL NARRATION, BY ADELE M. FIELDS.

My name is Sui; I am thirty-four years old, and have been a Bible-woman four years. I have now no near relative but the Lord, and have nothing to do but his work. If I had accepted the gospel when he first sent it to me thirty years ago, perhaps I might have kept much that I then had and loved; but I would not heed His message till He chastened me by taking away the earthly things to which my heart clung.

My home was twenty-four miles north from here, on the seacoast, at Lam Chau. My father was a fish-merchant, and did an extensive business; but he died when I was three years old. I had five brothers and a sister, and as I was much younger than any of them, I was a pet in the family. My eldest brother studied for a literary degree, but as he was fonder of making pictures than of reading, he failed to pass examination. My second brother was a most filial son. When my mother entered a room in which he was sitting, he would immediately rise, and remain standing so long as she was there. He was also very talented. He began to attend the examinations when he was only fourteen years old, and when he was eighteen he got a degree. Then he taught, and studied for a higher degree; but before he attained it he died, at the age of twenty-five. My younger brothers tilled our land. Though there were two scholars in our family, I was never taught to read. Girls are not

taught to read unless they are the only children, and their fathers may then teach them for pleasure.

My mother was forty-four years older than I, and she was always very tender toward me. I had my feet bound when I was thirteen years old; but when they ached in the night, my mother would tell me to loosen the bandages. Bound feet ache the worst when they are still.

When I was fourteen years old, I was betrothed to a young man at the city of Chung Lim, a league from my home. An old neighbor acted as go-between, and went to and fro between the families, till all the preliminaries were settled. My future mother-in-law was very particular in previously ascertaining whether I would bring good fortune to her household. After learning the year, month, day and hour of my birth, she consulted a blind fortune-teller, and got a favorable answer; then she worshipped before her family gods, tossing up a split bamboo-root till it fell so, as to give an auspicious omen; then she made offerings to the gods in the temple, and got from their interpreter a sign of acquiescence. After that, on a day chosen as lucky, the go-between brought fourteen dollars done up in red paper, and my mother received it. With that the bargain was concluded, and could not be broken by any of the parties concerned. I was not consulted in the matter, and no one told me anything about it; but I overheard what was said, and knew very well what was going on, though I dared ask no questions. When I was seventeen, a lucky day was fixed upon, fourteen dollars more were paid to my mother, and I was carried to my mother-in-law's house. My mother had been busy for some months in preparing my wedding outfit. It consisted of two washtubs, two trunks, two strong cloth bags for clothing, two large red lanterns, a thick cotton coverlet, a pillow, sixty garments for summer and winter wear, embroidered shoes, hair ornaments of silver washed with gold, bracelets and earrings. My jewelry was worth twenty dollars, and my outfit altogether cost over sixty dollars. I have still the coverlet and one tunic which my motherthengave me. The jewelry I have given to my daughter, except a pair of bracelets which were torn off my wrists the day that we Christians were attacked and beaten by a mob, in the chapel at Chung Lim.

If people are very poor, they give their daughters only a suit or two of clothing when they are married. If they are rich, they give them much more than the amount of the betrothal money. I knew a man who gave his daughter a wedding outfit with a thousand dollars, and it included a rice-field.

I was troubled about going away from home, and anxious lest I be unable to perform the duties of a daughter-in-law, and I did not look on my new garments with pleasure. But all girls have to be married and of course I must be. The day before my marriage, my mother gathered twelve kinds of flowers, and steeped them in water, and the next morning I was washed in this water; and put on an entire suit of new clothing, with a fine outer garment that my mother-in-law had hired from a wealthy official, and sent for the occasion. I was then put into a sedan-chair, and as it was lifted up; my mother took water in which green peas had been steeped and threw it on the top of the chair, for good luck. Only the go-between went with me to my mother-in-law's house. Neither my mother nor I had ever seen any of the family into which I went. The go-between stayed three days and waited upon me, then she went home. She received two dollars from my husband's mother, and one dollar from my mother, for the performance of all her part in the transaction.

After three days, my mother sent my nephew to bring me a bottle of hair-oil, and to inquire after me. At the end of a month, he came again, and brought me an artificial flower, and a basket of boiled rice. At the end of

a month, he came again, and brought me an artificial flower, and a basket of boiled rice. At the end of four months, my mother sent a sedan-chair to bring me; and I went and ate breakfast with her. It is not the custom for a mother to visit her married daughter until the latter has had children; and then the mother-in-law must go and invite the mother to come.

My husband was seven years older than I, and his elder brother's wife had already been brought home. The house had three bed-rooms; one for the mother, one for the elder brother and his wife, and one for my husband and myself. There was, besides, a common kitchen, and a living room. My husband's father was not living. Like all daughters-in-law, I cooked, sewed, washed, wove, and fed pigs. I had four children, two boys and two girls; but one boy and girl died when very young. My mother-in-law also died when I was twenty-one.

Some thirty years ago, Mr. Lechler, a German, the first foreign missionary that ever preached here, came and lived awhile at Lam Chau. My youngest brother heard him preach, and became a Christian. My brother used to come and tell me about God, and would explain the true doctrines to me until the perspiration would run down his cheeks, through his exertions in making me understand. He came again and again; but though I saw that what he said must be true, my heart clung to the old idols, and I wanted to adhere to the customs followed by my friends. My head received the truth, but my heart rejected it. God has many ways of making people repent. Had my husband prospered in business I should never have turned to the Lord.

When I was thirty-four years old, my husband went with a cargo of goods to Siam; and there he took to smoking opium, lost money rapidly, and never came back any more. I diligently made offerings to the gods, and every year spent as much as ten dollars in paper money and incense to be burned before them. I consulted fortune-tellers to inquire when a letter or money would come from my husband, and would often get the answer for a certain day. Then I would sit in the door, and watch for the coming of the letter; and when any one that looked like a letter-carrier approached, my heart would beat fast; and when I found there was no letter for me, I would go in and cry. After I spent much devotion and money on the gods, and found that they always disappointed me, I began to think my brother's God might be better. I went to him and said: "Brother, hereafter I am going to worship God; but as there are so many who will oppose and despise me, I will only worship him secretly." My brother told me that every one who belonged to Christ must confess him before men. I went home and thought it over, and began to go on Sundays to worship with the few Christians at Chung Lim. My son was so vexed, when he knew that I meant to be a Christian, that he cried; and my sister-in-law, who had been very friendly with me, hated me, and locked the door so that I could not get in when I came from the chapel. It was very troublesome, indeed, being a Christian.

When my son was eighteen years old, he went to Siam to search for his father, and hoped to induce him to give up opium. The next year, when I was forty-one I came with some of the brethren and sisters from Chung Lim to Swatow, to be baptized. I had to come secretly; and I sent my extra clothing, rice and cash for the journey to the chapel on the previous evening; and early in the morning came out and joined the Christian company on the road. I remember that at the baptismal pool, Dr. Ashmore said that every Christian must preach. Thus one could bring in ten, and thoseten, preaching still, would bring in a hundred more. Thus the church would grow. Before I got back to Chung Lim, my sister-in-law, went to three of the four chief men in our clan, and told them what I had done; and they agreed to wait on the brink of the river for me