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ART. I.—*The Life of Robert Blair, Minister of St. Andrews, containing his Autobiography from 1593 to 1636, with a Supplement to his Life, and Continuation of the History of the Times to 1680.* By his son-in-law, Mr. William Row, Minister of Ceres. Edited for the Wodrow Society, from the Original Manuscript, by Thomas McCrie, D.D. Edinburgh: Printed for the Wodrow Society, 1848.

ROBERT BLAIR was a remarkable man, and lived through a large part of a century, in very eventful times. His history has not, hitherto, been so well known, as that of other Scottish worthies; but by the exertions of the Wodrow Society, it has recently been brought to light. He was born at Irvine, in the year 1593, and was the youngest of four brothers; the names of the other three were John, James, and William: the two eldest rose to be chief magistrates of Irvine, and William was first a regent in the University of Glasgow, and afterwards minister of Dumbarton.

Robert entered the University in the year 1611, and took his degree of A.M. in 1614. After teaching two years in the public school, he succeeded his brother as one of the Regents

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Rev. Walter M. Lowrie*, Missionary to China. Written by his Father. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 285 Broadway. Philadelphia: William S. Martien. 1849.

The American Churches have probably sent out no missionary to the foreign field of higher qualifications or greater promise than Walter M. Lowrie. His piety was enlightened, calm and profound. His disposition was cheerful and amiable. His physical constitution was good. His talents were of a high order, especially for the acquisition of languages; and his executive ability was not less remarkable. He was wise and prudent, as well as energetic. He was distinguished for his habits of order and for his untiring industry. He was early accustomed to make great use of his pen. While a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, though always maintaining the highest position in his class, he performed the laborious task of preparing a two-fold catalogue of the pamphlets contained in near a thousand volumes, the munificent gift of the Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany. The volume before us, which contains abundant evidence of all the traits which we have attributed to him, bears full testimony to the importance of this facility in writing. No reader of his memoirs can fail to feel surprise that he was able to write so much, in the midst of his pressing duties and constant distractions.

Mr. Lowrie was born February 18th, 1819, in Butler, Penn. The principal part of his early training, owing to the public duties of his father, devolved on his excellent mother. After the usual course of academic instruction, he entered the Freshman class in Jefferson College in October, 1833, before he had completed his fourteenth year. His standing in all respects in college was high. When he graduated, September 1837, he received from the President the following certificate as to scholarship. Languages, grade 1. Moral Science, 1. Natural Science, 1. Mathematics, 1. His early education had been of course religious. He was well instructed in the

doctrines of the Bible, and went to college a consecrated youth; consecrated in baptism, and by the prayers and faith of his parents. While there he was led, during a season of revival, to embrace the offers of the gospel and to consecrate himself to the service of God. His first communion was on March 8th, 1835. As soon as this great question was decided, his mind turned towards the ministry. Under date of August 10th, 1835, he writes to his father: "I profess to be, and hope I am, a servant of Christ. The command is, 'Go work in my vineyard.' After having decided how I shall work—whether as a minister or otherwise, the next question will be, where?" On the 31st of the same month he wrote: "I have been engaged in the examination of the subject of the gospel ministry, and have at length been enabled to decide, at least from present views and feelings, and with prayer, that it is my duty to devote myself to the service of God in that manner." In November, 1835, he wrote to his mother an account of an address which he had heard with much interest, from an agent of the American Board of Missions, and adds: "If I ever desired to be a minister or missionary, I did last night. Such a glorious object! so worthy all the talents, feelings and affections of every reasonable creature, that it seems impossible, almost not to desire it. However, though it may be the duty of others to decide this matter while at college, I hardly think it can be mine, at least for a year to come." In a letter to his father, dated Jefferson College, February 7th, 1837, he says: "The question of personal devotion to the missionary cause, has, as you are aware, long been before my mind. When I first experienced a hope of salvation, this subject presented itself to my mind. This feeling has continued in almost every time and place. This session I felt it to be important to know what I should do, and what time I could spare was devoted to the examination of the question. I never found any particular difficulties, except as to my piety. At our last communion I was enabled to decide to be, by the grace of God, a missionary. It was like throwing a heavy burden off from my mind, and I have not since experienced one moment of regret at the decision. Sometimes, indeed, it seems hard,—O, very hard—to think of parting

with near and dear friends ; but what are all these, or life itself, to the advancement of the Saviour's cause, to which, two years ago, I consecrated myself?"

Time alone can determine the nature of such decisions. Hundreds of young men, in the first ardour of their Christian love, have formed the purpose to be missionaries. But a change of circumstances or of feeling has led to its being soon abandoned. But where the purpose thus early formed is perseveringly cherished, and ultimately executed, it furnishes very strong evidence that it was the work of the Holy Spirit. It is therefore one of the many interesting features in the religious life of Mr. Lowrie, that he determined on devoting himself to the missionary work before he was eighteen years old, and never afterwards wavered for a moment. He had thus time to mature. He was constantly increasing in fitness for his high vocation, by the constant contemplation of his destined work. We have seen in other cases the healthful influence of this early consecration. In some, indeed, it was but a means of ripening the soul for heaven ; death coming just at the close of a long course of preparation for a missionary life. But in others, the effect was, as in the case of Mr. Lowrie, a more intelligent, as well as more devoted consecration of the whole man to his chosen work.

After leaving college, Mr. Lowrie spent the winter in New York with his father, and entered the Theological Seminary in Princeton, May 1838, but joined the class formed at the commencement of the academic year in September following. He continued three years in the Seminary, leaving the Institution in May, 1841. During his course in the Seminary, he exhibited all those intellectual and moral traits of character to which we have already referred, and which were so conspicuously manifested in his subsequent career.

In a letter to his friend, Mr. John Lloyd, dated Princeton, August 21st, 1839, he says : "Let me whisper in your ear, for I don't want it known, that I look to a field nearer home than China, or even Northern India. Don't hold up your hands in astonishment at this—I mean Western Africa, the white man's grave. There has been a great change of feeling in the Seminary, in regard to this field, since I came here. Last summer, at

the first part of the session, there was not one student who even thought of Western Africa as a missionary field: But during the course of last winter, one, and then another of the brethren determined to go to Western Africa, and they have now gone." In his letter to the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions, offering himself as a missionary, dated December 10th, 1840, he says: "In making you this offer of my services, I shall leave it to the Committee to decide on my field of labour. My own preferences, however, are strongly towards Western Africa, and I am perfectly willing to take on myself the responsibility of going to that field. It has been before my mind distinctly for two years and a half, and before either of your present missionaries to that field decided on going there. Still, if it be probable that my usefulness would be greater elsewhere, I shall willingly go to any other field." No objections to his preference for Africa were made by his friends, and for several months the question of his field of labour was considered as fully settled. The peculiar exigences of the China Mission during the spring and summer of 1841, induced the Committee to reconsider the question. That mission was then in its infancy. It was one of special difficulty and importance. It had also been severely tried. Mr. Mitchell had been removed by death; Mr. Orr by the failure of his health; Mr. McBryde was, after a year's service, rapidly declining, so that the prospect was that I. C. Hepburn, M. D., would soon be left alone in that mission. Under these circumstances, and in view of the peculiar qualifications of Mr. Lowrie, the Committee were decided and unanimous in the opinion that he ought to go to China instead of Africa. To this decision he reluctantly consented, and it is evident from his letters, that even when in China, he often looked towards Africa with a kind of fond regret.

He was licensed to preach the gospel on the 5th of April 1841, and after leaving the Seminary he was sent to Michigan in the service of the Board. On his return he spent some time among the churches in Western New York. On the 9th of November he was ordained, but no opportunity for sailing to his destined field offered until the following January. The interval was chiefly spent at home. Several of his most inter-

esting letters belong to this period. We give the following extract from a communication to his friend Mr. Lloyd, as characteristic of his piety. It shows how religion in his case was rapidly maturing into a controlling principle. "Another thing that makes me say less about them (i. e. his feelings) is, that I have learned not to rely upon them so much as once I did; and indeed, I so often find it necessary to act without, and even against feelings, from a sense of duty, that this makes me less careful about them. They are certainly important; when we are in a proper 'frame,' and our 'feelings' are urged on by a favorable impulse, there is a great deal of pleasure connected with them. But too much dependence upon them will often unfit us for duty. A man's feelings may take their colour from many things besides his religious state. He may be melancholy, from a low state of health, when he thinks it is a sense of sin that makes him sad. He may be cheerful and feel very grateful, as he supposes, from a sense of God's favour; and yet the greater part of his joy shall be caused by the mere flow of animal spirits. Our feelings arise very often, indeed, from something in ourselves; but our standard of duty is not anything in ourselves, but the eternal word of God. That is liable to no changes, and does not fluctuate with the ever-varying tide of human passion, but flows on ever the same. I do not undervalue the importance of feelings; they are like the perfumes that sweeten the gales which waft us on our course; and at times they may even be compared to the gales that assist the galley-slave, as he toils at his oars. But we are rowing up stream, and it will not do for us to lie on our oars, every time the breeze hulls. 'Time and tide wait for no man,' and we, on the other hand, in our heavenly course, must toil on without waiting for time or tide, or wind or wave. 'Faint, yet pursuing.' As John Bunyan says of religion among men, so may it be said of religion in the heart, "We must own religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers, and stand by him too when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets, with applause."

On the eve of sailing he writes to his cousin, Mr. John M. Lowrie: "After long delay the Huntress is to sail to-morrow. We are all well here, and I believe all in good spirits. Very

seldom have I found my mind so perfectly calm and peaceful, and it has been since last Friday. The Sabbath was to me one of my bright days, or rather, as I seldom have bright, dazzling days, it was one of those calm, peaceful days, when the soul rises insensibly above the world, and dwells with the assurance of faith on unseen realities." This was the state of mind in which he bade a final farewell to home and country.

He sailed from New York, January 19, 1842, and after a prosperous voyage landed at Macao on the 27th of the following May. At the time of his arrival hostilities still existed between Great Britain and China, the five ports had not yet been opened, and the question whether Singapore should continue the chief seat of missionary operation for China was still undecided. Under these circumstances it was deemed important that Mr. Lowrie should proceed as soon as possible to Singapore to consult with the brethren then at that station. He accordingly took passage in a British vessel, manned with Lascars, the officers only being English. His accommodations on board this ship were very uncomfortable, and he suffered all sorts of annoyances while contending against the Southwest monsoon. From July 10th to August 11th, they gained but one hundred miles. He writes to Mr. McBryde informing him that "after beating about for thirty-one days, we found our wood, water and provisions growing short, and as the current was now so strong that we could make no progress against it, we very reluctantly turned about, August 11th, and shaped our course for Manilla, meaning there to refit. But our troubles were not over yet. The wind, which had been directly in our teeth, when we tried to go to Singapore, now, when we wanted to go the other way, first veered about to S. E. and then fell a dead calm." However on the 23d of August he reached Manilla in safety, sixty-six days after leaving Macao. "I arrived," he says, writing to his brother, "at Manilla a perfect stranger, not knowing even the name of a single person here. There were no Protestant missionaries in the Philippine Islands, and Manilla is almost the only port, from Chusan in China to Calcutta in India, where I could not have found persons whom I knew, or with whom, from similarity of pursuits, I could not speedily have formed an acquaintance. Yet

I had not been on shore an hour, before I found myself most perfectly at home in the house of Mr. Moore, a merchant from Boston, and at present acting as United States vice consul."

On the 18th September he embarked on board the *Harmony*, counted one of the fastest sailing British merchantmen in the Chinese waters, bound for Singapore. The first week of the voyage was on the whole favourable; but on September 25th, about one o'clock P. M., while sailing at the rate of five or six miles an hour, "the ship struck against some obstacle with tremendous violence. It impeded her onward motion in a moment. We started to our feet; again she struck, and again she reeled like a drunken man. The deck quivered beneath our feet; and on going out we found the men running about, the officers giving their orders, and the terrified steward groaning and wringing his hands at the cabin door. The ship soon struck again with increased violence, knocking off large pieces of her keel, and completely breaking her back. It was an awful time; a strong wind, a heavy rain falling, and an unquiet and restless sea; yet there were no breakers and no discoloured waters—the usual signs of a shoal—and although in the intervals of rain we could see at least ten miles on every side, yet there was neither island, rock, nor breakers in sight; nor any other sign of danger. . . . As you may well imagine, I was on my knees more than once. It was a solemn time; but my mind was kept in a calm and composed frame. We struck about half past one P. M. In less than an hour we had three feet water in the hold. In two hours more it had increased to six feet, in less than another hour there was seven, and in twenty minutes more, seven feet and six inches; and this though the four pumps were kept constantly going, and all drawing well. It was now near five o'clock, P. M., and it being evident that the ship must sink, the pumps were abandoned and the boats got ready. . . . It was arranged that twenty-one, including the captain and passengers, should go in the long boat, and the mate and seven men in the jolly boat. We managed to get in about seven o'clock, and pushed off from the ship. She was then settling fast in the water, which was already nearly on a level with her decks. . . . A heavy rain fell almost constantly till mid-

night from which we could have no protection, and in a few minutes we were drenched with the rain and the spray. The boat, with so many persons in, was very deep in the water; and to add to our discomfort and apprehensions, leaked a good deal, so that one person was constantly employed in bailing her out. . . . On Monday we rigged a couple of masts, and with a royal studding-sail, and main-try-sail, which had been thrown into the boat, we mustered a very respectable fore-sail and main-sail, using our whole oar, and one of the broken oars for yards. . . . A man and a boy were taken in from the jolly boat, which made our whole number nineteen men and four boys; a large number for a boat only twenty-one feet long, and eight feet broad. The provisions were then examined, and we found there was bread enough to last a week or ten days, but that we had a very small quantity of water. There could not have been more than eight or ten gallons. This was a cause of no little anxiety, for by our calculations we could not be less than four hundred miles from Manilla (whither we now directed our course), and at that season of the year, calms, and even head winds, which would make our passage long, were not unlikely to occur. Accordingly all hands were put on an allowance of half a pint of water daily, and bread in moderation. . . . Tuesday was a terrible day. Not a cloud in the sky; scarcely a breath of wind, and the hot sun of the torrid zone beating down upon us. . . . On Wednesday the breeze became stronger, with a heavy sea. We went rapidly on, and in our lonely course found amusement in watching the large flocks of boobies that in some places nearly covered the sea. . . . Thursday morning commenced with rain which soon wet us to the skin; but we did not mind that, for we caught several buckets full of water, which, in the low ebb of our water-cask, gave us great joy; and we ate our breakfast in high spirits. About ten o'clock the wind rose, the sea ran very high, and frequent squalls of wind and rain darkened the heavens and drenched us to the skin. The captain sent the best helmsman to the tiller, and sat down himself by the compass, and for eight long hours he did not move from his seat. Conversation ceased; and scarcely a word was uttered in all that time, except the orders from the captain to the

helmsman, "Port! Port your helm, quick! Hard a-port! Starboard now! Mind your port helm," &c. Many a longing anxious look did we cast before us to see if there were any signs of land; but still more to the west, to see if the gale gave signs of abating. But no! Darker and darker grew the heavens over us; higher and higher rose the sea; louder and louder still roared the waves as they rushed past our little boat, and faster fell the rain. If a single one of those waves had come over the boat's side, it would have overwhelmed and swallowed up the boat, and every one on board; and it was only by the utmost care and skill that she was kept before them.

"Death never seemed so near before. An emotion of sorrow passed through my mind, as I thought of my friends at home who would, probably, be long in suspense in regard to my fate; and of regret, as I thought of the work for which I had come; but for myself, my mind was kept in peace. I knew in whom I had believed, and felt that he was able to save; and though solemn is the near prospect of eternity, I felt no fear, and had no regret that I had perilled my life in such a cause.

"Thus the day wore away, and night approached without any signs of more moderate weather. The wind was now so strong, and the sea so high, that it was with the utmost danger that we could hold on our course. Everything was wet, and we tried in vain to get a light for the compass; besides, by our calculations, we could not be more than thirty or forty miles from land; and at the rate we were going, should reach it about midnight; but to attempt to land in such a sea, in the dark, would be madness itself. What could we do? Backwards, or sideways, we could not go, on account of the sea; to go forward was to throw our lives away; to remain where we were, *even if it were possible*, seemed to be remaining in the very jaws of death. It was, however, our only hope, if hope it could be called, and accordingly preparations were made for heaving the boat to. The foresail was taken down, and securely fastened to the yard; the largest cord we could muster (about thirty fathoms) attached to this and to the boat. The mainsail was then lowered, and watching our opportunity, the foresail was thrown overboard, cord paid out, and the boat's

head turned to the wind. This last was a most perilous operation; for had a wave struck her while her broadside was exposed to it, all would have been over with us. The plan, however, succeeded admirably. The little foresail being between the wind and the boat, it served to break the force of the waves; and as it lay flat on the water, it was not acted on by the wind; and thus served also as an anchor to keep the boat's head to the wind. We then had the mainsail hoisted up in the form of a staysail, to keep the boat steady, and thus we were hove to.

“For a while, the result was very uncertain. The wind howled past us with a force which made every plank in the boat quiver; the rain fell in torrents, with the violence of small hailstones, nearly all the night; and we could hear the great waves as they formed and rose away ahead of us, and then rushed toward us, with a sound like the whizzing of an immense rocket. Sometimes they would strike us as if with a heavy hammer, causing the boat to jump bodily away; and then again, their white, foaming, phosphorescent crests would be piled up by our sides, as if, the next moment, they would dash in and overwhelm us in an instant. There we lay, packed together so closely that we could scarcely move; while every now and then, a dash of spray came over us, covering us with pale phosphoric sparks that shed a dim and fearful light for a few inches around. Oh, it was a dreadful night! There was distress and perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear.

“Not one of our company, I will venture to say, had any expectation of seeing the light of another day. For myself, I thought deliberately of each and every member of our family, and breathed a silent farewell to each: of many of my friends by name, of former scenes and seasons: of various missionary fields, and offered prayers for each and all: of my own past life, and of the certainty, for so it then seemed to me, that in a few hours I should enter on the untried realities of which I had so often thought. I know not that my mind was ever in a calmer state, or that I could more deliberately reflect on what I wished to fix my thoughts upon: and though I could not feel those clear convictions of my safety I have sometimes

felt, yet my faith was fixed on the Rock of Ages, and death seemed to have but few terrors for me. In such a night, and with such expectations, it was wrong to sleep; and though benumbed with rain and cold, and almost exhausted for want of rest, I did not close my eyes during the whole time. Many precious Scripture truths passed through my mind; such as—"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," which I applied to myself in a spiritual manner; for, situated as we were, I could scarcely expect to have them literally fulfilled. I know not when I felt more strongly the delightful sublimity of the expression, "He holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand," or the feeling of security even for the body, which for a moment it gave me.

"As you may suppose, there were few words spoken, and the only sound we heard, besides the wind and rain and the roaring sea, was that of the boys bailing out the water. Towards two or three o'clock in the morning, (by our conjectures, for we had no light to see with), the wind and sea seemed to abate, and finding we shipped very little water, we began to hope that our lives might yet be spared. The morning slowly dawned, but as it dawned the wind and sea increased. As soon as we could see, the foresail was hauled in and hoisted to the wind, and the mainsail spread, and we commenced again our perilous course. Soon the cry, "Land ho!" was raised, and when the morning had fairly dawned, we saw it stretching along right before us, about ten miles off. We must have been driven many miles during the night to be so near it. Soon our hopes were greatly excited, for the land had the appearance precisely of that about the entrance of Manilla Bay. We could see what we took to be Point Hornos, Mount Mari-veles, the island Corregidor, and the Lora Mountains; and we were filled with joy at the prospect of so soon ending our voyage.

"We steered directly for the land, meaning to get behind some projecting point, and wait till the sea became calm. Meanwhile, however, the wind and sea rose again; the heavens became black behind us, and there was a great rain. To our sorrow, also, we found that we had mistaken the land, for

none of us had ever seen it before. But it was too late to go back, the squall was upon us; and though the rain fell so fast that we could not see more than twenty yards, yet on we must go. There was a little island on the right, and the captain was on the point of steering the boat so as to get round under its lee, when we saw heavy breakers right ahead. We turned off to the left, though at an imminent risk, for this brought our broadside to the sea, and several light waves dashed over us. There were breakers on the left too, but we were directed in a channel between them, and rounding a projecting point of rocks, we saw a little cove sheltered from the wind, and as smooth as an inland lake. Soon our boat touched the bottom, only a few yards from the shore. We jumped overboard, secured her by ropes to two or three trees, and we were safe! It was a time of joy. With one consent, we gathered together under the trees, and offered up our thanksgiving and praises to God, with prayers for future assistance and protection. It was a scene worthy of a painter's skill,—our little boat fastened to the trees, our scanty baggage piled upon the shore, and ourselves under the custard-apple trees, standing with upturned faces, while the rain dropped upon our bare heads, as we lifted up our voices, and I trust our hearts also to that God who had held the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand, and had brought us through dangers which we never expected to survive. It was well we came in when we did, for it was then high tide, and a few hours later the channel through which we had passed, was itself one mass of breakers. Our boat would inevitably have been dashed to pieces there, and some, if not all of us, would have perished among the waves.”

We have given this interesting narrative in some detail, for the escape is one of the most remarkable on record. The gale which was successfully weathered by an open boat loaded nearly to the water line, proved destructive to large ships; some dragging their anchors even in the harbour of Manilla; others driven on shore or foundering at sea. They landed on the island of Luban, September 30th; and on October 3d, reached Manilla in safety. He was received with great kindness and sympathy by Mr. and Mrs. Moore, and Mr. Edgar,

the brother of the latter, who gave him a free passage for Hong Kong; for which place he embarked October 10th, and arrived after a rough passage on the 17th of the same month, just four months after he had left Macao for Singapore.

From Hong Kong he proceeded to Macao, where he remained until August, 1843, engaged in studying the language, preaching regularly on the sabbath to the American and European residents, and waiting for the expected reinforcement of the mission from America. As it was important that some member of the mission should visit the northern ports of China, recently opened by the treaty with Great Britain to foreign commerce, Mr. Lowrie in the latter end of August left Macao for Amoy and Chusan, calling in his way at Hong Kong. This is a small, irregular-shaped island. Its entire circumference is about twenty-seven miles, and so hilly and rocky that it is only by cutting down hills and levelling the ground, that suitable building sites can be obtained. Its great recommendation is its position and its fine harbour. It was taken possession of by the English in January, 1841, and received as a dependency of the British crown in June, 1843. Its population in 1841 was about four thousand, but in 1843 it amounted to twenty thousand. During the voyage from Hong Kong to Amoy, he passed in sight of the three great opium depots along the coast, at these places. The opium dealers in Canton and Macao, have ships constantly stationed to supply the smaller vessels, which carry opium to different parts of the coast. The number of vessels employed in this traffic is very great. A single mercantile house in Canton and Macao has about fifty vessels, ships, barks, brigs and schooners, while another house has thirty or more. The laws of China which forbid the introduction of opium are a dead letter. The Chinese officers connive at the traffic. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of Christian missions in China, arises from the prevalence of the use of this intoxicating drug. When a man acquires a taste for opium, there is nothing he will not do to gratify it; and its use is most deleterious. It injures the health, stupefies the mind, and deadens the moral feelings. When it is once confirmed, it is almost impossible to abandon

it. The fondness of opium is one of the strongest chains in which Satan has bound this great people.

Mr. Lowrie arrived at Amoy September 5th. "Multitudes, multitudes," he says, was the impression fastened upon him in walking through the crowded streets, and looking over the close-built environs of the city. The suburbs are much larger than the city itself. Each street is closed at either end by gates every night; all are narrow and dirty. It is hardly possible for foreigners to live in the close filthy quarters generally occupied by the Chinese. The country around Amoy consists almost entirely of bleak, stony hills. Its population is generally estimated at two hundred thousand. The residence of the missionaries was on the island of Kulangsu, near the city. This island is about three miles long and not quite one mile broad, and is exceedingly beautiful. Full three hundred thousand souls are accessible from this spot, whom a missionary might reach without spending a night from home. The use of opium is very common. Mr. Lowrie says he was informed on good authority, that every man in Amoy who could afford to buy it, was more or less addicted to its use. Infanticide also prevails to a fearful extent throughout the province. It is supposed that one-fifth or one-sixth of the children in the district around Amoy perish by the hands of their parents.

Mr. L. left Amoy September 7th, for Chusan. From Hong Kong to Amoy, three hundred miles, the coast is rocky, bold, and mountainous; but after passing the former place, it is level, with gentle elevations and depressions, for about two hundred miles, when it again becomes rocky. When within one hundred and twenty miles of Chusan, the monsoon changed, and after vainly contending with it for some time, the vessel was obliged to return to Amoy, which they reached September 26th. Early in October, he and Mr. Abeel made a visit to the neighbouring city of Chang-Chow. He closes his journal, kept during his sojourn in the neighbourhood of Amoy, by remarking on the denseness of the population. "If," says he, "the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore were situated in a valley forty miles long and ten or fifteen broad, and the whole intervening country were so thickly covered with villages that a man should never be out

of sight of one or more of them, still the population of that valley would not be as great as is the population of that part of China of which the preceding pages speak. At seven o'clock in the morning we were at Amoy; by two o'clock P. M. we had passed Hacteng and Cho-bey, and were anchored at Chang-chow. Here were four cities, any one of which would be a city of the first size in the United States, and around these four cities there must be at least two hundred villages and towns; and this is not all, for within thirty miles of Amoy in another direction, is the city of Tung-an, said to be twice as large as Amoy, with I know not how many towns and villages in its neighbourhood. . . . I am astonished and confounded, and even after what I have seen, can scarcely believe the half of what must be true, respecting the multitudes who live in China, and the multitudes who are perfectly accessible to the efforts of the missionary. . . . Two years ago, the Protestant missionaries were confined to Canton and Macao, and in neither of those places were they allowed free access to the people, or those opportunities of social intercourse with them, that are indispensable to the full success of the missionary work. Now, how changed the scene! Here are four large cities with innumerable villages around them, where we have free access to the people, without encountering the prejudices which so long hindered us at Canton and Macao. . . . It has been strongly impressed on my mind, from what I have lately seen, that to no country will the Saviour's words 'to the poor the gospel is preached,' be found so applicable as to China. . . . The great mass of the people are poor in the strictest sense of the term. . . . You see it in the coarse clothing they wear, the food they eat, the homes they inhabit, the furniture they use, and the wages they receive. You see it in the fact that their only coined money is so small that it requires twelve hundred to make a dollar; and happy is he who receives two hundred of these for his day's labour. Let the missionary who comes to China, bear this in mind. The highest talents are needed in preaching to the poor, but especially will he need the graces of humility and self-denial, of faith and of patience, in his intercourse with this people, and his efforts to instruct them."

On returning from Amoy to Hong-Kong, he was again in great danger. He had embarked in a little vessel of some thirty tons burden, manned by three Englishmen and four Chinese. The weather proved stormy, and the day after getting to sea the rudder broke, and rendered them perfectly helpless. Happily the wind and current drifted them on their course, and after several days they got the rudder so repaired as to control the motions of the vessel, just in time to prevent their being drifted out on the China Sea, where their only chance of safety would be to be picked up by some passing vessel. The gale in which the little *Lordra* broke her rudder, was very violent further south. The ship in which Dr. Hepburn and his wife had embarked from Hong Kong to Amoy was obliged to return with the loss of spars, sails &c., and that in which Mr. Medhurst and Mr. Milne were proceeding to Chusan, lost her top-mast, had her captain swept overboard and drowned, and was finally obliged to put into Manilla in distress.

Before the end of the month of October, Mr. Lowrie went from Hong-Kong to Macao, which for the present he considered his home. In a letter to his father, dated Macao, Oct. 26, 1843, he expresses at length his opinion of Dr. Morrison's translation of the Bible. He had previously characterised it as very imperfect and unintelligible to the Chinese. To account for this, he remarks that Dr. Morrison was the first protestant missionary who commenced the study of Chinese. He had to make his own grammar and his own dictionary. He could not be expected to master the most difficult of all languages in a few years, under such disadvantages. Being in the service of the East India Company, he was necessarily conversant chiefly with phrases and idioms of use in mercantile transactions, and his time was so much taken up in other duties, that he could not devote sufficient attention to so important a work as the translation of the Scriptures. Besides all this, his version was made when he was yet learning the language, and not in the maturity of his knowledge. He commenced it in less than five years after he began to study Chinese; finished the Acts in 1810, only three years after his arrival in China; prosecuted his translations, as he says him-

self, 'with many an aching head' from his duties as translator to the Company, and finished in 1819. His subsequent revision and corrections, were very, very slight indeed." The wonder is that under such circumstances so much was accomplished. A plan, he adds, was formed in a convention of the protestant missionaries, to make a new translation. "The plan is, to take the New Testament first; divide it into five portions, and assign one to each station where there are missionaries competent to the task. After each station has finished its portion, it is to send a copy to every other station. After they have all revised each other's work, one person is to be selected from each station; these are to meet together and revise and publish the whole." "In regard to the tracts, many of the same remarks made on the other translation of Morrison's Bible, are equally applicable to them. They have been made in the early stage of the missionaries' studies. One or two of Medhurst's are very good, and one or two of Milne's. The Two Friends, by the latter, is perhaps the best Chinese tract we have, and is generally understood. . . . There is no foreigner living perfectly acquainted with the language; and even those who speak it really very well, often make mistakes in writing it, and use phrases and idioms that a Chinese never uses and does not understand. A learned man among the Chinese may be able to pick some sense out of their writings; but a common man, and the mass of Chinese readers are and will be common men, are often at a loss to find the sense."

The year 1844 was spent by Mr. Lowrie in the laborious prosecution of his studies, and in attending to the general concerns of the mission. During this year a considerable accession was received to the Missionary corps; and after prayerful consultation it was decided that Mr. Happer and Mr. Cole, printer, should remain at Canton, with the press; that Mr. Lloyd and Dr. Hepburn should go to Amoy, to be joined by Mr. Hugh A. Brown, when he should arrive; Mr. Lowrie, Mr. Way, Mr. Culbertson, Mr. Loomis and Dr. McCartee were to go to Ningpo.

The printing press and the matrixes for Chinese type were received in February. Printing Chinese with movable metal

type was a new enterprise, of great difficulty. The type were to be cast, and four thousand different characters were to be arranged in cases for composition. Mr. Cole was experienced in English printing, but he had no knowledge of Chinese, and the entire arrangement of the Chinese characters devolved on Mr. Lowrie. After months of labour all difficulties were surmounted and the press went into operation in June. Besides this, much of his time was required on behalf of the other missionaries. As he was in a measure at home, and they in a strange land, their business affairs naturally fell to his share. These various duties, together with his correspondence with the Mission House, and the preparation of several important articles for the press, fully occupied his time.

On January 21st, 1845, he left Macao and turned his face towards the North. As few vessels sail for the northern parts of China during the North-East monsoon he was detained nearly a month at Hong-Kong. At length he obtained a berth on board the *Rob Roy*, a clipper bark, the captain and mates being English, and her crew a motley mixture of Bengalis, Malays, Manila-men, with one or two Arabs, two Chinese, and a Portuguese from Goa, the blackest man on board. They left Hong-Kong on the 16th of February, and in sixteen days were in the latitude of the Chusan Islands. The latter part of the voyage was not so speedy. Though they had less than two hundred miles to run, it was not until March 11th, they cast anchor at Woosung, about fourteen miles from Shanghai. The whole country around the latter city is perfectly level. The soil is rich. There are no stones, not even pebbles. Farm houses and villages dot the country in every direction, and clumps of bamboos, with orchards of peaches and plum trees, and willows by the water courses relieve the sameness of the ground. Two crops, one of wheat, and the other of cotton, are raised every year, and in some parts a third crop of rice is also procured. The city is of a circular form, surrounded by walls, about fifteen feet high, and nearly four miles in circumference. The population is about two hundred thousand. By the Woosung river it is connected with the city of Loochow, the capital of the province, and one of the most luxurious and wealthy in the

empire, and also with the Grand Canal which reaches Peking. Hence its situation is one of great importance, and its trade is immense. Every foreigner who has visited Shanghai gives the inhabitants a much higher character than those of Canton. They are rather taller, and of a more ruddy complexion, and much more civil and well disposed than their southern countrymen. In passing through the streets one is rarely insulted, and the opprobrious epithets so common in Canton and Macao are scarcely ever heard. The appearance of the city however, is not very prepossessing, and among the Chinese themselves it is pre-eminent among the dirty cities of the empire.

Tuesday, April 1st, he reached Chusan and was rejoiced to find his associates Messrs. Loomis and Culbertson had already arrived. Much of his baggage and his books were sent by the ship which brought his colleagues from Hong-Kong. On opening the boxes, they found his books sadly injured, some utterly ruined, three-fourths defaced or seriously damaged. This to a missionary far from libraries was a severe loss.

April 11th, he passed over to Ningpo which was to be the seat of his missionary labours. Ningpo lies in the centre of a large plain, surrounded on all sides by mountains, and intersected by innumerable canals, which serve the double purpose of irrigation and travelling. A covered boat and boatman can be had for a whole day for twenty-five cents. The plain is at least twenty miles in its narrowest part, and much wider in other places. The whole of this great amphitheatre is thickly studded over with villages and farm houses, and has two or three large cities besides Ningpo. The foreign trade of this port is not so great as it once was. When the treaty was formed in 1842 it was supposed that Ningpo would be the most important of the five ports. The vicinity of Shanghai to the city of Loochow and the great canal gives it great advantages.

Having devoted his attention while at Macao to the study of the Mandarin dialect, from which that of Ningpo is said to differ as much as French from Spanish, he was obliged to begin anew, so far as the spoken language was concerned. This with the necessary attention he was called upon to devote to

correcting the press, and other similar duties, somewhat retarded his progress in learning to speak, while he was only the more rapidly increasing in his knowledge of the written language. Under date of April 21st, 1846, he says to Mr. Lloyd at Amoy, speaking on this subject: "I find it a very serious drawback in my studies and acquirement of the language, that so much of the best part of my missionary life, was spent where the dialect I was studying was not spoken. Although I know more of books than any other here, yet McCartee speaks incomparably better than I do, and both Culbertson and Loomis will probably be preaching before me. What in the world should I do among the 'tones' of your delightful dialect." In the same letter, however, he says that he had already tried preaching, once or twice, though "like the man who tried to swim before he had been in the water," he did not succeed much to his satisfaction. By October of this year he had obtained sufficient command of the spoken language, to enable him to preach regularly. He says in his journal Oct. 4, 1846, "To-day commenced a Chinese service in my house. Put up a notice at the door, inviting *choo pang yew*, 'all the friends', to come and hear; prepared seats for about forty; and about the hour my servant went to the door and invited the passers-by to come in. . . . Some came in with their burdens; some looking half afraid; some ran right out again; some stood up; some sat down; some smoked their pipes; some said what is the use of staying, he is a foreigner, and we do not understand foreign talk. The attention was none of the best, for it required all my courage and presence of mind to keep going, and the people feeling quite free to talk and make remarks, I got along no better than I anticipated. I am not discouraged, though by no means flattered by the result of this day's experiment. There were some forty persons present." It must require almost a faith that can remove mountains, to enable a man to preach the gospel hopefully in such circumstances. He informs his father, under date of Dec. 31st, 1846, of his manner of preparing his sermons. "I write," he says, "a sermon in Chinese every week; about eight pages; not so large as a letter-paper sheet. This I look over several times, especially on Sunday; put up a notice on

my doors, that in the afternoon there will be preaching, and open my doors shortly after dinner—say half-past two. One of my servants, or my teacher, stands at the door and invites passers-by to come in. The great difficulty is to get an audience to begin with. . . . I commonly commence as soon as there are five or six persons present, and if the weather be at all fair, I am pretty sure in five or ten minutes to have from fifteen to forty persons.” But as the people continue coming and going he often would preach the same sermon over again the same afternoon, to a new audience; and thus frequently had the opportunity of presenting the gospel to fifty or a hundred persons on a Sabbath.

Thus ended the year 1846. During the early months of 1847, the same course of labour was continued. Having been appointed one of the delegates for the revision of the translation of the Bible, he went to Shanghai in the early part of June. He expected the convention would not sit more than six or seven weeks, but it was soon found that a much longer time would be necessary. The other members of the convention were Drs. Medhurst, Boone, Bridgeman, and Mr. J. Stronach. They were soon arrested in their labours by the question; what is the proper word for God in Chinese? Morrison and Milne had adopted the word *Shin*, as meaning God, or Divinity in general. Mr. Medhurst for many years did the same, but afterwards, used the expression *Shang Te*, Supreme Ruler. Mr. Gutschlaff did the same, and under the influence of these two gentlemen, the most experienced Chinese scholars in the field, most of the missionaries adopted the expression. Of late years much had been said on the subject. It was objected to the use of *Shang Te*, that it is a distinctive title of the national deity of China; and secondly, that it is not a generic term, and cannot be used in translating such passages as “Jehovah our God,” “The unknown God him I declare unto you,” and the like. Dr. Medhurst, and Mr. Stronach were decidedly in favour of the designation last mentioned; Dr. Bridgeman, Bishop Boone, and Mr. Lowrie were as decided in their preference for the word *Shin*. The result of this discussion is not stated in this memoir.

Mr. Lowrie had now been rather more than five years in

China. During this time he had accomplished a great deal notwithstanding the interruptions occasioned by his numerous voyages, and the attention he was obliged to give to the business concerns of the mission. In a letter to his father dated December 5th, 1845, he says, "After a good deal of thought, I am about settling down to the opinion, that I ought to aim at a pretty full knowledge of books and writings in Chinese. In a mission so large as ours, and where we have a press, there must be some one tolerably at home on some points. Now, I have been so circumstanced, as to be obliged to turn my thoughts much that way, somewhat to the disadvantage of my speaking fluently, and I am so still. I have laid such a foundation of acquaintance with the written language, as enables me to go on with some ease, and such as the other brethren can hardly be expected to do in some time. They are accordingly outstripping me in the colloquial, though I have the advantage in books, and can easily keep it up. My education and previous habits are also such as fit me more for this than mingling with men, unless actually obliged to do so. I propose therefore not to neglect the colloquial, but to lay out a good portion of my strength on reading and writing Chinese; keeping in view chiefly the translation of the Scriptures, and works explanatory of them, and perhaps the preparation of elementary books, and it may be a dictionary, a thing greatly needed. What do you think of this plan? You will not think I mean to neglect the great work of preaching, for I trust to be able next year to undertake regular services. I might do it now, if I had no accounts to keep, letters to write, and advice to give to others, especially in the printing office. That you may see how much I have been hindered one way and another, since coming to China, I may say that, though it is nearly four years since I left you, yet I have had a teacher, and by consequence, have been studying the language effectually, only twenty three months, and of those, three are hardly worth counting from the interruptions I met." There can hardly be a doubt that this purpose to devote his attention principally to the written language was wise. The principle of the division of labour is as important in the missionary work as elsewhere. There should always

be some men, who from their talents, habits and providential circumstances are led to cultivate learning. They are after all generally the most useful men; because the preparation of books and especially of translations of the Scriptures gives them a wider and a more permanent field of influence than can be occupied in any other way. Henry Martyn, Carey, Marshman, and others belonging to the class of learned missionaries, are those whose labours have been productive of the greatest results.

In the letter just quoted Mr. Lowrie informs his father, that his commentary on Luke, which with the text, he says, would make a handsome volume of a hundred pages, was ready for the press. He strenuously urges the necessity of explanations to attend the written word, because the doctrines, the historical allusions, geography, customs, &c. are all strange to the heathen. He says his teacher asked him twenty times during the preparation of the work, "How can you expect us to understand this book? I do not understand it, who have been reading books all my life, and how can less learned persons comprehend it?"

Another laborious work in which he was engaged was the translation of the Shorter Catechism. "I first write it," he says, "in as good Chinese as I can, and then copy it off, and correct it two or three times, till I am pretty sure it expresses the idea, and then talk it over with the teacher, and get him to correct obscurities and errors in style. . . . The Catechism is so condensed, that it is a very hard thing to translate, and it is also very hard to find equivalents for some of the terms." Speaking of this subject on another occasion, he says: "There are more terms in the written language than in the spoken, but they are of no more use to the common people than the Latin and Greek terms in theological and philosophical books are to the unlearned at home. I know of no term in the language to express precisely 'chief end.' For 'decree,' there is a good word, *ming*, in the written language, but not in the spoken. For 'covenant,' *yo* is a good word, but it is understood only by scholars, nor is there any good word for it in the colloquial. 'Providence,' 'fall,' 'redemption,' 'original sin,' 'effectual calling,' 'justification,' 'adoption,' 'sanctifica-

tion,' 'privilege,' 'holy,' are all very hard words to be put into intelligible Chinese. Most of them may be expressed, after a sort, in the written language, which is very copious, but when it comes to the spoken language one is at a loss, and a great deal of circumlocution is unavoidable."

In his Journal, under the date of April 18th, we find this entry: "Finished the first draught of the Shorter Catechism in Chinese, and May 11th finished revision of it with teacher."

A work of still greater difficulty, to which he early turned his attention, was the preparation of a dictionary. He first speaks of this subject in a letter to his father, dated September 15th, 1846. "I got my head full of a notion of preparing a dictionary of the Four Books the other day, and may perhaps try to make something out of it. There is no existing dictionary by which a Chinese student can read even the Four Books with satisfaction. Morrison's is the best. My plan would be to make a dictionary, 1st. Of all the words in the Four Books, about 2500: this would be the great body of characters used in the language—Dyer's list having only 3500. 2. To give all the meanings of each word that occurs in the Four Books, which, as they are the foundation of the literature of China, would be by much the greater part of the important definitions needed. 3d. To give pretty full biographical notices of all the persons, and notices also of the places mentioned in the Four Books: this would give nearly everything that is important in ancient Chinese history. The above is the better half of what I have cut out. To do it, without interfering with my more direct and more important missionary labours, would require between two and three years. Should this plan succeed, I might afterwards try my hand at a more important and ambitious effort, i. e., a dictionary of the language; but this is so vast an undertaking, that at present I have little idea of trying it. The dictionary of the Four Books I think I can manage, and it would be an important contribution towards a general dictionary." In a letter dated December 31st, 1846, he says: "I still keep at preparing a dictionary of the Four Books, spending two or three hours every day at it. It is a very pleasant recreation, and I find it one of the best modes for getting accurate ideas

of the sense of the characters, so that it will be time well spent, if never a line sees the light. I thought at first that there were about two thousand five hundred characters in the Four Books, but on counting, as I have made out a list, I find there are about two thousand two hundred and fifty. I have already noted down one or more, sometimes eight or ten, significations to about one thousand two hundred of them. But this is not the half, nor the hardest part of the work. I think, however, if I go on as I have begun, that I may get all the significations noted down in four or five months more; and then eight months' moderate work would bring it into a state fit to see the light. Since writing to you at first, however, I have thought of extending it so as to include the Shoo-king and She-king, or Book of Records and Book of Odes. This would increase the number of characters to about three thousand five hundred. My plan would include pretty full biographical and historical notices of China, from the days of Yaou and Shun to those of Mencius, say from B. C. 2100 to B. C. 300, and would make a large quarto volume." In writing from Shanghai, June 3d, 1847, he says: "I have collected all the significations of all the words in the Four Books, and have concluded to go on with the work so as to include the Five Classics, though perhaps I may not include the *Le Ke*, a large and for the most part very trifling and useless work. In the Four books there are in all two thousand three hundred and forty-five different characters, and in the Four Books and Five Classics, the *Le Ke* excepted, there are rather more than four thousand and two hundred. I may perhaps send a list of them some day, from which you will see that the great body of the language is contained in them, i. e., the great body of the really useful characters. Now, my plan is to give each of these characters with its pronunciation in Mandarin, and in the dialect of each of the five ports now open to foreigners. Then to give the etymology of the word from native dictionaries, where I think such etymology worth notice. Then to give the different significations, whether as verbs, nouns, adjectives, &c., and at least one quotation to illustrate each signification, with reference to the page and line where found. This will be the body of the work: but my

plan includes a good deal more, for as the whole of the ancient history, géography, &c. of China is contained in these Four Books and Five Classics, I want my work to be a sort of "Classical Dictionary" on these points. Hence I propose short biographical, historical, geographical sketches under the appropriate characters, with references to such native and foreign authors as may give the student fuller details. You see this is a pretty extensive plan. As to time, I have no idea that I can do it in less than five years, without neglecting other works which I think are entitled to the first place." His master soon called him to a higher service.

It is evident from the whole drift of his letters and journals, that his estimate of the importance of China as a missionary field, was constantly increasing. On this subject we give a single extract from a letter to the Society of Inquiry, Princeton Theological Seminary, dated November 1st, 1845. "Your last question, 'The magnitude of the field and the prospects of the mission?' is one on which a volume might be written, but the space already consumed warns me to be brief, the more so as I may have an occasion hereafter to refer to it. I can only say this: Few have any idea of the extent of the ground that is opened and opening to our labours, and none know where the things will end, whose beginnings we have lived to witness. The opening of China to foreign intercourse, is an event which finds few parallels in the history of the world. This country is a world in itself; and the thought has often occurred to me, while traversing its beautiful plains and crowded streets, 'What a world has been revolving here of which Christendom knows nothing!' I have been led to make excursions of twenty or thirty miles into the interior, from each of the cities of Amoy, Shanghai, and Ningpo, and every where the country is like a vast beehive, swarming with inhabitants. It is the same about Canton, where I have also been, and doubtless the same about Foo-chow. I have not known what it is to be out of sight of a human habitation since I have been in China, and where there is one there is commonly ten. I have scarcely ever seen a little valley, or a hollow among the hills, where industry could cultivate a bed of rice, or a crop of greens, that was not occupied. It is scarcely an

exaggeration to say, that temples and monasteries are as common here as farm-houses in Pennsylvania, and I have seen the streets of Ningpo crowded with many ten thousands of people, to see an idolatrous procession in honour of 'all the gods.' Now all this vast and teeming population of idolaters must have the gospel, or perish. Books will not do the work. It is the living teacher who must speak unto them the words of life. Such is the field we cultivate. As to our prospects, you have them in the concluding verses of Psalm cxxvi. :

They that sow in tears,
With shoutings shall gather the harvest.
Going he shall go, even with weeping, burdened with the seed to be sown:
Coming he shall come, and with shouting, burdened with his sheaves.

It is a great ground of encouragement that the climate of China, though of course very different in different parts of that vast empire, is on the whole healthful. On this subject Mr. Lowrie says of Ningpo, (Jan. 25th, 1847): "We have, on the whole, a delightful climate. A heavy fall of snow last night made every thing look homelike, but it all melted away during the day." At an earlier period of his mission, (November 4th, 1843), he said: "I think the climate of the parts of Ningpo and Shanghai most suitable for persons from the United States; that Canton and the Fuhkeen provinces are unfavourable to those disposed to bilious complaints, but well adapted to those who have a tendency to pulmonary affections." The lowest point reached by the thermometer during his three years' residence at Macao, was 45° of Fahrenheit. It generally ranged, during the cool season, between 50° and 60°. The long warm season, however, he found enervating. Amoy and Hong-Kong had been unhealthy, as he supposes, from temporary circumstances. He says he would not have the slightest fear in going to either of those places. In Shanghai and Ningpo the climate is different. "We have pleasant, cool and cold weather for nine months, and warm weather for three, July and August, and parts of June and September. Of the warm weather, six weeks are uncomfortably hot; worse, if any thing than Macao."

The peculiar obstacle to the missionary work in China, is the language; and that not merely on account of its difficulty,

but because of the multiplicity of its dialects, and the difference between the written and spoken language, and because of its poverty and cumberdom. It is almost inconceivable how such a language can ever be made the vehicle of life, and a means of regeneration to the people. The original roots of the language are not very numerous, but by combination and difference of accentuation and intonation, they are indefinitely multiplied. These tones or accents are commonly reckoned as five; others make eight, others as many as eleven or thirteen, each giving the word as spoken a different meaning. There are no declensions or conjugations; all the relations of words expressed in other languages by these grammatical changes, are in Chinese expressed by auxiliary words, or are left to be gathered from the connexion. The written characters were probably originally symbolical. They are now partly symbolical, partly phonetic, and partly ideographic. Their relation to the spoken language is still a matter of dispute, even among Chinese scholars. The idea that they are analogous to musical notes, or to arithmetical or algebraic signs, to be read with equal ease, by persons of all languages, who understand their import, is, we believe, generally abandoned. It is certain, however, that the written language is the common language of the country; and is understood by those who, in consequence of diversity of dialect, cannot understand each other when speaking. The student, therefore, has to learn two parallel languages; the one as written, the other as its interpretation in some particular dialect. The radical characters, or keys, as they are called, are said to be two hundred and fourteen, but the combinations are by some made to amount to twenty-five thousand, and by others to twice or even three times that number. The labour of impressing such a multitude of signs on the memory must be immense, but it is said that not more than eight or ten thousand are in ordinary use.

There is a good deal of information concerning the Chinese language, and much good advice as to the best method of studying it, scattered through this volume, which we should be glad to collect if our limits permitted. In writing to Mr. Lloyd, before the latter left America, he advises him to learn the radicals immediately, so as to be able to write the whole

of them off, and give the name and meaning of each, without once looking on the book. He also urges him to learn in speaking to use the abdominal and intercostal muscles, which he says would greatly facilitate the acquisition of the power to express the tones. In a letter to the students at Princeton, November 20th, 1843, he says: "I suppose the Chinese is the hardest language in the world, and perhaps no foreigner will ever acquire it perfectly; certainly no foreigner ever has acquired it perfectly. But I have seen some men who have been here much less than ten years, who do speak it with great fluency, and are quite intelligible not merely to the teacher, who has become accustomed to their pronunciation and modes of thought, but to the people in general, and that too in the most difficult of all the dialects. . . . If you come and sit down manfully to the task, determined from the outset to be satisfied with nothing less than an accurate acquaintance with the *tones*, and with the *sounds*, and with the *idioms*, you will find yourself in two years' time proceeding with profit and pleasure."

In writing to his father, May 30th, 1845, he says: "The *spoken* language of China (my remarks are about the Mandarin, but they are substantially true of all the dialects) is like all other languages in the world, polysyllabic. I am aware that some of our best scholars, with whom I would not pretend to compare myself, assert the contrary; but to me it seems as plain as that two and two make four, that if words have any meaning, the Chinese spoken language is polysyllabic. . . . In consequence of this fact, that the spoken language is not monosyllabic, it would be perfectly easy to write it in Roman characters; and there would be no more danger of mistaking the meaning than there is in English. In consequence of this, also, I am inclined to think that we should learn to speak faster and better, by not attempting the Chinese characters at all, at first; and were my missionary life to be gone over I would do so. It is the way the Roman Catholic missionaries do. So much for the *spoken* language. Now in regard to the *written* language, the case is very different. There are a vast number of characters, and most, not all, of them are complete in themselves; the sound of many

of them is alike, but their shape and meaning are different. See them, and you know at once what they mean. Hear them, and the first Hanlin in the empire cannot tell you." The example given is the word *Foo*. There is *Foo*, a father; *foo*, a husband; *foo*, an officer; *foo*, a deputy governor. Each of these has its separate character, and is therefore known by the eye; but as heard, they are all the same, unless the syllable *foo* be pronounced in connexion with the word which decides its particular meaning. Thus *foo-tsin*, is a father; *chang-foo*, a husband; *kwan-foo*, an officer. In writing there is no necessity to give both characters, but one reading aloud that others may understand, supplies the additional syllable as he goes along. Here is the radical difference between the written and spoken language. The classical style abbreviates as much as possible, using only one syllable, whenever that one will convey the meaning to the eye. When a boy goes to school, the first thing he does is to learn the names of the characters, but not their meaning. Five years are spent at this, and at the end of that time, he can perhaps repeat the whole of the Four Books, without knowing the meaning of a solitary character. Then the characters are explained to him.

The difference between the written and spoken dialects is the radical difficulty. There are, however, he adds, others not less perplexing. The greatest is the pedantry of the Chinese, which leads them to adopt high-flown expressions, laboriously concise, for common-place thoughts. The first sentence, for example, of the Sayings of Confucius, is, "The philosopher says, To learn, and times to practise it, not also gratifying, eh?"

Writing to James Lenox Esq., December 9, 1846, he says, "This language, I mean as written, is one of the greatest possible barriers to the spread of the gospel here. I may be mistaken, but to me it seems irresistible, that till a change as great as that which came over the languages of Europe at the reformation, comes over this language, it will be unfit for the extensive dissemination of truth among the mass of the people. I mean of course the written language. We can now preach the gospel in the spoken language; but the spoken language is not a written language; and thus, as far as the mass of the

people are concerned, we have no means of reaching them, but the living teacher, or such of their educated people as may feel interest enough in our books to explain them to the people."

There is great difference as to the use of the tones in the different dialects. Much use is made of them in the dialect spoken at Amoy and in the Fukkeen provinces, but in that spoken at Ningpo, they are of less importance. In reference to the latter Mr. Lowrie says, "Generally speaking, if you get the idiomatic expressions, you need not bother your head about the tones; and none of us pay any theoretical attention whatever to their acquisition." Great as the difficulty arising from this peculiar language undoubtedly is, it is not enough to discourage missionary effort. The fact that so many missionaries succeed in a few years to make them intelligible both in speaking and writing, is proof that ordinary talent and perseverance are all that are necessary, to surmount this apparently formidable obstacle.

We have sometimes heard the trials of a foreign missionary made light of in comparison with the various privations which our brethren in the far west, are called on to endure. Such comparisons perhaps ought not to be instituted; both classes have trials sufficiently severe to render them objects of reverence to those who dwell in ceiled houses. But the judgment above alluded to, assumes mere physical comfort as the standard. It is true that the foreign missionary has often less difficulty in finding food and raiment than some of his brethren at home, but even this advantage is in most instances more than balanced, by the debilitating and depressing influence of a foreign climate. But those outward trials are not the real burden, the missionary has to bear. Besides the surrender of home, country, christian intercourse and christian privileges, a sacrifice in many cases far greater than the missionary himself contemplated, there are other sources of depression still more severe. Some of these are enumerated by Mr. Lowrie in a very affecting paper found, after his death, among his manuscripts. The first of these is the disheartening effect produced by finding oneself surrounded by thousands of immortal beings, whose language is unintelligible, and whom

therefore, one cannot address. When this is in a measure removed, then comes the trial of preaching to careless, fluctuating, disorderly audiences, scarcely more attentive, or, to all appearance, more susceptible than irrational animals. Years often pass without the slightest apparent fruit from all these labours. The heart has to be sustained under all these discouragements, and made to hope against hope. Then there is that sense of loneliness. "Our congregations," says Mr. Lowrie, "are dead, we have no christian families to visit. It is not pleasant to go through the crowded burial grounds here, or to look out over the plains. Death reigns. An idol temple deforms every scene. The air is loaded with the smoke of incense offered to devils. The breezes waft sounds of idolatrous worship to our ears. We look over a region where there are thousands and myriads of people, and we feel that we are alone here. Oh, the loneliness, the utter desolation of soul, I have sometimes felt in walking through these crowded streets, the very dogs barking at me for a foreigner, and not one among all these thousands to whom I could utter the name of Jesus with any hope of response. Dry bones! very dry! we are walking among decaying skeletons, and grinning skulls, and death reigns. This is loneliness." To all this is to be added the depressing, polluting, as Mr. Lowrie calls it, influence of the abominations by which the missionary is surrounded. "We have to look on idolatry and vice as common things, and to accustom ourselves to see with comparatively little concern things that would deprive you of your rest." Piety must be sustained under all these depressing influences and without the abundant means of grace enjoyed in a Christian land. Let those who think of going to the foreign field consider these things; and let those who send them bear in mind the peculiar difficulties with which the missionary among the heathen has daily to contend.

It is these peculiar trials of the foreign missionary; his being cut off from all the usual supports of domestic and Christian society, that furnish one of the strongest reasons why, as a general rule, he ought to be a married man. Mr. Lowrie was never married, yet his remarks on this subject, written as early as the second year of his missionary life, contain more

wisdom and truth than we have seen in like compass anywhere else. We have no room to quote them, but commend them to the serious attention of the reader. They are found on pp. 256-258 of this Memoirs.

While at Shanghai in attendance on the convention for reviewing the translation of the Scriptures, he was sent for to return to Ningpo to attend to some pressing concerns of that mission. He left Shanghai, August 16th, by the canal Chapoo, with his servant and another Chinaman in the service of the mission. They arrived at Chapoo on the 18th, and embarked early on the morning of the 19th for Ningpo. They had sailed about twelve miles, when suddenly a vessel was seen bearing down upon them very rapidly. This proved to be filled with pirates. They boarded the boat in which Mr. Lowrie was sailing, and began to beat and wound all in their way. Him they did not strike. Before they had done plundering, the idea seems to have occurred to them, that when he reached Shanghai, he might be the means of their punishment. They therefore determined to throw him into the sea. As they were in the act of casting him overboard, he turned himself partially round and threw his Bible upon the deck. That sacred relic has been preserved. He soon sank to rise no more until the sea is commanded to give up her dead.

While in college he was much impressed by a discourse delivered by an agent of the American Board. The preacher, in speaking of Messrs. Lyman and Munson who fell as martyrs in Borneo, remarked, that had they "lived to fill up their three score years and ten, and toiled, and laboured, wrote and translated, and been as successful as any of our present missionaries, they would not, in all human probability, have been as useful by one half, as they have been just by their death." Such was his hope in their case; it may be our's in his. At any rate, we are assured that he is not lost to the service. He is only removed to a higher sphere. In the mean time, his memoir perpetuates his life on earth; and will doubtless be the means of creating and extending a more intelligent interest in the missionary work, and of moulding the purposes and character of those whom God may call to take his place.