

Missionary Intelligence.

(From Wes. Notices Newspaper for May 1851.)

Wesleyan Missions in Ceylon.

THE SINGHALESE DISTRICT—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Daniel J. Gogerly, dated Colombo, Dec. 12th, 1850.

I have pleasure in sending a copy of the Minutes of our District-Meeting, which will inform you of the safe arrival of our dear brethren Kessen and Hill. Mr. Rippon, of whose arrival you have previously been informed, has acquired so much of the Portuguese language as to conduct the Galle services, and will soon, I trust, be able to turn an undivided attention to the Singhaless language. Our much respected brother Dickson will leave Galle for Madras by the next steamer; and I suppose you will hear from him by this mail. Happy shall we be if the change of climate should prove beneficial to him! We recommend from this District Daniel Henry Pereira to be received on trial as a Native Minister. He is the eldest son of our Assistant Missionary, D. D. Pereira, at present stationed at Negombo, and is well known to the brethren. He was carefully examined in the District-Meeting as to his conversion to God, and his call to the ministry. He was clear respecting both; and, as he has been a considerable time under my care as a student, I can testify to his Christian walk and conversation, and that I believe him to live with a continual sense of his acceptance with God through Jesus Christ. He has been made useful to several persons; and the opinion of the Meeting was, that he is called of God to preach the Gospel. His examination papers, (read to the Meeting,) on the leading doctrines of Christianity as taught by us, were satisfactory; besides which, he was personally examined at length by the brethren, who unanimously recommend him to you. He is a very acceptable Preacher, both in Singhaless and Portuguese, and has a good knowledge of English. He is twenty three years old.

Although, from circumstances which I believe Mr. Dickson has explained to you, the work at Dondra is very much reduced, yet we are grateful to God that we have an increase of sixty-one members in the District. This is the more satisfactory, as there has been an increase of members each year during the last ten years; and we trust that we shall continue to increase. The principal object to which we now direct our attention is the instruction of our members more accurately in Christian doctrine, and the deepening of the work of God in their hearts.

Our new Governor, Sir George Anderson, is friendly to our Mission, and has several times expressed to me his readiness to aid us in our work. He was in the vessel with Dr. Coke when he died, and inquired very kindly respecting Mr. Harvard and Mr. Clough who were his fellow passengers. We are thankful for this, but feel that we principally need an outpouring of God's Holy Spirit. For this we request you to aid us with your prayers.

West Indies.

TRINIDAD—The object for which I take up my pen to address a few lines to you at present is, to inform you of the result of the public examination of all the schools at the Port of Spain; which has recently been conducted by his Excellency Lord Harris, and His Honour Chief Justice Knox. I made it my duty to attend on each day of the examination; and it gives me great pleasure now to inform you, that the able manner in which several of the boys in our school acquitted themselves, reflects the highest credit upon them, and also upon their indefatigable Teacher, Mr. Lawrence. Three of our boys obtained very handsome prizes; and a fourth boy bore away, most successfully, the prize denominated by His Excellency the "Champion's Prize," which consisted of a beautifully bound pictorial Bible, and fifty dollars. I need hardly say, that this successful combat will raise our school considerably in the estimation of the more enlightened portion of the inhabitants of the Port of Spain.—Rev. W. L. Binks, Trinidad, December 10th, 1850.

Newfoundland.

HARBOUR GRACE—It affords me great pleasure to have it in my power to inform you that our new chapel was opened for the public worship of Almighty God on the 9th of this month: the Rev. J. Norris, of Carbonear, officiated in the morning; in the evening the service was conducted by myself. Both the services were favoured with the presence and blessing of Him who has said, "Wherever my name is recorded, there will I dwell." The day previous to the Sabbath in question, we had one of the most severe storms of the season, which blocked up the roads with drifts of snow; and the frost was intense: yet, notwithstanding, the congregations were good, and the collection for the local fund of the Mission amounted to £10. Last Sabbath I preached to the sealers the usual annual sermon previous to their taking their departure for the ice; when our beautiful sanctuary (for such it really is) was crowded by a deeply attentive congregation. The word came with power, and I trust will prove the savour of life unto life unto some.—Rev. W. E. Shenstone, Harbour-Grace, Newfoundland, February 25th, 1851.

Family Circle.

Which was the Wisest?

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"Papa, where have you been in the heavy rain, and without an umbrella, too?" said James Carter to his father, as he came in with his clothes thoroughly drenched with rain.

"I have been to Mr. Hyde's," said Mr. Carter.

"What, away up in the hollow?" said James.

"Yes, it is not much over a mile."

James wished to ask his father what he had been to Mr. Hyde's for, and while considering in what form the question should be put, his mother entered the room. James was not one of those boys that could say to a father, "What did you go there for?" He knew that it was not always proper to ask his father for the reasons of his conduct, and when it was, that he ought not to use a form of questioning which might be only proper to a companion.

"My dear," said Mr. Carter, "old Mrs. Hyde is very sick, and has been so for several days; and I am afraid she has suffered a good deal from want of attention."

"I had not heard of her being sick," said Mrs. Carter; "but I was thinking yesterday that I had not seen her for some time. Have you been to see her?"

"Yes, I was in the village when I heard of her illness, and I went right up to see her. It began to rain pretty soon after I started."

"You must change your clothes immediately," Mrs. Carter made the necessary arrangements, and he retired to do so.

"Is old Hyde's wife one of your father's relations?" said Robert Harris, a boy who had come to spend the day with James.

"No," replied James.

"What did he go to see her for, then?"

"I suppose he went to carry her something, or to help her in some way."

"What does he do that for?"

"Because he always goes to see and help those who are in trouble."

In saying this, James stated a fact, though he did not, as he supposed, give a reason. The reason why Mr. Carter visited and relieved the poor was, that he had a warm and generous heart, and knew that it was God's pleasure that he should help the poor and afflicted.

"My father," said Robert, "don't do any such thing. He sticks to his business, and that is the way he became so rich."

This was spoken in a tone and manner which showed how much he valued himself on his father's riches. It was true that Mr. Harris never went on errands of mercy—that he gave all his time to business—and that he was quite rich. It was not true that he was happy, or that he made his family so.

"My father is not rich," said James; "and does not expect to be."

"I know what is the reason. He gives

away too much, and does not attend to his business."

"He does attend to his business, too, for it is a part of his business to do good; and giving to the poor, he says, is only lending to the Lord."

"My father lends his money to those who can pay him."

"I think the Lord is as able to pay my father as any of your father's debtors are to pay him."

"I think it is likely he is; but whether he will do it or not is another matter. My father never lends without a note or a mortgage."

James might have said that his father had better security for what he had loaned, than any notes or mortgages; even the express promise of God: but there was something so unpleasant in the conversation, that he was not disposed to resume it; so he made no reply to Robert's last remark.

After a moment's silence, Robert said, "Father says you will all come to want, if your father goes on as he does now."

"I'm not afraid of it. I wish your father would mind his own business," said James, angrily.

"He does, I can tell you; and that is the way he gets ahead so fast."

"Let us talk about something else," said James, repenting of his anger; "this won't do us any good."

"Agreed," said Robert: "let us go out, and have a run in the rain. It is so dull to stay in the house all the time. If I had known it was going to rain, I should not have come. It had no business to rain today."

James was a good deal shocked at this last remark, regarding it, as it was, a great insult offered to God. On the whole he thought it best not to reprove Robert, and simply answered, "We shall get very wet if we go out."

"Well, what if we do? Who is afraid of the rain. What a soldier you would make, if you are afraid of a shower of rain! I don't mean to be afraid of a shower of bullets."

"I'm not afraid of the rain, but my father will not let me go out in it unless it is necessary; that is, he will not think it best for me to go."

"He goes out himself, and I should like to hear my father tell me I should not do what he does himself." Robert did not say what he would do in such a case, but plainly intimated that it would be something fearful.

"It was necessary for my father to go in the rain."

"Necessary!" said Robert, in a tone of contempt; "what necessity was there for his seeing an old sick woman? You would not catch my father doing it in any weather. Not he: he knows too much for that. If she owed him, he would see to her. He would not go himself, but would send the constable. Such folks can't come it over him, no how."

This was said in a boastful tone, as though he gloried in his father's shame. James was disgusted with him, and began to wish he had not come, when he exclaimed, "I'm not going to stay in the house all day; so if you won't go out, I'm off." Suiting the action to the word, he was off, greatly to James's relief.

Twenty years after the above interview James and Robert were still living, but their fathers were in the grave. Both had pursued the course of life above indicated till summoned to the bar of God. Mr. Carter never became rich, but Mr. Harris continued to add to his property to the last.

James was now a minister of the gospel—useful and respected. His mother had lived with him ever since the death of his father, and his younger brothers had been educated, and were well settled in life.

Robert, the only heir of the once rich Mr. Harris, was now the tenant of a miserable house which had once belonged to his father. He was surrounded by a large family clothed in rags, and often suffering for want of food. He spent a large part of his time at a grocery shop where spirits were sold. The riches of the rich man, notwithstanding his bonds and mortgages, had been scattered. The promise of God to those who feed the hungry and clothe the naked had not failed.—Bible Class Magazine.

And they Sang their last Song Together!

We sometimes talk of this life as "a vale of tears," but those who have never wept over the grave of beloved ones cannot understand the meaning of the terms; yet how few of us have not had sorrow! how few have had a pathway through life so secluded and sheltered that no rude winds of adversity have ever reached them! Who has not felt the storms of affliction? Who has not known disappointment and grief, affliction and bereavement? What heart has not known bitterness? Do you remember childhood? Have you forgotten how you ran to a mother, a sister, a companion, to tell your grief? Why did you go and burden another heart with your sorrows? you wanted sympathy. If we have deep afflictions, it is a relief to speak of them in the attentive ear of one who has experienced the same kind of sorrow. If a mother has buried her child she seeks another mother who has been bereaved; no other can so well understand her heart, and speak to its sympathies. Is one left to the speechless sorrows of widowhood? Who can speak words of consolation to reach that heart? It is one who has known the same bereavement.

A father, who had seen the grave close over his beloved wife and every child constituting his household treasures, heard of the afflictions of another like his own.—They met in the street of the thronged city. This father grasped the hand of the other, exclaiming, "I cannot speak of your trials, but I know all about it." These were the first words of sympathy which had reached that stricken heart. There is a great want about all Christians who have not suffered; some flowers must be broken or bruised before they emit any fragrance; it seems needful to the Christian character—even an apostle exclaimed, "If we are afflicted, it is for you;"—he could better understand the path of sorrow after having walked over it. But there is one above all others to whom we can turn for sympathy,—one who, having been "acquainted with grief," perfectly understands the bitterness of every heart, and can give sustaining and sanctifying grace, hushing every tumult within, causing our peace to flow as a river, light to shine in obscurity, making darkness as the noon-day, and enabling us to rejoice in tribulation; and by-and-by we shall feel that—

"The keenest strokes to us in love were given,
That hearts most crushed on earth should most
rejoice in heaven."

In the room of a neat cottage lay a young dying mother, her face beaming with heavenly love, and her heart already in tune for singing the new song. Raising her sweet voice, she sang—

"Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart 'tis hell."

Turning to her husband, she said, "Come, sing with me." While the big tears rolled over his cheek, her countenance was tranquil and happy, and they sang their last song together—

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises I will ever give to thee."

What a scene was here! How true and faithful is our God! How light and bright was this dying mother's passage to the better land! How glorious the hope she cherished of the happiness of heaven! And had she grown tired of the world? Had she nothing to love—and nothing to leave? Listen while we tell you. By her hearth stood a lovely boy, over whose young head only two summer suns had passed! By her side, on her dying bed, rested a tender infant, two weeks old! Before her stood a young, tender, loving husband! Near her was a weeping mother and sorrowing friends, and her home was one of love and comfort; yet when asked, "Can you leave all these?" she replied, "Yes, I love them tenderly, but I can leave them all with Jesus, and for Jesus, for a golden harp to sing his praise. Oh, how loud I shall sing!" "Are you resting entirely on Jesus?" she was asked. Quickly she answered, "Entirely on Jesus."

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