

atoms by mutual attraction. Waters seek their proper level in consequence of their very slight cohesion. The atmosphere, on account of its fluidity, elasticity, and compressibility, is easily put in motion. Vegetables grow and propagate their respective species. Animals act from instinct. But it is mind alone that knows respect for authority, love of excellence, sense of gratitude, and dread of retribution.

GEORGE JOHNSON.
Point de Bute, Sept. 21, 1851.

Correspondence.

For the Wesleyan.

Amherst and Parraboro' Circuit.

MR. EDITOR,—In troubling you so frequently with original articles, I have sometimes thought you would imagine I had a great desire to appear as a writer in the columns of the Wesleyan. But this is not the case. My only wish is, in the absence of more competent writers, to contribute something for the Wesleyan that may please, and profit, and at the same time inspire the hearts, and quicken the zeal of your numerous readers in the cause of God, by stating facts, and affording information, respecting the work of God on my Circuit.

On Friday the 5th inst. I left Amherst on a visit to Parraboro', and reached New Canaan at 4 o'clock, where I preached to a willing people and baptized three children. Here I met Bro. Gaetz who had agreed to exchange appointments with me. We had a pleasant and a profitable time. The young converts stand fast in the Lord and in the power of His might.

On Saturday accompanied by a friend and Brother, we proceeded on our way to Advocate Harbour, some twenty-five miles from the Cross Roads, which we reached in the evening, and were hospitably entertained at the house of a kind friend.

The scenery on this route is well calculated to produce the most pleasing effects on the minds of all who have a taste for the sublime and the picturesque. On the right a range of hills lift their hoary heads, having braved many a storm and buffeted many a blast that have through ages swept wildly over them. On the left lies the Bay of Fundy, whose waves have long lashed the iron bound shore, or spent their fury on the sands. In the distance stands out in bold relief Cape Sharp, Cape Blondin, Cape Split, and Cape D'Or. And there, like a monument of mercy, stands Spencer's Island, under whose shelter many a sea-worn mariner with his shattered bark has sought refuge amidst the howling winds and the pitiless storm. A part of our way lay along the sands. At one place the rock projects so far into the sea that you can only pass at dead low water. At the time we passed, there was a heavy surf on shore which threatened to sweep horse, carriage and all into the deep.

Advocate Harbour opens to the South West, and is protected by a Sand Bar that stretches nearly across it. The land around the harbour is level, and there is some excellent marsh which renders it a fine farming country. A more delightful spot you seldom see in so obscure a place. Three or four miles to the west is Cape Chegneto, and at a short distance stands Isle Haut, long known as a resort for sea-fowl. At the harbour we have a neat chapel, and a large and respectable congregation. I preached twice on the Lord's day with much liberty; administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and met the class. We had a precious season,—a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. God was indeed in the midst of His people, and that to bless and comfort their hearts. There are about thirty members in Society. Brother Gaetz spends one Sabbath out of four in this place. Could some extra religious services be held here, great spiritual benefit would be all probability be effected. Much good has resulted from protracted meetings.

On my return on Monday I preached at Wood Lawn, six miles from Advocate Harbour. Here and at Spencer's Island we have eleven members in Society. From this point on Tuesday I crossed the country to Apple River, about eight miles, through a barren wilderness. Here is a Harbour for vessels, and a Light House lately erected at its mouth. There is some fine marsh land along the River, but the upland appears barren, and of little worth but for the timber growing upon it. Here I preached to a number of serious people, and baptized a child.

There are eleven members in Society. Brother Gaetz spends one Sabbath out of four in this settlement. A chapel is much needed.

On Wednesday preached at Pritchard's School House, to a serious and attentive congregation. The people appear desirous of enjoying the means of grace more frequently than they do, but what is one among so many. On Thursday preached at Fox River to a small company of pious persons. Here we have a class of ten members. The chapel needs some repairs to make it just what it ought to be. The road from Spencer's Island to this place, is one of the most uneven that I ever travelled. It is said that there cannot be two hills without a hollow; but here are hills without valleys. Preached again at Mill Village, Parraboro', in the evening,

to a large and attentive audience. In this neighbourhood we have a neat chapel and about thirty-five members in Society. Brother Gaetz spends one Sabbath out of four between this place and Diligent River. Five Islands I have not yet visited, but I intend to do so at the earliest opportunity. Here we have thirty members in Society. Brother Gaetz visits this place once in four weeks on the Lord's day.

In this part of the country there is a large field open to us, but more ministerial aid is required, and until it is afforded we cannot occupy the ground as we ought, and as we might do.—Two more ministers might be employed with very great advantage between the three Circuits in this County. If the men were sent, the means would be forthcoming for their support. Now is the time to augment our forces, and to enter the field if we intend to enlarge our borders, or even to maintain our present position.

Yours truly,
WESLEY C. BEALS.
Amherst, 24th September, 1851.

For the Wesleyan.

Letters on Haiti.

NO. III.

INTRODUCTION OF NEGROES. LOW STATE OF THE COLONY.

Las Casas was unquestionably the best friend the Aborigines of Haiti ever had. He was animated by the true spirit of charity and did far more than any other man to protect the suffering natives, and to prevent his countrymen from treating them so barbarously bad. This kind-hearted man was born at Seville in 1474: After having sailed a good deal with Columbus and others in their discoveries of various parts of America, he was made Priest and then Bishop, and chose to spend most of the remainder of his life among the natives of Hispaniola. Sixty-six years of that life were consecrated to that object, and to prevent their utter destruction by the colonists, he endured hardships and sufferings of every kind, he often exposed himself to imminent danger and to the fiendish vengeance of the irritated, gold-thirsty Spaniard. To effect his benevolent purposes he pleaded both publicly and privately the cause of the injured, oppressed Indian. He made known to the whole world by his publications the atrocities of their oppressors. He sent a faithful account to the Court of Spain; he crossed the seas expressly to plead their cause in the presence of Charles the Vth, the accused governors and chiefs of every grade, fearless of all consequences. He made such impression upon the mind of that monarch that he made him "Universal Protector" of the Indians. He returned to the colony with three monks who had been appointed "General Inspectors" of the colonies, and a celebrated lawyer was added to the number. These however, were all soon gained over by the gold of the Spaniards, and neither one nor the other would second Las Casas in his benevolent plans—so that he was left to labour and suffer alone in this righteous cause—unable to arrest the progress of destruction and crime, he at last retired to Madrid broken-hearted and disgusted, where he died in 1566 aged ninety-two years—having lived long enough to see nearly the whole population of Haiti destroyed by the cruelty, oppressions and tyrannies of his own countrymen.

While, however, this great and good man did all he could to save the life of the Indian, he recommended a plan which when once adopted, inflicted incalculable evils upon another race of his fellow-men. To relieve the perishing natives he proposed to transport a number of Negroes to the Island, and Ferdinand approving the plan immediately sent 30 negro slaves to work the royal mines. Thus was opened a dreadful source of evil which has continued to this day, and will probably continue a long time yet—and oh! who can imagine the amount of misery and suffering that have resulted from such a course. The traffic in African slavery now went rapidly on—and thousands were soon dragged across the ocean to suffer and to die. So quickly did this infernal traffic take with all parties that as soon as 1517 we find John Hawkins, an Englishman, sailing from the coast of Africa with a cargo of these poor creatures, and he sold 300 of them to the merchants of Hispaniola. From this time the slave trade knew no bounds, and for a long time tens of thousands of them were annually taken to America. Poor Las Casas soon saw that by such a recommendation he had not at all benefited the Indians, and had done great injury to the Africans—both were to be found now working in the same mines—and so the black and the copper-coloured natives were worked to death, and died side by side in the same horrid chains. Thus millions of gold were yearly transported to their most Catholic Majesties, and two distinct races of men were worked to death by thousands in procuring it. Such was the origin of the black race in Haiti. They are not the aborigines of the Island any more than the white man is—as has been observed in a preceding letter they have long since been utterly extinct, and it is as if they had never been. The gold mines of Haiti were worked with such eagerness and avidity that in 1566 they began to be exhausted and Spain much occupied in Europe paid but little attention to Hispaniola. In 1586

Queen Elizabeth sent an English fleet to the West Indies to attack the Spanish and their colonies. Sir Francis Drake bombarded the capital of Hispaniola i. e. Santo Domingo, and soon had it in his possession—and would not "lacher prize" until the colonists had paid him down £7000 sterling.*

The Colony from mal-administration and mis-government began now rapidly to decline—and the Spaniards instead of cultivating the soil, became Pirates. To punish them for this the home government shut all the ports except Santo Domingo—the coasts were now abandoned, and they withdrew into the interior, where they built themselves miserable huts, and kept cattle, they sunk into insignificance, almost entire strangers to all that took place in the world during the latter part of the sixteenth century. Most of them now lived in concubinage with the few Indians that remained, and their own female slaves. A new race now sprung into existence—the offspring of master and slave—destined in their turn to undergo great sufferings—in Haiti and elsewhere—having fulfilled in them, poor creatures, the awful declaration—"I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third or fourth generation in them that hate me."

Up to this time the Spaniards have had the whole Island in their hands, and have done with it as seemed them good. In the short space of one hundred years they have swept off the native race—amounting, say their own historians, to nearly 2,000,000. They have set slavery fully to work by introducing thousands of Negroes from Africa, they have exhausted the bowels of the Island of its millions of gold—they have become Pirates in their turn and have robbed other vessels laden with the precious metals from the continent—they have retired from the towns on the coasts into the interior, and are now living in a degraded, filthy condition, deprived of all energy and given up to lust. The French will now make their appearance in the Island,—their first doings will form the subject of the next article.

W. T. CARDY.
Carleton, N. B., Sept. 15, 1851.

* One of the balls thrown by Sir Francis's great guns entered deeply into the upper walls of the cathedral, and could never be extracted—there it remains, and the opening made by it is yet visible—or at least was when the writer was there in 1843.

THE WESLEYAN.

Halifax, Saturday Morning, October 4, 1851.

THE WORLD IS OUR PARISH.

This was the sentiment of the venerable Founder of Methodism, in reply to those who desired to see his labours restricted within a narrow compass, and who charged him with a violation of Church order in his extraordinary efforts for the salvation of the souls of men,—not uttered in the spirit of grasping ambition, but prompted by the fire of holy love and zeal burning within his breast. This was the cherished sentiment of his whole life, and this he wished to be imbibed by those Societies, in the raising up of which he was rendered instrumental, and to be practically embodied in their movements as a Christian people. Nor was he disappointed. He saw exhibited among his spiritual children this enlarged benevolence and zeal, and he witnessed the fruit thereof throughout the United Kingdom and across the seas; and since his removal to his great reward, his sons and successors have shown that they caught his mantle, and that, by the blessing of God, the example of their father had contributed in no small degree in the moulding of that Missionary character which has more or less marked all their operations as a section of the Church of Christ. Nor has it ever been matter of regret with any Methodist heart, that other portions of the Church have thereby been provoked, zealously to labour for the coming of the kingdom of Christ; but on the contrary they have delighted to witness that others have been disposed to come up with them to the help of the Lord of Hosts, and that these also are being rendered a blessing in widely diffusing the knowledge of the Saviour.

Amid the dense moral gloom yet pervading our world, it is refreshing to the Christian to look abroad over some portions of Protestant Christendom, and to mark the burnings of Evangelistic fire, and the efforts now being made to enlighten and to save a benighted and perishing world.—Nor can we fail to see in this the true spirit of Christian zeal;—the spirit which animated, and was breathed throughout the Mission of the Son of God, and expressed strongly in His last charge to His Church, ere he ascended up on high;—the spirit which His followers in the first century so faithfully maintained, and which their Lord so greatly honoured;—the spirit which inspired the

bosom, and governed the movements of the great apostle of the Gentiles, giving him to say, with a feeling which no words can express, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead." "Not boasting of things without our measure, that is of other men's labours; but having hope, when your faith is increased, that we shall be enlarged by you according to our rule abundantly, to preach the Gospel in the regions beyond you." And, thank God, the same spirit of Christian zeal is in some degree now alive in our world. And so it must be, if Christianity exists in any of its vital power. The Gospel, wherever it finds an entrance, expands and elevates the powers of the heart, enkindling within a holy flame, not to be pent up or restricted by conventional distinctions, or circumscribed within narrow limits, but enlarging in strong desire, that the Gospel's joyful sound may be heard and embraced by every fallen soul of man.

But in view of the wants of the world, and in view of the will of God with respect to the operations of His Church, and in view of what remains to be done, ere prophecy shall receive its glorious accomplishment in the conversion of our race to Christ, how much more largely is the Spirit to be poured out from on high? The labours now put forth, and the sacrifices now made, are but as the drop of the bucket, compared with what is now demanded by the perishing condition of a world still lying in wickedness. Oh! how great is the change which must be wrought within the Church itself! What hindrances to the coming of Christ's kingdom exist in the worldliness, parsimoniousness, indifference, and many inconsistencies of the Lord's people; and how much at the present time does it behoove every Christian, by personal and entire devotedness to the Lord's service,—by earnest pleadings for the Spirit of grace,—and in the holy ardour of self-sacrificing zeal for the cause of the World's Redeemer, to be found labouring for the hastening of the long-predicted period, when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." We see the Lord going before His Church,—let us esteem it as among our highest privileges to be found workers with Him; let us prove Him now, if he will not "open the windows of heaven, and pour out such a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Then shall the prayer of the Church in the Canticles for the coming of the Spirit and the refreshing presence of Christ, be constantly and universally enjoyed.—"Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into His garden, and eat His pleasant fruits."

Among the enlarging efforts now made by the different sections of the Church, for the conversion of the world, Methodists occupy a prominent and honourable place. But of this we cannot boast; we have but very partially fulfilled our vocation in spreading scriptural holiness over the earth. A great work is committed to us; the Lord stretches out our line before us in every direction, and wee unto us if we betray our trust. Let our zeal abound yet more and more, and still be to others a means of holy provocation. From many portions of these Provinces, and from other lands throughout the wide extent of earth, loud calls are heard, "Come over and help us." "The regions beyond" are vast; and Missionaries are to be enlarged abundantly, ever extending the line of their labours and successes, until the circumference of the globe itself shall be comprehended. There is short. Souls are passing away by thousands.—Our work is great, and high, and holy. *The field is the world. The world is our parish.*

MICMAC MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Anniversary of this Society was held in the Temperance Hall on Tuesday evening last, the President, the Rev. E. Evans, in the Chair.—A deeply interesting Report of the Society's operations for the past year, was read by the Secretary, the Rev. P. G. McGregor. The meeting was addressed with good effect by the Chair, the Rev. A. Forrester, Rev. Dr. Twining, M. H. Perley, Esq., of St. John, N. B., P. C. Hill and W. Howe, Esqrs., and also by the Society's Missionary, the Rev. S. T. Rand, who gave a pleasing narration of a recent visit to the Indians at

Bras d'Or, out was of ence, which niversary, speakers with think, can pathy excit Micmac. cepts for meet the es to us Nova required fo ant Mission midst, a co by some no side of the the success pathies of a England, a Committee the genero in the Cour deeply touc red men of now have t expenses o strongly ch favour will Churches i factual me unity of th may be, th tions of the translation tongue. No the approp any Micm shall have r Committee baptiz and some diffic mously agr red into M authorized mac termin Christian e the part of ber of the of sentiment not but int rious worki Mission in Some na desire to a ence to one with jealou die Allian minded ma ty exhibit is of perso tion, views yet, being vation of t keep these throw any operations. gracious ca the Church of the Soci of, a Mis adapted in now again, same All- moved the who only d Mr. Ran the year in ing a Micm onary, a not only to quittance sots herea attention t Mr. Rand from the a of the Ind these char derstand t shortly be don, hav therein—a Society al have expr ing of the which are