

do not come very soon to perfection. It is a dreary looking place, and one of the most unhealthy parts of the Island. Some of those whom Columbus now brought with him soon set off in search of gold mines, and to their inexpressible joy found many among the mountains of "Ciboa"—this was the signal for reducing the natives to slavery, and forcing them to toil and labour that quickly brought them to an untimely end. Some time after they raised the standard of revolt, and about 100,000 of them assembled in the beautiful valley of La Vega, through which the writer has often passed, they could not stand however before the Spaniard's deadly weapons, and nearly the whole of this mass perished either in the battle-field, or when in flight. From this time they were treated as a conquered people and reduced to the most abject slavery, men, women and children—they were goaded on, without pity by their cruel lords, so as to perish by hundreds sometimes in a day. Columbus, himself, sent 300 of them as slaves to Spain, but they were immediately set free by the Queen, who sent to Columbus an order not to enslave the Aborigines, or to treat them harshly, but to have them brought over to religion by mildness and persuasion. Several more priests were sent out, and among them Barthelmy Las Casas, first Bishop of Hispaniola, who did everything he could to prevent the cruelty of his countrymen, but it was all in vain, gold, was the universal cry—the government officers needed it to send to Spain, and the private individual needed it to make his fortune, and the Indian was obliged to toil unto the death to bring it from the bowels of the earth for them. The work of destruction went rapidly on; so that in 1507, only 15 years after its discovery, it is stated by those who write at that date, that there were scarcely sixty thousand of them to be found in the whole Island, so that supposing there were only half a million at the time of the discovery—and the Spaniards supposed there were two millions—the numbers worked to death and destroyed by war, cruelty, &c., must have been immense. The Priests who soon swarmed in the Island exerted but little influence on their countrymen, and made next to no impression on the minds of the natives, and in such a state of things perhaps it was not possible. The following anecdote will show how the Spaniards regarded the white man's religion. One of the chiefs named Hatney, with a few of his people got away to Cuba, where however, he was seized and condemned to death—when bound to the stake a Franciscan monk approached him and offered him the joys of Paradise if he would be baptized. The chief asked him if there were any Spaniards in Paradise: Yes, answered the father, but only good ones—the very best of them, said he, are worthless, and I will not go where I may meet with one of them—and refused to be baptized.

To finish the sad picture we translate the following from an eye-witness, (Las Casas). "When the Spaniards entered their villages they sacrificed to their rage old men, children and women, sparing neither those who were with child, nor those who had been confined—they cut the throats of the natives as if they were a flock of sheep, brought for that purpose—the men often laid wagers among themselves to see which could most cleverly cut them in two by a single stroke—and who could most completely tear out their bowels by one single effort. They would snatch the infants from their mother's breasts, take them by their legs, and dash out their brains before the mother's eyes. "I have seen—(continues Las Casas)—five caciques at a time roasted on a grid-iron. At one time the Spanish Captain who lived near, not being able to sleep from the cries of these poor creatures, sent orders to strangle the wretches that they might no longer prevent his sleeping when he who had the directions of these barbarities, unwilling to shorten their sufferings, stuffed the ends of sticks into their mouths, and kept them over the fire until they were literally roasted alive." Such were the hardships endured by this inoffensive people—long, very long since, the whole race has disappeared from the Island—and the writer who has gone through nearly the whole of it in its length and breadth was never able to find the least trace of one of them. Thus have been swept off the original inhabitants of Haiti. The voice of so much blood must surely cry from the ground.

W. T. CARDY.
Carleton, Sept. 12, 1851.

Aylesford Circuit.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Through the providence of God I find myself once more in an old and cherished field of labour, viz., in the Province of Nova Scotia, and having arrived at the period appointed by the District meeting for holding the Missionary Anniversaries in this Circuit, and having just completed them, I hasten to lay before your readers the pleasing results. The Brethren McNutt and Allison were the appointed deputation, and our first meeting on Monday evening, Sept. 8, found them in their place at Aylesford West Chapel. Bro. Willis Foster occupied the chair. The chapel was filled and a high tone of feeling characterised the meeting. The results were very satisfactory.—Our second meeting was held the following evening at Aylesford East. Bro. Amos B. Patterson, our Circuit Steward, was the Chairman and

though the attendance was not so large—the proceeds of the meeting were encouraging. On Wednesday we went to Nictaux Falls—the scenery about this place is romantic and beautiful—the drive is over plains covered with the heather peculiar to this part of Nova Scotia, and through groves of pines, presenting much, as far as natural scenery is concerned, to attract attention. The chair at this meeting was ably filled by Thos. Hardy, Esq., a member of the Free Church of Scotland—and much genuine missionary feeling was evinced in the increased liberality of our friends. From Nictaux we proceeded next day to the Grove at Wilmot—staying to dine with Mrs. Bayard on the way—the respected relict of one (Colonel Bayard) whose name is "familiar as a household word" among the friends of Methodism. The attendance at Wilmot was most encouraging, and the amount subscribed was as much as last year. We closed our series of missionary services with thankful hearts. The total amount subscribed at the four meetings was nearly £39 against £20 17s. given last year.—I have no doubt whatever, but that when the collectors go round, sufficient in addition to this will be given to make our subscriptions to the Mission fund on this Circuit, double those of last year.

May I venture to hope that in an humble way we have struck a 'key note,' which will vibrate through the Province, and be responded to in other Circuits with similar cheering sounds.

Believe me, dear brother,
Yours affectionately,
CHARLES CHURCHILL.
Aylesford, Sept. 13, 1851.

Obituary Notices.

For the Wesleyan.

Mrs. McKeaugh.

Died at Guysborough, in the 72nd year of her age, Mrs. RUTH MCKEAUGH, relict of the late Mr. John McKeaugh. It appears that the deceased had from an early period, been the subject of divine impressions; and that, notwithstanding the darkness that surrounded her at that era, little or nothing of spiritual religion being understood or enjoyed, yet the light she had received was not altogether unfruitful, but was evinced by her love to the Sacred Scriptures, and by the speaking of the Lord to her children and admonishing them. In the year 1807, memorable for a great revival of religion in Liverpool, N. S., Mrs. McKeaugh, having pious relatives there, from whom she received communications, expressed herself increasingly excited to obtain salvation. In the summer of 1808, a visit from the late Rev. James Man and Rev. Mr. Bennett to Guysborough, was rendered of great service in confirming her conviction of eternal realities, and of her individual necessity of an interest in Christ. But it was not till the ministry of Rev. Mr. McNutt on this Circuit, that the deceased professed to attain a clear sense of her acceptance with God through faith in Christ. From that period she gave the preference to the Wesleyan Ministry, and is supposed to have been one among the first who became a member, and as often as circumstances would permit, attended their services. She was always kind to the Lord's messengers of every name, and would do any thing she could at any time for their comfort. But a great part of her life was that of adversity and trial of various forms. Her husband, fourteen or fifteen years after her marriage, professed himself as being of the Roman Catholic Church, and purposed his children should be initiated into the same. In this sore and unexpected trial, Mrs. McKeaugh acted with great firmness and discretion, under the light of that truth which she had imbibed, chiefly through the Wesleyan Ministers, and she was rendered successful in preserving her rising family from error, and confirming their regard to the Protestant faith. A grateful recollection of this is retained by her children; some of whom are now members of the Wesleyan Church, and date their first religious impressions, from their mother's care. There is ground for hope, also, that the husband of the late Mrs. McKeaugh, through the divine blessing on her affectionate solicitude, and in answer to prayer, himself died in the faith of the Gospel. During the two or three last years of Mrs. McKeaugh's existence, she was the subject of severe bodily affliction, and often apparently brought nigh to death. On one of these occasions, being visited by a friend, she spoke of herself as "a great sinner," and wondered that the Lord could look on her: yet professed strong confidence in Christ, as her Saviour. To another about that time, she said, "I am not afraid to die. The Sabbath previous to her exit from time, though very feeble, she travelled some distance to attend the evening service in the Wesleyan Chapel; on Tuesday and Wednesday, she was increasingly ill, and expecting her early departure, but apparently in earnest prayer, to be "washed in the Lamb's atoning blood." This was perceived, by the great effort she made, to respond audibly, "Amen," to the prayer offered in her behalf. It was with much difficulty she could articulate, but had her senses perfectly. She was asked,—"Is Jesus precious to you?" "Yes," was the reply. On Friday the closing

scene drew nigh. She had lost the power of speech; but, it is believed, was sensible, as the voice of prayer evidently aroused her. The Rev. Mr. McCarty, and Mrs. McCarty, joined with the mourning family and relatives in commending her soul to the arms of the divine mercy. On the Monday following, the solemn occasion was improved by a sermon from 1 Corinthians, xv. 26-27, delivered by Mr. Isaac Smith, Assistant Missionary. Her mortal remains were interred in the Wesleyan Chapel ground. "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." Romans xiv. 10.—Communicated.

For the Wesleyan.

Mrs. Mary Foster

Died at Salem, P. E. Island, July 30th, 1851, aged 76 years. Our late departed sister was born in Ireland, near Mountmillick, Queen's County, in 1776, and emigrated to this Island in the year 1834. Her parents were members of the Church of England, but strangers to the enjoyment of personal religion, until aroused to a sense of duty and privilege by the preaching of the Methodists. The labours of those devoted Ministers of Christ were abundantly owned of God. Scores were savingly converted, and among the happy number was found the subject of this sketch. For more than fifty years she was a consistent member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, walking worthy of her profession, and adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things.

Previous to her conversion to God our sister was in the habit of sitting up whole nights for the purpose of reading history and novels. But subsequent to the time when God spoke peace to her soul she directed her attention to the Bible and religious works. She felt it necessary to study the Bible in order to realise its saving truths, and to become acquainted with the plan of salvation.

Brother Sheihow, a local preacher in connection with the Pownal Circuit, and son-in-law of the deceased, remarks,—"I have known her—Mrs. Foster—for nineteen years. Persevering prayer and strong faith were prominent features in her religious character. Often during the silent watches of the night have I listened to her earnest pleadings at the throne of grace. All the passive graces of the Spirit, too, shone in her with more than ordinary lustre. For many years she had been unable, through manifold infirmities, to attend upon the public means of grace. But often, when alone at home, on the Sabbath day, she derived consolation from the thought that, when in health, she was ever found at the house of prayer."

Our sister's last illness continued two weeks. There was no pain, but a gradual decay of nature, a gentle sinking to the tomb. Just as the lamp of life was flickering, I was summoned to the bedside of the dying saint. Satan had been making some severe threats; but there was a calm trust in Christ—victory through the blood of the Lamb. A second time calling to see her, she opened her eyes, and smiling sweetly, said, "You did not expect to find me here." And, then, enquiring as to her prospect beyond the grave, she lifted her hands, almost cold in death, seemingly in triumph, in view of her speedy dissolution. Shortly before her spirit was with God, I was again by her bedside; but there was no smile of recognition. Her spirit appeared lost to the things of earth, preparatory to its entrance upon those happy scenes beyond this vale of tears. About an hour before she died her daughter remarked, "It will soon be over." "Praise the Lord," she replied, and then added, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." And then, as if longing to be at rest, she exclaimed—"Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariots?"

The funeral sermon of our departed sister was preached by the Rev. F. Smallwood, in the Pownal Chapel, on Sabbath morning, the 3rd ult., before a large and interesting congregation.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; they rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." J. H. S.

Pownal, P. E. I., Sept. 5, 1851.

For the Wesleyan.

Jane and John S. Weldon.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—On Tuesday, the 24th inst., died of putrid sore throat, JANE WELDON, only daughter of Bamford and Catherine Weldon, of Coverdale. Also, on the 16th instant, of the same disease, JOHN S. WELDON, their son. We entertain the consoling hope that both of these young persons died in the Lord. The daughter was 18 years of age, and the son 15.

The young man experienced the pardoning mercy of God the day before he died, and for three hours together rejoiced in his God, and warned sinners to repent and believers to be diligent. He sent for all his school-fellows, the young people of the place, and then the aged, and to all he gave suitable advice. Indeed such a triumphant death of so young a person was never before known on this Circuit. Just before he died, being in great distress, I said to him, "This is hard work, John." He replied, "But

Jesus is precious." He told his parents not to weep for him, for he was going to be with Christ. There is cause to believe that God has blessed his closing admonitions to many of the young people. A gracious revival has commenced. Friday afternoon nine distressed souls presented themselves for prayer, and on the evening of the same day eleven more. Praise God.

W. ALLEN.

Petitcodiac, N. B., Sept. 20, 1851.

THE WESLEYAN.

Halifax, Saturday Morning, September 27, 1851.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I forwarded a short note from St. John, N. B., with the intention of writing you again from Boston; but circumstances prevented me from carrying out that purpose; and you will see by this that I now date from Baltimore.

I left St. John in the steamer *Creole*, on Tuesday morning, the 9th, in company with Brothers Rice and family, who were proceeding to their station at Kingston, Canada West. Captain Jacobs of Liverpool, his daughter, and a female friend, were also on board, who were intending to visit Niagara Falls, and other parts of Canada. We had a pleasant trip to Eastport, the sea being as smooth almost as an unruffled lake. At Eastport we met with Brother Morton and his brother-in-law, who were returning from Boston. This brief interview with a Nova Scotia preacher and friend, I need not say, was an unexpected pleasure. We exchanged the *Creole* for the steamer *Admiral*, and on the afternoon, of Tuesday, started for Portland, where, after a delightful run, we arrived about six o'clock on Wednesday morning. Portland is a fine city; the streets, on either side, are decorated plentifully with various trees and shrubbery, which add much to the beauty and to the general picturesque appearance of the place. In this respect, it is said to be unequalled by any other city in the Union. Why should not our cities and villages be similarly adorned, and thus gratify the sight, whilst exhibiting our taste? Our stay here was brief; we took the cars, about half-past ten o'clock, for Boston—arrived, and, after parting with my companions with regret, I left Boston without delay for New York—and about ten o'clock on Thursday morning, found myself, safe and sound, in Newark, a neat and thriving city in Jersey State, about eight miles from New York. Here I received a hearty welcome from my brother and his family. Newark is a manufacturing place, and from Establishments of various kinds, large supplies are sent in many directions throughout the Union. Methodism here stands high in public estimation. Preachers are zealous—churches numerous—revivals frequent. I visited a new church, nearly finished, which, with the ground on which it stands, will cost, when fully completed, about forty thousand dollars. As one of my Halifax friends would say,—it is a splendid church.

I left Newark on Friday evening, and reached Baltimore early on Saturday morning, and found a lodging place under the hospitable roof of my excellent friend, Dr. G. C. M. ROBERTS, whose unfeigned, devoted piety, unwearied zeal, and incessant labours for the cause of God, command my highest admiration, as his Christian courtesy, and kind attentions to my unworthy self individually, excite my sincerest gratitude. I regard it as an especial favour of God that I have been privileged providentially to form a friendship with so eminent a Christian, which is not only pleasant now, but which, I trust, will be continued after the changing scenes of time are over, and be matured amid the glories and substantial realities of eternity. The family of this eminently pious man is truly Christian; and I should feel myself culpable, were I to neglect to state that they have also assiduously endeavoured to make my sojourn here in the highest sense agreeable. May their kindness to me receive in return, the ample rewards of our common Infinite Benefactor!

On Sabbath morning I had the opportunity of preaching the Word to a large and attentive congregation at Eutaw Church, where a gracious and extensive revival of religion has been progressing for some weeks past. Scores of souls have been awakened and converted, and have joined the Methodist Church. The Preachers are alive to God, and zealously devoted to the