

### Missionary Intelligence.

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Wesleyan Missions in Southern Africa.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE DISTRICT.

NEWMANVILLE.—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Richard Ridgill, dated Somerset West, March 5th, 1850.

SINCE I last wrote to you, I have twice visited Newmanville, the residence of Mr. John D. Lindsay. It is situated in the district of Worcester, distant from this place (according to our Cape mode of computing distances) nine hours on horseback. Mr. Lindsay has been connected for several years with our society as a member. He first went into the country as a Teacher in a private family. His heart glowing with the love of God, he let his light shine among men by establishing a Sabbath and evening school for the neglected adults and children of colour in the neighbourhood. For a length of time he met with much opposition; for his motives were misunderstood, and his proceedings misrepresented. Nevertheless, through good report and evil report, he continued to exhort and teach, until the prejudices of the unfriendly gave way. Having embraced, about two years ago, an opportunity on commencing business in the same place of an extensive scale, he found his means of doing good likewise increased. He fitted up a suitable building for a chapel or school-room, in which he collects, on the Sabbath, and at other times, as many of his poorer neighbours as he can, to whom he expounds the Scriptures, and whom he endeavours to guide in the way of peace. He has also succeeded to such an extent in gaining the confidence and esteem of the respectable Dutch farmers around him, that, in consequence of their application, the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, honoured him, a few months ago, with a Commission of the Peace for that District.

Having long been desirous of the visits of a Missionary, for his own encouragement, as well as the recognition and superintendence of his work, Mr. Lindsay naturally turned to the church of which he was a member, and, on his application, the duty of visiting Newmanville was assigned to the resident Missionary of Somerset West.

On my last visit, I was accompanied by the Rev. Joseph Little, who embraced the opportunity, before he returned to India, of extending his acquaintance with the scenery and manners of the Cape. He saw, during our journey, more of its "majestic barrenness," and experienced more of the vicissitudes of African travelling, than we anticipated. Our journey thither was pleasant enough; but heavy rains having fallen on Sabbath, our return home was rendered both disagreeable and fatiguing, particularly to an invalid. We set out before sunrise on the Sunday morning, and had not proceeded far before the rain began again to fall. The river we had crossed without difficulty or danger on the preceding Thursday had become a furious and impassable torrent. After five hours' dreary wandering in search of a ferry or fordable place, we were compelled to adopt another route. The sun set as we descended the French Hoek Mountains; at the foot of which we met with a kind reception from Mr. Hugo, to whom we were strangers, but who entertained us with all the cordial hospitality for which the Cape farmer is noted, and which we were in a condition to appreciate, after being upwards of twelve hours on the saddle drenched by the showers of heaven, or wading through the streams which rushed down the mountain sides. Another ride of seven hours on the following day brought us safely to our homes again.

On the Sabbath which we spent at Newmanville I preached twice in Dutch, and met a class which Mr. Lindsay had collected. Mr. Little preached in English, I baptised an infant son of Mr. Lindsay, and likewise two adults whom he has long had under instruction, and whose consistent conduct leads us to hope that they have passed from darkness to light.

SOMERSET.—LOWRY'S PASS, AND THE STRAND.—Extract of a Letter from the Same, dated Somerset West, April 8th, 1850.

I AM glad to be able to report that our

congregations in this place continue as large as ever, although many who formerly attended this chapel, from a distant part of the Circuit, do so no longer, having the gospel regularly preached to them nearer their own homes. Judging from the statements made in a lovefeast which I held on Good-Friday and from my observations during the quarterly visitation of the classes, as well as in private intercourse with the members, I have reason to hope that many of them are growing in the grace and in knowledge of our Lord and Saviour. Nevertheless, as it was in the beginning, so it is now, "offences come," and cases of such difficulty arise, that I become increasingly conscious of my need of that wisdom which cometh from above. My Sabbath engagements with Dutch congregations are now so numerous, that I have much difficulty in continuing the English service, which I commenced soon after my arrival here. I am induced to persevere by the desire of meeting the wishes and benefiting the souls of the families resident in the village. I find a still further motive in the attendance of the elder children of the day-school, whom we regularly instruct in our language.

The number of hearers at Sir Lowry's Pass, in the chapel generously presented to the Society by W. Terrington, Esq., steadily increases, as does also the number of members. The preaching of the Gospel would be attended with greater success, were it not for the intemperate habits which prevail to a fearful extent in this particular locality. We have, nevertheless, in our small society, some cheering instances of the power of divine grace in eradicating even this deep-rooted sin. The Class-Leader, a man of colour, walks humbly and closely with God, and is unwearied in his efforts to promote the spiritual welfare of those around him, though often called to witness and endure such outbreaks of depravity as would disgust any but the man who is constrained by the love of Christ. His wife teaches a day-school—a labour of love, in truth; for the trifling sum I am enabled to allow her is far from being a fair compensation for the time and trouble she bestows upon it.

The Strand is a fishing hamlet, distant about two miles from this village. The number of persons permanently residing there may be computed at two hundred, chiefly Mahometans. During the summer months, and especially after the vintage, it is much resorted to by Dutch families from all parts of the colony, being famed far and wide as a watering place. Though the gospel has been occasionally preached there by various individuals, no regular services had been held until the opening of the chapel in March last year. Various unforeseen and untoward circumstances rendered the erection of this chapel a much more difficult and expensive undertaking than I anticipated; and I have not yet been able to raise the sum necessary to free it from debt.

The number of hearers will, of course, fluctuate. Last Sunday upwards of a hundred were present, most of whom were visitors. Many of these I may never see again; yet it is not too much to hope that some, especially among the afflicted, will receive impressions lasting as eternity. Such labours may not result in any numerical increase to the Society; yet, if any sinner be turned from the error of his ways, if any anxious inquirer be guided to Christ, if any afflicted and mourning soul be comforted, our labour is not in vain in the Lord. It is gratifying to meet with many persons, members of the Dutch Reformed Church, who appear to love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and whose whole desire is to His name, and the remembrance of Him. These hear us gladly, and repeatedly express their thankfulness that they can now attend the house of God; whereas, in former years, they were, for weeks together, denied the privilege. I have felt a pleasure in offering the chapel for their use, whenever one of their own Ministers may wish to occupy it. With the exception of the few months above mentioned, our congregation will be small; yet I have every prospect of being able to form a class. I must endeavour also to establish a school; for there is a great desire on the part of the parents—Mahometans as well as others—to have their children instructed.

Since I commenced this letter, I have had a visit from Mr. Lindsay, who preached

twice on the Sabbath in this place; and have made arrangements to visit his residence at Newmanville during the first week in May, when I hope likewise to have the opportunity of preaching the word in some other places in that neighbourhood.

### Family Circle.

#### Character.

There are weak-minded and feeble-bodied individuals, who are never well, and who never would be if they could. The doctor must call, the draught must be taken, and every friend must tell them on pain of serious displeasure, that they look ill, and must take great care of themselves.

There are kind-hearted souls, who can never be happy themselves unless they can make others so. Half a dozen such as these in a village, and scores in a town, do more real good, and fling about them more sunshine, than a hundred merely respectable inhabitants. O, how I love to fall in with such beings.

There are tattling gad-about, who can no more withhold from the whole neighbourhood anything they may happen to know or hear, than a cackling hen that has just laid an egg. Be it true or false, let it be good or evil, the story must be told. Sorry I am that the tribe of gad-about is a numerous one.

There are passionate persons so hot and peppery, so truly combustible, that a word will throw them into a blaze. Whether the offence be small or great, intended or accidental, it is all one; they are like loaded guns; they go off when the least thing touches the trigger. Of such a one as this it was aptly said:—

"He carries in his breast a spark of fire,  
That any fool may fan into a flame."

There are thoughtful men who remain at home and grow wise, and there are thoughtless wanderers who go abroad and come back ignorant. It is not what the eye sees, but what the mind reflects upon, that supplies us with wisdom.

There are persons who, acting from sudden impulse, make use of such strong expressions on trifling occasions, that they find no suitable words for occurrences of importance. They know nothing of the positive and comparative, but always make use of the superlative. The squeaking of a mouse and the fall of a church spire would call forth the same ejaculation.

There are busybodies whose own business seems not to be of half so much importance to them as the communication of them; these sit trifling matters to the bottom; make much of little things, and do a plentiful deal of mischief to all around them. Some court them, and some despise them, but every one dislikes them.

There are narrow minded men, ay, and women, too, who have humanity enough to abstain from upbraiding the receiver of it.

There are grateful spirits, that, come good or ill, are always "singing of mercy." To them the heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. A spirit of this kind is worth a "sea full of sapphires."—*Old Humphreys.*

#### What Will the End Be?

When I see a boy angry with his parents, disobedient and obstinate—determined to pursue his own course—to be his own master—setting at nought the experience of age, and disregarding their admonitions and reproofs—unless his course of conduct is changed, I need not inquire, "What will his end be?" He not only disobeys his parents and insults his friends, but he disregards the voice of God, and is pursuing that path that leads directly down unto the gates of death and despair.

When I notice a little girl quite fond of dress, and thereby her pride is increased; dissatisfied and unpleasant at times if she cannot obtain her desires, and anxious to appear better clothed than circumstances will permit; her thoughts occupied with what she will wear, and what others will think of her dress—unless she changes her course of conduct, I need not ask what her end will be. She regards her apparel more than God, and although she may be fancied, and greatly admired by the world yet ere

long, God will abuse her pride, and punish her for her vanity.

When I see a boy in the habit of lying, and no confidence to be placed in what he may say, always ready with a falsehood upon his tongue; unless he alter his course, I need not inquire what his end will be. The curse of God is upon him. He is despised by the good, and his own friends have no respect for him. He must dwell through eternity with the unhappy number of the fearful, unbelieving, abominable, murderers and liars, who have their part in the second death.

When I see a boy desiring the society of the wicked and depraved, associating with those who will swear, lie, cheat and steal; seeking their company, making their friendships—I need not inquire, unless he alter his course, what his end will be. He will soon be as bad as his companions, or worse; and, of a truth, does not fear nor love God, or he would not seek the society of those that set at nought his counsel, and despise his reproofs.

But when I see a boy kind, affectionate, respectful, obedient to his parents, keeping holy the Sabbath day, found in the sanctuary, joining God's people in his worship; loving to pray to him; who is punctual at the Sabbath school, attentive, quiet, with his lesson well committed to memory, and repeated accurately; keeping good company, forming good habits, I can predict, with almost a certainty, what the end of that boy will be. Respected by all that know him, a useful member of society, and an ornament as he advances in age, under the supervision of the God he loves; pursuing the path of the upright, having his heart sprinkled with that blood which cleanseth from all sin. The truth of the expression of Addison, "Behold how calm a Christian can die," will be verified in his death. Yes, when this, his earthly tabernacle, shall fail, he will find a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and exchange this world of sorrow for the abode of the just, in the paradise of God.—*London Bible Class Mag.*

#### A Noble Child.

At one of the anniversaries of a Sabbath School in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive a prize, one of whom had recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of Scripture. The gentleman who presided, inquired—

"And couldn't you have learned one verse more, and thus have kept up with Martha?"

"Yes, sir," the blushing child replied; "but I loved Martha, and kept back on purpose."

"And was there any one of all the verses you learned," again inquired the President, "that taught you this lesson?"

"There was, sir," she answered, blushing more deeply—"In honour preferring one another."

#### The Happy Girl.

Ay, she is a happy girl—we know by her fresh looks and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do, and she takes hold of her work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we always love and respect, wherever we find them, in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind, they never turn up their noses before your face or slander you behind your back. They have more good sense and better employment. What are flirts and bustle-bound girls in comparison with these? Good for nothing but to look at; and that is rather disgusting. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simpletons.

#### True Hospitality.

I pray you, O, excellent wife,umber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gates; nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost; these things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents, and behaviour, your heart