

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## AWFUL PROVIDENCE.

[The following melancholy account has already appeared in print; but, having heard the whole scene described by the late Captain Landers, who was an eye-witness, and aided in attempting to save the life of the impious captain, we publish it as a warning to others, and especially the profane, of the retributive justice of God.—EDITOR.]

Towards the latter end of the year 1500, a vessel of about 250 tons, laden with timber, from Memel, bound to —, was overtaken by a tremendous storm. The master, finding it impossible, but at the utmost hazard of their lives, to proceed on their course, determined, if possible, to run into Sunderland roads: in attempting to accomplish which, thro' the extreme narrowness of the mouth of the harbour, and the ships running into broken water, they unfortunately over-run the bar. Nothing now appeared to await them but inevitable destruction. The storm continued to rage with unabating fury: while reefs of rocks, which beset that dangerous coast, were ready to receive them. Several vessels had already gone ashore; others were entirely wrecked; many from among the crews finding a watery grave. By a tempestuous surge, the vessel in question was cast upon a cluster of rocks, which, forcing their way through her bottom, of course rendered it impossible she could again lighten. In consequence of so violent a concussion, some of the men on board her were precipitated into the deadly embrace of the merciless waves. The remainder, among whom was the master, after continuing on the wreck a considerable time, were, on a partial abatement of the storm, providentially delivered from their perilous situation. On the following day, the storm having subsided, some of the inhabitants, (as is usual after any vessels have been driven on shore, or wrecked), descended to the beach, when the dead bodies of our fellow-creatures, which had been washed on shore, demanded from the sympathies of their natures, a Christian burial—among them were the bodies of those who had been lost from the vessel before us—these were soon recognized by their surviving shipmates. Such, however, was the lordly-mindedness, or brutality, or both, of the unfeeling master, that he refused to own them, and with oaths and curses, persisted in denying them. This conduct may, indeed, appear singular, but by refusing to acknowledge them, he saved the expense the parish would have charged on him for the interment of his unfortunate men. Such proceedings did not pass unnoticed by his fellow-men, neither, it would appear, did it escape the cognizance of Him “whose eyes run to and fro in the earth, beholding the evil and the good.”

After this unnatural act, he proceeded with his men to endeavour to remove the timber from their vessel. The tide having ebbed, the vessel was left nearly or quite dry. Having descended between decks, they perceived the timber, by the heeling of the ship, was heaped on one side. The master, observing a degree of timidity on the part of one man, to hazard himself, by poising the timber, seized in a rage, the hand-spike from his hand, and with an oath, demanded if he was fearful of going to hell before his time. Scarcely had he concluded the impious question, before the timber he was attempting to move, fell from its position, and caught him by the thighs against some other pieces, with a weight which must have fractured both his legs. His case now became truly piteous. The deck being above them, it was impossible to raise the timber by which to extricate him. No time, however, could be lost, the tide had already begun to flow—his crew, more feeling towards him than he had been towards their ship-mates, attempted, by every means within their power, to release him, but in vain. The tide flowing fast upon them, they were, however, unwillingly compelled to abandon him to his fate. Burthened with the load of a guilty conscience, and groaning beneath the pains of broken limbs, and the heavy pressure of an enormous weight still lying upon him, he sat until, by degrees, the water rising higher and higher, put a period to his mortal existence.

## ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.

Roll back the tide of time: how powerfully to us applies this promise, “I will give the heathen for an inheritance.” Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles on you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless—the council-fire glared on the wild and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your seamy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred: the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped: and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written His laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation—but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling—in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne—in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze—in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds—in the timid warbler, that never left its native grove—in the fearless eagle, whose untied pinion was wet in the clouds—in the worm that crawled at his foot—and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you, the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted for ever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has assumed the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain, but how unlike their bold, untamed, untameable progenitors! The Indian, of falcon glance, and lion bearing—the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is upon his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them for ever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their noble virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.—Sprague.

## UNLEARNED SAGACITY.

Two celebrated scholars, whose names are mentioned below, debated a thesis in the University of Franeker, in the year 1689. Amongst the crowded assembly who had come to hear the disputation, were several citizens who knew not a word of latin; and, amongst others, Hutthenus espied the person with whom he had lodged, and knowing that this was his case, he immediately made his way to him, and, in a tone of surprise, said: “Well, what has brought you here?” To which the other answered: “Why, to hear the dispute betwixt Dr. Libianus and Mr. Episcopus, to be sure, and see who beats.” “But how can you tell that?” said Hutthenus, “as you will not understand a word.” “Oh,” replied the other, waggishly, “that is no matter; I can easily tell who is beaten without knowing what is said.”

“How so?” said Hutthenus. “Why,” said the fellow, with much naïvete, “because he who is beaten is sure to get into a passion.”

## POETRY.

## OLD ENGLAND.

Old England, thou hast green and pastoral hills  
Fanned by delicious gales,  
And living voices of harmonious rills  
Sound in thy sylvan vales.

Under the shadow of primeval trees,  
Mid whispering of green leaves,  
Stand cheerful groupes of white-walled cottages,  
Flower-mantled to the caves.

And thou hast loving hearts, both high and low,  
And homes where bliss abides,  
And little children, that rejoicing go  
By flowery streamlet sides.

And thou hast many a hill and forest glade,  
That to the past belong;  
Mid ey a brown moor and crumbling ruin, made  
Imperishable by song.

And way-side wells, that broad leaves overshadow,  
Where pilgrims knelt of old;  
And winding paths through many a pleasant meadow,  
Mid flowers of blue and gold.

Winding through woods where the sweet wilding's  
blossom  
Puts forth in early spring,  
And nodding blue-bells clothe the steep hills bosom,  
And fearless blackbirds sing.

And thou hast sabbath-bells in old church towers,  
Whose music thrills the air;  
And the sweet calm of Sabbath sunset hours,  
When every thought is prayer.

And thou hast grassy graves, set side by side,  
The high-born and the lowly,  
By common griefs, by common death allied,  
In ground that tears make holy.

Graves, Sabbath worship, village homes, and mon,  
Old England, these are thine;  
And spots made famous by the sword and pen,  
Till each one is a shrine.

And cities of old feudal date and pride,  
And halls of dark renown,  
Where kings and king'y prelates lived and died;  
And many a modern town.

Oh, glory-crowned England, thou hast these,  
Hast these, and still hast more,—  
The empire of the tributary seas  
That lave thine inland shore.

And wherefore is the tributary sea  
As a liege subject given?  
To bear forth knowledge, truth, and liberty,  
To each land under heaven;

To knit thee to all people; everywhere  
To make thy knowledge known;  
To make thine influence, like God's common air,  
Extend from zone to zone!

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