

Missionary Intelligence.

(From Wes. Notices Newspaper, April 1851.)

Wesleyan Missions in Western Africa.

THE GOLD COAST—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Thomas B. Freeman, dated Cape-Coast, December 27th, 1850.

In the death of Sir William Winniett our Missions have lost a warm friend and patron, who, on every and all occasions, manifested a most sincere interest in their prosperity. The welfare of our distant Stations, beyond the reach of his every-day observation, was often the subject of interested inquiry on his part, when, on my return from visits which I had made to them, I used to call at the Castle to pay my respects to him; and after the departure of the Colonial Chaplain for England, some months back, on account of domestic affliction, the interesting scene was often witnessed in Cape-Coast, of the Governor-in-Chief mingling with the native congregation, in our chapel, in acts of Divine worship on the Sabbath day; and, in that most effectual of all modes—giving countenance to our Missionary operations.

Active and energetic, far beyond what might have been expected from his advanced age, in the discharge of his duties as Governor-in-Chief; dignified in deportment, but always accessible; he has left behind him, upon the native mind generally, a deep and salutary impression; and in our family at the Mission-house here, his memory will be cherished with many deeply-gratifying reminiscences. We deeply sympathize with his bereaved Lady and family in the severe loss they have sustained.

Our old and tried friend, Mr. Bannerman, now occupies the position of Lieutenant-Governor.

SIERRA-LEONE.—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Richard Fletcher, dated December 16th, 1850.

Since our arrival I have preached four times; and God has owned the preaching of His own word. Last night I preached at Ebenezer chapel, and the power of God was felt by all present. At the prayer-meeting, at the close of the service, from twenty to thirty penitents came forward and knelt beside the communion-table, before I had time to give them an invitation to do so. Some of them were in the deepest agony of soul, and felt their need of a present interest in the blood of Christ. A number of them realized the pardoning love of God. I suppose from two to three hundred persons were present; but the greatest order was maintained throughout the meeting. I was persuaded that it was no mere fit of excitement, but the real work of God. All were in earnest, and sincerity exhibited itself in every countenance. Glory be to God, I believe my coming to Africa will not be in vain. I am resolved to live to be useful; it is all I wish to live for, it is my highest ambition. I am very happy and content, in this foreign land, in my new situation. I am certain, if I cannot be happy here, I can be happy in no part of the world. The atmosphere is very hot, averaging about 84°; but I do not feel it very oppressive. By taking care of myself, I think I shall enjoy good health, and be able diligently to labour in the service of God.

West Indies.

JAMAICA.—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Henry B. Britten, dated Jamaica District-Meeting, February 12th, 1851.

Thank God, we are getting on both rapidly and comfortably with our District business. All appear of one heart and mind, and I have no doubt we shall happily and speedily finish our business. The Circuit schedules, among numerous other District papers, are before me. There are records on them both painful and pleasing. We had that eighteen hundred of our members have died of Cholera since October. The statements of the brethren, as to the peaceful and triumphant deaths of many of our departed people, were of a most delightful character. There is a very gracious movement in most of our Circuits, and we find about three thousand five hundred mem-

bers on trial. A very remarkable Providence has been over your Missionaries and their families, during the ravages of the cholera. Of the thirty thousand victims it has swept away, not a member of our families, I learn, has fallen among them. Glory, glory to our good and gracious God! O that our lives, thus signally preserved, may be faithfully devoted to God, and to His blessed work.

Family Circle.

Example Better Than Precept.

The Holy Scripture clearly inculcates the duty of parents teaching their children the doctrine and duties of religion. It is through this instruction, as a means, that the Holy Spirit operates on the tender mind of youth, and often brings it to the love and obedience of the Gospel. But instruction implies something more than the verbal communication of truth;—it implies that it be brought home to the soul of the child, so as to become a part of its mental and moral nature. This cannot be done, ordinarily, by mere moral teaching. The truth must be embodied, and made to stand out in prominent relief, in living example.

As an illustration, take the following:—A mother, long endeavoured to teach her little daughter to pray, but without success. In vain she urged, in language suited to a child's apprehension, the obligation she was under to God for health, food and raiment, friends, &c., and her constant dependence upon him for protection from every ill. She never went to her Chamber to perform this duty without reluctance.

At length the mother thought within herself—"I have begun at the wrong end,—I have only now and then prayed with my daughter." From that time she took a different course. She led the girl to the room "where prayer was wont to be made," and, without pressing her to pray, knelt down by her side and prayed with her. This was repeated twice during the day. In a short time, the child, contrary to all previous habit, commenced the practice of retiring, of her own accord, three times a day, in imitation of her mother, and praying in secret to her Heavenly Father. Then it was that the previous instruction, which had so long seemed to be in vain, began to spring up and bear fruit. All the considerations of God's goodness, her own dependence and sinfulness, that before seemed inoperative in her soul, now became the burden of her devotional exercises; and the hope is indulged, that even a change of heart has been wrought in this once stubborn and prayerless child.—Pastor's Journal.

Jenny Lind and the Blind Boy.

A poor blind boy, who is highly gifted with musical talent and resides in the northern part of the State of Mississippi, had expressed such great anxiety to hear Jenny Lind sing that his friends raised a subscription to send him to that city (New Orleans) to gratify his wish.

On arriving here, he accidentally took lodgings in the same hotel with Mr. Kyle, the celebrated flutist. One evening Mr. Kyle hearing some very wild and sweet flute tones, listened for some time in surprise and as the sounds died away, he said to himself, "Well that fellow thinks he can play; but now I'll just show him what I can do." Taking up his flute, he played the air of the "Last Rose of Summer," with variations. The blind boy listened with breathless delight, and following the sound, he came to the door of Mr. Kyle, and stood there until the last notes ceased. With a feeling or impulse he could not restrain he knocked at the door. "Come in," said Kyle, and not recognizing the lad, he said, "what do you want, sir?" "I am blind," said the boy, "and have been drawn hither by your sweet music. Do tell me who you are." "I am but a poor musician," said Kyle, "and am travelling with Jenny Lind, as flutist." "You are!" exclaimed the lad; "Oh! sir do take me to hear Jenny Lind, I have come a long way to hear her sing, but the price of tickets is so high that I am too poor to buy one.—Can't you take me to

hear her sir?" he continued, with great feeling; "I have heard she is so good, so generous, so pretty and sings so sweetly, that I shall never be happy until I hear her."

Mr. Kyle felt deeply for the boy, and promised that he would take him to hear the lovely Swede. Accordingly, he took the blind boy that night and seated him in a chair behind the scenes. The sweet songs of the Nightingale affected the lad deeply, and produced upon him varied sensations. But when Jenny sang "Home, Sweet Home," he melted into tears. On her retiring she was attracted by the sound of the boy's sobbings, and inquired who he was. Mr. Kyle then told her the history of the lad in a few words, which much interested her; and sending for him the next day, the poor boy left the generous songstress one hundred dollars richer than when he reached the City.—N. O. Picayune.

Bring your Heart into your Family Circle.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than one of these families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart! Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love, love to God, love to man.

Penalty of Crime.

Governor Hunt has just pardoned Selden Brainard, who is in Sing Sing Prison for five years for counterfeiting. It excites amazement to think that Selden Brainard should have fallen so low in degradation and vice. Some fifteen years since, every fair day, an elegant private equipage would be seen standing in front of a large stone mansion, now next door to the celebrated Revere House, in Boston. As the coach with liveried servants passed through the streets of that city, every eye would turn to get a glimpse of this establishment. It was Selden Brainard's. An extensive broker in State-street, he was esteemed a man of opulence and integrity. Something dishonourable occurred, and he disappeared from Boston. A few years after, he came up in Wall-street, and occupied a basement story there as an exchange broker; a doubtful designation in that city. He made no show in New York. He had apparently lost his wealth, but at last he was detected in counterfeiting or circulating counterfeit money. The charge was proved against him, and this tall, elegant looking Wall-street broker was consigned to Sing Sing for five years. His family, once the occupants of a splendid mansion, with their equipage at command, have drunk the bitter dregs of sorrow and poverty. But affection outlives all the crimes a father may perpetrate. His liberty is now ascribed to the entreaties and importunities of his daughter.—Albany Knickerbocker.

Preach Small.

"Mother," said a little girl seven years old, "I could not understand our minister to-day, he said so many hard words. I wish he would preach so that little girls could understand him. Won't he, mother?" "Yes, I think so, if we ask him." Soon after, her father saw her going to the minister's. "Where are you going, Emma?" said he. "I am going over to Mr. —'s, to ask him to preach small."—Christian Times.

General Miscellany.

Component Races of the English Nation.

The learned author of an article on "Local and National Peculiarities," in the *Hartlepool Advertiser*, says:—"Our own nation—with the exception of America, is perhaps the most heterogeneous and composite on earth. On various parts of these Islands there remain; even yet, distinctions which those who have not investigated the subject could hardly credit. It is true that, influenced by the amalgamating and progressive spirit of the age, they are becoming more and more blended and harmonised year by year. Still, perceptible in some degree from each other, are the descendants of two or three aboriginal races, besides the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans—French, with all in addition that commerce, learning, hospitality, and adventure, have brought from every part of the world during two thousand years. There is one little line of country, not more than two miles wide, harking the far inland counties of Nottingham and Derby—we mean the valley of the Erewash, and especially the portion of it between Codnor and Sandiacre—where there still exists, with marked peculiarity, a great number of people having rather abruptly terminated noses, thick open lips, freckled skin, light gray eyes, and sandy hair. They are the best excavators and well sinkers in that part of the kingdom. What is more evident, however, than all their other peculiarities, is a dialect quite distinct from any that prevails among the people on either side of them; and those again retain dialects very different each from the other. That on the Nottinghamshire side is Saxon, slightly leavened with Norman. That on the Peak of Derbyshire has a great mingling of ancient British and Roman. It may be observed that difference of occupation would in part explain these social phenomena; the Erewash valley being a continued strip of rich iron stone and coal. The Nottinghamshire side has been more noted for tillage and warren; whilst the Peak is a wild and broken region of heather and pasture, limestone rocks and lead mines. But these facts would not of themselves account for the difference in dialect. In the neighbourhood of the Tees, the Wear, and the Tyne, every valley and inlet has its own peculiar people, differing at once from the rest in cast of figure, features, and language—in the latter most strangely. Beyond doubt there is a much greater interfusion of Scandinavian blood along the whole of this coast than history would indicate. The histories of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, throw more light on the subject, and show how much of our maritime enterprise may be owing to the transmuted spirit of these old sea-kings; as are our domestic industry and steadfastness to the Saxon influx; and our colonial extension to a union of these with Celtic and Norman fervour and restlessness. The probability is, that we may have more, too, of the old Roman element among us than we are aware of."

A Dangerous Encounter.

Colesberg was extremely afraid of the elephants, and gave me much trouble, jerking my arm when I tried to fire. At length I let fly; but on endeavouring to regain my saddle, Colesberg declined to allow me to mount; and when I tried to lead him, and run for it, he only backed towards the wounded elephant. At this moment I heard another elephant close behind; and, on looking about, I beheld the "friend," with uplifted trunk, charging down upon me at top speed, shrilly trumpeting, and following an old black pointer, named Schwartz, that was perfectly deaf, and trotted along before the enraged elephant quite unaware of what was behind him. I felt certain that she would have either me or my horse. I, however, determined not to relinquish my steed, but to hold on by the bridle. My men, who, of course, stood at a safe distance, stood aghast with their mouths open, and for a few seconds my position was certainly not an enviable one. Fortunately, however, the dogs took off the attention of the elephant; and just as they were upon me I managed to spring into the saddle, where I

was safe. The elephant... expected... hold of me... double-barre... Isaac were... fright. R... soon and... the saddle... into the wo... extremely... rectness of... tures in Sa...

What a s... the heart b... How in my... unuttered e... over the pa... have been... present kin... into the no... Full, deep... ly and per... and here an... is his little... portion; w... pusses on t... Monthly M...

There is... tives and u... utters most... strongly re... being in se... eries, they... time, stick... by them as... The sup... can averr... though the... gently ne... assert that... or captiv... It is one... their isla...

Mr. Ho... conviction... estimation... of his... Progress... Circuit... On the... a series of... an Church... time I the... vine pres... dwell in th... ring the... peculiarly... bears, and... past sin... I hope for... whom they... were great... nearly... er work... stand...

The Sa... which was... one of the... divine... and Mr... eyes... when... I... On the... of some... with... a most... the... of G... at... A holy... on the pe... and I... the in... the M... tes... I...

On the... of some... with... a most... the... of G... at... A holy... on the pe... and I... the in... the M... tes... I...