

LETTER OF THE REV. MR. YATES TO THE
REV. DR. HOBY.

Calcutta, March 18, 1840.

MY DEAR HOBY,—Being two days beyond the latest safe day of sending by the present overland despatch, I cannot tell whether this will be in time or not.

I have to inform you of the death of our dear brother Pearce. He expired last night, after rather less than one day's illness.

Last February we lost our dear brother Penney by an attack of cholera: this month, just turned one year; we have thus lost another of our number by the same disorder. Penney's constitution being stronger and less affected by previous sickness, made a violent struggle against the disease from which he suffered much; but dear Pearce sunk at once under the attack, and without suffering any thing like so much pain.

Saturday evening last I spent with him in conversation and prayer, according to our old custom; and we then laid our plans of operation for securing all possible accuracy and despatch in our Bengalee version of the Bible. On Sabbath evening he sat near me in the house of God, and after service many congratulated him on looking so well. On Monday he attended to his labors as usual, and had some of the members of his native church with him till about ten o'clock at night. Between that and eleven he was seized with the cholera, and by daylight was in a dying state.

What a joyful meeting must he have had with his beloved father,* and many others of his dear friends, who had gone before him to glory! Thus God continues to collect his jewels, one after another, into his Divine treasury. Oh that we may be found among them in that day, when he shall make them all up into a glorious crown to adorn the head of his beloved Son!

The few expressions that our dear brother was able to utter in the midst of his sickness, all showed that his mind was tranquil and serene, that he had a good hope through grace, and that he knew in whom he had believed, and was persuaded that he was able to keep what he had committed unto him. This evening he is to be interred. Mr. Tucker will afterwards preach a funeral sermon. My own feelings are so much excited that I think it would be impossible for me to preach the sermon; besides which, I know that Mr. Tucker will do it much better than I could—he is a most excellent preacher.

Poor, weak, sickly creature, as I have all my life been, I am now the only one left on the spot of all those who commenced with me in the mission here. What a proof that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; Why am I left behind? Is it because unfit to go? or, is it because God has something more for me to do? In either case I ought to be content to stay a little longer. But, oh! I do look forward with intense interest to that period when I hope to see the Saviour, and join the assembly of the spirits of the just made perfect. Pray for me, dear brother, that I may be preserved by the mighty power of God, through faith unto salvation, and that I may be enabled to work while it is called to-day, seeing that night cometh when no man can work.

Yours affectionately,

W. YATES.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARIES IN JAMAICA.

Most slanderous reports, respecting this truly laborious and useful body of ministers, have been industriously circulated in the Newspapers of these Provinces and the States. Mr. WARD, the missionary at Falmouth, was recklessly accused of having instigated the negroes to riot and blood-shed; and the enemies of freedom and Christianity malignantly triumphed over his supposed downfall. Some foes went even so far as to predict the expulsion, if not the destruction, of all the Missionaries in consequence of Mr. Ward's offence.

But later news show, as we confidently expected, that the charge has been basely alleged, without a foundation in truth. The Magistrates, who examined into the disturbance and committed nine persons for breaking the peace, told Mr. Ward "*that his further attendance was not required,*" thus confessing that they had no ground for prosecuting him, though they were not his friends. We bless God that this like every other attempt to injure our brethren, by unjustly bringing upon them public odium, has only proved how upright and trustworthy they are, and how base and false are their enemies. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."
—Ps. 76, 10. Ed.

* This greatly beloved and lamented Missionary was a son of the Rev. Samuel Pearce, whose Memoirs, by Andrew Fuller, form one of the most popular and valuable works in Religious Biography.—Ed. C. B. M.