

evan Missionary Society. (Hear, and cheer.)  
 beg, Sr, to move the resolution.  
 The Rev. Dr. HANNAH said: The impression,  
 Sir, which the report of this day produces on  
 my mind, and I doubt not on the minds of many  
 others, is that the Wesleyan Missionary Society  
 never enjoyed a larger amount of prosperity  
 than it does at the present moment. (Cheers.)  
 To God be ascribed all the glory of this and  
 every good, and if his servants have, on some  
 occasions, presented their Ebenezer of  
 gratitude to him, they have every reason to do  
 so on the present occasion. I heartily con-  
 cur in the observations advanced by my excellent  
 friend and neighbour, Mr. Heald, and I cannot  
 but think that this is a truly jubilant occasion,  
 an occasion on which we ought especially to re-  
 joice in the prosperity which the Lord our God  
 has given us. When were the agencies and  
 operations of the Society more multiplied, more  
 matured, more sustained? Survey the entire  
 Mission field; let the eye fall on Southern and  
 Western Africa, on the Friendly Islands and  
 Feejee, on New Zealand and Australia, on Sa-  
 rra Leone, and on other stations mentioned in  
 the report which we have listened to. Do we  
 not see our agencies increased,—do we not see  
 our agencies in-active and successful operations?  
 Schools are arranged, Christian institutions pro-  
 moted, light diffused far and wide, and every  
 sign, every token, given as to the extent and  
 activity of the mighty machinery of this Soci-  
 ety. (Cheers.) It is true there are some dis-  
 couragements, but there is no abandonment of  
 stations, no contraction of the work. There is  
 indeed an earnest endeavour to maintain what  
 is gained, to mature what is already in progress,  
 but there is no relinquishment of anything which  
 the servants of the Lord have been pursuing.  
 Never was such mighty machinery in operation  
 as now, and for this we should "thank God and  
 take courage." When was there such a large  
 amount of truly evangelical success? It is here  
 we most thankfully take our stand. We see the  
 machinery itself is large, and its effects are al-  
 ready most cheering. (Cheers.) You are in-  
 deed aware, Sir, that Christianity, as adminis-  
 tered by our Missionaries, in different parts of the earth,  
 has found vice in its most appalling forms. It  
 would be impossible to describe the atrocities  
 which have existed, particularly in some parts  
 of the earth, where God has favoured us with  
 the greatest success. But Christianity, accom-  
 panied by divine assistance, has reached those  
 notorious examples of iniquity, and they have  
 yielded evidence of true and scriptural conver-  
 sion; it has turned darkness into light; it has  
 supplied from "the dark places of the earth,"  
 full of the habitations of cruelty, some of the  
 brightest and most beautiful examples that ever  
 exist in the earth, of a simple, fervent, and pure  
 Christianity. (Cheers.) I have great satisfac-  
 tion in learning, by a note just put into my  
 hands, that the increase in the foreign Mis-  
 sionary stations amounts to more than 5,000.  
 (Cheers.) We thank God that there is no want  
 of a sign of prosperity in this respect,—in the  
 large increase of numbers. But we do not cal-  
 culate our Christian success by statistics; we  
 are aware of the value of statistics; they assist  
 us in estimating and ascertaining the progress  
 the Society is making, but do we not know that  
 there is a diffusion of light and truth, beyond  
 all that the most carefully prepared statistics can  
 reach. We know that truth is planted in many  
 minds, and a living feeling awakened in many  
 hearts, of which statistics can make but a partial  
 or perhaps no report at all. We can re-  
 joice in taking up these statistics, and estimat-  
 ing the success which presents itself to us in  
 different forms and degrees; we can rejoice that  
 in this, the very thing which we covet, the very  
 thing for which we pray and labour, God, ever  
 our own God, is with us. (Cheers.) Sir, we  
 are not convened on this occasion for the  
 purpose of planning or executing anything merely  
 temporal; we have not met to maintain the de-  
 fence of personal character; for we merge all  
 those things in maintaining the great cause of  
 our Saviour and the triumphs of his cross; (cheers)  
 utterly forgetting self while we think of the  
 apparatus already prepared, and the manifold suc-  
 cess which presents itself to our contemplation  
 everywhere, we should shrink from every feel-  
 ing which would lead us to impede, or even at-  
 tempt to impede, that great work which is bleas-  
 ing so many thousands with the light, and life,  
 and power of salvation. (Hear, hear.) It is a  
 consolation to know that this work cannot be  
 checked. (Cheers.) The truth and power of  
 Christianity have gone forth and are achieving  
 their own victories. It shall, it must prevail.  
 (Cheers.) until the entire world is subjected to  
 the dominion of the Lord's sceptre. (Cheers)  
 When we were favoured with a more encourag-  
 ing measure of pecuniary liberality than at this  
 moment, I have had some little opportunity,  
 in the northern part of the country, of marking  
 the promptitude with which people in compar-  
 atively humble life came forward, the noble and  
 truly generous contribution of the more wealthy,  
 and various other efforts which taken together,  
 summed up and combined, present us the encou-  
 raging results of this day—results greater than  
 have ever been reached in any one year since

this Society existed. (Applause.) For this  
 reason, also, we should rejoice and encourage  
 each other to prosecute our labours. There is  
 nothing wanting in the completeness of the ma-  
 chinery as far as it goes, and we see and rejoice  
 to see, that friends in different parts of the land  
 are more willing to co-operate with us, with  
 heart and hand, that the great design we con-  
 template may be fully accomplished, and that the  
 kingdoms of this world may become, as they  
 shall become, the kingdoms of our Lord and his  
 Christ. (Applause.) I was delighted to hear,  
 Sir, in the course of your valuable observations,  
 that you referred to the spirit of humility. It  
 is in the spirit of humility that we wish to pro-  
 secute the work that lies before us,—that spir-  
 it of humility which prostrates man and exalts  
 God, which holds man's wisdom to be folly, man's  
 efforts to be weakness, man's success impossible,  
 unless it please God to assist by his presence,—  
 that spirit of humility which is still looking up-  
 wards beyond all the instrumentalities around  
 us, and owning the hand and agency of the most  
 high God. I concur most cordially in the re-  
 marks which Mr. Heald so impressively made  
 upon this subject. We came to-day to offer up  
 our prayers to Almighty God, and to acknowl-  
 edge our dependence upon him; not only to  
 say, but to feel, that it is not by any might or  
 power we can command, but by the Spirit of  
 the Lord of Hosts, and by him alone, that we  
 can hope to be successful. (Hear, hear.) The  
 spirit of faith will also, I trust, sustain us,—that  
 spirit of faith which reposes upon the supreme  
 and everlasting truth which we have in the im-  
 perishable Book of God. We admit nothing in  
 competition or comparison with it. Holy Scrip-  
 ture stands alone, the fountain and well of truth,  
 —that on which we repose with entire confi-  
 dence, because we know that it supplies the  
 truth which is forever settled in Heaven, and  
 cannot but prevail. Faith reposes in that great  
 propitiation which Holy Scripture constantly  
 exhibits. We look to the cross, and seek by  
 the cross to triumph. We point to the Holy  
 Scripture, which everywhere exhibits that bleas-  
 ed sign of healing in this wide wilderness of  
 the dying and the dead. We depend on this  
 faith, and we desire this day to renew our faith  
 in the promises which Holy Scripture has so  
 freely and so fully given of the more plentiful  
 visitation of the Heavenly Spirit. May I be  
 permitted to add that I trust we are all desirous  
 of renewing and presenting our engagements in  
 the spirit of charity,—that charity which never  
 faileth, which beareth all things, believeth all  
 things, hopeth all things, and if even how it  
 shall expire, endureth all things. (Hear,  
 hear.) Charity allied to truth, and truth allied  
 to charity; truth and charity—charity and truth  
 blended harmoniously into one.—That charity  
 which leads us to love all, in humble imitation  
 of the charity which our Lord and Saviour man-  
 ifested,—a charity which leads us to love him  
 who first loved us, and in the possession and in-  
 crease of his love to love all others for his sake;  
 and to proceed in our course, in the spirit of in-  
 ward love, looking for his blessing, and commit-  
 ting ourselves and all our concerns into his  
 hands. Ephraim shall not envy Judah, neither  
 shall Judah vex Ephraim in such a case as this.  
 It is gratifying to find that, in the resolution now  
 in my hand, other Protestant and evangelical  
 institutions are connected with their own.  
 (Hear, hear.) Peace and prosperity be to them  
 all. (Cheers.) What we want to see promot-  
 ed is not sectarianism but Christianity. (Re-  
 peated cheers.) That was the spirit of our Fa-  
 thers, (hear, hear,) and that is the spirit which  
 by the grace of God we will continue to cherish.  
 Christianity in its own free and diffusive spi-  
 rit, by whatever agency it may be promoted.—  
 To all other Protestant and evangelical institu-  
 tions that are labouring for the spiritual good  
 of mankind we wish all success. May the Lord  
 our God grant that the results of their labours  
 in future may be a thousand-fold what they have  
 been in the past. May he be pleased to bless  
 us also, and grant that amidst the proceedings  
 of another year we may pursue our course con-  
 fiding in him, and always looking for his prom-  
 ised aid. (Hear, and cheers.)  
 (To be Continued.)

FAMILY CIRCLE.

A Piece of Legal Advice.

Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany, is a  
 famous place of law. People come there from  
 the extremities of the country to get information  
 and ask advice. To visit Rennes without get-  
 ting advice appears impossible to a Breton. This  
 was true at the latter end of the last century,  
 but as it is at present, and especially among the  
 country people.  
 Now it happened one day that a farmer named  
 Bernard, having come to Rennes on business,  
 sought himself that he had a few hours to  
 spare, would be well to employ them in get-  
 ting legal advice from a good lawyer. He had often  
 heard of Monsieur Portier de la Germondaie,  
 who was such high repute that people believ-  
 ed a lawsuit gained when he undertook their  
 cause. The countryman inquired for his address,  
 and proceeded to his house in Rue St. Georges.

The clients were numerous, and Bernard had to  
 wait some time. At length his turn arrived, and  
 he was introduced. M. Portier de la Germon-  
 daie signed to him to be seated, then taking off  
 his spectacles, and placing them on his desk, re-  
 quested to know his business.  
 "Why, Mr. Lawyer," said the farmer, twirl-  
 ing his hat, "I have heard so much about you,  
 that, as I have come to Rennes, I wish to  
 take the opportunity of consulting you."  
 "I thank you for your confidence, my friend;  
 you wish to bring an action, perhaps?"  
 "An action! Oh, I hold that in abhorrence!  
 Never has Pierre Bernard had a word with any  
 one."  
 "Then it is a settlement,—a division of prop-  
 erty?"  
 "Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer; my family and I  
 have never made a division, seeing that we all  
 draw from the same well, as they say."  
 "Well, is it to negotiate a purchase or a sale?"  
 "Oh, no, I am neither rich enough to pur-  
 chase, nor poor enough to sell."  
 "Will you tell me then, what you do want of  
 me?" said the lawyer in surprise.  
 "Why, I have already told you, Mr. Law-  
 yer," replied Bernard. "I want your advice—  
 for payment, of course, as I am well able to give  
 it to you—and I don't wish to lose this opportu-  
 nity."  
 M. Potier took a pen and paper, and asked  
 the countryman his name.  
 "Pierre Bernard," replied the latter, quite  
 happy that he was at length understood.  
 "Your age?"  
 "Thirty years, or very near it."  
 "Your vocation?"  
 "My vocation! Oh, that means what I do.  
 I am a farmer."  
 The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper,  
 and handed it to his strange client.  
 "Is it finished already? Well and good.  
 What is the price of that advice, Mr. Lawyer?"  
 "Three francs."  
 Bernard paid the money and took his leave  
 delighted that he had taken advantage of this  
 opportunity.  
 When he reached home it was four o'clock;  
 the journey had fatigued him, and he deter-  
 mined to rest himself the remainder of the day.  
 In the meantime, the hay had been two days cut,  
 and was completely saved. One of the working  
 men came to ask if it should be drawn in.  
 "What, this evening?" exclaimed the farmer's  
 wife, who had come in to meet her husband;  
 "It would be a pity to commence the work so  
 late, since it can be done to-morrow without any  
 inconvenience."  
 The man objected that the weather might  
 change; that the horses were all ready, and men-  
 die. But the farmer's wife replied that the  
 wind was in a good quarter, and that night  
 would set in before their work could be com-  
 pleted. Bernard, who had been listening to the  
 argument, was uncertain which way to decide,  
 when he suddenly recollected that he had the  
 lawyer's advice in his pocket.  
 "Wait a minute," he exclaimed; "I have an  
 advice, and a famous one too; that I paid three  
 francs for; it ought to tell us what to do. Here,  
 Theresa, see what it says; you can read written  
 hand better than I."  
 The woman took the paper and read this line:  
 "Never put off till to-morrow what may be  
 done to-day."  
 "That's it!" exclaimed Bernard, struck with  
 a sudden ray of light. "Come, be quick; get  
 the carts and away; boys and girls, all to the  
 hay-field!"  
 His wife ventured a few more objections, but  
 he declared that he had not bought a three franc  
 opinion to make no use of it, and he would fol-  
 low the lawyer's advice. He himself set the ex-  
 ample by taking the lead in the work, and not  
 returning till all the hay was brought in. The  
 event seemed to prove the wisdom of his con-  
 duct—for the weather changed during the night;  
 an unexpected storm burst over the valley, and  
 the next morning it was found that the river had  
 overflowed and carried away all the hay that  
 had been left in the fields. The crops of the  
 neighbouring farms were completely destroyed.  
 Bernard alone had not suffered. The success of  
 this first experience gave him such great faith in  
 the advice of a lawyer, that from that day forth  
 he adopted it as a rule of his conduct, and be-  
 came, by his order and diligence, one of the  
 richest farmers in the country. He never for-  
 got the service done him by M. Potier de la  
 Germondaie, to whom he ever afterwards carried  
 a couple of his finest fowls every year, as a  
 token of gratitude.

The Tree that Never Fades.

"Mary," said George, "next summer I  
 will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is  
 dying, and I won't love another tree so long  
 as I live. I will have a bird next summer,  
 and that will stay all winter."  
 "George, don't you remember my beautiful  
 canary bird? It died in the middle of the  
 summer, and we planted bright flowers in the  
 ground where we buried it. My bird did not  
 live as long as the tree."  
 "Well, I don't see we can love anything  
 dear little brother died before the bird, and I

loved him better than any bird, or tree or  
 flower. O! I wish we could have something  
 to love that wouldn't die."  
 The day passed. During the school hours,  
 George and Mary had almost forgotten that  
 their tree was dying; but at evening as they  
 drew their chairs to the table where their moth-  
 er was sitting, and began to arrange the  
 seeds they had been gathering, the remem-  
 brance of the tree came upon them.  
 "Mother," said Mary, "you may give  
 these seeds to cousin John; I never want  
 another garden."  
 "Yes," added George, pushing the papers  
 in which he had carefully folded them, to-  
 wards his mother, "you may give them all  
 away. If I could find some seeds of a tree  
 that would never fade, I should like them to  
 have a garden. I wonder, mother, if there  
 was such a garden?"  
 "Yes, George, I have read of a garden  
 where the trees never die."  
 "A real garden, mother?"  
 "Yes, my son. In the middle of the gar-  
 den, I have been told, there runs a pure river  
 of water, clear as crystal, and on each side of  
 the river is the tree of life,—a tree that never  
 fades. That garden is Heaven. There you  
 may love and love for ever. There will be  
 no death—no fading there. Let your treasure  
 be in the tree of life, and you will have  
 something to which your young hearts can  
 cling, without fear, and without disappoint-  
 ment. Love the Saviour here, and he will  
 prepare you to dwell in those green pastures,  
 and beside those still waters."

Watt.

A Young man, (says Sir R. Kane,) want-  
 ing to sell spectacles in London, petitions the  
 corporation to allow him to open a little shop,  
 without paying the fees of freedom, and he is  
 refused. He goes to Glasgow, and the corpo-  
 ration refuse him there. He makes acquaint-  
 ance with some members of the university,  
 who find him very intelligent, and permit him  
 to open his shop within their walls. He does  
 not sell spectacles and magic lanterns enough  
 to occupy all his time; he occupies himself at  
 intervals in taking sound and re-making all  
 the machines he can come at. He finds there  
 are books on mechanics written in different  
 languages; he borrows a dictionary, and  
 learns those languages to read those books.  
 The university people wonder at him, and are  
 fond of dropping into his little room in the  
 evenings, to tell him what they are doing, and  
 to look at the queer instruments he con-  
 structs. A machine in the university collec-  
 tion wants repairing, and he is employed.  
 He makes it a new machine. The steam-  
 engine is constructed; and the giant mind of  
 Watt stands out before the world—the author  
 of the industrial supremacy of this country,  
 the herald of a new force of civilization. But  
 was Watt educated? Where was he edu-  
 cated? At his own work-shop, and in the  
 best manner. Watt learned Latin when he  
 wanted it for his business. He learned  
 French and German; but these things were  
 tools, not ends. He used them to promote  
 his engineering plans, as he used lathes and  
 levers.

Domestic Economy.

"Men talk in raptures," says Withers-  
 spoon, "of youth and beauty, wit and  
 sprightliness; but after seven years union,  
 not one of them is to be compared to good  
 family management, which is seen at every  
 meal, and felt every hour in the husband's  
 purse."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Original Matter is particularly requested for the Paper  
 such as, Local Intelligence, Biographies, Notices of the  
 Introduction, rise, and progress of Methodism in the  
 West, Revivals, and remarkable Conversions. Articles  
 on education, temperance, literature, science, and  
 religion.—Illustrations of Providence.—Sketches of Scrip-  
 ture characters.—Interesting anecdotes.—Descriptions of  
 natural scenery.—Poetry on any prominent feature of  
 Methodism, &c. &c.  
 Articles, as a general rule, should be short and pithy, as  
 a judicious variety in each number is the secret of news-  
 paper popularity and usefulness.

To the New-England Readers of the Wesleyan.

No. 5.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I have just returned to  
 this City, after a tour through the States of  
 New Hampshire and Maine. I have visited New-  
 buryport, where I saw the remains of the cele-  
 brated George Whitefield. It is deposited in  
 the ex-Protbyterian Church. I descended to  
 the vault with the sexton who carried a lamp.  
 I cannot describe to you my feelings when I  
 laid my hand upon the matted skull of the man  
 my mind and devoted servant of God. The bones  
 are very little decayed. The coffin is made of  
 hard wood and is perfectly sound. It has and is  
 at the head about seven or eight inches square,  
 as have all the coffins of this country. There  
 is a painted inscription on the coffin stating the  
 time of his death and age. Immediately be-

neath the pulpit of the Church is a marble  
 tablet with the following inscription:—  
 Under this Pulpit  
 are deposited  
 The Remains  
 of  
 THE REV. GEO. WHITEFIELD,  
 and  
 THE REV. JONATHAN PARSONS,  
 The first Pastor of this Church  
 who died July 19th, 1776;  
 also  
 OF THE REV. JOSEPH PRINCE  
 who died 1791.  
 On the Right of the Pulpit is a beautiful  
 marble Cenotaph with the following inscription:  
 "This Cenotaph  
 is erected with affectionate veneration  
 to the memory of  
 THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD  
 born at Gloucester, Eng., Decr., 16th, 1714;  
 educated at Oxford University; ordained 1736.  
 In a ministry of 34 years  
 he crossed the Atlantic 13 times,  
 and preached more than 18,000 sermons.  
 As a soldier of the cross, humble, devout, ardent  
 he put on the whole armour of God, preferring the  
 honor of Christ to his own interest, repose,  
 reputation or life. As a Christian orator, his deep  
 piety, disinterested zeal, and vivid imagination,  
 gave unexampled energy to his look, action and  
 utterance,—bold, fervent, pungent, and popular  
 in his eloquence; no other uninspired man ever  
 preached to so large assemblies, or enforced the  
 simple truths of the Gospel by motives so  
 persuasive and awful, and with an influence so  
 powerful on the hearts of his hearers."

"He died of Asthma, Sept. 30th, 1770;  
 suddenly exchanging his life of unparalleled  
 labors, for his eternal rest."

There are two other coffins in the same vault  
 with Mr. Whitefield's, one the Rev. Jonathan  
 Parsons and the other a poor blind man's, who  
 had a strong desire to be buried with Mr.  
 Whitefield. I have visited the house where Mr.  
 Whitefield died, and while I trod the very floor  
 of the room in which he breathed his last, I ac-  
 cused to be walking on holy ground. The house  
 has undergone some considerable repairs, but  
 the old room is still preserved—the chair in  
 which Mr. Whitefield died is in the Boston Li-  
 brary. One of the principal bones of White-  
 field's right arm had been missing from among  
 the remains for a number of years—no body  
 could tell what had become of it, until last sum-  
 mer, (1842), when the minister of the Church,  
 the Rev. Jonathan F. Stearns, received a letter  
 from a gentleman in England, from which the  
 following is an extract:—

"Some years ago a brother clergyman was  
 requested to obtain an original letter of the  
 dear and honoured Whitefield for me, which he  
 thought he could easily do. He failed however  
 in the attempt, but to my great surprise and  
 mortification sent me what he called a precious  
 relic of the holy man of God, one of his bones!  
 and precious it is, but it was of too sacred a  
 nature to expose to the public eye, and I have  
 preserved it, hoping to restore it to its proper  
 place with my own hands. This I must now  
 intrust to you, and shall be happy to learn from  
 you that it has been done."

Mr. Stearns had the memorable relic convey-  
 ed to the vault where its kindred remains lie—  
 on the 27th Sept., 1819, after having twice  
 crossed the Atlantic, and performed a pilgrim-  
 age of at least a quarter of a century.

You all know that the Rev. George White-  
 field was one of the earliest and latest friends of  
 the Wesleyans. One of that little band of faith-  
 ful men who were called Methodist at Oxford,  
 more than a hundred years ago, whose names  
 will live through all generations. Whitefield  
 first arrived in this country in the year 1738.—  
 He landed in Savannah, Georgia, and laid the  
 foundation of an orphan house a few miles from  
 Savannah, and afterwards finished it at great  
 expense. He returned to England the same  
 year. While preaching in aid of the Orphan  
 House Charity, one of his hearers had gone re-  
 solved that he would give nothing, but after  
 hearing the preacher a little, he determined to  
 give what copper money he had, another stroke  
 of the preacher's eloquence made him ashamed  
 of that intention, and he determined to give his  
 silver, but so completely was he won over by  
 the admirable conclusion of the sermon, that  
 when the collector's plate came round he emp-  
 tied his pockets of copper, silver, gold and all.  
 In 1739 Whitefield visited America again, he  
 landed at Philadelphia and began to preach in  
 different churches. In this and his subsequent  
 visits to America, he visited most of the prin-  
 cipal places. Immense numbers flocked to hear  
 him, wherever he preached. Such was the ex-  
 cess of the multitude in Philadelphia to listen  
 to spiritual instruction, that there was public  
 worship regularly twice a day for a year; and  
 on the Lord's day it was celebrated three or four  
 times. During his visit to Philadelphia, he  
 preached to a society after night, from the gal-  
 lery of the Court House. So loud was his voice  
 at that time that it was distinctly heard on the  
 tops of houses a mile distant. Whitefield was  
 devoted of the spirit of sectarianism, his only ob-  
 ject being to "preach Christ, and him crucified."