

sonable and just answer. In the out-
 probably feels the loss of cultivated
 ere being seldom more than two or
 lies in one place who have any taste
 literary and refined; and these are
 the merchant, the indolent, the par-
 he doctor. Such places as Harbour
 rhonar and Brigs have a greater
 out in general Newfoundland is as
 the intellectual and moral as it is in
 1 world. But while the merchant gets
 is not care for society; and while the
 is able to keep order among her Ma-
 jects he is content; and while the
 spaid and keeps in patience with his
 e is equally pleased; and as for the
 he has not learned with the apostle
 in whatever station he is placed,
 he learns the lesson or gives place to
 an, the better it will be for his own
 he people's! I can sympathize with
 orkly merchant, magistrate, and doc-
 they feel discontented in a desolate
 the Missionary is supposed to have
 e cost. He confesses in apostolic lan-
 o we leave all and follow thee." It is
 o embody and personify the spirit and
 self-sacrifice. Instead of fearing po-
 hardship and death he professes to
 tribulation." If he therefore murmur
 er lost his religion or he never had
 a find fault with the country he finds
 God for sending him here. Let him
 eyes at Gambia, at Western Africa,
 unt the graves of missionaries at Sierra
 be thankful God sent him to such a
 ime as Newfoundland. Probably the
 complaints of the want of those many
 t and nice things for the body and do-
 as are easily obtainable in large
 ws. But with industry, prudence
 ny his house and cellar may be toler-
 furnished. He surely can dig a gar-
 dent vegetables, potatoes and cabbage
 lar—he may grow fruit also; he may
 much ground as he please and feel
 d if he have any income above an or-
 ourer he may purchase many of the
 life. If therefore a man cannot live
 in Newfoundland he cannot live
 e. It is the fisherman, the hardy
 en fisherman, who has cause, if cause
 y be, to complain. His life is daily
 above the ordinary and common ex-
 danger and death. He draws his means
 nce from the very gulph of death.
 nd children, in eating the bread he
 l, feel something as David felt when
 ighly men cut through the host of
 times and drew him water from the
 thieken. He said, "My God forbid
 I should do this thing: Shall I drink
 of these men that have put their lives
 dy? for with jeopardy of their lives
 zht it." 1 Chron. 11: 19. The fish-
 pares his gear and early in the morn-
 ing his family and home and commits
 the God of providence as he hoists the
 e morning he and his companions bid
 I, fair and beautiful. They expect
 for a few days at least, and we bid
 speed, and stand idling a minute or
 beach to see them sail away, remark-
 at a fine time away they have." The
 the night comes, and with it signs of
 storms. A swift passing cloud and
 ad come like heralds of an approach-
 ing howling wind increases in strength,
 ight is darker. But the fisherman's
 yet alarmed. A dreadful blast now
 cabin and every timber shakes.
 she remarks, "father will have to
 ight, he will not be able to fish," and
 rent calmness. But hark! A deep
 se is heard. 'Tis not thunder; nor
 of abundance of rain; as
 rattling showers rise on the blast,"
 se is that? 'Tis the first growl of
 eho is at length roused from his
 g calm. These hollow blasts which
 ly and swiftly along at first were mes-
 on the vast body of "waters above"
 ent" to the body of "waters under-
 ent;" and that distant roar, booming
 nd caves, spoke of the operation of a
 ich the two mighty bodies sympathise
 in unison. How speedily a clap of
 flowed! As if each wing of the two
 hosts fired royal salutes on their meet-
 again! Oh, another booming sound
 ed! Now look at the fisherman's wife,
 hold upon her. Perhaps at that mo-
 le one has been awake from his sleep
 and, and he calls out, "Father,"
 nd takes him up. "Thy father is gone
 if God be not very merciful this night
 ed him no more." She kneels; her
 er around her on their knees. Now
 elements rage. She hastes with her
 neighbours' house. Her alarmed and
 mothers are there, equally anxious
 e of them they love. All night the
 s, and for a moment the watcher is
 with anxiety and fatigue as to sleep
 a her visions she sees her loved sons
 ed struggling in the storm, or on a
 e, or hears the last call to God for

help. Morning comes, the day passes, yet the storm rages as if it would

"Confound and swallow navigation up."

But they come not. At length a solitary boat is seen ploughing its way round the breakers, another follows, and soon they drop their anchor secure once more. She hastens down with others to enquire the likelihood of the fate of those they have left behind. Encouragement is held out; and she returns. The night again passes, and morning comes, and the calm after the storm. Yet they come not. Perhaps he has sheltered in some harbour? Hope buoy's her up; the week passes, and yet they come not, and then the overwhelming conviction strikes her to the ground—"They are lost!" Who supports the widow? Who provides for the fatherless babes? He who has said "Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me." Our colonial government is most humane in its character, and its efforts to relieve the destitute are most prompt and ample. Such a faint picture as the above, leads you to the chief cause of Newfoundland's misfortunes. 'Tis not its climate, the healthiest in the world; 'tis not the barrenness of its soil, for the "treasures of the deep" greatly compensate. It is the risk and exposure of its ocean sons to daily danger and premature death. Perhaps the words of England's greatest bard, would be too strong an application to the above—

"Each new born

"New widows howl, new orphans cry; new

swarms

"Strike heaven in the face!"

because when we consider this daily exposure the wonder is we have not more shipwrecks and loss of crews. Our bays and harbours are so commodious and safe. But it is astonishing with what a fearless and reckless spirit our fishermen launch out into the deep. They often remind me of the sailor who in course of conversation was asked by a gentleman, "Where did your father die?" "At sea." "And where did your grandfather die?" "At sea." "Then are you not afraid of going to sea?" "No," said Jack. "Pray where did your father die?" "In bed," said the gentleman. "And where did your grandfather die?" "In bed." "Then are you not afraid of going to bed?" asked Jack. Such is the force of habit, and when, as in many instances, it is founded on faith in God, it enables the hardy fisherman to sing—

"If a storm should come and wake the deep,
 "What matter? I still can ride and sleep!"

I conclude my present "Notice" with begging your patience, and that of your readers, for trespassing so long upon matters which may not interest you so much as those in reference to our mission work in the colony. But as I write as much for the interest of your Newfoundland subscribers as for others, another "Notice" of the nature and cause of that distress which at present presses heavily upon the colony, may not be unacceptable to them.

For the Wesleyan.

LEAFLET,

No. 6.

INSTINCT.

A traveller rested on a pleasant hill-side, which was clothed with miniature shrubs, and short grass, and wild flowers, and varied herbage. Tea berry bushes and sweet fern gave a fine fragrance to the September breeze, which freshened a neighbouring expanse of water, where sail boats sped through the glistening ripples, and a gentle surge rolled to the pebbly beach. A rock, warmed by the sunbeam, served the traveller instead of sofa or chair, and a lunch was enjoyed with the zest which exercise imparts. Crumbs fell on the rock, and among the herbage at its side. The comparatively trifling circumstance was of some consequence. A small tribe was located at a little distance; some foragers from the camp, or rather city of the wild, discovered the provision, and considerable bustle ensued. One ant after another, fastened on the crumbs, and, instead of feasting at the moment, commenced tugging and tugging to bear away the prizes—to carry them, probably, to the common store house, as a magnificent addition to the winter stock. Some of the active little creatures seized on lumps larger than themselves, and with their usual persevering industry, dragged or pushed, as the nature of the ground admitted, anxiously intent, apparently, at accomplishing the prudent plan which regulated their community. The nearness of the traveller seemed not to give them any concern. He was too much removed from their sphere to excite observation, any more than a tree or a projecting rock might. A step of his, to the right or left, might crush some of the tribe; but they were not the danger, and feared not. The visitation was, as if an object, some ten thousand feet high, should suddenly appear in the neighbourhood of human habitations. In the latter case, however, the apparition would not be mistaken for some old mountain, and astonishment and consternation would result.

The traveller soon went on his journey, think-

ing for a moment of the pigmy tribe, whose store he had so unexpectedly and cheaply replenished—and revolving in his mind the wonders of instinct, its apparent relation to reason, and the exquisite government which seemed to pervade creation.

Anon the path was bounded, at either side, by trees of the wilderness,—through openings of which the sun beam occasionally strayed, and various winged insects passed, in play, or in search of the day's sustenance. The path was not one of frequent travel, and across it the spider, at some parts, had spread his delicate barriers, almost invisible, except where the light was reflected from the tiny thread, or where it appeared pencilled on the pearly back ground of the sky. Amid herbage, about the roots of the trees, curious funnel shaped webs were formed,—and higher, among the branches, a fine net work, in elegant parallel lines, was spread with geometrical accuracy. These were in accordance with the vocations of the proprietors. They were flyers by instinct, and were wonderfully possessed of the required materials and implements and skill. What trapper, belonging to the human species, would pretend to spread his lines with such beautiful exactness? and then these glutinous filaments, are altogether the produce of the creature itself,—while no learning of by-gone times, no rule or compass, assisted in the laying of the delicate fabric. From the radiating and concentric lines of the web, the traveller was diverted by the leaves of the poplar, flapping musically in the breeze, and elegantly distinct on the azure, and interlaced light clouds, of the horizon.

Again he paused, where a stream gurgled along a woody dell, and stooped to allay his thirst in the limpid element. A receptacle was scooped out, whence the cattle of the settlement might obtain supply,—and higher, a well-like concavity appeared, and seemed as the urn whence the rivulet flowed. There, just beyond the deepest shade, a few slight creatures, somewhat of the wasp-form, moved, in rapid and graceful mazes, as if guarding the darker recesses over which shrub-roots and mosses impended. They were seeking and enjoying their food, probably amusing themselves, meanwhile, with many sportive evolutions. They stood, and darted, on the surface of the water, with firm energetic movement,—and yet scarcely causing the smallest ripple on the mirror of the well. They are called Skates, familiarly, in consequence of their motions being like that of skaters on ice. Their plane of motion, however, was the summer well or pond, where the light darts would be absorbed and sink;—the skates of winter sound along thick-ribbed chrysalis congelations.

The feet of these gay creatures seemed webbed, but by what curious conformation did they sustain themselves so firmly, and move so elegantly and rapidly, on the yielding element? What richness of adaptation did themselves and their lives exhibit,—what instinct to detect and secure food, in that strange sphere of action.

Again the traveller proceeded, thinking of the life, and the mysteries, by which he was surrounded.

What exuberance of skill and elegance seemed bestowed on the tribes which were almost unnoticed by man. Among those minute creatures, inhabitants of waters and herbage, what worlds of exact prudential instinct may be supposed to exist. How are the lords of the lower creation to explain the profusion of that tact which they call instinct, which they distinguish from reason, although they know so little of the separating line, or of the nature of that about which they speak. Why is this mystically beautiful system, this apparently, over-abundance of the riches of design and adaptation?

Is it, that from the lowest animal organization,—from the zoophyte that lives, rooted on the rock, up to ambitious man, and his spheres of science and literature,—that there is a series of grades, one above the other, with brief intervals between, and each possessed of that degree of intelligence suited to his destiny? Thus, a requisite and yet wonderful harmony may be observed,—and a fitness and a keeping, in accordance with the intent of infinite Wisdom. There was no confusion, appears,—all such a strangely elaborate labyrinth alone, may meet the hasty glance of the presuming school.

Respecting these various grades, low conception is but inconsistency seen; the proud creatured man. How marked is his fall from his original sphere. How active is he, often, to secure his own misery, while in pursuit of fancied happiness. How wilfully perverted, while he boasts of more than eagle vision,—how grovelling, while he assumes imperious rank. Other creatures seem to fulfil calmly, the intents of their creation;—man rebels and riots and suffers.

Happily, however, man, in some instances, has appeared to nearly regain his original rank;—to almost fulfil his destiny;—to come to consistency and wisdom. Religion gives a halo to reason and intelligence, and the human being appears only a little lower than the angel.

Alas, may we not imagine some glowing picture, of serenity and spirit of just non-indecent, of cherubim and seraphim, and, finally, reaching to the position of the throne of Heaven? What visions are these of here, of here, of here, and places, and employments, and divine light, and peace, and glory, and the glory of

reason,—and lead to unspeakable admiration and gratitude.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

FEETJEE.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Jas. Culver, dated Fejee, January 18th, 1849.

At our last District-Meeting we examined three Tongans who have long been employed as Native Helpers in Fejee, who were of good report, in order that they might be employed as Head Teachers in important parts distant from the Mission Stations. A fourth, a Fejeean, was also connected with them; but his health is not very good, so that he, though equally valuable, resides on this Station.

Their Christian experience is very genuine; and their knowledge of our Church discipline and doctrines was most satisfactory. The appropriateness and correctness of the passages which they quoted in proof of the doctrines on which they were examined surprised us.

On the Sabbath, after being addressed, they related their Christian experience and call and love to the work in Fejee, before a large congregation. They also preached acceptable sermons.

Joel Bulu said: "I make known my mind before the Lord. I embraced Christianity when I heard that the Christian, when he dies, goes to heaven. I believed it to be true. I then heard Mr. Thomas preach from Matt. xii. 30. That a sinner fastened on my heart I was thereby very greatly afraid. I then liked to pray continually to the Lord, and confess my bad deeds to him. I did not know the way of faith. I wandered about. I had the spirit of bondage. I feared only. If I heard anything, I believed God was coming to punish me. I was so night and day. When the love-feast day arrived, I went, and heard the good things those possessed who believed in Jesus. I then understood faith. I believed in Jesus from the foundation of my heart, and thereby found the love of God; and then the Holy Spirit made known to my spirit that I had become a child of God. I then knew that God loved me, and I then loved him. I then loved Jehovah, because I knew he was my Father; and love sprang up in my heart to every man. Therefore I desired to come to Fejee, to make known the love of God. My love to Fejeeans is not exhausted; it springs up and increases, because I know their state is very bad without religion."

Paula Ves said: "When the Missionaries came to the Friendly Islands, my mind wished to love; but my relatives prevented me. My desire was great. I embraced religion, but followed children. The Lord wrought powerfully in my heart, and I left the children. The Lord began the work of prayer in my heart, then I gave up useless voyages in canoes. I loved the Missionary, and went to live with them, believing them to be the servants of God. One day I knew that God loved me. One Good Friday I read in the New Testament, Light sprang up in my mind. I saw the face of Jesus, and wept. On the following Monday I saw clearly the love of Jesus to me. My relatives tried to keep me from following them, even if death resulted therefrom. I was called to the work of preaching, and I made known Jesus. I did not wish to stay at home. My mind was led to desire to make known Jesus. I wished to go hence to Fejeeans. To Samoa I went, and preached daily. I came to Fejee, and you requested me to work here. My soul and body years over lands ruled by the devil. I like to do the work of the Lord with all my strength. My body is ill; my friends say, 'Come home.' No! I have given my body and soul to the work in Fejee, where I shall die, and be buried. I am not very useful; but what I can do, living and dying, I wish to do."

Wesley Lange said: "I heard of repentance, and believed the doctrine. I heard of faith in Jesus, and had belief of Him as my Saviour. In the lands I have lived in, I said, 'I do not wish to hide the love of God. My life I take in my hand, that God may dispose of me.' I leave behind all selfish motives. The love of Christ I have in my heart, and I would not hide it, because many have it not. I heard of the badness of Fejee. I came. The work of the Lord in my soul has saved me from the fear of being murdered or being eaten. Living here, God's love has strengthened me. I love a man; but the Lord has kept me from fear. When fear darts, and looking on my wife and children, trusting to me for food, my mind was moved homeward, I then felt. Now, my mind is settled. To the work of the Lord in Fejee I devote myself entirely."

Joshua Mate-e-na-new, the Fejeean said: "When I first went to Fejee, I did not know the *John* at all. On my second voyage I saw it but did not like it. Waiting, the

Lord wrought on my mind. Some Sunday, I proposed going to the service, but did not. One Sunday I went to the chapel, and was ashamed and afraid in hearing of God. I feared God greatly, and wished to give up sin, and believe the truth. When the missionaries desired me to come with them to Fejee, I desired to come with them. I wished to follow what they said. I loved Almighty God; I loved Jesus, and wished to make him known. Many things I did not understand in the Scriptures; but Jesus I knew, and wished to make known as the Saviour of sinners. And I am not tired in making known Jesus, nor of loving Jesus, nor of loving sinners. There is nothing I wish to live long for, only that I may make known Jesus."

By a note from Mr. Watford, dated Lakenha, January 15th, 1849, we have the pleasure of hearing that they were all pretty well. The following are extracts from his note:—"There has been a little stir here about the Papists. A Tonga Local Preacher was preaching at Tarekatal (the town where the French Priests reside) last Friday week. During the sermon a gun was fired in the Priest's yard, and the shot rattled against the rocks and thatch of our preaching-house. The Tongues were up at once; but Alexander prevented them from doing anything, and came for me. We went down to the seaside, and sent Reuben (the principal Tonguese Protestant Chief) to ask the meaning of it. They (the Papists) said the Tongues were liars; that they had fired in another direction at some fowls, and the shot could not fall on the preaching-house. The Preacher and all his hearers contend that the shot did fall on the preaching-house. The general opinion is, that they shot at the house. If so, it was a bold step. But what will not Popery do? It was the new Friar who fired the gun. They say that he is a good shot."

"Banuve, the young Tonguese Chief, is feeling a little; but he is indeed hound down with twice ten thousand ties. The Lord save! I feel very much for these Tongues. They are very civil indeed. We want more Teachers. I had intended to visit last week; but the morning we were to have gone, Mrs. Watford was taken very ill, and I had to stay. I cannot go now till after her confinement; but if all is well I shall then visit all."

Permission was given at the District Meeting to Joel Bulu to baptize in urgent cases at Ono, that place being very distant from any Missionary. We wish to know your views on the subject.

By a letter from Joel Bulu, dated Ono, December 25th, 1848, we have good news from that important island. He says: "The work of God prospers at Ono. Some of the young men repent and have begun to meet in class. The people are in earnest. I also endeavour to be in earnest. I visit the house, and from house to house. I question them, instruct them, and pray with them; and we are at rest in the love of God. We have had a profitable infant-school feast. I endeavour to teach the youths the meaning of the holy Scriptures. At our love-feast at Ndol, the Holy Spirit wrought mightily in our hearts, and many declared their enjoyment of the divine favour. In one week I go to Waine, and meet the classes; one week to Ndol, and meet the classes; one week at Matokano, and one week at Ono. So, and this I shall attend to quarterly. Please write to me, and tell me what I must do; for there is no Missionary near, to whom I can apply for information as to how I shall act in some cases. Remember me in your prayers, that I may have help, and that my mind may be enlightened to know what is right for me to do in the church at Ono."

The subject of having native Assistant Missionaries for occupying important posts at a distance from the Missionary, was one that our late brother Hunt felt to be deeply important. And the views of all the brethren coincide with his. The four candidates are men of the right kind. We shall be glad of your sanctioning them to administer the ordinances in cases of necessity. We doubt not their call of God. We have given you extracts of a letter received from Joel Bulu, of Ono, which shows the character of the man,—a Pastor after God's own heart. We rejoice before the Lord that he has raised up such men; and you with us will pray that he raise up many more of the same kind.—*Wesleyan Notices Newspaper for September.*

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—An interesting communication has just been received, in which the history of this mission is continued to May, 1842. At least one tenth of the native population has been swept away by the recent epidemics; and more than two thousand three hundred church members have died during the past year. The friends of missions will be glad to learn that the Divine blessing has not been withheld from the labours of the missionaries. The whole number admitted to the different churches on the profession of their faith is about one thousand six hundred.