

sonable and just answer. In the out-  
 probably feels the loss of cultivated  
 are being seldom more than two or  
 lies in one place who have any taste  
 literary and refined; and these are  
 the merchant, the magistrate, the  
 parson, the doctor. Such places as Har-  
 bour and Brigus have a greater  
 number of these than any other place  
 in general Newfoundland is as  
 the intellectual and moral as it is in  
 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  
 is paid and keeps in patience with his  
 e is equally pleased; and as for the  
 he have 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 declama-  
 on the Missionary is supposed to have  
 e cost. He confesses in apostolic lan-  
 o we leave all and follow thee." His  
 embody and personify the spirit and  
 self-sacrifice. Instead of fearing pe-  
 rardship and death he professes to  
 tribulation." If he therefore murmur  
 er lost his religion or he never had  
 find fault with the country he finds  
 God for sending him here. Let him  
 epe, at Gambia, at Western Africa,  
 unt the graves of missionaries at Sierra  
 e 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-  
 effort 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-  
 ant 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  
 e 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  
 ighty men cut through the host of  
 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  
 ight 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, is 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-  
 a fine time away they have." The  
 night comes, and with it signs of  
 storms. A swift passing cloud and  
 ast 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  
 reat 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  
 who 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"  
 to the body of "waters under"  
 ent"; and that distant roar, booming  
 and 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 faced 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-  
 ment she has been awoken from her sleep  
 and, and he calls out "Father,"  
 nd takes him up. "Thy father is gone  
 if God be not very merciful this night  
 er him no more." She kneels; her  
 re around her on their knees. Now  
 elements rage. She hastens with her  
 neighbours' house, to 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  
 of 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 buoys  
 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 char-  
 acter, 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 barren-  
 ness 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 morn  
 "New widows howl, new orphans cry; new  
 sorrows  
 "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 in-  
 stances, 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 trespass-  
 ing so long upon matters which may not inter-  
 ess 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 sub-  
 scribers as for others, another "Notice" of the  
 nature and cause of that distress which at present  
 presses heavily upon the colony, may not be un-  
 acceptable to them. J. B.

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 her-  
 bage. 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 sunbeams, 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  
 to a small tribe 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, fast-  
 ened 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 ad-  
 dition to the winter stock. Some of the active  
 little creatures seized on lumps larger than them-  
 selves, and with their usual persevering industry,  
 dragged or pushed, as the nature of the ground  
 admitted,—anxiously intent, apparently, at ac-  
 complishing the present 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 heaved not. The  
 visitation was, as if an object, some ten thousand  
 feet high, should suddenly appear in the neigh-  
 borhood of human habitations. In the latter  
 case, however, the apparition would not be mis-  
 taken 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 in-  
 stinct, 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 var-  
 ious 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 geomet-  
 rical accuracy. These were in accordance with  
 the vocations of the proprietors. They were fly-  
 snarers by instinct, and were wonderfully pos-  
 sessed 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 radiat-  
 ing 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 liquid 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, some-  
 what 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, prob-  
 ably, 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 small-  
 est 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 chrysal chrysalis.

The feet of these gay creatures seemed web-  
 bed, but by what curious conformation did they  
 sustain themselves so firmly, and move so eleg-  
 antly 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 sur-  
 rounded.

What exuberance of skill and elegance seem-  
 ed bestowed on the tribes which were almost un-  
 noticed by man. Among those minute crea-  
 tures, inhabitants of waters and herbage, what  
 worlds of exact prudential instinct may be sup-  
 posed to exist. How are the lords of the lower  
 creation to explain the profusion of that fact  
 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 mysteriously beau-  
 tiful 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 re-  
 quisite and yet wonderful harmony may be dis-  
 served,—and a fitness and a keeping, in ac-  
 cordance with the intent of infinite Wisdom. Thus,  
 no wasp, no confusion, appears,—all such a  
 strangely elaborate labyrinth alone, may meet  
 the hasty glance of the presuming scientist.

Respecting these various grades, how conspi-  
 cuous by inconsistency seems the proud creature  
 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 happi-  
 ness. How wilfully perjured, while he boasts of  
 more than eagle vision,—how grovelling, when  
 he assumes impious rank. Other creatures  
 seem to fulfil calmly, the intents of their crea-  
 tion;—man rebels and riots and suffers.

Happy, however, man, in some instances,  
 has appeared to nearly regain his original rank;  
 —to almost fulfil his destiny, to be in consist-  
 ency and wisdom. Religion gives a halo to  
 reason and intelligence, and the human being  
 appears only a little lower than the angels.

Alas, may we not imagine some glowing  
 prospect of cherubim and seraphim, and land  
 parking him, the possessor of the crown of life?  
 Alas, may we not imagine some glowing  
 prospect of cherubim and seraphim, and land  
 parking him, the possessor of the crown of life?

reason,—and lead to unspeakable admiration  
 and gratitude.

**WESLEYAN MISSIONS.**

**FEEJEE.**

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Jas. Cal-  
 vert, dated Vaea, January 18th, 1849.

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

Their Christian experience is very genu-  
 ine; and their knowledge of our Church dis-  
 cipline and doctrine was most satisfactory.  
 The appropriateness and correctness of the  
 passages which they quoted in proof of the  
 doctrines on which they were examined sur-  
 prised us.

On the Sabbath, after being addressed, they  
 related their Christian experience and call  
 and love to the work in Feejee, before a large  
 congregation. They also preached accepta-  
 ble 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.  
 xiii. 50. That sermon fastened on my heart  
 I was thereby very greatly afraid. I then  
 liked to pray continually to the Lord, and con-  
 fess 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 Feejee, to make known the love  
 of God. My love to Feejeans is not ex-  
 hausted; it springs up and increases, because  
 I know their state is very bad without reli-  
 gion."

Paula Vea said: "When the Missionaries  
 came to the Friendly Islands, my mind wish-  
 ed 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 child-  
 ren. 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 God and 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. The Missionaries  
 determined to follow them, even if death re-  
 sulted 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 home to Feejeans. To Samoa I went,  
 and preached daily. I came to Feejee, 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 friend-  
 say, 'Come home.' No! I have given my  
 body and soul to the work in Feejee, where I  
 shall die, and be buried. I am not very use-  
 ful; 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 hold of Him as my  
 Saviour. In the land 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 business of Feejee. 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 from fear. When I eat, and drink,  
 and look 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 Feejee I devote myself  
 entirely.'

Joshua Mate-e-nu-nu, the Feejean said:  
 When I first went to Tonga, I did not  
 know the *lalu* 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 mis-  
 sionaries desired me to come with them to  
 Feejee, I desired to come with them. I wish-  
 ed to follow what they said. I loved Almighty  
 God; I loved Jesus, and wished to make  
 him known. Many things I did not under-  
 stand 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. Wataford, dated La-  
 kenba, 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 Tarekatai (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 Tonguese were up at once; but Alexan-  
 der prevented them from doing anything, and  
 came for me. We went down to the sea-  
 side, and sent Reuben (the principal Tongu-  
 ese Protestant Chief) to ask the meaning  
 of it. They (the Papists) said the Tonguese  
 were liars; that they had fired in another di-  
 rection at some fowls, and the shot could  
 not fall on the preaching-house. The preach-  
 er and all his hearers contend that the shot  
 did fall on the preaching-house. The gener-  
 al opinion is, that they shot at the house. If  
 so, it was a bold step. But what will our  
 Popery do? It was the new Friar who fired  
 the gun. They say that he is a good shot."  
 "Danuie, the young Tonguese Chief, is  
 feeling a little; but he is indeed bound down  
 with twice ten thousand ties. The Lord save!  
 I feel very much for these Tonguese. They  
 are very civil indeed. We want more Teach-  
 ers. I had intended to visit last week; but  
 the morning we were to have gone, Mrs.  
 Wataford was taken very ill, and I had to  
 stay. I cannot go now till after her confine-  
 ment; but if all is well I shall then visit all."

Permission was given at the District Meet-  
 ing 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 Ndoi, 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 Ndoi, and  
 one week at Ono. Seva; and this I shall at-  
 tend to quarterly. Please write to me, and  
 tell me what I must do; for there is no Mis-  
 sionary near, to whom I can apply for in-  
 formation 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 enlight-  
 ened to know what is right for me to do in  
 the church at Ono."

The subject of having native Assistant Mis-  
 sionaries for occupying important posts at a  
 distance from the Missionary, was one that  
 our late brother Hunt felt to be deeply impor-  
 tant. And the views of all the brethren coin-  
 cide with his. The four candidates are men  
 of the right kind. We shall be glad of your  
 sanctioning them to administer the ordinan-  
 ces 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 com-  
 munication 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 Mis-  
 sions will be glad to learn that the Divine  
 blessing has not been withdrawn from the  
 labours of the missionaries. The whole num-  
 ber admitted to the different churches on the  
 profession of their faith is about one thou-  
 sand six hundred.