

Missionary Intelligence.

(From Wesleyan Notices Newspaper for Nov., 1860.)
Wesleyan Missions in Western Africa.
SIERRA-LEONE.

The subjoined Letter from one of our Native Assistant Missionaries at Sierra-Leone has been received by the officers and Committee of our Society with more than common pleasure, and is earnestly recommended by them to the careful perusal and prayerful consideration of our friends, and of all who feel a Christian interest in the welfare of Africa.

The writer is one of the liberated Africans, who, since his return from slavery, and transfer to Sierra-Leone, has been, we believe, truly and effectually converted to God. He was for some time an approved student in our Institution for the training of native Africans, commonly called "King Tom's Institution;" and is now regularly recognised and employed as a Native Assistant Missionary at the York-Town Station.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Gen. H. Decker, Native Assistant Missionary, dated York, Sierra Leone, April 9th, 1860.

Having an opportunity, I gladly embrace it, by writing you these few hasty lines. I know you will be very glad to hear from me, as you have not heard from me since I was received as an Assistant Missionary on probation.

You are aware, Sirs, that I was recommended by the District-Meeting in December, 1847; and I was kindly received and appointed to the said office of Assistant Missionary on trial, by the Conference assembled at Hull in the year 1848.

The District-Meeting thought it advisable and necessary for me to labour in the York Circuit, in which I am now at present; and I am endeavouring, by God's grace, to be useful, and to do my utmost. But I must say to you, Sirs, this office to which I am called is an important one. I do feel my unworthiness and insufficiency; sometimes I am ready to shed tears. Who am I, and what am I, that the Lord should call me to such work as this?—poor unworthy dust as I am, just fit to sweep the chapel and to clean the Missionaries' shoes, much less to be called a Missionary, a Wesleyan Missionary, a Preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ! This is enough to humble my soul. When I "look to the rock whence I was hewn, and to the hole of the pit from which I was dug," I cannot help but exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" I do feel indeed that I was called by God, and moved by his Holy Spirit, to preach to my fellow-countrymen the unsearchable riches of Christ. I began to call sinners to repentance in the latter part of 1837, and since then to the present the Lord has always blessed me in my preaching. The very first time I went to preach, some poor sinners were brought to Christ; this led me to believe that the Lord had called me to labour for him. And I cannot tell you of the hundreds who have been brought to God through my instrumentality; the Lord has used me as an instrument in his hand; he has blessed my labour abundantly; to him be all the glory. There is nothing in this for me to boast about; instead of boasting, I often feel sorry that I have done so little, comparatively speaking, for my Master.—After all, I am "an unprofitable servant." Once I used to be proud! but since I received a more abundant baptism of the sanctifying Spirit, in the year 1842, I feel power over sin, and all slavish fear is gone.—"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth me from all sin." Anger is gone, pride is turned to humility, the love of God is shed abroad in my heart. Before I enjoyed this greater blessing, I was too fond of self-love and self-praise; I used to be troubled with my own will. But this beautiful hymn of ours now suits my case, and I sometimes sing:—

"O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live.
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee!
"O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy dutious child, that I
Ceaseless may 'Abba, Father,' cry!"

Now I feel that all self is gone, and my soul is as a little child in the arms of my Saviour.

"Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new!
"Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole soul aspire;
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!"

The Lord has called me into the work, and I will be no longer mine own, but give up myself to his will in all things. Before I became a Travelling Preacher, I used to think, if the Lord should ever call me to go into the interior or out of the colony, whether I should be willing to go. No, was the reply. My proud heart could not consent to this. "I want to be in the colony, to go from one Circuit to another. I want to be with my friends. I do not wish to go away from home. I cannot bear the thought of parting from my aged mother," &c. I loved ease. But at present I am ready to say, "Send me wherever thou pleasest, Lord, I am willing to go, and ready to leave father, mother, sister, brother, and all, to go any where and every where when it shall please the Lord to call me."

Why should I speak of ease and comfort, when others have left their home, their friends, their beautiful country, for the burning sun of Africa? I say, if they will make such a sacrifice for us Africans, I think we ought to make it ourselves. When I think of the many valuable lives that have been lost in so short a time, and many that have dropped in the field almost before they began to sow the precious seed with which they left their native land, it is indeed a grief and pain to my heart. Many a time have I been praying, "Lord, raise Native Agents, raise men in Africa after thy own heart, to carry the Gospel to the interior!" The white Missionaries have done all they could on the sea-shores; but I say, if the Gospel is to go into the interior, it must be chiefly by us Native Agents. But I am so thankful that the Lord is now raising us for this great work. Amongst the Church and the Wesleyans every effort has been made for this purpose; thank the Lord, it is not fruitless!

My congregation meets in York regularly once a month in what is called Missionary prayer-meeting, to pray especially for the Missionary Society, for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, for Missionaries abroad, &c. In every meeting I always read an abstract of some letters written to the Committee, from the different Stations, by Missionaries. It is very interesting indeed to the people. Afterwards, I call some of them to pray. To hear of their pouring out their souls to God in behalf of their fellow-countrymen in the interior, living in Heathenish darkness, will be interesting and gratifying to every British Christian's ears, especially those who have thrown in their pounds into God's treasury, for the conversion of the Heathen, and for the civilization of Africa. I think it will be well for me to repeat their own phrases on this point:—"Lord, save poor Africans! Send the Gospel to our father and mother that live in our dark country, where the Gospel no reach yet: they have had hearts; they sell one another; they make war, and do all bad things. Do, Lord, pardon and forgive them. The Gospel make us good, and it can make them good. Lord, save our Missionaries! They left father, mother, and all, and come to teach us poor Africans. They never live long; they die: yet this no make them tired to come. Bless our Missionary Committee: make them no give up to send us Missionaries, because all our country people are not saved yet. But, Lord, make our countrymen Missionaries, to carry the Gospel home to our father-land; they can live long in this country, pass white man," &c. But, Sirs, though these words are uttered in broken language, it is with such an agony of mind, that I believe they reach the Majesty on high.

I do not wish to take up your time with a long writing; but I must open to you my mind at once, and tell you of a subject which lies very heavy on my mind. Doubt-

lessly you may have heard of that long war in Sherbro:—many lives have been lost, many sold to slavery. That bloody war lasted for about seven years. But, bless the Lord, through the efforts of the Governor of Sierra-Leone, there is peace between the contending nations or tribes; the war is at an end. Civil men have done their duties so far. Also at Gallinas the slave trade has been given up by the exertions of the British cruisers. The Chiefs have signed treaties, and drove away the Spanish slave-traders out of their land.

As I went down the wharf one day, I saw hosts of Spaniards walking about on the beach, I was anxious to know where they came from. The answer was, "From Gallinas." "And where are they going?" "To Freetown," was the reply. "Why, and what for?" said I. "O," says a man, "to look for passage to the Havannah.—The slave-factories are all broken up; the Chiefs delivered up all the slave-traders; and signed a treaty, that no such traffic will be carried on amongst them any more." I am sorry that I cannot dwell upon every particular now on this subject: I shall leave it for next time. But, Sirs, I was overjoyed. Never was there a news which make me so happy in this world as this! If I had disposal of myself, I would sail the next day, to plant the standard of the cross on the shores of Gallinas.

On the month of August, 1848, Prince Ar-mar-rah, from Gallinas, called to see me. We had a very long conversation. One particular thing we conversed about was, the subject of religion. I asked him, how would he like to have Missionaries sent to teach him and his people about Jesus Christ. He said, "Very much. And why don't you come now? War is done; no more slave-trade. You must come to teach us your book; we want our children to learn. If you come, we will be glad to receive you." I told him, "I shall be very happy to come, if the Committee sends me." I told him, "I am not my own; I am a servant: and wherever my Master sends me, I go." He said, "You ought to come, because it is your mother's country; and we will be very glad to receive you." I told him, that I shall write to the Committee in England; and if they send me good answer, he will be sure to see me, or some one else; so I make him present of a very beautiful Bible; and he was very much pleased with it, and promise to get some one to read it to him. And when he was taking leave of me, he said, "Don't you forget to write to your masters in England: tell them we want somebody to come and teach us, and to tell us about God's palaver." About two months previous to this, a brother in that part wrote to me as follows: "I want you very much to come here. Will you come? Do come. And now, since God has stilled the contending elements, and given peace to the country, how very important that we take the field, before Mahomedans, or some other, have pre-occupied the ground, and closed the doors against us! Dear brother, can't you come? Won't you come? Do come, and we will soon have a Mission far in the interior." Now, dear fathers, you see from this we have a call from the interior, from the neighbouring country; shall we say, No, we cannot go? I have been praying about it all this time, and I feel that the Lord has called me to go, and shall I say No? Shall I refuse? will you hinder me? Our Mission is established in this colony: we have here sixty-seven Local Preachers and Exhorters, and many other labourers besides; while the neighbouring countries are perishing for want of Teachers. If any other Christian, or Christian Ministers, can feel satisfied in their minds, I cannot. At present I am just as one out of its element. I thought it was the design of the Committee that every Missionary resident at York should visit Plantain-Island. It grieves my heart, when looking at the Report every year, to see entered "York, Plantain-Island, &c.," when that Island has never been visited but once or twice; and as since the late war the island was given up and became desolate, all the people have removed to the main land. No Missionary living at York could give due labour to the Plantain-Island. He has enough to do, and plenty to take up his time, and cannot do justice to it on ac-

count of its distance. If we are to have a Mission established in those places, it must be a distinct one. It ought to be called Gallinas Mission. The Church Missionaries have gone to Gallinas and Susoo country to establish a Mission. And what are we doing? If you will only appoint a European Missionary for the head, and send me or some other Native Agents with him, I for my part will go with a' my heart. O, dear Sirs, hinder me not: I must go; God calls me! O do not prevent me from occupying that wide and uncommonly interesting field! Allow me to quote a Missionary's words on his leaving America for Africa: "I am about to leave you, and expect to see your faces no more. I long to preach to the poor African the way of life and salvation. I don't know what may befall me, or whether I may find a grave in the ocean, or among the savage men, or more savage wild beasts, in the coasts of Africa! nor am I anxious what may become of me. I feel it my duty to go; and I very much fear that many of those who preach the Gospel in this country will blush when the Saviour calls them to give an account of their labours in his cause, and tells them, 'I commanded you to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' The Saviour may ask, 'Where have you been? What have you been doing? Have you endeavoured, to the utmost of your ability, to fulfil the commands which I gave you, or have you sought your own gratification and your own ease, regardless of my commands?' O, Sirs, I am quite willing to go wherever the Lord will send me. I have given up myself to this great work. But if you see fit that I should remain in the colony, and continue to labour there, I am perfectly satisfied, and ready to submit.—But, Sirs, I must tell you again, that it has cost me many sleepless nights when I think of the surrounding nations that have not been visited, though some are not thirty miles from us: it is indeed a pain to my heart. O may the Lord send whom he will send, so long as the Gospel is preached to them, and souls saved! Why, I do feel more for these poor Heathen at Gallinas, because I have some relations there. Here are myself, parents, brothers, and sisters, enjoying the blessings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, while some of our friends and nearest relatives are living in darkness and superstition; not only so, but they are not far from us, and yet we cannot go to them! Many of my friends and relations here cannot bear the thought of my going from Sierra-Leone, and of my writing to the Committee about such a thing, and tell me that I ought to leave it and say nothing, and make myself still and be happy with my friends. But I want them to know that I am not seeking for happiness, nor ease, nor pleasure, while my fellow-creatures are going to eternal woe. I want to see souls saved, and the name of my God to be abundantly glorified. Amen.

Family Circle.

"You will think of it when they are Dead."
BY MRS. ELIZABETH W. TRUE.
The omission of kind and comforting words, you will think of; the neglect of little acts of tender love, such as would be real expressions of gratitude for what they have suffered and done for you in your helplessness, and have always done for you—thoughts of these things will enter your heart like so many fine-pointed darts. Especially will these be felt when you come to be parents, and live over for your children what your parents have lived through for you.

I knew a young woman whose father died when she was about eighteen years of age. She, with the rest of the children, were considered obedient and respectful to their father. The father himself said, when dying, in speaking to a friend concerning his children, "I have good children; never one of them gave me a disrespectful word." But after all this, I have known that daughter omitted to speak some sweet, consoling words, which she might have spoken to her father, and of omitting to do some unasked