

## Wesleyan Missions.

(From Wesleyan Notices.)

Canada.

NEW INDIAN MISSION.

Whilst occupying all our Stations, and supplying them efficiently with Missionaries, Teachers, and Interpreters, we have ventured to commence an entire new Mission, amongst a most destitute tribe of Indians at Garden River, on the north shore of Lake Huron. In the village at the mouth of the river there are about two hundred and eighty resident Indians; but it is a place of great resort by those who live to the north. The Missionary and Teacher have received a hearty welcome by the Chiefs and the people, who have cheerfully ceded as much land as is needed for the use of the Mission. A good squared log-house is just completed, through the energy and skill of Mr. M'Dougall. The next effort must be a house which will serve the double purpose of sanctuary and school. The parents of children here are very anxious that their children should be taught to read and write. There are about fifty who are prepared to join the school as soon as it is opened.—Amongst the whole of this band there were but two persons found who had any right perceptions of God, or who prayed to Him as the Great Spirit. These had acquired their knowledge from transient visits to other Stations, where the light of the Gospel shines, the rays of which had fallen and rested upon their minds. With these two exceptions, the whole band, and thousands and tens of thousands beyond them, are in a state of gross darkness, pollution, misery, and death. The Missionary appointed to this remote Station can converse partially in their language, and, by agreement, is to devote himself to the acquisition of it, so as to preach to the people, in their own tongue, the glories of the gospel.

TRANSLATIONS INTO OJIBWAY.

Some progress has recently been made in translations. The First Catechism, in Muncey, is in the hands of the printer. At a meeting of the Missionary Board some days since, a Resolution was passed to print an edition of the Oneida Hymn-Book. Mr. Sickles forwarded to me the manuscript for this, some eighteen months ago. We were waiting for our means to enlarge, before we could with safety incur the expense. The book will be got out as speedily as possible. The translation of hymns into the Ojibway, to form an addition to those which have long been in use, is being effected through the Rev. Thomas Hurlburt, who has spent more than twenty years in the Indian work. So thoroughly does he understand the language, that it is a subject of surprise to the Indians themselves, to hear him pray and preach in "their own tongue." They say, "He is an Indian in a white man's skin." He speaks with lively emotion of the kindly treatment received from you, during the time he acted under your authority and direction in the north-west; and declares that no inducement could have allured him away, had he had not been compelled to seek a milder clime, for the restoration of his own and Mrs. Hurlburt's strength, and the actual preservation of life.

NEW INDIAN MANUAL LABOUR SCHOOL.

In some of my former communications, I mentioned the desirableness of having a third Indian Manual Labour School. The distance between the bands at the north from the Institutions now worked by us at Alderville and Mount Elgin, and the little intercourse and sympathy shown by them to the people resident at these Stations, are among the reasons to be assigned for its erection. They have a splendid tract of land still unsundered to the Crown; an immense tongue of eighty miles in length, and averaging twenty-five in width, washed by the waters of Lake Huron on the south, and by those of the Georgian Bay and Owen's Sound on the north, where it is designed to erect a third school. Arrangements have been made with the Indian Department, for a sum to be passed annually to this contemplated work. If a grant of £500 could be made by the Wesleyan Mis-

sionary Society, for this noble enterprise; no appropriation could be more consistent with our obligations and duties, promoting at once the temporal and eternal welfare of a people, once the sole proprietors of this magnificent country.—*Rev. Enock Wood.*

## Family Circle.

The Widow's Will: A True Tale.

BY REV. A. M. SCOTT.

It was a bitter night. The snow had been falling in fleecy flights during the greater portion of the day, and the cold was so intense that little business of any kind had been prosecuted by the industrious and enterprising citizens of the village. Night had succeeded day. The snow and sleet were still descending, and the spirit of the storm seemed to howl around the house, and through the fields and orchards and forests, and among the distant mountains.

Mr. Rowland had returned from his counting-house at an earlier hour than usual. Supper had been served, and the family had gathered around the sparkling fire. The children had been put to bed in an adjoining apartment, and the infant was sleeping in the cradle under the immediate notice of its mother. Mr. Rowland was reading a newspaper, and as the fitful blast moaned around his commodious dwelling, he would make some remarks relative to the severity of the weather. Mrs. R. was parting the flaxen curls upon the head of the sleeping babe, and occasionally she imprinted the warm kiss of affection upon its ruddy cheek. Suddenly some one rapped at the door. It was opened, when a little girl of about seven years-old was admitted. Her scanty dress was tattered and torn, a ragged quilt thrown around her slender shoulders, and a pair of miserable old shoes upon her feet. She was almost frozen.

"You are the widow Watkins' little daughter?" said Mrs. Rowland, inquiringly.

The little girl answered in the affirmative, and added that her Ma was sick, and wished Mr. Rowland to step over and see her, for she thought she would surely die.

Mr. Rowland owned the place on which the sick woman resided. She was very indigent, and but poorly able to pay the extravagant rent which the unfeeling owner exacted. The property was once her husband's, or rather her own; being a gift from her father on the very day of her wedding. Mr. Watkins was wealthy when a young man, and was educated for the bar, and no one seemed more likely to be successful in his profession. He and Mr. Rowland were early associates. The latter, a few years before the period at which we now find him, had commenced the nefarious traffic in ardent spirits—had grown rich—had induced Watkins to drink—made him drunk, and by degrees a drunkard; and when the poor besotted victim was unable to pay his debts, contracted mostly for rum, but partly by neglecting his professional duties, he, his former associate, his pretended friend, his destroyer, was the first to decry and oppress him. His horses and oxen were sold by the sheriff, next his household and kitchen furniture were seized, and finally a mortgage was given to Rowland upon the homestead of the drunkard, to secure the rum-dealer in the payment of a painful balance in his favour.

This calamity did not check the prodigal career of the inebriate. He still quaffed the liquid poison, and still did the heartless dealer hold out inducements to prevail upon him to sink lower into wretchedness and shame. A few weeks after, he was one morning found dead in the street. He had left the grocery at a late hour the preceding night, in a state of intoxication. The night was dark, and he probably missed his way—fell into a gutter—found himself unable to get out—and, being stupefied with rum, he went to sleep and froze to death.

Rowland in a short time foreclosed the mortgage, and the home of the drunkard's wife became the legal property of the man who had destroyed her peace, and reduced her to beggary and want. He permitted her to remain on the premises, exacting an extravagant rate of rent. Mental anguish,

excessive labour, want of proper nourishment, and exposure, had well nigh worn her out, and she was fast sinking into the grave, where the weary are at rest. No one had been near her; no one seemed to care for her; in fact it was not known even to her nearest neighbours that she was sick.

Mr. Rowland felt anxious only for his rent, there being at that time a small sum due. And perhaps it is owing to that circumstance that he so readily consented to accompany the little girl to the room of her sick mother. He drew on his overcoat, tied a woollen comforter round his neck, drew on his gloves, and taking his umbrella, sat out through the drifting snow and sleet, and bent his way to the widow's uncomfortable home.

He found her lying on a miserable bed of straw, with her head slightly elevated, the only chair belonging to her house being placed under her pillow. She was pale and ghastly, and evidently near the hour of dissolution. Mr. Rowland being seated on a rude wooden stool, she said, in a feeble but decided tone of voice,

"I have sent for you, sir, to pay me a visit, that I may make you the heir to my estate. My estate? I know you are ready to ask what estate I have to bequeath. And well may you ask that. I was once happy. This house was once mine; it was my father's gift—my wedding portion. I had horses and oxen, and cows and sheep, and orchards and meadows. 'Twas you that induced my poor erring husband to drink. It was you who placed before him the liquid poison, and pressed him to take it. 'Twas you that took away my horses and cows, and meadows and orchards, and my own home. 'Twas you that ruined my peace, destroyed my husband, and in the very noon of life sent him down to a drunkard's dishonoured grave. 'Twas you that made me a beggar, and cast my poor starving babes upon the charity of a pitiless world. I have nothing left but these ragged quilts; them you do not want—yet I have determined to bequeath you my estate. They are the tears that I have shed—tears that you have caused. Take this vial; wear it about your vile person; and when hereafter you present the flowing bowl to the lips of a husband and father, remember that you are inheriting another vial of widow's tears.

An hour more and the poor widow, the widow of a thousand sorrows, the once favoured child of fortune, the once lovely and wealthy bride, the once affectionate wife and devoted young mother, lay cold and senseless in death, and her soul had been summoned to that God who has said, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay."

Tale of a Pin.

In an early month of the year 1778, with a tolerable education, and with many natural qualifications for a financial life, Jacques Laffitte was seeking for a situation as a clerk. He had high hopes and a light heart, for he brought with him a letter of introduction to M. Perregaux the Swiss Banker. But with all his sanguine anticipations and golden day dreams, he was bashful and retiring. It was with a trembling heart the young provincial appeared before the Parisian man of bonds and gold; he managed to explain the purpose of his visit, and presented his letter of recommendation. The banker quietly read the note. "It is impossible," said he, as he laid it aside, "that I can find room for you at present; all my offices are full; should there be a vacancy at a future time, I will see what can be done; in the meantime, I advise you to seek elsewhere, as it may be a considerable period before I shall be able to admit you." Away went sunshine and prosperous visions! Disappointed and gloomy, poor Jacques left the presence of the polite banker. As he crossed, with downcast eyes, the court-yard of the noble mansion, he observed a pin lying on the ground; his habitual habit of frugality, amidst his disappointment, were still upon the watch; he picked up the pin and stuck it into the lappel of his coat. From that trivial action sprang his future greatness; that one single act of frugal care and regard for little things opened the way to a stupendous fortune. From the window of his cabi-

net, M. Perregaux had observed the action of the rejected clerk, and he wisely thought that the man who would stoop to pick up a pin, under such circumstances, was endowed with the necessary qualities for a good economist; he read in that single act of parsimony an indication of a great financial mind, and he deemed the acquisition of such a one as wealth itself. Before the day had closed Laffitte received a note from the banker. "A place," it said, "is made for you at my office, which you may take possession of to-morrow." The banker was not deceived in his estimate of the character of Laffitte, and the young clerk soon displayed a talent and aptness for his calling that procured his advancement from the clerk to the cashier; from a cashier to a partner; and from a partner to the head proprietor of the first banking-house in Paris. He became a deputy, and then president of the council of ministers. What a destiny for the man who would stoop to pick up a pin!—*Merryweather's Anecdotes of Misers.*

## Literary.

For the Wesleyan.  
Mental Science.  
NO. XXI.

THE EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Man is capable of being governed by reason: brutes are governed by instinctive impulses. No merely instinctive actions can exist without impulses. If we view instinct as an active principle, it is utterly impossible that we can detach it from its dependence upon these impulses by which it is rendered visible. It acts under the dominion of impulses; and this instinctive action can have no existence unless impelled by foreign causes. Animals, it must be admitted, act from impulses; yet they cannot be impelled, at the same time, by contrary impulses, although they may be different. Nor can any impelling causes urge them to an action contrary to the preservation of their lives, and the propagation of their species. Animals seem to be so constructed by the Almighty, that they must necessarily be governed by the strongest impulses.

Man can distinguish between moral good and evil: brutes cannot. This is self-evident. Arguments, therefore, on either side, would be superfluous.

Man is capable of knowing, loving, and obeying his Maker; but animals are incapable of either. Man is capable of enjoying the approbation of God; the inferior animals are not.—Mr. Wesley says, "This is the specific difference between man and brutes; the great gulf which they cannot pass over."

It must, then, of necessity follow, that man is accountable to God for his actions; whereas brutes are not.

As an eloquent writer observes: "From what has already been said, there can be no doubt that brutes, in addition to pure instinct, possess also intelligence; like as they have sense, sensations, perceptions, memory: they compare their recollections and perceptions; they judge, and have the power of willing. But it must be remarked that, in animals, all these facts are connected with, if not dependent on, physical impressions. We act upon them; but it is by blows, cries, modifications of the voice, gestures, caresses, &c. The intellectual training of the brute never advances beyond this. It has sensations, but not ideas; intelligence, but not reflection. Man alone is capable of reflection; and here it may be asked, what is meant by reflection? It may be defined, the study of mind by means of mind; or the knowledge of thought by means of thought. The intelligence of the brute does not lead it to know or comprehend its own nature. Man alone comprehends his intelligence and judges his actions; hence it is, that he is a moral being; and he is such, because he is conscious of his thoughts, and judges them." Here then we have evidence of man's superiority.

The difference which actually exists between man and the animal creation is clearly specified in scripture. Solomon says, as rendered by Dr. Clarke, "Who considereth the immortal spirit of the sons of Adam, which ascendeth; it is from above; and the spirit or breath of the cattle, which descendeth; it is downwards unto the earth"; that is, it tends to the earth only. Here the inspired writer most evidently makes an essential difference between the human soul and that of brutes. He did not believe they had the same kind of spirit, and the same final lot, as some materialists and infidels assert.

But it may be asserted, by the advocates of materialism, that brute creatures think. This we do not deny; and, for anything we know to the contrary, they may exist in a future state.—Some eminent Divines, who were sound in the faith, have been of this opinion. The Rev. J. Edmondson, M. A., says, "Among these, it may be sufficient to name the ingenious Dr. Hildrop, and the venerable John Wesley. But if the