

Missionary Intelligence.

(From Wesleyan Notices Newspaper, Jan. 1851.)

Wesleyan Missions in Continental India.

MANARGOODY.—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Joseph Little, dated Manargoody, August 26th, 1850.

We have been called to sustain a serious loss in the deceased of our Catechist, Manikom Pillay, who belonged to this Station. It occurred at Negapatam, and during our visit there. He had asked leave to go to Tranquebar, to see his relations; but being poorly when he left this place, he was unable to proceed so far. This ailment increased, and caused his death after a short illness. Manikom had been employed in our Mission for the last thirteen years, and preached the salvation of which he had been made the partaker with fervour and power. The energy of his character made him an effective street-preacher; and in addressing crowds of Hindoos, he seldom failed to attract and secure attention to his message, by earnestness of delivery, by the simple and homely similes he employed, and by the pointed application of "the truth as it is in Jesus," which was sure to be made to his hearers. This often drew from them the acknowledgment, that by following the way of their forefathers in the observance of idolatry, they walked in a course at once mistaken and infinitely dangerous,—a concession often made to us, alas! without any corresponding good fruits. If, however, his invitations to all "to flee for refuge, and lay hold on the hope set before them in the Gospel," were not practically responded to, we could bear witness that the hinderance was to be traced to the enmity of the carnal mind, supported and increased by the debasing customs of Heathenism, rather than to any lack of sincere and forceful exhortation.

The last days of our brother were marked by great suffering. When, like the patriarch of old, he blessed his children, "and gave commandment concerning his bones," it was gratifying to find that his house was set in order. He seemed to be much engaged in prayer, and often asked for that beautiful hymn to be sung which begins with, "Leader of faithful souls," &c., an admirable translation of which we use, made by the Rev. Elijah Hoole. And when his pain became such as to deprive him of reason, it was cheering to observe his mind wandering towards the work of his life, as he asked whose turn it was to preach, and selecting some passage of Scripture, would proceed in its exposition, as was his wont in days of health. In this happy frame his soul continued, till it was dismissed from its frail and falling tabernacle, and entered the rest and happiness of heaven.

In the existing state of our work here, this is a loss ill to be sustained; but "the Lord reigneth;" and, standing as we did by the side of our sable brother in Christ, when the solemnities of death presented their monitions, we could praise God for the testimony His servant had given, that he was "going to be with Christ, which is far better." Here, then, is a soul taken to glory from the Hindoos, the fruit of Missionary sacrifice and toil,—an earnest of the countless thousands that shall hereafter be found in Heaven from this land of darkness.

Van-Diemen's Land.

HOBART TOWN.—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. John Thomas, dated Hobart-Town, April 16th, 1850.

I AM happy to say, that so far as I have had the means of becoming acquainted with the people of Hobart-Town who belong to our Society, they are a zealous, active, warm-hearted people; and the work of the Lord is prospering in the hands of his servants, the Rev. Messrs. Eggleston and Innes, who are stationed here. It is now nearly twenty-five years since we called at this place, on our way to the friendly Islands. Our devoted brother Carvosso was then at Hobart-Town. The Methodists were in the habit of assembling in a small private building, which they had hired for that purpose, in order that they might worship the God of their fathers. They were few in number, and their means very scanty;

for at that time they were building for themselves a chapel, which was sadly complained of by some, because it was too large and they thought that there was little or no probability of its being finished for want of funds. But God, whose glory they sought to promote, enabled them to complete His house, and it was soon found to be too strait for the willing multitudes who sought His law. And I now find that a building much larger and better fitted up is standing alongside the former house, which is well filled with people who come to worship the true and the living God. I find, also, that the Methodists have preaching on the Lord's day at several other places in this town, and where Societies are formed. Since I have been here, I have had the happiness of attending the Examinations of the Sunday-schools of Hobart-Town, when many friends of other sections of the church of Christ united with the Methodists in a most friendly and Christian-like manner, to advocate the cause of Sabbath-school instruction; and great grace was upon us all. I have likewise attended a Missionary Meeting at Brian's-Bridge; and yesterday another school-party at New-Norfolk, a beautiful rising town, about twenty miles from Hobart-Town; at both of which meetings all was love and joy and peace. God is with His people. He has greatly blessed and owned the labours of His servants here. The country through which I travelled yesterday is beautiful; the scenery is picturesque and delightful; and had I not, every now and again, seen large groups of unhappy men, branded by even their outward appearance as being convict-prisoners, outcasts from our fatherland, one might have thought himself in a land of nobleman's seats, a land of freedom and content. O Sin, what hast thou done!

Family Circle.

Fearing to Pray.

(Translated from the French of Cesar Malin.)

A little boy called Louis, having acknowledged to his father that he often feared to pray to God, when he felt very conscious of having done what was wrong; the father told him the following true story:

A rich Christian gentleman dwelt in his own handsome chateau. His son was very ill and at the point of death. It pleased God to spare the life of this child and the father celebrated his son's convalescence, by showering kindness on the peasants of his neighbourhood; among other things, he gave a splendid feast, in which he desired to see all those who had rendered any service in the house during the illness of his son.

Among the guests was one who worked on one of this nobleman's farms named Nannette. The valet who carried the invitations, appeared in the kitchen and delivered to this woman the message of his master as respectfully as if she had been a lady of quality, for there was no difference made between the guests, all were to be equally honoured and feasted.

Nannette was confused at this invitation, and in the evening she told the farmer's wife she was determined not to go—but being assured by her mistress that she would thereby show a want of respect to their benefactor, after she had been so kindly invited, Nannette resolved to accept the invitation. But it was not without emotion that she beheld the day and the hour approach, when she must set out for the feast at the Chateau.

It may be supposed that she put on her best clothes. But all the finery of a poor servant was nothing to compare to the dress of those great ladies who came to the Chateau, and who, in passing by Nannette, did not pay any attention to her new and well blackened shoes, or to the large red ribbon which encircled her straw bonnet.

Nannette continued, however, to advance towards the Chateau; she had already passed the porter's lodge, and was approaching the mansion boldly, when, at a sudden turn of the path, she found herself opposite to the green sward on which the tables for the feast were spread, and where a multitude of people richly dressed, were walking.

At this moment the Lord of the Chateau perceived poor Nannette, and saw that she blushed and seemed disconcerted; he concluded that she would not venture to mingle with the rest of the company, and having called one of his servants, he sent him to encourage her to approach.

The man, covered with a rich livery, approached Nannette, and asked her politely why she thus held back? she replied, "Would you wish me to go to your master's table in this dress? I am not smart enough to appear before him; I am going to retire."

"But (said the man) have you not received the invitation of my lord?"

"Yes, (said Nannette, drawing it from her pocket,) here it is."

"What is written on that card?" said the man. She replied by reading out the invitation, which was addressed in the usual manner. "Does it say anything about how you must be dressed?" asked he.

"That's true, (replied Nannette;) I ought not to have considered my clothing since my lord invites me so kindly; I ought to accept his message, and profit by his good will."

Upon this she followed the man towards her kind and pious lord, who thus addressed her: "Nannette, I perceived your embarrassment, and desired to do for you what our Saviour does so often for us; I trust now you will not fear to remain here."

"No, my lord," she replied respectfully, "since it is through your goodness that I am thus near you, I will enjoy this honour with the same good will with which you have granted it."

The Young Apostate Planting the Pillow of his Death-Bed with Thorns.

The father of young L— was a deacon of the Baptist Church in E—. His mother was "a mother in Israel." His sister D— was a useful missionary in Burmah, and he was hopefully converted and united to the church. But he soon apostatized, and returned to the world's vain pleasures. A revival of religion was in progress in S—, and the meetings were protracted from evening to evening with great success. Among the inquirers were two young ladies, hitherto fond of the gay dance, and such other pleasures as the country affords. A ball was arranged, it was thought to oppose the meeting, and draw away those young persons who were seriously inquiring "what they must do to be saved." Young L— was a leading manager, and he saw they had failed to entice any of those who had requested the prayers of the church. The meeting was crowded, and about seventy persons went forward for prayer. The Spirit's power was exerted there. Many wept and prayed audibly for mercy. As the meeting was dismissed, and the people were pressing out, I saw young L— crowding his way in. Approaching the young ladies alluded to, he invited them to go with him to the ball. They objected—he pressed, and urged. I saw it all; and laying my hand on his shoulder, said, "Young man, how can you do so? Are you not content with your own destruction, that you endeavour to destroy others? How dare you come to such a holy place with such a proposition to those who are fleeing from the wrath to come? Sir, I feel constrained to say, that you are planting thorns in the pillow of your death-bed." He left the house in a rage. He was defeated. In a short time he returned to his parents, was seized with a violent disease attended with delirium, which terminated fatally, leaving to his heart-broken parents, no hope of his future welfare. When passing that way to attend Commencement at H—, I called, and his mother gave me the mournful account of his last moments, showing that he had planted the pillow of his death-bed with thorns.—N. Y. Recorder.

Politeness.

How few children think it worth while to be polite to their playmates and friends! By politeness I do not mean a great deal of unnecessary bowing and curtsying, but that delicate attention to the comfort of those around us, that springs from a kind and generous heart. How many children enter

the room without noticing respectfully those who are older than themselves. I have seen them come in on a cold winter day, and draw their chairs before the fire in such a way that those who were sitting back could not feel the warmth of it at all, and this without the least apology for such a breach of politeness. Then, perhaps, they interrupted those in the room, when they are engaged in conversation, by asking some foolish question, instead of waiting till an opportunity is given them to speak. Then they are impolite to their playmates—their sisters, if they have any. Instead of assisting when their help is really needed, they leave them to themselves. How many boys think it beneath them to be polite to a sister!

I have seen some few who thought differently. I recollect, last winter, I used to meet a fine manly lad drawing his sister to school on a sledge; her rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes bore testimony that his politeness was not thrown away upon her.—She would pat his cheek with her hand, and call him her kind brother. He would frequently meet boys of his acquaintance, who would urge him to leave his sister and go with them to play. His answer always was, "Yes, when I have carried little Emily to school!" Do you think that boy was not a good son, a good brother? I never saw him impatient when he was walking with his little sister, because she could not keep up with him.

He did not give her a sly twitch, as some boys would have done; or frighten her with stories of old men or beggars, till she was afraid of her shadow. No; he was always kind and polite to her. And do you think he will forget to be polite as he grows older? No; for it will become a habit with him; and the little attentions which cost him nothing, and are gratifying to those who receive them, will gain many a friend.—Think of this when you are tempted to be rude and selfish, or unkind to those about you; and remember that you lose nothing by being polite. But a stronger motive should influence you—you should "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Who is it hath said "Be kind to one another!"—N. Y. Observer.

Gentleness.

There is something in the temper of men so adverse to boisterous and severe treatment that he who endeavours to carry his point that way generally loses his labour. Bitter words and hard usage freeze the heart into obduracy, which mild persuasion and gentle language only can soften and dissolve.

General Miscellany.

Nature and Properties of Water.

No living thing can exist except it contains water as one of the leading constituents of the various parts of its system. To so great an extent does this go, that, in a thousand parts of human blood, nearly eight hundred are pure water. This distribution of organised beings all over the world, is, to a great extent, regulated by its abundance or scarcity. It seems as if the properties of this substance mark out the plan of animated nature. From man, at the head of all, to the meanest vegetable that can grow on a bare rock, through all the various orders and tribes, this ingredient is absolutely required. Inspid and inodorous in itself, it takes on the peculiarities of all other bodies; assumes with readiness the sweetness of sugar, and the acidity of vinegar. Distilled with flowers, or the aromatic parts of plants, it contracts from them their fragrance, and, with equal facility, becomes the vehicle of odours the most offensive to our sense. We talk about the use of water, and imagine that nature furnishes us a perennial supply; we constantly forget that in this world nothing is ever annihilated. The liquid that we drink to-day has been drunk a thousand times before; the clouds that obscure the sky have obscured it again and again. What, then, becomes of the immense quantities of water, which, thus entering as a constituent of the bodies of animals, give to their various parts that flexibility which enables them to execute movements, or, combining with vegetable structure, fits them for carrying on their vital processes? After the course of a few years, all existing animals and vegetables entirely pass away; their solid constituents disintegrate and take on other