

Missionary Intelligence.

(From Wesleyan Notices Newspaper, Jan. 1851.)

West Indian Wesleyan Missions.

HONDURAS-BAY.—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Herbert W. Hains, dated Charribb-Town, April 20th, 1850.

My mind at present is principally fixed upon Charribb-Town, a place yearly increasing in numbers, and containing about fifteen hundred inhabitants, nearly all destitute of the least spark of religion. I thought they were bad enough when I went down merely to visit them; but upon becoming a resident I am more than ever convinced of their prevailing immorality, and really heathenish darkness. Vice of every species, drunkenness, dishonesty, idolatry, &c., degrade them generally; but where the kingdom of God appears, their character takes a superior order, and they become zealous and devoted servants of God. But, alas, how few out of the hundreds, have any knowledge of God! Even up to this time, they worship the devil under the title of *Marfen*. To *Marfen* they cause their children to be dedicated; to him they dance and pray; in honour of him, and to appease his wrath, they have their feasts, where their god is supposed to preside: that he does *practically* preside there, no one doubts. Under the influence of drink they become enraged as though possessed; and, with actions that are frantic, they strive to procure the devil's favour by beating their heads, and injuring their bodies, till they fall, one by one, as though lifeless, and thus they rest satisfied that all is right. Such a yoke is heavy, and such a burden is intolerable. Do we not need the prayers of the children of God, that these poor Charibbs may be brought into the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ.

The first marriage for seven years amongst the Charibbs was solemnized on the 13th of February last in Otarribb-Town. I hope that many will follow their example, and thus break down a great barrier to the spread of the Gospel. The woman, I am happy to say, has since become a member of our Society, and a humble seeker after salvation.

Charribb-Town is divided into four parts; namely, Man-of-War-Town, Stann or Stern Creek, (where the Mission premises are situated,) Falmouth-Town, and Scotch-Town; each of which demands a portion of the Missionary's labours, and, if attended to, is sufficient to take up a great portion of his time. This would be attended with beneficial, with saving, results, to the increasing of the congregation, and of the number of our members; but, as one of them observed, "No sooner is the bush cut down than it is left, and the consequence is that it is left to grow again." Our congregation in the morning is good; but in the evening Spanish custom prevails, and we have not more than twenty or thirty. Still it is my determination to continue working for God till He shall have poured out His Holy Spirit from on high.

ST. DOMINGO.—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. William Towler, dated Samana, Dominican Republic, May 8th, 1850.

As I spent but a short time in Samana last year, I thought it my duty to give a few months to the Station in the present year, and have come with my family here for that purpose. I have visited many of the people of this town and neighbourhood at their houses, and invited them to assist in our services, and have begun preaching in French and Spanish on Sunday afternoons and Tuesday evenings. We have also a Sabbath-school for them in the country, in a settlement of people of French extraction, conducted by a young man of our church, who understands the Creole or *patois* of the people; and who, after school on each Sunday afternoon, reads the Scriptures in French then gives the sense, and exhorts in Creole. I have commenced a Bible and catechumen class here, as in Puerto Plata; and have also formed a Juvenile Missionary Society in both Stations, employing about thirty young people as Collectors, on the plan recommended by Mr. Blake, of Harrow.

JAMAICA.—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Samuel Burrell, dated Kingston, October 11th, 1850.

You have so often heard of Jamaica's prostrate condition, of the poverty of our people, and the falling off in our numbers and finances, that it is not pleasing still to tell the same tale of woe. At the same time I am persuaded, if our state was fully understood by British Christians, they would, with increased liberality, sustain your Missions in this part of the world. I know that for many years this island has been blest with labourers sent out and supported by your funds; but surely the results have been most satisfactory and glorious. If we remember what Jamaica was when Wesleyan Missionaries first landed on its shores, and first unfurled the banner of the cross, and then look at it now, we must thank God, and take courage. So great a change brought about in so short a period is perhaps without a parallel; and the labours of your Missionaries have largely contributed to make this island what it is. How many thousands of its inhabitants, by their instrumentality, have been prepared for the bliss of heaven, and will praise God for ever that they were sent to these shores! and how many thousands more are still walking in the way to Zion! Why, at the present time we have, as you know, in Jamaica alone, more than twenty thousand full and accredited church members, nearly one-fifth of the total number on our Mission-Station; and, had it not been for changes and reverses in their temporal circumstances, our people would have been as liberal as ever they were, and, instead of telling of decline, should have sounded the glad note of victory and triumph. But I don't believe that Jamaica has fallen never to rise. Only let her have fair play, and she shall yet rise and flourish one of the brightest gems of the ocean. If our people can only be kept together, if your Missionaries are not withdrawn, the people will, when recovered from their present distress, show that they are still true Wesleyans; that they only "stop the wanted supplies" because stern necessity and extreme poverty oblige them so to do. Since I came to this Circuit I have been grieved to find, from quarter to quarter, the number of our members decreasing; and all our efforts to prevent this have been unavailing. Very few, however, are expelled for flagrant criminality; it is generally for neglect. Many, unable to appear respectable, as they once did, stay at home on the Lord's day, and thus lose, by degrees, all concern about their souls; others mistakenly stay from the class meeting, because unable to bring their wanted subscriptions. These and other causes deprive us of many members. Pastoral visitation is now of great importance; but, in a city like Kingston, where the heat is so excessive, and where we have nearly four thousand members, and only three resident Ministers, our time is nearly taken up in preaching, renewal of tickets, and burying the dead. The last of these consumes much time, as well as endangers our health, in consequence of a foolish practice that was introduced many years ago:—the Minister heads the funeral procession, often under a burning sun; and thus, to please the people, the time which might be spent in visiting is wasted, and our health endangered.

You have already heard that fifteen Jesuits have arrived in Kingston, where they have established a college; indeed, the emissaries of Rome are more active than ever. Still, in the midst of all, we do not despair. We have God on our side, and the truth shall yet prevail. I am glad to say that we have recently admitted into our Society one of the Cooley emigrants, who has been publicly received into the church by baptism. I have been greatly delighted to witness lately many happy death-bed scenes: many of our people have been enabled to triumph over death. Several of our most devoted Leaders have ceased to "work and live." One of them, a poor man named Williams, respected by all; a devoted servant of Christ, always at his post; a man of whom no evil could be said, went to bathe, and found a watery grave; but sudden death was sudden glory,—an expression he often used in prayer.

(From the Same, for Feb. 1851.)
Miscellaneous Intelligence.

PIETERMAURITZBERG, NATAL.—For some weeks past our native Societies have been greatly quickened. More recently several have found peace with God, and very many are earnestly seeking the same blessing. We have lately had a cheering increase to the classes for the coloured and native Societies. Those who are penitently seeking the Lord go out beyond the town at night, and plead with God for a present salvation. Several this week have done so, remaining out all night; and, ere the morning of natural day had dawned, the Sun of righteousness was shining in mercy upon their happy spirits. Two evenings since a Kaffir found peace with God in this way at midnight, and returned to awake up some of our zealous friends, that they might hear what great things God had done for him. "O Jesus, ride on, till all are subdued!" Our English members are encouraged to look for the "times of refreshing." Some of them, despite of all their trials, are living near to God, and are very solicitous to be useful. Much watchful and earnest piety is needed when Christian people emigrate to a foreign land. Our hearts have bled for many who once ran well, but who, during the voyage, grew weary and faint in their minds. Entering as they all do on new and untried scenes, they need especial grace, and should confess before all men their attachment to Christ and His church. Our new native chapel is progressing, and the roof will be completed in about three weeks hence. If you could send us articles of clothing for the natives, you would greatly assist us. We want them for our schools.—*Rev. H. Pearse, Pietermauritzberg, October 4th, 1850.*

FRANCE.—I have good news from the South. There has been a little revival among the children in the Normal School for female Teachers under Mr. De Jersey's direction at Nismes, and another in a Sunday-school in the Drome. The brethren in general appear to be encouraged, and there seems to be good reason to hope, as one of them tells me, in a letter I have received this morning, that the next year will be one of the best we have had. O that God would "make us glad according to the days wherein he has afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil!" O, "let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children! And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it!"—*Rev. Dr. Cook, Paris, January 4th, 1851.*

Family Circle.

The Double Fault.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Why Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason, on coming into the room where she had left her two boys playing, and finding one of them there with a bunch of flowers in his hand. "How came you to pull my flowers. Have'n't I positively forbidden you to do so?"

"I did not do it, mother! I did not do it. It was John."

"Where is John?"

"He's in the yard."

"Call him in," said Mrs. Mason.

While Arthur was at the window, calling to his brother, Mr. Mason, the father, came into the room.

"John has been pulling my flowers. Isn't it too bad that a boy as large as he is, should have so little consideration? They were coming out into bloom beautifully."

Just then John entered, with a bunch of flowers also in his hand.

"John, how came you to pull my flowers?" said Mrs. Mason. "You knew it was wrong."

"I did not think, when I pulled off a rosebud and two or three larkspurs," replied John.

"Two or three larkspurs and a rosebud! Why your hand is full of flowers."

"O, but William Jones gave me all but the larkspurs and the rosebud. Indeed, mother, I didn't touch any more; and I am

sorry I took them; but I forgot that it was wrong when I did so."

"But Arthur says you pulled that large bunch in his hand."

"Arthur knows I didn't. He knows he pulled them himself, and that I told him he'd better not do it; but he said he had as much right to the flowers as I had."

Mr. and Mrs. Mason both looked at Arthur in surprise and displeasure. His countenance showed that he had been guilty of wrongly accusing his brother.

"Is it true that you did pull the flowers, Arthur?" asked his mother.

But Arthur was silent.

"Speak sir!" said the father sternly, "did you pull the flowers?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then falsely accused your brother of the wrong you had done. That my boy should be guilty of an evil act like this! I could not have believed it! It is a wicked thing to lie, to hide a fault, simply, but falsely to accuse another of what we have ourselves done, is far more wicked still. Can it be possible that a son of mine has fallen so low? It grieves me to the heart."

Mr. Mason spoke as he felt. He was deeply grieved. Nothing had occurred for a long time that so hurt him. He loved honesty and truth—but how opposite to both had been the conduct of his boy!

"Go to your chamber and stay there until I see or send for you," he said; and Arthur retired in shame from the presence of his parents and the brother he had so meanly attempted to injure. Of course he felt very unhappy. How could he feel otherwise? The rebuking words of his father fell like heavy blows upon his heart, and the pain they occasioned was for a long time severely felt.

What punishment the parents thought it right to inflict upon Arthur we do not know. But no doubt he was punished in some way as he deserved. And besides this, he had the still severer punishment which always follows that meanest fault of which any one can be guilty—that of accusing another, an innocent person of what we have ourselves done.

"Bad as this fault is, it is, alas! too common. But no manly, honest, truthful boy, will be betrayed into it. To the better impulses of our young readers, who have been so wicked as to fall into sin, either from sudden impulse or deliberate purpose, we would earnestly appeal and beg of them to think more wisely and act more justly in the future. No cause is made better, but always worse, by a falsehood. Even where detection does not follow, suspicion is almost always created. For it is impossible for a boy to tell a lie without betraying it in his face or voice, and causing a doubt to pass through the minds of his parents, and set them to making inquiry into the truth or falsehood of what he has stated.

Truth—the open, bold, honest truth, is always the best, always the wisest, always the safest for every one, in any and all circumstances. Let no boy deviate from it a line, even though he have been guilty of a fault. Better, a thousand times better, is it to own the wrong and keep a clear conscience.

I Can.

Of course you can. You show it in your looks, in your motion, in your speech, in your everything. I can! A brave hearty, substantial soulful, manly, cheering expression. There is a character, force, vigour, determination, will, in it. We like it. The words have a spirit, sparkling pungency, flavour, geniality, about them which takes one in the very right place.

I can! There is a world of meaning expressed, nailed down, epigramatised, rammed into these few letters. Whole sermons of stern, solid, grand virtues. How we more than admire to hear the young man speak it out bravely, boldly, determinedly; as though it was an outsearching of his entire nature—a reflection of his inner soul. It tells of something that is earnest, sober, serious; of something that will battle and race, and tumble with the world on a way that will open; and brighten, and mellow men's eyes.

I can! What spirit, purpose, intensity, reality, power, is in the phrase. It is a

strong arm, a part, an indolent man possess and light that some good so. It is in the necessity, inevitably so. "I clenched and determined philosophy of took I CAN fe sturdily made what they pie Then you thing be far in life, your lips, an panding ph arms. Do it

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