

## Missionary Intelligence.

(From Wes. Notices Newspaper for May 1851.)

## Wesleyan Polynesian Missions.

**FRIENDLY ISLANDS.**—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. Peter Turner, dated Naisi, Vavau, June 11th, 1850.

Our District-Meeting was one of great harmony and love. We were favoured with the presence and counsel of the Rev. Walter Lawry, the General Visitor; and he expressed himself as pleased with the state of things, especially at Tonga. There is a mighty move going on in that place. A better day seems to have dawned upon Tongatabu. Many have been the prayers which have been offered for that island, that Christianity might there become mighty to the supplanting of Heathenism, and the counteraction of the errors of Popery. Many who have desired to see these days have died without the sight, and some others have been removed to other fields of labour. The east end of the island, where Satan has had his stronghold, has at length begun to quake under the preaching of the Gospel; and all the Heathen are convinced that theirs is a system of lies, and must soon wax old and vanish away.

You have heard mention made of a great Chief named Tugi, the son of Fatu, the Chief of Mus, with whom Mr Lawry formerly lived. For a long time there have been evident signs that he was abandoning the system of his fathers. He was in the habit of coming to the preaching of the word; and he would visit the Missionary to make inquiries, and would hear with patience the closest application of Gospel truths. Of late the Heathen party have been doubling their attentions to him, and have begged him not to forsake them; but he has at length made a bold and resolute stand against Heathenism. When it was known that he was about to make the grand decision, and to embrace Christianity, he was assailed both by the Heathen, and by the Priests of Popery; but his mind was made up on the point, and he embraced Christianity, with nearly two hundred of his people, and since then has proved firm. The Romish Priest went to him, professed much love to him, and much concern for his welfare, and did all in his power to dissuade him from throwing away his "happiness." Of course, the Jesuit spoke in no very favourable terms of Protestantism and of Protestants; but all his arts and tears were unavailing, and Tugi has become a professor of the true religion of Jesus, and bids fair to be a valuable acquisition to the cause in Tonga. He has already used his influence among his people; and they are now coming over from Heathenism by hundreds; and the remaining Heathen are trembling with fear and astonishment, and are saying one to another, "What shall we do now that Tugi has *lotued*? he was our head, prop," &c.

There are now four Romish Priests on Tonga; but they are losing their influence among the people; and with all their seeming compliances, and "pious" frauds, they are cast into the back-ground. The reason of this is, we have God and truth on our side. The word of life has been disseminated, and for many years the light of the Gospel has been struggling with the darkness and error of Heathenism, and these have been giving way, and now the horizon is being illumined with the light of truth. Those of the Heathen who wish to keep to their many wives, and other evil customs, will perhaps join the fallen Church of Rome, which allows every gratification to her votaries. But those who are on the spot, and have to contend with this system of lies, see its weakness, and that it shakes to its very foundations, which are mere rottenness.

The brethren at Tonga are both able and willing to labour, and their efforts are telling upon the people. The rising generation are becoming wiser than their fathers, and since the feasts and pastimes of declining Heathenism have nothing to fascinate them, they are looking for something else to satisfy the cravings of the mind. And I am happy to state that the schools, now introduced among them, fully meet their case. Their attention is arrested, and their energies are brought into exercise, and they

are saying, "Now this is just what we want. Here we find something to amuse, something to instruct; and, by attending to these things, we become wise, and our minds are at ease." Here, as elsewhere, knowledge is power, and the possessor gains an influence over his compeers. Even those who are of a lower grade in society, and who, when Heathens, were not allowed to speak in the presence of rank and power, are now looked up to as teachers, and have a power and influence which are felt and submitted to cheerfully. Now the inquiry is, when an individual is proposed for any active service, "Can he read?" "Does he understand figures?" and, "Has he been at the school?" And if we can answer in the affirmative, he is just the man who will do.

## Feesee Islands.

Extract of a Letter from the Rev'd. James Calvert, dated September 12th, 1850.

A few days ago we were surprised to learn that the Chief of Lavuka, Ovalau, (where many white men reside,) had abandoned Heathenism. A few weeks ago I sent a Teacher to instruct the children and wives of white men. The Chief then was angry, and said he would leave his town if the white men would not send the Vewa Teacher away. He soon became reconciled to the Teacher's remaining; and has now with many of his people, attached himself to us, opened his house for preaching, and has sent to me desiring that a Missionary may reside in his town, so that the Teachers may be spared to the towns which are subject to him. Here we have a piece of ground bought by the Purser of the American Exploring Expedition, and given to the Mission. The Chief is an influential man, and another intimate friend of Tui Viti. I trust that peace will be fully restored in that long contending island.

I was much pleased with my visit to Lakemba. The blessing of the Lord has abundantly rested upon the labours of my successors, Messrs Watsford and Lyth, and my colleague, Mr Malvern. The change and improvement were very manifest. It was a great cause of rejoicing to me to worship with the King and people among and for whom I so long laboured. The appearance of the large school of children was most pleasing.

## New Zealand.

I very much desire five well-trained Schoolmasters. Two for Feesee, two for Tonga, (rather Haapae and Wavau,) one for New Zealand, to be supported here.—We must educate, or our past work is never to be ripened for the full and complete harvest.

I called yesterday upon our Governor-in-Chief, Sir George Grey. By some means His Excellency has got hold of my Journal, and is reviewing it at full length. I did not learn from him the character of his remarks, farther than that "Christian Missions exerted the first and most mighty agency in elevating men in moral and civil life. I suppose, therefore, the review will come out in a friendly tone and aspect. Sir George has hitherto done well for the educational institutions of the natives of New Zealand.—Rev. Walter Lawry, Auckland, New Zealand, Oct. 5th, 1850.

## Family Circle.

## The Angel of the Leaves.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Alas! alas!" said the sorrowing tree, "my beautiful robe is gone; it has been torn from me! Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind; they rustle beneath the squirrel's foot, as he searches for his nut; they float upon the passing stream and on the quivering lake. Wo is me! for my dear verdure is gone. It was the gift of the Angel of the Leaves! I have lost it, and my glory is vanished; my beauty has disappeared; my summer honours have passed away. My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent into a thousand parts. Who will weave me such another? Piece by piece has it been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one, ere another wandered off on

air. The sweet sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sang in my bosom were dismayed at my desolation: they have flown away with their songs. I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with his smile; the zephyrs breathed softly thro' its glossy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon earth; my head was lifted high, and my forehead was fair to the heavens. But now, how changed! Sadness is upon me; my head is shorn; my arms are stripped; I cannot throw a shadow upon the ground. Beauty has departed; gladness is gone out of my bosom. The blood has retired from my heart, and sunk into the earth. I am thirsty; I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air; the keen blast comes pitiless among them. The winter is coming. I am destitute. Sorrow is my portion; mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the Angel who clothed me for the loss of this beautiful gift?"

The Angel had been listening. In soothing accents, he answered the lamentations:—"My beloved tree," said he "be comforted! I am by thee still, though every leaf has forsaken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs; but let my whisper console thee. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me. Keep my promise in thy heart; be patient and full of hope.—Let the words I leave with thee abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then will I return, and clothe thee anew. The storm will drive rudely over thee; the snow will drift among thy naked limbs; but these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy helpless arms; but it shall soon dissolve to tears. It shall pass into the ground, and be drunken by the roots. Then will it creep up in secret beneath thy bark, and spread into the branches it has oppressed, and help to adorn them. I shall be here to use it! Thy blood has now retired for safety. The frost would chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother's bosom, for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent; she knows all the wants of her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them. The sap that has for a while gone down will make thy roots strike deeper, and spread wider; and, renewed and strengthened, it shall return to nourish thy heart. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfil it. Buds shall shoot forth on every bough. I will unfold another robe for thee. I will colour and fit it in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. Thou shalt forget thy present sorrow. Sadness shall be swallowed up of joy. Now, my beloved tree, fare-thee-well for a season!"

The Angel was gone. The cold, muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. The storm came, and howled round the tree; but the word of the Angel was hidden in her heart. It soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice-cakes rattled on her limbs, and loaded and weighed them down.

"My slender branches," said she, "let not this burden overcome you. Break not beneath this heavy affliction—break not! but bend, till you can spring back to your place. Let not a twig of you be lost! Hope must prop you up for a while, and the Angel will reward you for patience. You will wave in a softer air. Grace shall be again in your motion, and a renewed beauty hang around you."

The scowling face of winter began to lose its features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The restless clouds fretted themselves to fragments: these scattered on the sky, and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows, that fell upon the tree; the ice-cakes glittered as they came; every one was shattered by a shaft, and unlocked itself upon the limb. They melted, and were gone.

Spring had come to reign. Her blessed ministers were abroad on the earth. They hovered in the air. They blended their beautiful tints, and cast a new-created glory on the face of the blue heavens.

The tree was rewarded for her trust.—The Angel was true to the object of his love. He returned; he bestowed on her another robe. It was bright, glossy, and unsullied. The dust of summer had never

lit upon it; the scorching heat had not faded it; the moth had not profaned it. The tree stood again in loveliness; she was very fair. Joy smiled around her on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom, and sung among her branches their hymns to the Angel of the Leaves.

## The Child and the Fireflies.

The dimness of twilight fell upon a white cottage and its enclosure of trees and flowering shrubs. As the darkness increased, fireflies came and swarmed in the air, a shower of living jewels. "Oh, how pretty!" cried a little blue-eyed girl, rushing from the cottage, and spreading out her small apron to capture the glittering insects. Two or three were imprisoned; and seating herself upon the soft grass beneath the high boughs, she carefully inspected her booty. Suddenly, her sunny face became clouded with disappointment, and, throwing the dull brown creatures from her with disgust, she exclaimed, "They are not pretty any more!" "Ah! my little one," said her mother, "this is but a symbol of the more bitter disappointments that await you in life. Pleasures will flutter temptingly around your path, and you will grasp them but to fling them from you, and cry, 'They are beautiful no more!' But, see, dearest, your released fireflies, beautiful only upon the wing, sparkle now as gaily as ever. Such are the enjoyments of earth. Learn neither to despise them, nor look to them for satisfying happiness. Fleeting and illusive as they are, they often illumine the darkness of our mortal pilgrimage, and point our immortal yearnings to Paradise, for the perfection of bliss."

## Obituary Notices.

For the Wesleyan.

## Mrs. Sharpe.

MR. EDITOR.—The Methodist Church, during the last two or three years, hath been bereaved of a number of its most useful and pious members. Within the present year, we have lost by death five valued sisters, some of whom were more than ordinarily the objects of general regard.

It is felt as a high privilege to be enabled to place on record, in the columns of our own Paper, an estimate of the virtues and excellencies of our pious dead. I crave space of you, at this moment, for a brief memorial of the late Mrs. Sharpe. Sarah Sharpe was the deeply-loved consort of Samuel Sharpe Esq., of Cornwallis, and the daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Starr of the same Township. She closed her earthly pilgrimage on the 14th of April of the present year. She had been a member of the Methodist Church nearly thirty-three years; and she did it good and not evil all the days of her spiritual life.—Serene trust in the merits of the Redeemer was the distinguishing feature of her death-bed experience. She had no new experiment to make—she knew in whom she had so long believed, and, therefore, she walked through the valley and the shadow fearing no evil. He who had accompanied her all through life, did not desert her at its close. She died as an intelligent christian would wish to die.

Fragments of a Journal, in which she had noted the principal events of her christian course, have been discovered by her daughters since her death, and though very incomplete, they furnish a full and interesting narrative of the circumstances connected with her conversion.

From an early period, she was the subject of occasional anxiety respecting her spiritual condition. When about nineteen a severe fit of sickness brought her "near to the gates of death"—during her recovery, grateful to God for sparing her when unprepared to die, she resolved "never more to offend him." But she writes—"I was utterly unacquainted with the plan of salvation. I knew not that the whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint; and I had no spiritual guide." "My good resolutions made without knowledge, and in my own strength soon vanished away."

Subsequently, the death of her youngest brother caused her "to tremble and exclaim, What a mercy it was not I!" She resolved, however, "to shake such gloomy thoughts from her mind, intending sometime or other to become religious, and keep it to herself, not making so much ado about it as some."

The winter of 1817 was spent by her in Halifax with her sister Mrs. David Starr, then and now, a member of the Methodist Church. Here Miss Starr frequently attended the services of that denomination with much pleasure to herself—though for a time with but little profit.—During the spring of that year the District Meeting assembled in Halifax. Dr. Alder, at that time an able and successful Missionary of the

Nova Scotia and present from the end of the book, "I speak with you without into my mercy you crest pra Lord wi cast her says: "in secret the Apo righteous heart in thou miled to brake f Nine writes: ciety, I while of She con have ne been en He has and thre an incre me so t In the Samuel end of l Townsh this par Siarpa means o verthelk Gol— of God cess of t dist Soc lar past revivals been bl of their taken. She l econom she wr above a to be— ges to t time on Ther her re over th the eye ness to milder; noted t The ha figured dead, m ment, b A few v she was Leader brought She toc class, a lief that her you her. T termin She to be p husban their fa herself now de her hu Corn

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