

THE WREATH.

For the Wesleyan.

MONODY.

"FOR WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"—*Scripture.*

Lord thou hast been in every generation,
Thy people's refuge, and their dwelling-place,
And 'ere from chaos rose the new creation,
'Ere land and water filled alternate space,—
Or light sprang forth at thy omnific nod,
Thou still wert God.

Our life in thy sight is but as a dream.
Like dew upon the herb, 'tis swiftly gone;
Oh could we learn each moment to redeem—
To improve our time, as life is sweeping on,
And look on earth as but the path that's given
To lead to heaven.

Oh earth! how fleeting and how vain thy joys;
We deprecate our loss of peace below:
Each sweet is tainted—and the taint alloys
The purest cup of bliss with dregs of woe;
But there remains a lasting rest above—
A heaven of love.

Here, we look forward through the mists of sorrow,
Which, like a veil, are thrown across our path,
To the bright dawning of a glorious morrow—
A day when pining sickness, pain, and death,
For ever and forevermore shall cease,
And all be peace.

But there, we look no more through future ages
To claim unfading happiness our own;
The Book of Life bears written on its pages
Our names—and robed in white before the throne,
With harps, and palms, and crowns, our songs shall blend,
World without end.

Here, we look forward to that bright abode,
Where angels fall before their shining King,—
Where holy spirits gaze upon their God,
Drinking of bliss from heaven's perennial spring,
And feasting upon joys which ne'er decay,
Nor pass away.

But there, in sweet fruition we shall find
Th' anticipated joys of heaven our own;
And mingle never more to be disjoined,
With those dear friends whom we on earth have known;
And heaven's peerless joys, when these we meet,
Shall be more sweet.

Oh happy thought! though now we feel regret
To bury all we love beneath the sod;
The anguish of these hours we shall forget
At meeting them before the throne of God,
Where we shall join to sing through endless days,
Our Saviour's praise.

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MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

WEST INDIES.—MISSION TO SABA.

St. Eustatius, August 22nd. 1857.

BROTHER BANKS stated at the last district meeting, that whilst he occupied this station last year, he visited the sister colony of Saba, and preached twice, during his short stay, to numerous and attentive congregations. He said also, that there existed a strong desire in the minds of the people for the residence of a Missionary amongst them; and urged the district meeting to recommend Saba as a proper Station for a resident Missionary. To this the meeting agreed, and, if I mistake not, his statements respecting the moral wants of the Island, and the cheering prospects of extensive usefulness which is presented to missionary enterprise, were entered upon the district minutes, and forwarded to your hands. The meeting at the same time expressed a wish that I would visit Saba through the year as often as was compatible with my duties at St. Eustatius, and correspond with the committee on the subject of its eligibility as a permanent station for one of their Missionaries.

The following extracts from my journal will convey the report of a visit which I made to Saba during the early part of last month, with its results. The extracts are from entries made in my journal after my return to St. Eustatius.

July 4th. On the afternoon of this day, accompanied by a friend, I sailed for the Island of Saba, the sloop Eagle, Capt. Darsey, bound for St. Thomas, which touched at Saba, and left us on its narrow rocky beach about 7 o'clock in the evening. I immediately began to ascend a long steep ravine called the "Ladder," alternately toiling along its rugged sides, or skirting the margin of its precipitous till at length we arrived at the "Bottom," or principal village of the Island. This village probably derives its name from its position. It is situated in the area of a magnificent amphitheatre of hills, its houses occupying the bottom of what appears to be the crater of an extinguishable volcano, to which you are introduced through the gorge of the "Ladder," at about a thousand feet above the level of the sea. I was favoured with a very polite letter of introduction from the Lieutenant Governor of St. Eustatius, Edward Beaks, Esq. Commander of Saba, in which I was kindly recommended to the friendly attention of the latter, who received me with the utmost cordiality, and pressed me and my friend to make his house our home during our stay in the Island.

July 5th. During the early part of this day, I informed his Honor the Commander that the object of my visit to Saba, was to spend a few days in preaching the gospel as frequently as possible, and in conversing with the people, with reference to the commencement of a Society in the Colony, and the salvation of as many of its inhabitants as possible. He was pleased to say in reply, that he would cheerfully afford me every assistance in his power towards the attainment of my object, and during the day he preached for preaching in the evening, and had the Dutch Church opened and prepared for service. At 7 o'clock I preached in it to a good congregation of attentive hearers, from 1 Tim. i. 15; and was graciously blessed in my own soul whilst declaring that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

6th. This morning I baptised four children, and in the evening ascended to St. John's village, situated on the level summit of one of the lower hills on the south-east side of the amphitheatre, and about a mile distant from the "Bottom". Here I conversed with two or three families, and engaged to visit them again, and baptise their children, and preach to them and their neighbours on the evening of Saturday the 8th.

7th. This was appointed (by his Honor's command) a day of humiliation and intercession, with reference to the hurricane months, upon which we were just entering. At half past 10 o'clock in the morning, I occupied the pulpit of the Dutch Church, and preached, to an excellent congregation, from some passages in the eighty-fifth Psalm, and was much blessed while pointing out the connection of punishment with sin, and enforcing the necessity of repentance, a renewed moral nature, and an humble walk with God, in order to the enjoyment of the Divine favour and protection.

8th. This was a day of great bodily fatigue. In the morning, attended by his Honor the Commander, Mr. Hill, from St. Eustatius, and a few others, I walked, (you ride at the peril of your life) over this land of rock and hill, and mountain and valley, to the windward quarter of the Island. Here, at about three miles distant from the "Bottom," there is a populous village of agriculturists, whose houses and farms occupy the depressed ridge and sloping sides of a fertile hill called the "Saddle," which runs off to the south from the back of the loftiest mountain in the Island, whose majestic pyramid sublimely towers above "the quarter," and collects the clouds of heaven, and ever and anon shakes the fertilizing

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