

### Missionary Intelligence.

(From Wesleyan Notices Newspaper, Jan. 1851.)

#### Wesleyan Missions in New-Zealand.

WAIPA—Extract of a Letter from the Rev. George Buttle, dated Waipa, July 4th, 1850.

I SHOULD be glad if I could send you an account of any extraordinary work of God in this Circuit; I will nevertheless rejoice that we are still favoured with any signs of His presence among us. Notwithstanding our discouragements, (and they are many,) it is beyond doubt, that the Gospel has exerted, and is exerting, upon the people a powerful influence for good. In many important respects they are a different people from what they were some years ago; and the change which has taken place they willingly and unhesitatingly ascribe to the preaching of the Gospel among them. It has been the means of saving them from many of their native superstitions, customs, and practices, almost too horrible to write about, or mention, or even to think of; and now, while of late years other events have been occurring around them incident to a recent colonization, and they are being introduced into comparatively new circumstances, the same Gospel still operates to preserve them from many positive and deadly evils; evils by which numbers of their fellow creatures of more civilized nations are led captive, and to which others fall the ready victims. In New-Zealand widely is the religion of Christ observed and practised in its external rites; but we may go farther, and say, there are those who, by the "Spirit," can "call Jesus, Lord," and know in whom they have believed. We can tell you, that it is in order that such disciples may be multiplied in number, that we pray, and work; and earnestly desire an interest in the prayers of all the friends of Missions in England.

We have had rather a large gathering of natives here in the neighbourhood of the Station; some from Mokau, on the coast, others from different and distant places in the land. Varied, indeed, was the aspect which they presented: one of deep, deep wretchedness generally, with, here and there a speck of comfortable and respectable clothing. But although many of them, judging from their looks, you might take to be almost starving, there was, as is too frequently the case on such occasions, a distressing waste of food. One of the Mokau party died, and was buried on the road. I saw another poor youth, apparently so far gone, that I should be much surprised if they got him home alive. In all probability, such a meeting, in old time, would have meditated mischief for some one. These visitors, however, used the influence they possessed in endeavouring to adjust a dispute which had grown up between two parties resident here, about an *awa tuna*,—a stream of water in which nets are placed to catch eels. They succeeded above my expectations. Taonui of Paripari, Ta Karei, [Waitara,] and other Chiefs of note, were among the guests entertained. Crying over departed relatives formed part of the business of their coming together; but giving and receiving presents was the more powerfully attractive part. The invitation was given by two Chiefs of this place, who some time ago embraced Christianity, and have been baptized; and one of whom, as the conclusion of the entertainment approached, informed his friends that they must regard this as his final *kui maori*, [or assembling according to native custom,] as from henceforth he wished to have done with this sort of thing. And pretty certain it is that these "customs" must eventually fall before the light of Divine truth. From the waste of food and time, as mentioned above, and other evils which naturally grow out of them, there is now a strong feeling in the minds of some of the best of our people, that they shall be entirely laid aside. Perhaps a little struggle will be required; but, finally, victory will declare on the side of the Gospel.

I have just returned from Pukemapu, Whakatatumutu, and other places, where I have been renewing the Society-tickets. At Whakatatumutu I was much satisfied with what I saw. Their very neat little

chapel, with the exception of the door and windows, has been entirely their own workmanship, and does them great credit. Although the bulk of the people were at a distant village, the congregations were very encouraging; and while some of the important truths of our holy religion were being explained and enforced, they listened with marked and serious attention. The attendance at the classes was pleasing; and after the evening service I administered the Lord's Supper to nearly all the members of the church present at the village.

Kemp, the principal native Teacher here, is a fine man, firmly attached to our discipline, and one who looks well after his charge; hence the satisfactory state of things which we invariably find on visiting them. And yet this man himself told me, in a recent conversation I had with him, what a monster he had been in years gone by. "Without natural affection," most unceremoniously, and free from the least relenting, he had murdered his own children, putting them into holes dug in the earth, placing large stones over them, and so crushing them to death. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." By what power are these works of the "old murderer" to be destroyed? Kemp would say, "By the preaching of the cross of Christ."

Some few months since, His Excellency Sir George Grey honoured us with a visit. In five minutes from the first announcement of his approach by our native servant, he was in the house; so that we were clearly taken by surprise. The party spent a Sabbath with us, Sir George and his suite attending our native services; and the news of his arrival having rapidly spread, the people congregated in numbers. His politeness and affability were strikingly observable, and his kind notices of the poor New-Zealanders secured for him their friendly smiles. His Excellency spoke well of the Society's operations in and about Auckland, and in the highest terms of the College for the Missionaries' children.

### Ecclesiastical.

#### Popery Exposed by a Priest.

(From the London Daily News.)

GAVAZZI IN LONDON.

On Sunday, between the morning and evening services, Father Gavazzi, the celebrated Italian priest, appeared, pursuant to a circular issued among his Italian friends, to address an auditory hastily assembled in the concert room of the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street; and the celebrated orator fully realized all the accounts which, during the late rising of the peninsula, were, from time to time, transmitted to us about his electrical style of eloquence in popular assemblies. The Father was attired in his black serge habit, as a Barnabite monk, and wore on his breast the rude wooden cross of his order. The subject of this, his inaugural discourse, was the abuses which successive Popes had heaped on the church intrusted to their care, and the outrageous superstitions which disfigured the body catholic in consequence of such Popery.

There are clergymen (he said) in our prostrate country, as elsewhere, who are mere sacerdotal tradesmen—*preti à ottagai clero trafficatore*. We know the men—we know them of old. They cry hush! if you whisper the word abuse. They say uncover not the shame of our mother. No; let the gangrene go on—let corruption eat farther into the flesh until the whole mass become putrid—carrion so rank that it smells to heaven. We in the meantime eat and drink and make merry in the Lazar-house, the church of the living God, or, like sailors in a plague ship with "Peter at the helm;" so our rations are served out regularly, let the crew and all perish in the inevitable devastation we cannot cure. I reason not with such. I am for the cautery, and the surgeon's trenchant blade; I am against dissembling, palliating, or plastering up the corroding scurry. But, thank God for it, there is yet a portion of the Italian church true hearted and sincere. There are in our land young Levites who are uncontaminated with the leprosy of Rome's hoary-headed prevaricators in the service of God's tem-

ple. In Lombardy and Venice they abound; in Tuscany they are numerous; in Piedmont they openly proclaim their abhorrence of Papal abominations—they are the hope, and will yet be the rescuers of Italy. I have been told by the craven slaves of an anti-national and anti-Christian system, you are alone! (it is false); you peril your future prospects, (I have no earthly views of personal gain like theirs); your acts will be noted down and remembered against you, (I glory in the denunciation of rascaldom.) The Jesuits are watching you—their spies are taking down your words (let Loyola do his dirty work—I have long since known and defied him.) Do you see this old cassock? Clad in these humble rags, I have ere this confronted the banded hordes of human tyranny in all their variety of denominations; nor shall I shrink from an encounter with the vilest and most treacherous of all. In this old gown I have stood as a target against the musketry of the foes of civilization and freedom before now. I have stood out against the bloody Croats of Austria, the miserable Mamelukes of Naples, and the degraded Cossacks of France! Does that rampant renegade, Montalembert, claim respect from me—or the Bourbonic criticism of De Falloux challenge my homage? Know we not how low has sunk French policy and French principle in the eyes of thinking Europe, and unshackled America? The old Butchers of the French St Bartholemew have got the upper hand once more; and the massacre of Rome's best citizens may now be added to the canonized and Papally glorified extermination of the Huguenots. Do I seek to convert Englishmen to the Papal religion such as it now stinks in the nostrils of mankind? Heaven keep me from any wish of the sort! Men of England, keep your Christianity, hug it to your bosoms, fling it not away for the embrace of the degraded harlot that flaunts her faded finery in the twilight of the human understanding, but of the rays of the sun of intellect, is but a loathsome aggregate of abominable imposture. When the religion of Italy assumes a purified aspect, when the handmaid of God is again seen to walk forth as in the days she won your hearts—in the days of the great Gregory and the monk Austin—then hail her as of old, but not till then. Better far your Anglican creed and its simple liturgy, and its unsophisticated morality, and its plain downright eumity to soul-destroying delusions, than vain unctions of oil to lubricate an evil-doer's passage to eternity, dark confessional and empty forms of absolution, mere provocatives to renewed criminality; better cling to your homely creed than adopt, in its present deformity, the jumble of incoherencies throned on the Seven Hills. Maniacs are found in connexion with that system, such as it now exhibits its repugnant features to the world, who talk of the conversion of England. God help the silly creatures! Gregory the Great converted Britain; but how and when? That great Pontiff, adored by his flock, himself a mirror of every graceful attribute that adorns humanity and elevates the hero into the saint, a guide and pioneer in all that promotes human progress and civilized life, sent to your shores an humble virtuous monk with a few poor attendants, meek, learned, and austere; craving not the luxuries and pomps of a pampered priesthood, but laborious teachers of the poor, and unassuming expounders of the New Testament. Who sends, and who are sent now, on the errand of conversion? Who sends? I'll tell ye. An empty headed and hollow hearted egotist, whose vanity is only equal to his imbecility, and who has earned the scorn and detestation of the 3,000,000 of Italian men, over whom, by a curse of Providence and the aid of French 24-pounders, he now exercises his tyranny, a pastor, forsooth, of the Roman flock, who has fulfilled to the letter the scriptural sketch of a mercenary shepherd, to whom the sheep do not by right belong. Such is the character who sends to convert England—to convert freeborn men to his allegiance—allegiance to a ruler brought back over the gory ramparts of bombarded Rome, to sit in sullen and detested supremacy amid the ruins of the press, of the electoral franchise, freedom of speech, free tribunals, and free thought. At the head of his missionaries comes a man with sufficient learning to

expound his Bellarmine and his breviary, and sufficient ability to explain how the laws of your land may be violated with impunity; whose meekness is manifested by a haughty edict from the "Flaminian gate," and who, instead of the humbly shod but yet beautiful feet of those who, in all humility, bring the gospel of peace, flunts before the eyes of the aborigines of this island, a pair of red silk stockings; a man who dreams more of "enthronizations" than the poor of Christ, whose thoughts are about a well-stocked wine cellar and weekly *conversazioni*; a man *dominans in cleris*; an overbearing tendency already marked in Scripture as the characteristic of false churchmen; more studious of the paltry homage which he can exact from the feeble and notoriously degenerate aristocracy of his flock than of the state in which the back slums of Westminster are and will long remain under such caretaking; with his pockets full of Austrian and Neapolitan certificates, and a warrant, no doubt, from his master, to superintend and report the proceedings of the Italian exiles in London. But I trust both the sender and the sent will fail in their crusade against the English Church. I belong not to it, but I wish it triumphant at present; in its endurance and that of other dissenting creeds I see the only hope and chance of a thorough reform in the Christianity of Italy; when that blessed consummation takes place, as by God's blessing it soon will, then welcome, my English friends, to a junction with us; until then, keep aloof, in God's name; you only do us harm by your premature adhesion. Keep aloof from the church of Pio Nono, men of England, who listened to the voice and welcomed the envoys of the Great Gregory! I call on you, in the name of our common Redeemer, to join your strength with ours, in the effort to deprecate, denounce, and demolish the accumulated abuses of the Popedom.

### Family Circle.

#### Home Affections.

The trite maxim that "Charity begins at home" has lost credit with some minds, because of its often being employed to intimate that charity must end there. But it is a true and beautiful maxim, in two senses. In the first place, we owe our first duty to our family; and, in the second, if we ever have any true charity for others, it must be acquired by exercise at home. One great object of the Divine Founder of the family institution was, that it might be the nursery of all kind and generous sentiments, from which, as from a million radiating points, might flow forth streams of light and love to the entire circumference of human want and woe. There are, it is true, other reasons why the home affections should be cherished. It is beautiful in itself when love spreads its influence over the family. A kind word, or even a look of affectionate interest, from wife to husband, or from brother to sister, may dispel a cloud which else would lower for days, or allay distress which no medicine could heal. This world has few lovelier sights than a family moving harmoniously to the impulses of a love which speaks, in every expression of the countenance, in every utterance of the tongue—which finds us happiness in all gentle and loving ministries of one towards another. Home can never be transferred, never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by parental love; by the innocence and sports of childhood; by the first acquaintance with nature; by linking the heart to the visible creation, is the only home. There is a living and breathing spirit infused into nature. Every familiar object has a history; the trees have tongues, and the very air is vocal. There the verdure of decay doth not close in and controul the nobler functions of the soul. It sees, and hears, and enjoys without the ministry of gross and material substance.—*Leslie*.

#### An Inheritance.

Property left to a child may soon be lost; but inheritance of virtue—a good name—an unblemished reputation—will abide for

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