

The Provincial Wesleyan.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

Jay's Autobiography.

The late Rev. William Jay was one of the most popular and successful preachers of his day—and a long day it was, as he began to preach when about sixteen, and continued until he was considerably over fourscore. It is estimated that he had preached nearly a thousand sermons before he was of age; and his popularity, which commenced with his first public effort, continued to increase until he was in the fullness of his manhood. He was called, never suffered a decline during any period of his lengthened ministry. Wide as was his fame, both as a preacher and an author, it is probable that no formal memoir of his life will be published, such a publication being forestalled, and rendered needless, by a volume in which he has told the story of his career, and also furnished a multitude of interesting reminiscences of contemporary celebrities; it has just issued from the London press, under the following title: "The Autobiography of the Rev. William Jay; with Reminiscences of some distinguished Contemporaries. Selections from his Correspondence, &c. Edited by George R. Ford, D. D., L. L. D., and John Angel James." Having been favoured with the use of an English copy of the work, we give in the last two numbers of our paper extracts from the author's interesting and interesting narrative. We now take some passages from his use of facts and similitudes.

One thing I cannot help remarking. I never saw any allusion to my preaching as abounding more with images and facts, and instances of things, than what commonly prevails. If I have not succeeded in this, my conviction, and my endeavour, could never be adopted by some preachers—I have used similitudes. But such a usage is sanctioned by the constitution of human nature, and recommended by the example of Him who spoke of himself as a sower of seed, and of his disciples as a young minister who had preached before him. My young friend, I have much approved of your sermon, but it had one deficiency, it had no "likes" in it. And when asked for an explanation, he added, "Why, when you speak of the Kingdom of Heaven, like unto mustard-seed, like unto a net, like unto a marriage, and so on. Now never preach again, my young friend, without some 'likes' in your addresses."

God, the only true God, who, having made us, knows what we have done, and what we are to do. He has given us the largest portion of the Old and New Testament in the form of history and biography. Is it not, therefore, strange that public instructors should lose sight of God's method, and be always getting into the commonness of declamation, or the dryness of speculative discussion? A young man, says Cecil, "will hold a child by the ear for an hour together, and when he is a child of a larger growth."

AIM TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION. Am I to allow the charge of too much amplification and diffuseness in my preaching? When Mr. Put once received an invitation of this kind, with regard to his speeches, his episcopal biographer tells us he made this reply: "A man who addresses a popular assembly must not be content with a few minutes of diffusion; and I prefer the latter." If he deemed this needful in such an assembly as he addressed, can it be unnecessary in ministers, when speaking to a mixed multitude, many of whom have little education or talent, and were never accustomed to any fixed application of mind? We should consider that what either in confirmation or illustration is superfluous for one hearer, is even insufficient for another. We often see as we go on in our discourse, from the straining attention of some in the crowd, that we do not yet succeed in what we are speaking. Are we then to go forward without making another attempt with some change of address, or variation of imagery? The eloquent Isaiah would say, "Precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little."

Who has entirely escaped the reflection that freedom degenerates into vulgarity and coarseness? Certainly not a Shakespeare, a Burke, a Hopkins, or a South. Certainly not many of our most forcible writers; and they incurred the accusation because of their force. In aiming at great impression and effect, there is always some danger. There is none in tame correctness. "They who crowd can never fall"; but they who rise and who who run may. Yet is not occasional failure in attempt better than perpetual deficiency and indifference? I have not a thousand beauties been snatched from the very verge of impropriety? May not a man deserve the rebuke of Quintilian, who, speaking of a certain author, says, "His greatest excellence was that he had no fault, and his greatest defect that he had no excellence?"

Give me an impressiveness and an excitement that will not allow a hearer to perceive a fault, or, if he does, leaves him no mind to regard it. And is there nothing, if not to applaud, yet to extenuate, in even a mistake, in endeavouring to do good to those who are destitute of a thousand advantages, and whose conditions are such that they must be sought after? We do not admit their low and grovelling taste, yet we wish to raise and improve it; but how is this to be done if we never approach them? Can you take up a child from the ground without bowing? And when kindness makes you stoop, honour crowns condensation.

LONG PREACHING. There is nothing against which a young preacher should be more cautioned than long preaching. "Nothing," says Giamont, "can justify a long sermon. If it be a good one, it need not be long; and if it be a bad one, it ought not to be long." Luther, in the enumeration of nine qualities of a good preacher, gives as the sixth, "that he should know when to stop." Boyle has an essay on this subject, long preaching. "This was never more wanted—since the commonwealth than now, in our own day, especially among our young divines and academics, who seem to think their performances can never be too much attended to. I never err this way myself, but my conviction always is, that it is a mortal sin for me to preach after I have preached I never offended in this way. I never exceeded three quarters of an hour at most. I saw one excellency was within my reach—it was brevity, and I determined to attain it."

PREACHING FOR BENEVOLENT OBJECTS. Though I curtailed my visits to London, I have laboured more in the country, and have been often abroad preaching on particular occasions, such as ordinations, associations, openings, and reopenings of places of worship, and especially for the various benevolent societies that adorn our age and bless our nation. Judging from the results, I was found a tolerably successful beggar, and made not a little few with, under that mendicant character. Had not David numbered the people, I might perhaps have kept an account of the multitude of collec-

tion sermons which I have delivered. But I can truly say nothing has afforded me more pleasure than perceiving that, though I could do but little myself in the way of giving, I had some influence in aiding through others, so many schemes of civil and sacred beneficence.

But in the course of these services my mind has undergone some variation, and, I think, improvement. Though I have not been much at sea, I have observed that a kind of side-wind is the best for filling all the sails, and for securing speed. I have, therefore, for some years past, been led to preach very few direct charity sermons. Many of the subjects of these appeals are well known, and the common enlargements upon them are become trite and satiating, when a peculiar frame of soul in the audience is necessary; and I regard it as a kind of desecration of the place, and a debasement of the glorious gospel, to deal much in pounds, shillings, and pence. I, therefore, more generally have chosen a very evangelical or experimental subject, the warm discussion of which was more likely to produce conviction in my hearers, a favourable state of mind in favour of every good work; so that at the close of the service their inquiry would be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And I have only had to present the case with its nature and claims, all tricks and artifices being unnecessary.

In these occasional services, I have preached as if I had opportunity for all parties that invited me. The thing was not where I preached, but what I preached, and I never felt letters or embarrassment; such a general agreement is there now in those leading truths which ought on these occasions to be talked forth. These interminglings too I have always found beneficial. They tend to reduce the strangeness that keeps Christians of different denominations so imprudent, which would lead us to exclaim, "Behold my mother and my brethren! for whatsoever shall do the will of my Father that is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

THE PULPIT AND THE PLATFORM. Notwithstanding his popularity as a preacher and an author, Mr. Jay felt great reluctance to speak at public meetings, and could not realize on the platform the same feeling that accompanied him to the pulpit. The expectation of being called upon to propose or second some motion has crucified me in the prospect for the whole preceding night, and it sometimes induced me to abstain from places and assemblies which I should have been delighted to attend. I have felt also impressed with an invincible apprehension that I did not succeed when I made the attempt. After my first speech on occasion of the first meeting of the Bible Society in Bath, I was desired by a rude member of the committee to furnish for publication in provincial papers as much as I could deliver at had any relation to the business of the day. This so completely chilled me that I spoke but once after, and without any of that freedom which would give it grace or effect. Then I came to a determination, that to prevent importunity, I would refuse all future applications. I more readily adopted this resolution, as I had a penitence of other pressing claims. I was also afterwards confirmed in the propriety of it by Dr. Chalmers, who, when I was at his house in Glasgow, remarked, "The pulpit is the preacher's appropriate station, and he can there be more influential and useful, by touching a number of springs which will set all in motion." Observation also has kept me from repenting of my resolution. I have seen that ministers, who, as platform orators, have figured much at these meetings, have been as ready to get off from keeping their own vineyard. Nor, in general, are preachers on these occasions the best or the most acceptable sermons. They are too professional—too sermonic. Laymen, who speak more briefly, more simply, and apparently more from the heart, are commonly more effective, and are heard to more advantage. My esteemed friend Mr. Hughes, one of the secretaries of the Bible Society, also confirmed this; and he had the best opportunities to judge.

NO MAN CAN SERVE TWO MASTERS. Dr. Bowie remarks that Mr. Jay often made a wonderful impression by a single sentence, delivered in a powerful manner, and mentions, among others, the following instance, which he says, "although the very fastidious may not deem it well-fitted for the pulpit, yet, at the time of delivery, it made a wonderful impression." Mr. Jay was speaking of the glaring inconsistency of many professors of the gospel, and endeavouring to show how impossible it was to expect the divine blessing to rest on half-and-half, undecided professors of religion. He rested much on the necessity there was for decision for God, and the clear manifestation before the Church and the world, in the believer's walk and character, of the reality of his faith. He said, "My Master, and in the midst of a powerful appeal, pronounced the following: 'Some of you, my dear brethren, are so inconsistent and undecided, that if at this moment I saw the devil running away with some of you, I could not call out, Stop!—thou shalt not carry off his own property.'"

OBITUARY NOTICES. MISS CAROLINE MOREHOUSE. Died, at Digby Neck, the 19th ult., Miss CAROLINE MOREHOUSE, daughter of Mr. Le-muel Morehouse, in the 27th year of her age. Her parents mourn their loss; but she, before and at the time of her illness, was Consumption, under the cruel effects of which she had been labouring for some months. Her end was peace. The estimation in which she was held by a numerous acquaintance was shown by the large assembly who met to pay the last tribute of respect at her funeral. The occasion was improved by a useful and impressive discourse by the Rev. R. A. Chesley.

MR. CHARLES MOREHOUSE. Died, at the same place, on the 1st ult., Mr. CHARLES MOREHOUSE, son of Mr. William Morehouse. He had just returned from St. John, and landed at St. Sundry Cove, from whence he was travelling to his father's residence, a distance of six miles, when suddenly, and without any premonition, a blood vessel broke, which caused almost instant death. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death." In the presence of the Rev. R. A. Chesley, the occasion was improved by the Rev. J. C. Morse. G. HENDERSON.

JOSEPH ISRAEL MOSHER. Died, at Avondale, Newport, on the 7th Sept., JOSEPH ISRAEL MOSHER, aged 18 years. He was the youngest son of Mr. Allan Mosher, of that place. Having pious parents and friends, he took a lively interest in his father's residence, a distance of six miles, when suddenly, and without any premonition, a blood vessel broke, which caused almost instant death. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death." In the presence of the Rev. R. A. Chesley, the occasion was improved by the Rev. J. C. Morse. G. HENDERSON.

could impart. He expressed his willingness to die, and conversed in the most pleasing manner with his weeping friends, of his prospects as a redeemed soul, hoping, as he expressed in Heaven, where he trusted his pious friends and relatives would meet him, when it should be the will of God to take them to himself. We trust his early death will be remembered with joy by his youthful companions, and be sanctified to their spiritual good. T. H. D. Newport, 2nd December, 1854.

Lines

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE ELIZA A. NAYLOR. BY M. E. H.

Gone, in the bloom of youth,
Its beauty mantling on thy cheek and brow,
The rosy tints, that decked that fair young face,
Is all departed now.

Gone, from the household hand,
Friendship's endearments, and Love's fond embrace;
But, ah! from stricken hearts, nor time, nor change,
Thy memory shall erase.

For they shall yearn for thee,
When vacant is thy seat at board and hearth;
And tears will fall,—and sighs of agony
Suppress the tones of mirth.

And, in the twilight hour,
When thought delights the past to trace,
It shall restore thine image as of yore,
Replete with youthful grace.

Ah! Summer shall return;
The forests with the voice of music ring;
In field, in garden, and in woodland wild,
Shall flowers, the fairest, spring.

But Summer's sylvan haunts,
Shall never be visited by thee;
Chained is thy step,—and hushed the ringing laugh,
That filled thy woods with glee.

Oh! life to thee was fair,
For Hope the future tinged with radiant light,
While all unknown the cares of ripen years,
Or Disappointment's bright.

And hard it seemed to die,
When Earth's enchantments glittered in thy view—
The golden links of love to burst asunder,
And bid, to all, adieu.

But oh, when we recall
What bitter griefs matured age most know,—
How much of we must mingle with life's cup,
We gladly let thee go.

So early called from Earth,
Immortal bliss we fondly trust to share,
We may not dare, no, hopeless, mourn for thee,
But check the rising tear.

And while, above thy grave,
Affection breathes in mournful tones, farewell,
In brighter scenes we hope once more to meet;
And with thee ever dwell.

Provincial Wesleyan

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1854.

This Paper is sold, and may be seen free of charge at HOLLAND'S HILL AND DISTRICT ESTABLISHMENT, 24, Strand, London, where Advertisements and Subscriptions will be received for this Periodical. No communication will be inserted without the subscriber's name, and his name in confidence. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions or statements of correspondents unless editorially endorsed. Correspondents are respectfully requested to condense their communications—and write the name of person and place very legibly. The Provincial Wesleyan is the largest, and, for its class, the cheapest of the Religious papers of the Lower Provinces. Subscribers will confer a favour by recommending it to their neighbours.

The Number number of the National Magazine has an article worthy of attentive perusal on the Infidelity of the United States—its Character and its Remedies. From Germany, as well as from Ireland, the tide of immigration to the United States is ever swelled by the accessions of needy populations. With the influx of the Irish come the corruptions of Romanism, and the Germans introduce with them the democratic sophistries of their own Rationalism. Against the evils of the former system Protestant Americans have long and faithfully warred. On the hostile attitude of the latter it is now their duty to bestow attention. Of late the German immigration has become more formidable than the Irish. The editor of the National thus writes of the form of infidelity by which it has pervaded:—

It has its theory, to be sure,—its learning and speculative pretensions, led on, commencing in Germany by Rationalism, and headed by the extreme school of the Tubingen theologians; in France by the liberal generally, headed by the extreme Positivists; in England by Newman, Carlyle, Miss Martineau, and the Westminster Reviewers; and in this country by Parker, Emerson, and their wide-spread disciples,—but its main force lies in what may be called its moral sentimentalism, rather than in its logic. It is the most extraordinary simulation of the spirit and practical ideas of Christianity that could be attempted. We would speak respectfully, and of the system rather than its individual representatives. We cannot without the avowal, that we believe many of them to be sincere and good men, so far as the latter word includes not the divine virtue of a divine religion. Many of them have shown a profound, an agonizing earnestness; and amid the horrors of doubt have called for help and hope from any source. Alas! that they have not more effectually looked unto Him from whom alone cometh our help. Who has claimed more of our sympathy than John Sterling and Margaret Fuller? It will not do for us to deal out to such minds epithets of contempt or crimination. We should forget, in doing so, our own self-respect, and our claims to the charity of the faith which they so sorrowfully questioned. By that charity, more than by any other means, are we to reclaim such earnest, though erring spirits.

The sentimentalism of modern infidelity sympathizes eagerly with the cause of human liberty. It speaks out for the oppressed, both here and in Europe. It devises schemes of popular amelioration. It devotes itself to the problem of pauperism; and has produced socialism. It claims the protection of nations, and the abolition of the criminal codes of nations, and the abolition of the gallows. It exclaims, "Christ, while in the spirit of the gospel in distinction, if not in contradiction from his dogma; it exalts the practical charity and morality of Christianity, while it denounces its ecclesiasticism.

This is its character, and this is its danger; for, by its concessions to Christianity, in some respects, from the vantage-ground from which it attacks it in other respects. Here is the very new protection of nations, and the abolition of the criminal codes of nations, and the abolition of the gallows. It exclaims, "Christ, while in the spirit of the gospel in distinction, if not in contradiction from his dogma; it exalts the practical charity and morality of Christianity, while it denounces its ecclesiasticism.

Professor Newman has at last become an exception, and is only not a bigot the result which most of our new protectionists will be glad to see.

strategy of the evil. It has changed itself into an angel of light. It preaches to the world a "perverted" evangel; but it preaches it from within the portal, if not from within the altar of Christianity.

Such being the evil, the editor proceeds to consider in what manner it should be met:—
Not with dependent fears of the ultimate result—none whatever. The history of religious opinions, as well as our Christian faith, forbid any such anxiety. Had we lived in the beginning of the last century we should have found tenfold more reasons for despair; but what availed the infidelity of those times? An evangelical revolution, the most prolific in good consequences of any since the second century—were the light seemed to be dying out of the altar of British Christianity. A more striking indication of the depression, not of religion only, but of morals, could hardly be given, than the fact that Sterne and Swift, who competed as rivals of Babelais, were evergreen and distinguished characters of the times. Bolingbroke and Shaftesbury (the latter "the first great advocate of modern secularism") were the authorities of opinion in polite life, and Hume and Gibbon soon followed with still more commanding sway in the intellectual world.

Meanwhile, this "extremity was God's opportunity." Butler's great argument dispelled not the clouds—it had no appreciable effect that we can ascertain. But amid the infidelity and corruption of the Universities moved a few earnest yet earnest men of letters. "Who will show us any good?" A young man, whose eloquent soul was soon to ring like a clarion through England and America, lay white nights prostrate on the ground, in agony, praying for the true light; another, whose name was to rank only second to Luther's, peered and fro through the corridors and groves of Oxford, pining for "Christian perfection" over the pages of John Law, and repeating with tears the penitential meditations of a Kempis; while another, whose kindling melodies were to express the restored religious life of millions, and to be "repeated more from the lips of the dying than any other words in the language," lowered in his closet, smiting his breast and exclaiming, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." A few years elapsed, and all England is astir with religious excitement.—Whitefield, the two Wesleys, Rowland Hill, Beveridge, the great Welch evangelists, Wilberforce, Lally Huntingdon, Hannah Moore, and a constellation of other notable names, come forth amid the darkness which covered the moral heavens, and this desolate period became the epoch of nearly all the modern enterprises of Protestantism. Methodism, Calvinism and Arminianism, had their birth in this. The Bible Society sprang from the Tract Societies, with their continually multiplying machinery; Sunday schools, the most capable auxiliary of modern Christianity; missions everywhere, for they had hardly become a distinct feature of the Protestant Church, before, and, chief perhaps among them all, a lay ministry—that great experiment which we have recently discussed—grew from these despondent times.

Let us not fear, then. These contrasts of opinion seem to be oscillations of the moral world, which, overruled by the divine hand, even persecutions, and hence become impotent and lifeless. And these men, our forefathers, know by experience the wants, the feelings, and the dangers of the emigrants, and they address themselves to them in public preaching in private exhortation, and in prayer meetings, with great effect. The truth is, that the fruits of our foreign German mission are gathered in America rather than in Germany.—The emigrants receive the word, and it grows on their native soil, and bears fruit after their arrival and settlement in their new homes. And those who are converted, except in the little State of Bremen, and in Hamburg, are restrained and sent to America, to enjoy the precious religious liberty which is denied them in Germany.—Our brethren in Germany complain of this; and earnestly exhort our people to remain and bear testimony in Germany, even unto the spilling of their blood; and resistance unto blood, if need be. Some do remain, and have been despoiled; but the greater number fly to this land of promise, where they may worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. We are using what means we can to obtain more liberty for our brethren in Germany. We hope to succeed. In the mean time, the mission work among the people as heaven hidden in the work, and the German mind is becoming less and less evangelized in a sense, respectable—there is none that it should not attack bravely. Let it break the restrictions that a false public opinion, and a weak concession from itself, has imposed upon it; let it stand forth on the sublime platform of its divine constitution and universal moral authority, and here let it open its batteries against all wrong, whether in high places or in low places. There only should it range, there only should it be invincible and sublime before all eyes."

For many days he was in a forest, of dense shade, the light of day scarcely discernible, and he was obliged to set his hand to work cutting down the trees, so that he could see the stars to take an observation. He started with his head and hissing in a furious manner, until it reached the pulpit. The people were much disturbed and frightened, and many were inclined to run away. But the preacher called out: "This is no time to fly. You must resist the serpent and he will flee from you." The people took courage, attacked the animal, and after many turnings and windings it was killed without hurting any one. The missionary, you may be sure, did not let this strange visit pass unimproved. It gave him a good text to preach upon, and we were many were converted by what he said; they had only to resist the devil and he would flee from them.

THE FRIENDLY ISLES MISSION.—The Wesleyan Missionary Society is unique in its character and deserves more attention than it has commanded. New enterprises may be more attractive, just now, from their novelty; but in no part of the mission field can more splendid achievements in the subjugation of man's fallen nature to the sway of godliness be chronicled than in the Friendly Islands. If novelty is pleasing, here is "a new thing under the sun"; there now exists upon the face of the earth a nation of Wesleyan Methodists who from the king upon the throne down to the meanest subject in the land, attend the Wesleyan ministry, and acknowledge Methodist preachers alone as their "bishops, priests, and deacons." And yet this is not a national Church in the ordinary sense of that term, but quite free of the state, having Christ only as its head, and supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

IN A STRAY.—A missionary in the Feejee Islands writes:—
I do not wish to run away from Feejee, but I have been here fifteen years on the 23d of December last, and should be thankful if Divine Providence, through you, should direct my way out of the oven before I be overlooked, so that I may gain vigour before every spark of energy is gone. I cannot bear the idea of coming up to the colony merely to die. If I am to be kept here until I am fairly worn out, then I would rather die and be buried in the field of labour.

FAITHFUL UNTIL DEATH.—A missionary in the Island of Jamaica ministering to the sick of cholera, himself became a victim—"his works follow him."

For more than twenty-nine years he remained faithfully at the post of duty, and for a considerable period he had scarcely entertained the idea of visiting his native land again. As a preacher he was very acceptable. In the government of the Churches he was esteemed as a faithful disciplinarian; and as a pastor, especially with reference to the sick, he was diligent above many.

INDIANS AT CAMP-MEETING.—A brother in the West writes too good an item to be lost, though we have lost his name:—
We had many Indians both from Nepepping and another place, the name of which I do not remember, accompanied by their missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. White and Marksman. The latter preached to them, in their own tongue, with his usual eloquence and energy; and great numbers of white and red people, especially the latter, were present. They were also addressed by their old missionary, the Rev. Mr. Brown, from Feet on foot, brother Marksman interpreting. Another Indian brother, whose name I do not remember, also addressed them. As for the Indians themselves, their cleanly and intelligent appearance, their deep devotions, their pathetic prayers, and songs, and tears of joy, were cause of astonishment and thankfulness to all who feared God, while even stout-hearted sinners, if I be believed, were much affected by the sight of men so earnestly desiring the whole meeting was more deeply affecting than the joyful tidings of an Indian woman on obtaining pardon when she knelt at the penitent seat. She rose to her feet with a shout of triumph, and in her own tongue praised God at the top of her voice, accompanying the deep tones of holy joy by actions which were very expressive, and equally graceful; meantime, several of her own people, pressing through the crowd, embraced her, and she them, while they wept and rejoiced together; several white people also exchanged similar congratulations with her, among whom I observed brother White's lady, together with another who is quite an intimate friend of my own. This scene lasted, I think, some twenty minutes, while the astonished multitude beheld with deep interest, many of them weeping and rejoicing.

The Leeds Missionary Meetings

Five years ago, when bold and mischievous men began their assaults upon Methodism, and when the Mission House and Mission work were the chief objects of attack, the Leeds Methodists stepped nobly forward and proclaimed their confidence in the Executive, under whose wise and careful direction Wesleyan Missions were conducted. Up to that particular time, the proceeds of the Leeds District Anniversary averaged seven or eight hundred pounds. On one occasion, and but one, they rose as high as £1,100; and then many good people thought that Christian liberality had attained its zenith, and must henceforth decline. But in October, 1849, when many hearts were trembling for the ark of the Lord, several of the most influential of the Leeds Methodists, met together, to discuss some project of their love to Missions, and to declare their resolution to stand by them, however assailed. On that occasion, instead of the usual amount of seven or eight hundred pounds, the donations and collections were more than £1,300; and most of our readers will recollect the thrill of joy which ran through the great Methodist heart, as tidings of this unexpected generosity spread through our Societies. Enemies laughed, said that the effort was unnatural and spasmodic, and predicted that the following year there would of necessity, be a strong and fatal reaction. The year rolled round, October came again, and Leeds liberality took another mighty leap. The donations and collections at the Anniversary of 1850 rose to £1,600. The two following years each witnessed an increase; and in 1853, the amount that was raised, exclusive of some special contributions to the Myrtle School, was upwards of £1,900. The Anniversary has again been held; and we have the pleasure of reporting to our readers, that the amount of donations and collections this year is £1,918 6s. 11d., exceeding that of last year by several pounds. And it is probable, when some other expected donations are received, that this amount will be increased to more than £2,000.

Some circumstances seemed likely to operate unfavourably upon the Anniversary. The late Duputation, Dr. HANNAH, whose visit had been anticipated with great delight by a large circle of warm-hearted friends, and whose place had to be supplied almost at the last moment; the absence of a well-known and highly respected gentleman, HENRY BIRD, Esquire, whose large and generous donation of one hundred and fifty guineas had contributed to swell the amount of two former years; the state of trade, which is now seriously affected by the war and the high prices of food; these various other circumstances, indicated difficult

was describing the cunning of the old serpent, his dangerous nature, and the deadly effects of his temptations to mankind, a real serpent crawling into the chapel—a large fire-eating reptile.—The creature made its way, up the aisle, raising its head and hissing in a furious manner, until it reached the pulpit. The people were much disturbed and frightened, and many were inclined to run away. But the preacher called out: "This is no time to fly. You must resist the serpent and he will flee from you." The people took courage, attacked the animal, and after many turnings and windings it was killed without hurting any one. The missionary, you may be sure, did not let this strange visit pass unimproved. It gave him a good text to preach upon, and we were many were converted by what he said; they had only to resist the devil and he would flee from them.

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We had many Indians both from Nepepping and another place, the name of which I do not remember, accompanied by their missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. White and Marksman. The latter preached to them, in their own tongue, with his usual eloquence and energy; and great numbers of white and red people, especially the latter, were present. They were also addressed by their old missionary, the Rev. Mr. Brown, from Feet on foot, brother Marksman interpreting. Another Indian brother, whose name I do not remember, also addressed them. As for the Indians themselves, their cleanly and intelligent appearance, their deep devotions, their pathetic prayers, and songs, and tears of joy, were cause of astonishment and thankfulness to all who feared God, while even stout-hearted sinners, if I be believed, were much affected by the sight of men so earnestly desiring the whole meeting was more deeply affecting than the joyful tidings of an Indian woman on obtaining pardon when she knelt at the penitent seat. She rose to her feet with a shout of triumph, and in her own tongue praised God at the top of her voice, accompanying the deep tones of holy joy by actions which were very expressive, and equally graceful; meantime, several of her own people, pressing through the crowd, embraced her, and she them, while they wept and rejoiced together; several white people also exchanged similar congratulations with her, among whom I observed brother White's lady, together with another who is quite an intimate friend of my own. This scene lasted, I think, some twenty minutes, while the astonished multitude beheld with deep interest, many of them weeping and rejoicing.

THE LEEDS MISSIONARY MEETINGS. Five years ago, when bold and mischievous men began their assaults upon Methodism, and when the Mission House and Mission work were the chief objects of attack, the Leeds Methodists stepped nobly forward and proclaimed their confidence in the Executive, under whose wise and careful direction Wesleyan Missions were conducted. Up to that particular time, the proceeds of the Leeds District Anniversary averaged seven or eight hundred pounds. On one occasion, and but one, they rose as high as £1,100; and then many good people thought that Christian liberality had attained its zenith, and must henceforth decline. But in October, 1849, when many hearts were trembling for the ark of the Lord, several of the most influential of the Leeds Methodists, met together, to discuss some project of their love to Missions, and to declare their resolution to stand by them, however assailed. On that occasion, instead of the usual amount of seven or eight hundred pounds, the donations and collections were more than £1,300; and most of our readers will recollect the thrill of joy which ran through the great Methodist heart, as tidings of this unexpected generosity spread through our Societies. Enemies laughed, said that the effort was unnatural and spasmodic, and predicted that the following year there would of necessity, be a strong and fatal reaction. The year rolled round, October came again, and Leeds liberality took another mighty leap. The donations and collections at the Anniversary of 1850 rose to £1,600. The two following years each witnessed an increase; and in 1853, the amount that was raised, exclusive of some special contributions to the Myrtle School, was upwards of £1,900. The Anniversary has again been held; and we have the pleasure of reporting to our readers, that the amount of donations and collections this year is £1,918 6s. 11d., exceeding that of last year by several pounds. And it is probable, when some other expected donations are received, that this amount will be increased to more than £2,000.

Some circumstances seemed likely to operate unfavourably upon the Anniversary. The late Duputation, Dr. HANNAH, whose visit had been anticipated with great delight by a large circle of warm-hearted friends, and whose place had to be supplied almost at the last moment; the absence of a well-known and highly respected gentleman, HENRY BIRD, Esquire, whose large and generous donation of one hundred and fifty guineas had contributed to swell the amount of two former years; the state of trade, which is now seriously affected by the war and the high prices of food; these various other circumstances, indicated difficult

was describing the cunning of the old serpent, his dangerous nature, and the deadly effects of his temptations to mankind, a real serpent crawling into the chapel—a large fire-eating reptile.—The creature made its way, up the aisle, raising its head and hissing in a furious manner, until it reached the pulpit. The people were much disturbed and frightened, and many were inclined to run away. But the preacher called out: "This is no time to fly. You must resist the serpent and he will flee from you." The people took courage, attacked the animal, and after many turnings and windings it was killed without hurting any one. The missionary, you may be sure, did not let this strange visit pass unimproved. It gave him a good text to preach upon, and we were many were converted by what he said; they had only to resist the devil and he would flee from them.

THE FRIENDLY ISLES MISSION.—The Wesleyan Missionary Society is unique in its character and deserves more attention than it has commanded. New enterprises may be more attractive, just now, from their novelty; but in no part of the mission field can more splendid achievements in the subjugation of man's fallen nature to the sway of godliness be chronicled than in the Friendly Islands. If novelty is pleasing, here is "a new thing under the sun"; there now exists upon the face of the earth a nation of Wesleyan Methodists who from the king upon the throne down to the meanest subject in the land, attend the Wesleyan ministry, and acknowledge Methodist preachers alone as their "bishops, priests, and deacons." And yet this is not a national Church in the ordinary sense of that term, but quite free of the state, having Christ only as its head, and supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

IN A STRAY.—A missionary in the Feejee Islands writes:—
I do not wish to run away from Feejee, but I have been here fifteen years on the 23d of December last, and should be thankful if Divine Providence, through you, should direct my way out of the oven before I be overlooked, so that I may gain vigour before every spark of energy is gone. I cannot bear the idea of coming up to the colony merely to die. If I am to be kept here until I am fairly worn out, then I would rather die and be buried in the field of labour.

FAITHFUL UNTIL DEATH.—A missionary in the Island of Jamaica ministering to the sick of cholera, himself became a victim—"his works follow him."

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