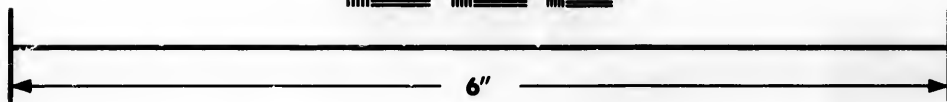
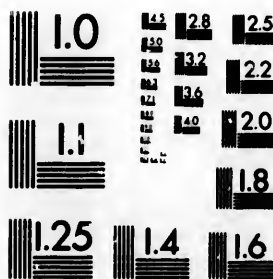


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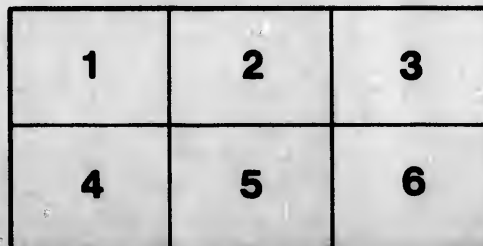
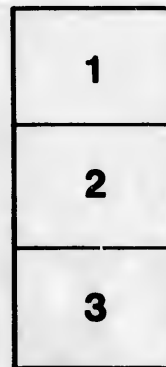
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THE
NARRATIVE OF A MISSION,
TO
NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK,
AND THE
SOMERS ISLANDS,
WITH A TOUR TO LAKE ONTARIO.

SECOND EDITION.

O let thy word prevail, to take away
The sting of human nature. Spread the law
As it is written in thy holy book,
Throughout all lands. Let every nation hear
The high behest, and every heart obey.

Wordsworth.

LONDON.

PUBLISHED BY J. KERSHAW, PATERNOSTER ROW;
J. STEVENS, CITY ROAD;
AND SOLD BY BAYNES & SON, PATERNOSTER ROW; AND TIBNAM & CO.
SHREWSBURY.

1827.

Tibnam and Co. Printers, Shrewsbury.

TO

JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq.

OF SHEFFIELD,

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS,

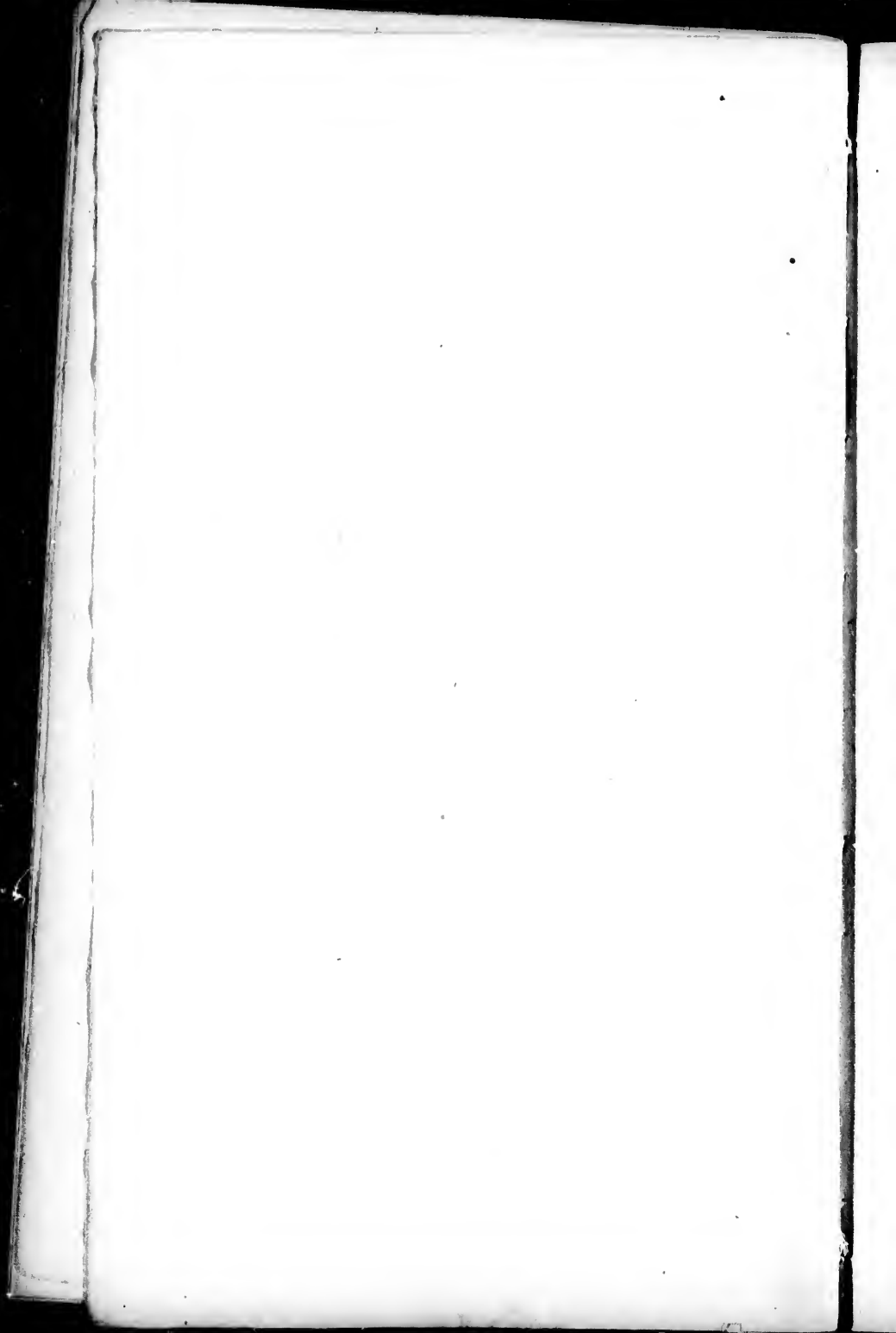
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EXPRESSION OF RESPECT FOR HIS GENIUS AND PIETY,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

JOSHUA MARSDEN.



PREFACE.

THE first edition of this Narrative was published several years ago, and such was the favourable reception it met, that with all its imperfections, a thousand copies were sold in a short time, and the work was soon out of print. For several following years, the author's constant and more important engagements in the work of a laborious ministry, allowed him but little time, and he had nearly given up the idea of ever presenting it again to the christian world. Being, however, by severe indisposition, laid aside for several weeks from his public work, he beguiled his time by making corrections and alterations in the copy he had in his own possession; thinking, that should the Lord be pleased to restore his health, he would once more present it to the world, in a new form, and cheaper edition. That edition he is now enabled to present to the public, with an earnest and humble prayer, that the blessing of the God of missions may follow it. The author's highest ambition is to advance his glory; and he hopes that this lowly oblation, laid upon the altar of missions, will not be unacceptable in his sight; to whom an

hecatomb, a lamb, or a turtle dove, are equally acceptable, according to the circumstances of the offerer. The writer of the following letters, hopes he has not mistaken a vain desire of being known among his fellow worms for a wish to glorify God. If error, ignorance, or short-sightedness, the common infirmities of humanity, have dictated any part of the following pages, the candid reader will forgive the unintentional fault.

Of old those met rewards, who could excel,
And *such* were prais'd who but endeavour'd well.

Although there are many defects in his work, he hopes, however, that he may merit this praise. Should there be discovered in the following pages, a want of simplicity, the author laments it as much as his reader. He would write that others may understand; yea, that the most simple might profit; but if he have not the tongue of the learned, the pen of the scribe, or the simplicity of the gifted, to pour a flood of light along every subject; he trusts the want of them will be forgiven. There are writers, who like Midas, turn every thing they touch into gold; but it will be praise enough to him, if he bring a little brass to the temple of the Lord. The writer regrets, that at this distance of time, he cannot always recollect the workings of his heart under difficult and trying events; and that he did not, by keeping a diary, give to many incidents, which are now airy nothings, a "local habitation and a name." If he has at any time spoken of himself, or his poor labours, with any thing like complacency, the reader will forgive the weakness, and the critical reviewer cast over it the mantle of love. It

has been his intention to drop the man in his account, and vote the master into majesty; but self follows us through all the changes of many coloured life, and like the shadow, proves the substance true. If the stream of truth did not flow through human mediums, it would be clear as crystal; but it gathers sediment from the soil over which it rolls, and in proportion to its distance from the source, always loses much of its purity. There is descending and ascending truth: truth descending from God like a golden chain, and truth which ascends to him like Jacob's ladder. The author's highest ambition is to furnish one step in the ascending scale. All truth is precious, but that which relates to the coming of Christ's kingdom, and the glory of the Redeemer, is the most precious of all. The high-priest's garments were made of blue, white, and scarlet, but the breast-plate, the light and perfection of truth, of precious stones. We live in an age of light, and an era of love; but the truth that spreads, and the flame that burns, may both admit of accessions. The author would not say that he has added much to either, but if he have cast a mite into the treasury, his labour will not be lost. He who made the mercy's seat in the temple, which was overlaid with pure gold, was a valuable artist, and yet he who made the snuffers, was no less useful in his line.

The christian reader will see in these letters, some of the travels and trials, the perils and pains, of missionaries in foreign lands. He will admire the march of truth, the dawn of light, and the openings of the providence of God. Christian mis-

sions are under the divine auspices ! Jesus Immanuel is the God of missions !—" Lo, I am with you." Whether his faithful servants are among pagan barbarians, as in New Zealand, the Capo of Good Hope, or Madagascar, the most dangerous kind of missions ; or whether they are among civilized pagans, as in the east ; or whether among the poor harmless negros of the West Indies ; no matter, a mission is the highest walk of human benevolence and love.

We live in a golden age, an era of light. Truth is taking the wings of the morning, to fly to the uttermost parts of the earth.—The latter-day glory is approaching.—The angel who stands before the golden altar, is presenting the intercessions of God's people for the spread of his gospel.—The door is opened in heaven, and the way of the Lord is preparing upon earth.—His saving truth is made known, and Zion is putting on her beautiful garments.—Ethiopia is stretching out her hand to God : the isles are waiting for his law, and the groans of nature in this nether world are inviting his approach.—Millions of voices say, " thy kingdom come," and the signs of the times are growing every day more vivid. Light is spreading ;—scripture is circulating ;—the chariot of the gospel is rolling onward. A translating evangelist—a printing evangelist—and a preaching evangelist, have gone forth like giants refreshed with new wine. The morning star, preceding millennial day, has begun to appear. The finger of prophecy on the dial of time, says, the hour is come.—The signs of Messiah's spiritual advent are more evident.—The earth is helping the woman.—God's saving

health has begun to heal the nations, and the face of the covering is taken away.—Truth, with the banner of victory in her hands, is making war with the rulers of the darkness of this world.—Brotherly love is tolling the funeral knell of bigotry, and social peace is burying the hatchet of polemic strife.—The army of the living God is marshalling under the great captain of their salvation; and the banner of the cross is waving on the strong holds of satan.—The man of sin begins to totter,—the lurid crescent is on its wane,—the virgin daughter of Zion is rising from the dust;—and the heathen tribes are casting their idols to the moles and to the bats. Who is on the Lord's side? Come forward ye veteran ministers! Ye young evangelists, enlist in this blessed cause! In a word, let all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, come forward to the help of the Lord! to the help of the Lord against the mighty!

In conclusion, the following narrative lays no claim to public patronage as a piece of fine composition. The author does not assume the character of an elegant writer, for that high office he has neither the learning nor the ability; but he will conclude in the language of the poet:

If you can write a better book
Impart it if you please,
If not on this with candour look,
And use it at your ease.

Princess street, Shrewsbury,

JULY 14th, 1827.

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NARRATIVE OF A MISSION,

In a Series of Letters,

LETTER I.

The cross display
To the bright regions of the rising day :
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
And bid religion flourish 'neath the pole.
Pope.

DEAR SIR,

As your generous heart expands with the noblest affections of love to God and man, I know not to whom I can with more propriety inscribe these letters than to yourself. Your long standing in the Church of Christ; together, with your extensive knowledge of most events that have taken place in the christian world, render you well acquainted with both the infancy, the youth, and also the riper growth of our missionary system. You saw in the cradle the infant Hercules, whom the blessed God, intended should grapple with and finally destroy, the many-headed Hydra, of superstition, idolatry, and sin. And it cannot but be pleasing to you, that the early promise

afforded by our own, and other missionary institutions, has been so abundantly fulfilled; but is not this a delightful proof that the "faithful and true witness," both answers the prayers and honors the faith of his sincere followers; and that "though heaven and earth pass away, one jot or tittle of his word never shall." When you consider the vast field of the world, and its want of moral culture, you still exclaim, "the harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few." Yet while there is much to damp the flame of loving zeal, in the magnitude, difficulties, and comparative infancy of the work, there is also in the pledges and promises of the Son of God, a firm standing ground for the feet of faith. He, whose truth is a rock that cannot be moved; and to whom "all power is given in heaven and in earth," will assuredly march forward to the completion of his own gracious designs, till the "ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God." Although it is not for us to "know the times and the seasons which the Father hath hidden from ages," yet as from the putting forth of flowers we know that the spring is near, so from the "signs of the times," we may infer, that this great moral renovation of nature is not far off. Meanwhile, to us the path of duty is clear; faith, prayer, zeal, benevolence, and labour, are the watchwords of the day. The development of prophecy, the destruction of anti-christ, and the restoration of the Jews, are the great objects on which we should fix our attention, as mighty events already at the door. For as at the first advent of the Redeemer, a universal expectation prevailed of his coming; and as the universal consent of mankind to the existence of a Supreme Being, is considered as no mean proof of the fact; so the general opinion of christians, that some great events

are at hand in the moral world should not be treated as idle impressions. Good men may disagree in their exact data, yet most unite to think the period is not far off: and how does hope spring forward in exultation, and shed its lustre over the intervening period, while every lover of Jesus glows with unutterable feelings while exclaiming

His chariot will not long delay,
We hear the rumbling wheels, and say
Triumphant Lord, appear!

Meanwhile it behoves every good man to labour with all his might in this holy vocation: by such diligence both the sweetness of his comfort, the evidence of his piety, and the purity of his love, will be much increased. In co-operating with the Redeemer to save a lost world, the "wisdom that winneth souls" shall shed a halo round his brow, while the blessing of those who are ready to perish shall be as the dew to fatten his soul. "As mites make the mountain, moments make the year," so every minute effort contributes to the great end. With this view, to cast a mite into the general stock, I hope I am influenced to write these letters. At the period of my engaging in the missionary work, (since which twenty-seven years have elapsed) our missions were then but in their infancy; we had only twenty preachers employed as missionaries, and these were chiefly stationed in the West Indies; other parts of the world, the Wesleyan Conference had neither the means of evangelising, nor such providential openings as have since that period presented themselves. They were not the first in this labour of love, and yet they were no sooner possessed of a small loaf of the bread of life, than they were willing to share it with their needy heathen neighbours who

were ready to perish. Two or three thousand pounds were with much difficulty annually collected by Dr. Coke, and the different preachers through their circuits; but the warm fire of missionary zeal had not then begun to blaze out; the christian public were not fully alive to the powerful motives which now urge to set their shoulder to the help of the Lord in the work of converting the heathen. With both the Moravian, the Church, the Baptist, and the London Missionary Societies, it was a day of small things. That great monument of piety and zeal, the Bible Society, was not then erected. Many among the pious thought missions were romantic speculations, and a too formidable enterprise for christians in general to engage in. The objection was often repeated, that we had heathens enow at home: and some scrupled not to affirm, that the heathens were a much more innocent, harmless, and moral people, than many of the professors of the religion of Jesus. This opinion was much strengthened by some travellers and voyagers, who whatever were their motives, painted them in such glowing colours, as almost to throw the gospel itself into shades. Some even among the truly pious, with an excess of charity (a spurious form of which may even people heaven itself with demons) thought it possible they might under some undefined dispensation of mercy be saved, even without the gospel, if they lived according to their inward light. The latter opinion being supported by some truly great and good men, it was reckoned extremely uncharitable to doubt their salvation: although the same record in which God hath said "he will have all men to be saved," expressly limits the divine benevolence by their "coming to the knowledge of

the truth." A wider door he hath no where opened, and it is not to the honour of any christian man that he should affect to have more love to the human race than Jehovah himself. Africa was at this time almost totally neglected, if we except those who bought the muscles and the limbs of men. Save in the interior of the Cape of Good Hope, little had been done to teach "Ethiopia to stretch forth her hand to God." Asir had enjoyed the labours of the immortal Schwartz, and the Baptists were beginning their blessed work of translating the Scriptures. The Indians of America had been favoured with the labours of but few such men as Elliot and Brainerd; of the Jesuits in South America I need say nothing; superstition is not piety. The patient Moravian Brethren had been silently diffusing light over the frozen regions of the north, and through many of the forests of the new world. The London Missionary Society had begun their godlike attempts on the Australasian Islands of the South Sea; but the world as a vast field only lay open in the book of truth, and the yearnings and prayers of the truly godly. In the year 1799 the Rev. William Black arrived in England from British North America, to solicit from the Wesleyan Conference, several missionaries for that truly destitute country: previous to this period two had been sent out, Mr. Abraham John Bishop, from the Island of Jersey, and Mr. Wray, both of whom, had gone to the West Indies, and there finished their career of suffering and service. From the period of their removal, the two provinces had been occasionally supplied by preachers sent from the Conference of the United States. These however from various causes, not necessary to mention, soon returned home; hence a more

steady and permanent supply became indispensable to the wants of the people. Mr. Black's request for a supply of missionaries was cordially supported by Dr. Coke, under whose direction the Conference consented that four preachers should be sent out with Mr. Black, to labour in North America. These were Messrs. Lowry, Bennet, Oliphant, and the writer of these letters, all young men in a state of ministerial probation, and just putting on the harness for moral warfare, without much trial in the gospel field, how it might eventually answer the purposes of conflict and victory.

Having been apprised to get ready for our departure, we repaired to Liverpool, where stopping about a week to prepare for our voyage, the writer of this letter was called to a most severe trial, the parting with a widowed mother, whose only son he was, and by whose earnest prayers he believes he had been brought to God. Under this severe rending asunder the ties of nature, his only refuge was in God: the scriptures most forcibly impressed upon his mind were "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." With this affecting and affectionate parting from my dear mother and friends, I will close my first letter, and am, dear Sir,

Yours. &c.

LETTER II.

Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave,
 Impel the bark whose errand is to save;
 To succour fallen nature and replace
 The smile of piety on sorrow's face.
 Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
 Impede the bark that plows the deep serene;
 That flies like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,
 A herald of God's love to distant lands.

Cowper.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER the above affectionate parting with my dear friends, whom I did not know I should ever again behold till the final resurrection; on the twenty-fourth day of August, in the year 1800, we went on board the *Snow Sparrow*, commanded by Captain Humble, bound for Halifax, in Nova Scotia. Having been much at sea before, I had the advantage of some of my brethren, at least in being more inured to the unpleasantness of a life which of all others has perhaps the least to recommend it; hence marine travelling with all its horrors

The northern blast, the shatter'd mast,
 The syrt, the whirlpool and the rock;
 The breaking spout, the stars gone out,
 The boiling strait, the monstrous shock,

Young.

did not fill me with such lively emotions of fear, so far as my nerves were concerned; and yet a quiet and solid confidence in God, is the only haven of rest for the soul when tossed by tempests on the mighty deep. Sea sickness that dreadful tribute exacted from so

many when entering upon the world of waters, I did not anticipate, having never been sick on any former occasion ; and yet a mournful pensiveness stole over me, as the lessening shores of my dear native land began to mix with the blue misty haze of the horizon ; and the wide rim of one vast circle of water was all the cheerless landscape presented to the eye : but though the tear of regret would ever and anon be starting in my eye ; a good conscience, a calm reliance on the Lord Jesus, and an inward impression of being employed on a blessed errand, sweetly composed my mind, and gave me some degree of mental pleasure in looking forward to the accomplishment of the voyage. We were upon the mighty Atlantic, vast world of waters ! England, Ireland, and Scotland, had all disappeared, but we had the presence and blessing of the "Gallilean Pilate" with us, and truth whispered to my soul

As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

My dear brethren were sick, and I found a pleasure in being able to wait upon them, and to minister to their wants. Missionaries if possible, should always go out in bands ; the social intercourse of pious men sheds a charm over the forlorn dreariness of a long sea voyage ; a tedium which others are but too apt to beguile by the mere sensual pleasure of eating, drinking, and sleeping. Our vessel was small and very leaky, than which no circumstance is more unpleasant at sea ; as the ominous sound of the pump, combined with the whistling of wind, the dash of waves, and often the stentorian voice of the captain, created a chilliness of soul that nothing but the warmth of faith and devotion could beguile. Our crew

was a mixture of all nations ; we had also several passengers on board ; but as they did not fear God, they added little to our stock of comfort. We all united to reprove and discountenance open sin, and doubted not of proceeding with innocence and comfort through the whole of our voyage. Our gallant ships of war had pretty well cleared the ocean of the enemy ; and yet the leakiness of the vessel was a great drawback to our enjoyment, but it drove us to our never-failing refuge,—a throne of grace, and a faithful God. The sailors were always at the pumps ; and as the cargo chiefly consisted of salt, more than thirty tons were dissolved in the forty days we were upon the ocean. After the sea sickness had subsided, we spent many truly profitable seasons, either in singing, reading, prayer, or religious conversation. If at any time the trifling conduct of the other passengers made the large cabin disagreeable, we had an asylum in the state room, which was allotted to Mr. Black as the senior missionary ; and here we could pour out our souls to God in prayer. In no place or situation are there so many obstacles in the way of public and private devotion as in a small vessel at sea ; and yet this blessed sheet anchor is the soul's only stay, in that painful uncertainty, which seems to hang human life on the jeopardy of every perilous hour. Sometimes the rolling of the ship prevented us from either standing or kneeling ; at other times in the midst of our stated daily prayers, the captain or mate was loudly called for upon deck ; then a lurch of the vessel put the gravity of our passengers into something more than a smile ; in a word, the shouting of the sailors, the roaring of the waves, and the tossing of the ship, all seemed to conspire against the calmness of recol-

lection, and the fixedness of the soul in prayer. Still however I can say that in "this exercise my soul often took hold of God;" and I am confident, that much as the stated returns of our devotions were broken in upon, their influence had nevertheless a silent and restraining awe upon the minds of both the captain and passengers: and I would affectionately recommend to all missionaries, whenever prudent and practicable, to get, as we did, a promise from the captain that we should have the use of the cabin for morning and evening prayer.

As we did not know but any hour might present the appearance of an enemy's vessel, either privateer or national ship, our captain was anxious that all the passengers, in the event of such a rencounter, should have their stations assigned for the defence of the ship, and as the twelve guns we carried demanded all the forty hands composing the crew, the missionaries were equipped as marines, with our worthy senior Mr. Black to act as captain. This however I could by no means reconcile to my own views of the unlawfulness of war; sentiments which after a lapse of twenty-seven years I have never seen any reason to change, and I do now from the lively conviction of my soul believe that upon no principle less than the extremest necessity does the christian religion tolerate even what is called by men defensive war—the gospel is the religion of peace. But to return, I calmly told the captain that I could not take arms to kill any of my fellow creatures though coming in the character of an enemy, when he changed my station in case of an engagement, to work at one of the great guns, a distinction that hardly satisfied my conscience, though I consented to the change. Our voyage was

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very rough and stormy, which with the water continually pouring in and running down the sides, made my berth very uncomfortable, and I began then to find that the life of a missionary would often require that I should take for my motto "endure hardness as a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ," and can any hope to serve the blessed God without the discipline of trials? My bed-quilt and blankets were seldom quite dry, and probably nothing but the blessing of God on a good constitution prevented the most serious indisposition. Once indeed I was seized in the middle of the night with a cramp in my stomach, so severe and alarming that for some time it appeared that both my marine and mortal voyage were almost ended. Yet the merciful God appeared in my extremity, and granted me such consolation of spirit that all fear of death was taken away. In this distress after several things had been applied in vain, one of the missionaries brought me some brandy, requesting I would drink it off, which as my case appeared desperate, I consented to with some reluctance, and the pain immediately abated. Nothing material occurred till we arrived near the Banks of Newfoundland, when a breach was made upon our little cabin family, by the death of a Captain Blunt, one of the passengers. The old man had been taken by the French, but having obtained his liberty, was now returning home to his family in Halifax: alas, how often do our prospects and our graves lie in the same direction. "Here every drop of honey hides a sting; worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers:" our comforts all blossom in the vicinity of the tomb. The ancients might well have a death's head at their feasts. The sword of fate

trembles over the table of our mercies, dangers lurk in the path of delight, and "disappointment often smiles at the career of hope." The christian should "rejoice with trembling:" one eye should be fixed on heaven, and one upon the grave, as becomes a mortal and immortal man. The piety of sailors often shines through the roughness of their exterior manners; thus it was with poor Captain Blunt, he had much of the sailor, yet was I believe a servant of God. It is not the polish of courts, but the piety of the gospel, that fits us for the kingdom of heaven. But I hasten to inform you how we proceeded on our voyage. I believe the wisdom of God intended that this should be a good schooling to our patience; for in addition to the usual trials of our faith, such as a leaky vessel, foul winds, heavy gales, dull hazy weather, and dark nights: we were now chased by a French Corvette Privateer, which bore down upon us in a daring and warlike style. Although fighting and true religion are two things so widely different that it would be as difficult to reconcile them, as to prove that they do not exist; yet on this emergency, even the ministers of peace buckled upon themselves the harness of war, and our pious and truly esteemed Mr. Black, with his missionary marines, seemed disposed to give them as warm a reception as David gave to Goliath. Even good men, sir, may be converts to the doctrine of the Bible and sword. The Lord however spared us the trial, for when we lay too to receive our antagonist with our matches lighted, and every man at his post and gun, the myrmidon did not like our appearance, we being two in company, and our companion a fine large ship, so after hovering about us

for some time like a snake upon the water, she thought fit to sheer off; and giving loose to her canvas, left us only to admire the swiftness of her sailing, and our own dulness; for we must needs go in chase, and by so doing (as the sea was tremendously high) we ran the risk of upsetting our ship. In the course of these letters, I hope sir, you will not blame me for reciting what may appear to some trivial occurrences, tinged with superstition and credulity, but to me memorable instances of the minute care of a particular providence. A little while after the above escape from the privateer, a circumstance happened, which but for the guardian care of heaven, might have proved fatal both to myself and two of the other missionaries. One day, the weather being fine, the sky serene, and the sea as calm and smooth as a surface of glass; the captain proposed (as a measure of health and comfort) to as many of the passengers as could swim, to bathe alongside the vessel, for which purpose a plank was let down close to the water edge; at the same time he directed the mate to ascertain the fact, whether the gulf stream current were not setting the vessel to the eastward, upon which a boat was hoisted out, and this last circumstance was critical of our deliverance; the mate who had rowed off from the vessel, had scarcely let down his line, when two monstrous sharks were seen gliding alongside the boat; alarmed for the safety of the passengers, (at this time actually swimming near the ship) he in great haste hailed the captain, requesting him to apprize them of their danger, and to return on board as quick as possible; at the same time returning with all speed in the boat. Thus were our lives preserved, that we might "raise our Ebenezer," our

stone of help, and inscribe upon it our lasting gratitude for the watchful care of a benign and tender providence. The following are the coincident particulars of our deliverance. It is probable these animals might have followed the vessel from the time we committed the body of poor Captain Blunt to the great deep. Had not the boat (which it would appear the sharks followed) left the ship at the time she did, the result might have been fatal. Had she gone a little later, or come back earlier, the voracious fish would have found us in the water, and have darted on their helpless prey. Thus the hand that delivered us was visible; and he that wants eyes to behold, gratitude to admire, and wisdom to record the timely deliverance, must possess a strange insensibility of heart, and great want of spiritual discernment. It has been finely remarked, "He who notes down the providence of God, shall never want a providence to note." "Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, write them upon thy memory, and engrave them upon the table of thy heart! for this deliverance I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that I have vowed, salvation is of the Lord." We were now within sight of the American coast, bold, steril, and fringed with forests to the water edge; but a fierce north-west gale had set in, and for some time we did little more than beat up and down, sometimes (to the further trial of our patience) within sight of Samborough Island Light-house, at the entrance of Halifax harbour. When the gale abated, with what emotions of pleasure did we enter the harbour on Sunday evening, the fourth day of October, after a long and tedious passage of six weeks from the shores of England, all through the boundless

mercy of God, in good health, save our brother Bennet, who had been much indisposed during the whole voyage. Having conducted you to the forests of the new world, the theatre of our missionary labour, I will take my leave for the present, and am very dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

In yon world of stream and shade;
 Many an Indian Wigwam trace;
 And with words of love persuade
 Savages to sue for grace.

Evangelical Minstrel.

DEAR SIR,

WE were now in a new world; but the God of missionaries is every where, and his blessing had prepared our way. No sooner had we landed in Halifax, than the friend of the mission prepared to give us a cordial and truly christian reception; so that we were abundantly consoled for the roughness of our voyage, and the storms of the ocean, by the kindness and hospitality we met at our first landing on the transatlantic continent. Christian friendship becomes doubly sweet, under such circumstances, it is an exhilarating balm to the heart of a stranger on the shores of a foreign land. Halifax, the capital of Western Scotland; though built of wood, wears an elegant, clean and pleasing appearance. The town rises from the water edge of the harbour, towards the citadel, which commands it; and having many gar-

dens mixed with the variously painted houses, affords to a stranger just escaped the waves of the ocean, an interesting spectacle. It was built by a colony from England, in 1749, and is delightfully situated in Chebucto harbour, one of the finest in all north America, in lat. 44 degrees 44 minutes north, and in longitude, 63 degrees 30 minutes west. The inlet of sea which forms the harbour, is lengthened out far into the country, and forms far beyond the town, a noble expansive sheet of water, called the basin, seemingly land-locked on every hand; on the banks of this the governor and several gentlemen of Halifax have elegant seats, and a good road curves along the north-western side of this fine Inlet for nearly ten miles. The town of Halifax is an oblong square, extending from what is called Fresh-water River, southward to the king's dock-yard in a northerly direction: its whole length is about two miles, and it contains a large garrison, a naval yard, and a population of about nine thousand souls. The market is fine, and for plenty of choice and cheap fish, is superior to any place in the world. Salmon, mackerel, shad, lobsters, halibut and various other kinds are met with in the greatest abundance. An anecdote is told of an English admiral who had lately arrived, and who having to make an entertainment, sent his servant to purchase a dollar's-worth of lobsters, who to his master's no small surprise, brought a whole boat load on board the flag-ship. Halifax abounds with all the blessings of life, and considered as a garrison town, and the metropolis of the province; few places are more free from visible and offensive immorality. There are two Episcopal churches, one Presbyterian church, a Methodist chapel and mis-

sion-house: a Roman Catholic chapel and school; with chapels for the Baptists, Seceders, Quakers, &c. The government house is built of free stone, and is a large handsome edifice, commanding a fine view of the harbour. There is also a house for the second in command; a court-house, a province-hall, where the provincial assembly meets. An arsenal, a naval yard, a marine hospital, together with large ranges of barracks both for officers and men. The town is the residence of the governor, the admiral, the bishop of Nova Scotia, and a number of other officers belonging to government, such as the judge, the attorney-general, the judge of the admiralty, &c. &c. and probably contains about thirteen hundred houses, many of them handsome, and from their consisting of wood, and being often painted, they do not wear that dingy and sombre aspect of many towns in England. The Wesleyan mission chapel is not handsome, but is well attended, and on the Lord's day in the evening always crowded; perhaps there are as few of the dark mists of bigotry obscuring the moral atmosphere of Halifax as in most parts of the world: many of the inhabitants are intelligent and moral; and not a few I trust, conscientious followers of the Son of God. The country round Halifax is by no means fertile, for although the land is clothed with sylvan scenery, the soil is rocky, and the trees are stunted and small: yet with a pleasing mixture of land and water, the prospects are romantic, and owing to the thinness of the soil, the roads are remarkably good. The climate is perhaps more moderate than in any other part of British North America; the thermometer is, I believe, seldom lower than 16 degrees in winter, and not often higher than 76 in summer. A few Indians of the Micmac

tribe live in the vicinity of Halifax, and at Dartmouth across the harbour, who get their living by fishing; but alas, these natives of the wilderness are much diminished in every part of the province. In general they are civil and harmless, unless when intoxicated with liquor; but I fear little pains are taken to enlighten their benighted minds with the saving truths of the religion of Jesus.

Having thus noticed Halifax, the place of my first landing, I must now beg leave to introduce you to a knowledge of that part of British North America, usually called Nova Scotia, or New Scotland: for as this vast and (in England) little known country is the field of my future missionary labours; it is highly necessary I should present you with its general features and character, which I humbly hope you will not esteem an improper digression from the line of my narrative. You are a lover of mankind, and cannot be indifferent to the moral welfare of eighty or ninety thousand souls; and as a friend of missions you will rejoice to know, that the Wesleyan and other missions have provided means for their moral welfare. How pleasing is the contemplation to a pious mind, that the christian missions supported in this *blessed nation*, are spreading light and truth not only throughout the British empire, but to the utmost bounds of the habitable world. Who that has the heart of a British christian but desires the conversion of the whole empire? by means co-extensive with its vast territory, and adequate to its moral population. We carry the cross in our national flag; why should we not carry it in our hearts and lips? till the "Redeemer's way be made known upon earth, and his saving health among all nations."

Yes,—his shall be the kingdom. He shall come,
 Ye scoffers at his tarrying ! hear ye not
 Even now the thunder of his wheels.—Awake
 Thou slumbering world : even the symphonies
 Of that blest song are floating through the air,—
 “Peace be on earth, and glory be to God !”

Nova Scotia is a large peninsula, reaching from the province of New Brunswick into the Atlantic ; it lies between latitude 43 degrees 30 minutes, and 48 degrees 4 minutes north ; and between 58 degrees 50 minutes and 67 degrees west ; its length is 307 miles, its breadth 154, and contains about 14,000 square miles. Most of this land is covered with vast forests of pine, maple, spruce, fir, beach, oak, black and white birch. The settlements are in many parts thinly scattered ; but where the land is good, and in the vicinity of rivers more numerous. The whole province is intersected with vast rivers ; there are also abundance of lakes, plentifully stocked with both fish and wild fowl. Its north-east boundary is the gulf of St. Lawrence ; where for four or five months every year, the shores are fringed with a barrier of ice ; and the desolations of winter rage in all their hyperborean horrors. On the south and south-west it is washed by the waves of the Atlantic ocean. Its western limits are the Bay of Fundy, and the province of New Brunswick, by which it is separated from the United States of America. When it was in possession of the French it was called Acadia, to denote its indefinite extent. From James the 1st. of Scotland, in the year 1601, it received its present name. In the year 1594, May, an Englishman, touched upon the coast ; and in the year 1598 the Isle of Sable was peopled by a number of French convicts left there by the Marquis De la Roche, who explored the western

parts of Nova Scotia, but made no settlement. In the year 1605 Henry the IV. of France granted the Sieur de Mont, a patent of the American territories, from latitude 40 degrees north. In the following year that adventurer made a settlement in Port Royal, now called Annapolis. In 1613 Annapolis was destroyed by an English expedition from Virginia. In 1621 James the Ist. of Scotland granted Sir William Alexander, of Minstrey, a patent of Nova Scotia, under the great seal of Scotland, and it was created into a palentine, to be held as a fief of that crown, the patentee having the usual power of a court palatine. In 1749 the English government published proposals for the establishment of a new settlement at Chebucto, now Halifax, and an expedition sailed from England in the autumn of this year under General Cornwallis, consisting of two thousand seven hundred persons. Many of the settlers however soon deserted, discouraged by the barrenness of the soil, the severity of the climate, but perhaps more by the hostility of the Indians, who were prompted to war, and furnished with weapons by the Canadian French. The capture however of Canada, by the immortal Wolfe, in 1760, relieved the settlers from the dangers to which they were constantly exposed, and from this time a great number came over from England, the prospects of the colony began to brighten, and since that period the province has advanced rapidly in commerce and population.

The number of inhabitants is from 80 to 100,000, the greater part of whom are of English origin, though considerable numbers have come from Massachusetts and Connecticut: there are also many Scotch, Irish, Germans, Dutch, and some few of the old French Acadians. The Micmac Indians were the

aborigines, or first inhabitants of the province; they are sprinkled up and down the interior, but chiefly inhabit the eastern shores, between Halifax and Cape Breton; they had about three hundred warriors among them, but now chiefly subsist on fishing, hunting, and making baskets, which they sell to the white inhabitants: their moral state is truly wretched, as well as their political; for save a few shades of that popish superstition which debases the mind, and shuts out the pure light of the gospel, they know but little of true religion, and remain chiefly in the darkness of nature; but as in the course of these letters I shall resume this subject, I will now proceed. The principal towns in Nova Scotia are as follow: Halifax, the capital; where we have a mission-house and chapel: Pictou, on the north-east, here the Scotch Church has a flourishing mission. Liverpool, on the shores of the Atlantic, has a good chapel, and the missionary visits Port le Have, Port le Bare, and several other fishing settlements in the vicinity. Annapolis, (formerly Port Royal) is another missionary station; here the missionary visits Digby, Granville, Wilmot Mountain, Waldec settlement, Nictau, the residence of Colonel Bayard, and several other places on each bank of the Annapolis river. At Windsor, Horton, Shelburne, Barrington, Westmoreland, Granville, Sackville, Pont de Bute, Ramshag, and many other places we have chapels, most of which will hold from three to five hundred people, and on the Lord's day are often well filled with serious and well-behaved congregations. Nova Scotia is the diocese of a bishop, who has under his jurisdiction, the province of New Brunswick, the Islands of Cape Breton, and St. John's, (now

Prince Edward's) and about thirty clergymen, who are missionaries, chiefly supported by the Christian Knowledge Society in England, and a glebe allowed them by the province. The Scotch Church has several missionaries, chiefly in the eastern part of the colony; and the New Lights, a sect of the Baptists, who emigrated from the United States, have a number of ministers; some of these last were pious judicious men, but others of them by their unguarded mode of stating the doctrine of salvation by grace, often wounded the practical and experimental parts of religion; and by representing the yoke of obedience as a wreath of thorns, which the blessed Jesus having worn in our stead, asserted we were delivered from the obligation of putting it on. Of the other ministers I shall say little, it is not my province in these letters to turn censor, "charity hopeth all things." I trust they were serving the Lord in the gospel of his dear Son. The province was nevertheless greatly destitute of both ministerial and pastoral aid, and many settlements along the shores of the sea, on the banks of rivers, and deep in the recesses of the forest, were deprived of the "joyful sound," and might plaintively say, "the sound of the church going bell, these forests and lakes never heard." Ah, sir; how solitary is that wilderness life, that is never beguiled by the stated returns of the beautiful and heart-reviving worship of God in his lovely sanctuary; and yet myriads of the settlers in America, have put themselves out of this pale of comfort; to obtain "the bread that perishes" in the using. To reach these wanderers in the wilderness, the Wesleyan mission was divinely intended, and from the increasing number and moral destitution of many of the settlers,

was greatly wanted. Prior to this period, 1800, they had only received two missionaries from the Wesleyan connexion at home; both of whom, as mentioned in a former letter, having gone to the West Indies, the province was now nearly destitute; and the language of "come over and help us," was the voice of many thousands of our needy countrymen. It is true, those men of God, now gone to rest, Messrs. John and James Man, were lifting up the banner of the cross, and with Mr. Black, the senior missionary, and Mr. Mc'Coll, were striving to diffuse the divine light: but whether we consider the extent of the two provinces, (united in one by our missions) or the scattered state of the population, they were but like a solitary star in a vast portion of dark firmament; for besides the above chapels, we had nearly one hundred preaching places, deep in the bosom of the woods, along the banks of many large "rivers, unknown to song," on the eastern shores of the Atlantic, and the gulf of St. Lawrence, and upon the borders of bays, lakes, and creeks. In many parts of this extensive colony, thousands of the inhabitants would never hear words by which they might be saved, were it not for the Wesleyan missionaries. The day of judgment alone will decide, how many in these forests have received "the truth as it is in Jesus," from their lips, and to how many they have been the welcome messengers of a peaceful salvation. Other ministers both of the Church of England, and the Scotch Church, are chiefly stationary; they are pastors of separate flocks, and seldom go far from their centre. Your missionaries, sir, are the *pioneers* of the army of Jesus; they break up new ground, they explore new scenes of labour

they rove far and wide : one night they preach in the hut of a fisherman, the next in a log cottage in the forest, and the night following in the house of a farmer, or the parlour of a merchant. In summer he travels on horseback ; and in winter, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes in a sleigh or sled ; or when the snow is too deep, on foot, or on snow shoes. By this you will perceive, sir, that the Methodist missionary in this country, should have little of the fastidiousness of the fine gentleman about him ; his motto should be, " in labours more abundant." To such an one, when entering upon his mission, the following questions might be innocently asked : will you " endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ ?" Will you trample upon the " counsel of flesh and blood ?" Will you, when your appointment requires it, trudge through the drifting snow, and carry your saddle-bags upon your shoulders ? Will you ride upon the ice of the rivers and bays ? Are you afraid to cross rapid rivers in log canoes ? Are you averse to long and solitary rides in the wilderness ? Can you sit in a smoky hut, and are you satisfied with buck-wheat cakes for your food ? Will your constitution bear cold fourteen degrees below the freezing point ? Can you brave in the summer, myriads of musquitoes ; and thankfully take up your lodgings in a cottage in the wilderness ? these were often, dear sir, some of the small trials of

Yours respectfully, &c.

LETTER IV.

Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
 I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth :
 Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
 And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray.
Sir William Jones.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER a few days spent in Halifax, to wear off the fatigues of the voyage, and devise means to reach the different appointments for which we were intended in the interior of the country : brother Lowry* and myself set off for Windsor on the route to our respective missions : his being the city St. John, in the province New Brunswick, and mine the Westmoreland mission at the head of the Bay of Fundy. The distance from Halifax to Windsor is forty-six miles ; the road lies through a vast wilderness, with only here and there a house, which according well with the pensiveness of my feelings, and the gloomy season of the year, when the leaves of the forest were covering the path, gave me a fine opportunity of reflecting on my new situation. A young man twenty-two years of age ; with but little experience of the world ; raw in religion ; easily affected with difficulties ; quick in his feelings ; and defective both in prudence, discretion, firmness, fortitude, and knowledge ; placed in one of the most critical and trying situations in the world. A missionary in a foreign land, a character that should be patient, loving, zealous, and deeply

* Now a clergyman of the Church of England.

devoted to God, pure in motive, chaste in affection, and holy in life. I was entering upon a sphere of duty which requires all the zeal of a Xavier, the prudence of a Martyn, the patience and faith of an Elliot, the fortitude of a Brainerd, the self-denial of a Lopez, and the meekness and perseverance of a Schwartz: but alas, sir, I was young in the school of Christ; of many important lessons I only knew the alphabet; and instead of being fit to take the helm in a storm. I had hardly learned the points of the compass. I had now in my reflection, and soon after in my experience, cause of deep regret, that I had not previously to my embarking on so important an undertaking, laid in a greater stock of wisdom, prudence, patience, and heavenly mindedness. I often look back with astonishment and gratitude at the dealings of the Lord with me: a variety of trials soon taught me, that a loving knowledge of God, as a reconciled father, and a warm and ardent desire to glorify his name, are but two of the many important qualifications necessary for an able missionary: true, but you say "I was not going among savages and barbarians." I grant a more dangerous mission might have required apostolic wisdom and holiness; but any service of the blessed God, in the missionary field, demands much singleness of eye and purity of intention. Young men not brought into the arena of conflict, hardly know how little grace they possess; they are apt to think their stock much greater than it is in reality; and having few "fiery trials," to call into operation faith, patience, and wrestling prayer; they mistake the absence of trials for the power of grace; but when the weight and importance of the work rushes upon the soul, and the

trials of the ministry irritate the corruptions of the heart; when the danger of disgraceful failure stares one full in the face; when one has to preach comfort one does not feel, and press promises one cannot take hold of; when we pledge ourselves to the faithfulness of God, and yet we have not brought him to redeem those pledges to ourselves; this is a state of things that often extorts the cry "Lord help me"! hold me up! and wrings from the heart the "who is sufficient for these things." I would not limit the holy one of Israel," and say that out of "the mouths of babes and sucklings he cannot perfect praise"; but there is the schooling of the heart in the ways of God, which I still think indispensable to great usefulness, whether at home or abroad. I had, while in England, earnestly besought the Lord to open a door in which I might act as a missionary. I believe I was sincere, but now I feared I had not sufficiently "counted the cost." It is one thing to sail on the smooth surface of a calm and tranquil summer sea, and another to take the helm in the turbulence of a tempest, and in the midst of shoals and breakers. "A missionary is peculiarly called to prepare for trials of the most formidable kind; he must virtually bid farewell to friends, pleasures, and comforts, and stand in readiness to endure the greatest sufferings in the work of his Lord and master. It is inconsistent with ministers to please themselves with the thoughts of a numerous and cordial friends, a civilized country, legal protection, affluence, splendour, or even a competency: the slight and hatred of men, false friends, gloomy prisons, and tortures; the society of barbarians of uncouth speech, miser-

able accommodations in wretched wildernesses; hunger and thirst; nakedness, weariness, and painfulness; hard work, and little worldly encouragement, should rather be the objects of their expectations." * Thus, sir, the apostles acted in primitive times; they drew the sword and threw away the scabbard; they debarked on the enemies coast and burnt their ships, that they might have no temptations to return. They provided no armour for the back, because they were resolved to face their foes; having "counted the cost" they rushed forward in the enterprise, and never flinched till they had "turned the battle to the gate of glory." This spirit I have often lamented the want of in the course of my mission; and if it were proper to make these letters a record of my many miscarriages, as I shall of some portion of my experience, I might point out to my young brethren in the missionary ministry, the Scylla and Charybdis, on which I have often been in danger of shipwreck. I was now cut off from the company and help of my senior brethren; those grave and holy men who might have safely piloted me aright through a critical navigation; and having the helm left in my own hands, I was become painfully sensible of the difficulties of my situation, which the want of mature and deep experience rendered still more formidable. I will not say, sir, that these reflections occurred to my mind at one period, or that they were all presented as in a mental panorama, during the course of one journey, and that too the first I performed in the way to my destination; but this I will affirm, that a deep sense of

* Dr. Carey.

my unfitness and unpreparedness for so great a work was most painfully present to my mind. Perhaps, in part, my depressing reflections might be superinduced upon the stock of gloomy unbelief, which is frequently disposed to sink, and make the heart sad at the threshold, or onset of a divine career: for even the hearts of the holiest, and best of men, may be in heaviness and fear, by the anticipation of trials, congregated and formidable. The painful musings of my mind, were not a little augmented by the appearance of the country through which I passed; which, save the wild solitary dreariness of a vast wilderness, offered nothing either to charm the eye, or cheer the spirits.

Thus my first journey in North America was both tedious and uncomfortable. I was however going upon a good errand; pleasant scenery and delightful landscapes, may please the mere traveller, but the christian missionary should have a nobler object than the beauties of a flower, the genus of a plant, or the altitude of a mountain. The honour of his master, the salvation of multitudes, and the diffusion of truth and piety, should swallow up every minor consideration. He is sent to save lost men, and whether his lot may be cast upon the deserts of Tartary; the wilds of Missouri; or the snowy cliffs of Caucasus; he should still keep this object in view, and be willing to go to the ends of the earth in order to save perishing sinners. Were we to link eternity to our present mode of thinking and acting; did we keep full in our faith's eye the vivid impression of eternal realities; did we live under the influence of daily anticipated death; how would our zeal brighten, our spiritual-

mindedness increase, and the glory and grandeur of Christ's kingdom appear in their all important light. O ye holy apostles ! who " counted not your lives dear, so that ye might finish your course with joy ; " and ye blessed men who have gone to Greenland, to Labrador, and to Tartary ! Ye have made it evident, that neither the charms of the country, nor the mildness of climate, had any influence on your god-like calculations. It was not a motive that weighed in your minds, whether the vallies were covered with ice, or grass, or sand, so that the " word of God might have free course and be glorified. "

And shall not I, at God and duty's call,
Fly to the utmost limits of the ball ?
Cross the wide sea, along the desert toil ;
Or circumnavigate each Indian isle,
To torrid regions fly, to save the lost,
Or brave the rigours of eternal frost ?
I may, like Brainerd, perish in my bloom,
A group of Indians weeping round my tomb :
I may, like Martyn, lay my burning head,
In some lone Persian hut, or Turkish shed :
I may, like Coke, be buried in the wave :
I may, like Howard, find a Tartar grave :
Or perish, like a Xavier, on the beach,
In some lone cottage out of friendship's reach :
I may—but never let my soul repine ;
" Lo I am with you ; "—heaven is in that line :
Tropic, or Pole, or mild or burning zone,
Is but a step from my celestial throne !

Evangelical Minstrel.

Late in the evening I arrived at Windsor, and was kindly entertained at the house of Mr. Church, a respectable and pious colonist, and here shall take my leave for the present, and am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER V.

Sovereign of worlds display thy power,
 Be this thy Zion's favour'd hour;
 Bid the bright morning star arise,
 And point the nations to the skies.

Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
 On Afric's shores, on India's plains,
 On wilds and continents unknown,
 And be the universe thine own.

Anonymous.

DEAR SIR,

My last letter left me at Windsor, on the way to my mission in the interior of Nova Scotia. Windsor is a small neat town, on a river of the same name; which falls into the basin of Minas, some distance below the town. The town is upon the high road that leads to Annapolis, Royal, and the Bay of Fundy. It is a pleasant and desirable situation, and is surrounded for a few miles, with some of the best land in all the province. The large quarries of gypsum in the neighbourhood make a brisk little trade from this place to the city of St. John. Near the town, upon an eminence, stands the university of British North America,—poor withering plant; this is not the most congenial soil for such an institution: we should never go beyond nature in our calculations; a land of woods may for these forty years to come dispense with such a foundation. The few lawyers, doctors, and clergymen, required for infant colonies can never furnish students for a large university; and those who are probably destined to follow the plough-tail, cut down maple logs, and domicile in the forest, may very well spare a few scraps of Latin and Greek.

The institution was, I am told, also intended for our Colonies in the West Indies ; but alas ! few planters send their yellow offsprings here for education ; a very little literature is necessary where the whip is the only logic, and sensual pleasure the sole element. Cruelty and avarice are seldom found in alliance with learning and genius. The Rev. Mr. Cockrane acted as lecturer, professor and president, with one or two inferior masters under his jurisdiction.

During my stay in Windsor, I had an opportunity of preaching to a respectable little company in a private house. The mission-chapel was a little out of town, and as the weather had become very cold, a dwelling-house was considered preferable. The custom of preaching in private houses prevails much during the winter, through most parts of the province ; many of the little chapels are built in the woods, and being frequently in an unfinished state, and withal not having stoves to warm them, are insufferably cold during four or five months in the year. Formerly, religion flourished in this town, and much good was done, but of late, whether from the want of missionaries, or some other cause, the lovely plant seemed much on the decline, and great indifference, gaiety, and fashion prevailed in its place ; for though there was a church and a small Methodist chapel, I saw little vital christianity ; still there were a few that worshipped God in the spirit, and Mr. Man, who had come up from Halifax, engaged to spend some time at Windsor, Newport, and the neighbourhood, to revive if possible the dying embers of their love and zeal.

After waiting a little while for the packet, I sailed down the Windsor river, and across the Basin of Minas

to my mission. This fine sheet of water is more than one hundred miles in circuit; it receives into its bosom the large rivers Picton and Cobbequid, as well as the Windsor, Horton, Cornwallis, and many others; and then rushing through a narrow and rapid strait, pours its copious tribute of waters into the Bay of Fundy. Here, sir, all is the wildness and grandeur of primeval nature. The dreariness of many parts of this country are beyond description, particularly the sea coasts; the rocks rise with a fearful and abrupt boldness from the edge of the water, so that in foggy weather you may run the bowsprit against them before you are aware, a circumstance which not unfrequently takes place. Within the country there are myriads of acres of uncultivated woodland. O my poor countrymen! could half a million of you, with pious and industrious habits, be transplanted to this part of America, what a garden might you not render it. Under your auspices, trade, commerce, navigation, and religion would flourish; these bays would be spotted with your vessels, these forests would resound with hymns of praise, towns would rise in the wilderness, and these rivers would bear your industry to the various islands of the sea. We should not see as now, a spot scooped here and there out of the vast woods, leaving all the rest a continuous sea of trees.

In three days I arrived at the theatre of my missionary labours; they had long been destitute, hence they received me with much kindness and christian affection; but you will observe, sir, they were not heathens, they were not blacks, I had no strange language to learn; you will ask, how then could I be a missionary? that question I am ready to ask.

myself. He only is a true missionary, who carries his life in his hand, and who "counts it not dear" to sacrifice among savages. He who plunges into the regions of idolatry, and bids defiance to "the rulers of the darkness of the world." The apostles were men of this class; they who first converted the Gauls, the Sythians, the Goths, the Vandals; they who preached the gospel where before the cross was never planted; whose mighty faith in God, lifted them above the fear of danger, and whose disinterested piety raised them superior to every motive but that of doing good. I grant, there is a sense in which every diligent, faithful, and laborious minister of Christ, is a missionary; still, however, not in those higher walks of danger and usefulness that call for the mightiest faith, and the most heroic piety. I found a loving, well-informed, and hospitable people, and I entered upon my mission among them, under few disadvantages beside an humbling sense of my great unfitness for so important a work; and yet, in the beginning of my poor labours, the Lord did not "despise the day of small things," nor did the affectionate people despise my youth and inexperience.

The Westmoreland mission consisted of a chain of settlements, stretching from the river Nappan on the east, to the river Petitcodiac on the west, a distance of about forty miles; it consisted of scattered plantations and villages, many of them newly redeemed from the forest; with vast tracts of marsh land, over which man claimed divided empire with the sea. These settlements were connected together by links of forest, from four to ten miles in extent; in some of which a few settlers demanded our labours, but

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in most of these solitary places, the word of God was scarce, and they had rarely an opportunity of hearing it, except they visited the more populous parts. The places which more especially shared my labours, were Pont de Bute, formerly a French colony ; Sackville, or Tantramar, about ten miles from the former ; in both of these we had neat little chapels, and from these two, as central places, I visited Membrancook, or Dorchester, the banks of the Petitcodiac river, on both sides of which there were settlements. Nappan, which was another extremity of my line of labour : Amherst, Fort Lawrence, Fort Cumberland, Bay de Vert, on the gulf of St. Lawrence ; as the whole sphere of my mission was only about twenty miles from the gulf.

This part of North America forms the boundary Isthmus, between the two provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It is about twelve miles across from sea to sea, which might easily be connected by lengthening the creek of Fort Lawrence, so as to make the whole of Nova Scotia a complete island, and one of the largest in the whole empire. My mission extended about twelve miles into one province, as far as the river Nappan, and between twenty and thirty in the other, as far as Dorchester.

I had arrived at the very worst time of the year, the beginning of winter, hence the roads were become dismally bad ; yet the people came far and near to hear the word : I found some old disciples, who had embraced the truth many years ago in England, and also in the United States. Ah, sir, could you have seen your solitary wanderer in this strange country, on his little white American horse ; sometimes pondering at the edge of a broken floating bridge, musing

with anxious solicitude, how he might pass in safety : at other times posing which of the forest tracts would lead him to the place of his destination ; now sitting in a canoe, while his horse, which he held by the bridle, swam alongside ; all his paraphernalia of study and improvement contained in his saddle-bags ; his mind often poised between hope and fear, whether the badness of the weather and roads would permit the people to assemble ; and perplexed in thought, how, or in what manner he might address them. Some of my trials in preaching arose from the want of previous retirement and prayer ; often from the fighting of dogs, which the settlers brought with them to the place, and not seldom from the smokiness of the room in which the meeting was held ; on some occasions a log school-room. Still, however, amidst all my discouragement, I felt graciously determined to devote myself wholly to the work of my mission ; the spirit of my blessed office fell upon me by degrees ; for though I was much too small for the niche I had to fill, I resolved unceasingly to preach the Lord Jesus, and to cleave to him with full purpose of heart. My frame of spirit in preaching was often tender, and many who attended were graciously moved, though I had to lament, that the word was not as a " nail fastened in a sure place." When my soul was in a sweet loving frame, it appeared as if I had but to speak, and the word would bear down all before it ; but ah, the depravity of the human heart ! Young preachers and missionaries should not be over sanguine, lest want of immediate success overwhelm them with discouragement, as was often the case with me : the " wind bloweth where it listeth ;" duty is ours, effect, impression, success, cometh from God. The

conversion of one soul is worth the labour of a whole life. Many wonder why missionaries are not more successful, but should they not reflect, how patiently ministers at home have to labour with comparatively little fruit! Sinners are not converted under every sermon, even when delivered by the holiest and most eloquent preachers; the shield of unbelief repels the arrows of conviction, and thousands of God's ministers are compelled to exclaim, "who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed."

In the midst of my discouragements, the people treated me with great kindness and affection, they bore with my weakness, youth, and inexperience, and some of the aged and pious nobly held up my hands in the Lord. Frequently a goodly company would ride with me through the woods, to my various appointments; who by singing hymns of praise, gave beautiful reality to those lines,

Lo! the wastes have heard a voice,
Barren deserts now rejoice!

Truly the prophet's words were accomplished, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall blossom as a rose." Forests that were formerly vocal only with the growling of the bear, the croaking of the bull-frog in the swamps, and the yell of the savage Indian, were now consecrated with the voice of praise. In the place of the birch-covered wigwam of the Micmac, the sylvan chapel was seen to raise its head, amid stately pines, towering birch, and sugary maples. Ah, sir, what new creations in foreign lands, has the gospel effected, by the means of humble missionaries. Let

the enemies of missions cast their eyes over our West India plantations, where

Each sunny island of the western main,
 Each orange grove, where bloom and beauty reign ;
 Each fair plantation, river, hill, and dale,
 Where the canes rise, or cedar scents the gale ;
 And negroes swarm along the fervid land,
 Has seen the lovely day-spring from on high,
 The pledge of peace the harbinger of joy.

Let them turn their attention to the islands of the south-sea, where savages embracing the gospel have been moulded to simplicity, industry, truth, and love. Shifting the scene, let them glance an eye towards the Cape of Good Hope, and the interior of southern Africa, what do I see ? a village of Hottentot christians ! what do I hear ! the voice of praise amidst the wildness of the desert ; the decent mission chapel strikes my eye, and every bush is an oratory for prayer. Next let me conduct them to India, have missions performed no transformations there ? yes, even beneath the shades of the mighty temple of Juggernaut, and on the plains of Orissa. The gospel is read in Bengalee, in Sungskiri, in Tamul, in Telinga : In my mind's eye, I see the holy missionary standing amid the bazaar, opening and applying the scriptures to a group of eager and enquiring Hindoos. I see him giving copies of the word of life. I hear it read by the Brahmin at the door of his temple, and by the Mahomedan at the gate of his mosque. I view the millions of India enquiring the path of happiness, and thirsting for the water of life. I next turn my attention to Labrador, to Greenland, to Tartary, where the patient Moravian has planted the cross in fields of ice, and bade the rose of Eden

to bloom amid the dreariness of the desert. Have missions done nothing, sir? What is the whole of christianity? in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in America but the one grand and glorious work of missions. I will beg leave to conclude this letter by a hasty tribute of respect to the memory of that great and good missionary, bishop Heber.

The golden bowl is broken,
And loos'd the silver cord;
And Heber, by this token,
To Eden's bowers hath soar'd;
The soul emancipated,
For evermore is free,
The bishop saint translated,
To a celestial *See*..

What though he cross'd the ocean,
To India's coral strand,
An altar of devotion,
To build in heathen land;
Soon as the holy pastor,
His work of love begun,
'To preach salvation's *shaster*,
His master said "well done."

Flow soft thou mighty river,
From out thy snowy bower,*
Who, who shall now deliver,
The east from errors power?
Cease muse thy plaintive story,
The Lord for ever reigns!
Though Heber's fled to glory,
Light flames o'er Ganga's plains!

I am, with sentiments of respect, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

* Himmaleh Mountains.

LETTER VI.

See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword—he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of his Son .
He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have pass'd away.

Montgomery.

DEAR SIR,

As I did not keep a regular journal, a circumstance which I have often greatly regreted, and which I would most affectionately recommend to all who go upon missions: I can only furnish you with such general outlines as may serve to inform you of the nature of the mission, and some of the difficulties arising out of travelling from place to place in a newly settled forest country. I would not, however, enlarge upon these difficulties with the remotest view of reflecting a single lustre upon the writer of these letters. No, sir, I seek his praise whose eye is on the heart; my record is with him. If my weak efforts in the best of all causes have been beneficial to one soul, it is enough. I trust the "searcher of hearts" knows, that I write these letters to promote the same blessed cause, for which, had I youth and strength, I would gladly employ all my bloom of life, and energy both of mind and body. Should a general history of our missions ever be compiled, these letters may serve to cast some light on our early British American mission. I wish I could so write as never to name myself, without at the same

time exalting my divine master. O that the worm alluded to, might be the scaffolding on which the pious reader may climb to him! I will assure you, I blush, I am ashamed at the meanness, weakness, and sinfulness of those duties, which I here solemnly disclaim as unworthy of the least notice of God or man, and from my heart appeal to the fountain of mercy,

Forgive my crimes, forgive my duties too,
Those lesser faults, half converts to the right.

If in these letters I interweave here and there some remarks upon the country, I hope I shall be excused, as perhaps there is not a country in the British Empire of which less is known than of this part of North America, and I am ashamed to say that a little while before I embarked for these shores, I was completely ignorant of all their grand geographical features, and I am apprehensive, sir, that there are myriads of even well-informed people in this nation, who symbolize with me in this ignorance. At the same time, lest I should promise too much upon this point, it is not my intention of interweaving with these letters things beyond my line. Had my previous knowledge qualified me for such subjects, and my active and constant engagements permitted, I might have made excellent collections in botany, entomology, ornithology, conchology, and many other parts of natural history. Many things which I have seen as rarities in museums and collections, I could easily have accumulated, but I am not particularly sorry that I did not possess this knowledge, as it might have called off my mind from things of more vital importance. I fear, sir, this may be considered by

many as a plea for ignorance ; but however some may blush that missionaries are not in the train of science, the interest of bible truth will lose nothing by their coveting earnestly more excellent things. If I have any regrets upon this head, they arise from the reflection, that a thirst after curious knowledge, and a taste for a variety of books too much damped the sacred flame, and called me off from that singleness of eye, simplicity of intention, and oneness of business, which ought to have been the reigning temper of my mind, and the principle end of my life. To a missionary particularly, the glory of Christ, and the salvation of souls, should be all in all. He is not sent out to make elegant drawings of landscapes, to fill a port-folio with things curious, to stuff birds and animals, to collect insects, shells, and minerals, in order to write a costly and scientific work when he comes home ; his great business is to save souls, and whatever bears not upon this, is irrelevant to his calling. Time devoted to other pursuits is sacrilege upon his precious hours, a departure from his high calling, and a wrong done to the precious souls of those he is sent to bring to God. I do not, I call truth to witness, make these remarks upon the principle of the fable of the fox and the grapes, but from a conviction of soul, that the one great work of a missionary preacher, is to lay (all his time, talents, studies, labours, influence, nay, his whole "body, soul, and spirit," his united man, all he hath, is, and can, under contribution to the glory of his covenant God and Saviour, the building up his church, and the forwarding of his purposes of mercy, wisdom, and love to a lost world : this, sir,

is the true spirit a missionary should breathe; and all beside, "though learned with labour, and acquired with care," though glittering in the eyes of the world, and calculated to enshrine his name with lustre, are but as "dung and dross." "I am determined," said an holy missionary, "to know nothing among you, but Jesus Christ, and him crucified." O to carry the life-giving power in one's soul; to have an unction in one's ministry; to be spiritually-minded;" to "live within the veil;" to speak only "as becometh the oracles of God;" to be "pure in heart," chaste in eye, and "crucified to the world," with its affections and lusts, are what all true missionaries should labour after, as their "special vocation," and principle pursuit. But lest you should think that in these letters I am turning teacher, and censor of my brethren, at whose feet I am not worthy to sit, I will return to the thread of my narrative.

As you are doubtless curious to know in what manner I performed the labours of my missions, the following sketch of my duty will serve as a tolerable clue; I would, however, except some occasions, when I made a tangent from my ordinary duty, by visiting some new place, not within the immediate bounds of my mission: some of these visits I may hereafter note, and I trust the account of them will give relief to the picture. You will perceive, that as far as is practicable upon our missions, we preserve the itinerant plan, a plan which is the *palladium* of Wesleyan Methodism at home; although we no where carry this plan to the extent thought necessary by that ever-to-be-lamented minister of Christ, the late pious and

amiable William Ward, Baptist missionary in Sarampore. His view upon this subject was, that after a missionary had in one place planted a church, he should proceed to the next uncultivated spot, and raising the standard of the cross, endeavour to plant a second, and a third, and so on: this would perhaps be more on the model of the apostles, and our first venerable founder than any other plan; but the present regulations of our connexion, will by no means admit of such an undefined latitude in our labours. When my appointments were on the Lord's day at Pont de Bute, a chapel embowered in the woods; on Monday I rode to Fort Lawrence, and preached in the kitchen of Thomas Roach, esq. On Tuesday I rode to Amherst, and the inhabitants collected in the court-house. On Wednesday I rode to Nappan River; where I put up and preached at Mr. Pike's. On Thursday I returned to another angle of the mission, and preached at the house of squire Wells, a pious magistrate and truly excellent man. On Friday I returned to my worthy friend's, Mr. William Trueman, at Pont de Bute, my usual home, and on Saturday prepared to cross the marsh to Sackville or Tantramar, to be there on the Lord's day. This journey sometimes cost me trouble, and exposed me to danger and peril; as the marsh was frequently (from the overflowing of the water) a complete sea, and the danger of crossing it was great, owing to the various creeks and deep dykes which intersected it in all directions. At these seasons I was obliged to have a guide, who rode before me with a long pole in his hand, which as the waters were muddy, he frequently plunged to the bottom, some distance

before him, to ascertain the vicinity and direction of the creeks or dykes, into which, if we had unawares plunged, our lives might have been endangered. In this manner, I had to cross six or seven miles of overflowed marsh, but thanks to my preserving God, he taught me to sing

In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see.

I usually preached at Sackville on the Lord's day, when on the western side of the marsh, and on Monday set off through the woods on my rout to Membrancook, or Dorchester, the western extremity of my mission. In this settlement I sometimes preached in one place and sometimes another, to meet the scattered state of the inhabitants. On Wednesday or Thursday I usually returned through the forest to Dorchester. This was one of my most dreary journeys, as I had to ride twelve miles of miserable road through a dreary wilderness; but this, sir, is thought nothing of in America. In these woods Zimmerman might have realized his solitude to perfection. Not the solitude of an elegant and retired villa, in the vicinity of some populous city; but a loneliness which probably would have extorted even from him,

O solitude where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?

There is, sir, a solitary loneliness in the woods of America, to which no language can do adequate justice. It seems a shutting out of the whole moral creation; a silence and separation from all noise, save the rustling of the leaves, and from all objects but the lofty trees, whose umbrageous foliage shut

out half the day ; a solitude that turns the mind full upon itself, as though you were the only object in creation ; where there is nothing to disturb the communion of the mind with its own thoughts, or to divert it from intercourse with the God of nature and redemption. How might the pensive and melancholy Cowper have realized his own favourite wish,

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!
Some boundless contiguity of shade !

I cannot here omit mentioning, a particular mercy of divine providence, which happened as I was one day passing this dreary portion of wilderness : in going down a steep hill, my horse threw me over his head ; and as I fell chiefly on my side and face, I was bruised and shook in a dreadful manner, and for some minutes, hardly knew whether my life and mission were not both about to terminate. After the severe stunning had subsided, I got upon my feet, but my horse had run away, and was at some distance in the same direction I was going. Night was coming on, and what I should do, I knew not. I had nearly eight miles of the wood to pass, and that a miserable road : I had an appointment to preach the same night, was much bruised and withal weighed down, and impeded with my boots, and a heavy top-coat. In this dilemma, however, the hand of God appeared in my behalf, and sent to my aid two men, who were coming through the forest in an opposite direction. By their timely assistance, I was enabled to catch my horse, which remounting, I rode to my appointment, and preached away most of my soreness, stiffness, and fatigue ;

though the bruises on my face were some time before they got well. Some sir, may smile at the relation of what they may deem a trivial incident; but perhaps it may not occur to them, that the "hairs of our head are numbered," and that as nothing is too mighty, so neither is any thing too minute, for the interference of divine providence.

Like the circumambient air, creation's lucid robe,
 Providence with tender care, encircles all the globe;
 Every mystic link of love, in that golden chain I see,
 Reaching from the throne above, and touching even me.

I mentioned above, that I arrived in time to preach at the house of my worthy friend, Mr. John Fawcett, at the upper end of the Tantrammar settlement: himself and his brother William, two worthy old English farmers, were staunch friends to the mission; they had been long settled in the country and had brought their religion with them across the atlantic ocean. At the house of the latter, I had many seasons of comfort and profit; they were truly godly people, of the good old English stamp, and with his two sons and daughter-in-law, greatly held up my hands, and ministered to my wants. It is often a blessedly adapted provision of providence, that such persons are raised up for the comfort of foreign missionaries. Christian friendship in such remote scenes, is like a stream in the desert, or the fragrant oil poured upon the head of the Jewish high-priest. At the house of Mr. Fawcett, jun. lived a young woman who was deeply pious, and exemplary in all her deportment, who sometime before this, had lain three days and nights in a trance, and had seen and heard things of which she seldom would speak, but the vision

whatever it was, had left the deep impression of seriousness stamped upon her whole behaviour. I am, dear sir, with sentiments of respect and esteem,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

O'er a dark and a slumbering world,
For ages involved in gloom ;
The banner of light is unfurl'd,
A summer of glory shall bloom :

And truth like the silvery ray
That springs from the womb of the morn,
Is shedding the twilight of day,
O'er regions benighted and lorn :

A light from the stars as they move,
A soft silent radiance shall fall,
But the Lamb in his glory and love,
Transcends and eclipses them all.

Author.

DEAR SIR,

IN the preceding letter, I endeavoured to give you some information on the subject of my first missionary appointment, particularly in relation to the routine of labour. In the present, I will endeavour to supply some detail, that may cast more light on the features of our North American missions. I have no doubt, but the time will ere long arrive, when we shall probably have to take under our missionary care, the whole of that extensive country, of which, at present, we hardly know the boundaries. A great part of Upper Canada is now under the care

of our dear brethren, belonging to the United States connexion; they have not "laboured in vain," in that vast province. Along the north-western shores of Lake Ontario, prosperous missions have been established; at Augusta, Bay of Quinte, Smith's Creek, Young Street, Niagara, Ancaster, Long Point, and Detroit, they have formed mission openings. The American preachers are from their earliest habits admirably adapted to cultivate a wilderness country: they are active, laborious, and patient; they publish the same free and full salvation; they have nothing to cramp their zeal; and had they funds equal to their capacities, there are no difficulties which they might not surmount, in spreading the blessed gospel throughout the whole extent of that vast region. Still, however, in the event of a war between this country and the United States, (which may divine providence prevent) truth compels me to say, that their loyalty to their own government and country, might be put to a painful test, were they required to take the oath of allegiance to a British sovereign: and without this, they would probably be disqualified from spreading their missions in Upper Canada. During the late unhappy war, they were greatly cramped by the above circumstance; and in some cases, had to leave their missions and stations destitute. Thus, sir, it is probable, that at no distant period, we may have the whole of British America under our care; even by the cordial consent of our transatlantic brethren. In which view, should these letters survive the common wreck of ephemeral publications; they may furnish some useful hints to those young brethren who may hereafter go as missionaries to any British part of the new world.

While upon the Westmoreland station, it was my practice to spend the disposable portion of any vacant days I had, in visiting from house to house. In all countries, pastoral visits are important, but in none more so than in British America : there the people are thinly scattered, a visit is equal to a sermon ; especially when religious conversation and prayer are interwoven. Preachers who visit, are sure to be popular ; great talents in the pulpit, are not such a magnet there as in England ; but visiting from house to house, embalms a preacher in the people's affections, and were I to return to that country, I would divide most of my time between pastoral visits, private prayer, and public labour. O sir, when I consider the flaming zeal, and amazing usefulness of those great and good men, Wesley, Whitfield, and Doctor Coke, how they flew from place to place, I blush, and am ashamed, that I have consumed so much time in the mere mental gratification of private study ; the temptation to which (though often under another guise) might after all, be nothing more than a finely woven net to catch the smile of popular applause. Unless in the proportion of one to ten, very studious men are the last that should be selected for missionary engagements. It was my custom on this mission, after I had done preaching, to speak to the society one by one, and other serious persons who might choose to stop, and as some who came from far brought their refreshments with them, and either eat them in the chapel or the yard, that they might stop for the afternoon preaching ; my speaking to them formed a profitable link, connecting the two services. In the evening, I sometimes preached at my lodgings to

as many as the house would contain, of persons living in the same settlement, and contiguous farms. The chapels in this part of the province were not generally used in the evening, as the bulk of the people live at too great a distance from them, often from five to ten miles.

I have much cause of gratitude for my first station, as it placed me in the neighbourhood of many of the old settlers, by whose means the gospel was first introduced. O sir, what a blessing it is! when a man carries his religion to a strange country with him, and his first business is to build an altar to the Lord, and then worship. I doubt some who are in the habit of travelling, make fearful inroads upon their souls, by leaving their consciences at home. It was not so with these settlers. Among the few pious emigrants from Yorkshire, who first transplanted themselves to these *wolds, which were as destitute of religion as of cultivation, was a Mr. Newton, this good man was the patriarch of the new settlements he established prayer-meetings, by which a concern for religion was awakened among many of the first settlers; the flame spread wider and wider, and many who left England, only to obtain "the meat that perishes," found in addition, the "bread of everlasting life." Mr. William Black, whose father, a respectable farmer, had emigrated from Huddersfield in Yorkshire, was among our pious colonists, or to speak more correctly, was at this time brought to the knowledge of divine things, and though a very young man, the great head of the church entrusted him with excellent gifts, which being directed and influenced by the hallowing principle, soon rendered him the chief speaker in this little colonial church.

* Westmoreland and Cumberland.

To this truly excellent man, who may probably never see these lines, or again grasp the hand that writes them; I would here render a testimony of my warmest and heart-dictated gratitude; by his more than brotherly kindness, I was most judiciously directed in this early noviciate of my ministry. I have scores of his excellent and instructive letters in my hands, which bear testimony to his prudent counsel and paternal care. Mr. Black has for many years been a laborious missionary in these colonies, and more than any other man, well merits the title of "Apostle of Nova Scotia." He has been the father of the Wesleyan work, and by his ministry, and those who co-operated with him, the gospel has been preached from Cape Canso to Cape Sable, and from Halifax to the Gulph of St. Lawrence. Blessed man, my heart is united to thine! may we finally meet on the calm shores of eternity, where there is no sea to separate, and adieus and farewells pass the lips no more. But to return, I was speaking of the first settlers, some of whom, at this period of my mission had gone to their reward; but several of their children had embibed their parents' spirit, and possessed much of the divine life; among these I preached wherever a door opened, or else spent my time in pastoral visits; these were precious seasons of spiritual refreshment, the remembrance of them is sweet. I did not, it is true, see much visible fruit in the conversion of groups; but professors were much quickened, and now and then a soul found the pearl of great price; our sylvan oratories were filled with the presence of God, and I have often felt

"The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

My social visits among the people were both profitable and pleasant, and I was often led to think, I had fallen into the niche intended for me by a kind providence. Probably, there is no people in the world more kind than the inhabitants of British North America; for though a missionary to this country has to bear hardness from the weather, from the difficulty of travelling, especially in winter, from the great difference in his accommodations, and from other natural causes; yet in relation to the kindness of the people, unless they are greatly changed, each house he enters is the hall of hospitality, and in unaffected christian kindness, many who entertain him are justly entitled to the appellation of Gaius or Philemon. And I do not think that there is a place in the world, where a missionary, if faithful, might live more happily than in North America. If his heart glow with zeal, and he desires to do good, the field is large that invites his attention. If his disposition be friendly, the social affections of the people will pay him large interest for his capital. If his means be moderate, provisions are cheap. The little foxes that in England consume so many of the grapes, do not there exist; they pay no taxes, they give no tythes, the duties upon imported articles are very small, the means of living are in the hands of all who will labour: a lover of retirement may realize all the pleasures of Zimmerman's Solitude, or Bate's Rural Philosophy: a lover of creation may here admire her primeval grandeur,

Where rais'd sublime on her unpolish'd throne,
Wild nature reigns unrival'd and alone,

And the man of God, in the silence of the forest,
may shut out the world and its vanities, may have

one of his three grand enemies put out of the combat; while in devout contemplation, he realizes the presence of a God of Love tranquilizing his spirit; sees around him by an eye of faith, the opening heavens shedding their selectest influence, and taking hold of the promises by prayer, draws himself up to God, and draws down upon his head, a stream of glory, and a shower of grace.

As a set off to the above, your correspondent had to cross deep and rapid rivers in miserable log canoes, when in order that the frail bark might not upset, I had to squat at the bottom on a little straw, while the worthy boatman paddled me over. I had frequently to face the keen north-wester, and the blinding snow-drift. Sometimes my lodging was a cottage in the wilderness. I had often to ride over broken and floating bridges. I will explain this, a number of logs are laid over a deep creek, or the narrow part of a lake, these are nailed to transverse beams, which extend from side to side, still floating upon the water; hence, should any of the logs get loose, there is a fearful gap, which in crossing a deep creek, is calculated to dash a fear in the face of weak faith, and compel a timid traveller to wish that he had stayed at home. He must however cross it, he has to preach the gospel a few miles distant on the opposite side. I know, sir, these are nothing compared to what some undergo, when the magnet is science, gold, or fame; and shall a minister of Christ count any service, sufferings, or sacrifice too great, when the honour of his God, the glory of his Redeemer, and the salvation of immortal men are concerned. I should blush to mention these things, were it not to give you an

exact portrait of a North American mission. Let none be sent out "who are afraid to die," said a zealous American preacher, who was labouring in the Indian territory, in the interior of the United States; and who having sent to the Conference for a helper, informed his brethren that the Indians in those parts murdered all the white people they could surprise. O sir! how pleasing the thought, that the kingdom of Christ will come, and every minute effort made to promote it, is a mite cast into the general treasury. As you have sometimes expressed your approbation of my poor verses, I will conclude this with an effusion that is the true language of my soul:

O'er the green earth long benighted,
Truth, shall like a morning star,
Shine on lands for ages blighted,
Shed its radiance wide and far.

Watchmen say the morning cometh,
Lo! it gilds the mountain peaks;
Moral spring in beauty bloometh,
Lustre all the orient streaks.

In his chariot love-paved,
Jesus shall to earth descend;
Millions of the heathen saved,
Lowly at his footstool bend.

Verdant isles in either tropic,
On the mild Immanuel call;
Grace and mercy all their topic,
Rich and free and full for all!

Evangelical Minstrel.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Life's river of crystal shall every where flow,
Till flowerless deserts a paradise grow;
And wilds bleak and barren, burst out in the glory,
Predicted by seers, in prophetic story.

Evangelical Minstrel.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE my return to England, I have frequently been asked questions relative to the Indians in North America; under the idea, that at least a part of my labours was employed in their conversion; and so much did this idea prevail, even in the large and populous town of Liverpool, that when we were about to embark from that port to Nova Scotia; our pious brethren prayed in the public chapels, that we might be rendered useful to the poor savages. As it is necessary to rectify this error, I know not a more suitable time than the present, and will here observe, once for all, that the Wesleyan missions in North America, are not 'missions to Indians of the country, but to the colonists, or settlers; and that such is the claim of the whites on our entire labours, that no avenue is opened for devoting any portion of our attention to them. I have already remarked, that there are comparatively few Indians in this part, perhaps not more than two or three thousand in the whole province. As you have in other works read much upon the appearance of these children of the forest, and have frequently offered up the prayer

"The dark American convert,
And shine in every pagan heart."

I need not pourtray their physiognomy in this place. In relation to their moral character, I would observe, that in all the intercourse I had with them, I found them harmless, civil, and intelligent. I have sometimes met groups of them in the recesses of the forest, where if their propensities had been savage, they might have murdered me with the greatest security; but save the aversion my horse felt to the smell of bear's grease, with which they often anoint themselves, I was never on any occasion disturbed by them. I have frequently entered their wigwams, and purchased their porcupine quill boxes, which they contrive to dye a variety of lively colours, and to finish in a neat and elegant manner. Their canoes, which are also of their own manufacturing, are models of beauty, and withal so buoyant, that you are in the utmost danger of being tossed out, unless you balance yourself with the greatest care. Their mode of living is truly wretched, as well as precarious, as it depends chiefly upon what they take in hunting and fishing; in the last, they are singularly adroit, in spearing salmon by torch-light. The game they take in the woods are moose or elk, bears, foxes, martins, otters, beavers, musk rats, lucifees, and porcupines, as well as wild geese, ducks, partridges, pigeons, &c. &c. They generally eat the animal, reserving the skin for sale. Their process of cooking is both summary and disgusting; as a specimen, take the following: they take a salmon, and just as it comes from its native element, they put it on live coals, and when half broiled, they fall to, and eat the whole animal. In this manner they devour dogs, cats, rats, and many other animals. As long as they have any thing to eat, they keep a large pot boiling in

their wigwams. After eating they smoke, then lie down, or should they rise in the night, they fall upon the contents of the great pot, and then smoke and lie down again. Their general appearance, is the most wretched and squalled imaginable. They seem in nastiness, to symbolize with the filthiest of the Hottentots. Their females seldom wear anything but a ragged dirty blanket, thrown over their shoulders; a jacket is made of the same materials for the men, with mockesons, made of the skins of the animals they kill, to cover their feet. Their wigwams, or temporary sheds, (for they migrate from place to place) are made of the boughs of convenient trees, curved downward, and fastened in the earth and then covered with the bark of the birch tree. Their whole stock of furniture consists of their canoes, a great pot, a kettle, and some few trifles. Their arms are a musket, a knife, and a tomahawk. In this manner, you sometimes meet a group of them in the woods. The man with his musket and dog, a pipe in his hat, a knife in his belt, where also he places his tomahawk. His wife, or squaw, with a little wooden box strapped round her shoulders, in which she carries her papouse or child; sometimes one carries the canoe, which being made of birch bark desterously stitched together, is not too heavy to be borne upon the head. Their intercourse with the Canadian Indians has given them some notion of the Roman Catholic superstition, hence they wear beads, rosaries, and crucifixes. As far as I could learn, in my frequent conferences with them, the object of their devout superstition is the Virgin Mary, and to her they direct their prayers. Sometimes they repair to the priests, at the different

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stations, for pardon and absolution ; and doubtless, the holy fathers make a profitable trade of their intercourse with these children of nature. It must, however, be confessed, to the honour of the Romish clergy, that their zeal to convert these poor outcasts to a gaudy superstition, exceeds that of other ministers to convert them to true piety. I have been credibly informed, that an estate left by the honourable Mr. Boyle, is, or should be, devoted to this purpose. If the church missionaries receive an annual stipend for this, it is a pity they do not take some pains with these poor creatures. I rejoice to see that our Committee, have lately appointed a missionary to labour among the Esquimaux, on the Labrador coast. May the blessing of the God of missions rest upon this attempt ; and may it be the happy beginning of many a blessed undertaking, to evangelize the whole north-west region of America, from Hudson's Bay, to the shores of the Pacific ocean.

But to return, the field of labour which our North American missionaries have to cultivate, independent of the Indians, requires all their time, piety, and zeal ; and even after all, whoever knows the nature of the country, will regret that " the harvest is so great, and the labourers so comparatively few." The difficulties of a new country, thinly settled, and covered with vast forests, lakes, rivers, bays, and inlets of the sea, cannot easily be comprehended. There are many settlers, who are so deep in the recesses of the wilderness, that they need a distinct journey to come at their habitations. There are others, along the intervals of unfrequented rivers, whom you can only visit by boat excursions ; and then only in the summer months. In the winter, the ice affords a solid

bridge ; still, however, they are difficult of access ; and nothing less than a yearning pity for their souls, and an ardent zeal for the glory of the Redeemer, will give to missionary zeal, that resolute and determined tone, so indispensable to surmount difficulties. Many are settled along the shores of bays and creeks, far remote from old settlements, and regular roads, and almost cut off from the rest of the world. Yet these children of nature's solitudes, are the sheep in the wilderness ; and who shall "care for their souls ?" Who shall carry them the bread of life ? Who shall visit their lonely settlements ? to which the purest love to souls can be the sole attraction : I answer, the Wesleyan missionaries, under the patronage and protection of the British Conference. They have penetrated these solitary wilds—they have plunged into the depths of these vast forests—they have carried the light of salvation into these desolate and umbrageous retreats. In writing thus, I mean not to pronounce a panegyric on my brethren ; what they have done, comes far below the original standard of missionary zeal, and greatly short of the heroic labours of many others. Alas ! sir, the most zealous among us, are but as drones in comparison of that "burning and shining light," the apostle Paul ; the lustre of whose great example, casts into shade our tiny light. Still, however, in this new world, God has condescended to honour their labours, and when the great records of eternity are unfolded, I doubt not, it will be found, that thousands gathered from these woods, will rise up to call them blessed, and even now

Full many a cottage which the woods emboss,
Hails with delight these heralds of the cross ;

Smiles, artless unbought smiles, their coming greet,
 Smiles such as only faithful pastors meet :
 And oft beneath the interwoven trees,
 Whose rustling leaves make music to the breeze,
 The gospel spreads such joyous notes around,
 As makes the sylvan temple holy ground,
 And kneeling on the grass, with streaming eyes,
 Crowds take the pledge, that farewell love supplies.

O sir ! preaching in the forest to listening crowds, and giving the symbols of atoning love, beneath the shade of over-arching trees, is one of those divine luxuries, a missionary to these regions may be often called to partake ; this hallowed delight, in the fine weather of summer, I have enjoyed in its purity ; and even at this distance, the recollection of these delightful opportunities, I feel it a pleasure to indulge and dwell upon.

Winter had now set in, with all its rigours, still I endeavoured to keep my various appointments at the different branches of the mission. Those who are accustomed only to the cold of England, will find it difficult to conceive, the intense severity of the winters in Nova Scotia ; the snow is sometimes from four to six feet deep on the ground ; the ice upon the rivers, is two feet thick ; the cold penetrates the warmest rooms, and on some occasions is so piercing, that the warmest clothes will hardly prevent you, if much exposed, from becoming torpid. It often freezes to death those who lose their way in the woods, or get bewildered in the thick and blinding fury of a snow-drift. For such severity, my constitution had not yet the proper seasoning ; hence, in the midst of my labours, I was attacked with a most severe cold, which fell upon my lungs, first with a deep hoarseness, and a violent cough. These, had I been prudent, by a timely application of means

and attention, might have been removed; but an anxiety to supply my appointments, and an imprudence in resuming my labours before I was half recovered, gave the finishing stroke to my indisposition, and laid the foundation of a wound in my constitution, I may carry with me to the grave. I had laid by a little at my worthy friend Mr. Truemans, at Pont de Bute; but feeling a little better, on the Lord's day, I ventured out to preach, at the nearest chapel; on my return I was taken with violent shiverings, and these were succeeded by burning fever, certain indications of some formidable mischief in the system. I had now to take my bed in good earnest, to which, and my room, I was confined eight weeks. My disorder was an inflammation on the lungs, attended with spitting of blood, which reduced me to a mere skeleton, and brought me to the porch of the immortal world. During this affliction, I had an experimental proof of the power of religion. The evidence of my sonship and adoption was truly clear; I felt I could resign all into the hands of God, who took from my mind all solicitude and anxiety, and gave me sweetly to rest in him. Peace of conscience, patience under the affliction, and an unshaken reliance upon the friend of sinners, made my thorn to put forth many a rose, such as sweet communion with Jesus; the ravishing manifestations of whose love to my soul, exceeded all my previous ideas of spiritual enjoyment. My room was an Eden, and my bed appeared as the vestibule of heaven. I could have been willing to bear an age of suffering, for such an heaven of enjoyment. Pain and weakness did not prevent my weeping for joy, and praising God

all the day long. I could challenge him to redeem the pledges of his love, I had given to others, and he did redeem them; I had not gone too far in holding forth his truth, love, and faithfulness, as a refuge in the time of need.

With the "comfort wherewith I had comforted others," the Lord plentifully watered my own soul. In this time of trouble, "he led me to his pavilion." He hid me in the "secret of his presence," and though deeply and utterly unworthy of his mercy, "made all his goodness to pass before me." At first the affliction was a great trial to my faith, and reason, I had but just entered as it were upon the threshold of my mission, "my sun seemed to be going down in the morning of my days." Had I crossed the ocean only to die in a foreign land? to be cut off in the outset of my mission; far from my native country, separated from my brethren in the ministry, among comparative strangers, in the midst of a wintery wilderness, and with but indifferent medical aid. Ah! how few can conceive the painfulness of such a situation; nevertheless, I had abundant reason to be thankful. I found a home and hiding-place in God. Brethren of the tenderest hearts, even among strangers; and the comfort of the Holy Spirit, were rich cordials to my soul. The following lines, written under a subsequent affliction, will with equal truth, express my reliance upon the promises and mercy of God in this visitation. They were penned as a paraphrase upon the words of Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Place me where the orb of day,
With destructive fervour glows;

Where the burning breezes play,
 And the golden orange grows:
 Still I will, I dare believe;
 "Mercy, judgment, sweetly sing!"
 Yellow fevers, ask his leave,
 Ere they taint health's vital spring.

Land me on some barren rock,
 Round which scowling tempests rail;
 Where the screaming sea-mew flock,
 Or the plaintive bittern quail:
 Still, 'mid every sad extreme,
 In my God, alone I'll trust,
 Love, shall every pledge redeem;
 Life inspire my fainting dust.

Let my nerves with torture thrill,
 Let my throbbing bosom swell;
 Pain is balm to curb the will;
 Grief dissolves earth's magic spell:
 I will trust and nobly dare,
 Though my shrinking flesh complain,
 God is truth, and hears my prayer,
 Love, and will assuage my pain!

Rosy joy may quit my breast,
 Surging sorrow overwhelm,
 Patience, scarce abide the test;
 Reason, abdicate the helm:
 One by one my friends retire,
 Soothing sympathy restrain,
 Still, I'll trust him in the fire,
 Love him in the floods of pain.

Let me in a Greenland gloom,
 Desolation's darling clime,
 Where no vernal violets bloom,
 Count the leaden steps of time;
 In that outhouse of the globe,
 Step-dame nature orphan'd heir,
 I will trust with holy Job,
 Trust Him, and feel summer there

I am, dear sir, affectionately,

Yours, &c.

LETTER IX.

Where mild Hesper, lovely star,
 Glances o'er the western world ;
 Holy heralds wide and far,
 Have the banner cross unfurl'd :
 They have bid the desert bloom,
 Where the wild-fowl build their nest,
 And the sea-fog spreads a gloom,
 O'er yon island in the west.*
 In the wilderness a voice,
 Soft and sweet, yet loud and clear,
 Bids † New Scotland's wilds rejoice ;
 They have taught salvation there.

Amusements of a Mission.

DEAR SIR,

MY last letter left me in the furnace of affliction, a good school for those who have to symbolize and suffer with Christ ; for if to believe, love, and suffer, be the enamelled trio of a follower of Jesus, much more are they the jewelled badge of a faithful missionary. How precious is that promise, "to you it is given, not only to believe, but to suffer ;" wherefore, "lift up the hands that hang down, and confirm the feeble knees." Ah, sir ! how many poor suffering saints, "are writing bitter things against themselves," while they pore over the dark volume of unbelief ; and are casting many a melancholy glance, over the long catalogue of past unfaithfulness ; every item in which, is fringed with a black rim of ingratitude to the best of masters, the kindest Saviour, and the truest friend. Ah, sir ! we are like Joseph's

* Newfoundland.

† Nova Scotia.

brethren, we think in our troubles, our sin has found us out; not considering, that we are thereunto appointed; and that we must have "this baptism of fire," as well as that of the Holy Ghost. In this furnace, so many were my comforts, that I could not symbolize with patient, labouring, zealous, suffering Xavier; who had for his motto, "forsaken of all men, dying in a cottage." I had not thy strength of mind, thy vigour of grace, thy holy, mortified, subdued, and elevated spirit; hence, my merciful father gave his helpless infant nourishing milk: for though this affliction was "as the gate of heaven" to my soul, yet I could not ascribe these luminous comforts to any remarkable antecedent faithfulness; nor yet, to deep and profound experience in divine things. I was but a young pilgrim, a babe in grace, and as it respected ministerial growth, just in my infancy. To what cause then, was it, that I was so much cheered, comforted, supported, and borne up? To what, but the boundless goodness of my gracious Saviour, who "not according to my works of righteousness," but according to the counsel of his own will, gratuitously bestowed these blessings upon a poor, weak, and forlorn creature. Perhaps, in a secondary point of view, the following reasons might influence the divine compassion: I was just entering upon an important career of duty, and being stopped at the threshold, might have sunk into dejection, had not God, wonderfully and graciously supported me. I had, when I embarked in the undertaking, stipulated for no exemption from the cross, come in what shape soever it might. I was well aware, that the soldier of the cross must "prepare for trials," and my heart said,

Did I but purpose to embark with thee,
On the smooth surface of a summer sea ?
And then to leave the ship and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar.

In my first stages of experience, I had tasted much of the sweetness of religion, and walked in the enjoyment of serene unclouded light ; but now the Lord gave me a deeper and more delicious draught, though mixed up with suffering, to prepare me for the blessed work, to which, in humility, I had good reason to think and believe his providence had called me. Till this time, I was partially a stranger to the deep mysteries of sanctifying love ; but now I had an inward witness, that he had " sprinkled clean water upon me, and cleansed me from all my idols, and from all my filthiness." And if " perfect love casting out all fear ;" invincible patience, humility, and meekness, were sure signs ; these were wrought in my heart by the Holy Spirit.

The friends watched my bed with affectionate attention, and marked every step of my disorder with the tender anxiety of christian friendship. Prayer was made for my recovery in all the different settlements connected with the mission, and the minds of the people were remarkably affected, looking upon the affliction as a dispensation of judgment for their past unfaithfulness to God. I had now an opportunity of examining myself, (" a sick bed is a detector of the heart") in relation to my motives and views in undertaking this mission ; and truly I found, upon examination, good reason to conclude, that my principles, intentions, and aims, were not altogether unworthy the sacred ministry. I had not come to this wilderness region, in quest of either gold, honour, or ease, but with an humble desire to serve God, and seek the

wandering souls of men. In the early part of my illness, I was uncertain what the Lord was about to do with me, till this text was applied to my mind with weight and sweetness ; " I shall not die, but live, and declare the work of the Lord : " and although I was by no means anxious to live, yet the prospect gradually opened, that I should recover, and continue to labour in the delightful work. I was, during this sickness, greatly led to meditate upon the blessed truths of the gospel, each of which, shone with new evidence upon my soul, and brought along with it, some divine consolation. Never did the Redeemer of men, and the ministry of reconciliation, appear either so lovely, desirable, or important, as upon this occasion ; hence, if a wish for recovery would sometimes steal across my mind, it was while reflecting upon the precious love of Christ to sinners. I desired to have life lengthened out, only to " preach him to all, and cry in death, behold, behold, the Lamb." Nothing gave me greater consolation, than the supreme and eternal divinity of the blessed Redeemer. To me, this presented such a rock of confidence, and fountain of comfort, that I could have staked my eternal all upon this grand truth ; " a truth so grand, t'were bold to think it true, if not far bolder still to disbelieve." If St. Athanasius, in addition to the testimony of holy record upon this point, which is full and explicit, had such an internal evidence, as at this time shone upon my spirit, I do not wonder at the bold, decided, and persevering stand he made against arianism ; nor yet, that he should call this direful and pestiferous error, " the sin against the Holy Ghost." The divinity of Christ appeared to me; the key-stone of the beautiful arch of christianity ; the

centre of union, and palladium of the whole system. For if we rob Christ of his glory, by tearing this noble jewel from the creed, what is there in revealed religion, but a farrago of idolatry, or a system of deism?

During my illness, some of my friends from the different parts of the mission, came to visit me, and upon one occasion, as the room was full, I requested to be propped up in bed, that I might once more have the pleasure of preaching a crucified Saviour. It was a most solemn and affecting hour, sighs, tears, weeping, and prayer, pervaded the little audience, and truly it was "a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." After a confinement of eight weeks, the Lord was pleased to give a favourable turn to my disorder; the spitting of blood, cough, and fever abated. He raised me from the bed of languishing, he snatched me from the grave. I had more work to perform in his blessed vineyard, the "appointed time was not fully come," the graces of the spirit, had not been wrought out to their trial and proof. I had still more experience to gain, of the love, truth, faithfulness, and wisdom of the blessed God. May the Redeemer grant, that whenever the moment arrives, the best wine may be kept till the last; my heart's prayer is,

Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus in death, remember me!

As my strength recruited, I longed to resume the blessed work of my mission, to which I now seemed to have a new commission from the blessed Jesus, and a new anointing with the oil of gladness; O that my heart may always be as deeply en-

gaged in the things of God, as it was at this time. The first sermon preached after my recovery, was with "the Holy Ghost sent down from above," the hardest hearts were smitten, as when a rock is broken to pieces by the strokes of a mighty hammer; and the excitement to bursts of weeping was difficult to be suppressed: surely God enabled me to speak as a dying man to dying men. In looking back upon this short portion of my mission, what a rapid succession of events crowd through my mind;—whirled over the Atlantic ocean,—inured in the interior woods of North America,—my lot cast among perfect strangers,—a poor solitary man,—a wide and vast sphere of usefulness opened,—my heart enlarged as a mighty man, to run the race of duty, yet suddenly stopped short in my career; cast upon a bed of pain and sickness, and yet here I find the power of religion; friends who never saw me till of late, minister to my comfort, weep around my bed, and importune heaven with prayers for my recovery. What have I learned in these forests, and upon this bed of affliction? I have learned that the blessed God is every where, in the void waste, as in the city full! I have learned that there is mercy in every place! I am, I trust, more prepared for my mission. This affliction has been a crucible; much dross rose to the surface, and the fire swept it away. The people seem to set a greater value on my poor labours, and consider me as alive from the dead—as raised in answer to prayer. Many came from far to see me, and when they had "seen the grace of God," they were comforted. I was too far, considering it was the depth of winter, for any of my brethren in the ministry, either to know, visit, or sympathize with

me, so I had none but God to lean upon; but did I regret that I came to America to seek the lost sheep in the wilderness? Ah no! my language was, my talents, gifts, and graces, Lord, into thy gracious hands receive; and let me live to preach thy word, and let me to thy glory live. However weak my graces were before, I had now a deeper baptism in the "fountain of eternal love." God thus set to his seal, and the deep impression is still upon my spirit, that I am a child of God. O sir, I wish I could tell you these things without speaking of my vile self, but I do it not, "God is my record," that any shadow of praise may be cast upon the worm that writes. Ah, sir, if it were proper in these letters, to lay open my weakness, my unfaithfulness, my pride of heart, my sinful self-seeking, my slothfulness and want of self-denial, the vile lurking enmity of my nature to a life of strict godliness, the base proneness to a man-pleasing spirit, the sinful self-complacency in God's gifts, as though they were mine; the desire of human praise, &c. &c., what a melancholy catalogue could I furnish, as a set-off for any little good the blessed Lord made me the instrument of effecting. I would say, "know all men by these presents," that I renounce, abhor, and detest the thought, of making myself prominent in the present narrative, except only as a pen, the blessed God might condescend to write with.

I am, dear sir, affectionately,

Yours, &c.

LETTER X.

Now brighter and brighter the heavens appear,
 And missions, and bible, and pastors abound;
 'Tis the "golden age" spring; the sabbatical year,
 And "Paradise lost" in the gospel is found.

O England, my country! beloved and blest;
 This latter-day glory in thee is begun;
 Already thy rays, have illumin'd the west;
 And far to the east, shall thy silver light run!

Evangelical Minstrel.

DEAR SIR,

A little after my recovery, and early in the month of March, 1801, I visited Ramshag, a settlement on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, whose inhabitants were chiefly old Acadian French, or emigrants from the United States of America, who having left that country after the war of 1776, had quietly spread themselves along the western shores of British America. In travelling to this settlement, I had to pass through fifty or sixty miles of wilderness, by a path chiefly marked out by *blazed* trees; these are notches cut in the bark with an axe, in the direction you have to pass. The first persons who travel the wilderness have a compass, and steer by that, and for the benefit of those who come after, they blaze or notch the trees as they pass along. If I mistake not, Mr. Wesley travelled by the dint of a blaze, in his journey from Savannah to Charleston. In this path, I had however, a good guide and companion, Mr. John Black, the brother of the mis-

sionary; who having crossed the forest in the same direction, understood the blazed trees much better than myself. In our first day's journey, we came to a birch bark-covered log hut, in the midst of the wilderness; which to all appearance seemed more like poverty-hall, than the habitation of plenty. Here we took up our abode for the night, and standing in need of refreshment, the worthy mistress of the mansion prepared her materials for the tea-table. I would here beg leave to remark, that in most parts of British America, however plain and humble the style of their buildings, and the appearance of these, is sometimes wretched beyond description, their mode of living by no means corresponds with their houses; you find abundance of the substantial blessings of life; as milk, butter, cheese, eggs, fowls, fish, salted meats, dried and preserved fruit; vegetables in the greatest abundance and variety, with maple sugar, cyder, spirits, tea, coffee, &c. &c. nor are the inhabitants at all deficient in that golden precept, "given to hospitality;" but more of this by and by; to return, the tea-table of our generous host was soon covered with the various productions of three of the elements. I will, by your leave, give you a bill of fare, provided as the appendages of the tea-table, in this log-built mansion; which, with all its disadvantages, abounded with the blessings of a kind providence: from whence you may learn, how many of the colonists live in this "boundless contiguity of shade." We had upon the table two wild ducks, a cold ham, a plate of salted herrings, with another of boiled eggs, which, with a large dish of vegetables, and bread and butter, constituted the substantial parts of our

dinner and tea-table, for it was a united meal. You will be ready to ask, from whence did this profusion come, in the midst of a wilderness? I answer, their pigs, running at large in the woods, supplied them with hams; wild ducks are found in the greatest plenty, in all the lakes and rivers of the country: herrings, alewives, shad, and salmon, swarm in the various rivers, and form a profitable article of exportation to the West Indies. Their barn-door fowls, supplied them with plenty of eggs, so that all was supplied by their own little farm or plantation. In the evening, I had a pleasing opportunity of making the only return my kind host required, by preaching to these tenants of the wilderness, "the words of this life." In these solitary wilds, exchanges of temporal for spiritual benefits, is as much to the taste of the inhabitants, as it is agreeable to the spirit of the gospel. When a missionary, travelling, stops for the rest of the night, nothing is more common, than to solicit from him a sermon; upon which, a boy or young man, is sent on horseback through all the settlement, and if early in the afternoon, to the neighbouring plantations, for several miles round, to inform the people at what hour there will be preaching. Thus, amid these solitudes of the wilderness, the "word of life" is published, and it often happens, that after preaching, the missionary has many kind invitations from those belonging to contiguous settlements, to prolong his stay, and preach in the house of some friendly colonist, perhaps the next neighbour. For it is not at all uncommon, in these woods, to find persons who live under the power of true piety, though nearly destitute of all the outward means of grace. In many cases, a journey of twenty or thirty

miles is necessary to bring them to the nearest place of worship; but even this distance, is not always thought too great a hardship for the benefit of a sermon. They are not afraid of the cold and snow, hence it is, in the woods of the new world, that we see great crosses taken up to hear the word of life. Ah, how will this conduct, rise up in judgment against many in this highly favoured land! who often from the slightest grounds, frame pitiful excuses to neglect the house of God, though even within a few paces from their dwelling.

On my arrival at the settlements on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the whole scenery exhibited prospects dreary, wild, and revolting to the senses. The travelling was all upon the ice; the communication from settlement to settlement was chiefly across bays, rivers, and portions of the sea, bridged with a solid pavement of frost. The gulf itself was terrible, as far as the eye could command, immense masses of ice, lifted up like hills, and in some places like a solid wall, rose in all directions, as though it had been formed during the action of a storm. On the land, the dark green woods, composed chiefly of pine, spruce, and fir, rising from a bed of snow whiter than the purest silver, formed a singular and rather pleasing contrast to the wildness of the icy landscape, which is most exactly delineated in the following picture, by Mr. Phillips.

The hoary winter here conceals from sight,
 All pleasing objects, which to verse invite:
 The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
 The flowery plains and silver-streaming floods,
 By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
 And with a dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
 O'er many a shining league, the level main,
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:

There solid billows, of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

To beguile, however, and compensate for the dreariness of the scenery, I found a "people prepared of the Lord;" hungering and thirsting for the bread and water of immortal life; and yet, without temple, without ministry, and without ordinances. How mysterious is the way of divine providence! thousands who live in a land of spiritual plenty, loathe the food God hath provided for them, while others with eager appetites, are deprived of the regular means, and only indulged with a fragment now and then. The visit of a missionary was a new era to these icelanders; it had not taken place for several years, hence, I was received with much artless love, and notwithstanding the seeming difficulties of travelling, people flocked in great numbers from the different settlements, to hear the word. The Lord was pleased to bless my unworthy labours, and those of my companion, who though not a regular missionary, greatly assisted me. We had refreshing seasons, the presence and blessing of God were sensibly felt in our meetings, and such was the loving simplicity of the people, that they hung upon the word, and almost devoured that which was delivered. It is delightful to preach, when the heart, like the thirsty earth, catches the falling showers, and repays the moisture by its fruitfulness, verdure, and beauty. While preaching to these hungering and thirsting souls, under great disadvantages of accommodation; I did not envy my dear brethren at home, their spacious chapels, neat pulpits, and crowded congregations. It is true, the smoke of the log houses, in which I preached, greatly annoyed

me; the mode of living, the want of retirement, and the peculiar difficulties of travelling, as also the severity of the weather, all conspired against me; but still, I was more comfortable, and better provided for, a thousand fold, than Hans Egade and his companions, on the Greenland mission; or than Jans Haven and his laborious, and patiently persevering colleagues, in Labrador. Indeed, when I reflect upon these holy, suffering, self-dying servants of God, I blush, to be writing the "narrative of a mission," in which I never lay ten nights upon the bare ground, for the space of thirteen years. O my Lord! may I not be found in the day of judgment, to have spoken idle words respecting any privations, labours, and sufferings, through which I have passed: I am conscious that they are light as the small dust in the balance. I have neither sacrificed, suffered, nor served as I ought. God be merciful to me an unprofitable servant! Had I followed the wandering tribes of Indians through the interior wilderness of America; had I united myself to the miserable Kalmucks that traverse the vast steppe of Tartary: or visited the interior of Africa; not to discover the source of the Nile, or the direction of the Niger, but to follow with the calls of salvation, the Negro, the Caffre, the Hottentot, or the Bushman; then truly, I might, after spending ten, fifteen, or twenty years in these labours of disinterested love, have assumed the honourable title of missionary, and the christian world would willingly admit the claim. Ah, sir! I am ashamed before God and man, to think, what a snail I have been in my progress, what a sloth in my labours, and what a pitiful drone in the

great hive of the church. Let these letters be called a history of a fourteen years absence from England, or if you please, notes towards a history of British North America. In this view, you will forgive the prominence of the unworthy writer, whose heart bleeds that he cannot make himself as invisible in these letters, as the blessed evangelist Luke in writing the Acts of the Apostles. Lord, if there be a spark of unhallowed vanity in my soul, wash it away in thy precious blood; and "if aught on earth my wishes raise, or the world's smile, caress, or praise," shew me its vanity. Did my health and strength permit; had I to live over again the days of my youth; thou Lord, who seest my heart, knowest that it longs, even in labours formidable and perilous as the above, to devote itself to thee: but my time is past, and after having shattered my constitution in serving as an humble subaltern, the best of all causes, I may now be permitted to recommend it to my younger, and more effective brethren. I leave these letters if the christian world will receive them, as a legacy of my sincere love to my blessed master, and his precious cause.

Will you permit me, sir, to close this letter, by a simple, but heart-dictated effusion, which though it may not be poetry, yet it is the pious and ardent wish of my soul.

Day-star rise in spreading brightness,
Shed thy lustre wide and far,
On the darkness of the sightless,
Shine resplendant morning star!
O'er the deserts,
From Angola, to Sennar.

Pagan tribes of every nation,
O'er the darken'd regions all;

Bless with tidings of salvation,
 Spread the gospel's welcome call ;
 Till each idol,
 Low before Immanuel fall.

Let yon sable captives burning,
 'Neath the zenith solar fire ;
 To the God of love returning,
 For the path to bliss enquire ;
 And with rapture,
 Negros tune salvation's lyre.

O'er the earth, and on the ocean,
 Let the living lustre rise ;
 Put ten thousand means in motion,
 Till the council of the skies
 Bursts in glory,
 On the world's astonish'd eyes !

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

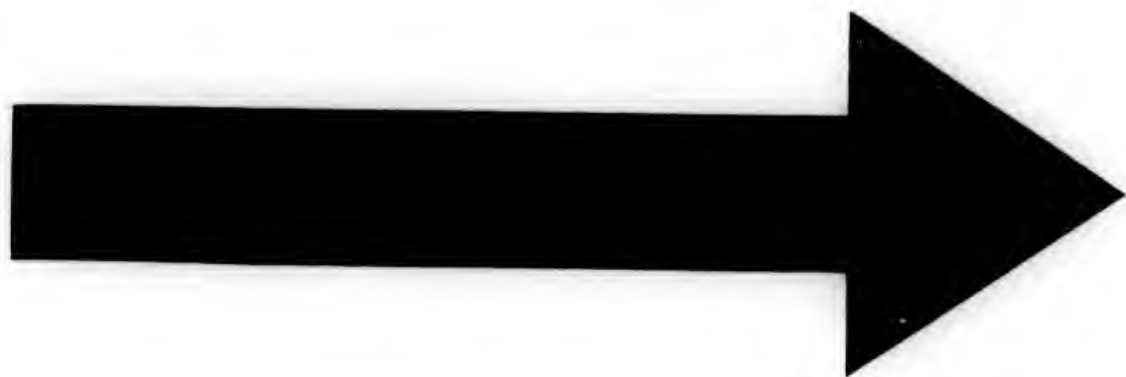
LETTER XI.

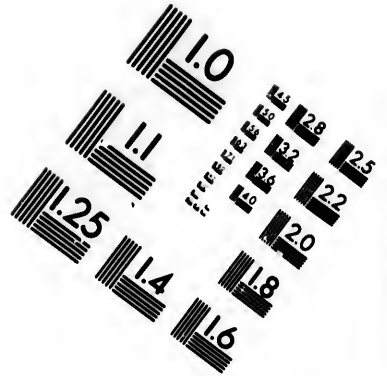
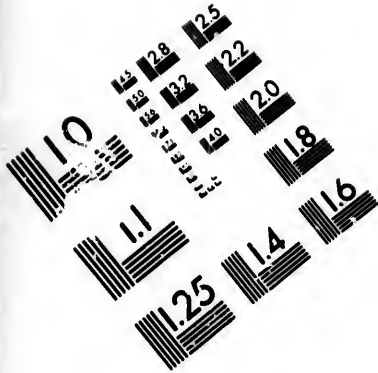
To thee, O fair Briton ! this palm is decreed ;
 Thou first of the nations below ;
 O'er the field of the wide world, to scatter good seed,
 That truth and salvation may grow.

And many swift heralds shall run to and fro,
 To preach it in every tongue ;
 Till the green ocean isles, in its radiance glow,
 And the waves roll the tidings along.

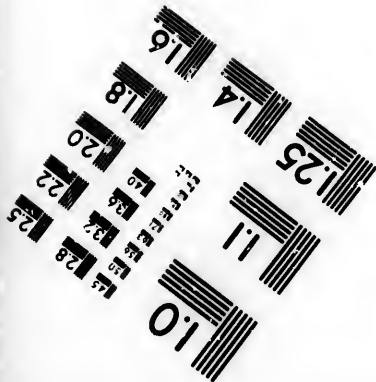
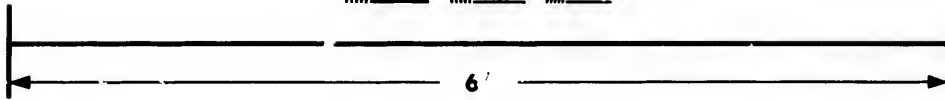
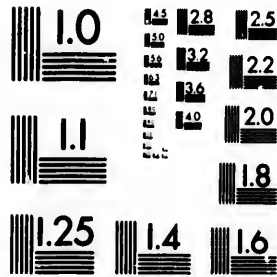
DEAR SIR,

THOUGH these settlements lie out of the way of our regular missions, at least during my residence in British America, there was, nevertheless,





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between forty and fifty persons who regularly meet together, and the Lord hath strangely preserved them by his power and grace. From the eagerness with which they came to hear the word, the difficulties they surmounted for this desirable end, and the tenderness of spirit visible among them, I judged, that if a missionary were stationed here, or could more frequently visit this part of the gulf coast, all the contiguous settlements would soon feel the blessed influence, and might become christians, and members of the society. It was not uncommon for persons to come ten, twenty, or even thirty miles to hear preaching: and yet, an hour or two before the sermon, all seemed silent as death, and dreary as desolation itself. Nothing could be seen on one hand, but a landscape of ice, frozen rivers, bays, creeks, and the dreary gulf stretching its rifted masses, and affording a solid pavement, to an extent of nearly twenty miles from the shore: while on the land side, a few log houses, thinly sprinkled along the dark and impenetrable woods, which skirted the icy bays, and waved their evergreen tops, in defiance of the deep snow that covered every part of the ground beneath. As the time of preaching, however, drew near, the people were seen coming in groups from all quarters; some in sleds, some on horseback, some skaiting, others on foot, and the French settlers in their little carioles, (perhaps a corruption of cabriolet), though nothing but a few boards nailed together, and fastened to a horse, with a seat for the driver, and one more. Thus were they hastening to that shore of the bay on which the house wherein I preached was situated. My method was on these seasons, to preach two sermons, leaving between, an interval only long

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enough for some to refresh themselves, and to allow me the opportunity of speaking individually to the members of the society, and such as had received good impressions. For in these wilds, where people came so far, and where the eye could not in all the wide prospect glance over more than probably, half-a-dozen houses; it was necessary that both the services should be compressed into one, that the people might have sufficient time to return home before it was completely dark

Ramshag is one of those places on our Nova Scotia station, which under the blessing of God, owes much to the labours of Wesleyan missionaries. The settlement had been remarkably dissipated and ungodly, till the following events took place, which greatly alarmed some of the most thoughtless, and prepared others to reflect, and receive the word of God. The Almighty chastened them with a most mortal and infectious dysentery, which visiting almost every family, left the foot-prints of death in all the houses. In addition to which alarming visitation, a number of men having one day met together, to carouse over their favourite beverage, rum; one of the party who had been sent to fetch a jug full, suddenly fell down dead upon the ice, which damped the mirth of his companions, and issued, by means of the missionaries, in the reformation of the settlement. I have great reason to believe that my ministry was, through the tender mercy of God, a great blessing. My visits to the people at their houses, seemed peculiarly acceptable. I preached on both sides of Ramshag bay, also at the settlements of Tatmagush, Malagash, and on each bank of Ramshag

river, in most of which places, much blessed influence was felt, and gracious feeling excited. The case of a poor Indian deserves notice in this place ; he had attended my preaching, and one day observed me much affected, while enforcing upon the people, the necessity of an immediate closing in with Christ and salvation. After the service, he came to the fire-side, where I was sitting, and addressed me in the following manner : “ why you cry ? me never cry ! no man make me cry, dat like squaw,” meaning woman. I strove to convince the poor untutored savage, that we ought to weep for our sins ; and had the satisfaction in the course of my remarks, of seeing him much affected, and the big unbidden tears freely rolling down his tawny cheeks. Hearing that he had a family, I enquired in what manner he brought them up : he observed, poor Indian much wicked neglect their papouse, (children) me hab one very bad, hab a *talk* wid him, say to Tom, me flog you such time, take him to de wood, me neber fail, no passion, no anger ; say to him, Tom, you too much wicked, you much disobedient, you run away, me flog you for dat, me no passion, no anger, you one bad chap ; me said flog you such time, now not tell lie, so me flog him ; he better boy, dat my way : but many Indians flog dem big passion, dis make dem no better, dis no good, no good.” How well would it be for many parents, to take a leaf from the book of this poor native of the wilderness, and learn, that to correct children in anger or passion, is both improper, and subversive of the end intended.

During my travels on the ice in this visit, I had two or three merciful hair-breadth escapes, but the Lord interposed his arm, and saved me as by the

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"skin of my teeth" from imminent danger. One day, I was riding in a little sled upon Ramshag river with a friend, who was returning with me from the preaching; and all at once, without any visible cause, my horse became unruly, kicking, plunging, and, at length, got so ungovernable, by having got the bits between his teeth, that I could no longer manage him with the reins; upon which, he set off full gallop towards a part of the river, which the rapidity of the current had prevented from freezing; inevitable death stared us in the face, but just as the mad animal had galloped to the brink of the rapid, he turned short about, and flew with equal rapidity to the opposite side of the river; here the bank rising perpendicular from the ice, I had, by the assistance of my friend, the good hap to get out, and stop him, and thus were we rescued from a watery grave. Folly may smile at such an incident, but piety says,

"In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see."

Another remarkable providence, was as follows: twenty or thirty persons, in six or seven sleds, had agreed to accompany me to Tatmagush, a settlement of Acadian French, where I had made an appointment to preach. We had to cross a wide bay, probably ten or fourteen miles, which branched from the gulf; upon which, when we had travelled in great order and peace a few miles, the horse that preceded my sled, became unruly and rampant, kicking and rearing upward, upon which my horse took fright, and galloped off full speed. The horses in the other sleds followed the same example, so in order to escape being dashed against each other, and bruised to death, I threw myself out headlong upon the ice,

which being covered with snow, broke my fall. When I had recovered myself, and could look around, such a scene of horror and confusion, I cannot describe; the death of many appeared inevitable, as the horses galloped, some in one direction, and others in another, but all seemingly under the influence of extreme panic. Some of the sleds contained whole families, with many women and young children, a few had imitated my conduct, were scrambling upon the ice, others still remained in their sleds, in vain endeavouring to curb the blind fury of the animals, which, as if possessed by a thousand demons, continued to race round the bay; springing over each others sleds, while most of the people were sitting upon the ice, weeping, or standing petrified with horror, at what might be the fatal consequence. However, the providential hand of God was most visibly displayed, for although several sleds were broken to pieces, not a single individual was injured beyond a scratch or a bruise. Thus might we sing of both "mercy and judgment." After the furious animals had galloped from the bay into the woods, (for we were not more than a mile from the shore) the depth of the snow, and the closeness of the underwood, stopped their mad career, and with some toil and patience, we got them all together again, though still foaming, trembling, and fearful. Thus, thou Lord savest both men and beast! The case of one of the sleds was singularly providential, it was a double-horsed one, and after the driver had found he had no power with the reins, the whole family (Mr. Purdys), tumbled out, as the horses were making with fearful velocity towards the woods, where the probability was, all would

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be crushed to death. A young woman, a daughter of Mr. Purdy, who was lame, remained when the horses dashed into the wood, which they scarcely had entered, when two trees entangled the pole and harness, stopped them, and saved her life. After a time, we pursued our journey on foot, and with some difficulty reached the settlement, where the congregation had already assembled. The divine influence was most powerfully present, and a gracious quickening and melting was felt among the people. So Satan missed his aim, if it were through his diabolical agency that the scenes on the bay were instigated, who can account for these things! pride will refer them to chance, prudence to second causes, but true piety, which believes both in diabolical and angelical agency, will look at the "wheel within the wheel."

The following anecdote, which took place during my visit, I will relate, not in honour to myself, but to exalt the pious intrepidity of some of my brethren, who had been in these parts before me. I had one day made an engagement to preach at a house, about nine miles across a bay, but the appointed time brought with it such a snow-storm as I had hardly ever beheld; the wind blew a tempest, and the snow fell in torrents, and how to face it we knew not; however, my friend, who undertook to pilot me to the place, was willing to brave its fury, so we mounted our horses, and attempted to cross the bay; but such was the violence of the storm, that we could neither see ahead, nor sit upon the saddle, so to elude the storm, we had to take to the woods, and skirt the bay as well as we could, till coming to the narrowest part, we made an effort, and with great difficulty succeeded

in getting to the place. Not an individual had come to the house ; it was not likely, but I asked the man, did you expect me ? “ expect you, said he, yes certainly ; a methodist preacher will go through water and fire to be at his appointment.” I mention this to show in what light the people view the hardihood, punctuality, and perseverance of methodist missionaries. And truly, those faithful men, Messrs. Black, John and James Man, Wray, Bishop, and Grandin, had taught them, that there are no hardships, but a zealous preacher, fired with the love of Christ, and zeal for the salvation of souls, will encounter. What has not ardent, patient, and persevering zeal effected ? O ye frozen shores of Greenland ! and ye dreary woods of Labrador ! O ye patient translators of the holy scriptures at Serampore ! O ye blessed men who have turned the islands of the South Sea to a terrestrial paradise ! and ye despised Wesleyans, who have laboured among the captive slaves of the West Indies, and in the noblest sense have said,

“ Thy chains be broken, Africa be free !

Shall I mention the Coke’s, the Elliot’s, the Brainerd’s, the Martyn’s, the Ward’s : ah ! they are above all praise, they need not this testimony.

O sacred worthies ! men of other days,
 Forgive a worm, who glories in your praise !
 Though far, too far, beneath your brighter sphere :
 He follows, trembling with respectful fear :
 Who sketches character, like yours should feel,
 At least, a spark of your seraphic zeal :
 Then with a flaming pencil boldly draw,
 Your piety, and copy it with awe !

I was now within sight of the beautiful and fertile island of St. John, now Prince Edward’s, in honour of the late lamented Duke of Kent, who for some time

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was commander-in-chief, in this country. To this island, where we have now a missionary, there has been a great emigration from England, attended with many vexatious circumstances; and by your leave, sir, I would in this place, suggest a caution or two to any of my countrymen who may desire to emigrate to our North American colonies: as I have in the course of my mission, met with many, whocoming out with wrong views and *unnatural* disgust at their native country, have been stung with grievous disappointment. I would address them in the following language: first, never expect, "take it for all in all," to find a better country than England. Secondly, make your removal a matter of fasting and prayer. Thirdly, prepare for trials, a sea voyage, and the hardships of a first settlement in the woods of America, are not trifles. Fourthly, do not emigrate with any idea that you can live without labour: do not let too flattering accounts seduce you: those who have enlisted are sure to boast of the pleasures of soldier-ship, that they may entrap others. Many of the things written by emigrants who have gone to America, are mere *puffs*, tubs to catch the whale. America is a good poor man's country, if he be sober, industrious, and pious; and withal have a large family who can help him to cut down trees. Fifthly, never buy land before you leave England, sometimes those who sell it are little better than mere swindlers. Here is the mystery, a favourite of government, gets a grant of five or ten thousand acres; this land is advertised in England, and sold in lots; the simpletons who buy it, go out to take possession of their Utopia; and lo! they have to seek it in the heart of a vast wilderness, forty, fifty, or sixty miles from

any settlement ; where there is neither road, nor river, nor communication with any market, but through a waste and impassable forest. Disappointed, for the land in question was not worth receiving as a gift ; some have returned home, and others, not caring to take possession of their purchase, have bought upon the spot more eligible lots, nearer the mart of trade : for of what use is land, to which the cutting a road would cost ten times the value of the lot : in a word, land in the interior of the wilderness, is good for little, except in the neighbourhood of a road, a river, or a creek, by which you may carry your produce to market. This last circumstance, I was informed, caused a great deal of distress and uneasiness to many emigrants who came from England to the above island. I was also informed, that every few years, the mice so completely overrun the land, that they eat off every thing in the shape of food that comes within their reach ; and though the people surround the fields and provisions with trenches filled with water, yet they pass them in such vast numbers, that they make a bridge of their drowned companions, and cross by myriads. Some have assigned as a reason for the encroachment of this vast army of mice, that it is owing to the failure of the beech nuts, upon which they usually feed, hence they sally forth upon the settlements in quest of provisions.

While I continued at Ramshag, I had an opportunity of observing, the curious and artful manner in which the Indians decoyed and killed great quantities of wild geese. They go out upon the gulf, to a great distance from the land, and construct themselves little huts with blocks of ice, they then curiously shape the snow into the resemblance of a large flock of

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geese, this done, they wait in their ice houses till a flock appears in sight, upon which they make a noise as much resembling that bird as possible, the aerial travellers hearing the sound, look down from their lofty region, and seeing withal the shapes of geese upon the ice, descend till they arrive near the spot, when the wily Indians rush from their ambush, and letting fly a shower of shot among the deluded flock, often succeed in destroying great numbers. I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XII.

I believe the scripture story,
 ('Tis the voice of truth from glory;)
 That upon his "holy hill,"
 Ancient record to fulfil,
 God will set the sinners friend;
 Every knee to Christ shall bend;
 Pagan, christian, fall before him,
 Jew and mussleman adore him;
 He who once the wine-press trod,
 Wisdom is and power of God.

DEAR SIR,

IN the spring of 1801, I returned to my mission at Westmoreland, much profited by my visit to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the sincere and simple-hearted people of Ramshag, and the other settlements: and shortly afterward, I set off to meet my brethren in Annapolis, the other extremity of the province of Nova Scotia; at which

place we had appointed to meet, and confer together, how we might best fulfil our mission engagements, and with greater success promote the cause of our dear Lord and master. The missionaries in Nova Scotia, have always had an annual conference upon a small scale, similar to that of their brethren at home; at which they adjust the plan of their respective stations, previously to their being sent home for confirmation, at the general annual conference. A discretionary power of this kind, should always be in the hands of foreign missionaries; who being well acquainted with the localities of the country, can, where a number labour in the same province, or archipelago, best adapt their resources to the existing exigencies of the place. Meeting with my dear brethren, was a social refreshment to my spirit, for as "iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the face of a man his friends." In a foreign land, the sight of an old friend, or countryman, affords an infelt pleasure, and is like a stream in the desert, or a fine day in the midst of winter: in North America, this pleasure is heightened, by the circumstance of being separated from each other all the rest of the year. At the request of the people, I was re-appointed to labour on the Westmoreland mission another year, but as Mr. Black's permanent residence was at Halifax, it was judged expedient I should change with him for a few months. At Halifax, I had large and attentive congregations, and my mind was frequently both quickened and refreshed by public ordinance, but a sense of duty compels me to say, that I had lost a large portion of that tender, humble, devout, spirit, into which I had been baptised during my affliction,

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(mentioned in a former letter). My natural levity often gained the victory over me, the neglect of frequent secret prayer, and reading the word, superinduced a leanness of soul; and though in my public ministration I had great enlargement and fluency, I was inwardly conscious, of a serious and severe loss of spiritual-mindedness. I am often led to wonder at the helps God gave me in public; helps which I was sensible could not be placed to the credit of my personal piety and deep devotedness, but rather was bestowed for the edification of the church, and so had little to do with my christian experience. I suffered loss upon another head also; in Halifax I was greatly caressed, and and much invited out; the injudicious kindness of some, prompted them to write verses; and the less guarded conduct of others, to offer the poisonous incense of praise to a poor worm, and though I had a *deep* sense of my utter unworthiness, to keep me down, and counterbalance the ascending beam, yet if I may judge by the frame of my spirit not a little of this secret poison had instilled itself into my soul.

O popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;
But swell'd into a gust.—Who then, alas!
With all his canvas set, and inexpert,
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?

Cowper.

The natural pride of my heart was not a little inflamed, and I have to lament that a spirit of levity and facetiousness in conversation and company, often led me astray. I cannot look back upon these seasons, without unfeigned sorrow, as the time I should have

spent in my study, and on my knees, was often devoted to company, and little parties: where though religion was the ostensible object, the tender plant was blighted in the bud by sallies of youthful levity, and unprofitable small talk. How careful should the ministers of Christ be, not to give countenance to whatever is not truly interesting, and spiritually good.

During my continuance in Halifax, I had an opportunity of visiting several deserters under condemnation of death. This crime was greatly aggravated by their having deserted an important post, and when pursued into the woods, they fired at the party sent after them. When I first entered the guard-house prison, I found the three unhappy men preparing for their fate, but without the true knowledge of that divine remedy, by which alone they could be saved from the "wrath to come." I observed one of them had a paper in his hand, which he was reading with great earnestness; I requested to see it, and found on examination, it was a prayer, in which, after deprecating the divine displeasure, the author had inserted these unguarded expressions, "Lord give us penitential sorrow, that by the tears we shed, we may atone for the crimes we have committed." Alas, that any one should suppose there is any other way of pardon and salvation, than by Him "who gave himself to be an oblation and atonement, satisfaction, and sacrifice, for the sins of the whole world!" Any other atonement, whether by prayers, tears, restitution, alms-deeds, or penance, is as contrary to the doctrine of the word of God, as it is to the articles, homilies, and excellent liturgy of our established church. That this prayer had been composed for them by the chaplain

of the garrison, I will not say, but I conceived it my duty to point out its dangerous tendency, and withal to exhibit before them, the only true and scriptural way of a sinner's salvation from the wrath of God. After different visits, accompanied by several friends, who united with me in prayer, reading, and verbal instruction, I had the satisfaction of seeing that the word of God had entered into their understanding; two of them particularly, evinced a willingness to come to God, as miserable, guilty, and lost sinners; to whom I urged a closing in with Christ, as the "only hope," surety, advocate, and saviour, of whoever will turn to him. They appeared to receive "the record God hath given of his Son," and were, so far as I could judge, willing to be saved by grace; though in such cases you must hang a great deal of your confidence upon the mercy of God, and hope to the end. One of the three who was less humbled than his companions, but had more information and natural strength of mind than the others, wished to die as a philosopher and an hero; but when I informed him, that unless he came to Christ as an humble penitent, he would sink down to everlasting ruin, he was willing to come down a little from the lofty elevation of his own vain mind. How difficult is it for sinners of a certain cast to come to Christ; anything to break their fall; works, merit, philosophy, innate virtue, alms-deeds, goodness of heart.—They must share some portion of the glory of their own salvation; admit this, and they are willing enough that Christ should have all the rest: but to rob them of all their stock, to take away all their gods, and throw their idols of vain confidence to the moles and to the bats, shocks the natural pride of the human heart, which, combined with unbelief and

presumption, its legetimate offspring, causes many either to overshoot, or build below the rock of their salvation. Having sat up in the prison all night, previous to their execution, I attended them early next morning to the fatal spot. At four o'clock the whole garrison was under arms, the tone of scores of drums gave awful note that the hour of trial was fast approaching; the chaplain and some officers entered the guard-house prison, and the poor malefactors and myself joined the awful procession. On our way, I used all the means in my power to encourage their faith, and on two of them a holy placidity of comfort seemed to rest, one of whom said, it was a day more joyful to him, than that on which he was married. Having attended them to a little platform, in the centre of the whole garrison, where after the chaplain, I joined them in prayer, and took an affectionate leave; an officer stepped up, and read a pardon for the youngest, and the dreadful signal was given, by which the other two were shot into an eternal world. They died with an humble reliance upon the mercy of God in Christ; and some degree of holy deliverance from the fear of death. The one pardoned, was by no means elevated with the favour, asserting that he feared he should never be more willing or ready to die. In the evening I improved the circumstance of their death, from the history of the penitent thief, and the Redeemer's consoling declaration, "To day shalt thou be with me in paradise." In the month of August, Mr. Black, having returned from Westmoreland; I had to bid adieu to the truly affectionate, and to me greatly endeared people at Halifax; deeply regretting that my want of habitual

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seriousness, and singleness of eye, had prevented my "profiting from appearing to all." On my return to my mission, I preached at Windsor, and Partridge island; at the last of which, I stopped to spend a few days with two amiable families, squire Rachford's, and Mr. Shannon's. Passing through Parsborough, I spent a little time with Mr. Shreve, the church missionary for those parts; who kindly rode with me, to the half-way river, where at his request, I expounded to a few people at a school in the woods. During a considerable part of this winter, my mind was greatly depressed, partly by indisposition of body, but more through a painful consciousness of my unfaithfulness, and unfitness for the work, and want of success. I was the subject of deep and manifold temptations, and often wept and lamented in secret places, over the corruption of my nature, and the hardness of my heart. I often preached comfort to others, when I was desolate in my own soul; still I was enabled to persevere in the path of duty, though with much heartlessness. I had none to whom I could lay open my soul, most of those among whom I laboured, looked upon me as placed out of the range of temptation, and I was afraid of discouraging them, by laying open the map of my own miseries. Were these letters only a diary of my own experience, I might relate many things respecting the workings and exercises of my heart; its pride, unbelief, discontent, its proneness to murmur, its opposition to duty, its various lustings after ease, leisure, popularity, and curious knowledge; its propensity to be elated with respect, honour, praise; on the other hand, its repugnance to labours, reproach, obscurity, and want

of attention from others ; how often have my hands hung down, because my will was not fully subdued to the divine will. After all the deep things God had showed me in my late illness, I found I had no stock ; I must maintain the warfare every moment ; the work of believing, watching, praying, working, must still go on ; no rest in this war, no dallying, no sleeping at the post of duty. O ! how much grace does it require to make a thorough christian ; how much more to make a faithful pastor ; but most of all to make a zealous, patient, and laborious missionary. I had all I wanted, or could reasonably expect, of earthly enjoyment ; the people in the different settlements, were affectionate, kind, and much attached to my person and ministry ; the Lord had not said “ write this man childless ; ” my accommodations were in general as good as I had a right to expect ; I had a horse to ride in summer, and a sled during the winter, the few books I had, were select, and well chosen, but all these things availed little. I did not see religion flourish, the plague of my heart shed its poison upon most of my sweets, the want of close communication with God, joined with levity and unwatchfulness often covered me with shame and blushing ; while indisposition of body, the badness of the roads, the inclemency of the weather, often heightened and aggravated my gloomy thoughts, and caused me to move heavily along : and yet, the Lord did not desert my poor ministrations, nor leave my mind without occasional blinks and visits of consolation, though the sunshine was short, and the “ clouds often returned after the rain.” I preached hard, and laboured constantly, but some thought I was too legal, and laid too great a stress upon works ;

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and certainly *they* had cause to think so, who laid no stress upon them at all, as I opposed the following pernicious antinomian delusions, which had obtained too much currency in many parts of the province. First, that a believer, though he sin never so scandalously, is still pure and "complete in Christ." "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel." Secondly, that the body only sins, and not the soul; as a nut cast into mud is only soiled in the shell, and not the kernel. Thirdly, that the body of a child of God, may get intoxicated, and commit abomination, but not the soul; that being a spiritual essence, is not affected by such fleshly lusts. Fourthly, that a sheep, though he render himself filthy by going into mud, and make his fleece black by rubbing against the stumps of burnt trees,* is nevertheless a sheep still, as nobody ever heard of a sheep becoming a goat. I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIII.

All nations they shall teach; for from that day,
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins,
Salvation shall be preached; but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith, wherever through the world:
So in his seed, all nations shall be blest.

Paradise Lost.

DEAR SIR,

IN the fall of this year I visited Petitcodiac river, called by the settlers Petticoat Jack; many settlements along the banks having no preaching, and but seldom any ordinance. My good friends,

* In Nova Scotia, to clear the land, they burn the woods.

Justice Dixon and Wilding, accompanied me on this rather perilous tour of duty, in which we had to navigate that formidable and rapid river in a very frail boat. But our divine protector was with us, and though the accommodations were poor in the extreme, we were upon a good service, and that gave lightness to the heart, and cheerfulness to the eye. In one settlement we were all three crowded into a small bed and as the worthy magistrates were both portly men, I think it might safely be affirmed, (as the stripling in the middle remarked,) that it never at any one time before, contained so much law and gospel. Another night we had no bed at all, but lay all night on the floor, and found even this no great sacrifice to endure in his cause, who had not where to lay his head. To recompense these trifling temporary privations ;we had "times of refreshing" while worshipping in the tall forests, the God of nature, providence, redemption, and salvation. This river, which is one of the most dangerous and formidable in all Nova Scotia, being nearly a mile wide, and withal so rapid and furious, that it occasions the loss of many lives, and the destruction of many boats every-year. Situated at the head of the bay of Fundy, the indraught of the tide is prodigiously strong, and as it rises nearly forty feet, it causes some curious and dangerous phenomena in the river. Two of these are called by the settlers, the boar, and the quicksand. The former is created by the rapid influx of the tide, which rushing up against the descending stream, raises the water like a wall, and has sometimes swallowed up both men and boat. The second, for which it is more difficult to account, is attributed by the people,

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to the quicksands moving at the bottom of the river, in an undulatory manner, which creates a violent ripple, and dangerous broken water, that threatens to swallow up the boat. In the last of these I was myself involved, while descending with the tide; though the temporary agitation of my mind prevented my calmly and minutely observing the phenomenon, yet the opinion of the people is very probable. We were silently falling down with the stream, the day was fine, the sky beautiful, and the river smooth as glass, when in an instant, a violent ebullition surrounded the boat; the waves rose in quick and violent succession, and according to the best of my recollection, with a singular noise. I expected every moment that the boat would be swamped, but the men seemed to think there was no danger; it quickly subsided, but had agitated the water to a considerable extent.

Many families of the old Acadian French reside on the banks of this river; but so immersed in the superstition and priestcraft of popery, that they are almost inaccessible to the light of scriptural truth, and blind to the beauties of a more simple and less gorgeous manner of worshipping God in the spirit. I could not but observe the influence of superstition upon their social habits. They are indolent in the extreme, seldom cultivating more land than is sufficient to supply their present wants. Their habitations are despicable log-huts, consisting of one large room, where they both sleep, cook, eat, and perform their devotion. Their language is a dialect of the Canadian French, and their general manners, about the half-way house between the Indians and the white people. In them it was easy to observe,

the degrading slavery of the human mind, when bound in the chains of superstition. Popery in its *worst* form, is the blight of the soul, withering its moral energies, and shutting out the light of truth, which it is taught to hate as a species of heterodox and impiety. It also superinduces a degree of slothfulness, and squalidness in the affairs of life; the little plantations of the papists in these parts, bore evident marks of neglect, carelessness, and want of cultivation; in a word, there was a listlessness and credulity that dwarfed the mind, and seemed to make poor human nature retrograde, both with respect to morals and the affairs of life. On these the christian missionary can make little impression, and yet, such was their credulity, that they affirmed their priest arrested the progress of the tide, while they were building their abitto, or mud bridge over the creek at Memramcook marsh, near the entrance of the river.

I had much reason to be thankful, for the tokens of divine goodness, with which I was favoured during the above excursions. Some blessed seed of life eternal was, I hope, sown in the hearts of many; but in returning down the river at night, our boat struck upon a rock, where we stuck fast, and so great was the darkness, that we could make few shifts for our deliverance; but when the morning dawned upon us, we renewed our exertions, and by the blessing of God, once more floated down with the ebb tide. This part of New Brunswick, is much intersected with rivers, bays, creeks, and untracked woods, so that travelling is always difficult, and frequently dangerous. A missionary, who labours faithfully in this vineyard, needs to possess both strength of body, and vigour of

mind. Courage, patience, and fortitude, should be his constant companions. He must not dream of the flowery lap of ease. The refinements of study, in a well-furnished library are out of the question. A fear of danger would be a great impediment to his usefulness. He should be a pioneer to the cross; that his brethren who come after him, may find the roads made, the hills levelled, and the bridges built; this, I hope, was in a degree done for the brethren who are now stationed in that wild part of creation. Still, whoever labours in British North America, will need for his motto, "endure hardness as a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ." A fine taste, a weakly body, and a sedentary and studious habit, would greatly disqualify him for being useful on such a mission, where long rides, fatiguing walks, wild woods, and rapid rivers, expose to hardship, and require activity. God, and perhaps a few solitary individuals, are the only witnesses of his toils and difficulties; and prayer (when he can retire into the woods,) the only refuge to which he can fly. He leaves to the ease-loving, and fashionable minister, in the fastidiousness of self-indulgence, to lean over a velvet-cushioned pulpit, and tell an admiring and sympathizing audience of his toils and trials, and then hasten back to his snug parlour, and quiet study. Do not, dear sir, think me cynical, many blessed men may enjoy these advantages with a good conscience; but the missionary to North America, must often ride twelve miles through a snow-storm, or cross a wide and rapid river in a log-canoe, to preach to half-a-dozen or twenty settlers on the opposite shore; where he has a log-hut for his chapel, a stool for his pulpit, and is himself both priest, precentor, and choir. As I have mentioned log-huts before in

the course of these letters, it may be necessary here to say, that these are the first productions, of architecture in this wilderness country. Perhaps more than two-thirds of the settlers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, at least those in the interior, reside in them. These sylvan mansions, are made of the solid trunks of trees, thirty, forty, or more feet long, and from fourteen to eighteen inches in diameter. They are cut down, and then roughly squared, (for a Nova Scotian, like a Spartan, uses only the axe, adze, and saw, to build his house), after which, they are dove-tailed at the ends, and then laid one upon another, the upper and lower side of the timber only being squared; when they are raised to twelve or eighteen feet, (for they are seldom more than one story high,) the rafters are laid on, and these are covered either with birch-bark, shingles, or rough boards: a door, which sometimes serves for a window too, is made by sawing away an oblong square of the trees which form the walls of the house. The chimney is generally built at one end, sometimes of brick, but more generally of clay and rough stones. The spaces, or crevices between the trunks of the trees, are filled with moss or clay, but often in so miserable a manner, that the wind and the snow too, pour in from every quarter, and make them in winter excessively cold, even though they may have half-a-load of wood upon the fire at once. Sometimes they have partitions of rough boards, and at other times sheets are hung up, to separate the sleeping portions of the mansion from the rest. Two or three men will build a log-house in a few days. They cost little, as most of the materials grow round the spot. These, sir, are the farm-houses of a new settlement

made in the woods ; in them I have preached, studied, slept, and spent many happy hours ; walking out into my sylvan oratory, the woods, under the shade of which, I could pour out my soul to God, and sweetly enter into the sentiment of the following lines :

In desert woods with thee my God,
Where human footsteps never trod,
How happy could I be!
Thou my repose from care, my light
Amidst the darkness of the night,
In solitude my company.

Newton.

I cannot take leave of this part of my early mission, without remarking, that some blessed fruits attended my poor labours ; and many blessed testimonies, in letters now in my possession, were afforded, that the word had not fallen as " water spilled upon the ground that cannot be gathered up again," and much enlargement was felt in secret prayer while retired in the woods, yet I was by no means satisfied with myself, I was far from being that humble, serious, spiritual, and heavenly-minded man I ought. I had to lament the want of singleness of eye, and inward purity. I endeavoured to put my whole soul into my sermons, and was often deeply affected myself with the truths I delivered to others, yet I did not follow them out, in being myself the exact model of my ministry ; my foolish inexperienced heart, was too much pleased with the approbation of others. I had great cause to be humbled on account of my too great levity of spirit, and then dejection. I had none to take me by the hand, who were acquainted with the deep things of God. Examples of deep devotedness are every where too rare, but abroad, the want of rich and abundant means of grace, will easily account for their scarcity.

I had no aged and experienced ministers of Christ to watch over me, and being separated from my brother missionaries for twelve months together, was a loss which I had to deplore. Frequent invitations to parties, and being much caressed, was a poison to my soul, and left behind much deadness and spiritual lassitude. The reading books, not immediately of a spiritual tendency, damped the sacred flame, and wooted up desires to be popular, and noted; this greatly ministered to double-mindedness, and took the eye of my soul from the blessed Jesus. The frequency of my being in families not deeply devoted to God, often led me into conversation not at all profitable. These things reduced me more to my former level, than was either for the good of my soul, or the success of my labours, and made me weep and sigh in secret places; still, however, the people loved me, and did not "despise my youth," many tears were shed at my departure from them, and for my own part, I could not help weeping aloud, as I rode through the woods. I will close this letter, by a prayer for America, the moral and spiritual welfare of which, next to my native land, is still the dearest wish of my heart.

Mighty Father, hear my prayer,
Make yon new found world thy care!
From thy throne of mercy bend,
O'er the western waves extend
Gospel light—let lake and wood,
Valley, hill, savannah, flood,
Echo with redemption's tale,
Borne along by every gale!
Where the war-whoop, shrill and clear,
Fell like death upon the ear;
Let Hosannahs born of love,
Warble sweetly through the grove.
Where the rattle-snake in coil,
Slept insidious like a pile;

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And the panther and the bear,
 In the brushwood made their lair.
 Where the white man's blood was spilt,
 Lord be peaceful temples built.
 Long where fair Ohio glides,
 Forests fringing both his sides,
 Like a stream of silver seen*
 On a ground of emerald green ;
 Wide may truth its power dispread,
 Soft as dew its influence shed ;
 Till the forest world shall bloom
 Sweet, as with the rose perfume !
 From its stony mountain bed, †
 Where Missouri lifts its head,
 Rolling through a waste of woods,
 Till it meets the *Sire of Floods* ; ‡
 May the red men of the west,
 'Neath their vine and fig-tree blest,
 To Columbia's utmost bound,
 Hear the gospel's joyful sound ;
 Hear it and convey it far,
 As the range of Hesper's star ;
 Till their kindred tribes shall hear,
 Round *Superior's* § waters clear,
 Tidings of the crucified,
 Pardon flowing from his side.
 Every wilderness rejoice,
 Beauteous as a Paradise ;
 All the happy forest land,
 Simply good and wildly grand,
 Pure in morals, wise in creed,
 On the cross salvation read ;
 And the light of gospel morn,
 Beam from Greenland, to Cape Horn. **

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

* The rivers in America gliding through the green forests have this appearance

† The Missouri rises from the Stoney Mountains, in the western regions of America.

‡ So the Mississippi is called in the Indian language.

§ Lake Superior.

** The length of America.

LETTER XIV.

From far Columbia—world of forest shade,
 Where Elliot, long the bleeding cross displayed;
 The western woods, their Indian tribes shall send,
 To crown the triumphs of the sinners friend.
 Thy red men, Mayhew, shall in glory shine;
 And t ere, O Brainerd! thou shall meet with thine.
 Whitfield, his transatlantic converts view;
 And I, even I, may hope to see a few !

DEAR SIR,

AFTER a most affectionate and sorrowful parting with the dear people on this mission; in the spring of the year 1802, I set off once more for Annapolis, to meet my brethren. At Cornwallis, I called on the Rev. Mr. Twining, church missionary of the society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. This worthy minister had derived much benefit from an acquaintance with Mr. Black, and he now with much simplicity and zeal, preached the doctrine of salvation by grace. He kindly entertained me at his house, and affectionately requested me to preach in his parish, bringing his whole family to the meeting. During my continuance at his house, he related several anecdotes, touching the opposition he met from some of his parishioners. He had used Doctor Watts' psalms and hymns in his church, at which some of his *rigid* hearers took great offence, and wrote to Doctor Inglis, the Bishop of Nova Scotia. Mr. Twining finding he was likely to get into trouble, wrote home to the society, by whom he was employed, but that venerable body,

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with a liberality truly christian, sent him a box of the psalms and hymns in question, at the same time, testifying their approbation of his conduct.

The missionaries met at Annapolis, and after prayer, and mature deliberation, it was deemed highly expedient, that the young preachers* from England, should visit New York, and be more fully set apart for the work of God on the missions. We sailed from Digby, in the month of May, and after a rough, but speedy passage of six days, arrived in New York. Here I had an opportunity of contemplating the vast extent of the work of God, in the western world, and particularly that branch which at first sprang from the wisdom, zeal, and labours of the ever-to-be-venerated Wesley, and the faithful labourers he sent to cultivate this vast field. I was greatly surprised to meet in the preachers assembled at New York, such examples of simplicity, labour, and self-denial. Some of them had come five or six hundred miles to attend the conference. They had little appearance of clerical costume, many of them had not a single article of black cloth, their good bishops set them the example; neither of whom were dressed in black; but the want of this was abundantly compensated, by a truly primitive zeal in the cause of their divine master. From these blessed worthies, I learned that saving of souls, is the true work of a missionary; and felt somewhat ashamed that I so little resembled men, who appeared as much dead to the world, as

* It was the intention of Doctor Coke as one of the bishops of the Wesleyan church in America, to have done this before we left England, but he could not get down to Liverpool before the ship sailed.

though they had been the inhabitants of another planet. The Bishops, Asbury and Whatcoat, were plain, simple, venerable persons, both in dress and manners: their costume was that of former times; the colour drab, the waistcoat with large laps, and both coat and waistcoat without any collar, their plain stocks, and low-crowned broad-brimmed hats, bespoke their great deadness to the trifling ornaments of dress. In a word, their appearance was simplicity itself, they spoke but little, and appeared utterly averse to the frivolous compliments of the world. They were perfect antipodes to "the thing that mounts the rostrum with a skip;" and had something truly apostolic in their general demeanour. I felt impressed with awe in their presence, and soon perceived that they had established themselves in the esteem and veneration of their brethren; not by the trappings of office, or the pomp and splendour of episcopal parade, but by their vast labours, self-denying simplicity, and disinterested love. These obtained for them the homage of the heart, they were the first in office, because they were the first in zeal. Venerable men! ye are now gone to your reward; riches and honours ye had none upon earth! labour was your element, and love your motive; no niche in the temple of fame is reserved for you, your work was with God, your honour was from him, and you have now entered upon your immortal rest. Most of the preachers appeared to be young men, yet, ministerial labour had impressed its withering seal upon their countenances, an indication that they had seen some service in the vineyard of the Lord. I cannot contemplate without astonishment, the great work

God has performed in the United States by means, humanly speaking, so utterly unlikely. Had the magnet of great names, profound learning, or human authority been employed, we might cease to wonder; but without any of these, the cause of Wesleyan methodism, may I not be permitted to say, sir, a modification of vital piety, has spread throughout the whole extent of this vast country. Along its mighty lakes, and sylvan solitudes, where the population is but thinly scattered, circuits have been formed, chapels built, and the remote settlements, out of the reach of regular pastoral help, have greatly benefited, by the visits and labours of the Wesleyan preachers. Their laborious ministry has been crowned with a rich harvest of saved sinners. Truly might that hardy veteran John Wesley say,

With my pastoral crook,
I went over the brook,
And behold I am spread into bands.

It is in America we see methodism in its grandest form. The indefatigable and heavenly-minded author of the above lines, could never have contemplated the amazing spread of this pure form of christian piety through this immense country; all is here upon a scale of magnitude equal to the grandeur of the lakes, rivers, forests, and mountains of the country, were I to make a comparison of the societies at home, and in the new world, I would say, English methodism is more refined, in America it is more lively and laborious. In England there is more talent, information, and learning; in the United States more simplicity, poverty, and zeal. In England there is more study, the circuits are more contracted: there, they labour more, and enlarge their sphere

of action. In England there is more system and regularity: in America more enterprize and eccentricity. The British methodists have more eloquence and judgment, they, have more earnestness and enthusiasm. In England they accustom the people to method and order; there, they are not careful enough about fencing the societies round with a wall of discipline. In England more pains are taken in a pastoral way, to shepherd and build up the societies. There, they preach more, and are more solicitous about cutting down timber than cultivating and clearing well the land. In England methodism is like a river calmly gliding on. There, it is a torrent rushing along, and sweeping all away in its course. Methodism in England is the methodism of Wesley, methodical, intelligent, and neat; in America it resembles Asbury, it has more roughness and less polish. Our form of government is modelled upon presbyterianism. In America it is episcopal; there is a wide difference between their book of discipline, and our minutes of conference; still the doctrines in both connexions are exactly the same. The methodists in America, in point of wealth, learning, and respectability, are behind several other bodies of professors in the same country, but in activity and adaptation to the wants of a new country, second to none. The good they have done to the blacks, is beyond calculation; and the new settlements in different parts of the interior, without such a ministry might have degenerated into heathens. The presbyterian church is the most popular, the Dutch reformed highly respectable, the episcopal church is the richest, but in the great work of awakening careless sinners, and exploring

the new settlements, the methodists have no equals. There are no temptations to worldly minds, in the American methodist ministry ; the preachers are plain laborious men, of good sense, and well acquainted with the doctrines of the gospel ; they are much opposed to any compromise with the spirit of the world ; they have not much opportunity of cultivating human learning, and are not enough attentive to building good chapels. They have more than thirteen hundred preachers, and nearly half a million in the society. We may truly exclaim, " what hath God wrought ! " has the sun in its course through the heavens, ever looked down upon a work like this ? in what page or section of church history does it occur ? In the course of about sixty years, there have been about twenty-five hundred preachers admitted into the travelling connection in America, many of these have died in the glorious work, the survivors are spreading the gospel of Jesus from the northern extremities of the province of Main, to St. Mary's, and the Altamahaw river in the southern extremity of Georgia ; and from the sea-board, in the Atlantic States, to the lakes Eri and Detroit ; to the rivers Muskingham, Wabash, and Missouri in the west. And south westward, to Mississippi, Natches, upper and lower Louisiana, to New Orleans, and the Tombigbe settlements. In a word, the influence of Wesleyan methodism in the United States, has generally been, (especially to the south and westward) coeval, as well as co-extensive with the new settlements. At different times, a number of enterprising persons have emigrated into the interior, and formed establishments and colonies out of the reach of a regular ministry,

such insulated places affording no field for a settled pastor, they would have been altogether deprived of the means of grace, had not those itinerants, who were most contiguous generously visited them; until, in process of time, a cluster of such settlements has formed a circuit, and by their extent and magnitude, have required the labours of several preachers. In this manner, the states of Ohio, Kentucky, the Genessee, and the Tennessee countries, as also the western territory, and several other places, have grown up in the truth, and flourished in the best sense of the word, under the influence of Wesleyan methodism. To this, in many cases, they owe their present dignity, extent, and opulence. Indeed, there is hardly a settlement of any consequence, to the west and south, but has been visited by active and faithful labourers from the different conferences, who have left behind them traces of saving light and real usefulness. The "rose of Sharon," planted by their hands, and watered by their tears and prayers, has greatly flourished in the midst of these wild woods, and thousands from the banks of the Ohio, the Allegany, and the Sciota, have taken their flight to the mansions of bliss: and such has been the spread of piety and truth in these western wilds, that some might suppose the good Herbert a prophet, when he said,

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.

Methodism has been a peculiar blessing to this new world; which having no religious establishment, is in many of its remote parts, more dependant on such a ministry, than can well be conceived by those who never visited the country. Many thou-

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sands of the settlers would have been left to precarious, and contingent religious instruction, had not the methodist preachers, with an alacrity and zeal, worthy the apostolic age, spread themselves abroad in every direction, and become every man's servant, for Christ's sake.

The venerable bishops, Asbury and Whatcoat, who were then alive, treated us with affectionate simplicity, and with much solemnity and prayer, (assisted by many of the elders) by the imposition of hands, more fully ordained us for the work of the ministry. My mind was deeply impressed during this solemn ordinance, and I felt a strong and lively determination to give myself more fully to the work of the Lord, and to be "in labours more abundant," in his blessed service; my desires on the occasion, were breathed forth in the following verse:

My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
 Into thy gracious hands receive;
 And let me live to preach thy word;
 And let me to thy glory live;
 My every sacred moment spend
 In publishing the sinners friend.

The following is a fac simile of the two parchments presented to us on the occasion by the good bishops, with their signatures and seals affixed. I preserve them as sacred mementos of that solemn designation, and for the sake of the venerable men whose signatures they bear, and not because they superadded any especial validity to my original call to the work of the ministry.

Know all men by these presents, That I, Richard Whatcoat, one of the Bishops of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, in America, under the protection of ALMIGHTY GOD, and with a single eye to his Glory, by the imposition of my hands and

prayer, have this day set apart Joshua Marsden for the Office of a Deacon in the said Methodist-Episcopal Church, a man whom I judge well qualified for that work : And I do hereby recommend him, to all whom it may concern, as a proper person to administer Baptism, Marriage, and the Burial of the Dead, in the absence of an Elder, and to feed the flock of Christ, so long as his Spirit and Practice are such as becometh the Gospel of Christ.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this First Day of June, in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Two.

New York.

Richard Whatcoat.

Know all men by these presents, That I, Francis Asbury, one of the Bishops of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, in America, under the protection of ALMIGHTY GOD, and with a single eye to his Glory, by the imposition of my hands and prayer (being assisted by the Elders present) have this day set apart Joshua Marsden for the Office of an Elder in the said Methodist-Episcopal Church, a man whom I judge to be well qualified for that work : And I do hereby recommend him, to all whom it may concern, as a proper person to administer the Sacraments and Ordinances, and to feed the flock of Christ, so long as his Spirit and Practice are such as becometh the Gospel of Christ.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this Second Day of June, in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Two.

New York.

Francis Asbury.

Had the archbishop of Canterbury, or York, performed the ceremony, I should not esteem it a whit more estimable ; although those venerable prelates may smile at my simplicity, and treat my assumption with profound disdain. Yet I have no need to tell those distinguished individuals, that there is not a popish bishop in the land, but would with *equal* contempt smile at their pretensions. In New York, I saw several missionaries from Upper and Lower Canada,

and also from the vicinity of the larger lakes; the recital of whose manifold hardships and perils, caused me to blush at my own weakness, and want of courage. From their affecting accounts, I learned that a Nova Scotia mission, is not even to "flesh and blood," the most forbidding scene of labour in the world. I had frequently thought in my solitary wanderings through the woods, and along the frozen path, that I was alone in my difficulties, but now I learned, that there were others who were far larger co-partners in the cross of Christ than myself. Bunyan's Pilgrim, when passing through the valley of the shadow of death, did not know that there was another in similar circumstances until he heard the voice of Faithful, and then he took courage: so in my own trials, when trudging through the deep snow, spent with weariness and fatigue, or preaching in a smoaky log-hut, to a dozen hearers, or groping my way by night through the dark and swampy woods, I had sometimes, in the gloominess of unbelief, been ready to conclude, that of all others, mine were the greatest hardships. Thus, a young and raw recruit, will swell into formidable dangers, what a hardy veteran would treat as trifles hardly worth mentioning. I now learned that I had been only upon the borders of the desert, while others had actually crossed that dismal and dreary waste.

The dangers and hardships of many of the preachers in the new world, a land of rivers, forests, swamps, and lakes, are not to be paralleled by anything similar in an old country like England. Not unfrequently has a preacher to sleep on the bare ground in the woods. Sometimes a circuit is from one to two hundred miles in extent; the roads frequently bad, and the country a wilderness. In some cases the mode of

living is not very grateful to a tender constitution, or a sickly appetite; for although fat bacon, buck-wheat cakes, fiery whisky, bohea tea, and maple sugar, may do very well for strong ploughmen, and hearty wood-cutters, the man who preaches the gospel will often be obliged to own, that his work has made such inroads upon his health, that the above fare would operate only as an emetic upon his stomach.

At the general conference, I attended in New York, there were present, some who had to ride from five to thirteen hundred miles, in order to attend the meeting. The delegates from south Carolina, had to travel more than five hundred miles; those from the states of Kentucky, at least seven hundred; from Ohio, better than five hundred; from the Tennessee country, more than a thousand; and from the western territory, the banks of the Missouri, and Louisiana, from twelve to fourteen hundred miles. A preacher in the United States, has many severer difficulties to encounter, than those of mere travelling. If he be a married man, there are often no accommodations for his family, he may ride from one end of his circuit to another, and after all be glad to put up with a miserable log-house; and probably, may not be more than one week at home in four or five; yet notwithstanding all the difficulties and dangers of an itinerant life in America, there are nevertheless some excellent preachers; men who possess strong minds, considerable information, and powerful eloquence. An English traveller, thus describes a forest solemnity of preaching, and other religious exercises—"It was one Sunday as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster

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of horses, tied near an old wooden house, in the centre of the forest, not far from the road side; having frequently seen such objects before in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that it was a place of religious worship, devotion alone, would have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I confess, that a curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance; he was a tall and very spare old man; his head was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands and voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me, that he was perfectly blind. The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration; but ah! how soon were all my feelings changed—his subject was the passion of our Saviour; and little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man, whose eloquence would give to this topic, a new, and more sublime pathos, than I had ever witnessed. He drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour, his trial before Pilate, his ascent up calvary, his crucifixion, and death. I knew the whole history, but never, till then, had I heard circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured; it was all new, and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison; his peculiar phrase had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes;

but when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew to the life, his blessed eyes, streaming with tears to heaven; his voice, breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer for pardon on his enemies, "father forgive them, for they know not what they do." The effect was inconceivable, the whole house resounded with mingled groans and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation."

In the United States, the worthy bishops themselves, take their full share of all the toils and labour, attending an extensive circulation of divine truth, in this vast world of woods, this "boundless contiguity of shade." Bishop Asbury, in a pastoral sermon, which I had the pleasure of hearing him preach, in showing that they were not a whit behind any of their brethren the preachers, in labours, travels, and exposures, illustrated his position, by the following simple, but appropriate anecdote, which had a wonderful effect on the whole conference. During the revolutionary war in America, a small fort was besieged by a part of the British army, and the little garrison was reduced to the greatest possible distress. Fatigue, labour, and privation, excited a spirit of murmuring and discontent among the private men, some of whom, thought that while they were suffering all but famine, their commander was fareing much better, he remonstrated with them, and after pointing out his more than equal hardships, held up his pint of rice, (which was all their daily allowance) observing, that if any of the men were dissatisfied, they might share his portion among them. And now said the good bishop, if any of the brethren

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complain of their pint of rice, let them take mine
and share it among them. I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XV.

O'er fair Columbia's late discovered shores,
The hallowed cross a rich resplendence pours:
Where high the Allegany mountains frown,
And wide Missouri rolls his waters brown,
The light of piety serenely glows,
And makes the forest "blossom as a rose."

Author.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER the accomplishment of our object
in New York, brother Bennet and myself, re-
embarked for the cold and rugged shores of Nova
Scotia; a complete contrast to the milder skies, and
well cultivated vicinity of the city of New York.
After a delightful passage of five days, we arrived
at Digby, in the bay of Fundy. And as it was
Sunday, and we could not reach Annapolis, we went
ashore, hoping for some opening to speak a word
for our master; but, alas! the blessed Immanuel
did not appear to have one foot of ground in all
Digby; (the Nazareth of Nova Scotia.) So, after
a solitary walk on the sea-shore, we hailed the
boat, and returned on board the vessel, where we
had the blessed solace of our bibles and christian
conversation, still we were constrained to say with
David, "my soul longeth, yea even fainteth for
the courts of the Lord." Sabbaths spent on ship-
board, especially in harbour, are of all others, to

a christian, the most tedious. Digby appeared given up to smuggling, and it was probably owing to this, that the blessed gospel had found no entrance into the town; although several attempts had been made by different missionaries. At night, a band of smugglers came on board, to carry their contraband wares ashore; who greatly disturbed us by their profane and ungodly conversation; at length, we reproved them, but this brought upon us a flood of reproach and invective, and one of them, who appeared more decent than the rest, quoted a scrap of latin, but upon my calmly telling him, we did not deal in scraps, his fury became ungovernable, and had it not been for fear of consequences, they would doubtless have inflicted upon us some serious mischief.

The next day we procured a boat to take us to Annapolis, where I was appointed to labour for three months. This beautiful little town, formerly the capital of Acadia, was called by the French, Port Royal, its present name was given to it in honour of Queen Anne. It is situated on the river, and near the basin, of the same name, than which, a more enchanting sheet of water, cannot easily be found. The climate of the county of Annapolis, is the mildest and most sheltered part of the whole province, and it may in truth be called, the Eden of Nova Scotia. The town is small, but finely situated, it has a church, a Wesleyan chapel, a court-house, a fine garrison, fort, and barracks, and many good houses. The river, which washes the town, and forms the harbour, flows through one of the best cultivated districts in the whole province; on both sides, it is full of meadows, gardens, and orchards. The circuit is large and populous,

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and there are many truly pious people residing on both sides of the river. We have a chapel at Granville, ten miles from Annapolis; also a small one on Wilmot mountain, a majestic eminence that commands the whole bay of Fundy, and in fine weather the opposite shores of the province of New Brunswick.

On this mission, I laboured with great delight and satisfaction, the work of God prospered from Wilmot mountain to the Waldeck settlement, on the basin of Annapolis; our meetings were much crowded, many were greatly quickened, and seldom did we assemble together, without a refreshing sense of the presence of the Lord. At Granville chapel, and also at Waldeck settlement, the vast numbers that attended, constrained me to preach, and administer the Lord's Supper, in the woods. The stillness of this sylvan chancel, overhung with lofty pines, and waving birch trees, the echoing melody of the hymns, reverberating through the forest, the table covered with the elements, the surrounding and often weeping congregation, left impressions upon my mind, that neither time nor place will ever be able to remove, for often, when I think of these seasons my heart springs in desire across the wide Atlantic, to preach the gospel in the woods of North America. I know, sir, you will pardon me, for dwelling so much upon the simple annals of these our British American colonists. If, like myself, you had formed some of your earliest and dearest associations in these woods, if in them you had passed through the severest trials, and received some of your sweetest consolations; if, sir, you had left spiritual children, sprinkled up and down the forest, and had been treated with a kindness truly parental; I am sure, the recollection would not be barren of interest

and pleasure. Here all was spontaneous, affectionate, and sincere; truth was not cut into a variety of shapes by ceremony, the devout worshipper gave way to his warmest impulses. The divine influence was like "the dew upon Israel;" creating emotions of devotion in the heart, which were not shaped and modelled to the formal decorum of a large and splendid congregation. The apostolic amen, did not call down a reproof from the officiating clergyman, "sir, I pay my clerk for saying, amen," nor did a sob, a tear, or a sigh, break in upon the monotony of religious propriety, and attract the attention of half-a-thousand demure and unaffected worshippers. I am in no danger of departing from truth, in saying that I have seen as much pure feeling, genuine devotion, and holy excitement, in the forests of Nova Scotia, as ever solemnized the finest temple made with hands, or ascended to heaven from the sincerest heart.

One day, while I was preaching, James Whetheral, a man remarkably moral, and who had long been noted by his neighbours, for his regular and self-righteous habits, mixed with the congregation, the word fell upon his heart, he was deeply convinced that he had not built upon the right foundation. The sin-convincing spirit blew, and blasted and faded every flower of self-righteousness, hence throwing aside his fig-leaf covering, he came to the Lord Jesus Christ for the garments of salvation. The change wrought upon his mind was wonderful to all who knew him, he became as simple and humble as a little child, following the unworthy instrument of his conversion from place to place, till in a little while, he was taken sick and died in the full triumph of faith. Soon after this, a pious

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friend in Annapolis, requested me to visit a woman of a very different stamp, who when I entered the room, I found propped up in bed, and to all appearance within a few hours of the final limit of human life. She no sooner cast her eyes towards me than her looks expressed an aversion to my visit, which greatly pained my mind. I ventured, however, to ask her, whether she had any reason to believe herself in a state of salvation, to which, with great acrimony, she replied, "What have I ever done, that I cannot be saved," immediately adding, "I do not know why I cannot go to heaven as well as another." Strong delusion! and yet, this poor dying deceiver, had the day before, been receiving the sacrament, and not many hours elapsed, before, unhumbed, and I fear unrenewed, she departed for an eternal world.

While I continued upon this mission, my visits to the different settlements upon the borders of the Annapolis basin, were most refreshing and precious to my soul. I had sweet communion with the people of God, some of whom were as simple-hearted as little children, for God had given them the spirit love, of power, and of a sound mind. O! how easy it is to preach, and how sweet to converse with people in such a case; to these my poor ministry was a great blessing, and yet, I never felt more cause to be deeply humbled, my faithless heart was continually starting aside, and I felt that if God did not save me, I should, through my great unfaithfulness, be lost after all. Sometimes, in my happy moments, I was led out to pray, that I might be taken from the earth, and the evil to come. I saw myself defective in every

possible way, but the want of deep seriousness, and a proneness to levity, gave me the greatest stings. Yet in my public ministry, I was greatly assisted, though my inward conflicts with the power of temptation, were sharp and severe. About this time, an accident happened that had like to have cost me my life. Mrs. B. the lady at whose house I lodged, wished to accompany me to the Waldeck settlement, in order to hear preaching, and visit her sister, who lived in that neighbourhood. We were riding through the woods, and had arrived within a mile of the place where I was to preach. I was driving the horse at a smart trot, and much engaged in conversation, did not see a tree that lay along side the path, till the gig was overturned with a considerable shock, and we were both thrown out to the distance of several yards. In my first apprehension, I did not know, so much was I stunned, but I had fallen to rise no more, poor Mrs. B. called out, O! sir, my jaw is broken; and one equally ignorant how far he had sustained injury, replied, in strains truly plaintive; alas, madam my ribs are all fractured! however, after a few moments mutual condolence, our alarm was converted into grateful thanks; we found the injury each had sustained, was not equal either to the shock, with which we were thrown out of the carriage, or the apprehensions we felt in the first moments after the fall. We were, nevertheless, both sadly bruised, and my clothes were much torn. When the gig upset, through a kind providence, the horse stopped, otherwise it must have been broken all to pieces, as it was in the midst of a wood. As soon as I was able, I helped up my

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poor fellow-traveller, and after some difficulty in restoring things to order, we managed once more to resume our places, and pursuing our journey, devoutly thanked our almighty Preserver, that we had not both been killed upon the spot. "Thou Lord savest both man and beast," and thy name shall be adored to endless ages. I know, sir, you will unite with me, in esteeming this a merciful preservation; nor will I ask either the lover of chance, or the unbeliever in a particular providence, whether or not I shall record it in these letters. The people were waiting for my arrival in a large barn; so after pinning together (as well as I could) the rents in my clothes, I preached away all my sense of soreness. It was far otherwise, however, with poor Mrs. B. she being more advanced in life, did not recover from the bruises she received for a long time.

In reviewing the past year of my missionary life I can truly say, it has been a period full of events, both profitable, interesting, and curious. I have become acquainted with a new and vast empire,—with a new and extensive connexion, and the principle actors in the great work, who are truly holy men. I have been more sacredly set apart for the ministry. I have seen men of different political creeds growing together in the living vine. Blessed Jesus! thou art the same to all thy people, whether under the line, or under the pole; whether beneath the morning or the evening star. I have seen a form of church government differing greatly from that to which I have been accustomed, and yet training thousands up for glory. Methodist bishops, presiding elders, ordination by imposition of hands, and all without pomp and

rare show; christian simplicity, bishops, and yet "brethren in Christ; the dignity of office preserved in humility and love. Yes, my dear sir, they who are chief in honour are first in labour, in suffering, in zeal, in self-denial, in holiness. No mitre! no crosier! no palace! no lawn! no ring! but watchings, fasting, weariness, perils. Who will covet such an episcopate? Who will ride six thousand miles annually? Labour the gain, and holiness the price. Yes, sir, these are bishops of the primitive stamp, "living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men." Such were the early fathers, burning with zeal, yearning over lost souls with pitying love, and compassing sea and land to bring the wandering sheep into the fold of Christ. Riches and honours had not then blighted the buds of episcopal simplicity, and swept like a withering simoon, over the verdure of the church, turning the garden of the Lord, into a sandy desert, and corrupting the minds of holy men of God. Peace to the simplicity and poverty of the Wesleyan bishops in America! and long may they ride round their sylvan diocese of six thousand miles, drawn along the woodlands, mountains, and savannahs, by the constraining love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and tender compassion for the souls of dying men. I am sure, sir, you as sincerely join me in this prayer, as I subscribe myself

Your affectionate, &c.

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LETTER XVI.

Oft has the mystic comfort warm'd my heart,
 That mission-love and mission-toils impart;
 As I have kneel'd beside the negro's bed,
 Or preached the cross, beneath an humble shed:
 Or 'mid the silent green, umbrageous grove,
 Dispens'd the symbols of atoning love.
 Happy and cheer'd I've fac'd the snowy blast,
 And in my little sled, the wild-wood pass'd:
 Or when a milder planet shed its ray,
 Deep in the shady forest took my way,
 Beneath the sugar maple's leafy screen
 To pray, read, sing, and meditate unseen.

Author.

DEAR SIR,

My time at Annapolis being expired, I
 took an affectionate leave of my friends, and early
 in the fall of the year, crossed the bay of Fundy, for
 the city of St. John, the capital of New Brunswick,
 on which mission I was appointed to labour during
 the winter. The Wesleyan mission was first planted
 in St. John, by that holy and useful missionary,
 Abraham John Bishop, from the island of Jersey.
 He was, under God, the chief instrument of the first
 revival of evangelical religion, both in the city, and
 along the banks of the mighty river of that name;
 and his memory will long be as fragrance to many,
 who date their early impressions of divine things from
 his loving labours. He was in the noblest sense of
 the word, a man of God, and possessed a large share
 of the genuine missionary spirit. Wise, prudent,
 loving, he feared neither small nor great, but would
 lovingly invite, or mildly reprove, all with whom he

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had any intercourse. What is sometimes dignified by the name of prudence, was in his estimation, (when it shunned the cross) lukewarmness in disguise. Blessed Jesus ! how often do we hide our want of zeal, simplicity, and love, under this *rose* of prudent silence ; when truth and honesty require us to speak out. He however, rarely met an individual in the streets, without speaking to him, if an occasion afforded, on the great concerns of his soul and eternity. In a word, he was “ instant in season and out of season ;” and although a man of fortune, he was humble as a little child, and self-denying as a hermit ; adding, by his rank in society, a lustre to his zeal, and making, even his reproofs (by the loving and affectionate spirit in which they were given) an “ excellent oil that did not break the head.”—But he is no more, he was early snatched from the toils of warfare, to the triumphs of glory. The Wesleyan Conference wanted a missionary for the island of Grenada, who could preach both in French and English, and as he was eminently qualified for this mission, he was sent to the West Indies. Where, in those ever-blooming regions of perennial death, that blight of mortality, the yellow fever, transmitted his spirit to glory, and cut him off in the prime of his life, and in the midst of his usefulness.—Holy shade, farewell ! thou feelest no more the cold torpid blasts of New Brunswick, nor the scorching fervour of the torrid zone.—Gentle missionary, may my spirit be with thine in the regions of repose, and the mansions of eternal blessedness !

The city of St. John, the theatre of my present mission, is situated at the mouth of the river of the same name: it is on the western side of the bay of Fundy, in latitude 45 degrees north, and about 65

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degrees 30 minutes west longitude. It is nearly opposite Digby, in Nova Scotia, and about thirty miles distant from the bay of Passamaquody; and probably, about fifty miles from the *lines*, or the river St. Croix, which separates British America from the United States. The town, or city, for it has a royal charter, is but about fifty years old. It was first settled by royalists, who were emigrants from the United States, when the city of New York was evacuated by the king's troops. It has neither beauty of form, nor loveliness of situation to recommend it; all around it is sterrile and barren, and nothing could have recommended so unsightly a spot, but its being at the mouth of this fine river, which pours its produce down into the bay of Fundy. The town contains about five or six hundred houses, with a population of three or four thousand inhabitants, who are chiefly employed in mercantile, timber, and fishing speculations. If we except the church, and the Wesleyan mission-chapel, it cannot boast of many public buildings. On the foundation-stone of this last edifice, as you will read in the sequel of these letters, I had the pleasure to preach. It will hold more than a thousand people, and is one of the best and largest Wesleyan chapels in all British North America. There are also in the town, a court-house, on the hill, barracks for the soldiers, and an academy. The river is wide, and has a noble fishery for salmon, shad, herrings, and sturgeon; which furnishes employment and wealth to more than two-thirds of the inhabitants. The tide in the river rises nearly forty feet, a circumstance that renders the bay of Fundy famous throughout the world. For, perhaps, in no other part of the ocean does this phenomenon, the tide, bear such

marked and striking characters. It rolls along these shores with a majesty and grandeur I never saw in any other place ; and in some parts of the bay, with a rapidity of current, from seven to nine miles an hour.

The trade of St. John, is chiefly to England and the West Indies ; to the former they send masts, spars, staves, scantling, and lumber of all kinds ; and to the latter, fish, potatoes, pork, beef, butter, cheese, oats, staves, &c. &c. In the time of peace they carry on a brisk trade with the United States, to which they send gypsum, (plaister of Paris) and grindstones ; but this commerce involves much smuggling, and great quantities of contraband goods are hence brought into the province. Two miles from the city, are the falls of the river ; these at ebb tide, are grand and terrific ; a body of water nearly a mile wide, and from twenty to thirty feet in depth, is all at once compressed between a bed of rocks, which frown over its roaring waters, and through which it rushes with an impetuosity and violence no language can possibly describe. The descent is about twenty feet ; the noise is terrible, and gives something like a tremulous motion to all the surrounding scenery. It covers the whole harbour of St. John with foam and froth, and spreads a hollow roaring noise for several miles around. Mighty Father, how grand and sublime are thy works ! at what period did this spacious river burst through this wall of granite, and tear in sunder the stupendous cliffs by which it is overhung ? All around these falls the scenery is savage and sublime ; and well adapted to the pencil of Salvator Rosa. Yet, even this dreadful cataract is navigable, for when the powerful tides in the bay of

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Fundy rise to a level with the waters above the falls, vessels glide for a few minutes through this dreadful chasm ; hence the river is navigable for about a hundred miles above the city ; and as if for the purposes of navigation, its rapidity is arrested by this rocky barrier. Round the city, for several miles, nothing either beautiful or charming attracts the eye ; the whole scenery is rocky, barren, and forbidding ; perhaps, even the Falkland Islands themselves, are not more dismal ; hence, whoever travels through the western world to behold verdant scenery, and lovely prospects, must avoid the neighbourhood of St. John, where the whole landscape (if such it may be called) unites an assemblage of the most dreary traits of nature that the traveller could select. Here are irregular clumps of stunted spruce growing among the rocks ; salt marshes, bounded by jutting and fearful crags ; muddy creeks, where swarms of pestiferous musquitos annoy the neighbouring inhabitants. In a word, nature has stamped the impression of barrenness on all around, as if to serve as a foil to many of her lovely and enchanting departments. The country looks the best when a veil of wintery snow has covered its nakedness, and concealed its sterility. But to compensate for these defects of nature, all the blessings of life are raised on the banks of the river, and brought down to the city, in the winter by sleds, and in the summer by boats and small sloops ; hence the market is remarkably cheap ; good beef may be brought for two-pence per pound, mutton for a half-penny more, and a fine fat goose for twenty-pence. Salmon for two shillings and sixpence each ; and potatoes and turnips a shilling per bushel. As a part of my circuit lay upon the banks of this river, I will,

with your permission, furnish a brief description of it ; and the account will assist you in reading our missionary notices and reports ; for we have now three missionary stations on that ground, which then formed the mission of St. John alone. This river, though not famed either in song or story, is a sea, compared with the river Thames. It is more than three hundred miles in length, extending towards Lower Canada ; and about four thousand feet, or nearly a mile wide. Two hundred and twenty miles above Fredericktown, or nearly three hundred from its influx into the bay of Fundy, are the grand falls, a cataract ninety feet perpendicular. Along its banks are fine tracts of upland, and intervale. It receives the tribute of a number of small rivers, and noble lakes, and in one part of its course, it spreads out into a bay, (Belisle Bay) more than twelve miles across. The woods through which it glides with silent majesty, are full of lofty pines, some of which are the largest in the world, and would form fit masts for some high admiral ; also with spruce, hemlock, oak, beech, birch, hiccory, and maple ; from the last of which the inhabitants extract their sugar, by boiling the sap, which is sweet and limpid, to the consistence of treacle, and then pouring it into large moulds, where it cools, and grows hard. There are many settlements on either side of the river, but the country is by no means populous. In the spring of the year, the inhabitants are obliged frequently to retreat to the highlands with their cattle on rafts, as the copious freshets that roll down, overflow the banks, and inundate all the intervale country, and frequently sweep away houses, barns, cattle, and even chapels. The woods contiguous

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to the river are much infested with bears, which often make great depredations among the cattle. The following circumstance, related to me on the spot where it took place, shows the difficulty of killing these animals, unless they are shot through the lungs, head, or heart. A father and his son were watching some cattle they had placed for security on an island in the grand lake, when they saw a prodigiously large bear, crossing the passage between the island and the main land. Having a canoe, and loaded muskets, they paddled after him, and lodged the contents of their pieces in his body; still the persevering animal swam on, they reloaded, and again fired, till having expended their little stock of ammunition without effect, they paddled up to him, and beat him with the butt-ends of their

muskets; but in the struggle, he got his paws upon the edge of the canoe, and upsetting the vessel, our heroes had to swim for it. The poor shattered bear got upon the bottom of the canoe, and there he sat, till the father and son, who had landed safe, obtained more help, and dispatched him with a shower of bullets. Another instance that came to my knowledge, is as follows; a bear that was mortally wounded, ran past a man who was felling timber, who seeing the animal bleeding, left the tree he was cutting down, and with his broad axe, aimed a stroke at poor bruin; the bear, with a dexterity for which these animals are famous, snatched the axe from the hand of his assailant, and with a stroke of his dexter paw, tore him down from the chest to the abdomen, by which the unfortunate man was killed. The bear also died of the wounds he had received.

On my arrival at St. John, the severity and continuance of the fogs, created great pulmonary oppression, and difficulty of breathing. Sometimes the sun did not appear for a whole week; hence, the climate appeared hostile to my constitution, and created an apprehension, that eventually I should not be able to labour upon the mission. However, in this instance, my foreboding fears were more than my subsequent feelings; for in a little while, the inconvenience passed away, and a sense of the goodness of God, united to a strong desire to be useful, fully reconciled me to my new situation.

There's mercy in every place,
And mercy encouraging thought;
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

I found in the city, a lively and united little church, and entered upon my labours among them with much comfort. They were few in number, but warm-hearted, and zealous; and as I had to go from house to house to get my food, I had soon an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with each individual. Besides the whites in society, we had a number of free blacks, some of whom, were truly pious, and greatly helped me by their prayers. I found much prejudice existing in the place, which even the piety of that angel of humanity, Mr. Bishop, had not been able to subdue; yet, my poor labours, if not remarkably successful at first, were in the end greatly blessed; and I ploughed and sowed in hope, our little chapel (for we did not erect another for several years after this period), was greatly crowded, and both blacks and whites were very attentive and much quickened.

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In the winter, when the frost had set in, and the ice would well bear, I went up the river. The settlements at Sheffield, Majorville, Nash-Walk, and the Grand Lake, had no preaching, save when the missionary in the city visited them. At Fredericktown, the seat of government, we had a tolerably large chapel, but no missionary. During one of these excursions, I was upon the point of perishing in a violent snow-storm. Night approached as we were entering upon the bay of Bellisle, a part of the river, several miles across. The powerful drift had erased all vestige of a road, and was so thick and furious, that it prevented our seeing further than the horses heads; even the driver had much ado to keep his place; and the rest of us lay down in the bottom of the sled, and commended ourselves to the mercy and protection of God. There were in the sled, beside myself, two women, a child, and the driver. Our situation was truly perilous, as the bay across which we were pursuing our journey, was full of air holes, occasioned by the tide and currents.

While round us night resistless closed fast,
With the wild tempest howling o'er our heads.

Nothing can be more terrific than a snow-storm on these rivers; the tempest drives the snow with great velocity; where it meets with opposition, it drifts to an immense height. It sweeps along the ground, and curves, and eddies in its course, while the howling of the wind, which becomes, as it were, visible, by the snow, forms one of the most dreadful features of a Nova Scotia winter. The deep and accumulatingsnow greatly impeded the sled, our horses were getting exhausted; night had set in

with all its darkness, and we knew not which way to take, the drift was full in the face of the horses, and driver, who could hardly look out, or the horses face the furious element. For some time we were bewildered with our difficulties ; as the driver did not know which way to guide his horses, and the prospect of being benighted and lost, stared us in the face ; as the severity of the cold would soon have put an end both to our hopes and fears, and would have left us bleaching beneath an inclement sky.* God, however, did not reject our supplications, he was not slow to hear, or impotent to save ; we continued pursuing our journey, hoping and praying, and at last, to our inexpressible satisfaction, saw a light ; we made for the spot, it was a house upon the edge of the bay. Thus divine providence (the infidel would say chance,) interposed for our preservation, but as I know of no such deity, let God be praised for his goodness in the

* The excellent editor of the Evangelical Magazine, in reviewing the first edition of this Narrative, in Vol. 25, page 522, remarks, that in publishing what relates to ourselves we are greatly in danger of egotism ; but would that worthy critic have me to suppress deliverances of this kind ? I will assure him that I do not relate them in the spirit of "egotism." Nor am I convinced of the truth of what he remarks of the Apostle Paul ; "that we should never have known of his dangers and perils had he not detailed them ironically:" but I would ask my reverend friend, where is this done ? I am sure not by St. Luke, in the Acts of the Apostles, which form a complete chain of difficulties and dangers. Does the Apostle himself do it ironically, in the 11 Chap. 2d. Corinthians ? I think he does not. My reverend friend, will, I hope, give me credit for speaking the truth, when I say, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." If my narrative "is exceptionable only for minuteness in hazards and hardships;" I hope I shall be pardoned if I mention them, only to glorify the Providence and goodness of God ; the recollection of which, feeds my faith, and excites my gratitude. Lord thou knowest I would glorify thee.

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hour of extremity, and may my soul love him, who hath so often heard my prayer, and so signally appeared in my behalf.

In the course of these letters, I shall often have to advert to an overruling providence, as the great agent in various deliverances, and escapes. If this seem like enthusiasm, I must bear the stigma; if like pride and egotism, I believe I shall never be humble. One from above has taught me, "to acknowledge him in all my ways." He hath told me, that "a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice;" "that the hairs of my head are all numbered;" "that he is about my bed, and my path;" and though such knowledge is too wonderful for me, I cannot soar to its heights, or sound its depths, still I believe and adore, and if it be a weakness, it is a weakness that makes me happy; and I cannot much regard such *chance mongers* as the elegant writer of the following lines;

"When the loose mountain trembles from on high;
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?"

Yes; he who knew the mountain would fall, knew also that I should pray for deliverance; and suspended the ruin, until I was safe beyond the rolling of the furthest stone. I know, sir, there is in the world a philosophy that would exclude Jehovah from the minute concerns of individual christians; though it might allow him the government of the world. Aristotle has asserted, "that it is unworthy of a prince to know what is going forward in the kitchen;" that may be true, but it cannot be truth that the God, "whose eyes see, and whose eyelids try the children of men," can be ignorant of any thing that relates to the meanest of his children; for though

“He moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform;” yet the plan of a minute, all-seeing, and particular providence, is full of consolation to a devout mind. It is clearly the foundation of humble prayer and adoring gratitude. Of all other men, travellers, and especially missionaries, need the persuasion of this doctrine; and I am certain, that if we keep the eye of faith upon the hand of God, we shall arrive at the conclusion of the inconsistent poet above-mentioned; who has built up, what in another place he endeavoured to pull down.

All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance direction, which thou canst not see,
All discord harmony, when understood,
All partial evil, universal good.

Pope.

The next day we pursued our journey up the river, though the intensely cold north-west wind blew full in our faces, and rendered us so torpid with its severity, that in a little time, I could scarcely tell, whether my hands, feet, and legs, made a part of my body or not. Towards evening, one of our horses gave up, and fell down upon the snow; so we had no choice, but to leave the river, and make for the first house, which though but a log-hut, and greatly destitute of accommodation, we were obliged to make our asylum for the night. I have often been surprised, that so many of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, who possess property, should nevertheless live in these wretched hovels; sometimes with scarcely a pane of glass in the window, and under other circumstances, that would to a stranger indicate extreme poverty; and yet, I have known even respectable farmers live in such habitations. With some help,

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we got our poor fallen horse from the river, and in the morning our friends from the next settlement, who knew we were coming up, and fearing that the violence of the storm had exhausted our horses, sent down a fresh sled and pair, with which we safely arrived at Sheffield, the place of our destination. In this settlement, we had a simple-hearted, and affectionate society; to whom, and the congregations that attended, on both sides of the river, I generally preached every night; and was often especially favoured with the presence and blessing of the God of missionaries. My heart was much, and blessedly in the work; but I have notwithstanding to regret, that when I let the full light of that "candle of the Lord," the bible, upon my conduct, many parts were very defective; and it is often a matter of surprise and astonishment to me, with how great weakness God will bear, when there is any portion of that jewel, "sincerity in the inward parts." One of my greatest difficulties arose from a cowardly timidity, in not introducing spiritual conversation among the persons whom I visited; for however this may be deemed cant by the world, it is one of the glories of the christian ministry. I see how I might have been tenfold more useful on all my mission stations, and I regret from my soul, that so many golden opportunities should have been lost. O sir, how much prayer, simplicity, faith, love, and courage, does a minister of Jesus require; and those especially, who are sent to seek the wandering souls of men upon foreign missions. In going to new places, the people will *take the tone and cue* of religion from our conduct, and if they see embodied the doctrines

which they hear, our piety will shed a fragrance over our mission, and the people will rejoice when they have "seen the grace of God." The society to whom a minister belongs are identified with him, and the opinion of strangers respecting a whole body of people, will often be governed by what they see in the conduct of one official individual. I have often been greatly pleased when abroad, with the high opinion of certain individuals (not in immediate connexion with us) of the whole Wesleyan body, which I found arose from their having seen a miniature, in the holy life and conversation of some missionary or preacher, with whom they had been slightly acquainted. O sir, may both we at home, and our missionaries abroad, ever hang out such colours, as shall make it evident to all, that we are the true subjects of the King of Heaven.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XVII.

Brighter glows the happy day,
Wider spreads the joyful sound,
Softly steals the moral ray,
O'er the darken'd nations round.

Truth, almighty in her sway,
Shall degraded nature bless;
Chase the mists of night away;
Fill the world with righteousness.

Author.

DEAR SIR,

DURING the time of my remaining in the settlement at Sheffield, a circumstance occurred which from its novelty, will, I am sure, awaken some interest in your

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breast. A number of pious presbyterians, from one of the New England states, resided on this part of the river, and as they had no minister of their own, they generally attended at our little chapel, or invited me to preach in a house in which they held their prayer-meetings. When I had been some time in the place, and had visited, and spent the night at some of their houses, they gave me an invitation to preach in their large chapel, which was at that time shut up. With this invitation I cheerfully complied, and addressed nearly the whole of the inhabitants in a spacious place of worship, of which the following is the history. The presbyterian chapel at Sheffield, was a church-like building of frame-work, with a spire steeple, and a spacious gallery. This chapel, sir, had been drawn down upon the ice of the river, more than five miles. Nay, do not smile, and I will relate the circumstance, which was as follows: it had first been erected at Majorville, upon a litigated lot of land, which the society not choosing to bring to the issue of a lawsuit, they determined to remove the chapel bodily to their own glebe, five miles lower down the river. The whole settlement, men, horses, and more than one hundred yoke of oxen were present to assist in this more than herculian enterprise. The chapel was raised from its stone foundation by immense lever screws. Prodigious beams of timber were then introduced under the whole length of the building, into these were driven large staples, to which the oxen were yoked with strong chains of iron. When all things were ready for a movement, at a given signal, each man standing by his horse, or oxen, this great building, capable of holding eight hundred persons, was drawn along, and down the bank of the river, to

its appointed place, where another foundation having been prepared, it was again raised by levers upon it, with very little comparative damage. Not a single pew in the gallery or bottom, having been removed in the process. In this emigrated chapel, I had the satisfaction of preaching the gospel of the kingdom; to a large congregation. Perhaps, you will wonder how the ice of this mighty river, bore upon its bosom so ponderous a body; but your surprise will cease, when I inform you, that in the depth of winter, it is from two to three feet in thickness, making a bridge of aqueous crystal, capable almost of bearing up a whole town.

Travelling on these rivers, in the depth of a North American winter, is one of the hardships of a missionary life, that calls for no ordinary portion of courage, fortitude, and patience. Frequently you have in your progress to encounter dismal snow storms, which on so wide a river, are particularly violent. Your body is rendered torpid, by the severity of the cold. In some cases, your accommodation is in a log-hut, in others the shell of a large unfinished house, where your sleeping room is cold in the extreme, and your bed-clothes, in some cases, hardly sufficient to keep you from shivering. Ah! how often have I longed, and anxiously waited for the light of the morning, and the maple fire, at which, I might warm my cold and benumbed limbs. These are some of the physical trials, for which a missionary upon the river St. John must prepare himself. And yet, how much greater hardships do many brave, when only mere worldly advantages are the object. Shall a Bruce explore the mountains of Abyssinia? a

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Humboldt pitch his tabernacle among the snow-crowned cordilleras of America? and a Parry, spend winter after winter among the ices of the polar seas? and shall a minister of Christ, think any sacrifices too great for the love of God, and an exceeding and eternal weight of glory? shall the men of the world shame us, brave us, and out-do us? Ah! where is our faith? where our fortitude? where our enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ? Have we not often sung and desired

A soul innur'd to pain,
 To hardships, grief, and loss,
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.

I know, sir, you will pardon these digressions, I make them to meet the case of some of my young brethren, into whose hands I hope these letters may fall; for I write them not merely as a narrative of my own mission, but as a manual for their use, of the thoughts and reflections that have been suggested to my own mind, both in the course of my labours abroad, and since I returned to England. I could, (though I did not, as observed in another letter, keep a continuous journal,) have mentioned how often I preached in each place, what texts I expounded, where I slept, and how many miles intervene between one place and another. I could, sir, have borrowed a great deal from natural history, and botany, about the genus or species of an animal, or the nature of a plant or a mineral. I know there is a way of writing about these things, and grinding down the science, and sayings of other men, without much scientific knowledge. Technical phrases may be used and all may be very well, when a man wishes to

make a book out of books, as is the fashion of the present day; for we have descriptions of countries from persons who never were abroad, and histories of missions written by ministers (worthy and good men) who perhaps, save an occasional sermon or two, never travelled further than to and from their own pulpit; and this may have arisen from the paucity of public genuine missionary narrative, written by the actors themselves. For of the many sent out by the Wesleyan Conference, how few have written narratives of their labours and trials in foreign lands? I am sure, this has not arisen from either want of ability, or defect in zeal; but, perhaps, in most cases, from inattention to all other objects but that which swallowed up their minds, the glory of the Redeemer, and the salvation of men. I do, however, hope that some of my foreign brethren, will take the hint, and make minutes and memoranda of the principal incidents of their missions. We might then have narratives of missions to the Cape of Good Hope, Canada, Sierra Leone, Malta, Gibraltar, the West Indies, Madras, Newfoundland, &c. Whence, some competent men might form a general and complete history of the whole of the Wesleyan missions, in their rise, progress, impediments, success, and present features. In this age of "book making," this would be a book worth making, worth reading; it might combine the charm of novelty, with the beauty of holiness. It would supercede some of the trash, that is the last dull droppings of superannuated brains. No people have more reason than ourselves to mark the providence of God; we have been raised up in an extraordinary manner. All the lines of the great Wesleyan work, have been written with the

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broad nibbed pen of Providence. Our ministry, our missions, our institutions, our economy, our rise, our progress, are all remarkable; out of the common order; all marked, strongly marked, by the finger of some extraordinary agent. Oh! that we might be a holy people, rendering to God according to his benefits, and marking the foot-prints of his wonderful progress; but, I forget myself, and will resume the thread of my narrative.

Amid the severity of the weather in this excursion upon the river, I had some most blessed and precious seasons, the simplicity and affection of the people, beguiled many tedious (and through the plague of my heart) unpleasant hours; for my soul mourned in secret places, that it was not so well with me as in times that were past, "when the candle of the Lord shined bright upon my head." my want of a fuller conformity to Christ, of more purity, and spirituality, often bowed me down, and I felt that I needed the reproof of the Prophet, "and now what hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor? or what hast thou to do in the way of Assyria, to drink the waters of the river? Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee; know therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and a bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God. There are many ways, sir, to lose much of the life and power of religion out of the heart, without any visible change in the exterior of the man. I make no doubt, when I was lamenting my own coldness, there were others who envied my spiritual state, and looked upon me as highly advanced in the life of God. I wanted more privacy, both for study, reading, prayer, and self-examination. I had not learned the art of being

present with God by recollection, and at the same time with men by cheerful conversation. I have always suffered more from society, than from seclusion. And yet, I would not covet either the tomb, the cloister, or the forest. I know, man is made for social intercourse. I could not, in this severe weather, walk in the woods, as in the summer season, and few of the houses at which I visited had any spare apartments with a fire, but that at which the family sat. A great portion of my time was taken up in visiting the nearest settlements; in several of which, we had little societies; though but seldom any preaching. On these occasions, a little party was often formed, and sometimes two or three sleds would set off in company. The preaching was frequently in some house, where a social entertainment was provided for the whole party. After preaching, I spoke severally to the members, regulated their little affairs, and then (unless I stopped all night) returned in the same manner I came, riding nine, ten, or twelve miles upon the ice after preaching in the evening. These excursions upon the ice, are not so perilous as a stranger might imagine, though they are seldom without danger, from the currents underneath, and the number of air-holes, and springs at the bottom: so that I have known places open, or but slightly covered, when all the surrounding ice was two feet thick. To guard against dangers and accidents from these causes, they use the following precaution: each horse has a piece of rope tied round his neck, with a running noose; sometimes one person sits upon the edge of the sled: I have done this for hours together, while riding upon suspicious ice, or in the spring, when it was worn thin by the increase of an under current of

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melted snow, and the action of a rather warm sun upon its surface. When the ice gives way, the people in the sled endeavour to jump out, and if the horses have plunged into the water, they have no method whereby to save the animal, but by drawing the ropes tight, so that the horse suffers a temporary strangulation; his body becomes full of wind, and floating upon the top, he is more easily dragged upon the firm ice, when the cord round his neck is loosened, and he is suffered to respire. This method is often practised both upon the rivers and the lakes, and generally succeeds; but sometimes both men, horses, and sleds, go down in an instant, many melancholy instances of which fell under my own observation.

In travelling upon the ice, your quantity of clothing is generally proportioned to the severity of the cold. My travelling dress was as follows: woollen stockings and socks underneath; over my boots and under-dress, a large thick pair of knit woollen socks, shod at the feet with leather, and reaching to the upper part of the thigh; a surtout coat, and over this, a fear-nought; on the hands, worsted or lambs-wool gloves, and over them, thick mittins, a fur cap with a large silk handkerchief tied round the lower part of my face. Thus clad, with the living principle *within*, I have bid defiance to the cold, and rode twenty and thirty miles at a time. Some gentlemen wear muffs and tippetts, made of fur, with bear skin carpets in their sleds, but even all this, is insufficient on some occasions to brave the piercing intensity of the cold: wherever your breath comes, all is frozen stiff; and your horses have a number of icicles dangling about their mouths,

and the lower parts of the jaw. Yet, with all this severity, a North American winter, is by no means unhealthy. The sky is generally clear, stoves, and good fires within doors, make some of the houses comfortable. Colds are not so common as in our changing climate; fevers are little known, nor is the rheumatism more common than it is in England.

During this visit, I preached with much profit at Sheffield, where we have a chapel, on the banks of the river; though, alas, the great freshets had floated this little sanctuary from its stone foundation, and set it down in the middle of the road. I also visited Majorville, Nash-Walk, St. Anns, or Fredericktown; together with the Grand Lake, and several other places. The Grand Lake, is in summer, a lovely sheet of water; its length is about forty miles, and its breadth from four to seven, but in winter it is dreary in the extreme. At St. Anns, we had a good chapel, but the town being the residence of the governor, and others connected with the government, we did little good. At Sheffield, and lower down the river, religion had been greatly revived, under the ministry of Mr. Bennet, many young people had been truly awakened, and others had found the pearl of great price; in a word, the whole settlement was greatly quickened and excited. Thus, through the blessing of God, upon the Wesleyan missions, in these cold snow-clad forests, the light of piety has shed a serene beam; these wastes have heard a voice; these lofty trees have often beheld the humble colonist kneeling beneath their shady covert, and pouring out his soul to God in prayer, but the day of judgment will tell the rest.

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LETTER XVIII.

But not alone on British islands we
 The light of truth's serenest morning see ;
 Columbia's shores, and many a tropic isle,
 Flame with her light, and glory in her smile.
 O'er darken'd Africa, she faintly gleams
 Athwart the gloom, and newly risen scenes ;
 While palmy India, sees the orient ray ;
 And spicy Ceylon, hails the new-born day.

Author.

DEAR SIR,

IN the spring of the year 1803, I recrossed the bay, to attend the annual meeting of the missionaries at Windsor, in Nova Scotia, when my brethren appointed me to labour on the Liverpool mission; after spending a short time at Halifax among my old friends, I sailed for my appointment. This was the most compact and comfortable station I had ever laboured upon since I came to America, and I soon found myself at home among this friendly, civil, and respectable people.

Liverpool is a neat little town, upon the eastern shores of the Atlantic, chiefly supported by its trade in lumber to the West Indies, and its fisheries on the Labrador coast. The town is small, and has only two places of worship, the Wesleyan chapel, a large neat building, and a chapel for the new-light baptists, already mentioned. In the course of my labours on this mission, I visited Port Mutton, Port Jolly, Port Medway, and Port la Bare, small fishing settlements, stretching along the coast; they were chiefly inhabited by men who did business

on the mighty waters, many of whom, in no small degree, possessed the spirit of the gospel.

While stationed on this mission, I resolved to devote myself anew to my blessed master's work. My heart had been re-baptised in the fountain of divine love; I resumed, my four o'clock in the morning rising, and as I thought the strictest abstinence would conduce to my health, further my studies, and assist my soul in its warfare with flesh and blood, I abstained altogether from animal food; a practice, which after some time, I was obliged to discontinue, as it brought on a painful complaint in my bowels. With this united and loving congregation and society, I spent the season of my appointment in much harmony and peace. I was an inmate of the family of Joshua Newton, Esq. a respectable magistrate, and collector of the customs. In the house of this truly worthy man, and sincere christian, I saw a model of domestic piety, order, and family government. They rose every morning at six o'clock, and about seven all the family were called to prayer. The same exactness closed the day, at nine o'clock the family again assembled for prayer, and at ten each one retired to his apartment. In this family, and the house of colonel Perkins, Mrs. Newton's father, at which I spent a part of my time, and was kindly entertained, I saw much of the beauty of family religion; the latter was, I believe, a descendant of some of the worthy puritan families in New England, and in his conduct preserved the dignity of a venerable patriarch.*

* For a more full account of this excellent man, now in glory, the reader is referred to the 17th Vol. of the Evangelical Magazine, 505th page.

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During this winter I had both at Liverpool, and also along the shores, many blessed and profitable seasons of divine influence; I was more spiritually-minded, and alive to the duty of visiting from house to house. It is true, among fishermen, my fare was not so excellent, as a delicate and squeamish appetite might have craved, but I pity the missionary, who if circumstances require it, cannot sit down with a poor fisherman to a little cod-fish and potatoes. In these cottages I have sat reading my bible, conversing with the poor inmates, or to amuse myself, writing scraps of verses, forgetting both the busy, the splendid, and the learned world; and retiring into myself, I have tasted the joys of Eden, while the sublime Atlantic rolled its mighty billows in front of the little hut, and the dark towering woods served as a back ground. You will perceive, sir, by this simple sketch, that a missionary, even to these not most forbidding scenes of missionary labour, needs to be much mortified to the world; "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." But when he is called to labour in the wilds of Africa, the woods of Labrador, or the islands of the south sea; he should be the missionary *altogether*. To human fortitude, should be superadded a patient, laborious, heavenly-minded, spirit. How glorious will be the eternal crown, of such a missionary! If they, who under any form of missionary or ministerial labour, "turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," how much more they who have hazarded their lives for the cause of God. The fine preacher, the elegantly popular minister—the man of refined taste and varied literary accomplishments, (unless

like Martyn, the lamented Martyn) are not to be put into the scale with such giant souls. For though gifted and learned men may find their proper level at home, and, if faithful, may be a blessing to the elegant and cultivated; yet, let them not plume themselves with being above that which is many degrees above them; for he who makes the wigwam of the Indian, the kraal of the Hottentot, the cottage of the fisherman, or the hut of the Negro, the theatre of his humble labours, takes a higher stand in the scale of ministerial excellence than the most splendid bishop in the nation, and will, I doubt not, have a greater reward.

A mission to such a waste howling wilderness as Nova Scotia, cannot furnish incidents either so splendid, or so interesting as those undertaken to old and populous countries. There all is classic ground, here all is simple nature, and under such circumstances, the picture of a missionary may be easily imagined. Is he in the West Indies? You see him in the decent, but low mission-chapel, addressing from the pulpit, an attentive and clean congregation of blacks, interspersed with well-dressed and handsome malattoes of different shades, from the deep-olive, to the colourless and sickly pale; a few whites sitting aloof by themselves. Do you behold him in the interior of the Cape of Good Hope, "under open sky," addressing a group of wretched and filthy Hottentots, the sketch is easily drawn. Would you, in your mind's eye follow him to Nova Scotia, perhaps you are at a loss, I will help you; figure to your mind beyond the western main, an immense continent, spreading a vast and lengthened barrier to the Atlantic waves; bays, rivers, lakes, woods, on the largest plan of nature.

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Imagine here and there a little settlement of some twenty houses scooped out of the forest, one of these a log-school, or little chapel ; next imagine that you see a man upon horseback emerging out of the forest ; view him riding up to one of the plantations, while the door opens, and the kind family all approach to welcome the stranger. Towards evening, imagine you see the whole settlement all alive, a messenger has been dispatched to the surrounding farms. They are all tending to the log-chapel, where the aforementioned personage, the missionary, has taken his station, and is conducting the worship of God. This service he repeats, each night of his stay among this simple people ; for it will be a month before he returns with the same message of love. Probably, during his stay, he visits every family in the infant colony, and after suitable discourse, sings a hymn, and spends a few minutes in prayer ; some of these, are probably united in church fellowship, and the rest are friendly and hospitable, if you please take the picture in verse,

A rural bishop, he will often preach,
 Beneath the spreading oak, or towering beech ;
 In sylvan scenes, proclaim the saving word,
 The wood his chapel, skies his sounding board ;
 Or to each log-hut, in the forest maze,
 This woodland priest the light of life conveys ;
 Where waving forests fringe the rock-bound shore,
 That breasts the wide Atlantic's dreadful roar ;
 Or where the wilder gulf, or rapid bay,
 Cover New Brunswick's shores with fog or spray.

You will perceive, sir, that in this work, I have not made a distinct and specific record, of every individual instance of usefulness that came under my own observation. It is sufficient for me, that the day of judgment will unfold all this ; “ my work was with God,

and my reward is with him." I wish not to be the chronicler of my own praise ; I have, sir, a sufficient counterbalance in my own weakness, meanness, and sinfulness. I have need to lay my hand upon my mouth, and hide my blushing face in the dust, and guilty, guilty, guilty, cry. Thou Lord knowest, I take no praise for what I did, but shame and sorrow for what I did not do ; and if these letters, sir, are fly-blown with the self-approving sin, I hope you will sprinkle the salt of your prayers over both me and them.

My tour of labour being nearly finished on this mission, I hope, in some degree, both to the glory of my blessed master, and the satisfaction of the people, and having now nearly completed four years of my mission in these woods ; I can look back with some degree of pleasure, that I have not laboured in vain. My heart has been much knit to my dear brethren, Messrs. Black and Bennet, the former has been a father, and the latter " a brother born for adversity." Affection in a foreign land, is like a cooling gale in a tropical climate. I thought previously to my leaving England, that four years would appear a long period of service in a world of woods, where few social or literary advantages could be reaped. But amidst a variety of scenes and changes, the time has passed rapidly along. Active labour, frequent change of place, the kindness of friends, and above all, the blessing and presence of God, both shortened and sweetened the season of service, and at the end of four years, I felt no desire to leave the flock in the wilderness. In every place the Lord added seals to my unworthy ministry ; and though my unfaithfulness was great, he never made the " heavens as brass"

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to my prayers, or said, "write this man childless." The waterer of others hath been watered himself, and though "in deaths oft," is still alive, and can raise his "Ebenezer, his stone of help," and say,

How are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I've pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wast not slow to hear,
Or impotent to save.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIX.

Sun of righteousness to thee,
Let the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings;
Lift their eyes and from afar,
Hail the light of Jacob's star.

Merrick.

DEAR SIR,

IN the spring of the year 1804, at the request of Mr. Black, I left Liverpool, to supply his place on the Halifax mission, he having gone to Baltimore, to attend the general conference in that

city, and meet his friend Dr. Coke. I sailed for Halifax in the brig Rover, formerly a Nova Scotian privateer. The morning (the tenth of April) was delightful, the wind was fair, and we expected to arrive in Halifax the same night ; but, alas ! in this we were painfully disappointed. When we were within sight of Samborough lighthouse, at the entrance of the harbour, a north-east gale of wind set in, and blew with such violence as forced us out to sea. A fearful and ominous ring encircled the sun, the sky became black and hazy, the tempest came on like a mighty giant. The roaring and whistling wind lifted the agitated water into frightful heaps ; our little brig was tossed from wave to wave, and pitched and rolled amidst the broken and tumultuous billows. We were in as critical and unpleasant a situation as can possibly be conceived ; the captain, who had calculated to get into Halifax the same night, had made no provision for the vessel ; we had not a single candle for the binnacle, the men were mere landsmen, hired only to carry the vessel to Halifax to be refitted ; hence, in the midst of the gale, they skulked below. The captain was greatly agitated, fearing if the storm continued, we should be obliged to bear away for the West Indies ; which in our situation would have been a famishing alternative, as the ship had no stores ; and some of the passengers, flattering themselves we should arrive the same night, had made no provision beyond the limits of a day. My friends, however, as if actuated by some wise foresight, quite unaccountable to me, had put on board for my use, two baskets of provision, and also liquors, and this, by the providence of God, was a seasonable supply for us all ; as both the captain and passengers shared the little

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stock. The night was tempestuous and dark, the winds roared, and what might be the event of our being driven to leward every one trembled to apprehend. In the midst of our extremity however, I had recourse to my *old and never-failing refuge*, the bible and prayer, which in difficulties, dangers, and afflictions, have always been my sheet anchor, my strong refuge, and my fountain of comfort; nor did they fail me in this time of trial. I am no advocate for bibliomancy,* yet I would equally avoid that frigid incredulity which would deny suitable application of the blessed record in the time of extremity; the history of universal christian experience confirms such a use. The chapters to which, in the course of my reading, I was directed, were first, that in which the astonishment of the disciple was expressed, at the sublime majesty of Christ; "behold what manner of man is this, that even the winds and the seas obey him"! The next was the one hundred and seventh psalm, in which we have David's graphic description of a marine storm, in these appropriate words, "then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still, then they are glad, because they are quiet, so he bringeth them into the desired haven. On these passages I reasoned thus; Is not God the same as hereto-

* The use of Scripture Cards to determine our moral state; or the dipping into scripture, and making the first text we cast an eye upon, the standard by which we are to judge and determine what is the will of God concerning any step we contemplate taking; or the seeking comfort or condemnation from the first passage we turn too, is probably too much like a spiritual lottery, and yet it would be too much to say that God never directs in such cases.

fore? has he not all power in heaven and upon earth? do not the prayers of his people still come up before his throne? are not all the elements, all events, all nature, under his control? even the winds and the waves obey him. Were not "the things that were written aforetime, written for our instruction, that we, through patience and comfort of the scriptures, might have hope." From these reflections, there sprung up in my breast, a firm reliance upon the divine veracity, faithfulness, and power of God; and I felt satisfied he would deliver us; nay, I did more, I went upon the quarter-deck, with my heart full of the comfort and confidence of hope, to encourage the captain. I am fully persuaded, that on special occasions, and for particular purposes, God gives to his poor unworthy ministers, what the apostle Paul calls "great boldness in the faith, which is in Christ Jesus." Be this as it may, the wind which had blown from the north-east lulled, and came round to the south-west, and though the storm had driven us during the night, as far to the westward as Cape La Have, we got into Halifax the next night. O! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and magnify his holy name.

Some may call it superstition, cant, folly, presumption, to suppose that the great God will arrest the course of the elements at the request of a poor worm.

Shall burning Etna if a sage requires,
 Forget its thunders, and recal its fires?
 On earth and heaven, new motion be imprest,
 O blameless Eetiel! to relieve thy breast?

Why not? is not the whole Old Testament a history

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of the interposition of providence in honour of faith, and in answer to prayer? Is the blessed and adorable God less wise, less good, less able, or less willing than he was in days of old? why are we told in our prayer-book (the expositor of the national faith,) to pray in a storm? * “O send thy word of command to rebuke the raging wind, and the roaring sea, that we being delivered from this distress, may live to serve thee, and to glorify thy name, all the days of our lives.” Are we not taught in the same book to pray for rain, for plenty, for fair weather, for peace, and for deliverance from the plague? and shall we, in compliment to either Pope, Hume, or Middleton, or any other poet, philosopher, or divine, give up, and deny a particular providence.—We might as safely give up the whole of religion altogether, and go back to the old *chance, atom, fate,* and *fortune* systems; divorce our bibles, consign the prophets, and apostles to dotage, and embrace the opinions of Lucretius. Thank God, sir, “we have not so learned Christ.” What! shall we overlook the many particular answers to prayer, with which God favours his people in the hour of need? what! shall we overlook his watchful care over his church? and say, that Jehovah is only an unconcerned spectator of his children’s afflictions? perish the page of mine that would make an unrighteous compromise with such men, merely to avoid the old, stale, and unmeaning hue-and-cry of superstition, enthusiasm, fanaticism. If, sir, we concede our bible, and vital religion, to the humour of every objector, who chooses to new model the word of truth, and the way of righteousness; the mere moralist may fritter away the new birth, into I know not what,

* See in the liturgy “forms of prayer to be used at sea.”

of water baptism, and regularity of life. The mystery-hating, rational religionist, may rob the Redeemer of his equal and essential Godhead, and glory in the horrid sacrilege. Proud philosophy, will resolve all spiritual and heart-felt influence into mere human excitement. Each self-sufficient pharisee, will tear the richest jewel of grace from the Saviour's crown; while the latitude-loving antinomian, will divest the blessed gospel of either condition, morality, or holiness. Bigots will strip religion of candour, to make it pimp to their own narrow views; and the pompous will destroy its simplicity, and make a raree show of that which should be seated in the heart. Thus among the whole, lovely religion, that master-piece of the wisdom and goodness of God, would fare like the beautiful statue left by the ancient sculptor for inspection in the market-place, every beauty would be erased till the whole were a mutilated and shapeless mass of deformity.

Providence is the glory, and the inheritance of every faithful christian missionary. What man in his senses, would leave his native shores, would go upon such an errand, encounter perils, privation, contempt, fatigue, disease, and often death, in distant climates, without the confidence a particular providence inspires, or the consolation of believing in an all-seeing, prayer-hearing, and protecting God? It is this that enables the christian missionary to say

Should providence command me to the verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames o'er the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.

Thomson.

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Islands,

Answer, ye holy men, who have gone to the ends of the earth to preach the gospel! who have faced the burning south, braved the blustering north, ventured your lives among treacherous Malays, savage Indians, or wild Caffres; did not you derive comfort from an overruling providence, when the tyger,* the

* On one of my voyages either to or from Queda, (for I have forgotten the precise time) a Danish ship hailed us, and approaching incautiously, ran foul of our stern, and broke our flag-staff. We therefore put into a creek, and some of our men landed near a wood, to cut down a tree to make a new one. Hoping to be able to procure some fresh meat for supper, I accompanied them, armed with a double-barrelled gun. While they were at their work, I walked on the outside of the wood, eagerly looking for some game, and soon discovered, among the high grass, an object, which, by its motions, I mistook for the back of a hare. I took aim, and was just going to fire, when the animal rose up, and proved to be a tyger, of which only the top of the head had been visible. My arm involuntarily sunk down; I stood motionless with horror, expecting that the creature would immediately make a spring at me, and gave myself up for lost; but, by God's providence watching over me, the beast seemed as much alarmed as I was, and after staring at me for a few moments, turned slowly about, and began to creep away, like a frightened cat, with his belly close to the ground; then, gradually quickening his pace, fled with precipitation into a distant part of the wood: It was some time before I recovered presence of mind sufficient to trace back my steps towards the beach, for I felt my very heart tremble within me. As I approached the water, there was a piece of jungle, or low thicket before me, and I was turning to the left, to pass round by the side opposite the boat, thinking that I might yet find some game, when, seeing the men labouring hard to drag the tree they had felled, towards the water, I altered my course, and went to their assistance. No sooner had I entered the boat, than I discovered on that side of the jungle, to which I was first going, close to the beach, a large kayman, watching our motions, whom I should certainly have met, had I gone round by the way I intended. Thankful as I now felt for this second preservation of my life, I could not help discharging my piece at the animal's head, and by the sudden plunge he made into the water, and the appearance of blood on the surface, as he was swimming towards the opposite shore, it seemed that one or both of the shots had penetrated his eye or throat. We saw him reach the shore, and crawl through the mud into the jungle.—*Letters on the Nicobar Islands, by a Moravian missionary.*

serpent, the kayman, were overcome or eluded? did you not see the hand of God? yes;—it was this providence that cheered your spirits when depressed with grief, that supported your bodies when wasted with sickness, worn down with fatigue, or enervated by the debilitating langour of tropical climates. Harassed by wild beasts, or savage men, your “lives were in jeopardy every hour;” but you knew they were in the hands of God. Dangers stared you in the face, but they were under a curb. The elements conspired, but you saw one sitting above the water-floods, who had the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand. The golden link that unites providence and promise, was ever in your view; this, afforded scope for your faith, and called into exercise your prayer. You saw the finger of God upon the springs of the wonderful machine, and his hand regulating the wheel within the wheel. You perceived the moving economy instinct with eyes, and you often heard a voice whispering to the soul, “surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.”

I know, sir, you will pardon the digression, and permit me to close this letter, by inserting a few lines on prayer, which, whatever other merit they may possess, are, I am sure, suited to the above re-

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marks and deliverances; and in the course of my mission, have often been brought to the test of experience.

Prayer its way to God can find,
From earth's deepest centre ;
Though a wall of steel confin'd,
Prayer that wall would enter :
Who can trace a beam of light,
From the day-star parted ?
Prayer, more rapid in its flight,
From the mind is darted.

Prayer to God ascends with ease
From the Polar ices ;
From our isle's antipodes,
From the land of spices ;
From an Inquisition's gloom,
Where the wretched languish,
From the margin of the tomb,
And the bed of anguish.

Place the Christian where you will,
Scripture doth aver it ;
Heaven's eye is fixed still
On the praying spirit :
Though on dreary wilds alone,
Outcast and distressed,
Prayer's a pathway to the throne ;
Find it, and be blessed.

Rocks of granite, gates of brass,
Alps to heaven soaring,
Bow, to let the wishes pass,
Of a soul imploring ;
From the belly of the fish,
From the sea's recesses,
From the lion's den—the wish
Up to heaven presses.

Diety, in every place,
On the earth or ocean,
Opens wide the gates of grace
To sincere devotion ;

'Neath the sceptre of the rod,
Or by stream or fountain,
Lift thy spirit up to God,
Who can stop its mounting ?

North or south, or pine or palm,
Vale, or mountain hoary,
Breathe a prayer, repeat a psalm,
'Tis the porch of glory ;
Frigid, mild, or burning zone,
Distance is not in it ;
Prayer from earth to Mercy's throne
Passes in a minute .

Wheresoe'er thy lot command,
Brother, pilgrim, stranger,
God is ever near at hand,
Golden shield from danger :
Near the Niger or the Nile,
Or where forests bound thee,
On creation's furthest isle,
Mercy's smiles surround thee !

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XX.

The Lamb in his love o'er the nations shall reign,
Unrivall'd, eternal, alone ;
The Gentiles in fulness, shall bask in his train,
And gaily encircle his throne.

Author.

DEAR SIR,

THE friends in Halifax received me with a cordial welcome, and I laboured among them with great satisfaction, till the latter end of the summer,

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when Mr. James Man relieved me, and I sailed for my mission at St. John, to which I was again appointed. Some time previous to this period, I had formed a connexion with a pious young lady in Halifax, but a variety of difficulties had hitherto opposed our union, and even now, those obstacles seemed more formidable than ever; hence, I returned to my re-appointment on the New Brunswick mission, with rather a heavy heart, as the dark cloud of providence seemed to lower upon me, and oppose my wishes. However, I had recourse to my old expedient, prayer, and my mind was brought into a sweet submission to the will of God. My reasons for wishing to change my state, were; I had found a person, between whom and myself, there was both mutual attachment, and congeniality of mind; we were one in our sentiments of religion, and the work of God in which I was engaged. My views were then, and are now, that unless some weighty reason oppose, every missionary should be a married man. The apostolic times, when clerical celibacy might be necessary, offer no argument now to oppose marriage. I believe that every missionary will be both more settled, useful, holy, and contented, in a married, than in a single state: there will be less cause of scandal, by his pastoral intercourse with females. In his troubles, he will have a sympathizing friend; and he will lie under no temptation of leaving his mission for two or three years together, and of taking a long and expensive voyage home, in order to get married. But to return to my own case, I was become tired of living in lodgings, I was afraid of giving trouble, I was, perhaps, a little jealous of my liberty, which I thought, living in other peoples' houses abridged. I had some peculiarities, such as very early rising, to which I

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found impediments ; in a word, I thought I could be more devoted to God, and better content with my lot. It was not long before a wise and good providence opened my way ; you see, sir, I am still upon my old chimes, providence. I had hardly got well settled in my mission, when a pious and respectable female applied for my advice in a case of difficulty. Her husband had sometime before sailed for Boston, where his affairs requiring his continuance, he had sent for his wife, requesting she would dispose of the furniture, and let the house. The thought immediately occurred to my mind, this is an opening of the closed door, I will take the house, and buy the furniture. Without communicating to her my views, I proposed to take the house myself, and purchase the furniture ; but still I was in darkness to all ulterior openings, however, I left all in the hands of God, doubling my diligence at a throne of grace, and wrote to Halifax, informing Miss S. of what I had done, withal adding, that I intended to sail for that place by the first vessel. My dear friend had at this time left home, for a visit of health to the interior of the province, but an unaccountable impression of mind, induced her shortly to return : all this time she knew nothing of my letter ; meanwhile a vessel offering, I engaged my passage to Windsor, where in a few days I arrived in safety, having for my fellow passengers, the late bishop of Nova Scotia, and the Rev. John Inglis his son, who is the present bishop. When I arrived at Windsor, another difficulty occurred, I had forty-six miles through the wilderness to travel, and no horse, this was the next day obviated, one of the missionaries arrived at Windsor, with a horse he had borrowed, so after preaching twice on the Lord's day, I set off

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on Monday morning, and arrived in Halifax just as Miss S. had returned from the country. When my letter had been put into her hand, we were mutually surprised at the coincidence of circumstances, but still other difficulties stared us in the face, the objections of her father, and the absence of Mr. Black, the Halifax missionary. In these also the hand of God appeared; the next day a vessel entered the harbour from Baltimore, which brought my esteemed friend, Mr. Black, and Mr. S. waved his objections. These were no sooner obviated, than another demur started, Mr. Black could only marry us by publishing the banns, but I could not stop a fortnight from my mission. Providence kindly interfered in this also, we waited upon the governor, Sir John Wentworth, who kindly consented to grant Mr. Black a license, and at the same time gave us the promise of a glebe for the use of the Halifax mission. We returned to Halifax, where I preached in the evening from "what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits," and after preaching, accompanied Mr. Black to the house of my future father-in-law, when greatly to my satisfaction, I was united in holy matrimony, to Miss Mary Seabury. This was a union of much prayer, the hand of providence was evidently in it, and I hope I shall have endless cause to bless God for bringing us together. My wife had been brought up in the fear of God from her infancy, and from the age of sixteen, had experienced a saving change of heart. Her mother is a deeply pious, well-informed, and respectable member of the methodist society. Her uncle, Dr. Samuel Seabury, was a pious bishop of the Episcopal church in America. Her grandfather was a respectable clergyman, rector of Hampstead, on Long Island. Thus,

like Timothy, she had the benefit of pious ancestors, and from a child had known the holy scriptures. "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband ;" he has at least one true friend, to whom he can communicate his soul, and with whom he can share his joys and sorrows : one faithful counsellor, to consult, advise, and confer with in his difficulties. . In a word, I am decidedly of opinion, that a married missionary has in all the relations of civil, social, and domestic life, the pre-eminence over a single one. My wife has travelled with me more than eight thousand miles by sea and land. She has borne me eight children, five of whom God hath taken to his kingdom ; we have passed through many sanctified afflictions, have had many trials of our faith and patience ; yet, with all our travels, shiftings, siftings, bereavements, difficulties, and troubles, we should not be willing to take Alexander's sword, nor yet any other sword, to cut the gordian knot that has bound us together for these twenty-four years ; and whatever troubles our Heavenly Father may send,

We hand in hand will walk life's vale,
 Beguile with love its care and sorrow ;
 And though, or foul, or fair the gale,
 We'll mutual comfort lend or borrow.

Till death shall cut the mystic knot,
 And life-time end its mortal story ;
 We'll bear, and bless our mixed lot,
 And hope to meet again in glory.

Where love's delightful amaranth blooms,
 Unblighted by affections fickle ;
 No widow weeps among the tombs,
 Death has no dart, old time no sickle.

Evangelical Minstrel.

We continued in Halifax but two days after our marriage, and then sailed for St. John, in the bay

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of Fundy; where, after a quick and pleasant passage of five days, we landed on the day appointed for a public fast, and just as our friends were beginning the service in the chapel; thanks to our merciful Lord, for marine preservation.

During this winter, 1804—5, I laboured in St. John, and along the banks of the river, with visible success, and much satisfaction. Old differences in the society were composed, and the contending parties reconciled. Among the town's people, prejudice seemed to lose ground. There was a manifest increase of christian affection and simplicity among the society. With regard to myself, I speak in the fear of God, my soul was much alive, and my affections were warmed with holy desire to promote the glory of my blessed Redeemer, and the salvation of his moral family. I divided the day into regular parts, I rose every morning in the bitterest weather, at four o'clock, and lighted a fire in the stove, as this only would warm the room, and check the intense cold. From four till eight, I devoted my time to meditation and prayer, reading and writing. The forenoon I spent in going from house to house among the society and congregation, and visiting the sick. The afternoon was taken up in reading, and meeting the classes, four of which I regularly met every week; and in the evening, throughout the whole winter, we had generally a meeting of one kind or another. My labour demanded all my time, but it was delightfully employed. I had no melancholy void, no leisure to while away. My motto was, be "instant in season and out of season." I held prayer-meetings in different parts of the town, and as the intense cold prevented me from preaching in the chapel, I preached

from house to house. Once a week, I catechised the children, and every Monday evening, had a select meeting at my own house for reading the lives and experience of christians. During this winter, several were deeply awakened, the society was much edified and quickened; my own soul was like a watered garden. O how sweet is sailing to heaven, when we are wafted along by divine influence, and freighted with humble love and holy zeal. Surely these were times of the Son of Man. Never was my bible more sweet, or my Saviour more precious, the Lord was my light and my salvation, and I walked upon my high places. Perhaps, sir, you will say, that this was the true missionary spirit, and that into which every foreign missionary ought to be baptised. I am, however, sorry to say, that I was not always thus diligent on my different missionary stations: sometimes weakness of body, sometimes unbelief, and not unfrequently a desire after unprofitable knowledge, and curious and pleasing books and studies, would slacken my ardour, and repress the spirit of holy diligent exertion. I have before remarked; that a missionary to a foreign land should rather be a diligent, than a contemplative man; his great object should be more to save souls, than to gain knowledge; activity is the soul of a mission. I would rather see a preacher travel ten miles to preach to a few enquiring souls in a thicket of trees, than descant never so elegantly on polite learning. A diligent man, may glean much rare and profitable knowledge while in the active prosecution of his duty; the light from above will not suffer him to walk in darkness, who is pursuing that path of duty, on which the sun shines all the year round. He who cultivates the spirit of zeal, power, and

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humble love, shall have wise discernment and convincing speech, added, or thrown into the scale. I would have a foreign missionary let nothing that is interesting escape his observation, but make minutes in his pocket memorandum-book, of all useful and lively incidents. I have often in a log-cottage, heard the most singular and striking occurrences; and flashes of christian wit in skies that never were illuminated with human learning. Fragments of such conversations as I have sometimes heard in the solitary wilderness, details of curious adventures and experiences, from some who had lived in the bosom of the forest, and who had never been drilled into the nomenclature of a sect, or taught the cognomen of the christian world; I have heard these speak with a vividness on divine things, which shewed, that what they said was warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires. I say, such memoranda, if preserved, would agreeably and beautifully adorn the pages of a narrative, or the numbers of a magazine. Crantz's History of Greenland is full of these interesting and heart-touching details. Of this description also are the following works: the Life of Elliot, David Brainerd's Journal, Loskiel's History of the Brethren's Missions to the North American Indians, Coke's Journal, Harvard's Mission to Ceylon, Buchanan and Martyn's Lives, the Life of Xavier, and Ellis's Tour through the Sandwich Islands, Wesley's and Whitfield's Journals, and many other that time will not permit to name. I am truly sorry that I did not keep a diary of the most minute circumstances of my mission; such fragments are like grains of gold, when separate they amount to little, but collected together, they rise in value. The imperfect

notices and scraps of journal, from which these letters are formed, have put me too much upon turning over the pages of memory, a book that is very liable to be worm-eaten. Still, however, I am thankful that in most of the materials the general features of my mission are given, as the true images of things. That I have not gone into a more minute unfolding of my own christian experience, I know you will excuse ; I am satisfied that " my record is on high." In those occasional interweavings of my mission, ministry, and personal state, I have not " dealt in the false commerce of unfelt truth." I have put nothing down in malice, and if I have dwelt more upon the man than the mission, the Lord pardon his servant in this thing,

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXI.

Soon the gospel shall expand,
 Soon the day-star shall appear,
 Visit every gloomy land,
 Bring the bright millennial year !

Lo! we see the day begun,
 On the nations it hath smi'd,
 Like a newly-risen sun,
 G'er a morning dark and wild.

Amusements of a Mission.

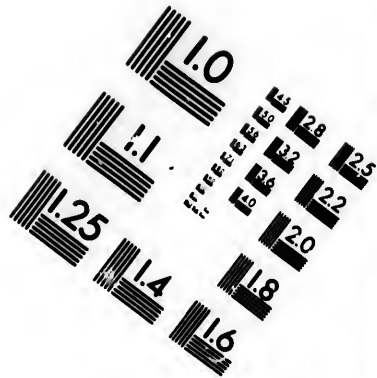
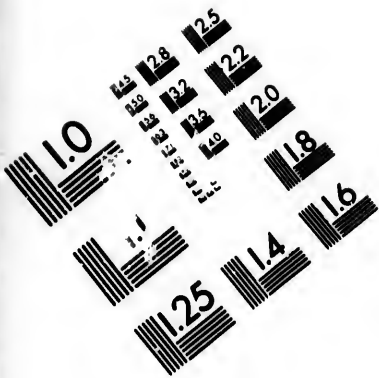
DEAR SIR,

I well remember one sermon I preached at this time, from those awful words, " be instructed O Jerusalem, lest my soul depart from thee ;" and

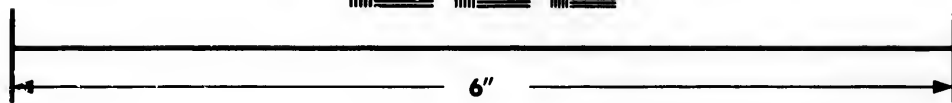
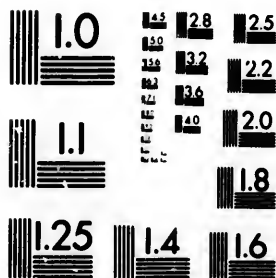
surely this was delivered with the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from above ; a brokenness of heart, and many tears, indicated much of the divine influence ; some wept aloud, and others were powerfully agitated, and the blessed effects of this solitary address were visible for many months ; although I know not that I ever preached a sermon under greater anxiety or depression of mind ; my soul had been harrowed up by some heavy and unexpected trials, and I almost began to doubt whether or not I was called to the ministry. However, the above gracious attestation broke the snare, and filled my heart with renewed comfort, zeal, and courage. It is at such seasons as these, that the Saviour comes walking upon the waves, and in the midnight of their grief, cheers his tempted mourning people ; and can there be a greater proof of the divine omniscience and compassion than such visitations. Where is the true missionary or christian, who is not a living witness of such seasonable interpositions ? The disciple when sinking, is graciously taken by the hand, and cheered by the presence of a sympathizing Saviour.

As the spring opened, my trials increased ; I was led to deal very faithfully with my congregations, but the more faithfully I discharged my conscience, the more the old serpent and his brood of vipers hissed upon me. I had to preach against sabbath breaking, and the magistrates thought that I reflected upon their conduct, because during the herring, salmon, and shad season, they allowed the people to fish upon the Lord's day, and assigned as a reason, that fish ran more abundantly on that day than any other. But they were merchants, and bought the fish, and sordid





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interest will never want a plea for breaking in upon the most sacred duties. Dancing and revelling prevailed in an unusual degree : I had to take notice of these, hence some of the gay ones, who occasionally came to the chapel, thought themselves implicated, and came no more. Conscience and duty required me to preach against drunkenness, and as this was the besetting sin in the place, "master by so saying thou condemnest us," was felt by a number of delinquents. I had to animadvert upon smuggling, and this came home to the very doors of the church of God ; an official brother, possessing some property, and more influence, would hardly speak of me with charity, or treat me with common civility. The following lines, if they have not the elegance of poetry, possess the merit of truth :

When pride, or lust, deceit and gold bear sway,
 God's faithful legatè, has a rugged way ;
 He treads on snares, which way soe'er he tend,
 And hurts a stranger, or he wounds a friend ;
 That, hates to hear him galling truths dispense,
 This, thinks him personal and takes offence :
 Thus he who serves mankind the best he can,
 Must brave the base ingratitude of man ;
 Nor sink dejected at the sight, if those
 He sought to succour, prove his bitterest foes.

One Lord's day evening, I preached from this text, "my name is Legion," from which I took occasion to remark, that all wicked men are under diabolical agency, led captive by the devil at his will, and that satan in various forms, rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience, making it

A cage of unclean birds, a robber's den ;
 Folly's foul workshop, satan's gloomy pen,
 Or common-place book, for the world to write in ;
 An ocean of iniquity entire,

Whose rest-less waters cast up dirt and mire ;
An amphitheatre for fiends to fight in.

I observed, that according to the temperature and circumstances of men, a variety of evil spirits were engaged in the bad work of prompting them on to sin ; and that one man is under the influence of the dæmon of unbelief, another is actuated by a lying spirit, a third is governed by a cheating devil. This is the dupe of a proud, revengeful fiend : these are seduced by a pleasure-loving dancing devil : some are moved by a backbiting evil-speaking temptor. That the unclean spirit has taken possession of one, and the dumb devil of another ; that mammon has his subjects, and belial his servants : in a word, that all wicked men are " of their father the devil, because his works they do." This sermon furnished a tea-table topic of conversation to the gay and wealthy for some time ; and a certain lady, not a novice in the art of detraction, (whose domestic, a serious, sensible young woman, belonged to the chapel) came one day into the kitchen full of this strange subject, and thus accosted the servant : " Hannah, I hear Mr. Marsden has been preaching about devils, but which devil did he say was the worst ?" " a *backbiting devil*, madam," replied the recollected girl ; it was enough, Hannah's mistress left the kitchen as quick as though she had been bitten by a tarantula, and bitten she was, for conscience, when left at full liberty to make the application, is worse than any tarantula, it is a mere scorpion to the ungodly. Some thought I was too pointed, others said I ought to be stopped ; thus did I prove the truth of Luther's remark to Malancthon, that faithful preaching will either make

men enemies to their sins, or to their ministers. Never did I more need the wisdom of the just, the innocence of the meek, and the boldness of the daring, than on these occasions. At one time, I was upon the mountain of leopards, and at another in the den of lions, but the Lord was with me, I had a good conscience, peace within, and was enabled to out-ride every storm, though I had to hold the helm with a steady hand, and watch the sails with an eagle's eye. No preaching is so unpopular as that which condemns sin, and follows the sinner into all his lurking and hiding places. A merchant one day conversing at a dinner party with his companions, on some of the methodists, who were tradesmen and farmers, remarked that they were honest, worthy fellows, but added, I hate them, they are so d— strict. Ah! this preaching against sin, when you know your congregation are committing it, here's the rub, especially should they be rich and obstinate; can you double this cape? can you steer boldly forward in these broken waters? there is the scylla of God's wrath, if you neglect your duty; here is the charybdis of man's displeasure if you are faithful: what are you to do? why

Undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness for the Lord;

And having done your duty, commit your cause into
the hands of God, with

All hail reproach, and welcome pain;
Only thy terrors Lord restrain.

Notwithstanding all my discouragements, the little
mission greatly flourished, and I have now in my

possession many interesting letters from some who were pious, which contain pleasing testimonies, how much the word of God and the ordinances of his house, were rendered precious blessings to them; but many of these are gone to their eternal reward. A part of the society in the city of St. John, consisted of black people; two of whom, by their holy and circumspcct lives, were a great blessing to the rest; and much esteemed by all the congregation. The names of these were Jonas Murdock, and Sibbe Weeks; Sibbe was one of the most pious and gifted negroesses I ever knew; her talents were as remarkable as her zeal, and her fervour and eloquence in prayer, rendered her a singular blessing to many. I gave her permission to conduct prayer-meetings among her own colour, and to meet the class of black people belonging to the chapel. In this poor black. I had an evidence how much the grace of God can raise the abject mind, for although she was a slave and could not read, there was a propriety in her manners, and a shrewdness in her conversation, which gave a decided negative to Mr. Jefferson's theory of the non-improvability of the blacks. Sibbe had a mind capable of considerable improvement; her master, one of the first merchants in the place, greatly esteemed her, for as she was "a living epistle, known and read of all men," she had a good report of all, and even of the truth itself. You are well aware, sir, that on the continent of America, as well as the Islands, the blacks are the subjects of our missionary zeal, and this I esteem one of the brightest jewels of our pastoral crown. The West India missions to the negros, under all the difficulties laid in the path of our faith and patience, has been, and even now is,

one of the most flourishing in turning men from darkness to light. In other missions, solitary individuals have been turned to God, here thousands and tens of thousands have been set as stars in the Redeemer's diadem. To them truly the preaching of the cross has been the power of God to salvation. Christian benevolence never had a higher aim or a humbler walk, than the conversion of these outcasts ;

But planter, not to thee the thanks are due,
Nor thy inhuman negro-driving crew ;
Thou hast oppos'd their c'aims with hellish spite ;
Thou hast refus'd the negro heaven's light ;
Thou hast, to prove intelligence a clod,
Denied the Africans access to God ;
And made as pride, or a'rice ru'd thy breast,
Thy slave an animal machine at best.
T'was Coke, the man of God, the friend of man,
On the blest, godlike errand nobly ran,
He felt a brother thus depress'd to see,
He felt, and said the negro shall be free !
With such a liberty, as God supplies,
Freedom divine, the charter of the skies !

O sir, how will the labours of that blessed man, Doctor Coke, for the good of this despised race, enbalm his name. Their salvation will be his noblest monument. What are great actions that centre only in the aggrandizement of the individual ? that he was the friend of the negros, is a golden panegyric. Our extensive missions in these islands, are the tree which has grown out of the germ he first planted in the island of Antigua. The Wesleyan Conference supported him, but he was the active agent, the life and soul of this herculean charity. Now, however, it is the glory of this great body, that this mission so honourable to their zeal, receives the willing suffrage of all the friends of human nature in every part of the world. Nor

does the sun in his circle through the skies, look down upon a mission where zeal has been more disinterested, and love more compassionate. For neither have the graves of the missionaries who have been martyrs to the climate, the yellow fevers that waft death upon the wings of the sultry humid breezes, nor the menaces of the angry planters, nor the furious wreck-making tornado, been able to frighten away our missionaries from these shores; and now, in many of the islands, they are hailed both as the friends of the slave, the patrons of humanity, and the true promoters of the planters' best and most lasting interest. Permit me, sir, to close this letter with a few recollections, which if not in the higher style of poetry, I hope for their truth, at least, you will find touching and pathetic.

Yes, I have taught the sable race,
Have heard the sigh, have seen the tear,
A diamond; on the jetty face,
Reading a silent lecture there.

It seem'd to say, there is a soul,
A deathless vital spark within
Shall live when planets cease to roll;
Though *buckra massa*, ban the skin,

Yes, I have seen them neat and trim,
The negress drest in muslin white
Have heard them warble many a hymn,
That thrill'd my bosom with delight.

And I have in their cabins been,
Partaker of their simple fare,
Neat viands, and apartments clean.
All, all but liberty was there.

The ills of thralldom cannot bar
Religion from the negro's cot;

Who wears a coronet and star,
Has often not so blest a lot.

For I have heard their matin prayer,
And round the vesper altar kneel'd ;
And sure the *bliss of bliss* was there,
If God, his presence ere reveal'd !

And I have seen them bought and sold,
By an unfeeling auctioneer,
A deathless soul for sordid gold,
Oh ! let me write it with a tear !

I am, dear sir,

Affectionately, yours, &c.

LETTER XXII.

“ Like the sun going forth ” in his mighty career,
To gladden the earth, and illumine each sphere ;
The chariot of truth, shall in majesty roll,
O'er climate, isle, ocean, to each distant pole.

A glorified course it shall nobly pursue,
Encircling with radiance both Gentile and Jew :
And millions of heathens, their idols despising,
Shall bask in the light, and exult in its rising !

Evangelical Minstrel.

DEAR SIR,

IN in the spring of 1805, I crossed the bay of Fundy, to pay a visit to Annapolis, and exchange with brother James Man, who was stationed upon that mission. In this, as well as in some other parts of Nova Scotia, I had some plants of my hand, and children of my prayer ; some who could call me father in a higher and nobler sense,

than if born of my body, and to these, and others, I was pleased to have an opportunity once more, on the banks of this fine river, of dispensing the bread of life. Prior to my visiting Annapolis this second time, colonel Bayard, who had retired upon half-pay, and lived upon his estate at the foot of Wilmot mountain, wrote me, as I passed that way, a very polite note, requesting that I would do him the favour of a call, and if convenient, take a bed at his house. At first I hardly knew what to make of this note, as I had heard that the colonel was a great persecutor, so, as I could not make it convenient at that time, I let the matter sleep. Hearing, however, again, and finding from public rumour, that a change had taken place in his mind and life, I went to visit him. I found him a complete counterpart to his former self. The late colonel of the Nova Scotia regiment, had in his countenance and deportment, the dignity of the gentleman, blended with the heaven-illuminated sweetness and affability of the christian. As this change had recently taken place, it shone in its new born lustre, and the beautiful moral transformation described in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah was realized. The colonel had been a man of pleasure, gallantry, and dissipation, and, as is usually the case with such, an infidel and contemnor of religion. Having, however, many baptists, and methodists in his neighbourhood, he sometimes fell into conversation with them; although he would not let Mrs. Bayard's nurse, who was a pious and zealous methodist, speak a word upon the subject of religion. At length, at the request of lawyer Aplin, he was induced to read Mr. Westley's sermons, which the lawyer, though

not a methodist took a pride in lending to his gay friends. Light from the Holy Spirit, darted upon his benighted mind, a new world was opened to him, the truth of God, like a sharp two-edged sword, pierced his soul; the delusions of his former infidelity vanished like a black and ugly mist; his conscience was roused from its deep and awful slumbers; in fine, he became a true penitent. Wherever he was conscious upon reflection, that he had injured or wronged any man, particularly the disbanded soldiers of his late regiment, he manifested in a particular manner, his compliance with good old bishop Latimer's adage, "restitution, or no remission;" hence he made ample satisfaction to the aggrieved party. He soon came down from his lofty standing; and although he moved in the highest circles of life, he was not ashamed of the gospel, the ministers, or the followers of Christ; for those he formerly despised, he now choose, in defiance of proud custom, as his associates, companions, and friends. His whole soul seemed absorbed in the things of God, hence at his own house, and in the midst of his family, I have seen him read the bible upon his knees, watering the holy testimony with a plentiful effusion of tears. After some deep and gracious exercises of mind, the consolations of hope visited his soul, and God filled his heart with peace and joy in believing. A radical and genuine change was apparent in all his conduct. The man of gallantry and pleasure, kneeled as a weeping penitent at the feet of mercy. The proud, daring, high-minded officer, was transformed into a little child, and the trophies of infidelity were laid at the feet of the cross. Never did religion gain a greater

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triumph, or infidelity loose a warmer friend; but what is there that divine grace cannot effect. The persecutor Paul, and the Pagan emperor Constantine, the deputy Sergius Paulus, and the Ariopagite Dionisius, colonel Gardiner, in Great Britain, and colonel Bayard, in Nova Scotia, have all adorned its triumphs. Monarchs have laid their crowns and purple, warriors their deathless laurels, and poets their bays and sweet minstrelsy at thy feet. O grace how great and glorious are thy victories! it is thine to soften the high, and rear the abject mind—to melt the rocky heart, and to humble the lofty and aspiring sinner. If the desert become a garden, and the lion a lamb, it is by thy power. Thou canst raise the serpent to a seraph, and the worm to a throne. The poor insolvent bankrupt sinner, becomes rich in thy riches; the ignorant, wise in thy wisdom; and the weak ones mighty in thy might. Thou toucest the rock with thy wand, and the waters cover the desert. Thy harp is sounded, and the soothing strains bring the wild beasts out of the forest to lick thy feet. Of polluted, degraded, and miserable sinners, thou formest the redeemed, the holy, the spotless inhabitants of heaven. 'Tis thine to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Is the Babel of false hope pulled down, and the dark vale of despair illuminated, thy hand has performed the stupendous work, and thine eye with its bright beams has illuminated the benighted soul. Thou hast brought up the prisoner from the pit of sin, and the debtor from the iron grasp of the law, thou hast delivered. Thy banner has upon

it a dying lamb; thy seal a bleeding cross; and thy crest a mystic dove. Thou puttest into the hand of the mourner a chalice of comfort, and givest the humble pilgrim a clue to guide him on his way to bliss. If peace and joy visit the awakened sinners conscience, it is from thy smiles. Thou givest balm to the wounded, and takest the burden from the back of the weary heavy leaden soul. Precious truth, "by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast." Salvation is all of grace. By this we lay the foundation, edify the temple, and bring forward the headstone with shouts of grace grace unto it.—Grace tunes the harps of redeemed infants in glory; it is the song of young men in Israel. Fathers in Christ join the blessed anthem—join it, O my soul—sing the blessing of grace—sing the triumphs of grace—sing, O sing to all eternity, the fountain of grace—the giver of grace—the spirit of grace—the gracious Saviour—hallelujah, praise the Lamb.

My all,

My theme, my inspiration, and my crown;
 My strength in age, my rise in low estate;
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth; my world;
 My light in darkness, and my life in death;
 My boast through time; bliss through eternity,
 Eternity too short to speak thy praise!

Young.

Having received the Lord Jesus Christ by faith into his heart, he now wished to entertain the servants of God at his house, hence I was always a welcome guest. And I shall never forget the kind offer he made of receiving my whole family into his house, should I choose to go on the Ber-

muda mission alone. The missionaries at his request, made his house one of the regular preaching stations of the Annapolis circuit: in consequence of which, his gay and high-minded former friends became deeply offended, at what they were pleased to call his meanness of spirit. The good b——p of Nova Scotia told him, he could not come to visit him as usual, because he kept *low* company. The governor, his former intimate friend, rode past his house without calling. The governor's lady choose to be very witty at his expense, asserting that the colonel had lost his senses. Ah sir! how truly pitiable is the case of the rich and great; frequently placed out of the range of those powerful means, that might arouse the guilty conscience from its delusive slumbers, or bring home the truth of God to the heart. Perhaps they seldom read such works as Wesley's Appeal, Allien's Alarm, Baxter's Call, or Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. They are often without a faithful friend to reprove, or a searching ministry to probe the conscience. Life passes in a circle of amusement, compliment, and frivolity: fashion and pleasure, are the order of the day. Truth, in its pure form, they are taught to call fanaticism; religious conversation, cant; strictness in religion, methodism; and the vital experience of godliness, enthusiasm. For their amusement, the buffoon and the mimic, dress true piety in the fool's coat of caricature, and the theatre, not the bible, gives the *cue* to religion. The poor in spirit are deemed hypocrites, the evangelical christian is nicknamed a saint, and places where the gospel is preached in its purity, conventicles. How truly

thankful should we be, that our lot is cast in the middle walks of life, far from that magic circle, where the gay throw fortune, conscience, health, and time away. While colonel B. was wicked in the worst sense of that term; an unbeliever, a man of pleasure, a carousing, profane, and dashing officer, no fault was found with him; but alas, he had become moral, serious, and godly, and withal was united to a body of christians odious in the sight of many of the rich and gay: hence, a certain c——n, offended that God had made the methodists the humble instruments of conveying his truth to the colonel's mind, was pleased to observe, that his religion was only the half-way house to atheism; and he was no longer deemed fit company, either for the clergy, or the venerable bishop. But God forbid, that a line of mine should ever underrate the character of those who are set apart to serve the sanctuary, for whether he be in or out of the established church,

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine, and whose life
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause:
 To such I render more than mere respect,
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.

Cowper.

But when a bishop or a clergyman is an enemy to all religion, save and except what flows through the channel of canonical or high church episcopacy, when all others, whatever good the blessed God may do by them, however amiable in their lives, respectable in their acquirements, or various in their learning, are deemed *unauthorized* teachers, and out of the *true* pale. I am ready to say in

the language of a pious formula "from envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, good Lord deliver us." For where in such a case, is the liberal and catholic spirit of the blessed Redeemer? where is the love that hopeth all things? where is the "meekness instructing those that oppose themselves;" if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil." Some of the colonel's relations, in writing to him, after the garbled accounts they had heard, begged of him for God's sake to think upon his military honours, and not tarnish his respectable family and name, with such a low drivelling thing as fanaticism, alias, enthusiasm; alias, methodism; alias, experimental and vital religion. The witty said he kept three chaplains to pray for the good of his soul, and the wicked and incorrigible hated him, because, as a magistrate, he put the law in force against swearing and sabbath-breaking. Thus, when a man of dignified station becomes truly godly, his former gay companions stigmatize and vilify him, and consign him over as a person of a little ruind to oblivion; so it often fares, O blessed Jesus! with thy pure religion and gospel,

Not many wise, rich, noble, or profound
 In science, win one inch of heavenly ground;
 And is it not a mortifying thought,
 The poor should gain it, and the rich should not?

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Soon shall the red-cross banner wave sublime,
 In golden India, and each southern clime;
 O'er every peaceful sea and ocean wide,
 Where gallant ships and stately navies ride;
 Along each spicy isle, or palm-crown'd shore,
 Where commerce spreads her sail, or plies her oar,
 Salvation's joyful tidings shall prevail,
 And the world echo with redemption's tale.

DEAR SIR,

IN the conversion of colonel Bayard, Annapolis mission received an accession of strength and prosperity, that greatly lifted up our heads. His piety and zeal, had a blessed influence upon the neighbourhood and contiguous settlements; but alas, sir; we can seldom on our missions boast of such converts to the power of religion, nor do our labours in general derive much benefit from the support of men in power and authority. But perhaps, this is rather a blessing to us, than otherwise; in the splendour of great names and great patronage, we might loose the simplicity of religion. "Not many mighty, not many wise, not many noble, are called:" A great man esteems it an honour to serve his king, his country, his friends, or his mistress; to face danger with the intrepid, or to pursue glory and fame with the ambitious; but to support missions, ah there's the rub—No sir, they must stand upon their own legs. Honourable, or right honourable patrons they have few; still however, in the calm sequestered vale

of usefulness, they have kept the noiseless tenor of their way. The footsteps of the dew, that walks forth to refresh the earth, are silent, so has it been with our missions; without pomp, without parade, or great patronage, they have spread and prospered, and many "dark places of the earth, the habitations of cruelty," have been divinely illuminated. We have only to regret, that the great men in our foreign colonies, should at any time so far forget themselves, as to interfere with the labours of men, whose professed and sole object it is, to seek and to save the lost. Did the government at home, in the majesty of its power, punish such petty and vexacious aggressions, they would cease: but till the power vested in the hands of kings, and cabinets, be as the "clear shining of the sun after rain," this cannot be expected. When the nations in their political and constituted power, unite to promote the glory of God, then will persecution for righteousness sake cease, then will missions be protected. Chapels will be no longer pulled down. Godly men will no longer be interdicted, fined, imprisoned. Then indeed, the reproach of the cross shall be wiped away; "the earth shall help the woman," Zion, in the eyes of even politicians, shall put on her beautiful garments, and Jerusalem shall be a praise in the earth. Statesmen and rulers, shall vie with each other in promoting the prosperity of the church of Christ, they shall bring the honour and the glory of the nation into it. Hail happy period! thou true golden age, when every wind shall waft our missionaries round the green earth, and every gale shall bear upon its wings, the peaceful sound of the gospel of Jesus. But till this happy period arrive, you will unite with me in

lamenting, that even the most favoured country upon the surface of the globe, in its national capacity does so little for missions. Were the millions annually spent in supporting the *slave system*, devoted to the cause of Christ, and the conversion of the heathen, what a defence would it throw around our national glory. Then instead of being cold and repulsive to our missions, *hardly* affording them even an *exterior* of patronage, and *tender* and *chary* of the bloody and cruel superstitions of our heathen subjects, we should come forward in the grandeur of our national resources, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. If righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin be a reproach to any people; and if national prosperity walk hand in hand with national piety; for nations, as nations, must be rewarded or punished in time; one cannot but lament the *little* interest political governors feel in the kingdom of Christ. I know it is not for an humble individual like myself to reform the state: still, I have an interest in my dear country, as *true* an interest, as the wisest statesman in the cabinet, or the proudest captain in the tented field. Her welfare commands my fervent prayers, and her moral glory is inwreathed with my warmest wishes. I see in the light of truth, how she might be truly great. How her institutions might more abundantly bless the world, and her statesmen draw down upon themselves the blessings of millions who are ready to perish. How her king might be a nursing father to the church of God, and her immense resources might be brought to bear on the glory of Christ, and the prosperity of missions: In my mind's eye, I behold her flag in every part of the round world;

I see her colonies extending to the regions of the morning star; and catching light in the west, from the last golden beams of day. She says to the north, give up thy whales, and to the south, keep not back thy gold, silver, and emeralds. O that she was employed in sending the gospel to every mart, and in planting the banner of the cross in every region of the earth!

Britain say,
 Hast thou no true ablution to despoil
 Ganges of worship? no pure rite, no prayer,
 To tell the widow her Redeemer lives,
 And snatch her from the flames? O teach those groves
 To echo other sounds than Bramah's name.
 Be the songs of Zion heard from fertile Malabar,
 To sandy Arcot, to the beautiful shores
 Of rich Orissa, and Bengal profuse
 Of all life needs, save that for which we live.
 O spread those echoes on the peopled sea,
 Peopled with barks innumerable!
 Let them sound in every isle, and palm-crown'd bay,
 Where commerce spreads her tent, or stays her oar.
 Wherever waves thy banner, bid it shade
 The house of God; where'er thy tongue is heard,
 O let it like an angel's trumpet tell
 Messiah's kingdom of good-will and peace;
 Exalt the full hosannah, till it soar
 High as the lofty mountains of the moon,
 Then cross th' Atlantic; teach Canadian tribes,
 Who wander vast Columbia's northern wilds,
 To hope a better heaven, than lakes fring'd round
 With forests stor'd with game, and sunny plains.
 Teach Africa, O teach those men of woes!
 Whom thou hast reft of country, and disjoin'd
 From nature's ties—the God thou worshippest!

I continued labouring in Annapolis, and on the banks of the river, till I received a letter from the doctor who attended her, stating that my dear wife was in a most critical and dangerous state. This induced me to hasten my departure, though that haste, but for a merciful providence, had cost me

the loss of life ; for passing in the packet through the Gut of Digby, a rough and dangerous strait, I was standing on the quarter-deck, observing the agitation of the waves, and the velocity of the packet, when a gust of wind struck the vessel, and shifting the main boom with a dreadful jerk, the sheet knocked me against the tafferel, but God gave me perfect presence of mind, and as I was falling overboard I caught hold of a rope, and though the vessel was going about nine knots an hour I stuck fast, and to the astonishment of the captain was saved from a watery grave ; thanks to my preserving guardian, whose eye was not turned away from the danger to which his poor servant was exposed, and whose arm was stretched out and made bare in this deliverance. The life of a missionary in a foreign land, who is often crossing the sea is a life of peril and danger, but can the blessed Jehovah ever be surprised. Careless slumbers cannot steal on his all-seeing eyes ;

Israel is his sure defence, Jacob all his care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence, and ever waking love.

My chequered pilgrimage has been through perils both by sea and land, but I have been protected under the shadow of the Almighty, and in my greatest straits and difficulties, know all men by these presents ; I have always found the promises both an antidote to fear, and a source of comfort. Hope in the divine mercy, has been my sheet anchor, and shall be till I exchange mortality for eternal life. For though I have rode hundreds of miles upon the ice, have sailed thousands upon the ocean. Though I have been lost in snow-storms, bewildered in the perplexing mazes of the forests

of North America ; I have often been benumbed with cold, and sun-struck with burning heat ; in perils on the sea, in perils in the woods, in perils on the ice ; but I call heaven and earth to witness, I have never found one promise to fail. I have deeply to regret that I have not oftener gone to God, as my first, instead of my last resource ; a conduct no way honourable to christian faith and love, and a mournful proof of our propensity to the dire sin of unbelief, one of the blackest recorded in the doomsday book of God. Lord, forgive my unbelieving *fears*, pardon my unbelieving *prayers*, and help my unbelieving *infirmities*. O sir, may we believe and show the reason of a man, believe and taste the pleasures of a God, believe and look with triumph on the tomb.

On my arrival in St. John, I found both my dear partner and her new-born infant, (for she had been delivered in my absence,) in an afflictive and delicate state ; my dear wife had been so dangerously ill that her life had been despaired of ; however, this had been kept from my knowledge, for being in the other province, and the bay of Fundy between us, I had no knowledge of her extreme danger, or I might have been tempted prematurely to have quitted my labours on the Annapolis mission, which, in several instances the Lord had condescended graciously to bless. Separation from wife and family is one of those trials to which all foreign missionaries must prepare to submit. The work of God will often strike at the little blossoms of domestic comfort, and make the feeling heart mourn for its Rachel, or weep for its children ; but surely a servant of God is prepared to make as many sacrifices for his heavenly master, as officers of the army and navy, are called to make for their king and country.

I am afraid there is a more intimate connexion between "unbelief and effeminacy" than many are willing to allow. Strong faith inspires undaunted courage. The standard bearer should be the last in the army, to yield or give out; and every missionary bears a banner that should have upon the one side "conquer or die;" and on the other, a cross, with "by this overcome."

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

God's eye at once the world looks through,
 A vast uncultivated field;
 Mountains and vale in ghastly show,
 A barren, uncouth prospect yield.
 Clear'd of the thorns by civil care,
 A few less hideous wastes are seen;
 Yet many still continue bare,
 And but a few, alas! are green.

Moravian Hymns.

DEAR SIR,

MY wife recovered but slowly, and our merciful Father was pleased to take our infant to the haven of rest; but the language of my heart was then, and is now, in relation to an afflicted child, whose life the blessed Lord hangs in daily suspense:

I dare not wish, to thee resign'd,
 Or ask their life or death;
 Only to good dispose their mind,
 Or early take their breath.

On this mission, my heavenly Father was pleased to strike me four times in the same tender part; and I have the pre-

cious dust of four dear lambs sleeping in foreign climes. During the winter of 1805, the mission in St. John flourished exceedingly, we had a number of awakenings, and in the midst of a most severe season, much life, harmony, and love. The cold was indeed intense, and the snow was nearly six feet deep. Indeed in British North America, there are only two seasons, summer and winter; and the polar and the dog-star may be said to hold divided empire in the heavens. Our hogsheads of rain water were frozen solid, and on some occasions, I had in a morning to stand breast high in the snow; to clear the drift from the windows before we could get light. We had some Madeira wine, which was frozen to the consistence of cream, almost every thing, less strong than ardent spirits, (unless kept in frost-proof cellars) is penetrated and frozen. The province of New Brunswick being connected with lower Canada, and withal more full of woods, rivers, and lakes, is far more cold than Nova Scotia; (than which no region needs be much more severe), here my journies up the river, with the piercing north-west wind in my teeth, were often performed under circumstances of great endurance from the severity of the weather. My heart, was however, in the work, and as suffering depends greatly upon the state of the mind, I was borne above it. My mode of travelling, as I have already observed, was in sleighs, not sleds, as I have misnamed them in some of the previous letters, thinking that sled, as a general term, would be better understood: the difference however, is as great as the difference between a coach and a cart. The sled; or sledge, though they are never called by

the latter name, is a mere bottom placed upon runners the same as a sleigh, but having no bodies covered in, and being withal much lower, they are generally used only for luggage or merchandize: the sleigh is sometimes open like a gig, but many of them resemble close carriages, having a complete body by which you are partially screened from the weather. When the snow is well beaten, you may travel in these vehicles from six to eight miles an hour, with the greatest possible ease; and save where the snow is formed into what they call cradle hills, which cause an undulating motion like the sea, you glide smoothly along. The path when upon rivers or lakes, is often marked with a line of fir branches stuck in the ice, between which you generally shape your course. Though this mode of travelling is the only one the country will admit during the winter solstice, yet almost every season numbers fall a sacrifice to these ice journies, and some who set off from home are never again heard of by their families. This was the case with one of my own friends of the name of Watton, who riding down the river on horseback, plunged into some weak part of the ice, and was never more seen. Another friend, Mr. Wilson, a local preacher, and member of the house of assembly, riding in company with some others, the sleigh and horses plunged in, and went directly under the ice; he was saved by being pitched forward, but his three friends never rose. Some are lost through their imprudence and rashness, riding upon this fragile bridge, after it is worn so thin, as to give frequent warning of the danger. A terrible disaster of this kind befel one, who had been a serious man, and member of the

St. John's society, but who having left, gradually declined, until he had lost both the form and power of godliness : being a master tailor, he frequently finished and sent home his work on the Lord's day, and when reprov'd for thus profaning the sabbath, would with impious humour reply, " it is no harm to borrow a little from the Lord, provided we pay him again ! " This wicked practice he continued, till from working upon it, he began to make it a day of amusement and pleasure ; but horrible to relate, he was one Sunday riding upon the ice. when the horse and vehicle plunged in, and he was seen no more.. How often does Jehovah, write our sin by the finger of his justice. Sabbath-breaker, beware ! it is awful to trifle with the Almighty, he is inflexible in justice, and terrible in wrath ! :

Though this winter was the coldest I ever knew we were graciously visited, both in the city and along the banks of the river ; when the weather permitted, our congregations increased, both in number and respectability. Several who had been awakened, found " the pearl of great price ; " we had much peace in our borders ; I had health of body and joy in my soul, and my merciful Father, in my various journies, preserved me from danger. For a little while, so severe was the weather, that our meetings in the chapel were imperatively suspended ; and even in my house, we were obliged to take our bed from the stead, and put it close to the stove, in order to keep ourselves from freezing. Several persons were frozen to death. And a man and his daughter, who were only going from one settlement to another, at a little distance, were arrested in their progress, the girl died in her

father's arms, and he, poor man, lost both his legs. Before, and also after the amputation took place, I visited the mournful sufferer, and never in my life did I see a fellow-creature so mangled by the frost. His feet literally dropped off, and his hands, face, nose, and ears, were all dreadfully scorched by the tremendous cold. I had, however, great reason to believe, that the shocking calamity was permitted in mercy for the healing of his soul. Several vessels coming upon the coast, were so laden with ice, that they foundered in the bay of Fundy; and others, having all their ropes, blocks, and sails frozen; were driven on shore, and the crew of one perished in the woods, where they had wandered till the frost-sleep of death laid them stiff and bleaching upon the bed of snow. An intensely cold vapour hovered over both the earth and the sea, through which the sun, with sanguine beams, ineffectually strove to penetrate. Iron, if exposed to the weather, was so frozen, that it became quite brittle, and if in that state, the axe was used, the edge was sure to fly. Vessels in which water was left during the night, were found broken in the morning. My ink has congealed while I have been writing, and in some houses, though sitting before a large cord-wood fire, I have had to wear my surtout, and have seen the tea, spilled upon the table, become cakes of ice. If I walked out for any length of time, my whiskers, and my eyelashes, were tipped with little icicles. The houses would crack with such violence, as to alarm a stranger to the cause. The thermometer was thirty degrees below the freezing point, and sometimes below zero. While I was reading the funeral service over a woman

who had died during the intense cold, my nose, ears, and face, had frequently to be rubbed, to prevent their freezing; and so much during the short period had the cold penetrated my body, that my breathing was with difficulty and labour, and till my wife gave me a large glass of Hollands, I scarcely knew whether I possessed sensation or not. In my public ministry, I was sometimes obliged, though from a far different reason than influenced Cowper's beau parson, to huddle up my work in fifteen minutes, and even during that space, was obliged to preach with my top-coat closely buttoned. In the week nights we had to quit the chapel altogether, and I preached in private houses; these were more tolerable than our frost-bound sanctuary, which by reason of its standing exposed, and being without a stove, was cold enough to induce one to imagine that it was situated in the neighbourhood of Tobolsk in Siberia. With a little variation, the language of Thomson, is a lively picture of such a winter:

Nought around,
 Strikes the sad eye, but forests lost in snow;
 But heavy loaded groves, and solid floods,
 That stretch athwart the solitary vast,
 Their icy horrors.

Notwithstanding the severity of the cold, several were added to the little flock; my heart sweetly embraced the Lord's work, and I had generally something useful to attend. Then only is the life of a missionary happy, when he is always doing something for God; and mixing up all with prayer, this is the seasoning that makes all pleasant; the fire that burning upon the mean altar of his own heart, is sure to kindle others; for if you glow, I can warm myself by your heat. My journies

upon the river and Grand Lake, were performed as mentioned above, amidst great severity of weather, sometimes the intense cold made me sick and faint, but never brought on that irresistible drowsiness which frequently ends in death. My greatest inconveniences arose from having, when up the river, sometimes to travel ten or twelve miles upon the ice, after I had preached in the evening, this generally arose from the extreme affection of the people, as the persons with whom I came, generally wished me to go back with them in the same sled. Thus, the kindness of my friends, and the comfort of labouring for the Redeemer, shed smiles over even this mode of life, and I could say, "labour is rest, and pain is sweet, if thou my God art here." Our covenant meeting, held in St. John, on the beginning of the year 1806, was the most powerful I had ever attended; so great was the Holy One in the midst of us, that an emotion of solemn awe, mixed with astonishment and self-abasing humility, was evidently felt by many hearts: these were succeeded by such a general melting, wailing, supplication, and pathos, as rendered every heart like dissolving snow before the glorious sun. In a word, neither the frost nor snow, neither the piercing air, nor the cold earth, were able to hinder many from attending the means of grace; the divine blessing was poured into many hearts, the Lord was with us of a truth; and with all I suffered from the cold by travelling in open sleds, or sleeping in log-huts, I never recollect those days, but I wish to live them over again; they were some of the happiest of my life, I prayed three times a day with my wife and family, also frequently in secret; and

in every company I strove to introduce something spiritual. I was diligent in redeeming time, rising at four o'clock in the morning; this, and taking up my cross, made most other things comparatively light; in a word, the Lord consecrated the cold of winter by the warmth of his love. If, dear sir, you wish to know how to be warm in winter, take the recipe in the following hasty lines, written amidst the desolations of frost and snow.

“Who can stand before his cold,”
 When the piercing breezes blow,
 And all nature we behold
 One white waste of driven snow?
 He who *lives* within the *sun*,
 Basks in Christ's reviving blaze;
 He has Eden's spring begun,
 Warmth in winter's coldest days.

“Who can stand before his cold”—
 Bear the hyperborean ire?
 He who, whether young or old
 Keeps for ever *near the fire*;
 He, whose heart the word retains,
 Feels the hallowing zephyrs blow:
 Though 'tis winter on the plains,
 All within has summer glow.

“Who can stand before his cold”—
 Winter's rigid rage disarm?
 He who, like the seers of old,
 Ever *stirring*, always warm,
 Labours on with holy love,
 Patient hope and working faith;
 Till he gain the crown above,
 Win the palm, and wear the wreath.

“Who can stand before his cold”—
 Cold that desolates the globe?
 He who, with affiance bold,
Wraps him in salvation's robe.
 In “pure linen clean and white,”
 Let the saints for comfort dress,
Over all that robe of light,
 Jesus' blood and righteousness!

“Who can stand before his cold”—
 Brave the brunt of winter weather?
 He who *keeps within the fold*;
 Saints like coa's are warm together :
 “No one can be warm alone;”
 Love and union, graces cherish.
 Who, forsakes this social zone,
 Leaves the flock, is sure to perish !

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXV.

The record prophetical opens apace,
 The latter-day glories expand ;
 Glad tidings of mercy, salvation, and grace,
 Fly swiftly to every land.
 They shall come from the east, they shall come from the south,
 From the west, and the region of snow ;
 With joy in their bosom, and songs in their mouth,
 For all shall Immanuel know.

Author.

DEAR SIR,

In the early part of the year 1806, I recrossed the bay of Fundy,* with my dear wife. Our annual meeting was held at Horton, a pleasant and well-cultivated part of Nova Scotia, near the basin of Minas. On the day of our assembling, we had a total eclipse of the sun, which took place about two o'clock in the afternoon. The missionaries and their wives were all well, and felt much pleasure and affection at the sight of each other. Our va-

* Crossing the bay of Fundy, is like crossing from Ireland to England.

rious conversations together were conducted in harmony and love, and in a few days, accompanied by Mrs. Marsden, I set off for Halifax; Mr. Black having engaged to supply the mission in New Brunswick. We spent a pleasant and a truly profitable summer in Halifax, were my dear friends, and some of my spiritual children, after an absence of two years, were rejoiced to see us, and by their kindness and sympathy, greatly contributed to my comfort. In the fall of the year, we set off for Annapolis, and having a most affectionate invitation to visit our esteemed and worthy friend colonel Bayard, he kindly sent his gig and a servant nearly sixty miles, to meet us on our way. We found him full of faith, zeal, simplicity, and loving meekness. The interview was a great blessing to my soul; I saw in him what a christian ought to be,

“A man on earth, devoted to the skies,”

His conduct so humble and devout, so serious and spiritual, was an excitement to holy emulation, as well as a tacit reproof of my own drowsiness in the service of Jesus. During the morning worship of God in the family, it was his custom to read the scriptures kneeling, and with so much devotion and many tears, as made it evident, that God frequently gives the same spirit to the humble reader, as of old inspired the hearts of the venerable penmen. I preached several times to a number of the colonel's tenants, and the neighbouring settlers, and then embarked at Annapolis for my station in New Brunswick.

In crossing over the bay of Fundy, we were overtaken with a tremendous white squall, which before the mariners could let go either the sheets or halyards,

blew the vessel upon her beam ends, and brought the main-sail down into the water. The sea poured down the cabin like a torrent, which greatly terrified the females and passengers. During this dangerous crisis, my mind was kept in peace; our cargo could not shift, or the packet must have gone down, she was laden with flour, up to the very coombing of the hatchways; in a short time the squall ceased, and the vessel righted again. How necessary is it to live continually in the fear of God, for in the midst of life we are in death.

We arrived the same day at our own habitation, and among our old friends; thanks be to God for all his mercies, both on the waves and in the wilderness! During this fall, my mind was deeply pained at the little prosperity attending the mission in New Brunswick; which being, as it were, my own field, I felt a livelier interest in its welfare, than if the labours had been divided among several. Save good old Mr. Mc'Coll, whose mission, which he never quitted, was down upon the lines, I seemed to stand alone. The magnitude and difficulties of the work were like a mighty mountain in the way of my faith. I had been three years in the province without accomplishing any extensive good; though I ought not to omit, that a few had been brought to God. I had often gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed, but in many cases, not even the blade had appeared, and in others it had been blasted when growing up. Could I look for any thing better in future? all depended upon the power of God, and the pouring out of his Holy Spirit. Can these dry bones live? With God, nothing is impossible; I did not give up hope, although it

appeared incredible, whether by such means, God would raise the dead. The fig-tree did not blossom, there was no fruit on the vine, the labour of the olive had partly failed, and the vast field I had to cultivate, had not yielded sufficient increase; still I did not despair, and blessed be God, the event was honourable to my poor grain of faith, and a blessed answer to the prayers of others, as well as my own. O ye holy, faithful men! who go as missionaries to foreign lands, never despair, still under the darkest prospect, hope, trust, pray, believe, wait the pleasure of the Lord; "the vision is for an appointed time, in the end it shall speak, and shall not lie." "Cast your bread upon the waters;" do any thing but despond; lay no blame at the door of God's faithfulness and truth, but all upon the head of your own unbelief.

Sooner shall cease, springs, beauty and perfume,
The trees to blossom and the rose to bloom;
Sooner shall polar rocks resign their snow,
And oranges on ice-crown'd Hecla grow;
Yon distant blazing glory fail to shine,
Sooner shall purple figs adorn the vine;
Than spotless truth be chang'd into a lie,
Or God himself—(whatever he else) deny.

I requested several of my brethren to unite with me, in setting apart a day of fasting and prayer, that we might humble ourselves before God, and afflict our souls. We met in the chapel, to pour out our souls in intercessions and supplication, and the blessed God was with us of a truth; he gave us a token for good; this was late in the fall, and before winter set in, he redeemed the pledge, and succeeded our poor intercessions, by a blessed and abundant out-pouring of his Holy Spirit. Before

the frost set in I had gone in the St. Anns' packet with my friend Mr. Pine, to visit that part of my mission which lay on the banks of the St. John river, intending as usual to stop a month from home, leaving the flock and congregation in the city to the charge of the leaders, and a local brother who supplied my place in the pulpit. A little after my departure, they held a watch-night, which was attended with some unusual tokens of a quickening and reviving nature; several old professors were powerfully wrought upon, and a spirit of mighty prayer pervaded the society. The flame kindled at their meeting was not a temporary flash, it continued and extended, and several children of professors became deeply affected with a concern for salvation. A few young people who had been drawn to attend the chapel prior to my going, manifested a more than ordinary interest in the work, and now decided to cast in their lot with us. Thus did the blessed Jehovah fulfil that promise "And ye shall eat plenty and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wonderously with you, and my people shall never be ashamed; and ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your God, and none else; and my people shall never be ashamed: and it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit, &c." When this blessed work begun, I was going from place to place upon the banks of the river, little thinking that God had so soon heard the prayers that had been offered up for a revival of his work. An impression, however, rested upon my mind, which together, with the state of the weather, (the frost having set in,) induced me to hasten my return to the city, where I arrived to witness what lay near my heart, the prosperity of his work, and

to adopt such regulations as this new state of things demanded. The brethren flocked to my house to inform me what the Lord had been doing in my absence, for this was the Lord's doing, no one seemed to have been made more than another, an especial instrument. The wind blew where it listed, the shower fell when it was least expected. This was not by either human might, power, or means, but "by the spirit of the Lord." How many ways does he take to hide pride from man. Had I been in the city at the time, some would have said, how much does the Lord bless the labours of this man, and a jewel might have been stolen from the crown of Jesus, to adorn a poor worthless insignificant individual. But God will not give his honour to another; for as he dare not trust some of his servants, with health, riches, honour, or children, so there are others, he doth not for wise reasons, trust with remarkable usefulness, lest even this should make them proud, vain, and high-minded. I have often been pained to hear, even good men, ascribe so much of God's work to themselves, and act and talk as though they only, were the highly favoured ones of heaven, manifesting great coldness to others, who would in any degree deprive them of this "vain glory!" But to return, probably about twenty young persons had been affected, and these were chiefly the children of praying parents. Some buddings of enthusiasm had began to appear in the infant work, but in such a state of excitement every thing cannot be measured with rule and line. God, it is true, is not the author of confusion, but we are too apt to bring him down to our own standard. Some good men

will not, if they can help it, let God work in his own way, or by such instruments as he thinks fit to use, hence he writes, Ichabod both upon them and their churches, and leaves them in a valley of dry bones, to wonder at their own leanness. much reproach was beginning to graft itself upon what the world termed the blind zeal, and singular excesses to which things were carried. Such a stir in religion, was quite a new thing in St. John; some wondered whereunto it would grow; others condemned the whole as enthusiasm and delusion. A few respectable persons in the congregation took great offence, and requested that I would put a stop to the dangerous wild-fire that was spreading in the society. Complaint was made to Mr. Campbell, the mayor, who said he did not doubt but that Mr. Marsden would soon put it down. The things that appeared most out of the ordinary way, were praising God aloud, crying for mercy, children exhorting, several praying at the same time, and holding the meetings till twelve o'clock at night, nay, upon a few occasions, till two or three in the morning: although I generally dismissed them myself about ten o'clock. These, with several other things, equally strange and unusual, and hence, forbidding in the eyes of unawakened persons, created a great outcry; but after weighing all sides, and comparing what was going forward, with all I had read and heard of the work of God, I did not hesitate to give its leading features, my unqualified approbation and support, at the same time, I saw it my duty with as little of show, and as much tenderness and prudence as possible, to check any thing that might assume so much of extravagance, as to

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bring the whole into odium and contempt. Prior to this awakening, the society consisted of about ninety members, most of whom had tasted that the Lord is gracious, and the congregation on the Lord's day, might probably amount to three hundred persons; some of these were moral and steady, a few were members of the church of England, and others were of that class, which has no distinct religious character, and may, for want of a more suitable name, be termed *nothingarians*. The former of these took great offence, and as they had never before seen anything of the kind, neither had they themselves been the subjects of religious emotion, hence we need not wonder, they should find fault with what they did not understand: humbly praying that the Lord may revive his work in every part of the world.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

The spirit of universal grace,
 Father of glory pour,
 And deluge all our ransom'd race
 With one eternal shower.

Wesley.

DEAR SIR,

IT is a fact that can neither be denied, nor well accounted for, that revivals of religion are more common in America than in most other countries.

Nor are these revivals, mere human feelings, or excitements of animal passion; they are attended with such striking features, as must convince every true christian, that the finger of God is employed. In the course of this year, several distinct works of this kind broke out in different parts of the two provinces; all resembling each other in their leading features: first, an unusual excitement to, and concern for religion; second, deep distress on account of sin; third, a more sensible and divine influence attending the word when preached; fourth, a visible change in the conduct of those wrought upon; fifth, a sudden transition from distress of soul to comfort and peace; sixth, a rapid acquisition of knowledge in the plan of salvation; seventh, the sudden attainment of spiritual gifts for prayer and exhortation. Before I proceed further to describe the work in St. John, permit me to trace the simultaneous influence of the heavenly cloud in different parts of the two provinces, and you will perceive, that we did not labour in vain, or spend our strength for nought. Mr. Black writes from Port Jolly, a little fishing place on the shores of the Atlantic. "Last sabbath-day I administered the Lord's Supper at Port Jolly to about sixty communicants, it was a gracious season, many were on the mountain top, one found peace and assurance. While I was preaching, some of the young converts lately brought to God were so engaged, they could not contain themselves, so I sat down and left the work to them." Mr. Bennet, another of the missionaries, in a letter dated from Annapolis, says, "The other day we had a most blessed meeting about twelve miles below Annapolis, one man cried out aloud in the meeting, Lord have mercy upon me! Lord have mercy upon me! I am sinking into hell! We wrestled with

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God upon our knees for about twenty minutes, when he rose instantly, and sung aloud, glory! glory to God! The whole company present was greatly moved, numbers of them fell into each others arms, and praised the God of love. O! what a meeting we had, before we could break up; some were exhorting, some were praising, some were weeping, and others groaning for mercy; about three weeks ago, we had a similar time at the Granville meeting-house, and we have blessed and glorious prospects of a revival through almost all the circuit." Another writes, "we have great and glorious times at Halifax, twenty or thirty profess faith in the blood of Christ." In a letter from Joshua Newton, esq. of Liverpool, in Nova Scotia, he says, "the work is so great and general, that it even exceeds the prayers and expectations of God's people. There has been an entire suspension of business for one whole week. Little has been heard or attended too, but praying, exhorting, and praise: the street has been crowded with persons, either crying for mercy, or shouting aloud the praises of God; so that the air has been filled with acclamations. Mr. Sutcliffe has been scarcely able to credit his own eyes or ears; a number of deists have been convinced of the truth of the gospel, converted to God, and have burnt their books; and what few deists remain, have been afraid to shew themselves; so gloriously hath the Lord triumphed in the chariot of his gospel. The fire is still burning, and the flames of holy love spreading further and wider."

But to return to St. John, the subjects of the work, as observed above, were chiefly young people of both sexes, with about ten children from

eight to twelve years of age. These had been in the habit of attending the chapel, and were more or less connected with the members of the society. In its more general influence, however, the revival was felt by most of the old members, who were much quickened and stirred up, and an increase of love, simplicity, and zeal, was visible among them. O sir, what a dry husky thing is religion, without vitality and power! The children were much and unusually wrought upon, they prayed much for their parents and relations, and several of them stood up, and at the prayer-meetings, they exhorted others, to the admiration of all that heard them. Truly was that saying accomplished, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise." The spectators were deeply affected with the novelty and fervency of these juvenile preachers, and the revival became the topic of the whole place. Though in the depth of winter, the meetings were attended by greater numbers than the places in which we held them would contain; and though intensely cold, the meetings were continued till midnight, and frequently much later. Some who before this revival were low and lukewarm in their souls, became much engaged. An uncommon earnestness in prayer and supplication was poured out upon those who exercised in the meetings: and with regard to myself, I had great and unusual enlargement in my public ministrations. God gave me singular liberty in opening the doctrine of justification by faith; and in tracing the first emotions and views of awakened persons seeking to be justified by the deeds of the law. I was also enabled to point out with greater

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clearness than usual, how a sinner should come to Christ for pardon and salvation. The chapel was much crowded, and generally a solemn and affecting sense of the presence of God, rested upon the assembly. After sermon, I usually came down into the desk, and invited the mourners, and newly awakened persons, who wished to be united to the society, to come forward; many of these pressed through the crowd under strong emotions of mind, and deeply affected, and with words interwoven with tears, expressed their wish for christian communion, and were thus publicly received into the society. Others encouraged by the boldness of those who came forward, broke through their own diffidence, and joyfully cast in their lot among us.

In this revival, none of the rich and great received the truth. "Have any of the rulers believed on him?" was an old question; where truth is concerned, God often casts into shades, the pride and glory of man, and stamps an utter insignificance, both upon the glitter of wealth, and the pomp of grandeur and learning. In this revival, there was little of what may be termed wildfire, or extravagance in expression; although numbers cried aloud for mercy, there was no clapping of hands, and shouting; some irregularities could not be altogether prevented, but these were very few. The whole town, which is but small, felt the influence; an air of morality pervaded it, and the profaneness of the streets was greatly diminished. A great and visible change had taken place in many persons, and this even the proud opposers of the work could not deny; yet they thought,

or affected to think, it was all sham and pretence, and would vanish in smoke. One of the principle enemies of the work, who got some doggerel verses printed in handbills, and circulated through the town, came to nothing, and was obliged to fly from the place in disgrace. Old bickerings were done away, and much love and harmony prevailed in the society. Upon the whole, there have been few revivals of religion, attended with less irregularity, or with more of those plain and decided marks, which plainly indicate a genuine and scriptural work of God. One hundred new members were added to the society in the space of a month; which in a place containing only about three thousand inhabitants, is no inconsiderable proportion; most of these afforded pleasing evidence of a change of heart, by the outward reformation which took place in their lives; as prior to this revival, many of them were both utterly ignorant, and outwardly wicked. Wishing you every blessing,

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

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LETTER XXVII.

Far as the hardy seaman ploughs the main,
 Far as the merchant toils for golden gain ;
 From torpid Greenland's magazines of snow,
 To central isles, where skies forever glow ;
 A stream, a crystal stream of life shall glide,
 Free as day's light, and full as ocean's tide ;
 Love, light, and truth, shall dance around the ball,
 And Christ shall be the one desire of all.

Author.

DEAR SIR,

THE following letter, which I wrote to the late Rev. Joseph Benson, shall finish all I have to say on the blessed work, of which I have been giving you some notices.

March 25th, 1807, City St. John, New Brunswick.

Dear Sir,

I am happy that it is in my power to send you a pleasing account of the work of God, in this formerly barren part of the universe. For some time religion was at a stand in this and the neighbouring province. It is true, a few now and then were added to the people of God, to supply the places of those who emigrated to other parts ; but no revival of true piety had taken place in this country until this winter. About a month ago the Lord began to pour out his Holy Spirit upon us in a very remarkable manner, shaking the kingdom of darkness in many hearts, so that an alarm and distress became visible in the faces of numbers, and a cry was heard "What shall I do to be saved?" This blessed work is still continued ; some stone-hearted sinners have been awakened, and a number of little children both boys and girls have been evidently changed by the power of the Holy Ghost. About seventy persons have joined the society, and perhaps there are not fewer than thirty more under slight awakenings or deep convictions. Curiosity, or similar motives, bring many to the meetings,

when either the cries of the distressed, or the exhortations of such as have lately found peace with God, touch their hearts, and frequently from gazing and mocking they are brought to solemnity and grief. Some who have come with the professed design of ridiculing this work of God, have been struck down, and constrained to cry for mercy and salvation in the most heart-piercing manner. A few have been set at liberty under the word, yet the work has been chiefly carried on in prayer-meetings, to which great numbers resort, and will not go away until a very late hour. Early this morning two young men came to my house, and no sooner had I opened the door than they both fell upon their knees, begging earnestly that I would pray for them; I commended their case to the Lord in prayer, and then exhorted and encouraged them to look to the Lord Jesus for a present salvation;—one was much comforted, but the other went away in deep distress. Not a day passes but I hear of three or four that are struck to the heart; and scarce is there a meeting but some join the society; indeed, it appears to me, that if the work continue, all the young people in the place will turn to God.

In this situation of things you may naturally suppose that the enemy of souls is not idle, but endeavours to support his falling kingdom. But, glory be to God, all his stratagems have hitherto failed! Much opposition has been made to this work. Calumny and blasphemy, scripture and ridicule, promises and menaces have all been employed, but, thank God, without success. Nothing can equal the firmness of the young converts; they stand unshaken, though almost every engine of hell has been made use of to cause them to stagger and turn aside from the good way. The magistrates and principal inhabitants cannot deny that there is a great change in the place for the better, as many of the young men who are subjects of this work, were once both loose in their principles, and irregular in their practices, but they are now new creatures; and one can hardly go through a street of this little city without hearing the voice of praise, or seeing the young men assembling together for prayer. What appears to me a pleasing circumstance is, that several of the young men have very promising gifts, both for prayer and exhortation, which, if piously improved, may render them truly useful at a future time. It would astonish you to hear with what propriety youths of fifteen or sixteen years of age pour out their souls to God in prayer; the fervency of their spirits, the evangelicalness of their language, and the solemnity of their man-

ner tend not a little to impress the minds of such as hear them, and promote the work. Some have been awakened by hearing the prayers of children, while others have been ready to say that we put words into their mouths, and teach them how to express themselves in their prayers.

Our little chapel is so crowded, that you can scarcely see any thing but human heads; and the meetings are so'lemn beyond any thing seen in this place for a long time. Often, towards the conclusion, a cry for mercy begins, which spreads from one to another, till the union of the voices of those who are either praying, crying, or rejoicing, forms what worldly people call confusion. On these occasions some are brought to taste that the Lord is gracious, and others alarmed with conviction, who, perhaps in a few days, can only praise a sin-pardoning God. Most that I have closely examined give a pretty clear account of being cut to the heart for sin, feel thankfulness that they are not in hell, see their need of a Saviour, and are convinced they must lead a new life or be lost; hence, they are led to implore forgiveness through the Redeemer's blood, and grace to help them on their way to heaven. What makes this appear the more singular to some well-minded persons, is the order and stillness which were observed in the meetings prior to this period; hence, some who once thought well of us, now take the alarm at what they think enthusiasm. A revival of religion is like Ithuriel's spear, it makes persons assume their proper shape and character, and shows the carnal mind in its native and undisguised colours. Our meetings are become the common topic of conversation. Some wonder, some mock, some acknowledge the power of God, and several not in society defend the cause to the utmost of their power. But, as yet, none of the rulers have believed in Him. The good that is done is chiefly among the poor and wretched classes of people. Since this quickening began, there has been a continual cry for books, especially hymn-books. It would be a work of mercy indeed if some of our rich friends at home would send us two or three hundred pamphlets and little hymn-books. It pains me to the heart that I have not books to distribute among the young converts, as many of them will be in danger from seducing spirits, and that doctrine of devils, antinomianism. I have sometimes feared that the work of God among the methodists would come to nothing in this province, but now I am abundantly encouraged; my heart dances when I

see the young converts crowding to the meetings, or when I hear them declare their experience in the things of God, in a manner which is chiefly clear, simple, and affecting.

I have now been seven years in this country, and, if consistent with my duty, would wish, in about twelve months, to return home; not that I am tired of a missionary life, no, blessed be God, I am determined to spend my strength and my all in the cause of Jesus; but my health has suffered, and does suffer daily; the extreme cold winters affect my breast in a very painful manner, and sometimes render me quite unable to undergo the toils of my mission, yet, by the blessing of God, I have seldom flinched, though sometimes the consequences have been very painful. In the discharge of my duty, I have had many discouragements both from within and without, but what I have seen this month past more than recompenses me for all my trials. The life of a missionary in such a climate as this is both perilous and laborious, but the presence of Jesus can sweeten every toil, and "make the wilderness blossom as a rose." One of our principal difficulties arises from our being too weak-handed, too far separated from each other: hence our labours, for want of being seconded and continued, have sometimes failed of success. O for more young men of steady zeal, unwearied patience, and active lives! then we might expect to see more fruit, and more flourishing societies. We are only six preachers in this immense tract of wilderness, and if Mr. Black goes to Bermuda our number will be reduced. This circuit, of which this little city is the head, extends more than one hundred miles towards Canada, and there is no preacher but myself to supply it. I should esteem a line from you or any of our London friends a great favour. In the mean time, may the Lord direct you in the great work of saving souls, and make your life holy and happy.

I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

I did not imagine when I wrote the above letter, that instead of Mr. Black, I myself should be appointed for the Bermuda mission, and that instead of returning to England shortly, it would be seven years before I should see my native country.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains, roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river, from many a palmy plain—
 They call us to deliver, their land from errors chain.

Bishop Heber.

DEAR SIR,

DURING the summer of 1807, I devoted much of my time and attention, to the great object of erecting in the city St. John, a new mission chapel. For ever since the revival of the work of God, both the society, and the congregation, had so much increased, that the old chapel was too small to contain them. In this work, however, I had to meet with great discouragement, many of the society were but in indigent circumstances, and we had not, as is the case at present, home resources to assist us. My mind was much pained, before I could bring my object to bear. The few I consulted, gave me little encouragement. Sometimes the whole prospect was covered with darkness; yet I did not give up the ghost, in a guilty and unbelieving relinquishment of the plan. In full reliance upon divine providence, I was enabled to look over the obstacles that presented themselves. My motives were upright, and I believed God would open every closed door. Let none despair, only pray, believe, wait, and an army of difficulties will vanish at the command of Jehovah. Thus it was with me, his providence redeemed the pledge his promise had

given, and the same God who enabled Moses to build a tabernacle in the wilderness, who encouraged professor Frank to found a charitable seminary at Halle; and who assisted George Whitfield to raise an orphan-house in the forests of Georgia, made my way plain to the accomplishment of this design.

Having with some difficulty persuaded several friends to assist me in this blessed work, we first bought a piece of land near the new church, and then procured a frame, or skeleton for a building, sixty feet long, by forty-two wide. The congregation and society volunteered their services, and on a day appointed, we dug the foundation. Many of the inhabitants of the town, with a generous zeal, lent us their carts and horses to drag stone, others assisted us to bring the frame of the building from the river side, to which it had been rafted down from the upper woods; and after I had preached upon the foundation stone, more than one hundred able-bodied men came forward to enable us to raise the frame. At this building I worked with my own hands from morning till night, for several months, as an example to induce, and encourage others, and also because my heart was in the work, and the Lord gave me strength for the day; so that I know not that ever I was better in body, or happier in soul, than when I worked all day at the new, and preached at night in the old chapel.

After we had got the chapel raised and covered in, I made a tour through part of the two provinces, to solicit assistance, that we might proceed in the good work. And after visiting Dorchester, Sackville, Pont de Bute, Fort Lawrence, Amhurst, Bay De Vert, and many other parts of Cumberland

and Westmoreland, preaching and begging both in private and public. I returned home by the way of Patridge Islands, and the basin of Minas, and crossing the bay of Fundy, safely arrived at St. John, after an absence of two months, doubly welcome, both for the pecuniary succour I had brought them, and the labours I was come to renew. The end of my labours, however, in British North America was now approaching very fast to a close; as the British Conference, in the summer of 1807, had appointed me to go upon a mission to the Bermudas, or Somers Islands; although the intimation of this did not arrive till the fall of the year, when I received a letter from the British Conference, and another from Doctor Coke, informing me of my new appointment

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, were much endeared to me, by a variety of affecting considerations. I had many spiritual children; it was the native country of my dear wife; and almost the birth-place and nurse of my early ministry; I had in its wild woods travelled many thousands of miles, under various exercises of mind, and at all seasons of the year; I had formed many friendships in almost every place where my lot had been cast; I had preached, as well as I could, the gospel of Jesus, from Annapolis Royal, to the gulf of St. Lawrence, and from the head of the bay of Fundy, to Halifax, on the bay of Chebucto. From many dangers, the hand of providence had redeemed my life, with many blessings had he crowned my poor labours, I had gained a little experience, though at the expense of much unfaithfulness; my habits and manners were taking the stamp of the country.

And now I was going into a new vineyard, I might more probably say *thistle-yard*. I was leaving lambs, I was going among wolves. In North America, I was beloved, esteemed, and well known. I was going where I should be hated, despised, and a perfect stranger. The letters containing my appointment for Bermuda, were as unwelcome to "flesh and blood," as "smoke to the eyes, or vinegar to the teeth." I had heard much of their persecuting, and bitter spirit. I dreaded going into a focus of slavery. I had great reason to doubt, whether I had either wisdom, prudence, patience, or faith, sufficient for such a mission, still I dared not refuse. The will of my brethren seemed the appointment of providence. "The spirit of the prophets must be subject to the prophets." In my best moments, I had thought I could be willing to suffer any thing for Christ's sake, and my language had often been, "give me a soul innured to hardships, grief and loss," but I was like one upon a lofty mountain, who secured from the tempest, can contemplate a stormy ocean with some degree of serenity, but to encounter the foaming billows in a shattered little bark,

"Sails ripp'd, seams opening, helm and compass lost ;"

Ah there's the rub ! this is a test to try the graces. Still that precious word, "my grace is sufficient for thee," stood upon the record, and answered all doubts.

From the time of my appointment, till the hour of our departure, I did not cease to make it a matter of prayer, and my dear wife united with me. We set apart every Friday as a day of fast-

ing and supplication, and on one of these occasions, found much comfort from the powerful application of these words, Jeremiah xiv. 5, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not, for behold I will bring evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord; but thy life will I give unto thee for a prey, in all places whither thou goest." This, and many other precious promises, strengthened our determination to obey the call of providence. It seemed as though I continually heard a voice from Bermuda, saying, "come over and help us!" Our dear friends in St. John were unwilling to part with us; God had greatly blessed our residence among this kind and simple-hearted people. We came among them when things were at a low ebb. The society had been doubled, a large chapel had been built, and now, when we saw the little Zion in full prosperity, like Abraham, we were going to a strange place; we had cause to feel some painful emotions, but we knew all was in the hands of God. The following farewell lines were written on the occasion; I have only changed the construction of the stanza, you will probably wish to see them in this place.



A FAREWELL TO NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

Thou torpid clime, where fierce north-westerns roar;
 While on each hearth the glowing map'e burns,
 Dark, lofty forests, fringing every shore,
 From Canada, to where thy bold coast spurns
 'Th' Atlantic wave, which into foam it turns.
 Farewell—I bid thee, and my friends adieu!
 A long adieu—though bleeding friendship mourns!
 For though your coast unlovely is to view,
 My heart still fondly turns in gratitude to you!

The spring just peeps upon thee and is fled,
 Short-liv'd thy summers are, severe thy clime,
 And frost and sea-fog bind around thy head
 A chaplet, this of snow, and that of rime ;
 Yea all the landscape terribly sublime.
 Displays the rigours of a win'ery wild ;
 Yet I in thee have cheerly past my time,
 Around my cot, the snow-clad season smil'd,
 For I was preaching *Him*, who every care beguil'd.

I've travell'd through thy deso'late domain,
 O'er lake, savannah, river, forest, flood,
 To plant His cross, who on it suffer'd pain,
 And draw the sinner to his cov'nant blood ;
 Benumb'd with cold, or drench'd with sleet or rain
 The dark woods bending, broken many a spray, *
 Each river swel'd, or bound in icy chain,
 But love divine beam'd round a holy ray,
 Though torpor chill'd the blood, and scarce my heart would play.

With inexpressive joy I've oft survey'd
 The log-built ham'et in thy wilderness ;
 When drifts on drift, my little sled impede,
 And all around was wild and comfortless ;
 To the first mansion I would eager press,
 And though my bed was co'd, and stars would peep
 Through every open chink, I not the less
 With drift-snow on my cover'let could sleep,
 While kings, on beds of down their nightly vigils keep.

Along thy silent woodlands, I have hied,
 To preach the gospel in a humble shed ;
 And in thy leafy forests far and wide,
 To seek and save the lost have gaily sped,
 An arch of foilage waving o'er my head,
 Beneath the verdant ceiling I have taught
 How God's eternal Son his life-blood shed,
 When he the s'ave redeem'd, the lost one sought,
 And yon bright forfeit bliss, by dying dearly bought.

Now take my farewell, in these homely rhymes,
 Before I cross the wide wave-swelling sea,
 And scape thy rigours in much milder climes,
 Though *none* will ever be *more dear* to me,

* A storm in the woods makes travelling dangerous from the trees blowing down, and the spray or broken branches falling upon you.

The nurse of my poor infant ministry !
 I've heard thy woods made vocal with the song
 Of hallow'd praise, and every forest tree
 With echo did the joyous notes prolong,
 That flow'd from Scotia's swains with tuneful tongue.

Hence I'll remember thee, when far away,
 Although thy woods are nurseries of snow ;
 And when through fragrant* cedar groves I stray
 In Somers Isles, † where tepid billows flow,
 And orange ‡ groves and sweet geranium blow ; §
 I'll recollect how doth the *evergreen*
 Of piety in thy cold regions grow,
 Truth, kindness, love, three wood nymphs oft are seen
 Along thy glades, and I have with them been.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

" These leafy islets on the ocean thrown,"
 " Like studs of emerald, on a silver zone,"
 Now hear the gospel, and in accents sweet,
 B'ess every peaceful herald's welcome feet ;
 Cheer'd with the grateful sound, o'd ocean smiles,
 And truth is welcome in these sunny isles.

Author.

DEAR SIR,

BEFORE I enter upon the detail of my mission to the Bermudas, or Somers Islands, you will permit me to give you an account of their

* The common woods in Bermuda are all composed of cedar.

† To which the author went on a mission.

‡ Oranges grow in the woods, and lemons, and limes.

§ The geranium or stork's bill, seems indigenious to the Bermudas. I have seen them growing alongside the path, and diffusing a sheet of fragrance for some distance.

present geographical features. The Bermudas were first known to the English, through the medium of the Spaniards. They were discovered by the latter in the year 1522, and by them designed to be the rendezvous of the return fleets of Mexico. A situation so convenient, a design so important, could not have escaped the other countries of Europe. To the government of England, Bermuda must have been known, to individuals it certainly was. Cabat, I think, mentions it: and William May, who was shipwrecked here in 1502, speaks of it as a place generally known, and much avoided by all western navigators; but it was not until the year 1609, that it excited much attention, and became an object of British speculation. In that year, Sir Thomas Gates, and Sir George Somers, crossing the Atlantic, to relieve the infant colony of James Town, in Virginia, met with a violent storm near the latitude of Bermuda, which separated them from the rest of the fleet, and reduced them to so leaky a condition, that the *Séa Venture*, (the ship in which they sailed) was a mere wreck, and was kept from going to the bottom, only by the good providence of God, and their continually working the pumps, which they did for three days and nights without intermission. And when they were so far exhausted with their toil, as to give up all thoughts of being saved, and had partly resigned themselves to the mercy of God, and a watery grave, Sir George Somers, who had sat upon the poop of the vessel the whole time, most happily discerned land; whereupon he encouraged the men to resume their labours at the pumps, if by any means they might reach the so much

desired shore. Hope inspired their languid bodies with new energy, they made another effort to gain upon the water, so that beyond all human probability, the ship was kept from sinking, till she struck upon the rocks. You will here observe, sir, that it is not the case, as is generally thought, and mentioned in our geographies, that Sir George was shipwrecked here, but on the contrary, he found the reefs of Bermuda a desirable refuge from the gulfs of the western ocean. Nor is this a solitary case, thousands besides himself, have had cause to praise the God of nature for placing these islands in so favourable a situation, as in crossing the parallel of 32 degrees north, from the gulf of Mexico North America, or from Europe to South Carolina, Georgia, or the West Indies, many leaky and half sinking vessels, battered by the storms of the western ocean, find here a safe and secure asylum, and their crews are delivered from the horrors of a sub-marine grave.

The rocks on which Sir George Somers struck, were so near the shore, that with little difficulty, all the crew, about one hundred and fifty in number, were enabled to gain the islands, and to praise the God of the ocean for a most wonderful and manifest deliverance. It does not appear, that in landing upon these shores, our distressed mariners escaped one danger to encounter another; or that they leaped from the waves of the ocean, upon the tomahawks of Indians, the clubs of savages, or the bayonets of blood-shedding, gold-loving, Spaniards. In short, all was the silence, and innocence of primeval nature. The sun and moon only, in their circles through the heavens, looked down

upon these lovely spots ; the birds sang unmolested, the fruit blossomed, ripened, and decayed untouched. —In fine, they found the whole group of islands uninhabited ; the Spaniards, who had first visited these peaceful shores, were not satisfied with the simple bounties of nature ; hearts corrupted with the lust of gold and plunder, saw no beauty in fragrant groves of cedar, and in islands of which it may be said,

— There eternal summer dwells,
And west-winds, with a musky wing,
About the cedar'n alleys fling,
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.

Orange trees loaded with golden fruit, skies delightfully serene, and a climate peculiarly salubrious and fertile, offered no inducements to them, to colonize the Bermudas ; in a word, they discarded this lovely group of islands, because they contained no quarries of emeralds, or mines of glittering gold and silver.

Alas ! how has that infatuated nation been fast verging to ruin, since she murdered the Indians of Hispaniola ; deceived, robbed, and butchered the unopposing and simple-hearted Mexicans ; and opened the amazingly productive mines of Potosi, which though they have enriched Europe and the world, have left Spain poor and insolvent, wretched and tottering to her fall.

The clime she won, drew down an instant curse ;
The fretting plague is in the public-purse.
The canker'd spoil corrodes the rising state,
Starv'd by that indolence, their mines create.

Couper.

She who gave the inhabitants of South America
“ blood to drink,” has received back the cup into

her own hand, and her golden colonies, like so many gems, are rent from the parent crown, and the justice of God has made it evident, that providence in this world punishes states, though he reserves the punishment of men to another tribunal, and a future period.

But to return to our countrymen, by this time we may be sure, they had come to their appetites, and began to cast a wishful look towards the productions of the islands.* Nor were they long left to doubt, whether or not a bountiful providence, had smiled upon these sea-circled rocks. They soon discovered, that the Bermudas abounded with shoals of fish, plenty of hogs (probably left by the Spaniards,) wild fowls in abundance, and such store of eggs, that one thousand were gathered in a few hours. The country was well stocked with herons, the woods seemed alive with a variety of other birds, and the shores swarmed with turtle. The common instinct of nature, had drawn these her children to these quiet, beautiful, and fertile islands, where the birds unmolested might carol their songs to the author of creation, the fish glide along the clear pellucid wave, or play among the coral reefs, without finding the treacherous hook, or encircling net; and the quadrupeds rove through the woods, and live upon the berries of the palmetto, mulberry, and cedar, † without becoming a mark for the murderous gun, or heart-piercing arrow. In a word, from an old account I obtained while in the islands, which had been handed down from father to son, I understand that our tars found plenty of the pro-

* What had the Spaniards done with the natives?

† Much like juniper berries.

ductions of nature, and lived pretty well, till they built a pinnace, and sailed for the mouth of the Chesapeak, where they arrived the fourth of May, in the year 1610, after a pleasant passage of fourteen days,

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Soon on the negro's gloomy night,
The western star shall shed her light,
And Jesu's hallow'd reign control
The stormy passions of the soul.
So shall Messiah's influence cheer
His humb'e cot, which still is dear;
And heavenly hope his soul pervade,
Though life, and time, and worlds shall fade.

Christian Observer.

DEAR SIR,

AT what time the Bermudas, were regularly and fully colonized, it is not in my power to inform you, the slender information I possess upon this subject, is covered with so much mist, and darkness, that unless it was during the civil wars between Charles the first and his subjects, or when the royal cause gained the ascending scale in his son's time, and Waller the poet, and other of the republican party, took refuge in these islands of the western ocean. It is more certain, however, that bishop Berkley intended to found here a transatlantic university, and make it the emporium of learning, for the western world; the good bishop's ship, however, missed these dots on the ocean, and

so to make a good land-fall, they run for the broad continent of America, and the benevolent scheme came to nothing.

The Bermudas are in 32 degrees, north latitude, and 65 degrees, west longitude; the islands are about 360 in number, beautiful indeed in all that relates to climate: they are favoured with a serene and temperate atmosphere, blue skies, green vales, and constant summer. No appearance of nature could be more poetical; and I am sure your fine taste and genius, would here find materials for perhaps one of the sweetest poems you ever wrote, for to say nothing of oranges and lemons,

Cedar and branching palm

Which, together with the smallness of many of the group, make them appear to a stranger like fairy land. The entrance into the harbour of St. George is romantic beyond description. The passage is narrow and serpentine, and fringed with cedar to the water edge. The water is perfectly limpid, and through the clear medium submarine plants, madripores corals, sponge beds, and conch shells, may easily be discerned: The islands that form the entrance are low, and here and there spotted with houses, perfectly white, which contrasted with the evergreen of the cedar, palmetto, pride of China, and other trees, seem like bowers of bliss in groves of paradise. The sky is almost perpetually clear and blue, and the balmy softness of the air, impregnated with cedar, conveys to the delightful voyager

Sabean odours from the spicy shore.

Such as might justly give to these emeralds on the

ocean, a picturesque beauty, equal to that for which the Hesperian islands of old were so famous. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of Hamilton Sound; here, standing on an eminence, you have a bird's-eye prospect, of more than 200 islands, scattered over an azure surface, for the sea appears calm, blue, and clear, even to the bottom. Many of these islets are not inhabited, they are nevertheless covered with tufts of cedar, and even the barrenness of the rocks is made to appear verdant, by the cape-weed and sagebush which covers them to the water edge. Other of the islands have only a few scattered white houses, for it is the custom of the inhabitants to white lime all their habitations, and this where there is verdure in all besides, gives to a Bermudean landscape, a beauty, that is not easily described; besides your being able to see at one glance the bounds of every island, makes them appear like studs of emerald, set upon a surface of silver. And yet when you are on shore most of this vanishes; you behold evident marks of barrenness, and want of cultivation; the enchantment only appears when you are at a distance, for save in the miniature smallness of the group, and in each individual landscape, there is nothing that can in reality vie with an English prospect in the month of May. The fruit found upon the islands are oranges, lemons, grapes, figs, pomegranites, bananas, tamarinds, pappas, melons and shaddocks. They also cultivate a little coffee, cotton, arrow-root, cassada and barley: and in their gardens, pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, and onions, with most of the other esculents, common to an English garden. The trees are the juniperus Ber-

mudiana, or cedar, of which they build all their ships. The palmetto used in making huts and ropes. The orange, olive, tamarind, the mulberry, both red and white, the pappa, pride of China, and also the fig-tree, pomegranite, the myrtle, the mangrove, the spiral bamboo, and the prickly acacia, also the calabash, bearing an enormous fruit, of which they make bowls, &c. There is also the caster nut, or palma christa, and aloë-plant, the latter is often a fence for the fields and gardens. The islands are divided into nine parishes, St. George, Harris Bay, Baylis Bay, Port Royal, Heron Bay, Crow Lane, Brackish Pond, Spanish Point, and Somerset Island. The principle islands are named as follows: St. George, Main Island, Long Bird Island, David's Island, Tucker's Island, Somerset Island, and Ireland Island, most, if not all of these were inhabited. The population of the whole group of islands amounts to about twelve thousand persons, whites; blacks, and mulattoes; probably about equally divided. There are few towns, if we except St. George, Hamilton, and Saltkettle; the population is scattered up and down the different islands. St. George is called after its patron, Sir George Somers, who ended his days here, and was buried in a spot that is now used as a garden, where there is a little monument erected to his memory. Waller has given us a very splendid, although entirely poetical account of these islands, which upon the whole, although embellished with some fancy, and he "excelled more in fancy than truth," has nevertheless some little versimilitude.

Bermuda wall'd with rocks—who does not know
Those happy islands, where huge lemons grow,

And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear ;
The Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair.
The lofty cedar, which to heaven aspires,
The prince of trees, is fuel for their fires.
The sweet pa'mettos, a new bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield.
Figs, there unp'anted, through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show ;
With candy'd plantains and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes they dine ;
And with potatoes, fat their wanton swine.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same tree live :
At once they promise, what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.

Although this account of the Somers Islands has much poetical license, yet it must be confessed, that when you can keep that fiend the yellow-fever away, there is not, perhaps, a pleasanter, or more healthy spot on the surface of the earth or ocean, not excepting even the Madeiras, or the Canary Islands. But alas, sir, what are cedar hills and serene skies ; what is the bloom of spring, or the beauty of creation ? what boots ambrosial gales and sunny glades ; It is the sunshine of heaven alone that makes the soul happy ; and what is the sunshine of heaven ? but sabbaths hallowed, and sanctuaries crowded ; truth preached in its purity, and means of grace enjoyed in plenty : christian faith and holy fellowship ; few of which blessings were either known or desired in these islands. When your friend first visited them, darkness and sin spread their desolations through every part of the otherwise lovely domain. There were only three clergymen on all the group, and one presbyterian minister, who preached in a small chapel at Heron Bay. The parishes in general were only favoured with one sermon every fourth

sabbath, and even to this scanty morsel of the bread of life, many of the poor blacks and coloured people had no access. No calculations of either ministers or people embraced their moral prosperity, they were not allowed to marry, or approach the Lord's table; their children were denied the rights of baptism, and themselves were hardly esteemed for any thing, but the strength of their limbs, or the value of their labours. Ah, sir, you have justly said, that "a man must be destroyed, before he can immerge into a slave." Slavery is the death of morals, the blight of mind, and the curse of man.

The contracted and ill-constructed buildings appropriated for religious worship, were in several places, far too small to contain even all the white inhabitants; hence, the blacks who were not employed in domestic avocations, were left to spend the Sunday either in idleness, amusement, or vice. They were sheep for whose souls, no shepherd seemed to care. To a gentleman pastor the work was too mean, and to a slothful one too formidable. That they were not totally vicious, is a circumstance for which I am at a loss to account, unless it arose from some measure of the restraining grace of God. With regard to the generality of the white inhabitants, I have few evidences to believe, that vital godliness formed any part of their religion; a very religious and truly polite lady, to whom I was one day speaking of the new birth, very emphatically remarked "that she should be very sorry not to possess that greatest accomplishment of all human hearts." Decency, politeness, softness of manners, and an agreeable vivacity, the offspring of a pure and equal climate, constituted with a few

exceptions, all that either male or female could boast, as having the smallest resemblance to true piety.

In 1798, the moral state of these islands became an object of the solicitude, of that zealous and successful promoter of missions, Doctor Coke. He had received a letter from a Mr. Mackie, an officer on board one of his majesty's ships, representing the necessity of a mission being established upon these islands, and from that time, his zealous care never abated, until in the year 1799, in conjunction with the conference, he sent John Stephenson, an Irish preacher, to act as a missionary, and preach the gospel to the black and coloured people. A race of abjects, for whom Doctor Coke felt the truest regard, whose moral and spiritual welfare he promoted with unabated assiduity, and to promote whose eternal salvation, he spared neither cost nor pains. Precious man of God! zealous apostle of the negroes! when will the African slave find such another friend, or humanity such another advocate? If the name of Coke be not ranked with those of Clarkson, Wilberforce and Sharp, it will be found in the circumstance of his being a Wesleyan clergyman. I know, sir, that I assert an opinion in unison with your own sentiments, when I say, that our West Indian missions, have been in time past, and still are to the present day, in whatever relates to the true conversion of the negroes, the most productive of all our missions. Thousands of the poor slaves have been turned from the deepest darkness and superstition, to the marvellous light of the gospel. The most blessed fruits have arisen, of comfort to themselves, and benefit to their masters,

from the preaching of our missionaries; not indeed the preaching of mere morals, for that never will convert a soul, as the experience of all missionaries abundantly attest, but salvation through the cross of Christ. For what all the punishments, chains, stripes, flogging, famishing, shooting, hanging, whipping, &c. &c. &c. have never been able to accomplish, has been done by the gospel; a new moral creation has taken place under its soul-transforming influence. Poor degraded captives have tasted the sweets of heavenly liberty, and the missionaries have prosecuted their labour of love, surrounded with persecution. God has rendered them double for all their sufferings. Thousands of converted Africans rise up to call them blessed; and the planting of the Wesleyan and Moravian mission, as many of the planters can testify, if they would come forward, has formed a new era, both of light, happiness, and love, in many of the West India islands. The negro slaves under the care of the missionaries, have been trained up in habits of honesty, sobriety, and cleanliness; adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things. From such a noble and sublime charity, what christian that feels for the oppressed, will withhold his mite? O beloved of the Lord! you do well to help these poor strangers in their bonds; they cannot recompense you, but the God of mercy will not overlook this your benevolent imitation of his dear Son; think how they toil to procure you many of the comforts of life, withhold not from them the precious blessing of hearing and knowing the "joyful sound," and they will pray for your welfare,

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

The sun shall quit his throne of light,
 The moon no longer walk the sky,
 The stars and planets sink to night,
 And all creations beauties die ;
 But truth shall lift her peerless head,
 Above the ruins of the Fall,
 Shall smile when time and tide are fled,
 The words of Jesus ne'er shall fall !

Evangelical Minstrel.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Stephenson arrived at New York, on his way to Bermuda, on the 16th of April, 1799. He had, however, scarcely landed and made known the purport of his mission, when the most scandalous and ill-founded reports were circulated, to the injury of his character, and the discredit of his mission. Hence, he commenced his ministry, under all the disadvantages that prejudice, bigotry, and malice, could scatter in his path.

The man that mentioned him, at once dismiss'd
 All mercy from his lips, and sneer'd and hiss'd :
 His crimes were such as Sodom never knew ;
 And perjury stood up to swear all true.
 His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence :
 His speech rebellion against common sense.

Cowper.

The fact was, he had come upon an errand, of all others, the most unwelcome ; he had come to instruct the negroes in the knowledge of salvation,

but the inhabitants dreaded the illumination of their slaves ; a dread that was strengthened by the belief, that should the light of true religion beam upon the soul, the darkness and injustice, the unrighteousness, and inhumanity of slavery must be more apparent. Hence, the missionaries are viewed in a suspicious light, for darkness is the best cover of fraud, whether it be that which priestly superstition imposes upon the deluded papist, or that which the West India planter practices upon the slave. That scripture and religion, shed a light upon the rights of man, there can be no doubt, but do they not shed equal light upon christian obligation, and teach the servant to be obedient to his master. Sound policy should therefore dictate to the proprietors of slaves, the utility of a system which teaches contentment, patience, and submission to our lot ; and I am sure, sir, that neither yourself, nor any other well-wisher to the poor abject negros, would wish for any sudden revolution, inconsistent with the claims of justice, safety, and the legal rights of the planters. That religion will gradually work a great change in the West India islands, there can be no question : meanwhile, a pious slave, will serve not for wrath, but conscience sake. The gospel, which conveys comfort to his soul, will always impose a restraint upon the violence of his passions. He who has heaven in his eye, and love in his heart, will not have insubordination in his conduct, or insurrection in his desires. Kind usage in the master, will generate gratitude in the slave. It is not true, that they have no sensibilities ; their feelings are often remarkably fine, and ill usage alone makes them stupid.

Sense is as keen where Congo's sons resides,
As where proud Tiber rolls his classic tide.

The difference between a good and a bad master, is every thing to slaves; let them have liberty to worship God, let them know their rights (for a slave has rights) are not trampled upon, and they will be won by love. Ill usage makes them gloomy, sour, and discontented; and would it not operate the same on men in every latitude and meridian? and of all colours. Blacks have the common feelings of human nature; they are not more deeply fallen than whites. But to return, the governor of the Bermudas, General Beckwith, was not disposed to be very friendly to our newly arrived missionary; and from the first moment they knew his errand to the Islands, some of his excellency's parasites and minions, were his sworn enemies. My predecessor, sir, in this mission, was a plain, blunt, honest man, of the old school; hence, both in his preaching, and in his letters to the governor, and others, (many of which I have in my hands,) he did not enough study to set the edge of reproof upon the oiled hone of courtesy. He boldly denounced sin, and preached against female prostitution, polygamy, &c. Had he been more cautious, he might have disappointed his enemies; but, whether a sin was deep-rooted, long established, or grafted upon the stock of profit and interest, was to him of little moment, he made war upon it in the boldest manner; hence, his preaching gave huge offence, and finally, his guilt attained the deepest stain, and greatest possible altitude. He had ventured to preach in the house of a man of colour, of the name of Socco, to several blacks, whom Socco invited (for hitherto he had only preached to the white people who would hear

him) and from that critical moment, persecution assumed a more lowering aspect. He had preached in the house of mulattos, he had shook hands with the blacks, he had assembled them together to worship God; not to dance, there would have been no harm in that; and this could not be tolerated; he was called before a magistrate, and the following are the particulars of the interview given in Mr. S's own words; "I waited upon his worship, and after some time, he appeared, and bid me sit down, addressing me as follows:"

Justice Green. "The blacks are very well in these islands, they are kindly and humanely dealt with."

Missionary. "Please your worship, I do not doubt that, when compared with their treatment in some of the West India Islands; but, sir, I have nothing to do with the treatment they receive, it is my duty to assist them in saving their souls."

Justice Green. "But, Mr. Stephenson, you shook hands with them, and this is an innovation that cannot be allowed."

Missionary. "Why yes, sir, when I had done praying with them, they came forward and bowed, and returned me thanks, and to encourage them in the ways of God, I did shake hands with them, and bow to them too; and surely, your worship would not wish me to be less polite than a negro."

Justice Green. "But, Mr. Stephenson, I can send constables and take up the blacks, wherever they are found after such an hour."

Missionary. "I do not doubt your power, sir, but they are allowed to dance all night, and I did not keep them beyond six o'clock in the evening."

Justice Green. "But you will meet with great opposition, we cannot allow the blacks in these islands to be taught, and if you proceed you must do it at your peril."

Missionary. "Well sir, I am a subject of good King George, and if I am put in jail, I shall carry a good conscience, and my master will bring me out."

Justice Green. "But I have another charge against you, Mr. Stephenson, you preached against our ministers, you said no man was called of God who preached the gospel for silver or gold."

Missionary. "Sir, I wonder you should blame me for this, your worship is not unacquainted with the church prayer-book, and particularly the ordination of priests and deacons, every man who enters into holy orders, according to the mode and form there laid down, must declare "He is not moved from any worldly views, (not for silver or gold) but that he is inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to preach the gospel;" therefore in saying what I did, I have defended the church ordination, and the purity of the ministry, and if they construed my words to a wrong use, it is themselves who condemn their clergy, and not me."

Justice Green. "But Mr. Stephenson, this preaching to the blacks may be very dangerous; you know what has taken place in the Island of St Domingo."

Missionary. "Please your worship, that has no bearing upon my mission, I exhorted them to become real christians, by turning from evil, and especially that great evil, polygamy, which is sufficient to bring a curse upon the islands. I also exhorted them by honesty and obedience to please their masters, to be kind and courteous, not answering again, that their

owners might know they were the better for coming to hear the preaching."

But alas, sir, all this would not do, Justice Green summoned the parish to meet, and petition the governor, that this preaching might be put down. This, sir, was a perilous moment for the friends of the poor negroes; those who had been in the habit of buying the bones and muscles of men, were smarting under the abolition of this inhuman traffic, which had recently taken place, and they were not wholly without their fears of the further interference of the British legislature, in behalf of this injured portion of the human family. Slavery is as jealous of its power, as freedom is of its liberty; he who touches that, touches the apple of a planter's eye; hence, at this period, whoever appeared in the character of advocate for the negroes, was sure to be detested. Few could bear the thought of having them taught religion; cutting throats, murder, arson, rebellion, insurrection, and, in a word, all the horrors of St. Domingo, were connected with the idea of enlightening these unfortunate beings; as though the pure, pacific, and mild religion of Jesus Christ, were the parent of crime, and savage ferocity of manners. Will you, sir, permit me to conclude this letter, with, if not a poet's prophesy, a wish, in which I am sure you will cordially unite, although it be not penned in your own elegant manner.

Yon emerald islands that glow in the west,
Where sorrowful Africans bleeds;
With jubilee glad, from oppression shall rest,
And beauties to ashes succeed.

Already a lustre than Hesper more bright,
Shines over their legaliz'd thrall;

A balm to their sorrows, a star in their night,
A drop in their chalice of gall.

From heaven's high palace, shall flow a decree,
The edict of mercy divine,
O African negro, the Lamb makes thee free!
Redemption's bright charter is thine!

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Watts.

DEAR SIR,

THE above worthy Justice Green, who had come to the islands in the capacity of an itinerant portrait painter, accumulated a little money, and was finally lifted upon the stilts of the law, that he might overlook his surrounding neighbours. I say, this worthy magistrate, being informed that Mr. Stephenson had been preaching in the parish to a few blacks, first called together the principal persons in the neighbourhood, to deliberate on this deadly crime, and then hastened to the governor, to lay the whole of their proceedings before his excellency. General Beckwith had already imbibed a strong prejudice against our poor persecuted and forlorn missionary; not indeed for having been guilty of immoral conduct, but because he had not studied

greek and latin in the British universities, in order to qualify himself to instruct the slaves of Bermuda, who could not read, how they might serve God, and save their souls. Mr. Stephenson fearing from the few specimens he had received of his excellency's candour and good will, that he might prejudicate the matter, waited upon him too, and demanded the oath of allegiance, but his prejudices had passed the rubicon; and a bill, under the patronage of his excellency, was brought into the House of Assembly of the islands, to hinder the most dangerous, mischievous, and disloyal practice in the world, preaching the gospel to negro slaves. The following is Mr. Stephenson's account of his interview with his excellency, I give it in his own words, from a manuscript journal. "When the bill was introduced, I hastened away to the governor, and in the presence of four or five gentlemen, I told his excellency I humbly requested to take the oath of allegiance. He stood with all the pride and haughtiness of a military man, his two hands a kimbo; and said with evident marks of displeasure, "sir, you had as good go to the king's attorney general." I went to the attorney general and told him what the governor said, he replied, "Mr. Stephenson, I cannot tender any oath, it is the governor or his secretary that must give you the oath of allegiance." I returned, and told the governor what he said, his excellency, in an angry tone, replied, "I knew that sir, as well as either you, or the attorney general." I rejoined, please your excellency, shall I go and request the attorney general to wait upon you. Governor, "you may do for that as you please, sir."

I hastened to the attorney general, and told him ; he returned with me to the government-house, and I waited in the porch, while they held a consultation ; in a little while the governor passed by me, making a low bow, with a great sweep of his arm, intimating that I might go about my business, and the attorney general coming to the door, told me the governor would have nothing more to say to me, so I came off." The bill that was before the house passed the assembly by a great majority, as a curious specimen of West India legislative tolerance, I will gratify you with the document itself.

"An Act to prevent persons pretending, or having pretended, to be Ministers of the Gospel, or Missionaries from any religious Society whatever, and not invested with Holy Orders, according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England, or the Church of Scotland, from acting as Preachers."

"Whereas it is conceived extremely essential for the due preservation of order and good government, as also for the better maintenance and support of the religious principles of the community of these Islands, to exclude all persons pretending, or having pretended, to be ministers of the gospel, or missionaries from any religious society whatever, and not regularly invested with holy orders according to the rites and ceremonies of the church of England, or the church of Scotland, from propagating any doctrine upon the gospel or otherwise ; WE, therefore, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the general assembly of these, your Majesty's Bermuda or Somers Islands, in America, do most humbly beseech your Majesty that it may be enacted. And be it enacted by your Majesty's governor, council, and assembly, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by the authority of the same, that no person whatever, pretending, or having pretended to be a minister of the gospel, or missionary from any religious society, and not regularly invested with holy orders according to the rites and ceremonies of the church of England, or the church of Scotland, shall be allowed to preach or propagate in these Islands, any doctrine upon the gospel, by writing or printing, or by speaking to, teaching, or in anywise lecturing or exhorting any public or collect-

ed audience whatever, and that any person who shall violate or act repugnant to this law by preaching or propagating, writing or printing, or by speaking to, teaching, or in anywise lecturing or exhorting any public or collected audience whatever as aforesaid, shall be subject and liable to a fine of fifty pounds, and to be imprisoned for the space of six months without bail or mainprize.

“And be it further enacted and ordained by the authority aforesaid, that any person or persons admitting, or allowing in his, her, or their house or dwelling, to any person pretending, or having pretended to be a minister of the gospel or missionary from any religious society whatever, and not invested with holy orders, according to the rites and ceremonies aforesaid, for the purpose of preaching or propagating any doctrine upon the gospel, by writing or printing, or by speaking to, teaching or in anywise lecturing, or exhorting as aforesaid any public or collected audience whatever, shall be subject and liable to a fine of fifty pounds, and an imprisonment of six months without bail or mainprize.”

“Passed the assembly this 25th day of April, 1800, and ordered to be laid before the council for concurrence.”

JAMES TUCKER, Speaker.

“Concurred to by the council, this 23d day of May, 1800.”

HENRY TUCKER, President.

“Assented to this 24th day of May, 1800.”

GEORGE BECKWITH.

I will not here, sir, enter into the propriety or impropriety of Mr. Stephenson's obeying that precept of our Lord, “if they persecute you in one city, flee to another.” Where could he fly? the law covered the whole Bermudian archipelago. He must cease to preach the gospel for the present, or become a transgressor. If we say he did wrong to violate this law, we implicate many of the apostles and martyrs; they knew that the laws prohibited their preaching, and yet they did preach in defiance of those laws. “Did we not forbid you to preach in this man's name.” But every resolute christian

missionary, would reply with Peter, "whether it be better to obey God or man, judge ye." In this dilemma, Mr. Stephenson took council with his friends what line of conduct he ought to pursue; some of them advised one thing, and some another; as most of them were afraid of the penalty, fifty pounds fine, and six month's imprisonment, without bail or mainprize, were not to be despised; such a rod in terrorum, was sufficient to stagger weak faith, and set any man a "conferring with flesh and blood." These difficulties were, however, braved, and the objections overruled, by Mr. Pallas and Mr. Cameron, who declared that they would run all risks, rather than the servant of God should remain silent and useless. Mr. Stephenson gladly accepted the offer, as he conceived himself bound in duty to resist, what appeared to him, an anti-christian and *unconstitutional* law: hence, the following Sunday he preached at Mr. Cameron's in the morning, and at the house of Mr. Pallas in the afternoon, when open complaint being made to a magistrate, the following warrant was issued to apprehend him.

BERMUDA.

To the Constables of the Parish of Pembroke, in the Islands aforesaid, or either of them.

WHEREAS complaint hath been made unto me, Daniel Tucker, Esquire, one of his Majesty's Justices assigned to keep the Peace, by George Harvey, Esquire, that he had been informed by Mr. Jonathan Burch, of Devonshire Parish, that he the said Burch did hear a person who is called Stephenson, and understood by him to be a methodist preacher, preach at the house of Mr. Peter Falais, in the town of Hamilton, Silversmith, on Sunday, the fifteenth instant, which complaint has on this day been proved

by the oath of the said Jonathan Burch. And whereas by an Act of the Legislature of these Islands, passed 24th May, 1800, forbidding any and all persons to admit, or allow into his, her, or their house, any person pretending, or having pretended to be ministers of the gospel, or missionaries from any religious societies whatever, and not invested with holy orders according to the rites and ceremonies of the church of England, or the church of Scotland from acting as preachers.

These are therefore in His Majesty's name, to command you or either of the constables aforesaid, to apprehend, and bring forth Stephenson, with the said Peter Pa'ais, before me, to answer to the said complaint and further dealt with as the law requires.

Given under my hand and seal this 23d, June, 1800.

DANIEL TUCKER.

The following account of Mr. Stephenson's being apprehended, I will give you in his own words, from his manuscript journal. On the 23rd of June, "I was at Somerset Island, at the house of a Mr. Thomas Nichols, when a constable came to the door, who asking if my name was Stephenson, said, I have a warrant for you, granted by Daniel Tucker, Esq. before whom you are to appear at Hamilton this evening. I made free to invite the man to dinner and told him I would go with him cheerfully. The people would have risen upon him, but I begged them to let him alone, as it was not his fault. After dinner, I parted with my friends, who were all in tears, to see me taken away a prisoner of the Lord, for preaching the gospel. About four o'clock, we arrived at Hamilton, when I was conducted, or rather guarded up stairs, in the coffee-house, through the large assembly room, into the drawing room, into which a great number of people had crowded to witness my commitment. After a little time, four magistrates came in, and took their seats upon the sofa; they

were justices Tucker, Bascomb, Harvey, and Stow. Justice Tucker, mayor of Hamilton, asked "is there a Mr, John Stephenson present ; I answered, yes sir, "stand forward sir." I stepped forward, a table being between us. Justice. " Mr. Stephenson, you stand charged with preaching in the house of Mr. Peter Pallas, on the fifteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord 1800, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the king, his crown and dignity, and the peace and well being of these islands. Prisoner at the bar, did you, or did you not ?" "I presume, gentlemen, you have evidence." Magistrate. "but did you, or did you not ? Missionary. I presume gentlemen, you have evidence, proceed upon your evidence, no man is bound to criminate himself." Justice Bascomb said, "but Mr. Stephenson, you may be permitted to bail." Missionary. "I will give no bail, nor will I submit to be tried by your unconstitutional, unchristian law. I request to be tried by the laws of God and Great Britain, and for this I appeal to King George. I presume, gentlemen, you are magistrates." "We are." "Will your worships inform me, has the king any jurisdiction over these islands ?" Magistrates. "yes, certainly." "Then I demand the oath of allegiance, and to be tried by the British laws." This, however, they would not grant, so I turned round to the spectators, and said, "I take you all to witness gentlemen, that I have demanded the oath of allegiance, of four magistrates sitting on the seat of justice." They then ordered the room to be cleared, while they drew up the mittimus. Mr. Pallas and myself were then given into the hands of the con-

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stables, who put us into an inner room, without a bed, and guarded us all night; and at ten o'clock next day, we were put into a boat, with a strong guard of constables, and carried to the prison of St. George." Mr. Pallas was soon bailed out, till his trial should come on; Mr. Stephenson continued for the present in St. George's jail, a close, confined, and unhealthy prison, in a hot climate, now the most sultry season.

That man should thus encroach on fellow man,
 Abridge him of his just and native rights;
 Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
 Upon th' endearments of domestic life
 And social ——— nip his fruitfulness and use,
 And doom him for, perhaps, (a godlike deed)
 To barrenness and solitude, and tears,
 Moves indignation; makes the name of laws
 Of laws, which only petty tyrants make,
 As dreadful as the manichean God,
 Ador'd thro' fear—strong only to destroy.

Cowper.

However this servant of God found, that imprisonment for the cause of Christ, was neither so unpleasant, nor as intolerable as some might imagine. The Lord abundantly fulfilled that beauty, "blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—The following is one of his many letters:

Jail of St. George, July 2, 1800.

My very dear friend,

I cannot express my happiness, I would not change my present situation for a palace; as soon as I entered this blessed paradise, my peace rested upon it. I hope my bonds will preach better to my dear friends than ever I was able. My dear fellow-sufferer is as contented as I am, he is steel to the back-bone; he joins me in love to you and yours.

I remain your unworthy friend, and affectionate brother,

To Francis Jones Esq.

JOHN STEPHENSON.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

Mark'd as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen worlds the Lord shall know,
And warm'd with faith, each bosom glow.
Even now the hallow'd scenes appear,
Even now unfolds the promis'd year :
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace:

Christian Observer.

DEAR SIR,

IN how many instances in the West India Islands, have our missionaries "had trials of cruel mockings, yea, of bonds and imprisonment." Perhaps, in no part of the British Empire, have such cruel outrages been committed, and systematic persecution carried on. The late demolition of our chapel in Barbadoes, by a mob of white negros; and the persecution and death of the injured Smith, in Demerara, are two master-pieces of cruelty and oppression. Alas, when will the inhabitants of those islands learn humanity, justice, and the rights of man? Surely the practice of enslaving our fellow creatures hardens the heart to all noble, divine, and virtuous emotions; but the day is approaching when the injured missionary, the proud oppressor, and the degraded and enslaved African, must meet at the same impartial tribunal, when hood-winked justice shall not sleep. Let us, however, hope that the time is fast approaching, when those violent

and deluded men, will open their eyes to the true interests of the islands. Their late conduct is such as must have opened the eyes of the most strenuous supporters of slavery: meanwhile, may all who truly love God, both pity the poor blacks, and pray that mercy may soften the hearts of their cruel oppressors! Ah, is it to promote cruelty, persecution, oppression, and slavery, that we are taxed two millions annually, to support our West Indian colonies? Alas, must we pay them for keeping slaves? and bear too the bearding and insults of these petty tyrants, whom we could crush with a frown; will the mother country still permit them to withhold the consolations of religion from their slaves? must we pay them that they may trample upon the rights of humanity? I am sure, sir, you will join me in saying, we do not ask any thing unreasonable for the slaves; we do not say they shall be instantaneously emancipated; we do not say that the slaveholder shall be robbed of the property guaranteed to him by the sanction of legislative enactments; we only request, do not tear the black man from his wife and children; allow their marriages to be lawful; do not hinder them from hearing the gospel; give him what is "just and equal;" let him have the Saturday for his market, and the Sunday for worship: do not make him a brute by flogging, and then blame him for sullenness and despair: let his labour be with reason, and his food what labour requires; let the smile be given frequently, and the lash but seldom; reward him for well doing, and do not punish him through caprice or cruelty. While you claim his body, remember his soul is God's, and

his conscience his own. You have a master in heaven, therefore avoid tyranny upon earth.

— Father of mercies ! befriend the opprest,
At the voice of thy gospel of peace ;
May the sorrows of Africans cease ;
And the slave and his master devoutly unite
To walk in thy freedom and dwell in thy light !

Montgomery.

But to return to Mr. Stephenson, it appears from his manuscript journal, and several letters in my possession, that the consolations of the Holy Spirit were most sweet and abundant during his incarceration ; he found the joyful experience of that beautiful stanza,

And prisons will palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

At the sitting of the special court or assize, his trial came on, and though he employed one of the most able lawyers in St. George, (the honourable Mr. Easten, the present worthy chief justice of Bermuda,) who made a most able defence* of liberty of conscience, toleration, and the right of private judgment in all matters of religion ; yet the jury were requested by the chief justice

* I am sorry that my limits will not allow me to insert the whole of Mr. Easten's most able and eloquent defence of Mr. Stephenson, and liberty of conscience ; however, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving my readers a short analysis of it : he began by observing that the prisoner at the bar stood indicted for worshipping God according to his conscience, or, in other words, he stood charged with violating a law that it was both improper and impossible to obey ; for it would be easy to prove that legislators might make laws which it would be the most exalted virtue to violate, as, for instance, should they make a law to prohibit the worship of God altogether : and that for his part he saw no difference between enacting a law to prohibit the worship of God altogether, and one, forbidding men to worship God according to their own consciences. He maintained, by eloquent arguments, that the law

to find him guilty; accordingly, he was condemned to suffer six months imprisonment, and to pay a fine of fifty pounds, and also to discharge all the costs of the court. The human mind can hardly contemplate a more interesting spectacle in a christian land, and under the mild auspices of a gospel dispensation, than to behold a minister of Jesus Christ, a christian missionary standing at the bar of his fellow christians and citizens, and before a christian judge, who condemns him to suffer pains, penalties, and imprisonment, without bail or mainprize, for simply preaching the religion of Jesus Christ, who, in one form or another, all christians profess to believe, love, and adore. Such a sufferer (whether the baptist Bunyan, the nonconformist

in question was contrary to the laws of God, destructive of the natural and unalienable rights of mankind, and opposed to the fundamental statutes of the British Empire: here he read the Toleration Act, the preamble of which is "Almighty God hath created the human mind free, consequently the right of private judgment in matters of religion is and ever must be the unalienable right of mankind, and ought always to be held sacred and inviolable; the provisions of the Act are, that all protestants shall have free liberty to exercise their religion, and by speaking, writing, and publishing, or by all and any of the said ways and means, to investigate religious subjects, and by preaching and teaching to instruct persons in the duties of religion, in such manner as every such person respectively shall judge the most conducive to promote virtue, the happiness of society, and the eternal felicity of mankind." He also read extracts from the writings of several jurists and philosophers, particularly Vatel, to prove that man is essentially and necessarily free to make use of his own choice in matters of religion; that this is one of the rights man did not give up by the social compact, if indeed such a compact was ever made, at the organization of society, as some theoretical writers have supposed. The above is only a faint outline of a most nervous and comprehensive defence. The subject covers a great deal of ground, and cannot be analyzed without evaporating the beauty, the strength, and the suitableness of his clear reasoning, eloquent language, and judicious remarks.

Baxter, the Wesleyan Stephenson, or the independant Smith) is intitled to our warmest sympathy, and the cause for which he is oppressed, becomes venerable and interesting in the same proportion as the hand of power endeavours to crush it. Meanwhile, it is deeply to be lamented, that a dependant colony, a mere nook and excresence of the empire—a place, that, were it not defended by our armies and navies, and supported by our trade, would not have existence, much less a name, should so far beard and insult the mother country by which it is fostered and protected, as to make laws in open defiance of her constitution, and to the detriment and oppression of her citizens. What ! do the gentlemen of Demerara, of Jamaica, of Barbadoes, because they are drilled and hackneyed to the exercise of oppression, suppose that free born Britons are to be treated as they in the plenitude of their inhumanity, treat the poor degraded and suffering Africans ? might not a stranger, seeing the privileges of our highly favoured England, be ready to exclaim, when told of a West India persecution,

Good heavens ! is there in these auspicious days,
 When reason, freedom, truth, and science blaze,—
 Is there a spark of that detested zeal
 Which pil'd the faggot, twirl'd the murderous wheel ?
 Does Julian live ? does fierce Domitian reign ?
 Or savage Mary blot a throne again ?

But to return to our oppressed missionary, though imprisoned, he could not be rendered unhappy ; man had deprived him of civil liberty, but God had blessed him with a nobler freedom, freedom divine the charter of the skies ; the truth had made him free, and whatever bondage, hellish malice

might wind around him, it was inwreathed and sweetened with the consolations of religion, and beguiled with the sun-bright views with which heavenly hope illuminates the persecuted for righteousness sake. Our suffering missionary was not dejected, but often made the jail vocal with the Redeemer's praise, and through the iron grates of his window, exhorted the listening and often weeping blacks to embrace a dying, risen, and exalted Saviour. As an innocent amusement, and to commemorate, and transmit to future times, his unjust imprisonment, he cut with his penknife, the following inscription in the cedar floor of his prison :

JOHN STEPHENSON,

METHODIST MISSIONARY,

WAS IMPRISONED IN THIS JAIL SIX MONTHS,

AND FINED FIFTY POUNDS,

FOR PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST, TO AFRICAN BLACKS

AND CAPTIVE NEGROS,

ST. GEORGE,—BERMUDA,

JULY, 1800.

On which inscription the author of these letters wrote the following lines :

In fancy's eye I view the prison gloom,
 Dim rays alone the cobweb walls illumine;
 And shall I write the record on my page?
 A "bird of Paradise," in satan's cage.
 The man who cross'd the wide multivious wave,
 In yearning pity to reclaim the slave,
 Sav'd others but himself he would not save. }
 On these green rocks, this mildly beauteous clime,
 Pity for captives was baptis'd a crime;
 Till he came here that nymph was never known;
 To the wild winds, the negro pour'd his groan :

None saw, none felt, none pity'd, none redress'd ;
 These were oppressors, those, alas, oppress'd :
 None heard the Mediator's melting strain,
 The plea for mercy, or the balm for pain.
 Stripes follow'd stripes, and tears to tears succeed,
 Compassion was not in the planter's creed :
 She came with Stephenson, till lawless force
 The maid divine would from his heart divorce.
 But vain the task, I see her lurking lye
 In the big tears that tumbled from his eye,
 Tears of soft pity (he was free from gall)
 Unbidden for his persecutor's fall ;
 He weeps, he walks, he muses, while some text
 Forms a fair scale from this world to the next,
 On which he climbs, by faith, each golden street,
 The spotted earth whirls round beneath his feet. —
 Where erst the oath was heard, or clank'd the chain,
 Celestial melodies an audience gain ;
 The "den of thieves" became "an house of prayer"
 God's herald, Christ's ambassador, was there.
 While through the grates which iron bars engross,
 The captive missionary lifts the cross,
 And listening blacks the holy word revere,
 Dropping upon the preacher's woes a tear,
 Who day by day his prison to beguile,
 And teach unjust captivity to smile,
 Pray'd, warbled hymns, and cut this bass relief,
 The graphic record, of his woes in brief :
 A record which the doomsday book shall show,
 Writ in God's adamantine folio !
 So Paul and Si'as shar'd a kindred doom,*
 Thrust in an inner prison's deepest gloom ;
 The same their fate alike their noble zeal,
 To save the lost and human woes repeal :
 These from a demon free'd the female slave ;
 He from the fiend poor negros sought to save.
 The damsel's master saw his prospects wane,
 The 'Moodian † fear'd his mistress and his gain,
 The § devil rose in wrath and pride at last,
 He could no more—so both in prison cast.

The mission being thus suppressed, the infant work
 of God was nipped in the bud, and the few gleams of
 light that shone upon the poor Bermudian negros,

* Acts, Chapter 16, from 16th to 23d verse.

† So they pronounce the word Bermudian. ‡ Revelations 2, v. 10.

were darkened by the lurid clouds of persecution, and were followed by a partial night. Things remained in this state, from the year 1800, until 1808. Several missionaries had been appointed, but, either from want of resolution, or some other cause, none chose to venture. Mr. William Black had at one time so far arranged his affairs, as to engage a passage to the island, and was only prevented from accomplishing his object, by the discovery that he was a methodist missionary, the passengers, who were Bermudians, refused to allow him to proceed in the vessel; so he was obliged to fetch his trunks ashore, and relinquish the undertaking.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 'Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, king, creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING taken a most affectionate farewell of my dear friends in New Brunswick, I went on board the schooner, Mary Ann, captain Beatie, bound for the island of New Providence, one of the Bahamas; it being the intention of the captain

(according to agreement) to touch at the Bermudas, and put myself and wife ashore. We sailed from the harbour of St. John, the 17th of April, 1808; winter still lingering in the sky, and much snow on the ground. While we were getting under way, the captain, a civil man, and one of my former hearers, cursed one of the men who was heaving the anchor, upon which I gently tapped him on the shoulder, he stood reproved, and never to my knowledge, swore afterwards during the whole passage: a word in season, how good it is. For several days, the weather was fine, and we had no sooner passed the gulf stream, than we got into a warm and delightful atmosphere. Every morning and evening we had prayer in the cabin, and such was the attention of all on board, to this duty, that profaneness was banished from the vessel, or at least suspended; and I do not recollect that I ever saw any state of things at sea, that so much resembled a christain church. The captain, the mate, the supercargo and his wife, had all of them, an exterior of seriousness; hence we had much harmony and love. I frequently gave out hymns, and we sung the praises of God both above, and in the cabin. On the Lord's day I read on the quarter-deck those solemn and impressive sermons of Mr. Benson, on the second coming of Christ. This method, when introduced, by singing and prayer, I have sometimes at sea found preferable to preaching, for when a minister speaks closely and pointedly, some one is apt to think the reproofs are intended for him; probably the captain takes offence, and the whole address often loses its effect. I would here observe, sir, that at sea, particularly a mis-

sionary, should endeavour to cultivate the spirit of his master, and manifest the holy benevolence of his office, such a gentleness and affability, will win upon both the passengers and the sailors, while the loving seriousness that beams from his conduct, will overawe the careless and the profane. Thus the consistency of his actions, will speak more forcibly to the heart, than the most eloquent addresses, and every one on board, will look to him as a kind of palladium for their own security. The vessel will seem like a marine temple, and the waves and the winds will often hear the sound of praise and prayer; by thus grafting affability upon religion, a missionary will be better prepared to gain access to others, without any sacrifice of the sanctity of his office.

When we had been about twelve days out, and were about two hundred leagues to the leeward off Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, we were overtaken with a tremendous storm. I had observed during the greatest part of the afternoon, a portentous black cloud gathering in the west, and spreading over a large portion of the windward sky, becoming still darker and darker in its aspect, till at length, it burst upon us, in a terrible squall of thunder, lightening, hail, rain and tempest. It was so sudden, and impetuous, that any help was required to assist the little crew in taking in all sail, lest they should be torn in shivers from the yards, and here my former little seamanship became of great use, as we had only about half-a-dozen hands. The ocean was thrown into terrible heaps, and so piercingly cold was the tempest, that it seemed half an hour had pitched us into another latitude. My dear partner was much alarmed, and was also the wife of the supercargo, but that beautiful and en-

couraging hymn said to be written by Luther, to console himself under his troubles, was a balm to my spirits, and a source of support and consolation.

Commit thou all thy griefs,
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who heaven and earth commands ;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey :
He will direct thy wand'ring feet,
He will prepare thy way.
Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

A strong confidence, that both the faithless ocean, and the florid earth, are under the immediate control of divine providence, calmed my own mind, and as the tempest became more and more terrible, enabled me to administer comfort to my dear Mary. She had never before been in a storm like this. The wind resembled successive discharges of artillery, the Mary Ann pitched and staggered, heeled and rolled, with the giant surges that dashed against her, and such was the violence of the gale, that some allowance may be made for even a christian feeling an apprehension of danger. On the following morning, (Sunday) the white-topped waves curled and crested their summits in a grand and yet formidable manner, but our little schooner with her head to the sea, for we were obliged to lay too all night, vaulted lightly over the immense ridges, and though several seas broke upon her, she rose above them, with far greater dexterity than some bulky and ponderous ships would have done in similar circumstances. I sat up all night,

and truly it was a season of faith, prayer, and much assurance of deliverance. The captain was very uneasy, as we were near the latitude of Bermuda, but my mind was quiet, believing that we had the "Gallilean pilot" on board, and that all would be well.

When the gale subsided, we stood to the eastward, the long rolling swells, left by the storm, helping us forward on our destined course, and on Monday, the 14th day from the time we sailed, in the horizon of a clear and amber sky, we saw a hummock which on a nearer approach, proved to be one of the Bermudas. In the afternoon we made the south side of the islands, which is the least rocky, as a coral reef runs to the extent of ten or twelve miles from the shore to the north, and renders that part dangerous and difficult of access. While we were standing off and on (for the captain deferred entering the harbour of St. George, till the following morning), I had full liberty to give vent to the melancholy musings of my mind. The softness of the air, with a balmy sweetness coming from the green cedars, full in my view, the prospect of being soon on shore, all failed to give elasticity to my spirits. I was uncertain what reception I should meet. My faith was staggered with fears that I should not be received. None on board knew the weight that was pressing upon my spirit. The islands were near, but I felt a trembling anxiety about the future. The mission on which I was about to enter had a non-descript character. Not a christian of my own denomination to welcome me ashore. I was four thousand miles of wild and fathomless ocean from the shores of

my dear native country. I was a solitary man, ready to be dropped in the midst of enemies. Nature and unbelief whispered "what dost thou here, Elijah?" all but myself looked forward to the morning with pleasure. I often looked ashore as the mild evening fell upon the sky, but there I saw no anchor ground for my aching heart; the courage and confidence in God that had given my mind a fearless tone during the late storm, had now fled. I could have wept, but I strove to save appearances. Ah sir, what does a missionary feel in such circumstances! this was indeed a baptism of grief, neither the soft blue skies, nor the calm sea just undulated with a gentle breeze, could raise my spirits, I felt pensive and dejected with the uncertainty of my future prospect, and the only consolation I had, was in God and my bible.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, respectfully, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

Come from the west,—the bond, the free,
His easy service, make your choice;
Ye Isles of the Atlantic sea,
Like halcyon nests, in God rejoice.

Montgomery.

DEAR SIR,

IN the morning a pilot came from the shore, and carried us into the little cedar-circled harbour of St. George. Here I was a stranger in

a strange land, I knew not a single person in all the islands, and was to most, come upon an unwelcome errand, hence my reception was likely to be unpleasant, and the final issue of my mission doubtful. I had it is true, that precious promise made to the first of all missionaries, "lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." After we had cast anchor in the harbour, some gentlemen came on board with a view to commercial speculations, to whom the captain communicated the object of his visit, and the nature of my character as a missionary; also my intention of remaining to preach the gospel to the negros and coloured people. During this conversation, I was in another part of the vessel, but by the unpleasant manner with which they received the intelligence, and the scornful and contemptuous looks they cast towards that part of the vessel where I was standing, I could easily divine how unwelcome such an event was, at least to the inhabitants of St. George. When they were gone, the captain informed me how ill they received the information of his having brought a methodist missionary, assuring him that if I landed there was a law in force, to apprehend and send me to prison. This, though it pained my mind, did not give me much surprise, but my greatest difficulty arose from not knowing a single individual in the place: nor was there one to whom I could apply for direction. My trust, however, was in God, and this in my present situation, was to me more than all the world beside. Ah! how forlorn should I have been, how utterly dejected and cast down, if God had not been my present help in this time of need.

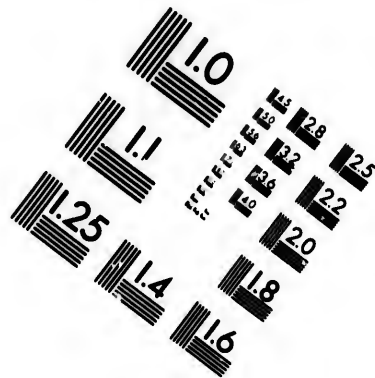
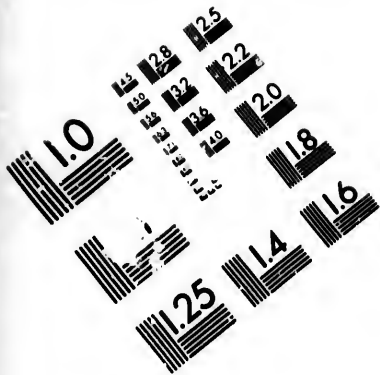
Having a letter of introduction and recommendation to the governor, from my esteemed friend colonel

Bayard, of North America, I resolved to go on shore, whatever might be the consequence, and as soon as we landed, I hastened to the government-house to present myself and letter, but his excellency being engaged, requested I would wait upon him in the morning.

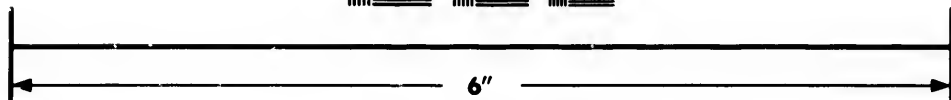
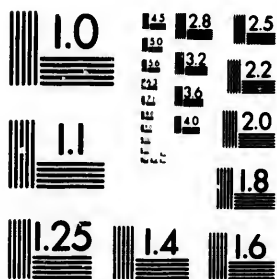
I enquired in vain for a methodist, the hateful sound seemed to startle even some who appeared as if they wished to show me civility. If I had come upon any other errand, whether as a swindler, a buffoon, a dancing-master, or a conjuror, I might have been welcome; for the Bermudians are naturally civil and polite, but coming as a methodist missionary, (a name they had been taught to hate) to preach the gospel, yea, and to preach the gospel to the negros; this shut up every avenue, and rendered my person as forbidding, as my errand was disagreeable. After much difficulty, I learned that an old man of the name of Pallas, who was a methodist, lived at the west end of the Main Island; pleased with this information, I returned on board the schooner, and after informing my wife, I hired a boat to go in quest of the old man. After sailing through a miniature archipelago, more beautiful than any thing I had ever seen in nature; though the beauty of the island scenery did not dispel the gloom of my mind. In three hours we arrived at Hamilton, where I found a sickly old man, pressed down to the earth with poverty, affliction, and persecution. He gave me a long detail of the trials and persecutions he had met with, adding withal, that the religious state of the islands was most deplorable; and that the few persons raised up under the ministr y of Mr. Stephenson, were dead, or had fallen away;— in fine, that the prospect was most unpromising, and

that as nothing had transpired, relative to the repeal of the penal statute, it was doubtful whether or not I should be allowed to preach ; at least he was afraid no person would admit me, for fear of incurring the penalty. This information added a deeper shade to the gloominess of my prospect, and fell with indescribable weight upon my spirit. I now began to think, that God had brought me to Bermuda for the trial of my faith. I could not refrain from weeping at the moral desolation of the place, and probable failure of the mission, which had been the object of so many sacrifices, solitudes, and prayers. I returned to St. George with a heavy heart, and not without frequent gushing tears, and mingled desires to change my gloomy and unpleasant situation, for the quiet of the grave ; and but for my wife and infant, an immediate escape from the "windy storm and tempest," would have been a desirable change. My mind was sorely exercised with the situation and distress into which I had brought my dear partner, who was far advanced in her pregnancy, and with our only child, seventeen months old, still on board the vessel. No door had yet opened to admit us even to lodging, every house being full of army and navy officers, who were then rendezvousing at Bermuda, previously to their sailing to accomplish the capture of Martinico. Yet, O the pity and kindness of the Almighty ! He supported me in the hour of conflict, and having tried my faith to the utmost, he realized the expedient my situation required. For after my faith had blindly groped for a path, and my thoughts had been running to and fro, to find out what measures I should adopt, divine light, like the first rays of the morning upon a benighted traveller, broke in upon my mind. I re-





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turned to the vessel, and found my dear Mary much comforted ; she had employed my absence in prayer, and a strong assurance that the Lord would yet open our way, rested upon her mind ; passage after passage had been suggested to her thoughts, which had settled in her soul a sweet reliance upon the will of God. Thus, sir, you see, that in our extremity, we looked into the comforting book, not for entertainment, nor yet for mere profit or speculation, but as a pilot in a storm looks at a chart, to find an opening among the rocks, or a passage through the dreadful shoals ; by which to escape the shipwreck with which he is threatened. And for ever be the deliverer praised, all the scriptures to which we were directed, both greatly alleviated our troubles, and cast a ray of light upon our stay. Although, as there was a vessel in the harbour, bound to New York, "flesh and blood" solicited to abandon the mission as hopeless.

The following words were as the brightness of a lamp, in the midst of a gloom : Isaiah l. 10. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light ? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." But the scripture that seemed the most pointed against deserting the mission, was Jeremiah xlii. from the 10th to the 12th verse : "If ye will abide in this land, then will I build you, and not pull you down ; and I will plant you, and not pluck you up ; for I am with you, to save you : and I will show mercy upon you, and will cause you to return to your own land." This passage which was given in prayer, brought us to a pleasing acquiescence with the will of God ; and quieted many of these

anxieties, that arose from the enemy's acting upon a troubled sea. I knew much had been suffered by the Moravians, the Church of England, and the Baptists, as well as the Wesleyan missionaries, and that much had been accomplished. The case of Jonah made me afraid to flinch, lest the Lord should punish my cowardice, as he did that of the prophet. Meanwhile, it was a season of great suspense, several persons came on board, who privately told the captain, we should not be allowed to stay. The vestry also of the church in St. George was called together, to consult how they might best prevent my preaching, or send me from the islands, but my faith was now above man, it rested in the power of God. The honest-hearted captain who frequently went ashore, finding how matters were going forward, most affectionately urged me to go with him to the Bahamas, withal assuring me, that he would give me my passage there, and back to Nova Scotia, adding, in his honest and blunt manner. "they are not worthy of a missionary, let them die in their sins." Seldom were faith, patience, and fortitude, brought to a severer test, but adored be my merciful God, their efficacy was sufficient in the hour of trial.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

The shadows that cover the regions of Ham,
Shall vanish or flame with the light of the Lamb;
Earth lovely green island that gems the salt wave,
His truth will convert, his philanthropy save.

Evangelical Minstrel.

DEAR SIR,

As the captain wished to sail, I waited again on his excellency the governor, who received me with much civility, and assured me, he would do all in his power to further my mission, for the sake of his friend colonel Bayard. After some conversation respecting Nova Scotia, he sent for the attorney general, and chief justice of the islands, to consult them, in order to know whether any law existed to hinder my preaching; the latter examined my letter of introduction to the governor, my civil recommendation from Mr. Cambell, the mayor of St. John; and my ministerial documents from my brethren in North America, as well as my *letters of orders*: yet he still demurred, because I had not been ordained in the establishment. The attorney general, the honourable Mr. Easten, had different and more liberal views of toleration; he gave it as his opinion, that as the former law expired at the end of three years, no other existed to hinder the free exercise of my mission. The governor dismissed me with liberty to preach for the present: But, alas! though I had permission to preach, I had no place to preach in, nay,

I had none to lay my head in, for my wife and child were still on board the vessel; however, I now got them on shore, and took lodgings at the only inn in the place, and the same day, as my money was expended, I met a perfect stranger, who was leaving the islands, and yet took my draft for fifty pounds, with part of which I paid my passage, and reserved the rest for future exigencies. I was still in a dilemma, how to dispose of myself, for although it was known that the governor had given me permission to remain upon the islands, all was dark beyond the present moment; and while I took one step, I had to grope my way the next; and the Lord kept my eye continually upon the leading of his providence; and here also he led the blind by a way that I knew not. A sergeant in the artillery, an unknown friend, went round the town, to try if he could procure some place, either as lodging or residence, and having light upon two rooms which a major, just going to Halifax, was about to leave, he came to inform me; and as this was an opening not to be neglected, at his recommendation, I was thankful to hire them for a pound per week. The rooms belonged to a man of colour, of the name of Mellory, a respectable free person, who with his wife and family, became afterwards the seals of my ministry. Having hired these lodgings, I fetched my wife and child from the inn, and now having got our baggage into our rooms, we felt as lively a satisfaction, as though we had taken possession of a palace, so glad were we to get any footing on this lovely territory of the prince of darkness. Ah sir! what a blessing it is to live by faith, and to see through the gloom, the hand of God

leading you step by step, and to mark the gradual unfoldings of promised deliverance, even though we may go seven times to a throne of grace before we see the little cloud; the vision is for an appointed time, and in the end it will speak, and will not lie; so that our mercies become doubly valuable by delay, and the hand of faith, receiving them as the gifts of God, our hearts are affected with love, tenderness, and gratitude, in proportion to the previous trial.

The following morning being Sunday, my mullatto landlord, went on the Saturday evening about the town, and gave notice that I should preach the next day. But alas! few felt much interest in the publishing of the gospel, hence my congregation amounted only to about ten persons; and even these included my wife, the captain, and the mate of the schooner, the supercargo, and his lady, the others were principally made up of the black and coloured people belonging to the family of my host. To this handful, I delivered my first message, on "preach the gospel to every creature." You see, sir, that the beginning was a "day of small things," yet I was not discouraged, my faith by the preceeding leadings of providence, had taken a firm hold of the faithfulness and truth of God. I knew the Lord did not despise the day of small things, and that the humblest attempts made to promote his glory, met his favourable regard. My experience taught me that the noblest institutions had frequently arisen from obscure and inconsiderable first attempts; as the mightiest rivers may arise from a small spring that is concealed by sedges and weeds. God often tries the faith, patience, and prayer of his people, that he may make his arm more

visible in their deliverance. Man begins with pomp and ends in nothing. God uses small and insignificant means and the results are grand and glorious. How formidable were the trials that checkered the path of the first christian missionaries, the seed they sowed was like an "handful of corn upon the top of the mountains," deposited in bleak and barren spots the furthest removed from fertility, but a blessing was in it, and soon "the fruit thereof began to shake like Lebanon and to flourish even in the city like the grass of the earth." Missionaries ought not to be cast down because they do not all at once meet with rapid success ; the excellency of the power would then appear to be of man, and not of God, the Lord will have his people to wait for him, as well as to wait upon him, and perhaps there is no disposition more necessary to a labourer in God's vineyard than christian patience. It is not for him to command a favourable issue to his ministry,—the times and seasons are in the hands of God. If we "sow our seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not our hand," we have scripture reason to believe that either the one or the other will prosper. Did that patient man, Schwartz, when at twenty years of age he arrived at Madras, among millions of Hindoo idolaters, did he form an idea that in sixty years India through his labours, by the blessing of God, would become a grand theatre of missionary exertions, and a rich field of converts to the christian faith? Could the venerable and indefatigable Carey, have imagined when he first arrived in India, friendless and almost alone, that by his patient perseverance, the scriptures would even in his time be translated into all the languages of the east? Or, had the first mis-

sionaries who visited Great Britain the remotest prospect that their labours would issue in the universal spread of religion through all sections of this highly-favoured land? Did the Lord show his servants beforehand, as in a panorama, the success of their labours, what room would be left for faith? or what reason would suggest the necessity of prayer? Let the patient missionary remember laborious Paul, courageous Luther, persevering Wesley, and flame-tongued and ardent Whitfield. Let him also reflect upon the trials, the fortitude, the meekness, the patience, and the years of tedious waiting for success, which exercised your excellent brethren, the Moravian missionaries, in the West Indies, in North America, in Labrador, and particularly in Greenland, where for six years they hardly saw a single fruit of their ministry, and yet after all succeeded in their labours beyond all human expectation. "Be patient therefore brethren, behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain. Earth and hell may oppose its majestic progress, but his kingdom shall come, hence while we look forward to a gradual unfolding of the gracious designs of Jehovah, let us remember that as the stars of an evening sky do not all appear at once, but one after another, so does divine providence step by step open the way for the march of divine truth, and illumine the darkness of the moral world, till in due time the whole hemisphere shall be spangled with light, and the day will dawn that never more shall close. "He that believeth shall not make haste," dejected missionaries may take comfort in looking back upon the history of God's

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church ; for several years our blessed Lord had but few followers. The apostles in some places were attended only by solitary individuals, perhaps a few women, as in the case of Lydia, and others. The reformation sprung from a solitary monk and a few of his companions. From the insulated labours of John Knox, and a few others, arose the church of Scotland. The Quakers from George Fox and William Penn, and the Wesleyans who in Europe and America, are more than half a million strong. Ninety years ago consisted of no more than half-a-dozen young men in the university of Oxford, directed by the indefatigable Wesley. Thus sir, it is that the infancy of many blessed institutions resembles a grain of mustard seed, which in time spreads its branches and soon becomes so large as to furnish the birds a refuge, and the beast a shade,

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

Go ! to many a tropic Isle,
 In the bosom of the deep ;
 Where the skies for ever smile,
 And the blacks unceasing weep !
 O'er the negro's night of woe,
 Pour the living light of heaven ;
 Chase away the fiend despair,
 Bid him hope no be forgiven !

Author.

DEAR SIR,

THE moral state of Bermuda presented, perhaps as many difficulties in the way of a Wesleyan mission, as most other islands in the western ocean.

The labourer in this vineyard had to encounter three formidable evils, prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry ; in opposition to these, he had to lift the banner of the cross with much patience and prudence, and with many fears of final success.

The poor blacks, as I observed before, were hardly ever beheld in the light of moral agents, hence every attempt to convey instruction to their minds, appeared to their owners, in an invidious light, and excited the suspicion, that in proportion as they became enlightened, they would deteriorate, and that instruction would make them less subordinate, and more unwilling to be governed. Indeed with some, a monstrous opinion prevailed, that they had no souls. A lady of my own acquaintance, furnished not long after my arrival on the islands, a lucid proof of this. Mrs. N. was esteemed compassionate, humane, and religious ; both myself and family, were much obliged by her polite attentions, and as we lived next door to each other, much friendly harmony prevailed, till on a sudden, I found that I had offended her without knowing the cause ; at length, however, I found out that the head and front of my crime was, I had without her knowledge, baptised the child of one of her slaves ; which she roundly affirmed was a prostitution of the hallowed ordinance ; assigning as a reason for her opinion, that she believed blacks had no soul ; and that to administer to them, either baptism or the Lord's supper, were most flagrant abuses of those sacred ordinances. In other respects, the Bermuda negroes were well treated, for with regard to the cruelties which have so disgraced the West Indies, very little comparatively is practised upon these islands. The blacks themselves, are

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often good natured and civil to one another, and as clean in their persons as many of them are neat and gay in their apparel. They compose a race entirely different from the West India negroes. I mean the mere plantation slaves. A Bermuda black man thinks himself a gentleman compared with one of these; hence a greater punishment is not dreaded, than that of being sent to the West Indies. In the Somers Islands, there are no plantation slaves, they compose the principle house-servants, pilots, seamen, mechanics, and fishermen of the place. They are somewhat polite in their address, and rather acute in their intellect.—In a word, they want nothing but systematic instruction, and the influence of good example, to bring them over to the knowledge and practice of piety. Their habits of thievishness, are grafted upon the system of slavery, and with the masters, the fear of loss in the prosecution of the culprit; hence, not a capital punishment occurred during four years I spent in the Bermudas. One slave-owner, who has detected a thief, goes to the master, and addressing him, says, “your Jupiter has stolen one of my sheep, and has been caught in the fact,” “I am sorry for it neighbour, but I will give you another, and the rogue shall have a good flogging.” So here the matter ends, no prosecution takes place, no example is made, and yet they are for ever ringing the old changes, la, what thieves are these negroes! A Bermuda black was one night taken in the act of stealing, upon which the detector addressing him, said, Cato what is the reason you are such a thief? have you meat enough? O yes, massa, plenty, plenty. What then is the reason of your stealing? “Massa,

me steal to keep my hand in." That disposition to theft, with which they are branded, must be ascribed to their peculiar situation, and not to any superadded depravity of the moral sense. The man in whose favour no laws of property exist, probably feels himself less bound to respect those made in favour of others. Laws to be just, must give a reciprocation of rights, and without this, they are mere arbitrary rules of conduct, founded in force, and not in conscience. And it is a problem, which I give to the slave-holder to solve, whether the precepts against the violation of property were not formed for him, as well as his slave; and whether the slave may not as justifiably take a little from one, who has taken all from him, as he may slay one, who would slay him? that a change in a man's relative situation, should change his ideas of moral right and wrong, is neither new nor yet peculiar to the negroes, Homer tells us it was so 2600 years ago.*

"Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Man makes a slave, takes half his worth away."

I ought, sir, in mentioning the faults of the blacks, to remark that they have many redeeming qualities; they are hospitable and generous to a fault, and towards the sick, tender and affectionate. The black women make the best nurses in the world, and will manifest a degree of solicitude and assiduity, seldom witnessed elsewhere. I had one day, (in riding to my appointment,) to cross from one island to another, but as my horse showed some unwillingness to go into the boat, I turned to touch him with the whip, this so quickened his pace, that he came all at once upon me,

* Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.

and in making good my retreat, I plunged into the midst of a prickly pear bush, many of which planted themselves in the cap of my knee, and breaking off, occasioned so much pain and anguish, as obliged me, when I arrived in St. George, to preach sitting, and afterwards through the violence of the inflammation to take to my bed ; in this state, Jenny Burges, who was near at hand, examined my knee, and with much care, the help of a pair of tweezers, and the poultices of herbs, she applied to the inflamed part, in a few days brought me about, and I was able to ride home without any further inconvenience.

It may render them careless about speaking the truth, because they know their evidence is not received, and if they are often lazy and careless, it is because they reap little or no benefit from their labours. Their want of purity may arise from the great obstacles plac'd in the way of their regular marriage. Their flexibility of character is a great obstacle to their establishment in piety, whenever they embrace religion ; but as their feelings are remarkably quick and tender, they are more easily won upon. They are very affectionate and remarkably social ; their resentments are short, and easily cancelled, having a good deal of the child about them ; their light-heartedness and cheerfulness are proverbial, and if at any time they are sulky, ill usage is often the cause. Treachery they are unacquainted with, they have not the cunning and knavishness necessary to this depth of satan. They seldom step out of their place, but it is owing to the unwarrantable and improper liberties taken with them by the whites, who often know no medium between criminal familiarity, and repulsive rigour. In general, they are far

less profane than the lower orders in England, seldom using a more opprobrious term to each other when in a passion, than "you black negur." As for bigotry, they have that common effect of pride, ignorance, and superstition to learn. In their houses, they are clean and hospitable, "and though their portion is but scant, they give it with good will." Those who are pious feel as much love for their pastors as any people in the world; and if, as the white people say, that their religion is all cant and hypocrisy, they might retort upon them in the language of the poet :

I deem our nation brutes no longer,
 Till some reason ye shall find,
 Worthy of regard and stronger
 Than the colour of our kind.
 Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings,
 Tarnish all your boasted powers,
 Prove that you have (pious) feelings,
 E're you proudly question ours !

In a word, many of the vices of the blacks, are the consequences of slavery; I hope, dear sir, you will pardon the warmth of my feelings in the following lines, with which I shall close this letter.

Can a man believe his creed ?
 At devotion's altar kneel ?
 Truths immortal volume read ?
 Yet his fellow-creature steal !

But if this be deem'd too bold,
 Shall we traffic in our kind ;—
 Purchase with ignoble go'd,
 Beings with a deathless mind.

He the worth of souls can tell,
 Who redeem'd by blood the lost ;
 Wilt thou, planter, bye and sell ?
 Who such price of prices cost !

Why despise their woolley hair ?
 Why condemn their sable skin ?

Jet, or ebony may bear
Stamp of deity within !

Hast thou reason ?—they can think ;
Warm affection—they can glow ;
Dost thou weep when others sink ?—
They have tears of joy and woe.

Hast thou an immortal mind ?—
They possess a vital spark,
For celestial life design'd,
Though the outward man be dark.

We our brother made a brute,
All his heaven-bought rights withstood,
For our sugar, rum, and fruit,
Paid the price of negro's blood.

O base avarice of gold !
Sorest curse beneath the sun ;
Pen of seraph cant unfold,
Half the evils thou hast done.

Britons ! ye of justice boast,
And the equal rights of men,
Deem your islands freedom's coast,
Why is slavery suffered then ?

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

All the islands of the deep,
In the mild or burning zone,
Shall beho'd the Lamb and weep,
Bending at a Saviour's throne.

Amusements of a Mission.

DEAR SIR,

I still continued in the island and town
of St. George, preaching several times a week,
and often walking with my testament, or Doctor.

Young's Night Thoughts in my hand, through the cedar groves contiguous to the town, or by the sea side, communing with my own thoughts. I appeared to myself a solitary man, a speckled bird, a sparrow upon the house-top, or like a partridge upon the mountains. I had none but my wife, with whom I could exchange thoughts on the subject of my mission or religion; all beside seemed to wonder wherefore I had come. The whites doubtless thought I was a strange being, to come upon such an errand. Men of worldly minds seldom rise higher in their calculations than profit and loss; the springs of such a conduct must have been entirely concealed from their view: serving others to the seeming detriment of your own comfort and profit, must always appear in a very problematical light to those who never pursue any object but their own interest. It was generally believed, that I came to preach to the blacks and coloured people, and what could they do for me? By others, their friendship would have been esteemed a blot, their favour a disgrace, and their good word a libel; and yet, the strangeness of this circumstance brought (perhaps from curiosity) many respectable white people to hear me, though my prospects of doing them good were rather gloomy; yet, the cloud had a bright side, for while I laboured on with many prayers and fears, and with hopes interwoven with doubts, a glimmering of extensive usefulness among the blacks often revived my spirits, and cheered my path. I saw that I had no rival in this labour of love, this was a right none disputed with me, a parish none wished to invade, a bishopric few (if given) would have been careful to receive,

but which I nevertheless esteemed an honour. My little congregation continued to increase, so that by the time I had preached six weeks, the half-dozen, which at first attended, were multiplied to between sixty and an hundred, and some of these afforded visible signs, that the word was not as chaff blown away by the wind of carelessness. At first, I observed, that several whites, and a few coloured people seemed thoughtful, they kneeled at prayer, and when the congregation withdrew, they lingered behind, that I might speak to them concerning their souls. Several little presents were sent in, of water, which at time was very scarce, and also of fruit. As I passed them in the town they seemed more respectful, and if in any thing I required their assistance, they came forward with alacrity. After a while, several of them, without my knowledge, made up the sum which I had given to some black carpenters, to fit up my large room with benches; this expense (fifteen dollars) they one morning came and begged I would receive back, alleging, that as I came for their good, they hoped I would allow them to bear some little part of the burden, and this I esteemed a sign that they had received some benefit by the word. But their kindness did not stop here, they even went so far as to pay the hire of my lodgings, which amounted to a pound, that currency, per week. Several indications convinced me, that the word preached in many tears and temptation, began to have a place in their hearts; and one day, Ruth Bascomb, and Letitia Hervey, two free persons of colour, came to my house, and after some hesitation, informed me that they wished to save their souls, and begged me to direct them what they should do. These

were some of the first buddings of a work of grace that I had seen since my arrival, and they were as pleasing to my heart as the reviving sun to the eyes of a benighted Greenlander. Tony Burges, a venerable old black man, with all his family, became constant hearers, and in a little time God took the scales from the old man's eyes, and though hard upon seventy years of age, he began to learn to read, and by dint of close application, before I left the islands, could with the help of his spectacles, and spelling a few words, read a psalm. Jane Burges, Tony's wife, soon followed the example of her husband, God enlightened her mind, and becoming deeply convinced that she was a miserable sinner, was thankful to hear of a Saviour's love: she was in truth, one of the most pious, humble, and affectionate blacks, I ever knew. Several of their children followed in the same train, and the whole family was drawn to God. Sally Tucker, a truly respectable black woman, who lived near my lodgings, desired permission to attend family prayer, in which God touched her heart, and Sally in her turn, began herself to pray earnestly for salvation. One day when I was passing her house, she came out, and taking hold of my coat-lap, kissed it with earnestness, and lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, she exclaimed in a most touching and impressive manner, "O Mr. Marsden! I shall bless God for ever for sending you to Bermuda, he has made you my eyelid opener." My landlord, Mellory, and his wife, who were among their own class, respectable people of colour, began to show some evidences of a gracious nature, and regularly attended family prayer. I should not omit mentioning, that several young

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men, a Mr. John Darrel, and Richard Higgs, together with the three daughters of a captain Rankin, all became close attenders of the preaching, and were graciously brought to a serious and impartial enquiry after divine things. These with many others, whose names I will omit, inclining the same way, and becoming reformed and serious, I formed into a christian society; reading the rules, and pointing out to them the nature of each, for all was new and interesting respecting christian fellowship. This was the first methodist society ever raised in the Somers Islands. They consisted of whites, coloured people, and blacks, and were about forty in number: over these I rejoiced as a tender father over a first-born son. The seed that was sown in tears, I now began to reap in joy. The design of providence in my appointment to the mission began to unfold itself, I was no longer a solitary and mourning exile, unconnected with all the world, and standing alone in the islands, I could now say, here I am Lord, and the children which thou hast given me.

For a great part of the first year, I confined my labours to the little town of St. George, which though it contained only about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, was at that time, the capital of the Bermudas. I visited the blacks at their own houses, and to those who were learning to read, I gave little pamphlets and tracts; I took some pains in learning them to sing, to which they manifested a great love, for in a little time, the hymns they learned, were sung up and down the islands; as they taught one another, and greatly delighted in this part of divine worship. In visiting the blacks, my custom was not only to pray with them, but

also to partake of their little refreshments, and by following the precept of the apostle, "condescend to men of low estate," to break down as much as possible, the hateful middle wall of partition. During all this time, I made excursions into the other islands, preaching at Brackish Pond, Baylis Bay, Hamilton, Spanish Point, and also at Somerset, the west end of the islands. My congregations were respectable people, who treated me with attention, politeness, and hospitality; but, alas! in most cases, they had need of nothing, being chiefly of that class who had never done any harm in their lives, and were by far too innocent, moral, and good, to need a Saviour. At first, my principle endeavour was to remove prejudice, that a way might be opened for the reception of divine truth in its purest forms. The people in general knew little of those differences which agitate the christian world, and enwreath so many thorns in the bands of brotherly love. They went to church once a month, and to them, the church of England was in religion, what the sun is in the firmament; and had they been experimentally acquainted with the pure and holy doctrine of the establishment, this would have been all right; but going to church, with them was an apology for both the power of faith, and the obedience of love; and the best account of their religion I could ever get, was comprised in these two articles, first, doing no harm, and never having done any; and secondly, doing all the good that lay in their power. To show them that I was not an enemy to the church of England, I frequently attended the service on the Lord's day morning, and carefully avoided preaching in any parish, during

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the time that service was performed in the church. My subjects, which were the first principles of religion, were illustrated by quotations from the prayer book, which I generally used as a companion with my bible; and by this means, their prejudices gradually gave way, and light, even the pure light of gospel doctrine, shone by degrees upon their hearts. They saw that going to church once a month, is not enough to form the christian character, that there is something more in religion than mere exterior decency; in a word, that true piety is a work of the heart. My texts were such as the following; "except ye be 'born again, &c." "after the manner that they call heresy, so worship I the God of my father."

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

Already a glory has flam'd in the west,
The isles of the ocean Salvation hath blest;
The palms of the South show its beautiful blaze,
And the Boreal pines have been tipt with its rays.

A voice in the desert, a voice in the wood,
A voice o'er the island and billowy flood,
"Thy glory is come," abject negro arise!
And shine like a new-risen star in the skies!

Evangelical Minstrel.

DEAR SIR,

By the above means, I was enabled to conciliate the minds, and remove the prejudices of those who attended my ministry, and many respecta-

ble people expressed their satisfaction, that I had come to the islands. Stowe Wood, Esq. a respectable magistrate, invited me to his house, as did also captain Walker, Mr. White, captain Newbold, and a number of others. Meanwhile, I omitted no opportunity to bring forward my little black and coloured flock in St. George: some of these afforded me inward delight, both by their simplicity, their artless christian affection, and the clearness of that measure of experience in divine things, to which they had attained. I was much pleased with their novel remarks and curious questions: some of them could give a pretty clear account of their conversion; others appeared to have had only comfort, as they expressed it from the first: under the word, they were silent and still as death; seldom (unless prevented by their owners) omitting an opportunity of assembling together: those who were slaves could not always attend; but even these willingly submitted to the greatest hardship, that they might come to hear the word. To the houses of the free blacks I was always a welcome guest, and

Oft have I in the blacks man's cottage spent
 The silent night in safety and content;
 Or, at his little table sweetly sat,
 Have purple figs and soft bananas eat;
 Then join'd the sab'e family in prayer:
 And ask'd and felt God's sacred presence there.

My mind was grieved that although a gracious work was begun among the blacks, yet most of them were unable to read, so that I had no pledge of their stability and continuance; however, providence directed me in this also; I persuaded one of the young men who had joined the society, to open a school for the children of the black and coloured people; this was the first thing of the kind that had taken place in

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Bermuda : I also wrote to Halifax for some spelling books, and these with the help of tracts, united with uncommon diligence and application on their parts, brought many of the boys and girls quickly forward, and these again taught their parents, so that I had the pleasure of seeing many of them make considerable progress in their spelling-books and testaments. Some ladies also, under the patronage of Lady Warren, opened a Sunday School in St. George for black children, and even adults, which was very useful. With regard to teaching them to sing, I had much less trouble ; the blacks have in general fine clear voices, and strong retentive memories ; they possess a musical ear, and great facility of catching a tune ; hence, the singing was soon very respectable ; but at first I was myself "precentor, chaunter, priest, and choir ;" till an excellent young man coming from England, greatly assisted me in this beautiful part of the Lord's service, by taking upon himself the trouble of teaching both the whites and coloured people the rudiments of psalmody. All this time I preached in my own hired rooms, unless when in the country. In St. George some of the respectables had ceased to come, because they were incommoded with the blacks, with whom they would not intermix, even to worship God ! Several of the slaves were cruelly treated, because they would not relinquish this way. The little society was called the "Negro Club," and they did me the honour to call me the "Negro Parson." In the country, the poor blacks were not admitted into the apartment where I preached, but were obliged to stand round the doors and windows, listening with the most eager and inquisitive attention to catch every word ; and when I came

out they were ready to devour me with their eager and enquiring looks, which spoke louder than a thousand words,—have we no morsel of this bread of life? The blacks frequently spoke of it as a matter of great gratulation, that I had come to the island to preach the gospel to them, and seemed envious of the whites, who, in some instances, (over which I had no controul) would not allow them to come into the congregation; in a short time, however, providence cast my lot more in the centre of the islands, and enabled me to remedy the above evil.

The hot and suffocating closeness of St. George not agreeing with my wife's health, I removed to Brackish Pond, and took a house upon the edge of the sea, visiting my little flock in St. George every week, and often remained several days with the society, which now amounted to about fifty persons, twelve of whom were white people, who notwithstanding the odium, had cast in their lot with us: indeed, joining the society in Bermuda at this time seemed like changing cast in the East Indies, so that none who set much value upon the opinions of others (however deeply impressed they were with the necessity of inward religion) durst come among us. Several of the blacks attained much experience of the divine goodness, particularly lame Hannah, a poor bed-ridden black, whom several of the negros carried to the meeting, where she received the word in the love of the truth. Peter Hubbert, a mulatto, was a pattern of piety: Mellorey, the coloured man before mentioned, had begun to exhort; several others had greatly reformed their lives, and had cast off the practice of outward vices, The little congregation, (for there was now a place fitted up on purpose, with a pulpit and benches) mostly blacks,

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was an interesting spectacle,—clean, decent, and many of them genteel in their appearance; they joined in prayer, sung, and heard the word, with all the solemnity, reverence, and decorum, that might be expected from an old and well-established congregation of christians. They made me the arbiter in their litigations; I baptized all their children, and now that they were formed into congregation order, I gave the Supper of the Lord to those who were the most serious, humble, and exemplary; and during my absence in the country, I committed the care of the whole to the young men alluded to above, who, having begun to manifest considerable fitness, were remarkably useful.

I soon found that my situation at Brackish Pond was by many degrees too temperate a climate for my spiritual prosperity; I preached on all occasions at my own house, and all round the neighbourhood, but little fruit appeared; the word fell upon stony ground, the people were too polite, obliging, and affectionate, to contradict any thing that I said, and yet too moral and religious, to receive the humbling doctrine—"God be merciful to me a sinner;" hence, after maturely considering the subject, I concluded to remove to Hamilton.

This place had been in Mr. Stephenson's time, the very focus of persecution, and from thence he was carried to an ignominious jail: however, I did not reason with flesh and blood, but took a house at Pitt's Bay, and hired a long room over some stores to preach in. I had occasionally preached at Hamilton in an inn, but few would come; yet now my hired room was crowded upon the Lord's day, and often on the week night. I had not been long here

before the place became too strait for me ; several respectable white females were deeply impressed with a lively concern for experimental religion ; and also with the complete nullity of all forms and professions separate from saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, love to God, and divine communion with him. Two of these have since become united to two of our missionaries, and adorn the precious gospel they then found to be the power of God to salvation. Encouraged by these promising buddings, and the countenance of several worthy and respectable merchants, I drew up a form of subscription, and got a friend to go with me to the houses of several men of property, in order to solicit contributions for a chapel for the mission. Humanly speaking, the prospect was rather gloomy, as there were few to whom we could apply, who had not been engaged in persecuting my predecessor from the islands ; hence, we had to combat the difficulty of human improbability, with the exercise of faith in God, and he who has the hearts of all men in his hand, turned, moved, and disposed the above persons to his purpose, so that in a few days we had obtained nearly six hundred dollars ; one gave 120, another 100, several others 50, 40, 30, and 20 each ; and now I could perceive and bless the providence that inclined my heart to walk calmly into the lion's den. But still I had a number of difficulties to encounter ; where to get a piece of land,—how to get a plan drawn and executed,—how to obtain a master workman, and procure materials for the building. To a stranger in the islands, who had to carry forward the whole design, these appeared formidable obstacles ; but they all vanished one after another. I petitioned the corpora-

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ration of Hamilton, and after some demurs, they granted me a lot sufficiently large for a chapel and mission-house. The lot for the chapel, they gave me; the other we were to buy. At this time a vessel loaded for the West Indies with lumber, put into Hamilton in distress, and sold her cargo, from which I purchased most of the timber. I made the best outline in my power of a plan. My next business was, to employ workmen; and this, after a little difficulty, we accomplished, though as I had no one to superintend, the whole weight of the business fell upon myself. The weather was very hot, yet the Lord gave me such strength, that though arduously engaged from morning till night, either in having cedar cut for the beams and rafters, stone got for the walls, or riding up and down to solicit subscriptions, to procure materia's, or to employ workmen; yet I never had better health in my whole life: the people wondered, and said my constitution must be like iron, as most of the weather was burning hot, and compelled others to take refuge in the shade, while I had often to spend from nine to twelve hours a day, exposed to the rage of an almost vertical sun; and then hasten to some appointment to preach, returning home so exhausted, as hardly to be able to pull off my clothes, and rising with new vigour, to pursue the same toil. In this manner I got the foundation laid, and the building raised, under my own inspection; thus, after preaching two years from house to house in a sultry climate, I had at length the happiness to ascend a pulpit, and proclaim to four or five hundred people who met together at the opening, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." I now also realized one of the

objects nearest my heart, that of having a spot in the centre of the islands, where the neglected Africans might be raised to the dignity of worshipping God, without being separated from their fellow men like cattle in a stall, as was the case in some of the churches. The chapel was no sooner built than it was filled; and I now collected together those whose hearts God had touched with the power of divine grace, and several respectable persons embraced the offer of christian communion, amongst whom was Mrs. Albouy, a venerable widow, and her two daughters; these had always been moral and upright, and their acquisition was a great means of breaking down a wall of partition that separated several more who had been much softened and impressed, but who hesitated to join for fear of reproach. The lady of Stowe Wood, esq. was, like Lydia, drawn to seek the Lord; she cast her lot amongst us. Mr. Washington, of Nevis, added himself to our number; and Mr. White, a respectable sail-maker; beside these several young ladies were much impressed with divine things, but the amusement and vanities to which by their parents they were obliged to conform, kept them aloof, otherwise they constantly attended the chapel.

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LETTER XL.

Was e'er gospel truth so diffusive before ?
 Its triumphs are spreading to every shore ;
 From regions and islands remote o'er the sea,
 "Come over and help us," is misery's plea.

Evangelical Minstrel.

DEAR SIR,

My heart being set upon the prospect of doing the blacks and coloured people some lasting good, I set apart one evening every week to instruct as many of them as could possibly attend, in the most important and fundamental doctrines of the gospel; and I am persuaded that if this method had been continued by my successors, the society would not have remained stationary, notwithstanding, there have been missionaries in the islands ever since. Regular preaching may answer very well where the blacks are already endued with the knowledge of divine things: but it is hardly possible to conceive the ignorance and simplicity of an African mind prior to such a state. Were I to detail several of the various dialogues which I held with these children of nature, they would give a ludicrous appearance to the pages of this narrative. A black person is formed to feel rather than reason; their ideas of religion, are generally simple and striking;—"Dat sermon do me good. Massa, Jesus Christ very precious to my soul. Dis wicked heart very naughty, massa. Jesus Christ say break your bad heart; den bad thoughts come; Jesus Christ say, get away you bad thoughts. Devil

come, say, you mine negro; den tink no use pray; but de Lord Jesus say, pray on, old Sam be liar. Sophia, a poor original African, was deeply awakened at the meetings, and was for some time in a state bordering upon despair; the poor creature was afraid to eat, and thought she was always sinning: she spoke little English, and was a picture of nature and simplicity. Going frequently to the house of her master, she would, in her broken and nearly unintelligible manner, tell me her experience, and when my wife encouraged her to pray, Sophia would reply, *Temptation say, don't pray,—God no hear poor Africans; God away up in de skies, he no look down on such poor ignorant miserable negur as Sophy; can't hear, can't hear her prayer. Den Holy Spirit say, pray on, pray on, tell how Jesus Christ, God's Son, stand wid arms stretched out to save poor sinner. Den temptation say, say Sophy too bad, too wicked. Den I tink I see his blood flow from de blessed side for my poor soul.*" Some, however, were not without a considerable portion of intellect, and in these, the knowledge of divine things was more distinct, their experience more uniform, and in many respects not inferior to many whites; their passions are easily kindled, so that all they know is warm from the heart, and stamped in the mint of sincerity. The Hamilton blacks wished me to teach them to read, as many of the blacks in St. George looked over the heads of their fellows in this respect; and, whimsically herculean as this task may appear, I did not think it either foreign from my province, or beyond my power, and I am persuaded if our mission committee were to make some provision for African schoolmasters, and our missionaries would take more

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pains on this head, the good we do in the West Indies would be more permanent, the societies would be less fluctuating, and the benefit conferred upon those poor outcasts of men would be ten to one greater than at present ; for how painful is it to be preaching from a book, the contents of which they are utterly unacquainted with, and to the beauty and excellence of which they must, at least, be partially blind. I am convinced that Sunday Schools in our West India plantations, would be the noblest work of charity that man could engage in, and the greatest help to a mission that could possibly be contemplated. I am, nevertheless, well aware that they would meet with decided opposition from those who wish to consider negroes only as beasts of burden, and sink their minds to a level with their circumstances. A host of arguments, the body guard of oppression, would withstand their being taught, "they will not be so subservient—they will be discontented, rebellious, and insubordinate—they will not keep their place—they will think themselves upon a level with the whites," would be the logic used ; however, a thousand such assertions have not the weight of half an argument. The objection that they have no capacities, is both foolish and untrue ; for, how can we tell unless we make the trial ? but those who have made the trial can refute the allegation, which, at best, has but the shadow of truth. I know an eminent writer (Mr. Jefferson, late president of the United States) has said a good deal upon the subject, but to what purpose ? surely he has not proved that they cannot become good men and true christians ! A black will learn to read nearly as soon as a white, has an excellent memory, a fine ear for

singing, and a voice as sonorous as an instrument; and, whether we follow them to the wilds of Africa, or the cane plantations of the West Indies, with a few exceptions, they possess a feeling and friendly heart. But, to return, I began a Sunday School, and, to encourage others, attended and taught in it myself; and a pious female (now married to one of our missionaries) devoted herself to the instruction of the slaves in the chapel, so that numbers learned to read the New Testament whose minds were formerly covered with the rust of ignorance, and degraded by the practice of vice. In my peregrinations up and down the islands, it gave me heart-felt satisfaction to see them frequently sitting in the road with a spelling-book in their hands, conning over the part they wished to learn; and when they had made some improvements, I gave them testaments, and tracts, and as they had but few hymn-books, composed a little pamphlet of hymns purposely for their use. This gave rise to some considerable opposition on the part of those who had no plea for their conduct toward the blacks, but the absurd idea of their being incapable and unsuitable subjects for instruction. Some said the book was calculated to inflame their minds with a desire of freedom, because, in some of the hymns, I had used similies respecting liberty and slavery in a moral sense; however, one was sent to the attorney-general, and another to the governor, and the former was pleased to say that "it was admirably calculated to promote their instruction."

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LETTER XLI.

'To negroes benighted, how sweet is the pity?
That sends the rich gospel which leads them to bliss;
No stream in the desert, no joy in the city,
Can equal the mercy, the beauty of this!

Evangelical Minstrel.

DEAR SIR,

ON more occasions than one, we had to stand the brunt of much opposition. When I began an evening lecture for the blacks, the mayor of Hamilton wrote me a very severe letter; but rather than relinquish my plan of instructing and preaching to them, I would have left the islands;—I had to measure my steps by the line of prudence, and to maintain my ground with undeviating firmness. Meanwhile, the work of God was going silently forward in the hearts of many: the preaching was well attended; much prejudice was removed; and many blessed impressions were made both upon young and old. There were a few serious black and coloured people in almost every parish of the little archipelago, in St. George, Hamilton, Brackish Pond, Heron Bay, Crow Lane, and Spanish Point; these frequently held meetings amongst themselves, on the Lord's day, and as many of them had gifts in prayer, some few in exhortation, and almost all could sing the praises of God; they were often rendered profitable to themselves. Mellorey before mentioned, would frequently go into the country parts of the islands and read sermons, and expound himself: I have happened to ride past when a group of black and coloured people have

been collected to hear him ; amongst whom I have seen several whites listening with attention.—He had a clear voice, a tolerable degree of boldness, and, for a coloured man, a good personal appearance. Thus, I had remained in the islands until a seed was sown that shall bear fruit unto endless life : the lowering clouds of persecution gradually dispersed, or only muttered at a distance : the bitter enmity of most had subsided : many of the former persecutors had pews in the chapel : a remarkable change had taken place with regard to the observance of the Lord's day. Some of the blacks, who were formerly vicious in the extreme, had outwardly reformed, even though they did not belong to the meeting ; and, others, degraded to the very dust, began to feel that they were men : for the gospel stamps a dignity upon objects who have hardly a name. A few whites were still averse to the mission ; but even these, though they did not approve, became silent, and now and then ventured to come and hear for themselves. Several respectable young females were savingly brought to the Lord Jesus, and joined the society, two of whom are now in the rest of paradise. The family of Stowe Wood, Esq. one of the first merchants and magistrates upon the island, received the truth in their hearts, and its messenger into their hospitable mansions. Mrs. Tuzo and Mrs. Albouy, with her whole family, united in saying—"blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

It is not my intention in this narrative to go into the circumstances of the awakening and drawing of each individual, though I have ample documents by me which would furnish much information ; but as there is generally a sameness in christian experience, it

might become tedious through repetition. The little society amounted to one hundred and thirty-six persons, thirty of whom were whites ; the rest black and coloured persons : most of these afforded convincing evidence of a work of God ; and though in some of the very ignorant, it was amazingly superficial, yet who, that reflects upon their degradation and ignorance, can wonder at this—an ignorance not arising from a total want of intellect, but from the perversion of that intellect by slavery ; however, the genuineness of the work in others, left little room for doubt ; so that I could, with gratitude and pleasure, say, “ with my pastoral crook, I went over the brook, and behold I am spread into bands.” Should any minister of Christ, under discouraging circumstances, read this narrative, let him remember, that when the writer came to these islands, all things seemed to make against him ; he was considered an impostor, an enthusiast, or something worse : he had indeed his bible, a throne of grace, and his God ; but human encouragement he had none ; yet he scruples not to say, that had he been inviolably faithful in the improvement of every opening, and the discharge of every duty, the hundred and thirty-six members he left in the islands might have been five hundred, for which deficiency he takes all the blame, and blushing to himself, praying, “ God be merciful to me, an unprofitable servant.”

Thus, after spending four years in the Somers Islands, (with what success the day of judgment will disclose) my successor arrived from England ; and in the month of February, 1812, I began to prepare for my departure, my dear wife had the preceding November embarked with the children, for New

York, where her parents then resided ; and as she intended to wait my arrival in that city, I concluded to return to England by that route, rather than by the West Indies, as the vessels that come to Bermuda seldom return direct for Great Britain, but either by the Windward or Leeward Islands, in order that they may get as good a home-bound freight as possible.

My parting with this dear loving people, was to my mind, a trial of the most acute nature ; for to say nothing of their being plants, raised by the Lord's blessing upon my unworthy mission, I had for the last two years lived in habits of friendship with several, which had known no interruption, either from the coldness of reserve, or the breaks of humour : and now I had to part with them for ever : I had come here friendless ; I had seen the islands in a state of bigoted inhospitality to a methodist mission ; and had laboured to scatter the thick clouds of prejudice that enveloped their minds ; had seen the enmity to my ministry done away, and now rich and poor, white and black, manifested their regret at my departure. How changed from the time when I had to keep my dear wife and child on board the vessel, for want of a shelter on shore, when my first place of reception was an exorbitant inn, and my first congregation six black persons, now more than four hundred of the most respectable people in the islands attended my farewell sermon, which could scarcely be heard for the sobs and weeping of the children God had given me ; how changed from the time when not a single person would receive me into their habitation ; now many of my spiritual sons and daughters gladly and hospitably welcomed me into their houses, and cordially received my successors, yea, and would have

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wished them ivory palaces for our sake. I dwell much upon the affection manifested by these affectionate hearts, because it was most consoling to my feelings, as the pure expression of an attachment which had grown out of my pastoral relation to them, and the spiritual benefit they had received from my ministry, (however weak and imperfect in itself) to them, at least, it had been the ministry of salvation and comfort; and never did a people manifest more affectionate regard for the instrument God had used than the little flock now alluded to; nor were they much consoled, as is the case in England, by the appointment of a successor; they seemed to think there was only one minister ever likely to do them good; the rigid, morose, and captious, may call this human weakness, and the mention of it foppishness and vanity;—well let them call it so, but did the apostle Paul when he speaks of it to the everlasting honour of the Galatians? that they would have plucked out their eyes and given them to him. If it be feeding self, to dwell upon this subject, I must be content to bear the charge; I am not much moved by what any person may either think or speak of me. It is consoling to my own heart that these dear friends loved me from the purest motives, and manifested that love in the least equivocal form. Let any one place himself in my situation, let him labour in a barren and hostile place, with sensations sometimes bordering upon melancholy; let him see his children rising like flowers in the desert; let him feel the consoling thought of seeing a little flock; each of which owns him in the double relation of pastor and spiritual father, and then trace the work back from the beginning, and let him ask his heart—can he behold this

without emotion, without gratitude, without sensations of the highest pleasure ? can he depart from these without the deepest regret ? I pity the man, and envy neither his piety, judgment, nor feelings, who can wrap himself in such a covering of apathy, and shielding his breast from the warmth of christian affection, and the sensibilities of friendship, say farewell without a sigh of sorrow, or a tear of regret. Bermuda was a little world to me ; I had gone there a despised and unloved man ; God had given me friends, respect, a chapel, a society, a love for the place, and all that could render parting and separation painful in the extreme. Many of both the blacks and whites, manifested the most poignant grief : they wept aloud, and strongly reminded me of St. Paul's departure from the church at Ephesus, " and they all wept sore, and fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more ; and they accompanied him to the ship." Greatly was my own mind affected ; but I had, amidst weeping, cries, and lamentation, to tear myself away, and get into the boat.

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LETTER XLII.

Then shall religion to America see,
They have their times of gospel ev'n as we,
Thus do both lights, as well the church as sun,
Light one another and together run.

Herbert.

DEAR SIR,

I HAD no sooner arrived in New York, whither I had taken my passage in the British packet, than I found myself likely to be involved in the storm that was impending. The pilot who came off to Sandy Hook (the entrance of the harbour of New York) informed us that the ruling party in the state was greatly excited against Great Britain; and that they were upon the eve of a declaration of war, to which, as a precursor, an embargo had been laid upon all shipping throughout the Union, and was then in operation; so I had to run blindfold into the snare, and must now abide the issue. Thus, in the direct path which leads to the accomplishment of our views, how often do we meet with disappointment and obstruction. I left Bermuda for England, and was likely to be detained a prisoner in the United States. The gathering cloud burst with a declaration of war against my dear native country, and plunged myriads into inevitable misery, to gratify the pique of a few. Ah Columbia! how ruinous a measure was that to thy best, thy dearest interests, as a mercantile nation; but rulers seldom consider the evils they entail upon private persons, and public communities, by rash measures. Many true lovers of their country were

astonished at the uncalled for aggression ; and many feeling hearts trembled for the events that must necessarily result from such a quarrel ; but the die was cast. I had a wife and three children, or I would have passed through the interior of the state of New York into Canada, or through the New England States into New Brunswick ; however, neither of these were practicable as my affairs stood, so I calmly resigned myself and situation into the hands of the Lord.

War being declared, I had in common with several thousand Englishmen, then in New York, to deliver myself up to the marshal of the state, some were obliged to go into the interior of the country ; others, however, for whose good behaviour vouchers could be procured, were allowed to remain under the marshal's care, receiving a certificate, of which the following is a copy, to be surrendered every month, and re-indorsed :

Marshal's Office of the United State for the
District of New York.

Whereas, the Rev. Joshua Marsden, a British subject of the height of five feet eight inches, about thirty-five years of age, and who has a light complexion, brown hair, and blue eyes, was settled in New York, within this district, (which is his present abode) previously to the declaration of the prevailing war between the United States and Great Britain, in the regular and lawful occupation of a Minister of the Gospel, not being in any way concerned in commerce ; and has, moreover, hitherto apparently so conducted himself as to be entitled to the indulgence of being permitted to remain where he is, in the pursuit of his said occupation :—BE IT THEREFORE KNOWN, That in consideration thereof, the present permission is granted him so to remain, for the period of one month from the date hereof ; at the expiration of which time, this document is to be surrendered at my office, and, if merited, renewed.

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Given at the City of New-York, this fifteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirteen, and of the Independence of the United States the thirty-seventh.

Peter Curtenus.

Marshal of the District of New York.

I CERTIFY that I have been well acquainted with the within described, the Rev. Joshua Marsden, since his residence in this city, and with his character long before, and do cheerfully recommend him to the full confidence of the Marshal of this District.—New York, 15th March, 1813.

George Suckley.

This was a grace for which I was truly thankful, as it opposed no hinderance in the way of my ministry, and allowed me to be a calm spectator of passing events. I could not, however, help regretting that my way of returning to England seemed blocked up ; but I more regretted the unnatural collision of two such nations ; for however bold and prejudiced spirits may have distorted the subject ; America in its moral features is a true fac simile of Great Britain, both in its excellencies and defects. Proud of their country, tenacious of their liberty, they are enterprising, active, and industrious ; with less of the gloom superinduced by our hazy island and thick atmosphere, they have all the fire and enthusiasm of Englishmen. Perhaps they are more communicative, but not less shrewd ; more scheming, but not so ingenious. Many accuse them of speculation, cunning, and *yan-kee trick* ; but this is far from being just, if applied to the great mass of the people. In few countries is there more hospitality ; and if they are greatly addicted to politics, the fault is in the freedom of govern-

ment, and the frequency of elections, which give a new impulse to the Anglo-American propensity of talking over the wars and reforming the state. The Americans are excellent husbands and fathers, erring, perhaps, in the extreme of indulgence to their children more than the English. In general they are better educated than the mass of Englishmen, though probably the number of profoundly learned men is much smaller than with us. Provincial dialect does not prevail much in America, except the whine of some of the least educated of the New Englanders. Pauperism and mendicity, the disgrace of England, are there comparatively little known. Crime is not so prevalent as in England, and yet the punishments are much lighter, and the penal laws far less severe. These things, I know, may appear truisms to you, but they will not be so to many, who know the country only through the medium of misrepresentation. A conceited pragmatical Englishman dashes through some small section of this vast Union, finds fault with every thing he meets, hears, and sees; brings to a country where every man is *equal*, the saucy and assuming airs of a Bashaw; gets heartily despised, and to vent his spleen, sits down, and allows prejudices hastily formed, to take the pen from the hand of truth, and instead of drawing a portrait, he gives a caricature of the whole nation; and his bungled narrative is handed about as a true description of American manners.

The Methodist general conference, which consisted of delegates from all the provincial conferences, having met in New York, I mentioned my situation to bishop Asbury, who, with a kindness, which reflects honour upon his venerable character, interested

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himself in my behalf ; a temporary vacancy was created in the New York circuit, and the bishop, by the consent of the preachers, appointed me to fill up the gap, under the superintendance of the Rev. Mr. Garretson. In New York, and the adjoining circuits, I had an opportunity of making many observations upon the work of God in this new world. New York itself, is a wonderful city for such an infant country ; if I recollect aright, there are thirty-seven churches of different denominations in and near the city ; of the episcopal, or church of England, eight ; of the Dutch reformed, four ; of the German Lutherans, two ; of the Calvinistic reformed, one ; of the Baptists, four ; of the Scotch Presbyterians, seven ; of the Methodists, seven ; French church, two ; Moravian, one ; Friends, two ; Jews' synagogue, one ; besides several smaller places of worship. Many of these pulpits are filled by preachers of the first ability. Dr. John Mason, and Dr. Miller, are men whose eloquence in the pulpit, might command admiration from the first audiences in the world ; perhaps in no city of equal size are there to be found more evangelical and spiritual preachers. Each denomination is called a church, to prevent invidious distinctions, which in a country that gives equal countenance to all religions, is certainly very proper : thus they say the Dutch church, the Presbyterian church, the Methodist, &c. &c. &c.

In America, there is more religion upon the surface of society, than in England. With scarcely any relics of that once overgrown superstition, popery. In the soil of true freedom, such a baneful moral nightshade, must always be stunted for want of moisture. There are no lingering shadows of old feudal customs or high church tyranny,

No bigots frown the mind to awe ;
 No bishop's court, no canon law.
 No act conventical to squeeze ;
 No doctor's commons with its fees.
 No cassock'd justice on the bench,
 Fair freedom's blessings to retrench.
 No country 'quires the village sway ;
 No rigid vector's tythe to pay.
 No easter-dues to ding your ears,
 No prelates in the shape of peers.
 No

But the list is sufficient, I will add no more. Those who think an ecclesiastical establishment, with all its magnificent paraphernalia, desirable, would not be at all pleased with the simplicity with which they conduct these things in America. There is no gloom of cathedral grandeur to intercept the rays of the genial sun of a free, full, and unlimited toleration, if that last word be at all proper. The sword of justice is never put into the hand of the minister of peace. In the United States ecclesiastical power can neither awe men by its frown, or buy them with its patronage ; choice of creeds is as free as the light of heaven. Office does not pay the penalty of test to an established church, and believing in the plain sense of the word, that Christ's kingdom is not of this world, the ministers of Christ are separated from all interference with the state. The Americans think that every man should stand in his own order ; that the different glories may shine in their proper orbits. Truth stands on its own rock, and has not the buttress of civil government to prop it up ; hence the ministry in America is more pure than in many other countries. The patronage of lay impropriation has nothing to do in presenting to livings ; congrega-

tional suffrage in the only gate of office, hence ministerial talent is more cultivated, and those who serve the altar; are highly respectable. As there is no establishment, so there is no dissent, no degrading name of conventicle is given to any place of worship; or fanatic and enthusiast bestowed upon the worshippers. The mint of truth is not kept in the tower of bigotry; but every man is free to have his creed stamped with whatever religious die he may think proper: he is amenable for his belief only to his God, his bible, and his conscience. Some would say this is latitudinarianism, and may lead to free thinking and false thinking, perhaps so, but the American would reply

Let Cæsar's rights be duly paid,
To Cæsar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

Here when mild summer bids the earth assume
A verdant richness and empurpled bloom,
To the sun's shady woodlands crowds repair,
Who make the solemn grove a house of prayer.

Author.

DEAR SIR,

DURING my continuance at New York, I had an opportunity of attending several camp meetings, and as the nature of these stupendous means of grace

is not distinctly known, I will spend a few moments in making you acquainted with them. Camp meetings are now a regular and orderly part of the Methodist economy in the United States; and one of the questions at the annual conference is, "when and where shall our next camp meetings be held?" Hence, they are not as some people in this country suppose, either disorderly or irregular, but wonderful means in the hands of God. The time and place being appointed by conference, it is next advertized from the pulpits, and as the day approaches, each of your friends asks you—"are you going to camp meeting." Great preparation is made, and much excitement prevails upon the occasion. The one held for the city and district of New York, is generally at Croton, about forty miles up the Hudson river; a select part of the forest is chosen, rising like an amphitheatre; this is generally cleared from brush and sylvan rubbish, so as to have little but the grass beneath, and tall trees waving above. At the appointed time, the trustees of the New York Methodist churches, delegate one of their body to attend and make the proper arrangements for the occasion. A number of tents are employed; sloops and small vessels are hired by the trustees, who charge each person a small piece of money for his passage, and also debar improper persons from embarking;—the joyful hour is at length arrived; the sloops are all freighted with the tents, camp meeting equipment, &c. and only wait for the proper number of passengers: these crowd from every part of the city toward the well-known wharf. Some of the sloops have "camp meeting" waving on their colours; others have the words painted on boards, which they hang in the rigging. The people crowd on board, until each

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sloop above and below contains from three to four hundred persons : it is often the case that there are several local and itinerant preachers in each vessel, who regulate and lead the worship on board ; for from the time they leave the wharfs until they arrive at the place, sometimes a period of seven or eight hours, singing, prayer, preaching, and exhortation, alternately follow each other in regular succession ; and truly it is enlivening to a dull, and enchanting to a devout and well-tuned heart, to sail along the silent and towering woods, singing the praises of God, and joining in the various exercises of religion ; at a time too, when nature is in a state of beauty, the sun shining over your head, and the morning star irradiating the heart ; this is certainly a combination issuing in much internal peace and harmony of soul.— One of the hymns sung on this occasion is the following :

“ Children of the heavenly king,
As we journey let us sing,
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.”

When the vessels reach the selected spot, the passengers hasten as quickly as possible to the camp ground. The tents are generally pitched in the form of a crescent, in the centre of which is an elevated stand for the preachers, round which, in all directions, are placed rows of planks for the people to sit upon, while they hear the word. Among the trees, which spread their tops over this forest-church, are hung the lamps, which burn all night, and give light to the

various exercises of religion, which occupy the solemn midnight hours. As it was nearly eleven o'clock at night when I first arrived on the borders of a camp : I left the boat at the edge of the wood, one mile from the scene, though the sound of praise from such a multitude, and at such an hour, in the midst of a solitary wilderness is difficult to describe ; but when I opened upon the camp ground, my curiosity was converted into astonishment, to behold the pendent lamps among the trees ; the tents half encircling a large space ; four thousand people in the centre of this, listening with profound attention to a preacher, whose stentorian voice and animated manner, carried the vibration of each word to a great distance through the now deeply umbrageous wood ; where, save the twinkling lamps of the camp ; brooding darkness spread a ten-fold gloom : all excited my astonishment, and forcibly brought before my view the Hebrews in the wilderness. But, to return, when the tents are pitched, the preachers' stand raised ; the carts, waggons, chaises, horses, &c. of those who come, all disposed round the outside of the tents ; the preachers then go hand in hand, through the camp, singing some appropriate hymn ; the one sung on this occasion began with the following lines :

“O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.”

The meetings generally begin on Monday and on the Friday morning following break up ; the daily exercises are carried forward in the following manner : in the morning, at five o'clock, the horn sounds through the camp, either for public preaching

or prayer, this, with smaller exercises, or a little intermission, brings on the breakfast hour, eight o'clock; at ten, the horn sounds for public preaching, after which, until noon, the interval is filled up with little groups of praying persons, who scatter themselves up and down the camp, both in the tents and under the trees: as these smaller exercises are productive of much good, a powerful spirit of prayer and exhortation is often poured forth. I have not unfrequently seen three or four persons lying on the ground crying for mercy, or motionless, and without any apparent signs of life, except pulsation. After dinner, the horn sounds at two o'clock; this is for preaching. I should have observed, that a female or two is generally left in each tent, to prepare the proper materials for dinner, which consists of cold meats, pies, tarts, tea, &c. (the use of ardent spirits being forbidden), and a fire is kept burning in different parts of the camp, where the water is boiled. After the afternoon preaching, things take nearly the same course as in the morning, only the praying groups are upon a larger scale, and more scope is given to animated exhortations and loud prayers; some who exercise on these occasions soon lose their voices, and at the end of a camp meeting many, both preachers and people, can only speak in a whisper. At six o'clock in the evening the horn summons to preaching, after which, though in no regulated form, all the above means continue until morning; so that go to whatever part of the camp you please, some are engaged in them; yea, and during whatever part of the night you awake, the wilderness is vocal with praise. In the calm and solemn hours of sleep, to hear amidst the deep silence of a wood, the gloom

filled with hymns of piety to the God of love, is to a gracious and heaven-aspiring soul, a spiritual luxury that cannot be described. I have, at one and two o'clock in the morning, gone from tent to tent, to observe what filled the hour, and but few engaged my notice, where the inmates were lying asleep upon the clean straw. I should have observed, that there is generally a partition or curtain between that part of the tent in which the men sleep, and that in which the women sleep; all things are done decently, and in much order; nor do I believe that there is a place in the world where wicked thoughts find such difficult access to the mind as at a camp meeting: the world cannot claim an hour of abstraction from divine things; nor can the devil stick a nail to hang his temptations upon.

At the expiration of the allotted time the camp meeting is broken up, the process of which is as follows: there is a sacrament and love-feast near the preachers' stand, which is often a time of powerful influence and much spiritual benefit; the preachers then walk through the camp, singing a hymn; after this they stand in a line, and all the people walk round the camp singing, and as they pass, the preachers shake hands until the whole are passed, then the preachers ascend the stand, sing the parting hymn, and bid each other farewell in the presence of the whole camp. At this (Croton) camp meeting there were twenty preachers, two hundred and twelve tents, and upon the most moderate calculation, not less than forty or fifty carts, waggons, gigs, &c. On several of the days there were present about six thousand persons; the tents, reckoning fifteen persons to each, contained three thousand one hundred and eighty; but some of the tents had from

twenty to thirty inmates. Perhaps not less than one hundred persons were awakened and converted to God ; and many professed to have received the sanctifying power of divine grace. During the meeting I observed a number of persons in a circle who were struck down ; they appeared perfectly stiff, and senseless ; some lay in this state for hours, and when they resumed their faculties often began by either crying aloud for mercy, or testifying the grace of a sin-pardoning God. What renders this circumstance more mysterious, some who were thus struck down were in the habit of mocking, laughing, or trifling, and in this state were seized by an invisible power, and fell instantaneously. However embarrassed prior to the meeting, the mind, when upon the camp ground becomes peculiarly abstracted, and taken up with God and divine things ; the world is shut out, not only by the seclusion in a wood, but more fully by the sensible influence that is felt attending all the duties, drawing the mind and the affections upward, and inspiring a calm, heavenly, and divine frame. I have heard many say that they never heard such praying, exhorting, and preaching any where else ; and those who engage feel such a divine afflatus, that they are carried along as by the force of a delightful torrent ; indeed this has been so much the case with myself, the several times that I preached and exhorted at these meetings, that I was sensible of nothing but a constraining influence, transporting me beyond myself, carrying me along with a freedom and fullness, both of emotion and language, quite unusual ; and yet I had no very friendly views of camp meetings until I attended them ; however, I am now satisfied that they are the right hand of methodism in the

United States, and one main cause why the societies have doubled and trebled there within these few years; I grant there is some enthusiasm, and unnecessary shouting, singing, and clapping hands, but I will not condemn camp meetings, lest I should hurt the generation of God's children in that country, and more especially lest I should offend God, who has put his broad signet upon these ordinances of the forest world.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLIV.

The thrones of time shall pass away,
Like Egypt, Nineveh and Tyre,
Earth's mighty cities all decay,
And kings and conquerors expire;
But truth shall in eternal bloom
Survive the sceptic's angry rage,
Baffle the pride of hell and Rome,
And flourish one eternal age.

Author.

DEAR SIR,

DURING my detention in the city of New York (through the kindness manifested by those in power) I had the indulgence of visiting and preaching at Long Island, the Jerseys, and also Philadelphia, which is one of the most beautiful and regular cities I ever saw, though I hardly think it merits the title it bears as well as New York. During my visit to this city, the celebrated Dr.

Rush died, deservedly esteemed, and lamented as a great and good man: to the Africans he was a distinguished benefactor. Hence, in this city, they stand upon dignified ground, having several good churches, and ministers of their own colour, chiefly through his former liberality to them, and to his influence with others in their behalf. The funeral of this great physician and philanthropist, was one of the largest I ever saw, extending probably a mile in length, and attended by nearly a hundred coaches. One of his pupils related to me a singular anecdote respecting him:—he was at one time, attending his lectures, and remarked, that in one of them, he branched out upon a subject, which he, Dr. Sergent had read, more largely treated upon in a work of Mr. Fletcher's, and meeting with Dr. Rush, afterwards, my friend asked him if he knew the writings of Mr. Fletcher.—Ah! yes, replied the doctor, I know the writings of that great and good man well; and can assure you, he was the first that knocked the shackles of absolute unconditional predestination from my mind; before I read his works, I could not pray for all men, but he set me at liberty; and if I meet him in heaven, I will thank him, and say, “you Mr. Fletcher, gave me just views of God's love to the human family.” This anecdote may be depended upon as an absolute fact.

On my return to New York, I visited the city of Albany, on the Hudson river, the first theatre of (that good man) Captain Webb's labours. From Albany, I went with several friends to see the shaking Quakers, at their own settlement, which is called Niskeana. We staid all night at one of their esta-

blishments, for believers, as they are called ; and had an opportunity to witness the manners, worship, and doctrines of this singular people. About eight o'clock, the hour of family worship, we were called into the great hall, or chapel, in the centre of the building ; and when we were seated the men and women marched into the room, in two ranks, occupying the whole length, the men on one side, and the women on the other ; a profound silence ensued until two men and women separated from the rest, and filed off to the head of the room ; these began to hum a lively jig tune, to which all the rest kept time, first with a gentle vibration of their hands and whole body, and then by a more violent gesticulation, which ended in a rapid dance, that lasted about eight minutes, when they stood still ; until another tune being struck, they proceeded as before, and continued dancing about twenty minutes in the whole, and then in two regular lines, marched out to their respective rooms, having finishing (what they call) the devotions of the evening. This was an establishment of believers ; only such as have renounced all sexual intercourse are admitted into this higher order of things : separation of husband and wife is an indispensable condition to this distinguished dignity. Marriage is by these, held in the greatest detestation and abhorrence : they consider it as a damning sin, in a word, as the cause of all other sins ; yea, they assert, this was the forbidden fruit, of which Adam and Eve eating in paradise, brought death into the world and all our woes : hence, most of their exhortations to others, are to beware of this great transgression, as being offensive to God, and ruinous to the soul. I asked the elders to give me a candid statement of their doctrine : the substance of which

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amounts to this—"that they had received a new dispensation superceding the bible and all old established forms of religion ; that Mother Ann, their foundress, was the elect lady mentioned by John, likewise the woman mentioned in the Canticles and Revelations, and in various other parts of scripture ; that she was equal to God, and in all respects above Jesus Christ, and when I asked whether she was present at the same time at all their church establishments, both at that in Lebanon, Connecticut, and also that on the Ohio, more than a thousand miles distant, and at Niskeana, where we were then conversing ; he replied in the affirmative. I enquired the reason why they did not pray ; to which he answered, " that they had no need of prayer,—prayers being the crutches of rotten religions ; but that theirs was the new Jerusalem, coming from God out of heaven, as a bride adorned for her husband : " in short, I could get nothing out of them, but what savoured of the grossest delusion and blasphemy ; and yet these people have their admirers, their advocates, and their numerous proselytes ; the whole settlement belongs to them ; they have flocks, herds, farms, and riches. Several handicraft trades are carried on among them ; they live in a regular manner ; keep all in a common stock ; dress with plain uniformity ; and use the plain language, thee, thou, yea, nay, like the Quakers. Several who have left them, say they dance together in a state of perfect nudity, and have some other abominable and wicked orgies among them. Alas ! that such a disgrace should scandalize the human mind. I took my leave of them with a mixture of pity and disgust ; for you might as well reason with the tempest as persuade them that they are wrong.

During my residence in New York, I received a pressing invitation to visit the Genessee counrty, and various other parts of the interior ; and as I felt a wish to gratify an innocent curiosity in the-line of duty, I gladly embraced the opening ; a worthy friend, whom the times had compelled to retire from business, agreed to accompany me on this route, as well as bear my expences. My intention was to visit the interior, the lakes, both of New York and Canada, and also the celebrated falls of Niagara, having no immediate prospect of returning home, as the government had refused to give a flag of truce to any more vessels ; and I was the more disposed to this journey, hoping to have an opportunity to scatter the seeds of life more widely and extensively by such an excursion.

In the early part of the month of May, 1814, we took our passage on board of a sloop packet, bound for Albany. We passed with an easy gliding course, those stupenduous cliffs, the highlands, rising in awful grandeur more than a thousand feet above the edge of the river, and compelling this noble stream to take a serpentine course through this vast chain of mountains ; of whose summits the rattling thunder and forked lightning hold indisputable possession. A New York writer has given the scene a poetic character in the following lines :

A shaggy mountain frowns among the clouds,
O'er whose vast crags a wildness extends,
Interminable, pathless, unexplor'd,
Save where the Hudson rolls his silent wave,
Compress'd to narrow bounds by the vast ridge,
Yet nobly urging on his woodland course.

As we passed along the rivers we were delighted with the picturesque scenery, the villages that slope

from its very edge, the neat little towns of Newburgh, Athens, Rhinebeck, Hudson, and many others which do business upon its waters, all render the summer navigation of this river an highly interesting sail. Many gentlemen's seats adorn its banks, while its own fine swells, expanding in some places two or three miles, together with its graceful bends, curving until its continuance is lost to the eye, give it a romantic and charming appearance; the number of sloops sailing between New York and Albany, adds a beauty and richness to the scenery, while in some places vast forests extend to its very banks. The Kaatskill mountain, nearly opposite Rhinebeck, rises with a majesty and sublimity from the river which language cannot describe; it is within a few miles of the water, and may well justify Mr. Barlow's description:

The hoary Kaatskill, where the storms divide,
Would lift the heavens from Atlas labouring pride,

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLV.

These shades where once the growling bear,
And savage panther found a lair;
Now hear the ever-warbled hymn,
At morning bright or evening dim.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER a delightful passage of four days we arrived in Albany, where I was kindly entertained by my worthy English friends, Mr. John Taylor

and family. Albany still bears evident marks of its Dutch original, both in the conical tops of many of its houses, (whose gable ends face the streets) and also the bustle and hurry of business, of which it is still a crowded theatre; being the emporium of commerce to the great western territory, which stretches towards that vast region of lakes which will hereafter be spoken of. The principal denomination in this city is the Dutch reformed, who have several large churches, and being amalgamated with the Presbyterians (betwixt and whom there are only a few shades of difference) form a large mass of the religious of the state: the Baptists, the Methodists, the Episcopalians, and the Quakers, have all their churches; but the above is the principal body. Religion, however, does not, in Albany, wear those lovely characters of liveliness and zeal with which she is attended in New York. The Dutch religion is somewhat like the Dutch character, heavy and formal, though there are doubtless many true christians in this church, and some eminently learned and good men. I preached with much liberty and comfort in the methodist church, (a new, spacious, and lightsome building), and during my stay in the city visited the grand and beautiful falls of the Cohos, upon the Mohawk river. Were it not for these falls, the Mohawk would beautifully glide into the Hudson, and so form an immense chain of inland navigation from Lake Ontario to the city of New York: the cataract is about forty feet, and the river about a quarter of a mile wide; the best view of them is either from the bridge, or the left bank of the river turning from the road which leads to Saratoga; from this eminence you have a charming view of the im-

mense cascade, which makes the earth tremble beneath your feet. After spending a week in Albany, where we purchased two good horses (for now we had to pursue our route by land), we took leave of our worthy friends, Mr. Taylor's family, and on the 28th of May, after a pleasant ride of two hours, we arrived at Schenecdady; this city (for so every place of consequence is called in America) is the beginning of the navigation of the Mohawk river; it is a mart of considerable trade, though too near Albany to become a flourishing town. After refreshing ourselves, we walked upon an eminence which commands a fine view of the city, the neighbouring country, and the majestic Mohawk gliding at the foot of a high range of mountains. The grandeur of river scenery adds greatly to the beauty of an American landscape. Surely in the order of Providence this country is calculated to be a mighty empire, or rather more properly, many. But who can look into the future destinies of nations? He alone by whom kings reign and princes decree justice.

Schenecdady too was formerly a Dutch town; it contains a Presbyterian, an Episcopal, a new Dutch, and a Methodist church; the last, however, is a mere unfinished shell. The episcopal church is nearly in the form of a sugar loaf, and the gable ends of the houses, as in Albany, front the streets; it is, nevertheless, pleasantly situated at the feet of lofty hills. The bridge over the Mohawk is a large and noble work, built entirely of wood, and covered over like the Schuylkill bridge, near Philadelphia, and the Delaware, at Trenton. The old college is a venerable pile; I walked round it, but all seemed like the silence of the grave; a larger and more extensive one has been erected under the

auspices of Dr. Nott, the president. Sunday the 29th, was a rainy day, nevertheless I preached in the unfinished methodist church: this term though not proper when applied to a mere building, is certainly better than conventicle; for I apprehend that in England the manner of speaking in these matters, implicates in the charge of "all false doctrine, heresy, and schism," whoever does not belong to "*the church*." While I was preaching we had one of the most tremendous thunder storms I ever witnessed; the concussions shook the church, while darkness spread an awful gloom, attended with most vivid flashes of lightning; the congregation was greatly alarmed, and as the crashing peals drowned my voice, I discontinued, that Jehovah might be heard and attended to; and then I changed my subject for that of the day of judgment. The effect was such as I had desired; an inexpressible solemnity and awe rested upon the people, while the voice of God in the clouds seconded the voice of God in his word. On one occasion, that truly apostolical preacher, father Abbot, as the Americans called him, was preaching, when a similar and more awful thunder-storm began, and when the loudness of the successive claps had well nigh drowned his preaching, and the alarmed congregation were excited by fear, with a powerful stentorian voice, he addressed the trembling audience, and warned the wicked against the terrible consequence of rebelling against such a being as God, ever and anon exclaiming,—“thunder away Lord! thee before, and thy poor servant behind, we will kill the sinner betwixt us!” However, such a mode of expression from this truly zealous and devoted preacher was exceptionable, the consequence on that occasion was, a powerful awakening, from which a revival of religion began and spread through all the settlement.

In contemplating the ruinous condition of the methodist church here, and several other shells of churches I had seen in this state, I am led to conclude, that in the interior of New York, methodism is in the rear of all other denominations; to what cause can this be imputed? is it politics, avarice, or want of pure zeal, that the methodist churches are only shells, or mere frames just boarded in? I apprehend the people are as rich as others, and yet their places of worship are most miserable: probably one reason is, the want of more regular preaching; a preacher has to cover too extensive a field with his labours; hence, a large portion of it must necessarily remain either poorly cultivated, or not cultivated at all: another cause of this poverty in chapels is, many people in this state neither properly understand, nor cordially approve of the itinerant plan.

Monday the 30th, at five in the morning, we set off on our western tour, through roads as bad as deep ruts, broken bridges, and rapid torrents could make them. We had, it is true, the delightful Mohawk river on our left hand, (the reader will observe, we did not go the Cherry Valley road, or the Mohawk would have been on our right) whose banks are covered with finely cultivated plantations, affording some beautifully romantic landscapes. The former inhabitants of this river (the Mohawk Indians,) the most warlike of all the aboriginal Americans, being friends to the British, removed to Upper Canada, and now inhabit the country about Little York, so that not an inhabitant of the whole nation is left upon their former domain; their places are, however, supplied with Dutch and Germans, who have converted the hunting grounds of the Indians into delightful farms,

and cheerful villages. We were much surprised to find the roads so interspersed with inns. As we expected to ride through much forest country and deary solitude. The inns or taverns as they are called on this route, are generally connected with farms, the accommodations are substantial, but upon a plain scale, and rather homely style. In many of them nothing could be obtained but ardent spirits, whiskey principally, and new rum; indeed such is the gust of many Americans to these noxious liquors, that they desire no other. Cider, ale, porter, or wine, were rarely to be had. The dinner was chiefly bacon and eggs, or salt pork or beef. The Americans are famous for salted meats, and this perhaps during the heat of summer is the best diet on account of its antiseptic qualities. We passed the pleasant villages of Amsterdam, Palatine, and Cocknauge, (the last is an Indian name); in each of which there is a church of the Dutch, or Lutheran persuasion; but we asked in vain for Baptists, Methodists, and Episcopalians: the genius of Methodism is not suited to the dull phlegmatic gravity of Dutchmen. Finding on this route but few Wesleyan societies, and no chapels from Schenectady to Utica, I was deprived of the pleasure of publishing the sinner's friend; I had, nevertheless, the comfort of woodland devotion; the christian can admire God in the scenery of the forest, and can make the grove a vestibule to the heavenly world. The people at the taverns where we stopped, joined us in prayer. O sir! how happy should we be if this were the case in England. The sultry weather not a little diminished the comfort I felt, and yet I could, on the scaffolding of nature, delightfully climb to the God of the universe.

I am, dear sir,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

The signs of the times are as clear as the sun,
 The chariot of truth its bright circle shall run ;
 And yon flaming orbs shall decline from their sphere,
 Ere mercy shall stop in its mighty career.

DEAR SIR,

THE Mohawk is full of violent rapids ; hence, the bargemen who navigate between Schenecady and Utica, have to pole along most of the way ; this is both a tedious and laborious process : sometimes the river winds amongst steep hills and rocky declivities, where it breaks with abrupt violence through the converging granite, and to use the words of Thomson, it " wheels, and foams, and boils, and thunders through." On the 2nd of June, we arrived at the little falls, where we stopped at the house of Mr. Morale, an old English methodist, to whom we had letters. Here I felt at home in religious conversation and prayer ; to meet an old English methodist in these woods, was truly pleasing ; but in what part of the world are there not English Wesleyan methodists ? even to the antipodes of the British Islands. Venerable Wesley, thy holy mind never contemplated, when buffeting the winds of persecution, and the waves of contempt, that the time would come when thy honoured name and labours should be embalmed in the hearts of some of the remotest inhabitants of the globe ! That both upon the banks of the Missouri, the Ganges, and the Senegal, there would be monuments of thy deep piety and zeal, and that the missions of thy children should extend from

the Shetland Islands to the southern ocean !—and from the regions of the opening day, to where the sun sinks in his setting glory, amid the forests and lakes of the western world ! I know, sir, that though you are of another persuasion, you nevertheless venerate the name and labours of that truly great man, and you will pardon the filial partiality that dictates the present digression, especially as in all points of glorying, I would drop the man in my account, and vote the master into majesty, and only give the honour to the divine Redeemer, our blessed Lord ; to whom be endless glory, and universal praise !

In the morning, Mr. Bakewell and myself walked round the place, which contains some of the wildest and most romantic scenery that nature ever drew. The Mohawk, after winding through a fine plain of twenty or thirty miles extent above the falls, is all at once stopped by a vast ridge of rocks, probably three hundred feet above the level of the river, through which, with violent force, he breaks his way, foaming, dashing, and roaring, from one descent to another, until finally having gained the bottom, he glides through an immense chasm, seemingly cut out of the solid rock by art ; we sat down upon a rock, and I wrote with my pencil the following lines :

Nature with giant pencil here has drawn,
Not the soft landscape, or the flowery lawn ;
A savage wildness all the scene displays,
Rocks, caverns, frightful torrents, meet the gaze ;
Ridges, and frowning cliffs, in daring style,
At whose wild base the roaring waters boil !

I preached at the Little Falls, (for this is the name of the village through which the canal runs, that interlocks with the upper part of the Mohawk) and had the pleasure of dispensing the mysteries of the

gospel in the Free Masons Lodge, from the grand master's chair. From hence we rode to Herkemer, a lovely little town, situated upon the German Flats, a large tract of level land, which it is more than probable, was once an immense lake, till the disrapture of the ridge at the little falls, afforded a vent for the waters of the Mohawk. Here, at the request of Mr. Whittlesey, the presbyterian minister, I preached in the court-house, a more commodious place than the church; we had most of the inhabitants of the village present. The following morning we rode to Utica, the emporium for the interior of the state of New York; this is just one hundred miles from Albany, and two hundred and sixty from the sea; it is built upon the scite of Old Fort Schaylee. The houses are in the first style of elegance; and the town contains about three thousand inhabitants, who are remarkably dressy, courteous, and polite. I preached here on the Saturday evening, and on the Sabbath morning in the market place, to a part of general Brown's army; who were, by the orders of the commanding officer, marched to the spot, when I applied, "prepare to meet thy God:"—solemn words to men marching to the field of battle: many of them felt their force; the tears trickled down their cheeks; perhaps it was the last time divine providence warned them. They were then marching to Niagara to engage general Drummond, where hundreds on both sides fell in a very sanguinary and hard contested conflict. O how cruel is war, that brings into desparate collision, men of the same origin, the same language, and the same religion! What a dreadful account will the rulers of this world have to give to the great judge of quick and dead!

My preaching at the market place, at six in the morning, roused many to attend the forenoon service, at which a peculiar solemnity pervaded the people. In the afternoon, I attended the service in the Episcopal church, a neat and beautiful edifice; and in the evening, by permission of Mr. Baldwin, the minister, preached in the same pulpit to one of the largest congregations ever known in Utica. Many people pressed me to stay in the place, and several gentlemen were both liberal and urgent, but my desires had taken their flight to another climate.

Monday we continued our route westward, and passed through Hartford, Clinton, Seneca glass works, and to Brothers Town, on the Oneida Lake: here the Indians have a chapel, and have for some years lived in the habits of partial civilization. Occum, the celebrated Indian preacher, resided here for some time, and was very successful among his countrymen: from these circumstances, I should have formed very favourable conclusions of the state of this Indian nation, through whose territory we were now passing, had not some things occurred to induce a change of opinion. In the evening, greatly fatigued, we arrived at Sullivan; and on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, continued our route, and passed the beautiful lakes Onondagua, Skeneotles, and the Seneca, stopping at the beautiful town and lake of Geneva.—Nothing can be more grand and magnificent than the appearance of these lakes. Their limped waters, like a silver mirror, let into an immense verdant ground: the wild fowl that abound in them, occasional plantations slooping from the woodland to the water edge: the vast forests that fringe their banks: the wigwams of the Oneida Indians, sprink-

kled here and there, all, make them to a stranger an interesting spectacle. And yet with all their beauty, a residence near the banks is by no means healthy; the lake fever, a nondescript disease, makes dreadful ravages. In these solitary forests, all the substantial blessings, and many of the comforts of life abound. The gospel is preached in purity, and nothing can exceed the external neatness of many of the little churches, that rise in all directions, surrounded with clumps of trees. One blessed trait of the American character is, they carry their religion with them. Enterprise leads them deep into the forests of the interior, and religion cheers them in the midst of their sylvan solitudes. You seldom pass a little American town without observing one or two churches. Most that we noted in this route were of the Episcopal, the Dutch reformed, or the Presbyterian persuasion. The foundation of the latter was laid by the puritans, who fled from the bitterness of persecution in the days of worthless Charles the Second, and emigrated to Boston. An Englishman travelling in America has no antiquities save those of nature to contemplate, every thing human is new; and not as is often the case in England, new in an old style. Republicans whose calculations are all economical,—have little money to bestow on dark, gloomy, and expensive gothic structures; and what purpose but for show, do such buildings answer? they build for themselves and not for posterity; I know in writing to a poet I am treading upon delicate ground, but in such buildings is not devotion out of the question? Poetry I know may talk of “the long drawn aisle and fretted vault, and the pealing anthem swelling the note of praise,” but God requires from the temple of the heart, “the

living sacrifice, which is a holy, acceptable, and reasonable service." I blame not the Americans for not laying out their money on piety's rare shows; beside their posterity will be better able to build temples of stone, than they are at present to build them of wood.

Geneva contains about a hundred houses, and is a place of much trade. The houses are chiefly frame buildings, neat and well painted; all possess a full view of this charming lake, from the banks of which they rise in gradual slope. Having refreshed, we rode to Canandarqua, on a lake of the same name. This is the county town of Ontario; from hence we intended to visit the falls of Niagara, as this is the last place of any note before you arrive at that celebrated cataract. Walking through the main street of Canandarqua, I was recognised by a Mr. Beal, who, with affectionate hospitality, invited me to his house, and begged I would make it my home during my stay. Being one of the trustees of the fine new Independent church, he procured me liberty to preach in it on the following day, which was the sabbath.

While at Bloomfield, near Canandarqua, we learned, with regret, that we could not, with any safety, visit the falls at Niagara, as we should have in the first place to pass through General Brown's army,—a circumstance that might have excited some suspicion, as we were both Englishmen: and secondly, that the British had built a block-house upon the opposite bank, and frequently fired grape shot at persons viewing the falls from the American side; and that several travellers had nearly paid too high a price for their curiosity, by hearing the balls whiz about their ears among the bushes: and, although

we were both Britons, we had no great desire to be killed by the bullets of our countrymen; so we were reluctantly obliged to forego the gratification of beholding one of the most stupendous wonders of the globe.

The state of religion in this fine country, (Genessee) does not, by any means, appear flourishing: indeed that is hardly to be expected, considering the state of excitement the present unhappy quarrel has caused. In religion, Arianism, has spread its paralyzing influence through the community; we found but few Methodists, and these not in the most flourishing state. At Canandarqua, however, I was enabled to deliver my soul, and preach plain and searching discourses to senators, congress men, lawyers, doctors, and merchants; all of whom composed the congregation of this elegant church. The gentlemen of the place treated me with marked kindness, although they knew that I was an Englishman: indeed, among the federalists and many of the respectable part of the community, there is much liberality and nobleness of sentiment; an Englishman is not a mark for opprobrium amongst these,—they still respect the old country, though they are nevertheless the warm and consistent friends of their own. I was much importuned to stop, for God blessed his word to several individuals, who said “that they greatly needed plain searching preaching.”

While in this town, Mr. Myron Holley introduced me to see a war dance of the Indians, of the Oneida nation, who were then going to assist the American army, at the Niagara frontier: this shew of savage military tactics exceeded in sublimity of horror any thing that I had ever witnessed, and made me deeply

deplore that civilized nations should resort to such barbarous allies as the Indians: your own strong and poetical imagination could hardly fancy anything more horrible than a number of these engaged in a war dance;—imagine you see twenty or thirty of these warriors, half naked, painted in various forms, so as to increase an appearance of ferocity; their hair crossed in war stile, and their arms covered with plates of brass or silver; each with a scalping knife in his belt, and brandishing a tomahawk or small axe as bright as silver; a kind of gong is struck by one of them, which emits a dismal and unmusical sound, the whole number of warriors flourishing their tomahawks, set up the war whoop, a sound so terrific and savage, that it cannot be heard without a chilling emotion of terror, that penetrates to the very soul; the rest consisted of running, springing, creeping, gashing with the tomahawk, and scalping; all accompanied with such barbarous yells and ferocious looks, such writhing and twisting of the body and distortions of the countenance, that if a little colony of demons were to emigrate from the bottomless pit, their exhibitions would hardly be more terrific. Such is an Indian war dance, which, in fact, is no other than a real representation of their ferocious and inhuman mode of fighting; and yet these Oneida Indians have been somewhat civilized; have had missionaries among them; and have, in a limited degree, learned the arts of agriculture.

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