

### Missionary Intelligence.

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#### DIOCESE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The following extracts contain an interesting description of some of the difficulties under which a clergyman has to carry on his pastoral work in Newfoundland. They form part of the Journal of the Rev. E. A. Sall, who is stationed at Fogo, Notre Dame Bay, north-east of Newfoundland:—

"I have travelled about 200 miles on Missionary work during the past year; I have paid about 300 pastoral and sick visits, performed 147 full services, preached 120 sermons, baptized 90, prepared 120 for confirmation, married 18, and buried 6.

In performing these services I have had many difficulties to contend with, but I have also had, thanks be to God, much to comfort and encourage me.

#### EFFECT OF THE WIND.

On one occasion, I left home to visit a sick person, two or three miles distant from my house. The day was intensely cold, the mercury in the thermometer fell to 16° below zero; my path lay over high hills, which in England would be called mountains; but here the land is so high, an elevation of 200 or 300 feet is not considered much of an ascent. As I was walking in the same direction the wind was blowing, I did not feel the severity of the weather, and being well wrapped up, I soon passed over the distance that separated me from my poor sick parishioner. I did what I could to point him to the Friend of sinners, and showed him, from the Word of Life, the comforting invitations there offered to poor penitent sinners to come to the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. I turned homewards, and soon felt the necessity of pulling my fur cap closer over my head and ears; with my head bent, to shelter my face from the cutting wind, and from the low drift that was then blowing about, I with much difficulty gained the top of the hill. Here I was obliged to stop, turn my back to the wind, and rub my face to promote the circulation; then turning again to the bitter blast, and with my head as before, I made the best of my way onward till I was suddenly stopped by an unusual unevenness in the path, and on looking up, I was almost paralyzed by seeing within a few steps of me a frightful precipice of some 200 feet. I now found I had lost my way, and had taken the direction to one of the highest cliffs. Had a snow-storm come on, humanly speaking, I should have been dashed to atoms. However, with thankfulness to God, who preserved me, an hour after I found myself surrounded by my dear wife and little ones, before a good fire. The tea-urn singing, and the warm tea, soon made me forget the cold that was without.

Little did I then think that one of my poor people, a girl of fourteen, was lying frozen on the field of ice. Such, alas, was the case! She was benumbed with the cold, lay down, and the next day was brought home to her afflicted family, dead, and presenting the appearance of a petrified human being, her eyes open, her mouth drawn apart, and her arm up before her face, as if to shelter her from the cold wind.

#### A CANADIAN INDIAN.

On one occasion, when travelling on the Cape shore, I heard that a poor woman (a Canadian Indian) was lodging in a hut a little distance from the house where I was staying. I called to see her, and was much pleased with the appearance of cleanliness that was about her, and the simple peculiar manner in which she expressed herself. I learned she was a Roman Catholic, but found she had no objection to the reading of the Bible. I read a short portion, and explained its meaning as I went on, applying it to her particular state as a sinner under the wrath of God, and as one that needed to be reconciled by the merits of a better sacrifice than any she had yet heard of. I told her of Jesus; that He became a man of sorrows for her sins; that He loved her, and gave Himself for her; and I told her He was now willing to receive, pardon, and bless her, if she repented of her sins, and believed in Him. Having prayed with her, I left her, and for three years heard no more of her. At the end of that time, I heard she was in Fogo; I went to see her, she remembered me, and was glad to see me; I read and expounded God's word to her, and invited her to come to my house for instruction. She promised she would, and thanked me for my visit. She afterwards frequently came, as she said, "to hear the prayer-master." She appeared to take great pleasure in hearing the Bible read and explained, and was anxious for instruction, and often asked me to pray for her and with her

I once asked her if she would like to have a Bible; she said, "Mo no read Englo, me French; bad people," (meaning the Romanists,) "take away good book; tell Priest; Priest bad man, no read book, no pray like prayer-master." I found she was willing to take a French Testament, and I gave her one, together with some tracts. She soon after left the place, being fearful of the Romanists that were about her.

Though in this case I had not the comfort of seeing the same fruits which I did in the other case, yet I am not without hope that the "bread thus cast upon the waters shall return after many days."

I believe this class of persons, as well as the Roman Catholics generally, would be willing to receive the truth as it is in Jesus from the hands of Protestant ministers, were it not for the fear which they have of the Priests. One Indian, to whom I offered a Testament, thanked me for it, and gladly took it, but turning round with his face towards the wall, to shelter him from observation, said, "Me no let mon see; men tell Priest, Priest take away. No read good book up woods."

#### A MISSIONARY VISIT.

On another occasion, I left Fogo to visit a distant part of my Mission. The day was very fine, and we soon passed over three miles of ground, or rather of snow, in a light sleigh, drawn by three good dogs, for in our part of the country we have no horses, but substitute dogs in their stead. About half an hour brought us to the edge of the sea, where we were to cross the bay; but we found a heavy sea running, and the ice broken into small pans for about thirty feet from the main body; yet, though stopped for a little time, my guide soon found means of getting forward; he got on a projecting rock, leaped on the nearest pan, and so from pan to pan till he gained the firm ice. The dogs were made to cross in the same manner, dragging the sleigh after them, and as often as they fell in they were pulled out, till they were safely landed on the opposite side, and, lastly, I followed them in the same way. But our difficulties were not yet over; the sea was rising and falling, as we after wave passed under us: this we did not much mind, but when we reached about half way over, we found the ice had parted, leaving a lake of water between the two main bodies. For a time we did not know what to do, but, at length, perceiving a pan floating down the stream, my man stopped it, got on it with the dogs and sleigh, and with a long pole ferried himself over, and having landed, (if I can use the term, speaking of the ice,) he pushed the pan over, which, with the help of the current, reached me near enough to jump on it, and, in like manner, I paddled across.

As the ice was now becoming unsafe, and we should be obliged to return on it before night, we hastened on, and in about half an hour reached the opposite shore. Here we stopped to take our dinner, and unbuckling our "nunney-bag," we ate a hearty meal on biscuit and boiled beef, not merely cold, but frozen. But though it at first felt rather hard, yet it was not long thawing in our mouths, and it was washed down with a draught of peppermint-water. Having shared with our faithful dogs, we packed up again, and, in a quarter of an hour from the time we first stopped, we were on our way again to the settlement, which we entered in about another half hour. Having put up at one of the planter's houses, I sent messengers round to let the people know I would have service in the church in an hour's time. In the meanwhile, I visited one or two families, and at the hour appointed, I was at the church, performed the full service, preached, and baptized two or three children. The services being ended, I lost no time in having my dogs harnessed, and turning my face homewards. Evening was now fast drawing on, and as I knew the ice would be much worse than in the morning, I urged the dogs to their fullest speed. They were now fresh, and were not long in bringing me again to the beginning of our shifting and uncertain road. The ice was now broken up into very small pans, so that the dogs had literally to swim from the shore to the hard ice, at the risk of being crushed by the pans as they were thrown in and carried out by the tide, the man and myself going before them, jumping from pan to pan, many of which broke or turned over as we leaped upon them. However, after some difficulty and danger, we reached the field-ice, and lost no time in proceeding onwards, till we reached our midway lake. But now we found it had widened so much as to shut out all possibility of crossing it; so we were obliged to alter our course, and go further up the bay. We did so, and in about an hour gained the termination of our icy path. Here we were stopped by a barrier of water, some forty feet wide. In this place the pans were almost all gone or broken into atoms. But men who are accustomed to

this kind of travelling are not long in devising plans of overcoming such difficulties. My servant perceived a pan a little further up, larger than the rest that were floating about, nearly detached from the large body of ice; this he separated by the ice-pole he held in his hand, got on it, together with the dogs and sleigh, and in a little time the sea washed him in safety to the shore, and before the wave again returned, he was landed, together with his companions. I had not long to wait till I was enabled to get hold of the same pan, as it was borne back by the receding wave; and in the same way as those that went before me, I was carried ashore. Thus ended my dangers and difficulties for this day, for when once on terra firma, the rest of the journey was nothing.

Such is a sketch of my winter travelling; in summer we have high seas, braving rocks, and oftentimes heavy wind to oppose our visiting churches and people separated from us by water. Even a calm has its difficulties. I have left home in one of my people's fishing-boats, on a Sunday morning, at six o'clock, A. M., for a harbour seven miles distant, with only one man, and have had to row the whole way, perform the full morning service, with four or five christenings, and then row back, perform evening service, and preach both times, without having time to dine till all was over.

I might easily recount many scenes of danger and times of fatigue while walking over miles of fields of ice, and while sailing slowly over hidden rocks in the calm, through which I have passed during the nine years of my ministry; but what I have stated will be sufficient to show the nature of the difficulties that many of the Society's Missionaries in Newfoundland have to encounter. I do not speak of them with complaint. I would gladly undergo far more than I have ever yet passed through, could I in the smallest way help a poor soul who was seeking the kingdom of heaven, through the merits of the Redeemer, or stop one careless sinner on the road to ruin."

#### Youths' Department.

##### "I AIN'T GOING TO LEARN A TRADE!"

Ain't you? I should like to know why not. Hundreds and tens of thousands have learned one before you, and many more will do the same thing. A trade well learned may make a name and a fortune well earned. If you ever get hither without working for it, you will be either very "lucky," or very unfortunate.

I don't think much of a boy who says he is not going to learn a trade. If his place in the world is such that he can learn a good trade and have a good situation, he will be very unwise not to seize the opportunity. A boy who goes to a trade, determined to make himself master of his business, and to be a well informed and intelligent workman, will soon rise to the head of his profession, if he pursues the right path. The faithful apprentice who delights to do his day's work well, and to do it to the best of his ability, so as to earn the praise of his employer, will feel happier and be a more honorable man, than he who does just enough to shuffle along through the day, and then hurries away from his work as though it were a nuisance and a curse.

I knew a boy who was too poor to go to school and college, although he would have liked that course very well. But he had to work. So he went to learn a trade. He tried to do his work always to the very best of his ability. He went to a place, and the first day his master came to look at what he had done, and after closely examining it he turned round and said to his foreman, "James, that is very excellent work for a new boy." Did not that little fellow feel as proud as if he had won a triumph? He was rewarded from the start with the good opinion of his employer, and he never forgot the pleasure with which he heard his master's encouraging words. He always tried to do his work well—to do it in fact the very best; and while other apprentices did not seem to care how their work was done, or how they spent their master's time, he took a pride in working as though he was in a higher post now, and is doing well in more ways than one, in the world.

Not long ago a boy was about leaving school, and as I had a chance to speak to him, I asked, "What are you going to do?" "I am going into a merchant's jobbing house." Going to be a clerk, then. Why do you not learn a trade?" "Trade!" said he, "I ain't going to learn a trade."

"Not going to learn a trade! I should like to know why a trade is not as good as a clerkship. I suppose you think it is more genteel and respectable? What would you do, if nobody learned a trade? Where would you be with your jobbing house, I wonder?"

"Learn a trade! Did you never hear of such a man as Ben Franklin, who learned the printing trade, and