

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the July Quarterly Paper, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

FROM THE REV. C. E. HADOW.

The General Hospital, Scutari, April 21st, 1855.—You will see by this that I have returned to Scutari after two months' residence in the new hospital at Smyrna. Mr. Windsor arrived there shortly before I quit-
ted it. I cannot speak too favourably of the climate of Smyrna, I was restored to my former health and spirits in ten days after my arrival, and was able to perform the duties of a Chaplain as usual. . . Nothing could exceed the desire of the doctors and the nurses to contribute to the comfort of the patients in that hospital. Many a life was saved in cases of fever, by the unremitting attention of the sisters, nor were they less useful in administering to the mind diseased, they soothed the impatient, and cheered the desponding, by their habitual sympathy and unwearied kindness. They went by the name of 'the kind ladies' among the soldiers, who on all occasions treated them with profound respect. Among the doctors there are not a few men of first-rate ability, whose society I shall ever remember with pleasure. They did me the honour of expressing their good-will and esteem when I left them, of which I shall always feel very proud.

During my absence these hospitals (at Scutari) have advanced rapidly towards a state of perfection. I found a marked change for the better in all the arrangements. The floors and walls of the corridors are beautifully clean, the beds are not crowded together—there are stands at the head of each for putting their diet and medicine upon, they have suitable apparatus for dressing, as glasses, brushes, &c. Their food is supplied with regularity to which they were strangers before, and it is rendered more palatable by the transformations effected by M. Soyer. I was delighted yesterday to notice the difference in the appearance of the men who came down from the Crimea compared with what it used to be: they were all clean and tidy, and looked as if they had come down to Scutari to recover, not to die. Even the brat which carried them from the ship to the landing-place had undergone a change, it contained small cots for those who were very ill, and was covered by an awning. One of the hulks had been dispensed with in the Golden Horn, and the other does not contain above sixty men—that also was in much better order. Even the graves have not been overlooked in the present improvements—they are being covered with turf. There are plenty of books now at the Barrack Hospital, and the convalescents have a reading-room to themselves, with a dining-hall. Everything bears tokens of the authorities having had time to look about them, and of that time being well spent.

There is one whose death we all lament very much, Major Campbell; he died of fever, just before my arrival. He was not only one of the most diligent and able officers in this Dépôt, but he was, I have reason to believe, a sincere Christian, setting an example both to officers and men by his constant attendance on the means of grace.

MAHOMETAN SOLDIERS.

There was a sight in Smyrna which often attracted my notice; it was this, that the Turkish troops quartered in the tents outside the Hospital regularly assembled every evening, with the Colonel at their head, for the purpose of devotion, and I could not help feeling that their zeal might well put our Christian soldiers to the blush.

THE LATE MAJOR CAMPBELL.

The officer mentioned by Mr. Hadow, Major Campbell, was the son of the Rev. A. Campbell, Rector of Liverpool. A letter from the Rev. J. E. Sabin, who attended him in his last illness, has been published in the *Liverpool Times*, and it is reprinted here as a memorial of a Christian soldier, and as an evidence of the value of the ministrations of a chaplain at such a time. It will be observed that the letter is addressed to Major Campbell's father.

"On the morning of your son's death he became conscious, and the first person he asked for was myself. I went to him at once, but found him asleep, and dared not wake him, and it was more than three hours before I could find him awake. At last I did so, when he knew me perfectly, and asked me after my wife. He then began to speak on religious subjects, but with a very feeble voice. He said, 'Mr. Sabin, there is one little verse which has comforted me so much, tell me, what is it?' It begins 'Come unto me.' 'Come unto me,' I added, 'all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" He replied, 'that is

it; I thank you. I have gone unto Jesus. I shall go to Him: pray that I may go to Him. I have not quite deserted Him, and He will never desert me, never. Can you pray with me now, while I have strength?' I at once commenced prayer, and he joined with me most fervently, and continued to do so for some minutes, when his strength failed, and he became unconscious. From this state he did not rally, but died some hours after. I hope, my dear sir, that this account will in some measure comfort you, and happy am I to add, that this was no death-bed repentance. Engrossing and overwhelming as were your son's duties, he never omitted to come to church once on the Sunday; and I have often known him to pass from his office to the chapel, after a long day's work, leaving his dinner at home till a very late hour, as our evening service was at seven o'clock. I have seen him repeatedly at the Holy Communion, and he would come to that service only, when, from a press of work, he was unable to attend the whole morning's service. Some weeks since, at your son's request, and that of Captain Gordon, who messaged with him, the Chaplain, who lived in the same house, commenced morning and evening prayer. It was your son who asked me to arrange this, which I most gladly did. Would we had many such as your son, and we should be mightily helped in our work. Do not grieve, therefore, over-much for your son. I have every assurance of his eternal welfare. Do not think of him as lost to you: only he has gone before, and said farewell for a short time, until the day of the resurrection."

FOURTH DEPARTMENT.

SHOULD BOYS USE TOBACCO?

No; it is poison. Do you ask for proof: you shall have it.

Dr. Clay, of Manchester, England, states that a little boy eight years old, being troubled with a disease called scald-head, his father applied tobacco juice. He soon grew dizzy and blind; then sick; his limbs tottered, his face became pale and covered with sweat; and in a few hours he was dead.

A stout man was killed by tobacco, as an injection, in fifteen minutes.

A single drachm, or eight parts of an ounce, has been known to kill a person. Mr. Christison mentions a case in London, in which the person to whom that quantity was administered, died in thirty-five minutes.

James Barry, of Salem, Mass., aged twelve years, was said in the papers, to have died in consequence of smoking segars.

Dr. Rees, of Edinburgh, says that a single drop of the oil of tobacco being placed on the tongue of a cat, produces violent convulsions, and death itself in the space of a minute.

Dr. Mussy, of Cincinnati, tried several experiments on cats, squirrels, &c., and found that convulsions and death in a few minutes was the effect in every case in which the oil of tobacco was applied to the tongues of such animals.

Dr. Wood, one of the authors of the *U. S. Dispensary*, says that the active principle is one of the most violent poisons known; and one drop of a solution of it was enough to destroy a dog; and several birds perished when a tube containing it came near them.

The plant is like the deadly nightshade and stramonium—two of the strongest poisons.

Where it does not kill a person, it injures him, in many cases very seriously. Many are made insane by it.

Now, should boys get in the habit, of using, by smoking or chewing such a poison? Is poison good for them?

Let it alone, boys. Thousands of men wish they had never seen it, though having got the habit of using it and become poisoned by it, they do not know how to leave it off. You are free now, keep clear of it. Let the poison staff alone.

COURAGE, MOTHERS.

Newton sinned away his early advantages, and became an abandoned profligate; but the texts and hymns his mother had fixed in his mind in his infancy and childhood were never effaced, and finally fastened him to the Cross. Cecil tells us that in the days of his vanity, though he withstood so many pious endeavours, he never could resist his mother's tears. Wilson, late Bishop of Calcutta, in his narrative of intercourse with Bellingham the assassin, says he could make him feel nothing till he mentioned his mother. And then he broke into a flood of tears. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—*Ibid.*

SELECTIONS.

ADMIRAL BOXER.—There came by the last mail particulars of the death of Rear Admiral Boxer, so long resident in our city, holding the important office of Harbour-master at Quebec, as he subsequently held at Balaklava. Some passing notice, more than usual, may be taken of this startling intelligence: and some tribute may with justice be offered to the memory of the gallant Admiral; for he not only fulfilled the special duties of his office with uprightness and integrity, but he took the most lively interest in all public projects and undertakings connected with the welfare of Quebec and Canada, and at the solicitation of his friends he accepted a place in the City Council, and attended zealously to all important subjects brought before it. He became naturalized among us, his daughters were suited and married during the latter part of his residence in Quebec, and his sons were provided for in the service of that Sovereign whom he himself so faithfully served. His education having been that of a sailor, his mode of expressing himself in speaking or writing was not at all times the most polished or correct, but he was shrewd and discerning in grasping the common sense view of a question, and very ingenious in the invention of plans and projects of local improvement. Many of these would be well worth remembering, especially that for the improvement of the lower part of the harbor, and the removal of the boulders which obstruct the navigation towards the mouth of the St. Charles. In all pecuniary transactions Admiral Boxer was most exact and truthful; his verbal engagement was as good as a bond, as indeed a British officer's should always be, but then the quality is more conspicuous by contrast amid looser practices. The gallant Admiral did not escape his share of obloquy in the midst of the late gross mismanagement in the Crimea. But it must be very satisfactory to his family and friends to know that, before his decease, justice was done to his merits, and the value of his services fully acknowledged. So far from deserving blame, among the general confusion and neglect it is wonderful how he could have managed so well as he did. The despatch of Lord Raglan on the death of Admiral Boxer (which we lately published) contains a generous and most gratifying tribute to the memory of that useful and gallant officer. It does honor equally to his head and his heart. After alluding to his brief illness and to his having been so deeply affected by the death of his nephew, and to the suddenness of his own fate, Lord Raglan uses these remarkable words:—"It is well known that this officer devoted his whole life to the public service. Since he undertook the appointment of admiral superintendent of the harbour of Balaklava, he has applied himself incessantly to the discharge of his arduous duties, exposing himself in all weathers; and he has rendered a most essential service to the army by improving the landing places and establishing wharves on the west side of the port, whereby the disembarkation of stores and troops has been greatly accelerated, and communications with the shore have been rendered much easier." And in a communication (which we also published) from Malta, his death is spoken of as a great loss, and was evidently hastened by extraordinary exertions. It is stated also as highly probable, that but for his perseverance in cleaning the harbor of Balaklava from its impurities, a plague would have ensued. "He was a man that was much wanted; his was a most arduous and disagreeable office, and very few men would be equal to it." This is substantial praise. Honor to the man who does his duty in the service of his country with boldness and energy! Honor therefore to the name and memory of Admiral Boxer, who has sealed his loyalty and worth by death, while engaged at the post of danger! His remembrance will be sincerely cherished by many in Quebec; and to none of our readers, we believe, will this small tribute to the memory of a brave man be unacceptable.—*Quebec Chronicle*, July 12

SUBSCRIBERS, AND THOSE WHO OUGHT TO BE SUBSCRIBERS FOR A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.—We intimated last week that we had, in years past, increased our subscription list by our personal solicitations, while engaged in this work we were brought in contact with all sorts of Churchmen, and had occasion to hear numerous opinions respecting the various papers published in the Episcopal Church. In some respects, the employment was a very good school for us, and we now purpose to give our readers the benefit of our experience.—Perhaps some one will find himself described, and see the propriety of modifying his judgment. We shall speak of persons as they happen to come to our mind, without observing any particular order, or