

Missionary Intelligence.

From the Colonial Church Chronicle, and Missionary Journal, for 1846-47, 1854.

RUSSIA'S LAND.—The Gospel Messenger publishes a letter from Bishop Anderson to the Rev. E. G. Gear, dated St. John's, Red River, July 1, from which we make the following extracts:—

"One circumstance of peculiar interest is the ordination of Mr. Mason, who has for upwards of twelve years laboured in this country, connected with the *West-Yan Missionary Society*. This took place on Thursday, the 23th, during the present week. We had a good congregation, and a large gathering of clergy. With Mr. Mason was ordained Mr. Stapp, of the *Church Missionary Society*. The former proceeds to York Factory for two years; and I feel most thankful that I am at last able to occupy that spot where they have so long petitioned for a minister. Of course, in the case of Mr. Mason, or any who join us from other communions, I shall admit him very soon to priest's orders, that he may be able to execute any office of the ministry, when he is settled at York."

Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Hon. H. B. Co's territories, has just been in for his annual visit. He came in upon us unexpectedly while in Church on Sunday last, and remained until last evening, when he started for Le Claire. His visit had been very satisfactory, and many points have been arranged. They preferred Mr. Mason for York to any other man, and as I quite despair of any one from the old country coming out and liking York as his station, I hailed it as an arrangement acceptable to all parties. The Rev. J. Setce (ordained Deacon in December,—a native,) goes to Red Deer River. It is a favourable spot for farming and settling the Indians, and produce may, we hope, be raised there to some extent.

"We are just now in great apprehension, from what we hear from Sir George Simpson, about the Clergyman at Vancouver. The direct letters have not come to hand, but in the official documents of Sir George Simpson, the Rev. E. Staines who was the Hon. H. B. Co's Chaplain, and had a school connected with him for the sons of those in the service, is marked as having left Fort Victoria, and a little newspaper scrap mentions the loss of a steamer, in which all perished, and among them the Rev. E. Staines, wife and family. We trust he may yet be saved, but the details look very circumstantial."

ALABAMA.—A Sunday among the Negroes.—We found a neat and comfortable church, pleasantly situated by the road side; and, while without any pretensions to architectural beauty, it was yet made charming by the growing hedges of cedar, orange, and buck thorn which surrounded it. The churchyard was tastefully laid out for the purposes of Christian burial, and the graceful hedges and flowers which adorned the various lots and graves, proved to me that there was at least one congregation in our land who believed in "the communion of saints." Upon entering the church, we found it well filled with intelligent-looking and attentive worshippers: some of whom, we were told, had come from eight to ten miles to attend service. There was but one peculiarity in the service which attracted our notice. It was a "novelty" to us, though we were brought up in the Church, and have seen some surprising changes in our day; but still it did not "disturb our peace." We will not say that it did not move us, for that would be untrue; but it was with a feeling of agreeable surprise and joy. The peculiarity to which we allude, was the fact that, when the Rector invited the congregation "to accompany him to the throne of heavenly grace," every individual in the house, old and young, black and white (for there all classes worshipped together), "high and low, rich and poor, one with another," reverently knelt, as they also did during the remaining prayers of the service. We were told that, with few exceptions, we worshipped that lay with a congregation of Christian communicants.

In the evening of four o'clock we wended our way to the church again, and found it filled, as before, with a well-dressed, cheerful, and orderly congregation, but of blacks instead of whites. Knowing the condition of these people, that they were ignorant and unable to read, we were prepared to witness and shall we say, to pardon, some considerable variations in the order of our services. It was difficult to tell how the responsive parts of it were to be carried on. The worshippers evidently were deeply interested, but our Book of Common Prayer seems to presuppose that those who use it can read it at least. The service commenced as usual, to the Psalter; and the

responses during the Confession and the Lord's Prayer were sufficient to prove that the blacks can be taught to pray with the understanding as well as the heart. But now, we thought must come a change. It was not so, however. Instead of the Psalms for the day, the Rector gave out the 6th Selection, and again the sound of their voices, like the sound of many waters, proved that God, by giving to them retentive memories, had especially qualified them for responsive worship. The same was seen in the Chants, the Psalms and Hymns,—of course the latter were only from the authorized selection,—which they sang, making, as we believe, melody in their hearts unto the Lord. Their music is exceedingly touching, far more so than the more ornate singing of our usual congregations; indeed it is quite a mania both North and South. No one who hears them will suppose Bishop Cobbe at all enthusiastic when, speaking of this same congregation, he says in his address:—"As their voices, in deeply touching tones, rose in the Hymns, and Psalms, and Chants of the Church, my whole soul was moved and stirred within me, and I felt that it was a privilege to carry the Gospel to the poor." At times during the service, our thoughts, in spite of us, would wander to some of our white congregations, where the faintness of the responses might suggest a doubt of their capacity to read; and I wished they could all worship, at least one Sunday in the year, in St. David's Church, Dallas county. It might do them good. Service over, a sermon was preached, and the congregation were dismissed with the blessing of the Church. After a reverent pause they retired slowly from the church to their homes. Equally surprised and pleased at what we had witnessed, we stayed behind to ask, how such results had been effected? The answer was, "By the pious and zealous labours of minister and people for above thirty years." What I had seen could be seen at the same place every Sunday in the year. It was no holiday scene, but the actual work of the parish. With a zeal that has never flagged, the work has been pursued, and the results which attracted my notice were the fruit of the labours principally of one Christian lady, whom I regret I am not permitted to name. If no other good had been done but to prove the adaptedness of the Church to that portion of our population, it would not have been labour lost.

Selections.

BUSINESS ENDURANCE.—Men of genius without endurance, cannot succeed. Men who start in one kind of business, may find it impossible to continue therein all their days. Ill health may demand a change. New and wider fields of enterprise and success may be opened to them; new elements of character may be developed. Men may have a positive distaste for some pursuits, and success may demand a change. None of these cases fall within the general rule. Men may have rare talents, but if they are "everything by turn, and nothing long," they must not expect to prosper. No form of business is free from vexations; each man knows the spot on which his own harness chafes; but he cannot know how much his own neighbor suffers. It is said a yankee can splice a rope in many different ways; an English sailor knows but one method, but in that method he does his work well. Life is not long enough to allow any one to be really master of but one pursuit.

The history of eminent men in all professions and callings, proves this. The great statesman, Daniel Webster, was a great lawyer. His boyhood was marked only by uncommon industry; as a speaker, he did not excel in early life. With great deliberation he selected the law as his profession, nor could he be deterred from his chosen pursuit. While a poor student, not the tempting prize of fifteen hundred dollars a year as clerk of the courts, then a large sum, gained with great difficulty for him by the zeal and influence of his father, nor could all the persuasions of the father, turn him from the mark he had set before him; and his great enemy, the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, is another marked illustration of resolute endurance and indomitable industry—life-long—centering in one profession, making him one of the chief ornaments of that profession, if not its head, in the United States.

Our late distinguished ambassador at the Court of St. James, Hon. Abbot Lawrence, whose wealth is poured out for all benevolent purposes, in donations as large as the sea, can recall the time when he had his profession to select, and the first dollar of his independent fortune to earn. He chose deliberately a calling; he pursued that occupation with integrity and endurance, through dark days and trying seasons, and the

result is before the world. This case affords an apt illustration of the proverb of the wise man, that a man diligent in his business shall stand before kings, and not before men.

The late John Jacob Astor, as he left his native Germany, passed beneath a linden-tree not far from the line that separated his native land from another, and made three resolutions, which he intended should guide him through life: 1. He would be honest. 2. He would be industrious. 3. He would never gamble. He was on foot; his wealth was in the small bundle that swung from his stick fast on his shoulder. The world was before him. He was able to carry them out. His success is the best comment on his endurance. Stephen Girard, at the age of 40 years, was in quite moderate circumstances, being the captain of a small coasting vessel on the Delaware, and part owner of the same. No trait in his character was more marked than his endurance, and the element gave him a fortune.

All men who have succeeded well in life, have been men of high resolve and endurance. The famed William Pitt was in early life fond of gaming. The passion increased with his years; he knew that he must at once master the passion, or the passion would master him. He made a firm resolve that he would never again play at a game of hazard. He could make such a resolution; he could keep it. His subsequent eminence was the fruit of that power. William Weller, in his earlier days, like most young men of his rank and age, loved the excitement of places of hazard. He was one night persuaded to keep the lace bank. He saw the ruin of the vice of gaming as he never saw it before; he was appalled with what he beheld. Sitting amid gaming, ruin, and despair, he took the resolution that he would never again enter a gaming house. He changed his company with the change of his conduct, and subsequently became one of the most distinguished Englishmen of his age.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was once requested to drink wine with a friend; the Doctor proposed tea. "But drink a little wine," said his host. "I cannot," was the reply. "I know abstinence—I know excess; but I know no medium. Long since, I resolved as I could not drink a little wine, I would drink none at all." A man who could thus support his resolution by action, was a man of endurance, and that element is as well displayed in this incident as in the compilation of the great work. When Richard Brinsley Sheridan made his first speech in Parliament, it was regarded on all hands as a most mortifying failure. His friends urged him to abandon a Parliamentary career, and enter upon some field better suited to his ability. "No," said Sheridan, "no, it is in me, and it shall come out." And it did, and he became one of the most splendid debaters in England. Loyola, the founder of the order of Jesuits, the courtier, the man of gallantry and dissipation, obtained such mastery over himself by labor and endurance, that, to illustrate the fact, he stood several hours, apparently unmoved, in a pond of ice and muddy water, up to his chin. Perhaps no other nation in Europe, at that time, could have won the battle of Waterloo except the British, because no other could have brought to that conflict that amount of endurance needed to win. For many hours the army stood manfully before the murderous fire of the French; column after column fell, while not a gasp was discharged on their part. One sullen word of command ran along the line as thousands fell—"Eh up! file up!" "Not yet—not yet!" was the low Duke's reply to earnest requests made to charge and fight the foe. At length the time of action came. The charge was given, and victory perched upon the standard of England.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

THE WOOL CLEANER; OR, A PRACTICAL MEMORY.—A clergyman in Wiltshire, walking near a brook, observed a woman washing wool in a stream. This was done by putting it in a sieve, and then dipping the sieve in the water repeatedly, until the wool became white and clean. He engaged in conversation with her, and from some expression she dropped asked her if she knew him.

"O yes sir," she replied, "and I hope I shall have reason to bless God to eternity, for having heard you preach at W— some years ago; your sermon was the means of doing me great good."

"I rejoice to hear it: pray what was the subject?"

"Ah! sir, I can't recollect what my memory is so bad."

"Now, then, can the sermon have done you so much good, if you don't remember even what it was about?"

"Sir, my mind is like this sieve; the sieve does not hold the water, but as the water runs through, it cleans