

## EXTRACTS FROM MISSIONARY REPORTS.

## REPORT OF THE TRAVELLING MISSIONARY.

Having been appointed to discharge the duties of Chaplain at the Quarantine Station, on the 23rd of May I went down to Grosse Ile. From the certainty with which the advent of cholera had been predicted, I looked forward to a painful and trying summer. The dreaded pestilence did not make its appearance however, and my duties were by no means so arduous as I had anticipated. In the course of the season 271 persons were admitted to hospital: of these 147 were Germans and 105 Norwegians. There were 23 deaths, including that of one of the orderlies who died of fever contracted in the ward. I used to visit the hospital as a rule, twice a day.

There were two interpreters on the island, one for the Germans and one for the Norwegians, but unfortunately they were both Roman Catholics: while the 256 foreigners, with the exception of four Germans, were every one Protestants. Fortunately I could speak a little Norwegian, and I assure you it was a source of no little pleasure and satisfaction to the poor afflicted strangers to find in their new pastor one whose father was a Norwegian, and who could understand in a measure what they said.

I turned to considerable advantage a couple of Norwegian Bibles which a friend had kindly sent me. In these I would mark appropriate passages for them to read, for you seldom or never find a Norwegian who cannot read.

It is a pity there are not a dozen or so of Norwegian Testaments here all the time for the use of the patients.

But what would be of inestimable value would be a number of Norwegian tracts to distribute among them, not only suited for their consolation in the time of sickness, but also for their future guidance, lest, after they leave the island, they should be severed from the faith of their fathers, and become attached to one or other of the sects which are unhappily so numerous in this country.

Perhaps one of the most efficient means to this end, would be to distribute among them Norwegian versions of our Prayer Book with an accompanying pamphlet pointing out the similarity between it and their own.

Immigrants coming over to build up a home in a new country have little time and inclination, amidst the cares and toils incident to their new position, for making inquiries into such matters as these. And it is a pity that an opportunity so favourable for reflection and meditation, as is in so many cases offered at the Quarantine Station, should be allowed to pass by unimproved.

I found much more difficulty in administering spiritual consolation to the Germans. However I did the best I could. I had a German version of the Prayer Book, out of which I would get the convalescents to read portions to the sick, and I showed my sympathy for them by visiting them frequently, at the same time evincing a deep concern for their spiritual welfare by praying with them.

Nor were my feeble efforts unappreciated by them. They always seemed pleased to see me, and always had a hand outstretched to greet me. And affecting was the manner in which they would try to express their gratitude. Often on rising from praying by their bedside, would they take my hand and with tears press it to their lips. And I might say that I was received and heeded