

Missionary Intelligence.

RUPERT'S LAND.

(From the Gospel Messenger.)

Fort Snierling, Minn. Terr.,
July 24th, 1853.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Since I last wrote to you, I received letters from our good friends at Red River at two different times: the first date about Easter, and the second the last of May. And as I am assured by some of your readers and patrons, that they are looking with a little impatience for another communication from me, on the subject of this distant settlement, I will not spend time in framing an apology for furnishing a few items of intelligence in my possession, and which may possess some interest for others.

The Easter dates mention that they had a very delightful winter with but little snow, though often very cold. The thermometer, sometimes in that country, has been known to sink as low as fifty-three degrees below zero, and a spoonful of mercury to become so solid in four minutes as to admit of being hammered into a thin plate like paper. This may appear hardly credible to those who live in lower latitudes; but mercury sometimes congeals even here; and we are at least five degrees further south.

The scarcity that was apprehended, in consequence of the flood of the preceding spring, did not occur to any considerable extent. The prices of bread stuffs, however, reached a high mark; there was a prospect of being sufficient for seed and for use.

Since Easter, the Bishop has visited the different congregations in the vicinity, and in speaking on the subject, says: "I have just had a pleasant confirmation season, having held confirmation in the four Churches in the settlement, and confirmed in all, two hundred and thirty-four. This was a large number, considering that only three years had elapsed since the previous one."

"On Sunday last," the 29th of May, "I returned to my own Church, and held the Anniversary of my consecration. I preached from 2 Kings, ii., on the School of the Prophets, after which we had a large sacramental attendance—one hundred and twenty-six. I endeavored to prove that Britain has been set apart and marked out by God for disseminating the truth; and that our Church has been thus instrumental in planting schools of the prophets over the world, as in Eastern and Western India, in America, in the Island of Ceylon. However humble we may be in our own sphere, we are surely a school of the Prophets in the wilderness." As an evidence of this, he instances the Rev. H. Budd and others, who have been educated and prepared for the ministry at St. John's Collegiate School, and have gone forth, or are about to go forth, to distant parts of the land. He trusts there is truth in this, and it is a beautiful idea he takes of his office and employment. "You have your Prophet's School at Nashotah, and many others scattered over your land. May the scattered schools have all one heart and one mind, and largely partake of one spirit!" There were three clergymen, besides the Bishop, present on this occasion: one of whom, in Deacon's orders, was to have been ordained Priest the following Sunday, and to leave immediately for York, on Hudson's Bay. A son of the Rev. H. Budd, the first native Clergyman in the Colony, was elected to a vacant scholarship, and is spoken of as a boy of promise.

This custom of Bishop Anderson in celebrating the anniversary of his consecration to the Episcopate in this manner, is certainly a beautiful one, and I should like to see it adopted by our own Bishops, as it would afford additional occasions, not only of bringing the clergy and people together, but of promoting the best interests of the Church. The subject certainly is worthy of consideration.

On the 23rd of May, the corner stone of St. Peter's Church at the Indian settlement, was laid by the Bishop with appropriate ceremonies, confirmation having been administered there the Sunday previous. The building is to be of stone, and replaces the old one, which is insufficient for the congregation. And Wednesday, the 8th of June, was fixed upon for laying the corner stone of the new Church of St. James's, in the parish of the Rev. Mr. Taylor, a few miles up the Assiniboine River. This was to be done by Major Caldwell, the commanding officer of Fort Gary, and the Bishop was to make the address. "I think," said Mr. Taylor, "of putting under stone, among other things, the last Pocket Almanac of Stanford and Swords' you sent me. And I must not forget to tell you that two very handsome chairs have just been made for the chancel of St. Paul's. The ladies of St. Cross have worked these exquisitely chaste and beautiful. Two, also, are in progress, for

the new Church of St. James's." This example is, also worthy of imitation on our side of the line.

Soon after this ceremony the Bishop was to leave on a visitation to the more distant parts of his diocese, and while at Cumberland will admit the Rev. Henry Budd to Priest's Orders,—who has continued to labour with great success among his brethren. He first went to his station as a catechist, in 1840, and in two years had prepared no less than eighty-five candidates for baptism. He himself was baptised by the Rev. John West, in 1821, and named after a venerable clergyman in England, who always took a deep interest in him, and was at that time, according to the Baptismal Register, ten years of age, and capable of reading the New Testament, and repeating the Church of England's Catechism correctly. Most faithfully yours,

REV. WM. A. MATSON.

E. G. GEAR.

Selections.

BEGINNING FAMILY PRAYER.—The commencement of this sacred and delightful duty must often be attended by difficulties, where the head of the family has for years neglected it. A middle-aged man of great responsibility says:—"I have never done anything since I became a Christian, which required so much self-denial, and which was so truly a bearing of the cross, as beginning family worship. I felt that it was a duty, from the time I devoted myself to the service of Christ; but I shrunk from its performance so painfully, that day after day, and week after week passed away without my attempting it. At length conscience remonstrated so loudly, and my conviction that it was a sin to neglect it was so strong, I determined to make the effort to perform it the next morning, cost what it would. It occasioned me a wakeful night; again and again I implored strength from on high. I was constitutionally timid, and when the morning came was much agitated."

"Before breakfast I said to my wife, 'I feel, C——, as if we ought to have prayer in the family. We have all souls to be saved, and need God's blessing. I am sure you will not object to it.' 'No,' she replied, but the tone in which she said it was not encouraging. When we rose from the breakfast-table, it seemed to me the children had never been so noisy before, and it required an effort to request them to keep silence and be seated. They did so, but I felt their eyes were fixed wonderingly upon me. I took the large Bible from the shelf and sat down. I wished to preface the service with some remarks, but I could not trust my voice, and I opened the book and read the first chapter that presented itself. I then knelt, and with faltering voice began to address the Creator. But my hesitation soon passed off. I knew not why it was, but during the performance of this service, my soul was filled with thoughts of God's great goodness in permitting me to approach him, and to place myself and those dear to me under the shelter of his protecting love, that I forgot the presence of others, and poured out my heart in supplications for his blessing with as much freedom and fervor as I had ever done in secret. When I arose, I perceived my wife's eyes were moistened with tears."

"The conflict was over—the duty was entered on—and the peace which follows the consciousness of having done right, came into my heart. Prayer with my beloved ones was no longer a burden, but a delightful privilege; and ere long, I had the satisfaction of knowing that the heart of my companion ascended in full union with my own to the throne of grace. I can now speak freely in my family of the value and sweetness of this service, and to many of them, I believe, the hour of prayer has become one of the most highly prized of all the day brings us."—*Messenger.*

THE SABBATH.—A history of all the lives of all the criminals ever sentenced, imprisoned or executed, would show that a disregard of the Sabbath was one of the leading steps in their progress to ruin; that in company with those who like themselves had desecrated its time, they had taken the initiatory step in vice that eventually, led them to the commission of crime. And we are taught to believe that the parent as well as the child is responsible for these negligences, these sins. How easy a matter it is to destroy all desire in the child to dishonor the day, if you only commence in reason. First evil impressions are easily eradicated—foul weeds sown in a good soil are quick to germinate, but are easily destroyed when they first spring into existence; but allow them to grow up and go to seed, and the fruits thereof are scattered in every direction, to multiply. Kind parents, teach your boys to regard the Sabbath. The lesson taught us in the serene quiet of that holy day in childhood,

though not taught by a parent—a mother—are still indelibly impressed upon our memory, as though it were but yesterday we received them. If they do not go to church, keep them within doors, that they may not prove enemies to themselves, and nuisances to those around them. Few can enjoy the quiet of home with a gang of boys in front of their dwelling, playing games, laughing, shouting, cursing and swearing, especially on the Sabbath. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," is one of the Commandments.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN LADY.—Jeremy Taylor thus describes Frances Countess of Carberry, who died in 1680:

"If we consider her person, she was in the flower of her age; of a temperate, plain, and natural diet without curiosity or an intemperate palate. She spent less time in dressing than many servants; her recreations were little and seldom, her reading much—She was a most noble and charitable soul, a great lover of honorable actions, and as greater despiser of base things; hugely loving to oblige others, and very unwilling to be in arrears to any upon the stock of courtesies and liberality; so free in all acts of favor, that she would not stay to hear herself thanked, as being unwilling that what good went from her to a needy or an obliged person should ever return to her again. She was an excellent friend, and hugely dear to very many, especially to the best and most discerning persons; to all that conversed with her, and could understand her worth and sweetness. If we look on her as wife, she was chaste, and loving, faithful and discreet, humble and pleasant, witty and compliant, rich and fair—and wanted nothing to the making her a principal and precedent to the best wives of the world but a long life and a full age."

"If we remembered her as a mother, she was kind, severe, careful and prudent, very tender, and not at all fond; a greater lover of her children's souls than of their bodies, and one that would value them more by the strict rules of honor and proper worth, than by their relation to herself."

"Her servants found her prudent and fit to govern, and yet open-handed and apt to reward; a just exactor of their duty, and a great rewarder of their diligence."

"She was in her house a comfort to her dearest lord, a guide to her children, a rule to her servants, an example to all."

"But as she related to God in the offices of religion, she was even and constant, silent and devout, prudent and material. She loved what she now enjoys, and she feared what she never felt, and God did for her what she never did expect. Her fears went beyond all her evil; and yet the good which she hath received was, and is and ever shall be, beyond all her hopes."

THE LAST BOOK.—Fond as you are of books, there is only one that you will value at last; and with care to be told that a new volume of the great history is published, or a marvellous epic, out-peering all its predecessors. "No; read me the twenty-third Psalm. Let me hear the fourteenth of John." When your strength sinks yet lower—when your interest in all under the sun has faded away, and ebbing life affords not even a parting tear—it will for a moment rally the worn faculties to hear the whisper, "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." And when all is over—when to orphan children and desolate kindred the world is grown a great sepulchre, and the most tender friends are vain comforters—when letters of condolence lie unopened, and words of compassion fall like hailstones on the heart, the first thing that sends a warm ray into the gloom, and brings to the eye tears that are not bitter, is, when Jesus himself breaks the silence, and you hear, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

WHAT FILLS THE GAOLS?—Plain, sensible, practical Mr. Clay, chaplain to the Preston House of Correction, one of the best conducted prisons in this country, has put forth a new report, full of deeply interesting matter. Mr. Clay has no crotchets. Unlike the chaplain of Reading, who thinks that the worst of felons and forgers may be reclaimed by idleness and sermonising—unlike the chaplain of Bath, whose motto is, "Once in gaol always in gaol"—he takes a wise, liberal, and humane view of things, remarks that a criminal is a man, and that no man is ever quite lost.