

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A temperate climate, cheerful society, and regular times for eating and sleeping, are quite common comforts in England. Perhaps many young people scarcely think of them as blessings for which our gratitude is due to Almighty God. Many persons do not know what it is to suffer from extreme heat or extreme cold for a long time, or to be left for days without a companion to speak to, or to be often thoroughly exhausted by the want of food or sleep.

But a Missionary must be prepared to endure all this and more than this for Christ's sake, and to look for his recompense in the joy of serving his Heavenly Master, and of communicating spiritual knowledge and comfort to men. And it is our duty not to think coldly or to speak slightly of our Missionaries, but to honour them and esteem them very highly in love, for their work's sake.

The following lines are taken from a letter which was written not long ago, by a Missionary in the south of Newfoundland, to a friend in England who had asked him how he liked the work in which he was engaged:—

"You cannot imagine the nature of my work now I am stationary here. With the thermometer at 10° Fahrenheit, it is rather too cold to be on the water; but from April to November, I emigrate between one or two parallels of latitude, and for a month or so at a time I seldom sleep more than twice in the same bed, or sit two days together at the same table. This may be very pleasant in theory, but without a most accommodating appetite and great power over sleep, it is very painful in practice. Tossing about in wind and fog and rain, is not in accordance with one's natural taste.

"I wish you could have seen the Bishop, his Chaplain, myself, and a student, sailing in a little rotten skiff, in half a gale of wind with rain. There was a hole in the plank, and every motion of the little vessel on her beam ends shipped a great deal of water. The Bishop was forwards attending to the jib, his Chaplain took charge of the fore sheet, I of the main sheet, the student kept the pump going to keep us above water, and the man steered. As the sea broke over us the Bishop bent down under each wave and shook himself clear of the water after the dive. He is the best Bishop the diocese could have, a good sailor, and of most undaunted moral courage.

"While I am thus employed, my wife is at home without any society within forty miles. It does try her, but then she also is a servant of the Cross, and remembers it. Then as for living, for nine months at least meat is hard to be obtained, I mean fresh meat. We victual our store-room like a ship—bags of biscuit, barrels of flour and salt junk. Salt pork and cabbage are the highest luxury of Newfoundland, though I have often enjoyed 'Bang,' that is, godfish and salt pork fried together. The fact is, habit will accommodate us to anything.

"To-day a gang of eight men have been dragging the Church firewood over four large ponds (on the ice of course) in sleighs; the firewood was felled a few weeks since by another gang, and my wife and I went to meet them just before dinner, the ice being as clear as Aberdeen alabaster, and as slippery as glass. I am schoolmaster just now as well as clergyman."

The following extracts are taken from the journal of another Missionary in a different part of Newfoundland:—

SEAL FISHERY.

"In the month of March the vessels fitted out for the seal-fishery leave the different harbours of Newfoundland: the crews vary according to the tonnage or size of the vessels; for instance, one of 100 tons will carry about thirty-five men. They immediately make for the field-ice, on which they expect the seals; and such is the certainty of Nature's rules, that some ships invariably meet the *shepung ice*, as it is termed, in the early part of the month. The seals are supposed to be in their prime about March 17th: they are found in numerous flocks, and it is stated, look like so many thousands of lambs, and make a bleating or crying not unlike those innocent animals. When the seals are found, the men from the vessels go amongst them on the ice, and with their bats strike the *white coats* (as the young seals are called) on the nose and kill them; they then with their knives take off the fat and the skin together, which is called a pelt, and leave the carcass on the ice, unless they require it for fresh meat. The pelts are packed on board until the vessel has received a full load (averaging from four thousand to nine thousand); when landed, the skin is taken

from the fat: the former is sent to England to be tanned for leather or other purposes, the latter is thrown into a vat, and by slow degrees converted into oil: a good trip of male, say five or six thousand, is worth between two and three thousand pounds in money.

SUNDAY IN THE MISSION.

May 14th.—This being the Lord's day I earnestly sought His blessing on myself and people previous to the commencement of my public duties; and held my usual service in Heart's Content this morning, churching one woman, and christened two children after the second lesson. I proceeded in the afternoon to New Perlican, where I had another service, and churching a woman, and christened her child after the second lesson; called at a house to baptize an infant very ill with the thrush, on my way to Billy Cove; reached it (a distance of seven miles from Heart's Content) about half-past five, where I had a third service. After leaving the church I was requested to visit a child, that had been sick for some time—saw but little hope of recovery. I returned home between nine and ten o'clock completely tired; but believing that the Lord had in much mercy answered my morning's prayer.

MISSIONARY VISIT.

18th.—This morning, called a little after three o'clock to visit a poor woman lying dangerously ill at New Harbour, about thirty miles from this. I therefore left my home as quickly as possible, and travelled on horseback to Heart's Delight, a distance of nine and a half miles, where a boat was waiting to carry me the rest of the journey by water. Arrived at N. H. shortly after ten o'clock: on landing I immediately visited the poor woman, but she was senseless, and it was evident that life was fast departing from her feverish frame; administered such medicine as I thought necessary. I had the flag hoisted for Church, and while the people were assembling visited several other persons who were ill with typhus fever. After service I was requested to see more cases afflicted with this disease, so that before I could retire to rest I visited no fewer than seventeen such persons, to whom I administered medicines for the body, and endeavoured to pour the healing balm of the Gospel into sin-sick souls. This harbour is in a most destitute state, having neither clergyman, doctor, nor schoolmaster, within a reasonable distance. The poor woman died at about nine o'clock, P. M.

19th.—Returned to Heart's Content, which I reached about two o'clock, P. M., greatly fatigued in body and harassed in mind.

Sunday, July 2.—I held morning service in Heart's Content and administered the Holy Communion; took a hasty dinner and rode to Heart's Delight. The road after the heavy rain almost impassable: held a service in the Church, and committed the perishing body of E. C., a poor old woman, to its silent resting-place, whence it will arise on the morning of the resurrection, fitted for an eternity of bliss or woe. Christened two infants and churching the mothers. I walked to Island Cove after the service to see T. S., met several communicants who had assembled for the purpose of uniting with their sinking neighbour in the most comfortable Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ.

MISSIONARY VOYAGES AND SERVICES.

25th.—This day buried poor T. S. in the churchyard at Heart's Delight. After the funeral left in a colossus skiff with a crew of seven men who had come from New Harbour, for the purpose of taking me up to that place: the wind being contrary, they had to row, and as we got further up the Bay, the wind and the sea were so strong, attended with heavy rain that we were obliged to put into a place called Greens Harbour, for the night. Fortunately some persons were living there, or, humanly speaking, I know not what we should have done: for we, like St. Paul in early days, after being exceedingly tossed with a tempest, while neither sun nor stars appeared, and being wet through, and well-nigh exhausted, sought refuge in a tilt or log hut, where we were kindly received by the inhabitants. We therefore sat by the wood fire drying our clothes and resting our wearied limbs till the storm abated: when about five o'clock on the

26th.—We again entered our fragile bark, and after two or three hours' rowing and sailing I was landed. I proceeded to the house of W. T., where I found his son in a dangerous state: after conversing with him for a short time, he, as well as his swollen tongue would permit, expressed a wish to partake of the Holy Communion, which I promised to administer to him immediately after my return from Church, whither I was

going to hold service. I had the flag lowered, and commenced the service; on leaving Church I again saw the young man W. T., who with his father and mother, and another friend, gladly united in receiving the Lord's Supper.

Went to see C. O., a young woman lying in the last stage of the malignant typhus—she has been insensible two or three days.

27th.—Before four o'clock I was roused from a sound sleep into which fatigue had thrown me, and as the wind was fair I proceeded on my homeward journey, and after four hours' run, landed safely in Heart's Delight, where I visited a poor old woman who is very ill, and then continued my journey towards home, where I arrived fatigued, though thankful, about one o'clock.

October 18th.—Crossed the Bay in a boat to Heart's Cove (a distance of about five leagues), held service in a planter's kitchen, christened eleven children, and administered the Lord's Supper to five persons.

30th.—Vaccinated seventeen children in New Perlican.

So various and trying are the labours of Newfoundland Missionaries. Let us trust that grace and strength for their work will be given them.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE.

A TOUCHING instance of the happy effects of the Church Services upon the heart of a youth once came under my own observation.

It occurred in a highly respectable family in the city of Pittsburgh. The father and the mother of this family, both members of the Episcopal Church, had trained their household in the fear of God—privately instructing their children in the truths of the Bible, and especially requiring of them a punctual attendance at public worship on the Lord's Day, a point where I fear many parents fail, whose children pass from Sunday-School right by the open door of the Church, "as if they had no part nor lot in the matter." But these children were always seated in the family pew during the hour of prayer, engaging in the responses, chants, and other exercises, with the understanding no doubt, as well as with the voice. Notwithstanding this pious nurture, one of them proved a wayward boy. Like the prodigal son, he left his father's house to seek a living among strangers; but worse than the prodigal, he ran away by stealth, taking not a spare garment with him, leaving behind heart-riven parents to grope in ignorance of his fate. He descended to the most grovelling mode of occupying from the home that had nursed his tender infancy. He became a canal driver, and many a bitter winter night the cold towpath was his only bed, the canopy of Heaven his only covering. After extreme suffering from hunger, cold, and weariness, he reached Philadelphia, and still feeding his craving desire to be a rover, he went down one fine Sunday morning to the wharves on the Delaware, to find a ship in which he might enlist "before the mast." But as he strolled along from dock to dock, bent on his ruling passion, his eyes rested on that beautiful little floating chapel for seamen. Surprised at the sight of such a remembrance of home and its pious associations, in the last of all places where he had looked for any thing like piety, he could not resist the feeling which drew him to the chapel, to rest himself once more within its sacred walls.

It was just the hour of morning service. He took a seat in a pew. The minister began as usual—the opening passage of Scripture, then the exhortation, then the confession, the declaration of absolution, and the Lord's prayer. Each struck him as well known, familiar sounds, his feelings became tender, and when next the full chorus of the "Venite" broke out—one heart, one song of praise, "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation"—it thrilled his very heartstrings. It was the song of his dear church at home! It was the song in which he was wont to hear his father's voice and his mother's softer tones mingling with his own. Why were they not singing with him? Why were not his brother and his sister by his side? Where was his pastor, that man of God, with all his holy counsels? The past rushed upon him; at a glance he saw all; he saw the cause! A double guilt rested upon him, a wanderer alike from a father on earth and a Father in heaven! All through the holy anthem penitential tears streamed down his cheeks. Now he was shown a view of his heart, the blessings of parental love, the baseness of filial ingratitude, the mercy of religious training, and the woe of its abuse. Oh, what would he give to be home, to see a smiling fa-