

Missionary Record.

A PASTORAL LETTER TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, 23rd December, 1852.

MY DEAR BROTHERS.—I have received communications from different quarters, at home and within this Province, expressing a desire that, as Senior Bishop of the North American British Episcopate, I should proceed to England to meet the Bishop of Sydney who, under certain preconcerted arrangements with the Home authorities in Church and State, has arrived there from Australia.—the object of his visit being to confer with those authorities upon matters affecting the interests of the Colonial Church.

As there are many reasons connected principally with the exercise of my episcopal duties, which make it extremely difficult that I should leave the Diocese at this particular conjuncture, I had hoped that the object in view might have been met by another arrangement which I conceive to be equally satisfactory, but this not having been capable of execution without some delay, I have been urged to undertake the task, and have felt it my duty to yield to the reasons thus pressed upon me.

The difficulties, peculiar in their character, which attach in different ways, to the administration of Ecclesiastical affairs in the Colonies, and the desire felt, in common with other Colonial prelates, by the Bishops of these North American Dioceses, to procure the formal and legal co-operation of the Clergy and Laity in the management and regulation of such matters, have already been placed before you, in the Minutes of the Episcopal Conference, held at Quebec, Sept. 1850. In the tenor of those Minutes, I have authority for saying that the whole of the North American Episcopate are agreed,—the two Bishops who, out of the seven, were unavoidably absent, having, subsequently to their reception of copies of the Minutes, put me in possession of their sentiments upon the subject.

It is with reference to those difficulties, and, in particular to the measure which I have just indicated as fitted, (it may be hoped,) to a great extent, to afford relief for them, that the consultations are to be held in which I have been invited to join. Without at all touching the question of the revival of Convocation at home, I am not aware of the existence of any opposition in the minds of Churchmen within this diocese, clerical or lay, to the exercise of synodical action within the Colonial Church: I am very sure that the want of it is experimentally felt and generally acknowledged among us; and I cannot possibly fail to see that the proximity of the United States, in which the triennial Conventions of the whole Church and the annual Convention of each Diocese, with every allowance for the imperfection inherent in all human things, have been long seen to work efficiently and advantageously for the Church and to provide for many points at which we are at a loss, suggests to the thoughts of our Clergy and Laity, a feeling of claim for our being, with certain requisite adaptations, assimilated in this particular point to our neighbors.

It is this view of our case which I have exhibited to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, in answer to a Circular addressed, last summer, to the Colonial Bishops, upon the subject here in question. I have taken care, of course, to assure Sir J. Pakington of our sincere and settled desire (as appears in the Minutes of the Episcopal Conference) to preserve the Royal Supremacy intact.

Having had in my contemplation, as I have stated, an arrangement which included no necessity for my going home myself, and which left more time open to me for all which may suggest itself as necessary or proper in connection with the visit of one of the North American Bishops to England, I am now rather hurried in my preparations, and obliged to deal more abruptly with the subject than I could desire. There is no way left to me in which I can benefit by taking counsel with you, unless any of you who may individually feel prepared to express his views or to make useful recommendations upon the topics to which I have here adverted, should favor me by doing so by letter, which should be done at his earliest convenience, addressing me at the office of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in Pall Mall, London.

Should any gentlemen of the laity desire to take this course, the simplest mode perhaps of effecting the object will be, that they should put their respective

*The Bishop of Montreal having occasion, for other objects, to go home immediately after Easter, and having expressed his willingness to strain a point in order to go a little earlier, for the object here in question, I had hoped his visit would have been in season at that time.

Ministers in possession of what they desire to communicate, and that it should thus be passed out to my hands.

And now, my dear brethren, I commend myself and the work which I have in hand to your prayers to God through Jesus Christ; and assuring you that mine are never wanting for you, and invoking upon you at this holy season all blessing from above, with an advancement in holiness as season after season may, by the pleasure of God, return to you, I remain,

Your affectionate servant in the Gospel,
G. J. QUEBEC.

Fourth's Department.

THE LAZY BOY.

The lazy lad I and who's his name?
I should not like to tell
But don't you think it is a shame
That he can't read or spell?

He'd rather swing upon a gate,
Or paddle in the brook,
Than take his pencil and his slate,
Or try to con his book.

There, see, he's lounging down the street,
Ill: but without a rim;
He rather drags than lifts his feet—
His face unwashed and grim.

He's lolling now against a post,—
But if you've seen him once,
You'll know the lad amongst a host,
For what he is—a dunce.

Don't ask me what's the urchin's name,
I do not choose to tell;
But this you'll know—it is the same
As his who does not blush for shame,
That he don't read or spell.

THE PROMISES OF GOD.—The following little incident recently occurred in the infant department of the Sabbath-school of a church in Connecticut, which was founded more than two centuries ago, by the celebrated Thomas Hooker. Upon a Sabbath morning intensely cold, the pastor visited these little ones. Ice and snow had locked the streams, and a heavy mantle of snow was thrown over the earth. They were addressed in the familiar manner so happily adapted to rivet the attention of a child, in substance as follows. "My young friends, this is a cold winter's day, and the snow lies deep around us. Will the beautiful spring and the joyous summer return?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "But," continued the pastor, "the last night was very cold, and at my house I found this morning in the yard, very thick ice; and why do you believe that the opening buds and blooming flowers will return?" "Because replied a bright-eyed boy, "we have the promise of God himself, that 'summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, shall never fail.'"

"My young friends, let me claim your kindness for the old. They are well entitled to your sympathy. Through this bright world they move mistily, and though they rise as soon as the birds begin to sing, they cannot hear the music. Their limbs are stiff, their senses dull, and that body which was once their beautiful abode and their willing servant has become a cage and a heavy clog. And they have outlived most of those dear companions with whom they once took sweet counsel,

"One world deceased, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hair and furrow'd brows,
Too many sons have roll'd."

Make it up to them as well as you can. Be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. On their way to the sanctuary be their supporting staff, and though it may need an extra effort to convey your words into their blunted ear, make that effort;—for youth is never so beautiful as when it acts as a guardian angel or a ministering spirit to old age. And should extreme infirmity or occasional fretfulness try your patience, remember that to all intents you were once the same, and may be the same again;—in second childhood as in first, the debtor of others "patience and tenderness and magnanimity."
—Hamilton's Royal Preacher.

LOOK NOT AT CRIME.—If we are to turn off our eyes from beholding vanity, much more are we to do so with respect to crime. Wickedness is never to be contemplated, except when necessary to its prevention, correction, or punishment. It throws its shadow on the mind, chills its nice sensibility, and obscures its brightness.

Still more injurious is the habit, there are many temptations, "detailing the proceedings of our courts of justice," says a pious writer, "instead of warning the young against the dreadful consequences of a sinful course, it is no uncommon thing, so to dwell upon some

ludicrous circumstances connected with the appearance of the parties, or the manner of their giving their evidence, as to make these criminal offences rather matters of amusement, than proofs of those out-breakings of the evil of the heart, which should be perused with sorrow and disgust. Let me guard you against becoming familiar with such details."

He whose object is excellence in the fine arts, confines his attention to models of beauty. Deformity is carefully avoided. It is the beautiful alone with which the imagination is allowed to hold converse. Much more should he whose object is holiness, avoid the contemplation of sin.

Sin should, moreover, always be spoken of seriously. Speaking lightly of it in any of its forms, leads one to think lightly of it, and he who thinks lightly of sin, readily falls into the practice of it. Evil and only evil results from ludicrous descriptions of the sin of drunkenness. Sin is the abominable thing which Jehovah hates, and we should turn aside from beholding it, except when called to do otherwise in the course of duty.

When tempted to dwell on the simple examples of men, even of the greatest men, let us look to the perfect example of Christ. If we can find no delight in contemplating his example, let us feel the deepest solicitude and put forth the most vigorous efforts to secure deliverance from the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity.—Evangelist.

Selections.

ANCIENT MINES ON LAKE SUPERIOR.—The Lake Superior region of America is richer than any other region of the world in copper. It is not many years ago since these rich seams of copper were discovered, and with our knowledge of the Indian's character, and our entire ignorance of the history of the past, in respect to the inhabitants of North America, it was supposed that our modern discoveries of these minerals were the first ever made by mortal men. The huge mounds scattered over our country have left traces behind them of a race long since passed away, but in a more striking manner have evidences of that race been recently brought to light in the discovery of ancient mines, tools, &c., in the Lake Superior region. In 1848 the first of these old mines was discovered, and in it was found a mass of pure copper, weighing six tons, which had been raised by ancient wedges, and rolled along the gallery. These ancient mines extended over a tract of country 100 miles long, running from N. E. to S. W. A great number of ancient tools have been found, they all consist of hard stone, with single and double grooves for the reception of handles, like those now employed by blacksmiths for holding their wedges. The marks of old fires extended everywhere, shewing that they employed heat in their mining operations—by heating the rock first, then cooling it quickly with water, to soften it—the plan for softening copper. When did those ancient miners work these mines, and who were they? Trees of hundreds of years' standing extend their roots on the surface of a soil, which have required ages to accumulate, over some of their deepest works. We have no evidence of who those miners were except by the tools which have been left behind them; but at one time they must have been numerous, for quite a number of their old excavations have been opened up. Is it possible that they were the forefathers of the present race of Indians? It is possible; a savage man in all countries is the wreck of former civilization. The descendants of the Greeks and Romans are not like their forefathers; we know them to be wrecks of a former civilization. Tribes and men, separated from communication and contact with others of their species, soon degenerate and dwindle into the savage state. It is, therefore, quite possible that the old copper miners of the Lake Superior region were the forefathers of the present race of Indians.

A CANNIBAL.—A Spanish criminal, named Manuel Blanco, now under sentence of death in Galicia, has confessed to a long series of the most horrid crimes. Having committed several murders in the province of Leon, and being pursued by the courts there, he took refuge in Rebordechao, an out of the way village, enclosed by mountains, and with very little communication with any other part. Here he practised great austerity, and by daily attending at mass, and constant reading of devout books, &c., he acquired a reputation for great piety, and all the houses there were open to him. Pretending to have property at Santander, he availed himself of the influence he acquired over the minds of no less than nine persons, widows and children in most cases, to induce them one after another to set out with him from the village across the mountain barrier, promising them good positions and employment at Santander; but murdering them and putting de-