

### MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.

70, Pall Mall, August 10, 1855.

THREE more students of St. Augustino's College, Canterbury, have been approved by the Board of Examiners, and will almost immediately proceed, with the sanction of the Society, to the dioceses for which they are designed: namely, Mr. C. P. Emery, for Quebec; Mr. P. W. Loosemore, for Fredericton, and Mr. W. Bramley, for Cape Town. They will, on their arrival, present themselves to their respective Bishops for ordination, and will prove, it is hoped, an important addition to the colonial clergy.

The society has much satisfaction in giving publicity to the following letters from its chaplains at the seat of war.

From the Rev. H. A. Taylor, dated Camp before Sebastopol, Royal Engineers, Night Attack, June 25th, 1855:—

"Engineers' Church.—This church is considered a most interesting object by every one that sees it, and extremely appropriate to the peculiar duties of Sappers. It is composed of gabions, fascines, platforms of guns and scaling ladders. The ladders form the arches (pointed). Against these, on the side where the morning sun comes, the gabions are piled up, and on the roof are laid the platforms, filled up with fascines. The reading desk is composed of two large bales of horse forage placed side by side, with a third bale on the top, thus making a good firm base for the bales that hold the book. The whole is covered over with a Union Jack, and behind these bails is another for me to kneel upon. On Sacrament Sundays (the first in every month) just in front of the reading desk (which is then covered with a white cloth) is arranged a row of sand-bags, just such as are used in the batteries, &c., which row is covered over with a plaid, or something else, this serves as a cushion for the communicants to kneel upon. Such is the Engineers' Church. The men like it very much. They are under shade during service, and I am told that they now look forward to the Sunday with real pleasure, and are anxious to be present.

"It is also a most economical building, for not a lashing or piece of timber is cut, not a fascine or a gabion injured, and in fact they are just as well standing in store in that form as in any other. . . .

"This ground (Inkermann), as you may well imagine, is fraught with much to make me think. There, on the battle-field, with tokens of the strife still remaining, as pieces of shell, round shot, pouches, caps, &c., the men assemble for a more peaceful duty. Not far from us are the long graves, or rather trenches of the dead who fell on the memorable 5th of November, 1854. This battery (Major Strange's) is really under fire of a Russian battery, but they have not yet disturbed us at service. Connected too with this service, the men who are stationed near at 'Canrobert's Redoubt' are marched up, as many as can be spared from duty, and thus we all join together.

"During the last bombardment we have had some frightful scenes,—scenes which I need not describe. The poor fellows bear their wounds most nobly, and often have I been asked suddenly to go and see a man who had just been brought down from the batteries, whose spirit I have scarcely had time to commend into the hands of its Giver, before it has passed away into another world. At times, the poor sufferer has been able to join with me in prayer, and thanking me, he has spoken one or two words about his family, and then died. This was particularly the case of a poor fellow from Inkermann battery. He was literally almost blown in two. He joined in prayer, just said a kind word of acknowledgment, spoke to me of his wife, and died. I assured him in dying that we would do all we could for his wife, and reminded him of some promises which might impart a confidence that she would be taken care of by God. It seemed to ease his mind, and he passed away very gently. The men are very grateful for being visited, and a word of kindness goes a great way with them.

"There is one hut in the Siege Train particularly set apart for the wounded. This is called 'The Brave Ward.' There is every kind of wound there, but never do you hear any thing approximating to a complaint. The general answer given to the question, 'Well, my man, how do you get on this morning?' is, 'Thank you, sir, I hope I am a little better.' If you want truly to admire the soldiers' character, pay a visit to their hospitals. . . .

"I am very happy in my work, and I trust that I may be privileged, under God, to do some little good

to a class of men for whose character, speaking generally, I have the highest admiration."

From the Rev. C. E. Kadow, General Hospital, Scutari, July 5th, 1855:

"It is now two months since I returned from Smyrna, and during that time I have had the sole charge of this hospital, with the exception of occasional help from chaplains on their way to the Crimea. From this you may conclude that it is very far from being full. It is capable of holding 800, but the numbers have not exceeded 400 since I have been here. The present number is 355, of whom rather less than two-thirds are members of the Church of England.—Throughout the whole period of my ministry among soldiers, I do not remember an instance where I was made to feel out of my place, they always treated me with respect, though with somewhat the distance of strangers; but since the increase of chaplains in the Crimea, they look upon us as friends, and expect our visits as regularly as they do the doctors'. I am able without very hard work to keep up some communication with each man every other day, and with those who require it, every day. I believe the readiness of convalescents to welcome their chaplain has tended to gain for him the confidence of the sick, and has in a great measure driven the foolish notion out of their heads, that they must be in a dying state, or the clergyman would not come near them, in other words, that he comes to read the funeral service over them. That the work of a chaplain to a hospital is monotonous cannot be denied, it wants the variety of parochial work, to make it altogether pleasant, but that it is of its kind as encouraging, I think I may bear testimony. It is, perhaps, unwise to look for much fruit; and no less unfair than unwise, considering the short time men are with us; but I do not think our labours have been without results, and I am quite sure that there is many a chaplain in the Crimea labouring with greater success than he imagines, and really gaining and confirming souls for Christ. I believe that I see this, here and there, among the men who come down sick, in unmistakable tokens of Christian patience and godly contentment, and childlike resignation to their heavenly Father's will. These are genuine fruits of repentance, and the only exhibition of a change of heart which the sick-bed admits of,—and these are manifested beyond our utmost hope. The attendance on Divine worship steadily improves; at one service at least on Sunday all the accommodation the hall affords is brought into requisition; this is as far as it goes a good sign, especially considering that none are obliged to attend."

MICHIGAN.—June 15th, Bishop McCoskry laid the corner stone of St. Michael's and All Angels Church, at the Junction, in the town of Cambridge. June 17th, in St. Paul's Church, Detroit, the Bishop ordained two candidates to the diaconate, and advanced two deacons to the order of priesthood. The Revd. Mr. Lyster presented Mr. Prichard, of Clinton, for the order of deacons; and the Rev. Mr. Monroe (colored) presented Mr. Holly (colored) for the same office.—The Rev. Mr. Hills presented the Rev. Mr. Brownell and the Rev. Mr. Kelby, deacons—and both formerly of the Methodist denomination—for the order of priests. The Rev. Mr. Kelby has been appointed a missionary to Ontonagon, where the prospects for a large parish are highly encouraging.

### Youths' Department.

HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

(By Author of *Lord of the Forest*.)

#### SECOND COMMANDMENT.

THESE are strange countries far away,  
Where God's name is unknown,  
Where children live who say their prayers  
To gods of wood and stone.

But Christian children go to Church,  
They kneel at home in prayer,  
And God, who is a Spirit, hears  
And answers every where.

His ear is open to their call,  
In childhood, age, and youth,  
And they must always worship Him  
In spirit and in truth.

They must not think of other things,  
Light toys, or merry play,  
When they are listening to God's word,  
Or kneeling down to pray.

For they who worship at God's throne,  
With hearts so dull and dim,  
Make idols of their foolish thoughts  
And love them more than Him.

They may not kneel to any form,  
Or picture that man paints,

Of Christ, or of His Mother dear,  
Or of His blessed Saints.

They may not worship or bow down  
To cross of stone or wood,  
Though it be our redemption's sign,—  
Such worship is not good.

For we must pray to God alone,  
Who is in Heaven on high,  
Who is on earth with us unseen,  
Who always hears our cry.

(To be Continued.)

PIERRE LA RAMEE.

THE childhood and youth of Pierre la Ramee, known in the learned world as RAMEAU, the celebrated French philosopher, furnish us with fresh proof that genius, in its highest creations, finds persevering industry not merely not inconsistent with it, but its indispensable associate. Pierre was the grandson of a nobleman of Leige, who lost all his property by a desolating war, and withdrew to France, where he was reduced to gain a livelihood by making and selling charcoal, and to bring up his son, Pierre's father, a labourer. Pierre was born in 1516. He was eight years of age, when, clad in a coarse peasant's frock and woollen cap, he entered Paris, and turned his steps towards a street where all the pupils of the different schools or colleges were accustomed to assemble for play at the hours allowed them for recreation. His provincial garb, and his stare of wonder at the novelties around him, bespoke him to be from the country. This was no sooner perceived by the boys at play than he was seized upon as a fit object to torment, and, thus fallen into their hands, he had to endure not merely a volley of curious questions and jeers, but also some rough usage. But at last one amongst them more humane than the rest, perceiving that hunger was legibly imprinted on the poor child's pale and attenuated countenance, gave him some of his bread, and then the little peasant got courage to say, "I have walked very far; I am very tired." With a feeling of shame at their thoughtless cruelty, the boys now made him sit down by them. He was soon cheered and refreshed, and able to answer the questions touching himself and his journey, which his new comrades put to him in a better and more kindly spirit than they had done before. His simple and artless story was told in these words:

"I was born in the village of Cuth, now about eight years ago. I lost my father and mother just as I was beginning to walk. As I had no one in the world to take care of me, I was obliged to ask charity from the good people of the country; and I thought myself very well off when I could get enough black bread to satisfy my hunger. Sometimes a bit of cheese, or a raw onion, or a grain of salt, was added, and then I was happy indeed. When I grew up a little, the neighbours would no longer support me in idleness; so they put into my hand a great long wand, and gave me in the charge of a flock of geese. O, it was so tiresome to be driving them every day to the marsh! And then they were so unmanageable, never minding my voice, or even the switch, but straying here and there, so that I could not always succeed in bringing them all home in the evening to the farmer. Well, one day I became so tired of them, that I resolved to leave the geese to get home as best they could by themselves, threw my wand into the bushes, and set out for Paris. I was obliged to beg on my way, as I had before begged in my native village. I had the good fortune to meet with a gentleman who allowed me to travel with him, and who must be very learned; for when we stopped at night he taught me the names of all the letters of the alphabet, and even how to put them together to make words. Now that I am in the great city, I cannot say that I have come into it much richer; but on the road I have acquired the desire for knowledge. This is something; and now may Heaven have mercy on me, and incline the heart of some one amongst you, young gentlemen, to take charge of my education, which has only just begun!"

Having wound up his story with this prayer, Pierre offered his services as errand-boy and valet to the young men, and, for his wages, only asked food and instruction. His offer was accepted. But, as his lodging was not included in the bargain, the poor boy had to sleep at night under one of the arches of the city bridge. Under all his disadvantages, he applied himself so earnestly to study, that he soon became well acquainted with Latin and Greek; and one of the professors, happening to find out what he had done, placed him in a situation where he could be more regularly instructed. He rose to be a great and good man. His numerous writings show him to have had extensive learning and rare ability. Few scho-