

### Missionary Intelligence.

A CANADIAN MISSIONARY.—It was late in December, 1811, when I was a youth of nineteen, recently graduated at one of our northern universities, that, in compliance with the urgent invitation of Mr. Stewart,\* I went to aid him, by performing such missionary services on the frontier of Vermont, as a candidate for Orders, licensed by the Bishop, might lawfully be engaged in. On arriving at his residence, I found no splendid or showy mansion; but a low, unpretending, one-story frame-house, was the chosen abode of this member of one of the noblest families of Great Britain. It was placed on the brow of a lofty hill, at the foot of which lay the village of St. Armand, whose principal ornaments were the school-house, where the children of the villagers and the farmers of the neighboring country might be instructed in the wisdom which would be useful to them on earth; and the church, whose simple spire, pointed to the heavens, both monuments of the benevolent zeal of the missionary. The view of the parsonage was extensive, though bounded on every side by the wide-spread forests of a new country, and as well adapted to the taste of one who had a heart capable of being incited to devotion and communion with the Deity, by the contemplation of His works. The arrangements of the interior of this peaceful mansion, were in perfect keeping with the plainness of its exterior. Every thing indicated the presence of a mind dead to the pomps and vanities of the world: the pervading influence of a spirit so filled with the love of Christ, that it could cheerfully sacrifice luxuries, and even be indifferent to comforts, if, by so doing, it might better enjoy the sweet luxury of doing good. The outer door opened into an apartment which served the double purpose of parlor and dining-room. The only furniture was a plain deal table, and a few wooden or rush-bottom chairs, together with a large chest, which served as a depository of Bibles, Prayer-books, and tracts for distribution, and which, when the number of guests was greater than that of the chairs, was drawn out and used as a bench, on one side of the table. The meals spread on this board were frugal, but abundant: and were always rendered pleasant by the amiable cheerfulness of the host, who, having no inmates in his bachelor establishment but a servant-man and maid, was obliged to depend on his own unaided resources for the entertainment of his guests.

On the left of the room already described was the study, which, though of smaller size, was furnished with the same simplicity. Here, also, was a plain table, and desk, with two chairs: while around the sides of the room, on common shelves, were arranged the theological books, and the few volumes in general literature, which constituted the scanty library. In this small and retired room he searched for the treasures of Divine wisdom in the Sacred Scriptures, pursued the works of the wise and good, who had been burning and shining lights in the Church of former days, and above all, held high communion with the Great Teacher, and sought for that "unction from the Holy One," which would qualify him for the successful prosecution of his arduous work.

From this sacred retreat he came forth to bid me welcome on my arrival. He was a man of about the age of forty, as I suppose, and yet apparently much farther advanced in the vale of years; his frame robust, but prone and slightly bent, with small but keen grey eyes, a Roman nose, more pointed and hooked than ordinary, a mouth partially opened, with irregular and projecting teeth, never fully covered by the lips, hair of a bluish cast, (of which I never saw the like, except in a lady of the same family, with whom I afterwards became acquainted) in thick bushy locks, profusely covering the shoulders, and lightly sprinkled with powder, giving it the appearance of a large grey wig. His limbs were badly formed, his carriage extremely awkward, the expression of his countenance void of intelligence, and the *tout ensemble* most ungainly and forbidding. But the unpleasant feelings connected with the disappointment of a first view, were soon removed by the benevolence of his manners, and the kindness and friendliness of his communications.

In answer to the enquiry with respect to the success of his labors, he replied, as near as I can recollect, in the following terms, "When I came to this sojourn, six years ago, there was no place of wor-

\* The Hon. Charles J. Stewart, fifth son of the seventh Earl of Galloway, afterwards Bishop of Quebec. The above account is taken from the Churchman's Magazine, and is abridged from a memoir by the late Bishop Henry of Rhode Island.

ship, and no religion throughout this whole region of country. The entire population, with few exceptions, was of the most worthless character. Freed from the restraints of morality and religion, many of them gloried in their shame, and looked with suspicion and dread upon every attempt that was made to introduce among them the light and influences of the Gospel of Christ.—On my arrival here, so strong and general was the opposition to my settlement, that I was almost on the point of abandoning the field in despair, when I met with a Presbyterian lady, an emigrant from the United States, who rejoiced at seeing a messenger of salvation, and for the love of Christ bade me welcome to her habitation. On the first occasion of my officiating as missionary, in the only school-house in the neighborhood, but few were present, and they in consequence of earnest solicitation; and of this small number, one of the oldest, a believer in universal salvation, made a rude and violent assault upon my labors and the doctrines which I advanced. This beginning, trying as it was, not only to 'flesh and blood,' but to faith also, only served as a stimulus to more zealous exertions—exertions in dependence on the blessing of Him who hath promised, 'My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereto I have sent it.' Isaiah lv. 11. In the strength of the Lord God I went forth, and in His strength I conquered.—By diligent visiting of the scattered families in the settlement, and by those acts of kindness and charity to the poor, which my fortune enabled me to perform, I gradually found access to the hearts of the people without weariness or suspicion, 'in season and out of season;' in the assemblies on the Sabbath, and in social meetings during the week, from house to house. 'I ceased not preaching repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord-Jesus Christ.' The blessing of the Holy Spirit accompanied my humble labors.—A general reformation took place in public morals, and now, two churches, one here and another at Missisquoi Bay, are filled with devout worshippers. When I look upon the change, my heart is filled with joy, and I exclaim with admiration and gratitude, 'What hath God wrought?'

### Young's Department.

#### LOVE ONE ANOTHER

A LITTLE GIRL with a happy look,  
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,  
All bound with velvet and edged with gold,  
And its weight was more than a child could hold.  
Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,  
And every day she prized it more;  
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother,  
It said, "Little children must love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the book,  
And the lesson home to her heart she took;  
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,  
And a dove-like look on her meek young face,  
Which said, as plain as words could say,  
The Holy Bible I must obey;  
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,  
For "Little children must love each other."

I'm sorry he's naughty and will not pray,  
But I love him still, for I think the way  
To make him gentle and kind to me, is right;  
And thus when we kneel to pray to-night,  
I will clasp my arms around my brother,  
And say, "Little children love another."

The little girl did as the Bible taught,  
And pleasant, indeed, was the change it wrought,  
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,  
To meet the light of her loving eyes,  
His heart was full, he could not speak—  
He pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek,  
And God looked down on the happy mother,  
Whose little children loved each other.

SEED SOWN BY THE WAYSIDE.—In the midst of Kentucky, at the foot of a mountain, stood a small cottage, concealed from view by overhanging trees. The birch, the maple, the stately oak, and graceful elm, were grouped together, and as the eye glanced upwards, tints of every hue blended in wild profusion. The branches, which in summer swayed to and fro in the south wind, and emitted sounds not unlike the strains of distant music, now dashed in impotent fury against the humble casement window. The stream, which an hour since sailed in peaceful beauty, now rolled its dark waters on rapidly, while the distant prairie looked like the agitated billows of the ocean. Large drops of rain began to fall, and as the congregated masses of dark clouds seemed to grow heavier over this humble dwelling, the latch was quiet-

ly moved, the door opened, and a female face appeared, looking to the right and left, with much anxiety. 'Is he come, mother?' said a feeble voice from within.

'Not yet, my child; it is too early.'

The little sufferer sighed, as if acquiescing in the necessity. Then, after a few moments, 'Mother, mother!' he cried, starting up from his low pallet and looking around affrighted at the storm.

'What is it, my dear boy?' said she, taking his burning hand.

'O mother, don't you wish Jesus was here, that blessed little children? You know the good man with the books told us of him. I am very sick; perhaps he could make me better.'

'Shall I read you something about, this blessed Jesus?'

'No; tell me, mother! tell me?'

The mother bent over him. Recollections of early reading came fast to her mind as she said: 'The widow of Nain had an only son, and he died; and—'

'Will I die, mother?'

'I hope not,' she fervently ejaculated.

'Oh! can't you tell me a prayer, mother? The good gentleman said I must pray every day.'

The weeping widow knelt down, folded his little hands in hers, and said, 'Pray God forgive my sins, take away my wicked heart, and make me to love Jesus.'—The child repeated it after her, and then said, 'I will say it softly, mother; it hurts me to speak.'

His infant lips moved in prayer, till he slept! The mother watched the lowly couch, a petition often coming from her heart that the boy might live: that grace might be given her to bear this great sorrow. She took down her new Bible—the gift of the colporteur—and opened its pages. But no mark was there, placed opposite a precious promise verified; no remembrance of the past rose to mind, that there the comforter was given, that there a bond of sin was broken, that there the purity and truth of God was manifested, and his love to a guilty world redeemed. She and that precious book were strangers.

The father entered, accompanied by a boy about twelve years of age. The labor of the week was over. The mother pointed in silent agony to the changed face of the child! The father's hard features embrowned by toil and exposure, worked with suppressed emotion; while the lad, awed by the mysterious influences around, seated himself on a low bench in the corner.

The Sabbath morning rose, fair and beautiful with out; but the Angel of Death had entered that lowly dwelling, and all within was changed. The mother read her Bible, and occasionally uncovered the pale face of her child! Thoughts of the past crowded upon her mind. The days of childhood, of Christian instruction, of holy communion, of consecrated Sabbaths, rose before her. She thought of the influence of worldly cares in their new home, unchecked by the preaching of the gospel or the reading of God's word. She mourned in bitterness of spirit, the hardness of her heart, her forgetfulness of every religious duty. The deep fountain of her feelings was broken up, and tears of godly sorrow fell on the unconscious form of her boy. The bereaved father sought communion and sympathy with her in this first sorrow. The same consolation became his: and when, three months after the colporteur returned, he found that the spirit of God was there: that sanctified affliction had hallowed that cottage home, and that the light of peace and love were in it.

A PERSEVERING BOY.—The first boy—the Rev. Mr. Oncken picked up in the streets of Hamburg, as a scholar in the first Sabbath-school established in Germany, is now superintendent of a large Sabbath-school in that city.

### Selections.

THE INFLUENCE OF EARLY BAPTISM.—By THE REV. DR. WISNER.—A few days since a lady sent her daughter to inform me that one of my baptized children was at the house, from a distant country, and wished to see me. In the afternoon I called upon her, and was introduced to the wife of a minister from one of our Western States, whose parents had once belonged to my congregation, but were now gone to their rest. This was the baptized child who had expressed the desire to see me. Her mother united with the church, of which I was the pastor, when this child was little more than four years old; and previous to presenting her for baptism, she endeavoured to explain to her the nature of the ordinance. She told the child that it