

## Missionary Intelligence.

WISCONSIN.—The *Church Journal* of last week publishes a very interesting letter from the Rev. Mr. Ingraham, rector of St. James' church, Milwaukee, giving an account of the beginning and growth of St. John's church, which was consecrated not long since in that city. The whole letter is too long for our space; but the main points are as follows: In 1846 the Rev. Mr. Akerly, then the only clergyman of the church in Milwaukee, finding his labours inadequate to the growing population, sought and obtained two deacons from Nashville to take charge of the western and southern sections of the city, where there were large numbers of foreigners besides Americans, and where a resident clergyman was greatly needed. One of these deacons was Mr. Keene, who took the southern section, which was separated from the rest of the city by a river, and had a population of several thousands, chiefly artisans and day-labourers. There was no place of worship of any kind within their precincts, and even after crossing the river it was still a mile to one. We must here quote from the letter:

Under these circumstances the Rev. Mr. Keene entered upon this his "Parish" as truly missionary ground. Having surveyed his field he determined that a place for worship and a Sunday School must first be obtained as a centre. But not a room could he had, and he was driven to the erection of something for the purpose. Having still his Missionary outfit of \$40 in his possession, he determined for this to have a covered place. Calling upon one of our architects for information how to make this little money go a great way, this gentleman added something to the sum; in addition to which the self-denying Rector of St. Paul's contributed from his own little stipend, whereupon the plan for a "shanty" was changed for one of a small frame building, and finally assumed the grand proportions of a Church, 18 by 50 feet in size, with a "Chancel proper," and this was placed upon a borrowed lot. The neighbours laughed. The workmen themselves ridiculed the "one horse church." Some Churchmen? thought it a foolish romance, but still the Missionary worked on. And work he did sure enough, even with his own hands; digging and shovelling, sawing and planing, wheeling dirt and carrying boards. At length the building was not finished—but enclosed; and with borrowed chairs, and boards for seats, the whole neighbourhood was notified of its services and Sunday School, and on Whitunday, 1847, its doors were opened freely and widely to all. The first congregation consisted of persons from St. Paul's church, the whole of whom came in a single carriage. To the second service, when the Missionary was left to his own field of labour, but one person came. To the Sunday School, one child.

Soon, however, the neighbours came in from curiosity, and the church was permanently filled, even crowded. Affectionate respect, and pride in their pastor's energies, took the place of ridicule. A parish was soon organized, and, during the Fall of the same year, the humble edifice was finished and made comfortable for winter. Confirmations of four and five at a time, added communicants. All, however, were poor. The rector's sole support was from his offerings, which scarcely averaged \$2 per Sunday; and out of which all the other current church expenses were to come. Although he was Sexton, fire-lighter, &c., still in faith and love he worked, trusting implicitly in the Providence of God. During the first few months after the church was opened, there was some difficulty in forming a suitable Choir, an item of much importance there. Directly, however, a poor blind girl, a graduate of the New York Institution for the Blind, who was a skillful organist, came among friends in the Parish seeking employment. At the same time the rector heard of a small but good organ, in a neighbouring city, for sale at about \$100. He had not a dime, indeed, but at once engaged the organist, offering her part of his small income, and sent for the organ. It came on a credit of a few days. He had no money to pay the freight, but a few friends gladly contributed, and paid that, and the cost of the organ. The blind girl with a grateful heart began her duties. The rector divided his offerings with her, which the congregation made up by theirs. A sweet choir of Sunday School children was formed, adding to the interest felt by all.

All this while, however, the church stood on a borrowed lot. L. P. Swift, Esq., of this city, being there on a visit, urged Mr. Keene to buy it, and promised aid from the East to secure it. The proposition being made to the owner, he almost ridiculed the notion, and, to cut the matter short, refused to sell, unless an adjoining lot were taken; the price being \$1,000, of which \$300 must be paid down, and the rest in five years without interest. The offer was at once accepted, and a lot thus secured of 300 feet by 70, large enough for a church and parsonage. Meanwhile, there being twelve miles distant, a band of Churchmen who desired his services, Mr. Keene visited them once a fortnight, often going and returning on foot. Wishing to make some return, they offered him lumber, which he thankfully accepted, and immediately went about building a parsonage. Other contributions

of labour and timber being made, in about two years a fine Gothic house, costing \$2,000, was finished, and free from debt. By this time, the population having much increased, and the little church being overcrowded, a new edifice was determined on; though the property was then incumbered with a debt of \$700. Aid was again proffered by some Eastern friends, who were then visiting the place. In the summer of 1850, Mr. Keene accordingly visited the East a second time, and by going from home to home and store to store, obtained in New York, Philadelphia, and New England, \$2,000; with which, together with as much more from the parishioners and other friends, the walls of the new edifice were built and covered. To finish the church, another appeal had to be made abroad; and so, in the summer of 1853, Mr. Keene undertook a third journey to the East, where the sum was made up. At length, on St. John's day, the 27th of December, 1853, after seven years' labour, the church stood finished, and ready for consecration. The building is of "Milwaukee brick," in simple Gothic style, and consists of chancel, nave, and choir. The nave is 80 feet by 50, and 43 feet from floor to ridge; has four rows of open seats, with a central aisle of 6 feet, and two side aisles, and accommodation for 700 persons. At the consecration, Bishop Kasper spoke in his sermon thus: "There is no want of ornament; there is no superfluous ornament; the utmost of beauty and watchfulness have been exercised, and at the hour I am authorized to announce, there is no debt upon the church." It should be further observed, that the altar-covering, which is said to be very rich, was presented by Mrs. B. Trighman, of Philadelphia, and a beautiful set of books for the desk by the Rev. W. T. Webbe, of New York, a gentleman who has often earned honourable mention by his faith and good works.

At the close of his letter, Mr. Ingraham states that there have been received from Eastern friends \$4,500 towards the church; and that this enabled Mr. Keene to raise other funds which could not otherwise have been raised. He adds the following, which we conclude; wishing nothing better than that Mr. Keene may have much prosperity and many imitators:

"The \$4,500 has enabled the Rector to erect a new edifice and purchase land, for which over \$11,000 has been expended. And the whole value of the property is over \$15,000. Indeed, I doubt (considering the great advance in prices of material and labour, as well as property) whether this could be replaced by the same sum. This may be viewed as a fair practice, and we can do. In his case the gifts of our Eastern friends have increased nearly fivefold to the glory of God. Would that those might consider this as a fine example contributing to your Western Mission, and hold through doubt of the profit of the investment to the Church. While, for those who give in love, our grateful prayers arise, that God will return their gifts a hundred fold, and ever give them and their places as 'living stones' in the Holy Temple of the Lord."

## Fouths' Department.

CHILD-LIFE.—How often do we hear a mother say complacently, to her child, "She has such exuberant spirits! she is so full of life! Hush! lay your finger on your lips. Thank God for it. He who appointeth our lot, knows for what purpose it was given. Have you never observed that the pathway of such an one, is sure to be marked by no ordinary trials? It was a wise bestowment from Him who seeth the end from the beginning. Deal tenderly with her; check not her innocent gaiety. Make her childhood happy.—Cloud not her sunny brow by drawing unnecessarily dark pictures of life; fill not the confiding heart with distrust towards its fellow-men."

Let her read, if she will, love in human faces.—Earth is not all a charnel-house of decayed hopes and blasted anticipations. "God is love." Life is beautiful. Midnight, starry, silent midnight—with its glorious beauty; the silent moon riding in majesty or veiled in fleecy clouds; the cheerful sun waking in brightness; the rainbow-tinted sunset clouds; the sweet grey dawn with its stirring life; the forest-clad hills crowned with the bow of promise; the towering rock, the shining river, the flower-wreathed meadow, the deep blue sea, the grand old woods, with their whispering music; and in and among them all still hearts that are noble, good, and true, beat with sympathy for a brother's wrongs, and are open-handed to the call of charity. Tell not the young heart, so keenly susceptible, that every cup is drugged with poison; that death every flower a serpent coils.—Who among us could fearlessly again enter upon life, and cheerfully enjoy it with such a chart of shoals and

quickensands before our vision? God in His mercy has hidden the future from our vision. "Give us this day our daily bread," is the petition He has taught us. Shall the blessings of to-day be received with a clerical spirit, because we know not what to-morrow may bring us? That to-morrow we may never see; but should we impatiently demand to know whether for us it come freighted with joy or sorrow.

I have read a story of three little trout, which are contented and unhappy, desired each to have a wish that should be granted. The first wished for wings, that it might fly; the next wished for a great deal of knowledge, and to understand about rocks and nets, that it might keep out of danger; the third, poor, ignorant, and not knowing what was best, wished that God would take care of him, and give him just what he saw best. So God gave wings to the first, and delighted with the exercise of his new power, he flew far, far away, to a desert, where he died from thirst. To the second he gave knowledge, and so he was all the time in error, he was afraid to go into deep water, lest the great fishes should swallow him, and he was afraid to go into shallow water, lest it should draw up and leave him. He dared not eat anything, lest a hook might be concealed in it; so he pined away and died.

But God loved the third little trout (who trusted in Him), and took care of him, and kept him from all dangers, so that he was always happy.

My story carries with it its own moral. Let the buoyant-hearted, hopeful little mariner you love, launch his little bark on life's ocean, trusting always the Great Pilot for a happy voyage and safe port.

AN HONEST BOY.—"That is right, my boy," said the merchant, smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his little shop boy. He had brought a dollar that lay amongst the dust and paper of the sweepings.

"That is right," he said again; "Always be honest, it is the best policy."

"Should you say that?" asked the little lad, timidly.

"Should I say, what? that honesty is the best policy? Why it's a time-honored old saying—I don't know about its elevating tendency of the thing—the quit is rather narrow, I'll allow."

"So grandmother taught me," replied the boy; "she said we should do right, because God approved it, without thinking what man would say."

The merchant turned abruptly towards the door, and the thoughtful-faced little lad resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning a rich and influential citizen called in the store. While conversing he said, "I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is that a boy of twelve (the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits, and if they are bad—"

"Stop!" said the merchant; "do you see that lad yonder?"

"With that noble brow?—yes, what of him?"

"He is remarkable—"

"Yes, yes—that's what every body tells me, he has boys to dispose of—no doubt he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once."

"I was going to say," replied the merchant, calmly, "that he is remarkable for principle. Never have I known him to deviate from the right, sir—never. He would restore a pin—indeed (the merchant colored) he's a little one too honest for my employ. He picks out flaws in goods, and I cannot teach him prudence in that respect—common prudence, you know, is common—common prudence abem!"

The stranger made no assent, and the merchant resumed on to say—

"He was a parish orphan—taken by an old man of pity, when yet a babe. Poverty has been his lot—no doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold unnumbered times—his hands have been frozen, so have his feet. Sir, that boy would have died rather than been dishonest. I can't account for it, upon my word can't."

"Have you any claim upon him?"

"Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed, the boy is entirely good for me."

"Then I will adopt him—and if I have found a really honest boy, thank God."

The little fellow rode home in a carriage, and was ushered into a luxurious home; and he who had been sitting in a cold corner, listening to the words of a poor old pious creature who had been taught of the Lord, became one of the best and greatest divines that the land ever produced.

"They that honor me, I will honor."