

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

THE MISSION AT ATHENS.

We doubt not that it will afford our readers much pleasure to peruse the following extracts from a private letter addressed to us by the Rev. John H. Hill, and dated Athens, September 15.

You know how greatly the Lord has blessed Mrs. Hill's effort since she commenced her little school, a little more than four years ago, in a dark and damp vault of the only habitable house in Athens, with a handful of little girls, with but a very few means of instruction, and almost wholly ignorant of the language; and you know that now she is surrounded by a lovely group of 350 girls of all ages, some of whom have been the whole period under her instruction, assemble daily in a commodious building, which we can call our own.

And you have heard through our own reports, and now especially through the well-written and truly faithful reports of our disinterested and intelligent friend, the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, of our family circle of female *eleves*. This branch of our missionary labor is becoming more and more important. It opens a prospect of extensive usefulness, and we view it as the only feasible means of extending the blessings of civilization, knowledge and religion, among the females of Greece. We here propose to educate native females from various parts of Greece, each of whom will return to her own district properly qualified, and under an obligation to instruct the females of her own section of country. In a country like Greece, where for time immemorial there have been so many sectional jealousies, no other plan could be devised so well calculated to benefit the class for whom it is designed. An Athenian would never be prevailed on to go to Thebes, much less to go to any part of the Peloponnesus, and vice versa. The government having readily assented to our proposals to receive under our own roof one from each of the ten provinces of Greece, and one from each of the colonies of the unfortunate islands of Crete, Scio, Samos and Ispara, (so cruelly excluded from the limits of Independent Greece by the policy of the three powers,) we have a certainty of having at least one well-educated girl sent out to each of these portions of Greece. It is but a beginning indeed,—but we must confine ourselves to what is within our power, in looking at the extensive field of duty as Christians; and our efforts here bear a much larger proportion to the actual demands of duty, than those of the Christian world to the whole field of desolation presented to their view.

We have a charming little family of 13 Greek girls, and we expect five others,—we had two more, but one has retired from ill health, and the other we dismissed as incompetent. You would be afflicted if you could see the applications we constantly receive, from all quarters and from all stations, from parents, to receive their children under our roof. But at present it is impossible; we have not the means, nor, until our expected assistants arrive, have we the force—for you must remember that, independent of the care of so large a family, we have five hundred children in our missionary schools. We have to attend to every application for the Scriptures and other religious books, and we have to maintain a correspondence with every part of the United States; while unfortunately, as it appears, each individual in that large space seems to think that we have only one correspondent, and that he is that one: and moreover, there is no one but Mrs. Hill and myself to do all this. (I speak now only of the Athens Mission.)

During the summer we have had no benefit from our usual vacation, and it is upwards of sixteen months since Mrs. Hill has been outside of our city walls, and more than a year since I lost sight of the Parthenon. A serious epidemic broke out early in July—an intermittent fever—which imposed upon us new duties, the care of the sick. In our own family only three persons were ill. My wife and myself were not attacked, but around us and in every part of the city our friends were suffering, and demanded our constant attention. The case of one individual called for commiseration. It was that of Madame —; she was the only daughter of Baron de —, one of the most distinguished writers of Germany on civil

law. On her arrival [here] she immediately sought an interview with me, and in a most interesting manner gave me an account of her earnest wish to be allowed to unite with us in our celebration of the Lord's-day at our own house. She had heard that I held divine service at my own house every Sunday. We found her a most invaluable acquisition to our society. To a highly cultivated mind she united the most ardent and enlightened piety. No pains had been spared by her accomplished father to give her every advantage of education. She spoke with fluency and elegance five modern languages, and was a most excellent Greek and Latin scholar. She seemed to take great delight in my wife's society, for in truth she found no kindred spirit in the few ladies at the court. After a very few month's residence here she was attacked by the epidemic fever and sent for us. Her husband and servants had all been seized prior to her, and had been removed to a healthier part of the town. We found her literally without any one to take care of her. We proposed to her that she should be removed to our own school house (as it was the period of our vacation) as affording her the advantage of a clean and commodious dwelling, and an airy and healthy situation. She was removed thus early in her sickness, and attended for a long while by my sister-in-law and others of our family, until her husband and others recovered. She lingered about five weeks, growing daily worse and worse, and died about four weeks ago. I buried her on the next day by permission of her husband, according to our rites. Her end was great peace. She told me she had not left it until that moment to prepare for death, either as regarded the affairs of this world or the next; that she had set her house in order before the summons came, that this year she must die; that she had long and ardently loved and followed the Saviour, who would not now forsake her, and much else to the same effect. She then gave me her will, requesting me, in the event of her death, to deliver it to the Countess de S. and to assist her in the execution of it. After this she never wished to converse about worldly matters, but sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, far from her father's house and native land, which she loved most devotedly. She was a regular attendant upon our Sunday services, and though not of our Church, she was exceedingly delighted with its forms. She made herself well acquainted with them from our prayer-book, a copy having been given her by Mrs. Hill. I have been called on to bury this summer, besides Madame —, another female who had attended our services once or twice—a Scotch woman, who was an upper domestic in the family of General Gordon, but I was not apprized of her illness until invited to her funeral. The General it is proper to say, was absent at the time, or she would not have been so neglected. I have buried two other individuals, both Protestants, but strangers to me, who died of this fever, making four in all, and a child.

From the British Colonist.

CASE OF ADULT BAPTISM.

Mr. Editor:—I was this summer on a tour to the westward of Magog Lake, and putting up on Saturday night in a small village, where is an English Church, I made up my mind to tarry the next day and attend divine service. Not liking their ceremonies before sermon, I waited till just as it was about to begin, before I went into the Church. On returning to the Inn, an old man asked me why I came in so late. I frankly gave him the reason. He remarked, that 'prayer was the chief business of a sinner in the house of God.' I felt my pride wounded at it; but, added he, I beg you will go this evening—there is to be an adult baptism—it is a charming young woman—and it is her request that the rite may be performed in the afternoon, at the end of the second lesson.

I accordingly went early, and had an opportunity of witnessing the whole. The Priest read the Baptismal Service in a most feeling and impressive manner. I forcibly brought to my recollection the old man's remark; and in spite of me, I felt ashamed of having given occasion to make it. The young woman made her responses in a steady and audible tone of voice. She was handsome—and I thought I never before saw a female appear so interesting. She was dedicating herself to God her Saviour! When he made the sign of the cross upon her forehead, 'in token that hereafter

she shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified,' I felt that it was not an unmeaning ceremony. Who need blush, even if the mark of the cross should remain visibly upon him? I thought I saw tears upon her cheeks, but it was the water of baptism. The minister pronounced her regenerate and born again—of water and the Spirit. I saw the water—and the solemn shade of deep devotion that overspread her countenance seemed to warrant the presence of the Holy Spirit also. Why should not he be present with his own rite? for into this name likewise is the Christian baptized.

She retired to her seat, and the minister went into the reading desk. He turned over a leaf in the book before him, and slowly and solemnly pronounced the words—'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word.'—It struck me like an electric shock—I voluntarily turned my eyes upon the baptized person—she attempted to make the response—'for mine eyes have seen thy salvation'—but she choked with emotion—the tears gushed from her eyes—and she hid her face in her handkerchief. The eyes of several others were fixed upon her—and the tremulous voice of the venerable priest, told that his heart was not of stone. He faltered for a moment—but an ingenuous blush flashed over his features—and I thought he assumed a collected air of awful dignity which I never before witnessed. Surely said I to myself, God invests his ministers, while in the faithful discharge of their holy office, with a portion of his own honor. Had I been an infidel, methinks that scene had at once demolished all my strong holds of unbelief. An indescribable distress fell darkly upon my spirit—I felt myself a stranger to God—a sinner—a rebel—but a golden twilight seemed to hover over my soul—and I saw that God is gracious, else he had never sent man a religion from heaven—and a Saviour from his own bosom.

Reader!—Will you call this fiction? Be it so—but may 'the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God' pierce your heart, and cut down the stubborn pride and unbelief that blinds it to the glory of Gospel things. O, ye careless ones!—how often have ye witnessed these same things without knowing they had ever happened! 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.'

How to fill a Church.—The Rev. Dr. Gilly, in his speech at Durham, of which some notice is taken in the account of the sufferings of the Irish clergy, relates the following anecdote as an example of the character and demeanor of that persecuted and reviled body of men. And it will not be denied that the case is highly pertinent to his purpose; especially if it be true, as he confidently adds, 'It is the case all over Ireland.' But we quote it here rather as an apt illustration of a principle of more general application, indicated by the title which we have ventured to prefix to this short paragraph.

'In illustration of my argument,' said Dr. Gilly, 'I will relate an anecdote, as it was told me by a well known Irish character, Thaddeus Conolly, who used to spend much of his time in wandering through Ireland and instructing the lower classes in their native language. 'I went,' said he, 'one Sunday into a church, to which a new incumbent had been lately appointed. The congregation did not exceed half a dozen, but the preacher delivered himself with as much energy and affection as if he were addressing a crowded audience. After service, I expressed to the clergyman my surprise that he should hold forth so fervently to such a small number.' 'Were there but one,' said the Rector, 'my anxiety for his improvement would make me equally energetic.' The following year Conolly went into the same church—the congregation was multiplied twenty fold; a third year he found the church full.'

The hand of God.—Bless God for what he has given you and for what he has taken from you the past year: in all his dispensations, his purpose has been rather to profit you, than to please you.

What we term "the courses of nature," is the administrations of Providence.

God, who feeds the ravens, (Ps. cxlviii. 6,) has never neglected to make provision for his children.

The Church of Christ.—God has no sons that are unlike himself.