

Missionary Intelligence.

From the Colonial Church Chronicle and Missionary Journal, for June, 1854.

THE HUDSON'S BAY MISSION.

"What became of Hudson?" is a question put by the rosy historian of the United States relative to the fate of that hardy Brit' seaman, after whom the great inland hyperborean sea, so well known to Englishmen, took its name, although it had been discovered nearly a century before the voyage of that intrepid navigator by Sebastian Cabot. "What became of Hudson? Did he die miserably of starvation? Did he reach land to perish by the fury of the natives? Was he crushed between ribs of ice? The returning ship encountered storms by which it is probable Hudson was overwhelmed. Alone, of the great navigators of that day, he lies buried in America; the gloomy waste of waters which bears his name is his tomb and his monument.

Intent upon the discovery of a passage through the Northern Seas into the Pacific, in the month of April 1610, Hudson left his native country, on his last voyage, never to return more. His crew mutinied, and casting him, his son and one faithful adherent adrift in a shallop belonging to their ship, he was heard of no more. Our own times, it is almost needless to remark, furnish in some respects a parallel of a like fate, befalling one fired by a like ambition. Mr. Anderson, in his "History of the Colonial Church," bears pleasing testimony to the devout spirit which animated Hudson and his followers, when about to embark for the same object on a former occasion. "Anno 1697, April the nineteenth, at St. Ethelburga, in Bishops' Gate Street, did communicate with the rest of the parishioners these persons, Seamen purposing to go to sea four days after, to discover a Passage by the North Pole to Japan and China." It is gratifying even at this day to record the devotion of one whose career was destined to obtain so sad a termination. Still more gratifying to reflect that, after the lapse of two hundred and forty-two years, an English Bishop visited these ice-bound regions; and having found, on these bleak and inhospitable shores, among the native inhabitants, converts not only fit for the reception of Holy Baptism, and for presentation to the rite of Confirmation, but also meet even to share in the sublimest act of Christian worship; he finally admitted to the Diaconate and Priesthood the layman (Mr. Horden) who, under God, had been instrumental in producing these results. Such and so great are the changes wrought by time! so, at least, we gather from a publication of the Bishop of Rupert's Land, giving an account of a journey to Albany and Moore on the south-east shore of Hudson's Bay, to which we cursorily alluded in a former Number.

It appears that, on the 28th of June, 1852, soon after the waters of the flood of that year had subsided, the Bishop left Fort Garry or St. Andrew's, arrived at Albany on the 28th of July, and returning home again on the 15th of October; his conveyance a canoe, his food pemmican and flour, his shelter at night of the rudest kind, during the short period we have mentioned, exposed about equally to the heat of midsummer, and to the ice and snow storms of the winter; doubtful even, on his return, whether the inclemency of the season might not force him to remain in the wilderness for a time. Yet, to counterbalance these hardships, which, by the way, are stated not as hardships, but as facts, there appears to be a great work begun among the Indians of this region, and likely spread beyond them even to the Esquimaux, for a Missionary, Mr. Watkins, and his wife, have been stationed on the other south-west side of the Bay, at Fort George, with whom they are likely to come in contact. Of the Esquimaux, the Bishop in more than one place of his journal speaks hopefully, as if their habits present few obstacles to the spread of Christianity among them; and judging by the accounts of our Arctic voyagers, their character, with few exceptions, appears to be peculiarly meek and gentle. At all events, the hope of being useful to this interesting race is one, among other reasons,

On the sixth day of absence from home, Bishop Anderson makes a halt between Islington and Fort Alexander, on Lake Winnipeg; and he gives the following description of

A SUNDAY IN THE WILDERNESS.

July 4th, Sunday.—A lovely morning of great heat. After breakfast we prepared for service; a large diluvial was stretched across the trees behind, as to form a partial shelter from the rays of the sun. There were ten in number—my eight children, my

companion, and myself. Robes were of course dispensed with in our open air services. All I could do was to make my travelling attire a little more episcopal with apron and bands. The men also were in their best capotes, so that the reverence due to the day was marked as far as circumstances would admit. Some of the Indians had come over, and remained close to us throughout, gazing in wonder. It almost reminded one of the Court of the Gentiles. . . . What a noble temple! In front, an amphitheatre of wood and rock, with the exquisite foreground of still water, of which there was a large expanse, larger than many of the smaller English lakes. We were ourselves on a rocky eminence, under a thickly wooded bank. Our singing was good; almost every voice joined. . . . After service we parted in groups. I gave my own men some tracts and books. H. A. Mackenzie read some passages in Oglethorpe to the Indians. James McKay read to me some hymns, with which he was familiar, from Dr. O'Meara's Prayer-book, and after leaving me, I heard him soon singing with the Indians one of the hymns which we had sung in their own tongue. I heard also a little girl say her alphabet and read; she was one of the children who had had some teaching at the White Dog.—Pp. 15-17.

On the same day, also, the Bishop falls in with an Indian conjuror, of whom he speaks in the following terms:—

"I went over in one of the small canoes to visit the Indian encampment, and to bid farewell to them all. There were two or three tents. I entered the largest, and there found the son of Wasachewas sitting in solitary state. I was about to sit down where I saw some articles expanded, and where at first I thought he had prepared a seat for me, but I found on a second look that these were idols of the chambers of imagery, the instruments of his art as a conjuror, and the feast spread out for the spirits. I asked him to explain his magic art, and he said he would, if I would give him some flour. I gave him instead a little tobacco, and I heard his tale. He showed, as a special favour, that which gave him his power—a bag with some reddish powder in it. He allowed me to handle and smell this mysterious stuff, and pointed out to me two little dolls or images, which, he said, gave him authority over the souls of others. . . . I said, I hoped he would ere long give all this up; that I had already baptized Jummia, as noted a conjuror as himself, now John Sumner, at Fairford; and I hoped that he would soon follow his example.—Pp. 18, 19.

(Remainder next week.)

Selections.

LORD HAILES AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.—"I was dining," said Dr. Buchanan, "some time ago, with a literary party at old Mr. Abercrombie's, of Trillibody (the father of Mr. Ralph Abercrombie, who was slain in Egypt) and we spent the evening together. A gentleman present put a question which puzzled the whole company. It was this: 'Supposing all the New Testaments in the world had been destroyed at the end of the third century, could their contents have been recovered from the writings of the first three centuries?' The question was novel to all, and no one even hazarded a guess in answer to the inquiry.

"About two months after this meeting, I received an invitation to breakfast with Lord Hailes, (Sir David Dalrymple) next morning. He had been one of the party. During breakfast he asked me if I recollected the curious question about the possibility of recovering the contents of the New Testament from the writings of the three first centuries. 'I remember it well, and have thought of it often, without being able to form an opinion or conjecture on the subject.'

"Well," said Lord Hailes, "that question quite accorded with the taste of my antiquarian mind. On returning home, as I knew I had all the writers of those centuries, I began immediately to collect them, that I might set to work on the arduous task as soon as possible." Pointing to a table covered with papers, he said, "There I have been busy these two months searching for chapters, half-chapters, and sentences of the New Testament, and have marked down what I found and where I found it, so that any person may examine and see for himself. I have actually discovered the whole New Testament, except seven or eleven verses, (I forget which,) which satisfies me that I could discover them also. God concealed or hid the treasures of his word, in a way that Julian, the apostate emperor, and the other enemies of Christ, who wished to extirpate the Gospel from the world, never would have thought of; and though they had, they never could have effected their destruction."—Haldane's Memoir.

A DEATH-BED IN BETHNAL GREEN.—I went into one room in this unhappy place—this core of all the misery in Bethnal-green—and saw a woman in bed with a three-weeks' infant on her arm. She was still too weak to rise, and her husband had died when the

baby was three days' old. She had four other children, and she panted to get up and earn. It taxed her heart to tell of her lost love, and the portion of her story that I here repeat was told by her, in the close narrow room, with a more touching emphasis than I can give it here: with tremblings of the voice and quiverings of the lip, that went warm to the hearts of all who listened:—"The morning before my husband died," she said, "he said to me, 'O Mary, I have had such a beautiful dream!—'Have you dear?' says I: 'do you think you feel strong enough to tell it to me?'—'Yes,' says he, 'I dreamt that I was in a large place where there was a microscope clock' (he meant a microscope), 'and I looked through it and saw the seven heavens all full of light and happiness, and straight before me, Mary, I saw a face that was like a face I know.' 'And whose face was it love?' says I. 'I do not know,' says he, 'but it was more beautiful than anything I ever saw, and bright and glorious, and I said to it, shall I be glorified with the same glory that you are glorified with? And the head bowed towards me. And I said, am I to die soon? And the head bowed towards me. And I said, shall I die to-morrow. And the face fixed its eyes on me and went away. And now what do you think that means?' 'I do not know,' says he, 'but I think it must mean that God is going to call you away from this world where you have had so much trouble, and your suffering is going to be at an end, but you must wait His time, and that is why the head went away when you said, shall I die to-morrow?' 'I suppose you are right,' says he, 'and I don't mind dying, but, O Mary, it goes to my heart to leave you and the young ones' (here the tears spread over the poor woman's eyes, and her voice began to tremble). 'I am afraid to part with you; I am afraid for you after I am gone.' 'You must not think of that,' says I; 'you have been a good husband, and its God's will you should go.'—'I won't go, Mary, without saying good-bye to you,' says he. 'If I can't speak, I'll wave my hand to you,' says he, 'and you will know when I'm going.' And so it was, for in his last hours he could not speak a word, and he waved so gently that I never should have known in what minute he died if I had not seen his hands moving and waving to me good-bye before he went." Such dreams and thoughts belong to quiet poverty. I have told this incident just as I heard it; and if I were a daily visitor in Bethnal-green, I should have many tales of the same kind to tell.—Dickens "Household Words."

WHAT HAS LY GOVERNMENT IS.—It is not to watch children with a suspicious eye; to frown at their merry outbursts of innocent hilarity; to suppress their joyous laughter, and to mould them into melancholy little idols of octogenarian gravity.

And when they have been in fault, it is not to punish them simply on account of the personal injury that you may have chanced to suffer in consequence of their fault; while disobedience, unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without rebuke.

Nor is it to overwhelm the little culprit with a flood of angry words; to stun him with a deafening voice; to call him by hard names, which do not express his misdeeds; to load him with epithets, which would be extravagant if applied to a fault of ten-fold enormity; or to declare with passionate vehemence that he is the worst child in the village and destined to the gallows.

But it is to watch anxiously for the first risings of sin and to repress them; to counteract the earlier workings of selfishness; to suppress the first beginnings of rebellion against rightful authority; to teach an implicit and unquestioning and cheerful obedience to the will of the parent, as the best preparation for a future allegiance to the requirement of the civil Magistrate, and to the laws of the great Ruler and Father in heaven.

It is to punish a fault because it is a fault; because it is sinful and contrary to the commands of God; without reference to whether it may or not have been productive of immediate injury to the parent or to others.

It is to reprove with calmness and composure, and not with angry irritation; in a few words, fitly chosen and not with a torrent of abuse; to punish as often as you threaten, and threaten only when you both intend and can remember to perform; to say what you mean, and infallibly to do as you say.

It is to govern your family as in the sight of Him, who gave you your authority; who will reward your strict fidelity with such blessings as he bestows on Abraham, or punish your criminal neglect with such curses as he visit on Eli.

THE PULS OF KINOSHOMA.—The constitution of a man's body is best known by his pulses; if it is strong and all, then we know that he is healthy; if it is weak, then