

## Missionary Record.

*Results of the Canadian Missions to England and the United States, in behalf of Trinity College, Toronto.*

We take the following from a report in a Canada paper of a late meeting of the D. C. S. in Canada West. It must be borne in mind that this was the second begging in England for that object, within two years.

"The Venble. the ARCHDEACON OF YORK, said, the universal and cordial concurrence of the meeting would he had no, doubt, relieve him from any lengthened advocacy of the sentiments which the resolution he was about to propose embodies. It was as follows:—

**Resolved 4.**—That the best thanks of this Society are due to, and are hereby warmly expressed to our fellow Churchmen of Great Britain, and the United States, for the sympathy they have manifested towards the Church in this diocese in their recent valuable and liberal contributions in aid of our Church University, Trinity College.

He said he should be wanting in duty to himself—to the benefactors of this Society and also to the meeting, if he did not express the grounds on which he felt that this Resolution should be sustained. He was honored with a commission from this Society, during his recent visit to Great Britain, to enlist the sympathies of Churchmen in the Mother Country, in our cause, and to endeavor to procure additional funds there for the Church University of Trinity College. Immediately on his arrival in England, he applied himself to the task of fulfilling this important trust. His first step was to procure a meeting of that Committee which had assisted his lordship two years before. A meeting was procured, at which among others, the Rev. Thomas Horne, Chas. Turner, Esq. and the Venerable Lord Seaton, formerly Governor here, had attended, (hear, hear.) He had laid before them a report of the present state of Trinity College, and its claims to public confidence both at home and abroad, the result was that he was instructed to embody the statements which he had made in a letter, which he did, and annexed to it as their report, was affixed a circular from them to which were the signatures of all the members of that Committee. He subsequently visited Canterbury at the period of the annual Commemoration of St. Augustine's College, and, there at a public meeting he brought the state of the Canadian Church before them, the details of which excited their sympathy as well as their indignation, at its wrongs. He subsequently visited other parts of England, and called on the laity and clergy where opportunity offered to enlist them on our behalf, and made arrangements to ensure subsequent success. He proceeded from Scotland to Ireland, and after a delay of a few days at Belfast, he went on to Armagh, where the Venerable Primate received him cordially, and promised at a future opportunity to do all in his power for them. He afterwards visited Dublin and Liverpool, Bristol, Southampton, and other places, distributing, and circulating information. Having also gone on the Continent he proposed to himself doing something even at Rome, and finding an old friend in the British Chaplain there, he had asked his permission to a collection there, which would have been made, but for it being the time at which the English residents were mostly absent. The intention was abandoned, but a single generous individual there had made a donation equal to any probable collection, and so even from Imperial Rome, we may, now say we have obtained aid to our undertaking (Hear, hear.) Having returned to England, he there completed his labors, visiting many towns and travelling in all little short of 7000 miles, and by sermons and personal solicitation, adding to their funds. The amount it is true was not equal to what had been anticipated, but looking at all the difficulties then in his way, we ought not to be disappointed.

Speaking of the Church, though deprived of the Clergy reserves, he says. The reed was bruised, not broken, crippled, but not destroyed. The foundation of the Church, was laid. The Clergy were not wanting in their exertions, and the laity would warmly and energetically co-operate with their spiritual guides. We shall have warm hearts, and zealous hands to aid us, and we may reckon on the expression of warm and substantial sympathy from the Church in the United States. He would conclude by quoting the following passage, so descriptive of our church.

"There she stands such as God intended his Church to be. For three hundred years she has been to you the inspirer of your holiest thoughts and noblest enterprises. She has taught you the gospel in its purity, its loveliness and its power. She has taught you to love liberty, and to seek it in the path of obedience and duty,

and she has showed you the true secret of happiness in a heart fearing God and loving man. She has made home the darling word of the English tongue, and mother its inspiring idea; and all this she has done by teaching you to read and understand aright the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation. Even he then who dissonts from that church, but especially he who betrays it; and above all the man who wars against its spirit by a life of selfishness or irreligion—such a man is in such degree the enemy of his country, the enemy of the human race, the breeder and propagator of Vandalism—the forerunner of the barbarians." (Great applause.)

The Rev. Dr. McMurray rose to second the resolution, and said he thought he could not do so more effectually than by reading the report of his mission to the United States, which he then did at great length, and by which it appeared he had been met there with warm sympathy, and had received contributions to the extent of \$8251 54, and with donations in books and land, the entire contribution could not have been less than ten thousand dollars. (Cheers.) The reading of this report was listened to with much attention, and occupied a long time.

**OREGON.**—The Rev. Mr. Fackler, of Oregon City, writes:—"I have just heard that another missionary has been appointed for Oregon, but I did not hear his name. I hope to see him soon among us. In my last I mentioned Mr. Woodward as being likely to remain at Portland; I am sorry now to say that it is not likely that he will officiate there. During the winter it is impossible for me to go to that place, with any kind of regularity, and consequently for the present they can have no service. Indeed, for the last six weeks, it has been very difficult to travel above Portland. We are in the midst of a snow-storm such as seldom occurs in this region, and there is just reason to fear that stock of all kinds will suffer, and that the most of the cattle driven from the states the past season will perish. Every kind of provision is very high and likely to be very scarce—I suppose that the cost of living will be advanced at least one-third above the former rates. We are beginning to look with much interest for importation of flour and provisions generally from the States. I mention these things because they have an important bearing on our plans and operations in Church matters. Mr. Richmond will be able to give you a correct view of the state territory, and I sincerely hope that some plan may be devised which, with Divine blessing, may be successful in building up the Church in Oregon. I sorely regret that Mr. Richmond is obliged by the state of his health to leave us, and the only consolation is that he may be able to help the cause still. I am sure he has the disposition to do so, and we shall not cease to pray for his success. I have now nearly completed my house, and will be glad to offer a home, such as it is, to any missionary who may come out. I send you by this mail the last number of the Oregon Statesman, the only paper published in this city, for the sake of an article headed 'Union of Churches in Oregon,' as an item of ecclesiastical news. The ministers mentioned live on claims, and support themselves for the most part. The Methodists have now over twenty ministers actively employed either in teaching or preaching—most of them are supported in part by the circuits to which they belong."

## Youths' Department.

## A THRILLING SCENE.

The following narrative—a true one—describes a scene that actually took place not many years since, in a country town in the State of Maine.

One evening in the month of December, 1834, a number of townsmen had assembled at the store of Mr. Putman to talk over 'matters and things,' smoke, drink, and in short do anything 'to kill time.'

Three hours had thus passed away. They had laughed, and talked, and drank, and chatted, and had a good time, generally: so about the usual hour of shutting up shop each of the party felt particularly first-rate.

'Come,' said Charles Hatch,—one of the company—'let's all liquor, and then have a game of high-law Jack.'

'So I say,' exclaimed another—'who's got the cards?'

'Fetch along your keards,' drawled out a third, his eyes half closed, through the effect of the liquor he had drank.

After drinking all round, an old pine table was drawn up before the fire-place, where burned brightly a large fire of hemlock logs, which would snap and crackle—throwing large live coals out upon the hearth.

All drew up around the table, seating themselves on whatever came handiest. Four of them rolled up

to the table some kegs, which from their weight were supposed to contain nails.

'Now sniu Hatch, 'how shall we play—every one for himself?'

'No, have partners,' growled one man.

'I say every one for himself,' exclaimed another.

'No, hang'd if I'll play so,' shouted the former; bringing his fist down on the table, knocking one candle out of the stick, and another upon the floor.

'Come, come,' said Hatch, 'no quarrelling, all play for having partners, stand up.'

Three arose.

'No all who say each one for himself, stand up.'

The remaining four immediately got up.

'You see, Barclay,' said Hatch, 'the majority are against you. Come, will you play?'

'Well, as I don't want to be on the opposite side I'll play,' answered Barclay, somewhat cooled down.

Mr. Putman was not in the store that evening, and the clerk who was very busy behind the counter had taken very little notice of the proceedings. About half-past ten, Mr. Putman thought he would step over to his store and see that everything was safe. As he went in he walked up to the fire.

When within a few steps of where the men were sitting, he started back in horror.

Before him sat seven men, half crazy with drink and the excitement of playing cards. There they were, within a few feet of the fire just described—and four of them seated on kegs of powder!

Barclay—who was a very heavy man—had pressed in the head of the keg on which he sat, bursting the top hoop, and pressing the powder out through the chinks. By the continued motion of their feet, the powder had become spread about the floor, and now covered a space of two feet around them.

Mr. Putman's first movement was towards the door—but recovering himself, he walked up to the fire.—Should either of them attempt to rise, he thought, and scatter a few grains a little further into the fire-place where a large quantity of live coals!—

At that moment Hatch looked up, and seeing Mr. Putman with his face deadly pale gazing into the fire, exclaimed,

'Good God, Putman what ails you? and at the same time made a motion to rise.

'For Heaven's sake gentlemen, do not rise, said Mr. Putman. 'Four of you sit on kegs of powder—it is scattered all around you—one movement might send you all to eternity. There are two buckets of water behind the bar. But keep your seats for one minute and you are saved—move, and you are dead men!'

In an instant every man was perfectly sobered—not a limb moved—each seemed paralysed.

In less time than we have described this thrilling scene, Mr. Putman had poured the water and completely saturated the powder on the floor, and extinguished the fire so that an explosion was impossible. Then and not till then, was a word spoken.

Before these seven men left the store that night, they pledged themselves never to taste another drop of liquor, or play another game of cards!

**HOME'S BRIGHT STAR.**—A correspondent of the Knickerbroker thus writes:—"Though helpless and dependent, a little child has enough brightness in his eyes and gaiety in his prattle to fill a household with joy. When he awakes first at the "peep of day," and imprints kisses on his parents' lips, their fragrance is sweeter than that of the morn. The music of his voice is like the song of birds at the approach of light; his smile more sunny than the first entrance of sunbeams into the room. His little arm-chair, on high stilts, is scrupulously placed when the fast is broken, and he is no unimportant member of the family board. During the day, how pleasant the pattering of his feet on the staircase, his voice in the court-yard, his frequent bursting into the room with some new tale! At night he kneels down, white-clad, as before some holy altar, at his mother's knees, and his little prayer goes straight to heaven from a child's heart. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained praise." Not unfrequent, when he sleeps, are the mother's pilgrimages to his couch, while under his long laces and sealed-up lids the spirit of a cherub seems to dwell. But O, if God, in his wise providence, should change that repose into the sleep of death, and the white flowers are placed upon his breast, in his little clasped hands, the tears which sparkle on his brow are bright, but, perhaps, the bitterest ever shed. Dear little C. is dead! Remember the last time I saw him was, on a beautiful evening in autumn. We all sat in the summerhouse. The moon arose, and the stars twinkled, and were reflected in the waves which beat below the cliffs. The child looked