

Missionary Record.

MOOSE OF RUPERT'S LAND.

We are permitted to publish the following extract from a letter of the Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land to the Lord Bishop of Quebec, containing an account of the recent inundation in that Territory.—*Quebec Eccl. Gazette.*

"You will learn with much pain that a desolating flood, a recurrence of that of 1826, has visited our settlement. The waters rose very fearfully on the departure of the ice; an immense number of houses have been swept away, many have lost their all (especially the Canadians) and are now tented out on the higher ground. We are here on the spot which has twice afforded a refuge to the settlement, and which is surely therefore a suitable spot for the erection of a Church (St. James, Assiniboine.) The parsonage house is nearly completed, and we are now enjoying all that the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor can do for us. My own house is almost a wreck, though it still stands; all the fences, pickets and platforms are gone. The bridges all along the road, which were erected last year at an outlay of £600, are all floating, and the plains look exactly like the sea with the waves rolling high.—The upper Church has more than two feet of water in it; the middle church the same; the Rapids District and that around us are mercifully spared. The people bear their losses in a most uncomplaining spirit, and manifest much submission. The painful part is the anticipation of the winter. No wheat can be grown on the flooded land, only barley and potatoes. I am sowing on the Mission Farm at St. Andrew's, which has hitherto been uncultivated. I fear that I must give up one or other school, and that, when education seemed to be making a great advance, is to me an unspeakable pain. It will be long before the range of buildings could be inhabited, and even after that it would be difficult to supply so many with provisions.

"God has very graciously preserved us all. Our only loss is a very faithful servant who was accidentally drowned from his own rashness when venturing out, when late and dark, to visit his wife. With this exception there is not any loss of life. The cattle too are nearly saved. But the loss of property, houses, barns, and grain is prodigious. A more heart-rending scene I never witnessed.

"At the Middle Church the river is about 12 miles broad; you can see nothing but water as far as the Little Mountain. The water covers the sandal in my own garden; in my house we pass in *bateaux* from one part of it to another.

In the Upper Church it is about 2½ feet deep, and some of the railings of the gravestones are floating two miles off. It is scarcely so high as the other flood, but the channel of the river is said to be deeper, so that the volume of water may be the same; but the amount of desolation is incalculably greater; then they had little to lose; very few cattle, very poor houses, and little in them—now it is different.

"Last Sunday I had a delightful service on the Little Mountain, where the pensioners and others are tented. The tents around me, a semicircle of 150 people before me, and a bright sun over head formed a beautiful scene, of which I could have wished a picture. The singing was beautiful and touching, four Psalms and the Te Deum under the open heaven.—I preached from Genesis xix, 27 and 28, on Abraham viewing the cities of the plain. In the evening we had full service here, in Mr. Taylor's house, with an overflowing congregation.

"It will, I fear, alter many of my fondly cherished plans. I can hardly think of my journey to Moose this summer, when there is desolation around here. But all is with God to arrange according to His own wisdom. It will, too, I fear, carry away some of our most active settlers, some may change their locality and remove from the spots under water now, and move higher up the Assiniboine.

"It will throw the whole settlement back many years, to return to farms and houses without a fence, or wood for the winter, and start almost afresh. But I am, I confess, surprised at the calmness with which the settlers view it, so different from the impatience which often marks the European.

"I write in haste, with much on my mind, but I was unwilling that your Lordship should learn first the tidings from the newspapers. I am sure that we shall have your deepest sympathy in our trial, and your prayers that the afflictive visitation may be blessed to the present and everlasting good of all involved in it. The water is now stationary, and I trust that it will soon subside."

LATENT CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.—The following incident related by Mr. Goddard of the Ningpo Mission, under date March 6th, cannot fail to excite a deep interest, and to suggest many questions. That Christianity was introduced into China at an early period in the history of the church, does not admit of a doubt, but all the living trace of the churches then planted has been thought to be lost. But may there not be a remnant hidden there?

"A few days since, a respectable looking stranger came into our chapel and listened with much apparent attention to the discussion. After service he stopped to converse. He said that he and his ancestors had worshipped only one God the Creator. He knew of Moses, and Jesus, and Mary, said he was not a Romanist nor Mohammedan, neither had he seen our books, but the doctrine was handed down from his ancestors. He did not know where they obtained it, nor for how many generations they had followed it. He was from one of the western provinces of China, and said that in his native place there are some thirty families of the same religion. They have books but do not propagate them."

Youth's Department.

"IT IS SUNDAY."

The following beautiful lines from the Charleston Rosebud, contain a useful and interesting moral to the comprehension of children, and may not be devoid of interest to readers of an older growth.

"WHAT is the lady doing there.
In such a posture?" Anna cried.
"The lady kneels in humble prayer,"
Her sister Nell replied.

Young Anna's sisken lashes fell;
"You say the lady kneels in prayer,
To-day, you know, is Friday, Nell,
And is it Sunday there?"

"Oh, sister dear, can no one pray
At any other time as well?"
Must Sunday be the only day?"
Said thoughtful Isabel.

"I should be very sad if I
Who sorrow almost every day
For something wrong, must wait and sigh.
Till Sunday comes, to pray.

When I have erred in deed or word,
And tears arise, and blind my eye,
My heart and lips with prayer are stirred,
Till I forgot to sigh.

"When softly on my downy bed
I wake, and find the morn'ning here,
I think whose smile that morning made,
And speak to God in prayer.

"When day's bright door is shut, I know
Whose viewless hand forbids her beam,
And dare not to my slumber go,
Till I have prayed to Him.

"Oh, sister dear, no matter where,
No matter what the hour of day,
The solemn eve, the morning fair—
'Tis always good to pray."

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.—Young man is that your father? How could you make use of language so disrespectful? You don't care? You will talk as you please, no matter who hears you? If we were in want of a clerk, and there was not another young man within ten hundred miles that we could engage, we would not consent to take you. We should be afraid to trust a boy who is so disobedient to his parents—who showed so little respect for his father. A youth who was saucy to his parents we never knew to turn out well. He respects nobody. If your father is in the wrong and you are certain of it, there is no excuse for such language. No one will respect you for it. Everybody will condemn you. A parent should be treated with respect by his children, and no matter how poor he may be, or how large his family may have grown.

There is too little respect paid to parental authority at the present day. It is grievous to go into many families and hear the language daily used by the children. "I will," "don't care," "it's none of your business." I am old enough to know what is right; and the like expressions, are painfully common. Large boys and grown up girls even, do not hesitate to give their mother the lie, and break away from their express commands. They will do as they please, and go where they have a mind. We wish such children could only see how they appear in the eyes of their acquaintances, and if they have any shame, it must flush their cheeks. There is truth as well as beauty in a couplet by Randolph.

Whoever makes his parent's heart to bleed,
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.
Of one thing we are certain—an undutiful son and a

disobedient daughter cannot long prosper. For a season they may appear well to the eye of a stranger, but their self will and stubbornness are soon discovered, and they are despised. A child who disobeys his parents will not hesitate to abuse any body. Neither eyes nor talents receive respect from him.

FILIAL DUTY.—The great law of nature has implanted in every human breast, a disposition to love and revere those to whom we have been taught from our earliest infancy, to look up for every comfort, convenience, and pleasure in life. While we remain in a state of dependence on them, this impression continues in its full force, but certain it is, that it has a tendency to wear off, as we become masters of ourselves; and hence the propriety of those laws by which, in the institutions of different nations, it has been attempted to guard against a degeneracy into filial ingratitude and disobedience.

"Honour thy father and thy mother," was the command of the Divine author of the Jewish dispensation. "That thy days may be long in the land," is the peculiar reward which he promises to those who obey the solemn injunction. And as he has been pleased to express his approbation of a steady adherence to this law, by singular marks of favor, so also did he wish the breach of it by exemplary displeasure—death was the only expiation for this offence.

In China, let a son become ever so rich, and a father ever so poor, there is no submission, no point of obedience, that the latter cannot command, or that the former can refuse, and the filial duty is the same with the prince as with the peasant; and the emperor every New-Year's day, pays a particular homage to his mother in the palace, at which ceremony all the great officers of the state assist.

When Edward the First, king of England, was in the Holy Land, he received, successively, the news of the death of his only son, and of his father, Henry the Third. He took the first loss resignedly; but on the second, he was quite comfortless and dejected. When Charles, king of Sicily, expressed his surprise at this difference, Edward replied, "God may send me more sons; but the death of a father is irrecoverable."

THE STEP-LADDER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PLUFFEL.

A sparrow caught a big blue bottle
Fly upon a weeping willow,
He buzzed—Phil held him by the throttle,
"O let me go, there's a good fellow!"
"No," says the murderer, "not at all;
For I am big and you are small."

A sparrow-hawk pounced on Herr Sparrow,
Enjoying his repast. Like fun,
He plunged his talons in his marrow.
"O let me go! What have I done?"
"O," says the murderer, "not at all;
For I am big and you are small."

An eagle spied the sport, and lo!
Dropped in to have a bit of dinner
"O, please your majesty, let me go;
Have mercy on a worthless sinner."
"Pooh!" says the murderer, "not at all;
For I am big and you are small."

While yet the king the bones was picking,
An archer served him out his gruel,
An arrow in his gizzard sticking
Made him exclaim—O dear, how cruel!
"Tush!" quoth the archer, "not at all,
For I am big and you are small."

Correspondence.

[The Editor is not responsible for the sentiments or statements of his Correspondents.]

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

OUR PRESENT POSITION.

NO. III.

My last communication concluded with expressing my belief that, under present circumstances, only one of two courses was open to the Churchmen of Nova Scotia, viz. either to obtain a great modification in the presentation clause of the Revised Statute, or to quadruple their annual contributions for Church purposes. Let us briefly examine which of these alternatives it will be most prudent as well as most practicable for you to carry into effect.

Doubtless prudence would at once suggest the propriety or even necessity, of altering the Statute, or to modify it in such a manner as to make it legal for the Bishop to dispense with a formal presentation in the case of Missions, which could afford little or nothing for the support of the Parishes. Common justice in fact demands that some distinction should be made between Parishes that are, or may shortly become, self-supporting, and those which are not, and cannot be rendered so for many years to come. It is this absence of due discrimination, in the law which in a preceding