

## Missionary Intelligence.

TRIENNIAL VISITATION OF THE LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO.—On Wednesday last, his Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, held his Triennial Visitation in the Cathedral Church of St. James in this city. Morning prayer commenced at half-past ten o'clock, when the prayers were said by the Rev. Saltern Givins, of Springfield, Cre lit, and the lessons read by the Rev. John Pentland, of Whitby. The Anthem was well chosen from Psalms cxxii, 6—9,—"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, &c." The visitation sermon was preached by the Rev. Henry Patton, Rural Dean and Rector of Cornwall.

After the administration of the Holy Communion, of which all the Clergy assembled, and many of the laity, (lay delegates apparently) partook, a recess of an hour took place, after which they re-assembled to hear the Episcopal charge. We have not seen a list of the Clergy, as they answered from the roll: but we imagine that there could not have been fewer than 140 present, that is within some ten or so of the whole number in the Diocese. The Bishop seated in his Episcopal chair, and surrounded by the Archdeacons, and the other Clergy, together with the lay delegates, proceeded to deliver his charge, which occupied about two hours. Every possible effort, we are happy to inform our readers, is being made to place this important document speedily before the public.

After the charge had been delivered, the Conference was organized: the Clerical and Lay Secretaries being appointed, and the certificates of the Lay Delegates handed in. The Rev. J. G. Geddes was proposed for Clerical Secretary by the Rev. Dr. Murray, seconded by the Rev. Francis Evans: and James Bovell, Esq., M. D., was proposed for Lay Secretary by the Hon. George S. Boulton, seconded by the Hon. Peter Boyle de Blaquiere. It will be remembered that Mr. Geddes and Dr. Bovell were the Secretaries at our last Conference. The proceedings of this day closed with an announcement from the Bishop that the Conference would meet in Session, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, on the morrow, at 10 o'clock.—Church.

WESTERN NEW YORK.—The *Journal* of the Sixteenth Annual Convention, held at Buffalo, on the 17th and 18th of August, has come to hand. The number of organized congregations is 142, of the clergy 125.—One hundred and eight parishes report 8,100 communicants. During the past year there have been 1,652 baptisms, 278 adult, 1,232 infant; 12 ordained to the priesthood, and 6 to the deaconate. The number of Sunday School Teachers given in eighty-five reports, 817; of scholars, 5,255; consecration of churches 4. The present number of candidates for orders is 9.—"For recognized Church objects," aside from contributions for Parish purposes, \$12,528 has been raised. Of this sum \$1,524 is accredited to the Fund for Disabled Clergymen; \$4,522 to the stipends of 49 missionaries. Fifty, nearly one-third, of the churches of the Diocese are provided with parsonages. While in Great Britain, to attend the Jubilee, Bishop DE LANEY delivered 43 sermons and addresses, and administered the holy communion 5 times. In his address, alluding to the question, what portion of his means a Christian ought to bestow upon the sustentation of the cause of God, in the various forms in which it appeals to us, the Bishop refers to principles sure to guide in the right path. He remarks:

If we fairly interpret the ordinance founded on the analogy of the Mosaic rule, that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel, as they who served at the altar were partakers with the altar; if we advert to the liberality of the early followers of CHRIST; if we refer to the views of the Christian fathers of the earliest ages, in their interpretation of the rule of duty; and if to all this we annex the fact indisputable, that all we have comes from God's beneficence to us, I think we may reach the conclusion that there is no one amongst us, but may rightly and safely adopt the principle that the tenth of his income is the amount which he may and should give to the cause of that God who has given to him the all that he possesses or controls.

The carrying out of this principle by the members of almost any established congregation in the Diocese, would amply sustain it in health and vigour in all its departments of ministry, edifices, schools, charities and public worship. If extended to the Church at large, it would invigorate, sustain, and amplify all her enterprises for the good of man, and glory of God.

GENERAL CONVENTION.—The General Convention adjourned sine die, on Wednesday afternoon. It is conceded on all hands to have been remarkable for the effecting of party lines, and the prevalence of a kind and Christian spirit. The next triennial meeting will be held in this city, October, 1856.—*Phil. Ep. Rec.*

## Youth's Department,

## CURIOUS RHYMES.

What is earth, santon—  
A place to dig graves;  
What is earth, rich man—  
A place to work slaves;  
What is earth, grey board—  
A place to grow old;  
What is earth, miser—  
A place to dig gold;  
What is earth, school-boy—  
A place for my play;  
What is earth, madman—  
A place to be gay;  
What is earth, seamstress—  
A place where I weep;  
What is earth, sloop—  
A good place to sleep;  
What is earth, soldier—  
A place for battle;  
What is earth, herdsman—  
A place to raise cattle;  
What is earth, widow—  
A place of true sorrow;  
What is earth, tradesman—  
I'll tell you to-morrow;  
What is earth, sick man—  
'Tis nothing to me;  
What is earth, sailor—  
My home is the sea;  
What is earth, statesman—  
A place to win fame;  
What is earth, author—  
I'll write there my name;  
What is earth, monarch—  
For my realm, 'tis given;  
What is earth, Christian—  
The gateway of heaven!

HATTIE'S QUARTER OF A DOLLAR.—It was always a joyous day to us when Uncle Walter came from New York to make us a visit; we loved him very much, as he could race with us in the garden, and frolicked with us in the house, and brought us many pretty gifts.

On one of these visits, as we were playing around him, he said, "My hair is turning gray; now, I will give each of you a penny for every gray hair you shall pull out of my head." We were quite amused at the idea, and went busily to work on the gray hairs, and discussing how we would spend our money. As Uncle Walter had a profusion of black, curling, glossy hair, it was no easy matter to find the gray ones, which were few and far between. Cate was the most expert at finding them, and soon counted out twenty-five, stating that she was tired and could find no more. She received a quarter of a dollar as pay, and ran off to play. Hattie and myself were determined to earn the same, and persevered until we each counted out twenty-five, and also received a quarter a piece.

I purchased a book with mine the next day, and Cate spent hers in toys and candy, but Hattie put hers in a tin box, and put it away in her drawer. We asked her what she would spend it for, but she always said she did not know. She kept it on, on many months, and Cate and I thought she looked very rich when she took it out, and washed we had kept ours. Many an odd penny and sixpence were received by her and spent, but the hoarded quarter still kept its place in the tin box. It remained there two or three years. Our dear mother was taken sick, and lay for many months in a low state. She was gradually failing, but we were hardly aware of it. The only thing she relished was fresh fruit, and it was often very expensive and difficult to obtain. One day as we went to school, we observed some fine large oranges at a store: "Oh I wish dear mother had them," I said. Hattie said nothing, but on returning from school, took the long-boarded quarter from the tin box, and bought with it four fresh oranges for our sick mother. "Where did you get them, my dear?" asked her mother; "they are uncommonly fine ones." "I bought them for you, dear mother, with my quarter of a dollar," said Hattie. Though a tear came in the languid eye of our sick mother, there was a smile on her lip as she thanked and caressed her little daughter.

Dear children, which was the most refreshing to our mother, the sweet oranges to her feverish lips, or the proof of disinterested love from her little daughter? Our dear mother lived but a few days after this, and one of the last things she tasted was the orange bought by Hattie, whose affection cheered her dying hour. Many years have passed since then, but the story of Hattie's long-boarded quarter is often mentioned among us, and is a sweet remembrance to her. Watch every opportunity to testify your love and gratitude to your parents. Esteem nothing a sacrifice which can assist or serve them. You know not "how sharper than a

serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," and the bitter, bitter tears one act of disrespect or unkindness from you causes them to shed, or the glad sunshine you bring to their hearts by your dutiful gratitude and kindly love.—*Child's Papers.*

OPENING THE GATE.—The following article, from the *Mali on (Georgia) Family Visitor*, contains a hint which many boys may profit by. There are too many youths who sit down and wait for others to "open the gate" for them when they meet with any difficulty, instead of using their own hands and strength to remove the obstacle.

"I wish that you would send a boy to open the gate for me," said a well-grown boy of ten to his father, as he passed with his satchel upon his back, and surveyed its clasped fastenings.

"Why, JOHN, can't you open the gate for yourself?" and Mrs. Day. "A boy of your age and strength ought certainly to be able to do that."

"I could do it, I suppose," said the child, "but it's heavy, and I don't like the trouble. The servant can open it for me just as well. Pray, what is the use of having servants, if they are not to wait upon us?"

The servant was sent to open the gate. The boy passed out, and went whistling on his way to school. When he reached his seat in the academy he drew from his satchel his arithmetic, and began to inspect his sums.

"I cannot do these," he whispered to his seatmate, "they are too hard."

"But you can try," replied his companion.

"I know that I can," said JOHN, "but it's too much trouble. Pray what are teachers for, if not to help us out of difficulties? I shall carry my slate to Professor Helpwell."

Alas! poor JOHN. He had come to another closed gate—a gate leading into a beautiful science, "the laws of which are the mode in which God acts, in sustaining all the works of his hands"—the science of mathematics. He could have opened the gate and entered in alone, and explored the riches of the realm, but his mother had injudiciously let him rest with the idea that it is as well to have the gate opened for us as to exert our strength. The result was, her son, like the young hopeful sent to Mr. Wiseman, soon concluded that he had no "genius" for mathematics, and threw up the study.

The same was true of Latin. He could have learned the declensions of the nouns and the conjugation of the verbs as well as other boys of his age, but his seatmate very kindly volunteered to "tell him in class," and what was the use in opening the gate into the Latin language when another would do it for him? Oh, no! John Easy had no idea of tasking mental or physical strength, when he could avoid it, and the consequence was that numerous gates remained closed to him all of his life—gates to honor—gates to riches—gates to happiness! Children ought to be early taught that it is always best to help themselves.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.—Come to me, little child! I am going to teach you a sweet lesson out of God's precious book. This is the Bible, you know—God's own book. He gives it to us, and he bids us teach our children out of it. So I am going to teach you one sweet little verse:

"Thou God see'st me!"

Yes, God sees you, standing or sitting there. And he likes to see you learning a verse out of His own book, for he loves His children. He is full of love.

God is here now. He is in this very room. You can't see him; but he sees you. Wherever you are, he watches you; and he takes care of you at night when it is dark, and when nobody can see you but God. He sees you, too, when you awake in the morning, and open your eyes, and jump out of your little bed. For God is always beside you.

He sees you when you are naughty, and then he is displeased. He sees you when you are trying to do right just as he tells you to do, and then he is pleased with you.—*Youth's Penny Gazette.*

LITTLE BOY'S SNOODLE PRAY.—A little boy, only four years of age, said to his mother, while undressing for sleep:—"Mother, why can't I make a prayer for myself? I can think of a great many things I want to ask God for, which are not in the little prayer I always say. There is my little cousin William, who is too small to pray for himself; I want to ask God to make him a good boy. There are other things, too, I want to say."

What mother would not rejoice to hear this? Parents, how very early your children come to you for temporal things! Teach them to ask God as early for spiritual blessings.