

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

SABBATH IN THE WILDERNESS.

The following spirited account of a Sabbath in the solitudes is taken from the remarks of the Rev. John Todd, at one of the late benevolent celebrations at Boston :

In the northern part of the State of New York, he said, between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, between the Mohawk and the Hudson, there is a wilderness 150 miles long and 100 miles wide. I had no conception that there was such a wilderness this side of the Mississippi.

This wilderness is filled with lofty mountains, little inferior to the White Mountains of New Hampshire. On the tops of these mountains clouds gather and pour down their rains, and scatter their snows, so that large reservoirs are needed to hold the superabundant waters. The hand of God has hollowed out a number of beautiful lakes, in the bosom of these mountains, for this purpose ; and here arise the rivers which flow in various directions to the sea. In the course of the last summer, in company with a learned friend, I entered that wilderness, and penetrated to the centre, where is a beautiful lake of 20 or 30 miles in length, and several miles wide, interspersed with little islands. Here we found seven families, that lived alone. They had a little foot-path through the wilderness, so that, when they wanted to step into any store, to buy any necessaries, they could do so by following this foot-path only forty-three miles ! or if a man wants bread for his family, he has only to take his grain on his back and go the distance and get it ground, and bring it back in the same way. These people were keen at hunting and fishing, but children at every thing else. But death had entered even there, and taken a beautiful girl of 17, who had just died with no one to administer the consolations of religion, or to perform religious services at her funeral. It was Saturday night. The sun was an hour high. When it was known that we were ministers of the Gospel, two young ladies jumped into a little boat and rowed four or five miles to tell the neighbours. The next morning was still. There was no hunting or fishing. The coons screamed unmolested after their prey. It was the first Sabbath that was ever kept there, and I was to preach. We met in a little hut covered with bark. All were there. We could not sing, for no one could raise a tune. In the afternoon, to accommodate a mother that had a young child, the meeting was appointed seven miles up the lake. We found them all there. One old hunter came down from forty miles further up ; and he was able to raise a tune—a half hunter's and half psalm tune. What a meeting was that ! There were only 33 souls,—but they came round to me and said if I would come and live among them, they would give me fish enough to eat, and stop hunting on the Sabbath. When we separated, as we got out a little way from them, there was a pause—they raised the tune and began to sing the hymn,

" People of the living God," &c.

Was I weak because I wept ? These are the sheep which have strayed from our fold—the poor ones of the family, whom we are to send after.

INTERESTING MISSIONARY NARRATIVES.

The ensuing facts are extracted from the speeches delivered at the recent meeting of the London Missionary Society :

**CHURCH MEETING IN THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.**—One afternoon they were holding a church meeting, and a person was about to be received into communion who had been a member formerly, but had disgraced his Christian profession. He had given satisfactory evidence of genuine repentance, and I was just about to put the question, whether he should be received, when a man stood up in a distant part of the chapel, and said, " I think, brethren and sisters, I also have a little word to say, respecting our returning brother ; while you have been asking questions, I have been thinking of Noah's ark. A bird went out and found no rest for the sole of its foot. What did Noah do ? Did he shut the door and the window ? No ; he held out his hand and took it in, that it might there find rest. I think that ark resembles the Church. Our brother was in the Church formerly, but he went out ; he has been

seeking peace in the objects of the world, but he has not found it, and now he has come back to the Church. What shall be our conduct to our returning brother ? Shall we shut the door against him ? No ; like Noah, let us put out our hand, take hold of our returning brother, and put him in the Church again, that he may there find peace. I therefore propose that our brother may be received."—Pritchard.

**WAY TO SLEEP COMFORTABLY.**—Mr. Pritchard stated, that at the missionary meetings held by the natives in the Island of the Pacific there were sometimes 18 or 20 speeches made. He gave the following as a specimen :

" Friends, I sleep comfortably tonight ; in fact I sleep comfortably every night. And there are three reasons why I can sleep so comfortably now. First, I have my Bible and my other books." And holding up his little basket, he said, " Look here ; here they are, I always have them with me ; and can read them when I like ; therefore I can sleep comfortably. Secondly, because we have for a long time been praying to God for a missionary from Britain, and now we have him. Here he is in the midst of us ; our prayers have been answered ; therefore now I can sleep comfortably. Thirdly, because we are all friends and live in harmony, and this day meet together in peace ; therefore I can now sleep comfortably. It was quite different formerly. I was then one of the watchmen, who looked out for the approach of the enemy ; but I never could sleep comfortably then. In fact I have slept in many places during my life time, but until the coming of the Gospel I could never sleep comfortably."

**AN ANECDOTE WORTH REMEMBERING.**—Rev. Mr. Galusha, as the congregation was going out, related an anecdote which served to show that we must give to this cause whether we will or not. There were two men in New York State in good circumstances, one liberal and the other covetous. The latter, however, in a fit of benevolence gave one year 25 cents to missions. At the close of the year his neighbor paid him a visit, and told him he had come to labor with him for giving *too much* to the missionary cause. " Why," says the other, " I only gave two shillings." " Well," asked his friend, " how many horses have you lost ?" " Two," said he, " worth seventy-five dollars apiece." " And how many cows ?" continued his friend. " Three," he replied. " And how many sheep ?" " Twenty," was the reply. And so his friend went on, and reckoned up what he had lost during the year, and it amounted to \$400 : and " now," says he, " I tell you, you have given *too much* to the missionary cause." Ah, let us remember, continued Mr. G., that the silver and the gold are the Lord's and the cattle on a thousand hills ; and *He will take his due*. But if our God takes what is *His* at the " end of the law," we shall not have the blessing, but the smart of the lash.

THE ISLES WAIT FOR HIS LAW.

The Rev. Mr. Cargill, a Missionary at the Feejee Islands, lately made the following interesting statement at a Missionary Meeting in Exeter Hall. The incident occurred upon one of the islands of the Tonga group :—

A canoe was one morning seen approaching the shore : the inhabitants of the island were in the utmost trepidation and alarm, the report being raised that the canoe was manned by the warlike and cannibal Feejeans, whose intention was to wage war upon and kill them. Their fears were, however, groundless, for when the canoe arrived and the voyagers disembarked, it was found that they were professing Christians in quest of the Word of God. They had sailed in the open Pacific, in a frail native-built canoe, from an island nearly three hundred miles distant, in order to possess themselves of a portion of the Scriptures. This circumstance was the more interesting, as, several months previously, another canoe had sailed from their shores for a similar purpose, but had never been heard of : yet notwithstanding that, and the risk to which they were exposed by such a voyage, so great was their desire to obtain a portion of the Word of God, that their minds might be made wise to salvation, that they cheerfully faced all the dangers, and joyfully did the missionaries give them the pearl which they had sought.

" LOVE YOUR ENEMY."

A SLAVE in one of the West Indies, who had originally come from Africa, having been brought under the influence of religious instruction, became singularly valuable to his owner, on account of his integrity and general good conduct. After some time his master raised him to a situation of some consequence in the management of his estate ; and on one occasion, wishing to purchase twenty additional slaves, employed him to make the selection ; giving him instructions to choose those who were strong and likely to make good workmen. The man went to the slave market and commenced his scrutiny. He had not long surveyed the multitude offered for sale before he fixed his eye upon an old and decrepit slave, and told his master that he must be one. The poor fellow begged that he might be indulged ; when the dealer remarked, that if they bought twenty, he would give them that man into the bargain. The purchase was accordingly made, and the slaves were conducted to the plantation of their master ; but upon none did the selector bestow half the attention and care that he did upon the poor old decrepit African. He took him to his own habitation, and laid him upon his own bed : he fed him at his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup : when he was cold he carried him into the sunshine ; and when he was hot, he placed him under the shade of the coconut tree. Astonished at the attention this confidential slave bestowed upon a fellow slave, his master interrogated him upon the subject. He said, " You could not take so much interest in the old man, but for some special reason ; he is a relation of yours, perhaps your father ?" " No, massa," answered the poor fellow, " he no my fader." " He is then an older brother." " No massa, he no my broder !" " Then," asked the master, " on what account does he excite your interest ?" " He my enemy, massa : " replied the slave ; " he sold me to the slave dealer ; and my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger, feed him, and when he thirst, give him drink."—*London Christian Observer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

" GOD SPEED THEE, FRIEND."

The following romantic incident is taken from a very interesting and appropriate address delivered in the first church in Dorchester, at the funeral of the Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, D.D., formerly pastor of that church, by Rev. Nathaniel Hall, its present pastor.

" It was during his junior year in college, that an incident occurred in his history, which both for the interest it has in itself, and the influence it exerted upon his character, long, if not ever afterwards, I know I shall be pardoned in relating. His mother having learned, by a visit to his room, of his great need of comfortable clothing, and unable herself to help him, save by her hands, had proposed to him to raise in some way the sum of money, a very small one, which would enable her to purchase for him what he needed. After many fruitless attempts to do this, he set off to meet his mother, as by previous arrangement, in Boston : having nothing in possession or prospect but a few coppers which he had transferred from his trunk to his pocket as he left his room ; and these—so strong were his benevolent sympathies—he gave to a poor crippled soldier that he met on his way, and who, faint and famishing, solicited his aid. As he went on, deeply depressed at his condition, and in despair at his seeming fate, he perceived something adhering to the end of his rude staff he had cut on his way, and found it to be a gold ring, into which his staff had struck itself as he walked, and having engraved upon it the words ' God speed thee, friend ; ' its pecuniary worth proving sufficient for his present exigency ; and its moral value incalculable ; helping to clothe him in what he felt he needed—a cheerful faith and confidence in God. The whole incident, acting upon his sensitive nature, and predisposed as he was to see in every thing which befel him a peculiar and sacred significance, subdued and overwhelmed him ; and appears to have given to his character a stronger religious determination. ' That motto,' are his own words, ' has ever been the support of my faith when it was feeble, and the strength of my heart when it was faint.'"