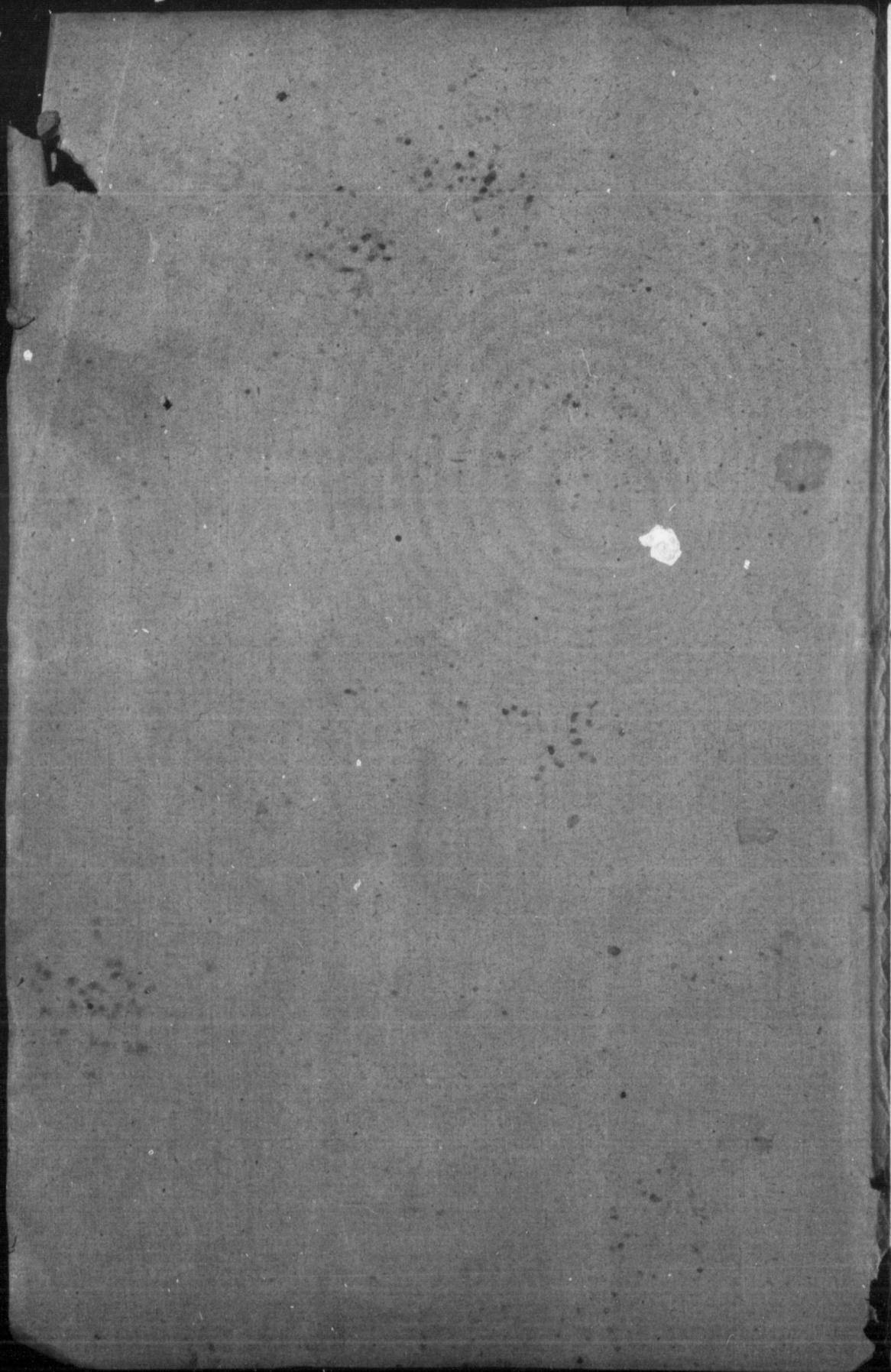


---

THE  
TWENTIETH ANNUAL REPORT  
OF THE  
COMMITTEE  
OF THE  
QUEBEC CITY MISSION,  
FOR THE YEAR 1877.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

---



THE  
TWENTIETH ANNUAL REPORT  
OF THE  
COMMITTEE  
OF THE  
QUEBEC CITY MISSION,  
FOR THE YEAR 1877.

~~~~~  
WITH AN APPENDIX.  
~~~~~

~~~~~  
Subscribers of \$1 and upwards are entitled to a copy of the Report.  
~~~~~

QUEBEC:  
PRINTED BY DAWSON & CO  
1878.

# COMMITTEE.

---

President:—WILLIAM WHITE,

---

Vice-President:—JOHN ROSS

---

Members:

CRAWFORD, JAS. S.  
DOBELL, R. R.  
DAWSON, J. T.  
FRY, E. C.  
HALE, GEORGE.

HOSSACK, WILLIAM.  
ROSS, JAMES G.  
THOMSON, JOHN C.  
WHITEHEAD, JOSEPH.

---

Treasurer:—HENRY FRY.

---

Secretary:—N. N. ROSS.

---

Friends and Patrons in England.

The Right Hon. the Earl of SHAFTESBURY.  
The Hon. ARTHUR KINNAIRD, M. P.  
Major-General Sir A. J. LAWRENCE, K.C.B.  
The Rev. G. GLEIG, ex-Chaplain-General to H. M. Forces  
The Rev. G. MATHIAS, ex-Chaplain to Royal Hospital, Chelsea.  
CHARLES N. NEWDEGATE, Esquire, M. P.  
WILLIAM ANGERSTEIN, Esquire, M. P.

---

Contributions, whether by subscriptions or donations, are earnestly solicited, and will be received by MESSRS. HATCHARD, Piccadilly.

# REPORT.

---

The Committee of the Quebec City Mission have much pleasure in submitting to the many friends and faithful supporters of the Mission their Twentieth Annual Report, and acknowledge with gratitude to God—the disposer of events and the giver of every good gift—the continued success accomplished by its operations during the past year.

Since the year 1857, when the Mission was first established, more than one-half of the original Committee have been removed by death; still the work of the Mission prospers, and is as needful now as when first begun. Such a benevolent enterprise cannot but receive ample support from Christians of all denominations.

## **Mariners' Service.**

The difficulties experienced by the Missionary in the discharge of his duties among the seamen were many, but it is undoubtedly true, he can say “they that be with us, are more than they that be against us.”

It is much to be regretted, that on several occasions during the past season, the Missionary, on his way to the vessels, was insulted and sometimes his life endangered by some thoughtless young men throwing stones at him, and that without any cause whatever further than that he is a Protestant Missionary.

Of the unbounded liberality of the shipmasters towards his helper Annie, the Missionary has often expressed his gratitude, but it is due to his patrons as well as to himself that he should take notice of a valuable testimony of the esteem in which the work is held by an educated

Christian Captain,—who, on all occasions whenever an opportunity offers, preaches the Gospel himself. The following extract from his Journal speaks for itself :

“Hearing from I know not whom of your Missionary’s circumstances after the fire, he sought and found me at my post in the Drill Shed doing my duty, comforting a couple of aged widows and helping them to obtain food for themselves and their three or four little ones. Of this he was not a forgetful observer. No, no! But on his return to Quebec in the fall, he seeing my straits and circumstances, invited me to breakfast with him on board his ship, and afterwards came with me to the Lower Town, where he, without the remotest hint, presented me with £50 sterling to help me to complete my then not half-finished house. All that passed between us was—he looked in my bewildered face, and in an undertone rather mumbled to himself I can trust you.”

This circumstance took place in the fall of 1876. In the winter following he received from the same individual a letter informing the Missionary that the £50 sterling was a gift. This noble donation from a transient visitor to the port of Quebec, shows a Christian, both in heart and mind, and that “those who trust in the Lord will lack no good thing.”

Up to the first of September the Missionary held 146 Regular Services on board of vessels, besides thirty Prayer Meetings, making many visits to ships at their various loading berths, or in the stream, or upon the ballast ground; also gave away 28,000 Tracts in several languages, and Testaments and portions of Scriptures.

For months in the fall and during winter, the Missionary was confined to his house with a very serious illness, caused by a sprain of one of his legs, which happened on his returning from the Coves by way of Dinning’s steps.

#### Extracts from Missionary’s Journal.

FRIDAY, 4TH MAY, 1877.—The “Adriatic,” at Crawford’s wharf, was the first ship I boarded this season. The captain (Watson) was a stranger to me, and yet as soon as he saw me approach him he called me by name, and assured me he had often heard of me and of my little helper, and of

how we worked among the ships. He then narrated the narrow escape he and his ship's company had on their passage to Quebec. Their bowport had burst in. The water made rapid way into their ship and threatened their utter destruction. Capt. Watson at once assured a cordial invitation and a welcome as often as I could make it convenient to meet with his people in his cabin. Although arranging to hold our Sunday morning meeting on this ship, we had to transfer our flag to another, the "Royalist," close by. This because the "Adriatic" was making so much water; the crew had to work at the pumps night and day. All who could attended from the "Adriatic." After the meeting, several came round and thanked me for the effort I made to induce them to think seriously of the uncertainty of life and the great importance of securing an interest in Christ before the day of grace might pass away for ever. More than once after, during the stay of these ships, I met with one and another of the men, when they assured me of the serious impressions made upon one and another of their shipmates. Some said that was not the first time some among them had been to our Bethel Services, where they were induced to give up both their drinking habits and their prayerlessness, and habit of spending their time in taverns on shore instead of staying to mend their clothes on board.

Our second service that day was on the good old Bethel ship "Cameo," at South Quebec. The passage in a row boat was rough and attended with some danger; add to this we were tired, having been without food since early morning. The excellent mate, an old friend, with his obliging and active steward, took an active interest, and as they saw us tired and wet with the spray on the river, they took upon themselves to fill the cabin and the passage, which, in about half an hour, they did. The singing was good. Some of the men afterwards testified of the good they professed to have derived, some at one time some at another, at our Quebec Meetings.

Our next meeting was on the ship "City of Montreal," Capt. Wilson, himself a most exemplary Christian, a truly able preacher of the Gospel, who also takes a sincere and hearty interest in both the temporal and spiritual interests of his men. When I went forward, I had to spend a whole hour before any would consent to come aft. About one-half were said to be Romanists, which was the excuse they used to send to the captain for not responding to his oft repeated invitations to join him in his Scripture readings. Capt. Wilson afterwards assured me he had no expectation that any of them could have been induced to come to our meeting. Some, he said, shewed by their manner during the progress of the service, that they certainly were much interested. Before I left the ship, four of the men returned and requested that I would (with their captain's permission) return again some evening during the week. This I

did on the next Tuesday evening, when, as before, all attended with like results. I received an invitation to return the next Sunday. This I was not then at liberty to promise, having had several other engagements on ships recently arrived.

SUNDAY, 13TH MAY.—The morning meeting was on the ship "Palmyra," at the Breakwater Long wharf, and was well attended. There were three shipmasters with over forty sailors. At that time there were nine English ships with three others at this wharf. Every one of these was boarded by the City Missionary, who conversed and distributed tracts in each, at the same time inviting all to our morning service. The afternoon meeting was on the ship "Myrtle," far up the river and in mid stream. On the passage we called on board the ship "Hindustan," (Capt. Bailey) whose flag was half-mast, and thence to the "Laurel." The meeting was most encouraging, and although the master was not on board, (having to go on board the "Hindustan," where I saw him,) still all hands, officers included, attended the meeting, which became somewhat unusually interesting, as some of the men gave their own experience and added their meed of praise to our efforts here in Quebec. Not having had any food nor drink since before eight, a.m., the steward and the mate seeing us (the girl and myself) looking faint, strove to hurry up some dinner for us; but as it was about to be served up the whistle was heard alongside, so we had to start for the ship "Hope," Capt. Cummings, where, after our service, we were provided with all necessary refreshment. From the "Hope" we started for the ship "Lady Clarendon." The amiable and truly excellent Capt. Marshall was as usual on the poop and on the watch for his old friends the Missionary and Annie. As ever on his ship the attendance was good, the master, at the head of his men, who, like their commander, all looked to be cheerful and happy. After this, and while at tea, Capt. Marshall told me his carpenter had his leg broken and was laid up in a berth at the other end of the pantry. I spent about three-quarters of an hour hearing this man's account of his troubles and in advising, reading and praying with him. This sufferer said he was much cheered by this visit to him in his loneliness and time of trouble. Nor was he unmindful of the quite brotherly kindness of his Captain. During the stay of this ship I had other meetings on board, all of them well attended. The carpenter's affliction was blessed to him.

MONDAY, 14TH MAY.—Visiting in various parts. Arranged for three meetings, gave away seven hundred tracts. Had several readings and conversations with one and another.

WEDNESDAY, 16TH MAY.—Much of this day was spent in inducing the shipmasters to attend the funeral of the late Capt. Jackson, of the ship "Dunrobin Castle." Those who could not go to the cemetery were induced to come to the hotel and thence to Chalmers' Church

THURSDAY, 17TH MAY.—The passage from the shore to the ship "Imperial" was more than commonly dangerous. On the wharf, while waiting for the ship's boat, we were set upon by a half-drunken timber-tower. There was several men looking on, but not one attempted to interpose. Had the boat not arrived unobserved by this man, he would have done us some serious injury, as he had a stick in his hand, and, like too many along the coves, he carries a knife. Our boat was several times swung round the block, then carried under the ship's quarter, and nearly crushed between the boom and the great ship, as it swung with the strong tide, and the current driven the more furious by reason of the strong wind, which blew a gale that day. Still, as we had a good meeting and got safe back to the shore, we felt fully rewarded for all we had to endure.

SUNDAY, 20TH MAY.—This was a rough day upon the river. The passage to the ship "Chivalier" was most dangerous. On board we had a most hearty welcome. Capt. Frew, a Quebecker, was not on board; he had gone to one of the City Churches with his mother and brother. Before going on shore he made ample arrangements to insure a good meeting. Among the men in the fore-castle I had a most pleasing testimony of the regard in which this young officer is held by his men, and after, when I returned to the cabin, all his officers spoke in like terms of his conduct to and among them. Of the officers, two profess to having been brought to a knowledge and love of the truth at our meetings here in Quebec. Capt. Frew left a note with a present for my helper. All hands, with others from one or two of the other ships, attended our meeting. Three in all prayed. The heartiness of this meeting was truly refreshing. Would to God there were scores of others who would gain such favourable standing with those under their command, and who would take like active painstaking interest in both their temporal and spiritual interests. No other could take greater interest in the spread of the gospel among his people than Capt. Frew.

The afternoon meeting on the ship "Governor Langden" was good.

The evening meeting on the ship "Bruce," at the breakwater, was largely attended. The exemplary Capt. Fraser was as of old heading his officers and men, leading them in the way of good. In the boat on our way to the Custom-House wharf, the three men who came to put us on shore spoke freely of their appreciation of our efforts and of the good they had so often derived from attending our Bethel Services.

TUESDAY, 22ND MAY.—By request of some shipmasters and others, accompanied by Mr. W. Tait, of Peter street, I went and visited Capt. Liddle, late of the ship "Jehu," at Kelly's boarding-house. Dr. Moffatt was in the room. When standing round hearing what transpired, all were shocked with the conduct of this aged man, the more so as he had been informed of the nearness of his end. Too old to undergo an amputation of his leg, the inflammation fearfully increased, mortification sure to set in in a

few hours. Still this man of eighty cursed and swore and set even death at defiance. When opportunity offered, in the most kindly manner, I strove to gain his attention to his then alarming condition. Like an infuriated tiger he roared out: "I want none of that; you can just mind yourself. I don't want your religion." This was interlarded with oaths and other foul language. In the passage, the doctor assured me there was not the slightest possibility of this aged man's recovery. Having had several serious conversations with this man in Mr. Tait's during his last fall voyage, I hoped his better sense would have caused him some suitable reflection. At that time he told me seriously what his hopes for eternity were. He said he had been a sailor all his days; that he had worked hard and weathered many a hard gale; he earned lots of money for his employers. Then, with a peculiar look and shake of his head, he shut one of his eyes and forcing his tongue to one side, he, with a knowing sort of a grin, added:—"Aye, and a good deal for myself. Now, surely that is not so bad. What I think of God is He can't expect much of one like me, and wont be hard on a poor old sailor; and so when the great day does come (if such ever is to be) He, God, will just say: 'Ship in with the crowd,' and, as they say to us in the grand churches, 'where you see an opening push in.'" On that occasion I did not part from him until I reasoned with the aged unbeliever, who, when I appealed to his conscience and recapitulated to him in hearing of Mr. John Tait all he told us about his many escapes, &c., &c., adding, how much God did for you; on the ocean, and, above all, think of what the Son of God did for you upon the Cross, &c. While I was thus speaking, he vainly tried to hide his tears. Seeing my opportunity, I then stepped close to where he sat and stooped to his ear, and asked: "But, aged man, what have you done for Christ; what account will you give when you will shortly be called away? You know how long you have been in mercy spared over the three score and ten?" The old man noticed my sadness for some time in surly silence, but afterwards listened to what I had to say, and after prayer consented that I might send Mr. Haney from St. Andrew's Church to see him. But, alas, before this young man got there, Capt. Liddle had to be sent to the Marine Hospital. The people in the boarding-house were so terrified at his shouts and curses, when attending upon him, they could keep him no longer. On Saturday, the 26th May, I visited Capt. Liddle in an upper ward in the hospital. This time he was much subdued, accorded me a hearty reception, and gladly listened to my reading and all I had to say. After prayer, as I stood and with tearful eyes looked what I felt on his account, he looked up into my face, and then with a quivering lip he said: "Look, I am not what people think, nor what I was! No, I have an under current. But now I fear I won't weather this; won't you come again." This was our last meeting until the great assembling. The poor captain died in two days after.

TUESDAY, 29TH MAY.—The evening meeting on the ship "Abbotsford," (Capt. McWilliam,) at Sillery, was crowded. There were four masters with about eighty men. The Lord was indeed present in our meeting that evening. Some said they felt as if the whole of the exposition and the address was intended for them; others, that the questions I put to one and another among them constrained them to realize they were not in the way of growing in grace, nor in knowledge of God. They acknowledged they were living far from God and holding no actual communion with him. They confessed they were without any hope or even thought for eternity. One, a fine young man with dark hair and whiskers, when speaking to me on the deck near the gangway, while we stood waiting for the oars to be put into the boat, said, among other things: "Look here, Mr., nothing I heard this evening made me feel half so bad as the chorus of that hymn." As we sang four or five hymns, I asked which do you allude to? "That one about the gate ajar for me. I can't tell you what came over me, but the part

"O depth of mercy can it be  
That gate was left ajar for me,  
Was left ajar for me, was left ajar for me."

The boat being ready, I had to leave this interesting conversation and say good-night to this man and the others who stood round. The excellent and christian Captain Williams shewed the state of his heart towards our work by the hearty interest he always takes in insuring every facility and convenience, and, as far as possible, a good attendance. Although tired after the efforts of the day which had been and still was close and sultry, my poor girl and her father had to walk the whole of the way back to Quebec which we reached about a quarter after twelve o'clock, p.m.

THURSDAY, 31ST MAY.—On way to lower ballast ground, called upon the ship "E. Carr," and distributed a number of tracts, then steamed away to Gilmour's Indian Cove to the ship "Imperial," upon which we held our evening meeting. When going my rounds, I saw some timber-swingers on the fore-castle of the ship alongside of us. They knew me, and while I was among the people on the "Imperial," inviting them to our meeting, they, on the next ship, struck up a dance and shouting which was by no means disregarded by too many on the "Imperial." Captain Morrison was at the head of the cabin-table as of old setting the example to his men. So, if not over half of the whole number attended, it was not for lack of effort on his part. While waiting on the deck to see my flag stowed away, I was accosted by an old sailor man, who claimed acquaintance with me. This man had been a steward with Captain Fraser on the ship "Hope," of whom he spoke with much warmth; also of his son, the late Captain of the ship "Bruce;" two kinder officers he declared he never sailed with. He said

that it was at the meetings on the old ship he was brought to feel his need of a saviour. Now he could say the name of Jesus was dear to his heart, and he does what he can among his shipmates on board every ship he is serving on. This time he was sorry to have to say there did not seem to him to be one religiously inclined among the whole. The Captain came and saw us safe through the dangers of the network of ropes, timbers and over the no less dangerous long wharf.

SUNDAY, 3RD JUNE.—There was but Capt. Cummings and his coloured steward at the meeting, with the Missionary and his helper. The whole of the men had been taken to an open grogery near Dinning's wharf. Still we enjoyed our hour of prayer and praise; and after, the poor steward came close to me and said: "Why, after all, God was with us. I was so happy, and hope you may come some other time when the hands will be off the drink."

From the "Hope," at Dinning's wharf, we had a long walk to the River Police station, thence to the St. Lawrence Tow Boat long wharf, some miles up, and at the south side of the river, where the Nova Scotia ship "G. B. Lewis" was loading. We had much difficulty in getting to this ship that stormy day, the more so as this is an unsheltered place on the river. The Christian master with his truly Christian wife, whose manner and conversation distinctly indicated a perfect lady, welcomed the Missionary and his helper with a grace and cordiality at once betokening the state of their hearts, and will, towards Him whose messengers they recognized us to be. Their truly gentlemanly officers and superiorly dressed ship's company were none of them behind in kindness to us, and the attention they all gave to our reading and speaking bespoke a Christian spirit prevailing the whole of this ship's officers and company. When thanking me and inviting me to their ship at some future time, the captain's wife took Annie to her room and gave her a present of five dollars to drive home.

The evening meeting on the ship "Anstruther," at the breakwater, several miles from where our afternoon meeting was held, was perhaps the best of this season so far. This most exemplary officer (Capt. Pitt) himself went round the several ships at both sides of this long wharf, and invited the officers and the men of each to the meeting on his ship. The meeting could not be held in the cabin, there was so many from the other ships. We procured seats and held our service on the deck, in front of the cabin. Several stood and some sat on the side of the wharf. Our first him was:

"God of my life whose gracious power  
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,  
Oft turned aside the fatal hour  
And lifted up my sinking head."

This sung by so many in the still of this fine summer evening was heard on board some of the other vessels in the stream; their people climbed the rigging and remained to the close of our meeting. In the after conversations with one and another, several came and informed me of the results of former services on one and another of the ships they had been in. Some said they were taken aback when I stopped and looked on those sitting attentively around me that evening. They could not think what the matter could be, but said one: "When you asked that man about what he thought of Jesus, and when he last spent an hour with that friend, why, sir," said he, "if you could see those sitting near me, why every head hung down. I felt the blood rush up to my face, for after the way you set forth what Jesus did and still was doing for us; and then asked me how matters stood between the sinner's friend and me, and when I did not answer, you shook your head and sighed as you looked at us all and said: 'O friends, where will you find a friend like Jesus. Refuse His friendship this evening, and it may never be again proffered to you.' Indeed I for one wont soon forget this meeting on the 'Anstruther.' These questions have sunk deep into my heart; you looked so like my poor father did when I would not take his advice, but you brought it fresh to my mind, as you stood looking into my face." All this both cheered and encouraged me much, and I look upon it as the result of our morning prayer on the "Hope," with Capt. Cummings and his simple-earnest coloured steward. Capt. Pitt showed us much kindness, and before we left for the city he slipped three blue notes into Annie's hand. That day, besides the meetings, I visited ten ships, and gave away four hundred tracts.

SUNDAY, 10TH JUNE.—The morning was scorching; our clothes were wet with sweat long before we got to the slip to meet the boat from the ship "Governor Langden," at Ellis's booms. The sight on the booms was painful in the extreme. There was some fifteen of our own countrymen, all of them quite drunk and tumbling from side to side of the booms, tripping over the chains, and getting partly into the openings between the joinings of the booms. Several had narrow escapes from being drowned. Nearly all were young men, none over four-and-twenty, most looked to be mere lads of from seventeen to twenty years old. The fearful depravity and shameless indecency was shocking. I stood to examine the countenances of some of these, but all were strangers to me. This was their first voyage to Quebec. Of this I was afterwards assured by the officer and some of the others who came to help to coax them off the booms. The sight of a large white boat with four oars passing from one to another of the foreign ships along the booms and block, and on their way to the school-room in Diamond Harbour, where the services are conducted by a Lutheran Missionary in their tongue, was to me under the circumstances of the hour a cause of shame and

humiliation that caused the tears to blind my eyes. The Norwegian masters and their people that morning were living honorable epistles of our holy christianity. The open shops and sale of liquors on Sunday morning was the chief cause of all this evil I had to witness that Sabbath morning. Nor can I wholly exonerate some of those I have so much cause to love, (whom I cannot help but love) from their share in this matter. Were more of our shipmasters what, thanks be to God, a goodly number are, then there would be far less to regret in the conduct of the now so much despised and neglected sailors. With prayer and some effort and help from the ship's officers we had, after all, a cabin fairly filled. God was with us, and the dark clouds of drunkenness' violence in the midst of which we witnessed for the Lord, certainly tended to impress us all with a strong sense of the heinousness of sin and the beauty of holiness. As the sound of our morning hymn was heard ringing above the voices on the next ships, the babel of profanity seemed to be hushed, and possibly the powerful effect of early and better training, seemed to have been stirred up. Some hanged their heads, and others, I was informed, stole nearer to hear the alter singing. Some who had been on shore returned before the conclusion of our meeting. They were sober, so I spent some time with them, conversing on the deck. Most of these were heartily ashamed of the scenes on the booms in the morning, and regretted they had gone on shore.

The captain, who came on board to dinner, shewed us much good will, kept us to dinner, and when going away he gave Annie a present to save us having to walk so much in the heavy rain, through which we had to go to our afternoon service on the ship "Red Jacket." We had a capital meeting. During the time of the meeting in the great and beautiful cabin, the storm had increased, and, finally, became quite furious. One of the men tried to lower our Bethel flag tore it into three parts. The Police steamer people, seeing the flag so often ran up and down, hastened from the shore to the ship just in time to catch the flag as it was carried over the stern. The meeting was not without fruit. We had to be doubly careful in descending the now swinging ladder, made much more dangerous by the rain and high wind, and with this the wild rushing to and fro, up and down of the police boat alongside, into which we had to jump to get our passage to the shore.

THURSDAY, 14TH JUNE.—Through this day I had several conversations with one and another. Some reminded me of some of my sayings, one said he had been impressed by my saying. "There is a possibility of a good singer just singing himself into hell." At the time he certainly thought it a strange saying, until he heard me read from the first chapter of Isaiah, which was our portion on that occasion. This man was a singer and was much prized by his friends for his good singing and musical skill.

This, he said, was far oftener why he attended the religious meetings. Since then he became of a different mind, and now believes it was that to him disagreeable saying which first led him to think of his state before God and the sort of christianity he had been practising, and of the truth which I had declared from the chapter, that it was abomination before God. I am now welcome to his ship as often as I choose to hold meetings.

The evening meeting on the ship "Royalist" was, after much effort, a good one. Three of the men, who had been influenced by last Sunday's efforts among them, had been on shore and joined a division of the Sons of Temperance. The kind-hearted captain, with his mates and all their men, were most thankful, and did all in their power to shew their appreciation of our feeble efforts to do them good.

SUNDAY, 17TH JUNE.—The morning meeting on the "Marcopolo," at the breakwater, cost me some effort. The men were nearly all of them strangers. Some were Swedes, others Romanists. After nearly one hour, all were induced to come aft. The conversational way in which they were spoken to seemed to gain their attention. I chiefly dwelt upon the unprofitableness, and the folly, above all the danger of resting our hope of salvation in any mere formal or ceremonial religion. This was confirmed by reference to the first chapter of Isaiah, and further enforced by a portion from Proverb's first chapter from the thirteenth verse to the end. The greater number, both officers and men, seemed stirred up. Three afterwards said that they had not before thought of the subject of religion as they that morning heard it set forth. They never before saw the dangers of the practices of the day in too many of the Churches. They said they were particularly taken with the saying that a person could be laboriously religious and still not be a christian, of having a name, while knowing hardly anything of the realities of christianity. Captain Thomas, a warm-hearted Welchman, also an experienced christian, slipped a four dollar bill into my little helper's hand while I was being engaged with his men. Several came to the end of the wharf, to thank us and see us safe to the boat. Two came and carried our bags from the wharf to the River Police station, whence we started for the ship "Ardenlee." After one hour's search, we, at last, found this ship at the most distant end of the upper ballast ground, far above New Liverpool. The master was on shore. The mate said his men were tired and all in their beds, and the captain left word he would rather I would not go on board until they got to the wharf. While this person was speaking, I was looking up to where he stood on the ship-side, and answered: "Just as you will, but see the large number of your men looking over the side." Surely if they knew the missionary came so many miles to do them service, they would not think of laying in bed. However, I would return to one of the other ships nearer the town. After

another hour's search we got on board the ship "Victory No. 2," the good Captain Williams, where, in due time, we got up a capital gathering. The hands from a Nova Scotian ship alongside, all turned in with us. Some made prayer; two spoke, and several others expressed their thanks for our visit and liberal supply of tracts, &c., &c. True this was a fatiguing day to my helper, and not less to her father. Still we were doubly remunerated, for, in the fulness of his heart, Captain Williams gave Annie a present of five dollars, and then brought us himself over the dangers of the floating logs and not less unsafe booms, and saw us safe seated in the vehicle in which he sent us to the lower ferry.

THURSDAY, 19TH JULY.—The meeting was on the ship "Review," at South Quebec, and was interesting. The carpenter, whose mother, he said, was a Christian woman, had used all her energies to impress upon her son the paramount importance of spiritual religion, for Sunday, he said. The pointed questions to one and another, and the way they were put, he said, went home to his heart. This evening he had to go on shore. Capt. Brown is himself a Christian, and like one of old, could safely say to his people: "Tell me if I belie my profession." Cleanliness and contentment were very prominent characteristics on this ship. Some of the men were seriously impressed at this meeting. The details are too long to insert here.

TUESDAY, 30TH JULY.—On the ship "Kennelworth," at O'Brien's wharf, the conduct of the watchman (an Irish Romanist from Champlain street) tried me much. The men to a man played me false. Some of the tracts I left in one of the places, when returning from the fore-castle, were torn to atoms and strewn all along where I had to pass. This, to manifest the contempt in which every thing savouring of the Protestant, was held by the watchman and his friends. The very men who had invited and even complained because I had not attended to their ship before, absented themselves, and even left before the others. I afterwards ascertained the conduct of the mates, carpenter, boatswain and the stewards was by no means to insult the Missionary, but was intended to shew their hatred of their captain who they looked upon as their enemy. The watchman, however, was not left unchecked. Two of the above named gave him to understand he had no business intruding into their place, nor did they thank him for the liberty he had taken with their tracts. Failing here, we went on board the S. S. "Scandinavian," and had a short time with the excellent Mr. Riely and some friends of his. So all our time was not lost.

SUNDAY, 5TH AUGUST.—The morning meeting on the ship "Joseph Melbury," at Christie's booms, was good. The truly amiable master, with his excellent and accomplished christian wife, as might be expected, both took active interest in our efforts among their men. We were invited on board again on the next Tuesday evening. When landing at the slip, there

was three tall young men, with four others, lads of from ten to fourteen years old, watching our approach to the shore end of the slip. They were some ten or twelve feet above the water and the boat. When the bow of the boat stranded and my daughter was giving her hand to the sailor man on the shore to help her from the side of the boat to the strand, a great stone of some forty lbs. weight was pushed from the top of the wharf by two of the young men, who instantly fled. Owing to their haste the push was not quite strong enough, as they had got from the top of the wharf and had to reach up to the heavy stone. This providence, possibly, saved my daughter's life. The stone grazed the upper rim or edge of the boat close to my dear girl's head, which, had she not been stooped forward to reach the man's hand, it would certainly have crushed her to death. The stone dropped into the water, which splashed high on to the side of the wharf, not even wetting us. The young men fled the instant the stone dropped.

The smaller lads kept their ground and looked quite annoyed that the stone had missed the girl. The sailor man changed his color and trembled, for he too had been in danger. There were four or five adults, males, in the window next the Friars' School, and two others, middle-aged men, on the gallery or balcony on the other side of the slip. All these had been looking at our approach to the shore, and they saw what happened at the landing, and yet not one attempted to open their lips before or after to us. I was inclined to speak to some men, who were sitting on the side of the parapet at the upper end of the opening to the slip, but my brave girl said: "Speak to them, no. Never mind father, we are all right; God cares for us." So we plodded along, but not to anything more encouraging. On our way to the ship "Kennelworth," at O'Brien's wharf, we were escorted by a motley mob of lads, most of them of about fifteen or sixteen years old, and with these a couple score of younger boys. Some hooting, others pelting volleys of stones, coals, potatoes, and some filth at us, and shouting Jeff Davis, Ould Bismark, &c. After the Bethel flag was hoisted and the master, who had some friends who came to bring him to tea at their house, had gone on shore, some twenty of these, some of them quite full grown men, came on board and into the cabin. Seeing their intentions, my girl, when I went into the cabin said in an undertone: "Father, these are from the shore and are going to mob you after you kneel down. They did not think I heard what they said." I went as if to bring the sailors from the deck, but passed to the shore and to the police station. Sergeant Morrison, with one of his men, came after me to the wharf, but I passed on to the district Justice of the Peace, John Giblin. Some seventy or eighty young lads stowed away in the old house and the cellar, and several others in and behind the stable on the east side of the wharf. When the sailor men saw me return safe, for I was stoned when going for the police, they all came aft

and we had a pretty good meeting. Three or four prayed at the after meeting. Both the police and the magistrate remained on the wharf until we left for our evening meeting on the ship "Astracan." On Monday I reported to chief of City Police, &c., &c.

SUNDAY, 19TH AUGUST.—Our morning meeting was on the "Isabella," Captain Blanch, at the Priests' wharf boom. As is my custom, I started for the fore-castle to invite the men to our meeting. When I got from the cabin to the deck, I heard sounds of a band playing. I stood and listened. No, it was not in the Citadel, nor, as far as I could see, in Diamond Harbour. Approaching the deck house, my difficulty was soon solved. Before the door a large American flag was suspended for a curtain. I stood for a moment to hear. When I went in, I was quite surprised; there was quite a band of six or eight instruments. The big drummer acted bandmaster; he had a long sheet of block tin, with two sticks with cloth covered ball ends, with which he beat the time. This with all the airs of a fantastic French bandmaster of olden times. Another had a long tin whistle. One next to him had a fiddle; another had four beef bones, two in each hand, held between the forefingers of each hand; and another had a steel chissel suspended in his left hand with a long string of spun yarn while he held a carpenter's file in his outer hand with which he beat away on the chissel, which was by no means a bad substitute for a triangle. Each had a large open book, a magazine, spread out before him; the leader from time to time calling out No. 7, No. 4—one, two, three, and mind the crotchets. I had to wait some time, and thought I too had better take heed of the crochets. At the first opportunity, I apologised, saying: "Friends, if I came in without knocking, I am not to blame, your door emitted no sound, and there is no bell, so I ventured to come in uninvited." The men laughed, and one at the end of the table scrambled up a number of playing cards, which they seemed to have been using not long before. These he kept in his hand between his knees under the table. As I stood listening and looking round, and thinking how I could best deal with these men, some came and shook hands with me. They had been here before and knew me. These seemed rather ashamed. One said: "Well, after all, sir, this, although we all know it is not quite the thing you approve of, still it is not so bad as getting drunk." "Well," I said, with a rather lame attempt to smile, "you know young men two wrongs never yet made one right. But I am here for another purpose." I then invited them to the Temperance Hall and to the Y. M. C. A. Rooms, and after some kindly notice of their cheerfulness and the cleanliness and comfort of their place, I invited them to the cabin. While doing so, and in answer to one youth, I went close up to him and looked kindly into his face, and in the fullness of my saddened heart I said in a rather softer voice: "Tell me, dear boy,

how would your dear mother feel had she found you, her perhaps only son, as I found you all this morning?" The youth looked at me and changed color. The big tears sparkled in his large blue eyes, while he turned away from me, but only to meet the gaze of more than one of the others who stood round, and by no means disinterested listeners. Within half an hour all came aft, even the two Romanist Irish Americans. Our first hymn, 'Sweet Hour of Prayer,' was sung with both vigor and feeling. The Lord blessed me on that occasion with the spirit and the power of prayer. All seemed to realize the importance of the subject brought before them on that occasion. After singing the second hymn, "One is kind above all others," &c., I paused and examined every face in the cabin. Most seemed surprised, not excepting the officers; every eye was upon my face. I then asked one and said: "Have you many friends?" After a moment's hesitation, he then answered: "Well, I have a good number." I again looked—our eyes meet—I asked: "Say, my son, is this Friend yours." Not waiting for his reply, I asked another how things stood between him and this One we were singing about. There was one of the young men I noticed had put his hand before his face when he removed it to look at those I had put the questions to. I turned quite unexpected to him and pressed the question: "Young man—you third from the door—tell us how many interviews have you had with this friend since you left your home, since you came to serve in this ship." This young man frankly confessed he had not had one; and when I put the question all round, not one out of the cabin could say they had a single half hour's communion with God since they left home. When these men were leaving the cabin, all looked serious; I did not hear a sound as they passed from the cabin to the fore-castle. I had another week-day meeting with these men. They were on the deck engaged in the cool of the evening as when I visited them on the Sunday. There was some Irish timber-swingers sitting on the rails when I went to remind the sailors about the meeting. They looked knowingly and laughed, but I sat among the sailors while they played one or two waltzes. The Irish seemed delighted at the prospect of the men not going to the meeting; but they were soon disappointed, for two strings in the fiddler's fiddle suddenly snapped. There was no help. I then interposed, saying: "Well, don't be put out; you need not break up, but let us just change the programme, and if you cannot continue the instrumental, let us adjourn to the cabin and try the vocal. Your friends are quite welcome, if they like to come." No sooner said than done. All the sailormen and two of the Irish came aft, and although Capt. Blanch was ashore on ship duty, still we had a most encouraging meeting; and afterwards, several stood round me on the deck, telling me of how they had been affected by my way of conducting the meeting on the Sunday morning.

One said: "Now, I tell you what, sir, I did not care much about preaching, but I went with the rest. I thought I would sit in the corner and have a quiet sleep, but when these sort of questions were asked, I roused up and soon forgot about the sleep. I don't think any of us will be able to forget what you said about that Friend, and what He did for the blind man, and about the danger of missing one such opportunity." They all came to the gangway, and bade us good-by, as they were to sail in a day or two. Capt. Blanch is always glad to receive us on his ship. His men speak of his kindness and of the nice way he treats them. There was not a single complaint on either side since the ship left home.

SUNDAY, 26TH AUGUST was a trying and hard day with us. The morning was wet. At Crawford's wharf, the ship was high out of the water, the ladder unsafe. While considering how I should manage, the cook looked over the rail and said: "Sir, there is no use your coming here; the master and the mates and all hands are on shore." Blowing half a gale, I at once knew this was not the truth, so answered: "Be that as it may, friend, still you know England expects every man to do his duty; so I must come on board." When he heard this and saw me suit the action to the word, he turned and ran aft. On board, I found the men nearly all in their deck house. At the cabin door the steward looked confused; his face reddened up as he stammered out: "Sir, the captain has gone on shore, and the two mates are not on board; I don't think you can have the meeting this morning." While speaking to me, he was brushing the captain's boots, and I saw at the other end of the cabin the captain's rough coat spread out to dry. At the end of the wharf, on our way to the ship, we had a few words with a carter. He said, when he brought the captain on board late last night, he was ordered to come for him again this morning. The captain was coming on shore almost directly. He added: "The stevedore is come to take him with him." The whole of the hands were coming aft, but while I went on the poop to hoist our flag, the cook had been to the fore-castle and intimated they were not to go aft. When the men assured me of this, I left with some of the sailor men. One carried our large bag with the Bethel flag; another the small one with the hymn books. They came the whole of the way to the River Police station. On the way they said how much they were annoyed by their master's conduct. From the station, we next proceeded to the upper end of the harbour to the ship "Queen." The captain was ill in the Marine Hospital. We were welcomed. The mate shewed his good will by the way he laboured to secure a good attendance, in which he succeeded. The place was filled with earnest and attentive hearers.

Our second meeting was on the ship "Lady Clarendon," high on the upper ballast ground. The waves came high and fast over the steamer.

We had to call on several ships on our way. The police signal was flying on not less than five ships, all at the same time. In every instance, the open shops along the coves was the cause. The meeting on the "Lady Clarendon" was, like all our meetings on the good Captain Marshall's ships, most encouraging. Although the hands were all turned in, when they heard we were come on board, they made all haste to the cabin, where they all looked the picture of contentment, ever the result of manly and consistent treatment which has ever been what his men may expect from this most exemplary officer. On the return of the "Dolphin," we learned that Capt. Todrick had, at that late hour of the day and the river as it was rough, taken his ship from the Commissioners' wharf to her loading-berth at Gilmour's Indian Cove East; so we had to find another ship for our evening meeting. This we could do, as the steamer had to call with the Deputy Harbor Master alongside six new arrivals scattered over the length of the ballast ground. Finally we got on board the "Edward Cardwell," in mid-stream and off the Queen's wharf. The great ship towered fearfully high over the little steamer. The rope ladder was dangerously unsteady, but my truly courageous and untiring little helper was not sufficiently intimidated to be deterred, we scaled this tower. The Captain was on shore; still there was a sincerely hearty welcome. In less than half an hour all hands came aft, and the cheerful Captain Campbell (I think is his name) returned from the shore. Several of the men made prayer at the after prayer-meeting. This certainly was among the best of our meetings this season. We left the ship in their boat at half-past nine, p.m., and arrived at home at about half after ten. We left home that morning at half-past nine.

#### Domiciliary Visitation.

During the winter months visitations were made by the Missionary to various parts of the city. The object of the Mission in this respect is to visit the poor, and raise, whenever possible, the fallen, comfort and aid the widows and fatherless. No doubt there are many Christians who do this besides our agent,—but who can affirm that there are too many engaged in such works of charity. Many Christian ladies, clergymen and others do much in this good work of visitation; still it is desirable that more active Christian sympathy should be called forth on behalf of the suffering poor.

The Missionary visited several times during the winter the Artillery and Jesuits' Barracks, where were lodged

many families who had been burned out in the summer of 1876. The long details given by him of the misery and suffering of the inmates cannot be given fully in the Report, much of which can be traced to the free use of intoxicating drinks. Speaking of one of his visits to the Artillery Barracks, he remarks :

Some may think lightly of the duties connected with the daily life of a City Missionary ; to me it is one of severe trial as well as responsibility. I find it no easy thing to order my speech aright. Upon this occasion especially I needed grace and patience, and prudence too. Many came round, and with tears they complained of the harshness of their Pastor to them, and with this of how they were spoken to by the principal lady who has the doling out relief to the poor. Some then told me of their sufferings from cold, hunger and nakedness ; others brought their actually almost naked children, and proved to me they were not weeping without cause. Seeing the state of their children, I did not remain longer than necessary to soothe and to comfort them. I then went round several of our kind-hearted acquaintances among the city butchers, and procured a fair portion of soup meat, which was sent to the Ladies' Christian Association soup kitchen, where, during the remainder of the winter, I had unlimited supply of tickets, and for which there was wonderful demand. Often at seven, a.m., and oftener at nine up to ten at night, people came to my house ; some of those people who had hitherto been in comfortable circumstances. By the christian liberality of some, I procured help for the ragged children. This was specially gratifying to me, because, as a parent and a poor man, I realized what only a father can fully realize. I cannot here describe the pain I felt when, upon one of my visits to this place, when a little fellow named Burk came, running with all his might, to welcome Mr. Davies and to thank me for the soup and bread tickets. Poor child, he was all but naked, one leg not covered half way to his little knee ; no vest nor coat, and only a remnant of a little shirt, with but a part of one sleeve. This child, without shoes, and thus exposed to the frost and cold, and running on the cold, hard ice and up to his knees in snow ; what father's heart could remain unmoved by such a visible though silent appeal ? certainly not mine. Oh, is it not a christian privilege to beg for such an orphan. Continuing my occasional rounds on Wednesday, the 25th April, my last visit to this place, I conversed freely with the inmates in sixteen rooms ; in each of which I either read or repeated portions of scripture, bearing upon some of our subjects of conversation. With this, in several instances, I gave out some well chosen tracts. Thus I saw much of the religious prejudice that used to mar my reasonings and usefulness among

such people has almost disappeared. Several stated to me in hearing of others, that they have given up the use of strong drink, because of some of my sayings, when speaking to one and another, upon the evils resulting from indulging in this sin. Since most of these left the barracks, I have visited them in their new homes, never with less than the fore-mentioned more than kindness.

#### Further extracts from Missionary's Journal :

FRIDAY, 5TH JANUARY.—Michael Street.—Mrs. W——, once of some notoriety, although of truly Christian parents, members of the Methodist Church, seems to be truly sincere. I first made her acquaintance in the Artillery Barracks. Speaking to her about her spiritual state, she said : “ Oh ! I would dearly like to feel the love of God stronger in my heart, but I am full of sin.” I related to her some incidents suited to her case, explained the requirements of the Gospel, and the willingness of the waiting and imploring Saviour to pardon and to receive the weakest, yea the vilest sinner who looks to Him. This seemed to revive Sabbath school and early home teachings, and of which I at once took advantage. I asked if her mother was still living. She answered no. Nor your father, I asked. After some sad thought and tears gliding fast down her cheeks, she stammered—yes. I asked if he now knew where she was, or that she was alive. She answered no, and then hid her face in her hands. Having spoken of her father's love (and I knew her father), I then turned to the record of the prodigal's reception. Then still further, to comfort and to encourage her, I narrated an incident in the old gaol (that of Darcy), and the text that opened and won her heart and that brought her peace, namely, the text (the sins you committed will no more be mentioned to you.) This young penitent seemed to take much comfort from this inspired assurance, and much more after we had joined in earnest prayer. Since then I have had much reason to think that the work of grace has been progressing in this woman's heart, and that her husband, through her influence, is become anxious about his soul.

In the next house, same street, I was invited to come and see another, a young married woman. At first I could not understand the warmth of her guileless welcoming me; still I had seen her before, but did not remember where. After a little, I remembered I used to visit her room in the Artillery Barracks, where her room was among the neatest and the cleanest among them all. Speaking to her about the importance of our having an interest in the Saviour, she came close to where I stood, and said : “ Don't you remember when I was in the Jeffery Hale Hospital, when the man had his leg cut off. I was ill; there were two others in the ward with me. My friends live in Valcartier, and that was my first time from home. I was so

lonesome all among strangers, you don't know how your cheerful voice used to cheer and interest us; we used to long for you to come back. My name was —, but I married a Roman Catholic and turned with him, but not from the truth. Oh no, I am just what I was when you used to sit and read with us in that room. I go to please him, but I cannot believe as he says he does." I then reminded her of the one and only Saviour, and exhorted her to live the life of a Christian; then the fruits of her early teaching would perhaps be blessed to her husband, who, she said, worked in one of the city hotels. I was pleased to see the innocent way she related to me about her troubles; she had recently become a mother. Had I been her own father she could not have confided more in me. After prayer I gave her some little books. Since then, I have met her only once, but I think, from what transpired, that this woman is looking to Jesus.

#### Quebec Gaol.

As in former seasons the Missionary during his visits to this Institution was respectfully received by the Governor and officials.

The prisoners were well supplied by him with tracts, pamphlets, newspapers and books, and reports the result of his efforts among them most satisfactory. Various interesting conversations with the prisoners are recorded by him, and some openly confessed their sins; one of which said: "Thank God, I am a new man; I do feel the love of God in Christ Jesus strong in my once cold unfeeling heart." Also an elderly man there for protection said: "That like Bunyan it was good for him he found shelter here, and that at his advanced age the truth of God had reached his old withered heart."

The following extract is from his Journal:

On the 25th February, before our regular meeting, one of the female prisoners came, requesting that I would go to the women's hospital and see a sick French woman. I did so. The sick woman said she had asked for the Protestant chaplain, but he did not come. Then that the priest (Chaplain —) had been there and hearing she was French, tried to force himself upon her. Finally, when he could not prevail he lost temper, and, in a violent and loud tone, told her she was sure to go to hell. This was said to a lone and friendless woman, then seemingly within a few days of her demise. The nuns followed in the wake of the priest, and urged her to

send for the Roman chaplain, to intercede for her with the Blessed Virgin Mary. This she promptly but courteously replied: "There is but one mediator between God and man, Christ Jesus; He is able to save to the uttermost, and ever lives to make intercession." When further pressed, she added that she had Christ for her chaplain, so needed none other. Although a Methodist, this woman requested I would send the French Protestant minister to see her.

After various interviews with Mr. Langel, he consented to go out to see the French woman. That evening a friend of mine, Mr. Mulholland, came to my house at about half-past nine; as I was not at home he thought of the French Minister. They passed and hailed as they passed me, in Augustin street, when the latter called out: "We are going to the gaol, Mr. Davies, we're going now." The next day this poor woman informed me Mr. Langel was to go and administer to her the Lord's Supper at six p.m. As I visited her three days out of four, at each visit this woman used to look sad and troubled. Mrs. Collins visited her frequently. She was daily assailed by nuns, priests; and when the French bishop made his annual visit, he went his rounds in this hospital; she was pointed out to him as a lost apostate. The French medical officer also kindly informed her she had only a few days to live; that she had better see the priest and the ladies to prepare her. I said: "Though all should forsake you, Jesus will not. He will be with you, nor will He forsake nor leave you, no, never." She knew the Scriptures, the reading of which she said had at first opened her eyes and constrained her to come out from the system of Rome. This the woman repeated to the French Colporteur whom Mr. Langel sent to visit her. I cannot speak too highly of Mrs. Collins' diligence, and the truly christian whole-hearted way she toiled through the drifting storm and the deep snow to comfort and to protect this poor persecuted prisoner on what was thought to be her dying bed, but God ordered otherwise; and when it became possible, this kind lady had her removed from her tormentors to the Protestant hospital, and in due time, made other provision for her.

From the foregoing may be gleaned enough to manifest the nature and the need of City Mission effort in this place.

#### Hotel Dieu.

The Missionary visited this institution generally twice a week during winter; but few Protestants are to be found within its walls; those he does find, he has them removed to the Jeffery Hale Hospital.

### Jeffery Hale Hospital.

The Missionary had, as in former years, every facility afforded him in visiting this institution, and also prompt admission of patients from the Hotel Dieu.

Many Christians visit the Hospital, and read and sing with the patients. The Missionary being received by them not as a stranger, enables him to be free and frank with them in the same manner as they are with him. The following short extracts are from his Journal, in which many more incidents are recorded:

Conversed with F—, of about fifty-five years old, who reminded me of my visits to his aged mother in her last illness some sixteen years ago. F— spoke of the comfort the other members of their family always had from the readings and explanations, especially his mother. Speaking to this man, he had no notion about prayer; he never prayed; he had no hopes for eternity, in fact he knew nothing about his soul, nor about his need of a Saviour. I spent over one hour instructing this man and in answering his many questions, and, before I came away from his bed-side, taught him his first prayer. "Lord shew me myself." This I had to stay and repeat some fifty or sixty times before he could get it fixed in his mind. I promised (D.V.) to return to see him in two or three days. While reading and conversing with some of the other patients, poor F— called for me to go and tell him the prayer again, and before I could complete my rounds of the other patients, he again called me to go and explain the prayer to him. At my next visit he seemed much excited; I had to attend to him before any of the others. "Oh!" said he, "I have been in a fright. I am a bad man. I do not know what is to become of me. I am not fit to die; (I can't be ever saved). Do tell me what to do." I then read some of the invitations of the Gospel, and gave him other instructions such as he could understand and hear in mind. He next reminded me that I had not learned him, as I had promised, the other prayer. This then I had to do. "Lord Jesus shew me Thyself." This I repeated several times before I left. At my next visit, some eight days after, the moment I got into the door, F— saw and called me, and with tears running down his cheeks, yet with joy in his countenance, he took my hands in his, and said softly: "Oh! He has. Jesus died for me, I told Him all. I did pray and cry for three days and more, but I wont cry any more. Jesus is my Saviour. He died for me, and now I can't tell you how I feel." For weeks this man continued more or less happy. From what some of the

patients afterwards told me, he used to be almost continually in communion with God; he used to pray much during the night. This man died in this place.

Another patient who was deaf, and slow to receive the Gospel, at last truth seemed to dawn on both his head and heart. At some of my visits he said he now enjoyed much comfort from the thought that salvation is the gift of God, and that he could now say he was fully persuaded that the blood of Christ had been shed for him, and that he could look to the time of his departure without fear.

#### **Marine and Emigrant Hospital.**

The Missionary visited this Institution as in former years, and speaks in the highest terms of all the officials; in particular the obliging and gentlemanly manners of the House Surgeon, he states, has won for him the good will and esteem of many. Comfort, order and cleanliness are characteristics of this Institution.

A few extracts from his Journal:

2ND FEBRUARY.—I read from the 11th Chapter of John's Gospel; the twenty-eighth verse was the portion I chiefly dwelt upon. One, a young Irishman, had to wipe his eyes several times. This seemed to influence the attention of one or two who had kept rather aloof from where we were collected. They gradually neared, and then sat on the bed next where I was sitting, becoming quite as seriously attentive as any of the others. There was an elderly seaman, formerly of the ship "Colonial Empire," Capt. L—, who had been to several of the Bethel services on that and on some of the other ships; he was perhaps interested above most of the others. This also helped to influence several who sat round and heard what he said. "Friends," he said, "I kept the Lord long knocking at the door of my heart. No, I would not hearken to his voice, nor let Him in, but since He did come in, I have not been inclined to let Him out." Here his emotion overcame his utterance, and I went on expounding. A French man at the opposite side of the room was so interested with what my sailor said he came and solicited one of the books from which I had been reading to them. Two Norwegians also came and solicited books. Mr. F—, a citizen and an old acquaintance, took much interest in what transpired around him as he lay in his bed in the other side of the room; so much, that I afterwards stood and read a four page tract for him at his bedside; and when leaving, I gave him two others suitable to his case.

Mr. T— and family I had known for many years. They lived in St. Eustache street when the late beloved Mr. Jeffery Hale sent me to visit T—. At that time and for many years this man was a slave to strong

drink, by which he ruined and made shipwreck of his good temporal prospects, and, with this, endangered the salvation of his poor soul. For sixteen years he had resisted every effort made to reclaim him. For the last three years I had lost sight of him, until I found him in one of the beds in this hospital. And the sight. There he lay a mere skeleton; his colour a dark, dark olive; his face was long, sharp and distorted with pain; his poor arms bare skin and bone; a sight not so cheering to look upon. Oh! what a lesson to any who doubted the evil of strong drink, the fruit of sin. He was first to speak: "I am glad you came round the beds; I want to speak to you. I heard your reading the last day, although I kept my eyes shut. I was much cheered by your remarks on the plea of Moses on behalf of the rebellious Jews. Like them I have long, long, perhaps too long, resisted the overtures of mercy." Continuing my visits, I had the privilege of hearing this man also adding his testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus. Often he has said to the men in the ward that somehow or other the Missionary had always hit upon the very subjects he used to be most anxious about. For some weeks he had great peace in believing, and at all my latter visits he always said how much comfort he had derived from my ministry. He always spoke of how he enjoyed our short prayers at his bed side. Some who visited him a few times, mentioned to me in the Y. M. C. A. Rooms how much he seemed to tell them about my visits and the comfort he had therefrom. Poor T— was just being covered over with a sheet when I next called. He breathed his last just as I got to the room door.

THURSDAY, 15TH MARCH.—This was one of my most interesting visits this season in this place. After a kindly word with one and another, then, at the request of an intelligent old man, I sat to read with him. About sixteen of the other patients joined our little band of four Protestants. I read and spoke for about one hour. During that time I stopped three or four times, but at their request, as I saw how much they seemed interested, I continued. The attention plainly indicated the Lord was with us and His word was doing its own good work on these people. Some shed tears and openly thanked me for the pains I always took to make plain to them God's only plan of salvation. In after conversation with one and another in the inner room, the young man known among them as the engineer, I spent nearly another hour with. He gave me the whole history of his contact with Protestants and Protestant teaching. He also informed me of what attracted his serious attention at some of my visits to the wards, and of his having followed me from one room into another all through the wards. The young men's singing he said he liked as he thought most of the others did also. He also let me know the priest had been informed by one of the little lads in the room that one of the men got a Bible. The priest sent and had it taken from him, but finding the man refractory, he soon after

returned and restored the book, upon whom he now looked upon as a Protestant. The priest next spoke to the engineer about his intimacy with the Protestant Missionary and going to hear the young men singing; and then complained of his never attending to his religious duties, and that he had not once been to confession since he had been in the hospital. Having heard him through, the young man smiled, and said he: "I thought he might as well out with it now as any other time." He told the priest that it was so long since he confessed save to God, he thought he was now done with that sort of thing. Still more surprised, the reverend gentleman asked how long he had been of this mind. "Well," said the engineer, "over nine years." "Why," then said the perplexed father, "you too are a Protestant." Then with a cold look and shake of his head the good father turned on his heel and left the room. I then had to stay and hear the thanks of one for sending him a new Testament, and many thanks from other inmates of the Hospital.

#### Work among the Soldiers.

The Missionary states that a large number of the English speaking portion of the Dominion soldiers of the B. Battery are men who have served various terms in the Royal Army—and not a few of these soldier's sons—who have been honored with medals and clasps. Some are Chelsea out-pensioners; many of whom are good men, christian soldiers. The usual Bible-class was held in the Citadel.

The following are extracts from his Journal:

HOSPITAL WARD.—Read, conversed and prayed in the inner-room. In the outer-room or kitchen, there was an American youth who at first was wholly averse to any serious or religious conversation. After a while he changed his manner, and became communicative. He had been a play actor and lived wholly without religion. Although scarce twenty he seems tearfully hardened. When I spoke to him about home, his father, his mother, then about a parent's affection, which I pictured, reading the story of the father's reception of his prodigal son. As I spoke on, his lip tightened, the tears blinded his eyes; he tried to hide his pent up feelings, but could not quite succeed. This poor lad suffered from connection with scoffers and coarse degraded companions, most of them infidels. He said he could not understand how an omnipotent and merciful God could create men with certain propensities, and then to punish them for what they could not remedy. Compassionating this fair youth, I remained nearly two hours with him. Before I came away, I was glad to find him an apt and quick discerner; he was also generously candid and open-hearted, and soon

confessed his ignorance and want of happiness. He said he attended the Scotch Presbyterian Church. I continued my attentions to this youth, lent him several suitable books, which I ascertained he read, and had the satisfaction of seeing the good results before he took his discharge, which he did some two months after, when he gave up his wanderings, and returned to his parents, intending to make some amends for his former folly. Several of the old soldiers in the Battery spoke highly of the change they witnessed in this youth before he left the Citadel.

CITADEL BARRACKS—WEDNESDAY, 31ST JANUARY.—In the Band Room, an Italian, a superior and a well educated man, I spent some time with. He had been a schoolmaster, also a bandmaster. This man had been in contact with Father Chiniquy, of whom he spoke most highly. He is an admirer of the Bible, and hopes soon to become more familiar with its teachings. Since then, I had repeated interviews with this well-informed and good man, and as he becomes more able to express himself in our language, I am convinced he is not far from the kingdom of God.

The Bible class in the evening was well attended. There was twenty-three, one, a young man, who had been here some two years ago; he came from Megantic. This young man spoke of the result of our former meetings in Sergeant Ballantine's room, where we again assembled that night. He mentioned some of the conversations of several of his former companions at the meetings in the Citadel at Quebec. Three of them have become Sunday School teachers.

WEDNESDAY, 7TH FEBRUARY.—In one of the rooms, I met a former soldier of 60th Rifles. He had been to several of our lectures while his old regiment was quartered in the Citadel, where he signed the pledge. Since then he has kept a good reputation. Although a Roman Catholic, he spoke approvingly of the truths he heard me set forth. He is fond of reading the British Flag, sent by General Sir A. J. Lawrence for the soldiers and Chelsea out-pensioners, and at all times afforded me a cordial welcome wherever we happened to meet.

In another room, I met with a former soldier of the First Battalion 7th Royal Fusiliers; his father was in the same Battalion. This man, although intelligent, seemed void of anything like religion. After a lengthened conversation on one subject and another, I read a portion of Scripture, which I strove to make him understand.

WEDNESDAY, 14TH MARCH.—Conversed with the men in the gate guard room. These people were well disposed and spoke highly of the British Flag, especially of No. 84 new series, February First, 1877. The certain sound sent forth in that number on the first page has induced an increased interest in that useful and truly edifying publication. Several of the French Canadian soldiers are equally eager to obtain the Flag as any of the English speaking. Others importune for a number of the British Workman, which they admire very much and several of them read with actual delight.

### The Funds.

Referring to the Treasurer's Account annexed to this Report, and while tendering the thanks of the Committee to the supporters of the "Quebec City Mission," they regret to observe that the subscriptions to the funds falls very considerably behind last year's.

Indeed the balance due the Treasurer has not been so much since the year 1865. It is to be hoped, that in the ensuing year the sum due the Treasurer will be more than met by the friends of the Mission contributing liberally towards its funds.

### Conclusion.

The usual schedule, &c., of statistics is appended herewith.

The details as given in this Report shows very clearly the importance of the work accomplished, more especially the labours of the Missionary among the seamen—the manner in which he approaches the sailors, when they are inclined to follow the paths that leads to vice, and how he deals with each individually—the results in many cases turning out most favourable.

The work among the poor and destitute of the city; also, the Missionary's visits to the gaol and hospitals, were not without good results

It is with much regret your Committee have to record the demise of Mr. John Gilmour, one who, from the very commencement of the Mission, took an interest in its operations, and continued throughout to give it his support.

The indestructible seed of the word has been sown both on the water and on the land, from which, it is hoped, much fruit may hereafter appear, and that many who have heard the word through this agency will become the faithful subjects of our Redeemer's Kingdom.

## APPENDIX.

---

The thanks of the Committee are due to the following:

To the kind friends in England, whose Christian zeal and whole-hearted liberality has done so much to sustain our City Mission during the last twenty years, and for their valuable donations: "British Workman," "British Flag," and publications; and specially to Sir A. J. Lawrence, K.C.B., for annual Christmas gift of five guineas to the Missionary.

To the London, England, and the Quebec Auxiliary Bible and Tract Societies, for unlimited supply of Tracts in nine languages during the year.

To Mr. J. J. Foote, the ever obliging and certainly liberal editor of the "Morning Chronicle," for over twenty years' gratuitous notices of the Bethel Services, Bible Classes and Prayer-Meetings in connection with the City Mission.

To the kind and ever willing helper and sincere friend of the Mission and of the Missionary, Mr. Dawson, of late Middleton and Dawson, for twenty vols. of books for use of the Mission and several other kind helps to the Missionary.

To Rev. D. Marsh, for two New Testaments for indigent foreigners.

To Capt. Blanch, ship "Harewood," for three dozen Norwegian and German Testaments for distribution among seamen of these nationalities; and with this also for a gift of three dollars to Missionary's helper.

To the excellent Mrs. Collins and ladies of W. C. A., for unlimited supply of food relief for a large number of poor, chiefly Irish Roman Catholics, many of whom were widows and orphans; not a few of whom were in a starving condition during the greater part of the winter months.

To Messrs. Doran, Delaney, Smyth and Arel, for about sixty pounds of soup meat for the use of the soup kitchen in Artillery Barracks.

To Mrs. Collins, for fruit and other needed delicacies for a sick French Protestant woman in the gaol, and to whom this lady made several visits to help the Missionary to protect her from the attempts of the Roman Catholic chaplain, the nuns and others to force her to apostatise to the Church of Rome.

To Capt. Wilson, ship "City of Montreal," for two dollars to the Missionary's helper to save her a long walk. To the ever faithful friend of the Mission and the cause, Capt. Marshall, ship "Lady Clarendon," of whom I cannot speak too highly for his so many years' kindness and hospitality; also for two dollars to Annie to drive to our home. To Capt. Summers, of ship "Laurel," of whose whole-heartedness and almost filial kindness the Missionary so often experienced, both to him and also to his helper. To Capt. Blanch, ship "Isabella," for much whole-hearted kindness, and two dollars to drive home from his ship. To the long-trying friend of the cause, Capt. Cromarty, ship "Palmyra," for one dollar to ride from South Quebec to Quebec suburbs. To the constant and truly excellent Capt. Williams, than whom there is not another who affords a more cordial welcome to the Lord's messengers to his ship, the "Abbotsford," and for two dollars to drive from Sillery to town after a late Sunday evening service. To Capt. Morrison, ship "Imperial," a seventeen years' friend of the Mission and the Missionary, for innumerable acts of kindness and hospitality; also for two dollars to drive from Indian Cove East to the Lewis ferry and home to St. Lewis suburbs. To Captain and his wife, ship "G. B. Lewis," for five dollars to the Missionary's daughter Annie, to drive from St. Lawrence Tow-Boat wharf, nearly two miles past G. T. Railway wharf. To Capt. Pitt, ship "Anstruther," a friend of eighteen years, whose ship has ever been a home for the Missionary, and himself always active to insure a good attendance at the meetings on his ship; also for three dollars to drive home. To Capt. Campbell, ship "E. Cardwell," for two dollars to my helper to drive home. To master of ship "Charles Gladstone," for two dollars for like purpose. To Capt. Thomas, ship "Marco Polo," for four dollars to Annie to buy herself a present. To the warm-hearted and truly zealous and earnest Capt. Williams, ship "Victory No. 2," for his much kindness and his help; and for five dollars to my helper. To the master of the barque "Maude," for two dollars to my helper, a token of his regard for her labours going about with me. To the mate of ship "Countess Minto," for two dollars to Annie to drive home on a wet day. Capt. Oakley, an old friend of twenty years standing, gave Annie two dollars to drive home on a wet day. To Capt. Heughs, brother of the old friend of our Mission, who, years since, sent us a new Bethel Flag, for seven dollars from himself and his mate, and from whom we had his late brother's truly Welsh hospitality. To the truly kind sterling master of the ship "Becherdass Amdardass," whose fine ship was ever at our service, and this with all genuine cordiality; for a five dollar gold piece to my helper to save her some long walks. The truly gentle and Christian young man, master of the ship "Violo," for four dollars to Annie to drive home from his ship on a rough night. To Capt. Bailey, also one of our oldest friends, whose truly open warm-hearted and cheerful manner ever made our

visits to his ship (the "Hindostan,") more than commonly pleasing and refreshing; for five dollars to his favourite little Annie. To the master of the "Kennelworth," for five dollars to Annie, and for many former kindnesses to me and to my little companion. To the excellent and truly kind master of the ship "Indus," for much kindness; and for five dollars to my precenter, for helping so constantly at our interesting meetings.

With these, the best thanks of the Committee are due to the chief friend of our Mission in Quebec, the truly obliging Capt. Russell, Chief of the River Police, to whose large help we owe that so many ships are reached on the ballast grounds, Indian Cove and other distant parts of our port. Also to Mr. Cunningham and his men, for their great kindness and care for our personal safety, when, upon several occasions, we were in serious danger.

The thanks of your Missionary is hereby tendered to Mr. Henry Fry for his solicitude for his old servant's health, this when he was himself suffering and hastening for his departure to Europe. Also to my honored and deservedly beloved superintendant, Mr. N. N. Ross, whose faithful and truly steadfast friendliness, both to the Missionary and to the City Mission, I cannot be too grateful for, and specially for his kind consideration for my wants during my recent painful affliction. This when we were without sufficient means to meet even our common wants. I am also thankful to Mr. Dawson, and to Messrs. Holt, Gillespie, M. Haney, and the score of other kind friends who so kindly came round my bed to comfort and to cheer me; among these, the kind and warm-hearted shipmasters, who, with Mr. W. Tait, left substantial proof of their affectionate regard.

RICHARD PIERD DAVIES,  
City Missionary.

# QUEBEC CITY MISSION.

## ANNUAL SCHEDULE,

FROM THE 1ST OF JANUARY TO THE 31ST OF DECEMBER, 1877.

SUPERINTENDENT:—N. NEILSON ROSS, Esquire.

Number of families called on during the year.....	3,785
Number of hours spent in domiciliary visitation.....	1,492
Number of visits, 2,575; number of calls, 1,354;—total.....	3,929
Of which to the sick and afflicted.....	352
* Number of meetings held.....	155
About what attendance.....from 6 to at times	80
† Number of Tracts given away.....	38,333
In how many languages.....	9
Copies or Portions of Scriptures given away.....	70
Number of times read the Scriptures.....	2,295
Deaths of persons visited.....	23
Visited by the Missionary only.....	4
Number of children sent to School.....	9
Number of interviews with Superintendent.....	37
Number of Temperance Meetings held.....	2
Number of Books lent in the gaol.....	280
Number of persons induced to attend public worship.....	6
Number of prodigal females induced to return home.....	2
Number of Books lent in the Marine Hospital.....	149
Number procured work for.....	11
Number procured temporal relief for.....	20
Procured passages to Europe, &c., &c., for.....	6
Removed from Romish to Protestant Hospital.....	4

\* Of the meetings, 143 were on board ships and steamers lying between Gilmour's Indian Cove East, and to New Liverpool on the south side of the St. Lawrence, and Sillery Cove and the Quarantine ground, at the mouth of the River St. Charles, on the north side, and upon a large number of ships anchored at both extremes of the ballast grounds, and in mid stream.

† Of the Tracts, about twenty-eight thousand were given among seafaring people, passengers, lumbermen and other strangers met in within various parts in and around the city. One thousand nine hundred were given among the soldiers in the citadel, and five hundred (including the British Flag) among Chelsea out-pensioners and their families. The Tracts were in nine languages.

RICHD. PIERD DAVIES, *City Missionary.*

## QUEBEC CITY MISSION.

---

### Names of Ships and Number of Services during the Season of 1877.

SHIPS' NAMES	Sundays	Week Days.
Abbotsford .....	1	1
Adriatic .....	1	1
Algiers.....	1	1
Ajuneer.....	0	1
Ardenlee.....	2	1
Annie Gray.....	1	1
Allace Wilson.....	1	1
Avalanch.....	1	0
Astracan.....	1	0
Anstruther.....	0	1
Aginoria.....	1	0
Arran, No. 1.....	0	1
Arran, No. 2.....	2	1
Bruce.....	2	1
Becherdass Amdardass.....	2	0
Chivalier.....	1	0
Cameo.....	1	1
City of Montreal.....	0	1
Chas. Gladstone.....	1	1
Clydesdale.....	1	0
Columbine.....	1	1
Countess Minto.....	0	1
Commerce.....	1	0
Elphinstone, (S. S.).....	2	1
Edward Cardwell.....	0	1
Forghanhall.....	1	0
Forrest Queen.....	2	0
Governor Langden.....	1	0
Gold Finder.....	1	0
G. B. Lewis.....	1	0
Gaspé.....	2	1
Hope.....	1	0
Haversham.....	1	1
Imperial.....	2	1
Isabella.....	0	1
Indus.....	0	1
Jehu.....	1	0
Julie.....	2	1
Joseph Melbury.....	1	1
Kennelworth.....	2	1
Laurel.....	2	2
Labrador.....	2	1
Lady Clarendon.....	1	1
Labrador, (S. S.).....	1	1
Marco Polo.....	1	1

SHIPS' NAMES.	Sundays.	Week Days.
Mamelon.....	2	1
Macedon.....	2	1
Marian, No. 1.....	1	0
Marian, No. 2.....	0	1
Maude.....	1	0
Ocean Pearl.....	2	1
Palmyra.....	1	1
Portlaw.....	1	0
Queen.....	1	0
Red Jacket.....	1	1
Ryerson.....	1	0
Royalist.....	1	1
Rossend Castle.....	1	0
Reviewer.....	2	1
Shannon.....	0	1
Staffa.....	1	0
Sebastapool.....	1	1
Shelbourne.....	1	1
Victory, No. 1.....	1	1
Victory, No. 2.....	1	1
Violo.....	1	1
Zambesi.....	1	0
Zelandia.....	1	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	74	46
		74
		<hr/>
		126

—of the Meetings three were mixed Welch and English.

Number of after Prayer-meetings.....	23
TOTAL.....	143

BY WHOM CONDUCTED.	No. of Times.
Capt. Robinson, ship "Ardenlee," helped at.....	3
Capt. Wilson, ship "City of Montreal".....	2
Capt. of ship "Annie Gray".....	2
Capt. ship "Maude".....	1
Mr. L——, Mate "Countess Minto".....	1
Capt. Heughs, ship "Labrador".....	4
Two of the officers of this ship.....	3
Master of "Ocean Pearl".....	1
Capt. Horley, ship "Herbert Beech".....	1
The City Missionary.....	120

R. P. DAVIES, City Missionary.

# SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE QUEBEC CITY MISSION.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS IN QUEBEC.

Henry Fry.....	\$20 00	Wm. White.....	\$2 00
R. R. Dobell & Co.....	20 00	H. S. Scott .....	2 00
J. Burstall & Co.....	10 00	C. N. Montizambert. ....	2 00
Roberts, Smith & Co.....	10 00	Thos. Andrews.....	2 00
Gibb, Laird & Co.....	10 00	Dunn, Griffith & Co.....	2 00
Allan Gilmour & Co.....	10 00	E. D. Ashe.....	1 00
Jas. G. Ross.....	10 00	John Strang.....	1 00
James Gibb.....	10 00	J. W. Dunscomb.....	1 00
G. B. Hall & Co.....	10 00	P. McEwen.....	1 00
W. H. Tapp.....	10 00	W. R. Dean.....	1 00
Joseph Woodley.....	5 00	J. Reid.....	1 00
John Glass.....	5 00	Wm. Lee.....	1 00
D. D. Calvin & Co.....	5 00	J. Darlington.....	1 00
Price Bros. & Co.....	5 00	W. McWilliam.....	1 00
William Rae.....	5 00	John Von Exter.....	1 00
Mrs W. B. Clark.....	5 00	Dr. Racey.....	1 00
Mrs. D. A. Ross.....	5 00	Cash.....	1 00
John C Thomson.....	5 00	J. Whitehead.....	1 00
Jas. Woodley.....	4 00	W. W.....	1 00
Thomas Gale.....	4 00	J. B. & Co.....	1 00
Hossack, Woods & Co.....	4 00	W. B.....	1 00
J. G. Clapham.....	4 00	J. Louis.....	1 00
W. M. Macpherson.....	4 00	M. Miller.....	1 00
H. Stanley Smith.....	4 00	J. T. Dawson.....	1 00
N. Neilson Ross.....	3 00	C. F. Smith.....	1 00
H. W. Powis.....	2 00	Cash.....	1 00
W. H. DeWolf.....	2 00	T Hethrington.....	1 00
Mrs. Wm. Poston.....	2 00	Geo. Lamb.....	1 00
W. Hossack.....	2 00	Cash.....	1 00
David A. Ross.....	2 00	H. Hemming.....	1 00
McLean Stewart.....	2 00	J. U. Gregory.....	1 00
Geo. Alford.....	2 00	E. H. Duval.....	1 00
J. J. Bew.....	2 00	A Friend.....	1 00
Weston Hunt.....	2 00	Wm. Thom.....	1 00
J. S. Crawford.....	2 00	T. B. Strange.....	1 00
W. Brown.....	2 00	Mrs. W. W. Scott.....	1 00
John S. Fry.....	2 00	Saml. J. Shaw.....	1 00
G. C. Hossack.....	2 00		
W. & R. Brodie.....	2 00		
			\$257 00

Dr. THE QUEBEC CITY MISSION SOCIETY IN ACCOUNT WITH THE TREASURER. Cr.

1877.		Jan. 1.—By Balance from 1876 .....	\$76 46
Dec. 31.—	To Cash paid Missionary's Salary .....	\$500 00	
	To Cash being special grant to Missionary...	20 00	
	To Cash granted Missionary's daughter.....	10 00	
	To Cash paid Missionary's incidental expenses, posting bills, carriage of books, boat-hire, postages, &c. ....	20 55	
	To Cash paid for printing Report, posters, advertising, &c.....	52 02	
	To Cash paid for collecting Subscriptions in Quebec.....	12 85	
	To Cash paid for Hymn books, &c.....	1 10	
		<u>\$616 52</u>	
1878.		Jan. 1st.—To Balance due Treasurer.....	129 06
		<u>\$616 52</u>	

\*(Subscriptions not yet received from England.)

E. & O. E. HENRY FRY, TREASURER.