

dent denomination, for the support of the Home Missionary, Irish Evangelical, and Colonial Missionary Societies, united under the appropriate designation of "British Missions," as combining the efforts of the Congregational Churches for the religious good of three most important sections of the glorious British Empire. We are also happy to learn, that the proposed plan, on which all the Churches are invited to do the same thing at the same time, has met with approval and secured co-operation in the most important and influential towns. Manchester will furnish collections in eight chapels, Leeds in four, on the 29th inst. Sheffield had collections in four chapels, Hull in three, last Lord's-day, in order to secure the assistance of Ministers who had attended the Congregational Union meetings in Leeds during the previous week. This is as it should be. The Congregational Churches require no dictation, nor would they submit to it; but they do stand in need of all the advantage to be derived from wise and willing co-operation. Never were their combined efforts more needed than now, to maintain Evangelical Theology and Religious Liberty throughout every portion of the great empire of which they are, on every sacred ground, the patriotic citizens. Congregationalists feel an ardent and impassioned, because deeply religious, attachment to their beloved country. Its Religious Liberty they deem to be, in a great measure, their own work—the result of their principles—the fruit of the struggles and sufferings of their forefathers. All their best and brightest hopes for the future, and for the world, depend, under God, on British liberty, intelligence, power, and piety. They feel to have as much to lose, or more, of dear interests and bright prospects, in the disasters of their country, than any other class, even the highest and the proudest, of their countrymen. They do not, indeed, partake largely in the territorial wealth, the rank, the official dignities and emoluments of their country; but, in her Religious Liberty and moral power, they have a deep stake, of a value not to be computed, and for the preservation of which, life itself would be thought well sacrificed. But, when the question is put, how can the Independent Churches best serve their country, how best advance her most vital interests? we answer, without hesitation,—By movements strictly religious, by Congregational schools, by Missions, by sound literature, by Voluntary Church-extension. Let them act on the mind of the people, on the heart of the people, by those views of religion in which liberty and intelligence are essential elements. This is their line of action—these are the weapons of their warfare—not carnal, but mighty.

A SACRAMENTAL OCCASION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The Scottish Guardian describes an interesting occasion of this kind, enjoyed a few weeks since. It was the communion at Ardehatten, a parish situated on the banks of Loch Etive, described by tourists as one of the most beautiful lochs in Scotland. The Rev. Mr. Fraser, the minister, has joined the Free Church, with all his people. The parish church, a handsome new edifice, was closed on this communion Sabbath of the Free Church, its deserted courts presenting a

melancholy contrast to the animating scene in which the Seceders participated. The Guardian says:—*Christian Intelligencer*.

"It was generally computed that not fewer than three thousand people were congregated on this spot, many of them from a great distance, some of them having crossed mountain, and muir, and loch, for thirty miles round. It was the first communion of the Free Church in the district. None but those who have mingled amongst these warm-hearted and high-minded people can estimate the depth of affection and the generous enthusiasm with which they have flown to the support of the Free Protestant Church of Scotland. This of itself is attracting hundreds from the mountains and the glens to the Highland communions; and never were seasons of greater solemnity experienced in a land which has long been characterized by the piety of its people. But this occasion was rendered still more interesting by the presence of that eminent servant of God, the Rev. Dr. McDonald of Urquhart, familiarly known throughout the Highlands as 'the apostle of the north.'

"The tent was pitched, and the table spread upon a plot of smooth greensward skirting the loch, and sloping upwards from the water's edge, till it terminated in a knoll, rising to the level of the ancient sea-beach, which is seen running with remarkable precision in parallel lines on the banks of the Loch Etive, as in all the manifold lochs which intersect this part of the Highlands. It was on the knoll, formed by a massive rock, and glittering with wild flowers—the stone-crop, the blue bell, Milton's 'euphrasy,' the thyme, the tormentilla—that the great proportion of the multitude were seated, full in view of the tent, which was placed with its back to the water. Contemplated from this beautiful spot, with the solemn associations of the day and the occasion crowding upon the mind, the surrounding scenery assumed the aspect of the august temple. We have often heard of the attention which Highlanders give to preaching in Gaelic, but never before had an opportunity of witnessing it. Dr. McDonald was the first minister who preached from the tent, the action-sermon to the Gaelic-speaking population being assigned to him; and while his sonorous voice rose high and clear as the sound of a trumpet, all heard and all hung upon his words with an eagerness which we never saw equalled under the most eloquent discourse to a Lowland congregation. Wherever there was a prominence on the knoll which projected a group of heads in strong relief from the mass, there they sat like a study of heads in statuary all looking earnestly at the preacher, and all rooted immovably to the spot. The universal attention was infectious, and Sassenach ear, albeit unused to the music of the mountain tongue, listened too with pleasure, till they began to attach intelligible ideas to these unwonted sounds. The table was stretched in one long line in front of the tent, where Dr. McDonald was seated, the benches running parallel on either side. The preacher closed his animated address, and as the elders moved noiselessly along, carrying the consecrated memorials of redeeming love, the eye, in glancing along the rows of devout communicants, might have fallen upon the figure of some venerable man in a shepherd's plaid, swaying himself backwards and forwards, unconscious of