

working out not a temporary but a permanent remedy for this great evil. He resolved that for some hundreds of thousands of his poor countrymen the gospel of Christ should be preached from generation to generation without money and without price. The scheme was at the time looked upon as chimerical, and all but impossible of attainment. He was destined to show what an iron will and an earnest purpose can effect. Without the consuming eloquence of Chalmers, destitute of many of those easy accomplishments which win popular applause, he set to his work with a mind fully made up to desist only with the successful attainment of his purpose. There is, he said, much goodness in man, and if we can convince the judgment we may bring it out. For some time his labors appeared to be in vain. But his want of success only increased his earnestness, and at last it had its reward. Every county in Scotland answered his appeals. Every meeting at which he spoke was attended by the whole of the rank, wealth and character of the district. He had convinced his countrymen not only of the necessity but of the possibility of his scheme. Noblemen gave their thousands, the landed gentry willingly gave their hundreds, the mechanic gladly gave his mite. The end was in view, the glorious work was nearly accomplished, and by a wise and mysterious Providence the master-workman was taken away. Yet not till his heart was satisfied; till, like Moses, he had a Pisgah view of the great object for which he had lived and labored so long. Now the value of the man was seen, and the full value of the work appreciated. He died with the full confidence and the glorious satisfaction that what he had begun would be completed amid the benisons of a grateful country.

Surely the lessons which this great and good man's life are so well fitted to teach us here in this remote quarter of our Lord's vineyard may not be entirely lost. Is it impossible that our Church in these Lower Provinces can be placed upon a more secure and satisfactory footing. Is there no one amongst us who, like Dr. Robertson, making labor the handmaid of his purposes will imitate so high an example, and earn a reward purer, better and more enduring than any other, the consciousness of having done a great and good act, and having won the gratitude of a whole people. Our organization both in N. Brunswick and N. Scotia is imperfect and unsatisfactory. Is there no mind among us with energy and earnestness enough to bring out the goodness that really exists in so many warm hearts, by convincing their judgments. We are weak, not so much in numbers, as in reality of aim and consolidation of purpose. There are among us wealth and piety and sincerity, the materials for placing our Church on an enduring footing by some such scheme as the Endowment Fund of Dr. Robertson. It seems to be the only way of carrying out Established

Church principles in these colonies, by doing ourselves for the Church what at home has been done by the state. By the purely voluntary system the gospel can be preached only to those who are able and willing to pay for it. By the endowment scheme it may be preached to all, if necessary, without money and without price. This important truth is already being acted on by our brethren in Canada, who are working on it with great spirit and energy a supplementary endowment fund to that which they already possess. The Church of England in Nova Scotia has for some time been zealously at work, having resolved to raise the sum of £40,000 as a permanent endowment in aid of their Churches. We are told that they have before them every prospect of success, the city of Halifax alone having contributed the munificent proportion of £13,000. Surely this is better than building magnificent churches. There is more wealth attached to our Church in the same city! How much of it might be devoted to so good a purpose! At all events, we see the example before us, at home and abroad, which tells us plainly and distinctly enough, "go thou and do likewise."

(For the "Record"
WINTER.

It is earth's regal time. [robe.
Nature hath donned her grand and glistering
Festoons of glory drape her ice-bound globe,
Brodered with frosty rime.

Quiet and cold as death,
In cerements whiter than the vestal's lawn,
Valley and hillside slumber in the dawa
Of morning's crystal breath.

The branches flackel with snow,
In graceful shadows wearily recline, [shine,
Like feathered plumes tierced with rical sun-
On the white d-aw below;

The fingers of the night [stain,
Have traced, with pencil dipped in silvery
Exquisite etchings on the window pane—
Castles with domes of light.

The rosy gates of morn,
Thrown open by a key of living gold,
Flash out in splendor, like a rainbow fold
Over the landscape borne.

The icicles droop down,
Long slender shafts of gleaming crystal spar,
Each in the sunlight like a jewelled star
Gemming the winter's crown.

Earth's harp no more can thrill,
Its strings no longer Nature's music claim,
The stream's swift arteries coursing through
her frame
In icy chains are still.