

itself alone. God's witnesses are in every land—in *our midst*. Here is an instance. Doubtless there are many more. In a distant settlement of this province (the name is of no moment), a pious household took up their abode many years ago. They were entirely removed from the centres of population. The few scattered settlers around them, as in other places, were *disunited* in religion, and if ever there seemed "a hopeless case" as the world would say, theirs was one. How could a small family expect a clergyman and church in their midst? was it probable? was it even possible? we may say NO; but faith and prayer said YES. And so it happened. Prayer after prayer, through many long and anxious years, was wafted into the very presence of our heavenly Father, and those prayers were heard. These good people believed that God, in His own time and way (little could they foresee *how*) would answer their prayers. Had you worshipped with me, good reader, on the first morning of this year in that very settlement you would have seen some results of faith and prayer. Let me describe them. There was first the missionary who serves. Next on the brow of the hill the turret-bell summoned an earnest congregation to communicate in the neat little early-English building which contains all the essentials of a well-arranged Church. In the vestry was the lending-library supplied by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. At the end of the church were the Sunday School children who are instructed every Lord's Day in the love and fear of God. Yet there is no tiresome debt hanging like a dead weight. How then was the Church built? Through a Bazaar, Tea-meeting, or some other amusement? No. The cost was \$480.00, more or less, in money. Self-denial, manual labour, and trust in God, wrought the rest. This Church is an answer then to those who imagine that we *must* fall back upon Bazaars to raise money for building our churches in the back settlements of New Brunswick. More: this little Church is also an answer to every humble believer who prays to the Lord, and patiently waits till the way is made straight before his face. For what Churchman who prays "through Jesus Christ our Lord" will dare to say that God does not know our needs and will answer them if He sees fit.

Think then of what faith and prayer have accomplished in one of our backwoods, and you will surely never advocate or attend another Bazaar for the building and adornment of churches.

2. LABOUR. What, after all, is our first want as a body of Church-people? It is an earnest, active, hard-working, ministry. No matter how poor or rustic the district, the clergyman whose heart is in his work will be sure to find some school-house, log-hut, or house where he can hold regular services. In time, with God's blessing, a more suitable building will follow *as a matter of course*. The people will feel the want and supply the means. In the mean time they will have been taught to offer their tithes and produce; the clergyman will have set them an example in almsgiving; he will enter heart and soul into all their wants both spiritual and temporal—and if the work is of God, He will bless it, as surely as there is a bright sun over our heads. But if they really feel the want of a suitable building, let it be *suitable*; costly works of art are suited to wealthy cities; they are out of place where the necessaries of life are with difficulty provided. To love and value and care for it they should pay for it or build it with their own hands. They build and pay for their own dwellings without the aid of amusement; why should they dream of THE HOUSE being raised without their axes and hammers lending their cheerful aid? May they not claim that passage of Nehemiah and make it their own? "The God of Heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we His servants will arise and build."

Some of our readers beg very hard for stories in *The Church Magazine*. If I tell them one, it is by no means original, and must bring this article to a close. It will at least suit our "practical" friends, and convince all, it may be hoped, that labour,—good, down right, honest hard work, entirely throws into the shade Bazaars for the building and adornment of churches.

"I was travelling," says a clergyman lately deceased, "as is my custom, on foot and with my knapsack on my back, and was entering one of the valleys of the Higher Alps of Savoy called the Valorsine. The little village, which takes its name from the valley, some weeks before I had passed that way had been overwhelmed by an avalanche.