

soul is permanent and abiding, and sends forth a constant flow of holy zeal.

As men advance in the divine life zeal becomes purer; it has less of natural emotion in it, and more of God's grace. And, my dear friends, whenever a Christian begins to languish and fall away, the first flower that the wind of temptation nips is zeal. Pray, then, for us, and for yourselves, that we may endure, shall I say, for a little longer—a few years—or many years! No; it is to the end that we must endure. This is not the language of our own hearts, the flesh is always crying out, "Stop now, stop now!" Yes, and that is a very comfortable sound in a man's ears, when he is worn out and weary; ah, and a man might begin to think about obeying it, if another voice did not contradict the lie; if God did not say, "He that shall endure to the end the same shall be saved." Alas! brethren, we know too well what decays of zeal are; and now that, in the gracious providence of God, we are permitted again to meet in this place, to labour together for the in-gathering of souls, may it be to act boldly, and to enter in by the open door of Emmanuel's glorious and everlasting righteousness, to obtain the promise of the Father, the great Breaker himself going before us, and Jehovah on the head of us. He breaks up the way for all his children, not only to deliver them from the wrath to come, and from a state of condemnation, but going before them also in all that is undertaken for his glory and in his name. He does a part of all his works on earth by his people, and enables them to overcome all difficulties, and to overthrow them in the name of the Lord. He makes the worn Jacob a new sharp threshing instrument, by him beating the mountains as chaff. "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

To the Editor of the Record.

Baker, 2nd Sept. 1850.

Ma. Editor,—

Allow me to announce through the columns of the Record, the death of Mr. John Johnston, one of our respected elders in this place. Mr. Johnston was enjoying his usual good health and spirits, when an unexpected stroke soon laid him low in the dust. He was engaged some two weeks since, putting grain into the barn, when he fell from a beam upon the thrashing floor, and fractured his spine. He only lived a week after the fall. Prompt medical assistance was procured, but it only afforded him a temporary relief.—He was buried yesterday week. We endeavored to improve the occasion by an address. A deep feeling of solemnity seemed to pervade every heart, and we trust some salutary impressions may have been made.

In the death of our much lamented friend, the Church in this place has sustained a great loss.—The community too has been deprived of one of its most useful members. Mr. Johnston was a good neighbour, an affectionate husband and parent, and, I believe, a pious and devoted servant of God. He manifested strong faith in Christ.—When suffering acute pain, he would often say, "Not my will but thine be done, O God!" He remarked, that "in a few more days he would be numbered with the dead." When his attention was directed to Christ, as the only sure ground of his hope, and the only true source of consolation and support, he said, "Oh that I had him in my arms!" He could speak but little, from his excessive sufferings.

God often speaks to us in the calls of his providence, as in the words of inspiration "To you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men!"

He deigns to address us in the still small voice of the Gospel, from amid the cherubims of mercy; but when we refuse to listen to the heavenly voice, He speaks terrible things to us in wrath.

Mrs. Johnston and family are in affliction, and the prayers of the Church are requested on their behalf.

Yours truly,

W. E. McKay.

### VISIT TO ST. KILDA.

The name of St. Kilda must ever be associated with the venerable name of Dr. Macdonald, the Apostle of the Highlands. We have not heard much of the state of things in that Island since the period of the disruption; but the following narrative, from the Witness newspaper, will be read with interest:—

The island of St. Kilda, that interesting ocean rock, which

"To western worlds  
Resigns the setting sun."

has this year been visited by a deputation appointed by the Committee of the General Assembly on the Highlands, consisting of the Rev. Mr. McGillivray of Dairsie, and the Rev. Mr. MacLachlan of the Free Gaelic Church here. We are indebted to one of the gentlemen of the deputation for the following account of their visit, from which they have just returned:—

We got on board the Breadalbane at Oban, on the morning of the 26th of June. This handsome and most useful little vessel, had just returned from a cruise along the Long Island, and had landed ministers at several points, to supply in some measure the fearful spiritual destitution that pervades that extensive region.

It had been our intention to spend two Sabbaths at St. Kilda, and consequently we hoped earnestly that the morning after making the Sound, we should be able to pass through, and steer for the west. But the sea beyond the Long Island is a very different thing from what it is on this side. The swell of the Atlantic rolls with unbroken force. We could see, as we looked westward, that the wind, which had carried us so rapidly on, had raised a heavy sea; large white-crested breakers appeared, raising their heads portentously; and for four days our captain judged it unwise, with our tiny vessel, trim and well built though she be, to move from our anchorage. This gave us an opportunity of meeting on the Lord's-day with the people of Harris. There was a large concourse of people,—so much so, indeed, that their usual place of meeting was too confined, and consequently we had to adjourn to the open air. We had here a most interesting congregation, among the rest John Morrison, the smith of Harris, whose poetical talents, consecrated as they are by his deep and earnest piety, have made him the well-known Christian bard of the Hebrides. The two or three days we had to spend here, although sadly grudged, brought out very distinctly the feelings of the people towards our cause and work. The very sight of the Breadalbane seemed to open their hearts; and supplies of milk, eggs, fish, and in some cases butcher's meat, poured in upon us in a way to show that, if the poor people had it, there would be no lack of the will to give. Indeed, as we afterwards found, we were seldom half an hour anchored in any island in the Hebrides, without having similar tokens of the good will of the people. The popularity of the Breadalbane among the inhabitants of these islands does not admit, of a doubt, nor, I believe, its usefulness.

On the morning of the 2d we found we could put to sea, so we weighed anchor, and, under the charge of a pilot, threaded the narrow and dangerous passage between Harris and the opposite islands, and were soon in the open ocean. The swell was still heavy; the wind blew fresh and almost right a-head; our little vessel rolled and laboured considerably; still we got on, and in a few hours a small speck appeared in the horizon to the west, which, we were told, was Boreray, one of the numerous islets that form the St. Kilda group. Still we had a wide sea to traverse, and it was two o'clock on the morning of the 3d ere we reached our destination. And even then we were threatened with disappointment. An easterly wind began to blow into the shallow bay that composes the harbour. Our captain became al-

armed: with such a wind it is impossible for any vessel to hold her ground, and at one time we had almost made up our minds to put back. But we were more mercifully dealt with. The wind soon came round to the north-west, and by eight o'clock, A. M. we were at anchor in the bay. A remarkable scene here presented itself to us. We occupied the centre of a bay half a mile deep by a mile across. All around arose a semicircle of fine green hills, broken to the left by a tremendous gash which separates the "Dun" from the rest of the island. Jagged rocks of the most irregular shapes, appeared crowning the summits in several places, and indicating the fearful precipices in which the island terminates at the other side. To the right, between the sea and the hills, is a level tract, about half a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad, occupied with long narrow strips of cultivated land, bearing fine fresh looking crops, and divided in the middle by a long row of huts, numbering about 30, thatched with straw, and, looking at a distance, like bee-hives of large dimensions. Here the inhabitants of the island dwell! Close to the right, and at the north-east end of the village, stand the manse and church; and a little further eastward there is a respectable looking slated house, used as a store-house by the proprietor. A high naked rock raises itself to a great height immediately beyond the mouth of the bay; while to the north, out of sight of our vessel, and about six miles off, lies Boreray, with its accompanying stacks or detached rocks rising sheer up from the water to a great height, and whitened with myriads of solan geese who nestle there. The picture is one not readily forgotten.

We were soon visited by a boatful of the inhabitants, who recognised our vessel, and seemed delighted to see her. Our first duty was to supply their temporal necessities. This season had been to them a calamitous one. Their crops last year had almost entirely failed; for the first time they had been visited by the potato blight, and few supplies of any sort had hitherto reached the island.

We soon landed (no easy matter, however, from the slipperiness of the rocks and the constant swell), and immediately made arrangements for carrying out the great object of our visit. It was agreed that the communion should be dispensed on Sabbath, and that there should be preaching twice each day, at seven in the morning and seven in the evening, in the interval. This arrangement was carried out, each minister taking the duty in turn, while the whole population collected regularly in their little church. Every individual came with his or her Bible in their hand. Their demeanour was peculiarly grave and solemn, while, as the service went on, there was much apparently suppressed sobbing, with an occasional loud cry, indicative of deep emotion. On Sabbath this was peculiarly the case. The preaching of the word interested and impressed them deeply; but so soon as the elements were laid on the table, the sight of these symbols of a Saviour's broken body and shed blood produced an uncontrollable burst of feeling, and the whole church was filled with sobbing. There is a freshness about the worship of these poor people, that is very different from the hackneyed callousness of thousands of those who enjoy regularly the privileges of the Christian Church, and which, to us who led their worship, was peculiarly refreshing. Nothing struck us more than the strict,—I might almost say stern,—exercise of discipline in this small community on the part of their office-bearers. We had seven applicants for admission to the Lord's table, and of these only three would be received, from the others not having given sufficient evidence of a change of the heart. There is evidently much of the Divine life among them; indeed, it is questionable whether anywhere within the bounds of our Church, in the same amount of population, an equal number could be found who are truly the Lord's people. Some may be surprised how it could be so in the absence of a gospel ministry; but while they mourn deeply over this, their crying want, they are not unmindful of gathering themselves