

that there ought not to be one more than is necessary, nor one continued on the list when the necessity is removed and the requisite ability attained.—Justice alike to the givers and the receivers requires this. But this being granted, surely no friend of the Church would desire to see a policy inaugurated which would contravene the Masters arrangement, that the strong should help the weak, and that the allowance of some should furnish a “supply for the want” of others, so that there should be an *equality*. Most of the aid receiving congregations are in new or sparsely settled communities, or in places where Presbyterians were too few in number to take the whole burthen of supply on themselves, and yet too remote from others to obtain part of a pastor’s services; and we consider it right and eminently scriptural, that men bearing the burthen and heat of the day in new and untrained congregations, should receive the cordial sympathy and support of portions of the Church, who, occupying more central and highly favoured localities, have risen above these difficulties. We have seen congregations in a few years pass from a state of dependance to one of strength, becoming in turn helpers of others, blessing and being blessed, and we trust that similar happy results will soon be developed in every part of our Zion.

There are some peculiarities in the present state and prospects of the Provinces, and perhaps we may say especially of Nova Scotia, which invite remark, and will furnish additional reasons for prosecuting with energy, the work of leavening the present population with the true leaven of evangelical truth. We forbear entering on these topics, being satisfied that this simple statement of facts, if duly considered, will induce our large hearted men and liberal women to furnish us with all the means required to carry on our Home Mission work, without curtailing our efforts, or doing injustice to our Missionaries.

P. G. MCGREGOR, *Chairman.*

ALEXANDER MCKNIGHT, *Secretary.*

Halifax, 28th August, 1862.

## TO THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS AND READERS,—

I am writing to you now in the heart of a great city three thousand miles away from you, but perhaps you will listen to me all the more patiently on that account. My object in addressing you, is to lay before you a short letter written to her brother’s children, by the late Mrs. Gordon of Erromanga.—You were all very sorry and I know that many of you shed tears, when you heard how the bad and cruel people of Erromanga murdered our dear Missionaries, Mr. Gordon and his wife. If *you* were so sorry, how do you think their relatives, nephews, neices, brothers and sisters must have felt and must still feel? In London I spend a great deal of time with the children to whom the letter was addressed by Mrs. Gordon. Her brothers and her sister and other connections live here; and all of them remember ELLEN POWELL GORDON with the deepest love. They were pleased when I told them that we also—you, my dear young readers,—loved her and still cherish her memory in connection with her husband.

ELLEN POWELL, when she was at your age, loved her Saviour and gave herself to Him, and He honoured her greatly by calling her to a life of hard work and of great suffering on His behalf, and then He gave her the bright crown of martyrdom. You cannot yet understand how very hard it is for