

ism as an organization in this County, and shall pass on to 1817, when the first of our Presbyterian unions took place, and the Synod of Nova Scotia was established. At that Union there appeared 19 ministers, representing three Presbyteries, and some 42,000 people.

Little is to be gained by comparing period with period minutely, or Synod with Synod, by way of evincing the steps, sometimes slow and disheartening, sometimes brighter and more cheering by which our numbers grew, by 1851 to some 118,000, by 1861 to 145,000, by 1871 to 172,000, and by 1881 to 191,000, with a proportionate increase in numbers of ministers. The writer to the Hebrews undertook to sketch the action and progress of faith as a motive power in the history of the world. And you will remember how in a single chapter, beginning with Abel, and extending to Rahab, he winds up with "What shall I more say? For time would fail me to tell of Gideon and Barak, of Samson and Jephthah, of David and Samuel, and of the prophets, who thro' faith &c." Let me study that writer's admirable example of brevity and of condensation. Fain would I dwell on events connected with my own early recollections as moments in the progress which is under our consideration. But time would fail me. A full history of Presbyterianism in the Maritime Provinces would demand a recognition of many movements—the tracing of many currents—the breaking asunder, and then reuniting, of many bonds; yet underlying all, we can see, I think, indications in abundance, of a most Gracious, Overruling Providence.

Let us for a moment, ere dismissing figures, summon Dr. McGregor to life, and ask him to survey the county which we may accurately term his diocese. I must not wait to picture the amazing advance in the possession of the conveniences of life, as regards travelling facilities e. g., in, which these provinces have shared conspicuously, along with the rest of the world, and which would gladden the heart of a man so anxious as he was to multiply his power of doing good. I shall not repeat the story of his life, already more graphically portrayed than it is in my power to depict by the skilful pen of my friend Dr. Patterson. Let us take our stand with the old man at that Synod of 1817 of which he was first Moderator. In the Presbytery of Truro, with, at that date, its 7

ministers, he would find 17. In Halifax with 5, he would shake hands with some 40. In this County, with 8, he would be welcomed by 30. I am reckoning the Presbyterian ministers at large. And in addition, he would be introduced to Sydney with 14, Victoria with 11, Wallace with 10, P. E. Island with 27, Lunenburg with 9, St. John N. B. with 30, Miramichi with 15, and Newfoundland with 2, say, allowing for vacancies, 170 in all, not reckoning Probationers, Missionaries, and the noble army of Catechists; 8 additional Presbyteries, and 10 times the number of ministers. Surely the man whom we owe and all honour in memory would say, "Bless the Lord O my soul."

II. But progress in numbers and ecclesiastical organization is of itself, merely machinery. What of our efforts? There are higher considerations. With, possibly, and surely not unwarrantably, a lively sense of the hardships experienced by himself, Dr. McGregor might ask, how is it with regard to the support of the ministry? Shall I, in reply, bring forward the Statistical Returns, and show that from having been the most precarious of all professions, the ministry, as regards this life's wants, will to-day compare in certainty with any? Shall I show that the standard aimed at has steadily risen with the growing development in the country's resources? I wish that I could reproduce the Doctor's picture of his early experience, expected to be literally "passing rich on 40 pounds a year"! Could he believe his ears, when assured that the people had achieved the resolve to pay no settled pastor at a less rate than \$750 per annum? Could he believe his eyes, when shewn in the returns, stipends varying from that figure all the way up to \$3000, and regularly paid? Could he understand his position, when asked to enter the abode of one brother minister after another, and told that in each he was in a manse, a house of comfort, surrounded by a garden, a scene of elegance, environed yet further by a glebe, waving with a harvest, sown, tended and gathered in many cases, by the willing hands of a willing people.

All this means progress; solid, substantial, creditable to our country. And now to complete this survey of our outworks, looking over the columns of returns, he would find the nucleus, at least, of a provision for ministers aged and infirm, and one terror of death dispelled by the fur-