

son of a Manse, (the funds necessary for the building of the church having been already made up) and a large sum was at once collected on the ground. The indefatigable Mr. Hewitt, agent for the New South Wales Bible Society, was present with a tent, and a choice display of books, almost all of which were bought up with much avidity, the purchasers evidently much surprised at their extraordinary cheapness.

The beautiful run of Walcha, consisting of about 70,000 acres, was the first station taken possession of and occupied by stock in New England. This was in the year 1832, and it is a pleasing coincidence, that the first Presbyterian Church erected in New England will be there. Within a circuit of about 20 miles from Walcha there are no fewer than twenty separate head stations, almost all of which, within the last ten years, have changed hands; passing from the original discoverers and occupiers, and now principally owned and occupied by married families, who have built unto themselves comfortable homes, and who appear, by the substantial nature of all their improvements, to indicate a determination to reside permanently. Three-fourths of these families are Presbyterian, so that a more useful or desirable field for the labours of a Presbyterian clergyman perhaps does not exist in any other parts of the colony. We have no doubt the people will fully appreciate the great advantages they enjoy, in having a clergyman permanently settled amongst them, and that they will do their duty towards him, in providing amply for his independence. Before concluding, we may mention that the church when completed will be a remarkably neat stone building, capable of accommodating 250 persons, the plan and specifications having been drawn out by A. Thomson, Esq., of the City Commissioners' Office, Sydney, and most handsomely presented by him to the trustees of the Church, as his subscription towards its erection.—*Correspondent of the "Empire," Sydney newspaper, September 7, 1855.*

[From the Edinburgh Christian Magazine.]

We have peculiar pleasure in recording the following subscriptions received from New Brunswick. We return our best thanks to our kind friends, and value most deeply this proof of their sympathy for their suffering countrymen. We have always maintained that there exist nowhere more warm and generous hearts than those of our countrymen in the colonies.

The following letter has been addressed to Mr. MacLeod, the Secretary of the Scutari Mission:

MIRAMICHI, NEW BRUNSWICK,
23d February 1856.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—We have much pleasure in transmitting to you the enclosed Bill of Exchange for £6 sterling, in favour of the Scutari Mission. The subscribers, sensitively aware to the sufferings and spiritual destitution of the Presbyterian portion of the British army in the Crimea, have cheerfully expressed their desire to assist your generous efforts in sustaining the Scutari Mission. They have read with deep interest the Journals of the missionaries, as recorded in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, and are much gratified with the success that has attended their exertions. Their sincere desire is, that Almighty God may strengthen their hands and encourage their efforts in the discharge of their heavenly vocation, and that their labours may be abundantly blessed in imparting the consolations of the

Word of Life to our suffering fellow-countrymen in that distant land.

We recollect, with grateful feelings, your visit, together with the other members of the Deputation from our venerable Church, to this place, at a time when the presence of able and faithful ministers was much needed; and the impressions then made will not soon be forgotten.

The subscribers express a desire that you will please insert the inclosed subscription list in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, not so much for their own gratification, but that their conduct in this matter may induce other congregations on this side of the Atlantic to go and do likewise.

That the Chief Shepherd may bless and prosper your labours, and give you many seals of a faithful ministry in the great day of His appearing, is the sincere desire of

Your humble and devoted servants,

GEORGE JOHNSTONE.
JAMES MILLAR.

SUBSCRIPTIONS BY THE ADHERENTS OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, CHATHAM.

	s.	d.
George Johnstone	2	6
Mrs Johnstone	2	6
James Millar	2	6
Mrs James Millar	2	6
John Macdougall	2	6
Mrs Macdougall	2	6
John Smith	2	6
William Swanson	3	14
Robert Nicholson	2	6
Mrs Robert Nicholson	2	6
Bery Miller	2	6
Mrs B. Miller	2	6
W. Muirhead	2	6
Mrs W. Muirhead	2	6
Richard B. Haddon	2	6
Mrs Haddon	2	6
George Henderson	2	6
John Linklater	2	6
Mrs John Linklater	2	6
Alexander Loudoun	5	0
Mrs Alexander Loudoun	5	0
Henry Wyse	2	6
James Case	2	6
James Patterson	2	6
John Cameron	2	6
William Mason	2	6
William Sinclair	2	6
Mrs Sinclair	2	6
James Henderson	2	6
Mrs Henderson	2	6
Charles Anderson	2	6
Charles Cameron	2	6
Mrs Mackie	2	6
John Mackie	2	6
Archibald Russell	2	6
Peter Miller	2	6
David Ruchie	3	0
William Wyse	2	6
R. B. Forbes	2	6
Charles C. Watt	3	0
Richard Coltart	2	6
Hugh Bain	2	6
Mrs Bain	2	6
John Brown	2	6
George Haddon	2	6
Alex. M. Muir	2	6
George M'Leod	2	6
Hugh Fraser	2	6
James Nelson	2	9
David Smers	1	3
D. M'Lachlan	2	0
D. Ferguson	2	0

	s.	d.
George Kerr	2	6
Daniel MacKiren	2	6
Mrs Robert Johnston	2	6
Timothy Lovemoney	2	6
Francis Elliot	2	6
Mrs F. Elliot	2	6

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Deaths of Aaron and Moses.

We take the following from a chapter entitled "The Mountain Glory," in Mr. Ruskin's new volume of *Modern Painters*.—"Try to realize that going forth of Aaron from the midst of the congregation. He who had so often done sacrifice for their sin going forth now to offer up his own spirit. He who had stood among them, between the dead and the living, and had seen the eyes of all that great multitude turned to him, that by his intercession their breath might yet be drawn a moment more, going forth now to meet the angel of death face to face, and deliver himself into his hand. Try if you cannot walk, in thought, with these two brothers and the son, as they passed the outmost tents of Israel, and turned, while yet the dew lay round about the camp, towards the slopes of Mount Hor, talking together for the last time, as step by step, they felt the steeper rising of the rocks, and hour after hour beneath the ascending sun, the horizon grew broader as they climbed, and all the folded hills of Idumea, one by one subdued, showed amidst their hollows in the haze of noon, the windings of that long desert journey, now at last to close. But who shall enter into the thoughts of the High Priest, as his eye followed those paths of ancient pilgrimage, and, through the silence of the arid and endless hills, stretching even to the dun peak of Sinai, the whole history of those forty years was unfolded before him, and the mystery of his own ministries revealed to him; and that other Holy of Holies, of which the mountain peaks were the altars, and the mountain clouds the veil, the firmament of his father's dwelling, open to him still more brightly and infinitely as he drew nearer his death; until at last, on the shadeless summit—from him on whom sin was to be laid no more—from him on whose heart the names of sinful nations were to press their graven fire no longer—the brother and the son took breastplate and ephod, and left him to his rest. There is indeed a secretness in this calm faith and deep restraint of sorrow, into which it is difficult for us to enter; but the death of Moses himself is more easily to be conceived, and had in it circumstances still more touching, as far as regards the influence of the external scene. For forty years Moses had not been alone. The care and burden of all the people, the weight of their woe, and guilt, and death, had been upon him continually. And now, at last, the command came, "Get thee up into this mountain." The weary hands that had been so long stayed up against the enemies of Israel, might lean again upon the shepherd's staff, and fold themselves for the shepherd's prayer—for the shepherd's slumber. Not strange to his feet, though forty years unknown, the roughness of the bare mountain path, as he climbed from ledge to ledge of Abarim; not strange to his aged eyes the scattered clusters of the mountain herbage, and the broken shadows of the cliffs, indented far across the silence of uninhabited ravines; scenes such as those among which, with none, as now, beside him but