

our anxiety for the recovery of what we sought—lest we should be too ready to compromise even what we ought not to give up; not that I think we need fear, or that we ought to be withheld on any such ground, but the fear, if there is any ground of fear, would rather be that way than any other. I have only to beg you once again to remember that in what I have said I propound no plan whatever except the plan of prayer. I desire not to be understood as recommending any of these plans I have hinted at. I have put them before you merely as tending to show that a way of union is not impossible, though it might not be by these means, and we might not be able now to know the means by which it might be brought about. But that which I ask you to do is simply to concur with me in asking their lordships to recommend the matter to the prayers of the Church, considering us not to be bound by any plan at all, but merely to do that which it is our duty to do—namely, to ask of Him who alone can give so great a blessing, to redeem His promise, that when we agree to ask He will not fail to grant. It will be a matter of faith; it ought to be a matter of faith; and when it becomes so I am sure—probably by means as yet undeveloped—that we shall gain what we seek. And how great would be the blessedness of that gift! I am almost overwhelmed at the thought of my own presumption in venturing to undertake to submit the matter to your notice, and still more at the sense of the inadequate way in which I have been enabled to fulfil the duty. Those men who are now separated from us are nevertheless fellow-labourers with ourselves, and if we have, as, by God's blessing we have, some victories to show—if we have cause to hope that we in our labour and our sphere are not altogether without some fruits, some result of our labour, no more are they. Who that has read them can forget those glowing and beautiful words of the great moral and religious poet of the age that has but just closed—Wordsworth—which his representative and biographer, if he were present, would forgive me if I quote. Describing the result of simple preaching in a wayside chapel in a lonely district, the poet says—

“Though clamorous as a hunter's horn
 Re-echoed from a naked rock,
 'Tis from that tabernacle—List!
 Within a fervent Methodist
 Is preaching to no heedless flock!
 Repent! Repent!” he cries aloud,
 ‘While yet ye may find mercy—strive
 To love the Lord with all your might;
 Turn to Him, seek Him day and night,
 And save your souls alive!’ ”

And then the effect of those simple words upon the heart of the hitherto reckless and desperate outcast on whose ears they fell:—

“Even as he passed the door, these words
 Did plainly fall upon his ears,
 And they such joyful tidings were,
 The joy was more than he could bear—
 He melted into tears.”

Sir, we may emulate such triumphs, but we cannot surpass them. And why, oh! why, when such things are around us—why, oh! why may we not call these men our brothers who are already our fellow-labourers in the greatest of all causes on earth?

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

In my last I sent you an account of the arrival of the Venerable Arch-deacon Mackenzie and part of his band of missionaries, together with