

soul;—your heart would have responded with the words, though they broke not upon your lips, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.*

Short as the time has been since this church was opened, yet not a few have gone from us and been gathered to the dust of their fathers. As I lately observed, no fewer than nine belonging to this congregation have died within these six months. But a little time before I was settled amongst you, one was taken away, whose worth I could not fully estimate, but whose loss I have since had cause bitterly to deplore. That man was Alexander Morris. Although not an office-bearer in the Church, nor endowed with the same gifts as our recently deceased father, yet in all that concerned the welfare of our Zion he was second to none. To use a trite but apt expression, he too was a man of the right stamp,—a man with whom piety was, not a word on the lip, but a life in the heart,—a man whose abhorrence of any thing like *cant* led him, I believe, to run into the opposite extreme, and conceal the inner being of his soul, so that his life was literally *hid with Christ in God*.

The death of these two men, we cannot but feel, is a heavy loss to us as a congregation. And, if the young were to fill the places of their fathers, we would not feel the blow so heavily. Though we might drop the tear of sorrow over the grave of departed worth, yet their departure would not fall with such a crushing weight upon us. Yes, I must speak it boldly out, the young men of this congregation are to be blamed. If they stepped forward and took their place, and filled the gaps which death is making in our ranks, we would have less cause to dread its inroads.

My friends, I cannot blink this matter. I should be unworthy to occupy the position of your minister if I did, I should be a mere *man-pleaser*. Nor can I throw off my shoulders the deep responsibility; *Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy brother, and shalt not suffer sin upon him; For, if thou warn not the wicked from the error of his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand.* Nor let any one carry away the inane notion, that *he* is preached at. I repudiate all such intention. It is not *he*, it is *they*, alas! it is *they*. The great majority of the young men of this congregation are not doing their duty. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not complain of them in a pecuniary point of view. Not at all; the very reverse is the case. In all matters connected with Church expenditure, I am able to bear testimony to their open-hearted liberality. But what I complain of is their withholding their moral influence from the congregation. I complain of their withholding the weight of high intellect in some instances, and of a high position in society in others, and not unreservedly casting these influences into the scale of virtue and religion against vice and error. I complain of the shrinking-back from the responsibility of church-membership, of putting off their own personal religion to a death-bed or to an anticipated old age. In the words of him, who has just gone from us, "A death-bed has enough to do with itself; and, for old age, not one-third of those whom I now address shall see it. But, to bring the matter within very narrow compass, come death when it may, what is the testimony with which you would like to die?—for you know you will die,—is it that *You pleased God*? Is it that *you walked with God*? Or is it that you pleased yourselves; and walked in the ways of your own heart and in the sight of your own eyes? Perhaps till this hour you never solemnly put this question nor gave it a thoughtful answer. Hitherto you have been seeking to please yourselves and to please your fellow-men, but it has never once entered your thoughts to please God. And even now, when you are reminded of it, it seems to you a strange thing and you will go away and think no more of it, perhaps treat it slightly, at your own eternal peril.

You will doas others around you do. You will seek to please them and they you, but God will

be forgotten. But, my brothers, ought it to be thus? Will God allow it to be always thus? The time is fast hastening on when you, who now hear the offers of mercy, will hear them no longer. The place, that knows you now, shall know you no more. Young as you are, and robust as you are, and firm as you may deem your strength, the time is not far distant when your frame will become tremulous, and your strength will fail you, and your spirit will be subdued, and your faces shall be changed, and you shall be sent away. Our neighbours die, our friends die, our nearest and dearest on earth die, and your turn will come by and by. And what, I reiterate, is the testimony which you would wish to follow you after you are gone, and your soul has taken its place at the judgement-seat of Christ? Is it, He pleased himself, but, as for God, he never cared for pleasing Him? He valued the favour and esteem of his fellow-men, but he valued not His favour, which is life, and His loving-kindness, which is better than life. He sought others' friendship and love; but, as for the love of God, that was the last thing he desired? And, my friends, will this testimony succour you in death and at the judgement? Is this the testimony which you and I would desire to have in that hour when heart and flesh shall faint and fail us? Trust me, when I answer for you, No; it is not. You may cling to these things now; but, when that hour comes, you will feel them to be but shadows. In that hour all earth's treasures and all its distinctions and honours will pass before your eyes as shadows; and man and all that he can do for you will be a shadow; and you will feel that the hour of reality has come. Oh, that, ere that hour comes, God would lead us to please Him, and cast out self-pleasing and world-pleasing from our hearts, and erect His own throne there, and write His laws thereon, and enshrine therein His own purifying and peace-giving Spirit. Believe me, believe me better to have this testimony in a dying hour that God has pleasure in you than to die surrounded by friends, loaded with riches, and caressed with all the world's favours. And so, my dear friends, you will find it to be true when you come to die.

ANNUAL SOIREE &c. OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

The Annual Soirée and Concert of Sacred Music of the Sabbath School in connection with St. Paul's Church took place on the evening of Friday, the 18th March. At half past 6 the scholars, and also those of St. Andrew's Church, who had been invited, as on the previous year, to join in the festivity, assembled in the Lecture Room, and after mutual congratulations partook heartily of an abundant supply of coffee and refreshments, which the teachers of both schools felt pleasure in distributing amongst them. By half past 7 the pupils, according to their classes, were arranged in the pews allotted to them at the northern extremity of the gallery and eagerly anticipated 8 o'clock, the hour when they would be called upon to sing the Hymns which they had been practising on three evenings of each week for a month. They were all furnished with copies of the Hymns with the music, printed for the occasion. The pupils of St. Andrew's occupied the pews in the two blocks on either side. When the business of the evening commenced, the galleries, and a large portion of the area around and in front of the pulpit, were densely crowded by parents, members of the congregation, and strangers. After a most appropriate

and comprehensive prayer by the Rev. Dr. Matheson, the *First Part*, commencing with "Sabbath School Celebration," and ending with "The Death of a Pupil" was sung. Thereafter the Superintendent, Mr. Gibson of the High School, read the Report for the last year. In the interval betwixt the *Second* and *Third Parts* the Rev. Mr. McGill in very appropriate terms addressed the audience generally, but more particularly the Teachers and scholars of both Schools. When the *Third Part* was finished by singing the National Anthem, and the benediction was pronounced by the Pastor, the large audience dispersed towards 10 o'clock, pleased with the cheerful countenances, neat appearance, and very orderly conduct of the pupils of both schools, numbering considerably upwards of 200, and much gratified with the specimens of successful effort in the art of Sacred Song exhibited by the youthful choristers, towards the accomplishment of which, it is right to add, they were efficiently aided by the two ladies who respectively led and presided at the seraphine. In returning through the Lecture-room, the scholars, after their so well sustained exertions and patient attention respectively, were treated with apples, sweets, &c.

STATEMENT IN REGARD TO ST PAUL'S SABBATH SCHOOL, MONTREAL.

From the Statement, submitted at the Anniversary on the 13th of April last, it appeared that our School numbered

50 girls under 7 Teachers, and
36 boys under 5 Do.

Total 86 12 Do.

The Roll-book shows the numbers at this date to be 68 girls under 8 Teachers,
46 boys under 7 Do.

Total 114 scholars under 15 Do.

One female Teacher removed to Threo Rivers in May last, whose place was promptly supplied. It seems proper to mention that, shortly after our Anniversary, it was found necessary to discontinue the Male Bible Class, then numbering 10 scholars and under the superintendence of Mr. Bruce, in consequence of his appointment to an inspectorship of schools. The Female Bible Class, then numbering 10 scholars and under my superintendence, fell away by removal from the city, sickness, and otherwise during the fall; and in January last it was deemed expedient to transfer the remaining 4 scholars to the two advanced classes. From the S. S. *proper* there has been a diminution of about a dozen, partly by removal and partly by discontinuance. This discontinuance arises in a greater or less degree according as the school assembles in the forenoon during summer or in the afternoon during winter. The diminution has been more than made up by an accession of upwards of 30 new comers.

From inspecting the marks in the Roll-book, with the view of ascertaining the