

NOTES OF A MISSIONARY VISIT TO DARLINGTON.

In last number of the *Examiner* a notice was inserted concerning the Presbyterian Church in the above township. But as a desire had been expressed for some fuller account, the writer has been led to revise the notes which he took at the time, and to present them entire to the reader. And he does so the more readily, because however brief and imperfect, he hopes they may be the means of stirring up his brethren in other destitute localities, to seek the establishment of word and ordinance among them. It is of importance, that congregations should be organized, even though they should be left for a time, in a great measure, to the care of one or more ruling elders. In this way, the people are kept together, and a certain amount of pastoral superintendence (a matter of much avail in suppressing the spread of Sabbath-breaking and irreligion) is provided by the occasional visits of ministers and preachers.—Indeed I have known great benefit arise from the labours of faithful elders. I have known such men preserve congregations for years from falling away among other sectaries, to the real advantage of the people themselves, as well as of the Church at large, of which they were members. What hinders, therefore, that Presbyterian elders communicating with a neighbouring minister, or with the Presbytery of the bounds, should gather together the scattered sheep of the flock, and engage every Sabbath in prayer, praise, and the reading of the Word? In this way they would be an unspeakable blessing to our people, at present in great destitution in consequence of the unequal distribution of the funds set apart for the support of a Protestant Clergy. And they would have moreover the approbation of their own minds in having done what they could to advance the cause of Christ in the land.

October 1, 1840.—At the request of Mr. Alexander of Cobourg, made to me some months ago, I set out for Darlington, to assist in dispensing the Sacrament, to a newly-formed congregation in that township. I intended to have begun my journey yesterday, but the weather was so wet and stormy, that however anxious to be on the road, I could not have proceeded half a mile without being drenched by the rain. I may observe, that in this country I have sel-

dom found an engagement interrupted by rainy weather. In the Old Country, one could sell a day for a journey, without the unpleasant anticipation being present to the mind, that it would probably be a bad one. But in Canada, whatever other discomforts the emigrant may experience, there is in this matter a considerable improvement. For months together, it may not be his lot to be interrupted in his journeyings abroad, by an inclement sky. I have not at present beside me the data to state the relative proportions of rainy days to dry, in the two countries, but I am sensible it is considerably higher in the Old Country than in this. And a small anecdote may shew that I am not singular in this impression. An acquaintance who had spent a winter in Scotland, not long ago, was so much surprized at the inferiority of the climate, that when he returned, and met a countryman, who could not be supposed to require information on such a point, addressed him in these words: "Ah, sir, it's a wretched climate, —it's always raining!" Allowing something for the hyperbole, the traveller, it appears, wished to congratulate himself that he had at length got to the wind side of those clouds which had so besprinkled him on the other side of the Atlantic. But to proceed,—in consequence of the rain which had fallen, the roads were so bad, that for a great part of the way, I could proceed at no greater speed than a walking pace. It was, therefore, late in the evening before I reached Whitby. Here I was entertained by Mr. D——, a good friend of our Church, and in correspondence with some of her leading men,—a gentleman whose varied information, natural eloquence, and sound constitutional principles, would fit him for serving his adopted country in the senate, as well as in the office of a local magistrate. Mr. D——, however, labours under an affliction which he bears with a cheerfulness which the hopes and consolations of religion alone can inspire.—Here, partaking first of that beverage "which cheers but not inebriates," the inmates were assembled, and after reading a portion of the sacred volume, and singing a psalm, we bent around the family altar, to supplicate those blessings, without which, all others are only vanity,—realizing, I trust, the truth referred by the poet:—