

churches garrisoning the entire land, but war is a different thing when seen in the distance, from what it is in hand-to-hand encounter, and it is only little by little, that a stalwart foe will yield the ground. Too much was expected of the pioneers in the work, and under a plan of operation that put Independency in leading strings, and fastened it to a go-cart, the babe was a good while in getting the right use of its feet, and is to this day a little rickety and band-legged. To speak without a figure, whether from the battle-field or nursery, laborious and faithful pastors were hampered in their work, were discouraged at symptoms of disappointment and dissatisfaction with their labours, were sometimes tempted too successfully, to abandon fields that might ultimately have proved productive, for others that seemed to promise a more speedy harvest, but alas, were found to be infested with similar difficulties. In the earlier periods of our history we broke ground in too many places; there was too much prospecting, and too little patient running. We ought to have concentrated on a few really good points, and rendered them safe and productive, instead of attempting to occupy a great deal of ground all at once. In our over anxiety for territory, we took up stations, from which it was fallacious to expect satisfactory results, and after much expenditure of money, and a good deal of discouraging and heart-breaking toil, these stations have come to take almost a permanent place on our list as "vacant charges," and so far as Congregationalism is concerned, they might truly be written down as *hopeless*. "Not how much, but how well," ought to have been the rule of action, and instead of a large number of stations, with ministers at them just kept above the starvation point, under a policy of well-meant, though mistaken economy—fewer posts filled by strong men, well backed up, would, in the end, have yielded more satisfactory results.

There was a period in our history, when a promising future seemed to spread itself out before us. Prior to the revival of spiritual religion among our Presbyterian brethren, which resulted from the Scottish disruption, there was a field "white unto the harvest," inviting our earnest toil, but alas we were not in working order. There was not that mutual confidence and harmony, without which the movements of a small phalanx could not possibly prove effective. Misunderstandings and strifes weakened our hands, and prevented our going up to possess the land. Is there not a "tide" in the "affairs" of denominations, as well as of individuals, "which taken at the turn leads on to fortune?"

Unfortunately for us, just as the Society had come to take sounder views of things, to adopt a different mode of operation, and a wiser policy, and just when restored harmony had begun to give us strength, the rush to Australia diverted a large amount of the Missionary resources of Great Britain to that colony. Was it well to prefer the spiritual interests of transient gold-diggers, here to-day and away with their spoils to-morrow, to those of life-long settlers, who had come to Canada to make a *home* as well as a *fortune*? The adventurer has a soul to be saved, not less so has the emigrant; is there difficulty in judging which is the more hopeful subject for evangelistic labour? Far let the thought be banished that would grudge the gospel to the man *least likely* to be saved by it, but when only a limited work can be done, ought it not to be laid out to the best possible advantage? Scarcely have our good friends at home carried coals to Newcastle, by sending unusually large grants of gold to a land already full to overflowing of that commodity, than they discover through the medium of their lean Exchequer, that Canada is able to find its own Missionary funds. Under the pressure of the Eastern war, the Society's receipts fall off somewhat. The conviction forthwith arises, "that we are better able to send missionaries to England, than she is to provide them for us," and so high an authority