

pricty. They must have their own will and their own way. If every thing is not done exactly according to the pattern showed by them, it must, of course, be wrong. By talking unadvisedly with their lips, and acting indiscreetly, they excite envying and strife, and thus become the fruitful sources of confusion and every evil work. The possession of a little *practical wisdom*, will enable a man to meet and to master difficulties as they occur—to disentangle cases that through blundering have become complicated—to place the finger on the weak points in an argument—to subdue irritated feelings—to reconcile parties estranged—to “deal prudently” in what is delicate and difficult of treatment—and to steer the vessel, even amid the rocks and rapids, to a quiet haven.”

He must *know himself*. Without this, his efforts will have their edge blunted. Unless he can in some measure weed his way through the intricate labyrinths of his own heart, he cannot know the plagues, or probe the sores, or soothe the sorrows, or dispel the doubts, or relieve the perplexities of others. The depths of Satan cannot be fathomed—the deceitfulness of sin unveiled. He will be unskilful in the word of life—unsuccessful in his treatment of cases of conscience presented to him. This self-knowledge will be the best handmaid to a knowledge of the *the people* whose overseer he is. The Jewish High Priest had the names of the twelve tribes inscribed on his breastplate. The great High Priest of our profession has the names of his people graven on the very palms of his hands. The Elder, in like manner, should have the names of those entrusted to him not only registered in his note-book, but inscribed on the fleshy tables of his heart.

4. He who would rule well, should *maintain habitually consistent character and deportment*.

While we decidedly take exception to the notion, that if a man's practice be consistent, it is a matter of indifference what his principles are, it is nevertheless undeniable, that if a man's practice be crooked and corrupt, the genuineness of his principles will necessarily be called in question, and the influence of his profession effectually neutralized. Character speaks. There is a silent eloquence of a thoroughly conscientious and consistent career, which recommends the party to which the individual belongs, and the opinions he has espoused, more powerfully than the most labored appeal. Whilst deviations from the path of propriety are sure to make the adversary speak reproachfully, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless, is equally sure to draw eulogiums from the lips even of the enemy, and to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.—Most appropriately, therefore, does Paul insert this in the catalogue of an Elder's qualifications. “He must have a good report of them that are without, lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil”—1 Timothy iii. 7. Not merely must he be in good standing within the circle of his friends and fellow-members, but he must rank high in the estimate of those not belonging to the Church at all—“of those who are without,” upright and honorable in all his dealings—not entangling himself in the affairs of this life, so as to involve himself and others in difficulties, and thereby cause his integrity to be questioned, his office to be contemned, and religion in general to be brought into disrepute,—not placing himself in circumstances, where, as in the case of Peter, in the palace, it may be matter of question whether or not he belongs to Jesus of Nazareth—abhorring that which is evil—cleaving to that which is good. The world is lynx-eyed. The slightest inconsistencies on the part even of private members, but especially of office-bearers in the Church, are at once detected, and most industriously canvassed. It is therefore necessary that they be ceaselessly on their guard—keeping their hearts with all diligence—setting a watch upon the door of their lips—walking

circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise—and exhibiting that feature of pure religion and undefiled, which is this—to keep themselves unspotted from the world.

R. F. B.

Kingsston, Nov., 1852.

VISIT TO THE WEST, BY DR. BURNS

WALLACEBURGH—TILBURY—WOODSTOCK—
BLANHEIM

Toronto, Aug. 19, 1853.

Mr. Editor,—

From Ingersoll I sent a short sketch of my visit to Buxton, and I now resume my journal—noticing the principal places which I had occasion to visit on my late tour to the West.

I was glad to find matters at Amherstburgh on the whole progressing favourably. Our excellent friend, Mr. McLaren, has been ordained at that place a few months ago, and the effects of his judicious pastoral superintendence, are already manifest in the concentration of interests and the increasing attendance on public worship. Although he was from home at the time of my visit, we had a pretty fair congregation on the evening of Wednesday, July 6th. The next day was passed chiefly at Detroit and Windsor, and we had sermon at the last of these places in the evening. It is expected that Mr. McLaren will preach once a month at Windsor, where our friends, though not very numerous, are every way disposed to give him ample encouragement.—Here I had the pleasure of meeting with our excellent brother, Mr. Gordon of Gananoque, who was on a collecting tour for his new Church, and we both met with much kindness from friends in Detroit, and from Messrs. Dougall and MacNiven in Windsor. The importance of this place must be greatly increased, by-and-bye, in connection with the Western Railway, which is expected to have its terminus here.

On Friday morning I left Windsor for Chatham, by the steamer, and after a very pleasant voyage, arrived at that place about two o'clock. Mr. Campbell, formerly of Toronto, and now Post Master at Buxton, met me at the wharf, and he, with Mr. MacColl, and other friends at Chatham, shewed much kindness. After enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. MacColl, we set off for Buxton, fourteen miles distant. By and bye the settlement opened upon us, and the white-washed buildings, crowned with the small spire on the residence of the minister, indicated my near approach to the “Elgin Settlement.” My feelings on first looking on a scene familiar by description, and now present to view, can easily be conceived, and I frankly acknowledge that my expectations have been more than exceeded. But as I have already sent you the details of this part of my tour, I shall say no more—except, only, that the time from Friday till Tuesday passed with our much loved friends at this place, rises to my mind, and will, I doubt not, rise in future as one of the most agreeable interludes in the journey of life.

Of Tilbury, East and West, I cannot speak too highly as a station of rising importance. On Monday evening, after preaching at Buxton, I rode to East Tilbury, and found a large and attentive audience. My intercourse with a number of families, pious and intelligent, was very gratifying; and I cannot but earnestly recommend the speedy filling up of such a place with a pastor of piety and prudence. Even without one, but with the efficient services of our worthy catechist, Mr. Strath, there are twenty applicants for admission to communion for the first time, and among these several of very great promise.

To both branches of the congregation at Chatham, one in the town, the other about six miles to the north-west, I preached on Sabbath, and on the evening of Tuesday; and on both occasions the congregations were good. In the coun-

try district, Messrs. Macvicar deserve notice, on account of the zealous interest they have taken in the erection of a place of worship and in the support of ordinances. The sphere of pastoral labor in the whole of the Chatham locality is large and growing.

On Wednesday, July 13th, I paid a visit to a most extensive lumber settlement at Wallaceburgh, near the mouth of the beautiful river Sydenham. Here there is, on both sides of the river, a growing village or town set down in the midst of a forest of walnut, oak, and other timber of the most valuable quality, and a most extensive trade carried on with Buffalo, New York, and other cities of the Union. Messrs. John Kynoek & Co., the proprietors of the chief establishment, are our warm friends, and they are just about erecting a Presbyterian Church on a most eligible situation on the north part of the river. I had much pleasure in my short sojourn with these excellent friends. Their management of a difficult undertaking seems to be judicious and christian, and the liberality of Mr. Kynoek has well nigh covered all my expenditure on the whole of this Western tour.

A few miles to the west of Wallaceburgh, and on the shores of Lake St. Clair, appear the ruins of a settlement formed in 1803, by Lord Selkirk, prior to his visit to Hudson's Bay and Red River. The house he built for his occasional residence is sadly dilapidated, but the resemblance of the locality to that of the patronal seat of the family, at St. Mary's Isle, Kirkcubright, could not but strike me. St. Anne's Island and Walpole Island, near to which “Baldoun,” as it was called by his Lordship, is situated, belong to the Indian tribes, who amount to upwards of one thousand in number. Their state is savage, and I could not learn that the labors of the “English Chaplain,” supported by the Indian fund at the charge of the Imperial Government, had been productive of much good. With one of the very few survivors of Lord Selkirk's settlement, I had the pleasure of meeting; and from him I learnt that the number originally brought out, chiefly from Mull, had been 107; that owing to the unhealthy situation, and other causes, nearly one half died the first season; and that in 1812 the settlement was totally destroyed by an invading party from the United States. The testimony borne by this “last man,” to the kindness and disinterestedness of Lord Selkirk, was to me very gratifying, inasmuch as it tended to remove an impression on my mind rather unfavorable to the patriotic and humane character of that singular nobleman. I may add, that, notwithstanding the failure of the colony, and the supposed unhealthiness of the vicinage, some of the finest land in Canada West is to be found here, and Mr. Johnston, whose massy wheat crops were “waving to harvest,” is reputed one of the best farmers in Canada.

The ride of thirty miles from Louisville to and from Wallaceburg, carried me for the distance of a third of the way along the banks of the “Sydenham river,” a noble stream, of great depth, and navigable for many miles inland, to steamers and other vessels of large size; and mead-ring through a rich wheat country.

A weary ride in the stage-coach from Chatham, brought me to London by seven o'clock in the morning of Friday; and there, amid the painful reminiscences connected with the life, labors, and lamented death of Mr. Fraser, of the Branch Bank of Montreal, one of our most valued office-bearers, and the very father and mainstay of the Church in the place, I had much pleasure in meeting with the excellent young pastor, Mr. Scott, and his worthy coadjutors, Messrs. Clark, Begg, and others like-minded, who seem just to feel more intensely the value of their privileges, and the responsibilities attached, by reason of the dark Providence which so recently befell them. From these gentlemen I learnt that sermon had been announced at St. Andrews (now called, in the Post Office nomen-