

In more than one instance, individuals have been found, who have preferred to labour in a distant field, while their native land is suffering severely from spiritual destitution. How is this? Are we to believe that there is actually less of that *esprit du corps*, of that chivalrous sense of honour in the clerical, than for example in the military profession? What would be thought of an English officer, who should prefer foreign service, while his country was in straits, merely because the pay was higher in the one case than the other. There is not one man in a thousand, who would do it, the very idea would be scorned, and should any one be found mean enough to yield to the temptation, he would be universally tabooed. And yet this is a mere matter of worldly concernment, and if to turn one's back upon his country in this sense is accounted a dishonor and a crime, how much more prominently does the act stand out, when it is committed by a minister of religion, who turns a deaf ear to the cry of his suffering native province and wanders away into a strange land, where he does not know a face, merely because it may be, the prospect of a little better remuneration may be held out, which, after all, may turn out a delusion. It is difficult to understand how such an act may be justified almost under any circumstances. Nature itself cries out against it, and we know no reason why that which would be condemned as base and almost traitorous in a soldier, should be countenanced anywhere in a minister. The love of country is a feeling, which a benignant Providence for wise purposes has implanted deeply, in the human heart. It demands our first services, and whatever position, we occupy, we ought to place it first in our thoughts. Scotland sends us now and then, a few ministers, but then she has more than she can find employment for, which alters the whole case. Nova Scotia is crying out in the extremity of her destitution. Large congregations have for years been without pastors, and yet with a feeling of shame and humiliation, we write it. More than one or two Nova Scotians have made choice of the neighboring province of Canada, as the sphere of their labors. To us such a thing seems unaccountable. We punish as a criminal, the parent who deserts a child; we despise as a mercenary, the soldier who draws his sword in any cause but that of his country, and is it possible that we can respect the man, who, having assumed the office of "a bishop of souls," leaves the home of his birth, in all its spiritual destitution, and goes forth to preach and pray, in a land that knows him not, and which stands in less need of his services than his own.

Let our young men think of this, and save themselves, and the Church from what can be considered in no other light than that of a natural reproach. The claims of country and kin are not to be lightly thrown aside. We all remember the words of Scotland's greatest

genius in reference to such a character, where he says that he

"Doubly dying shall go down,
To the vile earth from which he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured and unsung."

The War in the Neighboring Republic

LET any one of our readers who may happen to have a map at hand, cast his eyes over the Southern portion of the United States and look at the positions of the various places, he is reading about every day, as the seat of stirring events; he will have a tolerably fair idea of the extent, though not of the depth of the calamity which is now resting upon our unhappy neighbours. The desolation seems to be sown broad-cast. The greater portion of the great state of Virginia is a wilderness. Here, have been massed again and again, the choicest forces of both the contending parties. The vaunted army of the Potomac, some 200,000 in number, has twice made it the scene of their disastrous operations. This immense host, whose lines extended more than fifty miles in length, have brought sore destruction in whatever direction they moved. Her fair fields have been made a desert, and the homes of comfort, plenty and family happiness have become a wreck. The quiet homestead has become the prey of the spoiler, and ruffian hands have committed outrage upon the goods and persons of helpless families. Virginia is a state considerably larger than England, and some five times the extent of Nova Scotia. The whole of its northern portion has for the last year been suffering all the horrors of war. Twice has the invading army endeavoured to reach its capital, but in vain. Battles have been fought, and blood has been shed like water, still the invader has made little or no progress. Tens of thousands have offered up their lives, apparently to no purpose, for no really decisive engagement has yet taken place, though, altogether, in this state alone, probably more have perished five times over, than fell on the field of Waterloo. But great as are the forces employed in Virginia, they are but a small proportion of the great Northern army. We are told by their Secretary of War, that at this moment, they have 800,000 men, fully equipped, in the field, and that when the quota are filled up, they will have a million. In addition to this, they have 450 vessels of war, manned by many additional thousands. The object of the North, in raising and maintaining so tremendous a host, has been to crush the Rebellion as they call it, by the overwhelming force of numbers alone. For this purpose, they have thrown huge armies into almost every Southern State. Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Louisiana and Arkansas have been, in turn, the scenes of bloody and useless contests. These hordes of half-disciplined men,