

It was then *Resolved* 1st.—That if the congregation of Barney's River, shall give a Call and Bond to the Rev. Dagald McKichan, permanently securing to him as their pastor, at least the sum of one hundred pounds currency, for a proportional share of his services at the rate of £150 currency for the whole, then the Synod of Nova-Scotia shall engage for a period of three years, to pay unto the Rev. Dagald McKichan, the difference between £150 and the sum so secured, taking a proportional share of his labours as their itinerating missionary.

Resolved 2nd.—That in the event of the contingency provided for in the preceding resolution, regarding the congregation of Barney's River arising, the following individuals, viz. the Rev. Messrs. John McRae, Donald McIntosh, Alex. McGilliveray, John Stewart, and Donald McConnochie, be appointed a Committee to carry out the resolution of the Synod. The Rev. John McRae to be Convener.

It was moved, seconded, and agreed to, that the Rev. John McLennan, Roderick McAuley, John Stewart, James Fraser, and Alexander Romans, be appointed a Committee to examine the Records of the different Presbyteries within the bounds of the Synod. The Rev. John McLennan to be Convener. The Committee to report at 7 o'clock to-morrow evening.

The Synod then adjourned till half-past nine, A.M. to-morrow.

Closed with Prayer.

(To be Concluded.)

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

SABBATH WRECKS, A LEGEND OF DUNBAR.

[Concluded]

"It is John Crawford!" exclaimed those who were enabled to recognise his features. A loud shriek followed the mention of his name—a female rushed through the crowd, and the next moment the delicate form of Agnes Crawford, was seen floating on the wild sea. In an instant a hundred plunged to her rescue, but, before the scene of horror and surprise raised by the spectators, when they beheld her devoted but desperate purpose, had subsided, she was beyond the reach of all who feared death.—Al-though no feminine amusement, Agnes had delight in buffeting the waters from a child, as though she felt at home upon their bosom; and now the strength of inspiration seemed to thrill through her frame. She again appeared, and her fair hand grasped the shoulder of the drowning man! A shout of wild joy rang back on the deserted town. Her father, who was amongst the multitude, fell upon his knee. He clasped his hands together—"Merciful Heavens!" he exclaimed, "Thou who stillest the tempest, and holdest the waters in the hollow of Thy hand, protect my child!"

The waters rioted with redoubled fury. Her strength seemed failing, but a smile of hope still lighted up her features and her hand yet grasped her apparently lifeless burden. Despair again brooded on the countenances of her friends. For a moment, she disappeared amongst the waves; but the next, Agnes Crawford lay senseless on the beach, her arm resting on the bosom of him she had snatched from a watery grave—on the bosom of her husband.

They were borne to their own house, where in a few minutes she recovered; but her husband manifested no signs of vitality. All the means within their power, and that they knew, were resorted to in order to effect his resuscitation. Long and anxiously she wept over him, rubbing his temples and his bosom, and, at length beneath her hand his breast first began to heave with the returning pulsation of his heart.

"He lives!—he breathes!" she exclaimed, and she sank back in a state of unconsciousness, and was carried from the room. The preacher attended by directing and assisting in the operations necessary for restoring animation.

In a few hours the fisherman awoke from his troubled sleep, which many expected would have been the sleep of death. He raised himself in the bed—he looked around wistfully; Agnes, who had recovered, and returned to the room, fell upon his bosom. "My Agnes!—my poor Agnes!"—he cried, gazing wistfully in her face—"but, where—where am I?—and my brains, where are they?"

"Here, father, here!"—cried the children, stretching out their little arms to embrace him.

Again he looked anxiously around. A recollection of the past, and a consciousness of the present, fell upon his mind. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, and burst into tears; and when his troubled soul, and quivering bosom had found in them relief, he inquired, eagerly—"But oh, tell me, how was I saved?—was I cast upon the beach? There is a confused remembrance in my brain, as though an angel

grasped me when I was sinking, and held me. But my head is confused, it is fearfully confused, and I remembered nothing, but as a dream; save the bursting awa' o' the dreadful storm, wi' the perishing o' hundreds in an instant, and the awful cry that rang frae boat to boat—"a judgment has come ower us!" And it was a judgment indeed! O Agnes! had I listened to yer words, to the prayers o' my bits o' bairns, or the advice o' the minister, I wad hae escaped the sin that I hae this day committed, and the horrors wi' which it has been visited. But tell me how, or in what manner, I was saved?"

"John," said the aged elder, the father of Agnes "ye was saved by the merciful and all sustaining power o' that providence which ye this morning set at naught. But I rejoice to find that your heart is not hardened, and that awful visitation—the judgement, which has this day fallen upon you, has not ed our coast with widows and with orphans, has not fallen upon you in vain; for ye acknowledge your guilt, and are grateful for your deliverance. Your being saved is naething short o' a miracle. We a' beheld how long and desperately ye struggled wi' the raging waves, we knew not who ye were, and knew it was nae in the power o' any being on the shore to render ye the slightest assistance. We saw how ye struggled to reach the black rock, and how ye was swept round it; and, when ye at last reached it, we observed how ye clung to it wi' the grasp of death, until your strength gave way, and the waves dashed you from it. Then ye was driven towards the beach, and some of the spectators recognised your face, and they cried out your name! A scream burst upon my ear—a woman rushed through the crowd—and then John!—oh, then!"—But here the feelings of the old man overpowered him. He sobbed aloud, and panted for a few moments, added—"Tell him, some o' ing for a few moments, added—"Tell him, some o' ye." "Oh, tell me," said the fisherman; "a' that my father-in-law has said, I kenned before. But how was I saved? or by whom?"

The preacher took up the tale. "Harken unto me, John Crawford," said he. "Ye have reason this day to sorrow, and to rejoice, and to be grateful beyond measure. In the morning ye mocked my counsel and met at naught my reproof. True, it was not the speaker, but the words of truth that were spoken, that ye ought to have regarded—for they were not my words and I was but the humble instrument to convey them to ye. But ye despised them; and as ye sowed have ye reaped. But, as your father-in-law has told ye, when your face was recognised from the shore, and your name mentioned, a woman screamed—she rushed through the multitude—she plunged into the boiling sea, and in an instant she was beyond the reach of help!"

"Speak!—speak on!" cried the fisherman eagerly; and he placed his hand on his heaving bosom, and gazed anxiously, now towards the preacher, and again towards his Agnes; who wept upon his shoulder.

"The Providence that had till then sustained you, while your fellow creatures perished around you," added the clergyman, "supported her. She reached you—she grasped your arm. After long struggling, you—she brought you within a few yards of the shore; a wave overwhelmed you both and cast you upon the beach, with her arm—the arm of your wife that saved you—upon your bosom!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the fisherman pressing his wife to his bosom—"my ain Agnes?—was it you?—was it you?—my wife!—my savior!—And he wept aloud, and his children wept also. "There is nae merit in what I've done," replied she. "for who should have attempted to save ye, had I not! Ye were every thing to me, John, and to our bairns."

But the feelings of the wife and the mother were too strong for words. I will not dwell upon the joy and gratitude of the family, to whom the husband and the father had been restored as from the dead. It found a sorrowful contrast in the voice of lamentation and of mourning, which echoed along the coast like the peal of an alarm bell. The dead were laid in heaps upon the beach, and on the following day, widows, orphans, parents and brothers, came from all the fishing towns along the coast, to seek their dead amongst the drowned that had been gathered there; or, if they found them not, they wandered along the shore to seek for them where the sea might have cast them forth. Such is the tale of the Sabbath wrecks—of the lost brave of Dunbar.

From the United Secession Magazine. ON PUBLIC PRAYER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SECESSION MAGAZINE.

SIR—Of all the ordinances of Divine appointment none is of more importance than that of Public Prayer. One of the most endearing titles of Jehovah is, "the Hearer of Prayer," and the place where his people meet to worship him, is emphatically styled "the house of prayer."

Yet while the importance of the ordinance will be readily admitted, much misapprehension prevails regarding the proper manner of attending to it. Many seem to suppose that its performance may be left wholly to the minister; and provided he is rightly employed, it matters little how the people are occupied in the mean time. But surely a little consideration might show the fallacy of such an idea.

It ought to be remembered, that the very nature of social worship implies that all present should take a part in it. In the act of assembling together for this purpose, therefore, Christians virtually profess to unite in the devotional services. Public prayer is a means of grace which they are required to employ for their own improvement, and for obtaining blessings for themselves and others.

When we speak of the prayers of a Church, we must mean the united prayers of the individual members of it, when met in their church capacity.

It is not more correct to say, that the prayers presented from the pulpit by the minister alone are the prayers of the church, than it would be to say that a church celebrated the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, if none but the minister partook of the elements. He is the mouth of the people, as it were, to the Lord, but it is their duty to appropriate his language to themselves, and use it as if it were their own.

It is true, it would be highly improper, indeed, quite impracticable, for a number of people all at once to give audible utterance to their prayers. But although they may not outwardly express them, they ought to adopt the sentiments, and inwardly to exercise adoration, thanksgiving, confession, and desire;—while they may not pray with the voice, it is their duty to do it with the heart. It is not the act of the bodily members, but the proper feeling of the mind, that constitutes the chief part of acceptable worship. Now, if it is the duty of all, to engage in this manner in the performance of public prayer, what must we think of the practice of many professing Christians.

I do not see how we can avoid the conclusion that some congregations, as such, do not pray at all. Let any one who doubts this, cast his eye over any one of our worshipping assemblies during this service, and judge for himself. A few here and there he may see whose attitude and manner betoken that their hearts are in the work;—others are looking attentively at the minister, as if gathering instruction from his words;—while many more exhibit the most listless indifference, or have their attention attracted by every trifle that meets their observation.

We wonder and lament, that, amid all our exertions, religion appears so languid among ourselves, and makes so little progress throughout the earth; but may not the language of the apostle furnish us with a solution? "We have not, because we ask not?" We talk with complacency of the great pecuniary efforts that are made for the extension of the gospel, while we are apt to overlook that which is more efficacious than the wealth of kingdoms. When I speak of the efficacy of human agency, I have not forgotten that the conversion of sinners, and their subsequent sanctification, are the work of Divine power; but I also remember, that in the kingdom of grace, as in that of providence, God usually forwards his designs by the instrumentality of means, the right employment of which he has entrusted to us.

Accordingly, the success of prayer in obtaining desired blessings, is frequently mentioned. In apostolic times, when the Gospel made such rapid progress, we find, among the means employed by the early believers, that this ordinance occupies a prominent place. The disciples "continued with one accord in supplication and prayer." It may be noticed, too, that many of the injunctions to this duty, in the New Testament, are addressed to churches, and seem particularly to refer to it in their associate capacity. If, therefore, we would aim at great success, we must, along with all our efforts, individually and collectively, "continue instant in prayer." Truly, "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light." The mechanic, guided by certain known principles, lays down his plan, prepares his materials, and by persevering exertion confidently reckons on the attainment of his wishes;—and the result realizes his expectations. The husbandman prepares the soil, throws in the seed, and anticipates in due time the reward of his labour;—and he is not disappointed. But Christians, although fully assured that the means confided to them are adequate for procuring the most important and valuable of all benefits, proceed with double hesitation; they sow sparingly and reap also sparingly.

"Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." If the effectual fervent prayer of one righteous man avails much, might we not hope for an incalculable amount of good from the united fervent prayers of many such men? When we see professed believers standing forth in their proper position as a separate people—followers of their Divine Leader; when in all our worshipping assemblies they join together as