

healing of the breaches and a restoring of the old paths and the old landmarks.

I can see no harm which the Union will bring; except, perhaps, some division among ourselves; and this is in the power of our congregations; and those who make the divisions are responsible for this woe. Let us treat them most kindly, lest we too shall share that fearful responsibility of causing divisions and offences! Read Rom. 16: 17, 18.

What good, then, may we expect to follow the Union? Oh, my brethren, if our long-divided Churches will indeed accept the Saviour's spirit of christian charity and unity, so as to agree and unite at last in meekness and sincerity, then shall the Pentecostal love and power return, as the days of heaven upon this earth! Then shall we all be one, and the whole world shall believe that Jesus is Lord of all (John 17: 21). No longer disunited like our ancestral Britons, who in the days of Cæsar were shamefully vanquished by united Rome; but as our ancestral Scots united with the Picts in the days of Kenneth McAlpine, and as the seven states of the Heptarchy united under Egbert into one glorious old England; and as Scotland, England and Ireland are now united into one good and grand Great Britain; and as Britain and her vast Dominions, here, elsewhere, and everywhere, are now united into one mightier Dominion, one Greater Britain, whose more than magical power and majesty still thrill the great heart of the world with the trust,

That man the noblest hope of old
Once more may entertain,
Till human hearts of mightiest mould
No longer beat in vain!

Even so may all our Presbyterian Churches unite at length, and so may all our Protestant Churches unite at last; and who knows but, in the far future, Protestants and Catholics too, sorely distressed and perplexed, shall come humbly and despairingly together to the Saviour's feet, and *at long, long last*, unite into one glorious Christian Church—the Bride of the Lord—with no Lord but Christ, and no creed but His Word! Rather, who does not know that this must come to pass? It is written in God's Book, and neither earth nor hell can prevent its fulfilment. But if we cannot take the first small step towards

this Union—if we cannot by divine help reunite our Presbyterian Churches, that should never have been divided—if we go on disputing and fighting among ourselves like idiots and maniacs, while Infidelity is poisoning our thinking men, and Ritualism lulling our fine ladies into a deadly sleep, while Intemperance is degrading vast multitudes into worse than beasts, while enormous robberies and hideous murders are committed under our very church windows, and while scepticism is slowly seducing the hearts of our very companions and children—oh, if we cannot then lay aside our petty quarrels and unite against these deadly evils, I am sick of such a world and such a Church. Let me die alone and far away! or rather let us gird ourselves for the battle-field as our forefathers have done. Let us all stand or fall together, and we shall not all die unavenged this day!

Nay! we see the glorious hope of the answer to the Saviour's prayer at hand, that we all may be one, that the world may believe that Jesus is the Christ of God. But if we cannot take the very first small step towards that Union: when, in the great name of God, can we hope to behold that "One Fold and One Shepherd?"

"Spread, then, thy sails, predestined state.
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great,
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is watching breathless for thy fate!
We know what MASTER laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock:
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on! nor fear to breast the sea—
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our kindred dear, our life blood free,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

Young Men's Christian Association Convention at Truro.

Surely, at this time of day, Young Men's Christian Associations require no explanation or apology. Only those who are ignorant of them can give them "the cold shoulder," and look upon them