

I hope that no such "Retrenchment," especially that mode of it so boldly espoused and warmly advocated by Mr. Dick, will ever exist in our Church, as such retrenchment would at once endanger both the purity and prosperity of the Church.

Retrenchment seems to be the order of the day, both in civil and religious matters. But let us beware what kind of system of retrenchment we adopt, lest we should be like many, who, feeling themselves secure, within the entrenchments which state subsidies and other comfortable livings afford not less than £100. In these circumstances such individuals are exceedingly artful in raising the line and are now retreating through the length and breadth of the land—"retrenchment" in line, in all our retrenchments, let us see that we keep essentially the spirit of the injunction of our common Lord and Saviour—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye so to them." &c.

Lachine, Nov. 24, 1851.

Yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

[We have inserted the letter given above, in deference to the Roman maxim, "audi alteram partem" Possibly there may be some discussion of the whole subject, and it is one of high importance for the whole Church, and we are fully prepared to take out ours, and advocate it when the proper time comes; but in the meantime, we prefer leaving it with correspondents, who shall, in a kind and faithful manner, consider it in all its bearings. We are for "retrenchment" on the Mission Fund, but not to abate one jot of the claim that a Minister has for a sufficient stipend from his congregation, and the obligation resting on a congregation to abound in liberality to the pastor. The two must go together, else the minister will become the victim.]

Miscellaneous.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Though troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fall, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever befall,
The Scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His wants, which is fitting shall not be denied,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

We may, like the ships, by tempest be tost,
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost.
"Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, The Lord will provide.

His call we obey, like Abram's of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us hold;
For though we are strangers we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

When Satan appears to step up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith:
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, 'The Lord will provide.

He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions, The Lord will provide.

No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, 'The Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through;
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, 'The Lord will provide.

NEWTON.

USEFUL.—Many things are good which are not pleasant, and many pleasant which are not good. But unity among believers, whether civil or religious, is productive both of profit and pleasure: of profit, because therein consisteth the welfare and security of every society of pleasure, because mutual love is the source of delight, and the happiness of one becomes, in that case, the happiness of all. It is unity alone which gives beauty as well as strength to the state; which renders the Church, at the same time, "as fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."—Cant. vi. 10.—Bishop Horne.

CONTENTION.—When thou gettest no comfort in hearing, nor ease to thy spirit in praying, and yet growest more eager to hear, and art more frequent in prayer; oh, soul, great are thy faith and patience.—Penny.

THE POOR FISHERMAN'S LAMP.

Many years ago, a poor fisherman, who carried on his profession on a boat and rocky coast, sailed out to sea one day to cast his lines into the deep. Towards evening, when he was about to return, the wind suddenly sprung up, and became stronger and stronger, until it rose to a violent storm. The sailor's worn-out boat of the fisherman was a poor vessel to bear such a gale, and it was tossed about on the high, rough waves, like a ball of feathers—now lifted up by their foaming crest, and now sinking down in the deep hollow, with watery walls on either side. The coast toward which he was steering was very dangerous. High precipices overhung the deep, and reefs ran out from the shore. Some sharp rocks rose above the water, but others far more to be feared lay hid beneath it. Well did the poor man know, that if on that dark and dreadful night his little boat did but touch one of these rocks, it would break to pieces like an egg-shell, and that he would sink like a stone in the deep water. What the fisherman felt as the night grew black around him, and hid everything from his view but the foaming billows, you may imagine; for now, he could no longer see any marks to steer by, and soon he knew not on what part of the coast he was. Every moment he expected to strike upon some fatal rock, which would burst the frail planks of his boat, and prove to him the stroke of death. It was a dreadful hour; but lo! while almost suffocating by the bitterness of death, a glancing ray of light beamed faintly upon him from the shore, and showed him the direction of the coast. It came from a little lamp, which burned and shone from the window of an humble hut. Revived and rejoiced by this ray of hope, he now put forth the utmost effort of his remaining strength, and calling upon God for help, he rowed with weak oars, his little boat through the wild breakers directly towards the light. Nearer and still nearer he approached the shore; his mind tossed like the sea around him with the dread of death and the hope of life, till at last, to his great joy, he sprang safely upon land. Overcome with this exertion he sank to the ground; but at length he found strength enough to rise and kneel, and thank the merciful hand of God for delivering him from so great a danger. But he did more than this—he determined to build a hut on that very spot, with a window towards the sea, and every night to put in that window a bright lamp, to direct storm-tossed or shipwrecked mariners to a place of safety. Poor though he was, he was able to fulfil his vow. And he would rather be without bread to eat than that that lamp should want oil to feed the flame. The hut stands to this day, and its nightly bright light has already saved many, and shown them the way across the stormy wave.

Now to such a light the cause of missions may be fully compared; and the poor fisherman resembles those men of God who seek to place the light of life where their benighted and perishing may see it, and be saved. They can tell from their own experience what it is to be tossed on the dark and dangerous ocean of this sinful world, in storm and night, without compass or land-mark, and without a ray of light to steer by, in the fear of death and hell. But they have found deliverance. It was brought to them by the bright light of the gospel. This has shown them the way of life. And how can they who have thus escaped the dread of danger, and found the joy of salvation, do otherwise than like the fisherman, place their lamp in the window, that it may shine into the darkness of the heathen world, that thousands of others, yet in sorrow and sin, may see the light that leads to salvation and eternal glory? Should they not rather want bread than that the missionary lamp should want oil? Have you, dear reader, such a lamp in your window? I mean, have you that merciful compassion, that willingness to make sacrifices to save the heathen from spiritual and eternal death, which the poor fisherman felt for the deliverance of the storm-tossed mariner?—*Jan. Miss. Mag.*

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TERMS CASH.

CHARLES FLETCHER.

December 10th, 1851.

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By order of the Committee

JAMES CARLESS,

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47, Yonge-street, 24th July, 1851.

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