

demand, to supply these stations with preaching, and prevent them from being lost to us. For such a service we need "men of a missionary *body*, as well as a missionary *spirit*," good preachers, and especially good visitors, "prudent in matters," who can counsel divided churches and cheer the desponding—in fact just such men as want to be settled, and as the churches are crying out for as pastors! If such cannot be obtained to labour permanently, could not a more systematic occasional employment of ministers without charges be undertaken?

To carry on this work *we must have more money*. In many stations, the people need much instruction as to the *duty* and *methods* of supporting the Gospel. It would pay the Missionary Society well to engage an accomplished deacon for a twelvemonth, and send him on this mission throughout the land, taking time enough to go into the matter thoroughly in every place. Failing this, our missionary deputations might give more prominence to the subject, both in public addresses and in private conference with members and officers of churches. Alongside of this fuller development of local liberality, we need more self-denying contributions to the missionary work. But any one who travels through Canada at this season, and hears the universal tales of *short crops*, *low prices*, half the farms *mortgaged*, the stoppage of *American trade* through the war, and the danger of losing the *Reciprocity Treaty*, must feel that *there never was a time when it was so inopportune for the Colonial Missionary Society to press its demands, as during this winter of 1864-5*.

F. H. M.

## BEFORE THE LOYALISTS.

### CHAPTER VII.—IN THE TIME OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JAMES WOODROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

"There is a strange apparition in England's history. We trace back the line of her sovereigns for two hundred years, and are arrested by a massive and mysterious being who wears no crown, but is a veritable king. We trace the line down from the Norman Conquest, and are arrested by the same colossal form, bearing the impress of royalty, without its title or robes. Cromwell breaks in upon the line of royalty, with no forerunner, and departs leaving no successor. The age did not appreciate him; but royalty in England has been a different thing since his day from what it was before. Men's ears and noses are worth something in England now. The memory of Cromwell stands to frown upon usurpation, to guard the consciences and the liberties of England."

Oliver Cromwell was born in Huntingdon, England, in the year 1599, that dark period when the members of the first English Congregational Church, who had escaped martyrdom, were in exile across the German Ocean. He was a descendant of the Sir Richard Cromwell (nephew of the famous Thos. Cromwell, Prime Minister of Henry VIII.) to whom Henry said, as he had struck down challenger after challenger in the tournament, "Formerly thou wast my Dick, but hereafter thou shalt be my diamond." He was of Welsh descent too, one of his ancestors being the Lord Powis. He was by his mother's side a descendant of the royal house of Stuart of Scotland, and was nephew of that noted royalist Sir Oliver Cromwell, who remained faithful to the Stuart family. In his 29th year he was elected member for Huntingdon, and was introduced to Eliot, Pym, and the leaders of the patriotic party by his graceful and eloquent cousin, John Hampden, whose mother was a