

Master of the feast is this day providing for us, and which he is about to distribute to us with his own hands. Methinks, intending communicants, you did well to place yourselves in the way of receiving such precious blessings. It would have been the height of folly in you to absent yourselves from a feast where such fare has been furnished. We might well expect to see the whole world, all within reach, flocking to this table, to partake of the life-giving blessings which are there distributed. When, on some high holiday, the priests of what we believe is a false religion, offer to its ignorant devotees, the pearly remission of their past sins, thousands and tens of thousands assemble to receive the precious boon, and they feel for a moment soothed, whispering to themselves peace, peace, where there is no peace. Not a priest, but the Son of God himself presides at this table, and dispenses with his own hand to those who come for them, pardon, everlasting life, and a title to all the blessings of the new covenant. Methinks if there are any who have held back, they should yet come forward, that they may not deprive themselves of the precious blessings going.

But, perhaps, the objection may have occurred to some of you: "How am I to know that I have a right to appropriate those blessings? Does the mere fact of my approaching this table, give me a title to feed on the good things with which it is spread?" To this, it is sufficient to answer, that the blessings of the Gospel, and therefore the blessings offered us at the Supper, are free to all men. They become the property, therefore, of those who have grace, who have faith to accept of them. I have no more right to them, perhaps, than my neighbor, but I take the Gospel simply as I find it, while my neighbor does not. The Gospel supposes that we are unworthy, and offers to forgive our transgressions, and to sanctify our natures. The believer is willing that this should be done, and straightway puts himself under all these means and appliances through which this is accomplished. The very same blessings which are offered to us in the Gospel, are made over to us in the rite of the Supper, and if we have faith to receive them, they are ours. Nay, we can imagine a doubting and anxious inquirer, who has not yet had grace to exercise simple faith in his Saviour, being enabled through this ordinance to hear the offers of salvation so personally addressed to him, to feel so that its blessings are personally offered to him, that he no longer doubts, but straightway enters into the full freedom of the sons of God; feels that his sins are forgiven, rejoices in the hope of a glorious immortality.

Approach, then, communicants, to this table, with awe and reverence, remembering into whose sacred presence you are about to come; with gratitude, for the honor done you by being permitted to eat with him; with

earnest desire, that you may have faith to see the King in his beauty, and to accept of those blessings which he wants to confer on you; confiding in his presence, and over his broken body and shed blood, your manifold shortcomings, strenuously resolving that for the future you will seek to love and serve him better; or, is there anything you need, especially any spiritual gift you need, now is the time, when your Saviour is again to renew to you the charter of your covenant privileges, to lay it before him.

#### PATTERSON'S LIFE OF DR. MCGREGOR.

We have read this book with some attention, for we were curious to know how the minister of Green Hill, conceited of his powers as a polemic, would deal with the feuds and conflicts of a past generation. We had not much curiosity about the venerable subject of his Memoir, for we knew the leading facts of his life; we had formed a tolerably correct estimate of his character, and we had a pretty accurate idea, founded on personal experience, of the nature and extent of his labors. We did not expect that Mr. Patterson would be able to tell us much that we did not know before. Old men are still living in considerable numbers among us who can relate stories of blazes and bridle-tracks, of bags of potatoes borne on their own backs for scores of miles, of canoes for summer-travelling and snow-shoes for winter, of the times when Motimer was king in Pictou and rum was lord of all. Nor did we expect that the "Life of Dr. McGregor" would enlighten us as to the history and physical geography of Nova Scotia any more than Judge Haliburton's book on the subject. We had heard of the seige of Louisburg, and the expulsion of the Acadians, and the colony at the head of Chebucto Bay, and the arrival of the ship Hector long before we had seen or Mr. Patterson had conceived his history. We in Nova Scotia did not require to be informed of the mineral resources of our country. We had informed ourselves, and we possessed entire confidence in the predictions which we were in the habit of delivering time after time in after-dinner speeches, in newspaper editorials, in harrangues on the stump, of the grandeur which future generations would build up in this little peninsula on seams of coal, and veins of copper, and beds of gypsum, and quarries of free stone, and unheard-of quantities of iron. We repeat, that, full of knowledge and wisdom as we are and have been for a number of years, we intend no compliment to ourselves nor disrespect to him when we say, that we did not expect that the Rev. George Patterson would be able to edify us much: we did not expect that he could or would do more than confirm us in our previously acquired information and belief. To tell the whole truth we took up his book