

Saltsprings, West River.

For the Monthly Record.

MR. EDITOR,—In the last No. of the *Record* we were happy to peruse the “addresses” to Rev. A. McKay, together with “reply” on the occasion of his departure for Canada, and his numerous friends in the congregations of Gairloch and Saltsprings are glad that those “Addresses” &c., are published as a small but lasting token of friendship and attachment.

It was indeed a trying occasion to us when we realized that we were to be deprived of the pastoral care and services of Mr. McKay, who so perseveringly and energetically laboured among us, faithfully endeavouring to advance the best interests of his “Flock,” spending and being spent for them, using all earnest endeavours and feeling persuasions to induce them to make choice of the “one thing needful”—faithfully warning, admonishing and beseeching all to become “reconciled to God,”—visiting the sick and the dying where ever they were, throughout his extensive charges; ready to impart counsel, instruction, consolation and prayer in prospect of death and eternity, pointing them to the only and all-sufficient sacrifice for sin, with sympathy, earnestness, and feeling never to be forgotten by those who on such occasions, were brought into contact with him. For upwards of 8 years Mr. McKay has laboured among us, endearing himself to us by word and deed, and we believe and are confident that his labours are not in vain; such untiring zeal and devotedness as his, cannot be fruitless; and although that fruit appears among us now only in part, yet it will fully appear at the revelation of every secret thing. And while we deplore and deeply feel the loss of his services to this portion of the church, we rejoice to know that they are only transferred to another, where we hope and pray that they will long be continued and rendered instrumental of doing much good.

These congregations are now without a pastor, our churches are cold, and our pews unoccupied, our Sabbaths are lonely and “the ways of our Zion mourn because no one cometh to the solemn feasts.” The Presbytery has kindly in part cheered us in our solitude for the past three months, and we feel grateful for the supply of services granted to us, but we realize more than ever that Presbytery service will not meet our wants. Catechising, sick-visiting &c., are often as indispensable as public preaching, and this the Presbytery cannot do for us. We have had a few congregational meetings to see what we could do for ourselves, but as yet no definite course is adopted. It is likely that the hitherto united congregations of Gairloch and Saltsprings will be separate charges in the future requiring the services of two pastors. In the meantime, we hope that the Presbytery will continue to do what they can

for us, and that before long we shall have a fixed pastor set over us in the Lord. M. K.
Saltsprings, West River, 10th Feby, 1868.

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POETRY.

Faith and Hope in Relation to Immortality.

(From Young's Night Thoughts. Night vii.)

Still seems it strange that thou should'st live for ever?

Is it less strange that thou should'st live at all?

This is a miracle, and that no more.

Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.

Deny thou art, then doubt if thou shalt be,

A miracle with miracles enclosed

Is man; and starts his faith at what is strange?

What less than wonders from the wonderful,

What less than miracles from God can flow.

Admit a God—that mystery Supreme!

That cause uncaused! all other wonders cease;

Nothing is marvellous for him to do:

Deny him—All is mystery besides;

Millions of mysteries; each darker far

Than that thy wisdom would unwisely shun.

If weak thy faith why choose the harder side?

We nothing know but what is marvellous,

Yet what is marvellous we can't believe,

So weak our reason, and so great our God,

What most surprises in the sacred page,

Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true,

Faith is not reason's labour, but repose,

If hope precarious, and of things, when gain'd
Of little moment, and as little stay.

Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys;

What, then, that hope, which nothing can defeat,

Our leave unask'd? Rich hope of boundless bliss!

Bliss, past man's power to paint it; time's, &c.

This hope is earth's most estimable prize:

This is man's portion, while no more than man;

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;

Passions of prouder name befriend us less.

Joy has her tears and transport has her death:

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,

Man's heart at once inspirits and serenest;

Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;

'Tis all our present state can safely bear,

Health to the frame! and vigor to the mind!

A joy attempt'd! a chaste delight!

Like the fair summer evening, mild and sweet!

'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

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SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.

1868

HOME MISSION.

Feb 11. Roger's Hill Congregation per
John McLean £1 1 0

RODERICK MCKENZIE,

Pictou, Feb. 29th, 1868

Treasurer.

1868

FOREIGN MISSION.

Feb 27 Brackley Point Congregation
per Jas. Anderson, Charlottetown
£1 10 0 Island currency £1 5 0

RODERICK MCKENZIE,

Pictou, Feb. 29th, 1868.

Treasurer.