

We will add that, it is only the true Christian, the man who in the sublime description of the Apostle John, "dwelleth in God, and God in him," that can indeed say, in the final lines of the same noble effusion,—

"Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around;
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil, still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable.
Come, then, expressive silence! muse His praise."

MONITOR.

SUPPLY OF PREACHERS.

To the Editor of the Canadian United Presbyterian Magazine:

SIR,—If it is in accordance with your editorial arrangements to admit communications, in the shape of Letters, I respectfully solicit the insertion of the following somewhat crude, but well meant, remarks and suggestions on a subject of very great importance to the Church in Canada.

It cannot be denied that as regards the administration of the gospel in connection with the United Presbyterian Church, in this Province, the Supply is not equal to the Demand. Indeed, as far as instrumentality is concerned, nothing has so much retarded the extension of our Church as the paucity of Preachers. But for this, her cords might have been lengthened to the limits of the populated land, and her stakes a great deal stronger than they are to-day. The vacant congregations and preaching stations under the auspices of the Synod are but partially supplied, so that the openings presented to inviting fields of labor cannot be entered. This is matter for lamentation, and, I fear, for self-reproach on the part of the Church. It is the unquestionable duty of the Church to give earnest heed to the Macedonian cry that salutes her ear, and adopt suitable measures for meeting, to a much larger extent than at present, the spiritual necessities of the country. "The fields are white to the harvest," and that harvest is plenteous, but the "laborers are few."