

think of the cheerless condition of our brethren throughout the country, who are not summoned into the tabernacle of God, and of these families who have no opportunity of ministering in "the beautiful house" in which our "fathers worshipped" and where are our "pleasant things." Across this county in particular, there runs a dark line of spiritual destitution. From Earltown, that place of primitive piety and godly simplicity, to the head of the East River of Pictou, are *eight large* congregations without the regular ordinances of a cherished faith. These, be it remembered, are not an indiscriminate mass, without elders and churches—forming a missionary field merely, to be gained over to the Christian religion, or to the communion of a particular church, by the labors of an earnest evangelism. They are regular congregations, that have had pastors, and among them there is an enlightened understanding of the doctrines, and a sincere appreciation of the privileges of Christian worship. These *eight* congregations have churches, and some of them the finest in the land, and many of them have manse and glebes for future incumbents. They are Christian churches in every sense but one, and that is the superintendence of those who may break unto them the precious bread of life. The longer this state of things continues, the more urgent is the call. Since some of these congregations have enjoyed the ordinary ministrations of the word, a generation has risen up, to whom the public institutions of the gospel are strange and almost unknown. From the two points we have specified, is a distance of *forty or fifty miles, thickly settled* with people, the majority of whom are our adherents. Think of that, ye more favored brethren!

These people may be expected to feel this state of things all the more, that the time was, when it was otherwise with them. Many of them, who are advanced in life, can yet call to mind the simple services in the parish church, in their father-land. They can remember the long walk to church along the deep vallies and among the massy mountains, careering around their Highland homes, and the delightful converse of friend with friend by the way. They remember the regularity of these services and their power and pathos in their native tongue. Others reflect, that even in this distant land, to which the Providence of God has led them, they have enjoyed the ministrations of the sanctuary. They can reflect with satisfaction, that they have enjoyed the ministrations of men of no ordinary talent, and no ordinary activity. These are now gone to swell the ranks of the mother-church and, while regretting their departure, a departure not without excuse and certainly not deserving

the censure of those who can have no idea of the hardships of the Christian ministry in these days, they cannot forget these solemn seasons, or the impressive lessons and earnest attentions of these early laborers.

In our present and past sufferings, however, ground of hope and encouragement is to be found. The journey of life in any department, seldom consists of one long valley of humiliation and despair. A day of captivity prepares for a day of deliverance, and the fulfilment of the people's joy. The captive, who hangs his harp upon the willow, and does not forget Jerusalem, shall not be left by the merciful God, to weep piteously and helplessly for ever. The day of darkness prepares for the bright and the beautiful day of light and peace. We have good reason to hope that our present darkness is that which precedes the dawn, "Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south. They, that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. He, that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

But what are our prospects? Let us calmly consider the case. We would remind our people, then, that *ten* students from our Church here are prosecuting the studies preparatory to the gospel ministry in Canada. Can it be that they will not return to their native land? Can it be that they will leave their brethren famishing, and feed strangers? Will they thus deny the faith, by not feeding their own? If it were to be so, we should have a remarkably low opinion of them, and remarkably small sympathy with the families to which they belong, if the latter had aught to do with such an arrangement. We should say to the latter: "Your conduct is most inconsistent. You will not devote the members of your own family to that field, for which you implore the labors of the stranger and the poor alien, who has dealt rudely with the ties of home, and cast in his lot with you." But away with such a thought! We are assured, that most, if not all of them, will return and help to build up our Zion, and repair the walls of our Jerusalem.

It affords us, also, heartfelt delight to reflect, in connection with this subject that, if God spare them, we have four more of our own people and our own kindred, devoted to this mission field. These have now been for six years using their earnest endeavors to fit themselves for the arduous work of saving souls. (For he that winneth souls is wise.) Of their character and accomplishments, it is needless for us to speak. From personal knowledge, and from the testimony of impartial judges on the other side of the water, they are a credit to us all. They are a credit to the Presbytery that selected them, to the people of whom they are sprung, and to the church that is to enjoy the benefits of their services. Some of them have distinguished themselves above all their fellows. May the Lord bless them, and after a brief period, conduct them to our shores, and