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ISRAEL'S STONE OF REMEMBRANCE.

"The Lord hath done great things for us."

The history of the Jews is not the history of an ordinary people. Whenever we look into it, we immediately come in contact with something altogether different from the events and actors of ordinary history. We trace springs of action, and a character of events, which we meet with in no other annals. A miraculous agency attends the people from their first beginnings down through all the steps of their subsequent progress. God is at once the founder, the conductor, the consolidator of their nation. Let us take a brief review of the more remarkable events in the history of the Jewish nation, distinguishing them as a peculiar people, and marking out God's hand as so visibly present in the midst of them.

Let us remark in the first place how they grew in Egypt—so that from a very small nation, or rather a very few people, they came to excite the fears even of the Pharaohs themselves. How miraculously were they preserved and multiplied even amid the cruellest oppression, amid all that was calculated to repress their growth, and cut off their very existence! The hardest laws of Pharaoh had no effect upon them but to make them increase the more. The more their task-masters afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. Years of oppression rolled over; and at length God intended to deliver them; and did he not choose the very way of doing so most calculated to exhibit his power, and magnify his name? We need not recount the ten plagues of Egypt, each rising above the other, if possible, in miraculous

grandeur, and impressive effect. We need not especially remind the reader of the darkness which covered the land for three days, a darkness that might be felt; and last of all, and most terrible of all, that dreadful dispensation when the destroying angel smote all the first born, the chief of their strength in the tabernacles of Ham. These were indeed signs and wonders sufficiently calculated to impress the hearts of all who heard of them—to inspire the people of God, on the one hand, with confidence in his power, and fill his enemies, on the other, with the terror of his name. But these were only preparatory to what was to follow, a dark and solemn foreground to a long line of bright and glorious miracle. Let us recall what took place at the Red sea—what great things God did there for Israel. Pharaoh said: "I will pursue, I will overtake". He was resolved to recover his lost prey, to bring back the people whom he had suffered to escape out of bondage, and subject them again to his cruel yoke. For this purpose he had summoned his chief captains and his warriors, his chariots and his horsemen—he had put himself at the head of the formidable army, and set out in pursuit. He was not wrong in his calculations of the comparative speed of his own march, and that of the Israelites. "I will overtake", said he; and he had just come up upon the flying host, where it seemed impossible they should escape his grasp.—Hemmed in on every side by impassable mountains, the Red sea was before them! O! how would he exult when he saw their camp lining the margin of that water which it would never suggest itself to his infidel heart that they could pass.—Would he not think: "I have overtak-

en : I will divide the spoil : my lust shall be satisfied upon them : I will draw the sword : my hand shall be satisfied upon them." But now was the time for God's wonder-working power. The Israelites were alarmed at their situation. They, almost as infidel as Pharaoh himself, could not imagine how they were to escape from the imminent peril ; and they were accordingly giving themselves up for lost. But this was the very opportunity of God "Stand still", said Moses, "and see the salvation of the Lord". When all other escape was cut off, when the impassable sea was in their front, mountains girded them round, and behind was the pursuing enemy, then the Lord opened a way for them, and made them pass through the sea as on dry land. How marvellous the salvation of God ! The thousands of Israel crossed in safety to the opposite shore. They went through the depths as through the wilderness, and when Pharaoh and his host were essaying to do the same thing they were overwhelmed in the deep.

What a scene of wonders opens upon us in the wilderness ! It is a vista of miracle through which we see in successive glory one after another of the most striking interpositions of divine power : the healing of the waters—the showers of manna—Horeb with its gushing streams—Sinai with its thunders and lightnings—while the whole journey of the people was conducted by the visible presence of the angel of God ; and meanwhile, no enemy could touch them—no nation or people stand against them.—Amalek fell by their sword : Sihon and Og became their prey ; and at last they pitched on the banks of the Jordan, and surveyed the territory that was to become their own. But they were not yet in possession. The Jordan had to be passed—that stream whose swellings were proverbially formidable ; and even then many a contest had to be fought before the promised land could be theirs. That God, however, who had hitherto attended them, was still with them, and Canaan would become their own. The Jordan, accordingly, was crossed in an equally miraculous manner with the Red sea itself. God made the depths a way for the ransomed to pass over. No sooner did they land, than Jericho, with its embattled walls and towers, fell to the ground. Seven days only had they to compass it, on the seventh day seven times ; and those formidable walls, which, according to the report of the spies, reached the

very heavens, were levelled with the dust. We need not recount the triumphs of Joshua. We need not speak of the sun standing still over Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. We need not tell of all that took place before Canaan could be portioned out to the several tribes, and they could quietly possess themselves of its well-watered valleys and its fertile plains. Suffice it to say, that Canaan now became the land of Israel ; Judea, the land of God's own people ; whom he chose to plant there, to be to him a praise in the earth. For the space of about three hundred years, Israel was ruled by the Judges—suffering many vicissitudes, yet obtaining many splendid triumphs, assailed by numerous enemies whom God allowed for their defections to remain in the land, and from time to time rise up and prove thorns in their sides.

The reigns of their kings were distinguished by the same divine interference, exerted in their behalf, or otherwise, according as they were faithful to God, or forsook him for other Gods. There was no case, however, in which they returned to God, after a period of defection, that he did not receive their allegiance, and if in difficulty interpose for their deliverance. Their complete safety, in fact, and their success against the surrounding nations, were just in proportion to the piety of their kings, and the consequent fidelity of the people. The separation of the ten tribes, which undoubtedly, weakened the national strength, was permitted on account of the wickedness and infatuation of Rehoboam—a proper sequel to the folly and defection of Solomon himself.

We remember what God did for Israel in the days of David—how uniformly successful he was against his enemies round about, until he established a peace which lasted all the days of his illustrious son. We remember the deliverance wrought for Hezekiah, when the host of Sennacherib lay encamped like locusts around the sacred city. It seemed as if no power could save the city from utter ruin. But God who saves by many or by few, or apparently without means, laid the Assyrian host prostrate in one night upon the plain, so that in the morning when they looked from the battlements to observe the besieging army they beheld one hundred and eighty-five thousand dead men. That deliverance with others equally marvellous would be known among the surrounding nations.

It was the Assyrians themselves that were thus discomfited or destroyed; and well then, might the heathen say, when, on the deliverance of the Jews from Assyrian and Babylonish captivity, they beheld this fresh signal of divine interposition: "the Lord hath done great things for them."

But the greatest, perhaps, of all their deliverances, was yet to come.

For their national defection and idolatry they had at length been given up to Captivity, and carried away into Babylon—a whole nation nearly carried captive. Not all the warnings of their prophets could suffice to withdraw them from their attachment to idols, and fix their inconstant hearts. Their land was defiled with blood, the blood of the innocents, whom they offered to the worst of the heathen Gods; sin was rampant;—and God, no longer able to restrain his indignation, brought the Babylonian power upon them, and sent them into Chaldaea, to learn there the sad fruits of sin, and above all of repeated and flagrant apostacy. He had not, however, given them up. They were still his people, and with them he had still the highest purposes to serve. For sixty-nine years, however, they endured all the signs and indignities of a severe and cruel bondage, living far from their native land, tasting none of the sweets of home, and seeing in every object which surrounded them but the marks of their degradation and the memorials of other and dearer objects which memory could not restore. They continued sighing for liberty, and longing for the delights and privileges of their own land. Alas! what help was for them? They had forsaken God; and what could they expect but that they should be made still to wear the conqueror's chain, and bear the conqueror's yoke? Such might have been expected. But their prophecies taught them to look forward to a deliverer who would break their fetters, and restore them to Judea again. Even in their captivity they were a peculiar people. They had their sacred books to read and to ponder; and with what avidity may we not conceive them unfolding those scrolls which bore inscribed as by the finger of God himself, the very promises of their deliverance, the very predictions which God had given forth, but which in a happier time they had for the most part slighted and despised! That deliverer did arise, and it was God who raised him up. Conquerors pursue their own ends,

according as their ambition or avarice or hostility may prompt; but all the while they are but accomplishing the designs of the Almighty. They are but the hands on the dial-plate, or the wheels in the machinery, while the divine purpose forms the main-spring within by which all is turned, and all is regulated. Nebuchadnezzar had established himself over Assyria and Babylon, and swayed their united sceptre as of one kingdom. His grandson was now seated upon the throne, and revelling in all the license of uncontrolled power and unbounded luxury. Babylon seemed a city which no enemy could take, which neither artifice nor force could overcome. Cyrus himself, with his army, lay two years before it, ere he succeeded in its capture. During that time, the king and his nobles, deeming themselves so safe, and supposing that their besiegers would at last desist from so hopeless an enterprise, were in the habit, we are told, of deriding their enemy from the walls, and might thence retire to the palace in all the indifference of the most perfect security. But God's purposes were not to be balked. Not all the lofty walls and massive gates could resist His decree, or withstand His power. After a two years' siege Cyrus at length fell upon the singular expedient of diverting the river Euphrates from its channel, and so leading his army by its course thus laid bare, secretly, to the very gates, which he might trust to fortune or artifice for opening; and thus, all unknown to the enemy, gain admission to the city. His success was as signal as his expedient was novel and daring. On a day devoted to some festival, he carried his plans into execution. On the evening of that day, when all the inhabitants were likely to be given up to intoxication and merriment, he directed one half of his army to march by the bed of the river from above, and the other half from below, the city, and to meet at the two opposing gates. It so happened that these gates had been left open, whether by chance or by design it is not known, and the entrance to the city was secured. Cyrus rushed in, immediately secured the palace, put the monarch to death, and henceforth made Babylon but a province of the Persian dynasty.

But how in all this, it may be asked, was the power of God exhibited, or the interposition of His providence evinced? In the most obvious manner. In all the events of providence we are warranted to say: the Lord hath done this. He

rules, He guides, He controls, all that happens. There is no event but is foreseen by his Omniscience, and permitted or brought about by his power. Did God not endow Cyrus with all the prowess, the heroism, the talents, he possessed? Did he not direct his enterprise in this very quarter? Did he not bring him up from Persia against the Babylonian Empire? When there, did he not make all things conspire towards the desired and contemplated issue? Accordingly, in Scripture we have God predicting Cyrus and his conquests a hundred years before his birth, and a hundred and fifty years before the events foretold, calling Cyrus then even by name, and selecting him for the high enterprise and destiny of delivering his captive people, and restoring the ancient glory of Jerusalem.—Thus was God working even at that remote period for Israel, preparing the way for the very event which now happened. Surely the Lord did great things for his people. And, after Cyrus ascended the throne of Babylon, who was it that disposed his heart to act so favourably to the Jews? Who led him to think of God's ancient people, and decree their restoration to their own land? Was it not the same Being that selected him, called him by his name even when he knew him not, that girded him with power, that went before him, made the crooked places straight, broke in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in asunder the bars of iron? * Who else could it be? Under what other inspiration did Cyrus act?—Was he not the Lord's anointed for this very work? "For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name". And surely, then, after all that occurred to bring about this last event, in itself so extraordinary, so unexampled in the history of the conquered and their conquerors—when the favoured people retired from that city which was to witness their tears and listen to their cries and their plaintive strains no longer—when the sun lighted their early footsteps as they now bent their faces towards Zion, and awoke again, perhaps for the first time since their captivity, their native songs, which were as it were sealed on their lips before—well might the heathen say: "the Lord hath done great things for them"; and might they respond: "the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Israel's stone of remembrance may be ours: "the Lord hath done great things for us"

First, in his providence. We may not have our miracles to recount, like the Israelites, but we may be able to recall many wonderful interpositions of God's power in our behalf, marking our way for us, strewing our path with mercies, opening fountains of happiness in what would otherwise be a barren desert, rescuing us from dangers, shielding us on every side from innumerable calamities, making sometimes the depths a way for us to pass over, and bringing us out into a large place. The people of God can trace all these in their history; for they are accustomed to mark the hand of God where others might behold but the most ordinary occurrences. It makes no difference to them that the occurrence may be ordinary—ordinary as brought about by ordinary means. It is the ordination of God notwithstanding. It is a mercy from His hand. It is the exercise of His power. It is the exertion of His long-suffering compassion. It is the gift of His unfailing bounty. But there may be more signal instances of God's goodness and kindness towards them. Who is it that cannot refer to some more remarkable providence in his history—some occasion in which there seemed a special deliverance wrought, or a special boon imparted, where the lifted stroke was suspended, the messenger's course was diverted, the shaft of death, it may be, was sent awry, or the blessing especially desired, and especially needed was poured into the lap? Accordingly, it is often the song of God's children in this world: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies".

And the longer we are in the world we shall have the more of such interpositions and blessings to record. All our life-long we have been guided by a wisdom and upheld by a power; not our own, and had all our wants supplied from an exhaustless fountain of blessing and goodness. Some have had more remarkable histories than others; and whereas their trials were perhaps greater, their deliverances were the more signal and the more striking. But all will have to say: "the Lord hath done great things for me!" They will acknowledge the

* Isaiah 45. 1-7.

hand that had led them hitherto. They will raise their stone of recollection, and their song of praise—which they will have cause for till their feet have completely passed the Jordan, and the songs of heaven have swallowed up every earth-born melody.

But it is in Redemption particularly that the Lord hath done great things for his people; and it is chiefly in reference to God's workings here that they have cause to say: "the Lord hath done great things for us".

Was it not much to redeem us from sin, and from the captivity of Satan?

Mankind are by nature under the bondage of sin—held in captivity to Satan—and exposed to all the future miseries of such a state when its severity will be unlimited, and its duration everlasting. Such was the condition in which the people of God were at one time involved. They were the captives of Satan—sold under sin. Satan ruled them, it may be, with a high hand—they were led captive by him at his will—they were his willing slaves although slavery always supposes a constraint, the absence of all freedom of will. It is the peculiarity of sin, to be a willing bondage; or in one aspect of it it is a bondage, while in another it is a willing devotion to our own hearts, objects and desires. Such is the state or condition of all who have not heard or obeyed the voice of liberty. And a fearful captivity and servitude are yet in prospect for them, more direful than they can know any thing of in this world, and which eternity itself will not abate.

But the people of God have been set free. They have obeyed the sound proclaiming liberty to the captive. They have been delivered from the degrading thralldom of Satan.

As the captivity of God's ancient people was emblematic of the bondage to sin and Satan in which all are held by nature—so the redemption of the former and the instrument by whom that redemption was accomplished, were typical of Christ and of his salvation. Cyrus was an eminent type of Christ. Though a heathen, and, for aught we know, never a subject of true religion, he was yet honoured to prefigure the great Deliverer of sinners—and his work, the redemption which Christ was to achieve. But the type was inferior to the antitype. The Lord did great things for Israel! but He hath done far greater things for those who are truly the redeemed of the Lord;

and with far greater reason may the bystander, who is yet an alien, with reference to the kingdom of God, and the privileges of His people, say, as he contemplates their state and their prospects: "the Lord hath done great things for them", and may they reply: "the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad".

Who was the Redeemer? He was not an earthly potentate merely. He was the Lord of glory himself—the prince of the kings of the earth. He was the son of God, and though clothed in the weakness of humanity, yet he came "travelling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save". On his head were not the crowns of the earth, but these he was destined to wear, and in virtue of that very work he was about to achieve. Such was the Redeemer; and no other could have effected the work, could have accomplished our salvation. It was not Cyrus's own arm that achieved the redemption of the Jews. It required a mightier power than his—a superior skill. It was not man that accomplished our salvation: it was God himself, in human form, "God manifest in the flesh". He came to save: he left his palace in the heavens—encountered all the hardships and toils of war: "He put on righteousness as a breastplate, and an helmet of salvation on his head; He put on the garment of vengeance for clothing, and was clad with zeal as a cloak." Our oppressor was high in power. He was probably contemplating a secure and even perpetual possession. He thought to baffle this new aggressor on his dominions to keep him without the citadel at least, if not completely vanquish him.—But strong as was that citadel, strong as its possessor seemed entrenched within it; mighty as were its walls; wide embracing as was its circuit; numerous as were its defenders; old and deep-laid as were its foundations; yet, it could not withstand him who came up against it—before whom the bars of our captivity were compelled to yield, and all the cunning of the oppressor was completely foiled. Behold Him entering that citadel in the very hour and power of darkness, passing through the deep channel of His own spirits' agony, taking the enemy by surprise, in the most unexpected manner forcing his way to the very seat of empire, spoiling the dark completers of our ruin in the very moment when they were rejoicing in their security, and revelling in the intoxication of their strength—and then leading captivity captive, procuring

gifts for men!—behold Him at that moment of triumph, radiant with victory, covered with the spoils of conflict, the conqueror of Satan, the Saviour of the lost!—and say, was ever such a conqueror?—was ever such a conquest? He also was the servant of God—his elect to accomplish this very work. “Behold”, says God by His prophet, “behold my servant whom I uphold, mine elect in whom my soul delighteth: I have put my spirit upon him; he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets. He shall not fail nor be discouraged till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law”.

But all this would not have been enough of itself. The decree must be issued for the actual emancipation of God's chosen. Their oppressor was subdued, but their actual liberty was not yet received or bestowed. But the Redeemer sent forth the fiat of their freedom. He published his decree in their behalf. He commissioned his spirit to emancipate them, to break their chains, to raise them from the dungeon of the captive, and bring them out to the light and liberty of the children of God. The chains of sin, accordingly, were made to fall from them—the fetters of a servitude which they could not of themselves break; and they are now not only no longer the slaves of Satan, but they are the freed ones of God: Theirs is the liberty wherewith God maketh His people free—a glorious freedom; and heaven, and all the privileges of the Jerusalem above, are within their view, or constitute the blessed home to which they are destined. “O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things: His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory. The Lord hath made known His salvation: His righteousness hath He openly shewed in the sight of the heathen”.

Such is the deliverance which the spiritual Israel of God have to celebrate.—Such are the great things God hath done for them. And they as far exceed what God did even for Israel of old, as the heavens excel the earth. Oh, how should their heart exult, even as that of the Israelites when their freedom was restored, and they set out again to their native land. Their mouth was filled with laughter, and their tongue with singing; and have not you, believer, greater cause to rejoice, and to praise the Lord, who hath deli-

vered you from an infinitely worse bondage, and set before you a far more glorious destiny? It is freedom from the thralldom of sin, redemption from the mansions of everlasting despair, which you have been made partaker of: it is the happiness of God's spiritual Israel into which you have been introduced, and the glories of heaven to which you have to look forward. Nothing could exceed these blessings in magnitude. Nothing could be more miserable than your former condition: nothing can be more blessed than your present state and your future prospects. Language fails to depict the happiness, the glories, which shall yet be yours. The new Jerusalem shining in the brightness of unclouded splendour, stands ready to receive you; and once entered it, you shall go no more out, but shall dwell for ever with God, and His angels, and the happy company of the Redeemed. God shall wipe away all tears from every eye; and a happiness pure, unalloyed, everlasting, will fill every heart, and pervade all the blessed mansions. “O, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy”.

Be not content with the land of your exile, with the scenes of your former captivity. Press on your march.—Every thing here may remind you of your exile, of your captivity, of your degradation. By these streams you sat and wept: on these willows you hang and wept your harps. There you bewailed your sad state; you thought of a former time of happiness and glory. There the Oppressor's fetters, and weariful burdens, sat heavily upon you, and weighed you down to the very earth, and you refused to be comforted. How different your state now! Now you can awake the Lord's song though in a strange land. You have taken your harps from the willows: you are returning with songs to Zion; and the new Jerusalem with its palms and crowns of victory and dominion awaits your arrival. Tarry not in the land of your bondage: urge on your way: till the heavenly land is reached, the new Jerusalem is gained, and its golden gates have received you, welcome feet, and closed upon your sufferings and your sorrows for ever.

NOTICE OF MISSIONARIES.

We continue our extracts from the life of Eliot. In our last extract we find Carve remarking. "Eliot saw that they (the Indians) must be civilized ere they could be christianized; that he must make men of them ere he could hope to see them saints". Carve does not take into account, or he forgets, that Eliot had partly succeeded in christianizing the Indians before he taught them to build towns, and instructed them in the arts of life. But there can be no doubt that his efforts, as those of Zeisberger, to organize the converts into communities, had a great effect in adding a character of permanence to the work of evangelization which it would not otherwise have possessed, and which was not seen in the case of Brainerd's labours owing to the want of this very organization. We would like to know—we have not the means of knowing—what became of those results of Eliot's and Zeisberger's labours—whether they continue to this day, or have passed away like the shifting sands, from the inherent disposition of the Indian to wander, and his preference for the wild and nomadic life, with all the excitements of the battle and the chase, over the more steady and settled habits of townships and communities.

Eliot no longer laboured alone: he had been for some time aided by two chiefs, the fruits of his toil, Waubon, in whose tent he had passed the night on his first visit to the Indians, as before related, and Shawanon, chief of another tribe. These men sometimes went with him in his journeyings, or they taught and conversed with the people during his absence. More than once, he sent them forth alone to the tribes: the latter were, no doubt, surprised to see the Indian prince enter their huts as a messenger of peace and truth. To indemnify these men, in some measure, for the loss of temporal dignity, Eliot gave them the title of ruler, or elder. Several others, all men of superior endowments among their people, were also raised up to help him. But Waubon was the first-fruit of his ministry, the first Indian who welcomed him to his roof, and opened the way for his future success. To this chief, his attachment was strong to the last. The office of these men will be best explained by his own words, though at a later period. "Hassunimeset is our next town in order and dignity: there lived their progenitors, and there lieth their inheritance. The ruler of the town is Anuwekin, and his brother is the teacher, both men of piety and judgment; they take care, also, of the school, and visit the plantation of praying Indians beyond them. The rul-

er, last winter, was overtaken by a violent passion, and I had occasion to speak with him about it. I told him that, as to man, I and all men were ready to forgive him.—"Ah!" said he, "I find it the greatest difficulty to forgive myself."

But the time was come that his first friend and convert was to be taken from him. Waubon had several times attempted, by public discourses and confessions, to be of use to his countrymen—these efforts are by no means deficient in force or eloquence. In his dying hour, the spirit of the Indian chief broke in triumph above his pains and weakness. It was the hour that a stranger would have yearned to see, for his friends and warriors were standing around him, and Eliot was there. "I desire you all, my friends and my children," such were his words, "do not greatly weep and mourn for me in this world: my body is almost broken by sickness and agony, yet I desire to remember thy name, my God! until I die. I will say, with him of old, 'O that my words were written! that they were printed in a book; that they were graven with an iron pen in a rock for ever! for I know that my Redeemer liveth; and, tho' worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see Him!' This is thy love, O my God!" In so saying, he died. It was an indelible thing, to see the savage die thus sublimely.

By building the town of Naticke, he, for the first time, gathered his people into a regular Christian church: the ordinances of baptism and the sacrament were administered to those who gave good evidence of their faith and hope. "I went about this work with so much fear and care," he says, "even to the sensible wasting and weakening of my strength, lest they should in anywise scandalize their profession." The governor of the colony now went personally to observe the state of the civilized Indians, and to know if the accounts he had heard were true: it was a distance of fifty miles. He passed some days at Naticke with great satisfaction; and in the letter in which he describes this visit, he calls it one of the happiest journeys he had ever made. To him the missionary soon after addressed an application for leave to lay out another town. A proof of the manner and rapidity with which these things were done, is the following extract from the records: "Whereas there was a plantation given by the town of Dorchester to the Indians, at Pakunit; it was voted at a general meeting, the 7th of December, 1657, that the Indians shall not alienate or sell their plantation, or any part thereof, unto any English; that the Major Atherton is desired and empowered to lay out this plantation, not exceeding six thousand acres of land." A new town was soon founded at this place: the influence of these proceedings, that had been chiefly confined to the Massachusetts, the Pequot, and On-

eydas Indians, now began to spread far and wide.

A new patron appeared about this time, in the Hon. Robert Boyle, between whom and Eliot a warm friendship soon subsisted; he gave considerable sums to the advancement of the cause. A yet more illustrious friend now shewed himself—Cromwell, at this time in the plenitude of his power. It is not easy to say which is the more singular, that the Protector in Whitehall, amidst the cares and joys of successful ambition, should trouble himself about the spiritual progress and condition of the poor Indians; or that Eliot, from amidst his forests and plains, or, it may be, in one of his newly raised towns, should address the usurper in a style of excellent simplicity and heavenliness, as if he was writing to a saintly man. No doubt, so far removed from the scene of action, and caring little for politics, the missionary knew little of the merits of the cause at home, but believed the savoury words of the usurper to come from his heart. But Cromwell's conscience must have been wonderfully calm, or, perhaps, it is a splendid instance of the delusions in which the heart can shroud itself, that he should write to the man of God with earnest concern and affection for the perishing heathen, while the blood of his king was scarcely washed from his hand.* This is one of Eliot's letters—

To his Excellency, the Lord General Cromwell. Grace, mercy, and peace.

"Envy itself cannot deny that the Lord hath raised and improved you in an eminent manner. I know your soul longeth to hear tidings of God's grace poured out upon these goings-down of the sun. He hath kept your honour unstained, and also caused the lustre of those precious graces of humility, faith, love of truth, and love to the saints, to shine forth beyond all exception of those that are adversaries to your proceedings.—Now, the design of God in these days is double: first, to raise up his own kingdom, in the room of the earthly powers which He doth cast down; secondly, to make the world subject to be ruled in all things by the word of His mouth. And as He hath raised you to accomplish (so far as the work hath proceeded) these designs, so I hope he will yet further improve you, to set upon their full accomplishment, to promote scripture government and laws, so that the word

of Christ might rule all*: and for the services you have already rendered His name, I doubt not that it will be some comfort to your heart to see the kingdom of truth rising up in these western parts of the world. Let it be some encouragement to you, that that blessed kingdom shall fill all the earth. Such considerations, together with the favourable regard and kindness you have shewed to poor New England, urge me to present into your hand these confessions of that merry which the Lord hath bestowed upon these natives, begging earnestly the continuance of your prayers for the further proceeding of this gracious work. And so, committing your honour to the Lord, and all your weighty affairs to His heavenly direction, I rest,

"Yours, to serve you in the service of Christ,
"JOHN ELIOT."

There is small opportunity of knowing what effect Eliot's correspondence had on the Protector's mind; but it is in vain we figure to ourselves the stern, bold, and ambitious face of Cromwell, humbly lifted to heaven on the Indian's behalf, without a smile. It is well known that, before the breaking out of the civil war, he had serious thoughts of selling his lands, and going to the wilds of America, there to enjoy, in full perfection, his religious privileges. Perhaps the memory of these early and better feelings came back powerfully on the throne. There might be moments, even in his Proteus mind, when he would have desired to exchange with Eliot, and pictured that apostle in the midst of his devoted Indians, and wished to be like him.

Two or three towns were now raised in places were only the beasts of chase, and men yet wilder, were used to dwell. It was by no means his design, that the Indians, while he led them from their unsettled and wandering way of life, should relinquish their manly and martial usages of hunting, fishing, or even arts of war: he well knew, that if indolence and effeminacy crept upon them, they would be exposed defenceless to the inroads of the more fierce and distant tribes. Thus, while every town had a depot for furs, skins, &c. it was also surrounded by a palisado fort, well built, and of great extent. In truth, whether we regard this man as building bridges over floods, habitations of peace and comfort within walls for his people, or strong defences without; preaching and praying in the forests, or in the chapels that he had reared; and then toiling night and day to translate works of piety into the rugged Indian tongue—he alike forces our admiration of the energy and versatility of his mind. The plan he pursued, of making religious thoughts and images, as well as expressions,

* Carlyle has furnished the world with a different standard of judgment respecting Cromwell's character from that of our author. Which is the correct standard there will, we presume, be little difference of opinion. Says the great Milton: "As long as you, Cromwell, are preserved to us, he wants reliance on the providence of God who fears for the prosperity of the English nation."

* Eliot formed somewhat of a proper estimate of the magistrate's office and duty.

familiar to his Indians, was a useful as well as an ingenious one; and it is probable that Wesley many years afterwards borrowed it from this missionary.

He knew how greatly they admired the art of speaking in others, and would be delighted, as well as flattered, to possess it themselves. He drew them on to state in public, before their own people, their views of divine truth, and the feelings of their hearts. "In doing this," he says, "they were daunted much at first to speak before the grave assembly of their countrymen"; but habit gave confidence: Wauhon and two or three more chiefs had broken the ice, and their example was followed by others. The advantage of this kind of confession was very evident; it gave the speakers a fluency and command of expression, when dwelling on religious themes, and riveted the attention of their hearers. It was a most engaging thing, that those warriors, to whose despotic will they lately bowed down, should now be affectionately urging them to happiness.

Eliot's toils of translation, to which we must again allude, were of a character far different from his long journeyings through the wilds, or his exciting addresses to the tribes; they were painful in the extreme, and sufficient of themselves to have occupied a large portion of life. Mention has been already made of his Indian Grammar. In September, 1661, he published the New Testament, with marginal references; it consisted of fifteen hundred copies, and was printed at the expense of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel." Previous to this, he had printed a few tracts, as well as catechisms, for the use of his people. Before the end of the year 1663, he had finished the translation of the Old Testament: also, which had long occupied him; thus the whole Bible was printed in the Indian tongue: it may be imagined with what eagerness it was received by the Indians. The commissioners of the "United Colonies" beheld with joy the completion of these works, and "were bold," to use their own language, "to present them to his majesty." This was Charles the Second, who had now ascended the throne, and cared as little about the conversion of the heathen as he did about hunting the wild bear. "Publications also of these sacred writings to the sons of men," they remark, "is a work that the greatest princes have honoured themselves by. But to publish the same to a lost people, a people without law, within riches, or any such thing, that sat in darkness and the shadow of death—this puts a lustre on it that is superlative. The colonies of the Spanish nation have sent home much gold and silver; that, we confess, is a scarce commodity in this colder climate; but we present this, and other fruits of our endeavours to plant the Gospel here, which, upon a true account, are as much better than gold,

as the souls of men are more worth than the whole world." It may be imagined how cordially the profligate Charles sympathized in such an address, and how sincerely he admired this diffusion of truth in preference to a few piles of gold laid at his feet. That excellent professor, Oliver, would have shed tears of joy at the news,* and written a touching letter on the occasion.

Eliot lost no time, after the publication of the Scriptures, in turning his attention to other things; namely, the translation of Baxter's Practice of Piety, and one or two of his other works, a few religious treatises, and, lastly, the Psalms of David in metre, which he called Indian Peater. He speaks of these things in a letter to his friend and correspondent, Baxter: "However black the cloud is, and angry the storm, the work of truth goeth on; from that cloud, the glory of Christ shall soon break forth. We are not without our snares and troubles, but we must not cease and wait till the calm shall be. I purpose in my heart to translate for the Indians a little book of yours; the keenness of the edge, the liveliness of the spirit, of that book, through the blessing of God, may be of great use to them. I have begun the work already, and find a great difference from my former translations. I am forced sometimes to alter the phrase, for the facilitating and fitting it to our language, in which I am not so strict as I was in the Scripture. Some things which are fitted for English people, are not fitted for them, and in such things I make bold to fit it for them. But I do little that way, knowing how much beneath wisdom it is, to show a man's self witty in mending another man's work. To show my people clearly the way and manner of a Christian life and conversation, in their daily course, is my constant wish. Sir, I beseech you, in your holy retirements, in your silent chambers, when the door is shut, and your heart burns with the power of the Divine presence—think of me!" Baxter, in his reply, seems to envy his friend—but in all kindness—the possession of this eminent gift:—"There is no man on earth whose work is more honourable or comfortable than your's. There are many here that would be ambitious of being

* We believe that "the excellent professor" Oliver, if he had shed tears at all, would have shed sincere tears of joy at the news.—Such rulers as Cromwell have been seldom afforded to the world, but the lesson which his administration teaches is not the less edifying. Rulers may copy from the great Puritan. The Protector threw his broad shield over more than England's liberties. We suspect the Pope would have been learning some lessons from his excellency, had he been alive at the present day; and that Cardinal Wiseman would not have been the worse of a doctrine or two out of the same college.

your fellow-labourers, but they have not the power. There are very many that would be glad to go any whither—to Persians, Tartarians, Indians, or any unbelieving nation, to propagate the Gospel, but the defect of their languages is a great discouragement."

The gift of the Psalter to this people, was a great luxury. Eliot observes, "that the Indians are much pleased to have their language in metre and rhythm, as it now is in the singing psalms in some poor measure; these they sing in our musical tone." It is observed by travellers, that the Indians had no songs among them, and had no idea of melody, and that the few sounds they intended for such, were barbarous and offensive; the being enabled to sing in companies, and in many tunes, no doubt, took wonderfully with them. "They met me," writes a minister, (Mr. Experience Mayhew,) "about two months since, at Little Compton, to hear me preach; had you been there to see how well they filled up their seats; how powerfully Nishokou prayed, and how melodiously Paquawise set the tune for the psalm, and carried it out, and how dexterously it was taken up by the others, I am sure you would have been much affected with it." I seek in vain for these quaint passages in the description of Eliot. No doubt, there were some things sufficiently simple, and a few, perhaps, bordering on the ludicrous, in the teaching of the savages, as well as in their expressions, but he had the good taste to avoid the details.

Fourteen years had now passed in these various labours; great, but not unvaried success, had attended them. There had been opposition, even from some of the Englishmen in authority, to the novelty of Indian towns and regular Christian churches. Storms and floods had at times wasted the plantations, reduced the Indians to distress, and their missionary was compelled to solicit aid from England to supply the losses. Some of the converts, even more than one of the chiefs, proved unfaithful, and fell into open excesses. The first serious disappointment he experienced, was in his efforts for the instruction of the Indian youth in the classic languages; many of the ablest and most promising among them were set apart for this purpose; his ambition was to bring them up "with our English youth in university learning." Where was the use of this? Eliot's best purposes were prone to be carried to excess. It has been mentioned that he gave away a whole year's salary, at a wretched cottage, while his wife was probably expecting it at home for household demands. He had learned his Indians to read and write; many could read English well; and now he wished to give them a polite education, that must have sat as graciously on them as the full-sleeved gown and bands of the divine. Considerable sums were expended in their board and education: a substantial building of

brick, which cost between three and four hundred pounds, was erected; it was large enough to accommodate twenty scholars.—It must have been Spartan discipline to the heads as well as hearts of the poor Indians, to labour morn and night through the Greek and Roman authors, to try to discover and relish the beauties of style and the splendour of imagery. No doubt, their thoughts some times fled away to their deserts, where their fathers roved in dignity and freedom, and books never came. The design might be praise-worthy, but Providence did not smile upon it; most of these young men died when they had made great proficiency in their studies, as if the languages wore out their hearts; others abandoned their books, even when they were prepared to enter Harvard College, in the town of Cambridge; their patience was probably exhausted, and the boon of literary dignity could lure them no further. A few of these, passing from one extreme to the other, burst their bonds at once; and as if mind and body panted together to be free, hastened back to the wilderness again, into its wigwams and swamps, where neither Homer nor Ovid was like to follow them.

"These circumstances proved very discouraging to the godly in New England," says a contemporary. "Some were so far affected by them, as to conceive that they were manifest tokens of the Divine disapprobation. Mr. Eliot, however, whose faith was more vigorous, considered them merely as trials, to which they ought to submit without reluctance". In consequence of the death and failure of those who entered the aforesaid building, it was soon after chiefly occupied by the English. Only one of these Indian students appears to have obtained his degree at Harvard College; and at the conclusion of two Latin and Greek elegies, which he composed on the death of an eminent minister, subscribed himself "Cheeseaumak, Senior Sophista." What an incongruous blending of sounds!

Eliot at last saw his error, and, instead of the classics, applied with fresh ardour to his more useful translations, of which the circulation was so rapid, that he printed a fresh edition of the "Practice of Piety."—He also soon after established a lecture at Naticke, in which he explained the leading doctrines of theology and logic: here he was on safe ground and his labours were eminently useful. During the summer months they assembled eagerly once a fortnight, and many of them gained much knowledge; yet he was far from being satisfied with its oral instructions, and he printed a thousand copies of a logic primer, and made little systems of all the liberal arts, for the use of the Indians. The same minds that had pined and sunk beneath the study of the classic tongues, embraced these things with ardour.

Their insatiable love of asking questions.

and then thinking and arguing on them, facilitated their progress under these lectures. As a writer who lived for some time near them, said—"to hover about the wigwams of these wild yet deeply reflecting natives, and to converse with them, was a rich source of entertainment." Singular as it may seem, their discourse was often not only more original, but more philosophical than that of persons, equally destitute of mental cultivation, in European lands. Nature, around the abode of the Indian, is arrayed in her simple majesty and beauty; her voice is more distinctly heard, and sinks deeper into the heart. These people, often dependent on the wild fruits and simples of the fields and woods; well acquainted, from the love of the chase, with the forms and instincts of the birds and beasts, their companions in the wilderness; keenly observant of every change in the sky, from living so much in the open air—have a wider range of ideas than we are aware of.

The Indians deeply loved these lectures on the scripture, and the dissertations on its power and beauty, which Eliot now adopted. Perhaps the mind that is the most familiar with the glories of creation, is in a better frame to relish the noble simplicity of the scriptures, than where towns and cities are its dwelling-place. Never did the impassioned descriptions of the prophets appear to us so bright or terrible, as when we read them in the deserts of Syria or Palestine. Were they not inspired there? And when the sun fell redly on the hushed sands and precipices, or the night was there in all her beauty, it is strange how the words of hope, or of gloom, with their awful imagery, rose to the memory, amidst the solitudes of Paran or Sinai! And when the Arabs came, as they did sometimes, to the walled city, to listen to the missionary, he artfully choose the bold and figurative style of scripture, in which to clothe his message, spoke of sin like the blast in the desert, withering as it passed; and that the love of Christ was like the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," or the shelter of the palm beside the lonely fountain; the men's attention was instantly riveted, and their eyes kindled, as images so dear and familiar were brought home to them.

Is not the lonely life of the patriarchal days the dearest to our imagination, as if, when the wanderer sat at his tent-door, or lay down to rest in the wild, heaven was brought nearer to his dwelling-place, and its hope and love were the sure companions of his way? The finest strains that the poets or the chiefs of Israel offered to the Deity were uttered in the bosom of the wilderness, or amidst the romantic vales and mountains of the land of promise. The song of Miriam on the desert shore, the last curses and blessings from the summits of Ebal and Gerizim, the lament for Saul be-

side the fields of Gilboa, and the psalms also that were inspired in the scenes of Sion and Carmel—had the sublime and impressive aspect of nature no influence on their composition? The earlier missionaries to the savage, no doubt, were sensible of it, so, and felt or borrowed the poetic imagery of the people among whom they dwelt. When Eliot pressed Wanalanset, the chief of his tribe, to embrace the Christian religion, he was thoughtful for some time; then rising up in the midst of his people, he said: "I am very thankful to you for your pains. I have, all my days, been used to pass in an old canoe, amidst the currents and rocks of the stream, and I love it, for it has not caused me to sink or perish in the flood; but you exhort me to embark in a new canoe, for it will carry me on a quiet voyage, and to a lovely shore. I believe your words, though, as yet, all is dim to my eye. I yield to your advice, and enter into the new canoe." Another said, "that he should be to them like one that stood by a running river, filling many vessels, and still the ever-rioting water flowed on."

(From the *Free Church Missionary Record*.)

FRENCH CANADIAN MISSION

While the great body of the population of Upper (or Western) Canada are British emigrants and their descendants, the inhabitants of Lower (or Eastern) Canada are chiefly of French extraction. These continue to use the French language; and the Popish religion, which they brought from the mother country, still prevails among them. The Protestants are few and scattered; while the French Canadians number more than half a million, and, with the exception of a few hundreds, converted within the last fifteen years, are all devotees to Rome. This explains the fact, which our readers will have noticed in the short statistical table given in last Number, that there is such a preponderance of Popish priests in this province. The truth is, that a vast proportion of the land is literally the property of the Church of Rome, and no inconsiderable sum is said annually to find its way from this country into the coffers of the Propaganda. Not less than one-half of the real property of Lower Canada belongs, in one way or another, to the Romish Church. The seigniorship or superiority of the island of Montreal belongs to it, and yields it upwards of £50,000 a year. No fewer than thirty "incorporating acts" have very recently passed the legislature, enabling various brotherhoods and sisterhoods to hold land in mortmain—such favour has Britain had for Popery, both at home and abroad. In these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the priests have great influence, and that the people are impoverished, and sunk into a state of great ignorance and moral degradation. In no country does Pe-

perly display a more grasping ambition, or a more determined hostility to the Word of God. At present it is scheming to recover the Jesuits' estates, which have long since become the property of the Crown. In order to control and monopolize education, a large number of Jesuits, friars and nuns, are at present establishing themselves throughout the province, and vast sums of money are being expended in the erection of colleges and seminaries. Such is the influence of the priesthood over colonial legislation, that the holidays of the Romish Church are made legally imperative on the whole business community, so that promissory notes and obligations, if falling due on some saint's day, or holiday, must be paid on the previous day. Sunday (for Popery does not keep a *Sabbath*) is the day on which, in rural districts, public meetings and elections are held; and even in the city of Montreal, the sheriff's sales of real property are always held on Sabbath at the door of the French Cathedral after Divine service. Comparatively little attention has been called to the infatuated conduct of our legislators in aggrandizing the Romish priests in this colony, and comparatively few efforts have been made to rescue the people from the bondage of this superstition, and to disseminate among them the knowledge of the truth.—Many of our readers may remember that, about seven or eight years ago, Mr. William Burns gave himself, for a considerable period, with all his characteristic earnestness, to evangelistic efforts among this people. Previously to his visit to Canada, however, the wants of the province had been so forced upon the attention of Christian residents, that, in 1839, the *French Canadian Missionary Society* was formed at Montreal on a catholic basis. The object and plan of operations and present necessities are thus stated by itself:—

"Its object is the evangelization of the French Canadian population, amounting to about 600,000 souls, who, generally speaking (although naturally intelligent,) are kept in ignorance and Romish superstition, under the yoke of a numerous and wealthy priesthood. To maintain her sway, the Church of Rome has called to her aid from Europe the Jesuits (whose order was publicly established in Montreal in 1843) and other orders of devoted partizans, male and female. She is also redoubling her efforts to control the education of the people, which she cannot altogether prevent, to inculcate the worship of Mary, and to lead the people still more to put their trust in medals, relics, and "lying wonders." To uphold thus her unscriptural system, she has ample means from tithes (which every parish priest by law can enforce from his people), from large endowments of land made under the French kings, and confirmed at the conquest, and considerable yearly grants of money from the legislature. In

addition to these, within a few years about thirty acts of incorporation have been passed by the legislature to enable the Church of Rome, under different orders of monks and nuns, to hold land in mortmain to an extent almost unlimited, so that Lower Canada, unless a gracious Providence intervene, may soon exhibit, in priestly aggrandizement, a counterpart of the States of the Church in the Old World.

"The means employed by the Society to counteract these influences, in dependence upon God, are—

"1st. The circulation of the Scriptures and religious tracts by colporteurs.

"2d. Preaching of the gospel by ministers and evangelists.

3d. Education of the young of both sexes, principally conducted at the institutes at Pointe aux Trembles.

"The Society has six permanent stations, besides other places where meetings are held. The missionaries (most of whom have been approved of by a Committee in Geneva, composed of Dr. Malan, Dr. Merle D'Aubigne and others) consist of two ordained ministers, two teachers, with an assistant, and five colporteurs, making, with their wives, who also labour in the work, eighteen persons. Several thousand copies of the Word of God, and large numbers of religious tracts, have been circulated among the French Canadians, among whom a wide door is opening to the labours of the colporteurs, the preaching of the gospel, and educational efforts. There are about sixty persons who give evidence of conversion in connexion with the mission churches, besides about twenty who have gone to the U. States. Many others, also, have left the Romish Church. The French Canadian boys at the Institute at Pointe aux Trembles average about forty-five, the girls at the different female schools about forty; but the number of pupils of both sexes might be indefinitely increased were there means to support them. In painful contrast with the wealth of the Romish hierarchy, the yearly income of this Society has, apart from the Building Fund, not exceeded £1600, of which one half is received from Canada, the remainder from Great Britain and the U. States.

"The building at Pointe aux Trembles, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, ten miles below Montreal, is capable of containing more than one hundred youths. Its object is to provide for the French Canadian youth a suitable education upon a scriptural basis, and upon the manual labour principle—a farm of one hundred acres of excellent land being attached to it. From among these youths, it is hoped, will be raised up colporteurs, schoolmasters, and missionary labourers. As the result of the Society's educational efforts, the whole number who have enjoyed the advantages of the schools from the commencement, has been about

one hundred and thirty boys and sixty girls, belonging to over eighty different families. All these pupils were formerly Roman Catholics, and of their families fifty have left the Romish Church. This building, with the farm, cost £3400, of which £800 is still due, and payable within a few months. Contributions towards the General Funds, and in reduction of the debt upon the building, will be thankfully received."

We earnestly recommend the claims of this Society to the consideration of our readers. We believe that it is quietly but effectively doing a good work, which is worthy of being helped by all who have at heart the interests of Protestantism. It is warmly supported by our brethren of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, who have the best opportunities of knowing its usefulness.

Contributions to the Professional Fund.

New Glasgow.

Angus Colquhoun <i>col.</i>	£0	5	0
John Grant		5	2½
John Henderson		10	5
Angus McQueen		5	0
George Rankine		3	6
John C. Colquhoun		2	6
George Grant		5	0

£1 16 7½

Miss Mary Sutherland <i>col.</i>			
Neil McKay, Esq.		5	2½
Mrs. Sutherland		10	5
John Carmichael		1	3
J. Sutherland		2	6
Mrs. Forrest		5	0
Isabella Forrest		2	6
Catherine Forrest		2	6
Sarah Chisholm		1	3
A Friend			7½
Mrs. Weir		1	3
Mrs. Cameron		10	0
Ann Cameron		5	0
Catherine Cameron		5	0
A Friend		5	2½
Hugh Fraser		1	3
Ann Fraser		1	3
Mrs. J. Fraser		5	0
Mrs. A. McIntosh		5	2½
W. H. Thomson		1	10½
Mrs. Daud		1	3
A Friend		2	6
J. R. Sinclair		1	3
Mrs. A. Ross		2	0
Mrs. Stewart		5	2½
A Friend		5	2½
J. Sinclair		1	10½
David McPherson		1	3
W. Polson		1	10½

W McIntosh		2	6
John Beattie		10	5
John Cameron		1	0 0
<hr/>			
Miss Catherine McKay, <i>col.</i>	£6	7	2½
Mrs. McKay		2	6
Christy McKay		2	0
Marion McKay		2	0
Elizabeth McKay		2	0
Isabella McKenzie			4
Ebenezer McKay		2	6
Murdoch McKay		2	0
William McKay		2	6
John McBeth		2	6
Margaret Rankine		2	0
Alexia Rankine		1	6
Catherine McQueen		1	10½
Jessy L. Rankine		2	0
Mrs. Rankine		1	0
Alexr. McGregor		1	3

£1 10 5½

John Fraser <i>col.</i>		5	0
Wm. Dunbar		5	0
Robert Dunbar		2	6
Wm. Dunbar		1	3
James McPherson		1	3
Kenneth McAskill		5	0
Alexr. Forrest		10	0

£1 10 0

Charles Ross <i>col.</i>		5	2½
William Munro		5	0
Angus McLean		2	6
Alexr. Cameron		2	6
Donald McInnis		5	2½
John McIntosh		5	0
Wm. Hyman		1	3

£1 6 8

Alexr. Campbell, Junr, <i>col.</i>		5	0
Alexr. Campbell, Senr.		5	0
Mrs. Campbell		2	6
Alex. Fraser Buey		6	0
Donald Ross		5	0

£1 3 6

William McDonald <i>col.</i>		6	0
Mrs. W. McDonald		2	6
James McDonald		5	0
Mrs. James McDonald		2	6
Thos. McDonald		5	0
Mrs. Thos. McDonald		2	6
David Ross		1	3
John McKay		5	0
Mrs. McKay		2	6
Angus Canpbell		2	0
William McLean		2	8½
Mrs. Wm. McLean		2	6
Wm. McMillan		2	6
Donald McKay		3	0

		HALIFAX.	
Donald McQueen	2 6		
Mrs. Duncan Stewart	1 3		
	<hr/>		
	£2 8 8½	Mrs. Romans, collector,	£1 0 0
Hugh McLeod <i>col.</i>	7 6	Doctor Mackenzie, Staff,	1 0 0
John Grant	5 0	Mr. George Esson,	1 0 0
Wm. McLeod	5 0	John Esson,	7 6
	<hr/>	Errol Boyd,	5 0
	£0 17 6	W. M. Campbell,	10 0
William McKay <i>col.</i>	2 6	James Romans,	5 0
Andrew Munroe	5 2½	Alexander Ross,	10 5
David Munroe	2 6	James T. Greenwood,	1 0 0
George McKay	2 6	Mrs. Grinton,	10 0
	<hr/>	Mr. Robert Romans,	1 0 0
	£0 12 8½	A Friend, by ditto.,	1 0 0
George Wilson <i>col.</i>	3 1½	Mr. William Clarke,	5 0
William Morton	5 0	Ada Romans,	7½
George Wilson, Senr.	5 0	Maud Romans,	7½
Mrs. Wilson	2 6	Rev. Alexander Forrester;	1 0 0
	<hr/>	Peter McPhee, Esq.,	5 0
	£0 15 7½	Mr. Thos. J. W. McCulloch,	10
	5 0		<hr/>
Alex. Fraser <i>col.</i>	1 3	Miss Kidston, collector,	£10 0 0
James McRae	2 6	Professor King and Lady,	7 10 0
Widow Andrew Fraser	2 6	Mr. Robert Boak,	1 0 0
Helen Fraser	1 3	William Campbell,	1 0 0
Donald Fraser	1 3	William Mackinlay,	1 0 0
Mary Cameron	1 3	Miss Ross,	15 0
	<hr/>	Henry A. Taylor,	12 6
	£0 13 9	G. H. S.	10 0
Jessie Stewart <i>col.</i>	3 1½	Mr. William Finlay,	10 0
Jane Ann Fraser	7½	William Mackay,	7 6
Henrietta Fraser	7½	Lady Campbell,	1 5 0
John Stewart	2 1	Mr. Neil Mackay, Rector,	1 0 0
Alex. Fraser	7½	Hon. H. H. Cogswell,	1 0 0
William Fraser	7½	A. Keith,	10 5
George Fraser	7½	John Bell,	5 0
Ann Duff Stewart	7½	E. B.	5 0
Alicia Stewart	7½	Mr. H. Hartley,	5 0
Samuel Ross	7½	Mrs Dick,	5 0
A Friend	1 3	Miss Matheson,	5 0
A Friend	3 1½	Mrs. Ross,	5 0
Jessie Ann Munroe	7½	Mr. J. A. Bell,	5 0
William Munroe	7½	Fay,	5 0
Mary Jane Cameron	7½	Falconer,	5 0
Lydia Cameron	7½	J. W. McK.	5 0
Hugh J. Cameron	1 0	Mr. H. McDonald,	5 0
Maria McPherson	6	James McKay,	5 0
Mary Dand	7½	William Black,	6 3
Catherine S McIntosh	7½	E. Albro,	5 0
Margaret Skinner	7½	A Friend	2 6
Simon Cameron	7½	Mr. Kissock,	5 0
	<hr/>	M. B.	5 0
	£1 1 1	Brown	2 6
	Total, £20 3 10	Crawford,	5 0
A. FORREST, Treasurer.	A Friend,		2 6
	<hr/>	J. Campbell,	5 0
Sydney, C. B.	£0 3 1½	James Donaldson,	5 0
D. McKigan, Cowboy	7 8½	T. S. Brown,	8 1½
D. McNeil, Esq., Mira	<hr/>	Mrs. Williamson,	5 0
	£0 10 10	Thomas Rhind,	5 0
		Miss K——	10 2½
		Mrs. Coose,	2 6
		Mr. Forbes Black,	5 0
		Mr. Harrington,	5 0
		A. Frazer	2 6
		D. Murray,	5 0

Thomas A. Anderson,	5 0	Mr. King, (Western Stage.)	1 0 0
		Mrs. Meynell	10 0
	£25 10 0	Mrs. J. H. L.	11 3
Mrs. Murison, collector,		Collecting Box, (additional)	3 0
Mrs. McNab,	1 0 0		
Mrs. J. Fornan,	10 0		£22 6 9
Mrs. Tupper,	10 0	Miss Isabella Muir, collector,	16 3
Miss McNab,	5 0	A Friend,	2 6
Miss Richardson,	5 0	Mary Jane Muir,	2 6
Mr. Buist,	5 0	Mary Cogswell,	2 6
Mrs. Buist,	5 0	Emily Cogswell,	2 6
Mr. Hunter,	5 0	Miss Cogswell	3 1½
Mrs. Cormack,	2 6	Mrs. Donald	5 0
Mrs. N. Uniacke,	5 0	Miss E. Ross,	5 0
Mr. G. H. Lawson,	5 0	Miss S. Long,	2 6
Miss McDougall,	5 0	Miss Kellogge,	2 6
Mrs. W. Duffus,	5 0	Miss Farquhar,	1 3
Miss Fay,	3 9		
Mrs. Smith,	2 6		2 5 7½
Mr. W. Twining,	5 0	Mrs. Parsons, collector,	
Friend,	5 2½	David Hunter,	1 0 0
Mrs. Murison,	5 0	Mrs. A. Rhind,	5 0
Miss Murison,	5 0	Mrs. J. Smith,	9 4½
Mrs. M. Murison,	5 0	Mrs. P. Parsons,	1 0 0
Mr. Stewart	5 0	Miss Cose,	2 6
Mr. J. Duffus, junr.	5 0	A Friend,	5 0
Mr. Gorham,	2 6	Mrs. Malcolm,	2 6
Friend,	1 0½	Mrs. Grant,	2 0
	6 8 9		3 6 4½
Mrs. Forrester, collector,		Miss Rhind, collector,	
Rev. Mr. Macintyre, P. E. J.,	2 10 0	R. H. Skimmings,	1 3
Mrs. James Liddell, collector,		George McLeod,	5 0
Miss Isabella Liddell, Scotland,	2 10 0	Miss Graham,	5 0
Andrew Mackinlay, Esq.,	2 0 0	David Fraser,	5 0
James Shannon Clift, Esq.,	1 0 0	Mr. Smith,	6 3
Mrs. James Thomson,	17 6	Thomas Rhind	7½
John Watt, Esq.,	5 0	Margaret Rhind, (proceeds small	
William Johns, Esq.,	5 0	Bazaar,)	15 0
R. W. Fraser, Esq.,	5 0	James Gordon,	5 0
Dr. Allen,	5 0	William Muir,	5 0
Dr. Sawers,	5 0	A Friend,	5 0
W. Sawers Stirling,	5 0		
Mrs. Nepean Clarke,	5 0		2 13 1½
John U. Ross, Esq.,	5 0	Mrs. Rugg, collector,	
Mrs. Ross,	5 0	G. R. Young,	5 0
Miss Ross,	7 6	William Murray,	5 0
L. W. M.	5 0	Mrs. Rugg,	5 0
A Friend,	10 0	D. Rugg,	5 0
Wm. H. Davies, (collecting box) 1	5 0	S. C. West,	5 0
James Hughes,	1 3	John Robinson,	5 0
John Liddell,	10 0		
Mrs. John Liddell,	5 0		1 10 0
Mr. Campbell,	10 0	Mrs. R. Boak, jr., collector,	
Mrs. Watson,	10 0	A Friend, J. B.,	2 6
Magdalene Laing,	7 6	Friend,	1 0
A Thank Offering,	1 5 0	Mrs. Boak,	10 0
William H. Davies,	5 0	Miss Boak,	10 0
Professor Lyall,	2 0 0	Margaret F. Boak,	5 0
William Gordon Forbes, Esq.,	1 0 0	Robert Burns Boak,	5 0
Mr. George McKenzie,	10 0		
John Quinn,	2 6		1 13 6
Miss Mary McKay,	7½	Miss Whidden, col.,	
Free Will Offering,	5 0	Miss Ross, Lockman St.	15 0
Antipædorhantist,	5 0	Charles Dickson, Esq.	7 6
E. J. Monk,	2 6	Mrs. C. Murdoch	5 0
Ambrose Owen, Esq.,	3 1½	Dr. Grigor	5 0
George Munro, Teacher,	1 0 0	Howard D. Steele, Esq.	5 0

Mrs. S——n	3	1 2
Mrs. Charles Hill Wallace	3	0
Mr. Tremaine Twining	5	2 ½
Mr. C——	2	6
Mrs. N. Binney	5	2 ½
Mrs. Ferguson	6	3
John Lithgow	2	6
Mr. S——	2	6
Mr. Cathcart Thomson	5	0
Daniel K. Harris	5	0
G. C. Whidden, Esq.	5	0
Miss Whidden	13	3 ½
L. Van Buskirk	2	6
W. Henry, Esq., M.P.P.	5	0

Miss C. Anderson	2	6
Mr. George Sutherland	1	5 0
Ah Fhianuis	10	0

Mrs. Calder, Col	£1	17 6
Miss McLeod	10	0
Mr. McCulloch	5	0
Mr. Stewart	5	0
Miss McDonald	2	6
Miss Glosson	1	3
Mrs. Wilson	1	3
A Friend	1	3
A Friend	1	3
Jessie Cameron	1	3
A Friend	6	0
A Friend		6
Mrs. Calder	5	3
A Friend	7	0

Mr. John McIntosh, col.	£2	10 0
Mr. John Gibson	1	0 0
Capt. James Fraser	10	0
Mr. Wm. Fraser	5	0
John McIntosh	5	0
Mrs. John McIntosh	5	0
Mr. James Fraser	5	0

Mrs. Peter Ross, col.	£2	10 0
Mrs. Ross, Sen.	5	0
Miss Woodfield	5	0
Mrs. Malcolm	1	3
Mrs. P. Ross	1	0 0
Mr. P. Ross	1	0 0

Miss A. Cleveland, col.	£2	11 3
W. G.	1	3
H. McD.	5	0
A Friend	2	6
A Friend	2	6
Another	2	0
G. McKenzie	5	0

	£0	18 9
Total,	£93	17 5

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