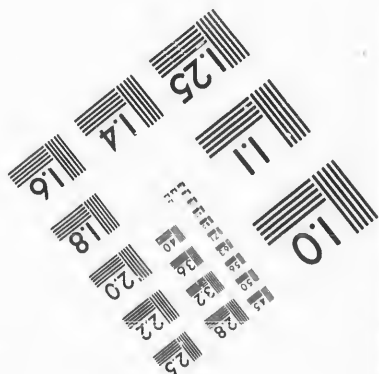
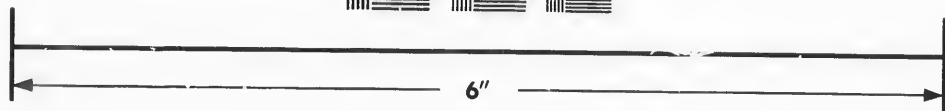
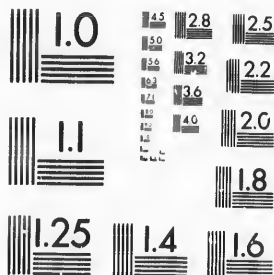


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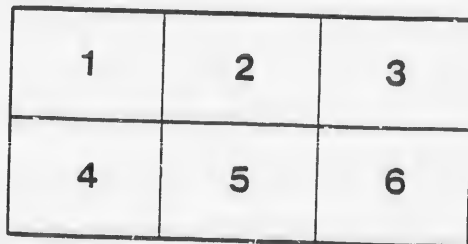
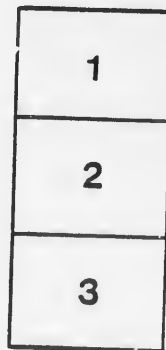
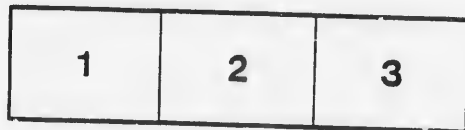
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A

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

TO THE
CONGREGATION
OF
"TRINITY CHURCH" (FREE)

HALIFAX, N. S.

"THE POOR HAVE THE GOSPEL PREACHED TO THEM."—*Matt.* xi. 3.

HALIFAX, N. S.
JAMES BOWES & SONS, HOLLIS STREET
1869.

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NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

TO THE
CONGREGATION OF TRINITY CHURCH (FREE.)

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

Two years have elapsed since, as your Minister, I addressed you in a printed pastoral letter, a custom which I have followed at various times during my ministry here and elsewhere. I am encouraged to do so again, by having heard that plain, as have been the words I have thus written, they have been generally acceptable, and, I hope, profitable, and the desire has often been expressed that I would continue the practice. Not that I can say anything new or striking, or differing from what you have heard from the pulpit Sunday after Sunday. But perhaps the same truths, exhortations and encouragements in *print*, will be more deliberately weighed, and, by repeated perusal, will be grafted more firmly in the heart than when preached in the church, or delivered in my pastoral visits to your places of abode. And especially as years roll on, and my season of work is advancing to its close, so as to make it doubtful whether I shall be permitted to put forth another biennial address, I would wish once more to circulate among you "the message which I have declared unto you from the beginning."

And first of all, I would humbly and thankfully record my gratitude to the Giver of all good, that He has "let me alone" another and another year, and that I have been permitted, however imperfectly, to exercise my ministry among you, without a single day's interruption since my New Year's letter of January, 1867. I fear I am not thankful enough for the constant health and strength which are vouchsafed to me, enabling me, in my 71st year to continue, without assistance, my three services each

Sunday, besides the superintendance of our large Sunday School, and besides the usual Wednesday night lecture, and the Thursday preaching and room visitations of the Poor House, with its 400 or 500 inmates, and also besides my daily visits from house to house among you. Deeply sensible of the many imperfections and shortcomings which have marked each and all of these duties, I humbly beg the Great High Priest to be my Intercessor, and to procure forgiveness for them all; and I think I often feel what a pious Bishop of our church long ago said, that "my repentance needs to be repented of, and my very tears require to be washed over again, in the blood of the Redeemer." I desire, however, to work the works of Him that has sent me while my short remaining day lasteth, helping you, as far as He enables me, to "glorify Him in your bodies and in your Spirits, which are His"—to "make your calling and election sure," and "so to pass through things temporal as finally to lose not the things eternal,"—to live "by faith" in Christ, and not by "the sight" of any thing in this passing scene,—to look upwards and onward to that Eternal world, where we are all ere long to be, when the bustle of life with its cares and trials and short-lived pleasures will be over.

The freshness and the vigor of my early ministry were given for twenty-seven years to the much-loved and never-to-be-forgotten fields of Lunenburg. Whatever of strength and ability may yet be granted to me is now given, and shall be given, by the help of the Lord, my dear people, to *you*. "I desire to spend and be spent for you." "My heart's desire and prayer for you all is that you may be saved." I would "exhort you daily while it is called to-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." It is no task for me to labor among you for your conversion to God, and for your growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is no self-denial, but my pleasure and delight. "I have no greater joy than to know that any of you obey the truth." I never feel easy when I lie down at night unless I have been in and out among you during the day, and I would not desire to leave your dwellings on any occasion without saying something for your souls.

When I last addressed you we had just taken possession of Trinity Church, and I called upon you to feel and to shew your thankfulness for having such a house provided to your hands for the "free" worship of Almighty God. You have since that time enjoyed the uninterrupted privilege of having its doors open to you twice every Sunday, and also on Wednesday evening, besides the Bible Class on Fridays. While I am glad to say that very many avail themselves of these golden opportunities, (and I trust with profit to their souls,) I lament that many others seem to be too careless; some absenting themselves altogether, others putting off their God and robbing their own souls, by coming only *once* a day, beginning, as it were, their Sabbaths, just when they are about to end. And with regard to the week nights, I have good reason to complain that so many "forsake the House of the Lord," while they still find time to walk the streets, and visit the shops, or misspend the precious hour in some place of amusement. I hope all this will be amended in the new year, which God is now giving us,—that you will all remember the Sabbath Day (the *whole* of it) to "keep it holy," and not put off the Lord with half a service,—and that you will pay more regard to my repeated requests to meet me on the Wednesday evening. You will find the good of it in the wholesome interruption of worldly thoughts and cares, and the prevention of Sunday impressions from passing away. Coming in the right mind, you will be strengthened and refreshed for your daily work, and will be better prepared to meet the various trials and anxieties of life.

Then, again, as to the Lord's Supper, I have to express my great sorrow that, while many regularly resort to it, and seem duly to value its blessed privileges, there are yet so many more who have not yet done as their dying Lord, their best and everlasting Friend, commanded them; and not a few only come at long intervals, thus neutralizing the holy influence which might be expected from a regular attendance on this ordinance. My voice is so often raised in your hearing, on this subject, that I need not enlarge upon it, but I may well enquire—

“ Why are its dainties all in vain
 Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
 Was not for you the Victim slain,
 Are you forbid the children's bread ? ”

Let me hope, as I do constantly pray, that the many among you in whose lives and conversations I can discover no one reason for depriving themselves of this Christian privilege, and neglecting this Christian obligation, will no longer “ halt between two opinions,” nor put off that compliance with your Saviour's command, which you know to be your duty, and will find out to be a gracious privilege. And, if admitted to be such, it must also be allowed that to intermit its exercise for months and even years, as the manner of some is, must be very unprofitable, if not dangerous. You perhaps cannot fully understand with what painful feelings a minister sees the greater part of his congregation habitually turning their backs on the table of the Lord, and the memorials of his dying and inestimable love. I is in your power to banish such feelings from his mind, and to cheer him on each second Sunday of the months of this new year with an increasing number of guests, clothed in the “ marriage garment required by God in Holy Scripture.”

But while endeavoring to arouse you to a sense of your duty and your interest in this matter, let me guard you against errors, becoming too prevalent in some quarters, in regard to which, however, you will bear me witness that my trumpet has often given “ no uncertain sound.”

In these days, indeed, errors abound on every side. Some are exalting the Sacraments too high ; others are regarding them with feelings too low. Some are teaching the old false doctrine of the “ real bodily presence ” of Christ in the elements of bread and wine. Hence their “ elevation ” of them—their bowings to, if not their adoration of them—their teaching that there is a change made in these “ creatures of bread and wine ” when they are removed to the “ Table ” from some other place, and when a prayer has been said over them by the minister. But that is not what you have been taught by me, nor what your Church teaches. You will see in your prayer books at the end of the communion office that “ no adoration is

intended or ought to be done, either to the Sacramental Bread or Wine, there bodily received, or unto any corporal presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood. For the Sacramental Bread and Wine *remain still in their very natural substance, and therefore* may not be adored (for that were idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians); and the natural body and blood of Christ are in Heaven, and not here; it being against the truth of Christ's natural body to be at one time in more places than one."

Thus speaks the church here, as in various other places. But, as I have often told you, and as I hope you do comfortably feel, there is such a thing as the "real presence of the Lord" in that Sacrament. Not, however, in the bread nor in the wine, but in the *heart and soul* of the faithful receiver, who thus "takes that Holy Sacrament to his comfort; *spiritually* eating the flesh of Christ and drinking his blood, then he dwells in Christ and Christ in him, he is one with Christ and Christ with him." And in the 28th Article of our Church it is said "the change of the substance of bread and wine in the supper of the Lord cannot be proved by Holy Writ, but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture. . . . The body of Christ is given, taken and eaten in the supper, only in a *heavenly and spiritual manner*,—and the means whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the supper is faith."

Here is sound doctrine for you, which no real Protestant can gainsay. If any hold the contrary the Church of England is not their proper place. I beg you to read this and mark it well. While then I enjoin upon you the frequent and devout and reverential partaking of the Holy Communion, you are to regard it as a *memorial* of your Saviour's dying love, which, when duly received, will be blest to the "strengthening and refreshing" of your souls, and your growth in grace and godliness. I am the more particular on this point, dear brethren, because of the anti-Protestant views of this ordinance, which are alas! so prevalent in England and in the United States, and from which it is to be feared the church in these colonies is not entirely free. From such "false doctrine and heresy, good Lord deliver us!"

And now, how is it among you with regard to other essential duties? What about family prayer? My exhortations to this seemly practice have been many and oft, as being productive of family peace and order, and a sort of morning and evening sermon in the household, reminding them of the "God of all the families of the earth," and of their responsibilities to Him for time and eternity. Once more, let me exhort you, fathers and mothers, to make your houses houses of prayer. There is no lack of forms to help the most diffident and the most ignorant. If only a few verses of scripture be devoutly read and some collects from your prayer books, with that most excellent of all prayers, made by the Lord himself, it will be accepted on high. Let not the Lord any longer look down upon a prayerless family in my congregation.

And if family prayer be good, and a characteristic mark of a godly people, still more essential is individual or private prayer. Need I enlarge on this? I trust you are all convinced of its necessity and of its benefits. "The life of God in the soul of man" cannot exist without its regular and devout exercise. Though we may "understand all mysteries and all knowledge," though we may be active and zealous in all good works, though we may have the tongue of a Paul or an Apollos, all will be of no avail without heartfelt, fervent intercourse in our closets with the "Father of Lights." To pray to Him in secret, to ask, to knock, is as needful now as when our Lord uttered the precept. And all the exhortations of his apostles, at a later period, to "pray without ceasing," to "pray always," to "make our requests known by prayer and supplication," are as much to be regarded by us as 'y those to whom they were first addressed. And, no doubt, much of the coldness, and carelessness, and worldly mindedness, prevailing among us, must be traced to a failure in private devotion. Cultivate, then, dear friends, young and old, the spirit of prayer. Pray that you may be taught and enabled to pray, since you know that we cannot do it aright without the Holy Spirit's influence, which, however, is promised to all that seek it. Let no morning dawn and no night close in upon you without finding you on bended knees before Him, who

is "about your bed and spieth out all your ways." And remember, too, that this intercourse with God can be maintained as you "walk by the way," as you mix with your fellow-men. in the workshop, at your daily labor, in your household employments. For in the words of a beautiful hymn which I cannot bear to shorten :—

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—
The Christian's native air—
The watchword at the gates,
He enters Heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry " Behold he prays !"

O, Thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Then, again, what report can the past years give of you as to the reading of the Word of God, which is "able to make you wise unto salvation?" I fear we are all too negligent in this matter, and that the privilege of an open Bible in every one's hand is not duly regarded. The days were, even in old Eng-

land, when there was but one Bible in the native tongue in each parish, and that was chained to the desk in the church, lest in the eagerness to possess such a treasure it might be carried away. And grey-headed men and women used to learn to read, in order that they might see in their own language the wonderful truths of God's Word. It was indeed "precious in those days"—"a famine of the Word" prevailed. And even in our own Province, I remember well when the smallest bible was too costly for the poor man. Now alas! when that blessed book is, or may be, in every hand; when it is to be found in our schools, in the prison, in the poor house, when every man, woman and child may have a copy, it is to be feared that it is not so highly prized, nor so diligently read. How is it with you? Do you resort to it *daily* for light and comfort, not merely on Sundays, but every morning and every evening reading some portion, however small? But let prayer for Divine teaching accompany your reading. "Open, Thou, mine eyes that I may see the wondrous things of thy Law,"—"Give me understanding that I may understand the Scriptures,"—"The entrance of the Divine Word giveth light," and never was that light more needful than now. Never was constant appeal to "the Law and to the testimony" more needful than now. "Search the Scriptures," therefore, this year more than ever, that you may lay up their saving truths in your hearts, and exemplify them in your lives. Our Church is not afraid to trust her members with the bible, nor does she make it imperative to seek its interpretation at the mouth of her ministers, although directing you to their aid when you are in doubt as to the true sense of the Word. And, you know, it is one of the peculiar advantages of the Church of England that she requires so large a portion of it to be read on every occasion of Divine Worship, so that the poorest may hear and understand. Thus have I often found that people who could not read a line have, by their uniform attendance on the service of the church, stored their minds largely with the doctrines and comforts of that "Book of Books." Therefore brethren read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it. Don't put it on the shelf from Sunday to Sunday. Do not content

yourselves with setting it on your tables, to shew its gilded leaves and ornamented covers to your visitors. But look in it for your "Daily Bread," which your Lord has sent you to nourish your spiritual life. Remember that it is the only Book by which we are to be judged on the final day. May it turn out then that you have all so profited by its saving truths, now in your day of salvation as to have your "names written in the Book of Life." Would that we could all realize, as we ought, the nearness and certainty of that great account.

We live in serious times. The past year has been marked by startling events, beyond the usual course of the world, many of them agreeing with the signs of the "last days" set forth in Holy Scripture. We have had wars and rumors of wars; earthquakes of unparalleled character in divers places, with famines and pestilences; revolutions and other violent commotions are now at work in various countries. Unusual awakenings are seen among Jews and Gentiles, indicating, as we may hope and believe, the approach of the "Epiphany," or the manifestation of Christ to all nations. But "of the times and the seasons knoweth no man, not even the angels that are in Heaven, but the Father only." Yet this we all know, that Death, which seals up the soul to the final account, is ever near. How many, even of our own congregation, who read my last New Year's address, can read this no more. How many more besides, who were then full of life and hope, have since been shut up in the silent grave. Nay, have not the last few days added to the evidence of the uncertainty of life by the sad fate of numbers shipwrecked on our rocky shores when within a few hours of their homes, as well as of many in our community suddenly dying in other ways.

Beneath our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the Heaven!

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And Death descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb,
And yet shall earth our hearts engage
And dreams of days to come?

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie,
Shall live for Hell or Heaven!

May such be the lesson learned by us all from the unceasing records of mortality. Thus shall we be prepared for longer life or for an early death. Thus shall we be led to set our affections on things above, where Christ sitteth at God's right hand. To remember that here is not our rest, and to seek for it in the "Father's house with many mansions," in which the Saviour has already gone to prepare a place for them that love him.

Meanwhile, brethren, we must be up and doing. To each of us the Master saith, "Go work *to-day* in my vineyard." Work for God. Work for His church. Work for your souls and those of all who are near and dear to you. Work for the good of others, for "none of us liveth to himself." God would have none of us idle, either for this world or the next. And work "*to-day*" remember. "*Now* is our accepted time, now our day of salvation." Not next year, or next month, not even tomorrow, but *to-day* while it is called *to-day*, "before the night cometh in which no man can work." You that have families, while you work, as I know many of you do, (and work hard) to feed and to clothe and to rear them, O work still harder for their souls by precept and example to lead them to Christ, and to fit them for everlasting habitations, which are open to the poorest no less than to the richest. How happy to have your families living together here in peace and love, but happier far to have a good hope to be all together in Heaven. Parents are

too apt to forget these noble aims, and only to care for the welfare of their children in this short-lived scene.

I would have you likewise to work for the general good of the society in which you live, bearing your part in whatever tends to promote the cause of morality and religion and the well-being of man. The Temperance cause especially, I earnestly recommend to your co-operation and support. I believe it to be worthy of all we can do for it. The object being to rescue our fellow-creatures from the ruinous, debasing, degrading, soul-destroying habit of intemperance, and to help them to "live soberly, righteously and godly" here, and bring them to that pure abode which the bible declares the drunkard cannot enter,—must surely be approved of God, and ought to engage the zealous endeavors of us all. In this belief I have for thirty-seven years been the humble advocate of temperance organizations, and have now a society in connection with Trinity Church, which I invite you all to join, that by your example you may have a share in whatever good the Lord may enable us to do. I have seen so many good fruits from such combinations that I feel it a duty to support them. If you think you do not require such help yourselves, remember that some weak brother does. And we are "our brother's keepers." St. Paul lays down the true principle of all such societies. "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is made weak." We are to deny ourselves for the sake of others. And is there not a cause? Does not intemperance, with its legion of ills, still raise its monstrous head among us? Is it not the source of nine-tenths of the poverty and wretchedness and crime in our midst, as in other lands? Is it not still hurrying young and old to the grave? I exhort you, therefore, to come out and help us to stem the foul torrent that has swept away more than all the wars that have ever been waged, more than all pestilences and famines and earthquakes that have ever visited this earth of ours. I "write unto you young men" that you may overcome this wicked one. I write unto you fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, because your happiness is bound up in the cause we have at hand. And I would write unto any and

all who may have been addicted to this ensnaring vice, that they may remember the Saviour's words, "Take heed lest *at any time* your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and *drunkenness* and so THAT DAY come upon you unawares. But I must close.

Before doing so, let me congratulate you on the two years of holy privileges which we have enjoyed in Trinity. I hope we often feel that "it is none other than the House of God and the Gate of Heaven." My list of the departed, which I have just read over, brings to my memory not a few of whom I can truly believe that they have passed from death unto life, exchanged their worship here for that highest of all worship above, and are now entered into their rest. Some of those dear ones were helpers in my Sunday School. At their bedsides I was permitted often to cheer their souls with the comforts of the Gospel, and point them to Jesus, the Lamb of God. Others passed too quickly away for that, but not too quickly, we hope, to hinder their being carried by angels into the Paradise of God. The large number of forty were such as those whom Christ "took up in His arms and blessed, and pronounced them fit for His kingdom in Heaven." We are quite sure about these. Let no voice of lamentation be heard as in Rama of old, "Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they are not," for they *are* safe in that fold of Christ's tender lambs which no destroyer can enter. Among the number were two, who, had they lived, would have called me their father's father. But the Father of us all has claimed them for His own:

They are gone to the grave, but we will not deplore them,
 Their God was their ransom, their guardian, and guide,
 He gave them, He took them, and He will restore them,
 And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

But though many who entered our present church with us in December, 1866, are missing from it to-day, I am thankful that so many find it still good to be there. "The poor and the stranger" may claim this beautiful house as theirs. The only heavy thought about it is the large debt upon the building, which I am sure you would gladly wipe off if you were able.

May He dispose the hearts of those among us who *are* able to give to HIM for this purpose a part of what He has so freely given to them. Meanwhile, bear in mind the suggestions I made lately, and the good results which might follow their adoption: namely, that if each worshipper will drop only *two cents* a Sunday into the boxes which I have placed before them, as they come in or go out, there would be, according to the average number attending, about six hundred dollars available in the course of the year. And the additional plan recommended was, that twenty-five cents per month should be contributed by two hundred persons, producing another sum of six hundred dollars per annum.

It seems to me that these plans are within the ability of the poorest, and will give to such the privilege of assisting in extinguishing a debt which must not remain on God's House. Let me beg you, then, to begin at once. Aim at the praise bestowed by the Lord Jesus on the woman in the Gospel, "*She has done what she could.*" Let each male and female adult among you try to get every one of your acquaintances to come into these plans, and on the first Sunday of every month to gather the free-will offering of twenty-five cents or as much more as they are disposed to give, and bring it to me in the Vestry, for the benefit of the fund. I have full faith that the Lord will bless the effort, and with assistance outside, we shall ere long have the comfort of proclaiming our church to be "free indeed." When we see our fellow-Christians of other denominations building their own churches and supporting their own ministers and their colleges and other institutions, it will be strange indeed if the members of the Church of England here, so long and so largely assisted from home, do not shew themselves equal to this emergency. Let it be your endeavor, brethren, and stir up all with whom you come in contact, to help in the good work. Several members of other churches have already kindly given us their aid, encouraged no doubt by the fact that Trinity is FREE to all, and is the especial home of the "Poor and the Stranger." And I hope the day will never come when it will be otherwise, or when an inch of its area is bought or sold for the accommodation of the rich.

And now, dear Brethren, old and young, may the Lord bless these words to the good of you all. May his fatherly hand ever be over you, and His Holy Spirit ever be with you, and may He enable us all so to pass the time of our sojourning here, that we may be permitted, through the infinite merits of our blessed Redeemer, to be with Him for ever, in his eternal and glorious Kingdom hereafter, is the prayer of your friend and Pastor,

J. C. COCHRAN.

1 Poplar Grove, Jan., 1869.

MEMORANDA.

During my ministerial course of upwards of 44 years :

I have baptized more than 3,500 persons.

buried " 1,000 "

married " 700 couple,

and I have been permitted to preach the word of life in public service not less than 12,000 times ; in the performance of which duties, I have been graciously enabled to travel safely upwards of 70,000 miles.

Laus Deo! To God be all the praise.

J. C. C.

