

and west of it, representatives from every county of Ulster. The stream of immigration began very early to flow in, at first but slowly, but, as the years went on, in ever-increasing volume. Such was in a large and important part the material of which our citizens then and for some generations later were composed.

We may try to picture to ourselves the religious services that were enjoyed, for a time fitful and irregular to a large degree. As weeks and months and at times longer periods passed without such services as they had been familiar with in the old land, the somewhat rugged lines of Psalms most familiar to them acquired a meaning that in childhood's days they hardly thought of, they were reminded by them of their pilgrim condition, they thought with sadness of other lands and days. They would croon in a minor key, and as they did so their eyes filled with tears, the lines:—

"My soul is poured out in me,
When this I think upon,
Because that with the multitude,
I heretofore had gone.
With them into God's house I went,
With voice of joy and praise,
Yea, with the multitude that kept
The solemn holy days."

Then when what they longed for so much did come, it was to them a feast of fat things, and they looked back to the day as a red-letter day. Then they broke into joyous and strong and triumphant strains, the major instead of the minor key.—

"I joyed when to the house of God,
Go up they said to me."

Or,
"We'll go into His tabernacles
And at His footstool bow."

As we have seen, the Rev. Mr. Bethune was in the neighbourhood as early as 1783. In 1798 Mr. McDowell came to the colony and soon after made his home at Fredericksburg. From that time onward he was at hand to keep the fire burning; or, if nothing more, to prevent it from being quenched until more favourable days would come. His record of marriages and baptisms, a bulky as well as a venerable looking folio, is to be seen in the college. By the kindness of Dr. Bell I was allowed to look it over not long ago, when gathering materials for this paper. The baptismal lists are made out in headings under the names of the several townships along the front of the counties of Frontenac, Lennox and Hastings, as well as some of those in Prince Edward county. There is a Kingston list, not very numerous, but it is an exceedingly interesting one. The dates are during the first decade of this century. Among the names are those of Graham, Forsyth, Horning and others. We can imagine the good man setting out from his home at Fredericksburg and trudging on foot along the lake shore, past Bath and what is now known as Collins Bay, to come here and minister to the Presbyterians that were in the village. Usually he would have a preaching service when he came and sometimes there would be a baptism, and as time allowed he visited from house to house. With his extensive diocese he could not be frequently here, but he brought encouragement to those of his own faith as often as in his itinerancy he made his rounds. In such ways he helped, under God, in the formation of the character of those who were dependent on him for spiritual guidance until they were able to have a clergyman of their own.

When the last century was nearing its close, and before Simcoe, the first Governor of Upper Canada was called elsewhere, a movement seems to have been made in the direction of establishing an institution for teaching the higher grades of education, and an application was sent to Scotland for a man to be the head of the embryo college. The position was offered to Thomas Chalmers, a young man then and without fame, but a man whose name was ere long to fill a large place in the English-speaking world as a massive orator, a scientist and a promoter of the most advanced forms of benevolence, a true philanthropist as well as a savant. Chalmers did not respond, but he advised his friend John Strachan to come. The most prominent names on the application were those of Stuart, the first rector of St. George's, Cartwright and Hamilton. The evidence is not very clear that Robert Hamilton lived much here, but he had interests here and it appears as if he and his family must have been here for a brief space at that time. His grandson the collector of this port, tells me that the traditions of the house make his grandfather to have conducted a business on Carleton Island before settling down permanently at Niagara. The Hamiltons are a Presbyterian stock, the son of Robert Hamilton of that day being the late Hon. John Hamilton, long identified both with St. Andrew's church and Queen's College. In the first list of Legislative Councillors for Upper Canada the name that heads it is that of Robert Hamilton. That appointment was made by Governor Simcoe, here in Kingston, when he inaugurated the government of the colony for the first time in the summer of 1792. The projected

scheme of a college fell through at that time, to the temporary disappointment of the young Scotchman, who however came here and taught for two or three years.

The first decade of this century had not long passed away when the Rev. W. Smart came from the old land and became minister of Brockville. We might expect that he as well as Mr. McDowell would give service as he was able to the Presbyterians of Kingston. The *Gazette* newspaper, of date March 10th, 1816, contains the following advertisement, which to our eyes in these days is somewhat startling:—"The Rev. W. Smart, of Brockville, will deliver a discourse in the English church to-morrow, at two o'clock, on the following subject. The gospel of Christ adapted to the nature and circumstances of man." One is tempted to ask whether the Presbyterian ancestry of Archdeacon Stuart had anything to do with the granting of the use of the church on that Sabbath afternoon to Mr. Smart and the adherents of Presbyterianism in Kingston.

We are now on the eve of the time when our people took steps towards having a place of worship of their own. The Crown Land Grant, of which a copy lies before me as I write these words, dated early in 1817, conveys a large part of the property which has been occupied ever since by the St. Andrew's congregation. The property granted is said to be bounded on one side by Store Street, on another by Grave Street, and on a third by a street which runs north, but which is not yet named. Store Street has since then become Princess, Grave has become Queen, and the street running north is now Clergy. The names of the grantees are as follows:—Smith Bartlett, Solomon Johns, Archibald Richmond, Allan McPherson, Samuel Shaw, Alexander Pringle, John McLean, Daniel Washburn and Benjamin Olcott.

We must not pass these names without looking at them and jotting down what we know of the men so designated. In the first place it is to be noticed that the social distinctions of those days are to be seen in the way in which the men are characterized. We are told that the first five are merchants, the next three are esquires, while the last is a yeoman.

There is another division of these men that both in itself and in the history of the cause in Kingston is invested with more moment than what bears on social distinctions. In reading over the names for the first time the thought that occurred to me at once was this: Four of these, the first two and the last two, are of United States origin, the other five are Scotchmen. Further examination fully confirmed the first impression. It is not a supposition now in my mind, it is an historic fact. Those of United States origin were spoken of by the Scotch as "Yankees," and that term was by no means a term of honor when coming from the lips of those whose feet at one time trod the heather. In conversation with some old people my ears at once detected the tone in which the "Yankee" Church of the long ago was mentioned. I have no doubt that political prejudices as well as an assumed patriotism helped to sharpen the sting. In the history of the congregation of St. Andrew's the four "Yankees" do not appear again, we shall meet with some of them in another cause in the place, and we may assume that all of the four went into that other cause. The five Scotchmen are to be met with for a considerable time after, as above all others dominating the temporalities, and some of them were members of the first session as well. We shall see more of them again and of the character of the work that they did. Several of Allan McPherson's family are still here. One son was long the Emigration Agent of this port. John McLean was at a somewhat later date more familiarly known as Sheriff McLean. I learn from conversations with the older inhabitants that many of the others were well known men in their day. During the same year that the Crown Land Grant was made, an application was sent to the Presbytery of Edinburgh, asking for a minister to be chosen, and if only a licentiate, that he be ordained and sent out to them. Thus the ministers of that Presbytery were constituted patrons of the charge here and they continued to be so until a Presbytery of the Church of Scotland was constituted in Canada. The patrons, however, were in no hurry to appoint a minister. They waited until things were in a more forward state. The venerable brethren of Edinburgh were endowed with the characteristic Scotch caution.

Regarding that same year, 1817, in Gourley's statistical account we are told that there were in the town, apart from the township, 450 houses and 2,250 souls. In the same publication we are told that there were then four churches or meeting houses, one Episcopalian, one Roman Catholic, and two Methodist. It is added that there were four professional preachers, one Episcopalian, one Presbyterian and two Methodists. This did not include the chaplains of the army and navy. While accepting the above as generally correct, we demur to the allegation that a Presbyterian minister was resident here in 1817.

(To be continued.)

Our Contributors.

HOME FROM YOUR HOLIDAYS.

BY KNOXIAN.

Your first duty after coming home from a holiday is to be thankful you have a home to come to. Summer resorts are well enough in hot weather, but the poetry goes out of them about the first of September. Muskoka is a grand place when the weather is warm enough to permit one to lie on the grass comfortably; but when you have to tramp around with your hands in your pockets to keep up the circulation, Muskoka loses its charm. The lower St. Lawrence is pleasant enough on a fine day; but late in the season a wind comes up the river that finds the weak spot in a man's constitution much quicker than some politicians find a constituency. Even the Atlantic coast loses its charm in autumn. The fact is, everybody likes to get home when the days shorten and the weather begins to get cool. If you are not thankful that you have a home to go to you are as ungrateful as a "Grit" constituency.

The next duty is to be thankful that you have work to do and strength to do it. Too many people complain about work. Work within reasonable limitations is one of the greatest of earthly blessings. It is good for body, mind and soul. It is good for the body, because no idle man is likely to have good health. It is good for the mind, because a "mind quite vacant is a mind distressed." It is good for the soul, because few if any of us have grace enough to keep out of mischief if we have nothing to do. The old proverb says that a certain personage always finds something for idle hands to do. The fact is very few people are absolutely idle. If we are not doing good we are pretty sure to be doing mischief. If people who have nothing to do would go absolutely idle the only harm done would be the loss of their board and clothes. The trouble is, that they don't go perfectly idle.

We have heard people in prayer give thanks for a great many things. We have no recollection of ever having heard anybody give thanks for the blessing of work. And yet work is, we repeat, one of the greatest of earthly blessings. Does anybody question that statement who remembers the sufferings of the thousands who failed to get work last winter. Hugh Miller used to say that the saddest of all sights was a strong man willing to work but looking for work in vain. Thank the Lord every day for work and strength to do it.

Now that you are home again it is not absolutely necessary that you should bore everybody with a long and tedious description of everything you saw and heard.

If you were fortunate enough to have had a trip to the old country, it will not be necessary for you to tell all your neighbors that London is a large city and that Edinburgh is the capital of Scotland. Some of the people who never crossed the Atlantic have an idea that London is a place of considerable size. It is scarcely necessary to travel four thousand miles to find out that Edinburgh is the capital of Scotland; and that Liverpool and Glasgow are cities of commercial importance. These are facts known to every boy in a junior geography class, therefore don't tell them more than a dozen times on any one evening.

It may not be absolutely necessary for you to mention more than fifty times a day that you saw some distinguished people during your holidays. By running over their names in a familiar kind of way you may perhaps induce innocent people to think that you were in high society. That may be all right enough, but don't do it too much. Remember the most contemptible members of the human family are those who try to hang on by the skirts of other people.

Whatever else you do don't speak as if you think that being at home and faithfully discharging duty is a kind of punishment and that going some place is the only and highest kind of enjoyment. There is a tribe of people growing up in this country who seem to have the idea that home is a kind of prison

house, that work is a degradation, and that the only way to enjoy oneself is to gad about. If the tribe increases, Confederation will be a dead failure. After all, home is the best place on earth; and duty the highest thing on this side of heaven.

COMMON SENSE VERSUS HIGHER CRITICISM.—NO. 1.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

I have just been reading Dr. Driver's little book on Isaiah. The author has certainly brought the events of contemporary history into view in such a way as to throw vivid light on many of the prophecies. Like some others, however, who take the same line, this author at once challenges unfavorable criticism when he discredits the authorship of Isaiah in reference to the latter part of the Book that bears his name. I do not discuss the question as to whether Isaiah did write the whole of that Book, but the silly ingenuities that are resorted to, to prove that he did not, are not creditable either to higher or lower criticism. Dr. Driver contends that the latter part of Isaiah must have had a different author than the first part, because of the difference in style, the difference in thought, the difference in theology, and the difference in words. I think this is a fair summary of his case.

As to difference in style, our author says, "The difference of style . . . is but the external expression of a difference of mental habit, in other words, of a difference of personality." So then, there can be no change of mental habit without a change of personality! We had thought that with added years, and new insight, and increased learning, and new associations, and enlarged experience, we might come to have a change of mental habit. I think most of us of any considerable age, if we look back a number of years, will be conscious of a very marked change of mental habit. But our author says, "No; such a thing never takes place; it cannot take place without a change of personality; and because there is a change in the style of the Book of Isaiah, there must have been a change of author." I wonder if Dr. Driver ever looks at any of his own very early sermons. If he has not acquired both a new mental habit and a new style since those sermons were written, he has an unusual experience. The fact is, that a change of style such as our author thinks he discerns in Isaiah, proves nothing at all. Time will work changes in any man's style; so will a new theme; so will new conditions. In fact, a man of any considerable versatility is not confined to one style. He will have different styles at different times. Let me give you an example of this. Some time ago I was reading a speech by Mr. Gladstone. Now we all know the ordinary Gladstonian style. It is characterized by long sentences, frequent parentheses, repetition of certain words, involved construction, sometimes rather obscure meaning. But Gladstone himself is not always Gladstonian. In the speech referred to I came to a place that fairly bristled with short, sharp, crisp sentences that went off like the rattle of musketry. The style was so unlike the man that I had to look back to see if the speech was really one of Mr. Gladstone's, and sure enough, it was his. The Grand Old Man was there, as large as life, and not re-incarnated either. There was no change of personality such as Dr. Driver says there must be where there is a change of style. Gladstone could change his style in half an hour, with changing circumstances; or rather, he changed it unconsciously in new conditions. And what Gladstone could do in half an hour I believe Isaiah might do in forty years. This argument founded on style is entirely overdone. One more sentence from our author will make that abundantly clear. "It is alien," he says, "to the constitution of the human mind for an author to cast off the habits of a lifetime, and assume an altered style in his old age." The absurdity of this is self-evident. It is a mere literary pretension, unsupported by observation or experience.

In the next place, the difference of thought, in Dr. Driver's view, establishes a difference