

justice be delayed: to their opponent it is a question of life or death. He still lives in the manse: of course they are powerless there, for he can be turned out only by the civil power, and that power the Free Church seems unwilling to acknowledge: but he has no means of supporting himself, except by some little private teaching which has been kindly given him. In the meantime, the Free Church is trying hard to stir up public feeling in their favor, but without success. The whole independent press of the country, including the leading Liberal newspapers, are decidedly opposed to their extravagant propositions. I have no wish to go again into the subject, which I dare say every one now understands; but it is amusing to notice that what the *Scotsman* considered a *reductio ad absurdum* of their position, Dr. Candlish has accepted as their sober and most reasonable claim, viz., that no matter how unfair and contrary to their own laws any of their decisions be, still their members have no appeal, no redress. A doctrine this, surely, that savors strongly of Popery. Dr. Buchanan, too, has published a sermon on the question, which, coming as it does from a man of his ability, has filled me with amazement. Much pious resignation is expressed; but every objection to their position is untouched, every difficulty slurred over, every claim of theirs taken for granted, and in fact, in the whole sermon blood is not once drawn from the real subject.

And now I must bid farewell to the readers of the *Record* in my character as "Scotch Correspondent." Since I was asked to undertake the work I have tried to do it as punctually and as well as possible. Perhaps not one of those who refuse to write or to contribute news to our little monthly messenger has had so many other avocations. Will they pardon me for suggesting that I have always, when I tried it, experienced the truth of the proverb, "where there's a will, there's a way?" Suppose they also try. And, brother reader, I am not done with you yet. Now and then in the months to come I hope to have the pleasure of dropping you a line or two, if it were only to keep up our acquaintanceship. Do not be censorious, or over-critical. If you ever feel so disposed, do you yourself call for pens, ink, and paper, and—write a book.

—o—

THE OPENING OF THE NEW CHURCH AT MACLENNAN'S MOUNTAIN.

The public were some time ago made aware, through the medium of this magazine, that a new church was in course of erection at Maclennan's Mountain, and it is our pleasing duty to announce that this building has been finished and opened for public worship. The church in which this congregation has long worshipped is one of the oldest in the county,

and has been rapidly hastening to decay. It was upon Maclennan's Mountain that the cause of our church in this part of the Province, in which it has since established its most powerful stronghold, was first marked by the erection of a suitable building for the accommodation of those resolute men, who, preferring to serve God in the Church of their fathers, resented nothing so keenly as any slight cast upon her character and history, or any attempt to lower her in the estimation of the Christian world. It was upon Maclennan's Mountain that the late Rev. D. A. Fraser fixed that abode, from which he went forth, as of old St. Columba the apostle of the Highlanders from Iona, upon many a noble and many a weary mission of charity and benevolence, under the mighty banner of the cross. It was in that old church, which stands in the unadorned grandeur of moving historic associations, that were heard the manly tones of that eloquent voice, which inspired with enthusiasm and love those who listened to them, and awakened distant echoes throughout this country. No wonder! His was the hand of a master musician, that could "play skillfully" upon the chords of the human heart and make it shiver with vibrations of unspeakable rapture. The tones of that voice have long been hushed in the unbroken silence of the tomb, but "the memory of the just is blessed," and the fruits of his travail appear this day in the attachment of the Maclennan's Mountain people to "the beautiful house in which our fathers worshipped, and where are our pleasant things," and by the number of good and prayerful old men, who preside over that congregation, and attempt the heats of youth with the snows of age.

It is from Maclennan's Mountain that Dr. Macgillivray, the venerable father of the Pictou Presbytery has gone forth upon his weary rounds throughout this country. When the Church here was left without pastoral oversight, and we were as sheep without a shepherd, it was upon Maclennan's Mountain that might be heard the voice of the faithful shepherd calling his sheep "by name" and encouraging them to drink of the living waters of gospel truth. It was from Maclennan's Mountain that he went forth to those immense gatherings of people seen on sacramental occasions, and, alone and yet not alone, for the captain of the Lord's host was with him, conducted whole sacraments in the presence of thousands: who forgot for a moment the sorrows of this life in the grand impressions of a great congregation of immortal souls, thus worshipping God upon the verdant earth, under the "deeply, beautifully blue" vault of heaven, seasonable symbol of eternity, and fanned by the sweet and soothing gales of summer. On such occasions amid the still solitudes of the forest rose in peals to the throne of the eternal God the wailing numbers of the Gaelic psalm; as a wave rolls from the shore farther and farther