

making rapid strides. The college sustained a loss in the removal of Dr. Alexander to Toronto University, but this has been compensated for by the appointment of Dr. McMechan, a son of one of our most respected and honoured ministers, the Rev. James McMechan of Port Perry, Ontario. Other eminent professors still remain, among whom are Professor McGregor, who has attained to more than a local reputation and whose abilities in his department are likely to be more widely recognized. President Forrest is following the good example set him in the West, by raising an endowment fund for Dalhousie, to which institution the Maritime Provinces owe so much. It has been freely endowed in the past by the liberality of Mr. Munro of New York, a former Nova Scotian, who has done much for the cause of education in his native province.

Presbyterianism is strong in this city, and except St. Mathew's, at present without a stated pastor, the pulpits are all manned by able, scholarly men, who, should occasion arise, will be found at their post to defend the principles and doctrines of our time-honoured Zion. It is probable that before this appears in print, that St. Mathew's congregation will have called a pastor, as on a late occasion the opinion of the congregation was taken and it was decided to call Rev. A. J. Mowat of Fredericton. Mr. Mowat is known to be among the first preachers in the Maritime Provinces, and, should he accept, he will be a very important addition to the pulpit power of Halifax.

#### PARK STREET CHURCH.

This is one of the prosperous congregations of the city. Established in 1843 by a number of Presbyterian families, its growth has been steady and in its present location the new church is an ornament to the part of the city where it stands. At first the Church was known as "Poplar Grove Church," and its first minister was the Rev. P. G. McGregor, (afterwards Dr. McGregor) under whose pastorate the Church grew and strengthened. Dr. McGregor's throat failed, and in 1867 he was appointed agent of the Church, and all know how valuable were his services in this capacity. He is affectionately remembered by all who came in contact with him as well as by the people of all denominations. The Rev. Allan Simpson, the present pastor, was called in 1868 to succeed Mr. McGregor, and a better choice could not have been made. As Presbyterianism was still growing, a number of families from Poplar Grove and Chalmers Church united and formed what is now Fort Massey Church in the south end of the city. Notwithstanding the old congregation prospered. About five years ago the congregation erected a handsome new church on North Park Street and bade an affectionate farewell to old Poplar Grove. A large share of the cost of the new building was borne by two members of the Church, the late Thomas Bayne and John McNeal. The change of locality has proved to be in the best interests of the congregation and the cause of Presbyterianism in the city. Quite a number of liberal, real-hearted Presbyterians were connected with this congregation, among whom might be mentioned C. D. Hunter, the founder of the "Hunter Church Building Fund" and who, besides, contributed liberally in support of missions and all the schemes of the Church: There are about 150 families, and over 300 communicants in connection with this congregation and over 300 scholars on the roll of the Sunday school. The stipend paid is \$1,750 with a manse, and the contributions for all purposes about \$5,000. As already stated the pastor of the Church is the Rev. Allan Simpson, a man much beloved by his congregation, and the public generally. He is a thoughtful, original preacher, and although he is now, I think, the oldest minister in point of service in our Church here, still he is quite young looking and would hardly be said to have reached middle life. He is a native of Prince Edward Island and certainly reflects credit on the "Garden Province." The service in Park St. Church last Sabbath evening was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Fowler of Scotland, who by his sermons since his arrival in Halifax has made a most favourable impression. There was a large congregation present and the discourse was of such a racy and telling character as to arrest and hold the closest attention. Mr. Fowler has a plain, but rather abrupt manner, but at times rises to real eloquence. We have need of such preachers in Canada, and plenty of room for them.

Pine Hill College was opened by a very able lecture by Professor Pollok, D.D., in Chalmers Church which was well filled on the occasion. It would seem to be a mistake, as is the custom in some places, to have these lectures given in college halls, since usually they are unsuitable and are not in central localities. If they are intended only for professors and students there is no use inviting the public, but if they are intended for the members of our Churches generally they should be given in some central church where the people can be accommodated.

At a recent lecture in Toronto a lady member of one of our Churches told me that the only word she heard distinctly was the word "God." Buildings with good acoustic properties should be selected for these occasions and it is imperative that those who contribute to the support of such institutions should be induced to attend. The lectures delivered on these occasions are generally among the best efforts of the lecturer, and care should be taken that as many as possible should have the opportunity to hear them.

It may not be out of place here to notice an event which caused much interest not only to the Presbyterian community, but to a very wide social circle, especially among the music-loving portion of society, that is the marriage of Miss Edith

Burns, second eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Burns, of this city, to Mr. McKay, of Dundee, Scotland, which took place in Fort Massey Church. Although admission was by ticket the edifice was packed, and the ceremony was performed by the father of the bride in a new gown given him by the congregation for the occasion, and who was assisted by the Rev. Professor Currie, D.D., and Rev. President Forrest, D.D., both members of the Session of Fort Massey Church. The happy couple sailed for Scotland and will reside at Broughty Ferry, a suburb of Dundee.

Halifax, Nov., 1890.

#### COREAN MOUNTAIN LORE.

This title is suggested by the familiar subject of folk-lore. I wish to string a few facts together, bearing on the language of the Koreans, gathered partly from Mons. Ridel's Korean Dictionary, and partly from conversations with Koreans, to show how largely mountains have influenced the national life in Korea.

Originally the mountains were evidently associated in Korea, as elsewhere, with "wildness." The outlaws who preyed upon society had their homes or their fastnesses there, and a man of the mountains was supposed to be of wilder aspect than the dwellers in the plains. We see this idea represented in the mummers of to-day, who in spring and autumn amuse the children by their disfigured faces, wild dresses and wilder antics, and who are known as the wild men or the fantastic men of the mountains. In those days mountain residence indicated stress of circumstances; and, in fact, the same word means mountaineer and tiger—the tiger being the mountaineer *par excellence*, and styled also the King of the Mountains. A change came when the population overflowed in the plains. There was nothing for it but to take to the hills, as the pressure of warlike tribes made emigration impossible. The first beginning was, of course, made by the very needy; and we find a word which means "the toil or travail of the mountain," and which tells us of fuel-cutting, of herb-gathering, and of laborious efforts in the way of earning a livelihood. Then came deliberate farming, and we find names for the little plots of arable land, perched sometimes in seemingly inaccessible places, where only necessity, and the most determined industry born of it, could induce a settlement, or win a living from the unpromising soil. There were still inaccessible parts, and parts too barren to repay even this most poverty-stricken industry; and these soon began to be consecrated to religion. With the instinct of beauty, which in almost every creed has been more or less associated with religion, the Buddhist priest built his temple as it were an eagle's eyrie. With the temple came the hermit, clothing coarsely and faring on herbs, a student of nature, and sometimes even a book-worm. Mons. Ridel (Korean Dictionary, page 373, *san-rim*) gives an interesting illustration of the natural declension which has taken place all the world over in this respect, and the ultimate connection between hermit and humbug. Originally the hermit was indeed a philosopher who had seen something of the hollowness of life in cities, and who retired to the wilderness to muse over the mysteries of mind and matter, and above all to construct a life on a true ideal. Then came the day of make-believe when books were paraded and lofty airs assumed, and philosophic jargon indulged in. Finally, the thing became a "profession," and the sons of the rich took to it and made it ridiculous; till in modern Korea, hermit, which means simply "mountain and forest," has become a soubriquet for the good-for-nothing son, the *dilettante* of the family. In process of time, as trade arose, and towns became centres of wealth, we find the town population itself overflowing upon the mountains—not as settlers, however, but as pleasure-seekers. The Koreans have something to show for their extraordinary conceit. They were civilized long before we were; and—some Westerners will be slow to believe it—they do not stand second to us even now in what we deem one of the most indisputable blossoms of civilization—a love of nature and of beautiful scenery. They have a perfect wealth of words which go to prove this. Thus you have all manner of terms for the residences of these summer tourists—the lodge, the villa, the hall, the prospect, the belvédère, the peak, the pavilion, and such like. You have all manner of poetical combinations, as mountain and water, and mountain and forest. You have rich choice words for the green of spring and for the wondrous glory of crimson which marks their autumn, as it does ours, in the Manchurian Hills; while you have a special word for winter sight-seeing, where the glory lies in the virgin snow. You have a rich vocabulary indicating their familiarity with every conceivable feature of mountains in their almost perpendicular cliffs, in their beetling brows, in their "one myriad one thousand" jagged peaks, in their deep, dark shadows, in their countless ramifications. While the wilder features clearly impose most on the imagination, the cool shade of the dells is not forgotten, nor the beauty and quietness of those sequestered flowery spots where nature surpasses herself to show her wealth. Ultimately we find not only hamlets and villages, but even cities with the prefix of mountain. Then, all through their history there was the mountain fort. The men who have given their name to Korea began their national existence by the conquest of this province of Manchuria, the southern part of which they held securely for many centuries. They have left abundant evidence in the number and position of their fortresses that they must

have cost the Tane emperor some trouble to drive them out, and they did not forget their art on the other side of the Jalo. But, indeed, the country—now named from them Corea—was a fighting country before they saw it; and the several kingdoms into which it was anciently divided have quite as "famous" a page to show in this respect as the westerners themselves. But the fort in the wilderness, in the wilder parts of the mountains, has always been in requisition as a place of refuge in days of defeat and civil war. To one of these long-famed fastnesses of nature the king, we are told, was hurried lately to escape the embroglio in which he is so unhappily placed through the conflicting interests of the Japanese, the Celestial, and the Western. The mountains, of course, all through the chequered history of the "Little Kingdom," have heard the voice of the huntsman. The game is what is reckoned of the noblest. The tiger is, as we have said, the prince or king of the mountain; the tiger-hunter, therefore, is a kind of king amongst huntsmen, and when the French had their little war with Corea, it is said as many as three thousand of these sharp-shooters were called out by royal proclamation to assist in exterminating the foreigner. Then you have the leopard, the bear, the wolf, the wild boar, the fox, *et id genus omne*, not to speak of more innocent sport in deer and hare and winged game. They have some touches of Norman civilization in the matter of hunting nomenclature. They used both hound and falcon. We have glimpses of early German life, as revealed in Freitag's "Die Ahnen," as we read of the huntsman who attacked the noblest game, lance in hand, and whose lance in the flanks of a wounded animal doubtless formed his title to the spoil—the "flesh of the mountain"; as it was called. Then we read much of the wild produce of the mountain as honey, its wild fruits, its inexhaustible supply of roots and herbs suitable for the cuisine, its wealth of medicinal herbs, and, above all, its ginseng—in regard to which last it is customary to pray to the Spirit of the Mountain to discover the whereabouts of its choicest varieties. A spice is added to the romance of the herb-gatherer's life as we read of the "mountain serpents," by which they mean any snake of uncommon dimensions and more than average deadliness. And yet, withal, they have a word which means a "pendant for the mountain," and which is the same passion in Corea as that which in these days has brought the epithet "mad" into such frequent association with the Alp-climbing Englishman. That Corea is a beautiful country appears everywhere from its vocabulary; and it speaks home to us with its ferns, its hazel, its hawthorne, its countless flowers of every shade, promising deserved fame to the fortunate botanist who shall be first to make known its wealth. But to the Korean the over-towering interest of the mountains lies in the fact that his graves are there. As the religion of the country is simply Confucianism outdone, the deceased ancestors are therefore the "Luck-bringers;" and as the deceased have their heaven, or at least their frequent place of Assembly at the graves, the blessing and the frown of the dead come alike from the hills. Thus "the place on the mount" is one of the many honorary words for "tomb." A "mountain lawsuit" means a plea about a tomb, prior settlement establishing a right which was occasionally encroached upon by the landless in their necessity. The "toil or travail of the mountain," besides the meaning given above, is also the act of interment—the painful ascent and the laborious work on the grave itself. The "shadow of the mountain" is happiness which comes from a tomb well placed. Mountain passion, or a craving for the mountain, is the longing to obtain a happy site in death (not the word given above as signifying a love for hill-climbing). So there is the "lot of the mountain," speaking of the acts of divination by which a happy tomb is secured, and in a secondary sense meaning the lucky tomb itself. They speak also of the "science of the mountains," which means knowledge of their forms and directions (on which depends the *fung shui* of the country); and also the science of the tombs—*i.e.*, the seeking of a lucky site. The first thing my Korean companion speaks of in scenery is the "aspect of the mountains," as on this depends the happiness of the dead and of the living. We need not wonder, therefore, that there is a "chant" in which they sing the praises of the mountains; that there is much sacrificing in "high places;" that the tombs are called "mountain gardens;" that there is in every well-to-do family a "guardian of the mountains," *i.e.*, of the tombs; and that the very rain itself brings its blessings not from heaven, but from the hills.—Rev. John Macintyre, M.A., Neuchwang, Manchuria.

#### CAN TRUST HIM.

A teacher said the other day: "Henry Stover is the only boy in school I can trust when my back is turned." Wasn't that a good word for Henry?

A mother said once: "I can leave any letter I write open on my desk, and if I am called away, no matter for how long, I am certain Nellie will never try to read a word of it. These things couldn't be said of every boy and girl.

These children are honest. They do right, not only when others are looking at them, but always, remembering that God's eye is upon them. They do right because it is right. This is what we should all and always do—live as in God's presence, and do what will please Him.

Catarrh indicates impure blood, and to cure it, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood. Sold by all druggists.