

me that by the end of a century there has been time enough to weave that cloak of charity which we are told covers a multitude of sins. If that cloak had not been woven by this time I would think little of the clerical or lay weavers of Glasgow. I beg leave to propose to you the Scottish Clergy, present and absent, those here and those in North America.

The toast was received with great approbation.

Rev. Dr. McLeod, of the Barony, in replying to the toast, said—I have the honor to acknowledge the toast which has been so kindly proposed and accepted. The clergy could not have their merit tried by a more discriminating judge than the honorable gentleman. Yet I for one would not have objected had the duty which he has so eloquently performed been assigned to an illustrious friend of his, who, if less venerable, is, if possible, better known over the world than himself, and who is everywhere admired for his accurate knowledge of men and manners—his keen perception of character—his most excellent wit and genial humor; and who, if he could not, perhaps, spare the weaknesses of the clergy, would certainly not forget their virtues—I mean his distinguished friend the Clock-maker. It is now more than ten years since I enjoyed the privilege, which the Judge no doubt, cannot remember, but which I cannot forget, of receiving a shake of his hand in Halifax and a welcome to Nova Scotia. I now in Glasgow reciprocate that welcome to old Scotia; and where could Old and New Scotia more appropriately meet than when commemorating Robert Burns? There are two things which to me make Burns sufficiently memorable. One is—his noble protest for the independence and dignity of humanity, as expressed, for example, in that heroic song, “A man’s a man for a’ that.” Another is—his intense nationality—a noble sentiment, springing like a plant deeply rooted for ages in the soil, and bearing fruit which nourishes the manliest virtues of a people. Few men have done for any country in this respect what Burns has done for Scotland. He has made our Doric for ever poetical. Everything in our land touched with the wand of his genius will forever retain the new interest and beauty which he has imparted to it. Never will the “banks and braes of bonnie Doon” cease to be “fresh and fair,” nor the “birks of Aberfeldy” to hang their tresses in the bright atmosphere of his song. He has even persuaded Scotchmen “o’ a’ the airts the wind can blaw” most dearly to “lo’e the west,” though it comes loaded to us, who live in the west, only with the soft favors of a “Scottish mist.” So possessed are even railway directors and rough mechanics by his presence and power that they send “Tam o’ Shanter” and “Souter Johnnie” as locomotives roaring and whistling through the land that is called by his name and immortalised by his genius! How marvellously has he wielded the hearts of Scotchmen throughout the world! Without him, they would, no

doubt, be united by the ordinary bonds of common country, that cannot anywhere be gotten—a common tongue that cannot anywhere be easily mistaken—and by mercantile pursuits in which they cannot anywhere be wanted. But still these ties would be like a cold hard cable that connects the Old and New World beneath the Atlantic. The songs of Burns and the electric sparks which flash along it and give it life; and “though separated between us may be east,” these unite heart and heart, so that as long as they exist, Scotchmen can never forget “old acquaintance” the “days of lang syne.” And yet, sir, he can a clergyman, of all men, forget or fail to express his deep sorrow on such an occasion as the present for some things that Burns has written, and which deserve the uncompromising condemnation of those who love him best. I am not called upon to pass any judgement on him as a man, but only as a writer: and with reference to some of his poems, from my heart I say it—for his own sake, for the sake of my country, for the sake of righteousness more than all—would to God they were never written, never printed, and never read! And I would rejoice to see, as the result of the festivals in honor of Burns, a centenary edition of his poems from which every thing would be excluded which a Christian father could not read aloud in his family circle, and the Christian cottier on his “Saturday night” to his sons and daughters. One thing I feel assured of is—that, righteously to condemn whatever is inconsistent with purity and piety while it can not lessen any ray of his genius is at once the best proof we can give of our regard for his memory, and the best sacrifice we can offer to his departed spirit. If the spirit is cognizant of what is done upon earth, most certainly such a judgement must be in accordance with its most solemn convictions and most earnest wishes.

“THE PARISH SCHOOL ADVOCATE AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.”

Through the kindness of the editor of the above periodical, we have been furnished with the whole issue from its commencement in 1858. Its grand purpose appears to be to call forth an adequate interest in the all-important subject of education, and at the same time to disseminate such information as shall aid the Provinces in framing suitable measures for its advancement,—school districts in the management of their educational affairs,—teachers in the improvement of their minds and the prosecution of the great work, which is never to end during the endless being of the happy sons of God,—families in its acquisition through the general information it offers, and private individuals—the noble band of the self-teaching and the self-taught, in their solitary efforts to be good and great.

Its leading principles are the Bible, free schools, and no politics. That such works are