

along the streets where these churches are situated could easily pass without noticing them. So far as I can remember not one of these three large wealthy churches has a spire. They are well-finished inside, comfortable to sit in, and well-filled with worshippers. The warehouses and public buildings are creditable to the city and calculated to attract the notice of strangers, but to think of Rosemary Street Church, which was favoured with such ministers as Hanna and MacNaughton (from Paisley); May Street, whose venerable walls resounded with the burning eloquence of Cooke, and Fisherwick Place, which claimed to have the model pastor of Ireland, Rev. James Morgan, D.D., should be almost hidden from view is something difficult to understand. The latter Church for half a century has been a pattern to all other Churches for liberality, especially in giving for missionary purposes. The outside appearance may be taken as characteristic of that extreme, modest, unobtrusive feature of our much-loved Presbyterianism which is always found to be better than it looks.

The present pastor of Rosemary Street is the Rev. William Park, ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, and joint Convener of the mission to India. Mr. Park is an able preacher and during his year of office as Moderator laid the entire Church under heavy obligations.

The Rev. Dr. Williamson is the present pastor of Fisherwick Place, and although when the lamented death of Dr. Morgan took place the congregation almost despaired of getting a man to fill his place, it is gratifying to find that the congregation was never more prosperous than it is now. Dr. Williamson is a man of great energy, forcible and impressive as a preacher, very earnest and evangelical in style and has proved a worthy successor to the great man who preceded him.

May Street Church was built for the famous Dr. Cooke where for half a century crowded congregations were thrilled by his eloquence, for whom the congregation had the warmest regard. When he was appointed to the chair of "Sacred Rhetoric" in the Assembly's College, they insisted on his retaining the constant supply until the time of his death. So far as I know he was the only man in the Irish Church who was allowed to hold the double charge of pastor and professor. I suppose it was probably owing to this that for many years before his death Dr. Cooke refused to enter into engagements to preach charity sermons on a Sunday. Any minister or congregation desiring his services was obliged to accept them on a week day, and the day generally was fixed by Dr. Cooke himself. The usual course followed when a minister applied for his services, he would receive an acknowledgment of his letter in about three weeks, and in about three weeks after, should Dr. Cooke be able to undertake the service, the applicant would get his choice of one of two days. Dr. Cooke's services were in great demand and although tickets for admission to the church in which he was to preach were sold at one shilling sterling, still every church, even on a week-day, would be crowded with the most intelligent and wealthy people composed of all denominations in the neighbourhood.

Dr. Cooke used to relate some funny stories about these engagements with country pastors. He was a great favourite and popular with the people, and was also a power in the General Assembly; his opinion generally settled any question. I remember one occasion during the Revival when a prominent merchant left his merchandise and commenced preaching, having gathered a congregation and built a church, he came to the Assembly praying to be accepted as a minister and presenting the Church to the Assembly. The discussion which followed was long and heated, and taken part in by all the leading men on both sides of the House. Dr. Cooke rose and said he wished to ask the brother two questions, first: "Are you able to preach?" and second: "Are you willing to preach?" The answer being in the affirmative, Cooke said: "Then in the name of God go at it." There are few living now who took part in that debate, but I have reason to believe that the minister referred to is still living and continues the successful pastor of the same congregation. This was only one of the many valuable fruits of the great Irish Revival of 1859.

Dr. Cooke was also a power in politics. He was an uncompromising Conservative and always opposed any encroachments of the Romish Church, and while opposed by many of his brethren who charged him with leaning towards the then Established Church as against the interests of his own Church; yet he followed the even tenor of his way. He was liberal towards all Protestant Churches and although the avowed enemy of Popery he was personally respected and esteemed by Roman Catholics.

The three great occasions on which Cooke won his most pronounced victories were: The repulse of Dan O'Connell from Belfast; the victory over Dr. Ritchie, the Scottish controversialist who invaded Belfast to propagate the principles of voluntarism as against State endowments, and the death-blow which he administered to the Arian party in the General Assembly. The speech delivered by Dr. Cooke at the meeting of Synod in Cookstown in July, 1828, was a masterpiece of logical arrangement and persuasive eloquence, and although the orthodox party trembled as to the result, yet as Cooke drew to the peroration of his address the feeling became general that the cause of orthodoxy was safe, and that the principles of Arianism were dead in the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. I have had frequent conversations with a staunch Presbyterian in Nova Scotia who recently died at an advanced age, who when a young man heard the speech re-

ferred to and I often remarked how his eyes would brighten and his face shine when he attempted to describe the effect of Dr. Cooke's speech on the audience. Your readers will bear with me when I give a few sentences from the closing portions of this powerful address:—

For a perfect Church I look not, till the Lord shall come with His saints; but for a more perfect one than this Synod at present exhibits, I think, without much presumption, we may reasonably hope. I know there is a wonderfully sensitive apprehension when we talk of reforming the Church and it is not a little remarkable that this sensibility is most apparent in those very persons who are so anxious to reform the errors of the State. Let us contemplate the State chariot as it passes along, and they pronounce it at once so crazy a vehicle that it will scarce bear the load of majesty to the street's end. So they seize the reins of the proud steeds that draw it, and, after a moment of stop for examination, they pronounce for its total dissolution and complete rebuilding. So they commence "political blacksmiths" and they take out the springs and knock off the circle of the wheels and every bolt and screw must ring to the anvil and hammer. And then they become "political joiners" and they take asunder the wood work of "ancient oak" and then substitute some modern exotic, which is wondrously to lighten the body of the machine. After this they become "political painters and varnishers" and the whole affair is so bedizened with fantastical devices, that it is impossible to recognize the ancient ponderous and sturdy vehicle which bore along the "Majesty of Britain" through ages of warfare to ages of glory.

But show to these self same artificers the chariot of the Church, and though it creaks in every joint and totters in every spring and threatens at every revolution of the wheel to separate into a thousand fragments, and though it presents an aspect so weather-beaten and forlorn that Poverty herself might be almost ashamed to be the driver—yet, oh! Beware of touching the venerable ruin!—they will repair the crazy wheels by merely dipping them in water—they assist the broken springs by coming them with a piece of timber—they will wrap the shattered pole with all manner of ropes and bandages, and they will eke out the tattered harness with every variety of "shreds and patches" until the motley combination shall become to the Presbyterian people as the ship *Argo*, to the Greeks, a subject of argument as to its identity with the Church that existed in the days of our fathers. . . . To me, sir, it is astonishing that the very same men who are so clear-sighted to discern and ready to reform our political institutions are so blind to the necessity of searching out and reforming the errors and evils of our religious institutions. . . . Many objects are to be sacrificed for peace, but peace as well as gold may be bought too dear.

The Arian party were driven out of the General Assembly, and although the Unitarian party comprised a number of the most cultured and eloquent men that any Church could boast of, still Unitarianism has very little influence now, and it is said that when Dr. Montgomery, the champion of the cause and the great opponent of Dr. Cooke, was on his death-bed that Dr. Cooke visited him and that all past bickerings and differences seemed to be buried on the approach of death. I heard, but cannot vouch for the truth of it, that Dr. Montgomery's views had undergone a change on the great question of the divinity of Christ. In many respects Dr. Montgomery was the equal of Dr. Cooke, if not his superior as a finished orator ready of speech, with a commanding presence. He made a deep impression on an audience, and so much was he held in esteem by the sympathizers of the Arian faith that a week before the great meeting of Synod in Cookstown they presented him with a service of plate which weighed one thousand ounces.

Dr. Killen says of Dr. Montgomery's address:—

Mr. Montgomery had evidently summoned all his strength for the occasion, and as if anticipating his speedy secession seemed resolved to make his last appearance in the Synod memorable by the infliction of a fatal wound on the reputation of his great ecclesiastical antagonist. Standing immediately below the pulpit and in full view of a crowded auditory, his tall and portly figure, his well-toned voice, and his graceful elocution, imparted additional effect to an address of uncommon ability. . . . When he approached the termination of his speech he alluded to the possibility of a division of the Synod and then contrasting the strifes of earth with the serenity of heaven, the tones of his voice became unusually mellow and pathetic, as he closed with a sublime and touching peroration.

Dr. Cooke was born and baptized in the congregation of Maghera and was ordained to a small country charge in 1808. Ever after the great Arian controversy, he was regarded as the Goliath of Orthodoxy. The Church in Toronto which bears his honoured name would seem to follow in his footsteps as in their service they use only Psalms and paraphrases. Hymns have never yet been introduced.

In my next letter I may make some reference to the successors of Dr. Cooke in the pastorate of May Street Church. *Toronto, August 29, 1891.* K.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

BY REV. E. WALLACE WAITS, D. SC., OF KNOX CHURCH OWEN SOUND.

A VISIT TO LUDLOW CASTLE; ITS SURROUNDINGS AND ASSOCIATIONS—RICHARD BAXTER—CROMWELL AND HIS IRONSIDES—MILLON AT LUDLOW CASTLE, ETC.

There are "sermons in stones," and there is also history in stones—history unchronicled by the pen of the historian—stones pillared, castellated, sculptured, moss-grown, hoary with age, crushed by thunder, splintered and battered by battle, bloodstained, crumbling, waste and ruinous. Palaces, mansions, towers and castles built, and brilliant fortunes made by iniquitous means, in most cases are brought to desolation, and become like chaff before the whirlwind of God's indignation.

Such were many of the baronial halls and castellated piles of our native land, the hoary and venerable ruins of which form the most prominent objects in the great historic scenery by mountains and plains, by rivers and hills and seashore. Chatterton says of one of our ancient castles:—

O'er the historic page my fancy runs
Of Britain's fortunes—of her valiant sons:
Yon castle, erst of Saxon standards proud,
Its neighbouring meadows dyed with Danish blood.

Then of its later fate a view I take;
Here the sad monarch lost his hope's last stake,
When Rupert bold, of well-achieved renown,
Lined all the fame his former prowess won.

But for its ancient woe no more employed,
Its wall all mouldered and its gates destroyed;
In history's roll it still a shade retains,
Though of the fortress scarce a stone remains.

The truly noble castle of Ludlow is fully equal in interest to any of the ancient castles of England and Wales, rich in historic fact, in legend, in recollections of bold and daring deeds, in memories of crime and glory, great names, poetry and picturesque scenery.

It is a classic ruin of which Salopians may justly be proud. It is situated upon a "bold and well-wooded rock," in a pretty, antique town, and in the midst of a district and surrounding provinces of rare fertility and beauty and glorious historical associations.

Around us spread the hills and vales,
Where Geoffrey spun his magic tales,
And called them history; the land
Where Arthur sprung, and all his band
Of gallant knights.

Watered by noble rivers, sheltered by magnificent woods and forests, interspersed with industrious towns and hamlets, and enriched by the labour and enterprise of its inhabitants, the whole of this part of the kingdom, including Worcester, Monmouth, Hereford, presents all those features of scenery and soil which contribute to the beauty and stability of a country. From whatever point the traveller may enter this part of our country historical landmarks meet him at every step—feudal and monastic ruins, rich in the history of departed dynasties. In fields where the husbandman now reaps his peaceful harvests we trace the shock of contending armies, whose deadly weapons still rust in furrows which their valour had won, and which the blood of the Roman, the Saxon, the Briton had fertilized.

From these we turn aside to contemplate the fragments of baronial grandeur which attest the glory of chivalry, but now, like sepulchral mounds, proclaim the deeds of their founders—such as Ludlow Castle and the Castle Raglan. Many sculptures, pavements, altars, statues, coins and inscriptions bear testimony to Roman sway. Such is the Silurian settlement of Caerlon, with its classic vicinity. Here there were frequent and bloody encounters between the brave mountain tribes of the ancient Britons and the invincible Roman arms. The remains of roads and stations show that at least the coasts and the more accessible parts of the country were under the dominion of that extraordinary people. A Roman road may still be distinctly traced running from the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury to that of Hereford, the Roman Magna, marked by numerous tumuli, and skirted by a continued line of strong camps. This neighbourhood is supposed to have been the scene of the last actions of the war against Caractacus, who for nine years had bravely commanded the Confederate Army of the Britons, and whose fame had reached Rome. He had a soul of fiery valour, and his words were like cannon-shot. He was defeated by Ostorius, and his wife, daughters and brothers were taken prisoners. Caractacus fled for protection to the Queen of the Brigantes, who, however, surrendered him to the Roman conquerors. He and his family were taken in chains to Rome by command of Claudius. He stood erect and undaunted in the presence of the Emperor; and Tacitus, the Roman historian of that period, makes him say: "My present condition is as dishonourable to me as it is glorious to you. I had arms, horses, riches and grandeur. Is it strange that I should part with them unwillingly? Does it follow because you have a mind to rule over all that therefore every one must tamely submit? Had I sooner been betrayed to you neither your glory nor my misfortunes had been rendered so famous and my punishment would have been buried in eternal oblivion. But now, if you preserve my life, I shall be a standing monument of your clemency to future ages." [Moved by this noble speech, Claudius at once pardoned the captives and ordered their chains to be taken off.

HOME STUDY LEAFLET—CHILDREN'S DAY.

MR. EDITOR,—A sample copy of our new *Home Study Leaflet* has been sent to every minister and Sabbath school superintendent in the Church. I shall be happy to send one to any teacher, or other person, who wishes to examine it. In some cases, where the school as a whole does not adopt it, individual classes might, especially in the senior department, use it with advantage. I am compelled to modify the offer made in this month's *Record*. It has been found preferable to use a better grade of paper than was at first intended and to allow subscriptions to begin and end according to the convenience of subscribers, accordingly subscriptions need not end with December, nor can we give the last three months of the current year free. This arrangement we believe will be more acceptable to schools and financially less hazardous to the Committee. The price, then, will be at the rate of one cent a month for each copy, or \$12 per 100 per annum. I would suggest that every school order and pay for the leaflet for three months, and then continue it with the classes or teachers who can use it with advantage.

A sample copy of the responsive "Harvest Home" service for "Children's Day" (September 27th) has also been distributed. Permit me to remind schools that the General Assembly has appointed that a collection be taken up on this day on behalf of the scheme of Higher Religious Instruction. We hope that our schools will loyally and generously respond. There was a slight deficit in our accounts last year which we hope to see wiped out. The responsive service will be sent free to any school that will promise a contribution during the year of from one to ten dollars, according to ability. But while we emphasize the financial duties of the day it must not be forgotten that the main object that the Assembly had in view in appointing it was spiritual. If it is indeed observed universally throughout the Church "as a day of special prayer on behalf of our Sabbath schools," and as an occasion for bringing "prominently before our congregations the claims of the Sabbath school upon their prayerful sympathy, pecuniary support and personal co-operation," a new impulse will be given to the efficiency of this important department of the Church's work. Yours sincerely,
T. F. FOTHERINGHAM,
St. John, N.B., Sept. 1, 1891. *Convener S. S. Com.*