RIDAY, JUNE 29, 1877

## Contributors and Correspondents

For the Presbyteriand GLASGOW AND ITS MEN.

BY W. G., PINE LIVER, ONT.

Many years have elapsed since we saw this western city of Scotland, well called the Queen of Commerce, or made it the seat of our habitation. When reading, on one cocasion, of the decease of one of its distinguished ministers, we were reminded of some of the preminent men who have passed away from this coolesiastical arena, and, no doubt, the same has been the case with a number who figured conspicuously in the affairs of the State. The walls of the very College where we and so many others were wont to attend, have been razed to the ground to make way for railway operations, and any one who could get a bird's eye view of the city would find it greatly different from the appearance it exhibited when Sir Robert Peel was Rector of the college. This University was instituted in 1450. The classical spots around the city have been often referred to, and, perhaps on the whole, by none more ably than by Hugh McDonald, in the book entitled, "Rambles round Glasgow." When we were there, there were such men as Drs. Buchanan, Gibson, Brown, Wardlaw, etc., ready to discourse from the pulpit, and some of them to thunder from the platform.

In the College, Sir Daniel Sandford was the famed occupant of the Chair from which Greek was taught. He might have been called the Chrysostom, or goldenmouthed, of Grecian literature, and a great want was felt when the Chair became vacant. In Moral Philosophy Professor James Mylne prelected. He was at that period far on in years, and had read his time-worn lectures so frequently, andwould give so much from memory that he could afford to look the students in the face. Professor Meikleham experimented, and dissoursed on Natural Philosophy. The Venerable Dr. McGill instructed the divinity students, and Professor Nichol had begun his brilliant course of Astronomy. Of one who once held the Latin shair, an author thus remarks: "Walker loved Latin much and English more, and set agoing by a picturesque description in Virgil, or a happy allusion in Horace, it was delightful to listen to the parallels which he rejoiced to accumulate from Dryden and Shensione, from Pope and Cowper and Campbell . . . By the medical students Dr. Harry Rainy was held in high honor, as well as the great coulist, M'Kenzie; but the pride of Glasgow College and the name of European renown were Dr. Thomas Thomson and Sir William Jackson, the former as gruff and ungainly in the lecture hall as the other was graceful and polished, but each a mighty master in his own sphere, and consequently enkindling in many a susceptible spirit, a kindred

Within the College ground was the Hunterian Museum, containing specimens of many things, such as stuffed birds of varied plumage, rare coins, and some of the memorials connected with the times of the Covenant, when our reforming forefathers had such a fight of afflictions and persecutions to endure in their struggles against popery. The Necropolis of the city is fitly crowned with a monument of John Knox, in close neighborhood with the ancient Cathedral, which by the way is the most finished specimen of Gothic architecture in

Kelvin Grove and Bothwell in the vicinity have stirring historic associations connected with the days of other years. And in modern times we should seek to be instrumental in our own spheres, in diffusing civil and religious liberty, and in preserving a lively sense of gratitude for the many benefits which have been transmitted to us. A fine, new College has been erected for this city, and it is well that Glasgow is advancing in literature and art and science as well as in commerce. The original motto was, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word," but the spirit of mammon has abridged it, and it is now simply, let

Glasgow flourish. May cities be more and more distinguished by the heavenly wisdom which, after all, is the main coat of arms, that wisdom and knowledge may be the stability of our times and strength of salvation. The park, named the Green, has often been referred to, it has a monument in memory of Nelson, 145 feet in height, and poesy has frequently woven a garland for the brow of the River Clyde, and never more to, perhaps, than in the following lines:

"How fair appears the rural scene, For thou, O. Olyde, hast ever been Penedocut at strong. Pleas'd in refreshing down to steep The little trembling Sewers that peep Thy shelving rocks simons.

From these verses and from others which might be drawn under your attention, but which will no doubt readily occur to you minds, bearing on the subject of Our duty to God and man in our daily labours, I think it must be obvious to all that there is a dignity, as well as a responsibility, in all grades of honest toil, whether it be that of the head or the hand, or a combination of both. That God has bestowed on all responsible creatures at least one talent all will readily admit, and on the use we make of such gift or gifts, which the bountiful Creator has bestowed on us, will our nappiness and usefulness on earth depend, and the probability of an abundant entrance being administered to us into the mansions above.

Let us consider the examples of activity and labour set before us by our Creator and Redeemer; and it surely must be an incentive and encouragement to us to walk in any path of duty which God has personally honoured, both by precept and example. In the first book, and in the opening verses of sacred history, we are told that God "rested on the seventh day from all His work," thus reminding us of the rest els3where spoken of in Holy Writ, "that remaineth for the people of God," who nobly and faithfully fulfil their mission here; and in the opening chapters of New Testament History, God manifest in the flesh, our Saviour and Redeemer, is found honouring the homes of industry by his birth, child. hood, and early training, by the selection He made of His followers and disciples from amidst the humble walks of life, and by his own examples of labour and obedience, for we have no doubt (being subject to his parents, at least during his earlier manhood) He was called upon occasionally to assist his father, Joseph, in the honourable calling of a carpenter.

There seems to be a universal law that man must work, and his happiness very much consists in his faculties being employed to some good purpose. The adaptations of our whole being declare this-the heart and brain to think and direct, the hands to grasp and carve with cunning art the appliances which the thought and in genuity of the inventive faculties of the mind dictate, the feet to travel, and extend to other peoples and distant lands the blessings of our own. All these gifts must be accounted for, all these talents should be put to usury, enlisted in the service of God, and need for the good of our fellow-

There is a noble dignity in work, whether it be in the pulpit or on the platform, whether in scientific pursuits or in following the plough, or in any of the many honourable callings and professions which our advanced civilization renders necessary, and even

"The hardy some of honest toil" are well worthy of all praise and encouragement.

Labour ennobles the mind, invigorates the body, satisfies the conscience, and tends what is true and noble, and generous, and kind, in man. Labour and poverty are, alas! too often combined, but there is a noble dignity in the horny hand, there is still a manly bearing in the honest day-labourer or mechanic who, though it is sometimes hard to make both ends meet, yet is able to manage it with economy and the exercise of self-denial, and therefore "can look the whole world in the face, for he owes not any man."

Show me the man of true and honest heart Who, for the sake of gain, will not depart From paths of rectitude, and then I can Show you God's noblest work—" An honest man.

Temptation's darts do not disturb his mind, to himself, he's true to all mankind; By honest toil he earns whate'er he can,

And proves himself to be-"An honest man." A celebrated post has said that " An hon est man's the noblest work of God," and he who worthily fills the station in which Pro-

vidence has placed him-"Acts nobly, acts wisely, angels could no more."

God is just as well as merciful, and if we would partake of His favours and mercy, we must also comply with His demands or suffer the penalty which our sloth or neglect deserves. God never intended that the man to whom he gave ten talents should only use five, and that the person to whom one was given should bury that one in the earth; but in His Word He has plainly set forth that according to our privileges of mental and physical capacity, education and social position, He will expect us to give an account of our stewardship, and be able to show both to Him and our fellow-men that we are putting those talents to neary with which he has entrusted us.

In business circles, and in the markets of the world, gold is the standard of currency ren, but brothers, around me. I am under not come here on a recruiting expedition. and exchange, and what segerness and anxions where here. It has spread itself I am not beating the drum to tempt you to

OUR DUTY TO GOD AND MAN IN loty do men even in stock, and by the loss anxious or terest; and she is less anxious or iterest; and she is less anxious or iterest; and she is less anxious or iterest.

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moral tene with fixed print a thorough that we me temptation to say and courage to say "Yes!" where the temptation to say us to a field of usefulned in the corner of His vineyard. We may meet with disappointment, but let that only mettle us for greater effort; we may meet with uncharitable criticism and saronem from those who are too lazy to exert themselves, or too stupid to notice the talents which they themselves possess; but let that only make us the more careful that we give no offence worthy of such criticism or sarcasm; let our aim be "the glory of God and the world's advancement," and we need not fear what man can do unto us. Honour and ease seldom go together, and honour got too easy is seldom valued aright. We can understand the honest pride which the veteran has in his medals and badges of honour when he thinks of the weary marches and counter-marches which he has passed through, the cold, hunger, and exposure which he has endured, the horrors of the trenches, and the valorous attack and turning of the enemy in the day of battle: we can understand the lightheartedness of the sailor on nearing his native village after a long and perilous voyage-or the sweetness of rest after a day's labour and toil; then let us work on and think of our rest, rather than rest on and think of our work. and let us employ the talents which God has given us, and they will richly reward us, both in this life and in that which is to

come. In this good cause let us united be, If we would prosper. Therefore let us see That all our energies be so combined As best to cultivate the hears and mind. This occupation is the best that can Engage the youth or occupy the man In leisure hours; which, be they rightly spent, Are of great moment, and by Heaven sent To sweeten toil, and relaxation give
To dull and cankoring cares which, while we live, Must be our lot; our time then let us spend As best becomes us, knowing not our end.

Address Pelivered by the Rev. Robt. J. Laidlaw, of Detroit, before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, Convened at Halifax. June 20th, 1877.

Moderator, Fathers and Brethern:

I have the honor to convey to you the cordial greetings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States—the Assembly which recently closed its sessions in the city of Chicago. By my hand that Assembly sends you an ephah of parched corn, and ten loaves of bread; and or yourself personally, Mr. Moderator, ten

I regard my position as one of high hon--honorable because of the importance of the body I represent, and doubly honorable because of the dignity and worth of this General Assembly, to which I bring the kindest good-will of that sister Assembly. But I confess I quite lose eight of the honor of the occasion in view of the great pleasure it gives me to be here. I know my brethren intended to do me a kindness when they chose me as their delegate to this Assembly. But I believe they unwittingly showed me a far greater kinduess even than they anticipated. They may not have thought of it, but they have sent me back to my home and my friends. I am by my cwn fireside now, and see not simply breth-

wonderfully since I last saw it. It must have been growing as the lily, and casting forth roots as Lebanon during the last de-cade. Certainly its roots do not a broader soil, and its etock is much greater in circumference, and its branches cast a more ample shade, but I still recognize in this Assembly the same goodly fig tree beneath whose shadow I was born. For it was my happiness to be born in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Better still, twice born. Sometimes when I am asked if I did'nt get my theology at Princeton, I say, Yes; and then I correct myself and say, No, I got it in Canada. My first theological hall was my father's home—and father, though himself no divine, in the technical sense of the term, was the Frincipal of that school of theology. The main text book we used was the Shorter Catechism. The regular sessions of our Seminary were held on Sabbath evenings. And we used to take a third of the text book at a single recitation. Then we had daily readings—morning and evening—from the old Family Book—better for than even the invaluable little text book. And we had frequent supplemental readings from "Boston's Fourfold State," and "Ralph Erskine's Sermons," and "Newton's Letters," and the "Life and Letters of McCheyne." And if I were to mention the names of father's assistant P. ofescore, I would require to speak of our ministers, and mention names familiar and dear to many of you— The Rev. Peter Fergusen, of blessed memory, the saintly and now sainted John Mo-Lachlan, the rich-minded Patrick Gray, so recently gone to the General Assembly above, and last, but not least, the Rev. Jas. Mitchell-God bless him and spare him long to guide yet other young men to the cross by the glow of his picus example, and the wisdom of his well-stored mind. But while standing before you in this publie and representative character, I should have refrained from adverting to these per-sonal matters, were it not that the mention of them enables me to fulfil all the better the terms of my commission. It furnishes me an occasion for congratulating you on the prosperity that has marked your history the prosperity that has marked your fistory during the past, and especially during the past ten years, since it was my privilege to be a member of the Canada Presbyterian Church. At that time the Supreme Court of the Presbyterian Church in Canada was a Synod; and there were several Synale, each supreme within its own jurisdiction. And each Synod was so much the Byack and such was the exclusiveness of separate denomination, that the young peo-ple of the branch of the Church with which it was my fortune to be connected, hardly ever thought of the Presbyterian Church in Cape Breton, or Prince Edward Island, or Newfoundland, or even New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. And the idea of going to Halifax to attend a Church meeting, would simply have been regarded in those days as a stupendous joke. But now the various Synods of the Presbyterian Church in all parts of this happy Dominion have flowed together to form one grand General Assembly—and it holds its present sessions at Halifax! I say, sir, this is marvellous in our eyes. When I was a boy-but it just shows how little we knew when we were boys—Halifax was regarded as the ultima thule, the end of all perfection—the jumping-off place. But now this same name, Halifax, has become the synonym for the perfection of progress achieved by the Presbyterian Church in Canada. And you will agree with me that this great Assembly could not have found a meeting place more befitting its dignity than this same goodly city. Nevertheless, Halifax is a long way off when you are not within a thousand miles of it. It is not quite so isolated, however, as one of our mission stations out west, which is said to be a thousand miles from anywhere. And I must be permitted here to bear this testimony, that Halifax grows nearer and dearer to us when we visit it, and view its beauties and gaze upon its magnificence, and have personal experience of the proverbial kindness of its most oultured and most hospitable citizens. And besides, the remoteness of this city from the homes of some of us is its glory, and is also your cause for rejoicing as you meet here. I congratulate you upon it. We on the other side of the lines, feel that our branch of the Church is to be congratulated on the fact that at the late meeting of our General Assembly, the retiring Moderator, Dr. Vandyke, hailed from Brooklyn on the shore of the Atlantic, while the new Moderator, Dr. Eells, was chosen from San Francisco on the shore of the Pacific. We rejoice that God has given us dominious that "reach from sea even to sea." But as I think of from sea even to sea." But as I think of the place where your last Assembly was held, and the place where this Assembly is

your dominions are quite as prophetically broad. They reach "from the river even to the ends of the earth." The personal reminiscences in which you have indulged me, furnish me an oppor tunity also of calling your attention to the friendly esteem in which the Presbyterian Church in Canada is held by your brethren of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. Occasionally when they wish to confer a favor on one of their number, in the kindness of their hearts they send him as their delegate to this Assembly. And you observe that this year they have conferred that favor not upon one of their own home-born children, but upon one of yours, and he, too, one of the youngest of your sons. I trust, sir, you will see in this a token of the esteem in which my brethren on the other side of the lines hold every son of this Church—and a promise also of the unspeakable honor they would confer on you, Mr. Moderator, and on this whole Assembly, were you all to fall into their hands.

now convened—and especially as I think of

all the way I have travelled through Can-

ada in order to be here, I must admit that

But do not misunderstand me. I have

enliet and come over in a body. That would never do. Even as it is, the Church I have the honor to represent is sometimes accured of robbing you. But, of course, you see in this another token of the love she has for you. It is one of these friendly liberties she would not take with everyone. And it is done considerately. Your brethren on the other side the border, feel that a soil so rich in ministers as yours is, can afford to space a few for the famine of other households. And then there are other consideranoise. And then there are other considera-tions. Yere you poor—and you ku w what I mean by poor—they would never take a man from you. Why Sir, a an Assembly a few days ago some of the Oministours name all the way from India. To that part of the British Emotre, sons and daughters of the American Course of form daughters of the American Causea go from year to year to foil in that needy portion of our common Master's vinesard; and as they work away for the evaluation of the heathen there, they never once look up to see what national banner is waving over them,—though they no doubt secretly re-joice in the consciousness that they are beloved Queen, the Empress of India. Were Nova Scotia, or New Brunswick, or Quebec, or Ontario as much in need of the gospel as India, instead of taking from you even the least of your sone, I am sure the beloved Church I have the honor to represent, would willingly send you her strongest men.
But I do not lose sight of the fast that

you have need of all your sons. Your territory is very broad. It, too, extends from sea to sea, and covers the whole up-per face and bosom of this continent. And notwithstanding all this, some of your sons leave you. And some are so oracl as to hint that the reason why they leave you is be-cause in the neighboring. Republic there is gold, and the gold of that land is good. And what shall I say to these things? I read a story not long ago of a minister who was preaching in a little church on the Massachutett's coast, overlooking the bay-He was in the midst of an earmest appeal to his hearers to be on their guard against to his hearers to be on their guard against the sin of covetousness—the undue love of filthy lucre,—when suddenly a man appeated at the door and shouled at the top of his voice." Schewner schore! Schewner ashore! Schewner ashore! The cry of "ashooner ashore" was usually the signal for a grand rush for plunder. So the congregation rose on masse, and were about to make for the door, when the minister, railing himself to his full height, and stretching forth his hand, cried, "Halt! One word more and I have done!" and se extruct was his appeal, and so thrilling were his tones, that the congregation stood spell-bound. By this time the minister was down from the pulpit, the minister was down from the pulpit, that he might be nearer his dear people— "One word more and I have done i" and by this time he was half-way down the asile, and finally reaching the door and turning half-way round to his audience he raised his hand crying, "Just this one word—Let us all start fair!" and he was off like a shot.

Mr. Moderator, you utterly, and justly, repudiate any such unworthy motive as attributable to you, and I as sincerely repudiate the attributing of any such un-worthy motive to me, in the prosecution our common work of endeavoring to save immortal souls.

But in all seriousness, Sir, a man takes a grand and important step indeed when he leaves his native Church; and were there no compensating circumstances con-nected with such a change—circumstances of infinitely greater value than any mere temporal considerations could be, the change would be more than any honest heart could bear. I see before me some who know what it is to leave their native land, and tear themselves away from the graves of their fathers, and all the earthly scenes that are dearest to their hearts-When you came to this, the land of your adoption, for a time your plaintive

"Oh, why left I my home? Why did I cross the deep? Oh, why left I the land, Where my forefathers sleep?"

But did not your heart soon find solace in the fact that though you had put the wide ocean between yourself and your native shores, you were still under the sway of the sceptre of your beloved Sovereign, still beneath the protection of the British

So, Sir, when one of your sons is led in the providence of God, to leave the Church in which he was born, and around whose altars there cluster the memories that will ever be dearest to his heart, on taking up his abode in the strange land, and going to the door of the church on Sabbath, he first feels like hanging his harp upon the willows, and weeping forth the plaintive wail :-

"Oh how the Lord's song shall I sing, Within a foreign-Church?"

But he soon finds comfort in the fact that though he has put a national boundary line between himself and the sacred scenes that must ever be dearest to him, he is still beneath the sway of the sceptre of his former King and Lawgiver, and the same dear old blue banner of the Covenant still

floats freely over him. To some of us who know what these things mean, it is evermore a precious -that there are some things that cannot be separated, and which no national boundary lines can at all divide. You may draw a line along the middle of the St. Lawrence, and call is the boundary between Ontario and the United States; or you may stake out the course of a sertain parallel of latitude and say that it divides the United States from the British Possessions on the North; or you may draw other lines more or less deficile, and call them the March between this or the adjoining Province, and your neighbors

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