

their own church and the Christian world ; these ends cannot be satisfactorily answered till the *Record* pays monthly visits to every family in connection with our church. While knowledge is not *all* that is necessary, *a great part* of what is necessary to a high state of Christian usefulness, and eminently so in those days of wide-spread light and inquiry. If any man or community of men, try to remain in the dark as much as possible in these times, then, if nothing else fails, their own comparative degradation will awaken them to a sense of their folly, and enlighten them in spite of themselves.—*Com.*

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The following speeches were made at the banquet on Burns's Centenary, in the City Hall, in Glasgow. One is the speech of a well-known gentleman, belonging to Old Scotland, and the other, that of a well-known gentleman belonging to New Scotland. As allusion is made to the trials and labors of Scotch clergymen in Nova Scotia, and North America in general, the introduction of the accompanying extract in this place may be pardoned. While the inhabitants of Nova Scotia will be pleased to see one of themselves an honored guest at the most imposing celebrations in Great Britain, and representing his native province so well, the many friends and acquaintances in this country of the Rev. Doctor McLeod, of Arbroath, will be delighted to contemplate, as they have often had occasion to do, his fearless and upright adherence to, and expression of the truth, and this at a moment, when the persons addressed were little likely to find it palatable.

The Hon. Judge Haliburton proposed the next toast—"The Scottish Clergy." In doing so, he said—I have accepted the invitation to appear here to-night with peculiar pleasure. A hundred and fifty years have elapsed since my family left the borders of Scotland to seek their fortune in the wilds of America, and I am the first of that family that has made his appearance in his fatherland—and that you have been so good as to call me here to-night, as your guest, overpowers me in a way that I cannot well express. I have been honored by being requested to propose a toast, which, I am sure, every one who hears me will receive with a most cordial and affectionate response, since it is the clergy of Scotland. When it was first proposed to me to give this toast, I confess that I was considerably embarrassed. It did not appear to me particularly appropriate that so venerable, so pious, so zealous, and so learned a body as the Church of Scotland, should be given by the humble author of *Sam Slick*. I thought, perhaps, that it might have

been given more appropriately by one nearer home and better able to do justice to such a subject, but a moment's reflection taught me that nothing was required of me but to propose it, because it was a toast that spoke for itself, as the clergy had their bond of union with the country in the feelings, and sympathies, and hearts of the people. Nothing, therefore, remained for me but to propose it, for their eulogium is like that beautiful inscription, sublime from its simplicity, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral—the inscription to the immortal architect who raised it—*si monumentum quaris, circumspice*. In like manner the eulogium of the Church of Scotland is best found in the character of its people, in the institutions they have fostered, in that comprehensive system of education they have encouraged which has made Scotland pre-eminent among the nations. Having said thus much, I should feel that I have done all that is required of me; but the clergy of the Church of Scotland are not the whole Scottish clergy, for there is a very large body of Scottish clergymen whom they have sent abroad, as learned, as pious, as laborious, as self-denying, and as useful as any, in British North America. The Hon. Judge proceeded to describe the arduous labors and trials of the Scottish clergy in the vast territory of British North America, covering as it did a ninth part of the surface of the globe, and proceeded to say—It is easy to draw delusive pictures, as I saw one drawn the other day by a skilful artist, who, addressing the working classes of Glasgow, bade them go to a country where they would have a vote in the representation, with the safeguard of the ballot-box—where there were no taxes, and where they would have a happier home in the wilderness. These are such very pretty pictures, that it is a pity they are fancy sketches, and not realities. The poor settler that goes to that country, you hear from when he succeeds; but do you ever hear from the hundreds who perish by the way, who carry a broken heart, broken hopes, and a broken constitution to the grave? You hear not from them; all you know is that they have gone to America, and that they have not written, or that their letters have not reached. I am delighted to see here the venerable and learned head of the University of Glasgow—a university so renowned through the world—which has produced so many statesmen, poets, judges, lawyers, and able men—and I am delighted also to see the Rev. Dr. McLeod, whose acquaintance I had the honor and pleasure of making on the other side of the Atlantic, where the amenities of his manner, and the eloquence of his pulpit oratory, will long be remembered by the population through whom he passed. I am delighted to see him here, further, because he can bear witness that wherever there are Scottish clergymen, you find under their care a body of men distinguished for moral and religious feeling—for frugality, industry, and general respectability. I am glad to see them, further, because it tells