

each recurring saint's day, the knot of Irishmen, Englishmen or Scotchmen love to gather together in social brotherhood, and recall the beauties of their native land, live their youth over again for a brief hour, and console themselves in their expatriation, by recounting on her past glories, and dwelling on the illustrious names, which have given her a history. There is, perhaps, no being so intensely national as the Scot, and yet few that are greater wanderers. But wherever he goes, he carries with him his true Scottish idiosyncrasy. He is proud of his country, and everything that belongs to it. He cherishes and loves to hear her Doric tongue, he clings, with tenacity to her old world customs, and as one of the representatives of his country in a foreign land, he feels that it is, to a certain extent, in his keeping. Other people may do as they please, but the true Scottish man never forgets that he is a fellow-countryman of a Knox, a Wallace, or a Bruce, of a Scott, a Ramsay, or a Burns, of a Napier, a Watt, or an Adam Smith, of a Blair, a Robertson, or a Chalmers. He has heard that in a foreign land, a Scot is always a rising man, and that he never can be satisfied with being a mere new-comer of wood amidst strangers. He has learned, too, that the true secret of promotion among his countrymen has been by frugality, industry and honesty, and he is accordingly frugal, industrious and upright. Intensely clannish, he prefers Scottish Association to every other. Hence, these societies have been something higher and better far, than mere gatherings brought together for social enjoyment. They are the best nurses of our national virtues, which are kept warm in our hearts, by the periodical eulogy of our most virtuous men. Thus they drunk in the healthiest of all nourishment, for their moral principles, for in their most social hours, it is their pride to remember that Scotland is still a land of Bibles and Catechisms, of humble honesty and manly worth, as well as a land of song, of scientific and other lore. Who will deny that these high feelings tend not only to maintain virtue, but to keep out the baser feelings, and preserve the adventurous Scotchman amidst temptations into which he might otherwise fall?

These reflections have suggested themselves to us, from the perusal of a sermon now before us, preached by the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, on last St. Andrew's Day, before the St. Andrew's Society, in St. Paul's Church, Montreal.

He calls his discourse, "The good Centurion," and portrays his history as an example for Scotchmen settled in Canada. The subject was well suited to the graphic powers and peculiar style of the author. The character of the Roman Centurion is held up with considerable power of delineation as an example to Colonists. He shows that love of one's native country is every way compatible with devotion to the interests of one's adopted country. Departing somewhat from the

beaten track in such addresses, he draws his hearers' attention rather to the present than to the past—and describes the advantages which their new country opens up to them. Upon these advantages he dwells at great length, indeed they form the body of the discourse, and strongly impresses this duty, that Scotchmen should do their utmost to engraft upon the country of their adoption, the manly virtues, the energy, intelligence and deep religious principle which have made Scotland what it is. The counsel is wise and where followed will produce the best effects upon the country and the individual. The sermon is thoroughly practical, which is well, but our more sanguine temperament perhaps, would not have found fault with a little more warmth of colouring and ardour of expression. The occasion would have at least afforded the excuse, but we must remember also that there is a difference between the pulpit and the platform. We beg to thank the accomplished author, for his able and eloquent discourse, and if we thought it would have the effect of establishing a Society of the kind in our midst, we would ask his permission to be allowed to publish it in the *Record*.

### Authorship.

In the days of our great-grandfathers, to be an author was to be a man of mark. Books were not then daily published by the gross, yet were they a reading and reflecting people, and the books they read and wrote will bear perusal for many a long year to come. Now-a-days we print by steam, our appetite in the reading department is something enormous. But what is the prevailing food? The newspaper, the novel, the journal of light literature. These are literally devoured; but, unfortunately, they seldom leave any very profitable trace behind them. We sigh after sensation literature,—the quality not being so much a consideration, as the extravagance. Plain substantial dishes are completely out of vogue, and our palled appetites must be coaxed with nothing but the most highly seasoned narrative to afford any enjoyment or command an extraordinary sale. A *mediocre* bishop publishes a book making out Moses a myth or an impostor, and the first five books of the Bible a delusion; and the whole reading world is wild with excitement. The press cannot print the copies fast enough for the demand; while a book with ten times its learning, and a hundred times its intellect, falls from the press nearly unheeded. All this is very sad, and is a proof of the unhealthy condition of the public mind. Such a public taste is eminently vicious, and, if it cannot be arrested, will in the end become dangerous. Of making of books there is no end; and such books. We read somewhere, not long ago, that in the city of Boston alone