

British American Presbyterian

Vol. 5—No. 41.]

TORONTO, CANADA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1876.

[Whole No. 249

Contributors and Correspondents

INTRODUCTION AND PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. BATTISBY.

No. 2.

After the departure of the Roman army from Scotland, along with those who chronicle passing events among them, we are chiefly indebted to our own native missionaries for what information we have regarding the progress of Christianity there. Among the first missionaries mentioned by some historians, is Ninian, or Ringan, as some call him, who settled on the Isle of Whithorn, in Galloway, about the year 413 A.D. It was he who built the first stone church in Scotland, which was long known by the name of "Caedida Casa," or White Church. The four walls of this church are still standing in a good state of preservation, and just as plumb as when first built. Vast changes have swept over Scotland since that church was built; but it is still an unpretending monument of early missionary zeal. Bede, in speaking of Ninian, says: "Columba came to preach to the northern Picts, for the southern Picts, who dwell on this side of those mountains, had long before, as is reported, forsaken the errors of idolatry, and embraced the truth, by the preaching of Ninian, a most reverend bishop, and holy man of the British nation." I shall again return to this account of him, for there are some points about it that are not satisfactory. Ninian is said to have been a native Briton, born about the year 360 A.D., or about two hundred years before the arrival of Columba in Scotland. Alred, who wrote about the year 1150 A.D., says, regarding him, that "He was a man of deep elevation, warm affection, and devoted much time to the reading of Scripture." As stated already, his mission was confined to the northern Picts, who dwell south of the Grampian Mountains. But this same people, long before the days of Ninian at all, had embraced the truth, and had enjoyed the blessings of Christianity for 800 years, before he appeared among them. Alred, the historian, already mentioned, says that a great multitude met him when he landed among them, and received him as a prophet of God. Now according to this statement, his reception was that of one who seemed to be a Christian teacher, given by a converted and Christian people. Every one knows that heathen tribes and nations do not receive our missionaries as "prophets of God," no matter how kind and wonderful they may be.

The next missionary was Palladius. He was sent about the year 481 A.D., as the first bishop of the Scots, but whether this means the Irish Scots, or those settled among the Picts, some have doubted. Nennius, who speaks with some degree of authority, seems to put the matter beyond dispute, when he says that: "Palladius leaving Ireland, he removed to Britain." It is well known that his sojourn in Ireland was but short, less indeed than one year, and as some affirm, only four months. Whether his doctrines were not in harmony with the views of the people, or whether he himself was not acceptable as a missionary, it is difficult to say. Whatever may have been the cause of his failure, it is quite certain that he did not succeed. As already stated, when he left Ireland he came to Scotland, and after a short sojourn there, died at Fordown, in the Shire of Kincardine. He was called "first bishop of the Scots," as Ninian was of the Picts, which could refer to nothing else than priority of time, and not the chief of a certain order.

Patrick.—This was the next missionary, whose father was Patrick McAlpin. The reason why he is mentioned among the missionaries of Scotland here is, not that he was sent to Scotland, not that he labored there in his native land, but because he was born of Christian parents in Scotland, and in this way connected with the early Scottish Church. I know that his existence has been doubted by some, but then there have been people who doubted their own existence, and it would not be wonderful if they had some misgivings about other people. N-nian, who was a strong advocate of the Roman Church, and who wrote in the twelfth century, says that Patrick was sent by the Bishop of Rome to Ireland, but considering this biased authority, we must receive it with doubt. As far as Patrick himself is concerned, there is good reason to believe that he never saw the bishop of Rome, and never had his foot in the eternal city. His own confession is: "I, Patrick, a sinner, the most rude, and the least of all the most faithful, who had as my father Calpurnius, formerly a deacon, the son of Potitus, a Presbyter, who lived in the village of Bonaven, belonging to Tabernia, for he had a cottage in the neighborhood when I was captured; I was then about sixteen years old, but I was ignorant of the true God, and was led away into captivity to Ireland." As to the place where Patrick was born, it is difficult to ascertain the exact spot. Some think he was born at Kilkpatrick, on the river Clyde; others, at Dunbarton, but from the place—Bonaven—mentioned by himself, some think he was born at Banavie, in Lechaber. But be this as it may, he was born about the year 400 A.D., and went to Ireland as a missionary when about thirty-two years of age.

The reason why he is mentioned here is this: to show that he was the third of three successive generations who held office in the early Scottish church, so early indeed as the fourth century. He says himself that his father was a deacon, and also his grand-father a Presbyter, and such being the case, celebrity could not have existed in his day among the clergy of the Scottish church. If it did exist, then Patrick's father must have been illegitimate,

a fact that neither Patrick nor his father would have been very willing to admit. I have said already that Patrick was not sent as a missionary by the bishop of Rome, and this was not said without reason. Prosper of Aquitaine, who wrote about the year 455 A.D., or twenty-three years after Patrick's mission to Ireland, does not mention his name at all. Now if he had been sent by the bishop of Rome, would Prosper have passed over such an important event in silence? He mentions Palladius, whose mission took place just the year before Patrick's, and why does he not mention that of Patrick? Gildas is the next oldest writer to Prosper, at least of any authority, and yet he neither mentions Patrick or his mission. Bede mentions him as a Presbyterian, which is a proof at least of his existence, but makes no reference at all to his mission from Rome. He mentions Ninian and Palladius as sent by the bishop of Rome, and why not Patrick if he were sent by the same authority? The only answer is that he could not easily do it. Patrick was trained up in the early Scottish church by Christian parents, went to Ireland through love to Christ and precious souls, and was in no way connected with the bishop of Rome.

To be Continued.

[For the Presbyterian.]

EVANGELISTIC WORK.—II.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIES.

The following statement from men who "speak what they do know," from personal experience, and sometimes extended observation, are worthy of careful attention from all who are interested in the advancement of the Lord's work among us. One in whose congregation a great awakening, with several months of special meetings, took place two years ago, says, at the end of the first year, "Of all the young people who made a profession within a year, (nearly a hundred), none have disgraced that profession. In regard to seal the young converts at least compare favourably with the professors of longer standing. Among the children the results are marked and abiding. A number of them have united with the Church." A teacher, who at first treated the movement with great coldness, but afterwards came under its influence, says, "I can see its effects upon the children still—even in the playground." And now that two years have elapsed he has nothing different to state as to the stability of the work, and adds, "Indeed fruits of blessing are still coming to light. Some are still coming forward for Church membership who trace their convictions, or enlightenment, and sometimes their new birth to our meetings two years ago." Several con-current testimonies might be given to the fact, that whilst there has been lapses into carelessness of some who showed hopeful signs, even professed decision for Christ, they have been confined to those who never came fully out on the Lord's side. As to the divisions in the Church in which such work is supposed to be fruitful several speak of opposition at first, but usually changing to sympathy if not co-operation as the movement progresses. One says, "I have never found the converts disposed to divisive courses. Some of the women friends and most zealous helpers I have in my flock are among the fruits of special services." One, whose long experience as well as recognised ability, give weight to his utterances, says, "Such meetings were held last year in the village for three consecutive months with most blessed, and so far as I can see, permanent results. Over a quarter of a century I had, with neighboring ministers of our church, been in the habit of conducting such services, in each other's Churches, always with good results."

There never has been in my heart a doubt as to the practicability, entire propriety, and undoubted profitableness of holding from week to week, month to month, or longer if deemed necessary, meetings for prayer and preaching of the Word, conforming with those ordinary parts of public worship, private and personal dealing either at the close of the meeting or in their own homes, with those who may attend them, with reference to their spiritual condition. In looking back over a somewhat extended ministry, I have no regret that I ever countenanced such meetings, and co-operated with brethren conducting them, but I do regret that I did not more vigorously, systematically, and earnestly, give myself to special work like this at times of dulness, calling for solemn thought and solemn heart searching. I cannot resist the conviction our church is losing much of the power she would otherwise possess, and hindering the prosperity that would else signally crown her work by not giving herself more thoroughly to evangelistic work. To myself personally, and I have reason to know too many others, who yield to none in their loyalty to our church, it was a matter of deep regret that, in connection with the able interesting Report on the state of Religion, read before the General Assembly in June last, more time was not devoted to a consideration of this work. No more important matter I feel satisfied engaged the attention of the assembly, and it would have given a powerful impetus to the work could fathers and brethren of long experience and high standing have seen their way clear, and give to it their endorsement and approval. No manner of doubt have I that before long this subject, in our sessions,—Presbyterian and other church courts—will receive the attention its extreme importance entitles it to receive.

This of course is not intended to indicate approval of all sorts of religious meetings conducted by all sorts of persons, but such mainly as are presided over by regular ministers and responsible parties of approved character, and of manifest aptitude for such service, and of well ascertained doctrinal views. In any case, I would be

slow to hinder or thwart in their good work, any of whom in a manner too plain to be doubted the Lord was signifying his approval. In all things, however, I would abide most vigorously by the teaching of scripture, giving special prominence of course to such truths as might seem most suited to the requirements of the meetings, but intentionally suppressing, modifying, mutilating none." W. M. R. Oct. 27th, 1876.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

SIR,—I trust that my silence for a few months has led no one to suppose that we have been of late either inactive or unsuccessful in this mission. Thanks for your kind and appropriate editorial notices which have rendered such an inference impossible. You have given the mission the place in your columns which it should have in the hearts, prayers and contributions of our people; and you have made it apparent that the work is growing rapidly on our hands, and deserves the prompt and generous support of all who have the salvation of this people and the good of our country at heart. Allow me now to call for immediate help in one department.

You will shortly receive an account of the opening of our new French Church in the City of Quebec. The Church in the west end of the City of Montreal will also be finished soon. In addition to these two Churches, we are building three Mission Houses, to be used both for preaching and as school houses, at St. Chrysoston, St. Paul de Chertre, and in the back woods of the County of Ottawa. This is a large undertaking, but we have faith in God and his people to carry it through. It is not as large as our necessities demand, and so soon as it is accomplished other places must be provided for in a similar manner. The converts are doing their part well. They have furnished eligible sites for these three Mission Houses, and are contributing cheerfully according to their means. Local resources are being fully drawn upon, but foreign aid is urgently needed; and this is a work which belongs to the whole Church, and in which there is no display, extravagance or waste. We do not throw away a dollar for architectural effect. We have no steeples, or bells, or windows ornamented with representations of saints and angels, admitting only "a dim religious light." We want all the light both natural and spiritual that we can command. Our Mission House in the County of Ottawa which is to accommodate between 20 and 30, and we hope soon 50 or 100, French Protestant families, will be of logs, and such as perhaps some of the readers of these sentences may have worshipped in years ago in the Counties of Grey, Bruce and Huron. We think this, in the meantime, the true method of Church extension, to avoid all unnecessary expenses, and to provide as large a number as possible of moderately comfortable places in which congregations may be gathered. But in spite of the utmost economy we require a large sum of money without delay. We are paying to builders at present over \$500 per week, and this is to continue for some time, besides ordinary running expenses.

I appeal, therefore, to our friends of last year, and to all, to come to our help. This is a patriotic work—one indispensable to the weal of the whole Dominion. The dense darkness of this Province of Quebec must not be allowed to continue to cast its baleful shadow over the political life and government of our country. The balance of power with respect to any class of men in authority at Ottawa is in the hands of the Presb. Bishops, and Archbishops of this Province, and it is obviously the interest of all true patriots that this should speedily cease to be the case. On this, as well as on the far higher ground of seeking to save souls, I venture to press our claims. I do not call for Sabbath day collections—these are frequently a lamentable expression of Christian faith and charity. But let there be subscriptions taken up by deacons, managers, ladies, or any persons ready to undertake the work. Lists for this purpose can be procured on application to the Rev. R. H. Warden, 210 St. James Street, Montreal, to whom all monies should be promptly forwarded.

I know that some may say "the times are hard," and it is an inopportune season to call for such contributions. Well, the times are always hard with certain people, and I have no leisure, and you have no space, to allow me to discuss such a large and intricate subject as "hard times and hard people." We scarcely expect this class to build churches and develop missions. They have usually enough to do in looking after themselves. They do not believe in Paul's doctrine—"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

But where the power of Divine grace is truly enjoyed, men and women show by their contributions that their faith in God and His cause is not regulated by the fluctuations of trade. See 2 Cor. viii. The time appears to be most opportune for the present appeal, immediately after a day of public thanksgiving. Let those who have praised the Lord with their lips give a more substantial expression of their gratitude, and redeem such service from the disgrace of being an empty form. Yours truly, D. H. MACVICAR, Chairman Board F. E. Presbyterian College, Montreal, Nov. 8th, 1876.

"My principal method of defeating error and heresy," says John Newton, "is by establishing the truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares, but if I can fill it first with wheat, I may defy his attempts."

A Trip on the Ottawa River

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—Having just returned from a brief visit to some of the mission stations of our church along the Ottawa above this place, and the incidents of my visit, though few and simple, being yet full of interest to myself, I have thought they might also have an interest to some of your numerous readers to whom this part of the country is comparatively unknown. Leaving Pembroke, then, on the morning of Friday, the thirteenth, in company with my nearest neighbour and brother minister, the Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Alton, who acted as my guide, and introduced me to his people, whom I was first to visit, we soon reached the neighbourhood of the Petawawa river. Here we received a characteristically warm-hearted Irish welcome from one of Mr. Hughes' people, who soon spread a plentiful repast for us. "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin," although before personal interest in our kind hostess. Mr. H. happening to say that one of his young men had just left for the shanty, and that as he left he expressed to him the hope that He who dwelt in the bush would be with him and keep him, the tears immediately started to Mrs. B's eyes. It was a tale not unfamiliar in these parts. Two years before, her son, a young man of twenty, had left for the winter's work in the woods and she never again saw him alive. On the day he prepared to start for home, he was drowned in the waters of Lake Temiscamougue. We had prayer together, and then with many a kind invitation to repeat our visit, set off again on our journey.

Immediately almost we began to descend into the valley of the Petawawa. Where we enter it the river flows between banks of several hundred feet high. We wound slowly down and round the foot of the latter one, and while doing so the river lay full in view meandering in its course between them. Along it lay a few houses and the saw-mill, invariably to be met with on all the streams in the valley of the Ottawa. Opposite to us rose the wooded height which formed the further bank, bright and beautiful with all the varied tints of fall, but more largely interspersed than in western Canada with evergreens, looking as fresh as if baking in the warm break of early summer. We passed through the one street of Petawawa village, crossed the bridge which spans the river, and climbed by a somewhat steep ascent the further bank, admiring the scene of peaceful loveliness which lay below and around us. The road took us over the Petawawa plains, a most beautiful drive through a second growth of pines of from fifteen to twenty feet in height. Mile after mile we went on, our course now lying in a long straight line ahead, and then winding about, the whole reminding one more of a drive in a beautiful park than in the back woods of Canada. After twelve miles of this, during which we passed only four houses, we reached Chalk river. No time was to be lost, it was mid-afternoon, and past the hour of meeting. We embarked in a canoe which had evidently suffered from the wear and tear of years, and crossing the Chalk plunged into the woods. All this time we had been inwardly wondering where the people could come from whom we were to address, for on the bank of the river we had only seen one additional house. But on we went in faith still into the woods, and at last in the very heart of them apparently came to the school-house—log, of course—where, to our surprise, we found from forty to fifty people, young and old, gathered to hear some account of the work of our church at home and abroad during the past year. Having talked a good while to a most attentive audience, the question of our disposal for the night was next in order, and could we have occupied ten homes instead of but one, we would have been welcomed in them all. We were put up at last in the veteran Presbyterian family of the neighbourhood, where we found the parents speaking Scotch as pure and broad, after twenty years in Canada, as though they had but yesterday left their native home in Dumfriesshire. The head of the family remarked with a loyal pride and affection, "That the Presbyterian ministers have everly stoppit at my house." We found a most excellent family, which, in religious knowledge, would put to shame thousands who have had vastly greater advantages. I need not add that we received the most large-hearted Christian hospitality. Here Mr. H. left me.

The next stage was Point Alexander on the river Ottawa, twelve miles further on. We looked forward with bright anticipations of pleasure from the drive the next day. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee." The next morning the ground and all the trees were covered with snow and our intense disgust. Solomon speaks of everything being beautiful in its time, but he says nothing about things that are out of time, as we fancied the snow was just then. The plan was for a friend to come from Point Alexander about mid-day and drive me there. At about that time we bade good-bye to our kind friends, and were conveyed across the river in another canoe by two of the daughters. As my gallantry would not allow me to let them do all the work, I boldly stood up in the tiny craft and used the paddle with sufficient good-will to bring us down the mile or so to the opposite bank. Here I was put up in a plain, but quiet country log hotel, and waited on and on for my Point Alexander conveyance, but night came and with it all hope of getting further next day. My host of the previous night came in, and arrangements were made for me to get his horse early in the morning, and ride on horseback to the Point, for there was neither buggy, nor buckboard, nor even sulky to be found on the Chalk. Sabbath morning was clear and cold, and found me ready bright and early. The

horse was brought round saddled and bridled. The bridle-rein was a piece of small rope attached to the ordinary harness head-gear. I mounted, and my railway rug was strapped on in front of me. My hands were enveloped in a pair of large warm woollen mittens, and with valise in one hand, and bridle and switch in the other, we started. Soon it began to blow in my face, and fine round hard snow to fall. Pulling down the rim of my soft felt hat, and enjoying the comicality of the situation we jiggled on bravely, convinced that no passing stranger would ever say to himself, "There goes a Presbyterian bishop." We got over the twelve miles rather long and lonely, chiefly through woods, a house here and there, the hills on the north side of the Ottawa appearing in sight and looming vaguely in the distance through the storm which played about their bald or scraggy heads. At last we reached the end. All that kindness could do was done, and presently we hurried on two miles further in a lumber-wagon to the school-house only to find the door locked, no fire, and nobody there. It would not have been becoming for a minister to stand on the road and *sweat at large*, as Doan Ramsay tells of a lawyer doing in similar circumstances, so we posted on two miles further, and after dinner set off again for three or four miles more, this time on a buckboard, to Evans' Landing, where a skiff was waiting to take me up to Des Joachims, a distance of four or five miles. I leave it to linguists to explain how the name of this place has in the common dialect got corrupted into Tusehab. This is the head quarters of our missionary, the Rev. Mr. Turnbull, who attends to this station and four or five others on the river, both below and above, and whose bishopric is of indefinite extent northward. Des Joachims is a lonely, but romantic looking place. The river had taken a sudden turn to the left almost at right angles, and as this cannot be seen until you are close upon it, the impression is made that you have arrived at the end of things, and that there is no place further to go to. Where the river makes this turn is a formidable rapid, so that it is the head of navigation for large boats. Here we were very hospitably welcomed and entertained by Mr. and Mrs. McDougall, who keep a large, most excellent home-like hotel, standing on a most conspicuous site, from which is a very fine view down the river for several miles. In the evening we preached to a congregation of about thirty, and after preaching gave a brief and rapid view of our church's work. Here is a pretty little church most picturesquely situated in a plot of ground which Mr. T. has greatly improved, and which by his taste and labor will soon also be prettily adorned. It may also be mentioned in passing that Mr. T. has on foot a project for building a hospital here in time for the benefit of lumbermen who may be taken sick, or receive injuries in the woods, and who now often suffer greatly, or lose their lives, even for the want of timely medical attendance and other comforts. In the morning Mr. McD. took me to see the rapids, and the slide for the convenience of the lumber business. Where the latter stands is now a perfect wilderness of rocks and huge stones, but in spring there rushed down here with wild and resistless force a huge body of water many feet deep. In the afternoon we crossed the portage of two miles and a half, necessitated by the rapids between this place and the next boat landing. Here we took the small and not particularly attractive looking steamer, *Kippawa*, to Rockcliffe, twelve miles farther up. The scenery on this part of the river is not specially interesting at best, and the dull, leaden clouds and raw days did not help it. The water which was unprecedently high early in summer, is now unusually low, a conjunction which, I am told, has been observed before. Our boat scraped the bottom or some hidden rock at one place, but at Rockcliffe, where the bank on the Quebec side reaches a height of about four hundred feet, the river sinks to a deep pool of an equal or a greater depth. At the landing we were met by Mr. McIntyre, who gave me a cordial welcome as his guest, and whose house is perched on the bank at a good safe height above the highest water. Here Protestants are few and far between, and as the evening was not favourable, his own household—a good large one—formed the congregation. It was rather a surprise to find in this lonely, comparatively out-of-the-way place, a man who is treating himself to the new "Encyclopaedia Britannica," as Mr. McIntyre is doing. We spent a most pleasant evening, and in the morning again had service with the family before leaving. The farm consisted of fifteen hundred acres respecting which, however, the owner said that he sometimes thought it was like self-righteousness—the more you have of it the worse it is for you. I now turned my face homeward, but of the journey I shall not speak particularly, though the sail from Des Joachims to Pembroke well deserves special description. Some other time, perhaps, I may attempt it, impossible as it is to do it justice; suffice it to say that, a friend who has seen both, does not think it falls behind that of the far-famed Hudson in natural beauty and variety. I reached here early on the fifth day from leaving, thankful to have had the opportunity of visiting these out points of our church, pleased to have formed not a few pleasant friendships, and deeply impressed by all the kindness received everywhere I went from all whom I met, and from none more than from the officers of the steamboat of the Union Forwarding Company. My journey was over a hundred miles, during which I had trial of buggy and horseback, wagon, buckboard, skiff, stage, and steamboat. Should I visit, as I wish to do, some of the shanties in the winter, perhaps I may be able them to tell you something of life in the woods. Pembroke, Oct. 30th, 1876. W.D.B.