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## Miscellaneous Articles.

### MEMORIES OF SCOTTISH SCENES AND SABBATHS MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AGO.

In my early youth, the psalmody in the Meeting-House at C—— was of the olden type—of Covenanter character. Every line, before being sung, was read aloud with musical monotony by the precentor. And repeating tunes, if known at all in the district, were conscientiously abjured in the songs of the sanctuary. Their introduction, in after years, was fruitful of dispeace and ill-feeling,—a cause of grief to many a godly heart. The tunes generally sung were solemn and time-hallowed,—tunes that erst and often had been heard in heaven, from the moors and mountain-fastnesses of Scotland:

——— In those "days of darkness and blood,  
When the minister's hame was the mountain and wud."

——— "When the standard of Zion,  
All bloody and torn, 'manx the heather was lyn'."

We can well forgive (we should perhaps say admire) the partiality for the music of the martyrs, cherished by the pious of a past generation. Its richness is more than compensation for its asserted rudeness; and the fact that it had, times untold, conveyed up into Jehovah's eager ear, the desires, the hopes and the fears, the confidence and thanksgivings, of His persecuted people, might well impart to it sweetness, and invest it with a sacred character, in the estimation of our forefathers, to whom tradition told—with far more emphasis than history does to us—the bloody tragedies enacted by the recreant and remorseless rulers of their native land. Could we sing "with the understanding and the heart," as the martyrs sang,—with a faith as strong, an affection as pure and ardent, and a hope as bright, we would desire no other collocation of musical sounds than that employed by them.

Musical taste, even with the pious, changed with the times. We marked, with some interest, a measure of that change, and still re-