



OF THE

Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia and the adjoining Provinces.

"IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET HER CUNNING."—PSALM 137, v. 5

Vol. IV.....No. 12.

HALIFAX, DECEMBER, 1858.

2s. 6d. per ann. in advance.

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

A Great Scotch Preacher.

Mr. Caird's name is already known to the English public as that of the author of a sermon on *Religion in Common Life*, which was published two or three years ago by Her Majesty's command. Every Sunday during the autumn sojourn at Balmoral, the Queen and court worship at the little parish church of Crathie; and at various times several of the most popular preachers of the Church of Scotland have there preached in the presence of royalty. Mr. Norman McLeod of Glasgow, Dr. Cumming, Mr. Stewart, of St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, and other eminent Scotch clergymen, have officiated at Crathie Church, and in more than one instance with so favorable an impression, that the manuscripts of the discourses have been required for the Queen's private perusal. But Mr. Caird was the first Scottish minister who received a royal command to give his sermon to the public; and indeed, with the exception of the Bishop of Oxford, the first preacher who had been so distinguished during Her Majesty's reign. Many circumstances, apart from the merits of the discourse, contributed to secure for it a very large circulation in England as well as Scotland; and we have been informed that no single sermon published in modern times has been so extensively read. Somewhere about a hundred thousand copies of it were exhausted in Britain: a still greater number were required for the United States, where the republicans were eager to know what sort of religious instruction was approved by a queen; and the sermon, being translated into the German tongue, was republished in Germany with a recommendationary preface, by the Chevalier Bunsen. At that period it became known for the first time to the English public that there had arisen in Scotland a new luminary; a great pulpit orator who was held by many to be equal to any who had preceded him,

Chalmers and Guthrie not being excepted. And the published sermon seemed almost to justify the enthusiasm of Mr. Caird's warmest admirers. We were happy to be able to express a most favorable opinion of its literary characteristics, and we believe that among intelligent readers there was but one opinion of it, as an ingenious, eloquent, sensible and interesting exposition of an important practical subject.

Mr. Caird made his reputation as a preacher while minister of Lady Yester's Church, Edinburgh; but about ten years since he retired from the bustle of a city clergyman's life to the country parish of Errol, in Perthshire. From his seclusion there he occasionally emerged to preach in the large towns of Scotland, and far from being forgotten or lost sight of in his country, retirement, his popularity appeared ever on the increase. Whenever he preached in Edinburgh or Glasgow, the crowds that followed him had hardly been equalled since the great days of Dr. Chalmers; and the fame to which *Religion in Common Life* attained did not surpass the expectations of his Scotch admirers. A few months since Mr. Caird, now a clergyman of thirteen years experience, was transferred from his country parish to the beautiful church recently erected in the West-end Park at Glasgow, to which we are sorry to see its builders were too Protestant to give a saint's name. There, with undiminished fire, and unslackening popularity, Mr. Caird preaches twice every Sunday. The stranger in Glasgow, if he wanders on Sunday afternoon in the direction of the Park, will see a well-dressed eager crowd hurrying towards the Park Church; and we understand so overcrowded was the building at Mr. Caird's first coming, that it has been found necessary to furnish the congregation with tickets, no one being admitted without producing one. Mr. Caird, we believe, is of opinion that in order to produce its full impression, a sermon ought not to be read, but to be delivered as if given *extempore*; but as the labor of com-

mitting a discourse to memory is great, he reads his forenoon discourse, and delivers without any manuscript that which he preaches in the afternoon. The afternoon appearance is thus the great one, and it is to that service strangers who wish to hear the eminent preacher generally go. And although it is in the nature of things impossible that a great orator should be always at his best, we believe that hardly any one who goes to hear Mr. Caird of an afternoon, however high his expectations may have been, returns disappointed.

Let us suppose that by the kindness of some Glasgow acquaintance we have succeeded in procuring tickets of admission to the Park Church. In the midst of a through which has converged from many points to the steep ascent which leads up to it, we approach the stately Gothic building, with its massive tower, which, standing on an elevated ridge of ground, looks on either hand over the distant din of thronging streets beneath to the quiet country hills far away. We find our way into the church, and we have time to look around us, for there is still half-an-hour before the service begins.

It is just two o'clock. Every seat is crowded, and the passages are gradually filled with people who are content to stand. And as the last tones of the bell have died away Mr. Caird ascends the pulpit, wearing, as Scotch ministers do, the black silk preaching gown and cassock. His appearance is natural and unaffected. Of the middle size, with dark complexion and long black hair, good but not remarkable forehead, a somewhat careworn and anxious expression, and looking like a retiring and hard-wrought student of eight-and-thirty—there we have Mr. Caird. He begins the service by reading the psalm which is to be sung, and we are struck at once by the solemnity and depth of his voice, and we feel already something of the indescribable charm there is about the whole man. The psalm is sung by a choir so efficient that the lack of the organ is hardly felt. Then