

weak, and a burning indignation against the oppressor. When his plough turns up the nest of the "wee cowering tim'rous beastie," he will not pass it by. Its very trembling calls forth his sympathy, and ne'er did mouse get more tender words from "fellow mortal" than when that gleaming ploughshare caused its "best-laid plans" to "gang alee." His was a boundless charity, taking all creation under the wing of his love, but it was not the mis-called charity which fears to condemn the evil while it extols the good.

And now we come to what seems to have been our poet's ruling passion, namely, pride or what he was pleased to term a spirit of independence. It appears in his writings again and again. In "Man was Made to Mourn" it comes out with a grand ring. In "A Man's a Man for a That" we see him standing with outraged feelings and blazing eyes fixed on "Yon birkie ca'd a lord, wha struts and stares an' a' that."

He boasted of his pride as a necessity of his life, and wished to be stretched full length in his grave, that he might occupy *all* the ground to which he was entitled.

Would that we might with truthfulness draw the curtain now, and leave with you the portrait of Burns as pictured above? But this we cannot do. We must take you further, and, leaving the Ayrshire lover in the glow of youth and health behind us, follow one who began life full of promise and beauty, but who ended it shattered and polluted, the victim of regrets, which, alas! never raised him to overcome the sins which plunged him in dark valleys of remorse, a remorse which pursued him to the grave. We will not deal hardly with him. "Nil de mortuis nisi bonum," but this we will say that to him talents were given with lavish hand, but even as he did not like to retain God in his knowledge, God gave him over to a reprobate mind; so that Scotia stands by the tomb of the beautiful Absalom of her love, and mourns, "My son, my son, would that I had died for thee, my son, my son."

#### KINGSTON CHURCHES.

MR. EDITOR,—I notice in your paper of the 12th instant a letter signed by "A Kingston Presbyterian," in which the writer complains that in a communication of mine of the 22nd ult. I made reference to Cooke's Church in that city, and its pastor, and that I did not refer to the other Presbyterian Churches of the place.

Permit me to say in reply that this omission was intentional, as I did not propose to write up the history of all the Presbyterian Churches in the various places through which I would pass; and this for many reasons; I must consider the space at your disposal, and besides I hoped to visit the good old city of Kingston at a future time, and intended, with your permission, to continue my "Fragmentary Notes," when I might probably have something to say of the other churches.

Elsewhere I have placed a flower on Rev. Dr. Machar's grave; and in a friendly way had made reference to St. Andrew's Church and its works.

When referring to the churches in Montreal, I only mentioned St. Paul's, except merely the fact of the settlement of Rev. Mr. Dewey in Stanley Street Church. The same is true also of St. John, N. B., where there are five churches, and I only made reference to St. Andrew's in connection with the settlement of the Rev. L. G. Macneill.

I am delighted to find "A Kingston Presbyterian" has supplied my lack of service in regard to that place by giving interesting information regarding the other churches and their pastors, and I hope that in the interest of Presbyterianism friends of the cause in other places will do likewise, as I am convinced you will afford them ample space.

It is a hopeful sign for the future of our Church, when we find its members watching with jealous eye and unselfish aims the interests of our congregations.

I am sure that none of my Presbyterian friends will accuse me of any desire to ignore or deprecate the work of any minister or congregation in our Church, as I can truly say "Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good." K.

Toronto, Jan. 14, 1887.

"HEROISM can be in any life that is a *work life*, any life which includes energy and self-denial."

## Pastor and People.

For THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

### MANY MANSIONS.

BY T. K. HENDERSON, TORONTO.

Lord I when I lift mine eyes on high  
To yonder star-encrusted dome,  
That glitters in the midnight sky,  
I ask my soul, Where is Thy home?

Worlds upon worlds above me roll  
Throughout the mighty realms of space;  
Yet—none removed from Thy control—  
Each holds his own accustomed place.

In those uncounted suns around  
Some of thy mansions, Lord I I see;  
Where'er I read us holy ground—  
I walk amidst infinity.

Star depths on depths so far remote  
No line of earth their orbs can reach.  
They mock the grasp of human thought,  
Or ear to catch their silent speech.

In those untravelled fields of light,  
The soul may take its tireless way,  
Nor ever reach the shades where night  
Holds yet her undisputed sway.

Some of Thy mansions, Lord I I see,  
But Thee the heavens cannot contain;  
And where Thy dwelling-place may be,  
I ask my wond'ring soul in vain.

Yet wilt Thou dwell—O Guest Divine!—  
Hath not the gracious Master said?—  
Within this human heart of mine,  
If so be it is Spirit-led.

Thine is the mansion of the soul!  
Fling wide the gates, and enter in  
To purify, direct, control,  
And sweep away the taint of sin.

#### KILDONAN.

Perhaps nowhere in the world, outside the Mother Country itself, could there be found so interesting a little "bit" of Scottish life and character as in the Red River Parish of Kildonan. The mere framing of the picture is certainly very un-Scottish. The broad and placid river, even in summer more like whey than water, winding through a flat alluvial soil on its northward course through Lake Winnipeg to the far-off Hudson's Bay—its right bank a dense thicket of poplars and swamp-elms broken by partial clearings along the river front, its left bank an almost boundless sweep of open prairie—has no parallel in the old land. But the human side of the view—the life, social and religious—is so intensely Scottish, that patriotic pride impels me to attempt its delineation, however unskillfully, for the benefit of my compatriots at home.

Scores of Scottish adventurers in the employ of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Fur Companies had already found their way to the North-West—many of the rank and file and some even of the leading employes of these companies marrying squaws from among the Indian tribes with which they traded. But Lord Selkirk's colony of Sutherland men were the first who came as a body, and brought their wives and children and their Bibles with them; and in spite of the adverse forces by which they were met, they have for seventy years kept their ground, and clung to their old Presbyterian faith, not merely as a tradition, but as a living and life-giving force.

Ingersoll, the most brilliant of recent champions of infidelity, tells us that to make the best we can of the world we live in is about as much as can be expected of any ordinary man. But these Kildonan men have clung to the old-fashioned notion that "godliness is profitable unto all things," and, measured by mere material results, the evidence is dead against the apostle of ungodliness. Men of other faiths or no faith at all have come and gone, leaving in many cases no tokens of their presence but the green spot of cleared land in the bush on which their cabins have stood. Kildonan is the one spot on the Red River on which I note a marked improvement on what I found when I first saw it three years ago. The late John Angel James, when visiting my native Tweedside, asked his host what was the first thing a Scottish child was taught. The ready reply was, "The Twenty-Third Psalm." Coming up the east side of the river the other day through a half ruined settlement of Half-breeds, most of whom have been brought to the lowest level by idleness and whiskey, I saw at the farther end of a long narrow lane newly cut through the bush, a spot of white, which I knew must be the first house of the Scotch settlement, in which I expected to find the patriarch of the Red River settlement, who had come out from old Kildonan with his parents as far back as 1815. He was blind with age and almost bed-ridden, but spoke with clearness and judgment of the events of the hour; and the refrain of his long life's experience was identical with that of

the shepherd king of far-away Bethlehem—"goodness and mercy" here, and an eternal home beyond the grave, in which he must soon be laid beside the old church, around which so many of his neighbours and kinsmen have already gone to rest.

That old stone church with its headstones all around, and chaste new manse beside it, looking out over the placid river shining in the bright May morning like molten silver, have perhaps no counterpart on the American continent to-day. The first minister of this mother church of North-Western Presbyterianism was the Rev. Dr. Black, who died only a few years ago. The present one, the Rev. John Pringle, came up from Lower Canada three years ago, and is himself the son of an emigrant from the vale of Leader, who came to Canada sixty years since, and died only a few months ago. For here, as everywhere, the men whose faith is in dollars and dram-drinking go down in the struggle of life, while men who work and pray are those who live to a green old age. They lead a quiet, uneventful life—these children and grandchildren of the Gunns and Sutherlands and Polsons and Macbeths who were driven out of their native straths seventy years ago; but they furnish more than their due proportion to the Parliament and Senate of the land, and in sound practical common sense and industry are second to none.

I may take my stand anywhere in Kildonan East, and, contrasting its well-fenced river margin and kindly comfortable people, their well-taught children growing up around them, with the decaying Half-breeds and non-progressive French on either hand, feel that Scottish character and Scottish Presbyterianism need no stronger testimonial than to "look on this picture and on that," and mark the difference in favour of "igion as evidenced even by a man's outward estate.—R. W. M., in *Life and Work*.

#### GOSPEL WORK AMONG THE JEWS.

Messrs Matthews and Dunlop, who recently visited Toronto in the interest of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, have returned home. Their visit is thus described in the *Jewish Herald*:

In the first place we have discovered the vastness of America and Canada. There is room, and there are resources for a thousand millions of healthy, active men and women, boys and girls. The call of the Americans and Canadians is: "Come over and help us to possess the land; come and build up for yourselves and your children happy homes." Again, we have discovered that there are many noble ministers and other servants of Christ in California and Canada, most willing to co-operate with us in our efforts to give the Gospel to the Jews. In San Francisco, in Oakland, in Montreal, at Niagara Falls, and in Toronto, it was our privilege to be entertained in some of the sweetest homes, and by some of the choicest spirits on earth.

Once more. We have discovered that there are myriads of Jews on the other side of the Atlantic, accessible to Gospel influences; and yet very little has been done for them. Our dear friend, the Rev. Jacob Freshman, and his beloved partner are doing a noble work in New York, but what are they among so many? There ought to be fifty like them labouring in the same field. In New York there are probably not less than 270,000 Jews; in Salt Lake City, 3,000; in San Francisco, etc., 40,000; in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, etc., 8,000. All these are symbolized by "the wandered child," and yet all these might become through faith in Christ like the boy with his hand in his father's, able to walk through the great factory of the world without fear; able to face the grim king with jubilant heart and bright eye; and in the presence of eternity, to bow in wonder, love and praise.

In conclusion here, we have again learned by experience the value of a good beginning. Whilst it is true on every plane of being that "all is well that ends well," it is no less true, in the highest sphere, that a good beginning is the preparation for, and the pledge of, a good ending. The spirit in which we began our journey was the foundation of our hope, that it would include the positive, the comparative and the superlative; the good, the better and the best. The good hope rose at last to full fruition, for "our path was like the shining light that shines more and more unto the perfect day"; "the perfect day" of knowledge; "the perfect day" of usefulness; "the perfect day" of joy.

THE subject of true repentance is a convinced, believing soul. An unconvinced sinner cannot be a true penitent, for what the eye sees not, the heart sees not. Neither can an unbelieving sinner be so, for without faith the heart may be rent *for sin*, but not *from* it. Faith is the spring and source of repentance; so that, though the graces of faith and repentance are given together, and at once, in respect of *time*; yet in the order of *nature*, faith goes before repentance, and the acting of faith before the exercise of repentance, and that he would repent must first believe in Christ, that he may repent.—Boston.