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Editorial Correspondence.

SCOTLAND YET! It was my good fortune to secure a passage from Quebec to Liverpool in the steamship *Parisian*. We sailed on the 21st of May, and reached our destination on the morning of the 30th, making the voyage, by Cape Race, in less than nine days. The several days' "runs" were as follows:—328, 310, 325, 326, 336, 342, 341, 345, 190—the whole distance being 2,843 miles. Excluding stoppages, the average rate of sailing was 331 miles per day of 23½ hours. Outwardly the *Parisian* does not differ so very much from the other splendid steamers of this line. She is larger, but so well proportioned that you scarcely notice her size. At a little distance you would judge her to be an overgrown steam-yacht, rather than the mammoth steamship that she is. But her arrival in Canadian waters marks a new era in the commercial history of the Dominion, and she may be regarded as the pioneer ship of a fleet that is destined to eclipse in capacity, speed and comfort all that have preceded. Built of steel, she is five hundred tons lighter than had she been made of iron. Her gross tonnage is 5,500 tons. The daily consumption of coal was one hundred tons. In the early days of steam navigation it was held to be a fatal objection that a steamer could not carry enough coal to carry her across the Atlantic: the *Parisian*, if I am correctly informed,

brought enough coal from Liverpool not only to bring her to Quebec, but to take her back again to Liverpool. Surely mind has triumphed over matter! It occurred to me that this amount of coal would heat my house in Montreal for two hundred years! Did space permit, I might expatiate on the many excellencies of the *Parisian*, but it must suffice to say that, as respects comfort and seaworthiness, she is all that can be desired. The ventilation is perfect. She neither indulges in rolling nor pitching, and whether you lounge in her midship dining-room, or in the music saloon, or pace her lofty promenade deck, you escape in a marked degree the distressing ills that sometimes afflict seafaring folk. We had with us one hundred and fifty cabin passengers; among the number was Sir John Macdonald, the Premier of Canada, and other stars of lesser magnitude. But I need scarcely say that, among them all, the old chief was *facile princeps*, and charmed us with his pleasantry and courtesy. Rev. Dr. Dewart, editor of the *Guardian*, conducted divine service for us on the first Sunday out, and gave us a good sermon from that famous text, Luke 15: 10. On the second Sunday, Mr. White, an Episcopalian, read one of those faultless discourses whose chief excellencies consist in purity of diction and the avoidance of debatable ground. We should liked to have heard a rugged, well-reasoned Presbyterian prelection from Mr. Macdonald, of Seaforth, who was also with us, but who, for reasons which need not be explained, felt indisposed to preach. Shall I tell how the great *Parisian* was stopped in her course one night by very insignificant means? Of all strange "fish stories" this seems one of the strangest, and perhaps