

times the edifice thus saluted is so far off that the stranger wonders at the quickness shewn in discovering it, and is often at a loss to catch the distant hamlet where it stands. In like manner, the person sitting beside you in any public conveyance crosses himself every time you start with new horses. What the old do thus frequently, the young of course imitate.

If you give a child a piece of money, its little hand is up in a moment, to make the sign of the cross, by way of blessing and thanking you. Much of this crossing work may be seen at all hours, even in the streets, for, whether in the city or in the country, no Russian ever passes a church without pausing when he comes opposite its centre, to make the sign of the cross from brow to breast, and utter some prescribed pious ejaculation for the occasion.

This operation may be seen going on incessantly before every church of the capital, and on the most frequented walks there are certain small places, like shrines, with pictures and gilding in them, in front of which it is also performed. It is not alone the grave and the aged who pause at these places, but the giddy and the young. You have just seen some grey-haired general do it, but wait one minute,—a laughing band of youngsters is coming up.

Now they are opposite the church or the shrine; their mirth and their talk have ceased, each crosses himself devoutly, utters a prayer or two. (You see his lips moving,) then passes gravely on, the laugh and the jest being resumed only when they are some way off. So far is this crossing mania carried, that when a Russian enters your room, he cannot say Good morning! till he has crossed himself to the Saviour's picture. A man in any public way, such as an innkeeper, must always have a picture hung in his own apartment, in addition to that in the public room, to which each Russian turns before he sits down to eat. While at breakfast at an inn one morning, in a small room off the public one, we were roused by the solemn chanting of a priest in his robes, whom we found with his attendants, praying before the picture of our Saviour in the corner.

Waiting to learn how the ceremony would close, we saw abundance of the usual signing, with the painted wooden crucifix in his hand, of about a foot long, he made the sign of the cross towards each of the four corners and withdrew.

It appears that some of the priests have little to live by, beyond the offerings obtained from the people for these chantings and crossings before their sacred images, or for saying prayers in families on high holidays.

Another very remarkable part of the religion of the Russians is their respect for bells; and there is something so inexpressibly sweet in the sound of all we hear in this country, that we can almost forgive this superstition. The air resounds with them from morn to eve.

Every church is furnished with several; and among these some are very expensive. They have not the deep, solemn sound of English bells, but a rich sweetness, never heard except here; and said, poetically, perhaps, to arise from the predominance of silver in their composition. They are not swung as with us, if this were deemed too rude a way of treating these venerated objects—it is merely the tongue that is moved. This is accomplished by tying a cord to the tapering point, and then pulling it forward or allowing it to sink back, so as to strike either side at pleasure. No sooner has the peasant caught the sound than his fingers are in motion to his forehead. This reverence, perhaps begins even when they are in the hands of the founder. The child casts its mite into the melting mass, and the beggar his only

alm; the bride gives her ornaments and the princess sells her pearls: all are eager to aid in the pious work. Gold and silver are, in consequence, so profusely parted with on such occasions, that some of these bells have grown to be the monarchs of their tribe. Russia boasts of having the largest bells in the world.

The day on which a bell is consecrated is always marked with great solemnity and rejoicing; and throughout the whole of its existence it joins in the joy and in the gloom of the flock over which it presides; for it is tolled on every occasion of sorrow or of gladness. Little wonder that these objects are so much beloved; for perhaps the happiest and most romantic associations of the Russian are linked with his village bells. In a land where there is so little bordering on romance, this trait of national character is not unwelcome; but if we attempt to ascertain what it is they worship in their bells, the result will be far from distinct. We could never learn whether the salute in passing a church be to the building or to the metal, that it proceeds from respect to Him whose service they are connected, would be asserting too much of a people, with the great mass of whom, religion, we fear, is nothing but ignorance.—*Brenner's Excursions in the Interior of Russia.*

EXTRACT from the Inaugural Address of the Duke of Argyll, at his installation as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, on Thursday, the 27th March, ult.

I never see an assembly of young men such as I have now the honour of addressing without asking myself—Are there any here whose names will be remembered in after generations, who will leave great "footprints on the sands of time," who will extend the name and fame of Scotland?—are there any here who will keep up or increase the reputation of this ancient and most venerable seat of learning?—are there any of whom others will remember with pride and pleasure in after years that they studied with them in the same year, in the same university, in the same class, and under the same professors? Gentlemen, I cannot tell, but of this I am very sure, that the best of you will have to remember in after years many opportunities which you might have improved more, and be conscious of many faculties which you might have put out to better use. The best of you may inscribe at the end of his noblest works those beautiful lines with which Alfred Tennyson, who now wears the laureate wreath of England, has closed one of the best and most suggestive of all his poems:—

"Forgive those wild and wandering cries,  
Convictions of a wasted youth,  
Forgive them that they fail of truth,  
And in thy wisdom make them wise"

May it be given to many of you, gentlemen, to plant the standard of human knowledge on heights where it has never waved before; and here, to arise there is one other wish I would add to that; may it be given to you not to think those heights higher than they are. May you see them in their utter lowliness as only spurs and outcrops to the everlasting hills which are crowned with the strong towers of faith.

EXTRACT from Mr. Layard's Address to the Students, on his installation as Lord Rector of Marischall College, Aberdeen.

"Of all nations the Scotch have been most distinguished for their deep earnestness and

and truth of purpose. The history of your own city would furnish not a few illustrious examples. Oh! that England had now a few of those earnest and true-hearted men, whose memories are dear to their country, to guide her councils—men who looked upon the duties of life as a great reality, and upon their faithful discharge as a solemn responsibility to God! Let their example be your guide in life. Picture to yourselves how those brave earnest ancestors of yours—whose noble and unconquerable spirit led them to endure martyrdom and death, rather than to suffer dishonor or compromise solemn convictions—would have acted under the altered circumstances of the day. Be true to yourselves above all. You may have many bitter struggles to go through, which might dishearten and defeat a weak and timid man; but persevere, and you will be supported by the approval of your own conscience, and be rewarded by the ultimate approval of your country. And, above all, let that deep and all-pervading sense of religion and religious responsibility which has ever been a peculiar feature in your national character, accompany you through life—in it you will find a comfort and encouragement, that the applause of men can never bring."

## THE MONTHLY RECORD.

JUNE, 1855.

### Meetings of Ecclesiastical Courts.

The time is fast approaching, indeed has already arrived, for holding the annual meetings of most of our superior ecclesiastical courts. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was appointed to meet at Edinburgh, on Thursday, the 24th May last, and would be opened with divine service by the Moderator, the Rev. Dr. James Grant, minister of St. Mary's Church, Edinburgh, in presence of his Grace the Right Honorable Lord Belhaven, Her Majesty's Commissioner to the General Assembly.

The Synod of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland, met in St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, on Wednesday the 30th May, and is probably still in session. We shall endeavour to give as full an outline as our limited space will permit, of the proceedings of these ecclesiastical courts, in the succeeding number of our journal.

The annual meeting of our own Synod will be held in this city, on Tuesday the 3d day of July, when the proceedings will be commenced with public worship as usual, conducted by the Moderator, the Rev. Alexander McGillivray, of McLennan's Mount.

### University Honors.

ONE of the most pleasing and imposing spectacles which a noble and ambitious person can behold, is the reward of merit, such an exhibition as is annually witnessed in the University of Glasgow and other Universi-