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*"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning."* — PSALM CXXXVII. 5.

### LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

THE OLD MANSE,  
ELIE, FIFE, SCOTLAND, 1886.



DEAR EDITOR,—I just write when the mood is on me. I leave the matter entirely with you to print or burn as you deem "meet and convenient." If you think your readers have no interest in what I say, don't waste printers' ink with it. I am resting just now and recruiting strength for the campaign of the winter.

If you print my "Notes," kindly send me half a dozen copies. I would like to give one to each of the Ministers whose Parishes I have mentioned.

There are many members of your flock to whom I would like to send kindest remembrances: the Frasers, McDonalds, Gordons, McLeods (Archie, etc.). I often think of them and the happy days of youth I spent with them. The Camerons, too, were friends good and true, and many others.

When I last wrote you, we were in the midst of the excitement and work of the General Assembly. Now I write you from the seacoast of Fife while on my short and well-earned holiday. While we work in this country we work at high pressure. Day and night we are at it; and then for a season we claim our holiday and do absolutely nothing. I am in the enjoyment of that delightful experience at the present moment, and hence you are to expect nothing more than just a few jottings of what holiday reflections are. They are very largely coloured by one's surroundings and circum-

stances. If your work has given you satisfaction, if you see the fruits of your honest efforts, and if the spot where you settle down for the six weeks you claim as your due is beautiful or historical or quiet, and if God favors you with health of body and strength of mind, then there is no reason why you should not revel in the delights of your do-nothing season. I am happy to say that the above circumstances are more or less mine at present. After the work of a year in a populous Edinburgh Parish, I have dropped down for my six weeks' rest in one of the sweetest and quietest little villages on the Fifeshire coast. We look out upon the open sea, and every spot calls up associations of Scotland's glorious past. In the sky line stands the Bass Rock, where many a one of her noblest sons has suffered banishment and death for her liberties. Away to the North we have the beautiful Isle of May, which to the East of Scotland is very much what St. Columba's Isle of Iona is to the West. The Old Culdee Missionaries took up their abode on islands near the coast for the good reason that they could more easily see the approach of enemies and escape their rapacity by having their headquarters upon small islands. From the Isle of May, in the early days of missionary effort, the East Coast of Scotland, and especially the County of Fife, was Christianized. One of the sweetest experiences to one who has a taste for such things is to take a run in the beautiful little steamer "Edinburgh Castle," which goes from the pier here twice a week, and spend a few hours in the solemn stillness of the beautiful Isle. One is away deep into the past of a thousand years ago, when the holy men who brought a knowledge of God to