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Miscellaneous Articles.

MEMORIES OF SCOTTISH SCENES AND SABBATHS MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AGO.

A COMMUNION SABBATH, with previous and subsequent services, constituted a semi-annual era of singularly solemn and memorable interest in my early days,—so much so that I sometimes feel inclined to conclude that “the former days were better than these”—that more of heavenly unction distinguished the christianity of our fathers than can be claimed for ours—that, in special, sacramental seasons with them were of a more hallowed character than with us. At the same time, I am well aware that this sentiment or opinion, which not unfrequently obtrudes itself on me, may be indebted for much of its force, if not for its very existence, to the searing and deadening influence which years have exerted on my feelings. However, that influence, if I am capable of judging, has not been great, as I still feel youthful and fresh of heart, though my head, alas, gives indubitable indications of age. But, let the case be as it may, one thing is certain, viz., that the sacramental solemnities witnessed by me in the days of yore, in the west of Scotland, constitute at this distant day “green spots on memory’s waste,” and I firmly believe were Bethel scenes and seasons of high and holy enjoyment to many of God’s people, of whom not a few have long ago fallen asleep in Jesus, and some “remain unto this present.”

The church assembling in the Meeting House at C—— celebrated the Lord’s Supper twice a year, viz., about mid-summer, and again in the dead of winter. The services on these occasions were much alike. The only distinction note-worthy, regarded the place where the extra-Meeting House sermons were preached. On the summer sacramental Sabbath, while the communion services were going forward in the house, three or four sermons were preached in the