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

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, General Assembly Hall, 1887.

A FEW sentences, written "on the spot," and in reference to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, may not come amiss to the readers of the RECORD. Permit me, therefore, to give you a few of my impressions on the subject. To-day the Church of Scotland had her annual "outing;" and the people of Scotland, as enthusiastically as ever, turned out to see the grand sight. At Holyrood Palace the Lord High Commissioner, Lord Hopetown, held the customary levee. Judging from the enormous crowd of loyal men—of all ranks and conditions—who turned out to do honor to the Queen's Representative, and at the same time express goodwill toward the Church to which he is sent by the Queen, one would think that the days of Disestablishment have come to an end, and that the power of the Church's foes grows gradually and surely less and less. Church and State were there together. Churchmen and Dissenters, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, Business and Professions, the Town and the Country, the Navy and the Army, unitedly enthusiastic, made the grey turrets and historic halls of "Ancient Holyrood" joyful and exceedingly gay. It being Jubilee year, the masses who thronged the line of the Procession from the Palace to St. Giles' Cathedral, where the Commissioner and his household attend divine service, surpassed anything ever seen in the long history of the Church of Scotland. Finally, under the thunder of a royal salute of twenty-

one guns, the Assembly Hall was reached and the business of the Assembly began.

Lord Hopetown, the Lord High Commissioner, is the young nobleman who has ever occupied the dignified position. He is only a little over twenty-three years of age. He went through the ordeal like a prince, and with an ease and grace rarely seen except in the case of men of long and tried experience. He tables his credentials like any ordinary member of Assembly; proceeds to discharge his official function in stereotyped words; then comes his own special part, where he speaks his own mind and gives forth his own individual utterances. He is a true Churchman, and there was a ring of confident hopefulness as to the Church's future which brought forth the enthusiastic applause of the listening Assembly. He is loyally devoted to the Church, and no proselytism will ever deflect him from her services and work. A Church RECORD is not the place to speak particularly of his young wife the Countess, yet so much you must permit me to say, that she captivates everyone who sees her.

Next the Moderator. Who does not know the Very Rev. Dr. Cunningham? He is now Principal Cunningham. He will pardon the writer if he is spoken of by his more familiar designation of Dr. Cunningham of Crieff. It is not enough to say that he is now Principal of one of the Scottish Universities; but it is sufficient to say that he is the well-known man who spent the long period of forty-two years the faithful minister of an attached people, and who, by the vigorous use of his brain and his pen, gave books and articles to thinking men to read and learn for so long a time. To be a