

ST. ANDREW AND SCOTLAND.

BY REV. JOHN MACKIE, M.A.

Why is it that one of the least known of the honoured Twelve gained and has so long retained such a grip of Scotland? Why are St. Andrew's Societies established and remain so popular wherever Scottish hearts are beating? We wonder not at the English rallying around a man, no apostle, George, who they tell us slew the dragon; or at the Irish, choosing for their tutelary saint a man, also no apostle, Patrick, who, with equal sincerity, they declare charmed away all snakes from Erin, for English and Irish are but as yesterday. But why ancient Scotland under an orderly monarch before the Christian era did not choose as the man it delighted to honour the most renowned of the apostles, the author of a Gospel, or an epistle, or one hallowed with the imperishable memories of mighty miracles, must often have seemed to many a mystery. How is it that St. Andrew is the apostle that lives in Scottish hearts and is honoured above all the rest by Scotia's sons.

Listening to a voice away 1,600 years back, we learn that Andrew, faithful to the farewell commission of his Master whom he saw ascend from the brow of Olivet and received into heaven, spent his missionary life in the wild regions and among the wilder people of Scythia and later on in the lovely valleys and slopes of the Acadian mountains in peace-loving and cultured Achaia. There in Patrae, now Patras, one of its principal cities, he founded the Church of Christ and laboured for its prosperity till its success brought down upon him the terrible vengeance of the heathen governor, Egæus. Nothing but martyrdom, even crucifixion in its most torturing form, could appease the wrath and satisfy the hate of the persecutor. On the 30th of November, what year in the first century is doubtful, he was publicly lashed by the soldiers as a felon and with torn and bleeding back was tied, not nailed, to a cross of olive wood, of the form of the letter X., and ever since known as St. Andrew's cross. Why this form we cannot tell. Mayhap, like his brother Peter, his spirit of humility shrank from a death that resembled so closely the death of his Lord and God, and like Peter, who begged that he might be crucified with his head downwards, Andrew, still the man of brave heart though humble minded, may have entreated his murderers to grant him a cross of a different shape and lay death upon him in a different manner. For whatever reason, with the cords tied tightly round his wrists and ankles, he endured the prolonged agonies of hunger and thirst and pain of slowly torturing death till, after days, the strong heart gave its last beat and the manly face sank upon his breast and his spirit fled to the side of Christ. A woman of high rank and rich, named Maximilla, begged and obtained possession of the body. With sorrowing hearts and reverence the congregation of the faithful buried it in their church in the belief that dear to God is even the dust of His saints: and in the hope that corruptible it would by the power of God and according to His promise, be one day and forever incorruptible.

There lay the dead in undisturbed repose during 300 years of marvellous changes on the earth above him. Ten times the hounds of hell had been unleashed, spreading blood and carnage over the Roman Empire. Ten times the mighty billows of blood, inconceivable brutalities, wholesale massacres and relentless rage and hatred had swept from the earth and landed at the feet of God the meek in spirit and the pure in heart and the good in life, the faithful followers of Christ. In many a mouldering heap or long deep trench, in the bed of almost every stream and river, and among the tangled sea-weed beneath the hoarse roar of ocean wave, lay the ashes of Christ's brave witnesses to His Godhead and His love. But prostrate in the dust and forevermore was the hand that smote and the power that in its ignorance and its guilt was defying heaven, broken to pieces like Dagon before the ark of God, lay the idols of Greece and Rome and the altars of lying divinities, silent or fled, or changed by the power and grace of heaven into presbyters of the living God. One over all and through all and in all were the Flamens of Jove and Mars and all the greater and the lesser gods that crowded the city on the Seven Hills and ruled the earth with the sceptre of hell; dumb were the Augurs whose eyes could read the will of the gods in the wing, or note, or foot of the sacred birds; and whose tongues could seal the destinies of deluded nations, or by the attractive power of the crucified Christ singing the hymn of praise to Him as God, and reading in the holy writings of the apostles the will of the Living God concerning all men in all nations of the world, in all ages of time and eternity; banished the hierarchy of demons, heroes, nymphs, and eponymous genii that filled Olympus and bewitched Athens, the mother of art and eloquence, the eye of the world, and held with strange, strong, fascinating power all Greece and lovely Achaia in the days of Andrew the Apostle. Three centuries have gone fulfilling in the wild tumults of peoples, the rise and fall of nations, the awful barbarities and appalling horrors of war, the voluptuous gluttonies and bestial nay devilish joys of peace, the degradation, ineffable miseries, the horrible mutilations and butcheries of Christ's people, and the pomp and pageantry, the happiness and exaltation of the children of the devil—fulfilling in all these and by these the decrees of the God and the Judge of all men and devils—victory for the good and defeat and ignominy lasting as Himself and themselves for the bad. Now the multitudinous pantheon of Greece, swaying the heart and mind, and the iron rule of Rome, emperor, representative and viceregent of the gods on earth over the lives of men and nations

have ceased as a terrible nightmare or scourging pestilence, and "the Sun of righteousness has arisen with healing on His wings." On the throne of Nero, Domitian, Trajan, Antoninus, Severus, Decius, Valerian, and Diocletian, all sharp swords in the hand of Satan against the Christian faith, now sits a Christian emperor. A new era has begun and the worth of the dead is discovered and their memory is blessed. To the honour of the apostle is built at Constantinople, by Constantine the Great, a gorgeous temple; and from Constantius II. went the command to the presiding presbyter of the Church at Patras, to deliver up the body of the martyred apostle Andrew that it might rest till the resurrection day in the grandest mausoleum that imperial hands could build for it.

Three days before the messengers arrived Regulus, the presbyter, dreamed a dream, when lo! before him stood a messenger from a greater than Constantius, even from the King of kings, ordering him to open the tomb of his saint and take from the coffin the upper bone of one of his arms, three of the fingers of the right hand, three toes and a tooth, and hide them in another place from the knowledge of man. Straightway he obeyed the heavenly messenger. The servants of Constantius arrived at Patrae and carried off to their master at Constantinople the body of St. Andrew. Some years after Regulus dreamed again, when the same messenger appeared and warned him to arise and depart from Patrae and sacredly take with him the bones of the apostle, and set sail for the port to which the God of St. Andrew would safely guide him. Regulus at once made known the will of God, and, accompanied by sixteen presbyters and three devout deaconesses, set sail, not knowing whither to steer his course.

Tossed up and down in Adria, driven before the fierce Euroclydon, through the dreaded pillars of Hercules, dashed hither and thither in the raging Bay of Biscay, whirled northward by a fierce hurricane over the English Channel and the German Ocean, they found themselves after two years on the deep shipwrecked in the Bay of St. Andrews, then without a name on the eastern coast of Scotland. All else but the precious relics lost, they with difficulty gained the shore. On the spot where they landed they built a church, taking for their plan the church at Patrae and in it they reverently deposited the martyr's bones and called the church and place St. Andrew's. Dense woods surrounded them infested with boars and wolves, but these were their only terror. The people, like the barbarians of Melita to shipwrecked Paul and his comrades, showed the shipwrecked strangers no little kindness, learnt the reason of their coming and extended to them a hearty welcome. Regulus, hereafter known in Scottish story as St. Rewl, told them of St. Andrew, his fellowship with incarnate God and his commission to proclaim to all men a Father God and all men everywhere, in all time, brethren; told of his faithfulness to the ascended Christ, how he laboured and how at last he was taken by wicked hands and crucified; taught them the faith of St. Andrew as he learned it from the very lips of Christ—sin taken away, God the Holy Ghost come down, the door of heaven open. They listened and their hearts heard the voice of God and bowed. Hungus, the thirty-ninth king, with all his subjects, shook off Druidical superstition, embraced the Christian religion, and were baptized; and from St. Andrews streamed through the dark places of the land, the dark but not savage hearts of the people, the true light of the world, the pure Gospel of Christ as Andrew and the other apostles learnt it and taught it, and for which they laid down their lives.

This is the reason, the only reason given in history most ancient—call it legendary if you will, it is not all so—why St. Andrew is so closely connected with Scotland, and is remembered and honoured by Scottish hearts. This is the reason why down the centuries behind us his memory has been blest and why everywhere all over the earth on the 30th November Scottish minds are specially turned to St. Andrew, and Scottish tongues tell out his worth. To Scotland as to his brother Peter he said, "We have found the Messias," and Scotland like Peter was brought by him to Christ. And if his brother Peter stands out from the apostolate in bold relief as the chief there is no nation among the nations of the world to which Scotland is second in faithful adhesion to apostolic precept and apostolic practice, in heroic suffering and successful contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, in the history of its kings and people so interwoven with the history of the Church of Christ that you cannot divorce the one from the other without destroying both, in a Church that has waded through blood and fire allowing no treacherous king or grovelling nobles or apostate presbyters to silence her voice or usurp her authority and carrying herself so clean and so thoroughly and eternally out of all the vile abominations and foul lying seductions and most degrading tyranny that the mind and heart of man can lie under—the mother of harlots; and can wear upon her brow as verily of right that escutcheon which is her history of suffering and that motto which is the tale of her bravery and divine origin—the bush in flames—*Ne tamen consumebatur—but never consumed.*

Oh! Scotchmen, however remote from the land of your birth or where the ashes of your fathers lie safe till the heavens pass away like a scroll and the Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever appears to be glorified in His saints, reverence your country and your Church as one and inseparable in your hearts, the land of freedom and the Church of freedom, the land and the Church of the people, never conquered by foreign prince or foreign priest.

Oh! Scotchmen, wherever you roam still cherish as precious the name of St. Andrew as you gaze from the fulness of liberty and the sweetness of heaven's true light and see as the

human source of both even though in mists and shadows the form of the Holy Apostle, and hear even though it be a faint echo of the Holy Apostle's voice proclaiming to pagan Scotland that truth that alone maketh free and linketh into one great brotherhood around a Father God men of every country and clime and colour and time.

(To be continued.)

A NEW PRESBYTERY PROPOSED.

MR. EDITOR,—On Thursday, the 5th inst., at Algoma Mills a meeting of ministers, missionaries and elders was held for the purpose of discussing the advisability of having a new Presbytery formed in the missionary region lying north of Lake Huron, and the practicability of carrying on the proper work of the same should the General Assembly see fit to organize such a Presbytery.

There was a good attendance and every class of worker was well represented, including our indefatigable Superintendent of Missions, Rev. A. Findlay, whose thorough knowledge of the whole territory and kind readiness to supply the meeting with any needed information, proved an invaluable help in discussing the matter.

Rev. John Rennie, of Manitowaning, was called to the chair, and Rev. J. K. Macgillivray, of Gore Bay, was chosen secretary.

The details of discussion need not be given here; a statement of results will be quite sufficient. The meeting was unanimously of the opinion, after full discussion of both sides of the question, that the time has come when the efficient carrying on of the Church's work in the region referred to can be best done under the immediate supervision of a Presbytery, the disadvantages of which would be trifling in comparison with the immense advantages that would be gained from such oversight. The peculiar difficulties and inconveniences of the present arrangement are obvious to all when it is remembered that our work is directed and our local disputes and grievances are settled by Presbyteries holding their meetings several hundred miles distant. It is not necessary to specify nor to give examples.

After due consideration of the whole matter it was resolved to petition the General Assembly at its next meeting to organize a new Presbytery, to be called the Presbytery of Algoma and to include all the territory now belonging to the Presbyteries of Bruce and Barrie in the districts of Algoma and Nipissing, that is to say, from North Bay to White River along the main line of the C.P.R., and from Sudbury to Goulais Bay along the Sault Branch and the islands of Manitoulin, Cockburn and St. Joseph, with any other islands or settlements naturally belonging to the territory thus roughly described. Within the bounds of the proposed Presbytery there are five congregations with settled pastors or ready for settlement and several others about to ask for leave to call their own pastors. In addition to the five referred to there are nineteen mission fields, embracing sixty-eight organized preaching stations and twenty-three unorganized. Nine ordained ministers at least are now under appointment for the work in the district and more are needed. The following is a list of the congregations and mission fields, each of which has from one to eight preaching stations associated with it: Sault Ste. Marie, Little Current, Sudbury, Thessalon, North Bay, Gore Bay, Manitowaning, Bruce Mines, Webbwood, Goulais Bay, St. Joseph's Island, Tarbut, Day Mills, Blind River, Spanish Mills, Algoma and Cook's Mills, Cockburn Id., Burpee, Kagawong, Providence Bay, Whitefish, Copper Cliff, Warren, Cache Bay and Sturgeon Falls.

A public meeting for religious services was held in the evening, at which Rev. John Rennie presided and Rev. W. A. Duncan, of Sault Ste. Marie, preached an appropriate and very impressive sermon from the text: "Whom having not seen, ye love."

We cannot praise too highly the cordial hospitality with which the kind people of Algoma Mills received and treated their Presbyterian guests.

J. K. MACGILLIVRAY, Secretary.

SYMPATHY.

How seldom do we stop in the rush and whirl of life to realize the full meaning of this word! We express our sympathy for our fellow being by thought, word or action, and, in the expression of this sympathy, should not overlook any, whether child or adult, for all need it in some way. The world at large has fallen into the habit of seeing and considering matters from a dollar-and-cent standpoint.

Practise brotherly love with those that are easily offended. If you see a member at fault, go and speak kindly to him about it instead of telling every other member of the fault.

The well-to-do need sympathy as much as the needy, for each one has his duties, temptations, affections and trials, and we should feel for each other in twenty ways that have nothing to do with the workshop or payoffice.

Sympathy for each other is needed between the husband and wife, each entering into the joys or disappointments of the other. A lack of this will cause an estrangement that is apt to be life-long.

Children have their difficulties, and a smile or kind word will bring sunshine to their sky. In training children have enough compassion to distinguish whether the child's action is done through ignorance or disobedience.

Remember the new family that has moved into your midst, and make them feel at home among you.

The young man that lacks moral courage, the one that feels he must do as the Romans do when among the Romans, must be looked after and helped to do the right.

Let us cultivate more sympathy for our fellow men, and thus follow the steps of our blessed Teacher—*E. A. Knibb.*