

Can we conceive of a more infamous crime than that which we see perpetrated before our eyes in Ireland at the present day—the inoffensive and useful tillers of the soil driven like cattle from the land which gave them birth, and the lazy good for nothings, who never turned a furrow, or did a useful thing in all their barren and wasteful lives, permitted to drain the country of its resources, and to spend in dissipation and luxury the hard earned toil of their fellow-men! And some of them, I regret to say, are following their unhappy serfs to this continent, and casting over this magnificent territory the shadows of a landlordism pregnant with future misery and strife. And this is the sort of thing Mr. Gladstone has the assurance to tell the world will be maintained “by all the resources of civilization!”

The land question is one of deepest interest to Scotland and Scotchmen. Would that I could only arouse them to think over it. Our native land lies prostrate beneath the feet of landlordism, and is being gradually given up to the dominion of the wild beasts of the earth.

The Duke of Argyll, in a recent contribution to one of the London magazines, “On the Economic Condition of the Highlands of Scotland,” has ventured to tell us all about the depopulation of the highland glens. He stirs up the bones of poor old Malthus, and brings him once more upon the scene. About the mighty gulf rental which drains every county in Scotland the Duke does not utter one word. There is not a whisper to tell the world of the fifteen hundred thousand dollars annually drained from his own county, Argyll. What would be thought, if an engineer were sent to this continent by some European Government to make a report on its system of navigation, and if that report contained not a word about the Mississippi or St. Lawrence? His Grace holds that the entire fault is with the people of the Highlands themselves, and that over population extensively prevails as the fruit of the procreative powers of Scottish Highlanders. I have prepared a reply to the Duke’s manifesto, and have shown that were the present population of Argyll scattered through the county at equal distances each would stand about one hundred and fifty acres from his fellow, or beyond the range of a whole platoon of musketry.

In my “Land Catechism” I have given the Ricardian doctrine of rent a careful and thorough examination. Do readers know what this doctrine really is? Are they aware that it is one of the most terrible doctrines that men have ever been asked to believe—simply utter ruin and extermination for the human race? Do they know that it is this doctrine which is, practically, the basis of the land laws of England, Scotland and Ireland? Do they ever think that it is this infamous and destructive doctrine of Ricardo which, practically, in the hands of the English Government, is bringing upon unhappy Ireland nearly all her sorrows and sufferings?

To ascertain, then, the mind of our beneficent Creator as to the disposition of the lands He has made for our sustenance and comfort is no mean enquiry. It is a noble theme, well worthy of the closest attention of the best thinkers amongst us all. I hope my words may stir up many readers to reflection. It is of supremest importance that the entire world should know what is the mind of God with regard to the tenure and division of land. WM. BROWN.

Montreal, June, 1883.

ST. LAVAL.

MR. EDITOR,—A great honour seems to be in store for the city of Quebec. Her first Romish bishop, Mgr. Laval, is in a fair way of having a saintship bestowed on him. Were I a betting man, I would not hesitate to stake a portion of my worldly goods in favour of his chance. If he be not canonized, it will not be the fault of his admirers in the Province of Quebec. They certainly have, to imitate a common expression of Uncle Samuel, “done their Laval best” for him. A commission under the presidency of Archbishop Taschereau, his present successor, to show the Pope his worthiness of the honour referred to, was appointed fully three years ago. It held ninety-three meetings, rather more than one for every fortnight. The record of its proceedings which is to be—perhaps has already been—sent to Rome covers nearly a thousand pages of foolscap (“fool’s cap,” ahem!). The arguments used in support of Mgr. Laval’s claims to a place in the Romish calendar, are the miracles

which have been wrought through his intercession. Certain persons appeared before the commission, and testified that they had been cured in that way. He must have helped them unasked, for he has not yet received license from the Pope to practise as a saint, and, consequently, no one has any warrant to apply to him for help. For my part, I am a “dour” heretic. The proceedings of the commission referred to, are not, in my opinion, like Caesar’s wife “above suspicion.” The whole affair is in the family. Every one of the cured is “a good Catholic.” So is every one of the witnesses. Ten of them are priests, two nuns, and three laymen. The last mentioned are the Hon. G. Oulmet, Hon. P. J. O. Chauvraux, and Judge Routhier. Every one of the commission is “a good Catholic.” All then, have the most friendly feelings towards the one nominated for the saintship. Of course then, should any of the evidence of miracles having been wrought through his intercession appear weak, the best construction for him will be put on it, and heretics will not be let into the secret. Possibly, some of the witnesses, or judges, or both, had no great faith in the evidence referred to, but they thought that it would not be healthy for them to say so, and, therefore, they smiled only on the inside of their countenance.

It is not at all likely that the opponents of Mgr. Laval’s canonization at Rome will be “invincible.” No doubt, they will be like the Roman Catholic protestants who sometimes discuss with Roman Catholics, and who, of course, are easily silenced by the latter.

We have great reason to be thankful that the evidence in favour of the miracles of Christ and His apostles is so much stronger than that in favour of Mgr. Laval’s.

I challenge any one to prove that Mgr. Laval is out of purgatory yet, admitting that there is such a place. When a ship leaves port it is mentioned in the papers published there, but we have no means of knowing when a soul leaves purgatory.

According to history, Mgr. Laval gave little evidence of saintship. The same is true of several of the Romish saints. Some of them deserved rather to be “canonized” as several of the Sepoys in the last Indian Mutiny were.

If the Lord hear the prayers of Mgr. Laval on behalf of certain persons in trouble, then surely he has no need of a diploma from the Pope to authorize him to practise as a saint. It is unjust to prevent people from being warranted to have recourse to him, till he be duly licensed. At present, he is an unlicensed practitioner. T. F.

Matis, Que.

DELEGATES TO THE COUNCIL IN BELFAST.

MR. EDITOR,—I regret the appearance of the article in last number of the PRESBYTERIAN, which says that not a single representative Irish minister from Canada has been appointed to go to Ireland next year. I know not who discovered this, nor what the discoverer would consider a representative Irish minister: this I do know, that care was taken by some of us, to see that several of the brethren who came from that green island had their names on the list; but it seems that when the ballot came they were not all among the first eight. Perhaps the votes for these representative men were more scattered, so that they were left behind. But the Assembly made no mistake. It could not have done anything other than was done unless after the result of the ballot was known, the Assembly had *ex proprio motu*, set aside two of those elected, and appointed two “representative” men in their stead.

But, Mr. Editor, will you kindly say why Dr. Matthews and Mr. Burrows are not regarded as representative men? I have been led to believe they are Irishmen, much respected. If I am correct in the above statement it turns out that not one of the delegates of Scotch extraction was ordained by a Scotch Church, for Drs. Reid, King, Caven, MacVicar were ordained in Canada; Dr. Cochrane in the United States; Dr. McLaren was born in Canada, and ordained by the Canada Church. I do not know whether Dr. Matthews was ordained in Ireland or Scotland, nor do I know where Mr. Burrows was ordained. In face of these facts, where is the grievance? One fourth of the delegates are respected and honoured Irishmen, even if they are not “representatives,” whatever that means; one was an American minister, the

rest were anything but Canadian ministers, though some of them had the misfortune of being born in Scotland, for which reason it seems they should step aside to make way for Irishmen. It was, in my opinion, a grave blunder to invoke a discussion on this subject; for Dr. Gregg was right, when on one occasion he stated that he would not accept of any position of honour or trust to which he might be appointed because he was an Irishman. JOHN LAING.
Dundas, July, 1883.

MISSIONARIES WANTED IN MANITOBA.

MR. EDITOR,—By the beginning of October next there will be twenty-six mission fields having one hundred and ten mission stations and over thirteen hundred families without any missionary. Students and others occupy these fields now, but when they shall have returned to college the people in these districts will be as sheep without a shepherd. It is plain that, if the Church does not provide for the spiritual wants of those people, they will be largely lost to her and to true religion. In two or three years the most of these fields will be self-sustaining congregations, if looked after now. It would pay the Church to send some of the missionaries and ministers labouring in less important fields in the east to occupy these fields permanently; but this will not likely be done. Will not some of our young men volunteer to go west this autumn? Ministers enough could be spared for six months from the crowded east to supply the necessities west. Who will go? Pulpits could be supplied from colleges and by ministers without charge till the return of spring. There is an urgent need and we look for help to meet it. Let not each leave this work to his brother. Excuses can be found in abundance, but we would rather have one missionary than all the excuses that could be manufactured in a month. The difficulties seem inseparable, but only at a distance; the greatest difficulty is in resolving to go. Let ministers write to Dr. Cochrane, the convener of the Home Mission Committee, and arrange to come and help us. JAMES ROBERTSON.

Winnipeg, July 7th, 1883.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Harvis the following interesting communication, translated by Dr. McKay, has been forwarded for the benefit of the readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN:

MY DEAR MRS. MACLAREN,—Accept my warmest thanks for the very nice New Year’s card you sent me, and for your kind letter also. I am so glad that we can look down the future and see a neat little school full of little girls of my own native Formosa. How I will clap my hands when I see it. I believe we will have it. When in dear Canada how many sweet little faces I saw, and how many zealous women I heard speak of Formosa. O, I do know that many women in Canada will never forget the poor idolators here. I would like to break every idol’s head. I feel so angry when I think of my dear countrymen and women. When Mr. Mackay returns from the country with idols and tablets given up by idolators I feel like shouting and clapping my hands for joy. The true God is pushing our work onwards. He does not let it stand still. You could hardly think what a pretty building Oxford college is. And so light in every room. I go every day and teach the students; I have so many things to tell them, and they believe whatever I say. My head is so full of things I saw that sometimes I have to stop, because I get things mixed up. I don’t get Canada upside down in my head. I remember all the way up from Quebec. I remember too when I first saw the land of Canada. I thought well, now, I’ll have a cool time of it, for I am Chinese, and I am not ashamed of that. But O, what a warm, sweet time I had in that far off land in the west. I will never, never forget. Old friends ask me why I love Canada so much. I tell them because love gets love. How strange, my husband would rather die in what he calls his beloved Formosa. Pray for us all. Believe me, my dear Mrs. MacLaren, yours sincerely,

MINNIE MACKAY.

Tamsui, March 6th, 1883.

THE Rev. Charles Chiniquy has been lecturing to crowded audiences in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and other Scotch cities and towns.