

ST. ANDREWS BY-THE-SEA, N.B.

pious, since considering that it is a religious edifice, Greenock Church had a most Godlessly picturesque beginning.

After the death of Reverend Samuel Andrews, Anglican rector of an interdenominational Loyalist congregation, the Presbyterians grew restive. They would have a meeting place of their own. So they started to build. But unfortunately hard times intervened and the church remained, a half-shingled, hope-deferred, for many years.

Then, one night there was a banquet in old St. Andrews and to it was invited Captain Christopher Scott, a Scotchman, and therefore a Presbyterian by inclination, but not given to attending anywhere but on his own quarter-deck. The speaker of the evening chanced, however, to refer jocularly to the unfinished kirk and the Captain's slumbering sectarianism got up and pounded the table. Unable to finish anything they'd started? He'd show them!

He did. A West Indian trader was requisitioned and sent south for mahogany; men scoured the forests of Charlotte County for bird's-eye maple; the design for the most marvellous pulpit was obtained from Greenock, where Captain Scott was born; and for two years two of the best workmen in town labored on that pulpit, while the Captain chuckled grimly—and paid all the bills.

To-day you can sit under a gallery whose railing is of mahogany and whose pillars are twelve solid shafts of bird's-eye maple, and you can look at a pulpit whose like is not to be found in all America, shining with lustre of court satin, and carved by true and loving hands. Over it there is a bronze dove which commemorates the settlement of the first and last quarrel that the militant Captain ever had with his Session. Behind the desk there are small square panes of clear glass and, fairer than any saint in scarlet and blue, the green trembling heart of an ancient elm.