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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Church of Scotland

IN

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, & ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. XVI.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

No. 11.

"IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET ITS CUNNING"—PS. 137: 5.

THE SCOTTISH HYMNAL.

THIS admirable collection of "Hymns for Public Worship" has at length been put into definite and permanent form. It is now before the public and in the hands of the Church. We need not, we hope, at this time of the day, say a single word as to the propriety of giving opportunity to those congregations, who desire so to do, to sing praise to God by means of other compositions than the authorized metrical version of the Psalms of David. Every one must see that the principle of hymn singing is conceded in our having already, in addition to the Psalms, a collection of "Paraphrases," and, in addition further, we have had for a long time a collection of *free* hymns, and these certainly not the best which the hymnology of the day could furnish. Now, the principle being thus conceded, why not have a collection of hymns of a sufficiently pretentious character to embrace the best, most scriptural and devotional hymns extant in the Church, of both ancient and modern date? We know, many persons maintain, that in the worship of God, nothing but God's inspired word should be sung. But we must notice, in view of taking such a position, what the nature of our worship is. The *prayer* part of our worship must, according to the Directory and usage of the Church, be extempore,—i. e., must be in the words of man. Is it not therefore somewhat anomalous to compel our people to pray by the extempore effort of one man, while non-inspired words are prohibited in praise? The Church, seeing this, and knowing the growing desire among her people to get her sanction to a collection of hymns, found that the only logical course was, either, on the one hand, to forbid hymn singing altogether, or, on the other, to sanction a compilation of hymns for the Church's use. She found, also, that the only *wise* course was the one followed. A committee was forthwith appointed, the desires of her clergy and people were met, and now the "Scottish Hymnal" affords an ample addition to the version of the "Psalms of David," &c., now in use in the Church. So great was this desire after a wider range in her worship of praise, that, in some instances, we know of the gross irregularity of singing Psalms and Hymns, such as Isaac Watts', which were never submitted to the Church for approval. We are happy, therefore, that the Church of Scotland has so successfully removed any inducement to the continuance or repetition of any such irregularity.

"The Scottish Hymnal" contains two hundred hymns, and among these there are to be found almost all the really good hymns ever written in or translated into the English language. We can scarcely think of a hymn which on any occasion ever struck us as being very good and devotional, which is not to be found in the admirable collection now under review. We observe, further, another feature of the book with which we are intensely delighted, and that is, the hymns are not mutilated. Wherever a hymn appears in this book, it is unchanged,—that is, we find occasionally portions omitted from the long hymns of Isaac Watts, but whatever appears is reproduced in the words of the original writer. Also, the compilers of the Hymnal have avoided a mean and contemptible system practised by so many, that of mixing up the verses of a hymn with the mongrel effusions of some ranter's pen so as to avoid being prosecuted by those holding copyright or any other claim over the same. In this way such persons save money, but may the day never come when any such clandestine act shall put cheap Church literature into the hands of the people of the Scotch Kirk. The manly and christian and honest method was taken by the Assembly's Committee. They bought and paid for permission to transcribe into their collection any such hymn as was really valuable, and was in the legal possession of any particular author or publisher. The result of all these precautions is simply this: We have now, with the sanction of the General Assembly and our Maritime Synod, a Book of Praise of which every minister and member of the Church ought to be proud—a collection of hymns comprising all the best in the language, and entirely purged of trashy rhyme so often found passing current under the name of "Hymns." Among many other well known authors, we observe in the index the names of Bishop Heber, Watts, C. Wesley, J. R. McDuff, Toplady, Milton, J. Keeble, Montgomery.

Arrangement is a matter of very great importance in any book, but especially so in a book of Praise. In this particular, the compilers of the Hymnal have been singularly fortunate. It is divided into eight sections:—I. Hymns of the Holy Trinity; II. Hymns of Creation; III. Hymns of our Lord, (1) Incarnation, (2) Death, (3) Resurrection, (4) Ascension, (5) Second coming; IV. Hymns of the Holy Spirit; V. Hymns of Missions; VI. Hymns of Christian Life; VII. Hymns of Heaven: VIII. Hymns of Natural and Sacred Seasons.

Blackwood & Sons are the Publishers, and, like all the works issuing from that celebrated Church publishing house, the book itself is got up in substantial styles. The best edition, a really handsome book, costs 1s. 6d. sterling. (37½ cts.); another edition costs 1s. sterling; another, 6d.; and another, 2d. Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Mackinlay of Halifax, who promise to furnish the books at the currency money of the sterling figures, *i. e.*, the 1s. 6d. edition they furnish at 1s. 6d. currency, and so with the cheaper copies.

The only thing which appears to us to be an oversight in the book, is the want of a metrical index. This, of course, can easily be supplied in future editions, and for obvious reasons it is desirable. The *twopence* edition might be made more serviceable by being bound in cloth boards, instead of paper as at present.

On the whole, therefore, our opinion of the Hymnal is that it supplies, in a most efficient manner, a want in our Church's service of Praise. It is not intended to supercede the grand old version of the Psalms of David at present in general use (and ours is the best metrical edition ever written), but simply to supplement it. Neither is it intended that all congregations *must* use them. If congregations do not want to sing Hymns, they never will be asked by the Church to do so; but in other congregations where the people desire so to do, they can now, with ecclesiastical as well as apostolic sanction, teach and admonish one another "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," singing and "making melody" in their hearts to the Lord. Col. iii. 16, and Eph. vi. 19.

A WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND, AND UNION OF THE CHURCHES.

How do those two matters stand side by side? What have they to do with each other? Just this;—that at the Conference of delegates in Montreal it was found that ours was the only Church of the four that had not such a fund, and therefore that it would be necessary to raise one if we were to go into the union on equal terms with the others. Each of the three other Churches has a Capital sum, the interest of which, along with annual subscriptions and collections, goes to pay all the claims on the fund; and we could not expect to reap the advantages of such joint capital unless we contributed our portion. Here is a brief abstract of the three funds, sufficiently accurate to give a general notion of their respective conditions:—

I.	II.	III.
<i>Church of Scotland in Canada.</i>	<i>Pres. Church of Canada.</i>	<i>Pres. Church of Lower Provinces.</i>
Capital at present. \$59,000	\$64,000	\$12,442
No. of ministers entitled to participate. 130	300	about 60
No. annuitants at present, 35 widows and 30 orphans	20 widows.	4 or 5
Excess of income over expenditure. \$3,000	about \$6000	\$1700
Annual payments by ministers. \$12	\$8	\$10; \$15; or \$20
Annual payments to annuitants. . \$120 to \$250 according to the amount of the congregation's annual collections.	\$160 for each widow, and \$20 for each orphan.	\$50; \$90; or \$120; and \$20 for each orphan.

It will be the duty of the united Church to draw up a plan combining the advantages of all those now in operation. The chief difficulty will lie in deciding whether it should be optional on ministers to become members of such a fund, or compulsory on them. If optional, then it is questionable if it ought to be made a Church Scheme at all; if each one ought not to be left to make the best terms he can with one of the Insurance Societies everywhere pressing their claims. For how can you appeal to the whole Church for donations and collections if only some, and those perhaps not the most necessitous of her ministers' reliefs, are to be advantaged? And how allow ministers to legislate on a fund with which they have nothing to do?

As to which of the three funds above mentioned is based on the best principles, we have not information sufficient to guide us. The first is compulsory on all ministers of the Church, and, considering the number entitled to share in the benefits, is much the most wealthy. It being the oldest of the three, it has the greatest number of annuitants on it, as large a proportion, indeed, as it is ever likely to have, and yet so excellently is it managed that its capital is yearly and rapidly increasing. The one thing we do not like about it is the discriminating plan of paying a smaller or larger amount to a widow according as her husband's congregation gave a smaller or larger annual collection to the fund. It must be difficult to work this in practice, and the larger a Church becomes the more difficult it will be, for one minister may, in the course of his lifetime, have been over four or five different congregations. But leaving this aside, surely our boasted principle of Presbyterian parity might be applied to this one little fund at any rate. Surely the strong might help the weak to this extent. Granted that the widow of the minister of a rich city congregation ought to have a larger income than one who in her husband's lifetime never had more than \$500 a year, yet might not this extra provision be safely left to his own wisdom and pocket, and the fund give to all with even-handed justice and generosity? But this and other details will be for the wisdom of the united Church to deal with.

The one point for us to notice now is, that we have no capital sum to meet our sister Churches with. To be on an equal footing with them, we ought to have \$10,000. Can that be raised in the course of the next two or three years?

That is the present practical point for us. We have less than \$300 to begin with. Can the rest be raised? It is for the rich men of the Church to answer this. They may be sure that the ministers will not plead, or will not go round to collect for it. Perhaps at next meeting of Synod the subject may be brought up. But at present, any of the Treasurers of the Church will receive donations towards it, and, if such are sent in voluntarily, they will show that there is a willingness on the part of our people to go ahead in the matter. So that here, as in most cases, it is true that "he who gives soon gives double."

ONE OF THE DELEGATES.

**THE LATE REV. JOHN GUNN, MINISTER OF BROAD COVE,
CAPE BRETON.**

THE sad news of the death of a good man and much respected minister of Christ has just reached us, affording rather scant time for the insertion of a brief notice of one who held a high place in the affections of many of our ministers and people. A few days ago, the following interesting and affecting letter from Mr. Campbell, of Broad Cove, one of his firmest and dearest friends, came to hand: "In reply to your letter of the 24th inst., I am sorry to say that there is little or no hope of our dear and venerable friend's recovery. He is sinking fast. His first trouble was rheumatism, which brought on various other diseases. Dropsy has now set in, which will, I think, put an end to his sufferings in a few weeks, if not in a few days. He is this morning very ill indeed. I never saw any one more reconciled in the prospect of death. When talking to him the other day, he continued a long time on God's goodness to him; particularly in His giving such full assurance of faith. I remarked, that his leaving this world would no doubt be better for him, but his staying would be more profitable for us, 'and,' said I, 'the best of men feel a dread in passing the dark valley of the shadow of death.' 'No! No!' said he, with a smile, 'and in his own peculiar way, 'I feel no more dread than I would when passing the mountains on my way to Cape North.' Cape North was his 'Elysian fields.' When he is gone, he will leave few behind him that could appreciate his worth. Thank God, there are a few. We have plenty of Christians all alike, one imitating the other; but he was one of the few exceptions, too honest to ape others—too good to pander to their prejudices. But a warmer heart and a more constant friend never lived." The above extract is so good that we could not refrain from its insertion—both on account of its own merit, and the perfect knowledge which the writer possessed of Mr. Gunn's character and circumstances at last. It is the testimony of a familiar friend.

The above letter was followed by another from the same gentleman in a few days, announcing Mr. Gunn's death. It was as follows: "Our reverend and dear friend closed his earthly career at 15 minutes past 11 o'clock this morning, (28th October). He was conscious to the last, but was speechless for a few hours before his spirit took its departure to its kindred abode. A deep gloom is cast over this place." The above extracts place before our readers all the facts known to ourselves.

It is difficult for those who had a merely casual acquaintance with the deceased, to form a proper estimate of his character. He was not moulded in the ordinary fashion. His conduct was not directed by the maxims of the hour. It would be unjust to judge him by the standards commonly in vogue. Some peculiarities of manner and harmless eccentricities of habit concealed from superficial observers the sterling qualities of his nature. In a remote, secluded region, among an affectionate people, and free from the tyranny of fashion, his character developed itself in an independent way. As John the Baptist was moulded for his work in the wilderness—as the reprover of the age must not be

fashioned or educated by the age—as his mental and moral resources must grow amid scenes favorable to free and original contemplation,—so Mr. Gunn was an independent growth. Whatever his merits or defects—his character, or his views, or his manners, they were all his own. In similar circumstances, some characters would grow out into rudeness and vulgarity. But his truly Christian convictions and finer perceptions preserved him from such faults. His plainness and simplicity never degenerated into coarseness. He remained in the best sense a gentleman, without any conventional ways.

Originality and independence colored his thoughts of men and things. He never tried to think as others thought. His views were his own—a much rarer merit than is generally imagined. It is only when we descend beneath the surface that we find how few independent thinkers and doers are in the world. Most men wait upon others. They are followers or imitators. Or they are selfish, and wish to make a good impression. On the events and the men of the hour—political or religious, American or European, he formed an independent opinion. Though a strong Protestant and an earnest witness against Popish heresy, he respected the piety and earnestness of the Roman Catholic people. The currents of human feeling flowed in him so naturally and strongly, that he never forgot that they were men like himself, and that the sun and the sky shone upon them too, and their hearts were also stirred by the tides of death and life, and the powers of the world to come. Hence he was beloved by the large Roman Catholic population among whom he lived as much as by his own people.

While he had no sympathy with sin and no indulgence towards crime, or dishonesty, or hypocrisy, or malice, however veiled by length of visage or ignorant pretensions, he had a gentle heart for the weaknesses and imperfections of poor human nature. He would take nothing from the law of God. The principles of truth and honor and purity found in him a stern interpreter. But when he found a man with an honest heart, a sincere attachment to the Church of Christ, and respect for its ordinances, and an honest desire for improvement and freedom from all pretensions, then would he hold out a helping hand to such, and, in dispensing the ordinances of the church to such persons, would follow his own convictions and take his own way.

The sufferer never met with a more tender sympathiser or more disinterested benefactor. His doctrinal views were the Calvinism of the last generation, but his practice was the religion of the gospels as taught in the parable of the Good Samaritan, and shown in the life of Him who lived as he taught and went about doing good. In the interest of benevolence he put no value upon money. He would strip himself of his last penny. And when that was gone, he would give his property. In times of famine and suffering from failure of crops, he was a father to large numbers of suffering people. He clothed the naked and fed the hungry. And yet he taught and showed that he considered the interests of the body were insignificant when compared with those of the undying soul. Such sentiments established between him and his people relations of the most friendly and congenial nature. His word was law, and his numerous and often amusing exactions of little services were oblations of love. He ordered because it was a pleasure for them to obey. He thought they felt as he did. The offices of love were claimed by a friend, who would have spared no pains or means to serve the true interests of his people.

Mr. Gunn was a shrewd judge of men. His eye was keen and watchful, and, after a short acquaintance, character revealed itself to his rapid instinct. Persons who mistook him, from his blunt way and plain exterior, for an unsophisticated man, and might attempt to play upon him or with him, would soon be made to feel their mistake. They would find that the plain man of the country had read them through and through. He could appreciate wit, and enjoy the comical side of things. Witty he could certainly be when he

pleased, as might be expected from one who was so much of a humourist; but upon this region he seldom trespassed, as the responsibilities of his office rendered him habitually thoughtful and grave. Flashes came out of the sombre shades of a mind sobered by serious things, and died rapidly away. He was truly interested in what others felt, and his enquiries into the welfare of those he met or knew were marked by a familiar kindness and sympathy. Old friends were dear to him, and, in his long journeys and his quiet days at home, he thought much of friends, fellow-laborers and Christian brothers who had gone to their Father's house. The warm-hearted people of Cape Breton knew him well, and appreciated his friendship. A visit from him opened up the fountains of their hearts. In him they saw a minister who had not forgotten that he was a man; and yet a plainer speaker could not be found. He would say right out to people's faces what meaner men would have said behind their backs, or more prudent men would not have said at all. He could be silent, too, when the wicked were before him. In his silent moods he was a sharp listener and a keen onlooker, as a casual remark would often shew.

Mr. Gunn had more poetic nature than his attempts at English verse would indicate. His Gaelic poems were much liked by those who knew them. No doubt people that loved the man were indulgent critics. He was an ardent admirer of nature. On his frequent wanderings, when he left some nest of sectarian strife and small bitter war, he would bathe and cool his soul in the contemplation of natural scenery. Often would he make a short stay and turn aside to see some scene of rustic beauty—a cascade, or a rock, or a sounding stream, or a well wooded lake. The streams, the mountains, the rivers, the bays and the broad valleys of Cape Breton, were dear to his heart. He admired them as a Christian. They were his Father's works. He admired them as a patriot; for he anticipated the day when a large, thriving and industrious people would make that island a garden, and it would shine as the most attractive spot in British North America. For evidence of this we have only to turn to his letters in the *Record*, which contained descriptions of scenery at Cape North and other places, which, for poetic sentiment and beauty of expression, could scarcely be surpassed. In a remote place, the native force of his mind had acquired a cultivation which few could have expected; and his compositions had many admiring readers. His letters were weighty and powerful.

As a preacher, Mr. Gunn was as unconventional as in everything else. No one would expect from one so natural and unaffected in his ways, and so original in his character, regularity of construction or graces of composition; but his sermons had what many too much want. They had the simplicity, homeliness and directness of the old preachers. He spoke as one who could say: "Ye have many teachers, but ye have not many fathers." His address shewed a thorough acquaintance with scripture and the divinity of Boston and Edwards, and the Shorter Catechism. His divinity was not frozen or cold, but the divinity of one who had read for his own heart and not for others—who had read for practice, not for preaching, or, at least, from an inward impulse and chosen taste, and not from the necessities of his office. And when he denounced vice or religious apathy in any of its various forms or temporising conduct (which he specially abhorred), he then rose above himself—his ordinarily hidden strength of head and heart rose to view—original strokes and fierce sharp hits at human corruption flashed forth in his fire—his eye gleamed and his voice rang with the startling powers of an alarm call, and the plain man that dwelt in the tents of the wilderness, of the mountains and lakes of Broad Cove, appeared to be clothed with all the power and majesty of Elias; and when he pled with men to forsake their sins and come to Christ, there was no art and no thought of self, but there was a simple impassioned eloquence, which was great

from its earnestness, its many chorded fulness, its disregard of conventionality, and downright simplicity.

As a pastor, our deceased friend could scarcely be surpassed. The affections of his people are his brightest testimonial. To them he could say, "I need no letters of commendation to you or from you: ye are *our* epistle." He had none of the methods of modern congregational organization. He would have filled up a schedule badly; and if it had been filled, its columns would have proved his congregation in a very anomalous state, according to the modern standard. We can fancy him looking at a schedule sent to be filled up; throwing it down, coughing once or twice, and then saying, "Well, well! that's their way!" and then dismissing the whole matter from his mind. He was a man of a different stamp, and hailed from an older and a better time. He was brought up in congregations where the first thought was religion, and not money. And he could not imitate. He must have a way of his own, and take it. To perform a wretched round of pastoral dissipation called "visitation," and be driven like a gin-horse, was what he could not do or be. He was too earnest, too real, too original. But in keeping the great concerns of eternity before his people; in making himself acquainted with their characters and ways; in advising them on all things affecting their welfare, and dealing faithfully with them, whether living or dying; in keeping the great ends of the gospel ministry in view, and seeking not to please but to profit,—he rose far above the average of modern pastors. The sweet lines of one of the sweetest singers of our country rise into our memory as a suitable close to this imperfect sketch:

"A man he was to all the country dear;
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise;
 * * * * *
 And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

LETTER FROM REV. C. M. GRANT.

CALCUTTA, September 10th, 1870.

THE account of the meeting of Synod was the most pleasing piece of ecclesiastical news I have received from Nova Scotia since I arrived here. It is evident that the tone was a fine, healthy, and Christian one, and we may humbly, and yet confidently, expect the divine blessing on the work of union so auspiciously commenced. With the Church in Scotland protesting against that Patronage which has so long been its bondage and its shame, and thus aiming at striking down the barriers in the way of union there; and with the Church in the Dominion moving on to make itself the Church of the country and its people, instead of the Church of another people and country,—there are manifest signs of a growth of thought and sympathy in both which cannot fail to cause joy to all who intelligently view those conditions in man which are essential to the outpouring of the blessing; nay, I should rather say, which are themselves the result of that outpouring, and which prepare us for a still higher and richer yet to come. Without doubt, we find evidences everywhere among the Churches of a resolute determination to join hand in hand for the purpose of showing a more resolute front to the common enemy, and to take away the

reproach that now so cruelly baffles our missionary efforts in this and other lands. It is to be hoped that ere many years the union tendency of the Churches may receive a development which many would now be shocked to contemplate, but which in a few years they will demand as a necessity of their position. In all these movements, in all these disintegrations, and all these combinations, we can easily discern indications of preparation for a new and higher Church life, as distinguished from the mere sect life: the chaos, the breaking up, is preliminary to new combinations which will have a broader basis and a more inviting front than had the old forms which they destroy. Thank God that we can honestly believe that we are moving upward and onward; that our changes are, in some measure at least, improvements; that our Revolutions are also, in some degree, Reformations. From events going on in Christian, and in heathen lands likewise, may we not, without presumption, draw the belief that the Spirit of God is working mightily in our day, bringing down man's pride, prejudice and unbelief, and moulding men for the accomplishment of the purposes of love and grace?—may we not, with a like trust in a living God, quote those words which, we are told by his Biographer, were ever ringing in the ears of the late Robertson of Brighton:—

“For all the Past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals
Wherever thought hath wedded speech.”

The Church is under a living, and not a dead, Head; He is not leading His world on to darkness, and night, and storm, but He is making it the theme of a heavenly story, and the theatre of a heavenly work of light and love; God is not our destroyer, but our Father and Redeemer. Instead of being fearful and faithless, standing shivering at the brink of the grave of our every prejudice, and weeping as if it were the truth of the Eternal God that was being lowered into the tomb of forgetfulness, let us rather open our eyes to see the work that He is doing in all this “overturning,” and our ears to catch the sounds of His approaching. In the crying out for more sympathy and love in Christian lands; for the breaking down of our unloving barriers; for the hearty co-operation of all Christian hearts and hands; in the struggling cries of the newborn infant of thought and divine life in this long-dead land; in the crash of falling idols, and the desolation of many hearts; in the Voice that seems to say here, as in Judæa's wilderness of old, “Prepare ye the way of the Lord”;—in all this, one learns to detect the sound as it were of the chariot-wheels of the Son of Man coming nigh, riding prosperously, vindicating “Truth, Meekness and Righteousness.” He may come with “dyed garments,” and after a sore treading of “the winepress,” after a mighty struggle in which He has had to shoot many sharp arrows into the hearts of the enemies of the heavenly King, but come He will, and His coming shall be glorious in Justice and Mercy, Judgment and Love. It is from this point of view that even small matters in far away lands are hailed as important by us, as indicating the wide range of God's operation, and showing that, notwithstanding all the inequalities of position and condition, yet the race as a whole is moving onward, perhaps more in line than we are often apt to imagine.

In reference to the movement of the various Synods of the Dominion at their late meetings, I venture to say that there is not a man who has been for a twelvemonth removed from the worrying influences of sectarian warfare who will hesitate to say that the action taken was the only truly Christian possibility for the various “bodies;” and the only thing he will wonder at is the remembrance that mayhap he himself at one time of his life—how far away from him it will now appear!—was opposed to that very course which now he regards as the only Christian one. This remembrance will be necessary to repress amazement that so many honest men could have so long opposed what is now so unanimously agreed to.

In India here, we are being slightly agitated by rumours of symptoms of another Sepoy mutiny. A few days ago the most alarming stories were flying about in the Bazar; it was rumoured that the Sepoys were in open mutiny at Allahabad, that one regiment had been disarmed and disbanded, that seven ringleaders had been shot, and that the Europeans had all taken refuge in the fort. This was, of course, exaggeration; but there is little doubt but there was a substratum of truth in it. There is a most dangerous mutinous spirit creeping among the native troops. Government prevents publication of news so as not to create a panic, which, dangerous in all places, is destruction in India. We are, as has been frequently remarked, living in India over a slumbering volcano which may at any moment burst forth and destroy us. We know so little of the people—such a vast gulf lies between us and them—that it is impossible for us to gauge their temper and feelings. The merest trifles often influence them far more than matters of weighty import. A new regulation, which to us appears as nothing, may change them from tame lambs into wild tigers. There is now no doubt but the “greased cartridges,”—the absurd story that the Government was going to destroy the Cascade of the Mohammedan Sepoys by making them use cartridges greased with hog’s lard, and of the Hindoo Sepoys by making them use those greased with cow’s fat, and of the mass of the population by throwing lard and fat into the tanks and rivers,—there is no doubt but this ridiculous fiction had more to do with the mutiny of ’57 than all other causes combined; and at any moment a like absurdity may produce a like result. But they will never have the ball at their feet again as they then had, and the issue of any such attempt in the future cannot for a moment be considered doubtful. But it is scarcely a pleasant thought, that, like the Assyrian army before Jerusalem, we may waken up some morning and find ourselves all dead men! At present the financial administration of the country is the cause of great discontent. In a time of profound peace we are burdened with a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent Income Tax, which, owing to the rascality of the native collectors, is made the instrument of untold oppression. The Duke of Argyle, as Secretary of State for India, has made himself to be execrated by Europeans and natives alike; he is concentrating all power into his own hands, reducing the Governor-General and his Council in India to mere registrars of his decrees, and putting us under a “personal Government,” compared with which the Government of the *late* Emperor of the French was mildness itself. If there is any reader of these lines who has a hankering after “direct taxation,” or who denounces indirect taxation as a “mean” way of collecting a revenue, then let him take a trial of a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Income Tax, and see how he likes it. In theory it is perfect, but of all irksome things in practice it is the most irksome. You are compelled to pay out so much money, hard cash, in a lump sum, and *do not get the shadow of a shade as an equivalent*; it is, or appears to be, dead loss. When you pay 6d. instead of $5\frac{1}{2}$ d. per pound for your sugar, well, you have at least got the sugar as a solatium; but when you have to pay out between £12 and £13 out of an income of £400 per annum, and get not even an appearance of a return, it is rather provoking. You feel somehow as if you were *done*—as if you had had your pocket picked. Thus it comes that we are *all* prepared to denounce the Duke of Argyle and the Liberal Government that backs him up; the Europeans, because they all object to the tax *in toto*, and because they regard the imposition of a war tax in a time of peace such as was perhaps never previously enjoyed in India, as the result of mismanagement, and, in another sense, an *imposition*; the wealthy natives, because they love secretiveness and hate espionage into their account books and rent rolls; and the poor ryots because the rascally collectors assess where they have no right to assess, sell at auction their pots and pans, and pocket the miserable proceeds. It is a most significant fact that these poor dumb oppressed peasantry, in their distress, crowd not to the wealthy Zemindar, not to the

European magistrate, for protection and redress, *but to the Christian missionary*, and in many instances the missionary has stood between them and the scoundrel native assessors. One of the Baptist missionaries, the Rev. Geo. Kerry, has done a great work in exposing in the public prints the shameful evils attendant upon direct taxation among a peasantry like that of Bengal. It is a fact, the significance of which readers will not fail to note, that the poor "dumb-driven cattle," the ryots, crowd to the missionary as the only one whose ear he knows will be open to the story of his wrongs. The bitterness of the Anglo-Indian and the native press against the Secretary of State for India is almost inconceivable; and there can be no doubt but he is largely responsible for the mutterings of mutiny that come occasionally to our ears. The great danger is that the spirit of disaffection may sweep on like a flood as it did in 1857, and baffle all calculation. Asiatics cannot be argued about in the same way as Europeans; they are capable of a marvellous fidelity, and they are also capable of the most wonderful fickleness and caprice. A single hour, or what to us would appear a trifle unworthy of notice, may convert the faithful servant into the vengeful murderer. Thus disaffection may spread, as we have been so terribly taught, like an epidemic. We formerly explained the sudden defection of regiments during the mutiny, immediately after vows and protestations of faithfulness, to deep cunning and duplicity; but now it is more generally ascribed to mere caprice. The *idea* of mutiny would seize upon them and spread from rank to rank with lightning speed; the officers and women would be murdered, and the regiment committed to the evil course with all the haste with which men unaccustomed to reflection are wont to act. Hence the constant state of uncertainty in which we are kept. And it will continue to be so till education teaches them to supplant impulse with reflection, and to act from recognised and calculable motives; and when that time comes, we may pack up and be off, for our work will be done. The time will not come till the nation has learned to place the Rock, even Christ, at its centre, to give stability and strength to it; and when He is there, we may pass away, or remain only as friends, and not as conquerors.

C. M. G.

CONFERENCE ON UNION AT MONTREAL.

WE place before our readers the minute of the last meeting of the delegates on Union, as it contains the basis proposed, and that which all agreed to recommend to their respective churches when met in Synod next Spring. We may give the rest of the minutes when an attested copy has been supplied to the Convener of our Committee. In the meantime, it is well that our readers should see by itself the broad and simple basis that is proposed. Other matters engaged the attention of the Conference, but they were of minor importance, and, besides, the conclusions on them cannot be regarded as final:—

"At Montreal, and within St. Paul's Church there, at 5 o'clock, 30th Sept., 1870. The joint Committee met, after adjournment, and was constituted with prayer by the Chairman.

"Sederunt—Rev. Dr. Cook, Rev. Principal Snodgrass, D.D., Hon. Alexander Morris, Mr. Croil, Mr. Sheriff McDougall, Rev. Dr. Taylor, Rev. Dr. Topp, Rev. Robert Ure, Hon. John McMurrich, Mr. David McKay, Mr. Thomas McRae, Rev. Allan Pollok, Rev. G. M. Grant, Rev. Donald McRae, Hon. John Robertson, Hon. John Holmes, Mr. James J. Bremner, Rev. Dr. Bayne, Rev. James Bennet, Rev. G. Christie, Mr. Henry Webster and Mr. David Laird.

"The Rev. Dr. Cook, Chairman, the Rev. Dr. Topp, Secretary.

"The minutes of the former meetings were read and sustained.

"The members of this Committee, in bringing their deliberations to a close, desire to record their great satisfaction at the entire harmony of sentiment

which has prevailed among them on the subject of Union, and generally with regard to all matters of detail affecting the practicability of the contemplated Union; and now in the belief that the hopes of the negotiating Churches will, through the blessing of God, be realized, unanimously resolve to report to their respective Churches that the following articles be recommended to be adopted as the basis of Union for the United Church to be known under the name of 'the Presbyterian Church of British North America.'

"1. That the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, being the infallible Word of God, are the supreme standard of faith and manners.

"2. That the Westminster Confession of Faith shall be the subordinate standard of this Church, it being understood, 1. That full liberty of opinion in regard to the power and duty of the Civil Magistrate in matters of religion, as set forth in said confession, be allowed; and 2. That the use of the Shorter Catechism be enjoined as an authoritative exposition of doctrine for the instruction of the people.

"3. That this Church shall maintain fraternal relations with Presbyterian Churches holding the same doctrine, and government, and discipline, and that Ministers and Probationers shall be received into the Church, subject to such regulations as the Church may from time to time adopt.

"The joint Committee, in order to bring the other matters considered by them under the notice of their respective Churches, resolve to report, as they hereby do, by transmitting the minutes duly signed and tested.

"The Committee unanimously resolved to meet at 8 o'clock this evening to engage in religious services, in prayer and thanksgiving to God for the spirit of unity and brotherly love poured out upon them in all their deliberations.

"Adjourned and closed with prayer.

"JOHN COOK, D. D., *Chairman.*

"ALEXANDER TOPP, D. D., *Sec'y.*"

OPENING OF DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY.

THE Eighth Session of Dalhousie was formally opened on the 1st of the present month. The class work of the University has been going on for several days, and the inaugural lecture was postponed so as to give more of the Students an opportunity of listening to the valuable and interesting address of Professor McDonald. The address was delivered in the Assembly Room of the Province Building, from want of a respectable Hall in the College buildings to which to invite the public. How long such a state of matters is to continue it is impossible to say; but every yearly address or meeting of the College held outside Academic boundaries, militates against the College feelings alike of Professors and Students. A little money put by some of our rich men at the disposal of the Governors would remove the necessity of going in future on College occasions to the Province Buildings.

A goodly number of the select public were present on the occasion. The Very Rev. Principal Ross opened the proceedings of the day by prayer and a few remarks. Professor McDonald then proceeded to give the Inaugural Address of the Session. The lecture was characterised by the usual brilliancy, force and logical fairness which mark all the efforts of the learned Professor. He began by tendering students, one and all, a hearty welcome on their return from vacation, hoping they had not been altogether idle, but had maintained sufficient connexion with their books to enable them to profit by the labour and discipline to which they would soon be again subjected. He also alluded to the higher status of the medical faculty. Its students are now Alumni of the University, entitled to its privileges and rev. ds. He advised students of the healing Art to obtain as great a portion of an Arts course as possible. Medi-

cine is a wide study, and presents a far-spreading field to which none but a well trained mind can do justice.

The addition of a new Faculty makes Dalhousie more than ever *the* University of Nova Scotia. It now possesses eighteen professors, it is rising to meet the wants of the Province, and elevating the standard of education. But its wants are neither few nor small. Its library, through select, is small, its apparatus is good but limited, and it has no museum.

The remainder of the lecture was occupied in discussing the absolute need for one grand central non-sectarian University for Nova Scotia, to which all students of every creed might come, learn and graduate, and then return to the present denominational colleges at which the peculiar tenets of sects could be studied. Our Province, with about 180 students, employs from twenty to thirty Professors to teach them. Half the number of lecturers would suffice, the classes would be larger, and the students make more rapid progress. The present arrangement is extravagant, with a maximum of labour yielding a minimum of fruit—the most unproductive kind of work. Where the same Professor instructs in two or three different subjects, he cannot handle them as exhaustively as where one is made a particular study. Neither can small classes improve students as large ones do.

Narrow views, bigotry and prejudice all disappear before the liberal thought of a great University; real worth is felt and shams severely exposed, conceit taken down, and merit and genius rise to their fit level, while ignorance seeks its proper depth. It is not shameful often to be found in the wrong, but it is so to continue when it is discovered; and it is the work of magnanimity to confess an error and return to the right. The present system must therefore be abandoned at the command of a broader and more liberal age, and educational matters conform to the progress of the world. The Professor then illustrated the absurdity of carrying religious dogmas into the common transactions of life, and from that argued to the question in hand.

The Scottish Colleges were cited as patterns, and the losing of test acts about Oxford and Cambridge. The opposite tendency in the United States is on trial, and so far has shown nothing equal to the results of Scotland and England. The Professor closed his able lecture by hoping that a bright era was dawning on our Colleges, and that the future might find Nova Scotia rivalling, if not surpassing, Old Scotia.

Rev. R. Sedgwick made some amusing remarks comparing the progress of Dalhousie with that of Glasgow University.

The Chief Justice, and Rev. Geo. Hill of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, made closing addresses; the Principal read the usual notices to students, and the proceedings ended, leaving Dalhousie to the labours, hopes and encouragements of another session.

STORY OF EVANGELINE IN PROSE.

LONGFELLOW'S beautiful poem carries us back in the history of these Provinces over a century and a half. More than two hundred years ago the French colonised Acadia and settled in considerable numbers along the fertile valleys between Windsor and Annapolis. In the year 1713 the French were compelled to cede Acadia to the English, after a long struggle in which much blood and treasure were expended. The wishes of the Colonists, in those rough rude days, were not consulted in the matter. Their lands were the battle fields for the rival nations, and their barns were emptied for the support of French or English, according as fortune declared for the combatants. It was natural, however, that their hearts should go with France in the contest, and that they should earnestly sympathise with their brethren from the mother country, and take every opportunity of affording them aid and encouragement. Across the

Atlantic they had carried all that jealousy and hatred of England and Englishmen that even yet is to be found in the proud heart of old France. For years the struggle was carried on, and the poor Colonists of Acadia were kept in painful suspense as to what their fate should be. The year 1713 brought them the mournful tidings that they and their possessions were ceded to the British Government, and that all the ties of nationality between France and Acadia had been severed by the sword, and their severance confirmed by treaty. This was a heavy blow to the French Acadians, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they were peaceably induced to take the oath of allegiance to the British Government. Not many years elapsed, however, before an opportunity offered for testing their loyalty. War was declared between France and England, and Lower Canada, now the Province of Quebec, became the battle field. The Acadians were accused of assisting their old friends and fellow countrymen in the struggle. It is asserted that at the siege of Beau Séjour they assisted the French by sending them supplies of ammunition and provision; and whether this be true or not, one thing is certain, that the British believed them guilty, and soon after proceeded to take vengeance on them. An order was issued forfeiting their lands, tenements and cattle to the English Crown, and ordering their removal from Acadia, and their dispersion throughout the other Colonies as far as possible from their own Province. Of these severe measures the Acadians knew nothing, until plans were matured for carrying them into effect. The Governor of the Colony issued a summons calling the whole population to a meeting, and at this gathering he communicated the substance of the order of the British Government. It was a gloomy day in the little village of Grand Pré, and sorrow and sighing were heard in every cottage in the beautiful valleys, and over the wide fertile meadows. A few of the boldest on the first impulse threatened resistance, but the wisest saw the hopelessness of all opposition, and soon all began to realise their fate, and prepare to meet it.

At a little distance from the village of Grand Pré, and nearer the Basin of Minas, lived Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer in the district, and the father of Evangeline.

“Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes,

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves:

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.”

One of old Benedict's nearest and dearest friends and neighbors, was the village blacksmith, Basil Lajeunesse by name, and among the many devoted lovers of the fair Evangeline, none were made so welcome, both by Benedict and his daughter, as Gabriel the blacksmith's son. “He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning, gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.” Gabriel and Evangeline had long known and loved each other, and both the old farmer and his friend, the smith, were of the opinion that the time had arrived when the preliminaries of their marriage should be formally arranged. The venerable Notary of Grand Pré was accordingly summoned, the bride's dowry in flocks and herds was named, the great seal of the law set like a sun on the parchment, and all things were happily arranged.

At the time we are now speaking of, the painful tidings referred to above had not been made known. The British ships were riding at anchor out on the beautiful Basin of Minas, the villagers were at their accustomed labour and enjoyed the blessings of plenty and peace. In the poet's words, “Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted; for with this simple people, who lived like brothers together, all things were held in common, and what one had was another's.” Evangeline's bridal day at length arrived, and in the orchard, perfumed with golden fruit, was spread the marriage feast. There was good old

Benedict, and by his side the sturdy village smith. There, too, was Michael the fiddler with a gay heart, and a bright waistcoat, and a face glowing like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers. There he sat, and sang gaily to the sound of his fiddle, and beat time to the music with his wooden shoes. Old and young joined in the merriment. But

“Fair-est of all the maids, was Evangeline, Benedict’s daughter!
And noblest of all the youth’s, was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!”

But over this bright morning sky a dark cloud soon swept, and wrapped all hearts in gloom. The bell in the church tower rings out a loud summons, and along the meadows rolled the sound of the drums. The church was soon filled with men, who flocked thither to hear the tidings. The women and maidens followed, and waited among the graves, and hung the tombstones with garlands of autumn leaves. A strong guard from the ships marched proudly up, and closed and strongly guarded every entrance. Their Commander then read out the Governor’s command, by which they were informed that they were prisoners, that all they possessed was forfeited, and that they were to be carried into distant Colonies by the ships now at anchor in the Basin. Stunned by this dreadful news, all stood in speechless wonder; but only for a moment. All eyes were turned to Basil the smith, for “he was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men.” He rose, and with arms raised to Heaven, loudly denounced the treacherous cruelty of the conquerors, and called upon his Acadian brothers to strike down their oppressors. But just at this crisis the church door opened, and the aged priest of the village entered, and with serious mein ascended the steps of the altar. He raised calmly his reverend hand, and with a single gesture awed into silence that clamorous throng. He counselled peaceful submission, and warned them against desecrating the sacred courts with human blood. Then came a flood of grief, as a full sense of their misfortune dawned upon them. All knees were bent to God, and the priest’s voice seemed never before so fervent and deep. The village chapel was now their prison, and several weary days elapsed before they were allowed to pass its threshold, and behold their wives and children, and their homes, and the green acres of the Grand Pré for the last time. Great indeed was the grief of the village when the news spread that their fathers and brothers were imprisoned, and must remain so till all things were in readiness for embarking on their unknown journey. The women and children were to assemble first, and taking as much of their household goods as they could carry, were to assemble at the mouth of the Gaspereau river. Then came the roll of the drum, and soon the long and solemn procession issued from the village chapel. About halfway to the shore Evangeline waited in silence for the approach of Gabriel. She clasped his hands, looked up into his face, pale with emotion, and whispered, “Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another, nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever changes may happen!” As the procession moved on, her aged father drew near. What a change had these sad days of imprisonment wrought! The glow had gone from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and he leaned heavily on his staff. She clasped his neck and embraced him, and they proceeded together to the Gaspereau’ mouth. There the greatest sorrow and confusion reigned. The boats went quickly to and fro between the shore and the ships, but night came down upon the land and the sea before half the task was finished. Evangeline and her father were among those left on the open beach, and during the long hours of darkness she sat beside him, and vainly strove to rouse him from the deep swoon into which he had fallen. He seemed unconscious of what was passing around him, and soon it could be seen that the end was rapidly approaching. The sorrow and suffering of the poor Acadians during that night, were increased by the sight of their burning houses in the village of Grand Pré. The scene, as described by the poet, is extremely touch-

ing. From a hundred cottage roofs the flames were whirled aloft in the night wind, and the smoke hung like a funeral pall over the deserted village. From the decks of the ships, and from the desolate shore, the scene was heartrending, and a loud cry went up, "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand Pré"

Paradise Row, St John, Oct. 28th. 1870.

(Continued in next No.)

COMMON SENSE FOR MINISTERS' WIVES.

(From the Christian Union.)

"How shall you like being a minister's wife?"

Does anyone ever ask a newly-engaged girl, "How shall you like being a broker's, or dentist's, or lawyer's, or merchant's, or grocer's, or banker's, or doctor's, or tailor's wife?" I had never heard any of these queries propounded to "engaged" friends receiving congratulations. How startled was I, then, when all my two-hundred-and-fifty most intimate friends, and their fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, and cousins to the fifth degree, opened on me with the question, "How shall you like being a minister's wife?"

Is it strange that I began to wonder that I had never before known how different a minister's wife must be from other women? Born and brought up in a happy lawyer's home, having no theological relatives. I had never been behind the scenes, and Mrs. A., Mrs. B. and Mrs. C., the wives of my various pastors, had always seemed to me made of ordinary flesh and bones.

I had now been married several years. Morbidity has given place to an increasingly happy spirit. Sure of my husband's sympathy and coöperation, I have been able. I think, to live down in my own immediate community some of the false theories that hamper the lives of my sisterhood, and now I feel justified in striving to set forth these false though popular theories, and in urging others to live them down.

People think that the minister's wife sustains relations to her husband's people analogous to his own, involving the duties of frequent visiting of parishioners, leading the female members of a flock in all their religious and charitable undertakings, serving on all their committees, and presiding over all their meetings. She must keep open house. The Manse is church property, and must be made a convenience—a common ground where all the people, from Mr. Croesus to Mr. Lazarus, may meet on an equal footing. She must place her time at the disposal of others. "One wants always to feel welcome at the pastor's house," said a good woman to me once; which, translated, literally means, "We cannot run into everybody's house unceremoniously, at all sorts of hours. But the pastor's wife is common property, and it's so nice to have one place where one can get a hearing at any hour of day or night, when one has a little time hanging heavy on one's hands, or a little trouble, or a bit of news to talk over."

She must accept graciously and gratefully any patronage, or counsel, or gift (however useless or distasteful) or invitation, that is offered her, because such are the expressions of her people's love!

Now take these points one by one, and see if they are not in direct antagonism to the spirit of ordinary women's lives. Could the lawyer's wife sustain such relations to his clients? the doctor's wife to his patients? the merchant's wife to his customers? Without exception, these ideas are false and hurtful in the extreme. I claim that there is not one single solitary thing that a woman should do solely because she is a minister's wife. I claim that her life should be governed by *precisely* the same principles that *ought* to govern every other Christian woman. Mark the word! I say *Christian* woman.

Like every other person, she has her home duties and her outside duties. Of these, the home duties should first be discharged, and one of the most imperative is to *keep sacred the household privacy*.

How impossible this is, unless she set her face like a flint against the popular notions enumerated above. "I think the sewing circle had better always meet at the Manse, and then there will be no misunderstandings about whose house is to be offered each time. It is central, too; and now that we *have* a Manse, after waiting so long, we had better use it." So spoke Mrs. H., when we were organizing our Dorcas. "Ladies," said I, "I shall always be glad to *take my turn* in opening my house to the circle. It will not be convenient for me to receive you always."

If there are two books anywhere that have the power to make me boil over with indignation, "Sunnyside" and "Shadyside" are two such. As a child, I wept over them both; and even now I cannot but love and admire the Sunnyside wife, but I have no doubt those books have caused more harm than good. How large a part of the sorrows endured in those Manses was due to the simple fact that the minister's families allowed themselves to be considered public property! Want of space forbids my enlarging here upon donation parties, keeping open house for all sorts of traveling agents and other strangers, and all those social impositions by which the pastor's wife is crippled for time and strength, and her children's natures blunted and dwarfed. Affirming that she should boldly and persistently claim all the privileges of home sanctity and secrecy, keeping her doors barred and bolted against every intrusion with just as free a conscience as any other refined woman, and adding that I *know* this can be done in such a way that all may be brought to acknowledge its reasonableness, I pass to the consideration of *outside* demands and duties.

I lay down the general principle that duties are determined by opportunities; the greater a person's opportunities, the larger the responsibilities and more numerous the duties involved.

This principle is binding on a minister's wife just as much as, and no more than, on any other Christian woman. What her opportunities are must be decided by herself, and not by her congregation, who will have enough to do in deciding upon their own.

Opportunities may be those of time, money, culture, natural gifts, such as tact, ready power of sympathy, executive ability, or chances of hearing of cases of necessity. Perhaps of all these named, opportunities of the latter class are most apt to fall to the lot of a minister's wife, because her husband is the recipient of so much of such information. But if she chance to be denied all the others, time, money, tact, &c., evidently the most she can do is to bring her knowledge before those who, with larger opportunities, *can* accomplish more good. If she is so fortunate as to have time, money, knowledge, tact and executive ability, all to work with, then may she be a queen among women, rejoice at her glorious opportunities, and make the most of them.

But some one will urge that the minister's position certainly involves his wife in *social* relations and *social* duties more numerous and onerous than those of ordinary women. The millionaire, the leader of fashion, the successful politician who becomes an office-holder, the famous artist or litterateur, every man who occupies a prominent social position, may be said to involve his wife in social relations numerous and onerous. The difference between these wives and the minister's wife is, that of the first, society makes requests, and they grant favors, of the second, society makes demands, and she feels obligated to perform duties. It is her own fault. It is because she does not take her stand on the dictates of common sense. The world will always take all it can get, and the minister's wife fears to assert herself, lest she may injure her husband's influence. The fallacy lies just here. Like those of ordinary women, her powers of accomplishment are limited. Common sense teaches that we should not undertake

what we are incapable of achieving. If we follow its dictates, we challenge no blame. But we are under just condemnation for leaving undone anything which we acknowledge that it is our bounden duty to do. Hence the woman who would conserve her husband's influence through her own "blameless life," should guard well against challenging criticism, by assuming the responsibilities which are laid upon her the moment she acknowledges "duties peculiar to a minister's wife."

Let us take for practical illustration the matter of making acquaintances, calling and visiting. On other ladies socially prominent, society makes its respectful call, and then humbly waits a return, which, when made, is gratefully received. Upon the minister's wife society descends with a rush, open-armed, and expects her to be "so glad." She must not make formal calls in return. Oh no! She must "run in." She is to be the exemplar of sociability everywhere. Her list of acquaintances may number twenty-five or five hundred, it makes no difference. Somehow she must manage to "run in" at every house once a fortnight, or be met when she does call with suspicious glances, and "You're quite a stranger! We thought you would not stand on ceremony!"

This, too, from ladies who are known to make a business of a "yearly round of calls," and who feel that they do well if they clear their scores every twelve months. Now I claim that the minister's wife should be guided in her social relations by precisely the same principles that guide any other true lady. "But people want to know their pastor well socially, and they cannot if his wife is not friendly." True Christian friendliness may be exhibited without promiscuous hand-and-glove intimacy. The one grand, beautiful point in the life of a minister and his wife is, that they can be so closely associated in every detail of work—that he can draw such unflinching inspiration from her sympathy and cooperation. But the beauty is all gone when outsiders are allowed to dictate how and where and when this happy wife is to sympathize and cooperate. In this matter of a people desiring to know their pastor socially, her course of action is very simple.

No one sees more clearly than the wife how greatly his influence for good will be increased by personal encounter with all his charge. She opens her house at intervals to her husband's friends; with the gracious courtesies of hospitalities and Christian sympathy, she adds a new element to the atmosphere of good influences with which he strives to surround them, but she must be left a free agent.

In closing, I would say that while I acknowledge no "duties peculiar to a minister's wife," no duties of "commission," (if I may use the term.) there are one or two duties of "omission" which, while binding on all Christian women, seem specially so upon her. This, let me quickly add, not because she is a minister's wife, but because she is a *wife*. Just as it would be unbecoming in the wife of a Prime Minister of State who is rigidly striving to enforce economy in our national finances, to set an example of marked extravagance, or in a doctor's wife to exhibit utter disregard for the laws of health, so it is unbecoming in a minister's wife to do things directly contrary to the spirit of her husband's teachings.

I would enumerate, among those duties of "omission," extravagance of dress, indulgence in utterly worldly amusements, excessive pleasure-seeking, and drawing individual social distinctions between rich and poor. And even here I throw in the warning, let her decide for herself, and not according to congregational dictates, where lie the lines between temperance and excess, the worldly and the unworldly, the expedient and the inexpedient.

Let ministers' wives develop side by side with a new spirit of consecration as Christians, a new spirit of independence as members of society, and they will soon convince the popular mind of its illogical and inconsistent theories concerning their position, and prove that no other offers more of honor or happiness to the "Coming Woman."

NOTES OF A TOUR IN CHINA.

(Concluded.)

From Ningpo we retraced our steps to Shanghai. The story of that journey tells well for the pluck and endurance of the Bishop. The only mode of conveyance was a boat, called a "snake-boat," so termed, we imagine, from its capacity of performing a tortuous course through all sorts of intricate canals and crooked locks. The boat itself is about 9 feet long, and about 2 feet broad. A man sits at the stern to propel the craft, whilst the passenger lies at full length in the bottom of the boat. When he once takes his station he must lie like a log of wood. Woe be unto him if he seek rest by change of posture! He is sure to get a smart nudge from the man at the stern, and, worse than that, he may possibly find his frail craft overturned, and himself floundered in the deep. What of his culinary arrangements? These are few and simple. "Man needs but little," that little the snake-boat traveller has to carry between his legs, and every now and then he may take a snatch, provided he keep a sharp eye on the oscillations caused by the outstretched hand and the munching jaws.

For three days and two nights did the Bishop endure this *happy* state of things, and, strange as it may seem, he actually *enjoyed* it. There was an element of eccentricity and novelty about the whole thing which charmed the good Prelate whilst it exhausted him. The truth is, the Bishop is so happily constituted, that in every situation he finds something to comfort or amuse. Ah me! would that we could always see silver linings on our clouds. No doubt *they are there* if we could only detect them.

The Bishop had purposed to go on to Shanghai in the snake-boat, but it became evident he could not reach that place in time for service on Sunday morning. As he was announced to preach, it was all-important that he should seek other means of locomotion. A pair of willing legs were all that he had to rely upon; so, quitting the lazy boat, he sallied forth on foot; after a walk of 25 miles across the country, he arrived in time for service, and thus established his claim to be regarded as a *muscular Christian*.

In nothing is the backwardness of China more manifest than in the very defective modes of travelling provided. It will hardly be believed that in a country boasting a civilisation more ancient than that of India, wheel-carriages are unknown. Yet this is very nearly the truth. Except in the extreme north of China, such vehicles are utterly unknown. Land-travelling is carried on by means of chairs carried like palkies on men's shoulders. But the chief means of communication is by water. The whole country is intersected by a network of canals, on which myriads of boats are constantly plying. As there are no carriages, of course there are no carriage roads; nothing more important than footpaths are anywhere to be seen.

Much talk and some effort has been put forth on the question of introducing railways and telegraphs. John Chinaman, however, shakes his head and says—"Can't be done; *Fung Shuey* would be aggrieved." Now this *Fung Shuey* means almost anything and everything that is superstitious. Its chief import, however, is *geomancy*. The Chinese, from the Emperor downwards, have a profound conviction that a host of deities preside over different localities, and are very jealous of disturbance in their respective spheres. The gods of hills and rivers have a strong antipathy to tunnelling and bridging—the gods of the air would rage most horribly were a telegraphic wire to penetrate their domain. The gods are moreover very spiteful, and would be sure to avenge themselves on the presumptuous disturbers of their repose. Some three years ago the foreigners at Shanghai, after a vast amount of manœuvring and entreaty, at last got permission to run a telegraph for a few miles out of the city. Hardly had the wire been set up when a man in the neighbourhood took ill and died. From

all sides the cry arose, "*Fung Shuey* has been outraged, and here is the result." The Government immediately ordered the removal of the wire, and so the innovation ended.

This ridiculous *Fung Shuey* occasions no small detriment to the Chinese. It is well known that certain districts abound with coal and the precious metals; but what of that? Grim *Fung Shuey* says, "Hands off, or I'll make you smart!" Very lately gold was discovered in the hills of Cheefoo. A few foreigners set out to work the vein; but they had hardly started when a troop of soldiers was sent after them to arrest proceedings.

On every hand some queer indication of *Fung Shuey* meets the eye. A stranger with a straight eye in his head is disgusted with a meaningless curve in a wall which ought to shew a straight line; he ponders with amazement on the tortuous furrows in a field, or the needless *ins* and *outs* of a canal; he wonders why a blank and shapeless wall should stand on a particular side of a house. All this is owing to *Fung Shuey*. Those singular spirits are not less crooked than querulous; they abhor a straight line, and the strange features indicated are simply instances of homage to their scruples.

But streaks of light appear on the horizon. Western influence is being felt more and more. Western science and literature will do for China what they have done, and are doing for India. The more thoughtful and intelligent of the Chinese are beginning to feel that education must comprise a wider range of subjects than the University curriculum provides. They begin to feel that, though capable of unlimited progress, they are lagging behind the rest of the world. Superstition and national pride would deter them, but commonsense and self-interest urge them onward. A very significant event took place whilst we were sojourning in the country; an order from the Imperial Government was issued that Colleges, in which the English language and Western science should be taught, were to be set up in all the Free Ports. These are to be supported mainly by Government, and the instructive staff is to consist for the most part of foreigners. This is a prodigious stride in the right direction.

It was the Bishop's intention to have gone from Shanghai to Peking. This was not to be. As we were about starting, alarming news of a rebellion reached us. This was raging between Tiensin and Peking. As this was the very route we must have taken, the expedition had to be abandoned.

We next found ourselves sailing on the magnificent Yang Tzee River into the interior of the country. Everything was wonderful about that. We sailed in a wonderful ship. You know, good reader, the railway steamers on the Hooghly; well, our steamer was just *not* like those. You must fancy some eight or ten of the ferry steamers thrown into one in order to get an idea of the proportion of the China craft; but as for the fittings and accommodations, the spacious promenades, the delicious lounges, the luxurious baths, the ample state room, &c. &c., neither the *Howrah* nor the *Calcutta* can give you any idea of these.

Then what a wonder of wonders is that river! The mightiest streams of India and America must yield the palm to the Yang Tzee. Ever and anon as we steamed along we could only discern a faint outline of the shore on either hand. The span could hardly have been less than 5 or 6 miles. When we had advanced 600 miles up the river, it was still nearly a mile in breadth. Very interesting and often romantic is the scenery which greets the eye of the voyager.

Whilst we linger in Central China, we dwell with some interest on a discovery made some years ago by Dr. Smith, the former Bishop. His lordship somehow heard a report of a singular colony of foreigners residing in a certain city in the interior. At that time no European could penetrate further than a 24 hours' journey from any of the treaty Ports. Any researches in that remote district must therefore be carried on by natives alone. The Bishop was most

anxious to learn all he could about the strange colonists. He despatched two Chinese Catechists. After an absence of many weeks they returned, saying they had found the people. They described them as being totally isolated from the natives both in habit and religion. They knew very little of their past history, and could not tell when their ancestors had come to China. The Catechists visited their temple, and copied as well as they could an inscription over the door-way in an unknown character. They also noticed in the temple a number of sacred books, each rolled up as a scroll. The Bishop's suspicions were confirmed. A glance at the copy of the inscription shewed him that it was a text from the Hebrew Scriptures. He at once concluded that the scrolls could be none other than the writings of Moses and the prophets. Again he sent forth the Catechists with money to effect, if possible, the purchase of some of the holy books. They returned with six of those sacred treasures in their hands. With trembling delight the Bishop opened those ancient manuscripts. Whenever he turned he found it was the same "old, old story" which his own Hebrew Bible recorded. Here, then, was a striking confirmation of the integrity of the Book of books. It may be that this body of God's ancient people found their way to China soon after the Babylonian captivity. It is difficult to suppose how they could have gained admission at all during those long centuries that China was rigidly shut out from the rest of the world. Be that as it may, they have at least been there from time immemorial to themselves. Yet we find in their hands the same blessed Oracles that we have studied and loved from childhood upwards. It was with solemn and gratified feelings that we took one of those sacred scrolls in our hands, and gazed on its venerable inscription.

A word about the *ladies*. We beg pardon for keeping them in the rear so long. We would not for the world show them any disrespect. As it is best even on a sublime subject not to aim too high, we will begin, if you please, at *their feet*. All the world seems to be agreed that ladies are all the better for having small feet. China is one with the world in this respect; but, whilst the rest are content to admire small feet when nature bestows them, China says she cannot possibly do without them. She regards them as *sine quâ non* to her perfection and felicity. If nature do not give small feet, man must manufacture them. But man is sure to bungle when he presumes to criticise and improve nature. Who has not heard of the *iron shoe* worn by the poor Chinawoman from infancy? Shocking enough if *it were true*; but in point of fact the *iron shoe* owes its origin to the inventive genius of somebody who knew nothing of China. It has no existence anywhere. The process is—when a little girl is about three years of age, to bind its feet in tight linen bandages. These are taken off once a week for the feet to be washed. They are immediately rebound to the very same proportion as before. This goes on till the girl reaches womanhood, when she is privileged to substitute shoes for the bandages. Thus a really genteel foot is never larger than that of a child of three or four years of age. We have seen many such. But it is a mistake to suppose that the diminutive shoe contains the whole foot. The process of compression has forced the heel up towards the calf of the leg, so that nothing more than the toes and fore part of the foot enter the shoe. The sight of the poor women as they hobble along is to *barbarian* eyes painful and revolting. Their feet more nearly resemble the feet of goats than those of human beings.

Infant marriage is not known in China. Women never marry before fifteen or sixteen years of age. Alas! great care is taken that many do not reach that age. Female infanticide is, no doubt, frightfully prevalent in the country. Infants in no case are buried, in China. A sort of round tower stands outside the large towns. This has openings in the sides about six feet from the ground. Through these holes the bodies of infants are thrown, and there they decay in promiscuous confusion. We could not gaze on those grim towers without an inward shudder, as the thought struck us how many a hapless little one had

probably heaved its last gasp in that dreadful spot. Oh! are not the dark places of the earth full of the habitations of cruelty? All hail, blessed Gospel! it is thou alone that hast made us to differ.

Still, though Chinese parents may destroy their children, they *must marry them*. Living or dead, every Chinese female must be married. If she be dead, the parents wait until she would have been fifteen or sixteen had she lived. A husband is then sought for. An image is made to represent the bride; a procession is formed, the bridegroom is seated by the senseless block, and the whole of the nuptial ceremonies are performed as if the thing were a reality instead of a sham.

We will wind up our long story by a few remarks on the *language*. There can be no doubt that Chinese is the most difficult of all languages on the face of the earth; and we could not help feeling a profound respect for the courage and perseverance of those devoted men who are grappling with that difficulty. The language is in most respects *sui generis*: it owns only a remote affinity to other tongues. Properly speaking, it has no rules of grammar, nay, it has *no words*—no words, that is, built up of words or syllables. The written language is nothing more than a prodigious array of arbitrary signs, each of which represents an object or an idea. To learn the language is, therefore, a mighty and persistent effort of the memory. The learner must, by dogged perseverance, accustom himself to connect such and such a meaning to such and such queer strokes and quavers. In this way, and only in this, can he learn the language. No one can look at the perpendicular columns of Chinese characters without feeling that there is something very hieroglyphic in the aspect of the writing. We are at once struck with a resemblance between Chinese and Egyptian inscriptions. Now, it is an ascertained fact that the earliest form of Chinese writing was simply hieroglyphic, and the present style is nothing more than a modification of those original pictures. It is most curious and interesting to trace out, in many of the present characters, the lineaments of the primeval figures depicted. Formerly a single mountain or hill was written as a triangle; a range of hills was implied by two or more combined. Sunrise or morning was shown by a circle above a line; sunset was a circle under a line. A son was depicted by the figure of a person kneeling with folded hands; a father by a person standing with arms extended in a protecting attitude. All these, and many other original pictures, can be readily traced in the present style of writing, though the forms have, for convenience sake, yielded to important modifications.

The redeeming feature of the language is the fact that the written language is one and the same everywhere. When a man has once mastered Chinese so as to be able to write it (a point which but few attempt), he may literally make books "for the million." From north to south, from east to west, every *reading* Chinaman (and all but a small minority can read), may be blessed by the silent instructor.

But what of the spoken language? It is a Babel of Babels. You may see a dozen Chinamen of different provinces conning a placard in the street; and every man knows what it means; but the chances are that not one of them could make his fellow understand what he had been reading. The same written characters are pronounced in a totally different way in different districts. The dialects are *legion*. You may cross over a river, or journey twenty miles further into the country, and you find you are amongst a people with a totally different speech to that which you left behind you.

It is easy to see how this circumstance limits the usefulness of Missionaries. When a man has acquired the *written* language, he must set himself to master the dialect of his district. That district may be a very small one, but unless he get up *two* dialects (a hard thing to do), he cannot stir an inch beyond his contracted sphere. When this is borne in mind, it will be seen that the idea of

having a Bishop speaking the vernaculars of his whole diocese is simply impossible. Had the Ningpo Bishopric been set up, the Bishop would have known the Ningpo dialect truly; but at Shanghai, at Peking, and at other points of his diocese, he would have been as much "at sea" as the English-speaking Bishop.

One most formidable difficulty of the language relates to the "tones." It is not enough to learn the characters, or even to pronounce them, the Missionary must learn to *intone*, and this, notwithstanding any scruples he may have to *intoning in general*. Nothing strikes the ear of a foreigner more strangely than the quavering, semi-wailing, and languishing tones which run through the language. Some Missionaries shrink from this difficulty as insuperable. Great is the confusion which ensues. The speaker may have the right word, but, unless he give the right tone, he either says nothing, or says probably the opposite of what he intended. A good Missionary gave us two illustrations of this which had occurred to himself. On one occasion, when preaching, he wished to say "God is angry with sin." To his utter astonishment the whole congregation jumped to their feet; what could this mean? The truth is, he had got the right word, but *minus* the tone—that word meant "stand up!" On another occasion his brother Missionary was preaching; the preacher wished to say "Idols shall be utterly abolished;" not giving the right tone he found to his consternation that he had actually declared "Idols are absolutely necessary."

Even here in India, where tones do not bother us, now and again we make grievous blunders. Who has not heard of the worthy Bengal Missionary who meant to preach from the text "I am the Light of the world," but wrought most woeful confusion in an otherwise admirable discourse by substituting *aloo* (potatoe) for *alo* (light). We ourselves once heard a Missionary, by an error of aspirate, declare that "St. Paul made a monkey!" And to our lasting humiliation be it confessed that, in an address to Hindoos, we once called their religious teachers *cows*! We unfortunately got *goru* for *guru*. But indeed the stigma of Babel may be traced everywhere. Well do we remember in our college days a worthy German, who knew far more of Latin than English, and who consequently attached to English words their original Latin sense a little too strictly: "last night," said he, "I put on my night-gown, and stood with my back to the fire; presently I smell the fire; I look round and there was a *serious inflammation* in my night-gown!"

Well, well, it will not be always thus. Mortals have *many* tongues; the immortals have but *one*. The work of Jesus touches Babel as well as Eden. We poor mortals go blundering on our way; often through the very deficiency of language, we unintentionally grieve or mislead. But we shall blunder no more in heaven. "The tongues of men and of angels" will no more be spoken of as diverse. We shall speak the language of angels—the language of God. The Redeemed shall come "out of all nations and kindreds and tongues;" but their nationalities and tongues will they leave behind them. How many are our thoughts too big or too deep for utterance *now*; it shall not be so then. We can form no idea how rich and expressive the language of heaven is. The perfection of harmony marks that speech; its deeper tones like the "voice of many waters," and its softer notes like the "sound of harpers harping with their harps," shall commingle in a ceaseless *oratorio* of praise to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

May you, good reader, and we, have a part in that glorious concert! With this good wish we make our bow and retire.

PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU.

St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, 5th October, 1870.

WHICH time and place the Pictou Presbytery met pursuant to adjournment, and was constituted with prayer. Sederunt: Rev. A. W. Herdman, moderator,

pro tem., Revds. N. Brodie, W. Stewart, R. McCunn, J. W. Fraser, and W. McMillan, ministers; and W. Gordon, Esq., J. A. McLean, A. McDonald, John McLean, Adam McKenzie, Esq., and W. Cameron, elders.

The minutes of the last quarterly meeting were read and sustained.

The Rev. Mr. McDougall being present, was heartily welcomed and invited to sit and deliberate as a member of court. He stated that the Secretary to the Colonial Committee was absent from his post when he (Mr. McDougall) was leaving Scotland, in consequence of which he had not received his commission, but that he expected to have it before next meeting of Presbytery.

The call and relative documents from East and West Branches East River to Rev. D. McRae, were submitted for consideration; anent which it was moved by Mr. McCunn, seconded by Mr. McMillan, and *Resolved*, That the Presbytery sustain the Call and Bonds, at the same time, understanding that West Branch congregation is willing and able by themselves to support a minister, do so with the recommendation that as soon as circumstances render it desirable a disjunction may be effected,—Mr. Brodie dissenting in the following terms:—"Mr. Brodie dissents, as now there is no reason for the ecclesiastical union continued in these large charges, and that it is not wise, nor for the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, as he judges."

It was further *Resolved*, That the Clerk be instructed to forward said documents to the Halifax Presbytery, requesting them to call a meeting as soon as possible to consider them, and to release the Rev. D. McRae from his charge in Newfoundland with as little delay as convenient.

The following appointments were then made for the current quarter:—Rev. J. W. Fraser to be at Cape John, Oct. 9th; McLennan's Mountain, Oct. 16th; West Branch River John, Oct. 23rd; Roger's Hill, Oct. 30th; Lochaber, Nov. 6th.—after the fulfilment, to return to Cape Breton. Rev. D. McDougall to be at Barney's River, Oct. 9th and 16th; West Branch River John, Oct. 23rd; Albion Mines, Oct. 30th; Gairloch, Nov. 6th,—alternating between Earltown and West Branch, Nov. 13th, 20th, and 27th. Rev. N. Brodie to be at Broad Cove one Sabbath in November. Rev. Mr. Pollok, at Albion Mines, Oct. 16th, 7 P.M.

Mr. W. Cameron, McLennan's Mountain, tabled a document from McLennan's Mountain congregation, and requested that the Presbytery would make arrangements for disposing of part of Mr. Stewart's services. *Resolved* to let it lie on the table until next meeting.

Adjourned to meet in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on Wednesday, the 7th Dec., at 11 A.M. Closed with the benediction.

W. McMILLAN, *Pres. Clerk.*

NEWS OF THE CHURCH.

Arrival of our Foreign Missionary at Aneiteum.—The friends of our Mission in the New Hebrides will be glad to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Goodwill arrived safely at Aneiteum early in May, after a very long passage of five weeks from the port of Melbourne. All the missionaries in the group were well, and their annual meeting was to be held at Aname, Aneiteum, in June, at which meeting Mr. Goodwill's field of future labour most probably would be fixed.

Mr. Hugh Robertson has returned to Halifax to resume his studies in the U. P. Divinity Hall. During the past few months he has completed a tour, lecturing in as many of the congregations, both of the Church and the sister Presbyterian Church, as he could overtake. He visited the Pictou and Island Presbyteries. He hoped to have overtaken New Brunswick and Cape Breton, but was unable. A report of his visit to the Churches will appear next month.

Applicant for the Ministry.—A young man of great earnestness, piety and talent, has made application from the Presbytery of Halifax to the Young Men's Bursary Scheme, for assistance in prosecuting his studies with a view to entering upon the Foreign Mission field. We wish him long life, health and success.

Westville.—St. Philip's Church, commenced some time since in this flourishing village, is now well advanced towards completion. The outside is entirely finished, and the interior is plastered and will be fully completed by the first of January next. The congregation feel very acutely the loss sustained in the removal of their attached pastor to Scotland, especially under their present peculiar circumstances. Notwithstanding this, they still manifest an energetic spirit, and are determined to have their Church ready for occupation as soon as possible, and then, in connection with the Albion Mines congregation, to avail themselves of the first good opportunity of securing a minister. The debt on the building will be considerable; but it is hoped that, by the contributions which they are receiving, and expect to receive from good friends whose kindly patronage they respectfully solicit, and also by their own increasing strength, to be able to meet all demands, and before long to liquidate whatever debt may be contracted by its erection. We have no doubt the Presbytery of Pictou will be as liberal in their supply as possible. In the words of a correspondent, "a congregation without a pastor is like a school without a teacher, in which,—although the scholars may exert themselves and do what they can,—there is no controlling eye—no one to look to for instruction, and no one to whom they can refer in their troubles, and ask for counsel and advice; and consequently, there ensues disorganization, a want of energy, a falling away rather than an advancement." We are assured, however, that the people of Westville will do their best, and we hope and trust that ere long God, in his good providence, will give them a pastor who shall go out and in among them, and break to them the bread of life.

Wallace.—On Thursday, the 15th Sept., the ladies of St. Matthew's Church, Wallace, whose liberality and readiness to promote every good work connected with the Church, instead of lagging, seem to increase by repeated demands, held a tea meeting in the school-house being built in the village.—Here they would tender their thanks to the Building Committee who so kindly placed the school-house at their service on the occasion. The weather being very favourable, the tea and refreshment tables were well patronised. The number of persons who gave their countenance and money would be about 700. The proceeds amounted to nearly \$280, which amount is to be expended in renovating the Church, fencing the church-yard, and painting the manse, &c.

Rev. Dr. Donald.—We regret to learn that Dr. Donald's health is not much improved. He is still unable for duty.

Sabbath School Lessons.—A Committee of the Halifax Sabbath School Association issue annually a Scheme of Lessons, and are now about entering upon their duties for the twelfth year. The lessons are prepared with a view to afford a correct and systematic course of instruction from the leading events in Old and New Testament history, and have been found valuable in many of the Sabbath Schools of our Church, as every scholar, being in possession of a Scheme, is aware of the subject to be taught in the class, in advance of the day. We wish to call the attention of clergymen and Superintendents to the necessity of acquainting the Committee, through their Secretary,—W. G. Pender,—with the number they will probably require, before the first of January next, as several schools were left unsupplied this year in consequence of orders not coming to hand till late in the spring. A sufficiently large num-

ber will be printed to meet all orders received up to the above date. Price per 100 copies, post paid, 90 cts; 50 copies, 45 cts. Remittances may be made in stamps or by P. O. Order.

St. Andrew's, Montreal.—The Rev. Gavin Lang, of the Parish of Glassford, in the Presbytery of Hamilton, Scotland, has received and accepted an appointment to this important Canadian charge. We heartily congratulate our Montreal friends on securing so worthy a successor to the late Dr. Mathieson as we feel assured Mr. Lang will prove to be, and we also congratulate Mr. Lang on his appointment to so important and influential a charge in the Colonial Church. May God's manifest and abundant blessing follow both minister and congregation.

Newfoundland.—St. Andrew's, St. John's, N. F., now vacant by the translation of the Rev. Donald McRae to West and East Branches East River of Pictou, is at present temporarily supplied by Mr. Campbell, Lay Assistant of St. Matthew's, Halifax. We hope that the services of a successor to the Rev. Donald McRae may soon be obtained. It is an important field, and one worthy of being well occupied.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE last two months have been most eventful in the history of the present century. Napoleon, who has been esteemed for many years the arbiter of Europe, is now a prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe. The French defeat at Sedan, near the Belgian frontier, decided his fate. Such had been the disasters of his army that his safety among his own soldiers was more than doubtful. At all events, owing to the surrender of his army, his own surrender was a simple necessity. Many consider it to have been an act of consummate policy, and the best possible resource for the preservation of his dynasty—the grand aim of his political life. If the dynasty be preserved, it must be by the Prussians, for the French nation seems now completely cured of Napoleonism. The restoration of Napoleon would be good policy for the Prussians, as they would find nowhere a firmer friend than one who held power by their permission. France, however, is scarcely so reduced that such an arrangement would be possible. Following the surrender of Sedan, we now have that of Strasbourg, and, not to mention other forts and strong towns, lately Metz, with 150,000 men, two millions sterling, and thousands of guns. The only chance left the French is a grand eruption of the democratic forces of the country,—and even that seems hopeless,—for disorganisation everywhere prevails, and it has to contend with the best military organism ever known—a victorious and disciplined German army, with all the munitions and arms of which the conquered French armies have been stripped. Paris can easily be starved out. There are rumours of peace, and it does seem as if the Prussians themselves were desirous of ending the war. Undoubtedly they will insist on the cession of Alsace and Lorraine. What the Christian mind will think most of, is the vast destruction of human life—the madness of men—the ferocity of human passions—the punishment of infidelity and wickedness by the Most High, in the disasters of a great people, and the selfishness and meanness of that politics which has so much power to afflict the human race. In fact, the moral lessons on Providence to be gathered from recent events are more than can here be enumerated.

As to the other powers of Europe, there is little deserving of remark except as regards Russia, whose attitude gives great cause of uneasiness. While determined, by all appearance, to take no part in the Western quarrel, she is arming, so that it is thought that the embarrassments of the West may be hailed as affording the long coveted opportunity for carrying out her designs upon the East. She desires Turkey in Europe and the Dardanelles. England dreads

this consummation. For this or some other reason the English Government is putting her war departments in order. It is to be hoped that England will fight for Turkey no more. She is not worth fighting for. What business has a Christian nation to fight for the permanence of such a huge, foul, immoral and barbarous despotism as has for the 1260 years of prophecy settled down upon the beautiful lands of ancient Christian civilization, and killed the fairest regions of the earth? Our English statesmen are too traditional. Political maxims must change with the times. Thus trouble seems to have settled down like a cloud upon the nations, and who will say that the irreligion and selfishness and mammon-worship of our time do not demand a sharp remedy? Moral goodness has lost much of its power and attractions amid a coarse contest for gold, and among a people who regard poverty and simplicity as a reproach worse than death. The soul has been degraded, but now it is about to speak for itself and assert its paramount power and importance. Ideas are mightier than muskets, and faith shall have the victory.

And the Pope, too, has had his sensation. The Italian kingdom has now acquired its true capital. Rome is no longer the Pope's, except as a residence. As Dr. Cumming says: "He is now reduced to a church and a manse and glebe. The church is large, but the glebe is rather small. As for the manse, it is probably large enough for an old bachelor." The number of votes for the continuance of his government was very small. No one knows at present whether the Pope will remain at Rome or not. All we know is that he said he would not—if things should come to be as they are now. Students of the Bible will find it interesting, at the present time, to look at the books of Daniel and Revelation, and mark how close we are, upon the ordinary mode of reckoning, to the close of the great prophetic epoch of 1260 years. The year 1870 will ever be memorable in the history of the world.

The ultimate effect of late events in Italy upon the Romish Church is what no one can predict. The outcry of bishops here and there shows that they esteem them calamities. Let no one infer from them any diminution of Romish zeal or activities. The Pope merely represents a system which roots itself deeply in human nature. The institution rests, in our country especially, upon great religious devotion and an incalculable amount of piety among the masses of its supporters. Their faith is unflinching—their devotion is sincere. They are prepared to make sacrifices for their religion, and expect them—while their leaders will neither surrender their policy of controlling politics for religious ends, nor neglect any opportunity of securing them. Protestants only injure themselves by despising the piety of the Roman Catholic people, while they ought to mend their own.

OUR readers will have an opportunity of seeing the Basis of Union agreed upon by the delegates in Montreal. A remark or too may not be out of place in reference to these minutes. 1. The phrase "infallible word of God" had better have been omitted—not because it is not true, but because nothing else is characterised, and to preserve consistency in the document, neither should this. It will do no harm, however. 2. It would have been much better if there had been no explanatory clause in reference to the relations of Church and State: as in the view which is now happily taken of confessions,—as imperfect human compositions presenting the church's views on doctrine at some particular period in her history,—and in view of the full import of the word "*subordinate*" in the second clause, all parties might easily sign the Confession pure and simple. And such an arrangement would keep up the idea of *re-union*, or a return to the state of matters which existed 150 years ago, when all were one, and all ranged themselves under the Confession without any deduction. The functions of the civil magistrate are sufficiently limited by other parts of the Confession, to obviate every objection. 3. The wording of the minute on education cer-

tainly does not express the mind of the Committee. The most general feeling was, that it was *desirable* to have one theological hall, but that attachment to existing halls would probably prevent it. The resolution is only a fragment of a much longer resolution, which was cut down bit by bit, and unfortunately what remains is imperfectly or incorrectly worded. Observe, however, that it is not part of the *basis*, but only of the minutes, and remains over for the consideration of the future church. Only, it is most desirable that this matter of theological education should receive ample discussion in the public organs of ecclesiastical opinion. It is a most important question, and needs ventilation. One hall for British North America is unquestionably all that is *required*. Many will *wish* for more, but the sooner they cease to wish for more, the better.

4. The basis will be submitted to Synods, and, if passed, will go down to congregations, who will decide. Union is of that nature that it must be *voluntary*. A forced marriage is none. Let no one fear, then, that he will be *forced* into union. If he does not want it, then he can reject it. He will not have the convenience of saying that ministers have done this or that. He will have the doing of it himself. Upon each member will rest the responsibility of taking or rejecting.

5. The harmony, openness and friendliness of the Union delegation in Montreal was as wonderful as it was delightful. Denominational lines were undistinguishable. If even union should fail for a while, the meeting must exercise an influence upon the future, and promote harmony and peace among the Presbyterian Churches of British North America.

WE have just heard that our dear friend and father, the Rev. John Gunn, is no more among the living. His sufferings have been great for some time. They have ended at last on the 28th Oct., when he died in perfect consciousness and peace. As no doubt a notice of him will appear in the *Record*, we have only to express sympathy for Mrs. Gunn and family, and his grieved congregation, among whom he was beloved as a father, and in all their troubles a constant friend.

A. P.

THE REV. LAL BEHARI DAY, OF CALCUTTA, ON THE CREED, OR CONFESSION OF FAITH, THAT THE CHURCH IN INDIA SHOULD ADOPT.

As a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, I have subscribed to the Westminster Confession of Faith—and I continue conscientiously to believe in every doctrinal statement it contains; but I cannot help expressing my sincere conviction that it is about the narrowest and most exclusive creed in Christendom. It is, in my opinion, the most scriptural, the most philosophical, the most logical, and the most comprehensive of all creeds I know. But it is the narrowest, just because it is the most comprehensive of all creeds. In its vast sweep it embraces every doctrine and every point of every doctrine, hence it admits of no liberty of opinion, and therefore excludes, at least from the ministry of its Church, every one who cannot subscribe to it in its integrity. The Thirty-nine articles of the Church of England are much broader than the Westminster Confession of Faith; but they are not, in my opinion, sufficiently broad. Far be it from me to blame either the Church of Scotland or the Church of England for making their creeds so narrow. I believe they were driven to it by the previous religious history of those countries; nevertheless, many good men of those Churches regard the narrowness of their creed as an unfortunate though an unavoidable circumstance. Dr. Chalmers says:—"It is evident, that the greater the number of the Church's articles, the more limited and exclusive it will be. And I know not a more interesting question of Christian policy than in how far it is advisable to give up certain points, and

that with the view of opening a wider door of admittance to the Church, and of breaking down certain barriers of separation, which would give way indeed of themselves on the reconciliation of certain differences not being made indispensable to Christians being members of the same communion, or their being admitted into the fellowship of the same denomination."

HOME MISSION BOARD.

THERE will be a meeting of this Board, at which a full attendance of members is important, in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on Wednesday, Dec. 7th, at 3 P.M., to determine the amounts requiring to be drawn from the Colonial Committee for the current year, ending 1st August, 1871, and for the transaction of other business. Congregations or ministers requiring supplement should send in to the Convener or Secretary their applications before the meeting, stating the circumstances of the case and the authorization of the Presbytery.

There will be a second meeting of the Board on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, at noon, in St. Matthew's Church, Halifax.

GEO. M. GRANT, *Convener of the Board.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

FOREIGN MISSION FUND.

Rec'd. from Joseph Hart, Baddeck, per Rev. Mr. Campbell, Halifax..	\$ 5 00
Proceeds of Tea-Meeting at Richm'd, Halifax.....	10 00
H. A. Robertson as follows:	
Col. in Rev. A. McLean's Churches at Belfast and Orwell, on occasion of lecture by H. A. Robertson.....	\$12 52
Col. in Rev. J. Currie's Church, Five-Mile River, Maitland.....	9 30
Col. at Noel.....	5 12½
Col. at J. M. G. McKay's Church, Economy.....	6 00
Col. at Rev. Mr. Wyllie's Church, Upper Bar.....	5 68½
Col. at Rev. Mr. Wyllie's Church, Great Village.....	9 02
Alpin Maclean, of Boston.....	5 00
Glengarry Lodge contribution.....	6 00
Col. in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou.....	6 90 65 55
Bal. of Col. at Pictou.....	14 00
North-West Arm, Halifax.....	4 30
Col. at St. Matthew's Ch., Halifax.....	212 04
Col. in Rev. Mr. Pollok's Church, New Glasgow.....	25 00

\$335 89

JAS. J. BRENNER, *Treas.*

Halifax, N. S., 5th Nov., 1870.

YOUNG MEN'S BURSARY FUND.

St. Andrew's Church, Halifax.....	\$ 9 00
St. Matthew's Church, Halifax.....	66 00
Richmond and North-West Arm.....	3 10
St. Andrew's Church, Pictou.....	27 00

RODCK. MCKENZIE, *Treas.*

Pictou, Oct. 31, 1870.

MISSIONARY SERVICES.

Paid Rev. R. McCunn..... \$55 00

RODCK. MCKENZIE, *Treas.*

Pictou, Oct. 31, 1870.

PRESBYTERY CLERK'S FEE.

Wallace and Pugwash Kirk-Session.. \$4 00

W. McM., *Pby. Clerk.*

CASH RECEIVED FOR "RECORD."

W. McIntosh, Up. Woodstock, N.B. \$ 2 10

K. Baillie, Earltown..... 6 00

D. Sutherland, Fox Brook..... 1 00

Mrs. J. McMillan, Antigonish..... 0 16

Nancy Cameron, Dartmouth..... 0 62½

Halifax:—Joseph McGill, \$1.25; J. Gibson, W. Bauld, Mrs. Harrison, G. P. Mitchell, A. Mitchell, G. Mitchell, James Hunter, A. Gunn, W. Esson, W. H. Creighton, W. H. Bauld, W. F. Knight, R. Brander, A. G. McDonald, J. Doull, Estate of late A. K. Doull, Mr. Marling, Mr. Headley, G. Esson, jr., J. J. Bremner, W. Kandick, Mr. Hays, H. Wisdom, C. Reynolds, A. Primrose, W. Hesson, T. Bolton, G. Anderson, B. Noble, Mrs. Baxter, J. Chrisolm, M. M. Lindsay, J. Fraser (Balford Row), 62½c. each.

W. G. PENDER, *Sec'y.*

Employment Office,
Halifax, Nov. 4, 1870.