

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |

THE RECORD

OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

In Nova Scotia and the adjoining Provinces.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY 19, 1861.

No. 2.

"IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET HER CUNNING."—Ps. 137, 5. r.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE	PAGE	
Sermon: By the Rev. William Snodgrass, St. Paul's Church, Montreal, - - -	13	Meeting of Glasgow Presbytery: Ordination of Ministers for Nova Scotia, - - -	21
From our Scotch Correspondent, - - -	17	Ministers of Religion and Politics, - - -	22
Opening of the New Church at McLennan's Mountain, - - - - -	19	Sabbath School Meeting, - - - - -	23
Poetry: Christmas Memories, - - - - -	20	Religious Intelligence, - - - - -	23
		General Intelligence, - - - - -	24

Sermon,

By the Rev. William Snodgrass, of St. Paul's Church, Montreal.

"But this I say, brethren, the time is short."—1st Cor. vii. 29.

I am aware that a correct critical exposition of these words would show that the Apostle is speaking of a particular season, the remaining portion of all time, not of time as a whole, and that he characterises it as being of short duration, soon to be wound up or completed. In other words he refers to the existing dispensation or present condition of things, and I have no doubt whatever that, were we to adhere strictly to the thought uppermost in his mind when he penned these words, we should consider the shortness of the time in view of the Lord's return to reign by his personal and immediate presence over the company of his ransomed subjects—the final and glorious consummation of this world's history, when the Lord shall gather all his saints together unto himself, when all preparatory stages, epochs, and events shall be at an end, and time itself shall be no more. This is a prospect which ought to have a solemnizing influence upon all our plans and arrangements, which should make us careful to sit loose to all earthly objects and enjoyments,

VOL. VII.—No 2.

and prevent us from imagining that there is anything permanently profitable in the formation of mere temporal connections, but which, on the contrary, should convince us of the exceeding hurtfulness of a constant, excessive devotion to worldly pursuits. They who look forward to the appearing of their Lord and Saviour to be glorified in the assembling of his saints should not entangle themselves with the affairs of this life, but rather seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, set their affections on things which are above, lay up treasure in the heavens, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where no thief approacheth to break through and steal.

Upon this broad, interesting, and solemn truth I do not, however, at present propose to dwell. There is a more circumscribed, but yet a perfectly legitimate, application of the Apostle's words, to which I mean to advert exclusively. In the view already indicated, we are all directly and personally concerned. We cannot possibly disconnect ourselves from our Lord's return. That is an event which will one day give a character and intensity to our individual experiences, of which at present we have a very faint and dull conception. But, admitting the correctness of the Apostle's representation of the shortness of the time that remains until its occurrence, we

may fairly consider and improve in connection with the text, as being obviously included therein, the far greater shortness of the time we have, each one of us respectively, to employ in preparing to meet the Lord. What kind of meeting we shall have, whether happy or sorrowful, depends upon the manner of our present living. Death terminates the period of our probation. Our condition at the end of time will be determined by our state in the sight of God, when our earthly course is finished. The point to which I desire specially to direct your attention is, therefore, not the whole fact expressed by the words of the text, but a part thereof, namely, the brevity of our lifetime upon earth. In other words, let us regard ourselves as severally addressed by the Apostle. "But this I say, brethren, *your time is short.*"

The time allotted to each one of us here below is short. The days of the years of our pilgrimage are few. "We spend our years as a tale that is told." "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." To this fact on a very little reflection, we all readily assent. It is, however, very obvious that we are prone to be forgetful of it. Many circumstances have the effect of inducing a sinful and pernicious thoughtlessness with reference to it, and it may not be unprofitable to advert in the first place to some of these.

It is hard to convince the young that their time is short. With a few rare exceptions of early piety they do not live in the remembrance of this sobering truth. In the vigor and buoyancy of their youthful spirits they are not troubled with thoughts of death. The present existence, they admit, must come to a close, but with manhood, and prime, and old age before them, the evil day is removed far off into the distant future. They indulge in the happy recreations or thoughtless follies peculiar to their years, confident that their lease of life is long. When they begin to dream of what they will yet be and do,—picturing with vivid and glowing imaginations the positions they will occupy in the world, the vocations they will follow, the fortunes they will make, the influence they will exercise—determining that so soon as they are their own masters they will not succumb to the silly notions of their sires or be hindered by the slow movements of this dull and stupid age, but will mark out new paths for themselves, and contrive some better way of conducting business, and in short, completely revolutionize the existing order of things. Then in the eagerness of their ambition to be men, they count the years they must yet spend as children, and think them many and long. They chide the slowness of their growth and the wearisomeness of their days, and, as if to hasten round the sluggish seasons, they make the manners of their seniors the subject of

their aping airs. Their view of the length of the time is, however, only a delusion, for meanwhile the precious period of preparation for the active duties of life is passing swiftly on, and should they be spared, which may not be the case, the day is fast approaching, when looking back amid burdening cares and busy pursuits, which in their turn apparently shorten their remaining years, the former days will be only as a vision of the night when it is gone.

But such fancies are not confined to the young. Many circumstances influence the minds of multitudes of men and women and make the time seem long. A lot of sadness and sorrow has this effect. When lingering disease overtakes the strong, separating them from the occupation of their choice and the society of their fellows, shutting them up in the darksome chamber, and confining them to beds of languishing—when in their tossings to and fro, strangers to the blessings of peace and rest, they wait anxiously for the night in the expectation of refreshing sleep, and if the night cometh and bringeth no relief, they look as wistfully for the return of day—in such a case, the time does not seem swift and short, but every hour is lengthened out to a most painful tediousness. To the exile, banished to a foreign land, far away from home and friends, separated by oceans or continents from the loved and pleasant scenes of childhood, thrown among a people entirely unknown to him and having but few sympathies in common with him, as he sits and broods on his adversity, calling up the forms and faces of absent companions, the privileges and pursuits of other years, endeared to him by a thousand sweet and familiar associations, and all the dearer that he is sadly severed from them, and as he longs and prays in the sickness of his heart for an opportunity to return to his native land, that there he may enjoy the remainder of his days the intercourse of congenial society, and that at the close of life's journey he may depart hence, happy in the thought of being gathered to his fathers instead of being buried among strangers—to him there are no enjoyments and pleasures such as hasten on the flight of time, but slowly and heavily day follows day. The time does not seem short to the prisoner whose recollections of the free and happy world without are saddened by the thought that his personal liberty is taken away, who has nothing to relieve the terrible monotony of his gloomy cell but a daily visit from the sun's kindly rays through his grated window, or the heavy tramp of the gaoler on his rounds, or the dolorous sound of the iron door turning stiffly on its hinges. Nor is the time short to the heartbroken wife who pines as she watches during the long, weary, midnight hours for the return of her faithless and cruel husband, starting in her unquiet, fitful slumber at every sound she hears or imagines she hears, and wondering how he, who vowed

he would be her partner and protector, can be so base and inhuman as to violate his engagements. Illustrations like these need not be multiplied. We have all in certain circumstances experienced an apparent difference in the length of time, according as we have been well or ill, happy or miserable. As a fog seemingly magnifies the objects which are dimly visible to the naked eye, so clouds of sorrow and seasons of trial seem to arrest the rapid march of time. Disappointment which is a kind of mental sickness has the same effect. When in any department of manual toil or spiritual energy, a man labors for success and fails to reach it, finding all his pains and expense of no avail and all his prospects ruined, his difficulty now is not to find time sufficient for his work, but to find some kind of work to while away the time. So too with hope deferred, which, as one of the sacred writers touchingly says, "maketh the heart sick." So too with idleness, one of the worst diseases which infect the human species, for doing nothing is doing mischief.

But there are circumstances of another kind which have the same effect upon our conceptions of the shortness of time—circumstances of a purely moral and religious character. The philanthropist, interested in the enlightenment of mankind, in the reform of social abuses, in the advancement of the public good, thinks it long to wait before his views are accepted and acted upon. He complains of the tardiness with which the great principles of right, truth, and justice are respected, and of the reluctance shown by many, even of those who are most directly concerned, to espouse causes and take sides in popular agitations, about which, he thinks, there can be no doubt or dispute. The awakened sinner roused to a sense of the awful situation occupied by every man who is unreconciled to God, believing himself to be lost and undone unless by faith in Jesus Christ he lay hold of the hope set before him in the Gospel, and resolving by prayerful application to devote himself to the pursuit of the one thing needful, thinks it long to wait days or months ere his cry is attended to and the desires of his heart are satisfied. The man of God, whose sins have provoked his heavenly father to subject him to a temporary suspension of his privileges and to make him feel the salutary effect of paternal chastisement, cannot speak of the shortness of time, when he feels it is not with him now as in the days that are past, and when he is sighing and praying for the return of the Holy Spirit to uplift, direct, and comfort him. Even the advanced Christian, conscious of being at peace with God, and rejoicing in the intimacy and satisfaction of his spiritual fellowship, having no doubt whatever of his being accepted of the Lord, and of his having a sure and abiding interest in the inheritance of the saints in light, may be tempted at times to wish for his departure hence that he might be for ever present with

the Lord, which he knows is far better than to continue in the body, and, especially if temporal calamity or severe sickness befall him, may begin to say with himself, "I am weary of my life!" Oh that my father would take me home!

Now in regard to all these statements and illustrations, it is to be observed that they are referable to the general principle, that our notions of the qualities of things are necessarily very much affected by the circumstances in which we are placed, by the condition of our minds and bodies, by the aspect in which we regard them, the medium through which we view them, the position from which we contemplate them, the shade of light or darkness which surrounds them. But our notions do not in any way really change these qualities. The blind man cannot see the light, but the light is not therefore turned into darkness. The worldly and avaricious may suppose that their highest happiness consists in temporal prosperity, but their awful mistake does not interfere with the unalterable fact, that a religious life is the only happy life. And so we may from a variety of causes imagine that our time is long, whereas it is actually exceedingly brief. We may delude ourselves by thinking we have yet many years to spend upon earth, but we cannot thereby secure ourselves against the approach of death for a single moment, even should the grim tyrant be standing at our very doors. Whatever we may think or say, the words of the Apostle will be literally and completely verified in the individual experience of each one of us; "but this I say brethren, the time is short." It is well for us to look at this truth in all its importance and solemnity, and betimes to yield to the impressions which a fair and impartial consideration of it cannot fail to excite.

Need I refer to the numerous touching declarations of Scripture, which on this subject accord so closely and strikingly with the results of our observation and experience, that we are compelled at once to admit them to be true. "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not." "Lord make me to know mine end and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am. Behold thou hast made my days as an handbreadth and mine age is as nothing before thee; verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity." "Go to, now, ye that say, to-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." By these, and many other representations such as these, the word of God continually reminds us of the shortness as well as the uncertainty of human existence. And

when we calmly and soberly reflect upon the matter, we can be at no loss for abounding evidence to support and confirm the truth thus vividly and touchingly addressed to us.

If we suramon experience to give a true unbiassed account, what is the report it presents? We may flatter and deceive ourselves with reference to the future of which we know nothing, but we cannot disguise the truth in regard to the unalterable past. Let memory, faithful to its office, review the years we have already spent. It is the work of a moment. Sooner than we can utter it we are furnished with the truthful result. *Al* the whole number of us who are *(here)* alive this day before God, thankful that we have been spared to see the commencement of another year, some are but very young, others are shooting up to manhood and prime, others have reached maturity or exceeded the average age allotted unto man, while the silvery locks of others tell them and us that they are descending into the vale of sublunary existence. What have we all, at these several stages of our unknown term of years, to say in regard to the occupation of the time we have been sojourning here below? It is no *excited* or conflicting reply we have to give. As unanimously as truly, both young and old are constrained to confess, our time has been exceedingly short. The days of the years of our pilgrimage have been few. Our winters with all their fireside enjoyments and social reunions have gone rapidly by. Our summers with all their outdoor recreations, happy excursions, and delightful walks, among the beautiful scenes in which restored nature annually clothes herself, have been equally transient and fleeting. Great and marvellous events may have left an impress upon the history of the world, strange occurrences may have befallen us as individuals, and curious experiences may have distinguished our personal career. But whatever be the nature and the number of the incidents we can recall, how brief the space of time in which they have happened! Our sons and daughters, who are quietly reaching the stature we have ourselves attained, can tell us it is not long since they became conscious of their individuality, and began to notice, think, and distinguish for themselves. Our young men and maidens are ready to avow that their youthful days have passed like a dream. *o* They who have reached middle age can measure the brevity of their time by the little they have done in completing the magnificent plans of earlier years. And those amongst us, who are stooping by the scriptural limit of threescore years and ten, can speak to us wisely and instructively of the speedy lapse of the interval, which lies between their first recollections, and the present hour.

Or shall we circumscribe the sphere of our review and confine our attention to the single year of which, only for the first time as we awoke this morning, we could say, it is gone.

This day twelve months ago we rejoiced in its newness and congratulated each other, thankful to think we were spared to see it and glad to wish we might be able to enjoy it. We looked forward through its unspent weeks and days as occupying a considerable period of the future. The long reign of a rigorous winter had to pass; the active season of spring time, the flushing beauties of summer, and the glorious, even though they be the melancholy, shadows of autumn, had all to come and go. With hopeful and resolute hearts we took a prospective survey of what we might do, and we fancied there was plenty of time for it all. But now, as we are privileged to associate ourselves with the first morning of its successor, looking back upon its course, how swiftly it has receded into the irrevocable past, leaving us with a long catalogue of foiled efforts, unfinished purposes, and unavailing regrets, adding another irresistible proof to the evidence which experience supplies of the truth of the text, "but this I say, brethren, the time is short."

Or, changing yet again the trace of our reflections and turning our experience into another track, can we in any way modify, if we cannot reverse, this stern and solemn decision? We all know how to appreciate the presence of an agreeable companion, when performing a journey which otherwise would be lonely and long. By the mercy and loving-kindness of our great Creator, condescending to consider and devise for our good in this respect, we are well provided with associates in the pilgrimage of life. Husbands have their wives, children their parents, sisters their brothers, and, stepping beyond the family circle, God raises up for us all, reliable companions, kind sympathisers, bosom friends. But we all also know what it is to be called upon to mourn the loss of some one of these. Each one of us can recall the well-known features of a loving and revered parent, or an affectionate and confiding partner, or a fair and promising child, or a precious and exemplary associate—the joy of our eyes, the comfort of our hearts, the elixir of our lives—who has been called upon to stop in the broad and common road which leads to the narrow house, and bid us a last farewell as he took his departure to the invisible world beyond the confines of time. And shall we ask, what of the period of our companionship, they with us and we with them? Its exceeding shortness is one of the first characteristics that meet and impress us, as we blend together in our recollections its many joys and sorrows. Does it not seem as if such tender connections were formed only to be broken? Do we not feel it be one of the hardest things in our mortal lot that those we love and trust should be spared to us for so brief a season? Does it not require something more pure, powerful, and heavenly, than mere natural fortitude to submit, without repining, to have them snatched from our

fond embrace, by the cold, inexorable grasp of death? But much as we would give and do to restore them again to the occupancy of the vacant places they have left behind them, the vacant places they have left behind them, even though we may have a strong, well-founded assurance that it would be for the worse to them, the thought is vain. We must go to them, they cannot return to us. Who would replace the ripened fruits when they drop from the tree on which they grew? Wait till the reviving spring returns, and the green leaves and fresh blossoms will tell us that new productions are at hand. So too, sound in the faith of the Gospel and strong in the Christian's hope, reading as we must, and learning as best we can, the solemn and important lesson taught us by the transient presence of departed relatives and friends, let us be thankful that the shortness of the time is not an unmitigated evil, but that its sternest features are softened and subdued by the prospect, a little while hence, of a glorious resurrection, when the spirits of them that sleep in Jesus, joined to new and incorruptible bodies, shall begin to dwell in the realms of bliss, and enter upon a fellowship and a converse, pure and endless as the light of everlasting day.

"A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last,
Shall meet to part no more."

If, brethren, this be our experience of the shortness of the time as regards the past, what should be our thoughts of it as regards the untried and unknown future? "That which will be has already been." The days to come, whether they be many or few, shall in their progress be as rapid and evanescent as the days which are gone. And then with reference to the future, while it must necessarily resemble the past in point of brevity, it differs from it in one noteworthy respect. To each one of us it is awfully uncertain how many more years or days we have to spend on earth. We can tell how long we have been in the world, but we know not the end of our allotted term, whether it be near or distant. Very soon at the latest the earthly house of this tabernacle must be dissolved. To-day we are spared to begin another year. Shall we all be permitted to see the close of it? If so, our experience must be different from what it has been during the last twelve months. Some who were permitted this day last year, to exchange congratulations with the living, are now numbered among the dead. With this as our warning, let us enter upon the duties, enjoyments, and trials of this new year, and let us be assured, it will be all the more profitably spent and none the less happy, if we preserve in our souls a constant sense of the shortness of the time that remains. ✕

My beloved friends, I have one thing more to say. The short time that remains is all we have for the great, momentous work of

preparation for eternity, and if it be my privilege to wish you abounding happiness, in this place I can venture to do so only in connection with that work, for any happiness here will be as short as time itself, if it spring not from the belief of God's truth and sanctification by the Holy Spirit. Have you begun this serious work in earnest. Persevere zealously and prayerfully, and the Lord, who creates and renews the spirits of his people, will assuredly perfect that which concerneth you. Have you been so many years in the world and have you not yet entered upon this work? You have been perilling your highest interests. You have left the concerns of eternity to the dread uncertainty of a moment. Now your everlasting happiness is at stake. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? "Unless ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Look unto Jesus the sinner's friend, look and your souls shall live. May the great God who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, bless you abundantly with temporal goodness, but especially bestow upon you all manner of spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. And to Him be all the praise both now and evermore! Amen.

FROM OUR SCOTCH CORRESPONDENT.

A great man has fallen in Israel. Dr. Robertson, the Convener of the Endowment Scheme, is dead. No minister in Scotland appeared to have such an iron constitution, and yet he has been taken from us at the age of fifty-eight, and before his great work was completed. He had gathered the materials; had commenced the building; and now, another, and let us hope a master-workman, must enter into his labors and place the capstone on the work. It is fortunate that a Vice Convener was appointed at Dr. Robertson's especial desire, and that so able a man as the Rev. Mr. Smith, late of Trinity Church, and now of Leith, was secured to co-operate with him, and to attend to many of the details of the scheme. Mr. Smith, I believe, had thoroughly mastered his colleague's plans in all the various stages at which they have arrived, and become imbued with his spirit. That he should now equal him in energy, in influence with high and low, and in enthusiasm, which was always contagious because ever fresh, is perhaps more than can be expected. Yet in one sense it ought to be much easier to finish the work now than if the heroic originator were still living. For what an appeal can be made to all to come forward, each to put his stone to that cairn which is most fitting that the Church should raise to him; the proud monument of 200 churches in destitute localities so endowed and equipped that from their pulpits the Gospel shall be preached unto the poor for ever without money and without price.

It is unnecessary for me to pronounce panegyric on Dr. Robertson. Men who knew him well have preached his funeral sermons. He was one of the strong men of our day: a giant in working, catholic in spirit, a man of the most thorough personal piety. He has gone, and how prematurely we may understand from the fact that his father is still hale and active. Heaven's will is best. The Church on earth, while sorrowing over its bereavement, can still give thanks that the Spirit who animated him will strengthen others to do his work. As he himself said, with almost his latest breath, while some were mourning the blow that would be given to the Endowment Scheme by his departure, "Sirs, the work will be done not by Conventions or Committees, but by the Spirit of the living God." Such is the faith that is the "substance of things hoped for." And now faith is exchanged for sight: he sees even as he is seen. He is gone; but his works do follow him. In the high places of the field he walked and worked; therefore is it well with him now. He has joined a wider "communion of saints" than there is on earth; he ranges with the great Intelligences of heaven.

Before this letter has reached Nova Scotia the Tercentenary of the Reformation will have been celebrated in Scotland by all the Protestant Churches on the day appointed. It will be almost a universal holiday; a day not of congratulation only, I trust, but of faithful enquiry into the errors and shortcomings of Protestantism. I will endeavor to have in the *Record* for February an account of the great meeting that is to be held in the City Hall of Glasgow, at which the leading ministers of the Free, U. P., and Congregational Churches will be seen uniting in the large spirit of Christian liberty and love with the Church of Scotland in its proposed celebration. In every parish in the land there will be special services during the day, and in the evening a union meeting of the ministers and members of the various Protestant Churches that may be in each parish. I augur much from such keeping of such a day. Especially is it fitting that the national, the historical Church of Scotland should do all in its power worthily to commemorate an event which really made us a nation and gave us a history. A good opportunity such a day will give of taking a calm retrospect of the past, and thence deducing wise rules of action for the future. From that day let us each and all set out on a new path, which will also be the old; filled with the spirit of love and wisdom, let us eschew the old gangrenes of Protestantism, schism and uncharitableness; striving to heal not to multiply divisions, to keep the unity of spirit and the unity of working in the bond of peace.

There are two cases of "disputed settlement" to be brought before the next General Assembly, that of the island of Tyree in the

parish of Mull, and another in Perthshire. A third case of a similar kind was threatened, that of Carriden, in the Presbytery of Linlithgow, but the presentee, who throughout has been considerably ill used, has withdrawn. Neither of the others is a matter of much magnitude. A good deal different is a new phase of the old Scoonie case. The majority were victorious at last Assembly, and got the minority's man, Mr. Logie, rejected. Their favorite is now the presentee, but the minority are in no mood to submit. They never liked Mr. Blackwood, and they like still less to have him forced upon them after this defeat. The Presbytery have sustained their objections, and at next Assembly the Scoonie case, *redivivus*, will be as fresh and interesting as ever. The evils of such disputes are of course very great, but perhaps inseparable from Lord Aberdeen's Act, no matter under what regulations it is worked; and the greatest and most inevitable evil of all is the cumbersome and expensive character of the litigation before the Church Courts. However, it is very foolish in our Free Church friends to point to these difficulties as proofs of the delusive and worthless provisions of the Act; for it is not in one case out of twenty that any difficulty occurs; and all such difficulties have their parallels, sometimes intensified too, in Dissenting Churches; and whenever the Church is convinced that the evils demand a remedy, and is agreed as to the nature of the remedy that should be applied, the door is open to seek for constitutional redress. In the meantime there is no immediate necessity for action: it does not do to be frequently tinkering at a constitution: better first to sift the subject thoroughly; and these cases of disputed settlement are the best possible means of ventilating the whole question, and of bringing the united intellect of the Church to bear upon its just and satisfactory solution.

The Free Church bugbear, the Cardross case, has advanced another step, and that step, like all the others, is unfavorable to its pretensions. Lord Jerviswoode has dismissed their pleas that the Civil Court has no competency in decisions which they choose to call spiritual; and he asserts that in their constitution as produced to him he can find no sentence which debars a member of their Church from appealing for address if they violate their own laws. They have appealed to the Inner House against this decision, but the only effect of this is to delay the matter for another eighteen months. One would think that enough time had been spent already on the outworks of the question, and that they would be anxious to come to the proof of the real questions at issue—have you or have you not broken your own laws? and if you have, has Mr. Macmillan by your constitution no redress? But no; they are many and wealthy: the complainant is single, and poor, and old. It is of no consequence to them how long

justice be delayed: to their opponent it is a question of life or death. He still lives in the manse: of course they are powerless there, for he can be turned out only by the civil power, and that power the Free Church seems unwilling to acknowledge: but he has no means of supporting himself, except by some little private teaching which has been kindly given him. In the meantime, the Free Church is trying hard to stir up public feeling in their favor, but without success. The whole independent press of the country, including the leading Liberal newspapers, are decidedly opposed to their extravagant propositions. I have no wish to go again into the subject, which I dare say every one now understands; but it is amusing to notice that what the *Scotsman* considered a *reductio ad absurdum* of their position, Dr. Candlish has accepted as their sober and most reasonable claim, viz., that no matter how unfair and contrary to their own laws any of their decisions be, still their members have no appeal, no redress. A doctrine this, surely, that savors strongly of Popery. Dr. Buchanan, too, has published a sermon on the question, which, coming as it does from a man of his ability, has filled me with amazement. Much pious resignation is expressed; but every objection to their position is untouched, every difficulty slurred over, every claim of theirs taken for granted, and in fact, in the whole sermon blood is not once drawn from the real subject.

And now I must bid farewell to the readers of the *Record* in my character as "Scotch Correspondent." Since I was asked to undertake the work I have tried to do it as punctually and as well as possible. Perhaps not one of those who refuse to write or to contribute news to our little monthly messenger has had so many other avocations. Will they pardon me for suggesting that I have always, when I tried it, experienced the truth of the proverb, "where there's a will, there's a way?" Suppose they also try. And, brother reader, I am not done with you yet. Now and then in the months to come I hope to have the pleasure of dropping you a line or two, if it were only to keep up our acquaintanceship. Do not be censorious, or over-critical. If you ever feel so disposed, do you yourself call for pens, ink, and paper, and—write a book.

—o—

THE OPENING OF THE NEW CHURCH AT MACLENNAN'S MOUNTAIN.

The public were some time ago made aware, through the medium of this magazine, that a new church was in course of erection at MacleNNAN'S Mountain, and it is our pleasing duty to announce that this building has been finished and opened for public worship. The church in which this congregation has long worshipped is one of the oldest in the county,

and has been rapidly hastening to decay. It was upon MacleNNAN'S Mountain that the cause of our church in this part of the Province, in which it has since established its most powerful stronghold, was first marked by the erection of a suitable building for the accommodation of those resolute men, who, preferring to serve God in the Church of their fathers, resented nothing so keenly as any slight cast upon her character and history, or any attempt to lower her in the estimation of the Christian world. It was upon MacleNNAN'S Mountain that the late Rev. D. A. Fraser fixed that abode, from which he went forth, as of old St. Columba the apostle of the Highlanders from Iona, upon many a noble and many a weary mission of charity and benevolence, under the mighty banner of the cross. It was in that old church, which stands in the unadorned grandeur of moving historic associations, that were heard the manly tones of that eloquent voice, which inspired with enthusiasm and love those who listened to them, and awakened distant echoes throughout this country. No wonder! His was the hand of a master musician, that could "play skillfully" upon the chords of the human heart and make it shiver with vibrations of unspeakable rapture. The tones of that voice have long been hushed in the unbroken silence of the tomb, but "the memory of the just is blessed," and the fruits of his travail appear this day in the attachment of the MacleNNAN'S Mountain people to "the beautiful house in which our fathers worshipped, and where are our pleasant things," and by the number of good and prayerful old men, who preside over that congregation, and attemper the heats of youth with the snows of age.

It is from MacleNNAN'S Mountain that Dr. Macgillivray, the venerable father of the Pictou Presbytery has gone forth upon his weary rounds throughout this country. When the Church here was left without pastoral oversight, and we were as sheep without a shepherd, it was upon MacleNNAN'S Mountain that might be heard the voice of the faithful shepherd calling his sheep "by name" and encouraging them to drink of the living waters of gospel truth. It was from MacleNNAN'S Mountain that he went forth to those immense gatherings of people seen on sacramental occasions, and, alone and yet not alone, for the captain of the Lord's host was with him, conducted whole sacraments in the presence of thousands: who forgot for a moment the sorrows of this life in the grand impressions of a great congregation of immortal souls, thus worshipping God upon the verdant earth, under the "deeply, beautifully blue" vault of heaven, seasonable symbol of eternity, and fanned by the sweet and soothing gales of summer. On such occasions amid the still solitudes of the forest rose in peals to the throne of the eternal God the wailing numbers of the Gaelic psalm; as a wave rolls from the shore farther and farther

away into the ocean, and sinks at last into the bosom of its immensity, seen only by the inevitable eye of God. Then the bosom of many a son of the Gael melted with emotion, when the sound of his mother tongue and the gracious promises of the blessed evangel, carried his soul in arduous flight back to the scenes of his youth, to the gigantic mountains of his native land, the richly fertile spots, that sat like the accumulated folds of a richly embroidered garment upon their base, and the antique little parish church mingling the associations of religious and sacred emotions with scenes that were painted by the fingers of nature's God. He thinks he hears the words of affectionate eloquence, that touched his heartstrings tender in youth, and that he feels the warm grasp of the hand of a parent, sister, or simple-hearted friend, which have since felt the stony touch of death. Many a sacred reminiscence, and many a pious emotion was kept alive by the labors of Dr. Macgillivray at these impressive gatherings. Unmolested and unmolested, he trod the path of duty, and, as a good soldier of Christ, obeyed what the late Duke of Wellington called the minister's marching orders: "Go preach the gospel to every creature." We should never lose sight of his past connection with our present prosperity. May peace and happiness attend him as he descends the vale of life!

On Sunday the 25th December, being within *two* days of being the Tricentenary of the Scottish Reformation, the new Church was opened by Dr. Macgillivray preaching in the forenoon from Zech. vi. 12, "He shall build the temple of the Lord," and by the Rev. Allan Pollok preaching in the afternoon from Zech. viii. 3, "The Holy Mountain." There was present a large Assembly of people, who testified their sense of the importance of the event by attention and solemnity. At the same time we could not fail to admire the beauty of the building. The situation of the church is very imposing, as it stands upon one of the highest mountains in the Province. It is wholly finished, and therefore comfortable. Through the exertions of Mrs. Macgillivray and the ladies, the passages have been carpeted, the windows furnished with blinds, the pulpit adorned with excellent trimmings, and furnished with a handsome bible for the use of the officiating minister. The workmanship is of the most substantial description, and does the highest credit to the carpenter, Mr. Donald Grant, New Glasgow.

After sermon by Mr. Pollok on Monday, the pews were sold, and at a unanimous meeting, at which the most delightful good feeling prevailed, realized £840, leaving about £100 of a surplus above the cost of the church. Every pew in the church was sold. We are sure the people will have no reason to regret the exertions they have made, but that, having honored God with their substance, he will bless them in all their affairs.

A review of the history of our Church in this province during the last seven years would suggest profitable reflections. We are not a rich Church, or a powerful Church, or a numerous Church. We profess establishment principles, and yet we have never received a penny of public money. Other Churches who are voluntaries in Britain can forget their past history and high-sounding claims to superior sanctity, and year after year make themselves rich by receiving educational grants for purely denominational institutions. Yet within *six* years our people have built 14 *new* churches, and added to the wealth of our Church a sum exceeding £20,000. If we thus preserve and *use* human means without *relying* upon them, happier days of usefulness shall dawn upon us: and as passing events demonstrate the soundness of our principles, we shall not have lived in vain.

—o—
For the "Record."

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

Little child alone at play
On this happy Christmas day,
Looking up with wondering eyes
At each fresh and fair surprise,
Curious toy, and sweetmeat store,
Puzzling game, and pictured lore,
Dreams by night, and hopes by day,
In their beautiful array,
Here are gathered in thy hand,
Like the wealth of fairy land.

As I watch thee, bygone years,
Rise before me, dim with tears,
Through the shadowy mist I see
Brighter eyes than thine may be,
Looking up with laughing pleasure
At the new-found Christmas treasure;
Still I see the golden hair
Gleaming in the sunshine fair,
Rose-lit cheeks of changeful hue
Lighting up sweet eyes of blue,
Ringing laughter, sunny smiles,
Joyous accents, winning wiles,
Little feet, whose echoes start
Every fibre of my heart.

Low in dust that golden head
Lies among the silent dead;
Little heart and feet are still
In the churchyard's chambers chill.
Autumn's rain and winter's snow,
Spring's young verdure summer's glow,
We have wept and suffered here,
Desolate for many a year;
Stricken ones, with tendrils broken,
Mute, for God alone had spoken;
Little thing in life's great part—
Loss how large in home and heart.

God be thanked, that through His name
Who to-day as Saviour came,
We our little one behold
Standing on the sea of gold,

Where such shining angels see
 Their Father's face continually.
 We must toil and suffer still,
 Working out our Master's will:
 Ours the sin, the pain, the loss;
 Hers the crown without the cross;
 To that little hand committed,
 Sweetly sounding harp is fitted;
 Even now to us is given,
 Down the starry slope of heaven,
 Whispers from the golden key,
 Touched by faith and memory,
 Strains of hope the soul to stir,
 "We at last may go to her."

M. J. K.

Halifax, 1861.

MEETING OF GLASGOW PRESBYTERY.
ORDINATION OF MISSIONARIES FOR NOVA SCOTIA.

The clerk read a letter addressed to Dr. Hill by the Secretary of the Colonial Committee of the General Assembly, stating that the four gentlemen from Glasgow University—Messrs. Grant, McMillan, Cameron, and McGregor—brought before the committee, had given the greatest satisfaction, and had been appointed to act as missionaries under the Presbytery of Pictou, Nova Scotia. The committee also recommended their early ordination.

Dr. Hill had very great pleasure indeed in thinking of the way in which the Colonial Committee had acted, in consequence of the manner in which he recommended those four gentlemen to the Assembly last May, and the readiness with which the committee had met the wishes of those gentlemen, who were licensed very lately, that they might go out with full powers to their native country to officiate as ministers of the Gospel. He hoped that this Presbytery would be ready to attend to the recommendation of the committee, and to grant the ordination as early as possible. It was the wish of those gentlemen to leave this country almost immediately—before the end of this month, if possible. They were ready to submit themselves to whatever examinations the Presbytery might think necessary; he knew that they were capable of standing such examinations. He had never met, in the course of his 20 years' experience in the College, with four students who so uniformly obtained his approbation, who showed talents that entitled them to be brought forward to prominent situations, and not only showed talents, but also what was of much more consequence, that they were imbued with Christian principles—that wherever they were called to labour their great object would be to preach Christ crucified. The Colonial Committee had expressed very strongly its opinion both of the character and the talents of those gen-

tlemen. He looked forward with very great delight indeed to the effect which their ministrations were likely to produce in the colonies. If they had but a succession of these young men now going out year after year to these colonies, the churches there would speedily be supplied with men as eminent ambassadors for Christ as any who had ever appeared in that capacity. He concluded by moving that the Presbytery consent at once to grant ordination.

Dr. Norman Macleod said he must be permitted to second the motion which had just been made with so much feeling and so much grace by Dr. Hill. It was now nearly fifteen years—and it looked like history—since he had the high honour of being sent by the Church of Scotland as one of a deputation—the first that ever went from the Church of Scotland—to visit the congregations in the North American colonies. The scene he witnessed in Pictou could never be obliterated from his mind. It was as fresh now on his memory as the day he saw it. They administered the communion there to a multitude of Scotchmen, chiefly Highlanders, numbering, he believed, no fewer than 6,000 people; and a more intelligent, Christian people they had not in connection with their Church; nor had they in the world more enthusiastic friends of their Church. And yet there were eleven congregations, and only one minister; and they (the deputation) were placed in the painful position of not being able, in truth, to promise them a speedy supply. They might, perhaps, at the time have sent preachers who could speak English, but in the then state of their home Church, and the scarcity of Gaelic preachers they could give no promise of pastors to them. It was then suggested what an advantage it would be if young men could be sent from the colonies, speaking Gaelic or not, to study here. By and by, efficient labourers went out, preaching English. They were able to send out some missionaries; the Presbytery of Pictou was strengthened, and most gallantly, with a great deal of Christian chivalry; that Presbytery originated a scheme for sending to this country, and supporting, so far as it was needed, the young men who should study here. Accordingly, those four young men were sent from the Highland Scotch people in Nova Scotia to study in this country. They were assisted at first by the Presbytery but during their later years they had been able, by their own energy and diligence, to support themselves. He had known them as intimate friends ever since they landed on these shores—two of them were members of his congregation and two were members of his father's congregation. He had had the most intimate communion with them during the last eight years—it looked but like a few weeks since they first came from Nova Scotia—and he could with all his heart re-echo every word that had been uttered by Dr.

Hill. He had the highest respect for their character, the deepest personal affection for themselves, and the very highest opinion of the reality of their personal piety. They left behind them friends among all who had ever come in contact with them; and he had no hesitation in stating his opinion that he knew no young licentiates who, if they were in this country, were more certain of being appointed to parishes than those four. They returned to Nova Scotia, three of them preaching the Gaelic language of their countrymen. One of them was not able to speak Gaelic, but he would back his friend Mr. Grant against any man for speaking in the English language. (Applause.) To him (Dr. Macleod) this was an intensely interesting day. He could not tell the effect it would have on the colonies. From the affectionate and friendly manner in which they had been received by the clergy and their success at the University, he might be permitted to express a hope, which perhaps might go to the Colonial Church, that other Presbyteries in the colonies would follow the example of the Presbytery of Pictou. Two other young men had been sent to this country since the four gentlemen in question; and he hoped that the principle would be carried out further, as he believed that this was the best way, in every respect, for the Colonial Church being supplied with efficient ministers. He was sure those young men left this country with the most earnest prayers of the Presbytery for their success; and he believed their going back would be truly a day of jubilee in Nova Scotia—and he did not wonder at it.

The motion was then agreed to, Dr. Runciman remarking that the absence of examination should not be made a precedent.

The ordination was proceeded with in the usual form; and thereafter the Moderator addressed the young men in an admirable speech.

This concluded the public business of the Presbytery.

—o—

MINISTERS OF RELIGION AND POLITICS.

A good deal has often been said respecting Ministers interfering with political questions, or taking part in election meetings. A Congregational Minister of Sydney, Australia, having been invited to represent a constituency in the Australian Legislature, which he declined to do, led to the annexed remarks being made in the *London Patriot*. We slightly condense them:

It is worth while, perhaps, to reflect a little on the general question which this rather startling attempt to induce a Christian minister to become a member of the Legislature naturally raises. Are the two positions incompatible? John Owen, I remember, was elected Member for the University of Oxford, and was willing to sit, but was pronounced

by a Committee of the House ineligible, on the ground of his being a Minister. Which was right, Owen, or the laymen that unseated him?

Of course, as a general rule, the duties of the Ministry are far too onerous for a diligent and conscientious member, even of a Colonial House of Representatives, to say nothing of the British House of Commons, to discharge them rightly. But it is possible for a Christian Minister to be tolerably prominent and active in political movements without neglecting the pulpit, or being altogether unfaithful to the more private duties of his office; and it is an important practical question whether or no he is in his right place, as the eloquent advocate or opponent of political Reform in a town's meeting, or the champion or the foe on the hustings of the Cabinet of the day.

The foolish fancy that a Christian must have nothing to do with politics, was only a device of the Devil's to keep the government of the world in his own hands; but since that delusion is happily fast wearing out, is it not possible that the rising persuasion that Christian Ministers can with safety and wisdom plunge into the hottest and fiercest party struggles, may have come from the same fertile source of evil?

But may a Christian Minister so associate himself by public and active advocacy with ordinary political movements and controversies as to be identified by all his neighbors with a particular political party, and regarded as one of its local chiefs?

I venture to think not.

For his own sake he ought not to do it; the atmosphere of political agitation is very unfriendly to the culture of those devout affections which ought to maintain an unbroken ascendancy in the nature of a man whose function it is to quicken and sustain the devotion of others; and those quiet and reclusive studies by which alone he can acquire most necessary knowledge of the truths which constitute the substance of his ministry are likely to be sorely disturbed by the turbulent excitement of political party warfare.

For the sake of the church over which he presides, he ought not to do it. A Christian Church is a Divine institution, not an association created by a merely human wisdom, and subject to merely human laws. To identify a church with a political section of the community, is to impair its highest strength, and to misinterpret to the people around, its true nature and ends. Even good men, and wise men, differ about some important questions of constitutional reform and foreign policy; and it is hardly fair to the members of a church who may happen to differ from a minister on these questions, to make them feel that through his public advocacy of views which they disapprove, the whole church, and and they as members of it, are credited with

opinions to which they are conscientiously hostile.

I do not ask that he should neglect his duties as a private citizen, but only protest against the prostration of his ministerial position and power to any party purposes. Let him vote for the man he conscientiously prefers; but he should hesitate before he employs his public position as a religious teacher to support his favorite candidate. These are mere hints on an important question of ministerial ethics, but may suggest to some the principles by which their conduct should be determined.

But, most of all, for the sake of the great spiritual work which is nearest to the heart of every Christian minister, should he avoid whatever is likely to impair the impression on the heart of the community of his distinctly spiritual character. Let him be a witness in his practical life to the reality and grandeur of the invisible world. As the Lord's-day among the restless, agitated, weary days of the working week, let his life be among the lives of other men,—let it be free from the noise of the secular strife, let a brighter, calmer atmosphere rest upon it; let all men of all ranks and all parties, when troubled by the consciousness of error, and terror-stricken by the prospect of Eternity, feel that in him they have one from whom nothing separates them, no remembrance of political antagonism, no angry conflicts in the market-place or on the hustings.

SABBATH SCHOOL MEETING.

We observe from some of the Halifax papers that the Sabbath School scholars belonging to St. Andrew's Church, Little River, Musquodoboit, had a pleasant re-union on New Year's day, when a discourse, suitable to the occasion, was delivered, in the presence of the children and many of the parents, by the Rev. Mr. Stewart.

The pupils afterwards underwent a satisfactory examination, some of the good things of the season were presented, the missionary box was opened, and found to contain 11s. We are glad to find that this school is in a very prosperous condition, and promises to be a valuable nursery to the rising Church in that quarter.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Tricentenary of the Reformation appears to have been observed throughout Scotland, in a manner worthy of the event. Not only were discourses delivered throughout all the churches in Scotland, bearing on the subject, but many of them appear to have been remarkable for their power and eloquence. Of course the great centres of attraction were Edinburgh, Glasgow and London. We

hope in a succeeding number to be able to give a summary of these interesting meetings from the pen of our (late) Scotch Correspondent. At present we will content ourselves with recording the pleasing fact, that all was harmony and good feeling, and that all denominations of Presbyterians met upon the same platform, animated with the best feelings, and rejoicing in the proud and glorious boon which the efforts and sacrifices and wisdom of our forefathers have secured for us and our posterity.

We were surprised and pleased to notice in a newspaper paragraph that there are in Paris 10 Protestant churches and not fewer than 104 Protestant ministers. Our readers will recollect that our Church took considerable pains and has been quite successful in establishing a chapel for the use of our countrymen in that great capital. France is perhaps the only Roman Catholic country in the world where real toleration is permitted to Protestants. We are sorry to say that it is likely to exist only in name in Naples—for under the new *regime* the mouth of the famous Gavazzi has been shut, in spite of the orders of the patriot Garibaldi.

The Lord Advocate of Scotland, Moncrieff, a Free Churchman, has been making a most invidious, we might almost say contemptible exercise of Crown patronage. The office of Secretary of the Bible Board, became vacant in consequence of the lamented death of Dr. Robertson. The salary attached to the office, is respectable, and has hitherto been the means of securing the services of a distinguished man for the chair of Church History, in the University of Edinburgh, which chair is but slenderly endowed. Mr. Moncrieff has thought fit to deprive the senatus of the chance of getting a worthy successor to Dr. Robertson by conferring the office in question upon his brother Sir Henry Moncrieff, a Free Church Minister, and consequently ineligible. The act, to say the least of it is most unworthy.

A Dr. Moren, a member of the Church of Scotland, has by will bequeathed the large sum of £11,000 to found a College in Quebec, in connection with the Church, Dr. Cook, the eminent minister of the Scotch Church in that city being appointed executor.

By far the most interesting item of religious intelligence which we have to communicate to our readers in Nova Scotia, is the safe arrival by last English steamer of the four missionaries which has been looked forward to for so long a time. We consider it a good omen that they hastened on at once to the scene of their future labors, the steamer having arrived in Halifax on Friday, while they were found preaching in various pulpits in the County of Pictou on the following Sunday. We doubt not that their arrival will be an epoch in the history of our Church in this Province. They have come among us with a high character and great antecedents

won by days and nights of laborious application: let us pray that by the blessing of God, the long deserted field may now to some extent be watered, and that with all the energy which youth and health and zeal can give, they will dedicate themselves heart and soul to their Master's work—that religious indifference and supineness which long neglect may have engendered, will not dishearten or retard them. Their feet are once more on their native soil, they are in the midst of their countrymen and friends—the work they have to do is an arduous work, but we doubt not they will endeavor to make themselves equal to it—that they will not faint by the way. We trust that the Island of Cape Breton, which through sheer necessity has been neglected so long—will now have the benefit for some time at least of a missionary in connection with the Church of Scotland. We understand that the missionaries have been sent out by the Colonial Committee, and coming out under their auspices, will have their salaries we presume guaranteed by them. Surely such overflowing interest, affection and generosity ought to fill the heart of every friend of the Church of Scotland in this Province with the deepest gratitude—and knit them if possible more closely than ever to that revered and august body. But it ought to do more, and we trust it will do more. The time has now fully come for regular and well organized effort to make missionary work self-sustaining. Our people are quite able to do it, and for their own sake, and above all for the sake of the Church itself, it ought to be entered on with a kindly but resolute spirit. If it is not done now, it will never be done.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The trouble in the United States seems to be intensifying itself daily. The prospect of any escape from the fearful confusion hanging over them is every hour growing less and less. The Government seems completely paralysed. Afraid to have recourse to force feeling the fearful consequences which are almost sure to follow—they have as yet offered no opposition to the course of events. Only two States, we believe, have as yet formally seceded, but there can be little doubt that a large proportion of the slave-holding territory will follow in the same direction. It is idle to say that the South is not in earnest; they are earnest to the verge of madness. We observe that the almost universal feeling in England is a hope that some solution of the difficult question will yet be found, and the great Republic be saved. Britain feels more kindly than ever towards America in consequence of the kindness manifested everywhere to the youthful Prince of Wales.

Halifax has been visited with another fearful conflagration. On Saturday night last, 12th

current, a fire broke out in a grocery store which spread with devouring force on every side, destroying about 60 places of business, including stores, shops, printing and other offices. Six newspaper offices have been consumed, and the total loss is estimated between £100,000 and £200,000. It was only in the autumn of 1859 that Halifax suffered from a still greater fire, from which it had not altogether recovered. The individual losses must press severely upon many. We regret to find that several fatal and many serious accidents took place during the fire—two people being killed, and about twenty wounded, some very severely. The night was intensely cold.

We have to record the death of the Marquis of Dalhousie, late Governor General of India, one of the ablest and most distinguished men of the day. His great services in India are matter of history. He conquered the Punjaub, annexed Pegu, built railroads, canals, and telegraphs, opening up the great empire of India in every part. He may be said to have sacrificed his life to his zeal, or his ambition, for his unceasing labors destroyed his constitution, and he descends into the grave, a great man, in the summer of his days. Lord Panmure succeeds to his estates: the title becomes extinct.

Lord Clyde has been presented with a sword by the city of London in token of his great and distinguished services in suppressing the late mutiny in India. The same honor was conferred on Sir James Outram.

Peace has been made with China on the most favorable terms. She is to pay England £2,900,000 as an indemnity, and £100,000 for the benefit of the unfortunate prisoners so brutally murdered. Tien-tsin, near Peking, and many other places, are to be opened to trade, and perhaps, though we will not be too sanguine, the Chinese may open up a great trade with the rest of the world. Lord Elgin resides at Peking as English ambassador.

After the present number *Records* will be sent to those only who have forwarded lists along with subscriptions; and we entreat our friends to use every effort to increase our circulation.

Letters and monies received will be acknowledged in next number.

We are willing to allow agents a commission to the extent of forwarding six copies for the price of five; or we will send ten copies for 5 dollars. Single copies, 3s. 1 1-2d.

All communications intended for publication to be addressed to John Costley, Pictou Academy; letters on business to be addressed to Mr. William Jack.

Printed and published for the proprietors, on the first and third Saturday of each month, by S. H. HOLMES, Standard Office, Pictou.