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THE
MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

In Nova Scotia and the Adjoining Provinces.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

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The first Session will extend over a six months' term. After the current collegiate year, several important alterations will be introduced. There will be a Winter and Summer term. Instruction will be provided in additional branches of education. The standard for admission will be raised as soon and as high as the improvement in the general education of the Province will warrant. Of these alterations full and timely notice will be given.

November, 1863.

JAMES THOMSON, Sec. Dal. College.

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Faculty of Arts,

KINGSTON, C. W.

The Twenty-Second Session will commence on

WEDNESDAY, THE 7th OCTOBER, 1863,

When all Intrants and Undergraduates in Arts are required to be present.

The Faculty of Theology will open on Wednesday, 4th November.

THE University Calendar for Session 1863-64, containing full information regarding all the Faculties, may be obtained on application to the Registrar, Professor Murray.

By order of the Board of Trustees,

GEORGE WEIR, M. A.,

Kingston, September, 1863.

Secretary to the Senatus.

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH of Nova Scotia, in connection with the Church of Scotland, having resolved to engage in the FOREIGN MISSION FIELD, the Committee are now prepared to receive applications. The Committee have in view one of the SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS as their field of labor. They are prepared to guarantee to their missionary fully the usual salary given to missionaries laboring in that part of the Mission field, together with the necessary allowance for outfit, &c. Applications may be addressed to the Convener. Every such application must be accompanied with well-attested certificates of character and qualifications, in order to receive attention.

ALEXANDER MACLEAN, Convener,

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11th May, 1863 je

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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Church of Scotland

IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

No. 11.

"IF I FORGET THEE O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET ITS CUNNING."—*Ps* 137, v. 5.

SERMON,

By the Rev. Christmas Evans.

"For if, through the offence of one many be dead; much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many."—*ROMANS* v. 15.

MAN was created in the image of God. Knowledge and perfect holiness were impressed upon the very nature and faculties of his soul. He had constant access to his Maker, and enjoyed free communion with Him, on the ground of his spotless moral rectitude. But alas! the glorious diadem is broken; the crown of righteousness is fallen. Man's purity is gone, and his happiness forfeited.

"There is none righteous; no, not one." "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." But the ruin is not hopeless. What was lost in Adam, is restored in Christ. His blood redeems us from bondage, and His Gospel gives us back the forfeited inheritance. "For if, though the offence of one, many may be dead; much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many." Let us consider: *First*, The corruption and condemnation of man; and, *Secondly*, His gracious restoration to the favor of his offended God.

I. To find the cause of man's corruption and condemnation, we must go back to Eden. The eating of the "forbidden tree" was "the offence of one," in consequence of which "many are dead." This was the "sin," the act of "disobedience," which "brought death into the world, and all our woe." It was the greatest ingratitude to the Divine bounty,

and the boldest rebellion against the Divine sovereignty. The royalty of God was contemned; the riches of His goodness slighted; and His most desperate enemy preferred before Him, as if He were a wiser counsellor than Infinite Wisdom. Thus man joined league with hell, against heaven; with demons of the bottomless pit, against the Almighty Maker and Benefactor; robbing God of the obedience due to His command, and the glory due to His name; worshipping the creature, instead of the Creator; and opening the door to pride, unbelief, enmity, and all wicked and abominable passions. How is the "noble vine," which was planted "wholly a right seed," "turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine!"

Who can look for pure water from such a fountain? "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." All the faculties of the soul are corrupted by sin; the understanding dark; the will perverse; the affections carnal; the conscience full of shame, remorse, confusion, and mortal fear. Man is a hard-hearted and stiff-necked sinner; loving darkness rather than light, because his deeds are evil; eating sin like bread, and drinking iniquity like water; holding fast deceit, and refusing to let it go. His heart is desperately wicked; full of pride, vanity, hypocrisy, covetousness, hatred of truth, and hostility to all that is good.

This depravity is universal. Among the natural children of Adam, there is no exemption from the original taint. "The whole world lieth in wickedness." "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." The corruption may vary in the degrees of development, in differ-

ent persons; but the elements are in all, and their nature is everywhere the same; the same in the blooming youth, and the withered sire; in the haughty prince, and the humble peasant; in the strongest giant, and the feeblest invalid. The enemy has "come in like a flood." The deluge of sin has swept the world. From the highest to the lowest, there is no health or moral soundness. From the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, there is nothing but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores. The laws, and their violation, and the punishments everywhere invented for the suppression of vice, prove the universality of the evil. The bloody sacrifices, and various purifications, of the pagans, show the handwriting of remorse upon their consciences; proclaim their sense of guilt, and their dread of punishment. None of them are free from the fear which hath torment, whatever their efforts to overcome it, and however great their holdness in the service of sin and Satan. "Mene! Tekel!" is written on every human heart. "Wanting! wanting!" is inscribed on heathen fanes and altars; on the laws, customs, and institutions of every nation; and on the universal consciousness of mankind.

This inward corruption manifests itself in outward actions. "The tree is known by its fruit." As the smoke and sparks of the chimney show that there is fire within; so all the "filthy conversation" of men, and all "the unfruitful works of darkness" in which they delight, evidently indicate the pollution of the source whence they proceed. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The sinner's speech bewrayeth him. "Evil speaking" proceeds from malice and envy. "Foolish talking and jesting" are evidence of impure and trifling thoughts. The mouth full of cursing and bitterness, the throat an open sepulchre, the poison of asps under the tongue, the feet swift to shed blood, destruction and misery in their paths, and the way of peace unknown to them, are the clearest and amplest demonstration that men "have gone out of the way." "have together become unprofitable." We see the bitter fruit of the same corruption in robbery, adultery, gluttony, drunkenness, extortion, intolerance, persecution, apostasy, and every evil work—in all false religions; the Jew obstinately adhering to the carnal ceremonies of an abrogated law; the Mohammedan, honouring an impostor, and receiving a lie for a revelation from God; the Papist, worshipping images and relics, praying to departed saints, seeking absolution from sinful men, and trusting in the most absurd mummeries for salvation; the Pagan, attributing divinity to the works of his own hands, adoring idols of wood and stone, sacrificing to malignant demons, casting his children into the fire or the flood as an offering to imaginary deities, and changing the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the beast and the worm.

"For these things' sake the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience." They are under the sentence of the broken law; the malediction of Eternal Justice. "By the offence of one, judgment came upon all men unto condemnation." "He that believeth not is condemned already." "The wrath of God abideth on him." "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the Book of the law, to do them." "Wo unto the wicked; it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him." "They that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, shall reap the same." "Upon the wicked the Lord shall rain fire, and snares, and a horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup." "God is angry with the wicked every day; if he turn not, He will whet his sword; He hath bent His bow, and made it ready."

Who shall describe the misery of fallen man! His days, though few, are full of evil. Trouble and sorrow press him forward to the tomb. All the world, except Noah and his family, are drowning in the deluge. A storm of fire and brimstone is fallen from heaven upon Sodom and Gomorrah. The earth is opening her mouth to swallow up alive Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. Wrath is coming upon "the Beloved City," even "wrath unto the uttermost." The tender and delicate mother is devouring her darling infant. The sword of men is executing the vengeance of God. The earth is emptying its inhabitants into the bottomless pit. On every hand are "confused noises, and garments rolled in blood." Fire and sword fill the land with consternation and dismay. Amid the universal devastation, wild shrieks and despairing groans fill the air. God of mercy! is Thy ear heavy, that Thou canst not hear? or Thy arm shortened, that thou canst not save? The heavens above are brass, and the earth beneath is iron; for Jehovah is pouring His indignation upon His adversaries, and He will not pity or spare.

Verily, "the misery of man is great upon him!" Behold the wretched fallen creature! The pestilence pursues him. The leprosy cleaves to him. Consumption is wasting him. Inflammation is devouring his vitals. Burning fever has seized upon the very springs of life. The destroying angel has overtaken the sinner in his sins. The hand of God is upon him. The fires of wrath are kindling about him, drying up every well of comfort, and scorching all his hopes to ashes. Conscience is chastising him with scorpions. See how he writhes! Hear how he shrieks for help! Mark what agony and terror are in his soul, and on his brow! Death stares him in the face, and shakes at him his iron spear. He trembles, he turns pale, as a culprit at the bar, as a convict on the scaffold. He is condemned already. Conscience has pronounced the sentence. Anguish has taken hold upon him. Terrors gather in battle

array about him. He looks back, and the storms of Sinai pursue him; forward, and hell is moved to meet him; above, and the heavens are on fire; beneath, and the world is burning. He listens, and the judgment trump is calling; again, and the brazen chariots of vengeance are thundering from afar; yet again, and the sentence penetrates his soul with anguish unspeakable—"Depart, ye accursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!"

Thus, "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men for that all have sinned." They are "dead in trespasses and sins," spiritually dead, and legally dead; dead by the mortal power of sin, and dead by the condemnatory sentence of the law; and helpless as sheep to the slaughter, they are driven fiercely on by the ministers of wrath to the all-devouring grave, and lake of fire.

But is there no mercy? Is there no means of salvation? Hark amidst all this prelude of wrath and ruin, comes a still small voice, saying: "Much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ hath abounded unto many."

II. This brings us to our second topic, man's gracious recovery to the favour of his offended God.

I know not how to represent to you this glorious work, better than by the following figure. Suppose a vast graveyard, surrounded by a lofty wall, with only one entrance, which is by a massive iron gate, and that is fast bolted. Within are thousands and millions of human beings, of all ages and classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave. The graves yawn to swallow them, and they must all perish. There is no balm to relieve, no physician there. Such is the condition of man as a sinner. All have sinned; and it is written, "The soul that sinneth shall die." But while the unhappy race lay in that dismal prison, Mercy came and stood at the gate, and wept over the melancholy scene, exclaiming—"O that I might enter! I would bind up their wounds; I would relieve their sorrows; I would save their souls!" An embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of heaven to some other world, paused at the sight, and heaven forgave that pause. Seeing Mercy standing there, they cried—"Mercy! canst thou not enter? Canst thou look upon that scene and not pity, and not relieve?" Mercy replied: "I can see!" and in her tears she added, "I can pity, but I cannot relieve!" "Why canst thou not enter?" inquired the heavenly host. "Oh!" said Mercy, "Justice has barred the gate against me, and I must not—cannot unbar it!" At this moment, Justice appeared, as if to watch the gate. The angels asked, "Why wilt thou not suffer Mercy to enter?" He sternly replied: "The law is broken, and it must be honoured! Die they or Justice must!" Then appeared a form among the

angelic band like unto the Son God. Addressing Himself to Justice, He said: "What are thy demands?" Justice replied: "My demands are rigid; I must have ignominy for their honour, sickness for their health, death for their life. Without the shedding of blood there is no remission!" "Justice," said the Son of God, "I accept thy terms! On Me be this wrong! Let Mercy enter, and stay the carnival of death!" "What pledge dost Thou give for the performance of these conditions?" "My word; my oath!" "When wilt Thou perform them?" "Four thousand years hence, on the hill of Calvary, without the walls of Jerusalem!" The bond was prepared, and signed and sealed in the presence of attendant angels. Justice was satisfied, the gate was opened, and Mercy entered, preaching salvation in the name of Jesus. The bond was committed to patriarchs and prophets. A long series of rites and ceremonies, sacrifices and oblations, was instituted to perpetuate the memory of that solemn deed. At the close of the four thousandth year, when Daniel's "seventy weeks" were accomplished, Justice and Mercy appeared on the hill of Calvary. "Where," said Justice, "is the Son of God?" "Behold Him," answered Mercy, "at the foot of the hill!" and there He came, bearing His own cross; and followed by His weeping Church. Mercy retired, and stood aloof from the scene. Jesus ascended the hill, like a lamb for the sacrifice. Justice presented the dreadful bond, saying, "This is the day on which this article must be cancelled." The Redeemer took it. What did He do with it? Tear it in pieces, and scatter it to the winds? No! He nailed it to His cross, crying, "It is finished!" The Victim ascended the altar. Justice called on holy fire to come down and consume the sacrifices. Holy fire replied, "I come! I will consume the sacrifice, and then I will burn up the world!" It fell upon the Son of God, and rapidly consumed his humanity; but when it touched His Deity, it expired. Then was there darkness over the whole land, and an earthquake shook the mountain; but the heavenly host broke forth in rapturous song—"Glory to God in the highest! on earth peace! good will to men!"

Thus grace has abounded, and the free gift has come upon all, and the Gospel has gone forth proclaiming redemption to every creature. "By grace ye are saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." By grace ye are loved, redeemed, and justified. By grace ye are called, converted, reconciled, and sanctified. Salvation is wholly of grace. The plan, the process, the consummation are all of grace.

"Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise!"

"Where sin abounded, grace hath much

more abounded." "Through the offence of one, many were dead." And as men multiplied, the offence abounded. The waters deluged the world, but could not wash away the dreadful stain. The fire fell from heaven, but could not burn out the accursed plague. The earth opened her mouth, but could not swallow up the monster sin. The law thundered forth its threat from the thick darkness on Sinai; but could not restrain, by all its terrors, the children of disobedience. Still the offence abounded, and multiplied as the sands on the sea-shore. It waxed bold, and pitched its tents on Calvary, and nailed the Lawgiver to a tree. But in that conflict sin received its mortal wound. The Victim was the Victor. He fell, but in His fall He crushed the foe. He died unto sin, but sin and death were crucified upon His cross. Where sin abounded to condemn, grace hath much more abounded to justify. Where sin abounded to corrupt, grace hath much more abounded to purify. Where sin abounded to harden, grace hath much more abounded to soften and subdue. Where sin abounded to imprison men, grace hath much more abounded to proclaim liberty to the captives. Where sin abounded to break the law and dishonour the Law-giver, grace hath much more abounded to repair the breach and efface the stain. Where sin abounded to consume the soul as with unquenchable fire and a gnawing worm, grace hath much more abounded to extinguish the flame and heal the wound. Grace hath abounded! It hath established its throne on the merit of the Redeemer's sufferings. It hath put on the crown, and laid hold of the golden sceptre, and spoiled the dominion of the prince of darkness, and the gates of the great cemetery are thrown open, and there is the beating of a new life-pulse throughout its wretched population, and Immortality is walking among the tombs!

This abounding grace is manifested in the gift of Jesus Christ, by whose mediation our reconciliation and salvation are effected. With Him, believers are dead unto sin, and alive unto God. Our sins were slain at His cross, and buried in His tomb. His resurrection hath opened our graves, and given us an assurance of immortality. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us; much more, then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him; for if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life."

"The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Glory to God, for the death of His Son, by which this enmity is slain, and reconciliation is effected between the rebel and the law! This was the unspeakable gift that saved us from ruin; that wrestled with the storm, and turned it away from the

devoted head of the sinner. And all the angels of God attempted to stand between these two conflicting seas, they would have been swept to the gulf of destruction. "The blood of bulls and goats, on Jewish altars slain," could not take away sin, could not pacify the conscience. But Christ the gift of Divine Grace, "Paschal Lamb by God appointed," a "sacrifice of nobler name and richer blood than they," bore our sins and carried our sorrows, and obtained for us the boon of eternal redemption. He met the fury of the tempest, and the floods went over His head; but His offering was an offering of peace, calming the storms and the waves, magnifying the law, glorifying its Author, and rescuing its violator from wrath and ruin. Justice hath laid down his sword at the foot of the cross, and amity is restored between heaven and earth.

Hither, O ye guilty! come and cast away your weapons of rebellion! Come with your bad principles and wicked actions; your unbelief and enmity, and pride, and throw them off at the Redeemers feet! God is here, waiting to be gracious. He will receive you; He will cast all your sins behind His back into the depths of the sea, and they shall be remembered against you no more for ever. By Heaven's "Unspeakable gift," by Christ's invaluable atonement, by the free and infinite grace of the Father and the Son, we persuade you, we beseech you, we entreat you, "be ye reconciled to God!"

It is by the work of the Holy Spirit within us, that we obtain a personal interest in the work wrought on Calvary for us. If our sins are cancelled, they are also crucified. If we are reconciled in Christ, we fight against our God no more. This is the fruit of faith. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." May the Lord inspire in every one of us that saving principle!

But those who have been restored to the Divine favour, may sometimes be cast down and dejected. They have passed through the sea, and sung praises on the shore of deliverance; but there is yet between them and Canaan "a waste howling wilderness," a long and weary pilgrimage, hostile nations, fiery serpents, scarcity of food, and the river Jordan. Fears within and fightings without, they may grow discouraged, and yield to temptation, and murmur against God, and desire to return to Egypt. But fear not, thou worm Jacob! Reconciled by the death of Christ; much more, being reconciled, thou shalt be saved by His life. His death was the price of our redemption; His life insures liberty to the believer. If by His death He brought you through the Red Sea in the night, by His life He can lead you through the river Jordan in the day. If by His death He delivered you from the iron furnace of Egypt, by His life He can save you from all the perils of the wilderness. If by His death He conquered Pharaoh, the chief foe, king of Bashan. "We shall be saved by His life."

"Because He liveth, we shall live also." "Be of good cheer!" The work is finished; "Lift up your heads and rejoice." "ye prisoners of hope!" There is no debt unpaid, no devil unconquered, no enemy within your own hearts that has not received a mortal wound! "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Notes of a Visit to the Lower Provinces.

BY PRINCIPAL LEITCH.

June 20th. I left Montreal at 5 o'clock P.M., in company with the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, who had a commission, as well as myself, from the Synod of Canada to the Synods of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. We arrived at Island Pond late on Saturday night. The place receives its name from the small lake, with an island in the centre, on the margin of which it is situated. The passengers spend their Sabbath here, and proceed on their journey on Monday morning. This suspension of all railway labour is a graceful homage to the sacredness of the Sabbath. Though the delay and the hotel expense must often prove a great inconvenience, yet none of the passengers seemed to regard this as any ground of complaint. They felt that the blessing of Sabbath rest was cheaply gained at such cost. A small church has been erected chiefly for the convenience of railway passengers and employees. Mr. Snodgrass officiated on the afternoon, and a congregational minister of the State of Maine officiated on the forenoon and evening. The form of worship observed was interesting in connection with the present controversies in the Church of Scotland regarding innovations. It seemed to be a compromise between all forms. The people stood at the singing of one of the psalms, and sat at the singing of another. They also sat and stood alternately at the prayers. At one of the hymns the people turned their backs to the pulpit and faced toward the choir in the front gallery. There was evidently no principle observed, and the various postures were simply a matter of comfort and convenience. There was a melodeon to aid the choir, but the people did not join in the singing. The people who formed the regular congregation had no Bibles, and the American preacher did not seem to expect that the Bible should be consulted. He read his text before he told where it was to be found. There are other signs that the Bible is fast becoming an obsolete book in many parts of the United States. This is not surprising, when we know that it is a proscribed book in the American schools. A chapter may be read by the master, but anything like the teaching of the Bible is carefully avoided. The argument for banishing the Bible from

the American school, is that it should be taught in the Sabbath School, but one hour per week, even though it were wholly devoted to the Bible, would be but a poor substitute for the daily teaching of it. The result of the common school system of the States is that even the clergy are but indifferently versed in the Scriptures.

June 22nd. We left Island Pond early on Monday morning and arrived in the afternoon at Portland. The invigorating effects of the sea breezes were at once felt. This is due not so much to the cooler temperature as to the presence of saline particles in the atmosphere. The spectrum analysis detects salt in the most inland parts of the country; but the proportion is too small for the wants of the human constitution, and hence the bracing effect of a residence on the sea coast where the proportion is greater. The evening, which we spent on board the fine Steamer, New England, was enlivened by warm discussions on the subject of the war. The Americans were divided into two parties,—the democrats and republicans—the British occasionally throwing in a word. The democrats criticised very severely the conduct of government, especially in reference to the Vallandigham affair. The most intelligent party was the negro steward, who did not venture to engage openly in the discussion, though he surprised a small knot of listeners by his thorough acquaintance with the subject, and his familiar knowledge of modern and ancient history. His sympathies were with the North.

June 23rd. We arrived at St. John, New Brunswick about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and after spending an hour with Dr. Donald, we started by the railway for Shediac, where we spent the night.

June 24th. We started early in the morning by steamer, for Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island. We had as a fellow passenger an old squaw, eighty years of age, who spoke English well, and gave an interesting account of her tribe. She receives a small pension from government, being nearly related to the chief of the Micmacs. She, like the rest of her tribe, is of the Roman Catholic religion. It seems that the early Jesuit fathers extended their labors to the Lower Provinces and they labored so successfully, that the Indians, without almost any exception, are Roman Catholics. On approaching the island, one is struck with the red line marking the boundaries of the coast. This is due to the color of the sandstone which belongs to the new sandstone formation. Almost the whole Island is composed of this formation, and, from the friable nature of the strata, no stones are to be found in the soil. The soil is so easily worked, that, as a farmer expressed it, the horses might trot at the plough. We arrived at Charlottetown in the afternoon. In the evening we were introduced to the Synod, and on delivering our commissions, we were asked to sit and deliberate with the mem-

bers. The Synod proceeded to discuss the subject of a Foreign Mission. Though so small a body, and struggling to support the gospel at home, they felt the obligation and the policy of undertaking a mission to the heathen. They had advertised for a missionary to the South Sea Islands, but they agreed to take into consideration the desirableness of uniting with the mother Church in a mission to Ceylon, the final selection of the field to be determined at a future meeting. The discussions in point of ability and earnestness would do credit to any court of the Church of Scotland, and the laity took their own share in the debate. The Synod received an important accession to their numbers a few years ago in the return of several young men who had gone to the University of Glasgow to complete their studies. Their college career was very brilliant. The highest honors were gained by them in almost every department. They returned with an ardent love to the Church of Scotland, and with the resolution to devote their best energies to her service in the Synod of Nova Scotia. New life was at once infused into the Synod. More recently, the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland designated nine new missionaries to the Synod. Five of these have already arrived, and the other four are expected to arrive at an early date. The number of ministers will then be the same as before the secession of 1843, viz. 23. The missionaries already appointed to charges have met with a most gratifying reception, and promise to be zealous and successful labourers.

June 25th. Financial matters chiefly occupied the time of the Synod. We joined a party of the ministers to pay our respects to Mr. Dundas the Governor; Colonel Gray, the leader of the government and a member of the Synod, introducing us. We afterwards visited the residence of the Colonel on the banks of one of the three rivers flowing into the harbor. It had the air of an old country mansion of England, though the grounds were reclaimed from the forest only a few years ago. The clumps of trees judiciously left in the park, and the long carriage drive through the forest, gave one the idea that he was travelling through grounds that required the care of successive generations to bring them to such perfection. The task was simply the clearing instead of the growing of trees.

June 26th. The Dalhousie College was the chief subject of discussion to-day. This College is situated at Halifax, and has always been a failure notwithstanding the many attempts to raise it to importance as an educational institution. One chief cause of its failure was that it did not engage the sympathy of any of the leading denominations. An act was passed last session of Parliament, re-organizing the College on an entirely new basis; and the members of the Synod of the Church

of Scotland took an active part in bringing about this new arrangement. According to this act any denomination is entitled to endow professorships, and for every professor they are entitled to appoint a member of the governing body. The endowment must be a capital sum yielding at least £300 yearly. The Synod expects to endow one chair, and the other Presbyterians of the Province two chairs. Other chairs will be endowed from the present revenue of the College. It is hoped that the number of chairs in the Arts department will be, in all, six. The Presbyterian Church is to merge its present College at Truro, in Dalhousie College, which has now received a University charter. The members of the Synod cordially sympathize with the efforts of the Synod of Canada to get her licentiates recognized by the Mother Church, and will not be satisfied unless the curriculum at Dalhousie be such as can be recognized at home. The constitution of the College is novel, as in no other University that I am aware of, is the appointment of professors and governors in the hands of different denominations acting in their denominational capacity.

The various parties, however, enter into the arrangement with the hope that by mutual forbearance, sectarian asperities will not be allowed to interfere with the working of the institution, and that one denomination will not seek to bias the students of another. In the Scotch College, the professors belong to various denominations, but the denominations have nothing to do with their appointment or removal, and the tendency is for the professors to shrink from anything like the serving of denominational ends. By the constitution of Dalhousie College, the professors are appointed in the interest of their respective denominations. If the experiment succeed, it will shew that denominations, while retaining their individuality, may co-operate in, and thus promote the unity of the Church, to a much larger extent than is at present supposed possible. The establishment of the College at Halifax will have important bearings on the Church of Canada. At present, a large proportion of the students of divinity come from Nova Scotia, but few or none have gone back to labour there as ministers. The establishment of Dalhousie College is designed to educate students in the Province, so that their sympathies may be with the people of Nova Scotia. It has been found that when students are educated in Canada or Scotland, their desire is to remain in these countries. By the establishment of Dalhousie College, many of the youth of Nova Scotia will be retained to serve there in the ministry, but it is probable that a larger number than at present will find their way into the Synod of Canada. At present very few of the youth of the Province receive a University education, but it is expected that, by the establishment of Dalhousie College, the number will

be largely increased, the facilities being so much greater. A very large number of the sons of farmers, who may have no taste for agricultural pursuits, leave for the United States to push their fortune there; but were proper facilities afforded, many of this class would prefer studying at a Provincial University with the view of preparing for the learned professions. In this way it is probable that more will be induced to turn their attention to the ministry than the wants of Nova Scotia may require, and the most natural field for this surplus will be Canada.

It is not contemplated at present to establish a Divinity Hall in connection with Dalhousie College. For years to come, a supply of two or three licentiates annually will be sufficient to meet the wants of the church; and such a number would not warrant the establishment of a staff of suitably qualified professors. The divinity students supported by the Synod must therefore be sent to Canada or Scotland. In order to get the benefit of the services of the divinity students as catechists in the summer months, it will be more convenient to send them to Canada than to Scotland. By labouring as catechists in Nova Scotia, their sympathies will be with their own Province. At present the temptation to remain in Canada does not arise from their studying there, but from their laboring there as catechists during the summer. It is very natural that a licentiate should wish to remain with a congregation which he has himself built up as a catechist; and if a sphere be assigned to him in Nova Scotia as a catechist, it is most likely that his heart will be there also, and that he will not seek to leave when he obtains license. There is a general feeling in the Synod that the most effectual way of extending the church is by raising a native ministry, who will act as missionaries or catechists during the summer months of the college curriculum, and thus serve as pioneers for the establishment of permanent congregations. Unless we have a machinery calculated to deal with a mere handful of people at the outset, it will be impossible to make any advance. The difficulty lies not in the appointment of ministers to congregations already made, but in the making of new congregations. The catechist system meets the difficulty, and hence the importance of having our students educated within reach of the sphere of their future labours.

June 27. I had the pleasure of meeting to-day with the Rev. Donald McDonald, of whom I had often heard in Scotland, and whose life forms one of the most singular chapters in the history of missionary enterprise. Though he attended the meetings of the Synod, he has not put himself under its jurisdiction. He prefers holding a direct connection with the Church of Scotland. He was licensed by the Presbytery of St Andrews, and was ordained by the Presbytery

of Abertarff. It is now 34 years since he came to the Island. At that period the settlers from the Highlands of Scotland were without ministers, and had sunk into a state of great religious indifference. Without a mission from any Church, he devoted himself to the task of supplying the spiritual destitution. None but the bravest heart could have faced the privations and sufferings he endured. With the zeal and heroism of a Xavier, he braved the wild beasts of the forest, the almost Arctic severity of the climate, and above all the indifference and degradation of the people. His feet were covered with untanned mocassins. He walked on snow-shoes and blazed his way through the pathless forest with his hatchet. He had no home to shelter him. He was contented with the chance shelter of the rudest hut or shanty, and with the coarsest fare. He carried no scrip, and he had no money in his purse. The sorest trial of his faith was to brave, in the crowded hut, the cutaneous affections to which his countrymen are proverbially said to be subject, but he passed courageously through even this ordeal. He would take no reward for his labours, except the primitive hospitality of the people. Such disinterested self-sacrifice had a higher reward. The people learned to love and honor him, and he soon gained an absolute sway over them. His influence has now so widely extended that he has thirteen churches. He makes a circuit among them from Sabbath to Sabbath. And he has elders to conduct the devotions when he is not himself present. The people are now distinguished by their piety, industry, and temperance. To make them a peculiar people, and to mark them off from the world, as the Israelites were from the heathen nations around, their pastor has enjoined the apostolic kiss on all, and has forbidden the eating of pork. The bodily exercises at public worship also form a marked peculiarity. The people on account of these exercises receive the opprobrious names of "Jerkers," "Kickers," "Jumpers," &c. The term "jerk" describes the peculiar motion of the head when the congregation is affected. The head is convulsively jerked forward, the chin falling upon the breast, and then suddenly jerked backwards. Cries of distress usually accompany these movements. A whole congregation going through these exercises presents a very singular spectacle. The jerks are evidently involuntary. The people feel, that when wrought into a certain state of mind, they cannot prevent the access of the jerks. After a time, the jerks give way to another exercise, that of dancing, singing, and clapping of the hands. This is a joyful exercise, and represents the gladness of the sinner when set free from the convictions of sin. According to Mr. McDonald's nomenclature, the proper name of the jerk is "stroke," and the joyful exercise is the "work." When these exercises at first ap-

peared about 30 years ago, he did not know how to interpret them, but as they were accompanied with deep religious feelings, and a change of character, he regarded them as the direct work of the Holy Spirit. With this view of the subject, he felt bound to encourage the work, and in the course of time it became the most characteristic feature of his form of worship. Sometimes the work comes like a strong tempest, and at other periods it subsides into a gentle breeze. It reached its climax shortly after the late remarkable revivals in Ireland, but, unlike these revivals, it continues in full force. It is not surprising that Mr. McDonald should at first be perplexed by these psychical phenomena, as he did not enjoy the advantage of those researches which have shed so much light upon the subject. Still, his practical good sense has prevented him from falling into grave error. While he acknowledged the fact that the genuine operations of the Holy Spirit may be accompanied by such strong emotions as to produce violent physiological effects, still he perceived that these effects might be propagated without any supernatural operations. Sometimes the exercises are exhibited in a very striking form by those who, he is confident, have no true spiritual convictions, and in such a case he tells the party to stop, and the work ceases at his command. In some of the revivals of New England, the jerks formed a prominent characteristic, but it was found that they spread as if by contagion, without any religious impressions. Sometimes the sensitive subjects were seized with the jerks on horseback. Sometimes they were attacked in sleep, and, starting up, continued jerking for a considerable time. One person communicated the jerks to another without the intervention of any religious impression, so that the jerks is not a proof *per se* that the subject has undergone any religious change. Mr. McDonald is saved from any practical error by maintaining the supremacy of the Bible as the rule of life, and by insisting on a walk and conversation becoming the Gospel. He has been sometimes accused of Antinomianism. But this has arisen from the too strongly figurative manner in which he speaks of Paul's distinction between the natural and spiritual elements in the heart of the renewed man. Mr. McDonald speaks quaintly of the spiritual Donald, and the natural Donald—of the old Donald and the new Donald. He sometimes alludes to the old Donald as a being quite distinct from himself. But the error is one only of phraseology; he entirely repudiates the idea that the new Donald is not responsible for the deeds of the old Donald. The result of his labours affords a practical proof of this. His followers are distinguished by the exemplary character of their lives, and are willing to make any sacrifice for the cause of religion. Mr. McDonald is now about 80 years of age, but retains the vigor and viva-

city of youth. His character in many respects resembles that of Wesley. He is a hearty, hilarious man, with a keen appreciation of the humorous. He has nothing morose or repulsive in his character; but, like Wesley, he has a wonderful insight into human nature, and extraordinary tact in governing his own people and advancing their interests. From being an object of reproach and persecution, he is now a personage of great consideration in the community. His followers can now turn the elections and decide the fate of governments. It is often to him a theme of fervent gratitude that the once despised Donald is now courted and honored as the fit associate of men of high degree. He is, however, humble, and takes none of the glory to himself. He is distinguished by the sternness of his Calvinism and his unswerving loyalty to the Church of Scotland. He is a man of kindly feelings, but he has no charity to Arminianism. He cannot see how the Arminian can be saved. When it was objected that the Wesleyans, who hold Arminian doctrine, could sometimes exhibit bodily exercises very similar to the work among his own followers, his ready reply was that these were lying wonders; and, like the rods of the Egyptian magicians, his rod would swallow them up. He ascribed these bodily exercises to Satanic agency, wisely allowed to exhibit the superiority of the work under a Calvinistic ministry. All the churches erected by him are deeded to the Church of Scotland: so that when he has departed, they will stand as a monument of his affection to the dear old Church which gave him his commission, and in whose service he has spent a long life of heroic fortitude and endurance.—*Canada Presbyterian*.

Queen's University.

ADDRESS OF PRINCIPAL LEITCH.

THE Rev. W. Leitch, D. D., Principal of Queen's University and College, delivered the following address at the opening of the Session on Wednesday:—

GENTLEMEN,—I gladly avail myself of the opportunity presented by the opening of another Session of addressing to you a few words of encouragement and counsel. Some of you have entered College for the first time; others have advanced to different stages in curriculum, but all feel that this occasion presents a favorable opportunity for forming new resolves, and taking a new start in life.

I doubt not that you are animated by fond aspirations after future distinction. You would not like to pass through the world without leaving some impress upon it, and you come here to learn to live to purpose—to have your moral and intellectual nature so developed that you may more effectually serve God

and your fellowmen. But do not expect too much from your teachers. Do not suppose that wisdom of thought and vigor of action can be imparted to you from without, independently of effort on your own part. The true end of an academic education is not so much to impart knowledge as to draw out the latent energies of your nature, and direct them to the great purposes of your being; but in order to this you must be active, not passive, agents. The engineer merely controls and directs the engine. The engine works in virtue of its own moving power. So in education. Your teachers can only stimulate, control, direct: the work must be done by yourselves. The strengthening of your faculties, and the moulding of your character, must arise chiefly from internal influences. Under the providence of God, you have the shaping of your own destiny in the world; and according to the activity with which you labor now will be the future reward in life. I do not say that a man will always be successful in life in proportion to the diligence which he manifests in his early education, but I hold that you will in some form reap the due reward. You may not attain wealth or distinction in your profession; but, whatever your lot in life may be, your early education will be a source of happiness and usefulness which will of itself be a great gain to you. In youth you may be tempted to act on the impression that you can, at any time, change your character, and that though you may now contract improper habits, you can, at any time, throw them off and become a new man. But human character is not thus formed. The boy is the father of the man, manhood is but the development of youth, and how often do those now advanced in years, on looking back to their early college acquaintances, find that this rule has been amply verified in subsequent experience. The character of the youth at school or college generally clings to him ever after, and determines his position and usefulness in the world. If you are industrious, persevering, manly and generous now, there is the strongest probability that these qualities will manifest themselves through life. On the other hand, if habits of indolence, irregularity, self-indulgence, be contracted now, they will most probably cling to you in the future; and the youth that fails at college to manifest candor, generosity, forgiveness, and the various manly virtues, will probably in after life be distinguished by meanness of character, and fail to gain the love and respect of the good.

The progress you make in your studies will, no doubt, in a great measure depend upon the zeal and skill of your teachers. But enthusiasm in teaching can be of no avail if you do not respond to that enthusiasm. The life and spirit of the teacher are in a great measure dependent on the interest you manifest in your work. If he is cold and languid, and uninteresting, it is well for you to en-

quire whether this is not, in a great measure, due to your own want of life. Unless the mind of the teacher be brought fully *en rapport* with that of the pupil, it is not to be expected that either party can have comfort in his work, or that the pupil should make due progress. Seek, then, above all, to acquire a hearty interest in your work, and your duties will be light and pleasant.

A great part of your training lies in the moral influence of a college, and you can all contribute to form a healthful moral atmosphere. Let it be always felt that you have not only your own character to maintain, but that of the College; and that if you are guilty of any unworthy conduct, you bring not only discredit upon yourselves, but on the whole institution of which you are a member.

I need not remind you of the all-importance of living under the power of religion. By living in daily communion with the all-seeing but unseen God, you will acquire a purity and dignity of character which cannot be gained by merely acting on motives of worldly policy. Spread out before God daily the motives and aims of your life, conceal nothing from him, and you give the strongest assurance that your conduct will be upright and honourable.

There are two classes of studies pursued in this institution, viz., the purely academic and the professional. The Faculty of Arts constitutes the purely academic; the Faculties of Theology, Medicine and Law, are the professional departments. The academic department is intended to be preparatory to the others; but do not suppose that an academic education is useful only to those who mean to pursue a learned profession. There is no position in life in which a man will not benefit by the proper training and disciplining of his faculties. Education is but the widening of a man's powers and susceptibilities, and the advantage of this is felt whatever be a man's sphere of activity. A man may not be a better farmer, or tradesman, or merchant, because he has received a learned education, but there is every probability of his being a higher type of man. Men labor in business to acquire the means of enjoyment, but their riches are of little avail if they have not capacities for enjoyment. A learned education is designed to impart such capacities.

But while a University education is beneficial to all, its benefit is more especially felt in the learned professions. No doubt, examples may be quoted of men who have gained distinction as preachers, physicians, and lawyers, who never enjoyed the benefit of an academic education, and it may be argued that an academic education may be safely dispensed with; but it may be as well argued that as soldiers sometimes fight bravely without previous military drill or education, therefore these may be dispensed with. An academic education almost never fails to give a tone and character to a professional man,

which can readily be detected and appreciated.

In no profession is this more essential than the clerical. The clergyman is expected to be a centre of elevation in his parish or congregation, and unless he have the benefit of a learned education, he will likely fail in this purpose. A clergyman must be capable of recommending religion to all classes, not only to the poor and illiterate, but to the educated, refined, and influential, and if he has not enjoyed a culture to put him on a level with such classes, he will exercise but little influence over them; and it is to the credit of this country that the feeling is widely growing, that ministers of the Gospel should be well-educated men; that their training should not be confined to merely professional subjects, but that a purely academic education should form the basis of professional acquirement. In the medical and legal professions a similar feeling is growing, and the recent reforms at home have for their aim the elevation of the general education of the professional man. In new countries, especially, the legal profession is the usual avenue to political power, and it is all-important for the future of this country that those who guide the destinies of the nation should be men of high education themselves, and imbued with a sympathy for all learned pursuits. The medical man, in like measure, if possessed of a liberal education and imbued with scientific tastes, may be of incalculable benefit in advancing the cause of science. In all countries medical men have distinguished themselves in the various departments of science, and have spread a taste for scientific pursuits. And, in this country, the cause of science must greatly depend on the members of a profession which necessarily demands an acquaintance with so many branches of science. This country has many sources of material greatness, but no country has ever become great and influential in the world without the refining and elevating influence of intellectual culture. This is beginning to be strongly felt in the maritime provinces of British America, which I had the pleasure of visiting during the summer vacation, and any educational movement in these sister provinces must be of much interest to us. The province of Nova Scotia is remarkably favored by unbounded mineral resources, and by rivers and harbors which afford ready means for the transport of materials. She has the thickest coal seams in the world, and her auriferous rocks present an illimitable field for enterprise. Other valuable minerals are found in abundance. This, combined with the fertile intervals and dyke lands of the province, forms a basis for future greatness; but, as yet, all these advantages have been turned to little account, and the province does not advance, as it might, in material prosperity. The population does not increase in an encouraging ratio, and in vast extents of country, the bear, the moose and the carri-

boo, roam undisturbed. The lack of progress is not due to any want of native talent in the people. Nova Scotia has produced names which have gained a European reputation—for example, Williams, Dawson, Haiburton. The active and aspiring spirits leave their native province to push their fortune in the United States, as the land of promise, and the benefit of their enterprise is lost to the province. As the remedy for this, a charter has been obtained for a Provincial University at Halifax. It is seen that some centre of national feeling and aspiration is necessary, and it is thought that nothing can contribute more effectually to this end than a University where the future hopes of the country may be trained and fitted for the various learned professions. Dalhousie College, which has hitherto failed in its purpose, is to be reconstructed on a new basis, and is to form the future University of the Province. If we can judge from the zeal and liberality already displayed, and the distinguished names of the professors nominated, we have every reason to hope that it will amply fulfil the expectations of the Province. Windsor College, the oldest with a royal charter in the British provinces, from its constitution and secluded position, has not met sufficiently the wants of the province, but it is at this moment doing good service to the cause of science. Professors Everett and Howe have both made valuable contributions to physical science. The former is at present engaged in an interesting series of observations on atmospheric electricity with an ingenious electrometer devised by Professor William Thomson, of Glasgow College. One of the most important engineering enterprises in the colonies has been brought almost to a full completion by the faith, perseverance, and self-sacrifice, characteristic of true genius displayed by Dr. Avery, a medical gentleman of Halifax. I allude to the Shubenacadie canal, connecting the bay of Halifax with the bay of Fundy. All that is now wanted is the stream of commerce to crown the undertaking with success. In visiting the province of New Brunswick, I found that the educational spirit was also awakened, and that the University of Fredericton had recently undergone a reconstruction which was likely to promote its efficiency. The government have liberally provided a Munich telescope of exquisite construction for the observatory, at a cost of about £600. In the hands of Dr. Jack, it promises to be of much service to the cause of astronomical science. In the small province of Prince Edward Island I found that education formed the turning point of the politics and controversies of the Island. But the zeal of the people has not been dissipated in angry controversy. The Prince of Wales College has been instituted, and under its present efficient superintendence, it has been of the greatest service to the cause of education.

This educational life has awakened a gene-

ral desire for a closer union with the other British provinces. The natural fruit of intellectual culture is patriotic feeling and a greater desire for national unity. I do not here allude merely to political and organic unity—I refer rather to that unity of feeling arising from a common origin, common sympathies, and a common destiny; and on which political union must be founded. At present we live apart, and are as much strangers to one another as if we belonged to different nations. This isolation is not good, if our aim be, and is not the aim of every patriotic Canadian, to found on this great continent a nationality which will truly reflect the greatness and glory of England. A sympathy with British freedom and a love for British institutions will most certainly be cherished by the establishment of the higher institutions of learning, breathing and inculcating the spirit of the old country. A traveller in the lower provinces cannot but be struck with the fact, that while the better educated classes cling to English sentiment, the less educated are gradually and unconsciously imbibing an admiration for the American type of character. Their proximity to the States, and their more frequent intercourse with the Americans, as well as their isolation from British intercourse, are fast fostering this spirit. A gradual assimilation is going on, which can only be checked by a closer alliance and more frequent intercourse with the other provinces of British America. Greater facility of intercourse, by means of railway communication, ought therefore to be hailed as an important aid to the formation of a common national feeling, which will be true to the history and traditions of the mother-country.

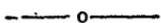
The defects of the American character and American institutions can be traced very much to a too early separation from England. From a hasty desire for independence they shut themselves out from those influences which, if allowed to operate longer, would have permanently stamped the character of England's greatness upon their government and institutions. When we look across the lines and mark the sad spectacle presented at this moment, we cannot but cling more fondly to the mother country, and hope that the day may be yet far off when the bond shall be broken. Though we aim at a distinct and independent line of progress, the educational movements of the United States must be regarded with interest, and must to a certain extent exercise an influence on our own. Many points of the Common School system of America have been adopted in this country, and in visiting their educational institutions I was forced to admire many excellent features. In Boston and the larger towns of New England the liberality of the people in providing for the common schools is beyond all praise. No expense is spared in erecting magnificent buildings, and providing ample salaries for the teachers. The perfect order

in all the arrangements of the school, and the admirable discipline preserved, are such as always to excite the admiration of visitors. The result of the American school system is that the whole mass of the people is raised to a certain level of intelligence, and in this respect America may favorably compare with the best educated countries in the world. Still, the system is only on trial, and the true test is the resulting character of the people, and the Americans are willing to accept this test. They hold that their national character is in a great measure due to the common school system. The great fundamental principle of the common school system, as compared with that of England, is that it is entirely secular—the religious element being carefully excluded. The distinctive feature of the English system is that the liberty of the people is not interfered with in this respect, and full scope is given to the moulding influence of religion. The progressive development of the American character will afford an interesting solution of this important educational problem. It is to be seen whether the independence fostered by the one system or the reverence resulting from the other is best fitted to produce the highest type of character.

The higher education of the United States is far from perfect. There are numerous colleges throughout the States exercising the power of conferring degrees, the privilege being granted by each individual State. There is no common standard of requirement with respect either to the students or the collegiate staff, and the academic degree is held in little estimation. The movement for the reconstruction of the University system in Canada has attracted attention in the States, and a similar movement has commenced in the State of New York. A convention was held at Albany during the last summer, consisting of representatives of various colleges, for the purpose of devising an improved University system. Having been prevented by other engagements from accepting the invitation to attend, I cannot report the results, but one chief point of consideration was the relation of Colleges to the University. The University of the State of New York meets at Albany, but its functions are anomalous. It has no teaching staff, and it confers no degrees. It is proposed that it should now assume the proper functions of a University, by examining the students of the various colleges throughout the country and conferring degrees according to a common standard of attendance and acquirement. There is a sanguine hope entertained that were the plan carried out the character of the collegiate education of the country would be at once elevated, and the value of the degree enhanced. Any reform of this kind must react favorably on the academic education of Canada.

I have only to conclude by expressing the hope that you will commence the session with

the resolution to devote your best energies to your studies; that you will be sustained in resolution throughout the session, and that at the close, whatever place you may occupy among your class-fellows, you will have the satisfaction of feeling that you have done your duty, and have advanced in knowledge and in moral and intellectual development.



Home and the Bible.

There is danger lest, amid the excitements of the present day, the Bible should not have its own place in the family. Fathers are engrossed by business, mothers are surrounded by thronging cares and the specious claims of social life. Both need strength and courage to break away and spend more time, surrounded by their little flocks, in the green pastures and beside the still waters of God's word. The morning text, the daily reading, the evening verse, and the sweet study of the Sabbath hour, impressed by a mother's voice and a father's presence and aid, the sympathy of brothers and sisters, will not only breathe throughout the household an atmosphere both clear and healthful, but will strengthen youthful hearts for many an hour of temptation and peril.

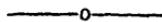
To the young there is a fascination in the simple truthful narratives of the Bible, which needs but encouragement and aid to become a living interest in the exhaustless treasures of inspiration. The reading and study of the Bible should be made in every home the most delightful of all studies. It was a favorite plan of the late Dr. James W. Alexander, to make the reading and study of the Bible the grand centre around which should cluster all the various branches of intellectual knowledge. In his familiar letters this is an oft-recurring subject. "I am a little wild," he writes, "on the subject of making the Bible the grand organ of mental and spiritual development. Suppose one knows the Bible, and from it as a centre radiates into the thousand subsidiary knowledges, will he not know all he needs? Will not you and I make this the rule for bringing up our children? *The Bible is the book to educate the age.* Why not have it the **CHIEF** thing in the family, in the school, in the university? The day is coming; and if you and I can introduce the minutest corner of the wedge, we shall be benefactors of our race."

How much food for thoughtful reflection lies wrapt up in these earnest words of a wise and good man. He was great and learned beyond most, but he confessed that his soul often sickened of human words, and "returned with love to the taste of the fresh fountain."

It requires not learning or a costly library or rare engravings to illustrate the Bible and make it attractive to our little ones. It only

needs a loving heart, an earnest purpose, a conviction of the value and beauty of the holy Scriptures, and a ready sympathy with the tastes and preferences of childhood, to make the reading and study of God's word a pleasant occupation to both young and old. The help of one such book as the *Illustrated Bible Dictionary* is sufficient to lend a charm to the more careful study needed in the wonderful records of the Old Testament, as also to explain and illumine the land and times in which Jesus and his disciples lived and died; and its constant use as a book of reference will tend greatly to give reality and distinctness to the power and truth of the word.

Is it not a question worth the careful consideration of Christian parents, how to bring the Bible into the hourly experiences of life, so that its examples and precepts may teach, and its promises may strengthen those whom they are training up for life and immortality? *Home and the Bible* are precious words, linked together by a vital bond which it is dangerous to sever. The firm hand of parental love must hold the two in closest union until the savor of divine truth and purity transforms the home of earth to the new and better home of holiness and heaven.—*American Messenger*.



Incidents in Summerfield's Life.

Being in attendance at one of the courts in Dublin as a witness against a person wishing to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act, he was examined and cross examined by an eminent lawyer, with the intention of so puzzling him as to destroy the value of his testimony. The design was unsuccessful. Able to recall dates and payments, sales and purchases, pounds, shillings, and pence with such promptness and accuracy, the entire court manifested surprise.

"Pray, sir," inquired the judge, "what is your profession?"

"I am in no profession, my lord," answered Summerfield.

"No profession, no profession, do you say?"

"No ne, my lord."

"Well, sir," replied the judge, "I have never heard a witness within these walls give his testimony in a more lucid and satisfactory manner than you have done. Depend upon it, you will one day be a shining character in the world."

His first sermon was in England. Revisiting his native shores for the purpose of recruiting his feeble bodily frame, he designed to remain for a time in retirement. But Providence ordered otherwise. Arriving in Bristol, the first evening saw him in the streets of that city on his way to the Methodist chapel. A conference having been in session, the usual notice that a stranger would preach had brought together a numerous audience. He enters and takes his seat "unknowing

and unknown." The hour arrives, but not the preacher. A delay of thirty minutes brings no relief to the people, now exhibiting signs of impatience. At this exigency, requiring some one to appear in the gap what were Summerfield's thoughts? Surveying the scene, the conviction becomes settled that he is providentially called to preach. He leaves his seat, ascends the pulpit, and soon announces the hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Appropriate the text chosen, allaying every anxious emotion in his bosom: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." The effect of the discourse, aided by the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, by the preacher's aspect, pale, emaciated, extremely youthful, by his eloquence of the purest kind, may be imagined, but cannot be described. It proved a precious season to numbers, an era in their religious experience.

Summerfield's first speech in this country, at a Bible anniversary soon after his arrival in 1821, produced a deep impression, and opened to him a door of utterance among all evangelical denominations. In the order of exercises he was preceded by one admired for his sterling sense, and whose address, according to the testimony of one lately gone to his rest, was a master-piece, profound in argument, impressive in its conclusions. At a late hour the chair announced to the audience, somewhat wearied by the protracted exercises, the Rev. Mr. Summerfield of England. Obeying the call, presenting himself to view, a look of dissatisfaction shaded many a countenance. His pensive expression and attenuated form gave promise of nothing remarkable. What presumption! a boy like that to be set up after a giant. Such was the feeling, soon however to be followed by an opposite emotion. The first sentence broke the spell of weariness, rivetting every eye, captivating and subduing every mind. At the close, as though they had never heard speaking before, numbers are ready to say, "Wonderful, wonderful! He talks like an angel from heaven."

Preaching from Rom. 8: 38, 39, he thus defined and illustrated Christian confidence. "You remember Peter when imprisoned, chained between two soldiers. The church was praying in tears, wondering what would become of them if their strong champion would be removed. The enemies of God on earth and the devils in hell rejoiced because Peter was in their power. The angels in heaven, ever intent upon the mysteries of Providence in redemption, were sending down to see what the Lord would do with Peter. When heaven and earth and hell were think-

ing of Peter, what were Peter's thoughts? What was Peter doing? He was asleep."

The last words which Summerfield addressed to a public audience were at the formation of the national American Tract Society at New York in 1825. In all the anniversaries I have attended in Europe and America, I have never been so conscious of the presence of Christian love pervading every heart. It beams from our eyes, breathes from our lips. distils from our hands—the very atmosphere we breathe is the atmosphere of heaven, one which angels come down to inhale, and in which God himself delights to dwell; for he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."—*S. C.* in *Am. Messenger*.

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Unselfishness of Jesus.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—It would be indeed very strange and very selfish, if men did not care to know about Jesus Christ. For He knows you, and cares for you, and thinks of you, and loves you more than all the world does; and it is the will of Jesus that He, and He alone, should guide you, provide for you, and keep you all your life from childhood to old age, if you will only treat him as your Saviour. You know also that He alone can save your souls from sin, from eternal death, and make you good and happy, and far greater and more glorious than any one can conceive of, for ever and ever. Besides all who are saved, whether it be your father or mother, brother or sister, owe salvation alone to Jesus; and they know this, and love him with all their hearts:—and would they not think it strange and dreadful if you did not care for him who is their Saviour, and who rejoices to be yours? Oh! pray to God to deliver you from such wickedness!

Well, then, dear children, I wish to tell you, as I have said, about the unselfishness of Jesus.

Was it not unselfish and wonderful love in Him to come to this world at all? to leave the glory and blessedness of Heaven—to become a child—a poor man—to live among us—and to devote His whole life, and every thought, and every action to make others good and happy?

Was it not unselfish love in Him to go about doing good, and healing all manner of diseases, without ever once speaking an unkind word or doing one unkind action, but helping the poor, the needy, the ignorant, and afflicted who came to Him? Was it not wonderful and unselfish love in Him to submit to be spit upon, scourged, crowned with thorns, and finally to die on the cross, and to give up His very life in order to save our souls from death and to make us children of God? Yet all this Jesus did, and much more than you or any one can understand.

Therefore had you met or known Jesus

when He was a boy, you would never have found Him speak one untrue, unkind, or selfish word; you would never have seen Him do ungenerous, unjust, or selfish actions. In all His ways you would have found Him perfect in his love to you. What a friend He would have been! Neither you nor I, nor any one can in this world be so unselfish as He was. But do not let this discourage you. If we are Christians we will always try to be like Him, and by God's grace, we will be coming near it. And if so, then, one day, thank God, we shall be perfectly like Him.

But let me give you a few instances from the life of Jesus, to show you how He was always thinking about other people and doing them good. I shall take these instances from the last week of His life, when everyone turned against Him with awful wickedness and hate.

You remember reading about Jesus riding into Jerusalem. That one day was, indeed, the only day of triumph in His life. The people gave Him a wonderful welcome, and wished to make Him their king. The very children in the temple shouted for joy. But Jesus knew quite well that because He would not agree to their vain and foolish wishes, they would turn against Him and crucify Him. And he knew what would befall their city and nation in consequence of this. And so in the midst of all this procession, with its Hallelujahs and praise, when He saw Jerusalem, Gethsemane, and Calvary, He was thinking of others, of the city, and the fate of its people, and He burst into tears and cried, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate: and verily I say unto you, ye shall not see me, until the time come when ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Was this not unselfish?

The night before He suffered He sat down at the passover with his disciples, "for having loved his own he loved them to the end." Oh! how full His heart was on that last night with thoughts of love for His disciples. He does not think of himself, or ask them to comfort Him, but every minute is occupied in speaking to them for their good, and in comforting them. "Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid," "I will not leave you comfortless. I will come again unto you." He thinks of Judas, and warns him of his sin, and His soul is vexed for the traitor. He thinks of Peter, and warns him also, and prays for him. He thinks of them all, and washes their feet as a sign of His unselfish love. And before they leave that room, He offers such a prayer as had never been heard before from the lips of man. Was not all this unselfish?

See again, dear children, how He thinks of

others even in the midst of his own agony that night in the garden of Gethsemane. He thinks of the good of His disciples and says, "Pray that ye enter not into temptation." "Simon," He says to the careless apostle Peter, " sleepest thou?" When His enemies came to secure him, He thinks first of the safety of His disciples, and begs the soldiers not to touch them, saying, "Let them go away." When Peter wounds Malchus, the servant of the High Priest, Jesus thinks of the sufferer, and amidst the crowd and darkness finds him out and heals the wounds of this enemy. Was not all this unselfish?

When Jesus was standing before the High Priest, and when He was bruised, wounded, and bleeding, He thought of Peter, who in terror for his life was denying his master, saying "I know not the man." "The Lord turned and looked on Peter," for the Lord did know him, and loved him still, and would not deny him, and that look broke the disciple's heart with repentance, and brought him back to truth and to God. Was not that remembrance of His sinful disciple unselfish?

When Jesus journeys to Calvary, a few hours later, carrying His cross after a sleepless night of pain, the women of Jerusalem crowd around Him, full of sympathy and tears for the sufferings of Him who had been their best friend. But He thinks of them and the coming destruction of their city, and says, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves." Was not this unselfish?

Behold Jesus on the cross! His hands and feet pierced with the cruel nails; His head lacerated with thorns; His body in agony; His soul full of unutterable woe; bleeding, dying for hours! Can He think of others, then? Why is He there? For others—for us! But never was His heart more full of considerate love for all around Him than in that dreadful hour. He saw His poor broken-hearted mother at the foot of the cross, and He thought of her, and provided a home for her: "Woman, behold thy son!" He said, as he gave her in charge to His beloved apostle John. "Son, behold thy mother!" He heard the penitent thief by His side cry, "Remember me when thou comest to thy kingdom!" and He said, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise!" And then He thought of all the miserable sinners who were putting Him to death, mocking Him in His agony, and He prayed, saying: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" Can you conceive more unselfish love than that?

And that, my dear children, was not all. For on Sunday morning, when He rose from the dead, very early, He appeared to strengthen and comfort His disciples; and though three days before they had all forsaken Him, and Peter had denied Him, yet to Peter He sent the first message through the angel who said, "Tell his disciples and Peter, that he goeth before you to Galilee." That very day, all

appeared twice again to them—in the evening when two of them were going to Emmaus, and calmly walked with them, conversed with them, explained the Scriptures to them, and ate with them; and later that same night, He entered the room where they were assembled, and banished their fears, saying, "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? behold, my hands and my feet that it is I myself!" and "He showed them his hands and his feet" with the marks of the nails! Was not that unselfish love?

Once more. Jesus, you might naturally think, would not leave the blessed Heaven of peace and love into which his soul had entered, and return to the sinful, ungrateful, wicked world which had rejected and crucified Him. But He who had come in love to seek and to save the lost, with unselfish love returned to finish His work for others, and during forty days dwelt on earth instructing His disciples in the things pertaining to His kingdom. And then he took them to Bethany—so full of memories of His love! and from thence He ascended to God, but He did so, stretching out His wounded hands in love, blessing His disciples and the world!

Think, my dear children, of all this, and then ask, was not that unselfish love? Was not that the love that seeketh not her own, which is not easily provoked, and which thinketh no evil? Do you wonder the apostle Paul should say, "*Even Christ pleased not Himself!*" Or that Christ's own glorious words should be, "*It is more blessed to give, than to receive!*"

Be thankful, dear children, that it is God's will that you should be made like Jesus Christ! God could not give you a more glorious gift than this, "the mind of Christ!" May you try to be like Him, for the more you are so, the more you will find it to be blessedness in youth and in old age. And in the end you will be received into that happy Home where there is no envy, no jealousy, no covetousness, no quarrelling or disputing; but where perfect peace reigns, and perfect joy is possessed.

Therefore, pray thus: "O God! our Father, who hath loved us, and hath given thy Son to live and die for us, in order that we might be made like Thyself. Pardon, we beseech thee, for Christ's sake, all the selfish things we have done to our parents, our teachers, our brothers, sisters, companions and friends. O Father! grant to us that Holy Spirit of love, which dwelt in Jesus Christ, and which Thou hast promised to all who ask, that He may give us new loving hearts, and also strengthen us to resist and overcome all selfish desires. Shed abroad Thy love in our hearts, that we like Jesus, may not please ourselves, but think of others, and so please Thee as Thy dear children. Amen."—*Good Words.*

Great Eaters

Never live long. A voracious appetite, so far from being a sign of health, is a certain indication of disease. Some dyspeptics are always hungry; feel best when they are eating, but as soon as they have eaten they enter torments, so distressing in their nature as to make the unhappy victim wish for death. The appetite of health is that which inclines to eat moderately when eating time comes, and which, when satisfied, leaves no unpleasant reminders. Multitudes measure their health by the amount they can eat; and of any ten persons, nine are gratified at an increase of weight, as if mere bulk were an index of health; when, in reality, any excess of fatness is, in proportion, decisive proof of existing disease; showing that the absorbents of the system are too weak to discharge their duty; and the tendency to fatness, to obesity, increases, until existence is a burden, and sudden death closes the history. Particular inquiry will almost unvaryingly elicit the fact, that a fat person, however rubicund and jolly, is never well; and yet they are envied.

While great eaters never live to an old age, and are never, for a single day, without some "symptom," some feeling sufficiently disagreeable to attract the mind's attention unpleasantly, small eaters, those who eat regularly of plain food, usually have no "spare flesh," are wiry and enduring, and live to an active old age. Remarkable exemplifications of these statements are found in the lives of centenarians of a past age. Galen, one of the most distinguished physicians among the ancients, lived very sparingly after the age of 28, and died in his 140th year. Kentigern, who never tasted spirits or wine, and worked hard all his life, reached 185 years. Jenkins, a poor Yorkshire fisherman, who lived on the coarsest diet, was 169 years old when he died. Old Parr lived to 153,—his diet being milk, cheese, whey, small beer, and coarse bread. The favorite diet of Henry Francisco, who lived to 140, was tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. Ephraim Pratt, of Shutesbury, Mass., who died aged 117, lived chiefly on milk, and even that in small quantity; his son Michael, by similar means, lived to be 103 years old. Father Cull, a Methodist clergyman, died last year at the age of 105, the main diet of his life having been salted swine's flesh (bacon) and bread made of Indian meal. From these statements, nine general readers out of ten will jump to the conclusion that milk is "healthy," as are baked apples and bacon. These conclusions do not legitimately follow. The only inference that can be safely drawn, is from the only fact running through all these cases—that plain food and a life of steady labor tend to a great age. As to the healthfulness and life-protracting qualities of any article of diet named, nothing can be inferred, for no two of the men lived on the same kind of food; all that

can be rationally and safely said is, either that they lived so long in spite of the quality of the food they ate, or that their instinct called for a particular kind of food; and the gratification of that instinct, instead of its perversion, with a life of steady labor, directly caused healthfulness and great length of days. We must not expect to live long by doing any one thing which an old man did, and omit all others, but by doing all he did; that is, work steadily, as well as eat mainly a particular dish.

Labor of Original Thinking.

SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, in his work on "Mind and Matter," states that a man may be engaged in professional matters for twelve or fourteen hours daily, and suffer no very great inconvenience beyond that which may be traced to bodily fatigue. The greater part of what he has to do (at least it is so after a certain amount of experience) is nearly the same as that which he has done many times before, and becomes almost a matter of course. He uses not only his previous knowledge of facts, or his simple experience, but his previous thoughts, and the conclusions at which he had arrived formerly; and it is only at intervals that he is called upon to make any considerable mental exertion. But at every step in the composition of his philosophical works Lord Bacon had to think; and no one can be engaged in that which requires a sustained effort of thought, for more than a very limited portion of the twenty-four hours. Such an amount of that kind of occupation must have been quite sufficient even for so powerful a mind as that of Lord Bacon. Mental relaxation after severe mental exertion is not less agreeable than bodily repose after bodily labor. A few hours of *bona fide* mental labor will exhaust the craving for active employment, and leave the mind in a state in which the subsequent leisure (which is not necessarily mere idleness) will be as agreeable as it would have been irksome and painful otherwise.

Mere attention is an act of volition. Thinking implies more than this, and a still greater and more constant exercise of volition. It is with the mind as it is with the body. When the volition is exercised, there is fatigue; there is none otherwise; and in proportion as the will is more exercised, so is the fatigue greater. The muscle of the heart acts sixty or seventy times in a minute, and the muscles of respiration act eighteen or twenty times in a minute, for seventy or eighty, or in some rare instance even for a hundred successive years; but there is no feeling of fatigue. The same amount of muscular exertion under the influence of volition induces fatigue in a few hours.—*Scientific American*.

The Play Hour.

In the Spring of 1855, I went into a school in Boston. There were about sixty children belonging to it. When I went in, they were all at play except two. As I entered I saw two children, Leonard and his sister Rebecca, standing by the teacher. Rebecca was four, and Leonard about seven years of age. Never did a brother and sister love each other more than they. Rebecca was a laughing, joyous, affectionate, little child, and Leonard was all in all to her. She did not enjoy either food or play unless her brother was present to share it with her. They never quarrelled; for the very reason that it was Leonard's delight to see his sister happy, and she was sure to get the largest share of everything he had. When Rebecca had done anything wrong, her brother always stood by her, to avert or to share the punishment. These two children stood beside their teacher. As soon as I saw them, I feared that Rebecca had been doing wrong, for Leonard had been crying. The teacher said to me, as I entered and sat down.

"What shall I do? I have here a case which I know not how to dispose of."

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Have Leonard and Rebecca been misbehaving themselves in the school?"

"No," said she; "Leonard has done nothing wrong, and seldom does. He is one of the best boys in the school."

"What is he crying for, then," I asked, "if he has been such a good boy? Why does he not go out to play with the rest?"

"Rebecca," said the teacher, "has been very troublesome to day in the school, and as a punishment, I told her she must stay in the house when the children went to play."

"Well," said I, "why need Leonard cry about that? You do not keep him in to punish him because his sister has been a naughty child?"

"No," said the teacher, "but Leonard wishes me to let his sister go out and play and to let him stay in and be punished."

"How is that, Leonard? Why do you not go out and play?"

"Because, sir, Rebecca cannot go."

"Well, but cannot you go and enjoy yourself with the rest?"

"I could not play if I did go, sir."

"Why not, Leonard?"

"Because, sir, Rebecca would not be enjoying herself at the same time."

"But even if your sister should be allowed to go out, she could not play with you—she would be in the girl's yard."

"But then I should know she was there, sir, playing with the rest."

"But why do you wish to stay, and let your naughty sister go out?"

"Please do not call her naughty, sir," said the generous boy. "I love her, and would rather that she should go out than go myself."

"Then you think," said I, "you would rather see her happy than be happy yourself, and you would rather be punished than see her punished? Is that because you love her?"

"Yes sir," said he; "I am older and stronger than she is, and I can bear it better than she can. I could not be happy if she stayed in. Do, ma'am, let her go out," said the noble-hearted boy to his teacher.

He stood with his arms around his sister, pleading that he might be punished in her stead.

What a generous disposition he had! I think that if Jesus had been there, he would have taken him up in his arms and blessed him. It was affecting to witness his generous devotion to his sister, and his readiness to suffer for her sake.

"This," said I to the teacher, "is *love that seeketh not its own*. What can you do?"

"I will let them play together here in the room," said she.

She did so, and they were both happy.

If we loved our enemies as Leonard did his sister, with a love that seeketh not her own, there could be no more wars or fighting in the world, for then we had rather suffer and die ourselves than inflict suffering and death on others.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S SABBATARIANISM
—The following letter was written by General Jackson three days before the battle of Fredericksburg: "To Colonel A. R. Boteler, Member of the Confederate Congress. . . .

I have read with great interest the report of the Congressional Committee, recommending the repeal of the law requiring the mails to be carried on the Sabbath, and hope you will feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to urge its repeal. I do not see how a nation that thus arrays itself, by such a law, against God's holy day, can expect to escape his wrath. The punishment of national sins must be confined to this world, as there is no nationality beyond the grave. For fifteen years I have refused to mail letters on Sunday, or take them out of the office on that day, except since I came into the field. And so far from having to regret my course, it has been a source of true enjoyment. I have never sustained loss in observing what God enjoins; and I am well satisfied that the law should be repealed at the earliest practicable moment. My rule is to let the Sabbath mail remain unopened until Monday, unless it contains a despatch; but despatches are generally sent by couriers, or telegraphs, or some other special method. I do not recollect a single instance of any pressing despatch having reached me since the commencement of the war through the mail. . . . If you desire the repeal of the law, I trust you will bring all your influence to bear upon its accomplishment. Now is the time, it appears to me, to effect so desira-

ble an object. I understand that not only our president, but also most of our colonels, and a majority of our congressmen, are professing Christians. God has greatly blessed us, and I trust He will make us, 'that people whose God is the Lord.' Let us look to God for an illustration in our history, that 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.'—Very truly your friend,
T. J. JACKSON."

Gregational Collections.

THE practice of Sabbath collections in our Churches is all but universal. How or for what particular object it first originated, we are not exactly informed, but it probably was either to help the poorer brethren or to supplement the support of the travelling spiritual teacher. At all events, it is now a sort of institution which is found to be practically convenient, though from long usage it has come to yield comparatively little. In the mother country, the usual way is to have a plate at the Church door, superintended in turn by a member of Session, and into this plate the common practice is to drop, in passing, one of the smallest coins of the realm. There, unless on special occasions, the object of the collection is the relief of the poor, except in the dissenting Churches, where the Church-door collection forms a not unimportant part of the annual revenue. Among ourselves, as is well known, the common practice is to hand round a box which is placed before each hearer at the end of the service for a moment to give him or her an opportunity for contributing their mite. The principal peculiarity of this method is the general smallness of the result. An average congregation, on an average Sunday, will probably yield an average of ten or twelve shillings, which, divided among say 500 people, is rather a small dole from each. Under such circumstances, there must, of necessity, be a good many blanks—and very few can give beyond the smallest modicum. The result, common as it is, has sometimes surprised us, and we have been on that account led more than once not only to speculate upon the reason, but quietly to make occasional observations from which we might perchance be able to draw some satisfactory conclusions. In the first place, then, we have generally observed that the regular attender at church,

and whose walk and conversation are consistent with his professions, is very rarely found to allow the box to pass him without some material attention being paid to it—and this without any regard to his means or position in life. With such a person it is a kind of religious duty that not only himself, but his wife and each of his little ones, put their copper in the box. Not to do so, would be considered by him a meanness almost amounting to impiety—and he generally has his reward. In this little act, performed Sunday after Sunday, and year after year, by his little ones, there is a significance and an unconscious influence in the habit, whose tendency is to elevate and tone the christian character to an extent far greater than many people think of. The youth who, during the long years he has been under the parental eye, has constantly put his little offering into the Church box, will very seldom become an irregular or inattentive attendant in the house of God. He thinks not of the trifle he is giving, but for all that the mere act of giving has imparted a certain feeling of self-respect and earnestness you will seldom or never see in the non-contributing worshipper. Indeed, whenever we see the box pass unnoticed from before an individual, an involuntary feeling of regretful sympathy rises within us, and we wish we could only be permitted to perform the little duty for him, could it only have the same effect as his performing it for himself. A halfpenny is but a small sum to drop into a bag once a week, and could parents only feel the amount of virtue there is in the doing of it—especially by the young—few indeed there are who would not gladly supply each of their family with the little coin.

We have seen the habit strongly and even touchingly exemplified in the fact of some poor old woman, living, in a great measure, on charity, dropping regularly her copper into the elder's box. It is true she could not afford it—every body knew she could not afford it—but that mattered nothing, do it she must; she would be most miserable were she not to do it; and so, out of the very depth of her poverty, she gives her mite—not at all to be seen of men, but because she has done it from her youth up, and the good habit has at last become a part of herself, and she cannot help it. Do not blame that good old Christian—pauper though she be; that little coin

is a satisfaction to her heart, and, amidst all her trials and dependance, gives her a certain respectability and real worth.

Cultivate, then, the habit of giving among the young—not so much for what it yields in money, as for what it is calculated to produce of a far higher character.

We might continue the subject, and show how the giving of say a penny by each church-goer you might effect much good with very little sacrifice. Five hundred pence would be more than two pounds, and that again would be more than £100 a-year—and who would be the poorer for it? Nobody at all. We question if even among the poorest of our country congregations, it would be appreciably felt. But whether this latter suggestion be acted upon or not, let not our heads of families forget the other portion of our advice. They may depend upon its soundness and truth, and who among them would not wish that those who are to take their place, should do so respected and honored. Our last word at parting, therefore, is: let not the toddling wee thing coming to the House of God—or the school-boy, with all his animal spirits and generous thoughtlessness—miss, on any account, the gratification of dropping his copper into the box. What is begun as a privilege will grow into a duty, and that duty will do more than we think of in moulding and consolidating the character.

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Success.

[THE following essay—the composition, we believe, of a very young writer—has been sent us, with a request to publish it in the *Record*:—]

SUCCESS in life is everywhere sought. The farmer wishes for it as he goes forth to sow, and imagines it realized in seeing his fields laden with fruit. It sets the mechanic's tools in motion. The student, poring over his Livy with midnight oil, looks in the future, and wonders if he will be successful. In short, success is the goal of our ambition—the end of our creation. It nerves many a faint soul. It rouses many a sleeper. It crowns many a runner with laurels. Its spring is cheering as its stream, for it is the offspring of energy and noble aspiration. It disdains to dwell in the mean soul. It breathes never in the foul atmosphere of selfishness. It descends, like a dove, to our earth, and lives in the soul—great by its yearning for

greatness. It imparts its healthy vigor to society. It leads us nearer the goal of perfection. Do you wish for it, then? Do not mistake it. There is a false success. Strange were there not! You know what greatness is. You know what goodness is. Well, then, you know what true success is. Would you be great? Do you resolve to rise above the fog of the world, and commune with the stars? Yours is success. Would you be good? Would you walk uncrippled and uncrutched in the power of God? Success shall crown you with a crown of unfading lustre. But our resolutions for success imply two indispensable qualities. First, an unbounded confidence in the rightness of our principles. Second, perseverance. Success must lie, firstly, in our principles; secondly, in ourselves. Our principles must be right; we ourselves must be undaunted. Our principles must be knit up with our lives. Its branches must be entwined around every action; its sap must flow through every limb of our body. This is the great secret of success. The world is advancing, and we must advance. If we retrograde, the fault lies in a great measure with ourselves. Perhaps we may be too sensitive to the world.

The finger of scorn may make us blush. But what care we for the opinion of the world—it is a shallow stream, whose ripple dies in the breeze. But the small stream of our life is not supplied by the reservoirs of the world. We run in a different race. We seek a different goal. We are borne along by the auspicious breezes of heaven. The sunshine of God's countenance is our light. *Right* is engraven on our banner. So whence our fear? When we thus advance, all that we hold dear advances with us. Our individual success becomes a world-wide one. It exerts a powerful and lasting influence in all our relations of life, whether social or moral. We become the centres of great circles, whose circumferences extend to every object of interest and of worth in the world. Our Church, if we have an interest in her, will go forward with a noble tread. Her bulwarks will be strengthened. Her influence will be boundless. Our College, if it concern us, shall prosper. It shall become as an eye to the people—an eye, beaming with intelligence. Its streams shall be pure, and shall water our Church. The reign of mind shall begin; mind—sanctified by the Spirit of God. Thus there shall be an intimate tie between our Church and College. The former shall receive from on high the unction of the Almighty, and shall bring it down, and scatter it over the land: the latter shall wake up our mental energies, and go up from means to miracles. Both shall be instruments of God, both shall be the salvation of the people. Then let us arise and look for success. Let us individually bestir ourselves to action, and ours will be sure success. Let us not repose in the rightness of our principles, or in present strength. Moses, with his

host, feared to go forth without the guidance of God; neither let us go. Let us persevere. We must either advance or retrograde. There is no such thing as rest on earth. Arise and let us go forward. KAPPA.

CULSALMOND.—Last week, a deputation of the parishioners of Culsalmond waited on the Rev. Mr. McWilliam, Parish Schoolmaster, previous to his leaving this county, as a Minister of the Gospel, for Nova Scotia, and requested his acceptance of a handsome Silver Tea Service, in testimony of the high sense entertained by his friends and the parish generally of his moral and professional worth. Since he came to Culsalmond, Mr. McWilliam has gained the respect and esteem of all classes, and it is a subject of regret, especially to those interested in education, that he has been called away from a sphere of labour for which his abilities, urbanity of manner, and quiet yet efficient discharge of duty, so fully qualified him. He has left with the good wishes of all who knew him that he may prosper in the distant land of his adoption.

Presentation.

We observe from the *Standard* that the ladies belonging to the congregation of McLennan's Mountain, in connection with our Church, have presented their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, with a handsome Pulpit Gown and Cassock. The gift was accompanied with a very appropriate and excellent Address, signed by Mrs. McGilvray, the widow of the late revered incumbent, to which Mr. Stewart made a lengthened reply, expressing his gratitude for their kindness, and his resolution to devote himself with all earnestness to the great work of their spiritual welfare. We beg to congratulate both pastor and people on so auspicious a commencement to the pastoral relationship.

Departed Greatness.

THE poet has said that when misfortunes come, "they come not single spies, but in battalions."

The last few weeks have taken from us an unusually large proportion of the illustrious of the earth. It is true that all or nearly all had passed the limit generally assigned to human life, but the void and the regret are not the less on that account.

LORD CLYDE, the most popular of military commanders after the great Duke, now reposes not far from him, in Westminster Abbey. The Peninsula, the Crimea and India each bears witness to the skill and daring of this model soldier. His death was felt as a national and almost irreparable loss—being one of the few who, apart from his heroic ac-

tions had entwined himself in the affections of his countrymen by the loftiness of his character, his solicitude for the well-being of his humblest comrade in arms—the highest attributes covered with the mantle of unaffected modesty.

THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD ELLICE is dead—a scholar and a politician—one of the few remaining votaries of the old Whig School—a high toned English country gentleman—vigorous in thought and speech—and who was looked up to as one who had been the companion of some of the great ones of the earth. of Byron, Moore, Rogers, Grey and a host of others—who had hobnobbed with Jeffrey and Sydney Smith—a litterateur, a critic and an Edinburgh Reviewer. Of this once mighty and intellectual phalanx, Brougham now alone remains, and though 85 years of age, gave but the other day an address before the Social Science Association—worthy of his best days. May he long be spared to us!

GRIMM, the great German critic, philologist and author is no more. For many years his name has occupied a large space in European scholarship, and his death leaves a void which no man now living can adequately fill.

The name of ALFRED DE VIGNY has long held a high if not the highest place in the literature of France. ALFRED DE VIGNY, who might be called the modern Chateaubriand, is dead.

WHATELY, Archbishop of Dublin, after a long life of usefulness, has paid the debt of nature. DR. WHATELY has long been known as a voluminous and able writer on a great variety of subjects. His best known works are his famous *Historic Doubts*—intended as an answer to Hume's argument against miracles, in which he seemed to prove that by the direct laws of reasoning, we have really no proof that such a person as the Emperor Napoleon the First ever existed. His *Elements of Logic and Rhetoric* are universally known. It is not many months since some slight but interesting articles from his pen appeared in the pages of *Good Words*. He was emphatically a large-hearted, able and liberal-minded Churchman, and has done much good in the large and important sphere in which he was called to labor.

LORD SINCLAIR, the father of the House

of Peers—a Scottish nobleman of ancient line, although not particularly distinguished as a public man, deserves mention, from the fact of the wonderful age to which he lived—having been born in 1768—a year before the Duke of Wellington or Sir Walter Scott.

LORD LYNDBURST, whose name for the last half century almost has been something like a household word in England, is no more. A great lawyer, an eloquent orator, a first-rate debater, a profound scholar and statesman, who had risen to the highest rank a subject can reach by the force of his genius and character. It is a remarkable fact that nearly all very distinguished lawyers have reached a great age—at least in modern times; and when we consider the literally Herculean nature of their labours, the fact seems unaccountable. Sir William Follett is the only very eminent lawyer of the present generation we can call to mind who died young.

MRS. TROLLOPE, the once brilliant writer of fiction, who has written as many books as there are weeks in the year—all popular in their time, though now mostly forgotten—has, like less gifted mortals, paid the debt of nature. Her "America and the Americans," which for merciless humour and broad caricature of our sensitive cousins will long be read and relished by those who feel within them a grudge at the people of the United States—is a clever, immensely clever, but not very wise or edifying book.

That restless and mischievous Oriental, DOST MAHOMED, is dead.

Death has thus been unwontedly busy among some of earth's brightest ones. We pause a moment, we utter a regret, we read or write a paragraph about them, and, in common with the rest of mankind, are soon again engaged in the din and whirl of life's activities. The great, the eminently good, and the eminently bad, leave the stage, as it were, before our eyes—but how little does it affect us? Our turn must come, and our little circle may miss us for a time—or our names may occupy a line or two in the papers of the day—and is this all? If it were, in the words of Paul, surely we would be of all men the most miserable. But we have no space to moralize—dust to dust is the sentence alike of the wise man and the fool; the difference comes hereafter. Let us never forget that.

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH

1863	YOUNG MEN'S SCHEME.	
Sept.—Cash W. Branch E. River Congregation,		£4 14 6
1863	SYNOD FUND.	
Oct.—Cash Saltspring's Congregation, Pictou, Oct. 30th, 1863.		£1 2 6
	W. GORDON, Treasurer.	