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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Adjoining Provinces.

MARCH, 1868.



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VOL. XIV.

MARCH, 1863.

NO. 3.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget its cunning."—Psalm 137, v.5.

Sermon

By the Rev. George J. Cate, B. A.,
PORTLAND, ST. JOHN, N. B.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—
Acts xx, 35.

It is a very difficult thing to make people believe this—but it is a thing still more difficult to make them practice it. And although this glorious truth carries with it all the authority of God's word, and is vouched for as the words of Jesus by an inspired Apostle, still we could easily find many who are disposed to question the truth they contain, and who will hesitate before accepting it as a fact that "it is more blessed to give than to receive. There are few, perhaps, who will doubt the declaration of St. Paul, that "the Lord loveth the cheerful giver," while many may be found who deny by their deeds and lives, if not by their words and profession, that there is more blessedness in giving than in receiving. We feel safe in going further and declaring that there are many among us who would wax indignant if any doubts were cast on their belief in all the declarations of God's word, who, nevertheless, by sealing up their bowels of compassion against their fellows, declare in the strongest manner possible their doubts as to the truth of the great principle laid down in the text.

If each will appeal to his own experience of men and things in the daily world he will see how true this is. Are there not many who profess and call themselves followers of that Lord, who uttered these words, who yet have never attained to their true spirit?—many who

have never tasted the luxury of the cheerful giver?—many whose only happiness consists in receiving and who never realized the blessedness of giving? Now the reason of all this is to be found in the fact, that many so far miss the real spirit of the text as to suppose that, unless possessed of wealth, they cannot occupy the position of a giver. They imagine that the possession of an ample fortune is a necessary qualification for those who would aspire to the blessedness here spoken of. They foolishly suppose that gold and silver are the only channel through which the heart can send out its sympathies; and hence they deprive themselves and others of much genuine happiness. They forget that earth's noblest givers have not been its millionaires, but men who gave self and sympathy, not silver and gold,—men who, perhaps, had nothing to bestow but kind looks and words of comfort and cheer that went to the hearts of a people and fired them with new life and light. These are the world's best benefactors,—men who have shed warmth and sunshine on its cold breast,—men who have plucked up many a thorn from its rugged pathways,—dried many a tear from the eye of grief,—banished many a care from the sorrowing heart and filled many a Pool of Bethesda with the healing waters of comfort and peace.

Let us try to illustrate and enforce the meaning of the text. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The first principle or foundation of our Holy Religion is Love. It is the great bond that binds earth and Heaven; the great chain that connects God and man. We were made

in the image of God. Our souls were stamped with the features of Deity. The attributes of his nature were instilled into ours. Holiness, Righteousness and Love were breathed into our pure and happy souls, and these were the cords that bound us to a loving God and Father. But sin came and these were severed, and then the love of God was banished from the sinner's heart. But in the Divine breast this holy affection suffered no decay. God still loved the sinner while he loathed the sins that corrupted his soul. His love followed the erring sinner down to his lowest depth of degradation, and when no eye pitied, and no arm offered salvation, His eye pitied, and the omnipotent arm went forth to save. This was God's love and the salvation of our sinful race was the channel through which it flowed to earth.

But you will notice that God's love (like all true love) is expressed in *giving*, and the extent of that love is shown in the *value* of the gift. "For God *so loved* the world that He *gave* His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth, &c." The proof of God's love consists in the fact that He *gave*, and the extent of the love was this, "He *gave* His only begotten son."

And this is true of all love, whether in the creature or the Creator—it must find vent in giving. It must sacrifice something for the object of its love. And here we recognize a trace of our high descent. Here is God's nature speaking through ours. Here is the Father's voice echoing in the breast of His rebellious children,—for our love, like God's, must, when true and deep, vent itself in giving. It cannot live alone in the heart and flourish. It longs to pour itself out in noble, generous gifts of self and sympathy—it pants for the blessedness of giving. In this the human and Divine come nearest. "We love God because God loved us and *gave* His son to die for us." And the larger and more God-like our hearts become, the more will we feel constrained to *give*. The more will we seek to imitate the great giver of every good and perfect gift in His world-wide hospitality.

We estimate the love of God, then, by the gifts He has bestowed upon us, and, just as the Astronomer, whose soul is overpowered with the distant and vast, calls in the aid of figures to help his laboring mind to grasp at the incomprehensible, so we, in our efforts to fathom the boundless love of the Eternal, have recourse to the blessings he has showered upon earth. Would you learn, O Christian, the love of God for our sinful world! Come and let us go, in thought, to the scene of its redemption. Listen to that song that pours on earth through Ange's lips, "I bring you glad tidings of great joy." Hark, as they sweep along the midnight skies of Bethlehem, singing the glorious anthem. From Heaven's Courts there bursts the glad news of peace on earth and good will to men. Heaven is thrilled with joy and a multitude of the

angelic host strike their harps over the lowly cradle where lies the God-man in infant form. That is God's love. Come and let us follow that Saviour as he sheds forth the eternal love on the sorrowing hearts of earth. See God's love coming out in every deed of the Man of Sorrows! In His words of comfort and cheer, in His deeds of compassionate kindness, in His heartfelt sympathies, in His tears, His blood, His cross, His grave, His empty tomb. His resurrection and intercession for us at Heaven's throne. All this is God's love making itself felt in the person of His dear Son who *gave* his life a ransom for us; and in that let us behold the greatest of Givers, and yet the poorest of earth. He says of Himself, "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but He had not where to lay his head," and yet where shall we search for gifts so precious as those that He scattered on Earth? He carried no purse, no gold, no silver, and yet the very atmosphere he breathed was pregnant with the richest blessings. And what think you, is the key to this wondrous life? What is the magic charm that leads captive the soul that dwells upon the life of Jesus of Nazareth? Is it not that holy charm of *giving* that marked His whole life on earth, and that still falls like sunshine from the Great High Priest in Heaven who can still be touched? And to what features of that holy life does the weary hearted on earth turn for comfort and sympathy? Is it not to the little home at Bethany where He mingled His grief and comfort with the mourning sisters? Is it not to the grave where the tears ran down His cheeks? To where He pressed the infants of earth to His heart and *gave* them His blessing? Yes, as we gaze upon the portrait of Him painted by the inspired four, we see no features that come so closely home to our nature as those in which His Divine character becomes lost in the depths of His glorious humanity. We read his biography and love to dwell on these blessed words, "Jesus wept." "Behold how He loved him." "Suffer the little children to come to Me." "Father forgive them." Our hearts fill as we think of Him on the cross, amid all His sufferings, thinking of His mother and committing her to the care of that disciple whom He loved. O, there was love!—a love that delighted in giving rather than in receiving—a love that, when all else had been given, withheld not life itself, but poured it freely out a sacrifice on the cross.

And notice that this must mingle in the life of every true follower of Christ. Sacrifice is still a part of all true religion.

"It is the deed and not the creed,
Will serve us in the hour of need."

But it is not the sacrifice of sheep or oxen, it is the sacrifice of self. It is not the giving of gold and silver that constitutes the only happiness of the cheerful giver. Something more is required before we can realize that it is more blessed to

give than to receive. The gift must come from the givers heart. This is the true blessedness of giving. It was this that gave the widow's mite more value in Christ's eyes than the gold of the rich.

And if we turn to the world's rough every day life the truth of this meets us everywhere. We see that it is only as men approach the standard of the Great Giver that they realize the truth of the text that He has uttered, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

And what is that standard that our Lord has erected? What is the example that He has left us that we should follow! What were the gifts that he bestowed? Were they not to a great degree such as you and I have in our power to employ? He spent a holy life in the exercise of doing good. He cheered the downcast and poor, and breathed fresh life into their hearts. He gave time and energy to the cause of truth, and the destruction of falsehood and error. He pointed the eyes of all to the path that leads to happiness in time and eternity. He disclosed the true bonds of the world's great brotherhood, and brought into living exercise the highest and noblest features of our humanity. And to do this is still the duty of every true follower of that Saviour—a duty enjoined by Christ himself—a duty which the human heart in its highest development finds most congenial to its nature. Are not those whose names we cherish with the deepest gratitude, men who have trodden in the Saviour's footprints? Are they not those who have gone forth with the welfare and happiness of their fellow beings uppermost on their hearts? Look at the spirit that animated the breast of St. Paul. Was it not Christ like? and, in so far as it was so, does it not extort the gratitude of every true heart? It was that spirit that braced him to endure and suffer as he did. It was that that sent him dauntless to the throne of haughty kings and judges. It was that that carried him into foreign lands with the Gospel truth in his hand and heart. He went not as a conqueror to subdue kings and kingdoms. He went not as the man of science to hoard up knowledge of other lands.—not as the miser to assuage his thirst for gold and silver. No, he went on a more glorious mission far. He went to carry the message of God to man, to give to others what he himself had found so precious. It was this same spirit that fired the souls of that little band of Christian heroes, that went forth from the plains of Judea breathing the breath of a new life they had caught from the Saviour's lips. Onward was their cry, and onward was their course. They had the love of God in their hearts, and they must impart its blessings to others, and life and death were counted as nothing in that strange and mighty onset. Land and sea had no dangers to appal them. The desire to give and to bless hewed a way

to the throne of opposing tyrants. It proved stronger than the spirit of the world, the devil and the flesh, and rode in triumph over every foe. It was often crushed down, but it arose again with the freshness of a new birth, to pursue its onward career. The fires of persecution could not consume it, for it came forth from the furnace refined and pure. It was trampled on by the foot of earthly power, but like the sweet perfumes when crushed, its fragrance grew stronger. Kings and nobles joined hands to press it to the earth, but like the rich grapes, when hardest pressed it gave forth its purest juices. Such was the new Spirit that Christ breathed into human nature. This was the new commandment that he gave his disciples when he bade them love one another and not to love as the world did, but to love one another as the Lord loved them: and we have seen how that was.

And, christian readers, is it not so still? Is he not the noblest giver who imitates his Divine Master in the giving of self? Is it not he who holds life and energy at the disposal of every good and noble cause? Who are the true heroes and patriots? And what exalts them to the lofty pedestal? Is it not that they are ready to sacrifice all that is dear to self when the cause of truth and justice is in peril? And thus also we find it in daily life. The man and woman who give self are always hailed as the noblest givers and are first to feel the truth of the text, "that it is more blessed to give than to receive." Ask the mother who bends over the fevered frame of her child—who spends health and strength in ceaseless watching by its cradle—who gives her own life for the relief of her babe, and she will tell you that the text is true. Go to the humble pallet of the poor, where sickness and sorrow are gnawing at the heart, and ask who are his best and truest friends, and he will point you not to the rich who sit in luxury and riot at home, and send from groaning tables or from overflowing purses for their relief, but they will point you to those who have crossed their humble threshold, and with a gentle hand smoothed their rough pillow; to those who have spoken the word of kindness and hope fresh from the fountain of their hearts. They will tell you that there was more true comfort inspired by the grip of the hand that had nothing in it but the pressure from a kind heart—more consolation in the tender look, and gentle word and kind wish, of one who perhaps had nothing else to bestow than in all the cold and formal charities of the rich and great.

And Christian readers can we not all give our testimony to the truth of this? Are there not those known to you who are great givers and yet poor men in all that the world calls riches? Are we not brought into daily contact with those who make us feel better and happier? Men who shed blessings on

all around them, as the sun sheds its light and heat upon the earth?—who impart happiness to others from their large hearts and generous sympathies; men who seem to live in an atmosphere peculiar to themselves; who give joy and pleasure as freely as the rose sheds its perfume on the breeze? Who give their word of cheer, as the lark gives its song when it mounts the morning sky. Like the fountain kept pure by the flowing of its crystal waters, so their hearts are made richer and happier by the blessings they shed forth. Who will not thank Heaven for such Christian men and women as these, and join us in the prayer that every day may swell their numbers? These are the pools of Bethesda, in which many a poor drooping heart has been revived and strengthened and sent on its way rejoicing. And many a Christian now growing strong and great in the new life can trace his first steps towards God and Heaven to the kind word, or look or smile that fell like a beam of Heaven's love upon his heart. Who has not felt the power for good in this Christ-like spirit of giving? Who has not experienced the secret impulse given by a single word that was like a pivot on which our whole life was turned in a better and holier path? On that single word may hinge the destinies of eternity,

“ Full many a shaft at random sent.

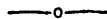
Find mark the huntsman little meant,

And many a word at random spoken

May hurt or heal a heart nigh broken.”

How wide and varied then is our sphere of Christian usefulness, dear readers? How many ways of letting the Christ within us be seen and felt for good are within reach of the weakest follower of the Saviour? O, let us remember this! yea let us do what is far better, let us reduce it to daily practice. If God has endowed us with riches and plenty let us recognize the great responsibility that he has given with it. It is not ours to do with it as we like, but to do with it as we ought. And just as the bird has no right or proprietorship in the tree in which it builds its nest and shelters its young, so we have no real ownership in what God lend us. 'Tis God's and must be used, if rightly used, for the furtherance of what is good and true. But if riches be not yours to give, O, give what is often of more value by far than gold or silver—give the warm sympathies of a generous heart—give the true grip of Christ an brotherhood—give your word of kindness—your smile—your look of friendliness. These are yours, given you by the hand that gives nature her power to charm, given by Him who bends the rainbow and hangs it in beauty in the heavens—who gives the lark its song to delight the ear of man, and the flowers their perfume to scent the air we breathe. Shed the blessings, then, of a holy Christian life around you as you go on through time, always keeping before you

as your great pattern and guide the life of him who has given us this assurance that “It is more blessed to give than to receive.”



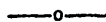
Morning Meditation and Prayer.

While I was staying at Nailsworth it pleased the Lord to teach me a truth, irrespective of human instrumentality, as far as I know, the benefit of which I have not lost, though now more than eighteen years have since passed away. The point is this: I saw more clearly than ever, that the first great and primary business to which I ought to attend every day was, to have my soul happy in the Lord. The first thing to be concerned about was not, how much I might serve the Lord, how I might glorify the Lord; but how I might get my soul into a happy state, and how my inner man might be nourished. For I might seek to set the truth before the unconverted, I might seek to benefit believers, I might seek to relieve the distressed, I might, in other ways, seek to behave myself as become, a child of God in this world; and yet, not being happy in the Lord, and not being nourished and strengthened in my inner man, day by day, all this might not be attended to in a right spirit. Before this time, my practice had been, at least for ten years previously, as an habitual thing, to give myself to prayer after having dressed myself in the morning. Now I saw, that the most important thing I had to do was, to give myself to the word of God and to meditation on it, that thus my heart might be comforted, encouraged, warned, reprov'd, instructed; and that thus, by means of the word of God, whilst meditating on it, my heart might be brought into experimental communion with the Lord. I began, therefore, to meditate on the New Testament from the beginning early in the morning. The first thing I did, after having asked in a few words the Lord's blessing upon His precious word, was, to begin to meditate on the word of God, searching, as it were, into every verse, to get blessing out of it; not for the sake of the public ministry of the word, not for the sake of preaching on what I had meditated upon; but for the sake of obtaining good for my own soul. The result I have found to be, almost invariably, this, that after a very few minutes my soul has been led to confession or to thanksgiving, or to intercession, or to supplication, so that, though I did not, as it were, give myself to prayer, but to meditation, yet it turned almost immediately more or less into prayer. When thus I have been for a while making confession, or intercession or supplication, or have given thanks, I go on to the next words or verse, turning all, as I go on, into prayer for myself or others, as the word may lead to it, but still continually keeping

before me, that food for my own soul is this object of my meditation. The result of this is, that there is always a good deal of confession, thanksgiving, supplication, or intercession mingled with my meditation, and that my inner man almost invariably is even sensibly nourished and strengthened, and that by breakfast time, with rare exceptions, I am in a peaceful if not happy state of heart. Thus also the Lord is pleased to communicate unto me that which either very soon after, or at a later time, I have found to become food for other believers, though it was not for the sake of the public ministry of the word that I gave myself to meditation, but for the profit of my own inner man. * * * * *

The difference, then, between my former practice and my present one is this. Formerly, when I rose, I began to pray as soon as possible, and generally spent all my time till breakfast in prayer, or almost all the time. At all events, I almost invariably began with prayer, except when I felt my soul to be more than usually barren, in which case I read the word of God for food, or for refreshment, or for a revival and renewal of my inner man, before I gave myself to prayer. But what was the result? I often spent a quarter of an hour, or half an hour, or even an hour on my knees, before being conscious to myself of having derived comfort, encouragement, humbling of soul, &c., and often, after having suffered much from wandering of mind for the first ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, or even half an hour, I only then began *really to pray*. I scarcely ever suffer now in this way. For my heart being nourished by the truth, being brought into experimental fellowship with God, I speak to my Father and to my Friend, (vile though I am and unworthy of it) about the things that He has brought before me in His precious word. It often now astonishes me that I did not sooner see this point. In no book did I ever read about it. No public ministry ever brought the matter before me. No private intercourse with a brother stirred me up to this matter. And yet now, since God has taught me this point, it is as plain to me as anything, that the first thing the child of God has to do morning by morning is *to obtain food for his inner man*. As the outward man is not fit for work for any length of time, except we take food; and as this is one of the first things we do in the morning, so it should be with the inner man. *Not prayer* but the *word of God*; and here again, not the simple reading of the word of God, so that it only passes through our minds, just as water runs through a pipe, but considering what we read, pondering over it and applying it to our hearts. When we pray we speak to God. Now, prayer, in order to be continued for any length of time, in any other than a formal manner, requires, generally speaking, a measure of strength of godly desire; and the season, therefore, when the exercise of the

soul can be most effectually performed, is, after the inner man has been nourished by meditation on the word of God, when we find our Father speaking to us, to encourage us, to comfort us, to instruct us, to humble us, to reprove us. We may, therefore, profitably meditate with God's blessing, though we are ever so weak spiritually, nay, the weaker we are the more we need meditation for the strengthening of our inner man. There is thus far less to be feared from wandering of mind than if we gave ourselves to prayer without having had previously time for meditation. I dwell so particularly on this point because of the immense spiritual profit and refreshment I am conscious of having derived from it myself, and I affectionately and solemnly beseech all my fellow-believers to ponder this matter. By the blessing of God, I ascribe to this mode the help and strength which I have had from God to pass in peace through deeper trials, in various ways, than I ever had before; and after having now about 18 years tried this way, I can most fully, in the fear of God, commend it. How different, when the soul is refreshed and made happy early in the morning, from what it is when, without spiritual preparation, the service, the trials and the temptations of the day come upon one.—G. Muller, 1841. P. X.



A REMARKABLE DONATION.

To-day I have received one of the most remarkable donations that I ever received for the work in my hands. I am staying with my family at Ilfracombe for change, of air. After the large packet of letters which day by day comes to hand from Bristol, and which this day also came, had been repièd to, I took a walk with my family near the sea, on the capstone. In returning home, two gentlemen, entire strangers, came up to me, the one of whom said, "Please excuse me, are you not Mr. Muller?" Having replied to him in the affirmative, he said, "I have to give to you some money for the Orphans." I then requested him to step aside with me, and to seat himself with me on one of the benches close by, that I might learn particulars. He now told me the following, which I give as nearly verbatim as I can: I live in the neighborhood of M——. I am a business man, and what would be called, a hard-working business man. Some time since one of your Reports fell into my hands, but, I honestly confess it, I could not believe that you did obtain your funds simply in answer to prayer; I questioned the truth of it. However, the thing came up into my mind again and again. While I was thus considering whether God was really with you, and whether you really obtained simply by faith, and in answer to prayer, these large sums of money, I heard of a certain property

to be sold, which I thought I should like to buy, if it were disposed of reasonably. I looked it over and had it valued by a competent business man, who told me that it was worth so much, I then said to myself in a kind of sceptical way, I will now see whether God is with Mr. Muller or not. If I get this property for so much (fixing a low price on it) I will give Mr. Muller One Hundred Pounds. I then instructed a person to bid for me at the Auction where the property was sold, at a place at a distance; but so great was my curiosity to see whether God really would appear for you in this matter that by the next train I set off to the place where the auction was, that I might obtain as early as possible the information, how the matter would end; and found, to my great surprise, that I had actually obtained this valuable property at the exact low price which I had fixed. I was astonished. But I began now to reflect more on the principles on which you act, and I wondered that, as a christian, I or any one else could call in question what you say about answers to prayer; and the more I consider the matter and the more, I read your Report the more I see how right and proper it is to come to God for all we need and to trust in Him for everything. The conveyance having been made and all being now settled about the sale, I felt it right to fulfil my promise; so my friend whom you saw just now with me and I set out on a tour into Devonshire, and then, on our way home, called the day before yesterday at your house, but found you were from home. We stopped yesterday, Sunday, in Bristol, and having there learned your address, we came on here to Ilfracombe to-day, for I wished to know you personally. After I had heard all this, related to the dear stranger, that I was not at all surprised at God's working thus for me, since day by day I sought His help, and thus, in answer to prayer, obtained from the most unlikely persons, and entire strangers, donations for the work. So, for instance, I said as you told me that you came from the neighborhood of M——, I had a letter from a lawyer at M——, not long since asking me to send him a proper form for a legacy to be left to the Orphans, as one of his clients (whose name he did not mention) wishes to leave a legacy of £1000 for the Orphans. Now, as far as I know, I am not personally acquainted with a single person at M——, nor do I know the name of the individual who purposed to leave this £1000. "About this legacy," replied the stranger at my side, "I can tell you something. After I had got this property, and I now saw how wrong I had been in looking such a sceptical way on your work, and there were no reality in prayer, I decided on helping you further. I thought to myself, though I am a man in health and of middle age, yet it might be well to make my will and to leave you £1000 for the Orphans." I found out, to

my surprise, that the stranger himself was the individual on whose account a lawyer at M—— had written me. We now separated, the stranger stating that he would in an hour call at my lodgings and give me a cheque for the £100. He did so, and wished £70 to be appropriated to the Building Fund, £20 for the support of the Orphans, and £10 for my own personal expenses.—G. Muller's Report for 1866. P. X.

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BAPTISM.

The ordinance is inseparably connected, and all christian parents ought so to regard it, with the incumbent duty of "bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." If this connection is lost sight of,—if it is not contemplated at the time, and is practically disregarded afterwards, the ordinance becomes nothing better than a useless ceremony, and an idle and profane mockery of its divine author. Much has been said, and said sometimes very loosely, by infant baptists, of the rights and privileges of infants, and of the impropriety of abridging their privileges, and abstracting their right, in refusing them baptism. But I would have it seriously considered, that the right and privilege are not worth contending for, unless the ordinance be connected with parental instruction, discipline and prayer. It is evident that the pouring of a little water on an infant's face, can, in itself, do it no good; and as little would the immersion of its whole body. The mere external recognition of its connection with the christian community, can be of no benefit, except as associated with subsequent training for the performance of the duties and the enjoyment of the blessings of that community. The profit to the child must be through the medium of the parent; and it has long appeared to me, that it is to the parent, rather than to the child, that infant baptism is, in the first instance, to be reckoned a privilege. It is an ordinance, in which there is brought before the minds of pious parents, a pleasing and animating recognition of the covenant promises of God to them and to their offspring which form so great an encouragement to them in the discharge of duty, and in looking, by prayer, for the divine blessing upon the objects of their tender love. That multitudes who have their children baptized, never think of the ordinance in any such light, and are quite regardless of the objections which, I will, not say it imposes, but which it implies and brings to mind—is a melancholy truth. And I would earnestly admonish those parents, of the guilt they are contracting, by their solemn mockery of heaven, in the careless profanation of a divine institution.

"How pleasing to the minds of the godly,"

says Calvin "not merely to have a verbal assurance, but to have it certified to them by visible signs, (as in infant baptism) that the grace of their heavenly Father is so great as to extend, not to themselves only, but to their offspring." If Christian parents do not feel, as they ought, the practical encouragement to duty, which the ordinance, as a recognition of the divine promise, presents and do not act cordially (and all of us must be sensible of criminal deficiency) the fault lies, not with the ordinance or with its author, but with their own want of faith and of right disposition.—*Dr. Wardlaw.*

The Monthly Record.

MARCH, 1868.

During the Week of Prayer, at the beginning of each year, the ministers of the different denominations have been, in most parts of the Province, brought into close and friendly relations. In the case of the ministers of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church, this friendly spirit has in many instances been kept up throughout the whole year, and has found expression in occasional exchange of pulpits, united prayer meetings, united missionary operations, &c. Such friendly co-operation commends itself as the right thing to every pious and intelligent Christian. Now, it is natural to raise the question, should the friendliness stop here, or should it go on to an actual union of the two Churches? On this question very many of our people as well as of our ministers, are musing; and, accordingly, we should judge that it cannot but be interesting to all our readers to peruse the following able article, from the pen of the minister of St. Matthew's, Halifax. Whatever view each may take of the subject, all must admire the earnest and decided tone of the writer.

Union of Presbyterians.

I have seldom felt myself under so grave a responsibility as now when approaching and beginning to write on this subject. On the one hand it may be said, 'we are doing well enough as we are and there is no necessity for any change.' On the other hand, I am strongly of opinion that the time has come for effecting a union between the two great Presbyterian Churches in the Maritime Provinces, and I know that others, who once thought very differently, are now from various causes in favour of such a policy; and to be quiet and make no sign is not the course that duty in such circumstances dictates. To write and express such a conviction and thus testify its truth is surely my duty; and I pray God that my brethren and the readers of the *Record* generally may read the words of this article in the spirit in which they are written. I am aware that it is easy

to talk of the feelings that actuate us, and that such talk of itself goes for little; but I think that my conduct in this matter shows that I have no wish but to march in line with my fellow-churchmen. Seven years ago I returned to my native Province filled with an ardent longing to see the different members of the same Church, family reunited under one roof-tree. The state of feeling then prevailing and the elements at work on both sides were barriers that could not be ignored or overcome. Union was then impracticable. To talk about it only exasperated. Reconciliation was required first. Since that time I have laboured in each of our three Presbyteries, have preached in every Church and almost every mission station in our Synod, have thus been obliged to study the question in the light of the facts of the case from every point of view, and though I have my likes and dislikes, and prejudices and Church feelings as much as any kirkman in the country, I have been forced year after year more and more to the conclusion that union is the one thing now needed by Presbyterianism, that it would do us all good and the country good, and that to oppose it longer is to be blind to the signs of the times, and to be unfaithful to the work given us to do by the Great Head of the Church.

In the United States, Presbyterians never divided into hostile camps, because Church patronage in Scotland was sometimes exercised in a high-handed manner; nor because of an abstract theory on Voluntaryism or Church establishments or endowments; nor because of a Burgher oath that no Burgher in America was ever asked to take; nor because church courts in Scotland maintained for a year or two views on Spiritual Independence, that the highest legal tribunal in Great Britain decided to be incompatible with the civil rights of the subject. True there are Covenanters, and Dutch Reformed and other small Presbyterian Churches in the States, that have grown up alongside of the great bodies, and are composed chiefly of emigrants from European countries; but the divisions of the great body have arisen from differences of opinion among themselves chiefly on doctrinal matters less or more important; and the current of opinion now is that even such divisions were unnecessary and unwise, and that the sooner they are healed the better it will be for the cause of the Church and the cause of religion. The great convention in Philadelphia last year is of itself a sufficient proof of this.

§ In the Colonies—with one or two insignificant exceptions, Scottish Church divisions have been faithfully and zealously imitated in every particular. The battles of Burgher and Anti-Burgher, of intrusion and non-intrusion have been fought over again in almost every Colony. The fact is to be deplored but hardly to be wondered at when

we consider that so many of the people were emigrants from the old country and of course intensely interested in all its church questions. From such a beginning it was thus barely possible to escape. And were Presbyterianism a thing merely Scottish, a plant that would thrive only under conditions essentially Scottish, it could not be helped if this beginning were to continue to the end, or at any rate until the divided Churches in Scotland had come to see eye to eye. But as we all think higher things of the pure Apostolic polity that is ours, we look for and must work for a nobler history. In New Zealand and all the Australian Colonies the divided Churches have all reunited; and, while presenting an unbroken front, are blessed, internally, with a singular measure of prosperity. What is to hinder us from entering on the same path? The causes of separation have been tradition, prejudices, politics, one-sided views, embittered feelings; and, higher aims, interests, and principles have been subordinated to those. It will do no good to rake up the past and try to find out which side has been most to blame. I believe that all must share the blame—where blame is deserved—pretty equally;—some in one way, others in another way;—one for this offence, another for that. But it is more to the purpose to ask, are we not prepared for a better state of things now? Let us leave the feuds that are behind and press forward to the work that is before.

What would a union imply? In the first place, it would not imply a good many things that some may perhaps assume that it would. The ideal kirkman might still put as little faith as he liked in the ideal Anti-burgher or have as little to do with him, and *vice versa*. An universal cordiality and oneness of sentiment would not be indispensable. No congregation would change its minister, no man or woman need have new friends instead of, or in addition to, the old ones. All our ordinary social life would go on unchanged, or at least any change would be at each person's option. All Christians know that they are brothers and sisters, but they do not give all the same place in their hearts. The principles of natural selection or circumstances determine our set or coterie for us; and in our own church there may be persons we have a very poor opinion of, and in another Church persons for whom we have the strongest natural affinity. When two Churches unite then it by no means follows that each of us is prepared to take every member of the other Church into our confidence or into the bosom of our family. We don't do that with all the members of the Church to which we already belong. We would unite because there is no good reason for remaining disunited; because being of the same race, and holding the same traditions and living in the same country and believing the same truths, and loving the same polity, we could,

if united, better promote a common cause. All together we would not constitute more than one-sixth of the population of the Maritime Provinces;—separated into two or three, how can we even dream of the work that every man with the feelings not of a sectarian but of a national churchman must always have in his mind. We especially who profess to cherish the theory of a national Church ought to ask ourselves what the theory means. Does it mean that we are to admire it at a distance, across the wide Atlantic, that is: or is its meaning confined to the teinds of Scotland, or to possible future endowments here when the skies shall fall and larks be caught?

Again, union would take from no one anything that he now is or has. Of course the basis of union would be those venerable standards that all Presbyterians cherish as heirlooms and symbols, and no one would propose the addition of a word that would reflect directly or indirectly on the Church of Scotland as she now is. Would there be loyalty and disloyalty to the Church in again declaring our attachment to those doctrines, and that government and discipline which she has always upheld, and in seeking to render them more operative in the new world by combining for their support all to whom they are dear? Would such an act bring on us the censure of the parent church, or cause her no longer to recognize as her ministers those whom she had ordained to the sacred office? There is no difficulty in answering such questions. Those who were her ministers in Australia are still her ministers, and should they return to Scotland are as eligible as ever they were, to be called to parishes there; of course a minister of the United Church as such could not be recognized as a minister of the Church of Scotland. But that is simply our state at present. She recognizes and can recognize none of us as her ministers except those who have been licensed and ordained by Presbyteries in Scotland:—so half of our present ministers in the Dominion could not even be called to congregations in Scotland. But if any one thinks that union would bring him under any disability, the matter could easily be settled by a letter to the Colonial Committee. What the views of the leaders of our Church in Scotland are on the whole subject are well known. And as with the leaders so with the mass of the rank and file. In fact it is wonderful how little sectarian feeling and how much Catholicity there is in the Church of Scotland. At the last General Assembly I met with a great number of her ministers, and the universal opinion with respect to us seemed to be, 'well, you in the Colonies are the best judges of what you ought to do; but we are amazed that you don't try to bring about a comprehensive Presbyterian union'—So certain am I of the cordial concurrence of the Church in

any wisely considered union here that I believe that they would not only express it in words, but by deeds; that they would grant us assistance thereafter in money if we needed it for our weakest stations. Of the advantages of a union I will not suffer myself to speak. They would be great, immediate, and lasting, but it is better not to speak of what is to come nor to allow the imagination to describe the future for us. The evils of our present position,—our isolation from each other, the small part of the Province that we can even attempt to introduce our Church system into, the enormous expense that we are to the mother Church without our realizing any corresponding benefit for ourselves or for her,—these and others less patent but just as injurious are well known to us all. Should we make no effort to get rid of such evils, and at the same time present to these Provinces the spectacle of what a well-equipped Presbyterian Church really is? I believe that the honest convictions of almost every one of our ministers and members are that we should—I am more afraid of obstacles that may be thrown in our way by a few men in the other Church, who have often enough professed to be in favor of union, but only of such an union as they would be able to represent to the Free General Assembly in Edinburgh as a triumph of Free Church views. But I think I know enough of the great body of leading men in our Sister Church to be assured that no such sectarian feelings would be allowed to come in and mar or put a stop to the blessed reunion that must come sooner or later, and the sooner the better. We desire a union in which no party victory shall be gained, and which shall endure because it includes all that the separate Churches honour, because it galls no one with a sense of injury, inferiority, or of friends or associations sacrificed.

I have nothing more to say on the subject at present. I hope to see in the *Record* expressions of opinion on it from others before the Synod meets—and if we all come to its consideration desiring the glory of God, He will bring it to pass so far as it is good. "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

GEORGE MUNRO GRANT.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

Either there is not very much religious life in an average Christian Congregation nowadays, or, if there is, the ordinary prayer meeting is a failure in manifesting and quickening it. I have heard people say that the prayer meeting is a barometer of the spiritual life of the congregation; and if it is, then, from all that I have seen of prayer meetings I could not augur very favorably as to the

state of religion among us. In our cities they are attended not by one-third, sometimes not by one-tenth of the congregation. And it is of our cities and villages that I wish chiefly to speak; for prayer meetings in the country vary so much according to circumstances that it is impossible to speak very definitely about them; in some districts they are not held at all, in others they are held in the daytime and it is not wonderful that few besides the old people can spare the time to attend them. Where a minister's field of labor is very wide, however anxious he may be to institute such meetings he cannot expect the people to come long distances to them, and he cannot be expected to take charge of half-a-dozen different ones per week, or even per month, and he may not have in the various sections of his congregation men qualified to conduct them. But in towns and villages where there are no obstacles to the people assembling on an evening for any purpose, we would naturally expect the great majority of the congregation to devote one evening in the week to a social religious meeting, and yet they don't do it. They will crowd to a lecture, to a reading, to a concert, to a soiree, to a party, to a debate, but the great majority seldom or never attend the prayer meeting. It is better in some places than in others, but in the best that I have seen it is not very good, and in the worst it is simply pitiable; and what complicates the matter is that many of the best people in the congregations do not attend. These are facts that cannot be explained away, and I would like to ask if a better state of things can be reasonably expected.

In Halifax we have a joint weekly prayer meeting for the two congregations of St. Andrew's and Matthew's, and when it has been thinly attended I have always acted on the belief that the fault was not the people's but the minister's and elders'. About nothing have I been more anxious than to have it not only a reality and a blessing but also to make it fully correspond to the actual religious life among us, knowing that if it did so it would also stimulate and increase that life. But it is still far from being up to the mark aimed at, and the reason why I cannot tell. As compared with many others that I have seen, it is in a high state of prosperity, for it is now attended by from 100 to 300, there are some fifteen or twenty persons who take part in it, and the exercises generally are engaged in by all with seeming earnestness and delight. I write this article for the two-fold purpose of asking hints from any one who can give them as to the best means of making it better suited to all classes, and as a better representation of the whole of the spiritual life there may be among us; and also of telling others of the last step we have taken ourselves to bring about the same end. We found that there were some of the people who wished it to be managed wholly by the clergymen, while others preferred greater variety

and therefore a greater bringing out of the lay element. Starting from that, we decided to hand over the first and fourth Wednesdays of the month to the clergy; and the second and third almost entirely to the laity; and when there was a fifth Wednesday in the month to have on it a missionary meeting. Proceeding to a subdivision, it was thought best that there should be something special to characterize each evening, and so it was agreed that the dispensation of the sacrament of baptism should be confined to the first Wednesday, and that on the same evening there should be a sermon, lecture or address by the presiding minister; and that on the fourth Wednesday great prominence should be given by him to the reading of the word of God, especially with a view to throwing light on large passages of it that might furnish reading for a week or two at family worship. Then on the second evening the services were to be entirely devotional,—short prayers from six or eight different persons, a few minutes allowed for silent prayer, and frequent singing. On the same evening a subject was to be announced as a topic for thought during the week and for conversation on the third Wednesday. Then when the third Wednesday came, any one might rise to speak on the subject, and there was to be a bell on the table for the minister to strike if any one should go on speaking prosily more than nine or ten minutes. As a rule we desired speeches of five minutes in length. Such was the plan proposed and it has been in operation three or four months. It is too soon to speak of its working, but I cannot say that it has yet worked any wonderful change or that there is any marked preference for one evening over another. The great body of those that attend one night attend every night. I will add only one word more just now, and that is that I hope no one will think that I look for numerous and interested and spiritual worshippers from any amount of engineering or organization; but neither do I think that dullness and routine will be blessed by the spirit of God. We are inclined, I fear, in things spiritual to excuse our own ignorance, or indifference, by pleading that God alone can do His own work He will do His own work, but He will have us do our work, and our work is everything that we can possibly do or try to do.

GEORGE M. GRANT.

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(From the *Charlottetown P. E. I. Patriot*.)
St. James' Church Sab. School Tea-Meeting.

Having occasion, recently, to visit the metropolis of our Island, we were informed that in the evening the Sabbath School children of St. James' Church were to meet, in order to enjoy a happy hour or two with their teachers and friends, and to partake of the Tea and Refreshments kindly provided for them

by the Ladies of the Congregation. On entering the large public Hall, secured for the purpose, we were quite taken by surprise at the scene which presented itself. We found the Hall crowded with a large assemblage of the ladies and gentlemen of Charlottetown, who embraced the opportunity of shewing their interest in the success of the Sabbath School, and their friendly feelings towards the Pastor and people of St. James' Church. The children, of whom there were present between two and three hundred, had just finished their tea before we entered, and from the appearance of the tables and the abundance of all good things with which we saw the old folks regaling themselves, it was evident the young ones had a good time of it. After this practical part of the meeting was finished, and all who felt inclined partook of the tea, and either thought or said something in praise of the fair hands which so well and plentifully furnished the tables, order was called for by the Chairman, the Hon. Colonel Gray, whom we were much pleased to see presiding on such an occasion. To manifest an interest in the welfare of the young, to countenance and encourage the teachers and pupils of the humble Sabbath School, is serving his country as certainly, and even in a higher sense, than when encountering hardships and danger in the campaign and on the battle-field. Long may the generous Col. be spared to preside, year after year, at the meeting of the Sabbath School Children of St. James' Church.

After a few remarks in which the Chairman expressed to the pupils and the teachers the interest he felt in their work and welfare, and the pleasure it afforded him to witness so happy a meeting, the children were requested to sing a few of their School Hymns. To all present this was a treat worth going some distance for. Truly, the faculty of singing is a divine gift, and one of the most precious. On this side of Heaven, what is there to surpass, in sweetness and power, a concert of infant voices joined together in the hymns of praise? Hardened, and almost past hope is the heart which feels not strong and melting emotions when lisping their Heavenly song. For about two hours the company were entertained with singing, and short addresses from Dr. Young, the Superintendent, Mr. Kennedy, and several others. At the close, prizes were distributed, by the Chairman, to the most deserving of the Scholars. The test of merit was not the progress made by the individual, but success of the effort expected of each regular Scholar to draw, from among the poor and neglected outside, other children to attend the school—a happy thought, thus to stimulate children in such a work. Several of the little ones had to report—or rather the Superintendent reported it for them—that they had found out, and persuaded to attend the School, some one, and others two or more, who have

continued to be, and are now, regular in their attendance. It was very interesting to see the little missionaries go forward to receive from the worthy Chairman the prizes which were so well deserved. It is but right to add that the number of prizes was enlarged by the usual kindness of the distributor, and also by the liberality of Dr. Young, who loves to join in every good work.

At a pretty late hour, especially for the children, the company parted, pleased and entertained and we trust, profited by what they saw and heard. May God bless this and every other Sabbath School, and richly reward every individual who helps onward the good word.

A. L.

—o—
The Late Dr. McCurdy.

The lamented death of the above mentioned Christian minister deserves to be mentioned in a religious journal specially devoted to the interests of Presbyterianism. The numerous friends of Dr. McCurdy have, for upwards of a year back, been hearing with regret of his delicate and failing health. More than once during that period has it been surmised that he would, in all likelihood, be laid aside from his pulpit duties. But, still, hopes were entertained of his recovery, and anxious hearts were loath to surrender the comfort which hope ministers to the afflicted. This was especially true on his return from Scotland last autumn. There he had been bracing his enfeebled nerves by the mountain breezes of the western Highlands, refreshing his senses with the lovely scenery of Clyde, the fairest of Scotia's waters, and filling his soul with the sweet emotions of Christian friendship. On his return he had much of the complexion and step of an earlier period of his life. These hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment. Such symptoms were but the effulgence of a sunset that lights up the evening sky ere dark night draws a deep veil over the scenery of the world. They were but the sudden and startling flash of the taper of natural life ere it expires. So that instead of celebrating his return to life and labor in our Father's vineyard, we are now summoned to notice his demise, imperfectly estimate his character and express those feelings of sympathy with his bereaved family, which affliction claims of us, who are "still in the body" and whose days of "darkness" are even now on the wing.

The deceased minister was one of a large family in Onslow, long associated with the Presbyterian Church of this Province. His connection with Presbyterian doctrine and polity might be called traditional, were it not, that his principles dwelt in a mind too independent to be submissively shaped by "blood or by the will of man." Licensed to preach the gospel in 1831, a period when a ministerial education was much more difficult and a ministerial career more arduous, when

the prospects of personal comfort were faint and few, the selection of such a life-work indicated independence of mind and loftiness of purpose. He was appointed in that year to St. John's Church, Chatham, New Brunswick, where his low has abode in strength up till his lamented death on the first day of the present year. During the period of preparatory study—that dream-land so often remembered and revisited by every scholar—that time when the ardor of youth blending with the novelty of fresh truth, forms a scene of enchantment, he was able to enjoy the company and co-operation of his brother, who had elected to seek the same honorable work. For many years were they engaged in gathering the fruits of ministerial toil in the sister Province. They sowed and they reaped and they rejoiced together. While the elder brother, who still survives, possessed the qualifications of a pioneer and laid foundations, whereon others have built noble watch towers, the learning and gifts of the deceased fitted him for occupying the high places of the field and maintaining it with credit for a third of a century, during which, his fire has burned with equal heat and his light has shone with a steady lustre. The deceased, though younger and physically stronger than his surviving brother, has been first summoned into his Master's presence, for when the Ruler of all says: "Come up hither" "no man hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit." We are perpetually reminded that "the race is not to the swift or the battle to the strong."

That great Scotch divine MacLaurin opens his famous sermon on "glorifying in the cross of Christ" with the remark: "It is an old and useful observation that many of the most excellent objects in the world are objects whose excellency does not appear at first view; as on the other hand, many things of little value appear more excellent at first than a narrower view discovers them to be. There are some things we admire because we do not know them, and the more we know them the less we admire them: there are other things we despise through ignorance, because it requires pains and application to discover their beauty and excellency." Few can have failed to observe how true is this remark of the characters of men. Some are attractive at first but their charms fade away and they become viewed, if not with aversion, at least with indifference. Other characters, not so attractive at first, are often the most durable and useful, their charms increase and time and events develop new beauties. They bring forth fruit in old age. Their shining light shineth more and more in time till it bursts into the perfect day of eternity. Dr. McCurdy was all along a prominent man, a useful minister, and loved and admired by his people; but he was never more loved or admired and never more eloquent in preaching Christ than when exhibiting the graces and uttering

the feelings of a dying believer. His death-wish was a loftier and more eloquent pulpit than any he ever occupied in the active world. Like Jacob and Moses and David and Simon, of old, his pious heart uttered a nobler testimony, as the clouds of time were melting away and the lights of the new Jerusalem, the glories of love and freedom opened to the eye of faith. In proof of this, we cannot do better than quote the following beautiful description of his life's close from the pen of a friend.

"He was four weeks confined to bed, but he was happy and cheerful, asking his family 'not to look gloomy, for there was nothing sad here.' His appetite continued good till a fortnight before his death, when his stomach became for the first time disordered. He then felt that his time could not be long. He took leave of all that came to visit him from that time, speaking to them of their eternal interests. Numbers of his flock came to receive his dying blessing, especially the young people, who loved him as a father. Indeed from this time he was almost constantly employed in talking to any one that came, and 'he must see every one.' All the clergymen of the different denominations visited him. He asked them to pray, and to each he would quote some passage of scripture and plead with them to preach Christ and rally round Jesus's prayer 'that they all may be one:' 'Lay aside your differences and work together, for all must be one in Christ.' To another he would say: 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son that *whosoever*, &c.'" Remember the *whosoever*: let that be your theme;" let none want the gospel as long as that *whosoever* stands there." These solemn appeals were felt by his brethren. Indeed his chamber was a sacred place but not a sad one, for he seemed so happy.

His children were all with him during some weeks before his death. It was a great comfort to him to have his children to nurse him. He sometimes said: "I have all I could wish; love all around me." He had no pain but weakness; and the cough, (which used to distress him,) after he lay down, troubled him very little. Thus day after day passed on. No complaint passed his lips but a desire, "if it were God's will, to take him to His heavenly home." A letter from his brother, in Halifax, came during these days. When it was read to him, he was pleased with the messages sent, saying: "I will not forget them." On Wednesday morning, at daylight, he asked what hour it was; when told, he said: "Then God has given me another day." He seemed revived during the day, spoke to each and took his tea himself. After tea he spoke to the children and Mrs. McCurdy of that beautiful passage: "Though I walk through the valley, &c." One asked him, "if he would read it to him." He replied: "Oh, no! it can never be forgotten."

He asked to be raised up. He lifted his head off the pillow and then kissed all the members of his family; then gave one hand to his wife and one to his son, John, turned and gave Mrs. McCurdy the last look, closed his eyes and breathed his soul sweetly and calmly into the bosom of his God. So gently was it that none could believe that he was gone."

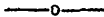
The above interesting narrative is, apart from the well-known incidents of his public life, sufficient to show that Dr. McCurdy was no ordinary man. There was something in his very appearance and bearing, in the calm and resolute way in which he expressed his convictions, that betrayed a large amount of character. Had these qualities not been blended with great urbanity of manners they might have degenerated into an air of dogmatism, but in him they seemed simply that steadiness of conviction which is an essential part of a manly nature. He was free from fickleness of judgment or capriciousness of affection or changeableness of purpose. These constitute a character that no one can respect with satisfaction, or love with comfort, or rely upon with safety. He was not a man to be carried away with prejudice or with clamor. There are men in whom the truth has taken so little root by reason of the shallowness of the soul that amid the excitements of party or of numbers they can forget their principles and their duties. The deceased gentleman had his preferences, but he never forgot the great principles of Christianity or became blind to the interests of the great Presbyterian Church. In him the acidities of sectarian feeling did not drink up the sweetness of Christian charity. The dignity and grace, the feeling and propriety with which he conveyed the greetings of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces to our Synod in Pictou a few years ago will not soon be forgotten. His majestic and venerable appearance added greatly to the effect of his earnest and well selected words. One of the happiest turns in his speech on that occasion was the allusion to his brother in the Moderator's chair. Had his charitable feelings or expressions on that occasion been, as they too often in such cases are, the ebullition of a moment of feeling, soon to be forgotten and which an excitement of an opposite nature might turn in a totally opposite direction, they would be less significant of his character; but they were in harmony with the views and practice of his life. He had sufficient loftiness of character to rise above the petty contentions of the hour; and, gazing into the untroubled regions of Christian faith and love, maintain amity and intercourse with ministers and people of all denominations. True to his Presbyterian principles he cherished a special regard for the ministers of our church in the sister province.

His conduct as a churchman does not invite our notice, as he belonged to another

denomination, whose proceedings it is not our province to criticise. Much prominence has been given to him lately in connection with what is commonly termed "the organ question," because he was the first to use an instrument in one of the churches of the late "Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia." A very similar excitement arose in the same Presbytery many years ago, when a pitch pipe was first used. Such agitations about matters of unessential importance come and go without making much impression upon the great principles of any church. It is only necessary to advert to the matter in order to protect the memory of the deceased minister from unjust imputations. It is well known that he was led into this measure from no love of change, but from necessity—his independent judgment having led him to the conviction that he was doing nothing contrary to any law of the word of God or the Presbyterian Church. It is no slight proof of the clearness and impartiality of his mind in this matter that he, in an isolated position, came to the same conclusion and took the same stand as our Church in Scotland and in Canada.

Upon the whole, our Presbyterian Judah has lost an ornament, and Israel a father. He needs "no epistle of commendation from us," for his epistles are "living,"—"written not with ink but with the spirit of the living God—not in tables of stone but in the fleshy tables of the heart." We have not many fathers and we can ill afford to lose even one in these days when the old class of ministers are fast going and evangelical truths are apt to be kept back too much from the people. Would that the mantles of our dying prophets would fall with a double portion of their spirit upon our young warriors who are now buckling for the fight. The Lord has given us a banner; may those arise who shall hold it up.

P. N. A.



Opening of New Antrim Church.

The following sketch of the opening of the new Church at New Antrim, in connection with the Musquodoboit congregation, is from the venerable Rev. John Sprott, of Musquodoboit, who was present.

St. Paul's Church, New Antrim, Musquodoboit was opened on the last Saturday of the old year, by the Rev. John McMillan. The services were suitable and appropriate and could not fail to make a deep impression. It was pleasing to see a spot in the wilderness cleared and selected as the site of a Church dedicated to the service of God. The building is neat, well seated and well finished; may it be long preserved as a memorial of the piety and benevolence of the worshippers, and be the birth place of many

souls to eternal glory. We hope that its pulpit shall be a throne of light and its pews filled with devout worshippers. A minister cannot have a stronger motive to do his duty than to see his people in their seats anxious to hear him. Prosperity never comes to people who absent themselves without good reason. To be absent because there is a cloud in the sky looks as if their zeal had slackened. We hope they shall hear the great doctrine of redemption and the duties of a good life.

The sacrament of the Lord's supper was dispensed on the Sabbath following. The Revd. Mr. McMillan took for his subject the sufferings and death of our Redeemer, a topic which, like the landscape, is ever charming, ever new. The minister sketched rapidly the apprehension, arraignment, trial and condemnation of our Lord without the shadow of evidence. He stated the strong but ineffectual arguments of Pilate to vindicate the innocence of our Lord, in opposition to the Jewish Pharisees, going no further into the character of our Lord than Pilate did in saying more than can be said of the best of the sons of men, yet it is going but a short length into the character of our Lord, for he was not only free from blame but possessed and practised every possible virtue. Pilate reluctantly and basely consented to his death least he should offend Cæsar.

Mr. McMillan then took up the main subject of the sermon, the dignity of our Lord's character, the extent of His atonement and the power of His grace, and directed us to the sufferings and death of Christ as the only means for the redemption of the world. The sermon was plain, practical, and useful. When he offered up the consecration prayer that the bread and the wine might convey to the faithful the grace of the new covenant, such a stillness prevailed you might have heard the buzzing of the fly or the falling of a leaf. Nearly seventy communicants moved slowly to the Lord's table. The scene was delightful,—the gray headed patriarch, and the young man beginning the battle of life, the old matron and the young woman set down together to commemorate their Lord's death. The minister after giving them some sound counsels told them as they have received the Lord Jesus they must walk in him and never to turn their back upon the cross till the angel of death should sound a retreat. He then asked the Revd. John Sprott, one of the oldest ministers, to conclude the services.

Mr. Sprott said he was the last of the old ministers; all his early companions had nut off their priestly robes and gone home. He said, I stand on the isthmus of time and probably I address you for the last time; but I hope through the merits of the Redeemer to meet with many of you and fain would I say all, in a higher temple and a purer worship. The congregation retired slowly, saying to themselves we have heard strange things to-day.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The following interesting sketch of the Island of Erromanga is published in the *Record* of the P. C. of the Lower Provinces.

LETTER FROM REV MR. MACNAIR.

ERROMANGA, August, 1867.

To the Secretary of Free College Missionary Society, Glasgow.

When I had the pleasure of addressing your Society in December, 1865, I forget whether I then promised to write occasionally from this sunny clime or not. Be that as it may, I shall now take for granted that such a communication will not be much out of place; and if I only succeed in expressing myself clearly, cannot be otherwise, I think, than interesting to you. I shall also, with your pleasure, take for granted that you have hitherto paid little attention to this group of islands as a mission field, and that, therefore, you will not be offended if I should attempt to give you an account *ab initio*.

THE FIELD ITSELF

Consists of forty or more islands, twelve or fourteen of which may be conveniently compared with the larger of our *old* Hebrides, such as Bute, Arran, Islay, Jura, Mull, Skye and Lewis, from between 15 and 20 South Lat., and from between 165 and 170 East Long.—in other words 1500 miles N. E. of Sydney, or 1200 miles almost direct north of Auckland, New Zealand. No one at present can tell the exact population of these islands. It may, however, be estimated at 100,000.

THE CLIMATE

Cannot be very cold. If you, therefore, consider the vast amount of vegetation which is constantly decaying as well as constantly growing in the valleys referred to, you will readily come to the conclusion that they must be capital generations of fever and ague, and so they are. But in addition, there are many swamps or marshes, which are also prolific sources of the same malady. These swamps are formed by allowing fine springs, which issue forth at the foot of the mountains, to spread themselves over level land. The natives prize the swamps very highly for the purpose of growing *taro*. But this will lead us to speak of

THE FRUITS AND FOOD.

The *taro* resembles our home rhubarb. There are two kinds one of which grows in dry land, the other in the marsh, covered with water. The root is large, something like a Swedish turnip, but much tenderer, and more mealy and satisfying than even potatoes.

The *yam* resembles peas or vines, and has to be supported after the same fashion; but the root, on the other hand grows to a great size, sometimes six feet in length, and twelve or fifteen inches in circumference. It is more like our potatoe in taste and colour than the *taro*.

The *banana* grows in great abundance and in great variety. The leaf of the banana is very large as well as very fine. The fruit grows in bunches, from the stem of the tree. A tree has only one bunch, but a single bunch may contain 100 bananas, which, in form and taste are something like a very ripe pear.

The *bread-fruit* is exceedingly pretty, both in color and form. I am not aware that we have any fruit at home like it, either in shape, color or taste. The natives and most foreigners prize it very highly, as they also do the banana; for my own part, however, I cannot say that I am too fond of either. The bread-fruit is as large as a good sized turnip, or nearly as large as one's head. The tree itself grows to a large size, so that they occasionally make canoes out of the trunk. It is a handsome tree, somewhat resembling our ash.

The *cocoa-nut palm* is a remarkable tree, a study in itself. It would require a long letter to do it justice. It is to the natives what the reindeer is to the Laplander. From its straight stem they can build their houses, and thatch them with its feathery leaves; of the fibrous network protecting its young branches, they can make clothes; its nut supplies them with drink, food, oil, material to make their fish nets, and *cinet* to tie their thatch and fences. It is one of the commonest and tallest trees in this region. These valuable nuts, in tens of thousands, are allowed year by year to drop and decay. The natives sell them to the traders at the rate of half-a-dozen for a tobacco pipe. There are many other nut, as well as apple, bearing trees, but the fruit of them is not very much appreciated by Europeans, however highly esteemed by the natives.

The *sugar cane* grows most luxuriously. You may see the savage carrying his dinner over his shoulder in the shape of a stalk twelve or fifteen feet long, and as thick as your arm; and when he takes it in his head to commence the operation of chewing, or rather tearing, he does so at such a rate, and after such a manner, as to cause any one who has had the misfortune to have the toothache to envy the freshness and firmness of his *incisors*, as well as the strength and power of his gums and his jaw-bones.

The *pepper, indigo, arrowroot, castor oil plants, &c.*, grow spontaneously. *Pine apples, oranges and cotton* have been introduced, and they all flourish exceedingly. Mr. Inglis, one of the older missionaries, planted a few orange seeds about twelve years ago, and now he has, to speak after native fashion, as many oranges as would fill the quadrangle of your college. At all events I wish one-half of your number were present to help us to consume them, for Mr. Inglis' injunction is not to spare the oranges but to spare ourselves.

ANIMALS.

There is a great scarcity of the larger sort of animals on these islands. With the exception of hogs and fowls, there is hardly any other useful for food to man. The pigs are plentiful on most of the islands, and are sold sufficiently cheap by the natives to the traders for tobacco, muskets, powder and shot, &c.

A few cattle and goats have been imported by the missionaries, which thrive very well, especially the latter. There is, however, no lack of insect life, such as fleas and flies, ants and cockroaches. Rats, too, are sufficiently numerous, and more than troublesome.

FISHES

Are pretty numerous, and the natives are pretty ingenious *fishers* but neither in quantity nor in quality are they equal to our home fish. Shell-fish are to be had in great abundance and in great variety, but I dare say their shell will constitute their chief value in the eyes of Europeans. Turtles, whales and large sharks are occasionally caught.

FORESTS.

If you were to examine the tops of the mountains from the Firth of Clyde to Cape Wrath, I suspect you would find them composed of several feet of moss, and in that moss whole forests in decay. Here, on the other hand, the tops of the highest mountains are covered with magnificent forests in full vigor and bloom. The South Sea pine and mahogany, the iron and famous sandal-wood, the stately palm and the huge banian, grace these forests,—in short, one of the drawbacks here is the dense woods and no less dense and huge vegetation. Was the climate of the Old Hebrides once similar to that of the New? or has the forest there come to grief? might be a nice question for geologists to discuss, but for us meanwhile it will be more important, if not also more interesting, to consider the *genus* found on these isles of the sea.

THE RACE.

In most books that you are likely to read on the subject, you will be told that they are Papuans of the Papuan race; but what in all the world does that mean? that they are improved asses minus the tail? or that they form a sort of intermediate species between the higher kind of monkeys and Hottentots, that they have dark skins and white teeth, and are bountifully provided with hair and nails?

Looking at a naked painted savage sitting at a short distance, I confess he does not give one of the most exalted notions of humanity, viewed even from his physical side, but even he is deficient. Get him started to his feet, and let your observation be more accurate. Mark how erect he stands—his natural position too. Can a monkey accomplish that? Notice, too, how symmetrical and proportion-

ate that form is. Are Messrs. Darwin, Page, Lyell and Co. themselves much ashamed of him in this respect? His head may not be so large as that of Sir James Young Simpson and Chalmers, nor yet his forehead so broad and high as that of Dr. Candlish, Hugh Miller, and Sir William Hamilton: yet it is far from being ill-shaped, and I should say far in advance of our Connought, Cowgate and Saltmarket friends. In short, physically and impartially viewed, the natives of these islands, are I think, very little if anything behind ourselves. We are, indeed, a little taller, but not more symmetrical or better formed. In the lanes and closes of the High Street, Trongate and Saltmarket, you will even physically find very bad looking characters, so here on Mallicola and Erromanga you will find sufficiently bad looking fellows—devilishly so. I use the word advisedly, as giving one the idea of fiends along with their physical deterioration. But this will lead us to a short analysis of their

MENTAL AND MORAL CONDITION.

In simple apprehension they are quick—but then “there is an end to it”—to a process of reasoning they seem to be strangers, and reflection proper appears to be at zero with them. Hence you have in these natives a parcel of big children, whom you may lead wheresoever you list—if so be that you have first gained their confidence and good feeling. They are emphatically an unthinking people, and with the negation of honorable ambition and positive laziness, together with insecurity to life and property, you may easily guess their sad plight.

SOCIAL STATE.

Their houses are of the most primitive order, very much like tinkers tents, both in shape and size, open at one end and sometimes at both, and no windows. Their canoes are of the rudest description—consisting of a single tree hallowed out, with an outrigger very rudely fastened to it.—Their plantations are small, miserably fenced and planted, and as miserably attended to. Their clothing, as regards the men, is simply negative. The women in general wear a kind of petticoat, made of long leaves. Both men and women use paint freely, and that of red color is most popular. They oil their bodies occasionally, and wear ornaments in the shape of shells round their arms, beads, shells and little smooth stones round the neck. Tortoise shells, carved bits of sticks and tobacco pipes as ear rings—together with a complement of boar's tusks tied to the hair round the head. In short, to see some of these fantastical fellows decked off after their approved notions of fashion, with their paint and trinkets in full style, one would suppose that they had been sorry that they had not been created with horns and other appendages peculiar to the lower animals.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Notwithstanding many fears of war, there are, in Europe, more peaceful signs, attended by a slight revival in business. So long as there is suspicion of coming war, capital will be withheld from the enterprises of trade, and the masses will be in want. What a pity that the nations of the earth will not learn to be at peace! At present the spear is not turned into the ploughshare nor the sword into the pruning hook, but the reverse. To expect industrious people to work and moneyed men to give them anything to work at, with so many guns and rifles before their eyes, is expecting too much of human nature. Fenianism hurts business in Great Britain, by disturbing the public mind. Yet it is said that Ireland was never so prosperous. Loyal people in the country districts are complaining of the want of security. The public mind is in a turmoil about a great many questions. One of the evils of a free country is perpetual agitation. There is no rest. No sooner is one great question settled than forth starts another. We are thus doomed to unrest in this world. The great question of education is receiving much attention, and a large party is in favor of its being compulsory. So in these happy times children are to be educated whether they or their parents will or not, and we are now entering upon a golden period, when good reading, good writing, good spelling and good cyphering will be universal, an error in grammar will be unknown, and nothing will be heard in the street or the field but the purest diction, the most unassailable logic, the most perfect grammar and the most sublime arithmetic.

Another important question at present is the permanence of the Protestant Church of Ireland. A commission is now enquiring into the relative strength of that Church with reference to the population. Its friends and foes are preparing for a conflict, the ultimate issue of which will probably be its downfall. Fenianism will frighten the English public into a measure to which nothing else would ever have reconciled them. Its state is so precarious that by disendowment it will become stronger than ever and Popery will lose a grievance, upon which agitators have perpetually harped. Many of the Catholics do not wish the revenues of the Irish Church. They prefer voluntarism, which is more akin to bigotry and conducive to power over the masses.

A new Bishop is to be consecrated for Natal, in place of Colenzo, but as no mandamus can be obtained from the Queen, and a consecration in England would be illegal it has been decided to hold it in Scotland, against which Dean Ramsay and two others have protested. Mr. Macrory, the Bishop-elect, is from Oxford, and is probably a very decided high-churchman, so that, bad as

Colenzo is, they may have gained very little by the change. The half-way house to infidelity is quite as respectable as the half-way house to Rome, where ignorance and crime abound. It is now positively stated that the Bishop of Oxford has apostatised to Rome: so that now all the sons of the late distinguished and pious Mr. Wilberforce, who by his eloquent advocacy did so much for the liberation of the slave, and, by his "practical view of Christianity," so much for true godliness, are become Romanists. People wonder at such changes among men of education and intelligence; but it is precisely their education and their intelligence that are to blame for them. If men are placed where they learn a wrong education and receive wrong principles, the more intelligence they have the more earnestly they will reason from those principles. When once high-church principles are adopted by any man, if he is a man of honesty and intelligence he will soon go to Rome. High-church principles are essentially popery. There is only one escape from the consequences, and that is a surrender of the principles. Once such principles have been adopted then such a man should join the Pope, and all true friends of the Church of England will wish such false friends to leave her. Such defections will be a source of strength and will prompt the evangelical party to take a firmer stand, of which even now there are indications. What a pity that the great and noble Church of England would not return to the principles of the Reformation! We could never quarrel with episcopal principles moderately held, but no church can remain evangelical that exalts the sacraments at the expense of the gospel. Paul did not; but put them lower; and so should we.

The Queen's book, containing a journal of her and the late Prince Albert's visits to the Highlands, has met with an immense sale in a very short time and has already realized a very large profit for the publisher. It is to be translated into French, and will, no doubt, be very attractive to that susceptible race of people, the democrats of whom may learn, that all kings and queens are not monsters, but beings full of the milk of human kindness, and fine specimens of cultivated human nature. The book indicates on the part of her Majesty a strong love of the Highlands and Highlanders. While the domestic affections appear to be a very strong element in her character, still there are many indications of a mind capable of forming an accurate judgment upon the politics of nations and their leading characters. Many of the descriptions of scenery are capital word-sketches. References to religion come in naturally, and the utterances are as unfeigned specimens of true religious feeling as are to be found in any religious autobiography and vastly more like sincerity than in many of them. The diction is pure, natural and easy.

It possesses a conversational ease and diversity, without sinking into triviality; and has all the beauty of the conversational diction of the highest grades of good society—to be learned not from books alone nor from society alone; but from books and society. The propriety and simplicity with which Her Majesty conforms to Scottish worship when in Scotland must please every friend of true religion—every true Christian who values the spirit and not the letter; and yet a certain party can see nothing admirable but everything culpable in this. They have done this often before, and true to their interests they have done it again; that is—the high-church party in the Church of England—the party who have no right to be in the Church of England—the party who unchurch all churches but the Church of Rome, where they are fast going—the party who are the great schismatics of modern Christendom, in having separated themselves from the Reformed Church of Europe and America. No minds but such as are diseased with devouring old rotten garbage could find fault with the simple and enlightened piety in which our beloved sovereign worships in Scotland, in the simple forms of Scottish ritual, the same Saviour whom in England she worships under a vaulted cathedral and in different forms. “To the pure all things are pure.”

The organ question is at present before the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Knox's Church in Montreal introduced an organ, which the Synod decided against until the Presbyteries of the Church had been consulted. The decisions in the Presbyteries have on the whole been favorable. The preponderance has been on that side—not in favor of the organ—for that is not the question, but in favor of its permission under restrictions. The result will not, however, be perfectly known for a few months, when the Synod will balance opinions.

The proposed union between the United Presbyterian and Free Churches in Scotland is indefinitely postponed by the determined opposition of the Begg and Gibson party. Overtures against it have been sent up to the Free Assembly by the friends of union themselves, who dread the consequences. The English Presbyterians are moving now for a separate union in England, despairing of one in Scotland. They should never have tried anything else. The right idea is an English Presbyterian Church and a Scottish Presbyterian Church, and thus shall we have two great bulwarks against open and disguised popery. The scattered churches in our connexion in England, with Dr. Cumming at their head, who have never been anything but in a dying state to please the Church of England and a few old constitutional moderators in Scotland, who annually make a speech deprecating doing anything against the “sister establishment,” for which they have been well rewarded by an incorporation of the Scottish Epis-

copal Church with the Church of England and a steady attempt on the part of English Episcopalians to have a firm footing in Scotland—these few and scattered congregations ought surely to join with their brethren and go hand in hand in raising up an independent English Presbyterian Church—a church not hampered by Scottish peculiarities and prejudices, which may do for Scotland but are vexatious and obstructive anywhere else. The “union” agitation must, however, leave an element of strife in the Free Church of Scotland. The union party will surrender their purpose with reluctance and must cherish in bitter remembrance the conduct of the party who prevented it.

The trustees of the late John Henderson, Esq., of Park, who gave tens of thousands for good objects during his life, have intimated that they will be prepared in May next, to hand over to the Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church £20,000 stg., free of legacy duty. Also in 1871, the same church for the same object will enter upon an annual yielding of £1500 sterling, being the fruits of another bequest. Such liberality is truly noble and is an encouraging feature in our time. In this Province it is far too rare. We have heard nothing more of the Medical School in Halifax. We hope it has not been lost sight of. The Presbyterians of Ohio adopted lately a plan to draw out the liberality of the public, the result of which shows the value that cities in the United States place upon the establishment of a college in their midst. They offered to put the college in that city, which would provide \$100,000 for the erection of the building. Wooster provided the needful sum and obtained the coveted advantage.

A curious story of a bequest has been going the rounds of the British papers. It seems a Dr. Milne, of Bombay, left some years ago £100,000 for the assistance of School-teachers in his native County of Ayr. It would have yielded £100 a piece for all the School-masters of that County—no small gift. It would have made Ayrshire a school-master's paradise. However, Dr. Milne was not orthodox and they would not take it! And no one knows what has become of it. There are two mysteries in the case—first, that they would not take it, and secondly, who took it? The first is the greater of the two. If Dr. Milne *was* a bad man and wanted to do a good action, it is difficult to see why he should not have been encouraged to do it. If none but the orthodox are to do good, beneficence will soon become very scarce, we fear.

The death of Principal Sir David Brewster is announced at the ripe age of 85. He was a man of great ability and scientific fame, belonging to a talented family, all of whom were in the church. We are reminded of him whenever we use those familiar toys—the kaleidoscope and the stereoscope, of

which he was the inventor. There is scarcely room for doubt that another distinguished man, who was thought to have been dead, is still alive. Every additional information confirms this opinion. It is to be hoped that his country will have the honor and pleasure of welcoming to her shores the greatest of African explorers—the great Dr. Livingstone.

A. P.

Items of Intelligence.

THE Rev. Mr. McMillan, of Earltown, has received a unanimous call from the congregation of Saltsprings, and has signified his intention to accept of the same.

THE Rev. Mr. Brodie, of Cape Breton, has received a unanimous call from the congregation of Gairloch. Mr. Brodie not being present at the meeting of Presbytery at which the call was presented, his decision is not definitely known.

THE Rev. James McDonald, we are given to understand, and his many friends in the Presbytery of Pictou will be glad to hear, is likely to return to this country shortly, and resume his labours here. The call to a congregation in Scotland, referred to in our last, seems to have been declined.

TENDERS have been given out for the Wallace Manse, and the building will be proceeded with immediately. It is expected to be finished by the Fall.

DURING the past month the Rev. Mr. Anderson has been visited by various surprise parties, from Wallace Village, River Philip, Fox Harbour, from the Gulf, &c, who have enriched his temporary residence by donations of many useful and valuable articles. The neighbouring congregation of the Tatamagouche Kirk has also lent a helping hand; one of its leading men, well known for his genial friendliness and large heartedness, having, a few days after the fire, visited Mr. Anderson and handed him the very handsome donation of \$20.

THE Rev. Alex. McWilliam, we observe from an Island paper, was presented with a New Year's gift, of the value of £7, by the New Perth section of his congregation, and by friends in that neighbourhood.

THE Rev. Mr. Philip, of Albion Mines, left in the end of February on a visit to

Scotland. The Rev. Mr. McCunn, River John, has also obtained leave of absence for 3 months, and will likely leave about the end of March.

Presbytery Appointments.

ALBION MINES.

8th March—Mr. Pollok, evening.
 15th “ Mr. McCunn,
 29th “ Mr. Stewart,
 12th April—Mr. Pollok,
 26th “ Mr. McGregor,
 10th May—Mr. Herdman,
 24th “ Mr. Herdman, evening.

RIVER JOHN.

19th April—Mr. Anderson,
 1st Sab. May, Mr. McMillan,
 3rd do. Mr. Goodwill,
 5th do. M. Anderson.

BARNET'S RIVER.

19th April—Mr. Stewart,
 24th May—Mr. Brodie.

THE Presbytery of Pictou adjourned to meet in Pictou on Wednesday the 18th inst., at 11 o'clock, a. m.

SELECTIONS.

How to Promote Peace in a Family.

1. Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day, so prepare for it.
2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore, we are not to expect too much.
3. To learn the different temper and disposition of each individual.
4. To look on each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care.
5. When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.
6. When inclined to give an angry answer “overcome evil with good.”
7. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a strict watch over ourselves.
8. To observe when others are suffering, and drop a work of kindness and sympathy suited to them.
9. To watch the little opportunities of pleasing and to put little annoyances out of the way.
10. To take a cheerful view of everything, even of the weather and encourage hope.
11. To speak kindly to the servants—to praise them for little things when you can.
12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to put yourself last.
13. To try for “the soft answer that turneth away wrath.”

"She Hath Done What She Could."

Here comes Whitefield, the man who stood before twenty thousand at a time, to preach the gospel; who, in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America, has testified the truth of God, and who could count his converts by thousands. Here he comes, the man that endured persecution and scorn, and yet who was not moved; the man of whom the world was not worthy; who lived for his fellow-men, and died at last for their cause. Stand by, angels, and admire while the Master takes him by the hand and says: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of the Lord." See how free grace honors the man whom it enabled to do valiantly.

Hark! Who is this that comes there? A poor, thin looking creature, that on earth was a consumptive. There she lay three long years upon her bed of sickness. Was she a prince's daughter? For it seems Heaven is making much stir about her. No; she was a poor girl that earned her living by her needle, and she worked herself to death; stitch, stitch, stitch, from morning to night; and here she comes. She went prematurely to her grave, but she is coming, like a shock of corn fully ripe, into heaven; and her Master says; "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." She takes her place by the side of Whitefield.

Ask what she ever did, and you find out that she used to live down some dark ally in London; and there used to be another poor girl come to work with her, and that poor girl, when she came to work with her, was a gay and volatile creature, and this consumptive girl told her about Christ; and she used, when she was well enough, to creep out of an evening to go to chapel or to church together. It was hard at first to get the other one to go, but she used to press her lovingly; and when the girl went wild a little, she never gave her up. She used to say: "O Jane, I wish you loved the Saviour;" and when Jane was not there she used to pray for her, and when she was there she prayed with her; and now and then, when she was stitching away, read a page out of the Bible to her, for poor Jane could not read; and with many tears she tried to tell her about the Saviour who loved her and gave himself for her.

At last, after many a day of hard persuasion, and many an hour of sad disappointment, and many a night of sleepless, tearful prayer, at last she lived to see the girl profess her love to Christ; and the poor, consumptive needle-woman has had said to her, "Well done"—and what more could an archangel have had said to him? "She hath done what she could."—*Spurgeon's Sermon on the "Ten Talents."*

A Remarkable Welsh Patriarch.

The *Edinburgh Daily Review* has an interesting notice of a Welsh Independent Minister, the Rev. David Williams, of the county of Brecon. "He had been, come next summer, 64 years minister of the same congregation. His predecessor was their pastor for 50 years, and his predecessor was their minister for 60 years, so that the churches still under his care have had only three ministers during the long space of 17½ years; and what is still as remarkable, the peace of these congregations has never been once disturbed by a single jar or discord during all these long years! Peace has always prevailed among its various members. It was only at the beginning of last January (1867) that he lost his wife, after a happy union of 31 years, and that was the first time that a coffin crossed his threshold during his unusually long married life, all his children seven in number, being still alive. He preaches now generally three times every Sabbath, and several times during the week, and although in his 89th year, he is up early on Monday morning, and does not know, except by report, what some parsons mean by the word 'Mondayish.' For upwards of 55 years he has been one of the most popular preachers in Wales, and the great attraction on 'field days,' in North and South Wales, when many thousands are present to attend open-air services; and so great a traveller has he been on horseback, that he must at least have spent ten years of his life in the saddle. Talk of the youthful buoyancy of the late Lord Palmerston! why our patriarch parson of eighty-eight would have walked and run him of his legs, and wearied him or any other rider. He is completely weather-proof. Rain, snow, tempest, and storm he makes no account of, and even now he would think nothing of riding forty miles over a rough country and conducting public service in the evening. He has been for many years a staunch teetotaler. He has an iron constitution. He is a perfect specimen of the Welsh build—short legs, broad shoulders, and a deep chest. He has enjoyed extraordinary good health, for during the lengthened period of his ministry he has never once been disabled from preaching on a Sabbath. Nature has endowed him with all the natural elements of an orator. His temperament is highly mercurial, and his affections intensely ardent. He speaks even now with unflinching fluency and remarkable force. He is distinguished for his catholicity of spirit, and is equally beloved by good men of every religious persuasion. His character is spotless, his theology orthodox, and his preaching highly evangelical."

Saltsprings, West River.

For the Monthly Record.

MR. EDITOR,—In the last No. of the *Record* we were happy to peruse the “addresses” to Rev. A. McKay, together with “reply” on the occasion of his departure for Canada, and his numerous friends in the congregations of Gairloch and Saltsprings are glad that those “Addresses” &c., are published as a small but lasting token of friendship and attachment.

It was indeed a trying occasion to us when we realized that we were to be deprived of the pastoral care and services of Mr. McKay, who so perseveringly and energetically laboured among us, faithfully endeavouring to advance the best interests of his “Flock,” spending and being spent for them, using all earnest endeavours and feeling persuasions to induce them to make choice of the “one thing needful”—faithfully warning, admonishing and beseeching all to become “reconciled to God,”—visiting the sick and the dying where ever they were, throughout his extensive charges; ready to impart counsel, instruction, consolation and prayer in prospect of death and eternity, pointing them to the only and all-sufficient sacrifice for sin, with sympathy, earnestness, and feeling never to be forgotten by those who on such occasions, were brought into contact with him. For upwards of 8 years Mr. McKay has laboured among us, endearing himself to us by word and deed, and we believe and are confident that his labours are not in vain; such untiring zeal and devotedness as his, cannot be fruitless; and although that fruit appears among us now only in part, yet it will fully appear at the revelation of every secret thing. And while we deplore and deeply feel the loss of his services to this portion of the church, we rejoice to know that they are only transferred to another, where we hope and pray that they will long be continued and rendered instrumental of doing much good.

These congregations are now without a pastor, our churches are cold, and our pews unoccupied, our Sabbaths are lonely and the ways of our Zion mourn because no one cometh to the solemn feasts.” The Presbytery has kindly in part cheered us in our solitude for the past three months, and we feel grateful for the supply of services granted to us, but we realize more than ever that Presbyterial supply will not meet our wants. Catechising, sick-visiting &c., are often as indispensable as public preaching, and this the Presbytery cannot do for us. We have had a few congregational meetings to see what we could do for ourselves, but as yet no definite course is adopted. It is likely that the hitherto united congregations of Gairloch and Saltsprings will be separate charges in the future requiring the services of two pastors. In the meantime, we hope that the Presbytery will continue to do what they can

for us, and that before long we shall have a fixed pastor set over us in the Lord. M. K.
Saltsprings, West River, 10th Feby, 1868.

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POETRY.

Faith and Hope in Relation to Immortality.

(From Young's Night Thoughts, Night VII.)

Still seems it strange that thou should'st live for ever?

Is it less strange that thou should'st live at all? This is a miracle, and that no more.

Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.

Deny thou art, then dou t if thou shalt be,

A miracle with miracles enclosed

Is man; and starts his faith at what is strange?

What less than wonders from the wonderful,

What less than miracles from God can flow.

Admit a God—that mystery Supreme!

That cause uncaused! all other wonders cease;

Nothing is marvellous for him to do:

Deny him—All is mystery besides;

Millions of mysteries; each darker far

Than that thy wisdom would unwisely shun.

If weak thy faith why choose the harder side?

We nothing know but what is marvellous,

Yet what is marvellous we can't believe,

So weak our reason, and so great our God,

What most surprises in the sacred page.

Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true,

Faith is not reason's labour, but repose,

* * * * *
If hope precarious, and of things, when gain'd
Of little moment, and as little stay.

Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys;

What, then, that hope, which nothing can defeat,

Our leave unask'd? Rich hope of boundless bliss!

Bliss, past man's power to paint it; time's, &c.

This hope is earth's most estimable prize:

This is man's portion, while no more than man;

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;

Passions of prouder name befriend us less.

Joy has her tears and transport has her death:

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,

Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes;

Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;

'Tis all our present state can safely bear,

Health to the frame! and vigor to the mind!

A joy attemp'd! a chastised delight!

Like the fair summer evening, mild and sweet!

'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

—o—
SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.

1868 HOME MISSION.
Feb 11. Roger's Hill Congregation per
John McLean £1 1 0

RODERICK MCKENZIE,
Pictou, Feb. 29th, 1868 Treasurer.

1868 FOREIGN MISSION.
Feb 27 Brackley Point Congregation
per Jas. Anderson, Charlottetown
£1 10 0 Island currency £1 5 0

RODERICK MCKENZIE,
Pictou, Feb. 29th, 1868. Treasurer.