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VOLUME XXIV

NUMBER XI.

THE
MONTHLY RECORD,

—OF THE—

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,

—IN—

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK

—AND—

ADJOINING PROVINCES.

NOVEMBER,



1878.

PICTOU, N. S.:

PRINTED AT "THE COLONIAL STANDARD" OFFICE,

1878.

GOSPEL WORK AT THE EXPOSITION.

Five hundred thousand tracts have been issued from the windows of the kiosk at the Exposition since May 1, and as two readers may be estimated to each, the Gospel of Christ has been proclaimed to one million individuals, including a great multitude from almost every civilized country in the world. Some of the episodes are reported in the London *Christian* as follows:

“ ‘I have walked some distance,’ said a little elderly woman, whose neat threadbare dress betokened good taste with slender means, “ and am tired. I come for a tract. I had one some time ago, and like it much; may I ask another? It was all about *Le Bon Jesus*. Thanks, thanks!’ And she walked to the green bench in front of the *Salle Evangelique*, cleaned her spectacles, and was soon alone with her *Pon Jesus*.

“ ‘I am a Bulgarian Jew. My friends are Polish Jews. Why, this is in Hebrew! and yours?’ ‘Polish!’ they exclaimed, reading the title page, ‘Yes, we will read it.’

“ We have had a good sprinkling of Scandinavians lately: they speak thankfully and encouragingly. Some thousands of Jews must be here from Algeria, and not a few from Gibraltar; most read Hebrew, but do not understand it: they prefer Spanish. On Sundays and *fete* days long files of boys and girls are brought by their teachers. Coachmen often pull up, jump down, and run to us. A French juryman: ‘Have read two: excellent!’ A carriage and pair stopped in front of the kiosk. Two little French girls were brought by their maids. We were told to bring the young ladies, and their mamma requested they should each ask for a tract.’ They skipped back so delighted. The coachman and footman were not forgotten. ‘Ah, I do so love to read these,’ an invalid Frenchwoman said as she was wheeled away; she coughed and looked so pale, but her lustrous eyes beamed with joy as she began to read. Military officers of high rank often call. ‘Our people don’t know anything of this,’ observed a sunburnt Australian; ‘I hope to tell them when I return.’ Since my last, tracts have been given to

persons bound for Arica, Arequipa, Lima, Porto Rico, La Habana, Angostura, Bogota, Blewfields, Brazil, Paraguay, and different towns on the Orinoco, Essequibo, the Amazon, and La Plata.”—*Christian Union*.

EARL DUFFERIN'S DEPARTURE.

After six years and a half of distinguished service in the New Dominion as its Governor-General Earl Dufferin sailed from Quebec yesterday for England, bearing with him the affectionate good will of the Canadian people. The scene of parting, which our special despatch describes, was a remarkable one. Cold wind; and heavy rains could not chill the warmth or damp the ardor of those who gathered on the banks of the St. Lawrence to bid him farewell. Still a young man, Lord Dufferin bears with him those hearty cheers which sum up the general verdict upon his administration the promise of a future even more brilliant in the Old World. The tact and graces which served him so well in harmonizing conflicting interests and smoothing over difficulties will probably before long find loftier employment. In the settlement of the Ministerial question by the swearing in of Sir John Macdonald he has removed every trace of unpleasant duty from the first steps of his successor, the young Marquis of Lorne, who will find the new Cabinet in working order upon his arrival. Canadian expectation will now be turned to the newcomer and his royal wife, and in the evident determination of the home government to dignify the entry of the young Campbell by every available pomp & circumstance and sign of power, they will find much to gratify their curiosity and promote their loyalty. Yet it is plain that Earl Dufferin will not be forgotten amid these official rejoicings. It is scarcely too much to add that when Canada rests contentedly as a part of our great federation His Lordship's memory will be cherished as that of the good Haroun al Raschid is in the soil and story of the Orient.—*New York Herald*.

THE MONTHLY RECORD,

OF THE

Church of Scotland

IN

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK AND ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOLUME XXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

NUMBER XL

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."—Psalm 137, 4-5.

THE PULPIT.

PRIDE BEFORE DESTRUCTION.

A SERMON BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Before destruction the heart of a man is haughty."—PROVERBS XXIII, 12.

Almost every event has its prophetic prelude. It is an old and common saying that "coming events cast their shadows before them." The wise man teaches us the same lesson in the verse before us. When destruction walks through the land it casts its shadow. It is in the shape of pride. When honor visits a man's house it casts its shadows before it. It is in the fashion of humanity.

"Before destruction the heart of man is haughty." Pride is as surely the sign of destruction as the change of mercury in the weather-glass is the sign of rain; and far more infallibly so than that. "Before honor is humility," even as before the summer sweet birds return to sing in our land. Everything hath its prelude. The prelude of destruction is pride; and of honor, humility. There is nothing into which the heart of man so easily falls as pride; and yet there is no vice which is more frequently, more emphatically, and more eloquently, condemned in Scripture.

Against pride prophets have lifted up their voices, evangelists have spoken,

and teachers have discoursed. Yes more, the everlasting God has mounted to the very heights of eloquence when he would condemn the pride of man; and the full gushing of the Eternal's mighty language has been most gloriously displayed in the condemnation of the pride of human nature.

Perhaps the most eloquent passage of God's Word is to be found toward the conclusion of the Book of Job, where, in most splendid strains of unanswerable eloquence, God hides pride from man by utterly confounding him. And there is another very eloquent passage in the 14th chapter of Isaiah, where the Lord's holy cholera seems to have risen up and his anger to have waxed hot against the pride of man, when he would utterly and effectually condemn it. He says, concerning the great and mighty king of Babylon.

"Heil from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming. It stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How are thou fallen from heaven, O

Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven; I will exalt my throne about the stars of God, I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north; I will ascend above the highs of the clouds; I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying. Is this the man that made earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms?"

Mark how God addresses him, describing Hell itself as being astonished at his fall, seeing that he had mounted so high; and yet declaring assuredly that his light and greatness were nothing to the Almighty, that he would pull him down, even though, like an eagle, he had built his nest among the stars. I say there is nothing more eloquently condemned in Scripture than pride; and yet there is no trap into which we poor silly birds so easily flee, no pitfall into which, like foolish beasts of the earth, we so continually run.

On the other hand, humility is a grace that hath many promises given to it in the Scripture. Perhaps most promises are given to faith, and love is often considered to be the brightest of the train of virtues; yet humility holds by no means an inferior place in God's Word, and there hundreds of promises linked to it. Every grace seems to be like a nail, on which precious blessings hang, and humility hath many a mercy suspended from it. "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, and that humbleth himself shall be exalted;" "blessed are the poor in spirit;" and in multitudes of other passages we are reminded that God loveth the humble, but that he "bringeth down the mighty from their seats and exalteth the humble and meek."

"Before destruction the heart of man is haughty." I. Pride, what is it? II. Pride, where is its seat? The heart of man. III. Pride, what is its consequence? Destruction.

1. In the first place I must try to describe pride to you. I might point it, being the worst malformation of all the monstrous things in creation. It hath nothing in it, nothing in proportion; but everything in disorder. It is altogether the reverse of the creatures which God hath made, which are pure and holy. Pride, the first born son of Hell, is indeed like its parent, all unclean and vile, and in it there is neither form, fashion, nor comeliness.

1. In the first place, pride is a groundless thing. It standeth on the sands, or, worse than that, it puts its foot on the billows, which yield beneath its tread; or, worse still, it stands on bubbles, which soon must burst beneath its feet. Of all things, pride has the worst foothold. It has no solid rock on earth whereon to place itself. We have reasons for almost everything, but we have no reasons for pride. Pride is a thing which should be unnatural to us, for we have nothing to be proud of. What is there in man of which he should glory?

Our very reation is enough to humble us.

What are we but creatures of to-day! Our frailty should be sufficient to lay us low, for we shall be gone to-morrow. Our ignorance should tend to keep pride from our lips. What are we, but like the wild ass's colt which knoweth nothing? And our sins ought effectually to stop our mouths and lay us in the dust. Of all things in the world, pride toward God is that which hath the very least excuse. It hath neither stick nor stone whereon to build. Yet, like the spider, it carrieth its own web in its bowels, and can of itself spin that werewith to catch its prey. It seems to stand upon itself.

for it hath nothing besides whereon to rest.

O man, learn to reject pride, seeing that thou hast no reason for it. Whatever thou art thou hast nothing to make thee proud. The more thou hast, the more thou art in debt to God; and thou shouldst not be proud of that which renders thee a debtor. Consider thine origin. Look back to the hole of the pit whence thou wast digged. Consider what thou wouldst have been even now, if it were not for Divine Grace. And consider that thou wilt yet be lost in hell if grace does not hold thee up. Consider that amongst the damned there are none that would have been more damned than thyself if grace had not kept thee from destruction. Let this consideration humble thee, that thou hast naught whereon to ground thy pride.

2 Again, it is a brainless thing, as well as a groundless thing; for it brings no profit with it. There is no wisdom in a self-exaltation. Other vices have some excuse; for men seem to gain by them. Avarice, pleasure, lust have some plea; but the man who is proud sells his soul cheaply. He opens wide the flood-gates of his heart, to let men see how deep is the flood within his soul. Then suddenly it floweth out, and all is gone. And all for nothing—for one puff of empty wind, one word of sweet applause—the soul is gone and not a drop is left.

In almost every other sin we gather up the ashes when the fire is gone. But here, what is left? The covetous man hath his shining gold; but what hath the proud man? He has less than he would have had without his pride and is no gainer whatever. O man, if thou wert as mighty as Gabriel, and had all his holiness, still thou wouldst be an arrant fool to be proud; for pride would sink thee from thine angel station to the rank of devils, and bring thee from the place where Lucifer son of the morning, once

dwelt, to take up thine abode with hideous fiends in perdition!

Pride exalts its head and seeks to honor itself; but it is of all things most despised. It sought to plant crowns upon its brow; and so it hath done. But its head was hot and it put an ice crown there, and it melted all away. Poor Pride has decked itself out finely sometimes. It hath put on its most gaudy apparel, and said to others: "How brilliant I appear!" But, ah! Pride, like a harlequin, dressed in thy gay colors, thou art all the more fool for that. Thou art but a gazing stock of fools less foolish than myself. Thou hast no crown as thou thinkest thou hast; nothing solid and real. All is empty and vain.

If thou, O man, desirest shame, be proud. A monarch has waded through slaughter to a throne and shut the gates of mercy on mankind to win a little glory; but when he has exalted himself and has been proud, worms have devoured him, like Herod, or have devoured his empire till it passed away, and with it his pride and glory. Pride wins no crowns. Men never honor it—not even the menial slaves of earth; for all men look down on the proud man and think him less than themselves.

3. Again, pride is the maddest thing that can exist. It feeds upon its own vitals; it will take away its own life, that with its blood it may make a purple for its shoulders; it sappeth and undermineth in its own house, that it may build its pinnacles a little higher, and then the whole structure tumbleth down. Nothing proves men so mad as pride.

For this they have given up rest, and ease, and repose, to find rank and power among men. For this they have dared to risk their hope of salvation, to leave the gentle yoke of Jesus, and go toiling wearily along the way of life, seeking to save themselves by their own works, and at last to stagger into the mire of fell despair. O man, hate pride, flee from it, abhor it, let it not dwell with thee.

If thou wantest to have a madman in thy heart, embrace pride, for thou shalt ne'er find one more mad than he.

4. Then pride is a *Protean thing*. It changes its shape; it is all forms in the world. You may find it in any fashion you may choose. You may see it in the beggar's rags, as well as in the rich man's garment. It dwells with the rich and with the poor. The man without a shoe to his foot may be as proud as if he were riding in a chariot. Pride can be found in every rank of society; among all classes of men. Sometimes it is an Armenian, and talks about the power of the creature; then it turns Calvinist, and boasts of its fancied security—forgetful of the Maker, who alone can keep our faith alive.

Pride can profess any form of religion. It may be a Quaker, and wear no collar to its coat; it may be a Churchman, and worship God in splendid cathedrals; it may be a Dissenter, and go to the common meeting-house. It is one of the most catholic things in the world; it attends all kinds of chapels and churches. Go where you will, you will see pride. It cometh up with us to the house of God. It goeth with us to our houses. It is found on the mart and the exchange; in the streets and everywhere. Let me hint at one or two of the forms it assumes.

Sometimes pride takes the doctrinal shape. It teaches the doctrine of self-sufficiency. It tell us what man can do, and will not allow that we are lost, fallen, debased, and rained creatures, as we are. It hates divine sovereignty and rails at election. Then, if it is driven from that, it takes another form. It allows that the doctrine of free grace is true; but it does not feel it. It acknowledges that salvation is of the Lord alone; but still it prompts men to seek Heaven by their own works, even by the deeds of the law.

And when driven from that, it will

persuade me to join something with Christ in the matter of salvation; and when that is all rent up and the poor rag of our righteousness is all burned, pride will get into the Christian's heart, as well as the sinner's. It will flourish under the name of self-sufficiency, teaching the Christian that he is "rich and increased in goods, having need of nothing." It will tell him that he does not need daily grace, that past experience will do for to-morrow, that he knows enough, toils enough, prays enough.

It will make him forget that he has "not yet attained." It will not allow him to press forward to the things that are before, forgetting the things that are behind. It enters into his heart, and tempts the believer to set up an independent business for himself, and until the Lord brings about a spiritual bankruptcy pride will keep him from going to God.

Pride has ten thousand shapes. It is not always that stiff and starched gentleman that you picture it. It is a vile, creeping, insinuating thing, that will twist itself like a serpent into our hearts. It will take of humility, and prate about being dust and ashes. I have known men talk about their corruption, most marvellously pretending to be all humility, while at the same time they were the proudest wretches that could be found this side the gulf of separation.

Oh! my friends, ye cannot tell how many shapes pride will assume. Look sharp about you, or you will be deceived by it; and when you think you are entertaining angels you will find you have been receiving devils unawares.

II. Now I have to speak of the seed of pride—the heart. The true throne of pride everywhere, is the heart of man. If, my dear friends, we desire by God's grace, to put down pride, the only way is to begin with the heart. Now let me tell you a parable in the form of an Eastern story, which will set this truth in its proper light.

A wise man in the East called a der-
vish, in his wanderings, came suddenly
upon a mountain, and he saw beneath
his feet a smiling valley, in the midst of
which there flowed a river. The sun
was shining on the stream and the water,
as it reflected the sunlight, looked pure
and beautiful. When he descended, he
found it was muddy, and the water ut-
terly unfit for drinking. Hard by he
saw a young man, in the dress of a shep-
herd, who was with much diligence fil-
tering the water for his flocks. At one
moment he placed some of the water in
a pitcher, and then, allowing it to stand,
after it had settled he poured the clean
fluid into a cistern.

Then in another place he would be
seen turning aside the current for a
little, and letting it ripple over the sand
and the stones, that it might be filtered
and the impurities removed. The der-
vish watched the young man endeavor-
ing to fill a large cistern with clear
water. And he said to him: "My son,
why all this toil? What purpose dost
thou answer by it?"

The young man replied: "Father, I
am a shepherd. This water is so filthy
that my flock will not drink of it; and
therefore I am obliged to purify it, little
by little. So I collect enough in this way
that they may drink; but it is hard
work."

So saying, he wiped the sweat from
his brow, for he was exhausted with his
toil. "Right well hast thou labored,"
said the wise man; "but dost thou know
thy toil is not well applied? With half
the labour thou mightst attain a better
end. I should conceive that the source
of this stream be impure and polluted.
Let us take a pilgrimage together and
see." They then walked some miles,
climbing their way over many a rock,
until they came to a spot where the
stream took its rise.

As soon as they came near to it they
saw flocks of wild-fowl flying away and

wild beasts of the earth rushing into the
forest. These had come to drink and
had soiled the water with their feet.
They found an open well, which kept
continually flowing; but, by reason of
these creatures, which perpetually dis-
turbed it, the stream was always turbid
and muddy.

"My son," said the wise man, "set to
work now to protect the fountain and
guard the well, which is the source of
this stream; and when thou hast done that,
if thou canst keep these wild beasts and
fowls away, the stream will flow of itself
all pure and clear, and thou wilt have no
longer need for thy toil." The young
man did it; and as he labored the wise
old man said to him: "My son, hear
the word of wisdom. If thou art
wrong, seek first to get thy heart cor-
rect; for out of it are the issues of life,
and thy life shall be pure when once thy
heart is so."

In like manner, if we would get rid
of pride, we should not proceed to ar-
range our dress by adopting some special
costume, or to qualify our language by
using an outlandish tongue; but let us
seek of God that he would purify our
hearts from pride, and then assuredly, if
pride is purged from the heart, our life
also shall be humble. Make the tree good
and then the fruit shall be good. Make
the fountain pure, and the stream shall
be sweet. Oh! that God might grant
us all by his grace that our hearts may
be kept with diligence, so that pride may
never enter there, lest we be haughty in
our hearts, and find that afterwards com-
eth wrath.

III. This brings me to other point,
which is the consequence of pride—des-
truction; a fact which we can prove by
hundreds of instances in scripture. When
men have become proud, destruction has
become upon them. See you yon bright
angel chanting the loud anthem of praise
before his Maker's throne? Can any-
thing tarnish that angel's glory, rob him

of his harp, despoil him of his crown? Yes. See! There enters a destroyer whose name is Pride. He assaults the angel, and his harpstrings are snapped in twain. His crown is taken from his brow, and his glory is departed, and you falling spirit descending into hell, is he who once was Lucifer, son of the morning. He has now become Father of Nights, even the Lord of Darkness, Satan the fallen one.

See again the happy pair walking amid luscious fruits and flowery walks and bowers of paradise? Can aught spoil Eden and ruin those happy beings? Yes. Pride comes in the shape of a servant, and asks them to seek to be as gods. They eat the forbidden fruit, and pride withers their paradise, and blasts their Eden. Out they go till the ground whence they were taken, to begat and bring forth us, we are their children, sons of toil and sorrow.

Or look upon the sweet Psalmist, that man after God's own heart, continually singing his Maker's praise? Can aught make him sad? Can you suppose that he shall ever be laid prostrate on the earth, groaning and crying, and asking "that the bones which God has broken may rejoice?" Yes. Pride can do that. It will put into his heart that he will number his people, that he will count the tribes of Israel, to show how great and mighty is his empire. It is done, and a terrible pestilence sweeps o'er his land on account of his pride. Let David's aching heart show how destruction comes to a man's glory when he once begins to make a god of it.

Behold Hezekiah, that good man, who like David was much after God's own heart. He is rich and increased in goods. Babylonian ambassadors are come, and he shows them all he has. Do you not hear that threatening, "Thy treasures shall be carried away and thy sons and thy daughters shall be servants to the king of Babylon?" The destruct-

ion of Hezekiah's wealth must come because he is proud thereof.

But see the most notable instance of all — yonder palace, perhaps the most magnificent which has ever yet been built. In it there walks one who, lifting up his head on high as if he were more than mortal man, exclaims: "See ye this great Bayblon that I have builded?" Oh! pride, what hast thou done? Thou hast more power than a wizard's wand? Mark the mighty builder of Babylon creeping on the earth. Like oxen, he is devouring grass, his nails have grown like birds' claws, his hair like eagles' feathers, and his heart has gone from him. Pride did all that, that it may be fulfilled which God hath written: "Before destruction the heart of man is haughty."

Is thine heart haughty, sinner this morning? Does thou despise God's sovereignty? Wilt thou not submit thyself to Christ's yoke? Dost thou seek to weave a righteousness of thine own? Art thou seeking to be or to do something? Are thou desirous of being great and mighty in thine own esteem? Rieer me, then sinner. Destruction is coming upon thee. As truly as ever thou exalted thyself thou shalt be abased. Thy destruction, in the fullest and blackest sense of the word, is hurrying on to overwhelm thee.

And oh! Christian, is thine heart haughty to-day? Art thou come here glorying in thy grace? Art thou proud of thyself that thou hast had such high frames and such sweet experiences? Mark thee, brother, there is a destruction coming to thee also. Some of thy proud things will be pulled up by the roots; some of thy graces will be shattered, and thy good works, perhaps, will become loathsome to thee, and thou wilt abhor thyself in dust and ashes. As truly as ever thou exaltest thyself there will be a destruction come to thee. O saint. The destruction of thy joys and

of thy comforts, though there can be no destruction of thy soul.

Pride you know, is most likely to meet with destruction because it is too tall to walk upright. Nature itself tells us to avoid high things. Who is he that can stand upon an eminence without a reeling brain and without a temptation to cast himself down? Pride, when most successful, stands in slippery places. Who would choose to dwell on a pinnacle of the temple. That is where pride has built its house, and verily it seems but natural that pride should down if pride will up. God will carry out this saying: "Before destruction the heart of man is haughty." Yet, beloved, I am persuaded that all I can say to you or to myself can never keep pride from us. The Lord alone can bolt the door of the heart against pride. Pride is like the flies of Egypt. All Pharaoh's soldiers could not keep them out. And I am sure all the strong resolutions and devout aspirations we may have cannot keep pride out, unless the Lord God Almighty sends a strong wind of his Holy Spirit to sweep it away from our hearts.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE ERRORS OF SOCIALISM.

Prof. G. W. Sumner, in Scribner's
October.

The projects of socialists are based on the dogmas that man is born free and good, when he is, in fact, born helpless, and good or bad, as he works out his destiny; that the responsibility for vice and crime is on society, when, in truth, it is in the individual; that nature meets men at the outset with gratuitous bounty, which is appropriate to the exclusion of others, when, in fact, nature holds back everything, and renders only to

force and labor; that man is born endowed with "natural rights," when in truth nothing can be affirmed universally of the state of man by nature save that he is born to struggle for his own preservation, with nothing but the family to help him, and nothing but liberty, or the security of using his own energies for his own welfare, as a fair claim upon his fellow-men; that work is pleasant, or, under some circumstances, might be so, when, in truth, work is irksome; that men universally may be made by some conventional agreement or sentimental impulse, to work for others to enjoy the product, or to save in order to give away; that they may be led universally to lay aside talents, health, and other advantages; that we can increase consumption and lessen production, yet have more; that all have an equal right to the product of some; that talents are the result of chance, which intelligence ought to correct, when, in truth, talents are the reward, from generation to generation, of industry, temperance, and prudence; that the passions need no control, and that self-denial is a vice.

This is the socialistic creed, and from it follows that a man has a "natural right" to whatever he needs; that his wishes are the measure of his claims on his fellow-men; that, if he is in distress, somebody is bound to get him out; that somebody ought to decide what work every one should do, regardless of aptitude; to distribute the products equally, regardless of merit, and to determine consumption, regardless of taste or preference. As this "some one" must be a pure despot, or, in fact, a god, all socialistic schemes annihilate liberty. Most of them are atheistic, and reject any other god than the master of society.

The Monthly Record.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

MEETING OF THE MANAGING COMMITTEE OF THE SUPPLEMENTING FUND.

Pursuant to notice from the Convener, the Managing Committee of the Supplementing Fund held their annual meeting in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on Wednesday the 15th Oct. There were present, Rev. C. Dunn, Convener, Revs. Wm. Stewart, A. W. Herdman, and McMillan; and Alex. McKay, Esq., M. P. P., R. Simpson, Esq., John Holmes, Esq., Alex. McLean, Elder, John McDonald, Roy. Donald Gray, D. A. Fraser, Esq., Donald Ross.

The Convener explained to the meeting why it was not called, as per adjournment, on the first week of October, after which the minutes of last meeting were read and sustained. The representatives present being called upon, reported the state of matters in connection with the scheme in their respective congregations. While the Scheme is generally approved of, and by not a few enthusiastically worked up, yet in all of the congregations its progress is less or more retarded by the "hard times," and in some cases, already heavy burdens in the form of church debt. Resolved that a deputation consisting of the Convener, the Secretary, and Messrs. Simpson and McKay be appointed to visit the congregations that have not yet contributed to the Fund.

Resolved to instruct the Secretary to forward a copy of the Rules to the Hon. James McDonald, with a view to such changes and improvements as may be necessary to make them thoroughly legal.

RECORD OF A CHURCH IN NEW BRUNSWICK 29 YEARS AGO.

Having been lately in the neighbouring province, there was put in my hands a document showing the resolutions come to at a public meeting to remedy the deficiencies of stipend and to improve the finances of a certain congregation of the Scotch Church.

Whereas it appears (the document reads) that a balance is due to the Rev. Mr. S., and that his stipend has not been regularly paid, and whereas it also appears that in many instances large sums are due and owing by persons for rent, and who, together with a number of other members of the congregation, have not for years past paid anything to the Rev. Mr. S's. stipend, therefore resolved unanimously that each and every male head of a family and adults of and over 21 years of age, belonging to the Rev. Mr. S's. congregation, or who have received and look forward to receive Church privileges and the benefit and constitution of religion through his instrumentality, are *morally and in duty bound* to contribute more or less towards paying his yearly salary.

Resolved that 200 copies of the foregoing proceedings be printed and distributed among the members of the congregation for their information and guidance."

Now, change the name, if in these hard times there be deficiencies on the part of congregations, within our bounds instead of circulating the above resolutions, why should not a committee of youths of and over 21 years be formed to call upon the non-paying members and solicit their subscriptions? Will it be pleaded that the services of Rev. Mr. S. or G. are not worth the money, or that it is not an unquestionable moral obligation on

the part of members to contribute towards paying their early stipend? And if not so what should follow, but that members when asked, give according to their ability. But this is not all. It were well that the members of a family, of or about the age of 21, were trained to contribute in addition to their parents: this and this alone will beget a thriving congregation. In fact, were the system adopted of all giving, as a matter of conscience, on the Sabbath day, for all Church purposes, it might have a beneficial effect as in other churches; but, at least, let each lay by for stipend and regard that as a first debt, and then there will be less cause of complaint and less need of presbyteries visiting and publicly tautling. Times are hard, but not so hard as in the Chamber of Macedonia, when Paul said of them "That they were willing of themselves and that their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." What is required is a good system and putting aside when one has, and the thing is done.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The failure of the Glasgow Bank has sent want and grief to many a home. The Merchants Bank, P. E. I., has also suspended payment, and entailed inconvenience and fear on not a few, but there is a faint hope that the liabilities will be met. It is high time that something were done to restore confidence in the Banking system. Manhattan Savings Bank, New York, was robbed of a large sum.

John B. Gough is carrying on a successful campaign against the liquor traffic in England.

Yellow fever is abating as the cold weather is setting in.

ST. PAULS, E. R.—Not weary in well doing—At an early hour on Tuesday, the 29th Oct., a goodly number of the congregation put in an appearance at the Manse, Bridgeville, with teams and ploughs, and before the going down of the sun, had the Glebe in readiness for early spring sowing; and this is but one of many instances, by which St. Paul's congregation are strengthening the hands and encouraging the heart of their pastor.

The reins of Government have changed hands in the Dominion and several of the local parliaments. We shall now be glad to see the "good time coming" that has been long promised. Pictou may well feel proud, having given the Local House a Premier, and the Dominion a Minister of Justice

The Orangemen who were arrested in Montreal on the day of their intended procession were acquitted, Judge Ramsay finding it not illegal for them to assemble in their rooms. We hope this is the last we shall hear of riots in this connection.

A Socialist has made an attempt on the life of the young King of Spain. A similar attempt was not long ago made on the life of the Emperor of Germany. Socialism is spreading rapidly, and judging of it by its fruit it is a corrupt vile tree.

All the lovers of truth, honesty and integrity, will be glad to learn that the directors and managers of the Glasgow Bank, whose late failure involved so many in loss and want, are now in prison awaiting their trial on charges of fraud, misrepresentation and embezzlement.

A "tempestuous gale" passed over the Eastern States lately, the result of which was great damage to property and considerable loss of life.

N. B.—We hope agents and subscribers will pay up arrears for the RECORD without further notice.

The negotiations between Germany and the Pope for the settlement of existing difficulties failed.

The Manhattan Bank of New York was robbed on Sabbath morning of nearly \$3,000,000.

Bank failures have been extensive and disastrous during the past month.

Cardinal Cullen, of Dublin, is numbered among the dead.

Earl Beaconsfield is reported very ill.

A great shadow was thrown over the late meeting of the Synod of Central New York by the death of one of their prominent members, Rev. Thomas Street, D. D., on the cars, while on his way to attend the meeting in Oswego, Oct. 16th. He was conversing cheerfully with his neighbor on the same seat, telling an anecdote, when his voice all at once changed into a gurgling sound. To the inquiry of his neighbour whether he could do any thing for him, he made no response, and it was evident that he was in a dying condition. A physician on board the train pronounced him dead in a very few moments. Dr. Street is stated to have been sixty-five years old, although having the appearance of a man of fifty. His ministerial life began in the Methodist Church, but he joined the Presbyterian body and became a member of the Presbytery of Columbia in 1854.

THE Eastern Question seems entering on a phase of peril. Russia appears to have encouraged a fresh insurrection in Roumelia or Southern Bulgaria. Greece is restive. Austria's position is very uncertain; and Turkish rule amounts to nothing. The British Government is about to appeal to the powers who were parties to the Berlin Treaty to unite in insisting on the treaty being carried out in good faith. Serious fears are entertained of a fresh outbreak of war; and should the conflict be renewed it will be more serious than the last;—The Sultan appears to have given his assent to the British programme for Reform in Asia Minor. The gist of the Reforms appears to be the appointment of English commissioners to aid in the administration of justice.

HABIT is the scape-goat for many sins—of neglect, of unkindness, of thoughtlessness, as well as worse offences. In the busy seasons of out-door work some farmers have the habit of leaving many hard jobs to the housewives, which they ought to be ashamed of themselves to put upon them in other seasons. If there are no rural homes where bringing in wood, building fires, "lugging" water, churning, mowing and perhaps milking the cows, and doing many other hard and disagreeable things, are not left to the women, then there is more of the millennium diffused abroad than we have reason to suppose. That the imposition of such tasks or any needless work, upon women, comes through habit, is hardly an extenuation—certainly not an excuse. It is a man's duty to correct his bad habits. And one strikingly bad habit is that of acting as though "woman's rights" include the right to all the worry and one-half the work of homelife. If the paragraph means you, good friend, stop and think if you cannot make the way pleasanter and easier to her who is walking "the long path" with you

To the Editor of the Presbyterian Witness.

THE TANNA EARTHQUAKES.

164 TOWER ROAD.

IN last week's *Witness*, in an article on Remarkable Earth Convulsions, you refer to those on Tanna, New Hebrides. Perhaps the particulars contained in the following extract from a letter of my sister's, may prove interesting to your readers:

PORT RESOLUTION, TANNA,

May 29th.

It was on January 10th that we had the first great earthquake. For several days previous we had felt a number of slight shocks, but on this morning at seven o'clock we experienced such a shock as we never knew of before. The plaster cracked and fell all about our house, and I expect that if the building had been made of stone, instead of being a strong weather-boarded dwelling, the damage would have been great. On the opposite side of the harbor a large portion of the cliff at the entrance was thrown forward into the sea, which caused such a commotion in the waves that they rose to the height of 40 feet and dashed over the land. The water came sweeping in around the Bay, carrying off boats, canoes and everything within twelve feet of the shore. On the other side for several miles the land was fearfully rent, and the sulphur is streaming up in all directions. The land also rose about 20 feet. On February 14th we had another severe earthquake, when the land again rose 12 feet, and some immense stones were thrown up at the entrance over which ships could once sail. Another earthquake since has raised the land a few more feet. The result is that the Bay is very much contracted both inside and at the mouth. The *Dryspring* did not come in here, and we do not expect to see her very often in the Bay after this. Besides these we had a number of slighter shocks, and indeed they have not yet ceased, although not so frequent as during the first two months of the year. It has been a trying time. The natives were as alarmed as we were, for they have no tradition of anything of this kind having occurred before. Indeed earthquakes al-

ways very slight here and it was supposed that the volcano acted as a kind of safety valve, but this year it certainly has made matters worse. I have now seen some wonders that I do not care to have repeated. I would not chose again to stand on my verandah and watch the land rising out of the sea. As yet I have not crossed over to see the changes wrought, I have been quite contented with witnessing them at a distance, but I hear that this new shore has a very strange appearance. To walk on it is like walking on the bottom of the sea. Mr. Neilson has brought over some very odd pieces of coral. They are quite curiosities, but are too large to send anywhere.

It is with deep feeling of gratitude that I think of the safety and comfort we have been kept in during all those disturbances of nature. Not a life has been lost. There used to be a village at the spot where the sea did most damage, but it had been left some time before. Had it been still inhabited, the people would have been all swept away. On the other side three villages were broken up, as the ground is too much cracked to make the place comfortable to live in. You can imagine what my sensations are now when an earthquake occurs! The slightest shake quite upsets me.

LIVING AND DYING FAITH.

From a Sermon.

My friends, I have shown you Christ, and made you to see the object of his mission. You all see what it was; and the object of Christ shows us what should be the object of the Christian. "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord." What Christ lived for, we, who profess to have Christ in us, the hope of glory, must live for. The object, then, of the Christian's life, your object and mine, my brother and sister, is to save the lost. This object

should be to all other objects of our lives what the firmament is to the stars; it includes them all. Is there a man sinking?—become to him what Christ was to Peter,—a savior. Is that man by your side blind?—touch with the fingers of a Christ-like influence his sightless orbs, that he may see. Are these thousands around you hungry and faint?—cause them to sit, then, while you break and distribute the bread of your bounty among them. Are there publicans and sinners in Boston, men and woman despised, dangerous, mean, and wicked?—then go and speak some parable like this of the lost sheep unto them. Is there some sinful woman, whom a public opinion, seeking only to stone her, drags into your presence for Judgment?—then (I speak not as a man; I speak with Christ standing back of me, and telling me to say it), *then do as Christ did*. Say to her, “Go and sin no more.” Do you think that one silly or wicked lamb has wandered from the fold, and is to day in the wilderness of human life, lost?—go out, then, inspired with the seeking love of God; search far and near—street, ally and brothel—until you find that soul, and bring it back. Give to Christ a second incarnation in your own person; and let the same sublime purpose, born of no parent less noble than the mercy of God, which breathed in all the words and act of Christ, animate you.

You know my faith; for I have often told you of it. I told that all things in this world work together for good to that believe: that underneath all our hopes and fears and impulses and experiences, as a pilot beneath the swelling of a hundred sails, stands God, with his hands upon the helm. It is he that is steering us, and not we ourselves. I hold that the Christian should look at death with a face as bright and cheerful as sunrise when it meets the darkness of night, irradiating what it faces.

I hold, with steadfastness of thought, that every man and woman should stand upon this earth as a bird upon a swaying perch, from which, when shaken by the passing gust, she flies away, finding both her largest opportunity and her highest joy in flight. This is my faith: and, if you ask its source, I say it is born of a clear intellectual apprehension; a firm, abiding confidence in the saving love of God,—that divine, indescribable, inexhaustible love that lives and yearns in God's heart for man.

I say it is indescribable; for I know of no love with which to compare it. I know by observation the strength and gravity of a father's love; how it will toil and bear, and make sixty years of life the fulfilment of one wish,—that over his grave his son may mount to something higher and wider than his father knew. I know the patience, the tenderness, the hovering, brooding quality, of a mother's love, which seeks to nestle and screen from every passing harm the object of her care. I know, too, of that other love which woman bears for man, at the voice and beck of which father and mother are left, and she goes forth, as an angel following after God, with him whom her soul loveth. This, too, is indescribable. It is also eternal also. Its voice is music here; it makes the melody of home: and I know that it is strong enough to send its cry beyond the interval of death, and wake the echoes of the eternal world. But over and above all these, including them all as minor parts of itself, stands the Divine love for man.

And now, if any of you feel that you would take of this love, either in the way of pardon or sanctification, take ye freely of it. Take it freely, I say, as the earth in summer takes the sunshine, as the nostrils of bird and beast and man take of the air; for, like the sunshine, it is on you all, and it is poured over you all as the air is poured about the earth.

THE LATE CARDINAL CULLEN.

His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, whose death this morning's telegrams announce, was born in England about the year 1803. At an early he removed to Rome for purpose of study, remaining there thirty years, during which time he was rector of an Irish College, as well as a member of several congregations in that city. In 1856 he was appointed by Pius IX., Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, being transferred to Dublin the following year; although this was a less-er dignity in the Church, it was a more prominent position. In June, 1866, to show the appreciation in which he was held by the Vatican, he was proclaimed Cardinal, being the first Irish Bishop who since the Reformation, had been advanced to that dignity. His Eminence was a strong opponent to mixed education as represented by the Government Schools and mixed Colleges, and was one of the first promoters of a Catholic University in Dublin. He was also a most uncompromising antagonist of Fenianism and man of those other "isms" which have reared their head with such unfortunate consequence. At the time of the appointment of the deceased to the Archbishopric of Armagh he was recognized as a most pronounced Ultramontane, in the most extended meaning of that term; but subsequent to the conference upon him of the scarlet, his views underwent a considerable change, and his administration was distinguished for its moderation and the sound good sense that had characterized it. It would be premature to speculate as to who shall assume the vacant throne, but it is certain that for so important a position it will be difficult to find who shall adequately fill it. Since the death of Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Cullen has been one of the most prominent princes of the Church, and from all had secured for himself almost unequalled respect.—*Exchange.*

Dissenters in Scotland may now be married in their own churches without previous publication of the banns in an Established Church.

GEMS.

— Of all mistakes, the greatest is to live and think life of no consequence.

— Nothing can be love to God which does not shape itself into obedience.—*P. W. Robertson.*

— A self-conceited professor is always a mischievous character; he is one of Satan's edge-tools. Beware of conceit.

— Sleep is death's younger brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him without my prayers.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

— When the Breton marine puts to sea his prayer is, "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide."

— A workshop is not a bad place for preaching in. If the heart of one workman is filled with the love of Christ all the hands will hear of it.—*Arnoi.*

— The Christian who has put aside religion because he is in worldly company, is like a man who has put off his shoes because he is walking among thorns.

— Christ says: "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." It would be well for us to pay more attention to our conduct, and prove the depth of our feelings by our obedience.—*Prison.*

— One of the saddest things about human nature is that a man may guide others in the path of life, without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot and yet a castaway.—*Justus Here.*

A new Grand Lama, the Buddhist Head, has just been found and crowned at Lhasa, Thibet. As is usually the case, a child has been selected. For two years, by methods which are kept secret, a council of lamas has been seeking for the person into whom the spirit of the dead ruler passed; now he has been discovered, and crowned spiritual sovereign of millions upon millions of Asiatics.

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 Kenneth Sutherland, Watervale, West River.
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THE

Monthly Record

FOR 1878.

—IT HAS BEEN ARRANGED THAT—

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in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and adjoining

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