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THE
MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

In Nova Scotia and the Adjoining Provinces.

FEBRUARY 1864.



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PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA :

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY SIMON H. HOLMES.

Terms—3s. 1^d. payable in advance. No subscriptions received for a less term than six months.

Cash received for Record since last issue.

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In several instances we have to thank our agents for an increase in the circulation of the Record; but, to none are we more indebted than to the Rev. Mr. Christie, of Wallace; from that single congregation, he has sent us a list of eighty subscribers, an increase on the last year of fifty per cent., and we trust that all our clergymen will exert themselves as much as he has done, and there is little doubt that our circulation will be such, that the Record will become self-sustaining. We must urge that agents be punctual in their payments. As there is still a considerable amount due for the past year, we are indebted to the printer, and unless their arrears are paid up, we will fall short of a large amount at the end of the year. We hope that all who are in arrears will see that it is their duty to pay at once.

WILLIAM JACK.

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JAMES PATTERSON.

Pictou, January 1864

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, in connection with the Church of Scotland having resolved to engage in the

FOREIGN MISSION FIELD,

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

ALEXANDER MACLEAN, Convener.

Manse, Belfast, P. E. Island, May 11

THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

No. 2.

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

THANKSGIVING SERMON,

BY REV. W. M. PHILIP,

Minister of St. Paul's Church, Truro. N. S.

*Preached on Tuesday, 8th December, 1863,
being the day appointed by the Government
for a Thanksgiving for the Harvest and
for the blessings of Peace.*

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord"—PSALM XCII. 1.

It has pleased our gracious Queen to issue a proclamation asking her subjects to offer up, with one consent, thanksgiving to Almighty God for the abundant harvest with which He has crowned the year, and for the happy exemption from the horrors of war, which, through His good providence, we have enjoyed. The day for our celebrating this sacred service has been nominated for us by the provincial government. If it is our duty as a people to engage in such an exercise, it is seemly and proper that the first step should be taken by our legal and representative Head. Let us be grateful to God that He has set over us an earthly sovereign who is so anxious to signify her sense of the responsibilities of her great office, and to show to her people an example of humility and piety. On such a day as this, she desires to descend from her throne, to lay aside her crown, and prostrate herself at the footstool of a greater throne; and she asks her people to kneel with her and acknowledge the goodness and the mercy of Him who is the absolute proprietor and sovereign ruler of all the ends of the earth.—And it is only by acts of this

kind that a sovereign can fully identify herself with her people. On such an occasion as this, our Sovereign declares herself on a level with the humblest of her subjects, and the humblest of her subjects may feel themselves on a level with her. Ofte awful and august presence which annihilates every earthly distinction, bends over us all.

May our hearts be united this day in one common sentiment of grateful devotion!

"It is a good thing," says the Psalmist, "to give thanks unto the Lord"—that is, it is not only good to feel thanks, but it is good to give thanks—to express our gratitude to God—in a direct, solemn and public manner. We are enjoined by God to come forth before his altar from time to time, and offer up there the sacrifice of praise and of prayer. "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him also will I confess before my Father which is in heaven." Every man will probably admit, that, as the head of a family, it is his duty to encompass the altar of God daily, and, in name and behalf of all those who constitute his household, to make mention of the loving-kindness and tender mercy of God—to offer up thanks for blessings bestowed and danger averted—and to solicit guidance and support for the time to come. This will be acknowledged by every man to be a personal, private duty. And he who attends to this duty will, so far, be obeying the commandment of God. But his view of the Divine goodness must not be limited by his own personal and private interests. In the fuel that brings summer to his fireside while winter freezes without in the long dark nights—in the clothes that cover, and the

food that feeds him—and in all the manifold comforts that crowd within his peaceful dwelling, he will find a just and never-failing theme of thanksgiving and praise; but, in contemplating the goodness of God, he ought to lift his thoughts to a larger sphere and a wider range of the Divine benevolence. Identifying himself with the entire and corporate community of which he forms a member, he will take in a wider and worthier view of the beneficence of Him who is the Supreme Head of all the nations, and the common Father of all the families of the earth. If men were only, *as individuals*, to thank God for the blessings He puts into *their* hands, this would be but a poor and selfish worship. Such a worship would neither be worthy of men nor honoring to God. This would be, to reduce the state of humanity to that of the spider which lurks within its solitary cell and rejoices truly enough over every living morsel that is borne within the reach of its fangs. Christ has taught us that God requires all mankind to pray with and for others, saying, with one accord, "Our Father, which art in heaven." The tendency of this social and public worship is to preserve and strengthen within the heart the ties of human brotherhood, and to elevate the mind to loftier and sublimer views of the Divine character. We know too well, if we have studied our own hearts, that even in our highest and holiest aspirations there is too deep a taint of selfishness, and that the hardest task which we are called upon to perform is to break down the artificial barriers which pride, prejudice and interest have raised up between man and man, and realize that unity of spirit which is the bond of peace.

As a means of enlarging, to some extent, the circle of our sympathies, and helping us to realize the hallowed fellowship of one vast Christian brotherhood, the appointment of a national thanksgiving for common mercies received from the common God and Father of all, may, under the Divine blessing, be in the highest degree beneficial. May not all those who call themselves by the name of Christian lay aside the weapons of their strife for one day in the year?—for one day in the year join hand in hand and say to each other, "Come, let us go up this day to mount Zion together, and worship our God in the beauty of holiness." Such a spectacle as this would be a terror to devils, and a joy to angels.

In this point of view, then, it is evident that, as a people, it is a good thing for ourselves to give thanks unto the Lord, at stated periods, for all the mercies which we in common have received from His hands.

In the second place, it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, at stated periods, because, if we neglect to do so, we shall soon forget to *feel* thanksgiving. If the feelings of the heart do not find any outward expression in word or deed, it would seem to us all the same as if they did not exist. Nay, the

heart itself, coming thus in contact with no object of regard, will grow less and less susceptible of feeling; a thicker and a harder crust of selfishness will gather over it, until it become impervious to every tender impression. We pass into each other's beings, and become one through the power of expression. You have seen a spring of water gushing fresh from the bosom of the earth. Summer and winter, night and day, every hour and every moment, the liquid treasure wells up from an inexhaustible fountain, always pure and always clear. Stir the muddy bottom, and for a little while the water will be foul, but straightway the impurities are worked off, and you gaze, as before, into a bright and stainless mirror. The cause of this perpetual purity is the perpetual *motion*. Let that motion cease for a few summer days, and you will turn with loathing from a fetid pool swarming with all unclean and creeping things. So it is with the human heart. There must be no stagnation there. The sentiments and affections that lie within must flow forth like the living water of the fountain, otherwise they will corrupt. Better that they should be stirred into motion by the strong hand of suffering, than that they should be stagnant within, and for this very reason it is that God wields so often the stern but merciful rod of affliction. Now, if all this holds true of the feelings and affections of man towards man, more strikingly true is it of the feelings and affections of man towards God. For the sake of illustration, let us suppose a parallel case. Suppose you have, from very early life, been entirely dependent on the benevolence of some good man, who, out of pure regard for your welfare and happiness, took you and brought you up as if you were one of his own. You have been so accustomed all along to his kindness, that you have learned to receive it as a matter of course. You have learned to regard it as the necessary condition of your existence. Never was there a real want you felt which was not supplied, nor a real comfort you desired that was not provided. It is quite obvious that unless you have from the first been frequently reminded of the relation in which you stood to this benefactor, and made it a study to recount the benefits you have received at his hand, you will grow up insensible of the debt you owe to him. The more you think of your dependent position, the oftener you sum up the kindnesses you have received—the more warmly your heart will glow with gratitude—the more anxious you will feel to conduct you self in such a manner as to win the approbation of your benefactor. Now this affords only a faint idea of the position of every living man in relation to God.

The very constancy and uniformity with which the bounties of God flow upon us, have a tendency to beget an utter insensibility of heart to His goodness. And this insensibility is the greater, because, though we receive

the gifts, we never behold the face of the giver. He drops blessings upon our heads from the clouds, and sows them among our feet. From day to day, from year to year, we eat His bread, and drink His water, and breathe His air, and walk in His sunshine, yet we never see the benefactor himself; and because we have never seen God, we are in danger of losing all sense of His goodness, yea, all consciousness of His presence. Towards an earthly benefactor such as we have supposed, it is a comparatively easy matter to maintain that frame of mind suitable to the relation we bear to him. To feel the warm pressure of his hand—to read the benignant smile on his brow—to hear the kind familiar tones of his voice, and to mark the solicitous care which, on every occasion, he manifests for our welfare, could not fail to impress our hearts with a lively sense of his affectionate regard. But the Divine benefactor who is the author of every good and every perfect gift we enjoy—in whom we live and move and have our being, is invisible to our bodily eye, and therefore we are far less affected by all that He has done, and is constantly doing for us, than we are by the smallest acts of kindness received from an earthly friend. This fact, then, demonstrates the greater necessity of our making constant and unremitting efforts to keep alive within our hearts the sense of His goodness, and to nurse those sentiments of gratitude and love which become the recipients of so many and such undeserved blessings; and as we never break the bread that is laid on our table for our daily support, until we have acknowledged the bounty of the giver, so it becomes us never to gather up from the lap of Providence the precious offerings of a season without performing a similar duty. It is most true that if we cease to express our thankfulness to God, we shall soon cease to feel it. Our devotion requires to be agitated and stirred up from time to time to keep it alive. If, for a few years, all the Churches throughout the land were to be shut up, and the worship of God entirely to cease, the minds of men would sink into a state of gross moral stupidity, and human beings would become little better than the fed oxen of the stall. Surely, therefore, it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.

The occasion on which we are met this day to give thanks to God, is one which ought to excite our most fervent gratitude. We are met to express our sense of great blessings received, and of great evils averted. We have been favored, by our Heavenly Father, with a plentiful supply of bread, and we have been permitted to eat that bread in peace.

We may till the ground and sow the seed, but it is God who giveth the increase. The labour of man, without the blessing of God, would be all in vain. It is He who calls off the stormy winds of winter, and commands them, for a season, to couch in their secret

caves. It is He who leads the gentle spring over the hills and down the valleys, at whose approach the chilling snows disappear, and the earth puts on her robe of pleasant green. It is He who swells with life the full pulse of summer, and pours from the lap of autumn the full treasures of His bounty. From of old He hath kept His promise, that, while the earth remained, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, should not cease. Do we ever consider how easy it would be for God to stop all the supplies on which we subsist from year to year? Do we consider how easy it would be for Him, by prolonging summer, to turn the heavens into burning brass, and the earth into ashes? or, by protracting the winter, to seal up nature in one vast and icy grave? It is He who formed, and who sustains and directs, the huge machinery of the universe, on the harmonious action of which depend all the necessary conditions of vegetable and animal life. In order that day and night and seed-time and harvest may continue to visit this planet of ours, a wondrous system, which we but faintly comprehend, is upheld by omnipotent power, and regulated by infinite wisdom. Swiftly in their unerring courses the silent spheres wheel for ever through the infinite space, fulfilling the glorious purposes of a wise and beneficent God. Truly the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night teacheth knowledge. The invisible things of God from the creation of the world, even His eternal power and Godhead, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. And the consideration which ought to be present to our minds in contemplating these sublime arrangements, is, that they have all been rendered subservient to our comfort and happiness. Well may we exclaim, under this view, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of Him; or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Surrounded by such manifold comforts and blessings, let us endeavour to show our gratitude, not only in our words, but in our conduct; using every blessing wisely and well, and not abusing it; "Living soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." (Titus ii. 12-14.)

But, in addition to mercies received, we have also reason to thank God for dangers averted. Especially have we peculiar cause of thankfulness that for so long a period we have been preserved from the terrible evil of war. If we consider what has been the general state of the world during the past few years, it may well be a matter of surprise that Great Britain has not been dragged into hos-

itics with other Powers. Her pre-eminent position among the nations of the earth renders her a necessary (though unwilling) party to every question which may arise between the nations of the Continent. There is no region of the earth where her sceptre is not felt, and no path of the ocean where her flag is not seen. A war cannot spring up on the Continent of Europe, in the issue of which she has not a direct or indirect interest. The dangerous ambition of a single despot in the old world has compelled her, within a recent period, to increase, to an unparalleled extent, her means of self-defence. A volunteer force, consisting of about all the manly strength of the nation, has, within a few years, sprung into existence. Fortifications of an improved kind, and on a grand scale, have been planned, and are in process of construction. The military force has been largely augmented, and the navy has been entirely re-modelled, and, at the same time, strengthened to gigantic proportions. All these heavy and expensive preparations have been made because the signs of the times portended a terrible struggle, the consequences of which, to the party unprepared, would be national disaster and disgrace, which centuries of prosperity might not wholly repair,—for there are evils which every free-born people ought to regard as greater than the evil of war itself. But if Great Britain has hitherto escaped being forced into hostilities in the Old World, it seemed more than likely, within a very recent date, that she would be drawn into a conflict in the New. The fratricidal contest which has been raging in America has inflamed to madness the passions of the combatants, and a single spark from that furnace seemed on the point of setting the whole world on fire. But, in the good providence of God, the danger was averted. The sword, half-drawn, was returned to the scabbard. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, have we not singular cause of thankfulness to the Sovereign Controller of all events for the blessed peace which at this moment reigns throughout all this land? We are accustomed to attribute much of our national security and prosperity to the prudent and enlightened policy of our rulers; and we have cause to thank God, that, in perilous times, He has planted round the throne men of patriotic virtue and consummate wisdom. Yet the wisest statesmen are the readiest to acknowledge, that, of the march of great events which decide the destiny of nations, the human mind can predict but little. Often we see from history, past and present, that the subtlest schemes of the most far-reaching intellects are confounded in a moment by the movement of an arm suddenly stretched from behind the cloud,

“And that should teach us
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will.”

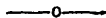
Let us trace our present peace and happi-

ness, then, to its true source, the overruling providence of God, and lift our hearts to Him in sincere gratitude for the singular favour He has hitherto bestowed upon us.

And here, again, as in the former case, we shall testify our thankfulness most effectually *by the whole course and tenor of our conduct.* To show that we are truly grateful for the blessings of peace, let us exhibit towards each other a peaceable and Christ-like disposition. If we profess to be the followers of Christ, let us not forget that His glorious and characteristic title is the “Prince of Peace.” The burthen of that rapturous song which burst from the hosts of heaven over the starry plains of Bethlehem, proclaiming His advent, was, “Peace on earth; good-will towards men.” And the parting accents in which He bade farewell to His chosen disciples when about to withdraw from them His bodily presence and ascend to the throne of His glory, were, “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.”

There would be no war between nations if there were no war between individuals, and there would be no war between individuals if the spirit of Christ were in every heart. Pride, ambition, jealousy, avarice, and revenge, these are the bitter roots out of which has sprung all the strife that has severed the ties of family and friendship, and all the wars that have desolated the world.

May God impress these truths upon our hearts, and to His name be the praise! Amen



Sketches from Church History.

SCOTLAND.

St. Columba and the Old Celtic Bards.

In a former No. of the *Record*, we noticed the influence of the Druidical Priests as a formidable obstacle to the progress of the Truth, as taught by St. Columba and his associates. Yet there was another class of men—a distinct and powerful order—whose influence for good and evil was scarcely inferior even to that of the heathen priests, viz.: the old Celtic Bards. Humanly speaking, the success of the great Scottish Apostle would depend very much, indeed, upon the reception which awaited himself and his doctrine among this popular and powerful order of men. And we gladly notice this little episode in the life of our Christian Hero, because we think it involves an important principle which has too often been disregarded, and especially, since it proves that St. Columba was not only a zealous Christian, but a wise one.

In every age (at least, we suppose, from the days of Jubal), the power of music—vocal, as well as instrumental—has been felt and acknowledged. The poet, with his simple lay, may touch a chord in the human heart, which the eloquence of the orator and the wisdom

of the philosopher may strive to set in motion, but strive wholly in vain. The Songs of Zion may enkindle devotion where the Sermon fails. The praises of God, sung by the lips in public worship, or warbled quietly in private, have often proved, to the Christian, the most nourishing soul-food. Like the lark, rising from the ground and shaking her dewy wing in the eye of morning, mounting up—far up in the blue skies—singing as she soars, the believer is often wafted within sight of heaven's gate, as he sings or hums his simple hymn of praise. By the way or at his daily toil, in the midst of the city's din, or the quiet of his country life, he may often enjoy more true peace and comfort, and may rise more grandly above the little cares of life, on the wings of quiet melody, than the great wise world can imagine. True, that "great wise world" may compassionate his weakness, yet he wants not compassion; he has caught glimpses of things higher than this world, and far more enduring, and his melody, simple as it is, helps to bear his spirit upwards. The effect of the songs of any country upon its morality, has long been known. He was a wise man who said, "Let me write a nation's ballads, and I care not who may write its laws." He was a pious and wise man who put this pithy question, "Should the devil have all the good music?"

St. Columba, on his arrival in Iona, found, as might have been expected, the national poets of the country possessed of much power. It was their's to be present on all state occasions, to celebrate the exploits of warriors and heroes. At the hall of feasting, they sung their songs, which were speedily caught up and re-echoed in a thousand homesteads. Woe betide the unfortunate wretch who became the object of their hatred! In their "winged words," they pointed him out for the contempt and hatred of the multitude, and his life was constantly in danger. The timid shunned him—the most cruel abused him—he was denied free intercourse with his fellow-men—his memory would descend to posterity with its lustre all tarnished—and his soul was denied a place in "Flathimis," or "the Island of the brave." Should the newly-arrived missionary incur their hatred, he would be put to death, or forced to quit the country. But St. Columba sought their friendship. He saw in them a mighty power for good, and resolved to put it to the best account. He admired the genius of the poets, but lamented that such genius should be misdirected and misapplied. Could nothing be done so as to convert the curse into a blessing? Would he attempt to put them to silence, and stop their songs for ever? As well might we think of stopping the rush of Niagara. Supposing it were possible, would it be right? Most certainly not, if this power could be made useful to the Church and the world. But it could be made useful, and he used it. Those bards soon became his best friends. Their genius

made them powerful supporters of the Truth, and the Truth purified and sanctified their genius. These two children of God—Truth and Genius—met and recognised each other. The family feud, introduced by sin, was forgotten, and, hand in hand, they marched onwards to strike the fetters from the captives, and to bring the prisoners from the prison-house. St. Columba knew that he might as well forbid her spring song to the thrush, among the spreading leaves and the bursting blossoms, as to say to the glad heart, "be silent." That men would sing when happy, and unburden their spirit when too deeply joyous for verbal utterance in the strains of music, he knew to arise from a law of their nature, wise and holy, and above and beyond his control. And could he successfully stop or dam up the fount of song, what a sad want and dreary void would he cause in this universe! Nature would indeed be stern and cold and unbeautiful, if spring had no birds or blossoms, summer no glorious skies and waving corn fields, and autumn no golden tints for fields and forests. Yet human society, wholly void of song, would present an aspect more solitary, and sad, and unlovely, than our sombre forests and fields during their death-sleep in winter. It would certainly present a different aspect from that which was intended by the beneficent Creator, who delights in His creatures' joy, and who has made a kind and wise provision for its expression. Those who would make our joyous Christianity a gloomy religion, might attempt such an unnatural distortion; but St. Columba never could. Men with whom godliness and gloom, sanctity and silence, holiness and austerity are one and the same, might think the change a good one, but how differently would the more joyous and brighter spirits, like those of David and of Paul, regard it! Take away the harp from David, and how changed the King of Israel appears! Remove his crown and sceptre, and still you have left him a companion to solace his solitude and calm his cares! Still he can cause the hills of Judah to resound the praises of his God, and find a joy even in uttering his sorrow! You may cast Paul into prison, but don't prevent him from singing his Psalms, and the gloom of the prison becomes lighted up with a more than earthly brightness! Strive to prevent the natural utterances of his heart, and you strive to accomplish what must prove a failure or result in an evil! Yet, while any of the springs of life cannot be stopped from flowing, their waters can be thrown into a new channel. St. Paul was zealous before his conversion, and so, also, after he became a Christian. The Spirit quenched not his zeal, but changed its current and directed its course, so that the persecutor became a preacher, and the most bitter enemy of Christ His bravest friend. John's must have been always a loving spirit, but grace caused that love to flow Christward, for the supernatural is always built upon the natural, and the work

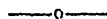
of God in grace always avails itself of the work of God in nature. And St. Columba did what all good and wise men would do under similar circumstances. He availed himself of the gift, and strove to consecrate it to the service of his God.

And, strange and instructive it often is, to observe how acts and events reappear and repeat themselves in human history—how the present is a modified past, as the future will also be a modified present. We often hear of something new, which, after all, is but something very old, coming up before us in new clothing. Almost all the modern phases of Infidelity, and the apparently new and startling discoveries of unbelievers, may be found in old, musty volumes, which few think of reading, and which have long been regarded as dead, and buried for ever. Many of our most popular writers and thinkers are indebted, for not a few of their wisest sayings and happiest thoughts, to writers who have been for centuries dead. Much that is highest and most beautiful in architecture, in painting and in poetry, has been handed down to us from a remote age, as the production of a time generally regarded as a season of darkness and semi-barbarism. Many of our best sermons and most satisfactory defences of the Faith may be found as far back as the days of the Christian Fathers, and the writings of Augustine and Chrysostom. The truth seems to be that the ages do not differ so much as is generally supposed. Genius, in all ages, is much the same, and must produce similar results. The grace of God is always the same, and, operating on the same principles of the human soul, must produce results not materially different. To illustrate this fact, and point out the wisdom of the missionary of Iona, we adopt a case which many of our readers may fully understand, and which may shew in a somewhat striking light, how two good men, thrown far apart in history, may be brought close to each other by deeds of piety and wisdom.

About a century ago, the first Celtic missionary landed on our shores, to preach the Gospel to his expatriated countrymen in the solitary backwoods of Pictou. About twelve centuries before that period, the first Celtic missionary of the cross landed on the Island of Iona, to preach the same Gospel to their ancestors in the lonely Hebrides. A century ago, the song of the woodman mingled with the ring of his axe, to wake the echoes of the forest. Twelve centuries earlier, the song of his forefathers mingled with the wild cry of the sea-birds, to wake the echoes of the gray cairns and lonely caves of the Western Islands. At both periods, the Celt loved his song; at neither period did he sing the songs of Zion. In the eighteenth century, the song was at least "of the earth earthy," while in the sixth, it certainly soared no higher. Both those missionaries were men of genius, who knew the power of song and could admire

its sweet numbers while they deplored its want of spiritual life and teaching. Both knew that it were vain and wicked to attempt to arrest its flow; both strove to make it flow in its proper channel, and not without success. To the works of genius, they added the words of grace. The wild harp was not hung idly upon the willow, but made to give forth the sweet songs of Christian life and Christian experience. Many a log cabin resounded with the praises of Redeeming Love, where, but a little before, they re-echoed the chaunting of a Bacchanalian Song, or the frivolous burden of a Love-ditty. In the sixth century, the homesteads of their ancestors were made vocal with the praises of warriors and the deeds of heroes, but St. Columba strove to represent Christ as the Chief of Heroes, "even He who trod the wine-press alone," and brought salvation and deliverance, while he also pointed out the heroic virtues of humility and forgiveness, shewing that "he who ruleth his own spirit is better than he who taketh a city." Both have left us, but their names and memory remain. Both handled the harp skilfully here, and gladdened many an anxious spirit with their melody, but they cast it aside for that golden harp, whose strings shall never become broken, but shall for ever give forth the sweetest sound.

S. M. G.



On the Reformation.

THERE are few events to which we are more indebted for benefits, sacred and civil, than the Protestant Reformation; and few epochs which we should more set up and date from, than its era;—for then was mediæval darkness swept away, and a bright day of truth ushered in which yet shines on Church and World. The Protestant may not soon forget that event, for it was the era of liberty and the charter of blessings; and even the Catholic has cause to acknowledge its service, while the Church-man of every name must bless God for it, as it gave him an open Bible and reformed Church, and right to worship God according to his conscience, none making him afraid. Hence are we glad to see that the subject is getting attention in the Christian Association in Halifax, and that a series of lectures is being devoted to its consideration.

But let us enquire why it should be called a Reformation, and how it was brought about, that we may be better able to appreciate its importance. We have had civil revolutions, but this was not one of them; political restorations, but this was a revival of the truth. "Where was your Church before Luther arose?" asks, in triumph, the Romanist. The question is similar to "Where was your face in the morning before it was washed?" It was there, but it was foul; it was there, but it was in sleep. So the Church was there,

but it was sunk in slumber and sadly begrimed; the truth was there, but it was obscured and buried; nay, the truth was in Churches long before the Reformation—in the Waldensian and in the Apostolic Church—but it was lost sight of, caricatured, and unproclaimed for centuries previous to the Reformation. In 1514, the highest ecclesiastical power gave forth that the whole world was subject to Rome. No doubt, in the worst times there were witnesses, and, in Rome itself, believers. In his interesting history, D'Aubigne tells us that the monk in his cloister and the nun in her convent recognized Jesus Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour—that the gospel, like leaven, had penetrated hearts in the cell—and that, even in the height of Rome's power and glory, Christ's hidden ones were there. This is cheering, and shows us, that, in every Church and age, God has his little flock; yet that abates not from the statement that darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people, insomuch so that the way of salvation and holiness was lost sight of. The momentous question of a sinner's justification was shrouded or unknown, and the subject of a Saviour's merits was made merchandize of. When Tetzel, the Pope's delegate, went about with his iron chest, selling, for money, pardons, he offered, without scruple, to redeem a soul from purgatory that had been guilty of committing the grossest vices; and when Luther, in his enthusiasm, went to Rome, he found, where he had hoped was a paradise, a page of unclean birds. Both in morals and doctrine, the Church was then corrupt. I can compare the Church then to nothing but the pernicious nightshade that infects the very atmosphere, and men and beasts die from its influence. Such was Popery; killing where it conquered, and enslaving mind and nations. But the Reformation was like the Banyan tree of India, whose roots are so many, and whose shelter is so great; healthful is its influence, and beneficent its shade; its shelter it has extended even to us, and cast its covering over our land, so that we sit under our vine and fig tree worshipping and enjoying what our ancestors, three centuries ago, possessed not. And shall we be ungrateful for the arbour, or ascribe to another that which is due to it? Nay, let our right hand forget its cunning, if we do ought to make its shelter less, or decline in gratitude for its refuge! But that tree to which I have likened the Reformation had a tap-root, or principal one, which sustained all the others. So, too, has the Reformation, namely, *Justification by Faith*. Around that, cluster the other roots, and from it grow the fruits of Christianity. Destroy that root, and not one of the others will be able to keep the tree alive; wound it, and you have inflicted a deadly blow that cannot be healed; expose or neglect it, and you leave the good old tree to die. In other words, Justification by Faith

was the capital doctrine of the Reformation, the pillar of the restored Church, the root from which grew its Articles and its fruits, the aalt which preserves and gives season to its doctrines and worship. Now, that doctrine was reascitated by the Reformation. It was dug out of the Bible, cleaned and burished, and set in the Church to glitter as a jewel, or, as the Koh-i-noor, to give light to all that are in the house. And we call that event, which restored these and kindred precious truths, a reformation, and not an eruption, as the Romanists would represent it, for the obvious reason that it was the clearing away of the rubbish and the re-modelling of the building—the removing of the scaffolding and setting up of the new temple. It was not a mere modification or a slight alteration, but a renovation of Apostolic doctrine and discipline. Instead of the old building whose reformation its masters were unable to effect, came forth the new edifice, built upon the foundation of the Word of God, Christ crucified being the corner-stone, and the top-stones laid with shoutings of “by grace saved.”

Thus is there a complete alienation between the two Churches—a separation, but not a sinful schism—a parting on the ground of fundamental and incurable error. Had less than a separation done, inward reform would have sufficed; but Luther found this impossible. No half-way house and no compromise betwixt the claims of tradition and the papacy, on the one hand, and conscience and the Word of God, on the other. Therefore, he and his coadjutors protested. Since that date, A. D. 1530, to this, the two Churches have been most opposite, and, like men that have parted at cross roads, each has chosen its own path. The Reformed has never thought of returning, and the Church of Rome glories in being unchangeable. As well might the iron and the clay of Daniel's vision coalesce, as the error and truth of the two Churches amalgamate. Mixture there cannot be. Independently of the fundamental subject of Justification by Faith, there are invocation of the Virgin, purgatory, obedience to the Roman Pontiff, and prohibition of reading of the scriptures,—all excluding the Church of Rome from communion with Protestants. And there are, on the part of the latter, protests against the “Man of Sin,” as our Confession styles the head of that Church; and a denunciation of the system as anti-christian which repels its advances. If so, union is impracticable, if not undesirable. One or other must cast off its allegiance, and throw out the scriptures—the real bone of contention—ere any approximation can take place. And whether is to do that? We look for a very different issue of the Great Apostacy from that propounded by a Halifax paper when giving its critique upon an essay delivered in that city lately, viz.: “the union of the two diverse creeds, which the lecturer predicted as likely eventually to take place.”

How differently speaks St. Paul! (ii. Thess. 11, 8.) "And then shall that wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming." See also Daniel vii. 26, 26, and Revelations xviii. and xix. If so, let no latitudinarianism seduce us into the idea of a union between the two diverse creeds, for such intermarriage is unlawful. What God and things have so widely separated, let no one ever think of uniting.

—ii. Cor. vi. 14.

A. W. H.

Pictou, 16th Dec., 1863.

Sacred Music.

BY THE REV. ROBERT POLLOK, KINGSTON,
GLASGOW.

IN relation to this important subject there may be said to exist two classes of persons. The one class are those who have made music their study as an art and a science, and the other are a very large class who have given it little more attention than merely to listen to its sweet sounds, or to hum over the untutored strains of their natural ears. It is of great importance that they should be convinced of one great and indisputable truth—that physical power, however strong and unvaried in its movements, can properly accomplish its end only when under the control of knowledge, and that it is in this combination that knowledge becomes power. This truth is verified daily in all our mechanical pursuits, in our various innocent amusements, and in the results of science and art; and in none is it more apparent than in the scientific performance of a skilful and experienced musician, compared with that of a person who follows the lawless vagaries of an uninformed and untaught ear. I do not depreciate the importance of an acute discriminating ear for both good time and tune, and a flexible and comprehensive voice for easy and efficient execution; but how much superior are these under the control of knowledge and experience; and in addressing this class of readers, I must deal with a difficulty, for I am at times constrained to use terms with which they are not familiar, even though I am making every effort to avoid terms peculiar to the science, that I may as far as possible be understood by all; for my wish is to persuade every one to examine the subject for himself, and take his proper place in society in this advancing age. The subject on which I am entering is the proper adaption of music to the matter of praise, which can be done only under the guidance of a correct knowledge of the major and minor modes, and by a judicious selection of appropriate tunes from these two orders of tunes, and it requires both sound judgment and correct science to make a proper adaptation, and a mistake here is a very great error and most fatal by perverting the true design

of psalmody. This portion of my letter should, therefore, be particularly addressed to preceptors, for they are most closely connected with it; but it is a matter about which all others may form a sound judgment, as the effect of proper adaptation is most palpable and obvious, and the importance of this matter demands that it be well understood by all, and minutely and extensively brought out. And let it be carefully noted that the brisk and plaintive modes are not a conventional or scientific invention; they have their origin and their immutable fixture in nature—they spring from the sympathy of the human heart, and it is the business of science to discover and explain the law from which nature cannot and never does deviate, and all that I purpose in this letter is to prepare the minds of ordinary readers to understand and appreciate the value of proper adaptation. There is not a greater error than the supposition that music is a mere invention of science, confined to a gifted class of persons, and enjoyed only by cultivated nations. Music is an attribute of human nature, it is a universal language which addresses itself to all men, and the more it is cultivated according to the dictates of unbiassed nature, it becomes the more simple and expressive. Proper pitch, time and tune, accent and rhythm, are not the creations of science; they have their native and unchangeable foundation in nature. Science has done much by giving music a visible form, and the construction of a written language which addresses the whole human race, and makes the productions of one nation accessible to another; and no language on the face of the whole earth is so extensive and powerful. It oversteps the barriers fixed by the curse of unknown tongues, and it addresses and entrances the hearts of all men and inferior animals in every climate under the sun. It is a peculiar language, more minute and tender, more powerful and comprehensive, more delightful and entrancing than any other known to the human race, more than the whole numerous family of ancient Aryan tongues now and forever silent, more than the singular mystic hieroglyphs of scientific Egypt, than the Sanscrit so blindly venerated for centuries by the Brahminism of Hindostan with all its eastern progeny, than all the isolated and multitudinous vocables which exclude the millions of China and Japan from intercourse with other nations, or than the sonorous gutturals, with their gruff, forbidding baritones, which proclaim the barbarity of the rude tribes of the north. In a word, music is a language not formed by dire necessity and human convention, but framed by the infinite wisdom and unerring power of our Great Creator. It is the pure offspring of heaven, and its influence is divine; for the attendants of pure and unaffected music are wisdom and kindness, love and hospitality, purity and good will among all men, and profound veneration, ceaseless gratitude, heart-

felt ecstacy, and sincere veneration among saints and angels. Its native and simple attributes express, therefore, the language of the universe and of heaven; its all-pervading power melts, elevates, and entrances the whole rational creation, and on this immovable foundation, science has during successive ages raised a singular configuration, which makes its magical productions accessible to all nations and to every class of men. Music is like the simple and independent language which speaks in forms, in diagrams, and in figures, to all men, to children and full-grown men, to peasants and philosophers. It imparts to all nations, without any regard to language, customs or manners, rusticity or refinement, its memoric charms by means the most simple and easy, and its electric and tremulous effects on the human heart are unlimited. We find, therefore, that many popular airs, the productions of the great masters, possess so much beauty and adaptation to the condition of all men that they are sung and played with the greatest enthusiasm by the bond and the free, the saint and the savage, in both sides of the globe. As in common music, the "Hunter's Chorus," "Old Towler," "Copenhagen Waltz," and the like, so in sacred music, the "Vesper Hymn," Haydn's "Creation," or Handel's "Messiah," and the like, touch directly the common tender musical cords which vibrate in every heart throughout Great Britain and Ireland, Europe and America, Asia and Australia. These generalising reflections on the universality of music, viewed as a language, may carry our thoughts over the vast inconceivable regions of diversified material creation, or beyond their limits to creation invisible to mortal eye; and do we say too much if we assert that music is the most expressive language of those mysterious and spiritual empires whose thrones, principalities, and powers govern myriads of myriads who love and obey, adore and praise infinite wisdom, boundless benevolence, and spotless glory? Professor Hitchcocke says, "The creation is one vast sounding gallery; the word which is going out of my mouth causes a pulsation in the air, and these, though invisible to human eyes, expand in every direction until they have passed through the whole globe and produced a change in the whole atmosphere;" and Professor Babbage says, "The air is one vast library on whose pages are for ever written all that man has said or woman has whispered. Not a word has escaped from mortal lips, whether for the defence of virtue or the perversion of truth; not a cry of agony has ever been uttered by the oppressed, nor a mandate of cruelty by the oppressor; not a false and flattering word by the deceiver, but is registered indelibly upon the atmosphere which we breathe." So say these great philosophers, and who can gainsay it? And let it be admitted that the universe is one great sounding gallery, and that, notwith-

standing some discordant notes, the prevailing sounds are sweet, orderly, and harmonious, then what a sublime and comprehensive art is music. Music is language which may be either cheerful or lugubrious, and the same law extends to common speech. Its terms may express adversity and poverty, deep sorrow and great consternation, lawless anarchy and brutal cruelty, shocking bloodshed and appalling massacres; and if such terms be used in depicting sombre scenes of suffering, they must be uttered with suitable intonation; tender feeling, melting compassion, and plaintive eloquence in the minor mode—word and feeling, passion and features, action and attitude, must all agree; but otherwise if the terms depict great prosperity and abounding wealth, real happiness in this life and endless immortality, they must be expressed in the brisk, lively tones of the major mode—feeling, passion, features, action and attitude must all correspond. The major and minor modes are, therefore, alike common to speaking and music. They differ only in compass; speaking uses the upward and downward slides, by 5ths, 3ds, 2ds, and half-tones, and these modes are as perceptible to a good skilful ear in speaking as in singing. While the sense of sight addresses the understanding and the fancy, hearing has a direct and most powerful influence over the heart and affections. Whether the brisk or plaintive mode be used, they excite corresponding feelings in the bosom of every auditor, and thus diffuse mutual sympathy between man and man. The poor ill-fed mendicant, whose emaciated and shivering frame is penetrated by the acute and piercing cold, the cravings of whose irregular and unappeased appetite are seldom fully met, and who never knows the elevating joys and the inexpressible comforts of domestic happiness, soon learns from dear-bought experience that nature has an appropriate language of her own, and stern necessity teaches him to employ the plaintive tones of woe in order to excite and command the sympathy of others; and persevering with the incessant and tender intonations of the plaintive mood, he finds that he has more power over the hearts of men by its weeping strains than the use of formal polite words.

"These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened
years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears."

Only observe a little street beggar boy playing in the brisk merry mode with his vociferous and ragged companions, until he observe the approach of some fully-expanded, majestic and shining citizen, or some ghostly reverend father of the Church, whose white linens bespeak the charity of a feeling heart,—then all at once he changes to the plaintive mode, and sending forth the deepest plaintive tones, he plies them continuously along the pathway with quivering lip and melting voice, as if he

were suffering the pangs of perfect starvation, so that the stoutest heart melts and the most grasping hand is opened. In all this you may see the first germ of the musical modes and their close relation to the versatility of common language, and how acutely the human ear is constructed for the discrimination of different sounds, so that a succession of one order produces the most exquisite pleasure, and a succession of them in another order produces the greatest uneasiness, if not positive pain. The perfect adaptation of music to the subject is, therefore, very evident; for nothing is so essential to the proper effect of music. How much was Burns indebted to Mr. Thomson, who, by his sound judgment, poetic learning, extensive information, and musical lore, was in his own place as essential as the bard in acquiring the popularity and immortality which have been so justly assigned to Burns. The sweet and natural strains of Tannahill owe very much to the most appropriate and original music assigned to them by the distinguished R. A. Smith. There is, however, this difference between common and sacred song—the matter and music in the former is a fixture made with skill and great care once for all, but in the latter the preceptor must daily select and adapt his tunes to the matter and measure of the appointed psalms with musical skill, sound judgment, and good taste. The whole of this letter would exceed due limits, were I to finish the latter half of it; I shall, therefore, resume it in my next communication. I have in the preceding part addressed chiefly one class of your readers, and I have intentionally avoided scientific terms by not assigning musical reasons for the peculiarity of the modes. As golfers and cricketers may be divided into the agile and non-agile, the clumsy and stiff, and the supple and active, so the human race may be divided into three classes in relation to music. First, a small class of non-descriptors who want the essential attributes of human nature, and dwell either in the confines of musical nonentity, or within its gloomy region; I mean those who have no musical ears. In the opposite extreme there is a second very large class, many of whom have youth and vigor, good ears and voices for correct time and tune, but they know nothing of music as a science; they have more extensive attainments than the feathered songsters of the sylvan groves, but they have made their acquisitions in the same way, and their melody, though sweet, is sometimes as artless and wild. And there is a third class, who possess all their natural gifts in a state of high perfection, with the advantage of scientific cultivation, and I purpose to address those in my next letter.

—o—

THE easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good, large heart in it; it saves the cost of gymnastics.

THE greatest hero is not he who subdues nations, but he who conquers himself.

Forty Years Ago.

Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia.

THIS, it will be readily admitted, is a very solemn and important subject of inquiry in every country, and among the members of every society. It requires a considerable amount of information, and much local knowledge, to narrate the events occurring thirty or forty years ago, in our nearest neighborhood. We all know many of the events which have been passing around us for the last few years, but in this enlightened age, and in the midst of a very stirring and fluctuating population, it demands no small strength of mind and vigor of memory to recall, without very ample materials, the exact state of society and its varied interests twenty, thirty or forty years ago. And yet this, though confessedly difficult, is both a delightful and profitable exercise. It revives many pleasing scenes, renews our acquaintance with many excellent persons who have long since passed into the world of spirits, and furnishes many subjects for serious meditation and improvement. There were, it is well known, thirty, forty, and fifty years ago, not a few as enlightened citizens in Halifax and Nova Scotia, as able and upright merchants, as generous and liberal friends, and as pious and devoted christians, both men and women, as are to be found among us at the present day. Although they have long since left our world, and a new, a second, and third generation is springing up among us, yet we delight to cherish their excellent characters, recall their good deeds to memory, and to encourage their posterity to imitate their noble and praiseworthy example. There is much to be learned from the past. Besides the marvellous events and glorious achievements recorded in history, every aged man and woman in this community can recollect many family occurrences, and delightful interviews and conversations, which ought to be held in lasting remembrance. Volumes might be written on this subject. Some of our best and worthiest characters, whose names may be soon forgotten, might receive justice at our hands, and the wisdom and experience of past ages be preserved and transmitted to coming generations. The missionaries of the Protestant churches in Europe, in Africa, and India, have been highly recommended for their piety and zeal, and for their self-denying exertions. Our missionaries, in Nova Scotia and other parts of America, for such they truly and worthily were, who laboured by night and by day in their master's cause, often with very small recompense or reward from their people, have been overlooked and forgotten. Well do I know those who bare the burden and heat of the day, thirty and forty years ago in Nova Scotia, most of whom have long since given account of their stewardship. They were almost all of them excellent ministers, and laid the

oundation of many flourishing congregations throughout the Province. Their names are preserved in our old provincial almanacks, but their good deeds and unwearied labours will never be fully known or appreciated even by the most grateful posterity. Forty years ago, the Church of Scotland formed a small handful compared with its present number: aged Dr. Gray, laid aside by indisposition, and Mr. Martin in Halifax, and the Rev. Donald A. Fraser and Mr. McLeod in Pictou. In looking over a fyle of papers a short time since, I found among a number of other important documents, the following address, which may be new to many of your readers, but which still possesses an interest among surviving relatives and friends. When the Rev. Mr. Knox, pastor of St. Matthew's Church, returned from Nova Scotia to Scotland, in May or June 1823, the congregation, being left without the public ordinance of religion, applied through their trustees to the congregation and minister of St. Andrew's Church for assistance. Their application was readily and cheerfully received, and Mr. Martin, with the full and cordial consent of his people, agreed to preach once a day in St. Matthew's Church, alternately, with his own congregation, until another minister should arrive. This was the peculiar situation of ecclesiastical affairs in Halifax, from June to December 1823, there being only one Presbyterian clergyman officiating in this city, Dr. Gray having been laid aside by indisposition, and Mr. Robson having retired from the ministry. It was on that occasion, and under these circumstances, that the address now alluded to, and which is here inserted, was presented to Mr. Martin by the trustees of St. Matthew's Church, who were all respected citizens of Halifax in their day. Their descendants, many of whom are still living amongst us, will read, we should think, with interest, that address, and your correspondent can never forget the occurrence and the brotherly kindness of the office-bearers of St. Matthew's, while life is prolonged, and gratitude is cherished in the heart.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, }
10th Dec. 1823. }

Dear Sir:

We beg leave, in the name of the congregation of St. Matthew's, to return you our sincere and grateful thanks for the prompt and handsome manner in which you met their application for assistance, when, by the continued indisposition of Dr. Gray, and the departure of Mr. Knox, they were deprived of their pastoral services. The arrival of Rev. Mr. Rennie, as an assistant to Dr. Gray, now enables them to relieve you from the arduous duty you so readily undertook, and so zealously and ably performed, and the congregation request you will gratify them by the acceptance of the sum of Forty Pounds currency as a testimony of their christian fel-

lowship and of their respect and esteem. With best wishes for your temporal and eternal happiness.

We are, Rev. Sir,

Your obliged and faithful servants,

(Signed) JAMES FULLERTON,
G. N. RUSSELL,
WM. FORSTH,
PATRICK ROSS,
ALEX. McDOUGALL,
JOSEPH ALLISON,
JAMES CRUICKSHANK,
Committee of Management.

To the REV. JOHN MARTIN,
of St. Andrew's Church,
Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Popular Superstitions and Popular Delusions.

MAN, made up, as he is, of two natures, if we may so speak—a material body and an immaterial spirit—surrounded, on the one hand, by the outside material world, of which his own body forms a part; and, on the other hand, by immaterial realities with which we believe his own spirit has more or less sympathies;—we need not wonder although his day dreams, as well as night dreams, should partake largely of the supernatural and marvellous. And thus it is, we think, that in all ages, in all countries, and in every condition of life, the popular mind is so deeply tinctured with supernatural and grotesque illusions. Magic, Astrology, Auguries, Divinations,—although dignified by ancient superstition with the name of Sciences,—were but the different phases in which this universal propensity to the supernatural showed itself; and we may look back with pity on the dark ages in which these occult sciences occupied so much attention. Yet, we are well assured that more revolting and far grosser superstitions than these, prevail in the nineteenth century, notwithstanding our Christianity and our boasted enlightenment. The prevailing belief in Witchcraft, Spiritualism, Pseudo-Miracles, Fortune-telling, Omens, and such like phantasms, prove it beyond questioning.

We are in the habit of charging our Roman Catholic forefathers with handing these superstitious notions down to us. It is not so. These notions are much older than Catholicism itself. We believe they are as old as man, and may, perhaps, be the *shadows* of what man may have been familiar with before the "Fall," or what he may be hereafter familiar with.

No doubt, the Catholic church never scrupled to avail herself of these popular delusions, or to turn them to good account, as "helps to devotion." For this purpose she has filled her calendar with an endless number of imaginary saints, and piled heaps of

ralics and "dead mens' bones" upon her altars, gathered, by pious hands, from every corner of the earth,—for each and all of which she exacts the veneration of the faithful. Any delusion, however preposterous in itself, has been, and still is, the policy of that church to encourage, provided it promises to extend her influence. A curious instance of this sort, which has recently occurred, is worth relating, inasmuch as it proves two things: First, that the traditional policy of the Catholic church, in these matters, has undergone no change; and, in the second place, that such is the proneness of man to be imposed upon by the illusive and miraculous, that he will rather disbelieve the evidences of his own senses than part with the delusion.

Some time about the year 1850, two children, a boy and a girl, were tending their father's cattle on the top of the mountain La Sallette, in the diocese of Grenoble in France. One day, a lady, gorgeously dressed, appeared to them, and announced herself to be the *Virgin Mary*, come from heaven to threaten terrible calamities on the people of the surrounding country for the coldness and indifference of their devotions to her. The children were greatly frightened, and told all they had seen to their parents on their return. The story of the apparition spread, and excited immense sensation far and near. It came to the ears of the priests, and the children were immediately removed to a convent. There they were put under proper training until the story acquired orthodox shape and consistency. The result was, that, the next year, on the anniversary of the apparition, from forty to fifty thousand of the people, headed by a number of priests, ascended the mountain to offer their devotions to the Lady of *La Sallette*. It seems that miraculous virtue had been communicated by the lady to a small spring of pure water which gushes out of the mountain, the water of which is sold to the faithful as a sovereign cure for all diseases. It is said that the sale of the water yields a yearly revenue of over a thousand pounds sterling to the church.

We owe the exposure of this preposterous imposture to the industry and honesty of some Catholic priests of that place. The Abbe Deleon, with some other priests, felt that the credit of their church, and the interests of true religion, alike demanded a thorough searching into the alleged facts. With this view, he gat hold of the two children to whom the apparition was said to have appeared, and, after strict investigation of all the circumstances, the imposture was publicly exposed. The "*Virgin Mary*" turned out to be a certain *Madam Lameilievre*, a woman once a lady of fashion, but who became crazed, and was, a few days before her appearance on the mountain, turned out of a convent for some irregularities. Upon this exposure, *Madam*, by the instigation of the priests, brought an action for defamation against the

Abbe. The whole matter was fully investigated before the Court, and *Madam* was nonsuited. An appeal was taken in her behalf, and the whole case was again investigated before the Imperial Court of Grenoble, and the Lady of *La Sallette* was again mulcted in the costs.

Strange, however, to say—notwithstanding this public exposure—the visitors to the shrine on the mountain are as numerous as ever, and devoted as ever, nor is her service confined to Grenoble or to France. It has been introduced into England. Here is the recommendation of Ullathorne, the Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, to a Manual for the service of that imposture, written by one of the priests in 1857:—"I have read the book entitled '*The Manual of the Confraternity of La Sallette*,' and find nothing in it contrary to faith and good morals. On the contrary, I consider it calculated to promote piety and devotion, especially to the Mother of God."

Let it not be supposed, however, that such gross delusions as these are confined to Roman Catholics. It is not so. They are rampant, only in a different phase, among Presbyterians, especially in the Highlands of Scotland. We have now before us a book recently published by a popular Gaelic minister, the Rev. John Kennedy of *Kilcarnna*, entitled, "*The days of the Fathers in Ross-shire*"—a book containing many things which require no ordinary strain on our faith to believe. Mr. Kennedy affirms that many of the "*Ross-shire Fathers*" "lived so near to God, and had so much of His mind, that the spirit of prophecy was conferred upon them, and they could predict future events." Of a certain crazed woman, "*Foolish Mary*" (*Maigh Ghoraich*), he speaks in this fashion:—"Of all I ever knew, she seemed to enjoy the greatest nearness to God in prayer. The whole case of one whom she carried on her spirit to the throne of grace, seemed to be uncovered before her. She could follow him with the choicest sympathies in his cares and sorrows during his whole course of life, without no information regarding him, but such as was given her in her intercourse with God. Again:—"Coming to me once" (*Maigh Ghoraich*) "with an anxious expression of face, she asked if there was a minister in a certain district, which she could only indicate by telling 'it was not far from a place of which she knew the name.' I told her then was; 'Why do you ask?' 'I saw him yesterday,' she replied, 'fixing a wing to each of his sides, and rising upon these wings into the air till he was very high; and suddenly he fell, and was dashed to pieces on the ground.' And she added: 'I think if there is such a minister, that he has but a borrowed godliness, and that his end is near.' There was just such a minister, and his end was near, for, before a week had passed, I received the tidings of his death." We, ourselves, could almost venture the prophecy that the

hapless minister with the awkward "wings" and "borrowed godliness" was not a Free Church minister.

Mr. Kennedy does not say the gift of prophecy was conferred upon himself, but avers it was upon his fathers; and a curious enough evidence he adduces:—"The church of *Kilburnan*, until a few years of my father's death, was almost as bad as could be. Built in the form of a cross, with the pulpit in one of the angles,—its barnlike roof unceiled, its windows broken, its doors all crazy, its seats ill arranged, and pervaded by a dim uncertain light,—it was a dingy, dismal looking place within. But all applications for a new church, or sufficient repairs for the old, were refused by the heritors. *Tradesmen* were found to declare that the church was perfectly safe; and whether it was comfortable or not, the heritors did not care, as they never sat in it themselves." "Strange to say, the heritor who chiefly opposed the application for the new church, lost, soon after, by fire, much more than his share of the expenses of erecting it; the carpenter who declared the church to be good and sufficient, was killed while going to purchase the wood required for the trifling repairs that were granted; and the lawyer who represented the heritors at the Presbytery when the application for the new church was refused, was unable, ever thereafter, to transact any business." "These are facts, and no comment on them is added; but there were some that regarded them as the echo from Providence—'Touch not mine anointed, and to my prophets do no harm.'"

Neither do we comment upon them, further than observing, that, admitting the facts to be true (and that is admitting a great deal), if we are required to interpret inflictions such as these into a summary punishment on *wicked men* for special crimes, it is difficult to explain why *good men* should be at all subjected to painful visitations; and Mr. Kennedy has left us in total darkness with respect to this mystery, although, by his own showing, some of the "Fathers in Ross-shire" were overtaken with grievous and terrible calamities.

Of the late Rev. Lauchlin McKenzie, minister of Lochcarron, Mr. Kennedy writes:—"Never did a sudden death occur in the parish during his ministrations without some intimation being given from the pulpit the previous Sabbath; and sometimes the warning would be so strikingly verified, that it was no wonder he was regarded as a prophet by his people."

We have seen Mr. Lauchlin McKenzie, and heard him preach. He was the minister of the adjoining parish to that wherein we were born, and, consequently, we heard a good deal in our boyhood about him. No doubt, he was a pious man, and was, in his day, the most popular preacher in the North Highland. In his warnings, Mr. Lauchlin abounded in general predictions, and if an

accident happened, the people would readily interpret it as applying to the prediction, and some in reality believed their minister gifted with powers above human. We are assured that, during his prime, Mr. Lauchlin never encouraged such a belief in his people; on the contrary, we know that he sternly rebuked it. But he inherited a fatal disease from his forefathers, and it is quite possible that, in his latter days, when his mind was laboring under incipient insanity, he may have encouraged such a belief. Mr. Lauchlin McKenzie was a confirmed lunatic before his death. He had a sister who was a raving maniac, some incidents in whose life the curious reader may see in Hugh Miller's "My Schools and Schoolmasters." It would not answer Mr. Kennedy's purpose to allow these pseudo prophecies and predictions to die out and be forgotten. Read the following:—"Mr. Lauchlin was, on another day, bearing testimony against dishonest dealing, assuring his hearers that, sooner or later, the Lord would punish all who held the balances of deceit. As an example of how the Lord sometimes, even in this life, gives proof of his marking the sin of dishonesty, he repeated an anecdote which was current at the time. A woman, who had been engaged in selling milk with which she had always mixed a third of water, and who had made some money by her traffic, was going, with her gains, to America. During the voyage, she kept her treasure in a bag, which was always under her pillow. There was a monkey on board the ship that was allowed to go at large, and that, in the course of its wanderings, came to the milk-woman's hammock, in rummaging which, it found the bag of gold. Carrying it off, the monkey mounted the rigging, and, setting itself aloft upon a spar, opened the bag, and began to pitch out the coins. The first it threw out into the sea; and the second and third it dropped on the deck, and so on, until a third of all the contents of the bag was sunk into the ocean,—the owner of the bag being allowed to gather off the rest, just what she had fairly earned for her milk." "One of Mr. Lauchlin's hearers remembered, while listening to this anecdote, that he had in his trunk at home a bundle of bank notes, which he had got by the sale of diluted whisky. Feeling very uneasy, he hurried home after sermon. It was dark before he arrived; and, kindling a pine torch, he hastened to the place where he kept his money. Holding the torch with one hand, while he turned over the notes with the other, a flaming ember fell right into the midst of his treasure, and before the man, bewildered as he was, could rescue them, as many of the notes were consumed as exactly represented the extent to which he had diluted the whiskey." We have heard various editions of the story of the monkey and money bag, but never before did we hear of that foul creature being made to represent Deity! Mr. Kennedy must admit

one of two things—either that the anecdote is a lie from first to last, or else, that the monkey was then under inspiration of the Holy Spirit; for he makes it to act a part which belongs alone to Omniscience. As for the last story, it is obviously a pure invention. Ye tectotallers! hide your faces for very shame. Here is the interposition of an astounding miracle to save the honest earnings of the whisky distiller and whisky seller! The sin of the thing, you see, consists in mixing the pure *Usquebaugh* with too much water!

We would now ask, which of the two sets are most within the bounds of credibility—the miracles of *La Sallette*, or those of Mr. Kennedy's book? There is a classic grandeur in the Romish legend—the Virgin Mary appearing on the summit of an Alpine mountain, and communicating healing virtues to the pure waters of a spring—that commands our respect, although we know it to be an imposture; while the miracles of the Free minister of *Killearnan* are stale, vulgar and puerile.

Mr. Kennedy complaisantly enough affirms "that the *improbability* of such things as these" (the Ross-shire prophecies and miracles) "to the minds of some, is owing to their own utter estrangement from the Lord." It may be so; but if *all* the visions and prophecies uttered by the "Fathers" were like most of those related in his book, there is no difficulty in discerning that their inspiration was not always drawn from *above*.

J. MCKAY.

The Dying Year.*

WATCHING through the dreary silence
Of the bleak December night;
Gazing vaguely at the embers
Flickering out their dying light;
As we mused on past and present—
On the distant and the near,
Till the old clock struck the death-watch
Of the slowly dying year;

Moaning by the door and casement
Swept a hollow wintry blast,
Piping, through the sullen darkness,
That another year had past.
"Hark!" said Harry, "'tis the spirit
Of the good old year that's dead,
And methinks I've caught the meaning
Of the passing words it said:—

"I was born in storm and tempest,
Passed through youth in ice and snow,
Till I gained my strength and manhood
In the Summer's genial glow:
And my birth the nations welcomed,
O'er my youth their joy ran high,
But, when weak with age and labor,
They rejoice to see me die.

"Still I brought them many blessings—
Brought the verdure to the tree
Decked, in smiling Summer glory,
All the woodland and the lea;
All their Autumn fruits I mellowed—
Ripened all their yellow corn,
Still, my favours are forgotten,
And I die beneath their scorn.

"I have lived in every nation,
Breathed on every hill and plain,
Brought to every clime its blessing,
Gave to every man his gain,
Yet I brought them passing sorrows
As my changing hours flew by,
And each sorrow is remembered,
But my favours with me die.

"I have heard, through merry England,
Children crying for their bread;
I have seen New England's daughters
Wailing by their warrior-dead;
Poland's best and bravest falling
By a ruthless tyrant's steel,
And a free-souled nation writhing
Underneath a Despot's heel.

"Yes! I witnessed many changes—
Saw the rosy cheek grow pale—
Saw the strong man droop and languish—
Heard the mourner's plaintive wail;
Saw the pallid cheek grow rosy,
And the weak and sickly, strong,
Till I heard the voice of gladness
Flowing in the tide of song.

"But I die; and joyous nations
Herald in another morn,
Singing, in a ringing chorus,
That another year is born.
Shouting to the worn and weary
That a better day is near,
And they chaunt the richer blessings
Of a new and happier year."

Sitting by the cheerful fire-glow,
Watching for the coming light,
Hopeful of a brighter morrow's
Dawning o'er life's troubled night,
Harry strives to catch an echo
From the year that's newly born,
Yet no voices break the stillness,
But in silence comes the morn.

Still, we know that many changes
Wait us in this glad new year;
But we wish to meet them bravely,
And by faith to conquer fear.
So we cling in closer friendship,
While we pray for greater might
Manfully to brave life's dangers,
Trusting God and doing right.

WEST BRANCH, 31st Dec., 1863. S. M. G.

Extract of a Letter from Rev. George Sprott, Kandy, Ceylon.*

TO THE EDITOR:

Dear Sir,—Having lately received a letter from a gentleman, a native of this province, and well known to our people as formerly one of our most able missionaries, I think an extract from it would be interesting to your readers. Moreover, there is a portion of the letter that refers to one of our mission schemes. It is singular that Ceylon should suggest itself to the Canadian Church, the

* This poetic contribution was intended for the January No., but did not reach us until the *Record* had been put to press.

Church at home, the Colombo Presbytery, and some here, much about the same time. I may only mention that I never corresponded with Mr. Spratt on the subject of a mission in Ceylon, but it has been a familiar idea to me for some years back. And it certainly surprised me, that, after having given expression to my views at the Synod, I should receive such an unexpected and impartial testimony as to the feasibility of such a mission, from one on the spot, of whose good sense and judgment, and zeal for the Church, I, and our people generally, entertain a high opinion. I need scarcely add that the publication of this extract is only intended to assist us in arriving at a proper decision in a most important matter, and commits no one to any opinion,—hardly even Mr. Spratt himself, as his letter was not intended for publication.

ALLAN POLLOK.

The Manse, Kandy, 29th Sept., 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

I altogether forget whether you owe me a letter, or I you; but I am moved to write you, having something to say about the mission you propose starting. I daresay I should write to Mr. McLean, my old friend; but then the navigation may be closed. But not to come to this point at once, I must tell you something about ourselves. We have been here now nearly six years, and have enjoyed many mercies. We have two little girls, who are a great source of pleasure to us, and are all pretty well. The Church in Ceylon is in a very different state from what it was when I arrived. In the Vaudian district I was alone, but there are now three other clergymen, who are well supported and doing well; and we have catechists labouring among the heathen. I have had a great deal to do with the operations and organizations necessary to bring about this state of things. Presbyterianism had been declining for sixty years; but the tide has, I hope, been fairly turned. My own congregation, particularly the European portion of it, is very fluctuating, and, as quite a number have left Kandy lately, it is scarcely as good as usual. But I hope it will be all right again soon. The people are very liberal, e. g.: our collection from this congregation for the Lancashire Fund was between £70 and £80 sterling; but, on account of climate, &c., they are not very good attenders of church. Once a day suffices most, and they are fond of a run to the cooler climate of the hills on Saturday afternoon.

And now about the mission. I wrote to Dr. Stevenson some months ago, recommending Ceylon and asking him to write to Nova Scotia, and I see that the Canada delegates pressed this field upon your attention. I don't think you should send a man to the South Pacific,—a solitary individual in a field which is being very fast filled up. Ceylon has most urgent claims on all Presbyterians.

In 1800, there were nearly 400,000 Singhaless Presbyterians, and there are none now except an old man here and there who remembers the Dutch times, and preserves the Dutch articles and prayers done into Singhaless.

There are lots of places here where a missionary could do a double work, among the Presbyterian, Dutch and mixed population, and the dense masses of heathenism around. There was a letter of mine published in the *Home Record* soon after coming here, which gives information about many of these places. The Church at home is going to take up one, and they expect Canada to assist. If you are not able to take up an independent place, I would recommend you to do what Canada was expected to do. But, if possible, it would be better to take up an independent place. I believe the obstacle is funds. A missionary in the low country, to which I chiefly allude, ought not to have less than £300; but I think a good deal could be collected here. However, if this be out of the question, in the first place join the Church at home in their's, and make a beginning here, and I feel confident that the result would justify the selection of Ceylon. Our jungle-clergymen get £100, of which £250 is paid by planters, and the balance by government. But this is the most expensive part of the Island.

Even if you do not employ a European at first, send your money to our Presbytery, who can make excellent use of it in employing Tamul catechists and Portuguese native labourers of various sorts, of whom the catechists get £36 a-year, and more according to ability. We want, very much, a number of men of this sort—a native agency. All other bodies have them here; and the native ministers, whether pure natives or mixed, get small salaries compared with Europeans, as they know how to live cheaply. It would be an immense thing for the Church here, if you would take up this field. I hope to hear from you about it soon, and also about Pictou. I often think of the good people of Nova Scotia, and would like very much to see them again. Remember me very kindly to Squire Fraser, Mr. McKay on the hill, also to Mr. Gordon and Mr. Costley; and to Mr. McLean when you write him. I only hear of Nova Scotia from Musquodoboit and from Halifax, with a few papers occasionally. We have generally had a few Nova Scotians here, and it is some still, such as Mortimer and Wilkins. It is an excellent country for a young man getting on in the world, but a very bad country for poor whites. From about 12 to 15 years is enough for a young man to make an independency of some hundreds a-year, if he has something to begin upon; but it is wretched for people who sink down—poor Europeans with families growing up in the country, and with no prospect of leaving. The children grow up weak, and, unless they are kept from acquiring the native language,

they are familiar with all that is vile from infancy. If a young man came to the colony with money, he may soon make a fortune.

Hoping to hear from you soon,
I am yours,
very sincerely,
GEO. W. SPROTT.

—o—
For the Monthly Record.

I take the liberty to send you a letter just received from a venerable correspondent, which cannot but be interesting to the readers of the *Record*. The facts and figures brought from the ends of this earth and from another age are suggestive, and the figures of speech appear to indicate that the writer keeps himself above the low water mark, in the flowing tide of evangelistic effort.

Yours truly,
DANIEL McCURDY.

Jan. 12, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR.—

I had a letter lately from the Rev. John Inglis, which gives me much information on the state of religion in the colonies of Australia and the islands of the Pacific. It is gratifying to hear that the Plant of Renown has taken deep root in those distant regions, and affords shade, shelter and fruit to many people. Baptists, Methodists, Churchmen and Presbyterians are all at work to promote the empire of the Gospel. Like different regiments, they have different facings on their garments, but they are kept together by the mysterious doctrines of the Cross, and allegiance to Prince Messiah. Presbyterians are the most influential body. They occupy the foreground on the battle field, and form the vanguard of the Redeemer's army. The Rev. Mr. Paton, missionary from Aneiteum, collected £5000 in Australia for missionary purposes. He is now in Scotland to get more men to be baptized for the dead, and to fill the place in the ranks of those who have fallen in battle. Mr. Paton wishes to get six more missionaries; and although he is the agent of the stern Covenanters, denominations are so nearly forgotten on missionary grounds, that he will cheerfully accept of ministers and students from the Secession, the Free Church or the Kirk. What a pleasing dream has come over the minds of the Old Cameronians! In olden times we were taught that the Kirk was Babylon—that her pulpits were stained with the blood of the martyrs, and that the prayers of her ministers went no higher than the starry heavens. But those hateful sentiments have been battled down, and shall never again pollute the waters of the sanctuary.

When Mr. Inglis returned to Aneiteum with 2000 copies of the New Testament, the natives shed tears of joy at seeing the Word

of God in their native tongue. They are delighted with the prospect of receiving three missionaries from Nova Scotia. They shall assist abler men in breaking up the rough ground, clearing out the stones and preparing the soil for the seeds of Paradise. John Goddie has earned an honest reputation by hard labours. Mr. Paton must be a man of great energy when he collected £5000 from the Colonies of Australia. John Inglis had a frame of iron and a soul of fire; and, for knowledge of languages, resembles the days of inspiration, more than the slow operations of ordinary men. He was born in Glencain, the parish of James Renwick; and his parents are buried close to Renwick's monument. He is full of the traditions of the martyrs in Nithdale and Clydesdale. His lady is a cousin of a minister's wife in Nova Scotia.

We hear that the Rev. George Spratt is doing a good work in Ceylon: but most weary of India. I would rather, for a living, dig clams by moonlight, than to be perpetually exposed to the rays of a burning sun, with musquitoes holding a town meeting on my chin, ready to rush down my throat, and snakes looking out of my boot-heads in the morning. I have known many ministers abroad late in life who all seemed anxious to return. There is no water so sweet to a Scotchman as that of his native stream. There is no shade so grateful as that of the tree of his native land. No perfumes are equal to those of the blooming heather. The trees whose gentle murmur pleased the ear shall cast their long shadows over our sleeping dust; and the flowers which regaled the senses shall adorn our graves.

—o—
THE CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA

Presbyterial Examination.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, NEW GLASGOW

THE Presbytery of Pictou met according to appointment, in St. Andrew's Church, New Glasgow, on Monday the 11th Jan., for the purpose of investigating the condition of the Church and congregation.

Divine service having been conducted by the Rev. Mr. Herdman, the Presbytery thereafter duly constituted, and the Moderator proceeded, in presence of the assembled congregation, to put the usual series of questions to the Minister, Elders and Trustees of the congregation. From the examination it appeared that the minister of St. Andrew (the Rev. Mr. Pollok), preaches twice, and not unfrequently, three times on Sabbath; holds regular Diets of Catechising and yeomanly visitation, conducts prayer meetings, preaches at stated times, at Sutherland's River, and also at the Albion Mines.

From the examination of the Elders, it appeared that they do regard it as part of their duty to watch over the moral conduct of

Individuals and families within their district, that they visit the afflicted and report cases of sickness to their minister, and that they take part in prayer-meetings and the management of the Sabbath Schools. The Session consists of eight members. Its meetings are held, sometimes on Sabbaths, and sometimes on other days; each meeting is opened and closed with prayer, and the proceedings carefully minuted. A Communicants' Roll-book and the usual Register of Baptisms and Marriages are also carefully kept. In St. Andrew's Church there is a Sabbath School, numbering 100 scholars and 12 teachers. The library contains 300 vols. Besides this, there are a number of promiscuous schools, which the children of the congregation attend. The communicants of the congregation number 120, and the daily attendance at Church between 600 and 800. During the last year, 30 children have been baptised. This congregation supports all the Schemes of the Church.

It further appeared, from the examination of the Trustees, that St. Andrew's is incorporated, and that the well-finished building can accommodate between 900 and 1000 worshippers. In addition to this, Church accommodation exists at the Albion Mines for about 600 persons, in a neat and comfortable Church recently erected in connection with the Kirk, and, at Sutherland's River, in a Church seated for about 300, in which this congregation has an interest. This congregation has paid for Stipends, Collections, Subscriptions to School-house and Mines Church, about £815 during last year.

The financial matters of the congregation were found satisfactory, so far as punctual payment of the amount promised was concerned. The Stipend is raised by voluntary subscription.

At the conclusion of the examination, the members of Presbytery expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the state of the congregation. There were two or three features of interest, which elicited special commendation. The general organization carried out under the able superintendence of the minister of St. Andrew's was very gratifying. The very neat and comfortable Church at Albion Mines, erected to meet the wants of a large section of his congregation, was regarded as a monument of his energy and zeal, and highly gratifying to the brethren assembled. His congregation also deserved much praise for the persistent manner in which it has supported the Lay Association—contributing largely to its funds, and so enabling the Presbytery to do a greater amount of good than it could otherwise accomplish.

These examinations shall be extended, by the Presbytery, to all the congregations within the bounds, when it is hoped that each congregation shall be found in an equally prosperous condition. Such meetings afford a very excellent opportunity for re-organizing the Lay Association in those congregations

which have not the machinery in operation, and it is hoped that congregations will avail themselves of this opportunity. The Presbytery resolved to meet in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, for a similar examination, on Monday the 18th Jan.

St. George's Church, River John.

"Owe no man anything," is an oft-neglected injunction of Holy Writ. It certainly indicates an unhealthy state of matters if any effort is spared to rid a church of the cumbersome debt of erection. Like a dead weight it hangs upon the shoulders of the managers, and prevents the efficient discharge of the congregation's duties in reference to the various Schemes of the Church. We are happy to say, however, that but very few of the office-bearers of the many comfortable sacred edifices in our connection need an application of the Apostle's advice; and we notice with great pleasure the exertions put forth by our River John friends to comply with it. The readers of the *Record* are aware that the congregation worshipping at this place is quite young and comparatively weak, yet it has always shown a spirit of determination which augurs good things for the future. Having resolved to obtain the services of a pastor, a neat little Church was at once erected, and, a few months ago, a call presented to Rev. Mr. McCunn, one of the newly arrived missionaries, which was accepted. His induction took place immediately, and we hope soon to hear of them doing the work of a regularly organized congregation of our Church. But a portion of the debt still remains to be paid off, which it is hoped the various efforts made for that end will soon accomplish. Besides the publication of a New Year's Address to Sabbath Scholars, written by the talented wife of Mr. McCunn,—an extract from which appeared in the last number of the *Record*.—a series of interesting lectures are in course of delivery. The first was given by Rev. Mr. McCunn on the evening of the 12th ult.; the second, by Rev. H. McKay, on the 19th; the third, by Rev. G. M. Grant, on the 26th; and the fourth will be given by Mr. McCunn on the 2nd inst.

Sabbath School Gathering.

FOR some years past, the Halifax Sabbath School Association in connection with the Church of Scotland have held an annual gathering of the scholars on New Year's morning. The last occasion, we learn, was by no means less interesting than its predecessors. A large number of the youth of the Church, as well as a sprinkling of adults, were present. In addition to the scholars of St. Matthew's and St. Andrew's Churches, there were those of the two district schools under the charge of the Association, situated respectively at Richmond and the North West Arm,—the whole numbering upwards of 350;

and forming a spectacle of lively interest. A couple of hours were spent very pleasantly, during which time several short addresses were delivered, and a number of pretty hymns sung. It is pleasing to know that all the schools are in an active and flourishing state, and—to say nothing of the manifest zeal of the large and efficient staff of teachers—one great cause of this may be attributed to the yearly assembling of the juveniles to join in a common festival.

Presentation to Rev. George Boyd.

ON New Year's morning, a number of gentlemen connected with St. Andrew's congregation, Halifax, waited upon their pastor, the Rev. George Boyd, and placed in his hands a purse containing \$160, as a slight token of their appreciation of his services amongst them. It must be gratifying to Mr. Boyd to receive this additional proof of his people's attachment,—while it also exhibits, on their part, a commendable forethought for the comfort of their spiritual guide. May he be long spared to the Church to build up her walls in that important part of the vineyard, and to lead his flock by the green pastures and still waters of the gospel!

Truro and Vicinity.

To the Editor of the Monthly Record:

THOUGH I may not be able to express myself so correctly as I would wish, I think a few lines in reference to the Church here may be acceptable to all who are interested in our Zion. Although in weakness, I may be allowed to manifest our thankfulness to the Mother Church for the affectionate care which she has shown for her children in the Colonies. Even this remote region has already reaped the benefit of her kindness in no small degree. For more than three years we had the privilege of the services of the Rev. G. W. Stewart, who laboured diligently and faithfully amongst us, giving us as much of his time as his other appointments allowed. We wish Mr. Stewart all success and prosperity in the settled sphere of duty on which he has now entered at Musquodoboit.

Our warmest thanks are due to the Rev. W. McKay of Salt Springs for the privileges we have been enjoying during the last seven months, in consequence of his successful mission to the mother country, and it cannot but be a matter of deep joy and thankfulness to himself to find how greatly his services are appreciated. We, here, who are connected with the Church in Truro, are few and scattered, but we are supplied once a month with the ministrations of a faithful and able minister of the Gospel—the Rev. Mr. Philip. His services, hitherto so satisfactory to all, will, we are confident, continue to be so. As an evidence of the fruit of his labours, I may state that our prospects are much better than

we had any reason to expect. We will do our best to secure the services of our worthy minister, and lighten, as much as possible, the present necessary burthen which is laid on the Colonial Committee. We have endeavored to express our sense of the genial kindness shown to us by the christians of other denominations with whom we live in fellowship and peace. Not a few have cheerfully contributed towards the support of our minister and sit with us in the sanctuary, mingling their prayers with ours.

We have organized a Sunday School in the North River, which is attended by from 50 to 60 children. Many of these, however, belong to other denominations, but the desire of instruction, and the absence, so far, of violent prejudices, bring those of different denominations together. The Rev. Mr. Philip has also organized a Sabbath School in the village of Truro, the numbers of which are, I believe, continuing to increase. A gentleman from New York, a stranger, having opened to hear him preach, ordered him to draw on him in New York to the extent of £6, and apply this sum in purchasing books for the Sabbath scholars. Thus a library has been begun which will prove of great advantage. I trust you will excuse me for taking up so much of your room.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

WILLIAM MCLEOD

North River, Onslow, Jan. 1864.

[Our esteemed correspondent,—who, we understand, is a son of the venerable christianist, who, in troublous times, rendered great services to the Church in this colony by his firm and temperate conduct, his earnest and enlightened teaching, and his exemplary christian walk and conversation,—may be considered upon a welcome to the pages of the Record whenever disposed to favor us with similar contributions.]

A Visit to Musquodoboit.

I WAS directed by the Presbytery to visit Musquodoboit in the beginning of December last, to stir up our good people there to contribute to the Dalhousie College Endowment Fund and the Home Mission, and to report upon the condition of the missionary and the people. I went by rail to Shubenacadie thence by waggon, driven well over bad roads by a big bumping lad, to Middle Musquodoboit. The maise of Tullachgorum being in hand, I instinctively made for it, as the ride made me think of dinner, and the hospitality of the manse to all of "the cloth" known far and wide over Nova Scotia. Though, as a rule, it is objectionable to all in print to the persons you meet in your travels, such rule applies only to nobodies who have never been before the public, and we are sensitive on the subject. It does not apply to public characters or celebrities;

of any man in Nova Scotia may be considered public property without the public having given him one shilling, it is the Rev. John Sprott. It was exceedingly pleasant to meet with a man of his sagacity and experience, especially as there are now so few of the old fathers left who first broke ground in this Province. And I would advise any of the brethren who may be wandering from home, and who desire abundant hospitality without any fuss made about it, set off with old stories, dry humour, and telling hits, to steer for the manse of Tullochgorum, even though it takes them a few miles out of their way. The manse is prettily situated on a rising ground above the river, with an avenue lined with young trees leading to it from the road. The trees were all planted by himself; in fact, I believe the whole farm was delved, ditched, and enclosed by his own hands. And just as well for him that he was able to do it; for I do not think that his old congregation gives him one farthing of retiring allowance. He is an instance—not, I am sorry to say, the only one I know—of the inherent curse of Voluntarism. His people had thought that they had pinched off the meat, and they wished even to throw away the bones. They were mistaken on one point, certainly; for there is still meat of finer quality than you would get off the bones of perhaps a whole Presbytery. “We want a change”—“something new”—is the cry of our modern Athenians in almost every congregation; and in this case, I believe, from all that I have heard from disinterested outsiders, the only reason is that the old minister was too honest and truthful—that he could not disguise his contempt for humbug and hypocrisy—that he would not stoop to dodges, and would not talk always as if eggs were under his feet. It is enough of this.—I arrived at the manse, and was introduced to its head, and soon found that he was abreast of the current literature of the day,—in this respect an example to many of the younger country ministers in Nova Scotia that I am afraid all of them will follow. He is now below the ordinary height, stout, but not corpulent. In his prime must have been a strong, firm-set, well-learned man. His countenance and bust still show no diminution of health and power. His voice is still round and firm, and his eye clear and penetrating. His manner in conversation is curt, but cherry; and every now and then there comes forth a quaint simile or a planted hit that reminds you of those characteristic saws of his which are household words in many parts of the Province. You can imagine how such a man would be apt to provoke enmity, especially among parishioners who would be patrons, and who, when brought inferior produce in payment of rent, received only an expressive nod, or a sarcasm that would cut like a knife and sting like a burr;—for he did not insist on being paid hard cash. He would take anything;

and queer things he did get: “hams and old harrows, buckwheat and broomsticks.”

But I had to leave the hospitable manse, after promising another visit, and proceed down the river four or five miles to the residence of our excellent missionary, the Rev. G. W. Stewart. The principal portion of his people are on an affluent of the Musquodoboit, called Little River. At this place he has a neat Church which is about free from debt, and a respectable congregation. He has organized a Kirk-Session, has 80 communicants, and, in the summer, a flourishing Sabbath School. He preaches at three other places besides Little River,—viz., at Antrim, which is eight miles nearer Halifax; at Upper Musquodoboit, twenty miles further up the river, where he has the use of Rev. Mr. Sedgwick's Church; and at the Dean Settlement, which is seven miles further up still. There is no Church erected for any denomination either at Antrim or Dean Settlement. On the evening of my arrival, I went with Mr. Stewart to his prayer meeting, which was well attended, and which I conducted—certainly with great pleasure to myself. On the Sabbath, I conducted service in Little River Church,—Mr. Stewart being absent at Upper Musquodoboit; and on the Monday evening, we met the people again, and explained to them the various Schemes of the Church, seeking to interest them particularly in the College Endowment Fund. On the following day I left for Truro.

I have here to express my warm gratitude for the kindness I received from all the Little River people that I fell in with. They are a young congregation, and have had their difficulties, as is usual with younglings; but I think that the heaviest of these are past, and that, with a very little more nursing, they will take their place on the list of our self-supporting congregations. They have energetic men among them, warmly attached to the Church, and capable of managing their affairs in a business-like way. I hope to see more of them; and if my visit tended in any way to quicken their zeal and minister to their piety, I will feel abundantly recompensed. I cannot speak too highly of the self-denying labours of their missionary.

I am not going to say one word about the scenery—the natural beauties of Musquodoboit. Everything had a wintry look: the roads chopped up into half-frozen mud, the fields russet and bare, the woods disrowned and chilly. I will wait till I pay my summer visit before entering on such a subject, and even then I will write a description only if in the vein.

PRESBYTER.

It is announced that Dr. Pirie of Aberdeen is to be Moderator of next General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and Principal Fairbairn Moderator of next General Assembly of the Free Church.

Ecclesiastical Review.

DR. WM. GILL, a native of Scotland, who is dead at the Cape for many years, has bequeathed £20,000 sterling for the establishment of a College in the eastern province of South Africa. Why will not wealthy Scotchmen in this province make similar endowments for the good of posterity? McGill College in Montreal, Morien College in Quebec, the F. Church in Glasgow, are only a few of many such examples and incitements to similar conduct. The higher education is so far above the comprehension and temits from the sympathies of the common people, that we do not know of an instance where a large and efficient institution of higher learning has been established by means of contributions drawn from the masses without the aid of some such extraordinary gifts on the part of those few who are likely to be exempt from vulgar prejudices.

A MR. MOFFAT of Cairnie, a member of the Free Church Strathgogie Presbytery, which recently resolved to overture the General Assembly against *Good Words*, has charged Dr. Cardlish, the greatest of all heresy-detectors, with heresy in his views on inspiration. The *Scotsman* reiterates the charge, and Bishop Colenso claims the Dr. as a convert, in his fourth volume. By the way, Colenso is being tried for heresy, at Cape-town.

STRAUSS is writing a refutation of his famous infidel book—“*The Leben Jesu*.”—having renounced his infidelity. His book was the most subtle assault ever made on the Word of God—meant to denude it of its historical character. How singular that the founder of the school should be seeking mercy by forsaking, while a disciple from the Episcopal bench is seeking notoriety by joining it.

THE *Presbyterian* makes its appearance in a highly improved shape and dress. The reading matter is of the very best quality, and our Church in Canada deserves credit for having brought its magazine up to such a

respectable literary standard. Such a series distinguished by calmness of discussion, moderation of sentiment, and catholicity, may be most beneficial to a country where man temptations try the consistency of the professors of Christianity, and abounding prosperity and material resources must, but for strong counteractions, lead to abounding iniquity.

THERE is no plan by which the Church of Christ can raise more money, more equitably and most according to the scripture model than by collections on the Lord's day. A small Wesleyan congregation in Liverpool collected, the other day, £7,000 for a missionary object. At the rate at which our people in Nova Scotia give to collections for missionary and benevolent objects, it would take one of our congregations, making an annual collection, about 4,000 years to collect this sum. So that had such congregations begun about the time of Noah—somewhere about the time of the deluge, they would not have raised the sum afore-mentioned yet. Meanwhile they would have had time to spend millions upon millions in Satan's service.

THE REV. WALTER C. SMITH of the Free Town Church, Glasgow, the alleged author of the poem “*Rhoda and the Whistle*,” which has appeared in *Good Words* and shared the condemnations of the Strathgogie Presbytery, has been lecturing upon the Conventions in Edinburgh and criticising their narrowness, bigotry and spiritual independence views with great severity. One allusion amused his audience: “he found in one case a presbytery forbidding any of its members to publish anything before it had been approved of the brethren—a cause which seemed there were still some among us not indisposed to follow.”

THE monument which is to be raised to Dr. Duff in India promises to elicit the most liberal subscriptions from all classes there. The Bengalese merchants are, if possible, more ready than Europeans to subscribe. The sum required is said to be £15,000.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE ENDOWMENT FUND.

TRURO.

NAMES OF CONTRIBUTORS.	To be paid in	To be paid in	To be paid in	Total amount
	Nov.'r 1863.	October 1864.	October 1865.	subscribed.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
A. McKay	10 0 0			10 0 0
Bessie McKay	5 0 0			5 0 0
George Gunn	2 10 0	2 10 0	2 10 0	7 10 0
William McLeod	1 10 0	1 10 0	1 0 0	4 0 0
Rev.'d Alex.'r Forrester, D.D.	5 0 0	5 0 0	5 0 0	15 0 0
Alexander McLeod	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	3 0 0
John Waller	1 0 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	2 0 0
Kenneth Fraser	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	3 0 0
Duncan Campbell	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	3 0 0
Rev.'d William M. Philip. . . .	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	3 0 0
John A. McLean	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	3 0 0
Total				£58 10 0