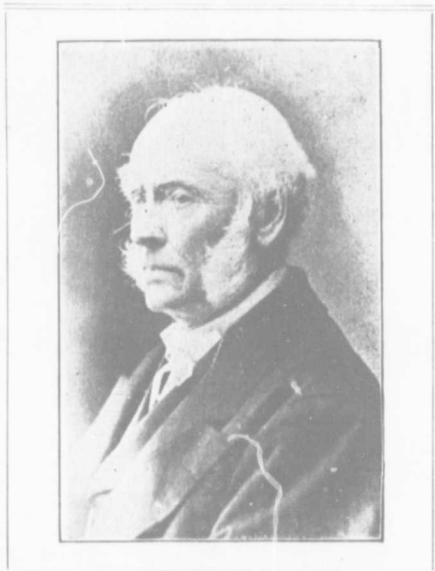


HISTORY OF PRESBYTERIANISM —IN— CAPE BRETON.

With brief memorial sketches of the lives of Revs. Hugh McLeod, D. D.,
Matthew Wilson, Alex. Farquharson, and other Pioneer
Ministers of Cape Breton.

By Rev. D. McMillan,
Sydney Mines, C. B.



"They have gone to the Mountain of Myrrh, and
the Hill of Frankinsence, until the day break and
the shadows flee away."—SONG OF SOLOMON.

History of Presbyterianism

—IN—

Cape Breton.

WITH BRIEF MEMORIAL SKETCHES

OF THE LIVES OF

Rev. Hugh McLeod, D. D.,

Rev. Matthew Wilson,

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SYDNEY MINES, C. B.

THE INVERNESS NEWS COMPANY, LIMITED,

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The following pages are merely a reprint of "MEMORIAL SKETCHES," published in 1897, with the addition of the address on "The History of Presbyterianism in Cape Breton," delivered on the occasion of celebrating the Jubilee of the organization of the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Sydney, in the year 1900; and also the last sermon of Rev. Matthew Wilson, Pastor Emeritus of St. Andrew's Church, Sydney Mines, preached on Nov. 17th, 1884, the Sunday before the fatal accident took place. (See sermon, page 30.) At the urgent request of many friends, I have been induced to republish the "Memorial" with the above addition. Of the original publication, the "Presbyterian Witness," Halifax, says :

"A neat booklet of 26 pages has been published by Rev. D. McMillan, of St. Andrew's Church, Sydney Mines, C. B. It contains 'Sketches of the Lives of Rev. Matthew Wilson, Rev. Alexander Farquharson, and Rev. Hugh McLeod, D. D., with reports of their funeral services,' with copper plate portraits. The sketches are brief; the addresses breathe the fragrance of brotherly affection. The portraits bring the beloved fathers Wilson and McLeod, and the equally beloved Brother Farquharson, very vividly to remembrance. All three had been associated more or less closely with Mr. McMillan in the work of the church, and he is therefore able to speak of them well and worthily.

"We thank Mr. McMillan for this sadly pleasing memorial of men whom the Church revered, and whose

labors of love are not to be forgotten. It seems as yesterday when Dr. McLeod was traversing the country on evangelistic tours, proclaiming the Gospel with a tongue of fire; when Mr. Wilson, all meekness and gentleness, was known as the "Apostle John" of Cape Breton; when young Farquharson well proved himself heir of his father for zeal, self-sacrifice and love to God and men. We are sure that, not only in Cape Breton, but in Pictou Presbytery and P. E. Island, this memorial will be welcomed."

St. Andrew's Manse, Sydney Mines, 1904.

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Preface to the Third Edition.

The hearty reception which has been extended to the two Editions already issued, encourages me to issue this, the Third Edition of the HISTORY OF PRESBYTERIANISM IN CAPE BRETON," believing it will be equally welcomed, with all its defects, by the numerous admirers of those Pioneer Ministers whom the Church reveres, and whose labors of love are not to be forgotten in the annals of Cape Breton.

The addition of brief "memorial sketches" of the lives of Rev. J. F. Forbes, Rev. David Drummond, and Rev. Murdoch Buchanan who, since the beginning of the present year, have passed to their rest and reward—will add to its interest and value and doubtless will be highly appreciated by a large circle of friends.

D. MACMILLAN,

The Manse, Sydney Mines.

Nov. 1. 1905.

The Rise and Development of Presbyterianism in Cape Breton.

BY REV. DONALD McMILLAN, SYDNEY MINES.

I propose to give you a brief outline of the early history of the Presbyterian Church in Cape Breton, which we are sure will not be void of interest to the present audience.

To trace the progress of the cause of Christ, from nearly its first settlement by Presbyterians on this Island, ought to be interesting to every lover of our Zion.

The first minister who visited Cape Breton was the well-known and much esteemed Rev. Dr. McGregor, of Pictou, who started from that town in the summer of 1799 in a boat with a crew of three men. This visit was principally undertaken at the solicitation of a pious woman named Janet Sutherland, who had emigrated with her husband and family from the Highlands of Scotland, and who had for years mourned the loss of those religious privileges which she had enjoyed in her native land. But we must allow him to tell his own story:

“This summer I performed my long-intended voyage to Cape Breton, which proved very troublesome. I had waited in vain for years for the opportunity of a passage thither. I therefore hired a good boat with three hands, and having laid in plenty of provisions and water, we set off. We had a pleasant sail until we reached Cape George, where we met the wind right ahead. There we anchored all night and

part of the next day, and then set off for the Gut of Canso. Next day we sailed pleasantly through the Gut, having a good view of the houses on both sides. I had a great desire to preach to them, but could not stay. That night we reached St. Peter's where Mr. Kavanah lodged us all with great kindness and generosity."

I may remark here that Mr. Kavanah was a Roman Catholic and the first member of that persuasion who ever sat in the Legislature of the Province, Catholic Emancipation having been granted in Nova Scotia before it was in the Mother Country.

"He informed us that our best way to Sydney was to haul (about a mile) overland to the Bras d'Or Lake and sail up the Lake until we came to the head of its western branch, about forty miles' and then walk to Sydney, which is little more than twenty miles off. "This," said he, "is far shorter than sailing east along the coast of the Island and then working along the east coast till you come to the river or mouth of the harbor and up the harbor to the town." This was agreeable to the information received before we left Pictou. We agreed to take this short way and he readily offered us his own oxen to haul our boat across to the Bras d'Or. Next morning Mr. Kavanah directed his man to surround the boat with a strong rope, and hooked the oxen to it. He directed two of my men, one on each side to hold it on the keel, and his own man to drive the oxen and fetch them back. Thus, in a very short time we were fairly launched on Bras d'Or Lake with a fine, fair breeze.

"We had imagined that we would meet with a plain landing place at the other end of the Lake and a road leading from it toward Sydney. We took no

thought to ask direction of Mr. Kavanah. We looked and looked for a landing place, but in vain. At last we hauled the boat as far ashore as possible—concealed the oars, rudder and sail under the bushes from thieves, and hung up our provisions as high as we could in trees, to preserve them from bears and other wild animals, and then composed ourselves to sleep, after worship in the open air.

“The next day being Sabbath, I was anxious to get up early, hoping to get to town in time to preach. We got up with daylight, and one of our company went back by the water side in quest of the road, and the other went up the water side, now a moderate brook, with the same view. He returned in about an hour’s time, informing us that he had found a good path more than a mile further up the brook. We could not conceive how a path was found so far up the brook and none leading to it. We waited until the other man returned, who told us that he had seen no vestige of a road. With courage we set off for the path found by the other and soon reached it. We went cheerfully along for three miles, when it went into a brook, but it did not come out. There was no trace of a road on the other side. We stood amazed for a few seconds, when one said: ‘This is an Indian path for carrying their canoes from one brook or river to the other.’ At once we understood it to be the case, but it left us more puzzled than ever how to dispose of ourselves.

“We resolved to make another attempt to find a road. The day was excessively hot and we were already tired and hungry, without anything to eat, for we had expected to reach a house in time for breakfast. The two men who went up the hill having returned,

we all met and soon found that the least mark of a path had not been seen by any of us. With reluctance we gave up hope of reaching Sydney by land. We resolved to return to our boat, to sail back twenty miles, then cross to the next branch of the Lake, which would carry us out to sea and so come to Sydney from the east. Though tired by travelling through long grass, small entangling bushes and windfalls, yet we returned to the boat with courage and speed. We found everything as we left them and soon we set off for Sydney by the Bras d'Or Lake, around Cranberry Head, a distance of over 100 miles."

Reaching Sydney in due course, Dr. McGregor was cordially welcomed among the people by whom he was invited, but we have no particulars of his labors among them. The general results of this visit are stated by the Presbytery as follows: "Partly because so few of them were desirous of the gospel—the generality being lukewarm—that they could scarcely support it—and partly because there was no hope of getting their petition granted for a long time, through the backwardness of ministers to come out, and because so many other places were entitled to be supplied before them, they were advised to delay sending home their petition for some time. But had they a minister, there is no reason to doubt that he would soon form a congregation—for the gospel would be a new thing to them, and through the divine blessing would run, as it did among the Gentiles at first." On this visit he baptized two children belonging to Janet Sutherland. Being anxious to enjoy the ordinances of religion, she induced her husband to sell his farm and remove to Pictou, that they might be under the ministry of Dr. McGregor. She lived a consistent life and her family followed in

her footsteps. One of her sons then baptised was the late Wm. Sutherland, afterwards for many years an elder in Dr. McGregor's congregation in his own lifetime and that of his successor. The other was the father of the late Rev. George Sutherland, for many years the Free Church minister of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

The first minister of our church settled in C. B., was the Rev. Wm. Miller, of Mabou. In the year 1822, Mr. Miller landed on the wild shores of Cape Breton in the full vigor of manhood. When he commenced his ministry at Mabou he had to make his way in summer heat and winter's cold and snow through pathless forests. Everything was in its most primitive condition. No public highways, no bridges, no comfortable conveyances—and we may add no comfortable homes. So void of ambition, so unassuming, modest and retiring was the veteran worker, that his name had well nigh dropped from the recollection of the church—and few, except those who knew him intimately, could tell what he had done and suffered for the sake of the gospel.

For forty years he labored arduously and not in vain. Having been intimately acquainted with him and having sat under his ministry for some time, I can testify to his usefulness, and by the blessing of God he did a work of which it is perhaps not too much to say, few men would have done so well.

Mr. Miller was not a man of the pen or of books. He studied his Bible and his Bible alone. He kept no diary; wrote no sermons and had but a scanty library, for he was never able to procure recent publications. To him life from first to last was a hard struggle. He was a native of Ayrshire, Scotland. He studied theol-

ogy under Dr. Lawson of Selkirk. He was ordained at West River, Pictou, in the fall of 1821, and died at his residence on the 16th November, 1862, in the 75th year of his age.

In 1832, Broad Cove (Strathlorne), Whycocomagh, Middle River and Margaree, were a group of stations under the charge of Rev. Æneas MacLean, father of Rev. Donald J. MacLean of Arnprior, Ont. He continued in the field for a couple of years. The first church at Broad Cove was opened in 1832. Broad Cove became a pastoral charge in 1840, under Rev. John Gunn, whose labors ended with his death in 1870. Thus, among the early pioneers of Presbyterianism in C. B., was Rev. John Gunn, who spent thirty years of his ministerial life at Broad Cove.

One of his parishoners a few years ago gave us an account of his long missionary journeys, which greatly interested us and will serve to show what great toil and sacrifices the Fathers underwent in planting the blue flag among us. It is altogether impossible for us now to form an idea of the many hardships the pious and noble-minded men had to contend with in early days in C. B. Take this one instance. Broad Cove is 100 miles from Cape North. That distance may appear very short in a country intersected with railways and turnpike roads; but the hundred miles in question were to be traversed in 1840, through rivers without bridges, over mountains that would try the patience and perseverance of a deer hunter, over morasses that would swallow up the British cavalry and artillery if crossed without the greatest caution. But in spite of all these barriers, Mr. Gunn visited Cape North annually for the first twenty years of his pastoral life at Broad Cove. From Broad Cove to Cheticamp there was a bridle path.

He would leave his horse in charge of a kind-hearted French-Acadian, who looked for the black horse and his rider about the middle of July, with as much certainty as he did for the appearance of snow in November on the face of the Sugar Loaf Mountain in the vicinity. Semion Cormeau, though a Roman Catholic, would receive the jaded and worn out Presbyterian minister with as much kindness and native politeness as if he had been his parish priest. Next day would commence the most arduous part of the journey—the crossing of the great “Barren” and climbing of the Grand Anse mountains. Cormeau with saddle bags on his back, which contained the minister’s wardrobe for the next two months’ service, acted as advance guard and pioneer of the expedition, the minister bringing up the rear in his shirt sleeves, with his black coat thrown over his shoulder. When over the morass and on the brow of the first hill, the saddle bags were transferred from Cormeau’s back to that of the minister, and the minister’s last half sovereign would slip into Cormeau’s pocket. Then the friends departed, both well pleased with each other’s kindness. Late in the evening the first station would be made—Grandtosh, or properly Grand Anse. The news soon spread abroad that the minister had arrived. What a sensation! Should the Premier of Canada or the greatest orator living make his appearance, he would not cause half the enthusiasm. Then commenced his labors for two months, not leaving a house unvisited between that and Cape Smoky. October would bring him back by the same route, or by the other side of the Island, where he is yet so well remembered by the old inhabitants as the devoted minister, and one of the most laborious missionaries that ever was in Cape Breton.

But the veritable "Apostle" of Cape Breton was Alex Farquharson, of sainted memory, the father of the late lamented minister of St. Andrew's Church of this town. He was my own pastor and the minister who admitted me into the visible Church of Christ by baptism.

In the summer of 1832, Mr. Farquharson arrived in C. B.—the first missionary sent out by the Colonial Committee to labor among his fellow countrymen in this Island. After two years of hard missionary work, the people of Middle River gave him a call as their settled pastor. In November, 1834, Rev. John Stewart, who had arrived from Scotland that same year wrote out a call and bond of support and proceeded with the documents to Middle River. Here all the requirements of a constituted Presbytery could not be complied with, because that in C. B. at this time, no such court existed. The call having been duly signed, Mr. Stewart after preaching and putting the usual questions to the minister, inducted him to the charge of that congregation. Mr. Farquharson was a tall and stout man, of great bodily strength. He spoke in a clear voice, with great deliberation and with quiet earnestness. Sometimes gusts of eloquence would startle the hearer; but the characteristic of his preaching was calm and intense solemnity. He traversed the Island in the earlier years of his ministry often on foot and sometimes on horseback. In the summer time boats were largely used. In the later years of his life, roads were open in many directions, which made it very much easier to go from place to place.

A story is told of Rev. Mr. Farquharson, Senr., that on one or two occasions he spent the night on the wild mountains between Middle River and Lake Ain-

slie. At another time he had landed late one evening in the Autumn at the foot of Middle River, from whence he was to walk home. He was not able however to find his footpath; there were no Indians about at the time, but he found a deserted camp, which it was evident the inmates had left quite lately. The fire, however, had quite died out, but he found some half-burnt sticks, and managed to gather a handful of dry grass or moss; with his knife he struck a spark from the flint he always carried with him, together with a piece of punk. The first spark caught and soon he managed to make a good fire. He was hungry, but there was nothing to eat, so he contented himself with a smoke, and you may be sure, committing himself to Him who keepeth Israel, he composed himself to sleep and slept soundly till a late hour next morning.

Dangers by flood and fire, both Autumn and Summer, beset these devoted men; perils on the frozen lake in winter, and from fording swollen rivers in the early spring.

Rev. John Stewart (latterly of New Glasgow), already referred to, arrived at Plaister Cove on the 23rd of August, 1834, after a passage of 28 days across the Atlantic. Before entering on his work, he purchased a horse, saddle and watch. Thus fitted out he addressed himself at once to the great work before him, and most diligently and perseveringly did he discharge his duty for a period of about three years, making West Bay his headquarters.

In the Home and Foreign Record of 1867, he gives us an account of his missionary travels in C. B., in 1835.

Take the following as a sample of what he had sometimes to experience:—

“Leaving my pony at Middle River, which could

be of no use to me further, owing to the great depth of snow, started on foot to cross the mountain to Lake Ainslie—took 4 hours in travelling 6 miles—sometimes half the body under the snow, creeping on hands and knees for a considerable distance. The sun had set and the shades of evening were gathering around—tumbling in the snow with a heavy overcoat produced a profuse perspiration—when at a distance a light was discovered, to which with a hope of rest I steered. It was a very humble dwelling, the abode of a new settler, with a cow and calf to keep me company along with the inmates.

“If another mile had to be travelled, my covering for the night would have been the deep snow. As the housewife had a few potatoes, a mess of mashed potatoes and milk recruited my exhausted strength, and with my soles to a good fire, the floor for my bed, a wisp of straw for my pillow, the morning light found me fitted to reach Lake Ainslie.”

Rev. Murdoch Stewart, a saintly, scholarly man, father of Rev. Thomas Stewart, of Dartmouth, and Dr. John Stewart, of Halifax, who having labored zealously many years at West Bay, was called to the congregation of Whycomagh, which was his last charge.

I am indebted to Mrs. Charles Archibald, of Halifax, for the following few extracts from her extremely interesting paper on “The Early Scotch Settlers in Cape Breton”—recently read before the “Historical Society of Nova Scotia.”

“Rev. Murdoch Stewart instances a journey he once took to Sydney from West Bay in the winter time, which occupied 6 days, he having left West Bay on Tuesday, travelling chiefly on the ice and not reaching his destination until the following Wednesday evening, with the 9th horse employed after leaving home.” On

leaving Baddeck on a cold morning, he relates: "I had to come out of the sleigh and hold my horse by the head opposite Red Head, till a squall of snow and drift cleared up so far that I could see Kempt Head (the opposite shore some 3 miles distant) then jumping into the sleigh and driving as hard as the horse could go, with the snow up to his knees, in order to reach the other shore before the next squall came on. I did so just in time to avoid not the next squall, merely, but a whole day of drift and intense frost." He describes this storm as being so wild and terrible, that 3 or 4 persons in different parts of the Island who were overtaken in it, perished. He was so fortunate as to reach shelter before night came on, and the next day arrived at the Hon. T. D. Archibald's house at Sydney Mines and thence went to Sydney. Nearly a month elapsed before he could again return to his home in West Bay, where the anxiety of his family can be better imagined than described."

Rev. Mr. Stewart also mentions amongst their trials and privations, the long and fatiguing journeys they were obliged to undertake on foot, there being absolutely no roads, and the fording of rivers often rendered dangerous by swollen mountain streams. He speaks of his colleague—Rev. Mr. Farquharson—suffering much in this way, so that he was accustomed to carry leeches in his pocket to apply to his sore and swollen feet when they were very bad and when he chanced hapily to reach a house where he could rest for a day or two in comparative comfort.

The accommodation, even at the best of these houses, was of the scantiest and the food of the poorest kind, although given with a hearty Highland welcome.

It is related of three of these godly men, that on

one occasion they were journeying together after a Communion season at some distant locality, and losing their way on the mountains, they wandered, footsore and hungry for hours, until at last they espied a small hut, to which they joyfully directed their steps. The good woman of the house, seeing such an unusual sight as three men approach her lonely dwelling, fled into the woods. The ministers entered, and to their delight, beheld a large pot boiling over the fire. They sat in silence waiting for the return of the good wife for some time; but it is chronicled, that before long, one, whose appetite was increasing, approached the fire, and, lifting the lid off the pot, looked in; the second followed, and seeing that it contained potatoes and fish, went so far as to try a potato with a fork to see if it was done. At this point, the three lifted the pot off the fire, and honestly giving way to hunger, all sat to enjoy a good meal. This purely human act of weakness so convinced the good woman of the house, who was quietly watching their proceedings through the window, that there was nothing to fear from her clerical guests, that we are told in the quaint words of the correspondent that she forthwith returned and made savory diet for these saintly men, who are now in the Paradise of God, where they neither hunger nor thirst any more.

Rev. James Fraser, of Boularderie, was a man not to be forgotten in the annals of Cape Breton. What he did for Boularderie tells to this day.

Rev. Peter MeLean, of Whycomagh, was a flaming evangelist—a man whose name is “as ointment poured forth.”

In 1837 he accepted a call to Whycomagh. He preached almost daily over a wide area of country. The people crowded to hear him, and eagerly followed

him from place to place. He encouraged the establishment of schools. He distributed Bibles and other books. His preaching led to a wide-spread revival, and for many months anxious enquirers flocked to his house for counsel and instruction. Large numbers were "added to the church." He had to travel much and was often in danger from exposure to severe frosts and storms by land and water. He remained at his post till 1842, when his health failed him. He was a powerfully built man, with a splendid constitution, but he had reached the limit of his strength. His people parted with him most reluctantly, but they saw his need of rest and change.

He recovered rapidly and was able to take an active part in the disruption movement.

In 1853 he re-visited Whycocomagh and presided at the Communion there. So large a gathering had not been there before or since. On Sabbath there were probably 5,000 people in the audience.

In 1866 he re-visited his dear old field in C. B. Shortly after his return to Scotland, he was taken ill with a bronchial complaint, from the effects of which he passed to his rest and reward.

Before I refer to another honored minister of our church, the late Rev. Matthew Wilson, of Sydney Mines, you will permit me to read the following interesting communication from the Presbytery of Cape Breton, published in the "Home and Foreign Missionary Record for the Church of Scotland," bearing date Boularderie, C. B., the 21st. of September 1840, and signed by James Fraser, Moderator, and Dougald McKichan, Presbytery Clerk. The communication has reference to the church at Sydney Mines, which is as follows :

The following are respectfully submitted by the Presbytery of Cape Breton, relative to the church lately built upon the Sydney Mines, as Answers to Queries by the Committee of the General Assembly of the church of Scotland, in regard to Colonial Churches.

1. The church is built upon the Sydney Mines, in the township of Sydney and County of Cape Breton. The ground upon which the church stands has been granted by the Trustees of the General Mining Association, and is within the bounds of the Presbytery of Cape Breton.

2. The population of the Mines is about 650. The number of workmen constantly employed is about 250 ; about 150 of these are Scotchmen, principally colliers and artisans, and for the most part emigrated to this country for the purpose of working in and upon the Mines. They are, with a very few exceptions, Presbyterians, attached to our Church, and have generally contributed towards the building. During the summer months, there are generally from 50 to 60 additional men employed, from different parts of the Island, who are also chiefly Presbyterians.

3. The Presbyterians upon the Mines are for the most part industrious and earning very good wages. A collier can earn from £7 to £10 a month ; a labourer, from 4s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. a day currency. Where they are industrious and temperate, they can save money.

4. About £185 currency have been subscribed and collected towards defraying the expense of the erection.

5. The above sum has been raised by voluntary subscription, and principally by the Presbyterians residing upon the Mines, free from the condition of any return whatever.

6. The church, with the exception of painting, was completed in April last. It was built by contract and the whole cost, up to the present period, is about £390. The commissioner appointed to superintend the building (S. G. Archibald, Esq.) has taken a warm interest in our church, and, at his own expense (with the exception of the above subscriptions) has carried on the building to its completion; and he is now upwards of £200 in advance for the same, exclusive of a donation of £20, included in the above £185. He has been encouraged to make this advance, under the assurance from the Rev. Mr. Fraser, that the Colonial Committee would take the case into their most favorable consideration, and grant £50 or £60 sterling from the Church Extension Funds; and from the workmen upon the Mines, that they would extend their subscriptions from time to time, till the balance due was paid off.

7. The church will contain about 300 sittings, No final arrangement has yet been made as to the price of a sitting. It is, however, proposed to rate the sittings at 3s. 6d. or 4s. per annum; to be, in the first place, applied towards defraying the debt upon the church until liquidated.

8. As yet, there is no clergyman appointed to the church. The people are extremely anxious to have a resident clergyman upon the Mines. At a meeting lately held for the purpose of ascertaining how much could be raised towards the support of a clergyman, the names and subscriptions having been taken down, it was found that about £150 would be raised annually upon the Mines for this purpose. The Rev. Mr. Fraser has been requested to make application to Scotland for a clergyman.

9. It is proposed, when a resident clergyman is obtained, to have services regularly in the forenoon and afternoon. It would be desirable that the clergyman should understand the Gaelic, as a portion of the congregation are Highlanders; and, in this case, it is proposed to have a Gaelic service at least once a fortnight.

10. It is fully expected, as stated above, that the stipend will amount to at least £150. No provision has been made for a manse or glebe. About five months ago, the Presbyterians upon the Mines petitioned their employers, the Board of Directors of the General Mining Association in London, on this subject. No answer to their petition has yet been received; but it is hoped that their prayer will be granted, and that the Board will order a glebe to be set apart, and also make some allowance towards the erection of a manse.

REMARKS.

“The church is a neat and comfortable edifice, with a steeple, belfry and bell, and the first finished in the Island. Divine service was performed in it, for the first time, on Sabbath, the 25th April, by the Rev. James Fraser. The congregation was assembled by the sound of the Sabbath bell, the first heard in the Island from a church in connection with ours.

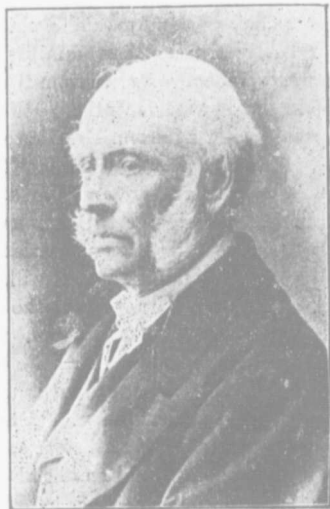
“The remainder of the workmen upon the Mines are principally Romanists. There are about ten families Wesleyan Methodists. Their Society have lately built a chapel. There is also a Roman Chapel, where mass is occasionally performed. The Wesleyan minister of the town of Sydney visits the Mines pretty regularly. From the want of a leading man, the Presbyterians have not succeeded in establishing a Sabbath School of their own. The weekly school,

established some years ago under the influence of the High-Church party, is next to useless. There are about ten or twelve Episcopalian families upon and near the Mines, who have a service from the Rector of Sydney once in three or four months. With the exception of occasional visits from Mr. Fraser, who resides about twenty miles from the Mines, the Presbyterians scarcely ever hear a sermon from a clergyman of their mother Church; and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper has never yet been dispensed upon the Mines by a Presbyterian minister. It will readily be believed that a large number of those who have lived many years without Gospel ordinances, must have become very much demoralized. At North Sydney, within four miles of the Mines, there is a Protestant chapel, built by general subscription. Here there is a heterogeneous mixture of almost all sects. A faithful, active servant of the Lord would recruit his ranks from amongst these.

“There is also a small Highland settlement at Leitche's Creek, about nine miles from the Mines, anxious to contribute towards the support of a clergyman, and have already subscribed about £30 per annum for this purpose.

“Upon the whole, it may be fairly allowed, that were a prudent, zealous, active man of God to settle upon the Mines, and occasionally visit the surrounding neighborhood, he would realize a salary of at least £150 per annum and with comparatively an easy charge.

“The amounts stated in the foregoing are all in Halifax currency, a pound sterling being equal to 25s. currency.”



Rev. Matthew Wilson, A. M.

“His soul to Him who gave it rose,
God led it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest.
And though the soldier's sun has set
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.”

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

REV. MATTHEW WILSON was born January 1st, 1806, at Chryston, near Glasgow, Scotland. He studied, in arts and theology at the University of Glasgow, graduating in 1837. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Glasgow on September 5th, 1838, labored as a licentiate in Glasgow for about three years, and was ordained on the 17th of May, 1842, with the view of taking charge

of the congregation of Sydney Mines. In July of the same year he arrived in Cape Breton, and soon thereafter was inducted into the charge of Sydney Mines church. He continued pastor of this congregation up to May, 1883, when he was relieved from the more active work of the charge, the congregation giving him a suitable retiring allowance. Whereupon a satisfactory division of the widely scattered congregation was brought about, Rev. D. McMillian (who was called and inducted as colleague and successor in November, 1879) succeeding him, and assuming the pastorate of Sydney Mines and Little Bras d'Or, North Sydney being in the meantime formed into a new charge, which called Rev. Isaac Murray, D. D., who was inducted in August, 1884.

Mr. Wilson did a noble work for our Zion in his day. There are many men who made much more noise in the church who have not done a tithe of the work which he did or been a hundredth part as helpful to its highest interests. He was widely and favorably known in the lower provinces generally, and wherever known was respected and beloved. In 1844, the year after the Disruption, he was sent by the Free Church Synod on an important mission to various parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, during which he became favorably known to our people in both provinces, many of whom cherish his memory to this day. About this time he visited Newfoundland in the interests of the Free Church. The Free Church congregation in the city of St. John's were so charmed with him and his preaching, that they extended to him a most cordial and unanimous call. Until declining health and strength prevented, he was most conscientious in his attendance upon church courts. Once he rode on horseback all the way from Sydney Mines to Pictou to attend a meeting of Synod. He

was for years the fellow-worker of the venerated Alexander Farquharson, James Fraser, Murdoch Stewart, and the venerable Dr. McLeod. For several years his health had been declining, but he continued the work which he loved so much up to within three weeks of his decease, when he met with a severe and painful accident which ultimately caused his death. About 9 o'clock on the night of November 25th, Mr. Wilson was called upon by Mr. George Bonner, whose sister was ill and desired to see her old pastor. Although it was after night and he was not very well at the time, Mr. Wilson would not deny the request, and at once started with Bonner. They had not gone more than a hundred yards, before the horse proved unmanageable and bolted, throwing the occupants out of the waggon on the frozen ground. Mr. Wilson in falling received two severe gashes on the head, and when discovered by the kind friends who had assembled upon the alarm being given, was unconscious and bleeding profusely. For the first few days after the accident, it was thought that he would in a short time be all right again, but soon contrary symptoms appeared, and when after a week's illness, the wounds on the head did not appear to be healing well, and erysipelas had set in, while he was growing weaker every day, it was felt that recovery was scarcely to be hoped for. Still he lingered for more than a week longer, so strong was the vitality of the old gentleman, although in an unconscious state most of the time, and evidently suffering very much until daybreak on Saturday the 13th December, 1884, when he breathed his last in the 79th year of his age, and 43rd of his ministry.

Mr. Wilson's death was lamented by young and old of all classes and creeds, for no man was more honored and loved. His charity knew neither the bounds of sect or

race. Every fibre of his nature was responsive to suffering, wherever met with or from whatever quarter came the needy call to hand or heart. This sympathetic nature with his refined and unfailing courtesy and manifold christian graces caused Mr. Wilson to be esteemed as the most welcome visitor to the bedside of the sick and dying. He may be said to have died a martyr to his lofty sense of duty in this respect, for had he declined, as very properly and reasonably he might have done to start on this last fatal visit, he would in all human probability have lived for years. Mr. Wilson was an ideal minister. He was an excellent preacher and maintained to the last the finely rhetorical method and persuasive eloquence for which he was distinguished in his prime.

In his early years in the pulpit his great boldness of utterance and moral indignation rendered his tone at times apparently severe, but then as always sincere gentleness and loving-kindness was the essential root of his nature. His sermons were characterized by argumentative force and a choice of language, elegant and flowing that was never lacking. Mr. Wilson was a very scholarly man, orderly and neat in everything he did, and in nothing was the effect of these qualities more clearly to be seen than in the composition of his sermons. He continued to preach up to the Sunday before the fatal accident took place. Formerly in addition to Sydney Mines, he used to preach at North Sydney, Upper North Sydney and Little Bras d'Or; and from all these places numbers of old friends and admirers of every creed came to take a last look at the countenance, which but a short time before was indicative of the rich maturity of ripe, full life and character. From the above places, also as well as from Sydney and vicinity, large numbers

of people came to attend the funeral which took place on Tuesday afternoon, 16th December. Never was a larger funeral seen in this vicinity. The service was held at Mr. Wilson's late residence, conducted by Rev. Dr. Murray. The casket containing the remains, carried by six brother ministers—Rev. Dr. Murray, J. F. Forbes, Abram McIntosh, D. Drummond, A. Farquharson and D. McMillan—was borne from the house to the grave through lines formed by the large number of people assembled. He was laid beside those loved ones who had gone on before him, and were united in their last resting place. He was twice married but left no children. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

FUNERAL SERMON.

On the Sabbath after the funeral of Mr. Wilson, marked testimonies of affectionate respect were delivered from various pulpits in the community. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. D. McMillan, in St. Andrew's Church, before a large and deeply affected audience. He took for his text Heb. xi, 4: "He being dead yet speaketh." Rev. F. H. Wright (Methodist) of North Sydney, being present, took part in the service.

The following are extracts from Mr. McMillan's tribute to the memory of his late co-pastor:—

"We meet today, brethren, mourning him, who was laid in his resting place last Tuesday. Matthew Wilson is a name that is fragrant with all that is excellent and honorable in the hearts and homes of all classes and creeds with whom he came into contact. His name was a symbol for all that was just, and kind, and good. Whether we regard him as a Christian, as a minister of

the gospel, as a pastor, for so long a period, as a citizen or as a friend, we cannot but sorrow—but most of all that we shall see his face no more on earth. We mourn, but not on his account. No! He has fought the good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith, and has now joined the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven; he is with the spirits of just men, made perfect. He is with the Saviour he loved so much and served so well.

And yet we cannot but mourn on our own account. Our loss is great by his removal from our midst. His wise counsels, his instructive example, his ready co-operation, his tender sympathy, his fervent prayers, we lose, and therefore we mourn. This dispensation may appear dark and mysterious, and even discouraging; but God, in raising him up, had His own designs, and He has the same in calling him hence. We are assured that everything is ordered in perfect wisdom and equity and love. We will not pretend to fathom the inscrutable purposes of Jehovah. His removal from us, under circumstances so deeply affecting, is one of the strange works of a kind and loving Father—one of those ways of His which are in the sea, one of those paths which are in the mighty waters—but believeth that 'what ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter.' In the presence of so many who had the best opportunities for appreciating his worth and estimating his piety, I shall not detain you with saying much on the character of your late venerated pastor, and my own reverend and ever to be lamented friend and co-pastor.

For two and forty long years he was privileged to labor among you in word and doctrine; to the very last

of his days he labored and fainted not, and showed that he was what he declared he aimed to be—"a servant of the Most High God" and "a faithful steward of the mysteries of Christ." Old age had come upon him. The three score years and ten were numbered, and by reason of strength, they were within one year of four score. "But his bow abode in strength." Up to the day when that fatal accident befell him, he continued, with much of the zeal and earnestness of bygone days, to go in and out amongst his attached people. You beheld from Sabbath to Sabbath, with solemn and affectionate interest, that venerable countenance which had now become so familiar, and heard that voice which you have so long known, still leading you in the green pastures and by the still waters of the sanctuary. Of him it can be truly said, that "he was faithful unto death." Embalmed he is, I know, in imperishable remembrance in the hearts of all that knew him as a minister, out of the pulpit as well as in it. In the pulpit most faithful, most sound; in it exhibiting truth in the purest simplicity, the very milk of the word, and the strong meat to those that required it. Never compromising, never keeping back, never once withholding any portion of divine truth from the minds of his hearers; but dealing out the whole counsel of God. And then, out of the pulpit, so consistent, so exemplary, so beautifully simple, so extremely humble, so gentle, and tender, and kind—everybody's friend, nobody's enemy.

I do not like to eulogize; you do not expect me to eulogize. He was just the man to say, "My friend say nothing of me." "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given that I should preach the Gospel"—would be natural language from

such lips as his. And certainly, I must say that I never met with one more retiring, more unpretending, more unassuming, and yet one that did such a large amount of good for the best interests of his fellow creatures. Never, perhaps, was there one to whom the well-known lines of Cowper could have a more strikingly just application :—

“Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master strokes, and draw from his design ;
 I would express him simple, grave sincere ;
 In doctrine incorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste
 And natural in gesture ; much impressed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty man.”

Continually engaged in his Master's work, he was the model of a Christian pastor. He had a good report of them that were without, and of all the brethren. He was an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.”

But it was in the house of mourning, by the bedside of the sick and dying, that your late pastor particularly endeared himself to his people. There are many here this morning who will concur with me in bearing testimony to his faithfulness in this department of the Christian ministry. And you know well, my friends, how he was never far off when trouble came near to you. Often and often in bodily weakness, has he risen from his own sick couch to comfort and sympathise with the sick, and to tell the dying of Jesus and his love. Indeed, it may be said that he fell a martyr to his high sense of duty in this respect. His was truly a warm heart. Few could, more feel-

ingly than he, weep with them that wept, or comfort more tenderly the sons and daughters of affliction. He loved to follow in the footsteps of Him who was sent to bind up the broken heart, and to comfort all that mourn.

Would you ask how he died? Oh, just as he lived. Though he suffered much, he had a heavenly calm all along during his last illness—all along leaning on the arm of his beloved, entirely "looking to Jesus." When his life was fast ebbing away, among the last words he spoke were, "Come Jesus, come quickly! Take me to thy bosom." For four days prior to his departure, the lamp of life was burning so low in the socket that he was unable to speak. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the silver cord was loosed, and at a quarter to seven o'clock, on the morning of Saturday, the 13th December, the wheel at the cistern stood still. He fell asleep in Jesus, so peacefully that the moment of his spirit's flight was scarcely to be detected by the anxious watcher's eye.

He is now gone. How difficult it is to realize it? Just five weeks ago today he stood in this pulpit, and preached with unwonted earnestness from these words: "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son unto your hearts, crying Abba, Father. Wherefore, thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son then an heir of God through Christ."—Gal. 4: 6-7. Little did I think, little did you think; that today I should be called to perform the mournful duty of paying the last tribute to his memory. But so it is. Though it is to us mysterious and incomprehensible, we may rest assured that it is wise, righteous and good. "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth unto Him good."

He is gone! His lithe graceful form, and his sweet, persuasive voice will greet us no more; but his image is impressed on our minds, and his instruction and influence will live in our lives. My conviction is strong, and I must express it: "Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

It would be gratifying to my own feelings, and I am sure, not unwelcome to you, to linger on this subject, and to dilate on the many excellencies of our departed friend and brother; but I must have done.

Bear with me yet a moment, while I speak of him as personally connected with myself. It was my good fortune to be associated with him in the work of the ministry, and the tie that bound us together was near and interesting. From the first day of my pastorate here—five years ago—to the last day of his life, there was never a misthought, or a missword between us. How much I loved him I have not ventured, nor will I now venture to express. That he was entitled to it all, and to more than all, I am well convinced. If I felt towards him all the tenderness and confidence of a son, he repaid it with all the affection of a father. I feel as if the world had become, by his departure, less an object of interest to me than it was; but I trust I have also been made to feel, in common with many of his devoted friends, that the attractions of a better world have been multiplied and strengthened by his removal. The call of Providence is loud to you my brethren: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

" 'Tis sweet to think of those at rest,
Who sleep in Christ the Lord,
Whose spirits now with Him are blest
According to His word."

Last sermon preached on the 17th Nov. 1884, in St. Andrew's Church, Sydney Mines, by Rev. Matthew Wilson.

Text—"Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying Abba, Father. Gal. iv. 6.

The advantages of the Jewish Church were far inferior to those which are afforded to the Christian Church. The one, for a season, was under the Law, the other is under Grace. The one was like an heir to an estate during the years of his minority, differing nothing from a servant, altho' he be lord of all and placed under tutors and governors, until the time appointed of the father; and the other is like the same person, who, having reached his majority, had the full possession and enjoyment of the inheritance, to which he was entitled. And having described the state of the Jewish Church in her minority, the Apostle declared in the verses preceding the Text, the superior privileges afforded to the Christian Church, through the incarnation and work of the son of God. Thus we read, when the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his son, made of a woman, made under the Law, to redeem them that were under the Law, that we might receive the adoption of sons. Man's adoption of God is the result of his redemption by Christ. Because redeemed by Christ, the sons of men become the sons of God by regeneration and adoption; and thro' the inhabitation of that spirit, whose workmanship they are, they are enabled to cry Abba, Father.

As intimated in the preceding verses, the end of the Saviour's incarnation was to redeem lost sinners from guilt and misery. The Jews alone were under the ceremonial law, and therefore can they alone be said to be delivered from the bondage which that law imposed

upon them; but the whole human race are under the moral law, and being under that law as a covenant, and now thro' transgression a broken covenant, it only denounces its curses against them, and affords them not the slightest hope of mercy. Now, as we are told in the context, Christ came to redeem us from the curse of the law, to deliver us from the broken covenant of works, and to place us under an entirely different covenant, and to offer us life upon terms altogether different from those proposed under the old covenant. The terms of the old covenant were these. Do this and thou shalt live; and the terms of the new are, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. On our compliance with the terms of the new covenant, we are forever freed from the penalties of the old. That old covenant can neither condemn nor commend us, because we are now no longer under the law but under grace, and grace reigns, etc.

But while Christ came to redeem us from guilt and misery, He came to restore us to holiness, and to happiness, the result of holiness; and our restoration to holiness is effected by a divine agency.

All true believers stand in the relation of sons and daughters to God, and all that God hath wrought for them, and in them, with all the blessings he hath bestowed upon them, are the result of unmerited love eternal.

In love God sent His Son into the world, that thro' his finished work of redemption, he might raise the children of men to the rank of sons, and make them heirs of Heaven, and joint heirs with their Redeemer and Saviour. In the kingdom of Nature there are many striking manifestations of Jehovah's power, and in the kingdom of Grace in their state and character and con-

stitution, who have become the subjects of that kingdom, we have the distinct traces of omnipotence. Their new creation is of God. Their translation from the kingdom of Darkness into the kingdom of his dear Son is effected by divine agency. They are God's workmanship, and in the spiritual renovation of their nature, both his goodness and power are singularly displayed.

There is an entire change in their condition and character. In a state of nature, they were enemies to God in their minds and by wicked works, and decidedly opposed to all that is of God; but through the operation of divine power and grace in their conversion and regeneration, they are now reconciled. The enmity of their carnal hearts has been slain, and far other and different dispositions are cherished and manifested. From being aliens, they have become sons of God, and because sons born again, God hath sent forth the spirit of his Son into their hearts; and recognizing and loving God as their Father, they serve him acceptably with reverence and filial fear with all the docility and willingness of obedient and loving children. Once were they darkness, but now are they light in the Lord; and enlightened by the grace and spirit of God, they shine as lights in a dark world. The effects produced by the Gospel, on the objects of divine love, are most blessed, and they are manifested to his glory where power alone is equal to their production. The Gospel, accompanied by divine power, has been, and is still productive of incalculable good. It is the brightest manifestation of Jehovah's goodness and grace that ever was, or could be given. It contains God's message of mercy to man. It brings glory to the Three-One God and Salvation to lost and perishing souls. By means of it, God is for-

warding his plans and purposes of grace—advancing his spiritual kingdom—adding to the number of his spiritual family; and when by regeneration, he has brought the objects of his everlasting love into the blessed relation of sons and daughters he bestows upon them many invaluable gifts, and grants them many exalted privileges. And now the children of God by regeneration and adoption they are the beloved objects of his continued care. They are placed under the teaching of the divine Spirit, and thro' the indwelling of that Spirit and by its continued operations, they are gradually sanctified—fitted for the discharge of duty, and the enjoyment of privilege. The sending forth of the Spirit and his presence and operations in the hearts of believers, are the effects of God's love to them, in sending forth his Son in the fulness of time, made of a woman, made under the Law, to redeem them that were under the Law that we might receive the adoption of sons. And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts crying Abba, Father. The first thing which claims specially our attention in the passage before us, is the relation which all true believers bear to God; ye are sons; and having noticed for a moment this honorable relation of believers to God, we shall consider more particularly the privileges to which believers are admitted, in viture of that relation which they bear to God. Because ye are sons God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. First we have to notice for a moment, the relation which all true believers bear to God. They are sons of God. They became sons of God when they believed on Christ, the Son of God. Faith in Christ their substitute and surety, united them to Christ, and they are saved. They are in Christ their living Head and they live by

him who loved them and gave himself for them. He died for them and they live thro' his death. They are now his spiritual members, and He is their Spiritual Head, and because they are the spiritual members of Christ they are the spiritual children of God. They are one with Christ, as He is one with the Father, and because they have the Son they have the Father also. God is their Father, and they are his sons, and because sons they are joint heirs with Christ of all that the Father hath. Now because such is the relation of believers to God through Christ their spiritual Head God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into their heart, and this Spirit bears witness with their Spirits that they are the children of God ; and by his certain testimony as to this relationship, they are encouraged to draw near with all holy boldness and confidence to God's throne and to address him as their Father in Heaven.

Such a relation existed between God and man previous to the fall, but when sin entered into the world that relation was dissolved, and man ceased to be a child of God. Now the descendants of Adam are born into the world in a state of sin. They partake his fallen nature, and are in subjection to the god of this world totally depraved and prone to evil.

But Christ came to deliver sinners from their state of sin and subjection to Satan—to bring them into the family of God, to constitute them sons of God and heirs of Heaven. It was for this end that Christ became incarnate. Thus we read, when the fulness of the time was come God sent forth his Son, made of a woman under the Law, to redeem them that were under the Law that we might receive the adoption of sons. In virtue of Christ's finished work of redemption, and through faith in his all perfect sacrifice of atonement,

aliens and enemies may receive the adoption of sons, and have the spirit of Christ sent forth into their hearts to testify to the reality of their sonship, to satisfy them to the full, of their relation to God, to carry forward within them the work of sanctification to fit them for the inheritance to which they are begotten, and which is reserved for them in Heaven.

Into their present happy relation to God are they introduced by Christ. To him are they indebted for all that they have and are, and for all their hopes of grace here and of glory hereafter. To Christ they owe their redemption from the curse of the Law, and their introduction into their present happy state of grace. To him they owe their deliverance from the spiritual thralldom in which they were held, and their restoration to the glorious liberty of God's children. Christians owe their new name and nature to Christ. Through Him, and by virtue of their faith in Him, are they justified, adopted, and sanctified, and assured of heaven. He did everything for them that was necessary to bring them to glory.

By his obedience unto death, He fulfilled the demands of the Law in their room, endured the penalties of the broken Law, and secured their deliverance from condemnation and misery. They who believe upon Jesus, are set free from the broken covenant of works, and placed under the covenant of grace; and converted to God and freed from condemnation; they receive the spirit of adoption and taste that liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free. In the virtue of the all-atoning—all-perfect work of Christ, the blessings of salvation are freely bestowed upon them. Because Justice is satisfied, believers in Jesus are fully and freely justified—accepted as righteous in God's

sight—admitted into His family, and made partakers of all the blessings and privileges to which His beloved children are fully entitled.

But having simply glanced at the relation which true believers bear to God, we shall now notice more, particularly the principles which, in virtue of this relation, they individually enjoy. Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. Believers are sons of God, and because they are sons, the Spirit of Christ is sent forth into their hearts. The Holy Spirit is sometimes called the Spirit of God, as in the following passage. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God; and again it is written—“the natural man received not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned.” In many passages of scripture as in the one before us, the Holy Spirit is also called the Spirit of Christ. It is thus written. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His; and again, searching what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it tested beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow.

But altho' the Holy Spirit is sometimes called the Spirit of God, and sometimes the Spirit of Christ; yet we are not to suppose for one moment, that the Third person in the Trinity is inferior in dignity to the Father and the Son. The Holy Spirit is essentially the same with the Father and the Son, in majesty and glory, as it is written:—There are three that bear record in Heaven; the Father, and the word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one, equal in eternity—equal in perfection, and equally to be adored. But altho' the

three persons in the Godhead are essentially one and the same, they nevertheless hold distinct offices in the economy of grace. In carrying out the glorious plan of redemption, in fulfilling the counsels of the Eternal Three, the Father is represented in Scripture as sending His Son to accomplish redemption's work for us and the Son is represented as sending the Holy Spirit to apply the benefits and blessings of that redemption, and so begin and complete the work of salvation in the soul. So that it is not in their essential character, but in their official character, that the Son and the Spirit are subordinate to the Father, and in all our acts of devotion, this distinction is recognized. We approach the Father's throne through the Son, and by the Holy Ghost, and we expect from God Heavenly communications through Christ, in answer to prayer prompted by the Spirit and presented in faith.

When God sends the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, then we enjoy the fullest liberty of access to Him. God has, in unspeakable love to our souls, erected a throne of grace, where He sits, and whence He proclaims mercy and salvation to the sinners of mankind.

A way of access to that throne has been opened up for the chief of sinners, and to them the amplest encouragement given, to go even to God's seat, and to find acceptance there. This way to God's throne is open to all. It was opened by Christ who, having shed his blood to atone for his people's sins, entered with it, into the Holy of Holies, to sprinkle it before, and upon the mercy-seat. Christ himself became a new and living way whereby sinners might approach unto God. This Christ of God is our merciful and faithful High-Priest, our Advocate before the throne on high. He occupies the mediatorial throne, and well therefore may we draw

near unto God with all holy boldness and confidence, as children unto a Father, and while he pleads the merits of his death for us we may expect a gracious answer to prayer. With a reconciled Father upon the throne of heaven, with a merciful and faithful high priest before that throne, and with the Spirit of adoption in our hearts, keeping our infirmities, and exciting us to prayer, we may ask what we will, and confidently expect a supply of all we can need or desire of the blessings of grace.

But being sons of God, and with the spirit of adoption in our hearts, we have not only liberty of access unto God, but we have boldness to spread our wants before Him. This Spirit of Christ inspires us with holy boldness before God's throne by bearing witness with our spirits that we are the children of God, and by assuring us of our interest in his fatherly love and regard.

It hath pleased the Father that in Christ all fulness should dwell, and that out of Christ's fulness believers in him should receive, to the full extent of their necessities.

The stores of divine blessing are inexhaustible, because their source is with the infinite holy one, and because those stores contain an ever abundant supply, there is no limit to our asking, provided our requests are made in accordance with the will of God, and have if fulfilled, a direct tendency to promote and advance the divine glory. If therefore we shall ask according to the will, and it shall be done unto us. There can be no want to them who fear God to them who believe in Christ, to them who have the spirit of adoption in their hearts, and who by that Spirit have liberty of access unto God and boldness to spread their wants before him. He that spared not his own Son, but freely gave him

up to the death for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things.

God's throne of grace is always accessible. Still is Christ the all prevailing Advocate of his people within the veil, and the promises of the Gospel still form an immovable foundation on which to rest our claims upon Gospel blessings. If therefore, the Spirit of adoption be moving us to prayer, and enlarging our desires after heavenly blessings, then may we indeed open our mouths wide, and rest satisfied that they shall be filled abundantly. If we are not straitened in ourselves, we are not straitened in God, who is able and willing to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think, and who will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly.

But farther, with the Spirit of adoption in our hearts we shall not only have liberty of access to God, and boldness to spread our wants before him, but we shall have the utmost confidence in his Fatherly care. The Spirit of Christ the Son, applies the promises of God the Father to the hearts of his spiritual children, and realizing and resting upon those promises, their spirits are filled with holy delight.

All the declarations and promises of the Gospel are sweet to them, and have the effect to soothe and comfort their spirits in all circumstances of distress and perplexity. What is more encouraging than God's words of tenderness addressed to his tried,—afflicted ones :—Fear not for I am with thee, etc.

And again, it is written, to confirm their faith, and cheer their hopes :—Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. And again it is declared :—As the mountains are round about Jeru-

salem, so the Lord is round about His people, from henceforth, even for ever.

The Lord's portion is His people. He is deeply interested in all that concerns them. They are the objects of His special love and care ; and he that toucheth them, toucheth the apple of His eye. He watches over them with the tenderest solicitude, and nothing can befall them without His permission. The very hairs of their heads are all numbered. His eye is continually upon them, and underneath and around them are His loving arms.

Such is the relation which you, as believers, bear to God. Such are your privileges here, and such is your expectations in eternity. You are heirs of heaven now, because you are of the family of God, and very soon will you inherit glory.

And that you may know the blessings of God's adopted children, He is still preaching to you the Gospel of Christ. God is not willing that you should perish. He has no delight in your death. Now is he calling you to repentance, inviting you to the mercy seat, and for your encouragement, He is assuring you of a full, free, present pardon, thro' the shed blood of the Saviour. The way of life is before you. Salvation is in your offer now, and within your reach. Hear now the gracious calls of heaven, and obey them—come to the wounded, crucified Saviour, believe in Him and be saved.

Rev. Hugh McLeod, D. D.



SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Rev. Hugh McLeod, D. D., was born in the parish of Tongue, in that portion of Sutherlandshire usually called Lord Reay's country, and within a mile of Lord Reay's residence, on the 23rd April, 1803. After a successful career as a pupil and student, he obtained his degree of M. A. at the age of 23. His career at college was characterized as very brilliant. He studied theology under Drs. Brown and Chalmers. He was licensed in 1831 by the Presbytery of Tongue, within whose bounds he had the first ministerial charge, viz., "Melness and Eribol." In 1836 a unanimous call was given him by the Gaelic church, Edinburgh, one of the largest congregations in the city which was his second charge. As in his former charge, so here, peace, harmony

and prosperity prevailed throughout, and by the divine blessing a fruitful revival took place by which very many were added to the church. His third ministerial charge was the parish Logie Easter, Rossshire, where he remained for ten or eleven years. During his incumbency at Logie Easter, in 1843, the memorable Disruption took place—the outcome of ten years' conflict, a conflict in which he took an active part. When the time came he went out with his brethren, and with the exception of four or five persons, the entire congregation followed him. In 1845 Dr. McLeod was sent out by the Free Church as deputy to visit these provinces and other portions of America. This visit extended over five months and during that period he travelled over 14,000 miles, preached a sermon and baptized a child on an average every day from the day he left home till he returned, and in the aggregate delivered about 90 addresses in different places connected with the object of his mission. He visited several of the New England States and all the British Provinces. In 1848 Dr. McLeod was again sent out as a deputy by the Free Church on a similar mission and over the same ground, and was welcomed everywhere with much enthusiasm. After his return home in 1849, the people of Mira and surrounding districts set their hearts on getting him, and left no stone unturned to carry out that object, pledging themselves to support him liberally during all the days of his natural life. The church at home was induced to send him and he was induced to come, greatly to the delight of the people and the Presbytery of Cape Breton. He was accordingly inducted in August 1850, as minister of Mira, Sydney, etc., which was his fourth and last ministerial charge, for although he received from twenty to thirty unanimous calls, two of which were signed by

1,600 each, and of them by large numbers, he accepted of none but the four already referred to. He died at Sydney after a brief but distressing illness on Tuesday evening, the 23rd Jan., 1894.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of Dr. McLeod, of Sydney, took place the following Friday afternoon, from his late residence, Sherwood, at 2 o'clock, under the direction of the Presbytery of Sydney. After short devotional exercises at the house, the procession started for St. Andrew's church, being composed of all classes and creeds, who assembled from all localities. The church was literally packed before the arrival of the procession. The remains of the honored dead were borne to the space in front of the pulpit which was tastefully draped by the ladies of the congregation. Rare flowers were conspicuously placed in the folds of the drapery, adding very much to the effect. The service in the church was solemnly impressive. It commenced by the singing of four stanzas of the 23rd psalm, given out by Rev. Mr. Rankine, Moderator, who presided, followed by the reading of the scripture and prayer by Rev. Alexander McLean, of New Glasgow, and the Moderator, respectively. Thereafter Rev. D. McMillan gave the following

ADDRESS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The painful, but honorable duty of addressing you on this solemn occasion, has been assigned to me. I know that I am unequal to the task but my feelings toward both the living and dead, my respect and sympathy, urge me humbly to attempt it. I deem it a privilege, though a mournful one, to pay a last tribute to the venerable Father who for so long a time occupied a prominent place in the church, of which he was so bright an ornament.

We meet to-day, brethren, mourning him whose remains wait to be laid beside those loved ones who had gone on before him, and to express our sympathy with the family from whom a revered and beloved father has been taken. It becomes us, in these circumstances, to recall and to reflect upon the life and character of him who has passed away from our midst.

This aged and venerable Father of our church has completed a long term of service, and has laid down his armor after more than half a century of earnest and untiring labor; labor expended not only in the onerous duties of the ministry, but in every branch of work, which tends to the moral elevation of the people amongst whom he lived.

It was surely a red letter day in the history of Cape Breton and the Maritime Provinces, when Dr. McLeod consented to cast in his lot with us. His influence has been felt far beyond the limits of the congregation, to which he had so successfully ministered. I well remember his exertions in behalf of the Free Church college fund. In 1853 he canvassed our congregations for this "Fund," and in six weeks obtained \$20,000. I recall with gratitude his powerful influence in regard to Presbyterian union. We know how loyally he has stood by the cause of Christ, the cause of the Presbyterian church, the cause of education and progress, and I do not doubt that the future will do more ample justice than either the past or present has accorded him.

In November, 1883, his ministerial jubilee was celebrated in the old St. Andrew's church of this town with great cordiality. Thirty-three years of most unwearyed, zealous, devoted and most successful service were spent in Cape Breton. During this period several glorious revivals of religion were enjoyed, which extend-

ed far and near, by which great numbers were added to the church. In his reply to the address presented to him on that interesting occasion, he stated that he had been Moderator of Presbytery twenty times, and of Synod four times, and once Moderator of the General Assembly. He preached over 6,000 sermons, baptized over 2,000 persons, admitted 1,200, and I may state that within two weeks of his death he performed his last official act. It was a marriage service and at the close of it he remarked: "this is the 800th marriage I solemnized." It is not for us to speak of the services he rendered to the people under his immediate care as a Pastor. He cared for their spiritual interests above all; but he took a deep and enlightened interest in their educational and material progress, and the result is manifest to-day wherever you look.

Dr. McLeod possessed high abilities as an administrator, and both in the chair at ordinary meetings and when presiding over ministerial brethren he gained universal confidence and respect. His knowledge of Presbyterian law and usage made him in church courts a wise counsellor, and his strict adherence to law and usage made him a safe pattern, and while he had opinions of his own carefully considered and deliberately formed and firmly held, which could sometimes express themselves by the *FORTITER IN RE*—he had sufficient respect for the judgement of others to allow them to have and express an opinion of their own, and he dealt with it, if contrary to his, with the *SUAVITER IN MODO*.

I recall at this moment most distinctly the first time I ever saw and heard Dr. McLeod. It was in the midst of a great congregation, in a beautiful grove in Whycomagh in the glorious heart of the summer. Thousands had flocked to the scene from great distances

—from Mira to Margaree—some fifty or sixty miles—many performing the long pilgrimage on foot, for the word of the Lord was precious in those days; and there was an eager desire to hear the gospel preached by the brilliant and illustrious stranger, whose fame had preceded him. The Lord's Supper was celebrated in that beautiful glen with its stately trees, and no service in Gothic cathedral was ever more impressive. Tears of sorrow or of joy, of holy rapture or of penitence, flowed copiously from thousands of eyes; and those thousands of worshippers, young and old, were swayed by the eloquent preacher as the trees are swayed by the gale. I still hear those ringing notes, those piercing sentences, that voice which could be heard to the furthest limit of the congregation. It was a day long to be remembered.

I have often recalled with satisfaction—I had almost said with pride—the scene we witnessed at the close of our great and most exciting General Assembly at Halifax in 1877. Dr. McLeod was Moderator. He was in frail health, and the strain upon him during that long-continued assembly must have been severe. When the closing hour came, Dr. McLeod rose in his place and poured forth a flood of living, fervid eloquence, simple and sublime, such as none of us ever heard from a Moderator before or since. It took us all by surprise—but the Ontario men, the men who only knew Dr. McLeod by reputation, were astonished and bewildered. That closing address was published in all the Halifax papers and it was widely copied throughout the United States and Canada.

But enough, my friends, of what is personal to him whom we have lost. When the Christian dead pass from us we are right as Christians to record and be thankful for their worth. But could we read their feelings

in the great and loved presence into which they have passed, this we may be sure of, that we should find nothing so distasteful to them as praise, for the characteristic state of the Christian in this life is that, however God may have helped him to do somewhat while in life for the good of Christ's church, he knows and deeply feels his many great failures. While we gladly lay to heart the lessons taught to ourselves and to the men of our age by a long, laborious, useful life, the dead whom we honor would ever call us to think also how short is life at the longest; how fleeting are the world's distinctions how unsatisfying its best and purest enjoyments, how little even a very long life accomplishes, how little is there to boast of in the highest human intellect, which the rude hand of disease may at any moment prostrate. He whom we have lost was indeed privileged long to preserve his great faculties and was saved at last from any lingering decay. The three score years and ten were numbered, and by reason of strength they were four score and ten. But the sentence is written over all human greatness—social, moral and intellectual—that our strength is feeble, and that the greatest efforts are only good while conscientiously and entirely consecrated to Christ's service.

Our revered and venerable brother having fallen asleep in Jesus we do not sorrow as those who have no hope, but rather rejoice that the weary battle has ended and that as he resigned himself to death he could say in the words of the old paraphrase:--

“I know that safe with Him remains,
Protected by His power,
What I've committed to His trust
Till the decisive hour.
Then will He own His servant's name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.”

“Blessed are they who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.”

The call in Providence is loud to us, my brethren: “Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Isarel.”

“Soldier of Christ, well done; rest from thy loved employ; The battle fought, the victory won, enter thy Master's joy”

Rev. J. A. Forbes read the closing hymn, and Rev. Alex. McLean of N. G., pronounced the benediction. The moderator then announced that those who desired it would now have the opportunity of looking once more on the well known face. The procession reformed and proceeded to the cemetery at Hardwood Hill, where the remains were laid in there last resting place, beside those loved ones who had gone before him.

Rev. Alexander Farquharson.



SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Our departed brother was born on the 16th June 1835, and was the eldest son of an eminently godly minister, Alexander Farquharson, of sainted memory, who was the pastor of the first Presbyterian church in Cape Breton. The earnest prayer of this good man was that his son Alexander might be fitted for and consecrated to the work of the ministry; and his prayer was answered, and his wish was granted. Having passed through the course of study required of those who aspire to the clerical office, he was licensed to preach the gospel at Newcastle, N. B., in 1862, by the Presbytery of Miramichi, within whose bounds he

labored for one year. His first regular charge was at Leitch's Creek. From that church he was called to Glace Bay, where he labored with great acceptance and where his memory is still fragrant.

On the 1st September, 1875, he was inducted into the pastoral charge of St. Andrew's congregation of Sydney, as the colleague and successor to the esteemed and venerable Father, the Rev. Dr. McLeod. For upwards of seventeen years he devoted himself unremittingly to the arduous duties of this large and important congregation—faithfully administering the word and ordinances. His pastorate was marked by the constant growth and prosperity of the church, and pleasingly distinguished by the extreme cordiality of the relationship existing between Pastor and people. He died somewhat suddenly on the 21st October, 1892.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral of the late Rev. Alexander Farquharson, was, without exception, the largest procession ever seen in Sydney. Clergymen, members of Masonic lodges, and citizens of all classes from every section of the country, assembled to pay the last honors in their power to the memory of the man whom they had so loved, revered and esteemed.

Promptly at 1.30 p. m., the funeral procession left the late residence of the deceased, Ashby, the body in charge of the Sydney Presbytery, and proceeded to St. Andrew's Church, over the congregation of which the deceased had since September 1, 1875, presided so acceptably. The church was so crowded that many were unable to gain admittance. The edifice was literally packed to the very doors, the business houses of the town having closed for the occasion in order to per-

mit the employers and employed to attend the funeral.

The service at the church was most solemnly impressive. It commenced by the singing of four stanzas of the Twentieth Psalm, given out by the Rev. Mr. Rankine, Pastor of Falmouth Street Presbyterian Church, Sydney, commencing :

“Jehovah hear thee in the day
When trouble He doth send.”

The Moderator of the Presbytery presided and took charge of the service, and the Rev. Mr. McMillan, of Sydney Mines, delivered the funeral address, which was as follows :—

DEAR FRIENDS,—We meet today, mourning him, whose remains lie before us waiting to be consigned to their last resting place. The painful, but honorable duty of addressing you on this solemn occasion has been assigned to me. The task ought to have fallen into other hands than mine, but I can say, that, however unequal to the task, I have too much esteem for the dead, and sympathy for the living, and respect for the feelings and wishes which, at such a season are sacred, to refrain for a moment from acceding to the request. The truth is, I have neither had time nor composure of mind to arrange my thoughts. The blow has come so near home, it has disturbed and agitated and confused my mind so that my words must be feeble as well as few. But at the same time I feel it a privilege gratifying to my own feelings, to bear testimony to my departed friend's great moral worth and his character and attainments as a minister of the Gospel.

I deem it, however, unnecessary to enter upon this occasion into a minute detail of those qualities of his character, which gave him so much of dignity and excellence—for not only as a man and minister of the Gos-

pel was he known personally to most of those now hearing me, but I feel sure that in the sermon to be preached next Lord's day in this church, those qualities will be amply enlarged upon—yet to me it may still be permitted to say a few words regarding my very dear and ever to be lamented friend and brother.

I need not tell you, the people of St. Andrew's congregation, what he was in his professional capacity—but you will second me when I say that you found him always at his post—ever ready to tender you his best counsel and advice, to advise and admonish the young, and comfort the aged and infirm, sitting by the bedside of the afflicted with a tenderness and sympathy seldom equaled, administering the balm of consolation to the wounded spirit, and mingling his tears with those who wept. Thus was he ever active and zealous, yet he took no glory to himself, but gave all to his Master. While he shone conspicuous in the church, a more unassuming and unpretending spirit never breathed. Humility, meekness, gentleness, displayed themselves in his character.

In all the intercourse of private life, his amiable qualities were equally felt. There, my friends, you knew his affable, cheerful, quiet and kindly manner. You found him ever candid, open and without guile, able and ready to give counsel and advice, either in temporal or spiritual concerns. Attachments, strong and lasting on his part, were met with reciprocal affection by those with whom he delighted to associate.

We fondly hoped that many years of active service awaited him. Having apparently recovered from his recent serious illness, we flattered ourselves that he might still be restored to his family and flock, to water

the heritage of the Lord. But the Lord decreed otherwise; he was cut down, and suddenly, too; but blessed are the dead who die in the Lord—they rest from their labors and their works do follow them. He felt that to him “to live was Christ,” and thereby to him “to die his gain.” But although cut down in the vigor of life and in the height of usefulness, he has not died before his time—the bounds of his habitation were fixed.

This dispensation may appear dark and mysterious and even discouraging. But God in raising him up had His own designs, and He has the same in calling him hence. What we know not now we shall know hereafter, and we are assured that everything is ordered in perfect wisdom and equity and love. The pastor of this church is gone, and shall such a one die unlamented? No! No! That cannot be. A blank is seen. But the lamentation is not for him. No, there is joy and there is triumph on his account. He is gone to receive his reward. He is gone to be with Jesus he loved so much and served so well. But there are those for whom we sought to feel. I refer to the widow and fatherless children.

The loss to the church and to the flock may be filled—others may be raised who shall enter upon his labors, and occupy his place. But who shall repair the earthly breach to them. There is a loss that cannot be repaired by any earthly power. Of his support, consolation, instruction, guidance, prayers, they are forever bereaved. Let them have a double part in our sympathy and in our prayers, and in our efforts to comfort them. I know no way in which respect for the dead can be so truly shown as by an interest for those who are left behind. There is no way in which we can cher-

ish his remembrance as by our care of those dearest to him and whom he had placed under the providence and protection of his Heavenly Father. Pray that he who has made the burden heavy, may lighten it, that He would be the husband of the widow and the father of the fatherless.

Under less painful circumstances it would be gratifying to my own feelings and not unwelcome, I am sure to you, to linger on this subject, and to dilate on the many excellencies of our departed brother, but the very depth of our regret for him who is gone, make words difficult, I may say almost impossible. By that inevitable stroke of death which sooner or later awaits us all, he, for whom our tears of sorrow have been shed, is now taken from the evil that is to come, and exalted to that blissful region where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

The reading of the scriptures was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Isaac Murray, of North Sydney, with several appropriate passages.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Drummond, of Boularderie. The Rev. Messrs. Grant, of Cow Bay, and Forbes, of Glace Bay, assisted further in the service by announcing the other hymns, which were four stanzas of the Seventy-third Psalm, commencing :

“Yet God is good to Israel,
To each pure-hearted one,”

and the Fifty-third Paraphrase, commencing :

“Take comfort Christians when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep.”

At the conclusion of the service in the church, the Masons took charge of the body, and the procession reforming, proceeded to Hardwood Hill cemetery, where the interment took place according to the full custom

and order of the Masonic rites, Mr. Farquharson having been a member of the Royal Arch Chapter.

The procession in passing through Charlotte street took nearly an hour to pass a given point. There were over a thousand pedestrians and some hundreds of carriages.

TRIBUTES FROM OTHER SOURCES.

The Rev. Mr. Rankin at the close of his morning discourse on Sunday, said:—

An event occurred last week which has brought sorrow to every heart in this house today. What a shock it was to all of us to hear last Thursday that the minister of St. Andrew's was dying! The news, I am safe in saying, plunged all in grief. By another member of our Presbytery and on another occasion, appropriate allusion will be made to the life and work of our departed friend, but I cannot allow this occasion to pass without some expression, however slight, of my own sense of loss, and of your sympathy with the family of which he was the head and the congregation of which he was minister. Truly the Son of Man cometh at times as a thief in the night. When man is resting securely, looking forward, it may be, to years of life and happiness, the death angel is not seldom on the wing. It was so in this case. Last Thursday the Presbytery of Sydney put upon record its thanks to God and its congratulations to Mr. Farquharson on his recovery.

We anticipated that ere long he would be in his pulpit again. But God, in His love, has otherwise willed. How sudden was the call; without a moment's warning one may say. What a commentary on the text: "Take ye heed, watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is." My acquaintance with him

as you are aware, was of recent date. I had not that full knowledge of him possessed by many other members of this Presbytery and community. But this I can say: That during the thirteen months it was my privilege to know him, our relations have invariably been of the most cordial and brotherly character. Our acquaintance was deepening into what, I trusted, would prove a long and lasting friendship. He was ever ready to help, and in every possible way, one so much his junior in the ministry. His death is to me a personal loss. In the Presbytery his wise, cautious counsel will be sadly missed, his congregation losing a faithful minister, a much-loved Pastor, have received a heavy blow that will evoke, I venture to say, the sympathy of this and every other church in town; and his family—ah, of their desolation we will not venture to speak. We would seek in the spirit of Christ to mourn with those that mourn to-day, not sorrowing for the dead but for the living, believing that the long voyage of faith being ended the desired haven has been reached.

The preacher concluded by reading the simple, touching words of one of Tennyson's latest poems, "Crossing the Bar."

"Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For tho' from out bourne of time and place
Tho' flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Archdeacon Smith, preaching in St. George's church on Sunday morning, on St. John ix: 4.—"I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is

day; the night cometh when no man can work," said that the lesson thus taught by our Blessed Lord was at this time emphasized by the removal, while to us there seemed to be much useful and important work before them, of those whom we have known, with whom we have had familiar exercise, and especially of those who in their position and work have entered loyally into the life of the community. After a short reference to Mr. T. C. Hill, of whom he had spoken more particularly on the previous Sunday, he spoke of another of whom our thoughts are full, the news which sudden and unexpected had shocked and startled all to whom it came. To others it pertained to speak of the late Mr. Farquharson in his ministerial character and work. To those who were more closely associated with him, and able to testify of their personal knowledge of the faithfulness and gentleness with which the duties of his ministry were discharged. But he and his parishioners also had a tribute of respect to pay to his memory, a testimony to bear to his high Christian principle, his thorough manliness, the consistency and uprightness of his life and conversation, his unfailing kindness and courtesy, his broad liberal sympathies. Widely known and universally respected, the sorrow so generally felt at his removal has been made even more intense by the circumstances attendant.

Touching reference was made to the death of the Rev. Mr. Farquharson in the Methodist church Sunday evening at the close of the sermon, as follows: "The sad event that has taken place in our midst in the death of Mr. A. Farquharson has cast its sombre shadows over us all. Though not directly under his ministry, we have all known him as one whose piety has commanded our respect, whose friendship called forth

our truest esteem, whose warm sympathy won our hearts. One could not but feel in the warm handshake of Mr. Farquharson that his heart went with his hand. He was a father in counsel to the many who sought of him and full of tender sympathy and thoughtfulness for the afflicted. His life was helpful to all who knew him and brought sunshine wherever it came. The passage, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them," could be appropriately applied to him.

Mr. Buckley said he felt compelled to pay this humble tribute to one whom he had esteemed as a personal friend and whose death he greatly lamented. He expressed great sympathy for the bereaved wife and family and prayed God to sustain them in their great loss.

In the church of the Sacred Heart, the Rev. James Quinan made touching reference to the sterling qualities of the deceased, and said that in his social contact with the departed he had always found him liberal and beautiful in character.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

The announcement that the congregations of St. Andrew's and Falmouth Street Presbyterian churches would combine to attend a memorial service to the late Rev. Alexander Farquharson in St. Andrew's yesterday morning, filled that edifice to the doors, and during the first funeral sermon, which was preached by Rev. D. McMillan, of Sydney Mines, many were moved to tears at recollection of him they had lost.

The preacher took for his text the words of the Apostle Paul, Hebrews xi. and 4; "He being dead yet speaketh." The opening remarks were a general

consideration and application of the text, how men were apt to think that when one had closed his eyes upon life and his body had been covered up in the bosom of Mother Earth, that was the end of his influence and acts below, and that henceforth he was as if he had never been. But that was a great mistake. No man liveth to himself, and others must be affected by our lives, either for good or evil. So also no man dieth to himself but centuries after his existence here souls may be made happy or miserable through the influence started before he died. This thought imparted vast importance to life.

Referring more particularly to the late Mr. Farquharson, the preacher's words were as follows:

I need scarce inform you, my friends, what it is that has led me to address you this day on the subject on which I have been speaking. The circumstance that has brought us to the house of prayer this dark hour is too well known to need explanation—the bereavement which the congregation of St Andrew's has sustained by the unlooked for death of our much loved brother. The shafts of death are indeed falling thick around us and the prophets and the servants of the Lord do not escape. The husband, the father, the friend, the pastor has been taken away from the partner, and the children and the connections and the flock—and it has been so unanticipated that it is an event in which the immediate hand of God is most distinctly visible. In perfect submission to the will of God, as well as in right loyal trust in that infinite and infinitely tender love, we too would say with the Psalmist when contemplating as we are the prospect and uncertainty of life: "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth." I little thought on Monday last when I addressed you from this pulpit

that I should be called upon to renew this morning the testimony that I bore to your late pastor's ministerial as well as private character. The task, as I suggested then, is, from the deep affection I bore the departed, a peculiarly painful and difficult one, and yet at the same time a task which that very affection makes me unwilling to decline. For, my brethren, to me his death has been a blow fraught with a special sorrow. Bear with me, then, for a moment, while I speak of what he was to myself personally—a life-long companion—a dear trusted friend. We were boys and school-mates together, his father of sainted memory having been my pastor and the minister who admitted me into the visible church of Christ by baptism. In those young days a friendship was begun which increasing years only rendered more strong and sacred. When school days and boyhood had passed and dawning manhood found us preparing for the future that lay before us, then once again, at college, we were companions, occupied in the like studies, with the same high aim before us both—a place in the ministry of the gospel. Even after we had entered upon our labors it was God's good will that our lives should run close together, and so for nearly fourteen years we have been co-presbyters, with many precious opportunities for mutual intercourse and interchange of thought and assistance. What all this meant for both of us your own hearts may teach you, but I can certainly not express. With boyhood, youth, college days and manhood spent together, with mutual love and congenial temperaments leavening all our intercourse, you must see that the ties which united us have been more than usually close and binding. Need you wonder, then, that even I should be ready to mingle my

tears with those of his weeping family and friends. How deeply I loved him I shall not, for I cannot venture to express. His sweetness of disposition, his sterling loyalty, his ready and delicate sympathy, were such as to draw forth irresistibly the affection of those who knew him intimately and rivet the chains of friendship firmly and forever. He has gone, and his departure has created a blank in my life, which I shrink from contemplating—it means the loss of so much that I treasured and looked forward to. You know that it was while preparing to pay a brief visit to myself that his sharp, sudden summons came—and it is with painful interest that I now recall his pressing invitation in this church on the day the Presbytery met, to come and assist him in the dispensation of the Lord's Supper on this very Sabbath day—adding, "I will take the Gaelic service myself, if you come." How little either of us thought that this same Sabbath would summon me to the performance of so mournful a duty as this.

You will, I am sure, pardon so much that is personal. But, having being called upon to speak of my departed friend, I could not in justice to my own feelings, say less, where I might say much more.

And what shall I say of your departed pastor's pulpit ministrations. With these you are familiar, and I trust you have not received them in vain. That he was eminently faithful and acceptable in the public trust committed to him, we are persuaded will be most cheerfully conceded by all. We may appeal to his hearers generally as to his fidelity in declaring to them the counsel of God—in preaching to them the glad tidings—in urging them with all earnestness to flee from the wrath to come—in convincing the unbelieving, and in

arousing the impenitent—while he also, in the true spirit of the Gospel and as occasion might serve, sought to comfort and console the mourners in Zion, to strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees, to cheer the faint-hearted and confirm the wavering—and to build up the people of God through faith unto salvation.

Nor did he neglect the private duties of his calling. On the contrary, was he not often found in your homes, counselling and instructing and praying with, as well as for yourselves and your families? Or was there a chamber of sickness, or a bed of death, to which he was called, that he ever declined to visit, there to speak a word of admonition or comfort, and then to offer up the prayer of fervor and faith.

Your late pastor was also distinguished—eminently so, by the “ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.” There was a meekness, a humility, a mildness and a simplicity about him, which drew the hearts of all men to him.

He was a man of peace, “seeking peace and pursuing it,” “abhorring all wrath, bitterness and strife,” and although firm in maintaining what he felt to be truth, yet regretting in his inmost soul all that separated brethren and divided “the body of Christ.” Thus his warm, loving heart procured for him mingled esteem and respect, while he was an example to the flock in whatever is excellent and praiseworthy.

Such, and much more, was your dear pastor, and my beloved friend, and such as he was by nature and by grace, yea, all that he was, all that he had, was yours. This place, this congregation, this people, this house of the Lord, he loved with an intensity that nothing could change. “Ye were in his heart to live and die with

you.’, His joy was to spend and be spent in your service. His motto was, “holding forth the word of life that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain.”

On these things we delight to dwell; but the dark affecting truth ever returns, he is gone and we shall see him no more. Today you are a sorrowing congregation. God has been pleased to take from you, your head and leader and we are assembled this morning within this very house which he by his voice and mein helped to rear, and where never more shall his persuasive voice testify, as was its wont to do, to the gospel of the grace of God. Yes he is gone, and you have lost a faithful and affectionate Pastor, his family a most attached husband and a tender father, one of the most beloved of their circle; the Presbytery, a valuable member and a wise, cautious counsellor; the church, one of her best sons; and the country one of its loyal citizens. He is gone, but not to the land of forgetfulness, but to Emanuel’s happy land, to the general assembly and church of the first born, to the spirits of just men made perfect, “to be forever with the Lord.

But, brethren, while we thus endeavor to raise our minds in gratitude to God for all that he did in him, and by him and for him, let us remember that our responsibility did not close with his life, and that “he being dead yet speaketh.” “Remember him who had the rule over you, who spoke unto you the word of God, whose faith follow considering the end of his conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever.” Yea, let one and all of you who loved him, be led to prize more the “Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ,” —to adore the love of God in permitting you to have it dispensed so long among you by his servant in such

purity—and to seek earnestly that He may send to this large and important congregation, one on whom “his mantle may fall.”

But I must hasten to close. None can feel so much as I do, how little I have been able to set before you of your revered Pastor’s worth, or even to bring out the image I have of him deeply in my own mind. My consolation is that from your personal experience, and I trust, personal profit, “Ye know his doctrine, manner of life, faith, long suffering, charity and patience.” You know how he exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you that ye should walk worthy of God, who hath called you to His kingdom, and glory.” And what shall I say more? Let you, the people of this congregation, improve this painful bereavement, by remembering his words, by treasuring up his instruction, by imbibing his spirit, by following his faith, by imitating his example, that thus, though dead, he may still speak to you with effect. And this dispensation should lead us all to think of the shortness of time, and of the inheritance of eternity, to raise our thoughts above those mists and clouds and shadows that now hang over us and raise our affections to what is unseen and eternal.

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

The singing during the service comprised the 90th Psalm, from the 13th verse to the end, and the 42nd and 43rd Paraphrases, and the scripture lesson, read by Mr. McMillan, was the 5th chapter of 2nd Corinthians commencing: “For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved,” etc.

The Rev. Mr. Forbes of Little Glace Bay, who had

taken the preliminary part of the English discourse, subsequently preached in Gaelic, from the text in Timothy, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of Glory," etc. A large proportion of the congregation remained to the Gaelic service, which was very impressive.

In the evening of the same day, in Falmouth street church, the two congregations again combined, when the Rev. D. McMillan delivered another discourse from the text in Phillippians 1st and 22nd: "For to me to live in Christ, and to die is gain." The discourse was divided into two parts, the Christian's life and the Christian's death.

In Memoriam.

REV. JOHN F. FORBES.

Rev. John F. Forbes was born in Pictou County, February 2nd, 1834. He entered on a course of study for the ministry, in the Presbyterian College, Halifax; Knox College, Toronto, and finished his Theological Course at Princeton University. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, U. S. A. He was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of Union Centre and Lochaber in the year 1867, where he labored with great acceptance and success for the period of 19 years. He was translated to West River and Greenhill in the year 1886. On the 14th February, 1894, he was inducted into the pastoral charge of St. Andrew's Church, Sydney. This was his third and last ministerial charge. Here he continued to act as sole pastor till August, 1902, where there was associated with him in the pastorate of St. Andrew's, Rev. Clarence McKinnon. As in his former charges so here—his pastorate was marked by the constant growth and prosperity of the church. His last public appearances were on Christmas morning, when he preached in St. Andrew's, and again the following Monday, when he presided at the Gaelic prayer meeting.

His last act, as a member of the Presbytery of Sydney, was the reading of the following resolution anent my own retirement :

“This Presbytery places on record its sense of appreciation of the services by the Rev. D. McMillan,

who for the long period of over forty-two years was a minister of our church, and for twenty-five years a member of our Presbytery. Mr. McMillan was licensed by the Presbytery of Halifax to preach the Gospel in the year 1861. In that same year he was inducted into the congregation of La Have and New Dublin. There he laboured vigorously for the period of eighteen years. By his influence and exertion a fine church and manse were built and the fruits of his labor are still manifest.

He was translated to the congregation of North Sydney, then comprising North Sydney, Sydney Mines and Little Bras d'Or, as colleague and successor to the venerable Matthew Wilson in the year 1879.

For three and a half years he laboured in the above united congregation till a division took place, when North Sydney was set apart as a separate congregation, leaving Mr. Wilson and Mr. McMillan in charge of Sydney Mines and Bras d'Or. After serving Bras d'Or for ten years in conjunction with Sydney Mines it was then set apart as a mission station, and Mr. McMillan, after the decease of Mr. Wilson, was the sole pastor of Sydney Mines till within a few months of his retirement, which took place in June last. Mr. McMillan, through careful preparation, a fine physique, sonorous voice and vigorous delivery, combined with a thoughtful mind, became an acceptable preacher. In his retirement he leaves in his recent and first charge many warm friends and admirers. He was attentive on the meetings of the Presbytery, took a lively part in its discussions and performed the part assigned him faithfully. The Presbytery is loath to part with so genial and happy a brother, and trusts he may long be spar-

ed to enjoy the well merited freedom and rest to which for his long and faithful service he is entitled.

(Signed), J. F. FORBES, Convener."

As the above minute was the last act of my late lamented co-Presbyter, and as he was my old fellow student and life-long friend, I gladly make room for it in this imperfect sketch.

On Tuesday, December 27, 1904, Mr. Forbes complained of violent pain in his hand. Blood poisoning had set in, and despite all medical skill, he passed away to his rest on the morning of January 4th, 1905.

His funeral took place on the following Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock from his late residence, under the direction of Presbytery. The procession started for St. Andrew's Church, over the congregation of which the deceased had for 11 years presided so successfully and harmoniously. The church was filled to overflowing. Clergymen of all denominations and citizens of all classes and creeds assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom they highly esteemed, and whose death they deeply lamented.

The Rev. J. A. MacGlashen presided, and took charge of the service. Brief, sympathetic addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Clarence McKinnon, A. J. McDonald, Dr. W. H. Smith and T. C. Jack. After the Benediction by the late Rev. D. Drummond, the procession was reformed, and proceeded to the cemetery at Hardwood Hill. He was laid beside his beloved wife, who had gone on before him; they were united in their last resting place. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

REV. DAVID DRUMMOND.

Rev. David Drummond was a native of the parish of Ardchattan, Argyleshire. In 1853 he entered the University of Glasgow. In theology he studied under Dr. Patrick Fairbairn, Dr. Gibson, Dr. Islay Burns, and Dr. Hetherington, the historian of the Church of Scotland.

Mr. Drummond was licensed and received into the ministry of the Free Church of Scotland by the Presbytery of Skye, at Portree, after which he was appointed assistant to Rev. John McRae, of Lewis. He was also for a short time assistant to Rev. George Kennedy, of Dornoch, Sutherlandshire.

In August, 1871, Mr. Drummond arrived in Cape Breton from Scotland. For several months he supplied vacant congregations in various parts of the Island. In 1872 he accepted a unanimous call from the congregation of Gabarus and Framboise, where he was ordained and inducted by the Presbytery of Cape Breton. After three years of most successful pastorate he was translated to the congregation of Boularderie, and was inducted at Big Bras d'Or Church on Feb. 18th, 1875, and thus became the successor of Rev. James Fraser, of sainted memory, whose death took place on the 8th of April of the previous year (1874). After 30 long years of hard, laborious and successful pastorate in this large and important field, Mr. Drummond, in October, 1904, retired from the active work of the ministry, the congregation at the same time voting him a retiring allowance. Two elegant churches and four fine halls are monuments of his enterprising spirit and praiseworthy efforts.

Late in the Autumn of 1904, Mr. Drummond,

with his wife and only daughter, removed to their new and beautiful home in Sydney. His many friends had fondly hoped that, in the evening of his days, many years of well-earned rest might be in store for him. But God, in his wisdom, had decreed otherwise. On the afternoon of the 18th of February, 1905, he heard a voice from Heaven, saying, "Come up hither." (A strange coincidence that the call came in the same month, and on the same day of the month, that he was inducted 30 years before into his last pastoral charge). The exchange from his home here to his new home in Emanuel's happy land was sudden, and his unexpected death was a shock to the whole community.

His funeral took place on the 20th of February, and after an impressive service in St. Andrew's Church, Sydney, his remains (accompanied by the Presbytery of Sydney), were conveyed to Boularderie Cemetery, where they were laid to rest, beside those of his son, John, who had gone on before him. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, they rest from their labor, and their works do follow them."

THE LATE REV. MURDOCH BUCHANAN.

The late Rev. Murdoch Buchanan was born at St. Ann's, Victoria County, on December 26th, 1869. He graduated from Dalhousie in 1898, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and from the Presbyterian College, Halifax, in 1900. During his course in college he served the church in various mission fields, as follows: In 1896, in Piscarince, N. B.; in 1897, in Cape North and Ingonish; in 1898, in Leitch's Creek; in 1899, as assistant to the late Rev. D. Drummond, Boularderie. On July 17th, 1900, he was ordained and installed in-

to the pastoral charge of Louisburg, where he continued to preach to his warmly attached congregation until his fatal illness began. In July, 1904, he was taken seriously ill. He had recovered sufficiently in December to preach to his people on two or three successive Sundays, but it was evident that his strength was not returning. Early in January he sought a warmer climate with the hope that a change of air and scene might restore him to his usual vigor, but the seeds of that insidious disease, tuberculosis, were too deep seated to be rooted out. His strength sapped by repeated hemorrhages, he succumbed to the dread disease at Brookline, Mass., on the 28th day of April, 1905.

The remains, in charge of the Masonic Order, were conveyed to Louisburg on the evening of May 3rd. The Presbytery also accompanied the remains and held a very impressive service with the people of his congregation and the citizens of Louisburg.

The Presbytery accompanied the remains to Big Hill, St. Ann's, and there, beside the dust of his mother, he was reverently laid to rest on the afternoon of the 5th of May.

We would seek in the Spirit of Christ to mourn with those who mourn, and pray that He who has made the burden heavy may lighten it, that He would be the Husband of the Widow and the Father of the Fatherless Child.