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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Church of Scotland

IN

NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, & ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. XV.

APRIL, 1869.

No. 4.

"IF I FORGET THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET ITS CUNNING."—PS. 137: 5.

LETTER FROM REV. C. M. GRANT.

CALCUTTA, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MONTHLY RECORD:."

Before leaving Nova Scotia, I made a promise to some of my friends to make them, and the Church generally, acquainted, through your columns, with any facts regarding "the exhaustless East," which might be deemed interesting. And now, within twenty-four hours after my arrival in this city, the field, as I hope, of my future work, I hasten to fulfil, in part, the promise made. Willingly would I have lingered in dear old Scotland, to have enjoyed that fellowship with the wisdom of the fathers of the Church to which I was admitted; but already the borders of that hot season during which it is unwise for one unaccustomed to the climate to enter India were being approached, and three weeks were all I could venture to appropriate. During that time I had the benefit of the advice of many of the most revered men of the national Church concerning the Missionary enterprize before me. The eyes of Scotland are being turned to India Missions now as at no previous period. The nation is being aroused to the fact that He who opens and who shuts—who forbade the Great Apostle to enter Bithynia, and who signified that he should enter Macedonia—has opened, in a marvellous way, the gates of our Eastern Empire, and by that fact signifies that we are to enter in and conquer for Him. First, a giant in christian warfare, a Saul among the people, beckoning on to the struggle, in the eyes of all Scotland, stands her "foremost man"—one who has, through "the long tract of years borne the white flower of a blameless life amid a thousand peering littlenesses"—the present convener of the India Mission, Dr. Norman McLeod. Who could sit beside that man, as I did for hours, and listen to the outpourings of a heart full of the things of Christ, and not feel the flow of an inspiration lifting out of self, unto the region of pure self-devotion. "People cry out for results," he says—"they demand accounts of conversions—they refuse to work without them. But with results I have nothing to do: they belong to God. Enough for me that it is His work we are doing:

enough for me to know that God loved men, and that He wants me to make known that love. I need trammel myself with no other thought—with no craving for immediate results: here is Inspiration to fill a soul." And so he speaks to the religious thought and chivalry among his countrymen, and they know the voice to be the voice of a man good and true. Let little men carp as they may: he speaks the mind of Him who came to do not His own will but the will of God.

But "Eastward ho!" is now the motto, and so I pass over the journey from Calais via Paris to Marseilles—also the six days sail up and across the Mediterranean till we reach Alexandria. Who may attempt its description? It is unique—a city which has none like itself. It is neither Arabian nor Egyptian, though Arabs and Egyptians swarm in its streets—nor Italian, though Italy gives the official language—nor English or French, though its commerce is in their hands. It is Cosmopolis—the city of the world. There, rubbing shoulders together, crowd representatives of every nation under the sun. The language of every people is spoken in its streets and Bazaars—the costume of every country is seen, from the Arab sack—not unlike a coarse meal bag with a hood for the head, resembling that mounting a Canadian top-coat—to the hat and coat of "Regent street style";—the religions of the Mussulman, the Copt, the Romanist, the Lutheran, the Anglican, and the Presbyterian, display their ensigns side by side;—the coins of every mercantile people of Europe, Asia, Africa and America are received indifferently in its shops and at its hotels. And then the moral result of all this flowing together of peoples and religions, what is it? It is bestiality—open, unblushing and obscene. Vice is systematised—the city is a hell on earth, if there be one—Constantinople itself yields the first place to it. Oh God! what moral and spiritual darkness is here for the light of Truth yet to penetrate and dispel. For one moment may he of the Cross gaze at it astounded, and then, with the old crusading battle shout of "God wills it," forward to the grapple in the name and power of Love.

The neighbourhood presents some objects of interest. There is "Cleopatra's Needle"—a single block of rough granite 76 feet high and 12 feet square at the base, concerning which the tradition is that it once formed one of the entrance posts to the great Temple at Hieropolis or On—of which Temple Joseph's father-in-law was a Priest; also "Pompey's Pillar," another vast block of granite, only polished, and of exquisitely symmetrical proportions,—base, pillar and capital formed of one piece. Its dimensions I do not know, but it must be nearly one half larger every way than the "Needle." Visiting these, the Pacha's gardens and palace, and driving through some of the principal streets and Bazaars, manage to occupy some three or four hours—and then get out of Alexandria as quickly as you can, escape its filth and moral pests, and breathe more freely as you inhale the free air of the desert. And this city of impurities was once a great centre of Christian Orthodoxy. It gave Apollon to the early Church. The great Athanasius was its Bishop. As a simple Presbyter he stood forth as the champion against Arius and his heresy, and the Nicene creek owns him as its chief compiler and defender. As bishop he cheered and guided the church during the wilderness period when Constantine was emperor and Arianism dominant and persecuting. "He never feared the face of man." Dogmatic and even violent in power, he possessed that dauntless determination, that vehement eloquence and living Faith in what he held to be true, which form *leaders* in troublous times. His "creed" still testifies to the nature and powers of the man—to his orthodoxy, logic, and dogmatism. And long after his day Alexandria continued to shine as an intellectual light. But the eclipse came with the Mussulman conquest, and the shadow has continued to deepen till it has become the very "abomination of desolation." Commercially it still lives, but is near its death. The opening of the Suez Canal will be its destruction. Port Said—the Mediterranean end of the Canal

—will take its position of importance, and will form the point of communication between Europe and the East. Talking of the Canal, the French are jubilant over its success. And with reason too! It gives them a commanding influence in Egypt. More and more is their impress becoming recognisable. The country is already, in many respects, assuming the appearance of a French Province, and the Viceroy must gradually sink to the position of a French vassal. Towns are rising up along the route of the Canal, in all aspects scarcely distinguishable from those of France. For example, Ismaili, only a few years ago a desert spot in the midst of a desert, is now a large city with French language, French Theatres, Cafés and Casinos. Financially the enterprise may be a failure, but politically it is a grand success, and it is as a political move that the Emperor chiefly regards it. English travellers bitterly complain of that supineness on our part which has permitted a rival thus to forestall us, to obtain such a grip of a position so vital in the line of our communication with India, and to make us, to a great extent, dependents on its friendship or forbearance. The 1st October, 1869, is the date assigned for the opening of the whole Canal. M. Lesseps, the chief engineer, has formally notified various Boards of Trade of this fact. The French are particular as to the exact day. A gentleman relates a conversation with an official. "The Canal will be opened in October next," was the remark made. "On the first of October," was the reply, in the tone of one who liked exact statement. But as this is not the first announcement of the kind, people take the liberty of adding on another year. Not often do you find men as punctual to time as Sanford Fleming was with the Pictou Railway.

From Alexandria to Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, is about 240 miles by the present line of railway. At Suez we again meet the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company—the largest, and perhaps the best organized company for steam navigation in the world. It possesses 76 steamers—most of them of very large tonnage, and secures communication between England and all the principal cities of India, China, Japan and Australia. From Suez to Aden, *i. e.*, from one end of the Red Sea to the other, is perhaps the hottest, stuffiest, most disagreeable sail that can be indicated. I had the good fortune to have the coolest voyage of the whole year, and from considering what it is at the coolest, I can form some idea of what it is at the hottest. For several nights the thermometer stood at 86° at midnight. We talk about the patience and endurance of our brave fellows during the Abyssinian war, but we do not begin to understand what they endured till we have had experience of Red Sea heat, in which they had to work and march. Perhaps it may be interesting if I mention now, lest I may forget it, that Lord Napier, of Magdala, presided at the annual meeting of our Mission at Madras, and made an excellent speech full of hearty sympathy with our work—stating that he had been brought up in the bosom of the Church of Scotland, that he regretted that the incidents of a roving life had often for years separated him from her communion, but that he trusted for the future to be able in his new capacity (as Lieutenant-Governor of Madras Presidency) to show the interest he felt in her and her Missions. These professions he has backed up and approved by his deeds. He has granted a free site and \$150 as his "first subscription" to the new native church which we are erecting in Madras.

But this is a digression. Aden is the first point reached of our Eastern Empire. A mass of naked rocks, it answers the purpose for which we seized it as well as if it were fertile as Jordan's Valley. The sole plea on which we took possession of it and erected our batteries was, that it was necessary to our commerce as a coaling depot. The neighbouring Arab tribes could scarcely be expected to see it exactly in the same light, took up a bitter hostility, and for years kept Aden in a state of chronic siege. Gradually, however, they came to perceive that we wished only ground, or rather rock, sufficient to store

our coal and place our guns, and they are now quite friendly, appear no longer with spear and matchlock to take our lives, but with bits of coral, ostrich feathers, Antelope horns, &c., to fleece us of as much money as possible. The Somali is the principal tribe—all Mussulmen, proud, brave and tyrannical, when they dare, as Mussulmen ever are. There is a colony of Jews in the neighbourhood who claim to have been settled there for 2,000 years. They are a fine looking set of men, much superior, physically, to the Somali, yet stand in constant terror and abject fear. I was standing by one of them, a true descendant of the Patriarch, trying to get as much as possible out of him as to the life, feelings and expectations of this isolated few, when a young strippling Somali, in the most contemptuous way, jumped up and struck off the little round hat which the Jew wore, and then looked at him with a most provoking grimace. The Jew looked around in a frightened, deprecating way, picked up his hat, brushed and replaced it,—evidently afraid of worse happening. "Why don't you slap that fellow?" I asked. "No, no! not now—not yet. Messiah soon come—then we *kill* them." For one moment the hand was clenched and the eye glared, as he thought of the longed-for outpouring of the vials of vengeance, and then again he was the same meek Jew, with the downcast eye and frightened look. But the young Arab had heard my question, and, throwing himself into a warlike attitude, and using a little stick like a sword, with ineffable contempt, replied to me: "Him! a Jew! me kill ten, a hundred, Jews myself—Jew coward—Jew no man." How have the mighty fallen! The chosen people! Lord, Thy word is true, and Thy judgment just "A hissing and a reproach."

But I am afraid this is already quite long enough for your space. In my next I will give my first impressions of India, along with some account of what we are doing in the way of Missionary work.

C. M. GRANT.

MISREPRESENTATION EXPOSED.

UNDER this title, Mr. A. Russell, the energetic agent, in this Province, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has issued a well-written pamphlet of 50 pp., "Being a defence of the British and Foreign Bible Society from the attacks of Rev. A. Sutherland and Rev. John Munro." We have read the pamphlet with much interest and much satisfaction. For two or three years these Rev. gentlemen have been putting forth strenuous endeavours to disparage the claims of this noble Society in the eyes of its subscribers and the public generally. Last year they published a pamphlet in which they crowned all their other misrepresentations by their famous declaration, "It is beyond all doubt that Popery is a constituent element of the very Committee itself!" by which declaration they have earned for themselves the compliment of being the authors of "as gross a libel and falsehood as was ever penned." Mr. Russell enters into the question at issue quite fully and quite successfully—demolishing the many imaginary grievances and visionary causes of complaint which the Rev. gentlemen have brought themselves to believe in, and would fain bring others to believe in also. They assert that the British and Foreign Bible Society "circulate versions of the Scriptures containing nearly all the essential doctrines of Popery;" and they plainly insinuate, farther, that the Society would rather circulate these than faithful versions. The pamphlet of Messrs. Sutherland and Munro proceeds somewhat after this fashion: They select De Sacy's (French) translation of the Bible as the chief subject of criticism. They overlook the fact, well known in this Province, that Father Chiniquy (who can scarcely be supposed to have any leanings to Rome) used this identical version. They overlook the further fact, that De Sacy's version was *condemned* by two Popes, and pertinaciously assert that this translation contains

nearly all the essential doctrines of Popery. Now notice how they make good their charge. Instead of getting these doctrines out of De Saci's Bible, they take the easier, but altogether unwarrantable plan, of putting them into De Saci. Their object is to make De Saci appear as corrupt as possible, and they proceed in this way: They take some seven or eight objectionable Romish doctrines,—a corresponding number of passages from the Bible in question,—mix them well together, and then ask, Can any sincere Protestant swallow the dose? But mark how the mixture is made: the ingredients are provided by Mr. Munro,—the prescription is carefully prepared by Mr. Sutherland,—the British and Foreign Bible Society is compelled to provide a bottle to hold the poisonous compound, and then comes the exclamation: What an awful Society this must be; we'll have nothing to do with it whatever. Besides, they endeavour to make it appear that in France, &c., the Society is at pains to provide the corrupt versions far more cheaply than the others. On this point Mr. Russell shows so clearly that the statements of the Rev. gentlemen are fallacious, that one would imagine they can have no alternative left but publicly to retract the mis-statement. The worst of the matter is, that the Agent brings out, by referring to the identical Report which the authors of the pamphlet professed to quote, that these defamers of the Society could not fail to be perfectly aware that their own statements were incorrect.

In one point of view Mr. Russell's task was an easy one,—the pamphlet he was called upon to expose being a wretched production, so far as argument is concerned, though we must admit that it shows considerable power of so putting things as to convince an unsuspecting reader of the truth of their assertions. Any who may have been so misled should procure a copy of this "Defence," and to the ordinary reader it will be found to contain a great deal of matter that is interesting and instructive, apart from the controversy altogether. Mr. Russell has furnished, in this publication, an additional proof of his great ability as the Society's Agent. The pamphlet, we understand, is for sale in Halifax, Truro, New Glasgow, River John, &c.

THE CHURCH IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Presbytery of St. John.

LAST month I described the territorial bounds of the St. John Presbytery and endeavored to convey some idea of the work required to occupy the new settlements, submitting a very brief sketch of a Catechist's labours on the Tobique, by far the most important region lately settled, and which is as yet unoccupied by any Church. In this communication I purpose making a few observations concerning the state of the Church in the field already occupied within the bounds of the Presbytery; and shall point out a few of the reasons why Presbyterianism has not taken such deep root here as we could wish. The charge made against us by some of our brethren in other denominations—that there is very little life in us—if not true to the extent urged, is not altogether devoid of truth. We may deny that a Church, in order to be a living, thriving Church, must have periodic pentecostal seasons; or deny that our Church has not such seasons of awakening; but the conclusion must, I fear, be forced upon us from actual observation of the fact—that our Church in the district to which I refer, if not dead, is yet very far from shewing signs of a vigorous life.

One of the first things, I think, which must strike a person on coming to this part of the Province, especially if he comes from a thoroughly Presbyterian district in the United States, or from a well organized parish in Scotland, is the little interest taken by the people generally in the affairs of the Church. Presbyterianism has, by some, been defined as republicanism in the Church. It would, however, be a poor commonwealth, in which the citizens did not take more interest in the common weal than the members of our church generally

take in the welfare of our Zion. The hearty response given by the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, St. John, to the frequent calls made upon their liberality; the presence of not a few such unostentatious workers in that congregation, as he was whose obituary appeared in last month's *Record*; the zealous labours of an Edwards in Fredericton, the Rankins in Northampton, and many more, forbid the conclusion that there is no life in the body. At the same time, the few who assemble to take into consideration matters affecting the temporal welfare of the church, and the fewer still that are on ordinary occasions assembled in the prayer meetings, force us to conclude that the warm life-blood is not coursing freely through all the members of the body. Too many are to be found among the professed subjects of our King who are willing to pay the war-tax, or find a substitute, but who are unwilling to do personal service in the field. The protestant idea of the minister is, I fear, lost sight of by the great majority in all the congregations. If they do not interpose him, as a priest, between themselves and their God, and claim from his hands, as an *opus operatum*, that personal holiness without which none shall see God; they do, in too many instances, interpose him between them and their fellow-men.

When a member or adherent in one congregation permanently, or for a time, removes to another part of the same Presbytery, or to a place without its bounds, too seldom is he found intimating to his pastor his intention of removing, and seeking from him letters of dismissal for himself and all the baptized members of his household, or a letter of introduction to the minister of the place to which he is going. The evil resulting from this is aggravated when we do not find the young men of the respective congregations organised into Christian Associations, for the purpose, among other things, of looking after such persons arriving in their neighborhood. Those in the eldership probably, in the good old days of yore, performed for the Church of Scotland, each elder in his district, that which among the Wesleyans is done by the class-leaders now. They exercised a brotherly and kindly supervision over the parts of the flock assigned to them, reproving, advising, sympathising, encouraging. It can scarcely be said, however, that to-day this work is performed by those holding the office in the Presbytery of St. John. I mention the St. John presbytery, simply because I am describing the state of the Church in it, and not because I consider it at all exceptional in this respect.

The efforts put forth in the various congregations within the last two years to erect churches and Sabbath-school buildings, afford, however, a strong refutation of the charge that we are lifeless. Scarce a single congregation within the bounds of the presbytery but has, during that period, been engaged in the work of building.

In St. John, new St. Stephen's Church stands as an ornament to the city, and a testimony to the zeal of those who contributed so liberally to its erection. The congregation of St. Andrew's Church, besides purchasing their magnificent organ, are about building a school-room, which may be more worthy of such a corporation than the one in which their Sabbath-scholars have so long met. In Fredericton, the congregation of St. Paul's Church, last summer, erected a fine spacious session-house and school-room, to meet a want felt for some time past. At Stanley, the people have shown their appreciation of the services of their late pastor, the Rev. Peter Keay, by contributing the means to build a neat little church in that district. In Oak Mountain, a district taken up in connection with Richmond by the Rev. James Kidd, a very respectable little church has been built. In Woodstock, also, during the last two years, our people, though few in numbers, have undertaken the erection of a handsome church. It is now completely finished on the outside; with a school room attached, finished inside with native butter-nut. The congregation has hitherto, since its erection, met in the school-room; but it is desirable that the church,

which is glazed with ground and stained glass, and already complete on the outside, should as soon as possible be finished inside and rendered suitable for holding service therein. When this is done, and the main building, as designed, finished like the school-room, in oiled butter-nut, this church, with its fine windows and lofty tressed dome, will present one of the most pleasing interiors to be found in the province. The little congregation here, during the short space of two years, though deprived of supplement from the Colonial Committee, to the extent of £50 stg. per annum, having accumulated church property to the amount of two thousand five hundred dollars, forbids the supposition that there is not life, in all parts of our church. It is true that all that has been done has not been by the unaided efforts of this congregation. They have to acknowledge liberal aid from their brethren in other parts of the same presbytery. From St. John, contributions to the extent of \$234.00; from Fredericton, \$154.00; from Richmond, \$82.00. They have likewise to thank friends of the Church beyond the bounds of their own presbytery—friends in Halifax, for their liberal contributions to the amount of \$98.47; friends in Kingston, Ont., for subscriptions to the amount of \$60.50; and in Ottawa, to the amount of \$174.50. The unselfishness of these contributions shews clearly that there is vital religion in our church. They love God who love His people, and the liberal donations to the building fund, and to the bazaar, from many who have never seen Woodstock, exhibit the unselfish character of true love. There is life in the Church. And thanks be unto Him whom we adore as Head and King thereof, He has given to us not a few in whom this life manifests itself.

As to the question, why has not our church taken root, spread its branches, and occupied more of the field in New Brunswick? There is, both in her ministers and in her people, enough life of the higher form to have planted Presbyterianism by the rivers and on the hill-sides where, in all human probability, its fruit will never be gathered. Many causes have operated and still operate to prevent its spreading. (1.) The distance over which, in thinly settled districts, the people are scattered who might be formed into a charge sufficiently strong to afford even a reasonable supplement to a missionary's salary. (2.) The want of labourers in the vineyard. (3.) The divisions into which Presbyterianism is split. Of these three causes, the last is by far the most potent. Where two churches in connection with different branches of the Presbyterian family co-exist, the first difficulty which prevents the missionary of either doing justice to his too extended charge, were the district territorially divided, would in a great measure be overcome. Such division can not, however, be thoroughly effected without a union of the different branches of the Church. Were such a union consummated, the second cause now operating to prevent the spread of Presbyterianism would entirely disappear; for, even in the presbytery of St. John, there are several districts where two ministers are striving in vain to do the work of one, or three employed in imperfectly accomplishing what two could well perform.

And why are we thus committing suicide, by refraining from removing these causes so preying upon the life of our common Presbyterianism? Can the questions which divided the Church at home, either the question of establishment, or that of patronage, ever have a practical bearing in this Dominion of Canada? Already, I may venture to say, four-fifths of the people in the Province of New Brunswick, at least in the Presbytery of St. John, are clamorous for a union. What is the obstruction? Is it that we are receiving such a large sum yearly from the Colonial Committee? Had a union been consummated five years ago, the ground at present occupied could have been better attended to, and much more taken up to-day, without our receiving one dollar from the Church at home. For a less sum than that on which two must of necessity starve, one minister, who would with more ease perform their work, and perform it better, would be enabled to live comfortably.

A labourer would be set free to take up the ground now unoccupied, and a very fair supplement be forthcoming for his hire; and that without any extra demand upon the liberality of the people. The money expended in building two, or perhaps three churches, by no means creditable to the neighbourhood, would suffice to erect one handsome edifice, meeting all the demands of the place; and a surplus be left besides to aid in the erection of a small church for some new district.

Is the obstruction to an immediate union found in the fact, that we of the Church of Scotland are numerically weaker than our brethren, and must, to unite with credit, wait until the disparity be less? When, I would ask, will the time arrive when we will be relatively stronger? If we look to immigration for an increase to our numbers, we can look to Scotland alone, and our sister church divides with us those coming thence. From Ireland, from England, from the Continent, and from the United States, as a rule, Presbyterian immigrants will not connect themselves with us. In too many cases, immigrants from these places, Presbyterians, or with Presbyterian leanings, *e. g.*, Dutch Reformed or Congregationalists from the United States, coming to the country and finding divisions, which they understand not, weakening the cause of Presbyterianism, connect themselves with other churches. Already in New Brunswick there are districts where in other denominations there are found more, originally Presbyterian, or with leanings in that direction, than now remain to either branch of the Church. My brethren, these things ought not so to be. *Audi alteram partem.*

W. T. W.

CATHOLIC CONVERTS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR :

ABOUT six weeks ago one of our City papers stated that twenty-five Protestants in this Parish had been converted to Roman Catholicism. Not more than four or five lines were devoted to this subject, and these contained the bare statement that, through the efforts of the Rev. Father (Somebody), twenty-five had been converted and baptised in the Chapel on the previous Sunday. Much curiosity was, of course, aroused, and many enquiries were made with a view of discovering who the parties were who had been converted,—or (as some maintained) perverted. There appeared, however, to be a sort of Freemasonry in the matter, and strict silence had evidently been enjoined on all concerned. This opened a wide field for gossip, and many who call themselves Protestants, but whose protests favour rather than oppose Catholicism, found in it a source of cheap abuse, and hurled adverbs and adjectives against Popery. Of course it was at once assumed that all the converts had been good, staunch, Church-going Protestants,—trained from childhood “to abjure Prelacy, and swear by the principles of the Reformers.” I have been frequently asked how many of my flock I had lost, and have heard of several heavy losses sustained by pastors of other denominations. An idea of the nature and extent of the injury done to Protestantism may be gathered from the following statement, which embraces a short sketch of the past history of some of the so-called converts.

For some months past a French Priest (whose name I can't for my life remember) has been creating quite an excitement among the Catholics of this Parish by his pulpit addresses and his out-door energy. It is amusing to slip into the crowd that comes streaming from the Chapel several times on Sunday, and hear the criticisms on these discourses. “Oh, my! Oh, my!” exclaims one, “and haven't he the larnin'.” “Indeed he have, and the iloquence of Dan O'Connell.”

I know but little of this zealous Priest, but I know he has been particularly active among a number of the most worthless characters of Portland, and has

compelled them to live like decent and sober parishioners. He made a raid on some of the most hopeless dens of dirt and drunkenness, and carrying with him "the power of the keys," he frightened many of their inmates into sobriety and cleanliness. Women that would have put out their tongues and made faces at any other remonstrants, whether civil or religious, who ventured to interfere with their liberties, were subdued by a power to which Protestantism, at least, makes no pretensions.

One family, whose name happens to be first on a note-book before me, had long been distinguished for vagrancy, drunkenness, and dirt. The children were daily let loose to prey upon the community, and each went armed with a huge basket. The father and mother were both drunkards, and their home was filthy in the extreme. I have often visited it. It had no beds, no chairs, no knives or forks, one old pine table, a few three-legged stools, a broken stove that let the smoke out at every joint, windows filled with rags and old hats, naked children with their dirty little limbs half-way into the oven, or whole way under the stove. This is what I usually saw previous to my last visit. The father generally managed to keep sober enough to work during the day, but the mother was sober only from necessity. On going to enquire for them lately, I was told by one of the boys that the priest had been to see them, and that they "had taken the temperance," and were attending Chapel. I was delighted at the change that had evidently taken place. The children's faces and clothes were actually clean, and the floor showed symptoms of having been scrubbed. The stove was mended, and the rags had disappeared from the windows, and the sunlight of evening was shining in bright and pure through panes of glass. The fact of their not having attended any place of worship for years led many of their neighbours to believe that they were Protestants; and indeed this inference was strongly supported by the well-known strictness of the Roman Catholics in the observance of their religious duties, and the equally well-known carelessness of Protestants. When it became known that the father and mother and six children were included in the twenty-five converts, curiosity addressed itself to the discovery of their previous history. The father, it appears, is an out-and-out Catholic. The mother had been brought up a Protestant, but it was understood she had turned with her husband at the time of their marriage. They had, however, lived beyond the reach of all religious influences, and the children had not been baptized by priest or minister. They may be said to have belonged to that large and consistent body known as Nothingarians. This sect, of course, includes converts from all denominations, and the family referred to might, with almost as much accuracy, be called converts from Hindooism as from Protestantism.

Among the remaining seventeen, two (a young man and a young woman) turned to marry Catholics. I could discover little of their previous history. They had not been in connection with any Protestant denomination, though born of Protestant parents. Those unfortunate marriages are at the root of the evil. If the wife and mother has been a Catholic, the family, in most cases, (at least among the poorer classes,) either go with her, or go nowhere. I have a family whose name figures among the converts in my note-book. The father was (some say is still) a Baptist, and the wife a Catholic. She would not go with him. He did not believe in infant baptism, and she did,—so she just slipped the little ones, as they came, up to the priest, and had them baptised. The father and the rest of the family, numbering (I think) four in all, are included in the twenty-five.

The remaining eleven embraces two families, who for several winters past have been in the habit of disposing of themselves to Protestants and Catholics, according as the charitable finances at the disposal of each preponderated. Last winter we had a charitable association organized and supported entirely by Protestants, and they claimed relief from its funds. This year the associ-

ation is not in operation, and they are pensioners of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and good Catholics. What they may be next winter is entirely a question of religious finance. Those, therefore, who feel disposed to recruit Protestantism from such a source will find ample scope for their means and their efforts in the Parish of Portland.

From this brief sketch it may be seen that the efforts of this energetic priest have done much good to the parish, and little harm to Protestantism. I never could bring myself in any way to think hard of him, or in any way hinder his efforts in promoting peace, sobriety and cleanliness among those over whom he has already had so much influence for good. And it has more than once occurred to me that a religion that can inspire as much fear as will keep men sober and clean, who would otherwise be drunken and dirty, may sometimes serve a good end. People, I think, may become, through indolence, ignorance and vice, so sensuous and depraved that nothing short of the forms and the fears of Popery can reach them. To make them Protestant in the true sense would be as difficult as to convert a Micmac to Presbyterianism. The faith that is so feeble as to be able with difficulty to obtain a dim notion of "The Crucified" from two bits of wood put crossways, is not likely to grasp the idea of the Cross that the Christian is commanded to carry continually in his heart.

GEO. J. CAIE.

Portland, March 24th, 1869.

REPORT OF MISSIONARY SERVICES WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU.

I was present at the meeting of Presbytery, on the second day of December, at which time I received appointments for the next three months. In fulfilling my former appointments, I found that there was a great number of people in the charges at present vacant who do not understand English, and that in each vacancy an occasional service in Gaelic would be very desirable. Consequently, on this occasion, I have arranged several exchanges; but owing to the difficulty of procuring the services of a Gaelic-speaking clergyman, these exchanges have not been as frequent as they would otherwise have been.

My first appointment was at Roger's Hill. The attendance at both services was good, but not so good as might be expected. In this congregation I find that there are very many who are exceedingly good churchmen, but I am sorry to find that there are some who are not. What is wanted among them is an energetic and talented christian man as their settled minister—one who would spare no labour to arouse the indolent and encourage and assist the active. If our people at Roger's Hill could secure such a man to occupy their pulpit, make a united effort, and each one exert himself according to his means, I have no doubt that, in a very short time, they would become one of the most efficient charges in the church.

The day of my journey hence to Cape John is one of those in my history which have made an indelible impression upon me. Being loth to leave my comfortable quarters, I put off my journey till the last moment. And imagine my dismay when, on looking out on Saturday morning, I found that the gloomy sky of the previous evening was hidden in the confusing turmoil of a Nova Scotia snow-storm! However, there was now no help for my misfortune. The only course was to turn out and face it. So, after breakfast, prayers, and leave taking, we did so. This being my first *frosty* snow-storm since my return to the country, I looked upon it as a sort of old acquaintance, and for a few minutes I felt as enthusiastic as the storm itself. I have often *heard* of a person getting his enthusiasm *cooled*—this day I experienced it; snow flying into my face and eyes, half-blinding, half-choking me. Every way I turned to avoid for a moment the unpleasant contact with the elements, my only comfort was a

glimpse of the wild whirling dance of the storm, as, with a moan and a bound, it flew past and away. The miles passed slowly by, and imagine our dismay when, in coming in sight of the sea, we found that a continuation of the journey with our sleigh was impossible. Through the kindness of a friend, we were furnished with a waggon; and if we were cold in the sleigh, we were ten times colder in the waggon. By this time the snow-storm had abated, but the frost had increased, and I need mention nothing more than the fact that we had to turn our faces right against a frosty north-west gale blowing down the bleak Gulf Shore, to give an idea of our *feelings*. On we went, half-perished, over rough roads frozen as hard as granite, till we arrived at Mr. Grant's house, where we at once received the kind welcome which one never fails to receive from the Kirk Elder.

Sunday morning was clear and pleasant, but the frosty gale of the previous day had not abated in the least. The result was as may be imagined—an exceedingly small congregation. There is need here, as in Roger's Hill, for an energetic clergyman to take charge of the people, and work them up into a state of activity; and the sooner one is procured the better.

After spending the greater part of the week enjoying the hospitality of the Manse at River John, I proceeded to West B. River John, to do duty on the following Sunday. The day being fine, the attendance was very good. The great drawback to my usefulness in this parish consists in my inability to conduct Divine service in the Gaelic language. On Monday I held a meeting for prayer, which was not numerously attended. As my next appointment was at Earltown, I concluded that I would remain during the week and visit some sick people. After spending a day in this way, I understood that there was little or no support given to the *Record*,—a state of matters which should not exist in any congregation of the church; for where there is no desire to *know* what the church is doing, there can be very little *love* for the church. So I asked one or two of the good people to accompany me to call upon those who had not been in the habit of receiving a copy. I spent two very pleasant days in this work, and succeeded in getting up a club, numbering at least four times its former numbers. By this time, however, the end of the week was drawing on, so that I had to take to the road again, and Saturday morning found me in comfortable quarters breathing the theological atmosphere of Earltown. On Sunday I had a crowded church, and, what is still more pleasant, I had, to all appearance, an attentive audience. This being one of the vacation Sundays in the U. P. Divinity Hall, Halifax, one of the students was sent through to preach, and was desirous of doing duty either forenoon or afternoon. But as I was responsible for the services at canonical hours during this day, I thought that he had better do duty in the evening. To this suggestion he readily acceded, and preached in Gaelic at half-past six.

I intended to have done something for the increase of the circulation of the *Record* in Earltown, but pressing circumstances called me away, so that I could do nothing more than urge the matter from the pulpit, which, on enquiry, I find to have taken very little effect.

After having spent a very happy New Year with my relatives and friends, I again resumed my work. On the first Sunday of the year I preached in New Glasgow—the Rev. Mr. Pollok taking my appointment at Barney's River, and the Sunday thereafter I preached at Lochaber. In my present appointment at the last mentioned place, I procured two consecutive days, so that I could exchange on one of them with a Gaelic-speaking clergyman. This, by the kindness of Rev. Mr. Stewart, of McLennan's Mountain, I was able to accomplish; so that on Sunday, 17th January, there was a service in Gaelic—I supplying Mr. Stewart's place at Sutherland's River. Thereafter there were two exchanges for Barney's River, with Rev. Mr. Thompson of Richmond and N. W. Arm. On the 7th February, I preached again at Roger's Hill. The attendance, owing

to a recent snow storm, was very small. On Monday there was a Congregational meeting, at which a deputation from the Presbytery was present. On the Wednesday following, I attended the funeral of an old lady who was an attached and consistent adherent of the church, and the funeral was one of the largest I ever saw. I visited her on a former occasion during her illness, and had then every evidence that her end would be what it was—peace.

According to a previous arrangement concurred in by the Presbytery, exchanging with Mr. McCunn, I came once more to River John Manse, and in addition to the enjoyment of Mr. McCunn's hospitality, I accompanied him on some of his parochial work. On one of these journeys we experienced some difficulty. The roads, previously so very good, had become exceedingly bad on account of a rain storm, so that our horse could not proceed through the half melted banks of snow, and hence we concluded to leave him in charge of a good friend, and travel the remaining distance on foot. But the result of our attempt to turn aside was a complete upset into the drain of the road knee-deep in a compound of snow and muddy water. However, we were not stuck, and with some tugging and pulling, we managed to get our sleigh put upon its own legitimate foundation once more, and off we set for the house. Having put our horse in safe keeping, and having received a supply of dry stockings, off we set and accomplished the remainder of the journey without any further mishap.

On Friday I started for West Branch River John, where I arrived to learn of the death of one of our people, whom, on previous occasions, I had visited during his lingering illness, and on Saturday I attended his funeral. On Sunday, the day being fine, and the roads good, the church was crowded, exhibiting, under these favourable circumstances, quite a contrast to the unfavourable circumstances of a former occasion. At the close of the forenoon service I administered the sacrament of baptism.

On the 3rd of March I preached in the new church in Pictou town, Rev. Mr. Herdman taking my appointment in Earltown.

And now, in taking leave of the mission field within the bounds of the Pictou Presbytery, I have to express my intense gratitude to all our people for many kindnesses; but my gratitude is especially due to Adam McKenzie, Esq., of Barney's River, Mr. Archibald McPhee of Lochaber, Mr. William Murray and Mr. John McLean of Roger's Hill, Mr. William Grant of Cape John, Mr. Robert Ross and Mr. Alex. McLean of W. B. River John, and last, though not least, to Mr. Donald Mathieson of Earltown. Long may these, their families and friends, be in their present comfortable and happy circumstances, and long may their kindly hearts incline them to extend their hospitality to the missionary of their church in his weary journeys.

In conclusion, I would suggest that measures ought to be taken at once by our people in Lochaber and Earltown to erect new churches. Never will there be a better opportunity for doing so than the present, as they are now in these places unburdened with the support of a clergyman.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

REPORT OF MISSIONARY LABOURS BY REV. F. R. McDONALD.

At the quarterly meeting of the Pictou Presbytery, it was agreed that the placed minister would, as frequently as possible, exchange with the missionaries, and for that reason my report for this quarter is much shorter than otherwise it would have been.

As per appointment I preached on December 6th at Earltown. This was my first visit to the place. On my way to the church I did not expect to see many people assembled, as, only the night previous, there had been a heavy

fall of snow, and the roads were all but impassable. However, on my arrival, I was agreeably surprised to see a well-filled church, notwithstanding that some of them had to travel six or seven miles through the deep snow. If we can judge of their earnestness from their determination to attend upon religious services under unfavourable circumstances, I think we may place the people of Earltown among the very first. They are deserving (I need not say of commendation, because it is their duty) at least of imitation.

On January 5rd I preached at Roger's Hill. The day was all that could be desired, as far as weather was concerned, but the attendance was very small,—in fact, quite disheartening, did I not know that it was owing to a rumour spread throughout the congregation that I was to have been there on the previous Sabbath, when a number of people assembled, and of course were disappointed. How these rumours originated is most mysterious. To remedy such mistakes I would strongly recommend the members, not only of this congregation, but of others, to get our *Church Record*. Really I must acknowledge my astonishment that so very small a number of our *Church Records* find their way to the homes of those who profess to be such thorough Kirkmen: more especially in the case of those vacant congregations that have not the same opportunity of knowing the church news which the *Record* would supply. It is very cheap. Fifty cents per annum is surely not much. And if a club of ten is formed, eleven copies will be sent, making it still cheaper. I feel confident that church members spending so small a sum, for such a purpose, would not grudge it at the end of the year—neither would they miss it.

January 10th I preached at Barney's River. Here, as usual, there was a good attendance. From the attitude the members of this congregation assume, we may infer that they are very much in earnest,—evidently making it a delight and a matter of conscience to do all they can in the way of religious improvement. They not only show this by their church-going habits, but, in a very marked degree, by their liberality in responding to calls made upon them in a pecuniary point of view. This may be looked upon as a mercenary idea by some; nevertheless it shows what the Barney's River people are willing to do. My journey to Barney's River, on this occasion, was a most unpleasant one, having been overtaken by a terrible rainstorm. I had to travel about twelve miles on the Sabbath morning, the first four of which I performed with comparative ease, having my horse and sleigh. When I started in the morning, the rain was just beginning to fall, and I hadn't been half a mile on my way when down it came in perfect torrents. The first three miles I got over very rapidly, but by this time the snow, which in many places was five or six feet deep, was getting soft, and my poor horse plunged through it with great difficulty. At length a kind man, who knew the road I had to traverse better than I did, came after me, and said it was utter madness for me attempting to take my horse any further. And so, most reluctantly, I had to leave him behind. There was no other alternative now, and I must trudge along on foot—most gloomy prospect!—eight long miles to the church, and these eight miles I have to walk in two hours. On ordinary occasions and with good roads I should have enjoyed it, but as it was, under a regular pour of rain, sinking a foot or more at each step, holding a huge umbrella over my head, and the dense forest on all sides, it was anything but agreeable. But all things come to an end; so did my unpleasant tramp. After two hours hard struggling, I arrived at my destination, aching badly from head to foot, and dripping wet. In such a sad plight, I need not say how unfit I felt to ascend the pulpit. However, after experiencing the kindness of my friend, Adam McKenzie, Esq., I performed my duties with greater ease than I anticipated.

On January 31st, I preached at Lochaber. I was very much delighted with my former visit to Lochaber, and this one served but to intensify my delight. In natural beauty it is surpassed by no place that I have yet seen in the

province, and the beauty of the place seems to have imparted a beauty and nobleness of character to its inhabitants that is most pleasing and refreshing. They are large-hearted and kind in proportion as they are comfortable, and comfortable they are to a degree. The only pity is that they are not more numerous. If their number is small, their liberality is proportionately great, as may be seen from the collection made on Sabbath morning for the Foreign Mission. There were just sixty present in the morning—men, women and children,—and the amount collected was the large sum of \$7. Let larger congregations take a lesson from that. During the week, I visited, along with my friend Mr. McPhee, the greater part of our people on South River, and our reception was most cordial. Visiting I find to be a very pleasant part of my duties, the people are all so kind and delighted to see one, that, instead of being a trouble, it is quite a pleasure.

At many of the stations I held prayer meetings, administered baptism, and visited the sick.

In conclusion, I beg to tender my sincere thanks to all from whom I received so many kind attentions.

F. R. McDONALD.

**REPORT OF MISSIONARY LABOURS IN CAPE BRETON, BY
REV. JAS. W. FRASER,**

SUBMITTED TO THE PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU MARCH 3RD.

HAVING twice visited Loch Lomond and surrounding districts since last meeting of Synod, I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty to bring before the Presbytery the propriety of sending, if possible, a Catechist or Lay Missionary to labour there during summer.

At Lake Uist our congregation are preparing to build a church, if possible, next summer. They are much disappointed at not having been able to build last year, but now hope to have most, if not all, of the material necessary for the outside of the building on the site by the first of May. Having provided the material, with a little outside help they will be able to meet the carpenter's bill. Although few in number (not above twenty-five families), they are preparing lumber by their own labour, and are determined to do their utmost to secure the end in view. They have this year paid liberally, considering their circumstances, towards the support of ordinances in their midst. We have about an equal number of adherents scattered along the coast from St. Esprit to L'Ardoise. They have no church. At Framboise, also, our people are anxious for services.

Now in these districts the circumstances of many of the people are peculiar. Most of them having come from the remote Hebrides, they have not had in their youth the advantages of education possessed by their more fortunate fellow-countrymen from the mainland. Having settled in the woods, they have been, till very lately, without roads, and, to a great extent, without schools. Hence they have laboured under many disadvantages, and it is not surprising that they are behind their neighbours in some respects.

It appears to me in these circumstances that the work required to be done among them is not so much preaching as teaching at the fireside—not so much labouring at the top of the building, as endeavouring to secure a good and sure foundation—visiting each family, and stirring them up to their duty, organizing Sunday Schools, &c. &c., work which can be done only by one resident on the spot. Remember it is distant from fifty to sixty miles from here. I have spoken to many of them about the matter, and all were willing to contribute towards the support of such a Missionary or Catechist, seeing that they have little hope of securing any other just now. If we could secure the services of

such a man, he might spend the summer in these districts, or devote part of his labours to other destitute places. With regard to pecuniary support, it is my *opinion* that the districts mentioned could pay at least \$40.00 (forty dollars) for the six months; but this will depend upon the state of the crops and fisheries. No doubt this sum is small, but then it must be remembered that the country has not recovered from the distress of last year—distress which was greater than most people have any conception of. I would therefore respectfully urge the Presbytery to take the matter into their earnest consideration. Other churches employ such Lay Missionaries with beneficial results.

From one cause and another, our church at River Inhabitants is not quite finished yet, but is likely to be so very soon. At West Bay our old church, built thirty or forty years ago, is under contract for repair. A tower is to be added, and the whole is expected to be finished in August or September. We are not without hopes, also, that the church at the Strait, destroyed by fire some time ago, will soon be replaced by a new one.

Respectfully submitted by
JAMES W. FRASER.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE ENDOWMENT.

The following is an extract of a letter received on the 27th February, and might almost have appeared in last *Record*. It relates to an interesting topic, and comes from the pen of a good authority—Principal Snodgrass:—

A. P.

GALT, FEBRUARY 22, 1869.

My Dear Brother,—The endowment of Queen's College is meeting with marvelous success. Providence has been singularly kind. I have never been connected with any movement, in the course of which so many clear evidences indicative of the path of duty have presented themselves to cheer and encourage. As soon as it was found that Kingston was prepared to do its duty by becoming good for \$25,000, Prof. Mackenas and I resolved to take the field and undertake the work of advocating the scheme and canvassing for subscriptions. Our route was—Ottawa, Toronto, Scarborough, Vaughan, Guelph and Galt—two cities, two township or country congregations, then two towns. The first five of the places mentioned along with Kingston will contribute \$45,000. Guelph gives over \$1500. Ottawa will be good for \$8000, and Toronto for as much. Mr. Gordon was most enthusiastic and did us good service. Subscriptions in general range from \$1 to \$1000. One gentleman in Kingston, an Episcopalian, will be good for \$7000, and another, a Free Churchman, for \$1,300. A Roman Catholic handed in a check the other day for \$100, and a Congregationalist, without being asked, subscribed \$1000. Sir John A. Macdonald subscribed \$500, and Mr. George Brown is expected to give something. The Rev. Mr. Muir, in whose house I am now writing, shews his interest by subscribing \$100. Mr. Gordon, of Ottawa, gives \$500, Mr. Macdonnell of Peterborough, \$500, Mr. Inglis of Kingston, \$1000, &c. Yours, ever, &c.

A LETTER, BY A CANDIDATE.

MY DEAR SIR:

In the last *Record* Mr. J. R. T. suggested a cheaper plan by which students could receive their theological course. I, for one, think his method neither prudent nor profitable, and will endeavour to show it.

His grand method is to have two regularly appointed ministers, who would take charge of the Kirk students while prosecuting the first two years of their course. It is well to mention here, that among the second, third and fourth

year students there are only four who have any notion of studying for the Church. Now, we may try his plan, and look for our profit. Suppose the first term two of these four come forward and attend this new institution. A minister, who is to act in the capacity of a Professor, is secured. The Professor and two students spend a long and wearisome winter. He gives his services free, except that his board must be paid while here, and his pulpit supplied. It is true this will not be much. But how much? If he receives eight hundred dollars annually from his congregation, the half of this is lost to the Presbytery to which he belongs; for though his pulpit is supplied, others are suffering, as there are no more ministers than are needed. So the Presbytery sustains the loss of four hundred dollars. His board will be over one hundred dollars. The cost, then, is over five hundred dollars. This is spent for two students during one term. Assist these students to the amount of one hundred dollars each, and they will support themselves comfortably at a University. So we see, in a pecuniary view, it is not profitable. We might have three the second term, but on the third, fall back on two again. Now, who will say that the instruction imparted here would be equal to what it is in Colleges where the Professors have made it their life's study? I hope my readers will banish such an idea from their minds, and join with me in saying it is better, by far, to support what is called "The Young Men's Scheme." If it is desirable to study in our own Province, why not study in our sister College? I see nothing to hinder us from uniting with them. We have a distinction, but not a difference. Our aim should be to strengthen and encourage that vine already planted in our land, and not to establish another, similar, but on a smaller scale than that which does exist.

D. C.

ROBERT BURNS AND THE U. P. MINISTERS OF DUNDEE.

It is well known that Burns, in his lifetime, was the cause of angry controversy between the Old and New Light ministers of the West of Scotland. Now, nearly 100 years after, his very name promises to stir up strife between the U. P. ministers of the East of Scotland. It seems that the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, a young preacher of some poetic and a good deal of popular talent, preached lately against the life and writings of the great bard as unfavourable to religion and morality. The Rev. George Gilfillan, nothing loth at the prospect of a row, rushed to the defence; and has in consequence been specially "prayed for" at revival meetings in Dundee. It's a great pity that Burns should be fought over in this way. It is surely high time that the faults of his life were forgotten, and his works were allowed to speak for themselves. As to Mr. Gilfillan, our only wonder is that some of his strait-laced brethren have not excommunicated him long ago. A man who tries to see good in everybody and everything, in Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and such like, in ritualism, rationalism, and other deadly evils, must be a terrible sore to them. The following extract from a Sunday evening sermon, preached by him lately, will give some idea of his way of looking at things:—"Scotland," he said, "is still too much wedded to the past; it is too much priest-ridden and party-torn; and, peradventure, Dr. Johnson was not far wrong when he spoke of Scotchmen sometimes loving Scotland better than truth, and he might have added, Scotch formulas better than Christ's faith. In a speech I delivered this week at some popular gatherings here, I said, and may here repeat, that the best way of destroying the power of ritualism is by borrowing a little from it, introducing certain elements of beauty and harmony and elegance which it has caricatured and spoiled by excess; and I add that the way of destroying the power of rationalism also is by importing some of its thoughtful and liberal elements also into our too much creed-bound and hide-bound forms of belief. It has ever been the wisest policy to ward off revolution by a timely reform."

**TESTIMONIAL FROM NOVA SCOTIAN STUDENTS TO REV.
DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.**

14 GRAFTON STREET, GLASGOW,
February 4th, 1869.

REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.:

Dear Sir,—The Nova Scotians who have studied at the University of Glasgow since you became minister of the Barony Parish have nearly all enjoyed the privilege of your public ministrations, and have experienced much kindness from you in private. They have all highly valued your services, and those of them who have left the ministry for the public duties of life have not forgotten your friendly interest in them.

I have been requested to present to you the accompanying WRITING DESK, as a small token of their respect and gratitude. All the Nova Scotians from 1852 till the present year, who have had the opportunity, have joined in this expression of regard.

I am,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT J. CAMERON.

[The following are the names of the several gentlemen, all of whom were known to you :—The Revs. George W. Sprott, Aberdeen ; J. Cameron, Campbelltown ; George M. Grant, Halifax, N. S. ; S. McGregor, Pictou, N. S. ; W. McMillan, Pictou, N. S. ; D. M. Gordon, Ottawa, C. ; C. M. Grant, Calcutta ; J. W. Fraser, Cape Breton, N. S. ; F. R. McDonald, Pictou, N. S. ; Peter Melville, Glasgow ; Dr. Fraser, New Glasgow, N. S. ; Mr. A. G. Gordon, Glasgow ; Mr. Charles Esson, Glasgow.]

REPLY FROM DR. MACLEOD.

ADELAIDE PLACE, GLASGOW,
February 9th, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. CAMERON :

I was never taken more *aback* than by your beautiful gift, nor did I ever receive one which gave me more personal gratification. The only painful feeling which I experienced was that of unworthiness on my part, but which I am willing to bear because it makes your goodness the greater.

Will you add to my pleasure by expressing for me to all the subscribers my gratitude to them, and the sense I have of their great kindness, and tell them how much, how very much, I value this gift from Nova Scotia? And let me say here what I have said often elsewhere, that there were no students whom I ever knew, who, in point of manners and morals, intelligence, scholarship, and energy, along with loyal attachment to country and to Church, equalled the Nova Scotians as a whole. They were, and are, an honour to the people who sent them forth to study in the old country, and their influence has been marked and beneficial in the highest degree.

This is *my sincere conviction*, and it is because I believe this that I feel especially honoured and gratified by being so esteemed by such a body of men.

I remain, yours very truly,

N. MACLEOD.

LETTER FROM REV. MR. GOODWILL.

HALIFAX, APRIL 5, 1869.

Mr. Editor,—I think it both just and right for me to give a brief account of my visitation of the churches. I think it just, as it is due to those whom I have visited ; right, because every member of the church would like to know the result.

After a stay of four months and a half in the magnificent city of Philadelphia, in the acquisition of medical knowledge, which place and study I liked exceedingly well, I proceeded, in accordance with instructions given by our sub-Convener, the Rev. Dr. Donald of St. John, to fulfil an appointment at St. Andrew's, N. B., viz., to visit the charge under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Keay, with whom I remained a whole week, and whose kindness and christian fellowship I enjoyed very much, and will remember for many a day.—Mr. Keay is a sincere, pious and devoted labourer in the vineyard of our Lord. He not only attends to the spiritual, but also to the bodily wants of his flock. He is continually "on the go" among the sick and afflicted, dealing with them both as minister and doctor. He is in rather delicate health. He has actually over-wrought himself, and needs rest of body and mind. He is highly respected and beloved by his people.

On Wednesday evening, March 3rd, I accompanied Mr. Keay to a union prayer meeting in the Wesleyan Church, (the meeting is held every alternate Wednesday in Mr. Keay's church) and found a good number present. The service was edifying and profitable, especially to the young. The subject brought before the meeting was, "The duty, privileges, and dangers of the young." I was happy to see that the young were represented in the audience. Still it is to be deplored that there are so many careless ones in this finely situated little town, which at present, I am sorry to say, has the appearance of becoming a ruin. It had been once a place of considerable business in the *lumber trade*, but since the Reciprocity Treaty has ceased, the trade has been turned away from this port. The result is, that the town is becoming depopulated, and the buildings dilapidated; but the people have hopes that they shall have better times before long.

Sabbath 7th was one of the stormiest days that had been all winter, but still the congregation was very well represented in the forenoon, and in the evening there was quite a large congregation. The collection taken up amounted to \$9.00. I also visited the Sabbath School, which was quite large, considering the state of the weather. I briefly addressed the children. They seemed pleased to see me. The people also showed the same feeling. Having fulfilled this appointment, a difficulty now presented itself,—how to meet the appointment at Richmond on Wednesday the 10th. The cars had ceased running for nearly two week previous to this, on account of the roads being blocked up with snow. To solve this puzzle various ways were suggested. At first it was supposed to be the best way to take the stage by St. John, but upon further inquiry, we learned that a train would leave St. Stephen's on Monday and another on Wednesday. Therefore, on Tuesday, I took the stage for St. Stephen's, a distance of 20 miles, passing over hills and dales, drifts and snow, but to my great disappointment I had to remain until Friday, for the train which left St. Stephen's on Monday morning, did not arrive at Richmond, a distance of about 88 miles, until Wednesday. St. Stephen's is a nice little town opposite Calais, a pretty large town. These two towns are separated by a river, over which a firm and substantial bridge is built. The business men in St. Stephen's have adopted the American currency, as they say "for the sake of conveniency." On Friday morning I took the cars for Richmond; we travelled over a barren looking country of the same nature as that between St. Andrew's and St. Stephen's, until we came within 6 miles of Richmond station, viz., Wickham station, at which I left the cars in search of the Rev. Mr. Kidd, who had by this time almost given up all hopes of my arrival. Seeing a house near by the railroad, which presented nothing of the appearance of a station house, for it was indeed more hut than house, I inquired of a woman who was standing at the door, whereabouts the Rev. Mr. Kidd lived. She addressed me as follows: "Ah, ye are the man that was looked for, ye are the meenister. They have been here a dozen o' times looking for ye," and then, moving her fingers actively.

he pointed out a circuitous route, saying, "He lives at Hemphill's, beyant the hill about a mile and a quarter from here." By these instructions I managed to find out the residence of Mr. Kidd, with whom I passed the night. He showed me every mark of attention and kindness that he could. He had to take all the duties on Wednesday himself, but as he had been prepared for it, there was no disappointment. On Saturday there happened to be a funeral, over which Mr. Kidd presided, and preached a long and appropriate sermon, after which I had an opportunity of saying a few words. There was quite an assemblage of people present. The church is large, and commands a very good position with its towering spire, but from what I have learned from Mr. Kidd and others, the congregation is becoming much smaller in numbers than it had been. After the funeral, a gentleman, whose name I do not at present remember, drove me to Woodstock, a distance of about nine miles, to Colonel Tupper's, with whom I remained for the night. On Sabbath morning, I felt a little out of my element, on being told by the Colonel that neither he himself, nor his family, could go to church to hear me, because of some grievance and disturbance with respect to matters connected with the new church. This was unpleasant, but in the forenoon I preached according to appointment, and in the afternoon at Northampton, about 8 miles distant down the river. At neither place nor at Richmond was a collection taken.

On Monday, March 15th, I arrived at Fredericton, and there spent a delightful week at the hospitable manse of Dr. Brooke. He showed me all "the lions" of the capital, took me through the College and Parliament House, and introduced me to Governor Wilmot, who received me most kindly, and expressed the deepest interest in missions. On Wednesday evening there was a missionary meeting in the Church, and on Sabbath I preached both forenoon and afternoon. The collection for the mission amounted in all to \$45. On the 22nd I proceeded to St. John, and spent a week with Dr. Donald. On Wednesday, the 24th, there was a missionary meeting; and on Friday following, it being the preparation day for the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, I preached twice. On Sunday I assisted Dr. Donald in dispensing the Communion, and preached in the afternoon. The collection for the mission was between thirty and forty dollars. On Monday some thirty or forty ladies met at the manse, under the presidency of an excellent elder—Mr. McMillan, and resolved to meet stately at different houses to make up garments for the native teachers and heathen among whom I am to labour.

I have thus given a rapid sketch of my movements in St. John Presbytery. It will be seen that I did not preach in Portland or Nashwaak, but that was because no appointments were made for me. As I had preached in Portland Church before, on my way to Philadelphia, the omission is not of consequence, and Nashwaak is vacant since Mr. Keay's departure for St. Andrew's. Of my visit to Halifax Presbytery I will speak in the next *Record*. I have only now to say, in conclusion, that I sincerely trust that I will not be required to stay a week in each congregation, or else more time will be occupied than can be well spared.

JOHN GOODWILL.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

My Dear Young Friends:—

You have often enjoyed a good coal fire on a cold night, and heard of the deep mines whence coal is taken, but probably you were never in a coal-pit. Let me improve a visit which I made to one lately, by relating it to you and drawing a few lessons from it.

At the Albion Mines, Pictou, there has been lately sunk a very deep shaft.

Were you to rest the head of a pick-axe upon the ground, holding its handle upright, you would have a tolerable idea of the real shape of a coal-pit; only the pit is not solid, but hollow. The handle of the pick would represent the shaft or descending cavity, and the iron pick would represent the long excavation below. The shaft of the Foord pit is 900 feet deep. You will find it difficult to realise this depth unless you make use of some field or steeple, the length or height of which you know, in order to help your ideas. The steeple of my church is very high, but this shaft is eight times as high. This pit is nearly one-fifth of a mile deep. It is as deep as the highest of the Cobequid Mountains is high. Fancy the labor and risk of digging such a deep hole down through the hardest rocks into the solid globe. Sinkers work with gunpowder. The powder is inserted, the match lighted, and then the workman is hoisted up the shaft a safe distance till the explosion takes place. As this is very dangerous work, accidents often occur. As the miners descend, the pit is carefully lined with strong timbers and squared of one uniform size, so that an iron cage can run up and down as smooth and exact as possible. In addition to this, another pit of the same size and depth must be sunk at a little distance for a current of air, and for pumping out water. And then think of the tremendous machinery required to pump up water 900 feet. The machinery of the Foord pit is probably the largest in North America. The whole has probably cost seventy thousand pounds, (£70,000.) This may give you a slight notion of the skill, labor, danger, and expense with which our comfortable fires are lighted—brightening up the happy faces of those who seldom think of what has been done and endured to supply such blessings.

One day last week, on passing this great work, I turned aside to look on a little at the long wire rope with the iron cage attached to it, running up and down so smoothly and regularly, when the manager of the works, James Hudson, Esq., kindly asked me if I would like to go down. I said I would, if he would go with me—which he courteously consented to do. Before descending, he showed me the engines by which the cage is driven up and down the shaft. There are two high pressure engines, working with horizontal cylinders of great power. The two engineers that manage them stand with their faces turned to the mouth of the shaft, which they can at all times see. Besides this they can see a small black miniature cage moving up and down the wall of the engine room at the same ratio of distance as the cage in the pit, and shewing how far it is up or down. The signal to start the engine is given from below by two loud knocks. Mark how much care is taken in these arrangements for safety, and how responsible a situation is that of the engineers. They would need to be sober, steady men. They dare not move from their post for an instant. In all such works, however, the guiding mind is the most anxious. A servant has a certain duty assigned him. He may not have to *think*, or, if he has to think, it is only about one or two things: but the manager has to think about everything—he is accountable for everything, and praise or blame falls to his lot. Then, you know, the mind can work far harder than the body. Moderate action may be good for the mind, but not anxiety, in which the feelings are enlisted. The managing engineers of a coal-pit have the property of their employers and the lives of their men in charge—on the one hand, those who employ them, and on the other hand, those whom they employ, look to them. The one class look to them for dividends, and the other look to them for wages and safety. Their positions between these two interests, not always harmonious, cannot be very easy or agreeable.

Meantime the iron cage rises out of darkness to the level of the pit's mouth, and we place ourselves in it. It is an iron frame that fits the shaft and slips up and down like a piston in a cylinder, or a ramrod in a gun. The coal boxes are run *into* it below, and *out* of it above. The signal was given, and in a moment all was dark. Down we went slowly at first, and then so fast that our journey took

only one minute. I thought at first of trying to see the mouth of the pit with its speck of sky becoming smaller in the distance; but, either from the speed or the novelty of my sensations, the attempt was vain. The situation was new—the darkness complete—no sound reached my ear from the great world above; I cared nothing about confederation or annexation—strange to say I never thought of Joseph Howe—I felt no interest in the Spanish revolution—I was indifferent to reciprocity. Empires might rise or fall, I was beyond their reach. The only thing that could disturb me would be an earthquake. Talk of hermitages and nunneries! There is no retreat from the world so perfect as a retreat into it—as a descent into a deep mine. No sound was heard but the dripping of water and the running of the rope. Hanging at the end of that wire rope, we performed a smoother journey than you ever did upon our provincial railroad. The only new bodily sensation I had was a kind of fulness in the ears. This was caused, I fancy, by the quickness of descent, the air at each point of our progress being rarer. There was no such feeling in the mine.

In the course of a minute we landed on the floor of the mine. The first object I saw was a horse alongside. The overseer stepped up to ask after our welfare. There were quite a number of boys as small as many of you sitting near the foot of the shaft, resting. The pit was not working, so that we did not go into the remote parts, where men hew down the coal. Two tunnels run in opposite directions from the bottom of the shaft. These are not long, as this is a new pit. But there is no need of crouching as you walk along. The dark glittering ebon gallery that receives you is 13 feet high. There is no want of light to shew off its beauties. The part we visited was considered safe. It was shut off by doors from the interior parts of the tunnel where there was more danger from inflammable gas—such gas as comes through our gas pipes. That part, therefore, was lighted up much better than any hall for an evening assembly in Halifax or St. John. Small pipes were driven into the dark walls of the cavern, and from ten such jets flames issued forth as large as your open hand. Fancy how full of gas, such as is used in our cities, this noble coal must be. Seldom, indeed, can any pit in the world be lighted up in this simple way with its own gas. This, however, its peculiar excellence, is also its danger, as you will learn. Thus profit and loss are balanced by God in this complex world. After remaining a short time down, we mounted up once more smoothly and swiftly into the open air, and re-appeared upon the stage of the world of rival parties and churches—farms and factories. I thanked my courteous guide into subterranean regions, and went my way—almost thinking, like Bunyan, that “I had awoke, and lo, and behold! it was a dream!”

In the course of the following day, on looking out of my window, I perceived a great black column of smoke ascending high into the air, and then spreading itself over the neighbourhood. Seeing it was in the direction of the Foord pit, I walked to the place, two miles distant, as quickly as possible. But what a change! I could scarcely see the works with the dense cloud in which they were enveloped. Men and horses were rushing to and fro. The pit was on fire. The very inflammable gas had caught and ignited the rich bituminous coal, and no effort of skill could extinguish the flames. At last men and boys had fled in haste for their lives—got into the cage, and been *all* hoisted to the top. The last of them were nearly lost, having come up almost choked with smoke. The story goes that no one kept his post so manfully as a little boy, whose duty it was to stand at the foot of the cage and signal to the engine room. There he stood amid all the awful race for life, signalling like a hero. You see how well even a little boy may acquit himself. It is not body but mind that makes a manly character. By God's mercy every human being was safely rescued from a furnace of fire—from a hole *composed of some of the best fuel in the world, and filled with a gas as inflammable as gun-*

powder down at the bottom of a shaft 900 feet deep. Wasn't this an awful situation? Don't you feel for those poor men and boys? Don't you think their deliverance was by the hand of God?

I shall say nothing more of this event except that by water and suffocation it is hoped this valuable property may be saved. I hope that you will ever take a deep interest in those who, at the risk of their lives, work in these dangerous places for our comfort. Most of young people ought to be contented with their condition if they have comfortable homes, and some honest, safe employment, without being forced for their daily bread to go into places as inflammable as a powder magazine. A coal pit may explode like a cannon.

Still you must have often seen how uncertain is life. It is not assuredly uncertain to God. He knows the moment we shall drop down in the race. Have you ever read that beautiful dream of Addison—"the vision of Mirza"? He represents human life as a bridge full of holes, spanning the great tide of time, and filled with innumerable trap-doors, through which the passengers all fall ere they reach the end of it. God has determined the hour. But it is unknown to us, and death almost always comes in a sudden manner. He may not come unheralded, but he is sure to come unannounced. Even where his shadow has hung for months, the touch of his hand is sudden. He always takes the victim by a *surprise*. Such is the fact, and it is a merciful one in many ways. If God had meant death to be an *unmitigated* evil, he could have made it even more cruel than it is. One great good of this is to make us cling to our Saviour every hour. If death overtakes us out of Christ, he finds us unprepared. He will then be a terrible enemy, whose sting will plague us for ever.

We shouldn't despise invisible foes. Had you visited the Foord pit, you would have seen nothing alarming. The gases are invisible. Steam that drives our machines is invisible. The wind that propels our vessels on the ocean is invisible. Such are most of the causes of death. They lurk within us. Such is the great cause—*sin*. You see open crime, but the origin is *invisible*. It is *within*. It is in the heart. What a fountain of misery is there! Outward crime may be checked by the fine, the prison, the lash and the gallows. But how is *the* evil to be met? Who can reach the heart? The mightiest monarch on earth cannot check a single crime *there*. The ablest and the best cannot change or purify the heart of even a child. Praise be to God! a spiritual and invisible power can, and will, reach it. "The Spirit searcheth all things." He can make us hate sin. You must ask for the Holy Spirit, if you would wish to escape from that plague which will otherwise destroy you. Unless we hate sin we must perish. Do not despise it because you don't see it. The awfulest powers on earth are *invisible*.

When you gaze into the shaft of a deep pit, you have a picture of death. In looking into such a place, a creeping feeling comes over one. Though separated from it by an iron bar, you feel as if nothing could keep you from falling in.—You are like the feeble panting creature under the glittering eye and awful jaw of the king of the forest. You gaze down and down with bated breath, trying to pierce the darkness, but in vain. You hear dropping water, and it sounds cold. The least motion creates an echo unexpectedly loud. Yet you know that down at the bottom of that shaft there is active life, and plenty of it. There is a world below—a world within itself—a world where men might live for a generation without ever appearing above ground. So it is with death. We see our friends and companions sinking one by one out of sight. They became lifeless and cold. We shiver at the touch of their cold brow. They have gone down into a state where we can hold no intercourse with them. But signals have come up from that deep domain. Men have come up from that pit. They have left no record; but Jesus has come up, and He has testified of that invisible world. It is a great and real world, though invisible.

It is a world of spiritual beings—a world of “spirits.” It has two great divisions more clearly marked than here. The happy and the miserable are not *mixed*. The happy are perfectly happy, and the miserable are perfectly miserable. And they are *separate*. There, happiness and misery depend upon sin as here. If you wish for eternal joy in that world, you must be delivered from sin by its complete forgiveness, which Christ will give to every penitent child. Then, when you descend the cavern of the grave, you must “fear no evil,” for Christ will take you by the hand. “Thou art with me,” said David, and so he feared no evil.

A. P.

NEWS OF THE CHURCH.

Our Foreign Missionary.—The Rev. Mr. Goodwill arrived at St. Andrew's, N. B., about the end of February, from Philadelphia, where he had been studying medicine for some months previous, and commenced his visitation of our congregations in the Presbytery of St. John. The month of March was thus occupied, and in spite of the snow-storms, most of our churches were visited. The first two Sundays of April will be spent by Mr. Goodwill in the Presbytery of Halifax;—immediately after which he will proceed to the Presbytery of Pictou; thereafter to Prince Edward's Island;—and finally to the Presbytery of Miramichi. As Mr. Goodwill ought to be able to leave us for the South Seas in the month of August, it is clear that it will be impossible for him to spend a Sunday at each place that he visits: but we have no doubt that the people will as gladly turn out to meet him on an ordinary week day or evening as on Sabbath.—Collections will be taken up at every meeting addressed by him, and we hope that these will, in themselves, be proofs of the interest taken in the mission by our people.

Induction of the Rev. John Campbell.—Since the departure of the Rev. Charles Grant for India, about four months ago, the congregation of St. Andrew's, Halifax, has been without the services of a regular pastor—supplies being granted principally from the Presbytery of Halifax. On the evening of the 8th February, a congregational meeting was held, which was numerously attended, for the purpose of taking action in reference to the choice of a successor to their late pastor. John Gibson, Esq., chairman of trustees, presided, and conducted the business of the evening. The proceedings were marked by singular unanimity and quiet enthusiasm, and resulted in the adoption of a resolution in favor of presenting a call to the Rev. John Campbell, then laboring within the bounds of the Presbytery of Pictou. The call was unanimously given by the congregation, forwarded to the Presbytery of Halifax, and, having been found to have been in all respects satisfactorily proceeded with, it was resolved to take immediate action in the matter. Accordingly, at the meeting of the Presbytery of Pictou, held on the 3rd of March, intimation was given of the above proceedings, and the call duly presented to Mr. Campbell, who was pleased to express his acceptance of the same.

The induction services took place in St. Andrew's Church, on the 12th ult. The audience was large, and the occasion one of great interest. Devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. J. R. Thompson, who also preached an earnest discourse on the work of the ministry, and vindicating Presbyterianism as most conformable to the Apostolic order of Church Government. Rev. G. M. Grant, as Moderator of the Presbytery, having received from Mr. Campbell satisfactory replies to the usual questions put on such occasions, proceeded to address both minister and people, in earnest, faithful, and practical language,—pointing out to the former, his high position as an ambassador for Christ,—the dignity as well as the responsibility of the ministerial office; the necessity for vigilance as an appointed watchman on the towers of Zion,—for study and private meditation, that he may be able to give to them that ask, by waiting on

his ministry, for spiritual nourishment,—and detailing the various duties incumbent upon him as the spiritual guide of the flock over which God, in His providence, has placed him. The speaker also drew attention to the work that it became the people to perform, in order that the labors of the most zealous pastor may be effectual;—that of co-operation,—by work, by counsel, by prayer, by attendance at the regular services, and on the ordinances; and all this, he was fully persuaded, they were able and willing to do.

At the conclusion of the services, the choir sang the anthem, “How beautiful upon the mountains,” &c., and the meeting closed with the benediction; when Mr. Campbell was introduced to, and cordially received by, the people of his charge.

Soiree.—A Soiree, under the auspices of St. Andrew’s congregation in Halifax, was held in Masonic Hall, on Thursday, 18th ult., with a view to welcome their new pastor, Mr. Campbell, and afford an opportunity for introducing him to the congregation and the numerous friends present. The hall and tables were tastefully decorated and provided with things pleasing to the eye and palate. About 350 persons were provided for, and great credit is due the committee, who were somewhat taken by surprise at the demand for tickets, but managed to meet the emergency to the satisfaction of all present. Jane Thompson, Esq., presided, assisted by John Gibson, Esq. A number of short, spirited addresses were made, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. The unanimity of St. Andrew’s congregation in extending the call to Mr. Campbell, and the evident heartiness of their welcome, augurs well for the future prosperity of this church. It has been a source of gratification to other churches to witness the good feeling and zeal displayed by St. Andrew’s congregation; and there are great hopes indulged that the new relation of pastor and people may result in great good to the cause of Christ.

Presentation.—On the evening of Saturday, the 20th, a very handsome and very valuable Pulpit Gown was presented to Mr. Campbell, by a Lady of his congregation. The matter was kept entirely secret till the present was put into his hands accompanied by the following note from the giver:—

“Mrs. Bauld, senr., begs the Rev. J. Campbell to accept of the accompanying Gown, with her best wishes for his happiness, prosperity, and long life to wear it in the pulpit of St. Andrew’s Church.

“Pleasant Street, Halifax, 20th March, 1869.”

We congratulate Mr. Campbell on the singularly enthusiastic reception he has met with from the people of St. Andrew’s.

Missionary Appointments.—The following Missionary appointments were made by the Pictou Presbytery at its last quarterly meeting, 3d of March; viz.: the Rev. F. R. McDonald to be at West Branch River John, 18th April; Earltown, 25th; Roger’s Hill, 2d May; Barney’s River, 9th; Lochaber, 16th; Barney’s River, 23rd; Roger’s Hill, 30th; Earltown, 6th June.

W. McM., P. C.

Explanation.—*To the Editor of the Monthly Record*—MY DEAR SIR,—By appointment of Presbytery, I was to preach at Lochaber on the 14th March. The Rev. Mr. Brodie desired me to exchange with him, and preach in Gairloch, which I did. Unfortunately Mr. Brodie was unable to proceed to Lochaber, owing to the badness of the roads. I think it my duty to send this note to the *Record*, in order that our people in Lochaber may understand why I did not make my appearance. Yours, &c.

F. R. McDONALD.

Pugwash.—We understand that a number of the Pugwash congregation paid a donation visit, on Tuesday, the 23rd March, to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, at their residence in Wallace. Contributions from loom, dairy, granary, and

store, together with a considerable sum of money, were presented with appropriate remarks by Mr. Oulton, Elder, in the name of the contributors. Mr. Anderson acknowledged the gift in suitable terms. Such tangible tokens of love and esteem, on the part of this congregation, serve to show the high appreciation in which Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are held, and indicate a suitable sense of gratitude for their pastor's labors among them.

Sabbath School Festival and Presentation.—On Friday evening, the 5th ult., the teachers and friends of the Sabbath School connected with St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, N. B., gave a very bountiful and agreeable entertainment to the scholars attending the school. It was exceedingly gratifying to all present to witness the feelings of happiness manifested by the young people, as they engaged in the various exercises of the evening; and it is hoped that the festival will have the effect of awakening a livelier interest in the proceedings of the school. During the course of the evening, the teachers and scholars took advantage of the opportunity to present testimonials of their regard and good wishes to the Rev. Mr. Murray, A. M., who has been for some months acting as assistant to the Rev. Dr. Brooke, but who has now entered upon another sphere of labour. A very nice writing desk and gold pencil case were given by the lady teachers and the scholars of the Rev. Dr. Brooke's class; while a copy of Dr. West's Analysis of the Bible was presented by the male teachers and scholars. Suitable addresses expressive of kind regard and hearty good wishes for his future prosperity were presented to Mr. Murray, to which he replied in appropriate and feeling terms.

Induction at DeSable, P. E. I.—We understand that the Rev. Jas. McColl was inducted last month to the pastoral charge of the congregations lately under the care of the Rev. D. McDonald, to the West of Charlottetown. A notice of the Induction was written for us, we understand, but up to the hour of going to press has not been received. More than 1,000 names were appended to the call, and the members of Presbytery were deeply impressed with the piety, zeal, and unanimity displayed by the people.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE European nations enjoy more peaceable relations than for some time past. Greece and Turkey, without being reconciled, are not to come to blows. When that fight does take place, Russia will be into it, and the days of Turkey, as a European power, will be numbered. Few will regret it. The soil of ancient and modern civilization has too long been defiled by the foot of barbarism. The Crescent has too long reigned in lands once sacred to the Cross—places where Paul preached and Apollos watered, and God gave the increase. Spain is behaving better than was expected. The Cortes—the Spanish Parliament—has settled down to business. Montpensier is the likely candidate for the throne. Bible and tract distributors are quietly and cautiously venturing out to the principal towns, and meeting with warm friends. Devoted men are needed. Spain is a noble field. There must be generous hearts in that great and famous country hungering for truth. In Spain we see the effect of "distinct schools." Priestly education produces mental paralysis, upon the principle that any power, when disused, ceases to be a power. This is more especially the case when it is not only *disused*, but *abused*.

In Britain there was some disappointment that the Queen did not open Parliament in person. Her Majesty's health does not allow public ceremonial. In other respects she fulfils all the duties of her station, and finds time for literary labours. On the whole, the public have little reason to complain. The stroke which unfitted Her Majesty for one very insignificant part of her duties

as a monarch, was inflicted by the hand of God. The lesson it reads to all mankind ought to bring her nearer to the hearts of her people. But the multitude want shows, the nobility entertainments, and London tradesmen sales of jewels and finery.

THE Irish Church Bill has passed by a large majority. A government with a large majority is a public monster much to be dreaded. Even though Gladstone's Government should retain power for many years, it will be much for the advantage of the public that his majority be much smaller than now. The property of the Irish Church is about sixteen millions, one-half of which will be required to protect existing interests, and the other for what the Premier calls "unavoidable misery," viz., lunacy, blindness, poverty, &c. So that now Ireland promises to be the happiest country in the world. Unavoidable evils are to be bought away with eight millions, and a reversion of the other eight when life interests have been exhausted. We must all go there! The bill goes into operation in 1871. Present Episcopalian and Presbyterian incumbents will be paid during their lives, or the Churches may commute for them, so that State connexion may end at once. Churches, parsonages and glebes will be left with the Irish Church, provided the Church will assume the burdens. Life interests in Maynooth and the Irish Colleges will also be protected. The change will be very great indeed. The Catholic and Protestant Churches will come out of the business with large funds, if commutation of life interests is agreed upon. Convocation will be authorized in the Episcopal Church, and for the first time for centuries Britain will behold the spectacle of a country without an established Church; and all bodies—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, &c.—holding their assemblies in complete independence. This will be a great revolution for Episcopacy. The High Church party have always wanted this. The Low Churchmen have favoured the Royal supremacy. Both parties will look on with divided feelings, but at least with interest. The effect of this measure upon other religious establishments must be strong and immediate.

THE question of Patronage is to be brought into Parliament by Sir Robert Anstruther. Some Free Church Presbyteries have been memorializing their General Assembly upon making a fresh declaration upon spiritual independence. A controversy has arisen among the Free Church leaders as to change of views since the Disruption. Drs. Begg, Gibson and Forbes claim to hold the old views, and charge Drs. Candlish, Buchanan, and all union men, with having changed. There is very little doubt, indeed, that the leading men of the Free Church do not now want endowment. They have fraternised very much with their old opponents, the Voluntaries, whom they fought so hard in 1833-34. The victory remains in every sense with the latter. The Free Church has far outstripped the old Dissenters in voluntary effort. Piety reared on the broad and deep soil of an established Church, when deprived of State support and roused into energy, has read the old dissenters of Scotland a lesson of voluntaryism that has amazed both pupils and teachers. No wonder the theory should die when the practice was so antagonistic.

PRESIDENT GRANT has pleased the world with his short and sensible inaugural speech. There is very little hope of reciprocity for the present. The taxes are so heavy upon the American people, and benefit so few persons in comparison with the number who suffer, that there cannot be a doubt that the object of the American Government is to promote annexation views among our people. And no wonder they should do so when they read some of our papers, and see the published sentiments which we tolerate and encourage.

AS MR. GOODWILL is about to visit our churches prior to setting out for the scene of his labours in the South Seas, it is to be hoped that our people everywhere will give him a hearty reception. He has been for some years useful and laborious in his own congregation and the Home Mission field, and

being a native of the province, and a volunteer stepping forward to supply a want long felt and enter upon a most arduous and noble work, his visit to the churches ought to awaken in our minds a deep interest, and it is hoped that in many it may enkindle, and in more it may intensify, zeal in the support of Foreign Missions. The sending forth a missionary to the Isles of the Gentiles is the most important and solemn act a church can perform. It is a fulfilment of the Lord's last command upon earth, and recalls scenes depicted in the "Acts of the Apostles."

THE BISHOP OF CAPETOWN has consecrated a bishop in the place of Colenso. This will produce a strange collision between the spiritual and temporal power in the Church of England. Colenso is the bishop recognised by the "civil power," and is now in his diocese. The law must recognize him and him alone. He alone can enter his churches with episcopal authority. What will the new bishop do, and what will be the state of "the flock?" The shepherds are wrangling mightily. The metropolitan has also exposed himself to persecution by his act of consecration. It must be confessed that the bargain between Church and State, in the case of the English Church and her colonial branches, does not work well.

THE POPE is to hold a vast council this year at Rome, at which fresh plans for the spiritual subjugation of mankind will be concocted. The move for separate schools is made in the State of New York at the same time that it is made with us. Our legislators would need to mind what they are about. It is quite certain that the country does not wish separate schools—that they cannot afford to support them, and that they will not tolerate their imposition. The erection of the present school system has been a hard business, which could not have been attempted except after long delay and by a strong government. It has engendered, by its sweeping and absolute character, many strong feelings. To meddle with its integrity now, after such sacrifices, would be unwise, impolitic and unjust. A change of the nature proposed would produce a "sensation," of which men in power can have, at this moment, very little idea. We hope that we have heard the last of it. Common schools and separate schools cannot in justice exist in any country. In justice, the schools must either be all separate or all common.

AN excitement has been produced by a sermon of the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, a United Presbyterian minister in Dalkeith, against Burns' anniversaries. He denounced them strongly as favouring vice. Burns, he said, was a failure in everything but genius, and that was a gift which he abused. He failed as a son, a father, a farmer; an exciseman, a citizen, and as a husband; as a moral character; and at last died from the effects of intemperance. Mr. Ferguson's sermon was very able, and in most parts very true. There was nothing very extreme or fanatical about sentiment or expression. We may admire Burns without deifying him. A perpetual laudation of Burns must be dangerous and tempting to youth. Burns sunk deeper and deeper into the trough of vice. His depravity increased with his years. Byron redeemed his character, in some measure, by devoting his last days to the deliverance of Greece. Geo. Gilfillan has twice attacked Mr. Ferguson for his sermon, but we think with very little real force and power.—only it was popular to do so. The public were against Ferguson, and Gilfillan joins with the public. Such is the fashion of many now-a-days; but, if we mistake not, Burns' laudation, which has become a bore, has received a check, and Ferguson has, in a gallant manner, done the public a service which sooner or later would be recognized.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE has introduced a new educational bill for Scotland, the ultimate effect of which is meant to be to work in all the denominational schools into the position of national schools having no connection with any religious body. We doubt very much the wisdom and success of this policy.

The truth is, that Scotland has been educated by the efforts of the denominations. There are Parish schools, I. Church schools, U. P. schools and Episcopalian schools, and when you deduct these from the schools of Scotland, you will have very few left. Yet it is a country, with all its bigotry, where you never hear complaints of sectarian or proselytising teaching. We cannot see why it is that our educational improvers, whenever any thing is to be done for education, must rush to the New England States, import their nostrums raw, and make our people swallow them so. Every country has a genius and institutions of its own, and should work out its own way upon sound general principles. There is a craze at present for "Americanising," and, until it passes away, those who wish well to British institutions cannot feel comfortable. We are far from thinking that every thing in America is better than in Britain. We have not yet attained the conviction that *any* thing is better. A. P.

NOTICES, ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS, &c.

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.

1869. YOUNG MENS' SCHEME.

March 13. Rec'd from Rev. James Murray, col. in Saint John's Church, Dalhousie, N. B. \$7 46
 26. Remitted A. Nicholson, student, Princeton, N.J. cheque U. S. gold \$25; premium 87½c.; postage, 6c. 25 93½

RODERICK MCKENZIE,
Treasurer.

Pictou, March 31st, 1869.

HOME MISSION FUND.

1869.

March 8. By col. fm Wallace cong'n. \$5 75
 " " " " Barney's Riv. 5 72
 April 1. " " Saltsprings \$13½,
 less 13 cts. 13 37
 " " " " Greenock Ch., St. Andrew's, N. B. 8 40

Presbytery of Pictou.

1869.

March 8. Rec'd from Roger's Hill, for services. 32 80
 " " " " Barney's River, for services. 50 00
 " 12. To paid Rev. J. Campbell, on acct. of order of P. C. 82 80

GEORGE MACLEAN,
Treasurer.

Halifax, N. S., 1st April, 1869.

FOREIGN MISSION SCHEME.

1869.

March 13. Rec'd from Rev. J. Murray, col. at St. John's Church, Dalhousie, N. B. \$18 48
 " 24. Do. several men of the Royal Artillery attending St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, N.S. 3 00

April 1. Do. Rev. Mr. Anderson, amt. col'n, Wallace. \$5.82
 Less postage. 0 03
 Post Office order. 0 05

574

\$27 22

JAMES J. BREMNER,
Treasurer.

Halifax, N. S., 1st April, 1869.

CASH RECEIVED FOR "MONTHLY RECORD."

Rev. James Anderson, for Hon. A. McFarlane, Wallace; Jas. McNab and John Stewart, Pugwash; and Christy Stewart, Westchester, 62½c. each \$2 50
 Donald McKay, Hardwood Hill, per D. Hislop. 5 00
 Rev. A. Pollok, New Glasgow. 0 50
 John Ross, Victoria, Cumberland. 0 62½
 Catherine McPhee, Dartmouth. 0 62½
 Angus McKenzie, Watervale, W. River, Pictou. 4 50
 Halifax—Mrs. Kerr, Alex. Janes, J. Greenaway, Rev. J. Campbell, R. H. Skimmings, 62½ cts. each. 3 12½

[The following sums were acknowledged in the February issue as from Rev. R. McCunn, and are now re-inserted by request]:—
 North Shore, Wallace, (per Rev. R. McCunn), for 1869. 3 00
 Wallace Ridge, A. Ross, Agent, (per do.) for 1868. 6 00

LETTERS RECEIVED.

W. McL., St. Andrew's, N. B.; G. C., Barney's River; J. W. F., River Inhabitants; R. McC., River John; J. G., Hopewell; A. G., W. B. E. River; L. McD., Whycomagh; D. S., Dalhousie, N. B.; J. H., Baddeck.

W. G. PENDER, Secretary.
 Employment Office, Halifax, {
 April 7, 1869. }