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Henry

VOL. XIII.

NO 1.

THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, & Adjoining Provinces.

JANUARY 1867.



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- "Hark, the herald angels sing."
- "Come, thou fount of every blessing."
- "To-day the Saviour calls."
- "Must Jesus bear the cross alone."
- "Come hither all ye weary souls."
- "When marshalled on the mighty plain."
- "When I survey the wondrous Cross."
- "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."
- "There is a fountain filled with blood."
- "Not all the blood of beasts."
- "Oh for a thousand tongues to sing."
- "From Greenland's icy mountain."
- "The morning light is breaking."
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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, AND ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. XIII.

JANUARY, 1867.

No. 1.

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

THE SCEPTIC SUBDUED.

"I cannot feel as you do. I wish I could; but I was born a sceptic—I cannot help my doubts. Other people swallow down these visionary things, but as for me I can't. I do not know there is a God, and if there is, what he has to do with us particularly, I can't see. Nature has her laws, and whoever breaks them will bring evil upon his own head; that is about all that I can see."

Thus spoke an eminent politician as he walked with a Christian friend through the blackness of a winter's night. It was bitter cold, and the snowflakes powdered the rich fur coat wrapped about him, and whitened the thick clusters of raven hair that peeped out from beneath his cap.

Yes, John Hunter was a sceptic. A man of rare intellectual powers, wielding a mighty influence, and yet no God! No hope for the future—walking in the darkness satisfied, contented.

Almost everybody had given him up. He parried reason skilfully and calmly, and, to all human appearance, it seemed impossible to make an impression on the rocky soil of his heart.

But one friend had never despaired of him; they had been boys together, sat on the same form at school, played at the same games. Manhood opened to both invitingly.

Ambitious of worldly honor, and feeling what it is the power to sway men to his will, John Hunter early entered the political arena, and it was not long before his fellow-countrymen applauded to his heart's content. He was a successful man,

The other, Jasper Schumann, was a quiet, unobtrusive man, a humble mechanic, supporting his family by his daily labor, a cheerful, happy Christian man; of every-day life, these two were still friends whenever they chanced to meet; and when absent on his political circuit, John Hunter was always remembered as Jasper Schumann gathered his loved ones around the family altar.

It chanced, on this particular night, Jasper Schumann had been pressing the matter of personal religion on the attention of John Hunter, and now his only reply was, "God has more power over your heart than you have, John, and I still mean to pray for you."

"Oh, I'm willing that you should do that, if it's a comfort to you; go on; but I shall never change. I've read more books of divinity than most ministers. I've about as much as I can do in this world, and must run the risk of another. However, let's change the subject. Whew! how the snow flies! Here's a restaurant; let us stop and order supper."

How warm and pleasant it looked as they entered! The bright gaslight streamed over the glitter of cut glass and silver, falling into the hearts of the flowers lavishly strewed over the richly tinted carpet, while splendid mirrors and marble tables reflected the waves of light dazzlingly. Goodly viands were placed before them, and their conversation had been genial and pleasant. John Hunter was on the point of rising, when a strain of soft music came through a half-opened door—a child's voice. Passionately fond of music, the politician stopped to hear.

"Sweet, isn't it?" as his eye caught Jasper Schumann's.

"We've no time to hear you now; out of the way!" cried the waiter; and the little voice was hushed.

"But I want to hear him," said John Hunter; "let him come in here."

"It's against the rule, sir."

"Very well, send him to the reading-room;" and the two gentlemen followed a small, slight figure in patched coat and little top hat.

The room was quiet. John Hunter walked to the opposite side and motioned the little boy to his side.

Timidly the child looked up; his cheek was brown, but a flush rested there, and out of the thinnest face, under the arch of a massive forehead, deepened by masses of soft brown hair, looked two eyes, whose softness and tenderness would have touched a heart harder than was John Hunter's.

"What do you sing, my boy?"

"I sing German or English," was sweetly answered.

"Why child, what makes you tremble so? Are you sick?"

As if unheeding the question, the child began to sing. His voice was wonderful and simple and common, as were both air and words, the power and purity of the tones drew many of the gentlemen from their tables. The little song commenced thus:—

I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my Father's land,
Heaven is my home.

The tears were in John Hunter's eyes, and his voice was tremulous.

"Look here, child, where did you learn that song?"

"My mother learnt it to me."

"And do you suppose there is such a place?"

"I know there is, I'm going to sing there."

"Going to sing there?"

"Yes, sir; we shall all sing in heaven; father and mother both said so."

"Where does your father live, child?"

"In heaven."

"Your mother?"

"She went too, last spring," while the tears dropped over the thin cheek.

John Hunter was silent; his eyes were brimming over.

"Who do you live with?"

"I live with granma now, but it won't be for long."

"Why so? What makes you talk so?"

"I have just such a cough as mother had. When she went she said it would not be long. There won't be any pain up there, sir."

"How do you know?"

"The Bible tells us so."

John Hunter had a praying mother; his heart travelled backward; once more he knelt at her knee, a simple hearted child. Where was that mother now? Years ago she had gone to her rest, her last breath fluttering out in a prayer for her only son.

The little boy turned to go.

"Child, have you been to supper?"

"Grandma will be waiting for me."

"Have you no overcoat?"

"These are all the clothes I have, sir."

"His father was an organist," said Jasper Schumann. "The mother was also a musician, but they were both in consumption when they landed. They were not here long."

Along the snowy streets, down in the dark alleys, walked John Hunter, a little trembling child's hand in his.

At an old, dingy tenement they stopped. Up broken, creaking stairs they climbed.

"Here we are, and here is grandma," said the boy as the door jarred on its hinges; and an old woman tottered across the room.

"O, Harman, has anything happened to you?"

"Only this kind gentleman came home with me," and again the slight body was racked with that terrible cough.

"Poor child! poor child!" and the grandmother held out her arms to the little sufferer.

John Hunter had taken it all in, the want and cure that had driven the parents to their graves. It was no place for him. "I'll see you again soon," and he groped his way down stairs.

He did not forget his promise. All that money could do was done; but it was too late. Harman was dying of disease; the grandmother, of want and misery.

The winter had not gone when we found John Hunter and Jasper Schumann again walking the streets together. No longer in a fashionable square, but through lanes and alleys, till they came to the gloomy building where lived Harman Stein. They had not seen his face at the window, and it looked gloomier than ever as they mounted the stairs.

A slight rap at the door did not arouse any one. The room was not empty as they at first thought. Harman lay on his bed, the cold, clammy sweat standing on his forehead, while his cheeks were crimson.

"I was in hopes to find you better, child."

"O, no, sir; I did not expect to get well. Mother said we should all meet up there."

The eyes of the two gentlemen met, and it would be difficult to say which felt the most deeply.

"You have been so kind, I should like to sing for you; but I can't sing any more, it hurts me; it won't be so there."

"Is there any one you expect to meet there?" asked John Hunter's friend.

"The blessed Jesus; I shall meet Him; mother said he loves little children."

"And you love Him?" asked Jasper Schumann, with a trembling voice.

"Love Him, when he has taken care of us ever since they went away! Some days grandma and I had nothing to eat, but we knew he would not forget us; and at night, when we could not sleep for the cold, we could think of him and what they are all doing up there. Mother said he was such a beautiful place, more beautiful than anything we had ever seen." The blue eyes closed wearily.

"There is something in this," said John Hunter; "children are not led away by their imaginations; and if there is a heaven, where will my portion be?"

"You love Jesus," said Harman, addressing the hardened sceptic. "Everybody that loves Jesus will be there. O, I am so happy."

With a little sigh his eyes again closed.

"Are faith and hope nothing?" asked Mr. Schumann, pointing to the face taking on such strange beauty.

"To feel as that little boy does I would gladly give all that I possess," was the broken response.

"And this you can have without money and without price. Yield your stubborn will, your sceptical doubts, and accept the offer of mercy."

There was no answer; the shadow of death rested over that little room.

The physician Mr. Hunter had called, came in and shook his head; it needed no great skill to see that the messenger was near.

Presently the hands moved, the eyes opened.

"O, there is mother! and there are the angels; they are coming for me."

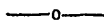
The voice was gone, the hands were still, but the celestial brightness lingered yet on the face.

"You cannot doubt the reality of something here, more than this world can give," said Mr. Schumann.

"It is incomprehensible," said John Hunter. "Neither can I longer doubt the reality of a religion that can comfort, sustain, and render triumphant a death like this."

Not many days, and the aged grandmother followed.

John Hunter is still a leading man and a politician; but he is no longer a sceptic. His days are filled up with usefulness. "Not for myself, but for others," is his motto; and when he dies the world will be better for his having lived in it.



THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

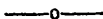
The Rev. Dr. Hall, of Dublin, spoke on the above subject as follows, at the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Bath :

"Diversities of language, habit, color, and mode of life, have been developed in the course of time, but without destroying the unity of the race, in which the differences are incidental or outward and the identity essential and inward. Even so there has been formed in Christ Jesus one spiritual body, 'a new creation,' with many outward elements of difference among the members. Some are Jews, some Gentiles; some bear the yoke of slavery, some rejoice in the sweets of freedom; but deeper than these circumstances of distinction there is a common nature; they are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. They are all united in a common fellowship through union to a common Head. They are all incorporated into one body, of which the Holy Ghost is the central and moving power, directing the energies of every member; for by One Spirit are we all baptised into one body. The honor of being that body is so vast that it is not strange that it has been arrogated, nor that we have a corporation calling itself the Catholic and Apostolic Church, setting forth its 'marks' with great plausibility, enforcing its claims with untiring earnestness and total disregard of cost or consequences. But a ship is not rendered swift by being called the 'Eagle,' nor proof against shot by being named the 'Invincible,' nor a community 'apostolic and holy' by the assumption of these invulnerable titles."

After some further remarks illustrative of the foregoing, the speaker continued by asking, How was the Church to be recognised?

"It might be replied, as Christ out of whom its life came was recognised. He gave out certain words, and did certain deeds, and to both He appealed in proof of His claim to be the sent of God. Those who were with Him had the means of knowing what words God approved, and what words pleased Him. The connection between the Saviour and the Church is the closest possible; the life of the Church springs out of His. The Church is His mystical body; any community, therefore, claiming to be His must be judged by its words and its works. If they essentially differ from His it cannot be the body. It was frequently said by Romanists, 'How can you, who are not in communion with the Church of Rome, be in the Catholic and Apostolic Church?' To this challenge we had a prompt reply. Taking their own test of unity we could say: 'We are as well off as you. We have the same faith, the same Head, not your supreme Pontiff, but the Lord Jesus. We deny that you have unity of faith, and we reveal your numerous variations. We remember that your theology in the sixth century differs from your theology in the thirteenth, and that again from that of the sixteenth, and that again from that of the nineteenth. We deny your unity even now, for Jesuit theology is a different thing from Jansenist, and that

not in circumstantial—*not in the union of members that may be deficient or deformed and yet have a living body of divinity behind—but in the essentials of head and heart, for they give different accounts of justification. Nay, we add, 'if you had all the unity you claim it were worthless; for when only one man may think and all the rest must perforce accept his conclusions, the unity obtained is cheap, and, like all cheap things, of little value.'* If we were asked what is our unity, we could reply in the language of the apostle, 'We have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits and live?' He has spoken to us; we receive His word, and so are one with that one Church which runs through both the Old and New Testaments, which is catholic in the widest sense."



(From the H. and F. Missionary Record.)

One Month's Tidings from the Mission Field.

I. THE CHURCH'S MISSIONS.

An interesting paper on our Church in Canada, giving some important details, will be found in the present "Record," and is from the pen of one from whom much may be hoped and expected in Montreal.

Notices will be found from Nova Scotia and Cape Breton of the state of the Church there. The three able and earnest missionaries, whose departure for Nova Scotia was mentioned in a former "Record," have arrived and met with a very cordial welcome. The Scotchmen of Cape Breton are known to have shown an attachment to the Church very rarely equalled, and that in the midst of great hardships. We are glad, therefore, to read of the recent deputation to that beautiful island, and how the hearts of the people have been cheered by the visit of the brethren.

Interesting intelligence will also be found in the present number from India.

At Secunderabad there has been one baptism, as to which we could have wished more details; and another person is expected soon to be received in the same way. May the Lord's blessing rest on such work!

The schools at Madras and Vellore are prospering. Some healthy changes seem to have been made recently in the former, which may be expected in time to bear good fruit. The theological class at Madras seems also rising into importance, and we are satisfied that a great part of the future success of our India Mission depends on it.

At Gyah the Orphanages become more and more useful, from the ravages of famine and cholera, while they are so well conducted as

to give congregations at home every confidence in them.

The report on Sabbath-schools to last General Assembly gives the numbers returned to the Committee as 1814 schools, 11,951 teachers, and 135,560 scholars. The schools have contributed £568 to missions during the past year. This sum might easily and very largely be increased, and the value of such an effort would not merely be the addition to our missionary funds, but, as the Convener points out, the infusion of a missionary spirit into the children themselves, who would thus be trained to give in future years.

The Jewish news of the Church are also interesting this month. In the schools of the mission there are 315 children, of whom 158 are Jews. At most of the stations there are European congregations, to whom the missionaries officiate, and at several stations there have been Jewish inquirers. A letter from Mr. Spath at Smyrna gives an account of these and other important matters.

II. NEWS OF OTHER CHURCHES.

WALES.—Some striking facts are given regarding the progress of the Non-conformists in Wales. It has long been known that in many parts of that country the Church of England has very little hold, and that the population is chiefly dependent on dissenting labors. Within the last fifty years more than 3000 dissenting chapels have been built in Wales, at a cost of nearly £2,000,000. The annual religious income of these chapels is, in all, £300,000. There are seven divinity halls; and hardly any of the rich landlords are dissenters. In these days, when our own Church is studiously disowned and invaded by the Church of England, the foregoing facts have a double interest, suggesting the inquiry, whether there is not work enough to do at home, within the border?

RUSSIA.—The Emperor of Russia is stated to have recently issued a ukase, abolishing all penalties (confiscation of property being one) for leaving the Greek Church. It does not seem certain whether the statement is altogether reliable.

AMERICA.—The American Board of Missions held its annual meeting in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on the 25th September last. The following is a classified summary of its work and means. Its revenue for the year was about £85,000; its expenditure about £88,000. The receipts were £1300 less than the previous year in dollars; but owing to the difference of exchange, their value in gold was greater. The Board has in all 545 stations and out-stations, 312 American laborers, and 815 native assistants. It has in all 24,000 members of native churches, of whom 881 have been added during the year. Upwards of 10,000 attend the mission schools. Seven new laborers were sent out during the year, and great complaints are made of the paucity of men.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.—A missionary from Madura, in Southern India, speaking at the American Board meeting, told a family story. He was one of eleven children, and an appeal was made to them to furnish at least one for the mission field. The speaker volunteered to go. Not only did his mother not object, but "she took her gold beads—the last remnant of her marriage portion (I had often played with them about her neck), 42 gold beads, and they were sold, and with the proceeds the first two classical books I ever studied were bought." What made the story more interesting was the fact stated by the speaker, that "but a few weeks since" he followed her to the grave. He built upon his story an earnest appeal to parents to give some of their children to the work of the Lord.

INDIA—CALCUTTA.—Two recent baptisms are reported from this city, one from the Free Church Mission, and one from the London Missionary Society. The former was the case of a young man of 18, who had been, since the year 1862 a scholar in the Free Church Institution, was a high-caste Brahmin, and in all respects a superior, intelligent lad. Some time since he came to think very seriously, but still hung back from the decisive step. At length the impurity and immorality of heathen teachers, in principle as well as practice, drove him to deeper and more earnest conviction, and at length, on the 5th of August, before a large number of the heathen youths of Calcutta, he was "baptised in the name of Jesus Christ." The other is the case of a young man who had been for six years a pupil, and was afterwards a teacher, in the Free Church school at Bansheria. His brother was some months ago, after much opposition in the civil court from his heathen friends, received as a convert, and now he also has cast in his lot with the disciples, and was baptised by an agent of the London Missionary Society.

BENGAL.—At the Free Church Mission at Mahanad, an interesting circumstance has taken place—the escape of two Hindoo widows, of high-caste, to the mission-house, with a view to baptism. They are both young (16 and 20), and are cousins. One of them has already endured considerable persecution from her relations; but they stood firm in their desire to become members of the Christian Church, and were baptised in the month of July last. They are the first-fruits of zenana work in that district.

CHINA.—A missionary at Fuhchau has made an interesting, and as yet a successful, experiment. During the day the people were busy at work, and could only listen to him for a few minutes as he stood near them. He thought of trying an evening service. For this purpose renting a room in a village, and fitting it up with benches, &c., he intimated that it would be open just after the evening meal of rice was over, and the work of the

day done. The attendance has been overflowing, and many have remained after the service to put questions on what they had heard.

At Tientsin, a missionary writes of the great success which his work has had among the native women. In the beginning of last year, he states, there were only 8 or 10 women attending his services, while now the average attendance is at least 70. Several of these have been baptised during the year, and others are now candidates for baptism.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Mr. Cumming, of the U. P. Mission at Glenthorn, reports, amid many discouragements from nominal Christians of European birth, the baptism of nine adults, three men and six women. "These, so far as I am aware, have all been brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus while living in this neighborhood. While some are removed against their inclinations, others are coming forward to supply their places. Some people may try to fence their farms around, lest their servants should be brought under the influence of the Gospel, but the Word of God is not bound; it will penetrate amongst the poor and despised natives in spite of every precaution to prevent it."

Mr. Laing, of the F. C. Mission in Kaffria, also reports two cases of baptism, a man and a woman, and with them their four young children. What deepens the interest in the two cases is, that in the one the man is wedded to a still heathen wife and the woman to a still heathen husband. May the prayers of many be heard, that the Christian may yet "gain the unbelieving partner."

MADAGASCAR.—Exact statistics of congregations and schools in this island have been forwarded by the London Society's missionaries. Not including the recent Episcopal mission, there are now 6 European agents, 95 native pastors, 79 churches, 4374 communicants, upwards of 16,000 Christians, old and young, 20 schools, 29 teachers, and 936 scholars. There are still places without a European missionary, where great progress has been made. For instance, one such station is mentioned, with 230 communicants, and 900 Christians in all. There have been various rumors that a renewed persecution is impending, but these are apparently without foundation.

POLYNESIA.—Notwithstanding the great advance of nominal Christianity in the Polynesian islands, some of the worst of the old vices are still to be found there. A letter from Fiji gives a horrible account of an act of cannibalism which took place lately. "Five men, all Christians, one of them a catechist and another a Sunday-school teacher, were cooked and eaten, the body of the catechist being reserved for the chief." And, "not long ago, this same chief sent a party of young men to a Christian town, with strict orders to surround the catechist's house and

kill him, with some of his pigs, then bring them all to the chief's town, and cook them together, so that he might taste a teacher's body." A story not less revolting, however, is told, by the correspondent of Evangelical Christendom, of the late insurrection at Palermo, and said by him to be "on the best authority." He says that "several carabineers were enticed into a monastery of the town, and that then and there they were literally hacked to pieces, and their flesh sold thereafter in the market at twopence a pound." Which is the darker place in the earth, the monastery at Palermo, or the chief's town in Fiji?

—o—

LETTER FROM REV. THOMAS SOMERVILLE, VANCOUVER ISLAND, TO REV. G. M. GRANT, HALIFAX.

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND, }
9th October, 1866. }

THE REV. GEO. M. GRANT:

My dear Sir,—After an interruption of years, it gives me pleasure to renew our correspondence. I notice that your brother, with Fraser and Gordon, have recently been licensed, and returned to their old home. In all likelihood, Charles will have told how that I have been here for eighteen months. I came out here as minister of a Church, Presbyterian in name, but, from the idea of embracing all denominations, in connection with no Church. After a fair and patient trial, I have found the experiment would not work well. Presbyterians of all denominations are too fond of their settled and beautiful order to like such isolation and independence. Although I gathered together what was a large congregation in these parts, the management was never harmonious or satisfactory. As the site and building were held by three individuals in fee-simple, it gave them a most undesirable power of control over the congregational movements. The issue was, that the congregation and myself left what was styled "The First Presbyterian Church," and formed "St. Andrew's Church" in connection with the Church of Scotland. This change has been made with every promise of prosperity. Many who formerly held aloof because of our ill-defined position, have promptly joined us. There are already about 400 who have attached themselves to us, representing all denominations, but now united on what I conceive to be a sounder basis, and better calculated to advance the highest spiritual good of Presbyterians in this colony. The difficulty of establishing our Church will be amply repaid by future good. Of subsequent success I have no doubt, occupying, as we do, a position between the puerile pretensions of the Anglican Hierarchy, and the wretched "bo-

dyism" which prevails for a time in newly settled Colonies.

The beginning having been made by the Church of Scotland, it ought to be carried on strongly. I am the only minister in the (now) united colony of British Columbia and Vancouver Island—a parish 240,000 miles in area!! You will easily perceive that I am not able adequately to represent our Church, or do the work, in a field so large. As I have to preach twice every Sabbath in Victoria, and prepare carefully for my pulpit duties, I cannot attend even partially to the other districts. Many, who are devotedly attached to our Church, are thus neglected. They cannot be easily induced to attach themselves to the Episcopal or Roman Catholic Churches. A large proportion of our population (12,000) is from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada. Now, why not each of these Churches have a workman in the field? Most fervently do I utter the cry, "Come over and help us." Nova Scotia has been peculiarly blessed: let her move first. Could you not, then, send us a minister? His stipend should be secured for the first year, and partially provided also for the second. This would involve an expense of £450 (£300—£150). If ordained, he could, if your Church thought it advisable, act as my colleague in Victoria, and we could alternately preach in St. Andrew's Church, and itinerate for the purpose of planting other stations. As Victoria is by far the most pleasant place of residence, and an intelligent congregation formed, this arrangement might be expedient. If not, there are the districts of Saanich, Corvichan, Connox, Nanaimo, Craigflower, New Westminster, Yale, and Cariboo, all crying out for Gospel ordinances, in which he would find ample scope for independent action.

Our Saviour sent forth His disciples two and two, and I am convinced that it is unwise to let the whole work, in a field so large and important, depend upon *one* man, with, it might be, sickness or even death before him. I am certain that if the Church of Nova Scotia takes our circumstances into serious consideration, she must move in the matter.

At present, the colony is in a most depressed condition, but I am certain it will, at no distant date, form a most important portion of the British Empire. Its mineral and agricultural resources are of the most promising character. As yet, very little has been done to develop them: the present reaction from the "stampedes" to our placer gold fields will be followed by the steadier occupations of quartz mining, commerce and agriculture. The present time presents a favorable opportunity for the energetic planting of our Church. We should go in and take possession in a manner worthy of our history and our hope.

If your Church can send us a minister, let

him be a man of good talent and good taste. Any of the gentlemen recently licensed would suit the genius of the place. How much I would rejoice to meet those who were my fellow-students as fellow-laborers in this portion of the vineyard! You may know how much I personally feel interested in the position of our Church in this infant colony, when I tell you that lately I unhesitatingly declined an invitation to be minister of the oldest and most influential Church in San Francisco, with a stipend double that which I can ever hope to receive either here or in Scotland, and with opportunities of improvement from which I am now excluded.

The climate is delightfully congenial. Clear and cloudless are the skies from April to October. We have then rain for a few days, and then the mellowed beauty of the Indian summer till the beginning of November. Mere existence is felt to be a blessing, and I have no doubt that this city will yet become the Sanatorium of the Pacific.

The scenery defies description. Opposite the window at which I write, we have the Coast Range Hills skirting the Puget Sound, always covered with snow. Around Victoria, we have prairies dotted with oak copses, and knolls of the most beautiful order. Outside of the harbor we have numerous little islands, the channels through which are lovelier than the Kyles of Bute. In British Columbia, all the objects of natural scenery are on a gigantic scale, and after viewing the Fraser River, the Shuswap Lake, and the Cascade Range, one would almost pity those who have seen nothing grander than the Clyde, Lochlomond, and the Grampians.

I rejoice to hear from Captain Raymeur and his lady-wife—old residents in Halifax, of your increasing success and usefulness. God speed thee. Remember me to your brother and all the old Glasgow "collegians." I am,

dear Mr. Grant,
Yours most sincerely,
THOMAS SOMERVILLE.

—o—
"Tecl."

AIG an am so dheth 'n a bhliadhna tha muintir an bidheantas a sealltain tharis air an gnothuchean aim-earal, a dh'fhaicinn co dh'uibh bha iad a call no buanachadh re na bliadhna.

Cha neil neach sam bi air am beil curam a ghnothuch, tha gabhail foslaimh obair chud-thromach, nach eil ga sgrudadh gach ceum mar tha e dol air aghairt.

Agus ar leam, mo charaid, gum bheil obair ro chumthromach air earbhadh ruita, air am beil Siorruidheachd do *Shonas* no do *thru-agh dhuita*, an crochadh! Nach freagrach mata, an am so, an uair tha "Slan leat" an t'seanas bhliadhna fathast na do chluas, agus

thu seasamh air stairsne ch bliadhna ur, gar bli ga do rannsaic'eadh fein a dh'f haighinn cia mar tha an obair so dol air aghairt.

Tha e ro fheumail dhuit gum d'fhugadh thu an aine d'cn a ghnothuch sholemichte do a nis agus gum feuchadh 'thu ri thu fein a chothramachadh a thaobh nithe Spioradail. Na toiseach an obair le "meigh na meall-taireachd" (Hes. xii. 7) air neo bithidh do Shaothair an diomhanas.

Na cothromaich thu fhein ann am "meigh" do *Choimeas ra muintir eile*,—Faic 2 Cor. x. 12. Tha cuid gan toilleachadh fein le bhì smuaineachadh nach eil iad ni's miosa no muintir eile. Cha neil teagamh nach ro cuid dhiubsa air an d' thanig an dile ni b'fhear no cuid eile, ach cha deach as nach iadsan a chaidh stigh don airc. Agus cha nach airson muintir eile, ach air do shon fein a dh'fheumas thusa fhreagairt aig la a bheirtheanas.

Na cothromaich thu fein ann am "meigh" do *bheachd fein*. Cha'n uirrin thu a dhean-amh gu neo-leabhraich—"tha'n cridhe cealgach thar na huile ni." Feudidh thusa bhì gairm *maith* dheth'n ni tha *ole* ann an suilean Dhia. Bha beachd aird aig na Phaireas-aich dhiubh fhein. Dhearb Peadar a chridhe fhein, is thuit e!

Na cothromaich thu fein ann am "meigh" *bheachd* muintir eile. Mur eil eolas agad fhein air do chridhe, cia mar tha muintir eile gu eolas fhaotain air? Faodaidh iad a bhì air am mealladh mar a bha cairdean Job, no mar bha na deisciobull mo Judas, no na h'abstol mo Shimon Magus? Faodaidh iad bhì ga do mheas ni's fear no ni's miosa na tha thu. Coid am "meigh" gus an teid thu mata?

Cothromaich thu fein ann am "meigh" an "ionad naomh." Thoir na huile ni "chum, an lagha agus chum na fianuis." Cuir dearbh-adh ort fein leis an "fhirinn mar ata i ann an Iosa," agus cha mheallar thu.

Cothromaich thu fein mar bhall-eaglais, am b'fhear leatsa bhì" la ann 'an tigh Dhia, na mile, ann am pailuinaibh aingidheachd"? An do chuim lethsguel bho thigh Dhia thu air a bhliadhna chaidh seachad, airson am biodh nair oirt a thoir gu cathair breitheanas? An do phaidh thu do mhinistair gu honorach mar a gheall thu?

Mar bhall-sgoil! An d'robh thu mar a gheall thu an "lathair Dhia agus dhaone," toirt sgoil do'd chloinn, air a bhliadhna chaidh seachad, a reir do "shuidheachdinn s'do chrannchur"?

Mar Pharant, an d'rinn thu do dhleasnas? An d'robh thu teagasg do chlann "a thaobh an shlighe air an coir dhoibh imeachd."

Mar fhear posda, an "d'fhug thu deadh-ghean dligeach do'd mhnaoi"?

Mar bhean phosda, an robh thu "umbal do'd fhear fein, mar do'n Tighearna."

Mar leanabh, an d'robh thu umhal do'd phar-antaibh fein san Tighearna, toirt "onair do'd 'athair s'do' mhathair"?

Ach a thaobh do choir Spioradal:

Am beil thu fathast air stoc nadarrn, no na'd "gheug san fhionn fhiòr"? fathast marbh gu Spioradal, no "mar neach air eirigh bho na mairbh"? Am beil "buaidh air a pheacadh ort"? No am beil thu toirt buaidh air?

Cothromaich do ghraisean.

Am beil creidimh agad? as eugmhais creidimh cha neil eja'n comas Dia a thoilleachadh."

Am beil naomhachd agad? "as eugmhais naomhachd cha'n fhaic neach air bith Dia."

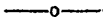
Am beil gradh agad? "O so is aithne dhuinn gu bheil gradh again do chloinn De, nuair a ghradhaicheas sinn Dia, agus a choimhideas sinn aitheantan"—faic 1 Cor. xvi. 22.

Am beil iriosalachd agad? Tha Dia "cur an aghaidh nan uaibhreach ach a toirt grais dhoibhsan tha iorrasal." Mat. xviii. 4.

Ach carson a bhidhinn cuir trioblaid air d'intinn le smuaintean cho dubhaire, agus muintir eile ri aighear? Tha am ann airson na huile ni, agus sann an uair tha Dia feith-amh, Chrìosd toileach, agus an Spiorad naomh a stri ruit gu uireasbhuidh ann a'd chothrom a dheanamh suas, bu choir dhuit bhì deanamh do dhìchill gu 'do ghairm agus do thaghadh a dheanamh cinnteach."

Mus d'thig crìoch air a bhliadhna so fein faodibh thu bhì air do chotkromaichadh ann am "meigh' ceartas neo-leabhreach Dhia, agus mus e "Tece!" a bhithis air a sgrìobhadh mu'd thiomchall, sanna gu bhì air d'fhuadach air falbh mar mholl chum an losgaidh.

Ach, a Leughadair ionmhuinn, "is dearbh leinn nithe is fearr mu'd thiomchall sa, agus nithe tha dluth do shlainte, ge'd tha sinn labhairt mar so." U.



THE CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.

MEETINGS OF PICTOU PRESBYTERY.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, }
Pictou, Sept. 26th, 1866. }

At which time and place the Presbytery of Pictou met, pursuant to adjournment, and was constituted with prayer. Present: Rev. Mr. Goodwill (Moderator), Messrs. Herdman, McKay, Pollok, Stewart, McGregor, McMillan, ministers; Messrs. Brodie, J. W. Fraser, and D. M. Gordon, missionaries; and John and Alex. McLean, Elders.

The minutes of last meeting were read and sustained as correct.

The Clerk read a communication from the Secretary of the Colonial Committee, expressive of their willingness to continue their missionary, Mr. Brodie, in Cape Breton during the current year, and also the hope of securing a Gaelic-speaking fellow-laborer with him, should the Presbytery approve of it.

The Rev. Messrs. Gordon and Fraser, who have recently completed their studies for the

Church, having just returned from Scotland, and being present, laid upon the table of Presbytery commissions from the Colonial Committee, also extracts of License and Ordination from the Presbytery of Ayr.

Whereupon it was moved by Mr. Pollok, seconded by Mr. Herdman, and agreed to, that the Presbytery do hereby record a sense of their gratitude to Almighty God for His great and manifold goodness towards these young men since their departure from their native land, and for their safe return after a highly satisfactory and most creditable course of study;—That they further record their deep sense of the continued favors and liberality of the Mother Church and their Colonial Committee; and also accord a most hearty welcome to these missionaries, and record their sincere wishes and prayers for their usefulness and success as ministers of the gospel.

The committee appointed to confer with Mr. McCurdy anent his resignation, reported that they called upon Mr. McCurdy and found him in a feeble state of health, and quite incapable of attending to ministerial duty; that he respectfully urged the acceptance of his resignation, expressing the hope that he should have the continued sympathy, and, so far as convenient, the countenance and support of the Presbytery, and that supply should be granted as often as possible to the congregations left destitute by his resignation.

Whereupon it was proposed and agreed to, that Mr. McCurdy's resignation be accepted, that the Presbytery express their sympathy with him, that they record their deep sense of his labors since he became one of their number, and express their hope that he will maintain a correspondence with the Presbytery, and be willing to accept appointments, provided he be able to fulfil them.

There was also received a full and interesting Report from Mr. Anderson, convener of the committee appointed to meet and confer with the congregations lately presided over by Mr. McCurdy, regarding their interests in the matter. There was also, at the same time, handed in from said congregation, a Requisition, with a subscription list amounting to \$89, soliciting the part of the services of one of the missionaries recently arrived.

It was moved by Mr. Pollok, seconded by Mr. Herdman, and agreed to, that the thanks of the Presbytery be accorded to the committees for their diligence, that Mr. Anderson's Report be held *in retentis*, and that, considering the Report in reference to Folly Mountain and Acadia Mines, Mr. Gordon be appointed to supply these places; and it being understood that the Presbytery of Halifax derive supply for Truro, that the Clerk be instructed to write the Presbytery of Halifax to the effect that this Presbytery is willing that Mr. Gordon shall be transferred

to their charge with a view to his supplying Truro and the above places.

The Rev. J. W. Fraser was appointed to labor in Cape Breton till next ordinary meeting of Presbytery, the Clerk to accompany him for two or three Sabbaths, his own pulpit to be supplied as follows:—

1st Sah. of Oct.: Earlton—Mr. Brodie.
2nd “ “ W. B. R. J.—Mr. McCunn.
3rd “ “ Earlton—Mr. Gordon.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon was appointed to divide his services between Truro, Folly Mountain and Acadia Mines, until further notice.

The Presbytery then adjourned to meet in this place on the first Wednesday of December, at 11 o'clock.

Closed with the benediction.

W. McMILLAN, *Presb. Clerk.*

[The above minutes should have appeared in last No., but the manuscript was accidentally lost.—ED.]

The Presbytery of Pictou held its quarterly meeting in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on the 5th December. There were present, Rev. Messrs. Goodwill (Moderator), Herdman, Pollok, McDonald, McCunn, McMILLAN, ministers, and D. M. Gordon, missionary; D. A. Fraser, Esq. and Hector McKenzie, elders.

The minutes of last meeting were read and sustained.

The Clerk read communications from the Presbytery of Halifax, soliciting missionary aid; a communication from Mr. McCurdy, expressing his readiness to accept missionary appointments, as his health is now considerably improved; and also interesting Reports of their missionary labors from Messrs. Gordon and Fraser.

The Presbytery, considering the urgency of the requisition from the Halifax brethren, their extensive limits, the fewness of their laborers, and believing it will best promote the interests of the Church, agree to transfer the Rev. D. M. Gordon to the Presbytery of Halifax, with the understanding that Folly Mountain, Acadia Mines, Salmon River and Georgetown receive partial supplies.

The Rev. Mr. Fraser was appointed to continue his labors in Cape Breton until further notice. His Report, which was ordered to be published in the *Monthly Record*, shows that he “abounds in labors,” that the “Kirk” is reviving in Cape Breton, and a vigorous movement being made in the right direction.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon tabled \$96, collected for missionary services, which was handed back to him, and placed to the credit of the Colonial Committee, and the Presbytery highly commend the diligence and liberality of the people of Truro, Folly Mountain and Acadia Mines, in the payment of missionary supplies granted them.

Leave was granted to Messrs. Philip, Mc-

Donald, Gordon, Fraser and McCunn, to draw for supplement on the funds of the Colonial Committee.

The next ordinary meeting of this Court will be held (D.V.) in St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, on Wednesday the 6th March, 1867, at 11 o'clock. A. M.

W. McMILLAN, *Presb. Clerk.*

REPORT OF MISSIONARY LABOURS IN CAPE BRETON.

According to the appointment of Presbytery, I proceeded to Cape Breton with Mr. McMILLAN—arriving on the 6th of October. I entered upon my work by preaching next day at the Strait. Owing to the circumstance that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was being dispensed there to the Congregation of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces, it was deemed proper to defer our meeting till the evening. On the following Sabbath I officiated, in the absence of Mr. Gunn, at Broad Cove, and since that time I have laboured at the following stations, viz.: Strait of Canso, River Inhabitants, River Dennis, and West Bay, preaching on Sundays, and holding occasional weekday meetings, as circumstances would permit.

At the Strait our people are preparing to build a Church which shall *always* be open for the preaching of the gospel! A site has been generously granted to them in a suitable and most beautiful locality, commanding a fine view of the waters of Canso, and of the surrounding country. From what I have witnessed of the zeal, energy, and liberality of the people, I have no doubt that—with a little assistance from the “Building Funds” collected by the untiring exertions of Mr. Brodie—a Church will be completed, in the course of seven or eight months, which will be a credit to the congregation, and a lasting benefit to the whole Island.

At River Inhabitants, the old Church is to be replaced by a new one. At a meeting held there yesterday, the wood required for the building was divided among the subscribers—each person to procure his own share, and to place it upon the site early in Spring, so that building operations may be commenced as soon as possible. Subscriptions in aid of this Church have been received from River Dennis, but, as the distance between the two rivers varies, in different places, from nine to thirteen miles, the people of River Dennis will require a house of worship of their own. At present they are obliged to meet in a private house. Should the people at River Inhabitants and at the Strait fulfil the obligations under which they have come—as I have no doubt they will—the people of Nova Scotia who have contributed to the “Cape Breton Church Building

Funds" will have no cause to regret their liberality.

At West Bay we have a considerable number of adherents, and also a Church, our claim to which is undisputed.

I have much pleasure in informing the Presbytery that liberal subscriptions have been received in aid of the funds of the Lay Association; and from the willingness displayed by the people, I feel sure that when the other Schemes of the Church are brought before them, even greater liberality will be displayed.

I cannot conclude without gratefully acknowledging the services rendered me by the Rev. Mr. McMillan, who was appointed by the Presbytery to accompany me to the Island.

JAS. W. FRASER.

INDUCTION OF REV. C. M. GRANT.

The induction of the Rev. C. M. Grant to the pastoral charge of St. Andrew's Church in this city, took place on the evening of Wednesday last. An eloquent and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. D. M. Gordon, a schoolmate and fellow-student of the presentee. The Rev. Geo. M. Grant, as Moderator of the Halifax Presbytery, then explained the steps which had been taken by the congregation in preparing a call, and the generous effort put forth, which had resulted in clearing off a large debt upon the Church, leaving a considerable balance for other purposes. He then read from the Confession of Faith the usual doctrinal questions on faith and practice, which, having been satisfactorily answered, the young minister was, in the name and by the authority of the Presbytery, solemnly inducted into his important charge. An impressive, touching and most affectionate address was then given by the venerable Mr. Roy, of New Glasgow, to the Minister; and the Rev. Mr. McMillan, of Musquodoboit, having addressed the people upon their duties and responsibilities, Mr. Grant was afterwards introduced to, and most warmly welcomed and congratulated by, his people. The Church was crowded, and the whole service was most impressive and interesting; and we trust that the tie which now binds the minister and the people of St. Andrew's, will be for many years a comfort and blessing to both.—*Hx. Express.*

VERY CREDITABLE FOR "BELLEVUE."

GENTLE READER,—

If you have ever travelled from Pictou towards Wallace or Amherst, along the Shore Road, by daylight, and not suffering from toothache or biliousness, you must recollect

having passed through a beautifully situated, though somewhat scattered village, about 18 or 20 miles westward from Pictou. It is by geographers described as "a small village on the River John," called Bellevue. It is now better known as *River John*. It is situated on the western side of a beautiful and well-sheltered harbor of the same name, and is a thriving little place, with twice the "pluck" and business of larger and more populous towns. Some of the best models and swiftest ships afloat have been built there. Its proximity to Brule Harbor and P. E. Island traffic has of late increased its importance and commerce.

It has already four places of worship, representing, however, four different "isms." Near its western extremity is the Church of the U. P. L. P's., more remarkable for its picturesque situation than its architectural beauty; in its southern suburbs is the Church of the Wesleyan body, on the "verge of decay," but about to be replaced by a new one; in the eastern extremity stands the Episcopal Church, with its frosted window-panes and unambitious spire; near it, a little to the west, stands the handsomest of them all, built a few years ago by the adherents of the Church of Scotland.

Had you passed through this village fifteen or sixteen years ago, and enquired of any of the natives whether there were any "Kirk" people in the place, you would, in all likelihood, be answered as a friend of ours was last summer, while passing through a somewhat unfrequented part of a neighboring county, in reply to the above question. Meeting a bright youth of 10 or 12 summers, he enquired if there were any "Kirk" people in the place. "Yes," said he, "there are a few." "What are their names?" asked our friend. "There is William Kirk in yon house," pointing to a dwelling at a little distance; "and John Kirk, his brother, is just opposite him on the other side of the river, and Thomas, their brother, is in a new place out in a back settlement."

But matters are now very different. River John had its day of "small things" as regards the Church of Scotland, but leaves the "shade" now for others who may be looking for a "good time coming." True to themselves and to one another, the friends of the Church set their shoulders to the wheel, and proved themselves the "worthy offspring" of "noble sires."

Though comparatively few in number, nothing daunted, they, a few years ago, "called" the Rev. Mr. McCunn to be their pastor. The sequel has justified their choice and action. The right man has been called to the right place. Instead of making the "stipend" a plea to excuse further action, they have, on the contrary, continued with increased vigor the good work they began, and now, through the combined efforts of pastor, people, and friends near and at a distance,

they have not only a church and pastor, but also a handsome, well-finished and comfortable Manse. We had the pleasure of spending a night, a short time ago, in the Manse. It is on an eminence a little to the east of the Church, and commands an excellent view, both of the village and surrounding country. From without, it is neat and handsome, with ornament; within, the space has been well economised, the rooms being commodious and very tastefully finished. It is, indeed, in all, alike creditable to the enterprise and liberality of the congregation, the zeal and diligence of the pastor, and the taste and skill of the architect.

We cannot but commend and congratulate the congregation, and wish the pastor and his family much comfort and happiness, and a large "harvest of souls" on the great day of account. P. C.

THE LATE JAMES GORDON OF EARLTOWN.

"DIED, at the residence of Duncan McBean, Earltown, on the 4th inst., of disease of the lungs, which he bore with christian patience and fortitude, in full assurance of the inheritance promised to the followers of the Lamb of God, Mr. James Gordon, aged 66 years, a native of the parish of Rogart, Sutherland, North Britain. He emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1812. He has left one sister to lament an affectionate and compassionate brother, and a large circle of friends and acquaintances to feel their loss. He professed religion from his boyhood, and proved the reality of the same in such a manner that even the scoffers of religion would confess he was a man of real piety. Always he would be in the house of mourning, ministering and comforting the afflicted. Mark thou the perfect, and behold the man of uprightness, because that surely of that man the latter end is peace."

Such was the obituary of one who recently departed from the Church on earth to join that in heaven. Although not belonging to the great or rich of this earth, James Gordon has won for himself a permanent record for piety, usefulness and righteousness, such as entitles him to a more than passing notice. So far back as we can remember, he was the man quoted as the foremost for religion in the country; and his religion was not mere surface or sentiment, but deep, intelligent, and practical. It pervaded his mind, formed his devotion, and guided his life, as well as shone in his death. He *knew the truth*, had a hearty persuasion of it, and constantly appealed to the law and the testimony; and he *loved it*: hence his eagerness for its preaching, his frequency in attending upon sermons, and his constancy in visiting the sick. But more, he was acquainted with it *theologi-*

cally, had perused and possessed the best of the Puritan and Scottish Divines, and he could argue, therefore, for soundness in the faith as well as for piety. He was what I may call religiously conservative, maintaining the old paths of orthodoxy and worship as are prescribed in the Word of God and Standards of our Church. These he regarded as not only right in themselves, but the marks of a sound ministry and a steadfast christian; hence he abhorred any approach to *instrumental* worship, any denial or mutilation of the Lord's day, or "any other way not prescribed in God's Word." As his minister's note shows, the cause of the Sabbath lay near to his heart to the last; and to those around his bed, he expressed deep regret at its profanation, even among professing christians, and at the thoughtlessness and levity with which both young and old go to and return from the house of God.

Although sincerely attached to the Church of his Fathers, he was no bigot, but loved and spoke well of all good men and ministers, and, consequently, was beloved and prized by the good of all churches: and shortly before his death, he prayed for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all churches, and that God's good work would be carried on in connexion with them all. But what, perhaps, earned for him more respect and love, was his constancy in visiting the sick. Wherever there was a mourner to console, or a wanderer to reclaim, or a backslider to heal, or a dying one to cheer, there was he found; and he literally spent himself in this self-denying service. In a word, he was, in the best sense, a *good man*: pious and benevolent; faithful also to his light, and valiant for the truth, like Bunyan's *Worthy*, and, like him, departing bravely and cheerfully, for the truth always leaves its advocate placid and content; and though he has mingled in controversy for the truth's sake, yet he bore not the smallest grudge or ill-will against mortal; his letters, like his actions, were written from a sense of duty to Christ, and in a spirit of devotion.

Not to extend this notice to too great a length, I will add a few particulars furnished me by one who ministered to him in his last sickness.

(1). He was early devoted. "He professed religion from his boyhood, and took delight in visiting the sick and dying."

(2). He was "charitably disposed towards Christians of all denominations, and sought to render good for evil."

(3). He was devout and grateful. "On the night before his death, he prayed with great freedom, and during the intervals of relief from pain, he would remark that it was merciful to have some sweet drops among the bitter."

And now to conclude this article that has been asked of me, we observe what distinguished the late departed worthy. It was

not riches, for he possessed them not; nor accomplishments, nor worldly greatness of any kind; but attachment to truth, and love of goodness. And are not these virtues attainable by most, and obligatory upon us all? Without these, is not our character defective? We feel prompted to exclaim with the Psalmist, "Help, Lord, because the godly man ceaseth, because the faithful fall from among the children of men." Learning alone will not supply the place. Talent is good, but, without the grace of God directing it, is often mischievous. Cleverness is good, but, without that, degenerates into the cunning of the Old Serpent. A head for business is useful, but, without the heart of piety and love, fails to impress the Church and age. Science is respectable, but, without godliness, is ensnaring. Progress it is delightful to mark in churches, colleges, and railways, but, with godliness wanting, it is the house without the foundation, or the building upon the sand, and therefore cannot stand. O, help, then, Lord, for with the godly man removed, it is so much salt and leaven that we can ill spare; it is a standard-bearer struck down, a pillar fallen—and whither can we look? and whereon lean? But do Thou grant (for with Thee is the residue of the Spirit, and godliness shall never cease out of the land) that the mantle of him who has gone upward may fall upon successors, and that instead of one, we may have many imbued with his spirit and emulous of his virtues. Then shall our congregations never want the right salt, nor our Church the good seed: Amen.

A. W. U.

ADDRESS FROM THE SYNOD OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, IN NOVA
SCOTIA, TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

The members of the Presbytery of Halifax, residing in the city, says the Halifax Reporter, waited on His Excellency to-day, 15th Dec., to present an address from the Synod of Nova Scotia, in connection with the Church of Scotland. His Lordship the Chief Justice introduced the members of the Deputation, and the Moderator of the Presbytery having explained the cause of the delay that had occurred in presenting the address, the Clerk—Rev. Professor McDonald—read it and handed it to His Excellency, who responded in terms of much courtesy. Afterwards, in conversation with the members of the Presbytery, His Excellency spoke with great warmth and kindness of feeling of the high sense he entertained of the value of the labours of the Scottish Church here and elsewhere, and of the importance of having a Scottish element among the emigrants who come to our shores. The deputation withdrew, highly gratified at the reception that had been given to them.

We subjoin the address and the answer:
TO HIS EXCELLENCY SIR WILLIAM FRANK
WICK WILLIAMS, BARONET, OF KARS,
C. B., LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NOVA
SCOTIA, &C., &C., &C.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY—

We, the Ministers and Representatives of the Presbyterians of the Church of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island in connection with the Church of Scotland in Synod assembled, beg to approach your Excellency with the expression of undiminished attachment to the British Constitution, steadfast loyalty to the Throne, and constant admiration of the institutions of the Mother Country and its various dependencies.

As the Representatives of one of the Churches of the Reformation, the National Church of Scotland—a Church which, under the blessing of GOD, has been an honoured instrument in spreading the principles of the Christian religion, the sentiments of an enlightened piety, and the practice of a sound moral among the people of an important part of the United Kingdom—we have ever recognized as our duty in our several spheres of labour in this and the neighbouring Colonies, to follow the conspicuous example of the Mother Church, and, amid the difficulties and disadvantages incidental to ministerial labour in a new country, to pursue such a course as may promote the true happiness of the people and assist in giving efficiency and perpetuity to those institutions over which you have been so happily placed.

While our Church stands connected with the Church of Scotland, not a few, both of Ministers and her people, are by birth Nova Scotians; and all the more therefore do we become us to notice the circumstance, regarding it, as we do, both as a gratifying fact in itself, and as an honor to this Province that by your appointment the Imperial Government has raised to the exalted position of Her Majesty's Representative one of Nova Scotia's most distinguished sons.

That you may be long spared to exercise your exalted function over us is our earnest prayer.

In name and by appointment of Synod Committee. ROBERT McCUNN, Convenor
Nov. 8, 1868.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Halifax, 15th Dec., 1868

TO THE VENERABLE THE SYNOD OF NOVA
SCOTIA AND PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND,
IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

GENTLEMEN,—I receive with great pleasure this address, assuring me, as it does, of your undiminished attachment to the British Constitution, and steadfast loyalty to the Throne, as well as admiration of those institutions by which the mother country

... fosters, and cherishes her distant dependencies, and renders them worthy of her name; and with reference to your colonists in this loyal Province, I am only saying to you that which I so often express in private life, when I record a prayer—that your flocks may increase as rapidly as all men could desire.

With reference to the present labours of your Synod, I hope and trust they will con- sider the object you have in view, to com- bat the difficulties which a comparatively new settlement creates, and to ensure, as much as your sphere lies, the happiness and well-being of your Church.

I am gratified to find that so many of your members are Nova Scotians. I of course have a natural pride in the expression of a hope that this element may increase, and exhibit as steady and as strenuous a body of Missionaries as old Scotland has hitherto sent to the Province.

Thank you sincerely for the good wishes which reach me personally with which you close your address;—and you may believe me when I assure you that my anxiety for the increase of the Scotch element, both here and throughout the Queen's Colonial dominions, will be limited to the short time I shall have the honor of representing Her Most Gracious Majesty in Nova Scotia.

W. F. WILLIAMS.

... BAZAAR.—We understand that the ladies of St. Andrew's congregation in this place are preparing to hold a Bazaar next summer to raise funds for the purpose of aiding the building of the new St. Andrew's Kirk. A committee of ladies in town has been formed to carry out this object, and a number of gentlemen has been appointed to assist. It is recommended that committees be formed in the rural districts of the congregation to cooperate with the central committee, and it is earnestly hoped that all persons interested in everything in their power to forward will facilitate the object in view. Early intimations will be given of the names and addresses of parties to whom contributions may be forwarded.—*Standard*.

... We understand that the Sabbath Class is to be read over by Rev. Mr. Herdman, preacher, on Christmas day, with a handsome Commentary in 4 volumes. This is a valuable gift which shows their appreciation of his labors, and affords an emblem of the still fruit which God will, in His own time, bless the workman in His vineyard.—*r. 17, 18.*

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The Year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring happy bells, across the snow,
The Year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out! my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust for gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kinder hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

MISSIONARY HYMN—CAPE NORTH.

AIR—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

CAPE NORTH stands in the ocean,
Long watered by the spray,
In winter all round frozen,
Whilst Boreas holds the sway;
And from its rugged mountains
Is heard aloud the cry—
Here are no living fountains
To quench our thirst when dry.

They lack no earthly blessing,
Are free from dearth and strife;
Their case is more distressing—
They want the Word of Life,
And seek that living water
Alone that satisfies
Mens' souls, now and hereafter,
And their hearts purifies

Their spirits droop and languish,
They're needy in their wealth;
Their hearts are wrung with anguish
In sickness and in health,
Until they hear of Jesus,
And cleave to Him by faith,
Who heals all their diseases,
And saves their souls from death.

O, hail ye that blest river
From Calvary that flows,
Whose waters heal forever
As onward still it goes;

Till the glad proclamation
From pole to pole resound,
Of mercy and salvation
Wherever man is found.

J. G.

Cape Breton, December, 1866.

—Colonial Standard.

—o—
MISCELLANY.
—o—

CHILDREN, LOOK OUT FOR TRAPS.

In my youthful days there was, at one time, strange work going on in our pantry. Not a bit of chicken or pie-crust could be left there without a part of it disappearing. The milk was drank, the cheese got less, and the very candles that hung up in bunches under the lower shelf, wasted gradually away.

It was very soon found out which way these things went, for one morning when Betty opened the pantry-door, a big, bouncing rat jumped down from behind the oatmeal jar upon Betty's foot, making the girl set up a loud squeal. No sooner was this known than the rat-trap was brought out of the stable and set in the pantry, baited with a piece of fat bacon, and that night the big bouncing rat was caught.

But why am I telling you of this affair? why, just that I may be the better able to explain to you what sad mistakes are made in the world. The rat went to eat the bacon to satisfy his hunger, but what a terrible mistake he made of it; he hardly touched it with his whiskers before he was caught.

Instead of the rat prolonging his life by satisfying his hunger, he lost it. Be on your guard, then, for there are many traps in the world beside rat-traps; and if you run into any of them you will not have so good an excuse as the poor rat, who only meant to satisfy his hunger.

The rat knew no better; but you are taught to know good from evil, and indeed it is that you may know it still better than you do, that I have undertaken to point out to you so many mistakes.

Those who fear God, read his holy Word, and attend to the warning voice of conscience, do not fall into half the mistakes that others do; but as we all carry about us an evil nature, a heart ever ready to commit sin, leading us into mistakes of all kinds, so have we continual need to seek God's grace in the prevailing name of his Son, that wisdom and strength may be given us to discern and resist temptation.

Whatever idle tales may be told you by the thoughtless and the wicked, and however much they may boast of their enjoyments, one thing is certain: none can be at ease but those who keep from evil. If then you would really enjoy your sports, if you would trundle your hoop and toss your ball, dress your doll and skip your rope with a truly light and happy heart, you must fear God and keep his commandments.

LO! GOD IS HERE.

He who is not with God already, no path of space find the least approach; vain would you lend him the wing of an angel or the speed of light; in vain plant your feet there, on this side of death or that; in the outer darkness still, having the same blindness which would leave him pitched headlong, though, like the angel of the Apocalypse, he were standing in the sun. But cease vain travels, and remaining with us here upon this weary earth, let him submerge himself in the depths of his own wonder and let him feel the touch of sorrow, or the tears of contrition, or the toils of duty open the hidden springs of his affections; and the distance, in fact, before, wholly disappears; and he finds the patriarch, that though the stone be rolled away from the pillow and the earth his bed, he is yet in the very house of God and at the gate of heaven.

—o—
RIGHTS OF MINISTERS.

Many seem to act as though ministers were of an inferior class of persons and had no claims upon the respect of the people. This, however, does not make it so. To the contrary, no community can well do without them, and they should be respected and rewarded accordingly. In speaking of this subject, *Hall's Journal of Health* makes the following remarks:—

The clergy of this country are the light of the world; they are the salt of the earth; for literary acquirements, for mental culture, for purity of morals, for blameless lives, they have not their equals in any class of civilized society, and who men devote their whole time to the composition of books, essays, sermons, and discourses for the instruction of the masses, encourage them and persuading them to a life of industry and thrift; warning them against whatever may deceive the head, corrupt the heart, debase the intellect, destroy the character, and eventually ruin both body and soul; devoting themselves singly to these things, while others apply all their talents, and energies toward making themselves, their children and their families comfortable and happy, it is a very small number that these last shall amply support them through whose influence, example, and blessing their possessions are secured to their posterity, their rights, liberties, and lives are preserved intact, day and night for years together, free from the depredations of thieves and burglars, from lawless, murderous men; for no man's thought can be so blind as not to see that if the Bible teachings were to cease, if the Sabbath abolished, the whole foundation of our society would be overturned; anarchy would ensue, and our streets run in human blood. Revolutionary France proved all this to be true; who does not know, that where there is no preaching, and no Sabbath, there is drunkenness and profanity, prostitution, and every other evil, and every other evil.

The merchant pays his private watchman for guarding his property every night; the whole of the minister's time is expended in enforcing those precepts which, and which only, can make, not only property, but even life itself, secure in any community. The Broadway merchant, or the Wall street broker, or the South-street shipper, would crimson with shame to have it known that his faithful night-watch had starved to death on the piteous salary which he had accorded him; and yet there are rich men and women, who give so little toward the support of the clergymen of the neighborhood, that they would actually starve if others did no better by them.

THE MIRACLES OF SCIENCE.

HOW THEY ILLUSTRATE THE TRUTH OF RELIGION.

One little fact often furnishes a text for a large discourse. A trifling incident may suggest reflections on which a wise man shall ponder long, and which may lead him to great results. The apple that fell on Newton's head set him thinking, and led him to discover the laws of gravitation which hold the planets in their orbits. Perhaps, if Newton were living now, he would be led into a similar train of reflection by an item noted in our "scientific" column, namely; that a message had been telegraphed across the Atlantic *by a battery formed in a lady's thimble!* The statement is so extraordinary, that we should be slow to believe it, if we only saw floating about in the papers. But the fact is confirmed by a private letter, which we have been permitted to see, from the eminent electrician who made the experiment. He writes that he has been down at Valentia for a week repeating all the tests of the two cables at his leisure. He finds them both marvellously perfect. The old one is even a little better than the new one, but this is doubtless owing to its having been longer submerged, time improving the quality of gutta serena. But the new one has improved very much since it was submerged in July, and he does not know which will finally prove the better. It is as one of his experiments that he relates the following: "With a single galvanic cell, composed of a few drops of acid in a silver thimble and a fragment of zinc weighing a grain or two, conversation may readily, though slowly, be carried on either through one of the cables or through the two joined together at Newfoundland so as to form a loop; and, although in the latter case the spark, twice traversing the breadth of the Atlantic, has to pass through 3,700 nautical miles of cable, or 4,300 to 4,400 statute miles, the effects at the distant end are visible on the galvanometer in a little more than a second after contact is made with the battery. The deflections are not of a dubious charac-

ter, but full and strong, the spot of light traversing freely through a space of eighteen inches on the scale,* and it is manifest that a battery very many times smaller would suffice to produce similar effects."

This little fact might be used with much effect by one giving a lecture on Electricity, as the latest proof of its incredible velocity. But it suggests also a beautiful analogy to the spiritual truth—the communication of the human soul with God. Thought is swifter than the lightning; and if in a second of time a spark may fly from continent to continent, why should it be thought a thing incredible that the desire of a human heart should thus be wafted to the throne of God?

The existence in nature of an agent so subtle and mysterious—unseen, yet dwelling in every object, developed by the slightest causes, and often flashing out upon us with terrific power—is perhaps the best illustration of the universal presence of that unseen power with which we come in contact every instant. Thus God is not far from every one of us. Like the air, which floats all over the round world, which stirs the leaves of the forest and the waves of the sea, so is the presence of God—it is all around us by night as well as day, and in him we live and move and have our being.

How easy then for man to commune with his Maker! He is not a God afar off, but very nigh, even to the lowliest of his creatures. And how slight a thing arrests his ear! It needeth not the voice of a great congregation, filling the arches of a cathedral, and rising up to heaven like the sound of many waters. Man may pray alone, in solitude and in weakness, and yet God can hear him.

Again the scientific fact helps us to understand the spiritual truth. A few years ago, when men first talked of telegraphing across the Atlantic, they thought at least that they had need to muster all the forces in the armory of nature; they must send out a current of electricity that should be almost like a flash of lightning from the thunder cloud. And so the electricians of that day ranged on the heights of Valentia a battery of five hundred cells, with which they fired off into the bosom of the ocean. Needless pomp and preparation! When now only a spark from a lady's thimble may traverse the whole breadth of the Atlantic!

So is it with prayer. It matters not how weak the voice which utters it, how lowly the source from which it comes, if it be a true spirit of devotion, it will reach its object. As the spark from the tiniest of galvanic cells flies across the sea, so the feeblest desire that trembles in a human breast may make its

* Signals through the Atlantic Cable are not made by marks or by sound, but by light. The telegraph house is kept dark, and it is the flashes of light which issue from the end of the cable, which tell the messages which are coming up out of the sea.

"Interjects, felt even in the infinite bosom of God. He leaveth the young ravens when they cry. Nor is he unmoved by the supplications of the weakest and lowliest of his human creatures. The sailor boy swinging in his hammock, a child lost in the forest, or even rocking in its cradle, may live a prayer that will reach the ear of God.

—c—

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

It was New Year's eve. By the window of a pleasant cottage home in England, sat a mother and son, passing the last hours of the dying year in pleasant converse.

It was Henry Allen's last evening at home. The following day he was to leave his associates and restraints, and the watchful care of fond parents, to go out into the busy world, and think and act for himself. This evening he lingered in the sitting room, after the usual hour of retiring, as if loth to sleep away the precious time, so his mother sat down beside him, and they talked of the future which loomed up so brightly before him, and of the new cares and duties which would devolve upon him in his new sphere of action. In Mrs. Allen's heart, as she thought of the temptations of city life, fear for his safety mingled with the grief she felt at the loss of her son, and most tenderly she urged upon him the necessity of seeking the help of an Almighty Friend, which would be a shield against all these dangers.

The hours glided away quickly as they sat conversing, and the clock told the hour of twelve, when upon the stillness of the clear evening air, the bells of the village church rang out joyously at the ushering in of the New Year. Then the bells of a neighboring parish took up the strain, and another, and another, until the very air seemed vocal with sweet sounds.

"What beautiful music our bells make!" said Henry. "It always drives away all bad feelings and makes me think only of what is good. When I am in London, the evening chimes will remind me of home, for it will be all there is that is like Newent."

"Promise me, my son," and the mother's voice trembled with deep feeling, "promise me that when you hear those bells you will not only think of home, but remember that every morning and evening father and mother will pray for you, and let the thought keep you from all that is wrong."

"I promise you mother, to try to be all you wish," said Henry.

"And so may God help you, my son," said the mother, as she rose to leave the room.

Henry Allen was a youth of good principles, but in his quiet home, surrounded only by pure principles, their strength was yet untried, and when he came to reside in London, amid new scenes and associations, he

found it more difficult to make the untried standard of right the rule of his life. In business he was daily thrown into the society of a set of wild, reckless young men, though repeatedly urged by them, he for a time refused to participate in their amusements. Finally they persuaded him to be in, just for once, upon a convivial meeting. The brilliantly lighted room, the jovial company, and the hearty welcome with which he was met proved so attractive, that no urging was necessary to induce him to go a second time. Soon there was no more quiet evenings at home, for the meetings of the club and the theatre were more in accordance with his feelings, and worse yet, the Sabbath which he had been taught from childhood to reverence, became a day of recreation, and a horse or a ride took the place of the morning service at church.

Henry's conscience was not quite at ease though he seemed as gay and trifling as others, for there were times when he would almost imagine he could see his mother's gaze reproachfully at him, and in anger of soul he would mourn over his first departure from duty, and try to reform; but the chains which bound him seemed too strong to be broken, and he would plunge as deeply into dissipation to drown remorseful feelings.

New Year's Eve had come again. In sullied purity the snow covered the earth with a soft, white garment. Brightly beautiful stars looked down upon the sleeping village like angel watchers, and a deep silence reigned over all the busy haunts of men. Henry sat alone in his room, at a late hour. Sometime in the loveliness without, and in the sole stillness of the evening, irresistibly led thoughts from the gay scenes in which he had just mingled, and awakened the best feelings of his nature. Memory was dear to its work, and vividly did the past with bright hopes and innocent enjoyments contrast with the clouded present. As he sat with bowed head beside the table, the stillness was suddenly broken by the chiming of bells. All over the city they blended in grand harmonious peal at the birth of the New Year. Hundreds of times had he heard their sound since the last evening at home, but never before had it so powerfully wrought upon his feelings. Tears streamed down his cheeks, and sinking upon his knees, with broken spirit, he poured out his soul in prayer, for the first time in many long months. Deep and humiliating was his sorrow, from its depths sprang that "peace that passeth all understanding," and the angels hovered round the night, carried home to heaven the news of a sinner saved by grace.

So the old bells rang out the old year's sin and sorrow, of the young man's life, rung in a new year of humble trust and joy, of high resolves and earnest purposes.
N. W. Ad.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE Fenian excitement has transferred it to the other side of the Atlantic. Large numbers of troops have been sent to Ireland, numerous arrests and seizures of arms have been made. It is generally believed there will be some outbreak. The Police are on the lookout for Stephens, and have meanwhile whetted their appetite with the capture of his Secretary—a centre, who went to jail in America and returned lately a man leader. The Trades Unions of London had a large procession in the interest of Mr. Bright has been, in the fulfillment of his great mission, stirring the fire with a few letters and speeches. There seems to be no intention to grant universal suffrage, consequently few of those who thus far will receive the franchise; but the agitators will perhaps turn out the hated offices and receive for themselves offices, honours and notoriety—all which are the principal things. Solomon said long ago: "That which hath been is that which shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun." The era is producing great havoc in dirty villages in Scotland. Filth and bad water are immediate causes. A noble effort has been made in Glasgow to bring about sanitary improvement. The members of all Christian churches in a certain section of the city have organized themselves into parties of visitors and visited every house. They take measures to remove every thing pernicious.

On the continent of Europe there has transpired nothing of marked importance. Spain threatened with revolution, a danger with which the miserable inhabitants of that very unhappy country are familiar. Now that the Government is soon to have Rome, the world are puzzling themselves to make out what the Pope will do. Outwardly that visible spiritual sovereign of so many millions of consciences, and temporal sovereign of the ragamuffians, keeps remarkably cool; Mr. Cumming is quite excited and fires many prophetic utterances. Ordinary men do not well understand the present, but the future is quite at home in the future. Are we entitled to predict from the prophecies? I think not. Let Christians believe what is commanded, work what is commanded, and wait for what is future.

On this continent we have had the U. S. President's message—favorable to the Fenians and jubilant at the fall of the Mexican Empire. A commission is to sit on the Alaskan claims. The Conservative Foreign Secretary, Lord Stanley, manifests a moderation that augurs well for peace. Another Atlantic Cable is to be laid to Halifax, which will be more exclusively British than the present lines.

DR. CRAWFORD is to be Moderator of the next General Assembly. Our friends, the Colonial Committee, have been disappointed in their purpose of sending another Missionary to Cape Breton. The W. C. Smith case has resulted in a decision against him, against which a great many leading members of the F. C. Presbytery have protested. The case has lasted for six months, and been prosecuted with some parade of orthodoxical zeal. There will be a strong party in the Free Church against union with the U. P. body. The movement was spontaneous on the part of the leaders of both Churches in cities, but not with the masses in country districts. Could it be accomplished in a sound and serious way, it should be for the honor and good of religion.

RITUALISM attracts much attention in England and this country. Truly it is a most contemptible movement, a fearful falling away. It is not piety, but a substitute for it. No one that has tasted the gospel could ever betake himself to garments, crosses, wafers, paint, embroidery and pleasant smells. We have far more respect for a Brahmin than for Father Ignatius, with his bare feet, his shaken crown, and rope round his middle. We honor the Church of England, and deeply lament that she cannot at once send about their business those who would degrade Christian faith and worship. Many of the clergy of the diocese of London have memorialised the bishop against these practices, and in this province the clergy are signing a letter of sympathy with Bishop Binney, who deserves no sympathy whatever. The Church of England is a great Protestant Church, and we trust that at least her laity will never permit themselves to drift away by any influence whatever into the "beggarly elements" of Popery, with its confessionals, its real presence, its prayers for the dead, its honors paid to saints, &c. If they prefer episcopal government, we shall not quarrel much about that; but let them remember the ashes of Smithfield and remain Protestants like their fathers.

The settlement of Mr. Grant in St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, has taken place under the happiest omens of success. Upwards of \$1000 of debt has been cleared off the Church at once, and we hear that a manse is to be erected next year. This will cost another thousand, we should think. The people deserve great praise. They prove their attachment by deeds. May the union now formed be long and happy.

A. P.

THE annual Sabbath School Soiree in connection with St. Andrew's congregation, New Glasgow, is expected to be held on the evening of Thursday, 3rd January.

MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday 27th Nov., by Rev. A. W. Herdman, Mr. Alex. C. Thomson, Londonderry, to Miss Eliza Jane Sutherland, of Pictou.

At Pictou, on Saturday, the 1st Dec., by the Rev. R. McDonald, P. P. Mr. Angus McInnis, to Miss Johannah McNamara.

At Big Brook, West Branch, on the 29th Nov., by the Rev. S. McGregor, M. A., Mr. Daniel Fraser, to Miss Mary Fraser, both of Big Brook.

Also, on the same day, by the same, Mr. Alex. Cameron, Caledonia, St. Mary's, to Miss Catherine Fraser, East River.

At Saltsprings, by the Rev. Alex. McKay, M. A., on the 27th October, Mr. Donald McDonald, of Antigonish, and Miss Christy Matheson, of Summerside, West River.

At the same place, by the same, on the 22nd, Nov., Mr. Robert Bailey, of Gairloch, and Miss Johanna Sutherland, of Summerside, West River.

At the Middle River, by the same, on the same day, Mr. David Marshall, Acadia Mines, and Miss Elien McDonald, Middle River.

At Mount Thom, by the same, on the 24th Nov. Mr. Christopher Irving, Mount Thom, and Miss Catherine Fraser, of McLennan's Mountain.

On the 13th Dec., by the Rev. A. W. Herdman, Mr. George McKay, to Miss Christy Ross, both of West Branch, River John.

At the residence of Mr. D. McKenzie, Columbia, California, on the 3rd Nov., by the Rev. T. P. Williams, Nathaniel H. Spaulding, of that city, to Marion Stewart, formerly of Mt. Thom, in this county.

On Thursday, Nov. 29th, at New Annan, by the Rev. James Watson, Mr. Isaac Reid, to Miss Rachel Aitcheson, both of New Annan, Colchester.

At New Glasgow, on the 22nd Nov., by Rev. J. Stewart, Mr. William Forbes, New Glasgow, to Mrs. Isabella McKenzie, of East River.

At East River, on Nov. 28th, by Rev. A. McLean Sinclair, Mr. Robert Taylor of Lochaber, Antigonish, to Miss Elizabeth Grant, youngest daughter of Mr. Finlay Grant, Elder, East River.

At New Glasgow, on the 12th Dec., by the Rev. George Walker, at the residence of Mr. Daniel McDonald (uncle to the bride), Mr. James Fraser, of Churchville, East River, to Miss Flora, fourth daughter of Mr. Robert McDonald, of Barney's River.

On Thursday, the 20th Dec., by Rev. A. W. Herdman, Mr. John Pringle, to Miss Jessie McDonald, both of Pictou.

At San Francisco, California, on the 1st of Nov. last, by the Rev. Dr. Scudder, D. McLennan, of Napa City, formerly of Roger's Hill, Co. Pictou, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Charles Martin, M. D., of this town.

At Albion Mines, on the 29th Nov. Rev. Wm. M. Philip, Mr. William S. Laird, Miner, to Agnes, daughter of Mr. Wylie, Miner, Albion Mines.

At the residence of the bride's father, Barasois, North Colchester, on the 29th Nov. by the Rev. J. A. Kaulback, Mr. David Go, to Miss Nancy Chambers.

At New Glasgow, on the 26th Dec., by Rev. Allan Pollok, Mr. Duncan Matheson, Miss Jane Ross, both of Wilkins' Grant.

On the 18th Dec., at Bartown Mass. by the Rev. W. McMillan, brother of the John L., son of Andrew Benvie, Salter, to Jane, daughter of the late Finlay Allan, Churchville, East River.

At Lochaber Lake, on the 11th Dec. by the Rev. James McDonald, Alex. M. carriage-maker, to Catharine, daughter late Kenneth Cameron, Barney's River.

At Maitland, Hants Co., on the 26th Nov. by the Rev. John Currie, Mr. James D. of Pictou town, to Hannah, eldest daughter of Isaac Douglas, Esq., of Maitland.

At San Francisco, California, on the 11th November last, by the Rev. H. M. S. Robert S. Falconer, formerly of Hope River, to Georgina B., youngest daughter late Charles Martin, M. D., of Pictou.

At Green Hill, on the 6th of Dec., by Rev. James Thompson, Mr. James of Middle River, to Miss Isabella R. of Green Hill.

On the 25th Dec., by the Rev. Walker, Mr. Henry John Townsend, to Jane Jardine, daughter of Mr. Thomdine, Contractor, N. Glasgow.

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DEATHS.

At Churchville, East, River, on the 11th Nov., Daniel J. McKenzie, son of E. McKenzie, aged 27 years.

At Albion Mines, on the 17th Nov. Sophia, aged 14 months, daughter of and Lilly McKay.

At the residence of Duncan McBest town, on the 4th Dec., of disease of the which he bore with christian patience, fortitude, in full assurance of the inheritance promised to the followers of the Lord God, Mr. James Gordon, aged 66 years, native of the Parish of Rogart, South North Britain. He emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1812.

At Durham, on the 8th Dec., of inflammation of the lungs, Christy Ann, beloved wife of George Murray, in the 66th year of age, leaving a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her departure.

At Cow Bay, C. B., on the 15th Dec., of typhoid fever, Mary Caroline, second daughter of the late Allan Dewar, in the 10th year of her age.

At New Lairg, of scarlet fever, on

Neil Alexander, son of Murdoch Mc-
 ted 3 years and 16 days.
 Friday morning, the 7th Dec., at the
 ce of James McDonald, Catherine Eliz-
 infant daughter of Alexander J.
 n, aged 4 months and 2 days.
 Central Barney's River, on Friday,
 ov., after a few days illness, of Dip-
 agnes, daughter of the late Alexander
 ld, aged 17 years.
 Fraser's Mountain, on Monday, 15th
 . Mr. Finlay Fraser, a native of In-
 ire, Scotland, aged 78 years.
 Quilongate, Newfoundland, on the
 ov., James McNab Ross, eldest son of
 Ross, of Pictou, in the 31st year of
 McLellan's Mountain, on Thursday
 . Nov. 27th, after an illness of two
 d a half, which she bore with remark-
 gnation to the Lord's will, Catherine
 the beloved wife of Hugh Cameron,
 4th year of her age.
 Thursday, the 8th Nov., at his resid-
 the Head of St. Peter's Bay, P. E.
 a long illness of Asthma, Bronchitis
 ing, John Sutherland, Esq, M. P.
 48 years.
 only, on the 9th Dec., at his residence,
 Farm, Head of Pictou Harbor, Wil-
 bley, in the 70th year of his age,
 d deservedly regretted.
 ed was a native of the County of
 and, England, but for the last 44
 respectable inhabitant of this county.
 es a widow, two sons, three daugh-
 d several grandchildren to mourn
 .
 pridge, Rhode Island, on the 19th
 typhoid fever, Priscilla, wife of Mr.
 rren, and daughter of Mr. William
 on of this town, aged 22 years.
 West River, on the 18th Dec., Mar-
 dict of the late George Smith, aged
 . She was a native of Banff-shire,
 , and emigrated to Pictou in the year
 .
 tion Mines, on the 10th Dec., Janet
 ant daughter of Alex. and Margaret
 aged 6 months.
 Wallace, on Friday evening the 14th
 er an illness of some months, borne
 stian fortitude and resignation, and
 gretted by all who knew him, Clar-
 dley, aged 23 years, eldest son of
 B. Oxley, Esq.
 B., East River, on the 27th Nov.,
 Donald, aged 81 years.
 tham, N. B., on the 24th Dec., Alex-
 aser, junr., Esq., aged 79 years. The
 was one of the earliest and first com-
 men of the County of Northumber-
 leaves many relations and friends
 untly by whom his memory will be
 hest esteem.

At New Glasgow, on Sunday, Dec. 23rd.,
 Mr. Jonathan Hartley, a native of Eskdale,
 County of Cumberland, England, aged 76
 years.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE ENDOWMENT
 FUND.

WALLACE CONGREGATION—STAKE ROAD
 SECTION.

	<i>Subscribed.</i>	<i>Paid!</i>
Duncan McIntosh	\$4.00	\$4.00
Alexander Ross	4.00	2.00
John McNeil	2.50	1.25
Donald McKenzie, Esq.	4.00	4.00
Donald McKenzie	4.00	4.00
Donald Sutherland	4.00	2.00
Donald McIntosh	2.00	2.00
Duncan McDonald	4.00	4.00
John McInnis	1.00	
A Friend	1.00	
Daniel Dewar	2.00	
Alexander McKenzie	2.00	
David McIntosh	2.00	
Thomas McLean	3.00	3.00
Alexander McDonald	4.00	4.00
Alexander McDonald	2.00	1.00
John Cunningham	1.00	1.00
John McIntosh	1.00	50
James C. McIntosh	2.00	2.00
William Ross	1.50	
Angus McDonald	2.00	1.00
Christy A. Heustis	2.00	
Duncan McKinnon	3.00	
Kenneth McKenzie	4.00	4.00
Angus McDonald, senr.	2.00	1.00
Duncan Dewar	1.00	
	\$65.00	\$40.75
Balance due Dec. 5, 1866,	\$24.25.	

FOREIGN MISSION SCHEME:

1866

July—Received from the Synod of New Brunswick, per Hon. J. Robertson	\$25.05
August—Dr. Avery, bal. of Jewish Mission Fund in his hands, transferred	6.67
Sept. 13—Lachlan McDougall, Cape Breton, \$5; M. McRae, 25c; J. McDougall, 25c; Mrs. McPherson, \$1; D. McLean, 25c; Wm. McPherson, 25c.	7.00
Nov. 9—Amount of collection in St. Andrew's Church, Halifax	12.00
19—Rev. Jas. McDonald, amount of collection at Barney's River	10.00
29—Mr. McKay, amount of collection in St. Paul's Church, Truro	8.00
30—Rev. Mr. Stewart, amount of collection at McLennan's Mountain	16.89
Dec. 6—Amt col. from St. John's, N. F.	38.75
13— " Musquodoboit	10.00
" in St. George's Church, River John	4.50
JAS. J. BREMNER, Treasurer..	
Halifax, N.S., 15th Dec., 1866..	

CAPE BRETON CHURCH BUILDING
RUND.

ALBION MINES.

D. Gray	\$1.00
W. M. P.	1.00
Robert Culien	1.00
J. Keith	1.00
Others	75
Collection in St. John's Church on Sabbath evening	20.00

\$24.75

PICTOU TOWN.

Rev. A. W. Herdman	\$3.00
W. Gordon	11.00
John Crerar	3.00
S. H. Holmes.	1.50
James Hislop	3.00
Kenneth Henderson.	2.00
James McDonald	2.00
Robert McDonald	2.00
Henry Smith	2.00
M. T. Smith	1.00
Mr. Hockin	4.00
Mrs. Cameron	2.50
Mr. Gourley	1.25
W. J. Pender	1.00
Duncan Fraser	1.00
W. Jack	1.00
S. G. Rigby	1.00
D. Hockin	1.00
Joseph Gordon	4.00
John McDonald	2.00
J. Noonan	2.50
Miss Harper	2.00
R. McKenzie	4.00
James McDonald	2.00
D. Munro	1.00
Owen Hamill	1.00
D. Fraser	50

\$62.25

[The totals of the above sums were acknowledged in last No.]

AGENTS FOR THE RECORD.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Halifax—Samuel Noble, Esquire
 Pictou—William Gordon, Esquire
 New Glasgow—John McKay, Esquire
 Tatamagouche—Robert Purves, Esquire
 Earleton—Mr Kenneth Baillie
 West Branch River John—Alexander McKay
 River John Village—Rev Robert McCunn
 Hardwood Hill—Donald McKay, Esquire
 Roger's Hill—Daniel McKenzie, Colin's son
 Hopewell, W. B. East River—John Gray, Esquire
 E. B. East River—Duncan McDonald, Esquire
 West River, Pictou—Alexander McKay, Esquire
 McLennan's Mountain—William Fraser, Esquire
 Mill Brook—Mr Morrison Ross
 McLennan's Brook—Mr Alex'r Fraser, teacher
 Big Island, Merigomish—Malcolm McGregor

Barney's River—William McDougall
 S. R. Antigonish—Alex'r McNaughton, Esq
 Wallace—Donald McKay, Esquire
 Stake Road, Ridge, Wallace—Alexander
 Pugwash—John Oulten, Esq.
 Lochaber Lake—William Cameron, Esq
 Truro—Alexander McKay, Esquire
 E. B. East River—Peter G. Campbell, Esq
 Onslow—William McLeod
 Musquodoboit—Thomas Jameson, Esquire

CAPE BRETON.

Broad Cove—Alexander Campbell, Esquire
 Middle River—John McLennan, Esquire
 River Inhabitants—John Cameron, Esquire
 Baddeck—Joseph Hart, Esquire
 Whycocomah—Lauchlin McDougall, Esquire

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Fredericton—J. Edwards, Esquire
 Woodstock—Rev'd Henry J. McLardy
 Saint John—William Girvan, Esquire
 Bathurst—Rev'd James Murray
 Dalhousie—Donald Stewart, Esquire
 Saint Andrew's—William McLean Esquire
 Kingston, Kent—John Brait, Esquire
 Newcastle, Miramichi—Allan A. Davidson
 New Richmond, Bay Chaleur—John Peabody
 Miramichi—Mr Donald McLauchlin

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Charlottetown—Adam Murray, Esquire
 Eldon—Donald McLeod, Esq., merchant
 Georgetown—Dr McKeown
 Saint Peter's Road—Mr McBeath
 Malpeke Road—James Dixon
 Wood Island—John McMillan, JP
 Brackley Point Road—Charles Kennedy.

CANADA

Montreal, Canada East—T. A. Gibson, Esquire
 Kingston, Canada West—John Paton, Esquire

NEWFOUNDLAND

Mr David Watson

NOVA SCOTIA.

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

FOREIGN MISSION FIELD.

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

ALEX. McLEAN Convener

Manse, Belfast, P. E. Island, February,