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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

In Nova Scotia and the Adjoining Provinces.

JANUARY 1864.



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PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA :

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TIME PROVES ALL THINGS

IN the present day, when the pages of the London and Provincial Press teem with announcements of Patent Medicines, which are offered, with every assurance of success, as panaceas for "all the ills flesh is heir to," the sick and ailing of the community, as well as the more robust—who, believing that "prevention is better than cure," are desirous to preserve the health they yet enjoy—should be careful lest they are beguiled by specious appearances, and led to patronise those vaunted remedies which

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In the December No., in our acknowledgements
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The present No. will be sent to parties on our
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WILLIAM JACK.

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JAMES PATTERSON.

Pictou, January 1864

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, in
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 ing resolved to engage in the

FOREIGN MISSION FIELD,

the Committee are now prepared to receive ap-
 plications. The Committee have in view one of
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ALEXANDER MACFAN, Convener.

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

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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1864.

No. 1.

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

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

At this season how common is the wish that the friend or neighbor addressed may enjoy a happy new year! Reader, may this blessing be yours. May you enjoy a truly happy new year; and if it be your last, may your last be your happiest year! Consider, however, that there is but one good that can make any year a truly happy year to you or any one; that one good is the enjoyment of salvation.

Mirth and pleasure are not solid happiness, they soon pass away; they leave no satisfactory remembrance, but they often leave a sting.

A servant of God heard a lady expatiate on the pleasures of the play-house; there was the pleasure of thinking of the play before hand, the pleasure of witnessing it, and the pleasure of thinking of it afterwards. He mildly observed that there was one pleasure she had not mentioned. She eagerly inquired what it was? he answered, The pleasure of remembering it on a dying bed. The remark, applied by the Holy Spirit, went to her heart, and from that day she sought pleasures that would cause no pang in the hour of death.

Even the dearest and most lawful delights of domestic life, the social circle, the cheerful fireside, the gentle words and smiling looks of beloved friends, blessings though they are, are not enough to make a happy new year; for “the fashion of this world passeth away.” Death every year breaks up very many friendly hands, sinks some to the grave, and robs survivors of their dearest treasures.

You have a soul that needs something more enduring than anything this world can furnish, and to make the new year a happy year, the wants of that soul must be your chief care.

Indulge, therefore, those reflections which the season should suggest. You, and millions besides, have begun another year; but, to multitudes the language of the prophet will be fulfilled—“This year thou shalt die.” Suppose that, in any place, the names of all that are to die in the course of the year could be publicly called over on new year’s day, what unexpected tidings would many hear! What alarm and consternation would overwhelm the crowd ordained this year to die! Such a warning will not be given; but the solemn thought, that multitudes now young, and healthy, and strong, and blooming, will be in their graves before next new year’s day, does not loose its solemnity because no voice from heaven points out the individuals doomed to die. May not you be one?

All those appointed to die this year may seek Jesus and salvation now, but in it they have their last opportunity. Next new year’s day it will be too late—too late for ever!

An amiable young lady had been much alarmed by a sense of her spiritual danger, but her father, a man of the world, employed all his arts and power to lead her back to dissipation and folly. He too fatally succeeded. Not long, however, had she pursued the path of worldly gait, before illness stretched her on the bed of death. Just before she died, her father entered the room,

and the poor victim of his sin, with an eye that expressed reproof, tenderness, and terror in its glance, said, "My father, last year I would have sought the Redeemer; father, your child is——" death stopped her voice, she seemed about to say, "is lost." How many that are eternally undone, may, in agonies of distress, exclaim, "Last year I might have sought the Redeemer; he waited to be gracious, but waited in vain. He called, and I slighted; now he calls no more." You may seek the Redeemer now; next new year's day it may be too late.

Perhaps, to you, the year now opening on earth is to finish in eternity. In this uncertainty respecting the future, there are but two suppositions that suit your case, and each of these is connected with two more. You may, like many, die this year; or you may, like many others, live to see its close.

Think, first, what would be the consequence to you of *dying this year*, if that be your appointed lot.

What in that case would be this world to you next new year's day? What would be its cares, its comforts, its pains, its pleasures, its pursuits, its possessions, that so much interest you now? All is nothing, or less than nothing, and vanity. Perhaps now your heart beats high with hopes and expectations of future good; you exult in friendships formed, and in possessing the affections of beloved fellow mortals; but should you die this year, what will all this concern you when the coming year begins? Nothing, oh nothing! The love of friends will not delight, nor the enmity of foes distress you. This world, and all it has, and all it is, will have left you for ever, and be of no more worth to your mouldering dust, or your immortal spirit, than chaff driven away by the wind.

Solemn as are these considerations, others much more solemn call your attention. Should you die this year, unrenewed by the Holy Ghost, and uninterested in the death and righteousness of the Son of God, this year will end your "accepted time" and "day of salvation." All your religious privileges will cease this year; all the calls of God in his Gospel will end this year; and all strivings of the Holy Ghost will finish for ever.

Should you die this year, your last opportunity of escaping from hell, and fleeing to the Saviour, will end. And the last season will finish in which regenerating grace could efface the likeness of Satan from your soul, and fix that of Jesus there. God will cut you down as a cumberer of the ground. Pardon, peace, hope, heaven, will all be finally lost. Lost once—lost for ever.

A minister of the Gospel, well known to the writer, related the following fact:—In a village where he preached, a young man attended his ministry, whose parents were true Christians. This young man, though he heard the Gospel, never appeared to give his

heart to God. He was taken ill, and his illness was his last. For a time he kept almost a sullen silence on the great subject of religion; but one day, when his parents and other friends were mournfully surrounding his dying bed, he suddenly exclaimed, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." He referred to times when his mind had been impressed, and he thought he would turn to the Lord; but he had not done it, and again he said, "The harvest is past and the summer is ended, and I am not saved;" and as far as the narrator knew, he died without a gleam of hope. Your harvest is not yet past, your summer of mercy is not yet ended: but should you die unconverted this year, with what sad feelings might you take up the language of a dying man of pleasure: "O Son of God, would that I had not rejected thee till it was too late!"

If in such a state you should die this year, awful beyond expression will be your condition next new year's day. Then this year you will enter on eternal scenes; and oh! what sights will open on your departing soul! Oh! what will you see if you leave this world unsaved? This year you will meet your Judge, and know your endless doom. This year you will become one of the spirits in prison—in the dreadful prison whence none come out. Oh fearful change! to begin the year a careless trifler, and to end it a lost soul! to begin it where peace and pardon may be found by the guiltiest, and to end it where there is no peace, no pardon for ever! to begin it where you might become a child of God, and to end it where the horrible character of a child of the devil will be fixed on the soul for ever! Oh dreadful thought! to begin the year on earth, and end it in hell! to begin it with men, and end it with the devil and his angels! to begin it, though unsaved, in the possession of many mercies, and to end it where not one comfort will ever be known, nor one faint gleam of light ever shine. Oh! shrink not, reader, from the painful but salutary consideration, that should you die unconverted this year, even this year, all these evils will overwhelm you.

If, however, you may enjoy, or should from this hour earnestly and prayerfully seek the Saviour's grace, a very different prospect opens before you. Should you die as his disciple this year, though your last, it will be your best and happiest year; for it will take you from the sorrows of time to the bliss of eternity. Then, Christian, this year life's great business will be done: this year will all your conflicts finish, and all your sorrows cease. This year will end your imperfections, still your griefs, banish all your fears, wipe all your tears away, and bring you to your expected and desired home. By blissful experience you will understand the Saviour's sweet promises—promises too rich to be fully understood on earth: "In my father's house are many mansions:—I go

to prepare a place for you.—I will come again, and receive you to myself: that where I am, there ye may be also." "Where I am, there shall also my servant be." John xiv. 2. 3; xii. 26.

How cheering is this joyous prospect. A poor negro in a wretched hut, smothered under the horrid bonds of American slavery, was heard, in plaintive broken English, singing of his hope. His song was—

Oh! poor negro, he will go
Some one day,
Over the water and the snow—far away
Over the mountain big and high,
Some one day,
To that country in the sky—far away.

Jesus Massa bring me home
Some one day,
Then I'll live with the Holy One—far away.
Sin no more, my heart make sore,
Some one day,
And I praise my Jesus evermore—far away.

"And," said one who heard the negro sing, "is this religion? Blessed religion! O my God! with this religion I should be satisfied, in a dungeon, in exile, or in chains. Be thou my portion, then let the men of this world divide among them all else they can find beneath the sun."

Should you thus know the Saviour, and die this year, what delightful changes will take place in your condition before the year's last day comes! The happiness of leaving all ills behind will be but a small part of your blessedness. This year you will meet your God and Saviour. Solemn as must be the interview, it will be joyful; how joyful, none can imagine. This year you will be welcomed by your Lord; this year join the happy company of the redeemed. How changed then, next new year's day, will be your state from what it is now, and from what that of surviving fellow-Christians will be then! they with men, you with angels and with God; they troubled pilgrims, you a triumphant saint; they on earth, and you in heaven. Your prayers will then have been answered, your hopes more than realized. How changed will be your employments; from the low toils and labors of earth, to the exalted engagements of heaven! You will hear sweeter hymns than were ever heard below, and join in nobler worship than was ever offered here. You will have reached your home. All will be peace, rapture, safety, and triumph; and the song of your heart, as of your lips will be, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.—Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

Oh bless a change! to begin the year with mortal worshippers and to end it among the worshippers before the throne! to begin it

with men and to end it in the presence of God and of the Lamb!

It is certain that your last year will soon arrive, and it is uncertain whether this may not be that solemn year. Under these circumstances, it is the part of wisdom to act as if you knew this indeed to be your last. *Are you a faithful Christian?* If you had this knowledge, how humble, and prayerful, and active would you be! you would rise in the morning and go to rest at night with this thought, I shall see but a few more mornings and a few more evenings, for this year I shall die. What privilege would you slight, what prayer would be formal, while still you felt, I am to die this year? These should be your feelings now; for though uncertain whether or not you must die this year, it is not very unlikely that you may.

If you are *destitute of gospel blessings*, and knew that you must die this year, would not alarm and terror seize you? Would you not feel, My time is almost ended, my day of salvation nearly finished; I must turn now or never. I am near to hell, and must escape—now, or never, escape: I am to die this year. Would you not pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner, and show me thy salvation?" Uncertain of living, thus should you flee to the arms of heavenly mercy.

While you enter this new year there is another supposition; *this year may not be your last*. Should this be the case, what will the year be to you? What will be your state next new year's day? Here, again, all turns on the question whether you are a devoted disciple of Jesus, or whether you are yet in your sins. If you are his, you will live to his honour; assisted by his Spirit and constrained by his love you will spend another year in his service. His precepts will guide, his example instruct, his promises cheer, and his power support you. Through the year you will travel towards your heavenly home, and its last day will find you twelve months nearer to that blessed rest. Then, whether your path be rough or smooth, all will be well. Salvation, in all its riches, and glory, and completeness, will be a year nearer to you than it was on new year's day.

Connected with this part of the subject there is another supposition. Many that live through the year will spend it without God. Should you do this, what will the year be to you?—Another season of mercy and favour on God's part, made by you a season of ingratitude, rebellion, and sin. At the close of the year, with you, all will be ill. More sins will load your guilty soul than load it now, and each of them weighty enough to sink you to eternal death; your heart, now hard, will then be harder. Conversation, difficult now, will be less likely then.—Through another year you will slight the Saviour, rebel against the God of heaven, by the sins of twelve months more invite his anger, and serve and please the wicked one.

Thus you will live such a life, that the beasts of the field or the reptiles of the woods will be far better off than you.

Colonel Gardiner, in his days of worldly dissipation, when some of his gay companions were congratulating him upon his happiness, saw a dog enter the room, and groaning inwardly wished, "Oh that I were that dog!" O reader! if you live an ungodly life, every beast in the field, and every bird in the air, and every reptile in the dust, and every fish in the sea, is in a better state than you.—They have no souls to be saved or lost, no hell to escape, no heaven to secure, no God to offend, no Saviour to slight; but you have a soul that must live for ever, and if you spend the year without God, through all its months, you will be losing happiness and securing woe, and rebelling against a gracious God and a compassionate Redeemer.

A happy new year was wished you; but oh, consider no year can be truly happy unless it be spent in the service of God.

These solemn truths are rendered more solemn by the consideration, that there is no neutral path through the world; you must spend the year as a child of God or as his enemy. The Lord declares, "He that is not with me is against me," Matt. xii. 30. He that is not my decided friend, I reckon as my decided foe. To one class or the other you must belong. If you will not decidedly spend the year for God, you must spend it for Satan. Oh, think of these truths and of the Saviour's claims; and that the year may be a happy one, give him your heart. Hear and submit and pray, while the God of all grace speaks, "Come out from among them, (the worldly and the vain,) and be ye separate, saith the Lord; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty," 2 Cor. vi. 17, 18. Can angels have higher honor or a richer portion?—*British Tract.*

—o—

The Name.

"And he called his name Jesus."—MATT. 1, 25.

WHAT is there in a name? is often asked, when it might as easily be answered; for in the world the power of a name is sometimes tremendous; the value set upon a name is frequently capable of very costly proof; the influence of the dread of names is a power in continual operation, with sometimes a wholesome, oftener a dangerous, efficacy.

There may be, and often has been, comprehended in a name, all that we love, or fear, or desire, or pursue, or live for, or would die for if we might. It is told of our English Queen Mary, that she used to say that when she died, the name of Calais would be found written on her heart. On many a heart—on many a conscience—and on many a brain, names are thus written, though they be not

found: visible as the daylight; burnt in as with a sunbeam; indelible as the iron-graven rock so long as life and sense remain—and who knows how much longer?—where love and grief, unkindness, injury, terror and remorse, need nothing for all but the memory of a single word.

Of the talisman power of *One Name* I had a very touching experience once. It was many years ago, but it recurs to me often on hearing that name pronounced. I went, on behalf of a Visiting Society, to administer relief to an individual at a certain house in a miserable street in the neighborhood of Gray's-Inn-Lane. I passed through filth and wretchedness enough before I found the door; and when it was opened, hesitated, with some sense of fear as well as horror, on being directed to go down a flight of stone steps, broken and dark and of no very easy descent. I knew my errand, however, and that the case had been previously ascertained to be deserving: so I proceeded. The place was horrible: a cellar: a cellar six feet square, nearly filled up with a pallet bedstead, except the space occupied by two broken chairs and a little wooden table close to the hearth. There was no perceptible light but from the fire, and no air but down the steps,—the square hole that might have been a window being stuffed with old rags and paper to keep out the cold. All thoughts, however, of the place was banished on seeing the loathsome object in possession of it. I have never since beheld anything in the form of humanity so hideous as that figure. A painting might convey the impression I retain of it, but a description cannot. It was an old woman, as she had crawled or perhaps been lifted from her bed, seated quite double upon a chair beside the fire. She was covered rather than clothed with rags, without shoes, and her bare feet projecting through her stockings; her face of such extraordinary ugliness as I cannot account for even by age and misery. She held in her hand a large rusty carving fork: her bare legs were projected almost under the grate, and her head intently bent over a saucepan that was on the fire. I took the other chair—which was not offered to me—and attempted some words of enquiry, but in vain; for all answer I was informed that a savoy cabbage, coveted many weeks with great desire, had been that morning purchased for three half pence, and she was waiting till it "boiled soft" with no small impatience for the longed-for treat. I spoke of my errand to relieve her wants; suggested mutton broth, and hinted at worsted stockings, but still in vain; she did not turn so much as a look upon me; in went the fork to try the boiling cabbage, and all my answer was the length of time it had been boiling. I adverted to her condition; spoke of suffering, privation, age, death, judgment, all the common topics with which charity feels its way to the callous heart and the unwilling

ear. In vain—in vain! In went the fork again, and in again. The savory was not soft. I thought it would never be; but I thought I had to deal with something more impenetrable still. What was to be done? I held in my hand the rather profuse allowance that had been voted to the urgent case, for the proper expenditure of which I was responsible, as well as for the administration of something better than silver and gold to the nearly departing soul; but what could I do? Except as a third between herself and her cabbage, she remained quite indifferent to my presence in the place. Seen me she had not; listened to me she had not; but as she had spoken to me, I suppose she knew that somebody was there. I hopelessly resumed my efforts, and was proceeding with my commonplace observations upon religion, when, as must naturally occur, I used the name of Jesus. The figure turned instantly its horrible bleared eyes upon me, and with an extraordinary emphasis on the second word, said: "Do *you* love Jesus?" It is probable I was surprised into a strong expression of assent. Whatever it was, it was enough; the magic key was found; the sullen heart was unlocked. She raised herself as much as she was able from the chair, laid down the fork, and forgot the cabbage while we talked together of the name of Jesus. This poor stupid insensible mass of scarcely animate matter, as it had seemed, contained an enlightened mind—an ever-living soul. She conversed with me freely of her previous life, the circumstances of her conversion, and many other things in which there was nothing unusual; I don't remember what they were: but in proof that she was no unintelligent, unreflecting disciple of Him whose name had acted so like magic on her, I remember the doctrinal exactness with which she accounted to me for having subsequently joined another communion in preference to the Wesleyan, in which she was first awakened. I also remember her relating a conversation she had recently had with some one who asked her how she thought to answer for herself when she came to appear before God, to which she had replied—"Sir, I am not going to answer: Jesus is to appear and answer for me." No wonder she loved the name if it was so she understood it.

CAROLINE FRY.

To be silent, to suffer, to pray, when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh word, received and endured as in His presence, is worth more than a long prayer.—*Penelon.*

"LAW," says Hooker, "in her highest essence, is the perfection of goodness, justice and wisdom; her voice is the harmony of the world, and her seat is in the bosom of God."

Notes of a Visit to the Lower Provinces.

BY PRINCIPAL LEITCH.

(Concluded.)

PICTOU COUNTY, July 14.—Drove in the evening to New Glasgow. Met the Rev. Dr. Blaikie of Boston. He has been carrying on a law suit for the recovery of the Church of the late Dr. Channing. It seems that, by the original deed, the Church required to adhere to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of Scotland, and it is held that the Unitarians have lost all claim by departing from both. The matter is not finally settled, and the strongest opposition may be expected, as this case may rule many other cases. Dr. Blaikie, though not a minister of the Church of Scotland, still holds that he maintains her doctrine and discipline more closely than she does herself.

July 15.—Squire McKay, M.P., drove me to Salt Springs, one of the charges of the Rev. Mr. McKay. The squire corresponds to a justice of peace in the old country, and as the appointments are, in general, judiciously made, he exercises much influence on the community around. All the squires I met with are men of great intelligence and sagacity, and strongly attached to the Church of Scotland. From this class the members of parliament are generally chosen. The people prefer men of position and influence in society to clever adventurers. It is not wealth, however, that gives position. Few legislators either of the Upper or Lower House are rich men. An honorable member may be seen following the plough or wielding the axe in the forest. All the respect due to wisdom and worth is freely accorded, though the possessor be as poor as his neighbours. There is, however, no absolute poverty. The people seem all to live in comfort; but there are not many that rise much above the ordinary level. They all farm about 100 acres, half of which may be under the plough. It is not profitable to work more, farm labor being so expensive. The only rich men are the shop-keepers in towns and villages, and their number is small. These remarks apply only to the county of Pictou, the stronghold of the Church of Scotland. There is a widely different state of things in the other counties of the Province.

We passed through the region of barrens where the Moose deer roams. One was seen crossing the road two days before. The farmer's son who saw it described it as trotting over the fences without pausing to take a bound. One is at first astonished that such huge animals could subsist in a settled country, like Nova Scotia. These barrens are, however, of vast extent, affording abundance of food and a fair chance of escaping the hunter. The Indian, at certain seasons, makes them an easy prey by imitating their call and thus willing them within reach of his rifle.

The blue jay frequently crossed our path and gave hope, by its loud screams, that we should soon have rain, but this prognostication of the natives proved delusive. I arrived at the Church of Gairloch in good time for the afternoon service, this being the fast day. After the service I delivered an address to the people on Church matters.

Saltsprings, July 16.—It was with regret I bade adieu to the Highlanders of the county of Pictou. I felt refreshed in no ordinary measure by the warmth of their feelings and their religious earnestness. The weather was intensely hot, and I had to travel, almost every day in the week, long distances in open carriages exposed to the sun, yet the interest made one forget the fatigue, so that I was not conscious of any unusual effort till the work was over. I cannot pass from the subject of the state of religion in Pictou, without expressing a regret that so few should obey the command of Christ: "Do this in remembrance of me." The scruples that so long existed in the north of Scotland still linger here, so that few venture to sit down at the Lord's table. The good sense and scriptural views of the Highlanders of Nova Scotia are now leading them to see, that the ordinance is not designed to nurture the spiritual pride of the few, but to aid the faith of the many: already a goodly number of the young have been induced to come forward.

July 17.—Left Mr. McKay's hospitable manse by stage coach for Truro on my way to Halifax. It is due very much to Mr. McKay's efforts that so many missionaries have been secured for Nova Scotia. He went home for the purpose of engaging them, and the excellence of the selection is to be attributed to his skillful discrimination. Stopping at Truro I learned that our missionary, Mr. Phillips, recently settled there, is giving promise of great efficiency. In going by rail from Truro to Halifax, we skirted numerous picturesque lakes; most of them very long and narrow. They form the line of the Shubenacadie canal, connecting the bay of Halifax with the bay of Fundy. These lakes are so numerous, that only a mile or so of canal cutting was necessary. The character of this tract of country is wild in the extreme. The surface is everywhere strewn with huge blocks of stone and travelled boulders. At the Windsor Junction particularly, the aspect of the country is very striking. The whole is a confused mass of angular blocks of quartzite, with hardly a tuft of vegetation. On arriving at Halifax, I took up my abode with the Rev. Mr. Scott of St. Matthew's Church. He has now retired from active duty after a long period of exemplary faithfulness and singular wisdom in the service of the Church of Scotland. The acting minister is the Rev. Mr. Grant, who after a very distinguished career at Glasgow College, came out to serve the Church of Scotland in his native province.

Halifax, July 19.—Preached in St. Mat-

thew's Church in the forenoon. This Church was originally a Union Church, composed of members belonging to different religious denominations. The members were Congregationalist loyalists from New England, and Scottish Presbyterians. They compromised matters by electing a minister of the Church of Scotland to satisfy the Presbyterians, and by using Watts' version of the Psalms to please the Congregationalists. By the constitution, the minister can be chosen from any religious body, and the congregation have the sole right of removing him. This, theoretically, is not a very satisfactory constitution, but, practically, under the prudent and judicious ministry of Mr. Scott, it has worked very well.

Halifax, July 20.—In the evening a Church meeting was held in St. Andrew's Church, the Hon. Mr. McNab in the chair. After he addressed the people on the usual topics, Mr. Grant spoke with special reference to Dalhousie College. This was followed by a speech from the Chief Justice, who has entered warmly into the project.

July 21.—A public meeting was held to hear Mr. McGee expound the subject of a union of the British Provinces, and the construction of an international railway. The meeting entered enthusiastically into the views of the speaker. All seemed to be taken by surprise with his chaste and classic oratory. The speaking by the other parties was highly creditable to the Province. Mr. Howe, the leader of the late government, amused the meeting very much by exalting the American virtue of bragging. Wherever he travelled he felt it his duty to brag of Nova Scotia, and if he could not gain an advantage on any other ground when speaking to foreigners, he was sure to be triumphant when he asked, How high are your tides? Nova Scotia, however, can boast not only of the largest tides, but of the largest coal seams and the largest deer in the world.

July 23.—Visited the Nile warship lying in the harbor under the guidance of Dr. Reid, the chief medical officer. I found that, from the Admiral downwards, the officers are chiefly Scotchmen; we felt quite at home in having the members of well-known Scottish families pointed out. Commander Hall, son of Capt. Basil Hall, explained the construction and the management of the Armstrong gun with which the ship was armed. The sailors look upon this breech loading piece with considerable apprehension, as the breech is sometimes blown out by the force of the charge. When the gun is to be charged the breech is quite open. The charge is put in; a flat breech piece is then applied, and a screw similar to the cell of the glass of a telescope is screwed down upon it. The whole force of the charge is thus thrown upon the thread of the screw which sometimes gives way. Sometimes the flat breech is expelled. The midshipmen enjoy a training very different from

that of former times. They are kept hard at work in the school room, and have the look rather of undergraduates than of sailors.

July 26.—Preached in Chalmers' Church in the forenoon, and St. Matthew's in the afternoon.

July 28.—Spent the night at Windsor College, the oldest in British America. It is delightfully situated on a rising ground at some distance from the town. It is connected with the Church of England, and is the training school for the clergy. The Arts course three years, and the students preparing for the ministry receive their theological education at the same time, but they have to attend a fourth year which is exclusively devoted to theology. This is not so satisfactory as the course of the Church of Scotland, which requires the Arts course to be completed before the theological studies commence. Professor Everett is engaged in an interesting series of observations on atmospheric electricity with the aid of ingenious apparatus furnished by Professor William Thomson, of Glasgow College. He has also a small astronomical observatory with an altitude and azimuth circle by Ramsden. The residence of Judge Halliburton is close to Windsor. His reputation as a writer, however, is not so high as in England; most of the villagers think they could write as clever books themselves.

July 29.—Soon after leaving Windsor we passed the region of Grand Pre and the river Gaspereau, the scene of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. The fog was, however, so thick, that I could not appreciate the beauty of the landscape. The French are still found in considerable number all along the head of the Bay of Fundy where dyke lands exist. I landed at Parrsboro, and drove by stage to Amherst, a distance of 30 miles.

July 30.—Left Amherst for the Joggins. It was necessary to cross the Bay of Cumberland, one of the secondary bays of the Bay of Fundy. Here the tide rises about 70 feet at spring tides. When the tide is rising, a bore is formed, that is, a perpendicular white crested wave rushes up the shallow beach and the estuaries. The swine feeding on shell fish on the mud flats, take instantly to flight when they hear the first roar of the bore advancing on the land. The ferry boat being unable to come nearer than a few yards of the shore, I drove out to her, but, although this required only a few seconds, the driver could with difficulty get to land with his horse and waggon, the tide having nearly covered both. The water is of a yellowish brown colour from the mud suspended in it. At every tide a deposit of mud is left, and thus the fertile dyke lands are formed. They receive this name from the dykes formed to keep out the sea.—In this dyke land there are deep water courses. These are crossed by what is termed an *abitou*, being a bridge, with flood gates to keep out the sea at full tide and allow the stream to flow at ebb tide. I was hospitably

entertained by Mr. Seamans, who, from his vast territories receives the name of the king of Minudie. He made his fortune by a grindstone quarry on the coast. Mr. Cutler, who leases the quarry, drove me to the Joggins. The best stone is found on the beach at low water mark. The block is blasted from the rock at ebb tide, a chain is put round it, and this is attached to a boat. At high water the boat floats and bears up the block, which is thus brought to high water mark and worked into a grindstone.

Mr. Cutler, pointing to a huge stone, admiringly said, "There is clear grit for you." I eagerly asked, "What is clear grit?" as I had always failed in getting an intelligible explanation of this term, as applied to a political party in Canada. His answer was, "Clear grit is perfect purity, no hard black specks to turn the edge of the finest tool." We visited a school at the quarries for the labourers who are chiefly French. It was taught in a rude log hut by an old man, whose accent at once told that he belonged to Aberdeen. It was somewhat singular to find, in this remote corner of the world, a venerable Scotch Presbyterian teaching the children of French Catholics. The religious knowledge of the children was fair, but their ignorance on other matters was rather startling. Boys of thirteen or fourteen had never heard of London, and could not tell who the Queen of England is. The idea of disloyalty was however dispelled, when I found that they had never heard of Paris or Napoleon. This ignorance has contributed to the isolation of the Acadians, and made them a distinct race. They seldom intermarry with other than their own people; and the features of the race have become so distinct that you could as readily distinguish the French as you would Indian children. The type of feature is quite different from that of the Normandy peasantry, from whom they are descended. I spent the afternoon in inspecting the Joggins, which Dr. Dawson has made so familiar to Geologists, in his work on the geology of the Province. It is the best and most complete specimen of the coal formation in the world. The strata are shewn in sections along the sea shore. For a distance of about three miles, you can walk at the base of the cliff which rises several hundred feet, and examine the successive strata as you would the leaves of a book. The strata are inclined at about an angle of forty-five degrees, so that at every step you come to some new layer with its embedded fossils. The surface is always kept fresh by the action of the high tides of the Bay of Fundy and the weather, and as it wears away, discloses some new treasures. Fossil forests are seen standing on the soil on which they grew. In one place an old fossil stump with its roots grasping the solid stone was seen beside a recent stump of about the same size. At a distance you might suppose them contemporaneous, but at a nearer view, how vast the gulf of time that separated them!

July 31.—Left Amherst at midnight by the stage to meet the railway train at Moncton. We passed through the dyke land in the vicinity of Amherst. It so happened that the moon was full and the tide unusually high. When half way across, the water burst through the dyke and flooded the road over the *abitou*. There was danger of being completely surrounded by the tide. The driver was equal to the emergency. The only chance of escape was by crossing the *abitou* at a lower level, which he once attempted to do, though the attempt was hazardous in the extreme. The wheels of the coach stuck fast in the mud. All the vociferations and lashing of the driver were in vain; it was apparently beyond the power of the four stout horses to extricate us from our perilous situation. In the darkness of the night, the white cascade of sea-water was seen far above our heads, pouring down into the hollow in which we were immovably fixed; the tumultuous rush of water was heard on all sides, and the driver had made a pause for a few seconds of most painful suspense, but the pause was made merely to give the horses breath. They seemed to understand the emergency, as they felt the water rising around them, and when the driver gave his last shout they instantly bent forward for one last desperate effort. It was successful. We ascended to the plain; but even here we were not safe. The water was fast flooding the dyke land. But now that we were on even ground, we could drive at a rapid rate, sometimes on dry land, sometimes with the water splashing around us. At last the driver pulled up, and shouted to the passengers inside, "Thank God, we are all safe." The effect of the alarm was dead silence; no one spoke to the driver or to his fellow passengers. The feeling was that of utter helplessness. The only one disposed to make an effort was an old ship captain. The rush of the water made him feel that he was in the proper element, and stirred him up to action, but the gear of the stage coach perplexed him, and he despairingly relapsed into inaction, much to the relief of his fellow passengers. Taking the railway train from Moncton, I arrived at St. John about six o'clock in the evening.

St. John, August 2.—Preached, forenoon and evening, in Dr. Donald's Church, at present the only one in St. John, in connection with the Church of Scotland. There was formerly another, of which Mr. Wishart was incumbent. He was a man of great popular talent, but he embraced peculiar views regarding the sacraments and ordinances generally, which necessitated the Presbytery to remove him from his office. His Church has since been sold, but the purchase money belongs to the Church of Scotland. The friends of the Church are only waiting a favourable opportunity for the erection of another charge.

August 3.—Visited the lunatic asylum under the superintendence of Dr. Waddell. I

have not seen in any country an asylum which pleased me so much. Its commanding situation, at the narrow outlet of the St. John, its admirably kept grounds, its spacious halls and corridors, its neat and comfortable bedrooms, with the silence and perfect order observed throughout, all contributed to make one feel that nowhere could human reason have a better chance of recovering its lost balance.

The mouth of the St. John River presents a very paradoxical phenomenon. There is a fall both upwards and downwards at different times of the day. At ebb-tide, the channel immediately above the narrow gorge presents the aspect of the broken waters of a rapid with downward motion; at full-tide, the water rises so high outside the gorge that the current is reversed, and a rapid fall up the river is produced. The fall in the one direction is as perceptible as in that of the other.

August 5.—The Trustees of Dr. Donald's Church met to-day, to consider what means should be taken to relieve the Colonial Committee at home of the support of weak congregations in New Brunswick. The spirit displayed was cheering in the extreme. The question was whether an annual sum of £300 should be raised, or a principal sum of £5000. It was resolved unanimously that, in accordance with the example of the mother Church, the higher effort of raising £5,000 at once should be made. The principle of an endowment is thus recognized, and will tend much to preserve the integrity and extend the usefulness of the Church of Scotland. It is not intended by this action to dispense with the aid of the Home Church in supplying Scottish settlers with the means of grace. The object is simply to make the various congregations, as soon as organized, either self-supporting or dependent only on provincial aid, so that the means of the Colonial Committee may be liberated, and applied to their proper object, missionary work. There is a great field for extension in New Brunswick, and it is felt that the means of the Church of Scotland can be best applied so as to accomplish this object. In the evening I addressed a meeting on the affairs of the Church.

July 6.—Drove out with my host, the Hon. John Robertson, to his country seat at Rothsay, which received its name from the visit of the Prince of Wales, one of whose titles is Duke of Rothsay. Its picturesque situation is not unlike that of the Scottish town of the same name. It is situated on the banks of the Kennebecasis, which here widens into an extensive bay, with an island in the middle. By the liberal efforts of Mr. Robertson and others, a commodious and beautiful Church has been erected in connection with the Church of Scotland. As Rothsay consists chiefly of summer villas of the merchants of St. John, and as many of these belong to the Church of England, it is so arranged that the services of both Churches are held al-

ternately—Dr. Donald supplying the Scotch service.

August 7.—Left St. John for Fredericton, the capital of the Province. The St. John is a magnificent river. Its lower extremity is very bold and rugged. As you ascend, the country assumes the character of soft English landscape, with all appearance of great fertility.

Fredericton, Aug. 9.—Preached forenoon and afternoon in Dr. Brook's Church, and delivered an address on Church matters; attended the Cathedral Church in the evening, which is a handsome building, finished with Caen stone. The Bishop bestows great attention on the music, and the performance of the choir was highly creditable. Visited Judge Wilmot, who was busy preparing his beautiful grounds for a Methodist picnic. These gatherings, when well conducted, may be useful in cherishing congregational and Church life, but they are very liable to be abused. I was glad to learn that Judge Wilmot's picnic was conducted with all due propriety, and that the benevolent object in view was amply realized.

Fredericton is a small town, but the people not the less appreciate the dignity of its being the seat of government. They strive to give tone to society and keep in advance of the commercial centre of St. John, which looks with some jealousy on the advantages of its smaller rival. Before leaving it, I must not omit to mention the University of New Brunswick, which is now prospering under the able superintendence of Dr. Jack. The small observatory in connection with the University is quite a model of neatness and order. There is a valuable equatorial telescope with clock-work motion, of Munich manufacture, and an altitude and azimuth instrument.

St. John, August 13.—The Synod met to-day. They agreed to co-operate with Synod of Canada in the Jewish Mission, and accordingly ordered the money, already collected, to be transmitted, and recommended a collection next year. The following day it was resolved that students with bursaries should, in future, study at Queen's College, and that they should come under an obligation to act as catechists within the bounds of the Synod during the Summer vacation.

August 16.—Preached in Rothsay Church. The choir was aided by a melodeon, played by one of the ladies of the congregation.

August 17.—There is usually an encampment of Mellicee Indians near Rothsay, which I regretted I could not visit. An amiable and benevolent lady told me that one day, taking compassion on them for the idle life they led, she brought a squaw into her house to lecture her on the sin of idleness, and exhort her to pursue a life of industry. The squaw listened patiently with no sign of interruption, and the good lady paused to hear the effect of her expostulation. The only reply of the squaw was, "Do not you talk so much, much talk

bad." These two ladies looked on things from a very different stand-point. To the one idleness was a sin; to the other, much talk was a greater.

The subject of union with the Synod of Nova Scotia was discussed to-day. It was held by all that a union of sympathy and co-operation is very desirable; but it was argued that it would be a retrograde step to form an organic union by which the two synods would be fused into one. It was held that the great object aimed at should be the union of all the Synods of British America into one General Assembly, and that, if this were accomplished, it would be desirable that the present Synods should be kept distinct, or that even more Synods should be formed. To accomplish this great object, however, it is highly desirable that the Synods should be brought closer by kindly sympathy than at present, and to further this end it was agreed that Commissioners should be sent to the Synods of Canada and Nova Scotia.

August 20.—Left St. John for Boston. Among the cities of the British Provinces St. John stands next to Montreal in point of life and enterprise. There are numerous signs of increasing wealth. There are many handsome and luxuriously fitted up houses, and almost all the amenities of the best English society are to be found here. Many of the devices for domestic comfort are imported from New England, which abounds in such things.

In travelling through the Lower Provinces I was forcibly struck with the fact that the Church was the great agent of civilization. In thinly peopled districts, where there is no Church, the people lapse into barbarism, and have no ambition for anything more than the bare necessities of life. But as soon as a Church is planted things begin at once to change. Every Sabbath the Church is a centre of union for the whole district; the friendly greeting is passed; kind enquiries are made; the farmer and his wife like to appear in a handsome waggon, and respectably attired; a stimulus is given to rise in the social scale,—and all this from the fact that the congregation forms a social bond, best calculated to call forth those elements which most conduce to the advance of civilization. This also explains how, in the British provinces generally, the people are as a rule more interested in Church matters than at home. There are other bonds at home, but here the Church is the grand social bond on which the advance of society so much depends. This function of the Church, while very important, has its dangers too. The Church is apt to become, as in the United States, a social club, in which the spiritual element is not the grand paramount one.

In St. John there are many generous, warm-hearted friends of the Church of Scotland, and I shall not readily forget the much kindness, which, for Zion's sake, I received at their hands.—*Canada Presbyterian*.

Mission to the Jews at Constantinople

THE Church of Scotland mission school at Constantinople is just now receiving attention from the friends of the Church at home. A large increase in numbers renders it necessary to divide the school, and establish a separate one for boys and girls respectively; and to do this successfully, a female teacher competent to take full charge of the girls' department is required. The Rev. James Robertson appeals to the ladies of Edinburgh in behalf of his scheme. Below will be found an interesting statement from his pen concerning the school, which we copy from the *H. & F. Missionary Record* for December:—

"The school was reopened on the 5th, at the close of the Jewish feasts. Only fourteen English children have yet appeared. A few native boys, learning English, bring the number up to twenty, and the Jewish girls now amount to about forty. These last, except such of them as read English, are taught in one flat by Miss Melrose and Melitz, while all the others—forming, in fact, a small English school—are with me in another flat. We have thus two schools, very much distinct, yet so near that I can send a class down-stairs, or take one up-stairs, as need may be; and we can also collect all the children together, at the opening and closing of the school. This arrangement I have adopted as the best in the circumstances, and we can get on in this way pretty well for the present. Melitz takes charge of the Spanish lessons, Miss Melrose the lower English and Italian, in return for which I take the French. In the afternoon the girls sew or do other work.

But a better arrangement would be to divide the children into a boys' and a girls' school. This division cannot be adopted at present, for Miss Melrose could not take all the girls under her charge. With a female teacher from home, who could take a superintendence of all the girls and conduct the higher classes, this division could be followed. With such an arrangement we would be likely to have more Jewish girls, especially of those more advanced, who must at present go into classes with boys in the other school, against which, you are aware, there are strong prejudices among the Jews.

With the aid of a female teacher we might soon have, not one, but two flourishing schools. And I earnestly hope, therefore, that you will represent our case to the ladies at home as one of urgent need, that they may be prevailed upon to send us this assistance soon. It has always been found a difficult task to raise a school, but here we have one raised and organised. Very little now will set the school on a firm basis, and open up a vast field of other missionary work. But if the school fall away, as I fear it will do without a head female teacher, it will need no little labour to begin anew. The readiness of the Jews to send their children to a Protestant

school is shown by the fact that, though it is some time since the schools of the Free Church Mission was closed, these children have come to us now, instead of going to Greek schools. But should they once get scattered, it will be a most difficult task to collect them again. Besides this fact that the school is ready, and as it were, calling for help, there is another ground for pressing my request; it is, that a female school and a female teacher would make access to the families of the Jews an easy matter. The *maestra* is always well received, when a missionary would be shut out. And besides the good that a teacher might do by such visits, she can in many ways prepare for the reception of the truth through other channels. I could easily visit the families, had I the boys in school, and the first step to getting boys is to have the female school by itself.

I believe the time for which we have waited and prayed has now come, and that the field of Jewish work is now opening to us. I trust that, through the blessing of God on your efforts on our behalf, we may be enabled to enter fully upon it. I am sure if the ladies at home could only see these 40 little Jewesses coming with such happy faces to school—if they could hear them sing, in their own language, the hymns familiar to children at home—if they could see what an amount of prejudice has been removed before the mothers of these girls not only bring them to school, but take delight in visiting it themselves,—they would be glad to aid in this good work by any means in their power. The Rabbies, in their contempt for females, are not afraid of girls' schools; but "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty," and who can tell how much the education of these daughters of Israel may be preparing the way for that time when He shall "bring His sons from far, and His daughters from the ends of the earth?"

Melitz gets on very well in the school. He seems to take great delight in teaching, and has the art of making his instruction agreeable. He has a good many acquaintances here, principally Jews from Salonica, and through him I am gradually getting into Jewish society."

GLEANINGS.

"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

THE late Dr. Raffles, in a letter to Dr. Lowell Mason, gives the following interesting account of the origin of the missionary hymn of Bishop Heber ("From Greenland's Icy Mountains"), which is now sung the world over:—

"Heber, then rector of Hodnet, married the daughter of Dean Shipley, rector or vicar of Wrexham, in North Wales. On a certain Saturday, he came to the house of his father-

in-law, who resided at the rectory or vicarage, to remain over Sunday, and preach in the morning the first sermon ever preached in that church for the Church Missionary Society. As they sat conversing after dinner in the evening, the Dean said to Heber: 'Now as you are a poet, suppose you write a hymn for the service to-morrow morning.' Immediately he took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote that hymn which, had he written nothing else, would have immortalized him. He read it to the Dean, and said: 'Will that do?' 'Ay,' he replied; 'and we will have it printed and distributed in the pews, that the people may sing it after the sermon.' 'But,' said Heber, 'to what tune will it go?' 'Oh,' he added, 'it will go to "Twas when the seas were roaring."' And so he wrote in the corner at the top of the page, "Twas when the seas were roaring." The hymn was printed accordingly."

The Forest-Guarded Highway.

A traveller relates that, when passing through an Austrian town, his attention was directed to a forest on a slope near the road, and he was told that death was the penalty of cutting down one of those trees. He was incredulous until he was further informed that they were the protection of the city, breaking the force of the descending avalanche, which, without this natural barrier, would sweep over the quiet homes of thousands. When a Russian army was marching there, and began to cut away the defence for fuel, the inhabitants besought them to take their dwellings instead, which was done.

Such, he well thought, are the sanctions of God's moral law. On the integrity and support of that law depends the safety of the universe. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," is a merciful proclamation. "He that offends in one point is guilty of all," is equally just and benevolent. In this view, to every sinner out of Christ, God must be "a consuming fire." To transgress once, is to lay the axe at the root of the tree which represents the security and peace of every loyal soul in the wide dominions of the Almighty.

How inexorable is law! How wonderful and glorious the interposition of the Cross!—*Family Treasury.*

A Beautiful Reflection.

BULWER, eloquently says:—"I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and then sink into nothingness! Else, why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that

the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their favored loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever."

The Poor Man's Wife.

How she reckons, I am sure I cannot tell; but she keeps out of debt, lives in cleanliness and plenty, and has always something to spare a sick neighbor. She says—"My husband's harvest wages clothes himself and the children; my gleanings pay the shoemaker; the orchard pays the rent; the garden does this; the flail procures that; the children's hands yield so and so;" and, good heart, she crowns all by saying—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. He forgiveth thine iniquities, and healeth all thy diseases. He redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies. He satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Commit Yourself.

It is not always best or even prudent to commit yourself on everything. In some things it is policy, nay, duty, to keep your own counsels. It might do more harm than good to disclose them. But it is not so in religion. You should always be ready to commit yourself on the Lord's side—"give a reason for the hope that is in you." It will strengthen your purpose—your character—and make you a bolder, better Christian; and it will be a great means of doing good to others. You should thus hold up the cross of Christ, and throw your influence on the right side.—*Morning Star.*

TRIALS.—A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted successes qualify a man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and incite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

The Reverie of the Bells on New Year's Eve.

FIRST BELL.

SHOULD I mourn that the year is gone,
With its sunshine and its showers—
Its sweet spring leaves, its autumn fruit,
And its fragrant summer flowers?

SECOND BELL.

Brother, oh not for these I care,
For all these next year will be as fair;
But I grieve for those who cannot return,
The churchyard dead of this year I mourn.

THIRD BELL.

Oh, not for them, the next bell said,
Sweet, sweet is the rest of the holy dead;
I grieve for the dear ones left on earth,
As they gather now round the Christmas hearth

FOURTH BELL.

I, said the Fourth Bell, grieve to know
The varied ills in this vale of woe,
For the sick on the couch of weary pain,
For the poor man's want and prisoner's chain.

LAST BELL.

The Last Bell sigh'd—There's One on high,
Who hears every spirit's broken sigh;
I mourn for those who from him depart,
Who refuse the balm for the broken heart.
—*Family Herald.*

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A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

One Mile More!

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Most of you know what a milestone is, but for the sake of those who may never have seen one, I will tell you what it is. A milestone is a large stone placed by the side of the road, having figures and words cut out on it, to tell those who are travelling how many miles they have walked, and how many they have still to walk, before they come to their journey's end. Once there was no work for the carpenters in a town in Scotland, and one poor man, who had a large family of little boys and girls to feed and clothe, thought he would go to another town and try to get work there. He had no money to spare to pay his passage by the boat or the coach, so he had to walk all the way, and it was more than twenty miles. Off he set early in the morning on his long journey, and for a while felt cheerful and strong, and walked three or four miles an hour. But by and by he began to walk slower and slower, and often wished his walking was done, for his limbs were very wearied, and his feet were very sore. But still he walked on, and as he walked he kept looking very much to the side of the road, as if he was watching for something, and so he was—he was looking for the milestones, and every time he passed one he heaved a sigh and said, "One Mile More!"

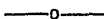
Boys and girls, you are just now pas-

sing a milestone on the road of life. If God so will that you should awake on the first morning of 1864, on New Year's morning, you will have travelled one mile more, and the road before you will be one mile shorter. Every year of your life is like a mile you have walked, and every New Year's Day is like a large milestone by the road side, to tell you that you have lived one year more and that you have one year less to live on this earth. Yes, children, you are all on a journey, young travellers on the road which goes from this world to the next, and, whether you think of it or not, you are all, without doubt, on the way either to Heaven or to Hell. Whether you think of it or not, every breath you draw brings you nearer to your journey's end. Every day you live is one step more on the road, and every step you take makes the journey before you shorter and shorter still. You know nothing at all about the length of your journey, for "in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." That is, Christ, who is Judge, may summon you before him any year or any month or any day, and his summons kings and great men, as well as little boys and girls, must obey. Your journey may stop at any time; you may have only one mile more to walk, one year longer to live, or you may have ten or twenty or fifty, but you cannot tell. You are sure that your life will come to a close some day, but on what particular day—or what particular part of the road you will speak the last word, and draw the last breath, you know not. The journey of some have ended to-day—of some is ending this very moment—of some 'twill end to-morrow. Yes, my young friends, some whom you know very well,—perhaps some of those with whom you talked and played to-day, will end their journey before they reach another milestone, will die in 1864, and not see New Year's Day of 1865. It may be your father, or your sister, or your cousin, or your playmate, or it may be your very self. Yes, you who are reading this, and perhaps wondering who it will be—it may be yourself, but you cannot tell. Oh! how thoughtful we should all be, always ready to die, because people are always dying. Oh, how strange! Oh, how true! The end will be whenever God sends his messenger death to take you from the road. Are you ready if the messenger should meet you on the road to-day, and say—"Come with me?" When you die and pass into the world of spirits, will Jesus bid you welcome? or depart? Blessed, blessed to be welcomed, but oh! what to be told to depart!

[The preceding extract is given from a little book of the above title, written by a lady of our Church in River John, as a "New Year's Address to Sabbath Scholars." The address will be published before the end of the month.]

The Kind Scholar.

IN a certain town there was a Sabbath School boy whose name was Thomas. He was not only very punctual and regular in attendance himself, but nothing would please him so much as to get others to go with him. One day, on his way to school, he saw a little boy leaning on a crutch on a door-step. "Would you like to go to a Sabbath School?" "Yes," said the lame boy, "but I am not able to go so far. My father is dead, and my brother is gone to sea, and I have no one to help me." Thomas at once said, "Oh! I can carry you on my back. I am strong, and you are not very heavy. Since you are willing to come, I would rather do that, than that you should be kept from our Sabbath School." The lame boy, touched with the kindness of Thomas, accepted the proposal, and had his name enrolled as a scholar; and every Sabbath, Thomas called for his lame companion, and joyfully carried him to the little Bethel. Here is a lesson for boys and girls who love their teacher and the exercises of the Sabbath class. Let each search out, if it were only one neglected child, and do what he can to induce him to come, saying, "Come with us and we will do thee good." We are sure every child that finds Jesus will do this. He will wish to make other children happy like himself. He will have in him the spirit of Jesus, and, therefore, like him, he will seek to save the lost. O that the Spirit were poured out upon all our Sabbath School children, that they might become little missionaries, seeking out and gathering those that their kind teachers cannot reach!—*Juvenile Presbyterian.*



THE CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Report of a Mission to Cape Breton.

ON the evening of the 6th of August, 1863, in company with the Rev. Messrs. McKay and Sinclair,—who were likewise on a mission to Cape Breton,—I crossed the Strait of Canso. Duty soon obliged me to leave my brethren, and trust myself, a stranger to country and people, to the good horsemanship of a worthy son of a true-hearted Highlander, who had come a distance of twenty miles to let me conveyed to his place of residence. The evening being far spent before I crossed the Strait, my guide and I proceeded no great distance when sable night spread her pitchy dark mantle over the earth. Our anxiety to be as soon as possible at our journey's end led my guide to take a much shorter road than the main one to his place of residence; but if we measure distance by time, I think we made the short road twice as long as the long one. How painful it is for one to be groping his way in darkness! But my guide and his horse knew well every inch of the road; so that the fear of any accident was

kept at a pleasant distance from my mind. Perseverance and faith overcome difficulties. At length all doubts, difficulties and fears vanished, as we found ourselves at our journey's end for that night.

On the following day, I preached to a goodly congregation at River Inhabitants, which was chiefly composed of aged people, who, in their own warm-hearted and unceremonious manner, when a favorable opportunity presented itself, greeted and welcomed me as a servant of Christ to their Island,—while at the same time my right hand was being almost pulled from my shoulders by the hearty shakings of the hand I was receiving. Joy seemed to beam on every face, and gladness to elevate every heart.

The other places where I preached in Cape Breton are the following:—Whycocomah; Lake Ainslie; Baddeck River; Little Baddeck; North River, St. Ann's; Middle River; Ross River, Margaree; Margaree Harbor; Broad Cove; River Dennis; Points, West Bay; Lochlomond, and Little Lake. In every place where I visited and preached, I received very great encouragement; and was delighted to see manifested, among all the people, what I, as a stranger to them all, took to be a genuine desire to hear the Word preached.

On the various occasions that I preached, with the exception of one, there seemed to be a feeling of christian unity in every heart. I had ministers of different denominations as hearers on several occasions; and instead of showing signs of displeasure for my preaching to the people, they appeared to be very grateful. I was very glad to see that party spirit was not carried to such a degree as it was represented to be on some former occasions. Time has great effect on matter and mind. Men, after a time, come to see that vital godliness consists not in name, but in doing the will of God; and that that can be done, not in one place nor by one sect only, but in every place and by all who seek Him in sincerity and in truth.

I visited some settlements where, so far as I could learn, there was a general desire to have the services of a clergyman in connection with the Church of Scotland. A few years ago, it will be remembered that the Middle River inhabitants gave a call to a minister belonging to the Church of Scotland; and though they failed in securing his services, they renounced not connection with the Church of their fathers. And notwithstanding that sore disappointment, they suffered not their hopes to fail; but, "against hope believed in hope"—looking forward to see one, in God's own good time, coming among them to be their spiritual guide. They seemed to be quite delighted at the then every-day expected arrival of the Rev. Mr. Brodie from Scotland. And now that he is labouring among them, they cannot but feel grateful that their prayers are at length answered. And I think it impossible for any,

minister in connection with the Church of Scotland to labor in Cape Breton for any time without receiving great encouragement, and seeing great desire among the people to hear the Word. What we want at present in Cape Breton to lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of our beloved Church there, is, a few Gaelic-speaking ministers, possessed of prudence, and animated with zeal for the cause of Christ.

I had not a smooth sea always to swim in in Cape Breton. I met with strong opposition. I was refused the use of a Church to preach in, though it was to be shut on the Sabbath for which I wanted it. I am thankful to be able to say that that was the only one that I could not get. And what was worse still, as I was told, a barn door was nailed to prevent me entering to preach the gospel. If they did themselves and their cause any good by their misdirected zeal, they did me no harm. I trust, however, that before long they will see the great impropriety of the inconsiderate step they took, and that they will not show such signs of hostility in future.

As this short Report may come under the eye of some who never visited Cape Breton, I may not be out of place to state, very briefly, a few things relative to the physical appearance of the Island:—The scenery is varied, and altogether unsurpassed in grandeur. To a native of the Highlands of Scotland, Cape Breton presents a scene that vividly brings before his mind the land of his birth, and of his happiest days. For the Geologist and Mineralogist, a more interesting and rich field than Cape Breton is difficult to be found. One cannot help being struck with the wild and rugged appearance of the whole Island. The effects of once violent convulsions of nature are manifest enough in Cape Breton. As a field for study to the student of Nature, it cannot fail to delight and edify. Whatever it be that delights him most, he will be sure to fall in with in Cape Breton. When he goes down to the lowest gorges there, and looks around him, and upwards, he instinctively gives utterance to the following expressions: "fearful! wonderful!" When he ascends its conical hills, he is compelled to qualify everything that presents itself to his eye, with the longest adjectives that he can manufacture. One standing on the summit of the hills, and looking around as far as the eye can carry him, thinks that he has before him a mass of all the seas, continents, islands, and mountains in the world. Islands unnumbered are seen peeping their heads through the bosom of the deep. To the invalid, Cape Breton, so far famed of late years for its mineral waters, should be a favorite resort. To a lover of the Gentle Art, its rivers are very inviting, and will be sure to send him home after a few hours' whipping with a heavier burden on his back than his heart can bear.

I should not advise any one that is fond of touring to leave home without a good swollen purse; but if there be any place in the world where one can enjoy himself for weeks and months together without being necessitated to have always his purse in hand, it is Cape Breton. It is not a land that flows with milk and honey, but it overflows with hospitality. A more hospitable set of people than the Cape Bretoners can nowhere be found. One is sure to meet with uniform kindness from the richest to the poorest of them. Of this I can speak from personal experience. And rather than consider it a hardship to be sent on another mission to Cape Breton, I will hail the day of departure with gladness. I beg to thank all whom I troubled there during my two months' stay among them. May they be blessed abundantly in their baskets and store! May they have plenty to use, plenty to give to others, and plenty to leave to their heirs behind them! And along with this, may they be rich in faith and love to God and His Christ!

WILLIAM STEWART.

McLennan's Mountain, }
Nov. 30th, 1863. }

Subscriptions to Dalhousie College.

It is understood that in our Church here about £2000 have been subscribed in the presbytery of Pictou, and nearly £3000 in the presbytery of Halifax to the Dalhousie College fund. The subscriptions in Halifax have been very handsome indeed, and our people there have shown themselves equal to the emergency. A gentleman long resident in Halifax, Wm. Murdoch, Esq., who has left the Province and can therefore have no longer any direct interest in its institutions, has shown great liberality in subscribing £200 to the fund. Mr. Murdoch has thus added one more to the many obligations under which he has laid the Church during his connection with it in this country. It has not transpired what our friends on the Island have contributed, but when their subscriptions have been added to the whole, it will probably appear that the general effort is a complete success. The subscriptions in Pictou and New Glasgow amount respectively to £480 and £450. In the latter place the erection of a Church at Albion Mines and a large and commodious schoolhouse in New Glasgow, have materially lessened the subscriptions.

New Church at Albion Mines.

The new church at Albion Mines is about finished, and is a most commodious and comfortable place of worship, accommodated about 550 persons.

Canada.

DR. LAWSON, LATE OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.—Dr. Lawson, who for several years filled the chair of Natural History and Chemistry in Queen's University, has resigned that position, and left Canada for another sphere of labour in our sister Province, Nova Scotia. His contributions to our knowledge of Canadian Natural History, which have appeared in the transactions of some of our local societies, but more especially in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, and the *Transactions of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh*, are numerous and well known; and his efforts to promote the study of Botany in this Province by the establishment of a Botanical Society have been very successful. Ere leaving the University an address, given by nearly one hundred and fifty of the graduates and undergraduates, was presented to him. We understand that in addition to the Professorship of Natural History in Dalhousie College, Halifax, there is every prospect that he will be intrusted with the Geological Survey of Nova Scotia—an important work which has hitherto been delayed, only by the large outlay required in employing scientific men who would devote their sole attention to it.—*Canada Presbyterian*.

DR. LAWSON'S SUCCESSOR.—The local board of Trustees of the University have appointed Robert Bell, Esq., of the Geological Survey of Canada, and lately Lecturer on Geology in Morrin College, Lecturer Professor of Dr. Lawson's place. Mr. Bell is a son of the late R.-v. Andrew Bell, L'Oriental, and brother of the Rev. W. Bell, of Pittsburgh. Mr. Bell has been gradually making himself known in the scientific world. He has been for several years a contributor to the Annual Reports of Sir William Logan, and the author of various memoirs which have appeared in the *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist*, as well as other valuable papers. He is the first instance of a Canadian-born gentleman being selected to fill an Art's chair in Queen's University. And on this and other grounds we congratulate him on his appointment. We believe that his appointment cannot be made eminent before the next general meeting of the Trustees. Mr. Bell studied at McGill College, where he received the degree of Civil Engineer and Land Surveyor, and her honors in Natural History.—*ib*.

THE "PRESBYTERIAN."—It is with pleasure we notice the success of the organ of our church in Canada. The seventeenth volume commences with the present month; and it is proposed to add four additional pages to the amount of reading matter already printed, making 32 in all. Terms—\$1.00 per annum. The editor records his satisfaction at the fact that the periodical not only paying its own way, but that the amount of subscriptions paid

enables the committee of management to devote one hundred dollars to the Bursary Scheme of the Church. This magazine has been much more edifying and useful for some time past than formerly, when sharp controversy on a most distracting question in its pages made it the instrument of agitation, unfit for Sabbath reading. It can be cordially recommended to the families of our Church, as an interesting and temperate periodical.

THE copy of hymns prepared for the use of our Church in Canada, is the best we have ever seen. The hymns are excellent and the metres common, and in the whole it is such as was to be expected from the fine taste and discrimination of our old friend Dr. Nicol, the Convener of the Committee.

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Scotland.

THE Free Church Presbytery of Strathglogie has decided upon memorializing their Assembly against the periodical, *Good Words*, some of the speakers denouncing its latitudinarian and miscellaneous contents in what the *Scottish American* calls the "Mause Headrigg" style. The large circulation of this interesting magazine is probably more annoying to these northern lights than its matter. The fanatical portion of the Scottish public has done all it could quietly, to discourage the circulation of *Good Words*, as it does not breathe their spirit. The charge of latitudinarianism amounts in reality to a discouragement of free enquiry. As to its miscellaneousness, it seems that, while it certainly does not resemble the solemn league and covenant or the Confession of Faith very closely in its plan or style, it has a considerable resemblance to the Word of God, which consists of history, biography, moral precepts, poetry, prayers, allegories, parables, dissertations, natural scenes and doctrines; at that immeasurable distance, of course, which must ever interpose between an infallible book and the imperfect works of man. *Good Words* has done much for *literary morality*, in publishing its articles with the names of their respective authors, for the most part, attached to them.

In the Church of Scotland there has occurred a case of equal folly—only, in this instance, on the part of the people. Lord Seafield has presented to Duthill (a parish upon the borders of Invernesshire), a Mr. Robertson, who was for many years assistant to the late incumbent. As the people had, during the period of his assistantship, petitioned that he should be appointed successor, the Earl of Seafield very reasonably supposed that he could not make a more acceptable appointment. No sooner, however, does the matter assume the aspect of a presentation, than the

most ridiculous objections are trumped up against the luckless presentee. It can scarcely be believed that they object to the color of his gums, the shape of his upper lip, the formation of his teeth, the texture of his skin, and to his stature. It seems he is quite a rare man, well adapted to oversee his flock, being 6 feet 6 inches in his stockings. A very reasonable supposition in the case is, that in all essentials he is quite a suitable and superior man, when no better objections than the above trash could be found. An English paper well remarks: "What a comfortable discipline is provided for ministers north of the Tweed!" Why does not the Church devise a remedy for these disorders?

LAY UNION.—A short time ago a useful organization was formed in several of the Scotch Presbyteries. It is called the Lay Union, the object of which is to secure a general and cordial co-operation of the laity with the clergy, in order to increase the power of the Church as an instrument of good, by co-operating with Presbyteries and Sessions in all measures affecting the religious and temporal interests of the people. It proposes to facilitate the obtaining of a properly qualified eldership, and the securing of the services of others with suitable gifts, to assist the ministers in the superintendence of the sick, infirm, and ignorant; to collect and diffuse information as to the best methods of organizing and aiding Sabbath Schools, and of promoting the formation of Bible classes; to encourage the work of tract distribution, and the institution of congregational libraries; above all, to direct especial attention to family worship.

STATUE IN MEMORY OF REV. PATRICK BREWSTER.—The town of Paisley has erected its first public statue, on the most commanding site in its beautiful cemetery, to the memory of the Rev. Patrick Brewster, brother of Sir David, for nearly forty years minister of the second charge of the Abbey Parish, during which time he was colleague first of Dr. Boag and next of Dr. McNair. Mr. Brewster was a man of varied accomplishments and great talents. In the opinion of the writer, who sat for many years under his ministry, he was a master of eloquence, one of the finest composers and most graceful readers of a sermon. Throughout his public course he was a fearless champion of civil and religious Reform, standing boldly forward as the advocate of Negro Emancipation in the West Indies, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, Total Abstinence, a System of National Education, &c.

The College for daughters of ministers and professors, situated at Edinburgh, has been opened under the most gratifying circumstances; the whole of the accommodation being already required for the forty-two resident pupils, who have come from all parts of Scotland.

The Church of Scotland at Portsmouth, England.

The Scottish Presbytery of London met at Wellington Street Scotch Church, St. James Road, South-sea, on Tuesday, 27th October for the purpose of ordaining the Rev. Pennycook, M. A., to the pastoral charge of that congregation. The church was completely filled. The Rev. Mr. Macbeth, London, delivered a short sermon, in which he took occasion to state that the Rev. Mr. Pennycook had been sent here and especially selected by the Army and Navy Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to minister to natives of Scotland in the military and naval services, and to civilians attached to their National Church. The rev. gentleman emphatically disclaimed any proselytising tendencies. The Rev. Mr. Cumming next addressed the minister as a people in a solemn and impressive manner, stating that his deepest sympathies were with the soldiers and sailors, and that in such ministration he had found much fruit to his labors. The congregation, at the conclusion of the service, wished the young minister God-speed in his labors. The chapel at present occupied has been temporarily leased, but the Church of Scotland have it in full purpose to erect a new Church in this large garrison town for the benefit and accommodation of those attached to her worship.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

Difficulties in New Zealand.

THE recent outbreak of the natives of New Zealand has had, as might have been expected, a bad effect upon missionary work in some districts, the servants of Christ have been compelled to leave their stations vacant. As an instance of the trying and even dangerous character of their labors, we give the following subjoined extract of a letter from a Methodist clergyman stationed there, which we find in the *Home Record*:—

"A month since I visited the Lakes at Invercargill, making the journey on horseback, and preached every day at several stations, hotels, and other places, where a good people could be found to hear. Sunday morning at Queenstown, a theatre was let me, and there I preached to seventy; in the evening a dancing-saloon fifteen miles off was offered, and two hundred heard the Gospel. Here some man (it is supposed from Tipperary) took possession of my horse, which had just cost me £40, and rode her nearly to death, leaving her some miles off, after three weeks' riding, unable to get home. I had to walk over the most terrible hills, a distance of sixty miles, forty-five of which were covered over the first day, and fifteen by noon of the second. It was 1 A. M. the first day before I came to a bed, and then it was only a piece of sacking under, and one thin rug cover-

my boots for a pillow in a calico hotel; they only charged me three shillings for it, as I was there only half the night. A travelling companion begged hard for a small pillow for the minister's pillow; but the master's pillows were all too big. * * * At the time I paid 5s. for a feed of oats, and £1 for the horse per night; but generally I was treated with cordial hospitality and kind-

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Religious Miscellany.

It is said that the baptism of Prince Napoleon's son is at this moment a great stumbling-block to the Church. The little prince was half baptised immediately after his birth: it is almost without precedent that the full rite of baptism should be postponed for more than six months. The infant is now more than a year old, and the reason given for the extraordinary delay is that Prince Napoleon will have no other godfather for his son than the King of Italy who is excommunicated. The Pope making a point of holding to the excommunication in this case, no baptism in France can be found to fly openly in the face of the Church, and Prince Napoleon, with equal firmness, declares that unless Emperor Emanuel holds his infant over the font he shall not be baptized at all.

THE GOSPEL TRIUMPHING.—We often hear of the declining views of Christianity. But at this statement, showing the advance the Church has made. There were, of Communicants, in the first century, 500,000; in the fifth century, 15,000,000; in the tenth century, 50,000,000; in the fifteenth century, 100,000,000; in the eighteenth century, 200,000,000. Is there not something very inspiring in such a view? Yet a little more and we may say, "From the tops of the rocks I see them, and from the hills I call them; who can count the dust of the earth, and number the fourth part of Israel!"

STUDENTS OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.—The Clerk of the Presbytery of Glasgow has recently stated that there had never been a larger number of divinity students in connection with the Church of Scotland than at present, and in point of attainments they were also far above the average. Dr. Runnells said it was extremely important to know the fact known, that however other objections might be placed, the Church of Scotland was never better supplied with students than at present, either with regard to quantity or quality.—*L. Witness.*

We learn with great satisfaction that the British and Foreign Bible Society have presented to the Nova Scotia Auxiliary 950 copies of the "Acts of the Apostles" in Micmac for distribution among the Indians. The last census sets down the Indians in Nova Scotia at little over one thousand; and

this being the case, we have no doubt this supply will be adequate for a long time to come. The translation is by Mr. Rand, the indefatigable Mic Mac Missionary.—*R.*

OUR friends in Chatham, we understand, are busily preparing for a Bazaar to be held in that place next summer, for the purpose of aiding the funds of the new Kirk.

THE first Protestant College in Turkey was opened in Constantinople on the 19th of September last.

—c—

The Church Paper.

Who can estimate the value in drawing the minds and hearts of young and old towards the Church we all love as a common heritage. It is a constant reminder of what is going on in the fold of Christ, in the spring when the flowers begin to bud and bloom, through the dry heats of summer, in the autumn when winds carry the sear leaves around our dwellings and whistle in every opening and crevice, in the winter when storms rage and howl without, and old and young are gathered around the comfortable fire within, during all the changing seasons of the year, it pays its regular visits, to remind us of the permanency and the prosperity, the cares and trials of a Church which will continue to exist until the end. And it leads us and aids us to love the Church. It is a golden tie to bind us to dear brethren, with whom we hope to dwell in eternity.—*Selected.*

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Choosing a Minister—A Legend of the Olden Time.

In one of the cities of Asia, during the first century, a couple of disciples had met together to choose a minister:—

"We need," said A., "located as our church is, in the very heart of a city given to idolatry a man not only distinguished for talents and attainments, but also for eloquence; I would therefore nominate Apollos, who is 'an eloquent man and mighty in the scriptures.'"

"Apollos is undoubtedly eloquent," said B., "and a good biblical scholar; but we want a bold, energetic man, who will grapple with the giant evils of the day, and fearlessly 'fight the good fight of faith.' Such a one is Cephas, whose very name suggests a firmness and strength. He is also ardent and zealous, and will stir up our pure minds by way of remembrance."

"We live among men of great learning and classical attainments," said D., "and I would ask whether Cephas is sufficiently scholarly to meet the arguments and sophistries of men distinguished as philosophers and critics?"

"If you want a highly educated man," said E., "select Paul. His scholarship is un-

doubted, and his learning and attainments will secure a prominent position among our most distinguished men. Besides, he has a wonderful power of attraction. Why, the Galatians loved him with such intense devotion that, if it had been possible, they would have plucked out their own eyes and given them to him."

"If Paul is such a great man," said F., "it is a pity that he has not a juster appreciation of his abilities. He said himself, when at Corinth, that he came among them 'in weakness and in fear and in much trembling.'"

"Paul's peculiar talent," said G., "seems to consist in writing well. His letters are weighty and powerful, but"—here the speaker's manner was sarcastic, "his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible."

This attack upon Paul irritated his friends, and angry words might have followed, had not H., a pale, sad looking man, commenced speaking.

"Brethren," said he, "if our Master had seen fit to afflict you with the terrible evils that have befallen me, you would have seen the need of a minister who can 'bind up the broken hearted.' Such a one is Barnabas, who is eminently a 'son of consolation.' Let him be our minister."

"Barnabas," said K., "is a lovely Christian, and well qualified to comfort the afflicted, but I doubt whether, in other respects, he is equal to any of the candidates already named."

"I came here as a listener," said L., "but you will allow me to make one remark. It seems to me that you expect every possible perfection to cluster around your chosen candidate. Can such a man be found?"

"I think I have such a one in view," said M. "It is not necessary for me to name him; enough for me to say he is the 'brother whose praise is in the Gospel throughout all the churches.'"

As they were about to discuss the merits of the nameless candidate, a gentle knock was heard, and to the surprise of all, Paul himself entered.

"My brethren," said Paul, "you know that for a time I had 'the care of all the churches,' and I find that our Master has not given to any one minister every diversity of spiritual gift, but has distributed his gifts as he saw necessary for 'the edifying of the body of Christ.'"

"You will not, therefore, find perfection, but having chosen a minister, receive him as from the Lord, and 'esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake.' Like Epaphras, 'labor fervently for him in your prayers, that he may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.' Pursue this course, and you will no longer say, 'I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas,' but, 'We are all of Christ.'"

The name of the successful candidate is not recorded, but the legend stated that

Paul's advice was followed, and the Church became eminently prosperous.

"And they continued steadfastly in the Apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and breaking of bread and in prayers."—the Lord added to the church daily such should be saved."—*Selected.*

ENTERING INTO JOY.—The day of account will be something more than a day of joy, for it will be a day of triumph, to those who have faithfully laboured. Amid discouragement and many reproaches have wrought; and sometimes they have been tempted to quit a service which seemed to bring them so little gain, and the present promise of so small reward. Still they wrought humbly on in the faith of him who they have sought dutifully to serve, and the Lord appears their triumph will be complete. Archbishop Leighton employs the following beautiful language: "It is but little we can receive here, some drops of that enter into us; but there we shall enter into joy, as vessels put into a sea of happiness. Happy are they who having faithfully laboured for the ascended Master, and having abundantly trusted in his worthy name, shall last triumphantly enter into the joy of the Lord!"—*Boston Recorder.*

As a sample of the changes in the English exchange gives the following; "In the year 700 the Lord's Prayer commenced, 'Ure Fader thie are in heifnas;' in 800, 'Thee ure fadder the heofun;' in 1100 rendered, 'Fader thou art in heaven, bla;' in 1300, 'Ure Fader in heaven;' in 1500, 'Fader our in heaven;' and in 1537, 'father who art in heaven.'"

Notices.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of fifty new names to our Halifax subscription secured through the exertions of the indefatigable pastor of St. Matthew's. We may say that a larger edition than usual has been printed this month, so that those whose names have not yet reached us, may be supplied from the beginning of the year. Remember the adage—"first come first served."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Articles intended for insertion in the *Record* should be in the hands of the Editor by the 20th of the month previous to publication, otherwise they will be necessarily held over till the succeeding issue. Items, or notices, however, will be received as late as the 1st of the month.

CREDIT.—Several articles in last number were accidentally left uncredited. "Pay Church Dues" was taken from a volume of *American Tracts*; "Notes of a Tour to the Principal Leitch, from the Canada Presbyterian"; "Ode on 'Rest,'" from *Good Words*; and "To Collectors," from *U. P. Recorder*.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE ENDOWMENT FUND.

SUBJOINED is the subscription list of the two Halifax Churches for the Dalhousie College Fund. The first instalment has been called in, and in part invested. The names with the asterisk before them are the St. Andrews Church subscribers. Immediately below these will be found the subscriptions of the town portion of Pictou Church. In our next issue we hope to be able to publish the names of subscribers to the fund from St. Paul's Church, Truro, and from Little River, Musquodoboit. The subscriptions of every congregation in the Church ought to be published; and to that end the lists should be forwarded to us as soon as possible.

NAMES OF CONTRIBUTORS.	To be paid in			To be paid in			To be paid in			Total amount		
	October 1863.			October 1864.			October 1865.			subscribed.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
A. Keith	50	0	0	50	0	0	50	0	0	150	0	0
A. Duffus	50	0	0	50	0	0	50	0	0	150	0	0
Chief Justice Young	35	0	0	35	0	0	35	0	0	105	0	0
William Murdoch	67	10	0	67	10	0	65	0	0	200	0	0
John Gibson	20	0	0	20	0	0	20	0	0	60	0	0
J. Murdoch	20	0	0	15	0	0	15	0	0	50	0	0
J. Esson	25	0	0	25	0	0	25	0	0	75	0	0
F. Taylor	20	0	0	20	0	0	20	0	0	60	0	0
McDonald	20	0	0	30	0	0	50	0	0	100	0	0
Alexander McLeod	30	0	0	40	0	0	30	0	0	100	0	0
Rev. George M. Grant	30	0	0	40	0	0	30	0	0	100	0	0
John Doull	50	0	0	50	0	0				100	0	0
B. Duffus	20	0	0	15	0	0	15	0	0	50	0	0
Falconer	10	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	30	0	0
James F. Avery	25	0	0	25	0	0	25	0	0	75	0	0
James J. Bremner	25	0	0	12	10	0	12	10	0	50	0	0
George McLean	10	0	0	7	10	0	7	10	0	25	0	0
W. Mitchell	50	0	0							50	0	0
S. Thomson	10	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	30	0	0
David Stirling	9	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	25	0	0
J. Sutherland	10	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	30	0	0
Thomson	15	0	0	15	0	0	15	0	0	45	0	0
Edward Lawson	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
Rev. J. Martin	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
James T. Greenwood	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
James E. Hosterman	10	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	30	0	0
William Kandick	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
M. Lindsay	5	0	0	7	10	0	10	0	0	22	10	0
F. Knight	6	13	4	6	13	4	6	13	4	20	0	0
Charles Hosterman	8	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	24	0	0
McKenzie	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	1	10	0
James Scott	15	0	0	15	0	0	15	0	0	45	0	0
James Thomson	20	0	0	20	0	0	20	0	0	60	0	0
G. Keith	8	13	4	8	13	4	8	13	4	26	0	0
H. Skimmings	15	0	0	20	0	0	15	0	0	50	0	0
James McEwen	5	0	0	5	0	0	10	0	0	20	0	0
Alexander Keith, Junr.	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
William M. Allan	10	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	30	0	0
Charles F. Fletcher	5	0	0	5	0	0				10	0	0
James S. McDonald	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
James Hunter	10	0	0	5	0	0	10	0	0	25	0	0
E. Cogswell	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
McLean	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
J. Williamson	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
John Watt	12	10	0	12	10	0				25	0	0
A. Hesson	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
John Lithgow	10	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	30	0	0
J. Mitchell	25	0	0							25	0	0
Stairs	5	0	0							5	0	0
James Ross	10	0	0							10	0	0
Keith	8	0	0	8	0	0	9	0	0	25	0	0
James Donaldson	25	0	0							25	0	0

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE ENDOWMENT FUND (continued.)

NAMES OF CONTRIBUTORS.	To be paid in October 1863.			To be paid in October 1864.			To be paid in October 1865.			Total amount subscribed.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
J. A. Sinclair	20	0	0	20	0	0	20	0	0	60	0	0
A. K. Doull	20	0	0	20	0	0	10	0	0	50	0	0
W. H. Neal	15	0	0	15	0	0	20	0	0	50	0	0
Mrs. John Esson	20	0	0	15	0	0	15	0	0	50	0	0
R. & S. Noble	7	10	0							7	10	0
*W. H. Bauld	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
*R. Malcolm	10	0	0	10	0	0	5	0	0	25	0	0
*G. McKenzie	5	0	0							5	0	0
Rev. John Scott	8	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	24	0	0
John McDonald	6	0	0	6	0	0	6	0	0	18	0	0
*R. Urquhart	5	0	0							5	0	0
George Anderson	2	10	0	2	10	0	2	10	0	7	10	0
John McNutt	10	0	0							10	0	0
*John Taylor	10	0	0							10	0	0
J. B. Campbell	12	10	0	12	10	0				25	0	0
George Lang	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
N. Vass	12	10	0	12	10	0				25	0	0
*J. H. Bauld												
A. Burns	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
Thomas Huggan	2	10	0	2	10	0	2	10	0	7	10	0
H. McDonald	2	0	0	4	0	0	5	0	0	11	0	0
James McIntosh	1	13	4	1	13	4	1	13	4	5	0	0

PICTOU TOWN.

The first instalment has all been paid in.

William Gordon	25	0	0	25	0	0	25	0	0	100	0	0
John Crerar	25	0	0	12	10	0	12	10	0	50	0	0
Peter Crerar	25	0	0	12	10	0	12	10	0	50	0	0
Donald A. Fraser	25	0	0	25	0	0	25	0	0	75	0	0
Rev. A. W. Herdman	10	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	30	0	0
James Hislop	2	10	0	2	10	0	2	10	0	7	10	0
John Costly	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	0
Alfred Costly	1	5	0	1	5	0	1	5	0	3	15	0
Capt. John Campbell	2	10	0	2	10	0	2	10	0	7	10	0
J. R. Noonan	2	10	0	2	10	0	2	10	0	7	10	0
M. G. McLeod	2	10	0	2	10	0	2	10	0	7	10	0
William Grant										6	0	0
Donald Fraser	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	0
Kenneth Henderson	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	0
William Jack	1	5	0	1	5	0	1	5	0	3	15	0
Robert Harper	1	5	0	1	5	0	1	5	0	3	15	0
John Murray										2	5	0
Peter Crichton	2	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	6	0	0
Simon H. Holmes	2	10	0	1	5	0	1	5	0	5	0	0
William G. Pender	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	15	0
Mrs. Bone	2	10	0	2	10	0	2	10	0	7	10	0
Mrs. D. R. Cameron	0	16	8	0	16	8	0	16	8	2	10	0
Mrs. Baillie	0	7	6	0	7	6	0	7	6	1	2	6
Alexander Munro	0	7	6	0	7	6	0	7	6	1	2	6
Alexander Garvin	0	7	6	0	7	6	0	7	6	1	2	6
Robert Doull	3	10	0	3	10	0	3	10	0	10	10	0
Joseph A. Gordon	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	0
Adam Graham	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	1	10	0
Daniel McDonald	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	0
Angus McKeracher	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	0
Hugh Munro	0	7	6	0	7	6	0	7	6	1	2	6
James Carson	0	6	8	0	6	8	0	6	8	1	0	0
Total for Pictou town,	£172	13	4							£423	15	0