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MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

In Nova Scotia and the adjoining Provinces.

JUNE, 1860

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We would once more request that all matter intended for insertion in the *Record*, may be forwarded so as to be in the hands of the editor on or before the 15th current. Many articles of interest and importance have frequently had to be delayed in consequence of neglect of this arrangement. Some complaints have been made that this is too early, but as we are obliged to go to press, early in the month, in order to be out in time, it cannot at present be avoided. We would also feel obliged, if such clergymen belonging to our Synod or that of New Brunswick as have not yet supplied us with a sermon, for publication in the *Record*, would do so at their earliest convenience, as our stock has now been exhausted. We would also very thankfully receive any item of information, from any quarter which may be deemed useful or interesting, connected in any way with our Church. We cannot make information, and we would earnestly appeal to our numerous friends to assist us in this particular.

ED. MONTHLY RECORD.

The following Notice arrived too late to be inserted in the body of the Record, for this month, but as it is of importance that as many of such collections as possible be made public before the meeting of Synod, we insert it here at present, giving it its proper place next month.

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THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Church of Scotland

IN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ADJOINING PROVINCES.

JUNE, 1860.

"I FORGOT THEE, O JERUSALEM! LET MY RIGHT HAND FORGET HER CUNNING."—P. 137, P. 5

Sermon,

By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., Minister of the Scotch National Church, Crown Court, Convent Garden, London; Chaplain to the Highland Society, and to the Scottish Hospital.

Matthew vi. 13.—"Deliver us from evil."

I have addressed you on successive communion Sabbaths on the successive clauses of this most beautiful, expressive, and comprehensive prayer, the riches of which it is impossible to exhaust, and the beauty, the significance, and the appropriateness of which they that use it oftenest, in the right spirit, and with a right understanding, will be the first to admit. I showed you that it begins, first of all, by an appeal to God, in that most tender and beautiful relationship, "Our Father." I then showed that the first half of the petition contained an unfolding of the riches of God—His name be hallowed—His kingdom come—His will be done; and that the last half of the prayer contains an unfolding of the wants of man,—"forgive us our debts,"—"deliver us from evil,"—"lead us not into temptation;" and I showed you that the prayer is a comment upon that single verse, so expressive, and always found to be so real,—"Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you;" or, to turn that verse into the language of this prayer, pray first, "Thy kingdom come," "Thy will be done," "Thy name be hallowed," and then there will be added unto you, while you ask for it, "forgive us our debts," "lead us not into temptation," "deliver us from evil." Beautiful is the consistency of all the Bible, and of all Christianity—it is one glorious,

harmonious whole; and the more we search into the Bible, the more luminous will be the footprints of the Creator on its every page, and the glory of Deity in its every text.

I come now to the prayer, "Deliver us from evil." The very utterance of the prayer is an admission of a great fact, the existence of which none can dispute, the why, the wherefore, and the how of which men have differed about in all ages.—that there is evil in the world. How and why this evil came into the world, it is not possible even for us to resolve. I have read all theories, but I have found none to commend itself to common sense as this—that man sinned, and "the wages of sin is death;" that God made the world beautiful, holy, harmonious, good; that man's doing, sustained by Satan's help, has marred it to the extent in which we find it. All ages witness that evil is in the world; all languages have a word for the monosyllable *sin*; all systems of superstition admit it; all police, law, legislators, warriors, lawyers, physicians, imply it; all are standing—not always dumb, but in all instances expressive testimonies that there is such a thing as evil, sin, enmity, wickedness in the world. The unenlightened, it is true, have the idea of evil only from its outward exponents. The impression of the great body of mankind is, that evil can only be seen in the form of plague, pestilence, famine, battle, murder, death, robbery, tyranny, or oppression; but these are but the fruits, not the roots; these are but the offspring, not the prolific parent; these are but the signs and the true and undeniable evidences that evil is in the world,—they are not themselves the evil from which the believer prays that he may be delivered; these are the out-

ward plague-spots, the sores that Isaiah mentions, "from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot," that testify to the most sceptic mind that there is an inner, deep seated, universal disease, of which these are but the outward signs.

All humanity has prayed this prayer, "Deliver us from evil." Ever since man felt the evil that he himself had introduced, man has in some shape, in some form, in words, in deeds, or in writings, prayed, "Deliver us from evil." What is medicine? It is sick human nature crying in its agony, "Deliver me from this evil." What, let me ask, is legislation? What is war? What are police?

The varied struggles and efforts of man oppressed and suffering, "Deliver us from evil." What are schools, academies, colleges, study by night, and labor by day?—but the litanies of that express universal want, "Deliver us from what we feel to be evil." What is the mythology of the heathen,—their "gods many and their lords many;" their rites, and sacrifices, and ceremonies?—but efforts to propitiate him whom they think to be the author of the evil? The varied litany, in short, of all humanity in all ages, in all tongues, under all circumstances, is, "Deliver us from evil."

Thus, then, we have seen that it is the universal cry of man that he may be delivered from evil. The plan that he adopts, the person to whom he addresses the prayer, the spirit in which he does it, the end he has in view,—these all may and do differ; these have their shades of meaning and significance, their imperfections and their relative perfections; but the cry is universal. And what does all this imply? That evil in the world is not a part and parcel of the world, as it was originally made; that it is an interpolation on it, and in it, but not of it. The very cry, "Deliver us from evil," implies that evil is not, if I may use the expression, the normal state of the world—that is, its original state; that, in other words, whoever made it, whoever introduced it, God neither made it nor introduced it, nor is responsible for its ravages. Here, then, is a great admission. If humanity felt in its best moments that evil was a law of the world,—the same as gravitation, the same as spring, and summer, and autumn, and winter,—it would not pray to be delivered from it. You do not hear of any man in this latitude, or in this climate, praying to be delivered from the winter or the summer; he knows they will come, and must come, by great laws, the reversal or destruction of which would be the ruin of mankind. But when man prays to be delivered from evil, there is an undertone in that prayer, audible to the listening and sanctified ear, which conveys this great truth, that man's innermost, deepest, and most real conviction is, that evil is here, but that it should not be here; that it is here, but God did not place it here—**whoever placed it here, He did not.**

This is a ray that lingers in the nooks and crannies of the human heart,—a ray from the first day that burst upon Paradise, when Adam and Eve were created, reminding them what the world once was,—so fair, so beautiful, and so holy; and what the world has now been made,—so evil, so bitter, and so wicked, and a forelight of what the world will yet be—more fair and glorious still. Humanity will not settle down in the horrible conviction that evil is a part and parcel of the world—an irremediable thing; but it hears the cries of creation, groaning and travailling in pain, waiting to be delivered; and it echoes these groans and cries, too, in solemn harmony with it, "Deliver us from evil."

It is not only implied that evil is not a part of the world, but there is implied a belief, wherever the prayer is uttered, that there is or shall be a deliverer. It is not only the formula of Nature's prayer, but it is the embodiment also of Nature's creed. Why pray that a deliverer would deliver from evil, if there be no previous creed teaching that there is such a deliverer, and that such a delivery is not impossible? It is true, millions do not know who the deliverer is; and hence they have appealed to deliverers many. It is true, they have no conception of the purity, the majesty, the glory of Him who is the true deliverer; but it is nevertheless true, it is applicable to Egypt, to Nineveh, to Greece, to Rome, to the most barbarous lands, to the most unenlightened ages, that Christ is the desire, and was the desire of all nations. They did not know this Christ who could meet and fulfill that desire; but humanity felt within it an aching void that nothing upon earth could satisfy, and that Christ alone does, and can, and will satisfy; and He, in this sense, was the desire of all nations. Hence, there was a cry that has resounded all along the corridors of space, and through all the centuries of time,—a cry that intimated the previous creed, that there is a deliverer somewhere, and that gave expression to its feelings in the present petition, "Deliver us from evil."

Then, what is the advantage, we ask, or where the necessity, of Christ teaching us this prayer, if this has been the prayer, if it has been the creed and the cry of all humanity? Here is the difference: Christ has revealed, with no faltering or uncertain sound, the petition, and Him to whom the petition is to be addressed. He has revealed, first of all, the hearer of prayer—God; He has revealed the formula and model of prayer—what is before us; He has revealed the name in which that prayer is to rise—"Whatever you ask, (whether it be in this or any other prayer,) ask it in my name;" and He has revealed the inspirer of prayer, who alone can make extempore prayer to be not formal, and liturgical prayer to be spiritual,—namely, the Holy Spirit of God. What nations, therefore, in their ignorance addressed to

ods many and lords many, to philosophers, physicians, to politicians, to statesmen,—that priests, in their ignorant superstition, pressed amid blazing sacrifices, amid thousands of altars, and to the unknown God, He has taught us amid new light, in a new day, and with new hearts to breathe forth and embody in those words, which a babe lisps first, and a saint cries forever, "Our Father which art in heaven." What the trembling criminal of old prayed to the avenger,—what the shrinking slave of old prayed to a master,—what the poor victim of old prayed to a conqueror, Christ has taught us, feeling that we are God's children, to pray to Him, and say, "Our Father which art in heaven. Deliver us from evil."

This leads me back to notice Him to whom this prayer is addressed, who is here described as "Our Father." Now, my dear friends, this preface—call it preface, or call it what you will—is the secret spring out of which every petition comes, and the tone, and colouring, and impulses of which every petition in this prayer must have. We must not say, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name," and then let go "Our Father;" but must apply "Our Father" to every petition:—Our Father, give us daily bread; Our Father, lead us not into temptation; Our Father, deliver us from evil. If we let go this beautiful relationship, this precious preface, we become like the heathen, asking deliverance from evil from an unknown God; or like the moon to the sun, ever following, ever separated, ever sad. Our first effort, therefore, and our first care must not be to pray, "Deliver us from evil," but our first care must be to be reinstated in the filial relationship, and to say, "Our Father." Our first cry must not be, "Deliver us from evil;" but our first feeling must be, "Our Father which art in heaven." Here, then, is the precious truth which I hinted at on Friday evening—that we are to see all that we need, all that we suffer, in the light of this relationship, "Our Father." Do not look at God in the light of the suffering, but look at the suffering in the light of God. Nature's way is to say, "I suffer this; therefore God is to me just what this is;" but grace's way is to say, "God is my Father; and therefore, this that I suffer is of this description." In other words, we are not to argue from what we suffer to what God is, but from what God is—our Father—to what we suffer. We are not to let light from our sufferings fall upon God, and disclose him a wrathful Being; but to let light from the countenance of our Father fall upon our afflictions, and then see that these afflictions are not penal but paternal, disguising blessings and mercies that are sent to us. The heathen nations formed their idea of God from what they suffered; the Christian nation is to form an idea of what they suffer from what God is to them. Then start with this thought, praying that the Spirit of God may

impress it upon your hearts,—first of all, that you are, if Christians at all, God's children; that he is, if you know him at all, your Father; and then, having got this preface imprinted on your hearts, made part and parcel of your better being, its roots struck into the recesses of your soul,—look upon the grave, look upon bereavement, look upon poverty, look upon sickness, look upon all you weep, all you suffer, and all you lose, in the light that streams from this first and beautiful relationship,—God is our Father. What a glorious faith is the Gospel of Christ! What a grand revelation is that,—that the God that made us, the God that visits us, the God that sends plague, and pestilence, and famine, is not to be construed to be what the famine, and pestilence, and plague seem; but the pestilence, and famine, and plague, and the sword, are to be seen in the light of His countenance,—ministers of beneficence to the people of God in the earth! Then looking not only at your judgments, your trials, and your afflictions, and with all else with which you are associated as Christians, keep this great key-note, "Our Father." That baptismal font is our Father's; that communion-table is our Father's; that Bible is our Father's; that hearing and speaking is our Father's; that bereavement is from our Father; that loss is from our Father; that mercy, that blessing, is from our Father. This world is not the devil's world,—for he is only an intruder for a season, to be cast out with more terrible judgement; but it is our Father's world, and all eternity will show that it is so.

Let me notice, in the next place, (and this is a very important point,) that this prayer is addressed, not to an abstraction, a law, but to a personal being. You know there is a great tendency in human nature to look upon God as some dreamy intellectual abstraction, and to view Him in some such way as our heathen philosophers in the nineteenth century view Him, when they say, "It is the law of Nature that does so; it is the constitution of things:" stupidly and foolishly imagining that God made the world, gave it a blow, and then left it to swim or sink as the "laws of Nature might arrange," or would please to permit it. My dear friends, what we call the laws of Nature, are simply the touches of God; and because God acts consistently,—because He does not constantly change as poor man does;—but is unchangeable in His providence as He is unchangeable in His grace,—we, in our folly, put the law in the room of the law-giver,—the creature in the room of the Creator,—and try to work the world without a God to govern it. Here we are taught to pray, not to an abstraction, but to a personal being,—not to destiny, not to fate, not to fatalism, but to "Our Father." And, my dear brethren, that single word breathed into a man's heart, will give him a new life. I believe that what we want to feel

and know more is, that God is our Father; and that the secret of all those suspicions we have, those fears, those shrinkings, those doubts, lies in this, that we lose our grasp of this beautiful and blessed truth, that God is our Father. It is a very strange thing that natural men contemplate God, the Lord's Supper, the Bible, the Sanctuary, religion, with feelings of terror; they place very much in the same category, the grave, death, and disease, the sacrament, religion, and the priest: these all belong, they think, to the one class of terrible things, that it is always best to put them all off to the last moment, and crowd them into that moment, and have nothing to do with them, lest, like baleful shadows, they darken and make gloomy the life that we live. My dear friends, this is no more like Christianity than like Mohammedanism; it is liker Mohammedanism and heathenism than Christianity. I repeat, not as my own conviction, but as the reiterated expression of the Bible, that this book and this religion were as much designed to make men happy, as ever they were to make men holy; and that never will men know what real happiness is, till they know what real religion is. Every element of sadness in a Christian's heart is not from this, but from another source; and every element of joy in a Christian's heart comes from this, and no other source. Carry this conviction, then into your warehouses when you have great losses to bear; carry it into your counting houses when the last post brings you the worst intelligence of what you have afloat; carry it to your rooms when you are upon a sick-bed; carry it to the grave when the earth falls cold and heavy upon the bosom of the near, the dear, and the beloved, and hear whispered from the skies, "My child;" and respond in adoring, grateful, and happy accents, "My Father!" And if He be a Father, will He needlessly afflict? It is for our good, and not for our pain, that He afflicts us when He sees it meet to do so.

This Father of ours, I would notice in the next place, to whom we pray, is not the author of evil. Nay, when poor untutored humanity prayed for a deliverer, it could not think so; because God cannot be the author of it, and the deliverer too. To pray that the author of evil would deliver us from evil is like praying that Satan may be divided against himself. God is here set before us as the deliverer from evil, not as the author of it. He sends chastisement, but that is, not evil. He sends judgments on his children to draw them to himself, and win them from the world, but that is not evil. There is no evil in anything that has not sin in it; the only evil in the universe is sin, and where sin is not, there cannot be evil; where sin is, there, of course, must be evil. But here we pray to God, not as the author of evil, but as the deliverer from it; and this teaches us that He did not make it, that He did not

send it, that it is an intrusion and an impolition, that it is a discord in creation's harmony, that it is God's mind to root it out, exterminate it, to destroy it for ever, and make the earth that it has marred beautiful as when first it was made; so that if He pronounced it good at the beginning, He will pronounce it better in the end, in as far as redeeming work transcends in glory creating and ruling work. But the original passage, as I daresay you have often heard, is properly and strictly translated, not "deliver us from evil," but "deliver us from the evil," *apo tou poneroi*. Some have said it meant the Evil One—Satan; and I do not know but that this may be the meaning. It depends upon whether *poneroi* is in the neuter or masculine gender. In the Greek adjective, which we translate "evil" or "bad," the masculine and neuter gender are the same. If the world be masculine, the rendering would be "the evil person," "the evil one;" but if it be the neuter gender, it means the "evil thing." My idea is that the neuter gender is here used, and that it is sin which is referred to; teaching us that all evils, whatever they may be called, are branches from one common root, and that root is sin—that all that is wrong in the universe coheres and finds its strength, its force, its nutriment, in sin. Thus, then, sin is the evil that renders humanity from God, and humanity from humanity. Sin is the explosive power in the depths of the human heart that gathers strength from indulgence, and from years, till it bursts into insurrections, revolutions, wars, convulsions, and strews the earth with its wrecks—the evidence of what sin is, and what sin can do. Sin, therefore, is the great root; and sickness, as far as it is evil; and sorrow, and plague, and pestilence, and famine are either the exponents of it, or in other cases the fruits of it; and evil, in as far as they are tainted and impregnated by it. Nay, properly speaking, pestilence, that dire one amid whose ravages we have been, is not evil, but it is the punishment of evil; for by a most mysterious law, but a law beautiful and good, the effects of sin recoil upon itself; so that pestilence, for instance, is not only the result of sin, but the avenger of sin. Sin gives birth to plague, and pestilence and famine; these are then formed into a scourge by God himself, with which sin is punished. It is thus that sin, by its very rebound, acts, and tends to its own final destruction and extermination.

Therefore, then, we who have been in the midst of this city that has looked for so many weeks so plague-smitten—we who have escaped, not because we were more worthy, but because God was more merciful—we who acknowledge and feel,—let philosophers scoff,—let scientific men look down with profound affected sovereign contempt—we who believe the old-fashioned truth, that becomes more true, or rather more apparent, the longer the

world lasts, that God reigns and not laws, not fate, nor fatalism—we who believe that, in answer to prayer, God is healing and delivering us, and has delivered us, are this day to approach that table, the first that has been spread within these walls since that deliverance; and while we thank Him for many blessings,—blessings more than tongue can tell, we do in this act,—for it is one of special thanksgiving; it is the eucharistic ordinance,—we do thank Him that He has kept our eyes from tears, our feet from falling, and our soul from death. But never let us forget this—that only will the judgment be withdrawn when the prayer is not exclusively “Deliver us from pestilence,” but “Deliver us from the evil.” God withdraws the punishment when man ceases to do evil and learns to do well. Pharaoh prayed, “Withdraw the frogs,” but David prayed, “Take away my sin.” The way to get the punishment withdrawn is to put away the sin. We may depend upon it, that the plague that smote us so terribly, and that is still smiting other nations, is not gone; it is suspended still, as the wisest and most knowing will tell you, waiting, if we shall dishonour God, if we shall desecrate His Sabbaths, if we shall do wickedly before Him—waiting to come again with tenfold force; and we shall see that there is no safety from plague, but in safety from sin; for God, by a law that never can be repealed, has so ordered and contituted it.

In this petition, too, I may notice in the next place, we not only pray as children addressing a father to deliver us, but we pray as brothers for brothers; each congregation forming a group by itself, but still praying in the presence of another group, composed of sufferers and sinners, and as brethren, because children of the same Father, saying, “Our Father, deliver us from evil.” So God has beautifully arranged it that we can never pray selfishly; however selfishly you may live, you must pray in the plural number.

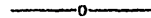
“Our Father, deliver us,” if you pray as Christ taught you. So He has made sympathy one with another, the feeling of brotherhood, the consciousness of common wants, and sympathy with each other in common danger, to be part and parcel, as it were, of our daily prayer. No man prays for himself who does not in that prayer pray for his brother also. Beautiful it is that on each Sabbath, as it dawns, belts, as it were, of petitioning brethren surround the globe like a bright and a broadening zone of light each one looking up to the common Father, in one common Saviour, and crying one for another, and one with another, in the name of Jesus, “Our Father, deliver us from evil.” And beautiful it is to think that these very words were prayed by Polycarp at the stake, by Ignatius amid the wild beasts, by the Apostles when they suffered martyrdom in Patmos, in the silent subterranean catacombs of Rome, in the crypts and dungeons in

which martyrs were crowded, in the Cottian Alps, in the cells of the inquisition, upon the grey moors and bleak hills of the North, on Smithfield when martyrs were burned; and that this cry, “Deliver us from evil,” has arisen from redeemed and believing humanity in all ages, in all circumstances, and in all places; and ever as it rises it approaches nearer to the universal response when creation (says the Apostle) shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, and restored to the glorious liberty of the children of God. We are delivered from the curse of sin by the blood of Christ; we are delivered from the power and pollution of sin by the Spirit of Christ; and whilst we never forget the preface that runs through the whole prayer precedes every petition, “Our Father,” let us never forget the name that ends every petition and closes the whole prayer,—“in the name, through the mediation, the shed blood, and prevailing intercession of the Lamb that was slain for us, our only and perfect oblation and sacrifice.”

Having thus tried to explain the truths embodied in this beautiful petition, let me now call upon you who have been delivered from many evils—and if Christians, you have been so delivered—to come to the table of the Lord, and there express your thankfulness for it. Have you been delivered from the bondage of slavery into the glorious freedom of the sons of God? Have you been delivered from the curse of unforgiven sin, and introduced into the sunshine and enjoyment of the blessedness of that man whose sins are forgiven, and whose iniquities are covered? Have you been delivered from those suspicions of God that so dishonour Him? from those doubts of the faithfulness of God that so injure you? Have you been delivered from despair, from despondency, from gloom, from fear, from sorrow, from trial? Then, brethren, let us at that table, silently, it is true, visibly, it is equally true, acknowledge God our Father to be the deliverer, and, before all who like to look on, not be ashamed to say so. Have you, in the next place, been delivered from afflictions in your family—from sickness which has laid you on the sick-bed? Have you been spared from plague, and pestilence, and famine; and for no reason upon earth in yourselves, but only for some reason known to God out of yourselves? Then, are you not asking, “What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits to me?” While this friend is numbered with the dead, whilst that relative sleeps,—his ashes in the silent tomb—while the green turf covers that brother,—why does the roof-tree cover me and mine, still healthy and happy? While many a bright fire has been quenched, and many a heart round it is bleeding, why is it that mine burns so cheerily, and that my heart bounds so joyfully? There was nothing in yourselves; it was not the precautions you took, valuable as these,

were; it was not the medicines you took useful as these might be; but it is the sovereign love of our Father who has distinguished you; not that you may be proud, and say, "Stand aside, I am holier than thou," but that you may be thankful, and exclaim, "What shall I render to the Lord for His benefits towards me? And what am I, and what is my Father's house, that the Lord hath brought me hitherto?" I will raise my Ebenezer at this communion table, and I will say, Hitherto the Lord has helped me. In the next place, are you persuaded of the truth of what I have already referred to? Are you persuaded, that when the judgment ceased in our land which has been so sanctified, and which is leading, I trust,—if people will not fall back into that horrible apathy which has too often disgraced us,—to so many salutary sanitary reforms—and these are but a mere fragment of vast ones that ought to be, and that must be—are you satisfied that it was God, in answer to prayer, who removed the plague? I believe it; nay, I am sure of it. I met with an individual yesterday, who, when I told him I believed it, and that there was room for gratitude, said he believed no such thing; he believed it was a change in the weather, and nothing else that did it. I pointed out to him the fact, that the thermometer indicated that the weather was hotter after it had ceased than before; and he could make no answer; he could not account for it. I told him we knew how to account for it; and if there be truth in the Bible, we account for it by the fact, that God says, "Is any man afflicted? let him pray." Does God mean that we should pray, as the windmill runs round, merely for form? He means that we should ask, in order to obtain an answer. And I believe, because the Bible warrants us in believing, that we ought not only to ask-spiritual blessings, but that we should pray for health, for happiness, pray for strength, and for whatever we *think* really and truly would be a blessing and a comfort to us. But is not this, you say, to ask of God what may not be good for us? It is God's part to know that; it is your part to unbosom your wants to Him. We have nothing to do with the wisdom that pronounces what is good for us, but only with the expression of the wants that we feel. God loves you too much not to take care to withhold anything that is bad. What He asks of you, is to unbosom your wants to Him in adoring, humble, filial prayer; and He will take care not to give you what will do you harm. Then are you convinced, my dear friends, that when we prayed for health to our country and the removal of the plague, it was in answer to a nation's litany that a nation's God stayed the plague, and said, "Hitherto, and no farther?" If you are so convinced, then now it becomes you to praise Him. It has always appeared to me, that if we looked at the Lord's Supper more as a eucharistic thing, and less as a pen-

ance and a penitential thing,—if we should regard it more as a spot for thanksgiving and for praise, where Christians present themselves, soul, body, and spirit, living sacrifice acceptable to God, which is their reasonable service, we should, if true Christians, go to it with a better spirit, and brighter and happier feelings. Behold, then, in all past deliverances, the pledges of new. Behold in every answer to prayer an evidence, a proof, and a pledge, that there will be greater and richer answers still. All Christ's cures, and healings, and resurrections of the dead from the dead, were only the rehearsals of that which He will do perfectly and completely; and it may be, that He will do by and bye. It seems to me, that the Lord's table is that spot where rays come from the Cross, and mingle with the rays that meet them coming from the Crown; that the one beam leads us to take a retrospect and see how precious is the past, while the other beam leads us to take a prospect and see how glorious will be the future. And thus when we come to that table, we come to that central spot—ever central, and yet still successional—where the past and the future meet and mingle, revealing that to the one we owe all our salvation, and that from the other we derive all our hopes; and Christ, whose death and sacrifice, and sufferings we commemorate the reason, and the only reason why the past is so precious, and the future will be so glorious. The Lord deliver us from evil, from *the* evil, and bless to us what we have now said and heard, for Christ's sake. Amen.



THE MISSION FIELD AND THE MISSIONARY.

We consider it not only a highly interesting, but imperative duty, that every sincere Christian should endeavor to make himself acquainted with the important fact, how far the command given by the Redeemer of mankind to his disciples—"Go ye, preach the Gospel unto all nations"—has been obeyed. Nearly 1900 years have elapsed since this divine command proceeded from his lips. To what extent has it been carried out? In answering the question, let us view it under two or three aspects. The world in which we live, as nearly as can be ascertained, contains not fewer than a thousand millions of immortal beings. This number, upon the whole, is without doubt, increasing every year; while in regular, though mournful succession, one generation after another passes away. Within 100 years, more than 3000 millions of immortal souls, after having fulfilled their appointed course, return to meet their God in judgment. It is appointed to all men once

ic, but the awful reality of this great seldom strikes the mind with its pro- force, when we contemplate it only hgh the light of personal experience. It ly: when we consider the matter more ly, when we subject it to the cold details mmon arithmetic, that we are compelled, her we will or not, to acknowledge the ersality of the "grim monarch's" empire, the extent of his power. The Persian ot wept, when he saw his mighty army, e counted by millions, spread out before ; he wept, as the thought passed across mind, that in 100 years not one of that host would be in the land of the living. upon the common mind this terrible h makes but a faint impression, if an im- sion at all. Every year 33 millions of an beings cease to live, a number equal the population of France or Austria, ter than that of Great Britain or the ed States of America. Every day more a ninety thousand pay the debt of nature ery hour nearly 4000: with every beat ur pulse one human life passes away. No hematical truth is more firmly established n this, that however uncertain may be our here is no manner of doubt about our th. But how do we die? How many of vast multitude we have just mentioned e ever heard the glad tidings of a risen our? Let us view the matter for a few ements statistically. It may be said, speak- in round numbers, that there are 250 lions of nominal Christians in the world. e fear that we make far too large an allow- e, when we suppose that 100 millions of se have heard the truth as it is in Jesus; l even of the latter, how large, how very e a proportion, alas! who value it little d regard it less. It is said that not fewer n 600 millions of our fellow creatures still w down to stocks and stones—three-fifths the human race. More than 100 millions e followers of the false prophet Mahomet. re millions of Jews are scattered over the gh and breadth of the globe. There are least 140 millions of Roman Catholics, o see the light darkly, if at all, and at least millions of the Greek urch, buried in orance and the grossest superstition. The otestant Church, in point of numbers, is t a remnant; but in knowledge, in influ- ce, in civilization, in all the essentials that

make up that grand aggregate, power, power for good, they are foremost and alone.

The Mission field, then, is wide as the world itself; takes in every climate and every tongue, every race and every color under the sun. The vast empire of China, with a population greater than that of Europe, lies before us. The nations of India, the great continent of Africa, reproach us for our leth- argy. The field is everywhere, the exigency is pressing; but how feebly is it answered! The moral wilderness lies before us in all its desolation, but we can see only a spot here and there, and at distant intervals, timidly cultivated. This waste has to be reclaimed; it will be watered with the dews of Gospel truth, it will be shone upon by the Sun of Righteousness; and we, the chosen, the highly favored, have been the appointed in- struments for this great work. The day of our opportunity will soon pass away, the place which now knows us will soon know us no more, but the duty is the same. We are enjoined to make known to others the glad tidings preached to ourselves. Have we done so, are we doing so, to the best of our ability, or, indeed, scarcely at all? Alas! no. We are wrapping ourselves up in our own fancied security, doing little for ourselves, almost nothing for others. What is the value, we would ask, of mere nominal Christianity? Will an idle and barren profession render us any manner of service? No, no. Better, infinitely better, the honest ignorance of hea- then superstition; better to live in darkness, than to mock the light, and turn our backs upon the Giver. One may say, I should re- joice to see the heathen converted, and my heart bleeds to see so much of the world ly- ing in wickedness; but I cannot help it. I cannot go into heathen lands; I have ties and obligations at home; I know little of their ways, nothing of their language, and possess neither gifts nor inclination necessary for success. This may be true; but my friend, this is not all. There is something which you can do, something which will be acceptable to God, and, could you bring your mind to it, profitable to yourself. You can give the cause your prayers, and whenever you begin to do so, in earnestness of spirit, you will do something more. These prayers, depend upon it, will be answered, by a graci- ous God, opening your heart, and opening

your hand, in the cause of missions. Be not deceived, you can do much; only pray for the spirit and the wish to be enabled to do.

The history of missions is not a history of the efforts of the rich and powerful, though they, no doubt, can do much. No missionaries have been so successful as those who went forward to their duty with nothing but their staff in hand, and the Spirit of the living God in their hearts. Armed thus, their progress has been one continued triumph, and their death generally the greatest triumph of all. We allude not particularly to the career of Paul and Barnabas, and the other Apostles. The truth holds good, as much in the present day as it did then, though not, of course, to the same extent. No success has ever been obtained without earnestness of purpose, without devotion of heart and soul; with them, failure is almost impossible. We might illustrate our position by hundreds of examples drawn from history and observation. We will mention only one, and a recent one. A young English student, we regret that at this moment we cannot remember the name, carried off the highest honors at the University of Oxford, was accomplished, highly connected, and universally beloved. He made up his mind to enter the Church; he did so, and so brilliant were his talents, so numerous his friends, that he might have had almost anything he liked. The very best of the rich and tempting livings of the Church of England were within his reach; but without a sigh or a regret he turned from them all, and resolved to follow as a missionary his friend Bishop Selwyn to New Zealand. He gave up the amenities of civilized life, the attractions of refined society, and perhaps, to such a nature, the greatest sacrifice of all, the pleasures of literature and literary associations, and for what? To show the fierce and untutored savage the way of salvation. Here was, at least, one instance of the true missionary spirit, devoted entirely and exclusively to his Master's service. How great and complete his success was, may be faintly indicated by the closing scene of his young but noble life. The ways of Providence are inscrutable. Consumption seized him in the midst of his pious and self-sacrificing labors, and he lay down quietly to die, in the midst of his savage converts. How completely he had won their hearts, may be noted from the fact, that dur-

ing his illness they kept watch around his house by night and day—for what? The passer-by might disturb him, even by the sound of a too heavy tread; they guarded the dying couch of their best friend with unceasing care, and an affectionate anxiety which touched every heart, trusting themselves to speak only by signs, and were rewarded when they found he had enjoyed the relief of a short repose. He had his reward; he had done the work that was given him to do, and no more affectionate hands could have closed his eyes, unless, perchance, in the arms of a fond weeping mother. Such incidents do indeed cheer the heart of a despondent Christian, and amidst the deadness and difference which surround us, afford refreshment to the soul, like the spring in the wilderness to the faint and despairing traveler.

Let us venture to cite one other example which has already been alluded to in some beautiful and touching a manner by our Scottish Correspondent. A clergyman of our Church, like the friend of Selwyn, in the midst of tempting prospects and a bright future, turned away from the ease and elegant competence of a Scottish manse, to wear for a season the armor of a Christian missionary, and fight under the banners of the cross in a distant land. He, too, had gained high honors at his native University—honors eagerly sought for by many, but to be gathered in by but a few—but with a heart full of anxiety, he preferred the wilderness to the crowded city. Alas! the bowl was broken even before it reached the cistern, and the course was closed in the midst of horrors which no tongue or pen shall ever describe. Yet the example which he set cannot be wholly lost; he being dead yet speaketh, and the great resolve and lofty principle of this young and accomplished student shall live to animate others, and to cheer the world with humanity with the proud conviction, that worth and earnestness may yet be found, and in greater abundance than the world dreamt of. Yes, it may be, that the Rev. James Stewart, in his death, has preached a more stirring and convincing sermon than he could have done in his life.

When we look on the great world around us, and see how little has been done in so long a time—with such ample means and opportunities, we are apt to despair, and

hands, and say to ourselves, it is no use, evil is increasing upon us—a flood of wickedness both at home and abroad is rushing down upon our heads which our feeble efforts can do little or nothing to avert. Not that the work is indeed great, but so are the means. Let us ask ourselves, have we used the means to the best of our ability? Can we say that we have used them with any merit deserving the name. Alas! no! We contribute much if the whole British and Colonial contributions to Foreign Missions were collected into one sum, whether it would amount to threepence a year to each individual. We are afraid that this moiety, insignificant as it is, would be far above the mark, when we consider that much, very much more of this little is worse than thrown away, the unproductive nature of a lukewarm faith, ought rather to wonder that the result would be so great. We give, and often with a grudge our feeble pittance,—so feeble that an aggregate for missionary purposes bestowed by the greatest and most highly favored nation of the earth, barely amounts, it is estimated, to the sum given yearly—by the natives of a second class Chinese city in the form of an oblation to their idols—for it has been stated by high authority, that something like £500,000 are yearly expended in the city of Canton for the purpose above alluded to—almost as much as some of our great cities can afford to throw away on that filthy abomination, tobacco, or that still greater abomination, ardent spirits.

Though this in the day of small things, so far as the gospel is concerned, let us not come so rapidly to the conclusion, that what is done is of no moment. *A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump*, and that leaven even now is slowly at work. Let each individual ask himself, am I doing my part of the duty? Am I helping my church to perform its share? Almost every religious newspaper or periodical we read tells us that this or that Church has done, or is doing, so much. Does our church maintain a rank befitting its ability, its duty, and its position among the Churches of Christendom. Every one has its mission to perform. There is that great cosmopolitan Society, the British and Foreign Bible Missionary Society, with an annual income of £60,000. Besides this, the Church of England is up and doing, and every year making

more rapid and earnest strides in the missionary cause. Her missionaries are now to be found in almost every portion of the globe. The Methodist is working nobly, with an organization which we would do well to imitate. The Baptist seeks to take his share in the glorious work. Our Presbyterian brethren are pressing onward in the race. The Church of Scotland takes her part, and each succeeding year, we rejoice to see, finds her stronger and more zealous in the work. *What are we doing?* We call ourselves a Christian Church; shall we abnegate one of the dearest and loftiest privileges belonging to the name—to lend our aid in having the Gospel preached to all nations. Let us not plead that we are few and feeble; let us remember the observation of our Saviour when the poor widow threw her mite into the treasury. We have, late in the day, indeed, but not too late, partially taken the field. Shall it be said that the Churches of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, are unable to maintain one missionary? We tell them that if they willed it, they could maintain twenty missionaries, and yet not feel the strain. We have commenced on a sufficiently small and cautious scale. May it be like the little rill, gradually expanding and deepening in its course, till it swell into the mighty river, watering the shores of many lands, blessing and being blessed. Let us recollect that we are instruments in God's hand; that our religious duties close not with ourselves; that a Church which is not a missionary Church is a dead Church, a withered and useless limb of that great body the Church of Christ, unsightly and injurious, neither yielding fruit nor affording shelter. Let us be careful that the case is not our own. We are upon our trial: may the trial be a triumph, and may each succeeding year find us stronger and more zealous in the mission field.

We trust that our Synods at their approaching meetings, will take up the subject with an earnestness equal to its importance, and that such action will be taken as will infuse new life and a new ambition into the hearts of our people, so that theirs also may be the proud privilege of co-operating in the most glorious spiritual work that can engage the powers or the prayers of Christians—the cause of missions all over the world.

[Perhaps no catastrophe can be conceived more terrible than the going down of a noble ship, with all its living freight; and we do not recollect any verses on so painfully thrilling a subject, since those of Cowper on the loss of the Royal George, so touchingly beautiful, so true and striking, as the subjoined lines.—ED. REC.]

(For the "Monthly Record.")

THE HUNGARIAN.

Down through the sullen waters,
Below the angry waves;
Amid the muffled thunder
Of ocean's haunted caves;
Beneath the hollow breakers,
In rust and seaweed dressed,
The noble ship is lying,
Like a broken heart, at rest.

Alone in liquid darkness,
The waters like a pall,
Shrouding her deck and bulwarks,
Her masts and halyards tall.
Alone, as is the coffin
Beneath the churchyard mould,
And silent as the sleeper
That lies within its hold.

And yet within that prison,
Erect, in life-like guise,
Stand forms of fleshly semblance,
With dumb and stony eyes.
Strangely those pallid faces
Gleam on the wave-worn deck—
A ghastly band of watchers
To guard that lonely wreck.

No voice or sound among them,
And yet those lips have smiled
In many a happy household
Where song and speech beguiled:
A strange and stony silence
Lies like a funeral pall,
For death, the mighty shadow,
Had touched the hearts of all.

Fair women, gay and graceful,
Glad children, home's dear crown,
With eager manhood's vigor,
Sank in that wrecked ship down;
All full of hope and promise
With life's fee simple blessed,
Low in those troubled waters
Have hushed their dreams to rest.

Even he who brought the message
Of life for evermore
From pious Scotland's lowlands
To this new western shore,
The Master's chosen witness
To bid his people come
And drink the living waters,
Even those touched lips are dumb.*

*Rev. James Stewart, of Glasgow, passenger on board the Hungarian to Canada.

All down amid the sea-rift,
In cabin or in hold,
Rocked by the restless current,
Dead, desolate, and cold.
Theirs is no churchyard slumber,
Where mourning friends may weep
Or plant memorial monument
Above their quiet sleep.

Only the lonely diver
Has met them face to face,
And, through that wall of darkness,
Beheld their resting place.
He saw those ghastly phantoms
With glance of awe-struck dread.
Alone in that strange prison,
The living with the dead.

Up from that waste of waters,
By strength which skill applies,
With all her motley cargo,
That gallant ship may rise;
But never from their slumber
Within that liquid plain,
Those silent forms shall waken
To stand on earth again.

Yet, when the dread Evangel
Shall sound from shore,
And, with the shrivelled elements,
The sea shall be no more,
Then, at the wakening summons,
Within the judgment land,
Amid the countless multitude
Each in his place shall stand.
Halifax, 1860. M. J. I.

COLUMN FOR THE YOUNG.

BY A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

PLEASURE.

This is a term, my young friends, which you often hear, and which almost as a matter of course you associate with relaxation, freedom from duty or labor, with personal joyment, with individual happiness without cloud. To the school boy, pleasure is a holiday—the banishment of books and tasks; pleasure is the play-ground—with bat and ball, or a stroll in the woods, or a drive in the country, or a sail in a pleasure boat, or a fishing party by the lake or river side. It may be, that the pleasure consists in playing each other with snow-balls, or in gliding nimbly on skates along the smooth ice, or sitting behind the jingling sleigh-bells, when you are carried along by a fleet horse on the snowy plain. Or again, pleasure may be associated with some grassy knoll, embosomed amid green trees, and covered with a troop of joyous youths of both sexes, whose laughter re-echoes from the hills, and who feel supremely blest while they discuss the good things laid out upon the sward, or

merry and sweet faced girl to the choicest delicacy that the ample provision for the affords. Or it may be that some kind friend opens her rooms for an evening to a crowd of young folks, and indulges them in games, and pleasant chat or more pleasurable stories, or even it may be, with the song, the dance, the sweet toned piano, instead of the fiddle and the pipe,—and winds all up with a feast of good things, and parts from the company with pleasant smiles, and gentle leave-takings.

All these things, young people are apt to consider the very greatest happiness—and it may be the only happy portions of their lives. They talk of them and think of them, often with a sense of the exclusion of every thing else; what a contrast in comparison is the drudgery of daily life, with what torments are books or tasks, or duties of any kind; what a poor insipid, tiresome thing is industry! Now, I am not one of those morose moralists who deem a laugh or a jest, or shut the heart against the innocent natural gaiety of the young. Not at all; I have given us faculties for enjoyment and have a perfect right to use them within the bounds of propriety and moderation. Reason and duty tell us, however, that these faculties must be trained and taught to obey the laws of a beneficent Creator has given us. Do you see that young steed, with arched neck, wide nostrils, and impatient foot. He is full of generous ardor and eager to be away; he frets against the bit, and paws the ground with restless hoof, and while he does you cannot help admiring the strength and beauty of the noble creature. He too is full of pleasure, and if you give him the rein, he is off like the wind,—snorting with glee and rejoicing in his liberty. See the careers along, but there are crooks and gullies on the road though he minds them not. His strength and spirit are great, but his experience little. You soon find him reeling and struggling—it may be at the foot of an embankment, his master lying senseless far distant, and the fragments of a carriage still attached, against which, wild with grief and yet weak from wounds he has received, he struggles with impotent fury. You stop to find only a wreck, and the noble creature you so admired, with broken limb, will lie bound along the road again.

Such is too often the end of pleasure—when the rein is given to it too soon, ere the mind has been disciplined to self-denial, and trained to habits of honest industry, strengthened by religious principle, that invulnerable armor, against which the shafts of evil cannot and never will prevail.

Do you see that young man walking before you dressed in the extreme of fashion? observe the swaggering step, and the little cane in his hand striking at nothing. Look at the really handsome face, how the cheek is flushed and the eyes are red with late hours

and indulgence in riotous living. To that youth the rein was given far too soon; he was practically taught that pleasure in the sense we have just been considering it, was all in all. Work was considered drudgery—industry vulgar—indulgence every thing. Allow me to introduce you to him that you may hear him talk. The poor man knows nothing beyond an affected drawl and the polite conventionalisms of what he calls good society. He can speak of the last party, and criticise the ladies, or their faces; he can talk of the coming boat race, or it may be of the merits of a popular actress at a popular theatre. He is learned in the qualities of the different kinds of wine, and has their names at his finger-ends. He will descant largely on the qualities of dogs and horses—and he considers himself a fine gentleman, looking down it may be on his father and his father's friends—as rather low—but at least, as altogether too slow for his taste. What is the end—the almost invariable end of this? Is it true happiness? No, the very reverse. It is like the young horse while he kept the middle of the road, and before he floundered into the terrible pit-fall. A too indulgent parent laid down the reins out of a foolish affection, or a more foolish vanity, and when he would resume them they are beyond his control. The old man now mourns vainly after his lost son; he sees those means for which he toiled, night and day, during long years, squandered in spite of him, in crime and folly. His dreams of ambition are at an end; he descends into the grave with a broken heart, and the votary of pleasure follows him in a few years—a spendthrift and a pauper. This is too frequently the round of a life of pleasure. Let us, my young friends, guard ourselves against it, as our most dangerous enemy. Are you a school boy or a student, or an apprentice, in the heyday of youth? Think of pleasure not as the great object of life, but as the very occasional relaxation from appointed duty. Recollect that its steps are dangerously downwards—that its folds, like the touch of affection, are at first soft and downy, but at last the chains are adamant, cold, hard, and relentless. Indeed, it is generally far more dangerous to have too many friends than too few. Look to that hall of learning. Who is it that often carries away the highest honors for scholarship? Open your eyes and look well around you at the young aspirants after future fame. The professor rises and taking up the coveted honor in his hand, calls out a name. You watch to see who will obey the summons. Is it that well combed youth, with faultless necktie and fashionable air; the mother's darling and the delight of evening parties? No, it cannot be, though while he twitches his little riding switch nervously in his hand, it is evident he would like to be the fortunate one. But here as almost every where else, fortune favors

only the untiring laborer—the consumer of the midnight oil. Look where all eyes are turned, a raw looking and loosely formed youth, with thin features, now suffused with excitement, slowly, amidst the plaudits of his fellows, makes his way towards the professor's table. This young man, it may be, was not considered worthy of being feted at the evening party. He was poor, perhaps, or his parents followed some humble calling. Yet, who would exchange the thrilling pleasure of this moment, for all the enjoyment of all the parties of the season. Not one at least of this crowd of generous youths. To every one of them, it would seem, for the time at least, hollow and worthless in comparison. It has been gained by nights and days of toil, but the recompense is noble and worthy even of a greater sacrifice. What is the difference? As much as there is between a tree covered with sterile blossoms, and another laden with ripe fruit. That uncouth youth whom you have just seen, will be not unlikely one of the great men of the next generation, drawing pleasure in abundance from the purest and highest sources, while the jaunty youth, with carefully arranged locks—like the faded belle, will, on the other hand, be considered, not unlikely, rather an incumbrance in the market of the world, of little use to himself, of none at all to others.

Now, what is the moral to be learned from the truths here laid down? I think it is tolerably obvious. That a life of pleasure, so called, is not only a life barren of results, but one which brings no happiness, but often much misery. A life of labor will almost always be crowned with an age of ease—and that ease will be accompanied with enjoyment because it has been honestly and faithfully earned. Pleasure has been the rock on which many a noble youth has suffered shipwreck. Be not carried away within the influence of the seductive vortex. Improve the time; the present alone is yours, the future is God's. Taking the best of all books for your guide; form your principles upon its precepts. Look upward as well as onward. It is now that your character is to be formed, and by that character will your future life be judged. Distinguish between true pleasure and the silly frivolity which assumes the name.

Remember that you ought to live with a purpose in view, and to keep that purpose constantly and earnestly before you. Let it be a worthy one. We recollect that once, during our school-boy days, when the game of cricket stood much higher in our affections than either Homer or Horace, our teacher kindly, but seriously, asked us whether we would prefer to leave school with the character of being the best scholar or the best cricket player; in other words, whether pleasure or duty was to be our chief aim. The words were simple, but they had the desired effect; and ever after, the bat was made subordinate to higher and purer plea-

ures—pleasures which yield enjoyment the present hour. Whenever our friends are inclined to fret under restraint, confinement, or hard work, let them draw deep breath and look to the future. Let them lay these truths up in their heart. This world of labor. Idleness is not only not respectable, but contemptible. Dante, the great Italian poet, said, that idleness is generally represented as one of the conditions of happiness in heaven, but he thought ought to be considered one of the torments of the place of woe. He spoke truly. Labor is the normal state of all. God himself has set us an example of labor. The Queen on the throne is one of the most industrious persons in her dominions. Greatness is the inheritance of labor. Our most illustrious men have been the most laborious. "I know no such thing as genius," said Hogarth, the great painter; "it is only labor and time." What says the poet, who had he lived to see the great truth, would have been a happy man; but he yielded to the siren:

"Pleasures are like poppies spread—
We snatch the flower, the bloom is fled;
Or like a snow-flake on the river—
A moment seen, then lost for ever."

PROGRESS.—When the American Board was formed in 1810, the whole annual income of all the Protestant Foreign Mission Societies then existing probably did not amount to \$200,000. The receipts of the English Church Missionary Society were then about \$15,000 per annum; those of the English Baptist Missionary Society not from \$20,000; and those of the London Missionary Society perhaps \$60,000. The other then existing societies have ever since been comparatively small. Since that time, the number of distinct organizations for the prosecution of this work has greatly increased (amounting now to more than forty,) and the number of the older, as well as of many of the newer societies, has also largely increased. For the year last reported, the whole income of the English Church Missionary Society exceeded \$800,000, that of the London Missionary Society was about \$420,000, and that of the English Wesleyan Society \$615,000. The English Baptist Society received \$100,000; the Foreign Mission Scheme of the Free Church of Scotland \$80,000. Thus the united income of these six societies, for the last year, exceeded \$2,000,000. In the United States, the income of the American Board for the last financial year was \$334,000; of the Presbyterian Board, \$200,000; of the Baptist Union, near \$97,000; of the Episcopal Board, near \$68,000. The receipts of the Methodist Missionary Society for Home and Foreign Mission were \$254,000.—*N. Y. Advocate and Journal*

DISCOVERY OF A HITHERTO UNKNOWN COMMUNITY OF CHRISTIANS.—Some years ago a body of thirty thousand Christians was discovered on an island to the north of Celebes and east of Borneo. Some impressions had existed in that quarter of the globe that there were beelivers on the island in question, and were quite left to themselves, and having been neglected, had continued steadfast in the faith.—The missionaries therefore visited the island a short time ago, and, upon landing, found a people engaged in teaching pupils, who were speaking, in the Malayian tongue, "As the Father sendeth forth the water-brooks," etc. The missionaries did not, however, find any Bible among them; but it was their habit to write down select verses from Scripture on the bark of trees. They were acquainted with the Apostles' creed, and the lesser Heidelberg catechism. Their way of life was as becometh the gospel. They had twenty churches and schools, and all their religious proceedings were modelled on a Christian footing. Through the zeal of professor Heldring, the founder of the asylum at Steinbek, in Hesse Cassel, and agent for the Home Mission in Holland, four missionaries, trained under the late Mr Gesner, of Berlin, have been sent to the spot; and they have already baptised three thousand additional natives, and added them to the church.—*German Journal.*

THE ZULUS OF THE NATAL COLONY.—The United States "Board of Missions," who are happily busy in this field, report of the past year's operations:—"The Zulu mission pursues an even tenor, with not much of incident as yet to relate. The territory of the Natal colony embraces 18,000 square miles; and the colonial government has, thus far, shown much kind regard for the welfare of the natives. Among the colonies are many sincere friends of the missionary and the missionary cause. The natives live in peace and general prosperity. The Kafir-Zulu language having been reduced to writing, is gradually being furnished with books. The seven mission churches are yet in their infancy, with a membership of 186. At the time of the last report there were encouraging signs at nearly all the stations, and at two of them marked religious interest. Never was there, within the bounds of this mission field, a more advancing civilisation, or more hopeful prospect of triumph for the gospel."

SENIOR WRANGLER AT CAMBRIDGE.—The *Cambridge Independent* says: "According to a general report, the Senate House papers at Cambridge this year have been universally 'stiff,' and many bitter disappointments have been the result. The senior wrangler, Mr. Stirling, is 23 years of age, the son of a clergyman at Aberdeen, of which he is a native. He graduated at King's College, Aberdeen, where he studied under Professors

Fuller and Thompson, both well known Cambridge men. Latterly he had been reading with Mr. Routh of Peterhouse, and Mr. Slesser, of Queen's, both senior wranglers. Until this year, Trinity College has not had the senior wrangler since 1846. Mr. Slesser is also a graduate of Aberdeen. Both he and Mr. Slesser were favorite pupils of Prof. Fuller, and induced by him to try their fortunes at Cambridge, where they agreeably distanced all their fellow competitors. Mr. Slesser had many hundred marks above the second wrangler, and Mr. Stirling had not fewer than 3900—Mr. Stirling having in all 9600—while the second on the list read only 5700. [The senior wranglers last year were also Scotchman, born and educated—Mr. Munro, Auchencrowie, Stirling, and Mr. W. Jack, Irvine, Ayr.]

THE OLDEST SCOTTISH CELTIC MANUSCRIPT.—In the public Library at Cambridge there has been found a MS. history of the Gospel, with notices of the grant of land to the Abbey of Deir, in Buchan, all in the Celtic language, and written as early as the 10th century. Some MSS. in the Irish Celtic go back as far as the 6th century, but we have no ancient Scottish Celtic documents. Mr. Bradshaw, a well-known scholar, has undertaken the task of editing and publishing the MS., which, as Mr. Innes says—"sets the whole discussion which excited the Scottish antiquaries of last century on an entirely new footing. One class of antiquaries has always maintained that the Celtic was the language of all Scotland (except Lothian) up to the period of Malcolm Canmore (1057 to 1093), and this opinion is strengthened by the fact of Buchan being found to be a Celtic district before Malcolm Canmore ascended the throne." Another question is, whether the original Celtic was not the ancient British tongue, still spoken in Wales? The discovery now made will settle this point.

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FROM OUR SCOTCH CORRESPONDENT.

To know or not to know the truth, to apprehend or to misapprehend, which is the easier? A celebrated Scotch philosopher says that we have an instructive principle of veracity, meaning thereby that it is natural and therefore easy to speak the truth. One might be disposed to think that from the same reason it would be unnatural and therefore difficult to believe a falsehood. Facts, however, show that the instinct does not go so far; that on the contrary it is extremely difficult to get a man to believe the truth, and a good deal more difficult to drive a lie or a prejudice out of his head; and that a good deal of what Sam Slick calls "human nature," is highly unnatural and unavailable.

"What is truth?" asked Pilate in the sneering tone of the ancient sceptic philoso-

pher. The modern infidel, after reading the contradictory reports of half a dozen different sects, might well ask the same thing. One cries this watchword and the other that; one protests that his party moves the world, his opponent cries 'Fudge!' and shows his superior leverage and nerve; and the one side claims three-fourths of the population, and the other side the remaining four-fifths. It is something like the Chinese battle in which an Imperial general went out to fight 1000 rebels, of which he killed more than a thousand and took 360 prisoners; both methods of computation being based on the principle expressed in the Latin phrase *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, or as we more briefly say 'all and sundry.'

I have been led to make these remarks by comparing what I had heard on one or two interesting questions, with the results of my own investigations and inquiries. Before I knew anything of Scotland, I had been often enough told that the great mass of the people had left the Established for the Free Church. After I had traversed a good deal of the Lowlands, I saw clearly that such was not the case there; for while there were a great many more Established Churches than Free, the average attendance at one of the former was equal to that at one of the latter. Then I was told, wait till you go to the Highlands; there is the strength of our body and the insignificance of yours; there was the great Exodus and the great enthusiasm; there unless you are a Free Churchman, you will not lead the life of a dog, so great is the zeal and so tolerate the Christian charity of the people. Well, I did wait, marked and learned. Much of the Highlands I have not seen, and therefore do not now speak of that part. In other parts I found Free Churchism rampant, and the people darkly, deeply filled—not with the enthusiasm which is pervasive and beautiful, but with the fanaticism which is stern and fierce. But in the greater number of districts which I visited, I was happy to find the Kirk of Scotland not only holding its own, but recovering, rallying, and again taking possession of what in some cases it had lost. Thus in travelling up the West Highlands, I found good congregations in both Churches in Oban: in Lismore and Appin, three times as many of the people in connection with the Church as there are with the Free; in Morven, a Free Church there undoubtedly is, but no minister, nor 10 families to make a congregation; in the island of Mull, with its six or seven parishes, a good many stone and lime Free Churches, but only two congregations able to sustain ministers; in the island of Tyree with 4000 of a population, not 20 families in connection with the Free Church; and so with various other parishes in which I have been—though the proportions are not often so very greatly against the Free Church.

There is another point in connection with

this deserving of notice. The great and displayed by those who left in '43 to proselytes, even in cases where they were able to provide ministerial supply. The most gigantic efforts were made to convert "the black moderates" of Morven especially during Dr. John McLeod's mission to British America,—it being considered that it was the most feasible time to split up a flock when the pastor was away on an errand of love, feeding other flocks. We I question if the very few whom they persuaded to join them have since heard two sermons in all. A worse case is that of Kilda, a lone island far out in the Atlantic with a few hundred Highlanders upon it, simple, primitive and pious people, who live chiefly on the sea-fowl and shell-fish about the island. These people had always had a minister and schoolmaster provided them by the Established Church, for centuries back. They were induced to cast in their lot with the Free Church, and a bad lot it proved to them; for ever since they have been without a minister, except a stray one who turns up now and then to marry a batch who have waited long and patiently enough for his coming. To a population cut off from all communication with others, such deprivation of ordinances and ministerial visiting must be more than ordinarily severe.

I trust that no one will consider that I make these remarks out of any spirit of hostility to the Free Church. That Church I admire for its exertions, its self-sacrificing spirit; many of its members and ministers I know personally and esteem very highly as "brothers beloved." But it is not that I love the Free Church less, but truth more. And when I know that "shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon the views which many of my readers entertain of the relative state of parties in Scotland; and that a false state of feeling has been excited in the breasts of many, caused by false opinion and groundless prejudice, it would be wrong in me as a public correspondent not to speak the truth in "purity as well as in love."

In my next letter, I will be able to give some of what the General Assembly—which meets on the 17th of May—has been principally engaged upon. This year, there are several unpleasant cases of action against ministers, for offences which if proved will lead to their deposition by the Church. We have had only one such case of discipline I think during the last six or seven years. But however unpleasant the duty may be, it is satisfactory to know that the Church can proceed to the execution of impartial discipline, unfettered by the fear of consequences, civil or ecclesiastical.

CHURCH AT HOME.

(From H. & F. M. Record.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE COMMITTEE.

The following most interesting letter to the General, from our highly valued correspondent, the Rev. Philippe Boucher, affords repeated evidence of the importance of his mission, and of the wisdom of that arrangement sanctioned by last General Assembly, by which Mr. Boucher's salary, as formerly mentioned, is paid by this Committee. Mr. Boucher may now be regarded as an evangelist in the employment of the Church of Scotland, under the superintendence of the Protestant Central Society of France. The Church of Scotland has reason to be proud to have such a servant. His stirring addresses to our General Assembly, and from our pulpits, will not soon be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear them; and if the effect of his eloquence was so great when speaking to strangers in a foreign tongue, we may imagine what it must be when speaking his native tongue to the hearts and consciences of his own countrymen. His duty is to do the work of an evangelist throughout the length and breadth of France; to reach to Roman Catholics wherever they will receive him; to stir up the languid spirit of Protestantism; to deliver popular lectures bearing on the great truths of religion, whether in a controversial shape or otherwise; and generally, under the direction of the Central Society, to devote his great abilities and earnest heart to the work of evangelisation. Last year he was invited by a Society of young men in Paris to visit them, from the extremity of the country, for the purpose of delivering certain lectures on religious subjects. One of these lectures the convener of this Committee had the privilege of hearing, and was not more charmed by the clear, uncompromising, and eloquent explications of divine truth in a Protestant though non-controversial form, than he was astonished by the enthusiastic approbation of the crowded audience, nearly all of whom were Roman Catholics. Again and again the orator interrupted by loud bursts of applause, shewing how well he knew how to suit his arguments to his hearers, and how thoroughly he carried their sympathies along with him. We contemplate important results from the employment of Mr. Boucher in duties for which he is so singularly adapted.

DEAR SIR,—Having been delegated to examine the real character of a religious movement amongst the Roman Catholics of the M—, I found after inquiry facts so interesting, that I wish to call the attention of your readers to them.

A dissension arose between the village cure and his parishioners about a fountain that was to be embellished, for the village consists of 1400 inhabitants living in easy circum-

stances. The cure proposed a statue of "Our Lady of La Sallette." You will perhaps remember that this name is given to a pretended apparition of the Holy Virgin to two children who, according to some, were idiotic enough to believe whatever the priests told them, or, according to others, were shrewd enough to become the interested accomplices of the pretended miracle. Be this as it may the water of a spring near the spot is sold as miraculous, and at a very high price, in many parts of France, and even of Belgium; indeed, in the latter the importation was considerable enough to induce the custom-house officers to claim a duty upon it. The aquatic connexion between their Virgin and the fountain of M—, seemed to the cure above-mentioned an excellent reason for choosing the statue of "Our Lady of La Sallette" for the village monument. The mayor, who is far from partaking in the general superstition objected that the Virgin would be advantageously replaced by any mythological nymph; and the municipal council, whose department it is to decide in such questions, rejected the proposition of the cure. He, notwithstanding, ordered a statue of the Virgin to be sent from a large town in the neighbourhood, which was an encroachment upon the municipal rights; and, worse still, he wanted the municipality to pay for the statue, which would have been a misapplication of the public funds. A lawsuit followed; the cure lost his cause. *In fine*. In one of his public and official discourses, at the moment the wife of one of the principal councillors entered the church, he assaulted her with most virulent and abusive language. Such were the opprobrious and calumnious epithets he made use of in the hearing of all present, that the husband, justly indignant at such conduct, entered an action against the cure, and the Council of State without whose permission no such action can be entered against an ecclesiastic in the exercise of his official functions (and preaching is such), authorised the pursuit; so clear and so evident had been the public scandal. The cure saw that this second lawsuit would entail worse consequences than the first. What did he do then? In spite of twelve witnesses who had heard the cynic slanders he made, he selected amongst his devotees old women, who dared to come before the court to declare that they had *not* heard those slanders; and then the judges had the still great boldness to prefer the testimony of those who had *not* heard, to that of those who *had* heard. The cure enjoyed the triumph of an acquittal dearly bought by the inward reproaches of a burdened conscience; for here remark that the general impression in the village was and still is, that the absolution of the anticipated perjury of the old women was beforehand promised by him who can "loose" and "unloose."

The indignation of the village was such on hearing of the acquittal of the cure, knowing

as they did the shameful cause, that the majority of the inhabitants broke off all communication, they and their families, with the cure and with the Church, saying and feeling intensely, that "a religion which makes use of perjury and lies cannot be a religion of truth." What ensued is very piquant. If not the renewal of a Cælebs in search of a wife, in reminds me of another title, "An Irish gentleman in search of a religion;" for literally some of the principal personages of this village (removed from all means of information as to the existence of Protestantism) were deputed to make inquiry in a large town, if there was no other better religion than a religion of lies. Happily they were directed to good quarters; and eventually the "Societe Centrale," having been made acquainted with the case, instituted an inquiry, in consequence of which I repaired to the village. A colleague accompanied me. We went from house to house, spoke to the people, read and prayed with them, distributing Testaments and tracts, which were eagerly received. But here we meet again the perpetual obstacle in our way,—the want of religious liberty. While the people would tell us that the whole village wished to hear us, and would gladly do so even in the open air, we were obliged to multiply little groups under 20 persons, the number designated by our parsimonious code of spiritual slavery. The consequence was, that after serious and nature deliberation, a petition for a Protestant minister was signed by upwards of 150 heads of families.

Nor is M—— the only place where the spirit of inquiry has been awakened. As we were returning, we had to pass through V——, distant two miles from M——; we were obliged to stop our cabriolet on seeing some people that wished to speak to us.

"Are you not," said they (and here we saw they did not know by what title to designate us), "the gentlemen—the Protestant cures that have been to M——?" "We are ministers of the Word of God," was the reply. "That is it; precisely the thing we want.—Will you be so kind as to come to our house and speak to us?"

We alighted, and went to a house where some people gathered around us. They told us if we were coming to M——, "those of V——" would like very much to know about the new religion. Then a respectable looking elderly woman said it would not be altogether new to them; in confirmation of which she related what follows.

Ten years ago an itinerant shepherd was located for a time in the neighbourhood; he was a Protestant. During his sojourn there, he had a child whom he wished to have baptized, and applied for a pastor who resided at a considerable distance, to come and perform the ceremony. This being made known to the cure, he used such invectives against the Protestants and their religion, that all the parish became very curious to see what sort

of people they were, and to know some more, so that when the pastor arrived to baptize the child, the house, stairs, yard, where the baptism was performed, were crowded. The pastor had been apprised of attack made from the pulpit by the cure; the people were very much struck, first, the pastor prayed in French, whereas he had never heard before any but Latin pray; and secondly, that he prayed for everybody present, for all the village, and then for the cure who had said so much ill of him. This concluded by saying, "Sir, we thought it might be a right religion which returned good for bad, and which prayed for those who were treated—and you are sure to be welcome here."

On my return to Paris, your Committee resolved, notwithstanding an overwhelming deficiency in their treasury, to send, as far as possible, both a minister and a schoolmaster to these interesting localities.

I must reserve for my next communication a fact of most thrilling interest, and quite new on the continent, nothing less than the preaching of the Gospel in a theatre of a large manufacturing town, in the absence of any other accessible locals.—Yours, &c.,

PH. B.

ECCLESIASTICAL ITEMS.

The Rev. Archibald Scott is ordained minister of the East Church, Perth, and the Rev. Walter Waddel, minister of Borthwick, Dalkeith.

A call has been sustained in favor of the Rev. C. F. Stevenson, assistant to the Rev. Dr. Wallace Dumfries, to Stobhall, Dalkeith.

The Rev. John Thomsom, Over-Roxburgh has been elected minister of Saint Mary's, *quod sacra* Hawick.

The Dundee Stipend case has been compromised by the Town Council, with expense paid—a very, very heavy sum indeed.

Inverness—third charge. A list of three persons, Revds. Wm. Stewart, Carronsboro, Mr. Bain, late of Duthill, and Mr. McKenzie, Strathcommon, have been submitted to the Home Secretary, by the congregation, for the appointment to the charge.

The Rev. Robert Edgar, Glencairn, is appointed assistant and successor to the Rev. Mr. Roddick, Graitney.

CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX, 3rd May, 1860.

Which day the Presbytery of Halifax met according to appointment, and was constituted with prayer by the Moderator.

Sederunt: Rev. John Martin, Moderator.

Mr. Messrs. Scott, Boyd and Jardine, Mr. [unclear], and Mr. R. McDonald, Elder.

The Minutes of last ordinary meeting were sustained and ordered to be engrossed. The Session Records of St. Andrews and Matthew's Churches were then produced, and examined by a Committee of Presbytery, approved and ordered to be attested.

The Clerk produced an attested roll of the members of this Presbytery, which was ordered to be transmitted to the Synod Clerk.

The court then took into consideration, the perim act sent down from last meeting of Synod, and the calling and settling of ministers within the bounds of Nova Scotia and E. Island, and the following was their decision. No. 1 agreed to; No. 2 not agreed to; No. 3 agreed to with the following addition after "he shall have preached to said congregation" by appointment of the Presbytery. No. 4, agreed to; No. 5 not agreed to; No. 6 agreed to with the exceptions previously mentioned.

Owing to Mr. Stewart's indisposition, Mr. [unclear] officiated for him on the evening preceding the meeting of Presbytery, and Mr. Stewart was appointed to preach here on the evening of Wednesday, 1st of August.

The Rev. George W. Stewart read a very admirable and encouraging report of his missionary labors at Truro and Musquodoboit, during the last three months, which met with the unanimous and cordial approbation of the members, after which he received the following appointments to preach. At Truro, on Sabbaths, May 6th and 13th; at Musquodoboit, on Sabbaths, May 20th and 27th; at Truro on Sabbath, June 3rd and 10th; at Musquodoboit on Sabbaths, June 17th and 24th; at Truro on Sabbaths, July 1st and 8th, and at Musquodoboit on Sabbaths, July 15th, 22nd and 29th, was enjoined to bring a written report of his labors to next meeting.

Superintendent of Missions reported verbally that he had been fully employed since last meeting of Presbytery.

The Clerk read an application from the Rev. Donald McRae, St. Johns, Newfoundland, soliciting leave of absence, and a substitute to fill his pulpit during said period. The Presbytery, whilst sympathising with Mr. McRae's application for assistance, feel themselves in present circumstances unable to comply with his request, and the Clerk was instructed to send him an extract of this finding.

The congregations within the bounds are enjoined to fill up the statistical and financial returns required by the Synod.

The Superintendent of Missions submitted the first annual report of the Church of Scotland Missionary Association in Nova Scotia, for 1859. The members of the Court having already had an opportunity of perusing this document, are enabled to express a highly favorable opinion of the labors of the Association, and will always be ready and willing

to co-operate with them in providing for the spiritual necessities of the people, and they trust that by their continued exertions they will be instrumental in supporting additional laborers within the bounds of this Presbytery.

It was moved by Mr. Boyd, seconded by Mr. Jardine, that an overture be prepared and transmitted to the Synod, recommending that steps should be taken for the suitable celebration of the Tricentenary of the Reformation from Popery, and the Moderator, Mr. Boyd, and the Clerk were appointed a committee to prepare and transmit said overture. Mr. Martin, Convener.

The next meeting of Presbytery was appointed to be held in this place on the first Thursday of August, being the 2nd day of that month, at 11 o'clock, forenoon. The meeting was closed with prayer.

THOMAS JARDINE, Pres. Clerk.

THE REV. GEO. W. STEWART'S REPORT OF HIS MISSIONARY LABORS IN TRURO AND MUSQUODOBOIT DURING THE MONTHS OF FEBRUARY MARCH AND APRIL.

On Sabbath, the 5th February, I conducted divine worship twice in the Temperance Hall, Truro. In the morning at 11, and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. At the morning diet of worship the attendance was good, but on former occasions I have had better; while in the afternoon, as it is always, ever since I commenced my labors here, was very numerous. I have ever felt great pleasure in this mission, to open up the Scriptures, to expound the cardinal virtues of our most holy faith, and to press home the duties of religion on the attention of so devout and earnest an audience, that here, Sabbath after Sabbath, wait on my ministrations. Next Sabbath, the 11th inst., I went up the North River, and preached at 10 a. m. in the Methodist Chapel, to a very large and attentive congregation. I find the attendance here is daily increasing, although, not a mile distant, there was another meeting for public worship being like ourselves assembled. After service here, I immediately returned to the beautifully situated town of Truro, and at 3 p. m. preached the glad tidings of the Gospel to an exceeding large congregation of apparently deeply impressed hearts.

On my return to Musquodoboit, I, on Sabbath the 19th inst., went down to Meagher's Grant Settlement, to conduct public service. It was with great difficulty I could be there, owing to the state of the roads, great portions of which were covered with drifts of snow to the depth of five or six feet, the conduits were shut up and overflowing with a deluge of water: so much so, that I was under the necessity of finding a passage for the horse and sleigh across fields, in order to get forward to my duty. This was attended with much de-

lay and danger, as I was thrown out of the sleigh over a wreath of snow, and fixed in an overflowing pool of water, by our sleigh coming in contact with a huge and powerful root of a most venerable tree of the forest. I, thanks to Almighty God, escaped without bodily injury, and with nothing more serious than a drenching of my outer garments. I, however, found my passage to the Church, a little after the usual hour of meeting; but no person was there in attendance, and the stove unlit. I therefore directed my course to Mr. Dilmann's, where I found the venerable elder laid up with rheumatic pains in his leg and hand. Having given him some religious consolation, baited my horse, fixed the damage done to the sleigh, and dried my garments, I again ventured out on my return to do duty at Little River, where I found myself in the midst of my juvenile flock, my Sabbath classes, at 2 o'clock p. m. Having heard the exercises of the classes, I, at 3 p. m., conducted divine service to a very large attendance of the congregation that worship here, and therefore went home much fatigued with this day's travels and its incidents.

On Sabbath the 26th inst., I conducted my Sabbath classes at 10, and preached at 11 o'clock a. m., to a very large and interesting audience. I now find it necessary, owing to the great increase of my juvenile class, now numbering forty of both sexes; and in carrying the admirably drawn up scheme of Bible Lessons by the "Halifax Sabbath School Association, in connection with the Church of Scotland," to have these classes convened every Sabbath; and I am happy to report that Mr Thos. Jamieson, a member of, and Clerk to our Church, and an earnest and zealous supporter of our national Zion in this place, has offered his services, and I have, therefore, appointed him our Sabbath School Superintendent; so that I feel much gratified to think that these classes will meet every Lord's day in my absence, while doing duty at Truro. The services being finished at Little River, I again hastened to the Mid-Musquodoboit church, where, at 3 p. m., I preached to a very large and attentive audience.

On Sabbath, the 4th March, I conducted divine service in Truro. At the morning service, I had an average attendance. At 3 o'clock, the same day, I addressed an overflowing congregation, area and gallery, so far as seated, completely occupied—many could not find sittings. Great enlargement of spirit was given me in addressing the audience assembled on "Jesus Christ as the only true way to the Father."

On the morning of Sabbath, the 11th inst., I preached at North River to one of the largest auditories that ever I addressed here. It is truly gratifying to state that this congregation is much interested in my regular visits once a month to them, and their increasing number and attention show that the services

given by your missionary are highly appreciated by them, and that under the divine blessing it is hoped that the "word" sent by him "may be quick and powerful"—"a light to their feet"—leading them to that Jesus Christ is "precious," and that he can save to the uttermost all who come to Him as believing and repenting sinners. After the sermon I dispensed the ordinance of Baptism to a child of Mr. Wm. McLeod, one of the principal supporters and zealous members of our Church here. At the conclusion of divine service, I immediately drove back to Truro, where I again, at 3 o'clock, addressed an exceeding numerous and intelligent congregation. The Hall, as on the Sabbath, was inconveniently crowded with eager listeners, hanging on the lips of the preacher, and it is to be hoped, with saving faith to the souls of not a few then present.

On my return to Musquodoboit, I set out on Sabbath, the 18th inst., for "Grant Settlement," where I conducted divine worship to a large and an attentive congregation. After public worship here I drove back to the Little River school-house, and there conducted the duties of the Sabbath classes, with the able assistance of Mr. Jamieson, the Superintendent. Many pupils were this day enrolled as scholars, in all of whom there was an eager manifestation to repeat their respective tasks correctly, such as their Bible Lessons, their Sabbath tickets of attendance containing a passage of Scripture and the Questions of the Shorter Catechism and cross examination thereon. I have at present in my Catechism class twenty young men and women, whose attendance is, familiarly speaking, very regular. I have put into the hands of each a copy of the late Rev. John Barrie's "Catechetical Instructions for young Communicants;" for which I especially sent to Scotland I would certainly have preferred the late Dr. Andrew Thomson's Catechism of St. George's, Edinburgh, but Mr. Barrie were sent me. And with this excellent compendium of instruction as to the "nature of the Institution of the Holy Communion of the Lord's Supper—Christ's character, and design of his death—of the Nature and Use of the Lord's Supper—of the Elements employed in this Ordinance, and their spiritual signification, &c." in their possession, I hope, with God's blessing, to have a youthful band of well prepared and devoted servants to present to the Lord, at our next Communion. At 3 o'clock p. m. I preached to a large congregation seemingly impressed with the importance of the "one thing needful," the salvation of their souls.

On Sabbath the 29th inst., at the Little River school-house I conducted public worship, after I had conducted the exercises of the Sabbath School and Catechism class. The audience was as large as usual, and very attentive to the truths spoken. My public duties being done here, I again set out to the

Settlement, where I preached to a most respectable congregation. On Saturday I set out for Truro, where I preached in the Temperance Hall, on Sabbath the 1st April, in the morning at 11, and in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. The morning's attendance was very good. The afternoon's meeting was all that a preacher could desire—numbers, attention, and the greatest external decorum. Next Sabbath morning, 8th inst., I again found myself at the Little River, where I conducted public worship to a very large meeting of earnest hearers. The day was very fine, and whilst another congregation was being met for divine service in the neighborhood at the same time, shortly after our meeting, yet I am happy to report that the congregation I addressed was very respectable and attentive, as well as numerous. Public service being finished, I set out for my congregation at Truro. Some time before 3 o'clock not a seat could be had in the Hall, and it was with some difficulty I could find my way to the preaching desk. As this was the largest congregation, I might say, that I ever addressed in Truro. The day was very warm, and many hearers had stood. I earnestly hope that these meetings may, with God's blessing, be promotive of His glory in the conversion of sinners, dead in trespasses and sins," as well as in the confirmation of saints in their most holy faith. At the close of divine service, I read the following intimation: "That a meeting shall take place in Mr. George Gunn's, on Thursday next, at 7 o'clock, of the members and all others friendly to the immediate action of erecting a place of public worship in this town in connection with the Church of Scotland. I hope to report favorably, in my next report of my labors, the result of this meeting. I am led to understand that there is a very general desire, and much sympathy expressed by the Christian public of Truro, that the members of our Church residing here should have a place of worship, and that the necessary expense for which will be cordially and generally assisted by members of other Christian denominations resident in the neighborhood. I have been informed that certain action for this desirable object has already taken place—a site most suitable has been selected—a plan for erection has been executed—stones for its foundation have been laid down—timber for the frame, and lumber for its covering, (the two last gifts most liberally given by members of another denomination, but warm sympathizers in such movement, and not unfrequent attenders in the monthly ministrations of your mission-ry.) So that, with a little pecuniary assistance from the Christian public of the Province, the friends and members of the Church of Scotland, we may augur success, and that shortly, of having a church erected in that beautiful lying and rising town; in which the members of our Church, though few in num-

ber, unblest with much wealth, yet strong in zeal, steadfast in the principles of our national Zion, may worship their God and the God of their fathers; and have no cause for the future "to hang their heads, and sit and weep when they remembered their Zion," by whose ministrations they were devoted in baptism—the Sabbath Schools in which they were taught in early youth—or the ordinances of divine service they frequented, with joy and gladness in their hearts.

Having returned to Musquodoboit, I went to the Grant, on Sabbath 15th inst., where I conducted divine service to a highly numerous congregation. The day was piercingly cold, the roads rough, and the old church not comfortable. Service here being concluded, I set out to the Little River, conducted the duties of my classes, and was ready to preach to the congregation there assembled; but the Rev. Mr. Sedgewick relieved me of this duty, this being the Sabbath he generally preached to those resident here, who are members of his Church at Middle Musquodoboit. I returned home with my eyes much inflamed by the exposure to the cold wind. On Sabbath the 15th instant, I preached at the Little River, after having been engaged for an hour with my classes, at 11 a. m., to a large attendance of our hearers resident in this Settlement. Public service being concluded, I set out on my journey to the Middle Settlement, and conducted public worship at 3 o'clock p. m., in its large church, in which was assembled a very large and attentive audience. And on Sabbath the 29th inst., I conducted divine service at the Little River school-house, at 11 o'clock a. m. The day was warm and brilliant, with a burning tropical sun. Before I had completed the Sabbath class duties, the school-house was crowded to the door with hearers; and at the regular hour for divine service, 11 a. m., temporary seats had to be erected for those who had not secured seats on the stationary forms in the school-house. Besides, many who could not get admission to the house, had to accommodate themselves in the best way they could without. On this occasion some of the hearers had come a distance of 12 miles to worship here. This family have, I understand, secured a pew in our new Church. This day I gave a full diet of divine service, having no service to discharge either at the Grant or Mid-Musquodoboit Settlement. I need hardly say but that the congregation was large, attentive, interestingly engaged during the entire services.

Thus, in the fulfilling of the Presbytery's appointment, during these last three months I have travelled, both by rail and wagon, no less than 363 miles, in snow, frost, and rain, in warm, bleak, and cold weather; conducted divine service in five different and separate congregations; delivered, during this quarter 20 discourses and expositions on the Scriptures, and taught and superintended the ex-

ercises of 300 Sabbath scholars; whilst during which period I have been laboring under a severe and painful infliction in my eyes.

I would also take the present opportunity, and in this public manner, of tendering my grateful thanks, and those of my Sabbath class, to the Committee of the Nova Scotia Bible Society in Halifax, for their handsome donation of three dozen of copies of the Sacred Scriptures, by the hands of S. L. Shannon, Esq., their Secretary, and also to the teachers of St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, for their liberal present of books for our Sabbath School Library; and should this meet the eyes of the generous Christian public of this Province, any pecuniary aid or donation of books will be thankfully and gratefully received, to enlarge the Sabbath School Library of St. Andrew's Church, at Little River, Musquodoboit.

I cannot conclude this Report without drawing the attention of the members of Presbytery to the moral and spiritual machinery now in action, and the effects of the labors of your missionary at the Little River Settlement, Musquodoboit. Nine months ago, I found a church in its frame-work; that erection has now been completed, with the exception of its internal painting, so that in the course of next month, I shall have the privilege of opening it for Divine worship. It will accommodate over 400 hearers. Its pews have all been sold, with the exception of three or four; leaving a small debt to be paid by subscription or donation, to the amount of £20 or £30 for its internal painting, fencing church-yard, gates, and communion vessels and baptismal font. I found no regular or systematic tuition, in the Sacred Scriptures and explanation of the Shorter Catechism, that excellent compendium of our Church's doctrines, for the rising generation of the resident settlers here. Shortly after my coming, I commenced a Sabbath class numbering 20 pupils—now we have 50 scholars, regular in attendance, so far as the weather and other providential causes would permit—20 young men and women are preparing themselves to become members of the Church—a Superintendent and an active staff of Sabbath School teachers—a Sabbath School Library established, containing 129 volumes, 75 of which I have given myself, so that a desire to read may be formed and kept up, and that of works, juvenile, no doubt, in their character, but religious in their tendency. During the whole of last winter we had lectures delivered once a month in the school-house, on various subjects of practical importance, such as "Home Education," "School Education," "How to read, and what books we should read," "The improvement of the present times compared with that of the ancients," "Readings on Palestine, and the fulfillment of ancient prophecies respecting the Jews," &c. These lectures have all been well attended, and we intend carrying them on

during the summer months. We have regularly Divine worship during every two Sabbaths of each month, while formerly, and partially, it was once a month. And a Sabbath class meets every Sabbath, either when I am here, or necessarily absent on duty.

When we look on both sides of this picture, what good cause have we to thank the Almighty God for our success in our labors, and may we, from what has already been accomplished, take courage and go on to higher and greater achievements, not merely in the external moral machinery, but in living spiritual trophies of the power of God's grace in the souls of young and old. How gratifying must this be to all who desire the extension of the means of grace, more especially in places where none were ever previously exerted before. But surely it may be most pleasing, especially to our venerable father, the Superintendent of Missions, to see that his labors have not been in vain for here, where he so often labored, there has been erected a spiritual watch-tower, in which a large and increasing congregation will worship, and where, by the zeal and anxiety of faithful ambassadors of the Lord Jesus Christ, not a few of them may be found, by God's blessing, at the great assizes, clothed in the robes of their Saviour's imputed righteousness.

GEO. W. STEWART.

May 1st, 1860, Little River, }
Musquodoboit. }

THE JEWISH MISSION.

By referring to the proceedings of the Synod at its last meeting, as published in the pages of the *Monthly Record* for the month of August, 1859, our readers will perceive that the scheme set on foot by the brethren in Canada, of sending and supporting a missionary to the Jews, has been adopted by the Church in the Lower Provinces.

Collections in aid of the above missionary scheme are appointed to be made in our congregations on the third Sabbath of June.

Under the sanction and authority of the branch of our Church in Canada, a missionary of approved zeal and ability has been sent to European Turkey. The locality of scene of his labors *meanwhile* to be Salonica (Thessalonica) where there are thousands of Jews, besides many of other "peoples and languages," who need to be taught the great doctrines of the "oracles of God."

The person who has been sent forth as the first Jewish missionary from our Church in British North America, is Dr. Epstein, himself of the nation of Israel, and a physician as well as an ordained minister of the gospel. He has some time since arrived with his family at his destination; and according to recent accounts is busy at his work, more especially in acquiring some knowledge of those lan-

ages which in his circumstances, seem requisite for the adequate exercise of his ministry. Many our readers had opportunity of seeing Dr. Epstein preach, when on his visit to this province last summer. From some appearances, as well as from his addresses at the Synod, and published in the *Record* for August last—but one opinion, we believe, will be formed as to the apparent fitness of Dr. Epstein, for the work to which he has been designed.

Much might be said as to our obligations, and the motives which should animate us, in doing what we can in the support of this individual scheme. Look at the circumstances of the case. The mission is but at its commencement—that of itself is a critical and anxious state, and demands the very reverse of anything like tardy action. Had the missionary any reason for believing, that he was encouraged to devote himself to the work, by any promises and action of ours, when on his visit amongst us? If so, we are *so far* under moral obligation to sustain him, in the great and good work. The finances of the mission are at present inadequate to meet the necessary demand of missionary's salary, &c. This arises chiefly from the additional outlay which is inseparable from the setting on foot of a new and untried mission,—which this is to the Church in British North America.

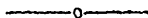
Let our congregations and people, then, in Nova Scotia and P. E. Island, give to this mission a cordial and liberal pecuniary support—let them give their prayers, that the God of Israel may be a mouth and witness to the missionary in his teaching, and exhorting his kinsmen after the flesh, and let us regard the countenancing and supporting of such a high and noble cause, not merely as a duty—a work laid upon us, but also as a great and glorious privilege.

Much too, might be said why the Jewish people should have a peculiarly prominent place in the labors and prayers of the Church of Christ. Whether we contemplate this people in all the varied fortunes of their past history—in their present interesting, social, and moral position among the nations—or as prophetically delineated in the future—most assuredly, we must perceive, that God's hand reserves them with peculiar care, and God's eye regards them with tender regard. "They are beloved for their father's sake." "I am jealous for Jerusalem, and for Zion, with a great jealousy; and I am more displeased with the heathen that are at ease, for I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction." God has called our attention to this people, by revealing that in the latter days, they are to exercise a most powerful influence over the Gentile nations of the earth." "If the fall of them be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fulness?" "For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what

shall the receiving be, but life from the dead?" There is then no other people to whom we owe so much. It is through them that our knowledge of divine things has been communicated to us—of them after the adorable Redeemer—and in their future history is wrapped the glorious jubilee of an awakened and ransomed Church. Let us then, endeavor to give back to God's ancient people that knowledge we have gotten from them, so that "through our mercy they may obtain mercy."

In name and by appointment of Synod,

GEORGE BOYD.



YOUNG NOVA SCOTIA AT THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

It has often been the subject of remark that Nova Scotians distinguish themselves every where but at home. We have an Inglis and a Williams in the army—a Williams and a Belcher in the navy—a Haliburton in the imperial parliament—a Cunard in the commercial world—and hundreds, we might we believe, say thousands, in different parts of the world, holding situations of importance and respectability, who found it difficult to make any headway at home. It is not our intention to stop, at present to enquire into the rationale of this, but to state that one distinction more, higher perhaps, at all events, far more interesting and important to the rising generation, has fallen to her lot. We are happy to say that that proud distinction has been won in the halls of one of the oldest and most famous universities in the world, the university of Glasgow, in the face of competition of no ordinary kind. When we mention that the number of students attending that university averages about 1200, from every quarter of the globe, our readers will at once perceive, that these honors must be hardly contested, and that no ordinary amount of credit is due to those youths who have thus so highly distinguished themselves and shed no mean lustre on their native land. Besides, the honors carried off, have in several instances been the very highest that the college had to bestow, and this fact alone, is full of promise for the future. We have no wish to appear invidious, but surely we may congratulate ourselves with a pardonable feeling, if not of pride at least of gratitude, that these young alumni, all belong to our own beloved Church, that full of zeal as well as of accomplishments four of them in all likelihood will be among us in six or seven months, giving to their native land and this corner of our Lord's vineyard the benefit of their energy and mental culture. We believe that offers and inducements of no ordinary kind have already been held out to more than one of them, in Scotland, but that they have one and all resolved to come to Nova Scotia. This fact speaks volumes; it shows that they are men of the true metal, and we hope and trust that

their arrival on these shores will be the inauguration of a new era of spiritual life and prosperity to the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia—a feeling we are sure in which every one of our readers fully shares.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following list of names, and prizes awarded to Nova Scotians on the first of May, in the Hall of Glasgow University.

1st. The University Silver Medal, to Simon McGregor, A. M., Nova Scotia, for the best "Essay on the Principles of the interpretation of Prophecy.

2nd. The Rae Wilson Gold Medal, for the best "Essay on the Pentecostal gift of tongues" to Simon McGregor, A. M., Nova Scotia.

3rd. Twenty Guinea Prize given by the late Lord Rector for the best "Essay on the relations of critical, systematic, and historical Theology, G. M. Grant, A. M., Nova Scotia.

4th. For the best "Essay on the nature and use of Types," in the Old Testament, S. McGregor, A. M., Nova Scotia.

5th. Superiority in competitive trials in translating orally, portions of Calvin's Institutes, G. M. Grant, Nova Scotia.

6th. Best profession in Hebrew, by Students of last year's Senior class, John Cameron, A. M., Nova Scotia.

7th. Best "Essay on the theory of Romanism and theory of Protestantism." George M. Grant, A. M., Simon McGregor, A. M. equal.

8th. Ecclesiastical History. Best Answers during Session, Simon McGregor, A. M., N. Scotia.

9th. Anatomy (2nd prize,) Reuben Gross, New Brunswick.

10th. Certificate of Merit, (1st on list,) William Fraser, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

We understand that the Juniors who went home last year, although they have not carried any positive honors, have acquitted themselves in a manner highly satisfactory to their professors, and promise in future years to maintain the credit of Nova Scotia in Glasgow University.

PRESENTATION.

We are gratified to understand, that last week the wife of the Rev. Wm Donald, A. M., was presented by the unmarried portion of St. Andrew's Church congregation, with a very valuable and ornamental sewing machine, from the firm of Grover & Baker. The presentation was accompanied with the following note—"Our minister's wife is requested to accept this sewing machine, with the best wishes of her unmarried friends."—Signed by over eighty ladies and gentlemen. We know not a more sensible or useful present for any lady with a large family, and trust, that other "ministers' wives" may be surprised by similar marks of good will and friendly feeling on the part of their "unmarried friends" in the respective congregations of our city.—*St. John's Presbyterian.*

REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

We mentioned, in our Review of last month, that spring had set in at an earlier date than for many years past; but although the month of March was one of almost unparalleled mildness, April has been, upon the whole raw and cold, while the month of May has been unusually backward. The country has been suffering severely from want of rain and fires have been raging in the woods to an alarming extent in many portions of the Province, destroying much valuable timber and a good deal of other property. We have however, had lately some refreshing rain, and have now every prospect of a good agricultural season.

The Legislature has been prorogued after having sat to a later period than usual, but no law has been passed; or indeed, business of any provincial importance, so far as we are aware, has been transacted. £2900 have been granted in aid of the volunteer movement, and also such sum as the Government may deem requisite for preparation for the visit of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. Our readers will be rejoiced to observe from the very interesting Report of our missionary, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, that new places of worship, Truro and Musquodoboit, are about to be opened in connection with our Church, a result, we believe, brought about in a great measure by the zeal and diligence of this faithful missionary.

The Church in Canada appears to be increasing in earnestness and prosperity. She is prosecuting her new Home Mission scheme with zeal, and considerable success; and we observe from the *Presbyterian* of last month that the Lay Association has expended last year £400 for religious and educational objects. We wish this excellent Society increased and increasing success. We are particularly pleased to observe that in the distribution of prizes at Queen's College, Nova Scotian youth have acquitted themselves with credit, Messrs. McMillan, McQuarrie and Gordon, from the County of Pictou, having taken honors, one or two of them the highest, in their respective classes. All these young men, we believe, are from the same district, Scotch Hill, and their position and success at College reflects much credit upon the ability and diligence of their teacher, Mr. Fraser of that place, who proves that he is worthy of occupying a better position than Scotch Hill can afford him.

On turning to the United States we do not see much calling for comment. This Confederation has within it a vast amount of good, and has been, and is now, doing much in behalf of the Gospel in the different portions of the globe; but mis-rule and corruption seem to be gnawing at the heart, and that accursed institution, slavery, threatens in no long time to rend her in pieces. Contest for the President's chair is now an all-engrossing object, and will, perhaps

the most exciting, and in its results, the most important that has yet taken place. Should the Republican party succeed, as there is no prospect of their doing, an irrecoverable blow will have been dealt to slavery.

The affairs of Mexico are in a most deplorable state, and the horrors that one reads of, very now and then being perpetrated in that happy country, prove that all government and civil organization are at an end, and the honor it is taken by some Christian power, is better for itself and the cause of civilization.

At home, as we colonists still love to call our mother country, we hear no complaint of illness in trade, but rather the reverse. The income of Great Britain during the last financial year being £71,000,000, her expenditure being something less. There is, notwithstanding the enormous increase of taxation, an almost universal desire still further to strengthen the navy, and it is almost wonderful to observe the alacrity with which taxation is submitted to for that object. The volunteer excitement is still kept up, and 84,000 men have been enrolled.

In Scotland, the Tricentenary of the Reformation is to be observed, during the month of August, with great eclat, by the various protestant bodies in that country, and we trust that something will be done in that direction in this place by our own Church. That a mighty stride in the direction of truth has been taken within the last 300 years. Could Luther and Knox arise from their graves, we think that even they would be astonished. Let us have a celebration on a never small a scale.

We believe it is now understood that the Prince of Wales will visit this country sometime during the month of July—the hottest season of the year.

Mrs. Jamieson, the distinguished author, is dead.

The incident which has created by far the greatest excitement on both sides of the Atlantic, during the past month, has been a fearful pugilistic contest between an American named Heenan, and an Englishman of the name of Sayers. Our only reason for alluding to this brutalizing encounter, is to express our surprise at the great and almost universal interest it excited in almost every class of society. Newspapers of respectability, and the highest status, even the Times, were carried into the general vortex, and catered to the public craving for every morsel of information about this really disgraceful affair. We fear that the sympathy and admiration accorded to Sayers will be productive of the worst possible results, and for some time give countenance and impetus to what we had believed to be finally and forever banished to the class of ordinary ruffianism. We trust that prize fighting will never again be permitted to hold up its head in England.

Another of those fearful frauds which star-

tle the society every now and then, and bring rascality to light where least expected, has been detected in London. A clerk belonging to the Union Bank of London, has been discovered to have robbed his employers of the almost fabulous sum of between 200 and 300 thousand pounds, by means of a forged pass-book. The name of this great criminal is Pullinger, and when we consider the amount of individual wretchedness such a man entails on a community, nationally, socially and morally, it is difficult to conceive what ought to be considered an adequate punishment. Of all criminals, a betrayer of trust is the greatest criminal.

We have the prospect before us of another great Exhibition in 1862, which, from the persons who have taken it in hand, will probably be even more successful and on a larger scale than that of 1851—great and successful as that was. More than £180,000 of a guarantee have been already subscribed, Prince Albert giving £10,000, and as soon as it has reached £250,000, arrangements will be entered upon and preparations begun. In 1862, the heir to the British Crown will be of age, and will very properly inaugurate an undertaking—so purely national and international.

On the 17th of last month, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, met in Edinburgh, and we hope to be able in our next number to give a somewhat extended summary of their proceedings. The case involving the greatest interest, and beyond a doubt the most important principle will be, what has been called the Scoonie Case, and we trust that in their deliberations on this subject, this great ecclesiastical convocation, will look steadily and with a single eye to the welfare of the Church rather than the interest or feelings of any individual or individuals whatever.

In looking at continental politics, we see something to rejoice and not a little to grieve at. The annexation of Savoy to France, has taken place with the almost universal consent of the people. At least, so say the continental journals, but in our opinion, the form of universal suffrage taken as it was, was little more than a form, and cannot be relied on as any real indication of the wishes of the people.

Peace has been concluded between Spain and Morocco. A double insurrection broke out in Spain and Sicily. The former, a most ill-advised affair, was quelled almost at once, and its nominal leader, the Count de Montemolin, the head of the Carlist party taken prisoner. It is gratifying to observe that the Spanish Government, in this instance has acted with great wisdom and moderation, having granted the Count his life and liberty on condition of renouncing all claim to the crown and leaving the kingdom. How much better and more effectual this will be than hanging and quartering. There will not likely be any more Carlist risings. The Sicilian insurrec-

tion has been a much more lamentable affair and has been attended with much bloodshed. Sicily is perhaps the worst governed country in Europe, but we have reason to fear that this unhappy rising was prompted by Sardinian agency, from no higher motive than to annex that fine Island to the already powerful kingdom of Sardinia, and thus raise it to a first class power.

Affairs at Rome have not much improved since last month. The Pope's excommunication has had little effect, and indeed has attracted very little attention. How changed from the dark ages of the Church, when no one dared to harbor for an hour, or give even a crust of bread to the excommunicated on pain of present and everlasting death.

In Austria, matters are in a very bad state indeed. Enormous frauds in which some of the very highest personages in the empire are involved, have been brought to light, and the Emperor is punishing with a severity verging on cruelty. Baron Bruck, the great minister of finance, has anticipated dishonor, by committing suicide. Strange, that dishonesty should have such temptations, that to enjoy an ideal and precarious greatness, men will live a life of increasing anxiety, ending generally with a death of shame.

France and Great Britain have made a formal and energetic demand upon Turkey, for compensation to the extent of £125,000 sterling, on account of the massacre at Djedda, and it will doubtless teach a salutary lesson to these intolerant fanatics.

We regret to observe that matters are in a very unsatisfactory state in Japan, so far as commercial relations with foreigners are concerned. Several murders of Europeans have taken place apparently without cause, and the bad feeling seems on the increase. Firmness as well as moderation is required in all dealings with Asiatics and Japanese are no exception.

Great hopes are entertained that the Chinese will listen to reason, and that the parties will not come to blows. The English and French commissioners have both left for the East but do not expect to be obliged to go farther than Suez where they will wait for an answer to their demands. Should these be unfavorable, hostilities will commence at once, for which it is said the Chinese have made extraordinary preparations.

We omitted to mention in its proper place, the death of Dr. Balfour, the father of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, at the advanced age of 83. We will probably have something to say of the labors of this aged minister of Christ in a future number.

JUVENILE PRESBYTERIAN.

We are glad to find that the *Juvenile Presbyterian*, a small missionary Record, having the same object in view as the *Child's Paper*,

published by the American Tract Society, has found its way to several of our Sabbath schools, and we should be glad to see it not only generally but universally adopted. In the first place it is very neatly got up, its contents are varied and interesting—well calculated to awaken within the young mind, a love of things spiritual, and above all an interest in Christian missions. Its illustrations are very fair, and it is very cheap, 25 copies for £1 each, per annum. What ought to be its warmest recommendation, however, seeing that it possesses so many other good qualities, that it is issued by our own Church, and contains missionary information bearing chiefly on our own efforts at home and abroad. We have much pleasure in recommending it to the different congregations within our Synod.

APPROACHING MEETING OF SYNOD.

The meeting of our Synod will be held this year in the town of Pictou on the Wednesday of the present month. Should all attend, there will be present 18 ministers and nearly as many elders, exclusive of deputations from other Synods. We intended to devote an article to this important subject but circumstances have prevented us. We can only express our hope that all their proceedings will be characterised by that dignity of demeanor, and solemnity of manner becoming our highest Church Court, and that much will be done, calculated to advance the Redeemer's kingdom both at home and abroad.

LAY ASSOCIATION.

1860.	
Feb. 1, By New Glasgow cong.,	£7 11
22, By West Branch E. River,	5 4
Mar. 3, By East Branch E. River,	8 16
Apr. 30, By New Glasgow cong.,	8 5
Feb. 3, By Pictou Town,	4 1
“ By East end Pictou,	1 10
Mar. 7, By East end Carriboo,	0 6
14, By West Branch River John,	9 4
31, By West end Carriboo,	0 5
“ By Carriboo Island,	0 7
Apr. 9, By West end Carriboo,	0 7
19, By Cape John,	3 1
21, By Scotch Hill,	0 16
May 4, By Pictou Town,	1 18

JAS. FRASER, Treas.
New Glasgow, 22nd May, 1860.

INDIA MISSION.

Collection St. Andrew's Church,
Pictou, £5 10

WM. GORDON,
Treas.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Convulsive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

Disorders of the pulmonary organs are so prevalent so fatal in our ever-changing climate, that a remedial agent has been long and anxiously sought for by the whole community. The indispensable quality of such a remedy for popular use must be, correctness of healthy operation, absence of danger from liberal over-doses, and adaptation to every patient of every age or either sex. These conditions have been realized in this preparation which, while it reaches the foundations of disease and acts with unflinching certainty, is still harmless to the most delicate and tender infant. A trial of many years has proved to the world that it is efficacious in curing pulmonary complaints, beyond any remedy hitherto known or ranked. As time makes these facts wider and more known, this medicine has gradually become a necessity, from the log cabin of the American settler to the palaces of European kings. Throughout this entire country, in every state, city, and in almost every hamlet it contains, the *Cherry Pectoral* is known by its works. Each has living evidence of its unrivalled usefulness, in some recoveries, or victims, from the threatening symptoms of consumption. Although this is not true to so great an extent abroad, still the article is well understood in many foreign countries, to be the best medicine extant for distempers of the respiratory organs. In several of them it is extensively used by their most intelligent physicians. In Great Britain, France, Germany, where the medical sciences have reached their highest perfection, *Cherry Pectoral* is introduced, and in constant use in the armies, hospitals, almshouses, public institutions, and in domestic practice, as the surest remedy their attending physicians employ for the more dangerous affections of the chest. Thousands of cases of pulmonary disease, which had baffled every expedient of human skill, have been permanently cured by the *Cherry Pectoral*, and these cures speak convincingly to all who know it.

SCROFULA, OR KING'S EVIL,

A constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, in which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No man is free from its attacks, nor is there one which may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the pressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in its constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, seems to be the rod of Himm who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." Its effects commence by deposition from the blood corruption or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions, sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by its taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidney, brain, and blood, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

ONE QUARTER OF ALL OUR PEOPLE are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it.

cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as *Eruptive and Skin Diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pastules, Blotches, Blains and Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Debility, and, indeed, all Complaints arising from Vitiated or Impure Blood.* The popular belief in "IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Dr. J. B. S. Channing, of New York city, writes: "I most cheerfully comply with the request of your agent in saying I have found your Sarsaparilla a most excellent alternative in the numerous complaints for which we employ such a remedy, but especially in *Female Diseases of the Scrofulous diathesis.* I have cured many inveterate cases of Leucorrhoea by it, and some where the complaint was caused by *ulceration of the uterus.* The ulceration itself was soon cured. Nothing within my knowledge equals it for the female derangements."

Dr. Robert M. Preble writes from Salem, N. Y., 12th Sept., 1859, that he has cured an inveterate case of *Dropsy*, which threatened to terminate fatally, by the persevering use of our Sarsaparilla, and also a dangerous attack of *Malignant Erysipelas* by large doses of the same; says he cures the common *Erysipelas Eruption* by it constantly.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS

FOR THE CURE OF

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a foul Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, and Pain arising therefrom. Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcerous and Cutaneous Diseases which require an evacuant Medicine, Scrofula or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many Complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach: such as *Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout and other kindred Complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.*

These Pills have been prepared to supply a safer, and every way better purgative medicine than has hitherto been available to the American people. No cost or toil has been spared in bringing them to the state of perfection which now, after some years of patient, laborious investigation, is actually realized. Their every part and property has been carefully adjusted by experiment to produce the best effect which, in the present state of the medical sciences, it is possible to produce on the animal economy of man. To secure the utmost benefit, without the disadvantages which follow the use of common cathartics, the curative virtues alone of medicines are employed in their composition, and so combined as to insure their equal uniform action on every portion of the alimentary canal. Sold by Morton & Cogswell, Halifax; W. R. Watson, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; E. P. Archbold, Sydney, C. B.; and at retail by druggists and merchants in every section of the country.

1860.

JAMES McPHERSON,

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Wholesale and Retail dealer in *Writing, Drawing, Printing, Packing and Sheathing PAPERS, &c., &c.*

Books and General Stationery,
BLANK BOOKS OF ALL KINDS, LOG
BOOKS, CHARTS, MATHEMATICAL
INSTRUMENTS, PAPER HANGINGS,
PAPER MACHIE GOODS, &c.

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Old Stand, Water Street, Pictou, N. S.

☞ Prompt attention to all orders. A liberal discount allowed to wholesale purchasers.

JAMES PATTERSON,

Has removed his place of business to the large shop next door to Mr. James Hislop, where he will keep on sale a superior stock of

Books & Stationery Paper Hangings & Seeds.

In addition to the above, he has also just received a full supply of *FAMILY GROCERIES*, all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices.
Pictou, June 1st, 1860.

G. E. Morton & Co.

MORTON'S MEDICAL WAREHOUSE,
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

ESTABLISHED 1842.] [RENOVATED 1854.

Dealers in Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Periodicals, and Books.

Agents for "The Illustrated News of the World," and all the principal London Newspapers.

☞ Proprietary Articles received and supplied on consignment, and Provincial Agencies Established for their Sale.

James Hislop,

Water Street, Pictou, N. S.,

Has a large and well-assorted stock of *DRY GOODS*. Ready-made *CLOTHING, &c.*, always on hand, which are offered at low prices for ready payment. Also, *Tea, Sugar, &c.*

Dry Goods, Groceries, etc.

THE subscriber keep on hand the usual assortment of *DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, &c.*
Pictou, Jan. 12, 1859. W. GORDON.

Ship Chandlery and Provision Store,

Royal Oak corner, Pictou, N. S.

SHIPS' ORDERS put up with promptitude and care. *Money Advanced;* Bills taken on the owners.
MALCOLM CAMPBELL.

Samuel Gray,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

Corner of Hollis and Sackville Streets,

OPPOSITE J. D. NASH'S VARIETY STORE,
HALIFAX, N. S.

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ST. JOHN'S AND HARBOR GR
NEWFOUNDLAND.

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chants, *Manchester.*

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MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER

Orders from the country punctually attended to. Clergymen's and Lawyer's Gowns made in the most modern style.

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AGENT FOR

Eagle Life Insurance Company of London,
Etna Insurance Company,
Hartford Fire Insurance Co., } Hartford
Phoenix Insurance Company, } Conn
Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. Co., }
Home Insurance Company of New York.

Card.

DR. WM. E. COOKE has resumed the practice of his profession in the town of Pictou. Residence at the house in *George Street*, near the corner, formerly occupied by the late Mrs. William Brown. Pictou, January, 1859.

Doull & Miller,

Wholesale Importers and Dealers in
BRITISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN
GOODS, GERMAN CLOTHS AND
HOSIERY, SWISS WATCHES.

Halifax, N. S.

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IMPORTERS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN
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A large and well-assorted stock of *Dry Goods* ready-made *Clothing, &c.*, always on hand, and offered to wholesale dealers at low prices for approved credit.