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THE MONTHLY RECORD

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"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning." — PSALM CXXXVII. 5.

THE EYE OF HEAVEN.



YEARS an' years ago, an' yet it's a' cam' bac' — the owre-coming o' my first great temptation.

It happened ane August nicht, i' the simmer o' '46. I was then but a bit o' a lad, the puirest i' a' the bra' toon o' Edinbro'. Wi' twa gude han's, but findin' nae work to busy them. Needin' siller sair, yet wi' sma' chance o' earnin' a saxpence.

An' recht i' the midst o' it a' I was brocht face to face wi' my ane temptation. It was nine by the toon-clock, an' I was slowly ploddin' hameward, after a day's vain search for honest labor. Steppin' into Heigh street, wi' the gude fu' moon for guide, I saw that some-thin' brecht and shinin' lay juist ahead. Nae mon was i' sight, an' I raised the treasure quickly. It proved a fine geld watch. An' its measured tick, tick seem'd sayin', "Findin's keepin'; findin's keepin'!"

Lost by anither, but foun' by my lucky sel', Tam Ayrshire. Keep it? Ay, that I wud! But ainly until I cud change it for siller, wi' which to buy bread an' meat for mither. She had lang been sick at hame, an' this wad bring her comfort. None had seen me fin' the watch, an' it was mine indeed. But juist then, for a wonder, I lookt up, an' recht aboon was the roun' moon lookin' upon me. Mither ca'd it the "e'e o' heaven." If that was true, heaven had witnessed my theft, for it wadna be mickle less i' the sight o' God.

I lookt the time-piece owre wi' mony mis-givin's. Engraved on its bac' was the owner's name, Douglas Dunblain. An' I kenned at ance he was Maister Dunblain, the banker.

Shud I gie him bac' his property? Nae, I cudna, for ivry simmer the great mon was miles an' miles frae toon i' his bra' country house. But the brecht moon, "e'e o' heaven," lookt doon reprov'in', an' the voice o' conscience said, "Maister Dunblain is still in Edinbro.' Be a' honest lad, Tam Ayrshire, an' you'll fin' him as easy as you hae foun' his watch.

But I startit off to hame and mither. She shud hear my story, an' help me to do the recht.

A gude ha'f-hour's walk brock. Iae to her sma' cot i' the heather. She was singin', and the words cam' sweet and clear:

"While my spirit wi'in me is prest
Wi' sorrow, temptation an' fear,
Like John, I wad flee to thy breast,
An' pour my complaints i' thine ear."

I crept to her bedside, wi' a kiss. "Mither. I too am tempted!"

She caught my ootstretched han' i' tender clasp. "Som'thin' has happened, laddie! Tell me a' boot it!"

Sae, for answer, I laid Maister Dunblain's time-piece on the bed.

"You didna steal it, Tam?"

"Nae, mither, but I am sair tempted to keep the bauble. The price o' it wad save us baith frae hunger, for mony a morn. I foun' it i' Heigh street, an' it b'longs to Maister Dunblain, for his nam's on the case."

"Then you maun return it, lad! It's true we hae naething to eat, but we'll hope for better things on the merra. Ane o' my precious verses says: 'Unto the upright ariseth light i' the darkness.' An' it's sure to come at las'! Tam, puir laddie, dinna doot it!"

But I sank doon i' the auld rocker, weak wi'

trudging. "I canna see licht aheid, mith'er!" I cried. "It's a' been dark sin' fayther's death, an' the Fayther aboon has forgot us."

But mith'er again broke oot i' singiu' :

"Sin a' that we meet,
Sha' work for oor gude,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food,
Though painfu' at present,
'Twill end before lang,
An' then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's sang!"

I kisst her thin face, an' stroked her fas' turnin' hair. "Mith'er," I whispert, "it was ainly the e'e o' heaven lookin' down that kept me frae changin' this watch for bread. We'll juist trust on, an' the gude Laird may provide for us yet."

Sae, supperless, we sune fell asleep. But I heerd mith'er prayin' whan cam' the mornin' licht. "Fayther," she breathed, soft an' low, "help my laddie to be honest. Gi'e him grace to return the time-piece he has foun'. An' pit som' work into his willin' han's, that he may thereby ern oor bread."

An' that prayer was answered afore the set o' sun. After a bit o' breakfast, sent i' by a neebor amais't as pair as oorsel's, I startit for the toon i' search o' Maister Dunblain.

"Do recht for recht's sake," said mith'er, at pairtin', "an' dinna hope for reward."

When I reacht the great Dunblain Bankin' Hoose, Maister Dunblain himsel' was standin' on the broad stane steps wi' a group o' friends. He was juist tellin' them aboot his loss, for I caught the words "watch," "las' e'en," an' "gone for gude." Wi' that I steppt up wi' a courtesy, an' the sma' crowd pairted. "Maister Dunblain," I said, bould i' a recht cause, "I hae brocht bac' your missin' time-piece. I foun' it i' Heigh street." He took it fras my han' wi' a bow an' smile. "I didna suppose the toon held a lad honest enuff to return it," he cried, though his merry tone belied his sarcastic speech. An' then he tuk me into his ain private office for further spierin. "Where did I live?" "Had I friends?" "Was I oot o' wark?"—an' the like. An' sae I told him the whole story—pair mith'er's and mine. How sairly we needed bread, an' how I was tempted to get it wi' the price o' his watch. When I had finisht, he pit his great kind han' doon i' his pocket, an' drew oot a shining geld guinea. "Tak' it," he said, "it is the reward o' honesty. Com' again to-morra, an' you sha' hae a place i' the bank. I was a pair lad ance mysel', an' I like to len' a helpin' han'."

Weel, aifter that, there waur nae mair dark days for mith'er and me. The licht cam', as

she kenned it wad. I staid wi' Maister Dunblain until his death, though advancin' year by year from post to post.

I am a rich mon uoo mysel', an' sin' that August night the moon, e'e o' heaven, has seen i' Tam Ayrshire an honest ane.

An' my greatest reward cam' las', for, juist afore he died, gude Maister Douglas placed i' my keepiu' the han' an' heert o' his ainly bairn, sweet Jeanie Dunblain.—*Observer*.

APOSTOLIC STUDIES, ON THE PRIMITIVE OR INFANT CHURCH OF CHRIST.

(19.) VISION OF CORNELIUS : Acts 10 : 1-8.

THIS chapter records a great turning-point in the history of the Infant Church, thereby fulfilling what Jesus said in John 10 : 16 : "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." Christ had taught the same principle time and again, but which the Apostles did not seem to comprehend. Gentiles, it is true, had been admitted to the Church on the condition that they should strictly conform to Jewish rites. Gentiles, without coming under the Jewish yoke, were now to be received into the Christian fold, the middle wall of partition being removed. See Ephesians 2 : 14.

The conversion of Cornelius the Centurion is narrated in this chapter. He was a Gentile, a devout man, charitable, and given to much prayer. He belonged to a noble and distinguished family at Rome. He is reckoned by Julian the Apostate as one of the few persons of distinction who embraced Christianity. He was a centurion or commander of one hundred men in the Roman army, consisting chiefly of Italian soldiers stationed at Cæsarea. There were two important towns in Palestine of the name of Cæsarea, in compliment to Roman Emperors : one called Cæsarea Palestina, where Cornelius lived, being the usual residence of the Procurators or Governors of Judea, as it was at that time the Roman capital of Palestine, on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea. It is the scene of several interesting circumstances described in the New Testament, such as the conversion of Cornelius in this chapter, the first-fruits of the Gentiles; the residence of I'hilip, (see 21 : 8); the journey thither of St. Paul, and his pleadings before Felix, Festus and Agrippa, (see Acts 24th,

25th and 26th chapters.) It was here also that Herod Agrippa was smitten of God and died, (see 12 : 21, 23.) This once famous seaport is now desolate and in ruins.

The other *Cæsarea*, situate between Palestine and Syria, near Mount Lebanon, being much enlarged and beautified by Philip the Tetrarch, or Governor of that Province, to distinguish it from the other, was called *Cæsarea Philippi*. It also is gone down, and has become a paltry and insignificant village.

The remarkable circumstances connected with the vision of Cornelius are plainly and forcibly related in this chapter. While in prayer at the ninth hour of the day, (about three o'clock), he beheld, in waking vision, an angel of God, who declared that his prayers and alms had come up for a memorial before God, and directed him to send to Joppa (about thirty-five miles distant) for Peter, who was then living at the house of one Simon, a tanner. Cornelius sent, accordingly; and when his messengers had nearly reached Joppa, Peter was prepared (by the symbolical revelation of a noon-day vision) to understand that nothing which God had cleansed was to be regarded as common or unclean.

After Peter had received and heard the messengers, he and other brethren, on the next day, went away with them to *Cæsarea*.

(20.) THE GENTILES CALLED :—Acts 10 : 9-48.

Upon the arrival of Peter, accompanied by six of his brethren, at *Cæsarea*, they found Cornelius waiting for them, with his kinsmen and near friends. As Peter came into the house, Cornelius met him, fell down at his feet and worshipped him (according to the eastern custom of an inferior approaching a superior), by falling on the ground and touching it with his forehead, as an act of obeisance.

Peter took him up, repudiating any worship to himself, and telling him that he himself was only a man. The Apostle makes a semblance of apology for his appearance among them, by saying that they knew it was not lawful for a Jew to keep company with those of any other nation; and he asks for what purpose Cornelius had sent for him. Cornelius tells him that, in answer to prayer, he was visited by a man in bright clothing, who commanded him to send for Peter, who should explain to him the way of salvation.

Then Peter, glad of the opportunity, and perceiving that the call was of God, preached to Cornelius and his company, (being Gentiles,) CHRIST and Him crucified, and how God raised Him up on the third day, and ordained Him

to be the Judge of both quick and dead. By these words we are to understand all that should be found alive at the day of judgment, as well as all that had died previously. That all the prophets gave witness to Christ,—he being the sum and substance of the Law and the Prophecies; for without Him there could not be any salvation or any remission of sins. It is not very likely that the words here recorded are all, or anything like all, that Peter used in his preaching; but while he continued to discourse with them on these all-important and interesting subjects, the Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard THE WORD, and His descent was known by their being able to speak in different languages, as was manifested probably in a similar manner on the day of Pentecost. The Jews were astonished because the Holy Ghost had been poured on those Gentiles. They were then baptised in the name of the Lord, (not circumcised), and were thus received as members of the Infant Church of Christ.

This was the beginning of the Christian Church, as composed of Jews and Gentiles, partaking of the same baptism, united under the same Head, made partakers of the same Spirit, and associated in the same aggregate body. All these blessings were in answer to fervent and effectual prayer.

As the Gentiles were thirsting for further instruction in the (to them) new and living way of life, they prayed Peter to stay with them a little longer and continue ministering unto them. To this reasonable request he no doubt consented. C. Y.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES :

(FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.)

- I, as chief ruler o'er the house of David,
managed well ;
J was chief captain of the host, most brave
in Israel
K was the burial-place of those whose greed
for flesh went far ;
L was Goliath's brother tall, but lowly laid
in war.
M was a son of Jonathan, a lame but loving
friend ;
N came to CHRIST by night at first, but
bravely in the end.

ANSWERS FOR OCTOBER.

W, Warriors ; X, Executioner ; Y, Yoke ;
Z, Zebedee ; A, Aphiah ; B, Babel.

DEAR CHILDREN,—This is our last lesson for the year. Do it well ; and be always pre-

paring well for your last lesson of life here below!

A HAPPY XMAS AND NEW YEAR TO YOU!

THE PRIZE LIST and ADDRESS of our excellent Friend, THE HON. MR. JUSTICE YOUNG, LL D, will appear in our MONTHLY RECORD for January, 1888. We hope he will continue his admirable SCRIPTURE REFERENCES, as well as his APOSTOLIC STUDIES, which are so highly appreciated by our Readers, old and young.—
Ed.

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

WATERSIDE, THORNHILL, Oct., 1887.

DEAR MR. MELVILLE,—I sent you an account of the fatal accident to the Earl of Dalkeith, at Lochaber, while deer-stalking, in September last year. I send you now a Photograph of the Ionic Cross placed on the spot where he fell. It stands about four feet three inches in height, and has the following inscription in English and in Gaelic:—

"WALTER HENRY, EARL OF DALKEITH,
Born 17th January, 1861.
He met his death on this spot 17th Sept., 1886."
And on the side panel, also in both languages:

"His Father and Mother erect this Cross
to His Memory."

The Cross is of granite, and is the work of a rising sculptor in Dumfries, John W. Dodds.

This is a loving memorial from his grieved Father and Mother, for their eldest born:—a son any one might have been proud of; and no doubt they will cherish all the kindly and Christian graces that adorned his pure though short life. We can fancy them many times repeating to themselves the lines of the Poet:

"How we love to remember
That cold winter day,
The day that our boy was born;—
Its fogs and its rains,
Its joys and its pains,
As winter laughed summer to scorn.
But he came like a king,
Ruling everything,
To this cold bleak world of ours;
Changed fog, rain, and blight,
Into gladness and light,
And melted our frost into flowers."

The hardy Scottish Thistle will bloom by this Cross, where it stands near dark Loch Arcaig, and the purple Heather Bell may hymn his coronach as it waves in the Highland breeze at its base; and the Cross itself for all time coming will point up to the blue Scottish Heaven above it, in memory of the Christian faith and hope of a bonny Scotsman, WALTER

HENRY SCOTT, Earl of Dalkeith. I may also mention that Her Majesty the Queen is to unveil the statue of his grandfather on an early day, in Parliament Square, Edinburgh. This statue of the late Duke of Buccleuch has been erected by men of all shades of politics from Peer to Peasant; and no doubt when it is unveiled there will be a grand gathering.

The Nithsdale Habitation of the Primrose League had a grand outing last week at Drumlanrig Castle. Some capital speeches were made, and social games and amusements enjoyed. It was a grand success. This League has for its objects—The maintenance of Religion, of the Estates of the realm, and of the Imperial authority of the British Empire. It is really a "Solemn League and Covenant," and has an immense number of members.

We are again into cold weather. Our hills are white, and one begins to relish the comfort of a good fire. Hoping you are all well,

I am, etc.,

DAVID CLARK.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

OUR aim is to unite the Mother Country and all its Colonies in one happy and enduring Confederation, to which in time the United States may add their vast influence to form a complete Saxondom, looking toward a complete Christendom, and finally complete Humanity!

Meanwhile we must prepare the way by internal reforms, organization, and preparations. The best pledge of peace is our ready fitness for war. We therefore aim and strive to make the British Navy all that it should be: to make the Army the most perfect weapon which statesmen have ever wielded—small in size, but instinct with science, and a model of perfection in its kind; to reform the Diplomatic Service, not by petty and utterly irrelevant reductions here and there, but by making it really efficient,—by creating, that is, in every capital, a nucleus of British influence in the highest sense, and furnishing the Government with a self-acting machine, by which it may be kept informed of everything which it ought to know, so that all improvements made elsewhere may be, if it seems right, imitated here; to make primary education universal; to raise the level of the middle and higher education; and to work all three into one harmonious system; to get rid, as far as is possible, of every unfair shackle upon trade both at home and abroad, so that every nation may work at that for which its position and aptitude best fit it;

these are works which will require long breath, as the French say, and they are only a few out of many that might be mentioned. It is a great task that we have undertaken; but we may take comfort from the words of the poet

"O'er grovelling generations past
Upstood the Doric fane at last,
And countless hearts, in countless years,
Had wasted thoughts and hopes and fears,
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears;
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome
The grand perfection of her dome,
Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see."

COMMUNION AT PICTOU, Etc, 1845

(From Dr. Norman McLeod's Memoir.)

PICTOU, Friday Night.—This has been a truly delightful day in all respects. We went to church; it is a neat building capable of holding about eight hundred. As we drew near we saw the real out-and-out Highland congregation; old men and women grouped round; one or two of them were from Mull, and asked about all my aunts and uncles. It looked like speaking to people who had been dead. But the scene in the church was most striking. It was crammed, and the crowd stood a long distance out from the doors. Such a true Highland congregation I never saw; and when they all joined in singing the Gaelic Psalm, how affecting was it! John preached a splendid sermon in Gaelic, and I preached in English to the same congregation.

Monday.—Yesterday is a day never to be forgotten; I do not think it possible to convey the varied, solemn, and strange impressions which were made upon my mind. The weather was beautiful. Many hundreds had remained in town all Saturday night. On Sabbath morning dozens of boats were seen dotting the surface of the calm bay, and pulling from every part of the opposite shore towards Pictou. About one thousand people crossed during the forenoon. Hundreds on horseback and on foot, in gigs, cars, carts, were streaming into town. At eleven o'clock, Dr Simpson and I went to the church in our pulpit gowns.—I in my dear old Loudoun gown, which has covered me in many a day of solemn battle. The church could not contain anything like the congregation. Dr. Simpson preached and exhorted the first communion table, I exhorted other two, and this was all, for the Ross-shire notions of communion are prevalent here. I occupied some time in my second address in trying to remove such sinful and superstitious ideas as

are entertained by many. While Dr Simpson gave the concluding address I went to the tent;* it was on a beautiful green hill near the town, overlooking the harbor and neighboring country. When I reached it I beheld the most touching and magnificent sight I ever beheld. There were (in addition to the crowd we had left in the church) about four thousand people here assembled! John had finished a noble Gaelic sermon. He was standing with his head bare at the head of the white communion table, and was about to exhort the communicants. There was on either side space for the old elders, and a mighty mass of earnest listeners beyond. The exhortation ended, I entered the tent and looked around: I have seen grand and imposing sights in my life, but this far surpassed them all. As I gazed on that table, along which were slowly passed the impressive and familiar symbols of the Body broken and Blood shed for us all in every age and clime—as I saw the solemn and reverent attitude of the communicants, every head bent down to the white board, and watched the expressions of the weather-beaten, true Highland countenances around me, and remembered, as I looked for a moment to the mighty forests which swept on to the far horizon, that all were in a strange land, that they had no pastors now, that they were as a flock in the lonely wilderness—as these and ten thousand other thoughts filled my heart, amidst the most awful silence, broken only by sobs which came from the Lord's Table, can you wonder that I hid my face and "lifted up my voice and wept?" Yet how thankful, how deeply thankful was I to have been privileged to see a sight here in connection with the Church of Scotland which the Highlands of Scotland, even the Lowlands, could not afford! Oh that my father had been with us! what a welcome he would have received! An address signed by two thousand has this moment been presented. Forty deputies from the Churches came with it.

5th.—We reached Gairloch, fifteen long miles off, about three o'clock. When we reached the summit of a hill, we saw the church on the opposite declivity; rows of gigs and horses showed the people had come. I spoke an hour and a half on the Headship of Christ. Thank God! we said all the good we could of our opponents, and nothing bad. While John was speaking, I went out to rest myself. I strolled for about a quarter of a mile, and stumbled on the tent, used sometimes in preaching. You could not imagine a more striking spot for a

* The "tent" is a species of movable pulpit used for open-air services as in Scotland.

forest-preaching. It was in a forest bay. The tent was shaded by the trees, which swept in a semicircle around it. Immediately before it was a cleared knoll, capable of accommodating four thousand people, with stumps of trees and large bare stems rising over them. I was told many thousands have sat on that knoll, hearing the word; and when I visited it in quiet and silence, and pictured to myself the scene which a communion Sabbath evening would present, it made me feel how unspeakably great was the blessing of the preached gospel in the wilderness—how it truly made it bloom and blossom as the rose! And how fearful seemed the sin of being a covetous Church, grudging to send the bread of life to a poor, morally starving people!

Wednesday, 16th.—Rose at five, and started to preach at Wallace, forty-three miles off. Another gig, with a lady and gentleman, accompanied us all the distance “just to hear the sermon and address!” The day got fearfully hot, about 85° in the shade; it has kept at 80° ever since! The drive was the more sultry as we had to keep through forest almost the whole way. But with coat and waistcoat off, blouse and straw hat on, and a good supply of cigars, I got on jollily; the roads were so so. By c'enching my teeth, and holding on now and then, the shocks were not so bad. While the horse was baiting, about twelve miles from Pictou, I walked on, gathering strawberries, which are everywhere in abundance, and keeping off a few mosquitoes by smoking. I saw a log-hut near the wood, and entered it. A man met me, evidently poor, who could hardly speak a word of English; yet he was only five years old when he left Mull! He was married, and had six children. He seemed amazed when I spoke Gaelic; welcomed me to the house. But he no sooner found out who I was than I was met by a storm of exclamations expressing wonder and delight. He told me two of his children were unbaptized; and, as the gig had come up, I left him with the promise of returning to him next day on my way home.

We baited the horses at an old fellow's house, who came here when a boy from Lockerbie in 1786. What changes had taken place here since then! He remembered only six “smokes,” where there are now probably forty or fifty thousand—one house only in Pictou; no roads, etc. He said he was driven out of Isle St. John, now Prince Edward's Island, by the mice, in 1813. A mice plague appeared in that year over all Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island. They filled the woods and villages; they filled houses and crawled over beds, nib-

bled the windows of shops, ate up crops and herbage; they swam rivers; they were met in millions dead in the sea and lay along the shores like coils of hay! If a pit was dug at night it was filled by morning. Cats, martens, etc., fed on them till they died from overgorging. Oh! it makes me sick to think of it. Yet such was one of the forms in which danger and starvation met the early settlers.

* * * * *

Thursday, 17th.—We soon reached the poor Highlander's house where I was to baptize the child. The gigs drove on to an inn to bait the horses, and I entered the log-house. I gave him an earnest exhortation, and baptized both his children. They were neat and clean. It was strange to hear them talk Yankee-English, and the father Gaelic. I was much affected by this man's account of himself. He had much to struggle against. He had lost a cow, and then a horse, and then a child. Little wood had been cleared, and he was due thirty pounds for it. “But,” he said, handing me a large New Testament, “that has been my sole comfort.” I was much struck on opening it to find it a gift from “the Duke of Sutherland to his friends and clansmen in America.” What blessings may not a few pounds confer when thus kindly laid out. The tears which streamed down that poor man's face while he pointed to that fine large printed Testament would be a great reward to the Duke for his gifts, had he only witnessed them as I did. The poor fellow accompanied me on the road, and parted from me with many prayers and many tears. It is this parting with individuals and congregations every day, never to meet again, which makes our mission so solemn and so mingled with sadness. As a congregation dismisses, you can say with almost perfect certainty, “There they go; when we next meet it will be at Judgment!”

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

BY REV. J. LOUGHRAN SCOTT.

It is a fact not generally known that our church is more Catholic in her terms of communion than any other Orthodox Protestant sect. With a persistent adherence to creed and testimony this may seem strange. Still the fact remains that nothing save a bare statement of personal faith is even required. We believe in the confession and catechism, but no communicant finds either at the threshold of the church. There may be exceptions where

church sessions press an examination beyond the limits stated; if so, they simply transcend their authority. Such has been the custom since the reunion, and a wise measure it is; in this respect we are the most apostolic of all christiandom. The Congregationalists vary, and may submit a creed to which Paul himself could not give an intelligent assent. The Methodists keep their applicants out on the front porch for six months; the Episcopalians require an ability to recite at least the apostle's creed; while the Presbyterian church simply asks: Dost thou believe on the Christ? This is the shibboleth of the New Testament; it was the only key that unlocked the apostolic church, and is all that God requires in admission to the church above. It seems really strange that one should require for a church membership more than Christ ever exacted as a condition of salvation. I recall my own church profession as the severest test of my life. There were twenty or thirty young people that day, now twenty years ago, who stood up and declared we believed in the Confession of Faith; the two Catechisms; the Testimony of the church; the Form of Government and Directory of Worship. The Confession of Faith is a compendium of the most scholarly research, and, if believed in by any boy, it must be on the authority of the church: the very essence of Rome. The relative merits of the Presbyterian Form of Government no one concerned himself about, not even the Session; and as for the Directory of Worship, it was in jeopardy already and has since been repealed. Why were all these appendages nailed to the cross and made as essential as the cross itself? The purpose was to guard against error perhaps, but by stultifying the soul and building a wall about the well of truth. I have often reflected on the inconsistency of the church as I knew it. We were told to examine all things, and then asked to accept of creeds on the authority of the church. We were warned against secret societies because they exacted a promise in the dark; but no poor blind candidate was ever asked to assume more beyond his knowledge than did we in that old United Presbyterian Church twenty years ago. Creeds are a growth and we grow with their belief. Much of the Westminster Confession none of us believed or disbelieved. It was a sea whose waters we did not know. We have since learned to believe that venerable symbol, but it required years to do it. The church has wisely taken it away from the threshold of the church and laid it at the foot of the pulpit, and before the elders' chairs; there let it remain. Much of it belongs to grace, growth, and experimental

knowledge. It lies in the future, and cannot be exacted of one whose only attainment is a faith God-born but untaught.—*New England Presbyterian.*

POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark!—to God the chorus
breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark—
The ocean yawned—and raged and blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem—
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!
HENRY KIRK WHITE.

WHY HE LOVED A HOMEELY GIRL.

To careless eyes she is not fair;
This verdict careless lips declare,
And wonder why, against the charm
Of beauty vivid, rich and warm,
The face they deem so cold and dull,
To him should be so beautiful.

Are they too dull to see aright?
Hath he a quicker, keener sight?
Or is it that indifference
Than love hath clearer, truer sense?
Nor is he right or wrong? Oh, say,
Doth he behold her face or they?

Her eyes into his own eyes shine
With strange illumining; a sign
Is on her brow; a palimpsest,
To his own gaze alone confessed;
On him, in gravely gracious mood,
She smiles her soul's beatitude.

This is the face she turns to him,
O say not 'tis a lover's whim
That finds it fair; nor are they dull
Who say she is not beautiful.
For, strangest of all mysteries,
They never see the face he sees—
The face no artist's skill can limn—
The love-fair face she turns to him.
CARLOTTA PERRY.

PAY IN ADVANCE.

The whole o' mankind, frae the earliest date,
 Ha'e been barking and biting 'gainst fortune
 and fate;
 To the maist o' our woes we maun bow and
 endure them,
 As naeboddy kens how to banish or cure them.

But there's ao cure, I trow, that I'm free to
 disclose.

Would gang a great way to unburden our woes;
 The cure, man, is plain, it is seen at a glance—
 Just keep out o' debt, man, and pay in advance.

If ye're courting a lass, it's the best way o' a',
 Afore ye get married, tae lay doon the law;
 And tell her, off-hand, without any pretense,
 To tak' care how she handles the dollars and
 pence.

Although at your words she may fume and may
 fret.

Restrain her and charge her to keep out o' debt;
 If she'll no be advised let her o'en gang to France.
 Ne'er marry a maid wha'll no' pay in advance.

Yet, should she consent wi' your plans to agree,
 Ye'll just be as happy as happy can be:
 But temptation may come, sae ye maunna be
 slow

Tae say, ilka day, Ye must pay as ye go.

When the years wear awa, losh man, ye'll be
 fain,

When ye sit 'rang your bairnies around your
 hearthstane.

In the midst o' your glee, man, when ye ha'e
 a chance,

Sing o'er the bit sangle ca'd—Pay in Advance!

LABOUR ANTHEM.

Here's a battle song for Labor.

Here's an anthem for the Right,

For the toilers and the moilers,

For the men whose brawn and bono

Make the desert bloom and blossom

Like "The Valley of Delight,"

And bring Plenty where without them

Famine gaunt would rear his throne.

Here's a voice to cheer them onward,

On their way from darkness sunward,

Place there! Forward, foremost, vanward!

Be the Flag of Labor shown.

Lo! the day dawn! The horizon

Now grows glad with freedom's rays;

Lo! the portents of the morrow,

Clouding, crowding all the skies;

Hark! the breezes e'en are voiceful

With the songs of pray'r and praise

That, obedient to the potent

Spell of Thought and Justice, rise.

Hear the notes of joyance swelling,

Doom of Wrong and Error knelling,

Light has come, the night dispelling,

"Truth is born and Falsehood dies."

From the valleys where the farmer

Plows and delves and sows the soil;

From the factories and forges

Where the million workers throng;

From the disembowell'd mountains,

Where the grimy miners toil,

Hear the pæan rising jubilant

Sweetly resonant and strong:

"Glory! for a now evangol

Cometh with a power to change ill!

Hail the message of the angel—

Justice triumphs over Wrong!"

DAVID RORTY.

SHUN THE BOTTLE!



WITHIN

these glassy
 walls confined,
 The ruin lurks
 of human kind.

More mischief
 here united
 dwell, And more
 diseases haunt
 this cell, Than
 ever plagued
 Egyptian flocks,
 Or ever cursed
 Pandora's box.

Within these prison
 walls repose, The
 seeds of many a bloody
 nose; The chattering
 tongue; the horrid oath;

The fist for fighting nothing
 loth; The blackened eyes and
 nose so red; The bloated face
 and broken head! Forever fas-
 toned be this door, Confined
 within a thonsed more: Destructive
 fiends of hateful shape, Even
 now are plotting for escape. Here
 only by a cork controlled, And
 slender walls of glassy mould,
 In all their pomp of death reside,
 Revenge that ne'er was satisf-
 ed: These **SPIRITS** breed the
 deadly fruit Of wilful murder
 and dispute, Assault that inno-
 cence assails, And durance vile
 in gloomy jails: The giddy
 thought on mischief bent, The
 evening hour in folly spent: In
 all these things the grogs appear,
 And Jack the hangman in the
 rear! Thrice happy he who early
 taught, By nature, ne'er th's poi-
 son sought. In reason's scale his
 deeds are weighed, His spirit
 needs no foreign aid. Long life
 is his in vigor past. Existence
 welcome to the last. A spring
 that never yet grew stale:
 Such virtue rests in Adam's Ale!

THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the babe upon my bosom,

Let me feel her sweet warm breath;

For a strange chill o'er me passes,

And I know that it is death.

I would gaze upon the treasure—

Scarcely given ere I go;

Feel her rosy dimpled fingers

Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,

But a blessed shore appears;

Kneel beside me, husband dearest,

Let me kiss away thy tears.

Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,
Strive from midnight unto day,
It may leave an angel's blessing
When it vantiseth away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
'Tis not long she can be there;
See! how to my heart she nestles,
'Tis the pearl I love to wear.
If in after years beside thee
Sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music,
And her face than mine more fair:

If a cherub calls thee "father,"
Still more beautiful than this,
Love thy first-born! oh! my husband,
Turn not from the motherless.
Tell her sometimes of her mother—
You can call her by my name!
Shield her from the winds of sorrow;
If she errs, oh! gently blame!

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping,
I will answer if she calls!
And my breath will stir her ringlets,
When my voice in blessing falls.
How her soft, blue eyes will brighten,
As she wonders whence it came;
In her heart, when years pass o'er her,
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal
Walks between two angels here;
One records the ill, and blots it,
If, before the midnight drear,
Man repenteth:—if uncancelled,
Then he seals it for the skies;
And the right hand angel weepeth,
Bowing low with veiled eyes.

I will be her right hand angel,
Sealing up the good for heaven;
Striving that the midnight watches
Find no misdeed unforgiven.
You will not forget me, husband,
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod?
Dearest, love the jewel given us,
As I love thee—next to God.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.



MORE THAN six hundred converts from Heathenism were baptized last year by the Church of Scotland Missionaries in India, China, and Africa. This gives an average of forty converts at every station, of which our Church has fifteen; with a devoted staff of 33 European Missionaries and 77 Native Agents; or 110 Missionaries in all. The same blessing attends the good work of our Missionaries this year, and still increases.

PROFESSOR FLINT opened the Divinity Class in Edinburgh University with an admirable address on the Religious Questions of the day, pointing out most skilfully not only the evil but also the good elements that deserve atten-

tion and recognition even in such systems as Agnosticism, Pessimism, Positivism, and Criticism. He also acknowledged heartily the profound obligations of Theology to the great masters of Mysticism.

ONE of the most delightful Signs of the Times is the giving of enormous sums of money for religious and charitable purposes. Baron Hirsch's offer of £2,000,000 for the benefit of the Jews in Europe was made in a letter to the Czar, his object being the foundation of primary schools in Russia. The Czar, we hear, has accepted the offer. The money has been deposited in the Bank of England. Baron Rothschild and Baron Henry de Worms have been appointed trustees.

CAMBRIDGE still presses for thorough reforms in the Church of England. Among the reforms named are abuses in the sale of patronage, inequalities in the distribution of revenues, and difficulties in the removal of "criminous and incompetent clerks." It also asks for a more complete development of the constitution and government of the Church, central, diocesan, and parochial; and especially the admission of laymen of all classes to a share in the control of Church affairs.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S BOOK continues to form the subject of much keen discussion. We suggest that it should more properly be called, "SPIRITUAL LAW IN THE NATURAL WORLD." The view expressed by Canon Brooke strikes us as about right.—The question they were asked to discuss was, how far might they assent to the principles enunciated in Professor Drummond's book? They ought to consider what those principles were; and the first was that whatever law existed in the natural world had not simply an analogy in the spiritual world, but that the same law was projected into the spiritual world, and, in fact, that the natural world and the spiritual world were governed by the same laws. He thought they must feel that there was a very large amount of truth in that principle which really lay at the root of the whole arguments of "Butler's Analogy." But he seemed to him to have continually mistaken analogy for identity, and he appeared also to have forgotten that the law which existed under certain circumstances, and under certain kinds of existence, if it was to be projected in a different sphere, must necessarily be modified by other circumstances.

THE POPULATION OF THIS WORLD is about 1,500,000,000; one-third nominally Christians; of whom about 365,000,000 are Romish, Greek and Oriental; and 135,000,000 Reformed; of the remaining 1,000,000,000, about

10,000,000 are Jews, 180,000,000 Mohammedans, 800,000,000 Pagans. Of China's 300,000,000, about 75,000 are in Christian communities; of India's 250,000,000, about 700,000; of Japan's 35,000,000, about 25,000; of Siam's 8,000,000,—3,000; of Turkey's 20,000,000, say 100,000; of Persia's 7,500,000, 5,000; of Africa's 200,000,000,—600,000; American Mission fields add 700,000, and the Isles of the Sea 400,000 more, identified with Christian institutions; and so we have a grand total of 2,600,000 who, in the whole mission field, are either converts or adherents of Christian Churches.

GREAT BRITAIN is striving by internal reforms and vigorous justice, combined with good arrangements and alliance with other nations, to help on the cause of human well-being. But she meets with great difficulties at home and abroad.

FRANCE has escaped from its late crisis. President GREVY resigned, and M. Sadi-Carnot is his successor. So the National Congress at Versailles decided. France's new President is only 50 years of age, and, though his election was a surprise, it is regarded as a safe one and one that will preserve the Republic. But still, "a dissolute nation tends to dissolution." Let us pray and toil for timely reforms.

GERMANY, too, has trials. The aged Emperor and Empress are rapidly failing in health. The Prince Imperial is suffering from a malignant affection of the throat, probably cancer, and may die before his aged father. The German Parliament has expressed deep sympathy for the Prince and the Royal family. The Emperor responding insisted upon submission to the inscrutable will of God. The grandson, who will likely ascend the throne ere long, is a young man after the type of Frederick the Great. But he will be surrounded by wise counsellors.

THE RUSSIANS are going to build the most gigantic railroad in the world. It will traverse Siberia, be twice as long as our Canadian Pacific, and bring St. Petersburg within fifteen days of Vladivostock, on the Pacific ocean. The country which it is to traverse is well populated, and Russia will thus add enormously to her military strength in time of need. And we may be sure that she will dangle the pictures of wealth in Ophir and Ind before the wild hordes on the steppes of her Asiatic possessions, and when the light comes, Asiatics may do the biggest part of it in all the corners of the ring.

TEN years ago the United States had pretty much of a monopoly of the foreign wheat sup-

plied to England. Now Russia, South America, Australia, India and Canada are in the field. The result is that wheat is cheaper in England to-day than it has been for years, and it is all owing to competition.

THE report of the Utah Commission shows that the number of Mormons in the Territory is 132,000, and that there are some 30,000 more in the adjacent territories. There are over 60,000 non-Mormons in Utah, as its whole population is 200,000.

REV. FATHER LACASSE, who has just returned from his mission amongst the Indians, has made a special study of the matter of winter navigation; and when asked what he thought of the new scheme to establish a regular steamship line between Bay St. George and Liverpool, said: "I think that it would be very advantageous to everybody to have a line of that kind."

"Would it be much superior to the present route?"

"Certainly it would. The shortest way now is by the Straits of Belle Isle, but that is usually clogged up with ice nine months in the year. The new route would be by railroad to Tadousac, from there to Bay St. George would only take two days, and then straight to Liverpool, a voyage of three days and a half on the Atlantic. The Gulf of St. Lawrence can always be navigated, for the ice usually keeps on the south shore."

SPACE will not allow us to enter more fully into the news of the closing year. Events of which no one has yet heard, may prove more fruitful in human history than any of those we have noted. What Roman, or Greek, or even Jewish chronicler in the year One would have sought for the great event of that year in the village of Bethlehem? Yet we now see that of all the great events in the long reign of Augustus, not one can be for a moment compared to the birth and the life of the Babe, JESUS, of Bethlehem!

OUR OWN CHURCH AND COUNTRY.

NOVA SCOTIA.



ICTOU.—The visit of Rev. D. M. Gordon, B. D., from Winnipeg to his native city, will be happily remembered by many who have been glad to see and hear him. He is to be inducted into St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, on the 27th inst., and we all wish him abundant success and rich blessings.

REV. G. N. NERGARIAN, a native missionary, lectured to a full audience in the basement of St. Andrew's Church, on Friday evening. He appeared in Turkish costume and spoke in a most intelligent manner respecting the Armenians and Turks, the manners and customs of the people, the history of himself and family, etc. He is doing a noble work. Not very often have Canadians the privilege of hearing about the great missionary cause from one of the natives of that Edenic land.

THE REV. MR. DUNN has not been forgetful of the church in this quarter since his return to Scotland. Already he has sent us a worthy young minister, the Rev. John Fowlie, of Guisachan, Inverness, whose antecedents are excellent. He is appointed to preach at Gairloch on the 11th, and at New Glasgow on the 18th. His time is but short with us, unless we can persuade him to remain; for he has a good charge in Scotland, and has been sent as a good man, and not at all as one out of employment. Others are to follow; as the following intimation in the *Edinburgh Mission Record* has won excellent responses, viz. :—

"There are four vacancies in the County of Pictou, Nova Scotia, viz., New Glasgow, Westville, Stellarton, and Gairloch. To young men of energy this is an excellent field. There is a manse and considerable glebe lands connected with each of the charges. Applications to be made, with copies of testimonials, to Rev. John Campbell, 30 Hartington Place, Edinburgh; or to Rev. Charles Dunn, The Manse, Lybster, Caithness, who will furnish full particulars."

Earlton is not named, as Mr. Dunn thought it was to be settled at once. But it must not be forgotten any more than the rest.

THE PICTOU BRANCH RAILWAY was opened with great eclat, Nov. 28th ult. Pictou deserves this accommodation, and we trust that it will greatly promote its prosperity. The branch along the North shore, through portions of Cumberland, Colchester and Pictou Counties, is now under construction, and will accommodate an important section of country. The Cape Breton railway is advancing, and the employment it gives this fall and winter will be very useful, over and above its immense prospective utility.

NEW GLASGOW makes steady progress. Its new Iron Bridge is a splendid structure, and other great improvements are to follow.

WESTVILLE. — A Congregational Meeting was held in St. Philip's Kirk on Wednesday. James Duplop was appointed chairman, and Roderick McDougald Sec'y. It was, after ample discussion, moved, seconded and passed, that the Pres'yery be asked to declare this

church separate from the charge of Stellarton, and that they erect it into a new charge. The subscription lists were announced as amounting to about \$900. It was also moved, seconded and passed, that St. Philip's Church offer a salary of \$800 with a free manse. There was read a letter from the Black Diamond Co., generously offering the use of the house at present occupied by Mr. Angell, rent free for six months, which was gratefully accepted. St. Philip's Church was declared vacant on Nov. 20th, by Rev. Mr. McMillan, the moderator of the session. The sermon preached by him on that occasion was a masterpiece of earnestness and christian eloquence, and was listened to by a large congregation with breathless attention. The Rev. gentleman took his text from 2 Sam. 23 : 15, "Oh that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem."

The Presbytery has granted the request of St. Philip's congregation. St. John's, Stellarton, is also erected into a distinct charge.

STELLARTON.—A terrible Railway Explosion occurred here on Dec. 5, inst., at 6.30 A. M. Three men were instantly killed; and three others wounded. The killed are Messrs. D. Robertson, W. Eastwood, and Alex. Fraser. The fireman, Mr. Alex. Murray, was also severely crushed, and Conductor Grant and Brakesman McLean slightly wounded. Their escape appears almost miraculous; so also the escape of Messrs. Daniel McKay, J. W. Fraser, J. Sproule and others. The engine was shattered and the station house partly wrecked. But the loss of three worthy lives is the saddest of all; and a fourth may die of injuries. What makes the fatal accident all the worse, is the fact that all three men were married, and leave wives and children to mourn their loss. Alex. Fraser and D. Robertson both resided at Stellarton, and belonged to the honored fraternity of masons. The former leaves a wife and nine children; the latter a wife and seven children. Mr. Eastwood resided at New Glasgow, and leaves a wife and five children. Surely we will lay to heart this solemn call. "Be ye also ready!"

SALTSPRINGS.—The Rev. J. Fitzpatrick has been holding revival meetings with the help of the Evangelists Messrs. Vans and McKay, with very encouraging results. A large number of once careless and worldly men and women have been awakened to a lively sense of their danger, their Remedy, and their duty. We hope and pray that the fruit will be to holiness, and the end eternal life.

RIVER JOHN.—This quiet little town was astir on Wednesday; the occasion being the

marriage of Miss Bessie A. McKenzie, eldest daughter of John McKenzie, to R. P. McLellan, formerly of Pictou, now of British Columbia. At 5 o'clock St. George's Church was filled with a representative gathering anxiously awaiting the arrival of the bridal party. The bride on the arm of her father was attended by her sister, Miss Olivia, and Miss McLellan, sister of the groom; J. B. Sutherland and M. G. McLeod acted as ushers, the church being nicely decorated for the occasion. Mr. Chievers presided at the organ. The service was performed by Rev. R. McCunn, assisted by Messrs. Swallow and Gordon. After the solemn and impressive ceremony, the party drove to Mr. McKenzie's residence, where supper was partaken. The happy couple afterwards took train for their home in Victoria, taking with them the best wishes of many friends and acquaintances.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

AN OLD GIFT.—We were lately shown by the Honorable Judge Young a silver cup which was presented by the citizens of Halifax to his father, John Young, in the year 1825. The cup, which is of solid silver, and lined with gold, is characteristically fashioned in the shape of a large Scottish thistle. It is over a foot high, resting on a beautiful foundation of thistle leaves. On the body of the cup are two shields, connected on both sides by a wreath of rose, thistle and shamrock. On one shield is seen an emigrant arriving in Nova Scotia, and being welcomed by a dusky aborigine; on the right of the emigrant is the ship from which he has just landed, and on his left hand is shown a glimpse of the Nova Scotia forest. On the other shield is the following inscription: "Presented by the freeholders and other inhabitants of Halifax to John Young, Esq., in testimony of the high esteem and respect they entertain for his exertions in the advance of the agricultural and general interests of the province, and in approbation of his dignified conduct at the late election. Nova Scotia, 1825." The Judge is justly proud to possess this handsome cup, a tangible proof of the esteem in which his father was held by the solid men of Halifax, among whom he lived.—*Charlottetown Patriot.*

NEW BRUNSWICK.

FREDERICTON.—A marble tablet in memory of the late Rev. Dr. Brooke has been placed in the Presbyterian Church at Fredericton. Dr. Brooke was pastor of the church over thirty years, and was much beloved.

OLD CANADA.

LOCHIEL, ONTARIO.—The year ending Dec. 1st, 1887, has been both a busy and a prosperous one in the history of St. Columba Church, Lochiel. During the past winter they have hauled and cut ready for the stove a large quantity of firewood, probably a year's supply, with many other gifts too numerous to mention here, all which were tokens of kindness, and which are hereby gratefully acknowledged. They have put more heating apparatus in the Church. The *Glebe* has been largely fenced with cedar and wire, which makes durable work. The *Manse*, although not an old house, has undergone a complete renovation. The roof has been double-boarded and covered with *Canada Plate* and painted. The foundation has been newly pointed. The outside has been painted. The plastering has been complete, with some of the rooms both up and down stairs painted, and others beautifully papered. Outside windows have also been set up. The whole work reflects much credit upon the contractor, Mr. George McIntosh, for comfort, beauty and neatness. In addition to this the congregation has built a *new Barn*, with the stable and carriage-shed double-boarded with felt, which is also very comfortable, and presents a respectable appearance. The congregation has also taken 100 copies of the *KIRK MONTHLY RECORD*, Agents being appointed over the districts. An addition of ten has been made to the Communion Roll. Three new Elders have been added to the Session. The Board of Trustees has been considerably enlarged, with a new system of collecting put into operation. "A Lay Association" has been recently formed. It is hard to find a congregation that has crowded more work into so short a space of time.

REV. D. J. MACDONNELL, Toronto, some weeks ago preached a sermon on the terms of membership required by the Presbyterian Church. He took the ground that while ministers and other officers of the church are required to sign the Confession of Faith or profess their adherence to it, ordinary members are to be admitted on profession of their faith in Christ and their obedience to Him. This is the ground occupied by the late Dr. Charles Hodge, and by the most able Presbyterians in Britain and America. See the article on "Church-Membership" from the *New England Presbyterian* in this RECORD, page 182.

But Rev. Mr. Macdonnell is attacked for this by Rev. P. McF. McLeod and others of more narrow views in the Union; and the end may be another heresy hunt.

THE REV. J. EDGAR HILL, B. D.

The learned minister of St. Andrew's Church stands in the front rank of the host of brilliant men the Church of Scotland has sent to this country, and nothing could have been more felicitous than the choice of those who had the task committed to them of choosing a successor to the Rev. Gavin Lang. Although a young man, Mr. Hill has seen an active and eventful career, and his ministrations have been executed in some of the most important parishes in Scotland. He graduated at Edinburgh University in 1863 and remained for nine years taking honors in Greek, philosophy, and English literature, completing his Arts course in 1868 with the degree of M. A. In the theological course Mr. Hill took honors in the classes of Church History and Divinity, and graduated as a Bachelor of Divinity in 1872. In that year he received his license as a probationer of the Church of Scotland from the Presbytery of Edinburgh. His ministerial work commenced in 1873, he receiving an appointment to the important parish of Morning-side, Edinburgh, which was vacant through the translation of the Rev. Dr. John Marshall Lang to the Barony parish, Glasgow. After effectively filling this office for several months, Mr. Hill was appointed assistant to the Rev. Dr. Gray, Lady Yester's parish, Edinburgh, but a few days later he was elected minister of the parish of Burntisland, and on the 16th of July the Queen signed the presentation to that charge. Mr. Hill's ordination by the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy as minister of this parish followed a few weeks later, September 18th, 1873. While minister of Burntisland, Mr. Hill was a member of the Parochial Board and also of the School Board, taking a deep interest in the poor of the parish and the educational interests of the parish. Mr. Hill's pastorate at Burntisland extended over three years and some months and was marked with great increase in the membership of the church, two hundred persons being added to it. The zeal and ability of the reverend gentleman became widely known, and in 1887 a unanimous report of the Congregational Committee of St. Paul's Church, Dundee, called him to undertake the spiritual charge of that important parish. Mr. Hill left Burntisland with great regret.

The inunction to the parish of St. Paul took place in 1877, and Mr. Hill ministered there until 1882, when the call to St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, was made by the commissioners in Scotland appointed to select a clergyman.

The commissioners were Professor Flint, Dr.

James McGregor, Dr. John Marshall Lang, Rev. Gavin Lang, and Mr. D. Scott Moncrieff. While in Dundee, Mr. Hill took a very large share in public work, for four years being chairman of the committee of the Parochial Board, among other offices. He was also chaplain to the Forfarshire Artillery Volunteers, and took part in the great national review of volunteers by the Queen, in 1881.

Great regret was expressed in Dundee at Mr. Hill's departure, and when he left he was the recipient of several tangible tokens of his congregation's affection. A complimentary dinner by the citizens, in which all denominations took part, was also tendered him.

He left for Canada immediately after and preached his first sermon on November the 12th, being inducted on November 15th.

Mr. Hill's preaching is of a very high character, and his first sermon in this city made a profound impression. His language is very elegant and polished, and he has no Scottish accent. His style of address is in fact more suggestive of Oxford than of Scottish training.

Mr. Hill is a National churchman, and he holds that a National church comprehensive enough to embrace the religious thought of the whole nation is the nearest approach to the ideal of the Master. Conservative and still broad views prompt Mr. Hill's preaching and work.

BRITISH COLUMBIA exported 75,000,000 feet of lumber in 1886. It was sent to England, China, Central America, South America, Australia, Japan and Honolulu. Then, over \$1,000,000 worth of salmon have been taken out of the Fraser river this year, while the deep sea fisheries have still to be developed. The gold production of the country has amounted to \$46,000,000 in twenty-four years from placer diggings, while the quartz gold mines are only now commencing to be developed. These quartz mines could not be worked because of the difficulty of transporting heavy machinery, which is now overcome by the completion of the C. P. R. Thus between her forests, rivers and mines, and with her opening trade with the East, British Columbia may have a great future.

THERE is not a clear-headed man in the Dominion who does not know that the country is prosperous. He can read success as he runs along our thoroughfares, whether he lives in Montreal, at Toronto, at Hamilton, or in the by-ways of the country. Ontario has doubled its population in 30 years. Our foreign trade is greater per head than that of the United States, while our taxes are less. Canadian

farmers are fairly prosperous, while our manufacturers are flourishing. Take it all in all, Canada is a good country to live in, and all it wants to be better known is a little time—just a little time.

THE "MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN."

An article in the *Maritime Presbyterian* of Nov. ult., page 341, has such a mixture of mis-statements as to defy even patience. If its errors had been promptly retracted when detected, we would fain impute them to mere mistake without design; but this has not been done. As they are answered briefly in the *Colonial Standard* of Nov. 22nd and 29th, I will merely state here that I have the official Receipts of Rev. Dr. P. G. McGregor for *more than twice the amount which that article sets down as the total*, paid to the Aged Ministers' Fund from my congregations in N. B. (2.) None of this has been repaid me, though I contributed a part of it; yet that article says I was repaid all I contributed. (3.) St. Columba Church also witnesses that it paid nothing to that Fund, so that all I paid to it here was only my own. I would not refer to these things, (for I had just settled with the Aged Ministers' Committee on their own offered terms,) but only to correct those mis-statements, so widely and injuriously circulated by tongue and type, after settlement.

But that article dwelt on such small things, and falsified them publicly, as if to provoke wrath, and to draw away attention from the other Fund, (viz., the Widows' Fund,) for which I had collected and paid \$100 in 1874, besides collections year after year while I was in the Union; and since I was recalled to this Kirk I paid \$60 of personal tax to it, in full conviction that my rights in *both the Funds* should continue unimpaired. Otherwise I would never have paid this. Yet after my payments had been accepted without demur for three years after I was in the Kirk, I was cut off from the Aged Ministers' Fund with the little sum of personal rates I had paid to it; and yet I was refused leave to retire from the Widows' Fund in like manner, except with the total loss of all sums large and small that I ever paid into it! I grudge them not the money, but I abhor unfairness. "Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad."

It is a mere fiction that they cannot repay. The Act gives them vast discretionary power. And all Christian Churches admit that Equity is superior to human Law. The other Com-

mittee did repay the personal rates, looking to Equity even beyond the letter of their Law. This Committee should have done so likewise; for I paid in both cases under a misunderstanding, to which some in both the Committee contributed, by urging me to join both Funds, and by admitting my payments so long without demur.

But they seem to think that Equity is not Justice but Charity. If the Golden Rule is not enough to correct this notion, let them learn from the pagan lawyer, Aristotle, that Equity is JUSTICE of a higher and better kind, and that it is *necessary* to correct the unfairness of all general Laws and the rigour of mere Legal Justice. Read his truly admirable definitions of Equity, in his *Ethics*, Book V, Chap. 10. Are Church rules less?

It is that harsh misuse of Law, to the hurt of Equity, that makes us dread Union. But for that, we would all have gone into Union long ago. If I have used sharp rebukes, I did so in hatred of the sins and not of the souls. The Bible is equally severe on those who trample the Golden Rule under their own Laws, and make God's commands of none effect by their traditions. On this point we are ready to risk all and to suffer everything. But if our brethren learn at last to prefer the Golden Rule of Equity in all cases to the ering Laws of men, I will freely forgive and forget the loss of all I paid into this Fund.

P. MELVILLE, A. M.

THE SECRET.—"I noticed," said Dr Franklin, "a mechanic, among others at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always happened to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his happy flow of spirits. 'My secret, doctor,' he replied, 'is that I have one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.' What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making home happy and peaceful."

The Monthly Record.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER, 1887.

Price 25 cents yearly in parcels to one address; but an extra copy will be sent free with every four copies prepaid.

To single subscribers it is sent at 40 cents yearly:

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Articles for insertion should be with the Editor before the middle of the month.

Remit cash by Post Office Order, Bank Draft, or Registered Letter. Address—

REV. P. MELVILLE, A. M., Editor, Hopewell, N. S.

REV. W. McMILLAN, A. M., Agent, Bridgeville;

MR. THOS. GLOVER, Merchant, Pictou;

MR. G. A. DOUGLAS, Merchant, N. Glasgow; or

MR. W. G. PENDER, Printer, Carlton House,

Halifax, N. S.

THE EDITOR'S VALEDICTORY.

DEAR FRIENDS:—For four full years we have been associated as Editor and Readers. To me those years were as happy as they were toilsome; and that is much to say! I began the work with zeal and love; and with love and zeal I have fulfilled it till now. I have loved my Readers as well as my work. For them I have been busy, night and day. But the labor lay lightly on me; for truly it was a labor of love. Like the mother's ceaseless toil, it was full of delight. I receive high eulogies from eminent men in Britain, America and Canada. I have found genuine kindness, intelligence and confidence in my Readers. Scarcely an exception has occurred: certainly none that I cannot heartily forgive. Never had we a larger number of subscribers. Our monthly issue has been Two thousand one hundred, all the year round. I have tried to make our MONTHLY RECORD a model of "the TRUE, the BEAUTIFUL, and the GOOD," both in spirit and in style. The result is before you. Of this I am sure, that it has sown precious seeds of Learning and Loyalty, Virtue and Piety, Good Order, Artistic Taste, and Studious Accuracy, in thousands of minds that will never forget them. The four volumes for 1884, 1885, 1886 and 1887, will remain a precious treasury to thousands, and will be valued still more when they are better understood in the light of the future. Some will object, "They were severe in some points." Yes; but so are the SCRIPTURES. Sharp re-

bukes oft flow from love, and cut to cure. Modern society is not to be saved by soft sawder and sprinkling rosewater! If the lessons are true, accept them, severe or mild. Truth is Victory. It is the best boon even for those whom it conquers. "Am I therefore your enemy because I tell you the truth?" Nay! more your friend. Make peace with the truth. It is your salvation!

I am now as happy to yield my Editorial Chair to our worthy New Editor, as I was to occupy it at first. I am thankful for such an excellent Successor. I most heartily bespeak for him your most devoted and unflinching assistance! Let each and all of you help, more than ever! Ah, if you but knew the crushing burdens of an Editor who has to attend to Copy and Proofs, to Agents and Subscribers, to Correspondents, Newspapers, Antagonists, and Finance, and to his wide Parish besides,—surely, you would never grudge him your most loyal aid!

With fervent gratitude to God for His good hand upon us, I heartily thank you all, (including our worthy Publishers, our valued Correspondents and Contributors, and our excellent Agent, Mr. W. G. Pender,) and wish you each and all a most Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and many happier returns, till we be made fit to meet forever in the Home of Perfection and Bliss!

ADDRESS BY THE NEW EDITOR.

TO THE READERS OF THE RECORD:

By a Resolution of our Synod, in June last, the management of the MONTHLY RECORD, editorially and financially, devolves on me for the year 1888. I covet not the honor. I assume the responsibility with fear and trembling. It is a matter of deep and almost universal regret that the Retiring Editor, in whose hands it was so ably conducted, and who made it a power in the land, could not see his way clear to continue as its Editor; but justice to himself and his congregation demanded that he be relieved of the labor and anxiety of its management, at least for a time. I undertake it as a matter of duty, with a deep consciousness of my inability, yet resolving to do my level best.

Experience has taught me how impossible it is to give the RECORD color without giving offense in some quarter: and what so insipid as a colorless Church organ?

Controversy and personalities shall be rigid-

ly excluded from its pages; and while exercising charitableness towards all, I shall without fear or favor defend the right and condemn the wrong. I shall do my utmost to make the RECORD a welcome and longed-for visitor in every home where it claims a right to be sent. In order to this, I respectfully request and trustfully expect that my brethren will help by sending on contributions relating to their special work or to the questions, religious or ecclesiastical, of the day; and also that our Agents will, without delay, make up their lists for 1888, and forward them *immediately*, accompanied by the cash; as each monthly issue must be paid for at date of issue. Agents, *please* don't lose sight of this fact, and give no peace to subscribers until the uttermost farthing be paid!

By your help, good friends, a success we'll make it,

Then, let every family resolve they shall take it.

The terms for the RECORD shall be the same as last year; which are published in every No. issued. We cannot offer premiums, but will labor industriously to make the RECORD a reliable, solid and useful journal, keeping our readers posted not only on the questions that immediately concern our own Church, but the general cause of religion throughout the world.

Articles for insertion and money in payment of the RECORD are to be sent to the Editor, Rev. W. McMillan, A. M., Bridgeville, E. R., Pictou, N.S. W. McMILLAN.

Bridgeville, Pictou, N.S., 1st Dec., 1887.

SOME people are always saying, "It might have been better," and others, "It might have been worse," which makes the difference between discontent and contentment, and not unfrequently between failure in life and success.

FORGIVENESS is the guard and support of the other virtues; without courage a man will scarce keep steady to his duty, and fill up the character of a truly worthy man.—Locke.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

FOREIGN MISSION.

GARRLOCH CONGREGATION.

Section No. 1.—Neil Matheson, Elder, Collector, \$1; Neil McKay, 25c; Mrs. Neil McKay, 25c; Mrs. Alex. McKay, 25c; Mrs. Andrew McKay, 50c; James Murray, 50c; Angus McLeod, 50c; James McLeod, Elder, \$1; Alex. McLeod, 50c; Daniel Ross, 50c; A Friend, 10c; Daniel Sutherland, 50c; Wm. Fraser, 25c. Total, \$6.10

Section No. 2.—James McLeod, Elder, Collec-

tor: John Matheson, 30c; John Matheson, J's son, 25c; John Barclay, 50c; Donald Sutherland, 25c; Peter A. Grant, 50c; Alex. McKenzie, 25c; John Millar, 30c; Mrs. Alex. Gordon, 25c; Neil Gordon, 50c; George M. McKay, \$1; Angus McKay, 30c; Daniel Sutherland, (D's son), 25c; James Fraser, 50c. Total, \$5.15

Section No. 3.—David Douglass, Elder, Collector; David Douglas, 50c; John W. McLeod, 50c; William McLeod, 50c; John R. McDonald, \$1; Daniel W. McKay, 50c; Daniel M. Murray, 25c; Mrs. Alex. Matheson, 25c; Wm. H. Sutherland, 25c; George Sutherland, 20c; Daniel Murray, 50; Robert McLeod, 50c; Wm. Sutherland, 50c; George McDonald, 50c; Mrs. Widow Ross, 50c; Elizabeth Sutherland, 25c; Roderick Balfour, 25c; John D. Balfour, 25c; James Balfour, 25c. Total, \$7.45

Section No. 4.—Miss Mary M. McPherson, Collector; William Munro, 40c; Annabella McPherson, 25c; Donald McDonald, 50c; Robert McDonald, 25c; George Sutherland, 25c; Daniel McLean, 25c; Kenneth Ross, 25c; John McPherson, 25c; Donald McPherson, 35c; Duncan McKenzie, 25c; Mrs. George H. Sutherland, 25c; Mrs. Neil Sutherland, 25c; Mrs. J. T. Sutherland, 20c; Mrs. Duncan McDonald, 10c; Donald Ross, 25c; Hugh McLean, 25c; Mrs. Daniel Fraser, 25c; John R. Fraser, 25c; Wm. Murray, 25c; Mrs. Widow McDonald, 25c; Daniel Fraser, 25c; Mrs. Daniel Fraser, 25c; Alex. McPherson, 20c; Duncan McPherson, 20c; Roderick McPherson, 20c; Daniel A. McKenzie, 50c. Total, \$6.90

Section No. 5.—Miss Isabella Fraser, Collector; Fergus Ferguson, Elder, 50c; Kenneth McKenzie, 50c; Robert Baillie, 50c; William McKenzie, 25c; Kenneth McKenzie, 25c; Murdoch McKenzie, 25c; Alex. McKenzie, 20c; Alex. McKenzie, 25c; John R. McKenzie, 25c; John Fraser, 25c; Alex. J. McPherson, 25c; William Sutherland, 25c; Thomas Ross, 25c; Robert Stewart, 25c; Daniel Fraser, 25c; Hugh Sutherland, 25c; Robert Ross, 25c; Robert McBeth, 25c; William Fraser, 25c; Isabella Fraser, 25c. Total, \$5.70

Section No. 7.—Mrs. William Ross, Collector; William Ross, Elder, \$1.03; John Ross, 50c; Simon McLeod, 40c; Mrs. John Murray, 12c; D. W. Beaton, 30c; William Beaton, 25c; Willina McDonald, 10c; Alex. McLeod, 25c; Hugh McKay, 50c; Mrs. Donald McDonald, 25c; John Beaton, 50c; Angus McLeod, 30c; Adam McKenzie, 50c. Total, \$5.00

Section No. 8.—Mrs. Robert Munro, Collector; Robert Munro, Elder, 50c; William Matheson, 50c; Andrew Matheson, 50c. Total, \$1.50

Whole amount collected.....\$37.80
Collected for Home Missions.....\$7.78

PAYMENTS FOR "RECORD."

Received by the Editor:—A. M. Murchison, Point Prim, P.E.I., \$2; Allan McQuarrie, Sherbrooke, \$1; Mrs. W. C. Dick, Springhill Mines, 25c; Mary Ann McKenzie, M. River, 25c; David Douglas, L. Lairg, \$1; Rev. C. B. Ross, B. D., Lancaster, Ont., \$10; Duncan Fraser, Blanchard, E. R., 75c; N. McDonald, Lake Ainslie, C. B., \$1.25. By the Publisher:—Rev. D. McKenzie, Kirkhill, Ont., \$2; Alex. K. Dewar, Glensandfield, Ont., \$1.25; John Crerar, Esq., Halifax, \$1.

N.B.—All arrears for 1887 are to be sent to Rev. P. Melville, Hopewell, N. S.; and all payments for 1888 are to be sent to Rev. Wm. McMillan, Bridgeville, N. S.