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THE
MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

IN

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Adjoining Provinces.

FEBRUARY, 1868.



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FEBRUARY, 1868.

NO. 2.

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

Sermon.

BY

The Rev. John McMillan, B. D.,
OF MUSQUODOBOIT.

"Christ in you, the hope of glory."—Col. I, 27.

Hope is described as being "a complex emotion, made up of a *desire* for an object, and an *expectation* of obtaining it." In every man there is a soul of vast and boundless desires. No man can truthfully say:—"I am just what I want to be,—I have all I want to have,—I desire nothing more." Saint and sinner alike hunger and thirst after something they have not yet attained unto. This inherent craving after something as yet unpossessed,—this incessant cry of "Give, Give" distinguishes man from the lower animals, and points him out as a being destined to live forever. That word of mighty meaning, "Immortality," is clearly stamped on man's soul by the hand of omnipotence.

The desires of his soul the sinner seek to gratify by earthly things. To satisfy his inward thirsting, he drinks of the wells of worldly pleasure. The Christian, however, has found out that "all on earth is shadow,"—temporary, unsatisfactory, and unsatisfying; and, therefore, to gratify the mysterious craving within him, he looks beyond earth, and looks to the things above. Feeling that complete rest and satisfaction can be obtained only in heaven, he longs for its glory. Knowing that God alone can satisfy the soul, his language is: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the

living God: when shall I come and appear before God?"

In order, however, that the Christian may have present peace, he must have more than a strong *desire* to get to heaven and near to God. It would be nothing short of a hell within the christian to have eager longing desires after the glory of heaven, if, at the same time, he had no sure and well-grounded expectation of obtaining it. Nothing could be conceived more painful to the soul of man than that it should be awakened to a sense of all the glory of heaven and led to desire ardently the perfection of the glorified throng above, without possessing, at the same time, some expectation that it would attain unto it. How can we describe the misery of a soul in such a case? Think of the imprisoned eagle, longing to soar away into the blue vault of heaven, gnawing fiercely at the iron bars of its cage! Think of the misery of the man whose ambitious soul intensely desires some high position in the state, but sees that the way to it is forever closed against him! Think of the misery of the ship-wrecked mariner, who, as he struggles in the boiling waters to get to the shore, sees wife and family and friends standing with outstretched hands, weeping and crying, on a rock not far from him! O how he longs to be with them, and to clasp them to his bosom! But as he struggles with the boisterous waves and the hidden rocks, his strength fails, and with the awful feeling that he cannot reach the loved ones crying for him, he gives up.—he sinks! O what agony fills his soul as all expectation to see his happy home again dies away from it! Or, think of the sinner drawing near to

death. Think of Voltaire saying in his last moments: "Doctor, I will give you half what I am worth if you will give me six months life." What agony must have been his at that moment,—caused by an intense desire to live, while there was very little, if any, expectation!

All these are but poor illustrations of the unutterable misery the christian would experience, if he had a strong desire to get to heaven, knowing what it is, and yet had not the slightest expectation. His misery would be the misery of the lost in hell!

Thank God, the christian has not only the desire but the expectation of heaven! Christianity does more than change our desires. When we become christians, "Christ will be in us,"—not merely to give us an intense desire for heaven, but to give us also a sure expectation that we will obtain it. My dear friends, has "Christ in you" kindled "the hope," i. e. the desire and the expectation of "glory?"

In further dwelling on our text we shall, with God's aid, consider:—

I. The christian's hope of glory.

II. The source of that hope.

First. The christian's hope of glory. There is much contained in that word "glory." It means all that at present inconceivable honor and dignity and splendor that will be conferred upon the christian when, free from the sins and sorrows of earth, he will stand a ransomed creature before the great white throne of God. Of that glory we can now obtain only the faintest glimpses. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is our duty, however, to make the best of what we know. Just as much of heaven is revealed to us as we ought to know now, and we ought to know just as much as is revealed.

The *glory* of heaven! what is it? It is *internal* glory rather than *external*,—a glorious character rather than a glorious outward condition. 'Tis true, there *may* be in heaven boundless fields of living green and never-withering flowers,—there may be noble forests filled with winged creatures of beauteous color and form rejoicing in the mellowed light of a never-ending day,—there may be beautiful slopes covered with green, on which the glorified sit as they sing the praises of the God of redemption,—there *may* be glassy lakes reflecting the glory of God,—these things *may* be, for aught we know to the contrary, in the "new heaven and the new earth;"—but external glory constitutes not the grand glory of heaven. The glory we hope for is spiritual glory. Let us look at a few of its constituent elements.

The glory of heaven is the glory of perfect holiness. Sin does not enter there to stain and destroy. Holiness is stamped on every soul. There each shall look into his inmost

heart, and find only purity. There each shall look around in every direction and find only purity. God is said to be "glorious in holiness,"—and the glory of the redeemed will be likeness to God in holiness. The sinner may see no glory, no beauty in holiness, but after all there is no glory like it. There is glory in nature around us,—in the still and glassy lake,—in the clear blue sky, in the bright noonday sun,—but there is infinitely greater glory in a perfectly holy soul,—bright image of the eternal God! Oh! if this is so,—if the glory we hope for is the glory of holiness, why is it that now we take such a delight in sin? Why is it that we do not strive more earnestly to be now what we hope to be hereafter?

Another element in the glory we hope for is perfect love. There is glory in love even as it is displayed on earth. We see David in tears, and hear him crying: "O Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son." There is an attractive glory in that love. We see a long list of martyrs willingly submitting to death, and all from love to Jesus. There is glory in that love. Or to refer at once to the perfect type of love,—we see Jesus coming to this earth, and suffering and dying for sinners. There is great glory in that love. One element of the glory of the redeemed will be perfect love. There we will see God and love Him supremely, sincerely, ardently and forever. There, too, we will love each other with a pure and perfect love,—"no fear of idolatry, no envy to corrode, no selfishness, no deceit." My friends, if the glory we hope for is the glory of perfect love, why is it that we do not strive to love our God and each other more now? Do we wish to be and to do hereafter what we will not be and will not do now?

Other elements in the glory we hope for are truth and justice. I need not, however, enlarge. The glory of heaven is made up of the divine principles of holiness, love, truth, justice, in perfection. The glory we hope for is perfect likeness to Christ, and what is Christ but perfect holiness, perfect love, perfect truth, perfect justice? It should ever be remembered, therefore, that the glory of heaven is only the perfection of those divine qualities which we ought to possess here, and in which we should grow day by day!

This glory the Christian *hopes* for. The hope of future glory is very valuable to the christian in the present state. St. Paul says "we are saved by hope," i. e. we are sustained by hope. Our trials may be severe, but the hope of future deliverance enables us to bear them nobly,—the night may be dark, but the hope of a coming morning cheers us,—the sea may be rough, but the hope of soon reaching the quiet haven and the loved ones of home sustains us. Hope is a grace peculiarly fitted for this world of griefs, and tears, and trials. In heaven there will be no need

of hope,—for “what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for?”

“Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And faith be sight above.”

Hope, then, is for this dark, troubled, sinful world. It is like the stars of heaven,—when the sun shines there is no need of the stars, but the stars are blessed comforters and friends during the dark night. Just so, when the full blaze of the glory of heaven will burst upon us, there will be no need of hope,—but hope is a blessed gift of God to cheer us while we are in this dark and sorrowful state. This is the mission of hope. It is a divine friend sent down from heaven to accompany us through this world. In affliction it whispers: “the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.” In bereavement, it points us to heaven,

“Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.”

In short, like a true friend, hope accompanies the christian all through life, comforting and sustaining him, enabling him to do and to suffer nobly, and it leaves him only when he enters heaven, and is safe at home!

We must not forget, however, that mere hoping to get to heaven does not bring us there. There may be a certain kind of hope in the sinner's soul,—but in the end it will be found false and baseless. There may be a hope that will be disappointed,—a hope that will make ashamed, as well as a living, a sure and certain hope. There is nothing more dreadful than for a man to be living in expectation of heaven, while at the same time he is sinking to hell! Still there are thousands who have a kind of hope that they will be saved, who at last, as they knock at the door of heaven and say “Lord, Lord, open unto us,” will hear the awful *mandati*: “Depart, I never knew you.” It is sad when the sailor, who thought that he was steering aright and was safe, hurls his vessel on to the rocks, and all is lost! It is sad when the trader in a distant land dreams of his home and of happy intercourse with those he loves, and awakens to find all a dream! It is sadder still when the man, on whose vitals consumption has laid its ghastly grasp, and on whose cheek it has stamped its awful seal, a hectic feverish flush, still thinks that he is not very ill, and is going to get better! But it is infinitely more saddening for a sinner to spend his life in a kind of dreamy hope of heaven, and to awake at death to the awful reality,—to find his hope disappointed, and his soul forever lost! Yet such is the case with many. They hope that all is right, but death will show that all is wrong!

Not all hope, then, is true christian hope. That hope which will stand the test of the sorest trials here, and which will end in glory hereafter, must follow faith in Jesus Christ, and be followed by an earnest striving to advance in holiness and every christian grace.

“He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure.” Our hope may be well tested by our conduct. The hope of that man who lives in sin and loves it must be false! But our text leads us to test our hope by that which causes it. Let us, then, consider:—

II. The source or cause of true christian hope. “Christ in you, the hope of glory.” If any one wishes to know whether his hope of heaven is a true and a living Hope,—a hope that will never be disappointed, let him seriously and earnestly ask himself the question: “Is Christ in me?”

As we think of the source of the christian's hope, two questions arise: First, what is meant by “Christ being in us?” and second, how does “Christ in us” produce “the hope of glory?”

Taking the first of these, what is meant by “Christ being in us?” It is right to mention that there is another translation of the text—viz.:—“Christ among you.” As, however, “Christ being in man” is quite a common expression in scripture, and as it is undoubtedly true that there can be no true hope till Christ is within us,—it is well to retain the translation before us. The corresponding scriptural expressions are such as these:—“I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.” “That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.” “Ye are the temple of the living God.” “Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.” In all these cases the meaning is not at all that Christ is literally and personally in christians,—the meaning simply is that their souls are under the influence of Christ,—their thoughts, desires, affections and aims are all Christ-like.

Christ may be said to be in the christian, because he ever *thinks* of Christ and what is Christ like. If we are forever thinking of some friend, it may be said that he is in our thoughts. The mother who by day and by night watches by the bedside of her sick child, and cannot bear to leave it, may be said to have that child continually in her thoughts,—that child lives in her. Just so, if we are thinking continually of Christ, of the glory of His person, of the merit of His blood, of the greatness of His love, and of the perfectness of His example, He may be said to “dwell in us.” Yes, and, whatever good thought passes through our minds is so much of Christ in us. We may not always be thinking of Christ Himself,—but if we are thinking of good, whatever it may be, then really Christ is in us, for there is no goodness apart from Christ.

Further, Christ may be said to be in the christian, when he *desires* and *loves* Christ, and what is Christ-like. When we desire and love what is evil, the devil may be said to have his seat within us,—but if we earnestly desire and love Christ Himself, and what-

ever is Christ-like,—whatever is good, and holy, and true, and just, then Christ is dwelling in us.

Is Christ thus in you, my dear friends? Do you think of Him? Do you desire and love Him? Do you think of, desire and love whatever is good? This is the grand test of your hope. There can be no true hope unless the thoughts, desires, and affections are under the influence of Christ.

How, now, in the second place, does hope arise from the indwelling of Christ? Even if we think only of Christ and good, and desire and love only Christ and good,—how is the hope of heaven caused by these thoughts, desires and affections? Suppose, for one moment, that Jesus Christ dwelt again in human form on earth,—supposing that in all His wisdom, love, and power, He became your intimate friend and companion,—supposing that He dwelt beneath the same roof with you,—that He warned you in time of danger, supported you in the time of temptation, cheered you in sorrow, and delivered you when in doubt and perplexity,—would not your soul be filled with a glad and glorious hope. There would be no need for anxiety or despair. Ever near you would be an Almighty and loving Saviour, who came to save you, and would save you. The consciousness of such a Saviour and friend ever near would banish all fear and fill your soul with a living and joyful hope!

If, however, the bodily presence of Jesus would produce the hope of glory, will not His spiritual presence? If you would not be afraid were Christ beside you to take you by the hand and lead you onward and heavenward, can you be afraid when He is in you? Every good thought, desire and resolution is Christ in you,—not Christ near you, but Christ in you,—leading you on and up to glory. The consciousness of this inward abiding presence of Christ produces hope and banishes fear.

In conclusion, my dear friends, what are your hopes? You may hope to go to heaven,—but remember that Christ must dwell in your hearts here, before you can dwell with him in glory hereafter. It is time to decide whether Christ is in you or not. There is no time for trifling. If death should come suddenly and take you hence, what would be your condition? Glory or shame? Which? One it *must* be,—which then? Glory, it is certain, will never be yours if you continue in sin,—if your thoughts, desires and affections are evil and only evil! O, then call upon Christ! Pray for the Holy Spirit yourselves, and my prayer to the God of all grace will ever be that “Christ may be in you, the hope of glory.”

A PEEP UNDER THE SURFACE.

(The following touching sketch is from a small volume just published in Edinburgh,

entitled—*The Orphan, or Comfort and Counsel to the Fatherless and the Motherless.*)

We had been on a fishing tour in the highlands, and en route to town, were idling a day or two in the ‘gray metropolis of the north.’ *Scotchman, Kexpress, Merckerry, fewzees, penny a hunder*—this day’s *Scotchman, sir!* shouted a shrill piped, ragged little imp as we stood blowing a cloud at the door of the New Royal, in Prince Street.

‘No, we don’t want any.’ ‘*Fewzees, penny a hunder, sir; this day’s paper, sir—half-price, sir, only a bawbee,*’ persisted the young countryman of Adam Smith. ‘Get along, Bird’s eye, don’t want any,’ growled my friend Philips. ‘*They’re gude fewzees, sir, penny a hunder—They’re gude fewzees, sir,—hunder and twenty for a penny, sir,*’ coming round on my flank. ‘No, don’t want them, my boy.’ The keen blue face, red bare feet ingrained with dirt, and bundle of dirty rags looked up piteously at me, moved off a little, but still hovered round us. Now, when I put down my first subscription to the One Tun Ragged School in Westminster, I took a mental pledge from myself to encourage vagrant children in the street no more. Somehow, in this instance, that pledge wouldn’t stand by me, but gave way. ‘Give me a penn’orth, young ‘un.’ ‘Yes, sir—They dinna smell.’ ‘Ah, I haven’t got a copper, little ‘un, nothing less than a shilling; so never mind, my boy, I’ll buy from you to-morrow.’ ‘*By them the nicht, if you please. I’m very hungry, sir. I’ll gang for change, sir.*’ His little cold face, which had lighted up, now fell; for, from his bundle of papers, I saw that his sales had been few that day. ‘Well, little ‘un, I’ll try you—there is a shilling—now, be a good boy and bring me the change to-morrow to the hotel. Ask for Mr. Turner.’ ‘Give my friend your word of honour, as a gentleman, as security for the bob,’ said Philips. ‘As sure as death, sir, I’ll bring the change the morn,’ was the promise of young Lucifer before he vanished with the shilling. . . . Next morning we were on the Koslia stage to ‘do’ the wonderful little chapel there. We were stopped near the University by a crowd congregated round some poor creature brought to grief by the race-horse pace of a butcher’s cart. A working man raised something in his arms, and followed by a crowd, bore it off. . . . On our return to the inn, I inquired, ‘Waiter, did a little boy call for me to-day?’ ‘Boy, sir? Call, sir? No, sir.’ ‘Of course he didn’t. Did you really expect to see your young Arab again?’ said Philips. ‘Indeed I did, Charley. I wish he had proved honest.’ ‘Then, O Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen!’ Later in the evening, a small boy was introduced who wished to speak to me. He was a duodecimo edition of the small octavo of the previous day, got up with less outlay of capital—a shoeless shirtless,

shrunken, ragged, wretched, keen witted Arab of the street and closes of the city. . . .

He stood for a few minutes diving and rumaging into the recesses of his rags. At last little Tom Thumb said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought few less yesterday frae Sandy?' 'Yes, my little man.' 'Well here's seven-pence,' (counting out divers copper coins.) 'Sandy canna come—he's no weel—a cart ran ow'r him the day, and has broken his leg, and he's lost his bannet and his fewzees and your fourpence piece and his knife—he—he's no weel. He's no weel ava—and the doctor says—says—he's dee—in';—and that's a he can gie ye now: and the poor child, commencing with sobs, ended in a sore fit of crying. I gave him food; for though his cup of sorrow was full enough, his stomach was empty, as he looked wistful at the display on the tea-table. 'Are you Sandy's brother?' 'Ay sir, and the flood gates of his heart again opened. 'Where do you live? Are your father and mother alive?' 'We bide in Blackfriars' Wynd in the Coogate. My mither's dead, and my faither's awa': and we bide whiles wi' our gude mither,' sobbing bitterly. 'Where did this accident happen?' 'Near the college, sir.' Calling a cab, we were speedily set down at Blackfriars Wynd. I had never penetrated the wretchedness of those ancient closes by day, and he entered one by night, and almost alone. Preceded by my little guide, I entered a dark, wide, winding stair, until, climbing many flights of stairs in total darkness, he opened a door, where a light maintained a feeble, unequal struggle with the thick close smelling, heavy gloom. My courage nearly gave way as the spectacle of that room burst upon me. In an apartment, certainly spacious in extent, but scarcely made visible by one guttering candle stuck in a bottle, were an over-crowded mass of human being sleeping on miserable bed spread out upon the floor, or squatted or reclining upon the cold, unfurnished boards. Stepping over a prostrate, quarrelling drunkard, I found little Sandy on a bed of carpenter's shavings on the floor. He was still in his rags, and a torn and scanty coverlet had been thrown over him. Poor lad! he was so changed. His sharp, pallid face was clammy and cold—beads of a sweet of agony standing on his brow. A bloated woman in maudlin drunkenness now and then bathed his lips with wiskey and water. A doctor from the Royal Infirmary had called and left some medicine to soothe the poor lad's agony—for his cause was hopeless—but his tipsy nurse had forgotten to administer it. I applied it, and had him placed on a less miserable bed, and seeing a woman to attend him during the night, I left the degraded, wretched home. Next morning I was again in Blackfriars' Wynd. . . . For the patient, medical skill was naught, for he was sinking fast. As I took his feeble hand, a

flicker of recognition seemed to gleam across his face. 'I got the change and was comin'—' 'My poor boy, you were very honest. Have you any wish—anything I can promise to do for you? I promise to—' 'Reuby I'm sure I'm deesin'; who will take care o' you noo?' Little Reuben was instantly in a fit of crying and threw himself on the bed. 'Oh, San dy, Sandy, Sandy!' sobbed his little heart. 'I will see to your little brother.' 'Thank you sir! Dinna, dinna leave me, Rew—Rew—by. I'm coming'—coming'—' 'Whist, whist! cried little Reub, looking up, and turning round to implore some silence in the room. That moment the calm faded smile that seemed to have alighted as a momentary visitant upon his face slowly passed away, the eyes became blank and glazed, and his little lite imperceptibly rippled out. The honest boy lies in the Conogate Churchyard, and I have little Reuben at Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School, and receive excellent accounts of him and from him.

—o—

A Parish Clerk's Lament.

Our Parson's took up with the Ritchelist views.
And he's all over changed from his 'at to his shoes;

His coat is so long, and his face is so grave;
And he calls his good crabstick his pastoral staff.
An' his voice has got hollow, and sad like, and mild.

And he'd think he was yielding to sin if he smiled:

They may say what they please, but whatever they says,

I don't like the looks of these Ritchelist way.

Our parson he once was so hearty and stout,
And knew what the farmers and folk were about;
He'd talk with the men as they worked in the field.

He knew every acre, and what it would yie'd;
He'd a famous loud voice, and a kind, merry face:
'Cept when he was scolding a child in disgrace.
Now he walks through the lanes in a sort of a maze.

And that's what has come of his Ritchelist ways.

And the old village church he'd have done it up new,

And there's plenty of benches, but never a pew;
And pillards, and holtars, and things queer in spellin',

An' as for the vestry, that's quite past my tellin'.
There used to be two gowns I had in my cares—
A black gown for preaching, a white 'un for prayers;

And now there are twenty, wi' gold all ablaze—
And that's the expense of the Ritchelist ways.

There's lirrrip's and stoles that is always in wear,
And copes to put on for the Litany prayer,
An' green wi' white edgings for churchings and listen.

He puts on a purple and white gown to christen:
There's things that hang loose, and things that fit tight,

And he's mighty displeas'd if I don't bring 'em right;

Oh, it's almost enough a poor body to craze,
The ins and the outs of these Ritchelist ways.

'Then there's howings and scrapings, and turn-
ings and flexions,
It's hard work to mind all the proper directions;
He'll first elant a sentence, then turn round his
stole.
Then wheel to the east wi' a sort of a roll;
Now he speaks low and loud, now he jabbers
fast
As if it was something he wished to get past;
At the back of the building they can't hear a
phrase.
For they don't speak distinct in these Ritchelist
ways.

And the music it's altered, I can't tell you how,
But the old Psalms of David are neve sung now;
They've got some new hymns, wi' some very
queer words.

And they twitter and pipe like a parcel of birds,
They tell me it's grand and I shouldn't complain,
But I long for the old Psalms of David again—
Or else for our goodly and Protestant laye.
Not these dreadful quick chants o' the Ritch-
elist ways.

I've been a parish clerk for nigh thirty year,
But the parson and wardens is gettin' so queer,
And the work o' my office is gettin's so great—
What wi' brushin' the vestments and cleanin'
the plate—

That I'd almost resolve to resign it and go;
But my friends they say "don't," and my wife
she says "no";

So I bide in my place and each Sunday prays
There may soon be an end o' them Ritchelist
ways.

—*Liverpool Mercury.*

The Monthly Record.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The festivities of the New Year in Great Britain have passed more quietly than usual. There has been much to give a tinge of sobriety to the merrymakings of our countrymen. Church and State are in a state of commotion indicating a conflict of interests and passions beneath the surface. The thoughtful mind derives very little comfort also, when it views the state of matters in the world at large.

There are signs that Russia meditates a movement in the East. She is about to arm her immense host of soldiers with a new and improved rifle. Her foreign minister has addressed a note to Europe on the Eastern question and it is reported that she meditates sending a new loan into the market to the extent of £28,000,000. All this can mean only war. The pretext is the treatment of the ten millions of christians in Turkey. The real object is the acquisition of the Dardanelles and farther territory. The advance of Russia is not so much a policy as a necessity. Russia advances in the East by the same law as the Anglo-Saxon race in the west. A great and vigorous northern race, growing and expanding amid the stern realities of nature moves south and takes possession of countries possessed by others, who have come in the same way long before and become enfeebled by a

warmer sun, a richer soil and more luxurious habits. We have seen it thus since the dawn of European and western-Asiatic history; and the shorter history of America tell the same tale. These Russian movements mean simply the Crimean war over again. Britain will very reluctantly surrender to Russia, such a power as may endanger her communications with the East. That Russia will get what she wants some time or other we doubt not, but whether it be so fatal to British interests as is supposed is at least a question.

France and Prussia are speaking peace and preparing for war. A late decree of the French Chambers increases the army to three quarters of a million of men ready for active service and a million of reserves. This is truly appalling. There can be no prosperity and happiness in such a country, when about a tenth of the men fit for work are withdrawn from labor, and their equipments cost much more than their wages. Prussia is of course armed to the teeth, and Italy is arming in a state of resentment against the French. So that Europe seems to have adopted the doctrine that men have come into the world to put one another out of it. If one were on the European continent now and saw these formidable signs, naval yards busy, armies full, cannons everywhere, men mustering, he would think that the horrors of the last days of misery and woe had come upon the earth. But when the cloud bursts, who may abide it!

The Pope in an allocution expresses his thankfulness to all parties for preservation. Like the old woman in the story he thinks he "would have been drowned had it not been for providence an' another man." The other man in this case was the man whom he lately called "Judas Iscariot." To all appearance Napoleon by intervening for the Pope has "gained a loss," like the Irishman. France in her financial state cannot afford to support the Pope with his Zouaves, his yearly deficit and his debt. It will not improve the matter that Italy refuses to pay the interest on the debt lying upon the states lately belonging to the Pope. The debate in the French Chambers shows that France holds Rome for the purpose of preventing Italian unity. Such is Popery in its centre—it embarrasses France—it embarrasses Italy. True to its ancient character it is the grand misfortune of the human race.

Yet our statesmen are slow to learn the lesson. Popery has during the last hundred years had no considerable influence in our country. Prosperity has been the consequence. Now through the time-serving spirit of politicians she acquires a new influence and we have trouble and embarrassment. The Limerick Roman Catholic clergy publish a declaration enumerating the past wrongs of Ireland and announcing that there is no remedy but a separate "nationality."

They want an Irish Queen, the Fenians an Irish republic, and Gladstone advises a Roman Catholic university. And so on. The parliamentary commission upon the Irish Church is now sitting and it is to be hoped that every abuse will be removed. But it is also to be hoped that nothing will be given to Roman Catholics *as such*. Scotland retained its nationality, but no one in a Scotch university was ever educated as a Protestant, or a Roman Catholic, or a Presbyterian, or even as a Scotchman; but as a man. If benefits are to be conferred upon Roman Catholics for the sake of conserving the Irish establishment or any other interests, then we say, let all endowments be withdrawn. Let every other interest protect itself rather than support a power which is disloyal, and wherever it prevails brings misery and anarchy. Were the three Established Churches of Great Britain thrown upon their own resources, they have a piety and wealth amongst them, that would very soon afford them a larger revenue than they now possess, and one, which many would envy, but no statesman or Romish priest could impugn or lecture upon. Instead of paying the Irish priests with the money of the British public, let them be left to the support of those whom their teachings keep in a state of beggary and rebellion.

In America, as in Europe, there is immense stagnation in trade. The state of matters in the Southern States is discouraging to the American Government. A most extraordinary change has lately taken place in the administration of the South. Formerly divisional commanders exercised controul over all civil affairs, although the civil administration was allowed generally to take its natural course. Now, however, all is controlled by Grant alone, whose power is now greater than that of the President. Gen. Grant now rules supreme dictator over a territory as large as the half of Europe. Such is freedom—such is democracy—such is the Yankee commentary upon the first clause in “the declaration of independence” (which is an untruth however) that “all men are born free and equal”—such are the prospects and aims of our Colonial Annexationists—consistency is a jewel! Meanwhile an agitation is being attempted in our own Province against the Confederation, which may serve all the purpose that is intended by it. A little agitation is often a good thing, even when it does not attain its professed end. Much political wisdom is uttered, gases exhale which might otherwise explode and do mischief; and patriotism performs its great sacrifices in a cheap and pleasing way, orators sacrificing their heads and shedding their blood a great many times over in a very harrowing manner, when, of course, in practice, such executions could only be endured once.

The Abyssinian expedition—an expensive romance—progresses favorably. The whole

thing is supposed to have originated in an act of incivility on the part of Lord Russell's Government in not sending a reply to one of King Theodore's letters to Her Majesty. Such is history. “Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth” might be inscribed on a great many of its pages. The expense will be very great, and the British revenue is about six hundred thousand pounds less than for the corresponding quarter of last year. The country is most romantic—mountains rising tier above tier until their summits disappear in clouds and snow. The passage of the army lies up these mountains through passes so narrow that the distant spectator sees no opening. The danger and fatigue must be great. What would be easy for goats must be severe upon armed men. Mr. Rassam recommends them to catch the metropolitan Bishop and take him with them, as the Abyssinians are so superstitious that they will inflict no injury upon the British detachments while he is with them, or by way of attraction, that is, either upon the principle of interposing a friend between ourselves and the missile of death, or upon the principle of catching the queen bee when bees are swarming and thus gathering them all into the hive.

Doctors Macleod and Watson, the deputation from the Church of Scotland to India, have arrived there and commenced their labors. Dr. Macleod received an address from the captain and passengers of the ship, thanking him for his society and sermons. In all parts of the world the charm of Dr. Macleod's private character and public teaching will create favorable and beneficial impressions.

With reference to the proposed reunion of the Old and New School Presbyterians in the States, the *Home and Foreign Missionary Record* of our Church remarks:—“As the views on both sides are better understood, we believe that these two Churches will come nearer together. If possible, they ought to be reunited; the divisive tendency has gone as far, to say the least, as is safe. Their differences, though in some degree doctrinal, concern mainly matters of detail, which can readily be adjusted if approached in a fair and charitable spirit.”

The Crief organ case has produced a general embroglio in Dr. Cunningham's parish. One of the successful agitators against the organ has been suing another, claiming a share in the merit of silencing the hateful instrument, and now Dr. Cunningham sues the publisher of a newspaper for libel and claims a consolation of £1,000 sterling. The Dr. is a man of great learning and knowledge of constitutional law. His history of the Church of Scotland is one of the best written books of our day. The strong views of the constitutional right of the Sessions in such cases has led him probably into a measure which appears to have been distasteful to the

wrongs of Ireland and announcing that there is no remedy but a separate "nationality" public. However much any one may think that instrumental aid would be an improvement, no one can justify its introduction contrary to the feelings and honest prejudices of the people. Such conduct would be coming down to the level of those who want Presbyteries and Synods to help them not only to keep organs out of their own Churches but to keep them out of all others.

A singular form of Sabbath desecration has just come to light in Edinburgh. It seems that about four hundred confectionary shops are open in that city on the Lord's day, and 1600 persons were counted as entering one of these on a particular Sunday. These sweeties were for use in Church and indicate the character of modern Christianity. A modern Christian in modern Athens professes to believe in Calvinism, spirituality and self-denial. He would shed his blood to resist the slightest innovation upon our forms of worship. But notwithstanding, he cannot worship his Maker without filling his mouth with sugar. Such sugar-throated and sugar-tongued Christians sit by the thousand, wax sentimental under pulpit themes and sing out their readiness to suffer and die for the truth, with breaths suffocating from confectionary. This confectionary worship has become a public nuisance. It becomes, moreover, in a few years, destructive to health and comfort. Many of our Churches smell like sweetie shops.

The extent of the loss incurred by our Canadian Sister Church from the failure of the Commercial Bank is now pretty well known. The shareholders have resolved to amalgamate with the Merchants' Bank of Montreal, *three* shares of the Commercial counting for *one* of the *Merchants'* so that they lose two-thirds of their stock. The college loses about £5,000 and the Church about £20,000. This is a serious matter, but if the Church were to make an immediate effort there is no doubt that it could be made up. If the sectarian grants are withdrawn in Ontario, as many seem to think is certain, the College will lose, in addition, six or seven hundred a year,—that is, about one thousand a year in all will be withdrawn from its revenue. However, if means are taken, surely the laity of Canada could make up this sum. Our people are not half liberal enough to colleges. In the States during the past year alone thirty-one colleges received endowments to the extent of upwards of *three Millions of Dollars*. Howard received \$400,000, Tufts \$300,000, Yale \$206,000 and Cornell \$700,000. Let them organise at once, then, a scheme whereby *all* the laity shall be *solicited* and there is no danger but a sympathising people will rush to the rescue. If the whole organization is placed under the able management and forcible advocacy of

our statistical friend, Mr. Croil, we predict a success. We noticed that he struck the right chord in the debate of the special meeting of Synod.

The newspaper accounts of the ritualistic celebrations on Christmas eve indicate the usual absurdity and a little more. In St. Alban's and the other High Church places of worship, in London, the proceedings began at 9 in the evening and continued till 4 in the morning. The altar looked like a floral conservatory with *live* flowers, such as camelias, &c., placed round it. The communion was celebrated three times during the night, on one of the times for the clergy alone. There were the usual marching about, dresses, drapery, fumes of incense, musical performances and dumb show. It is evident, that, if this grows, there will have to be a change in the practical management of each Christian congregation. Instead of having a minister learned in the scriptures and a few devout men, called elders or deacons or churchwardens, at the head of affairs, a new kind of consistory will be required, made up of a painter to decorate the materials of this new material worship and keep them shining and impressive in red and white; a barber to dress up the hair and otherwise perfume and adorn the persons of the officiating priests to give them an interesting and a high church look; an apothecary to mix perfumes and compound all manner of savoury emollients for high church noses, such as myrrh and frankincense; a musical director to take charge of the orchestra and select the finest operatic pieces; and a scene director, after the manner of a stage,—the whole to meet daily to devise new and fresh material attractions for the people, mere physical enjoyment soon palling upon the appetite and craving alteration. It seems that Mr. Beecher, of Brooklyn, preaches from a desk made of wood that grew on the mount of Olives; and that lately he administered the rite of baptism with water taken from the Jordan, and the rite of communion with wine from Jerusalem! No doubt, these are merely Yankee notions and Mr. Beecher has no sympathy with Judaical reactions and a religion of the letter. But such things are unnecessary and dangerous. We have no right to experiment in our approaches unto God and offer will-worship. We have a *rule* and let us follow it. Mr. Beecher would, doubtless, say: such a desk, such wine, such water, are no better than any other, I admit, but they are also no worse, and, therefore, I choose to use them." But if they are no better, why make a distinction and a vain boast of such trifles, and though you are illuminated enough to keep such things subordinate, will all your people or will your successor? The sooner good people stand by the Book and resist mere fashions, unwarranted vanities, and all evil influences, from every quarter, the better. If we are to be ingenious and original, let it not be in

corrupting old saving doctrine, or clogging a spiritual edifice with "clumsy ornaments" or beguiling with meretricious graces, but in devising new methods of good and thus keep alive the spiritual, not by midnight excitements or the phantasms of Beecherism, but by good and useful work for our fellow men in the open light of day.

Very interesting explorations are being carried forward in Palestine, and especially round the site of the temple of Jerusalem. The wall has been buried to the depth of 90 feet. What was thought to have been the natural surface has been found, as in the case of Nineveh, to be only the top of ruins and rubbish of immense depth. New proofs thus arise of the trustworthiness of scripture-history. Scientific men are often hostile to the Bible but science is not. Science is not the teaching of one or two but the result of the joint labors of many men, all working with different aims, and it has enhanced and will go on enhancing that great old book, whose truths have strengthened the valorous lives and sweetened the dying hours of our fathers and shall furnish the only ground on which we can plant our own sinking feet when we ourselves shall be encompassed with the cold waters of the Jordan of death.

We are truly delighted to hear of a movement to establish a Medical School in Halifax. We are a slow people and those who live in Halifax, while enjoying many advantages and splendid prospects, are not a bit faster than their neighbors. We have counted the names of forty or fifty students from the Lower Provinces at one Medical School in the States alone. Let some Halifax gentlemen look at the annual lists of Harvard and they will see what a loss they incur by this neglect. This, however, is the lowest consideration. We hope something will be done immediately.

A. P.

WE observe from a Scotch paper that the Saltcoats Gaelic congregation have given a unanimous call to the Rev. James McDonald, who lately laboured with so much acceptance at Barney's River and Lochaber.

A meeting of the Saltsprings congregation was held in the Saltsprings Church on Monday the 13th January, at which, *inter alia*, it was resolved that the Lay Association be re-organized, and office-bearers for the current year were accordingly appointed.

THE deputation of Pictou Presbytery will visit congregations as follows:—Cape John, Monday, 11th February, at 12 noon; Wallace, Tuesday 12th, at 2 p. m., and Scotsburn, Tuesday 3rd March at 11 a. m.

WE may remind Ministers and Congregations of the Synodical collection on behalf of

the Home Mission, appointed to be made on Sabbath 2nd February, or first opportunity thereafter.

The young ladies of Mr. Jack's Sabbath School class, Pictou, lately presented him with a handsome Bible, bound in Morocco, as a token of their esteem for him as their teacher.

Rev. W. M. Philip, lectured in Halifax on Tuesday evening, 21st ult., under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. A Halifax paper notices the Lecture in these terms: The Lecture on "The faculty of speech" by the Rev. W. M. Philip was a very fine effort, remarkable alike for correctness of taste, and for purity, and beauty of language. The audience, considering the snow storm which prevailed was a large one and highly appreciated the eloquent periods of the learned Lecturer.

Arrangements have been made for the delivery of a course of Monday evening lectures, in St. George's Church, River John, as follows:—

Monday, Feb. 10, Rev. Wm. M. Philip, Albion Mines. Subject—"Books"

Monday, Feb. 24, Rev. G. W. Tuttle, River John. Subject—"Unbelief, its origin, its influence, and its perils."

Monday, March 2, Rev. J. Anderson, Wallace. Subject—"Robert Burns."

Monday, March 9, Rev. A. W. Herdman, Pictou. Subject—"Prophecy fulfilled and unfulfilled."

Monday, March, 23, Rev. John. Goodwill, Scotsburn. Subject—"Influence of one mind on another."

Monday, March 30, Rev. W. McMillan, Earlton. Subject—"Sidelings on the highway of Christianity."

WE give on another page, an extract from a P. E. Island paper, from which it appears that the late Mr. Poole of Georgetown, has bequeathed a sum towards the endowment of the Church of which the Rev. Mr. McWilliam is the esteemed pastor.

From our Ontario Correspondent

Another year has come and gone. 1867, with all its conflicts and triumphs, its individual success and failures, its moral, political and ecclesiastical changes, lies buried in its winter grave. The first days of 1868 are calling us to fresh exertion, bidding us forget the past with its folly and failure, and enter manfully and hopefully on the work that lies before us.

Politically, we have entered upon a new era of existence. The great event of the past year to us has been Confederation, and though some clouds have arisen upon the

horizon of our Dominion, we trust that these will ere long be dispersed and that our new governmental machinery will work easily and harmoniously, controlled by wise and earnest statesmen.

“Who know the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.”

To our Church the past year has been, financially, a calamitous one, owing to the failure of the Commercial Bank. The effort to supplement the deficiency has however, I doubt not, done us real good by awakening a feeling of self-reliance. The list of subscriptions recorded in the January number of the *Presbyterian*—amounting to about \$5000—is very gratifying—The Temporalities Board have been nobly sustained, and there is no doubt that they will be able to pay all the ministers in full for this year. Meantime the Commercial has amalgamated with the Merchants' Bank, Montreal, of which Mr. Hugh Allan is President, the stock being taken at thirty-three and one-third per cent of its par value. Strong hopes are expressed that the new stock will soon command a large premium.

Queen's College, which has lost heavily by the failure of the Bank, is threatened from another quarter. Both the leading journals in the capital of this Province—the *Globe* and the *Leader*—have taken strong ground against Government grants to denominational Colleges. Queen's College has for some years received an annual allowance of \$5000. Should this aid be suddenly withdrawn, it is hard to see how the present staff of Professors could be kept up in the Arts Department. The discussion of the advisability of continuing these grants will probably lead to a reopening of the whole question of “University Reform,” which was debated with so much bitterness some years ago. Nor will this be matter for regret, if it should result in such a change as will secure a uniform standard for degrees in Arts throughout the Province. Meanwhile I fail to see the wisdom of the policy which would deprive an institution of all Government aid on account of its being under the superintendence of a particular denomination, when it can strew good work done, and done not for the benefit of one sect, but for the general benefit of the community. In Queen's College Presbyterianism, Episcopacy, Methodism, Congregationalism, Romanism, and I know not what other shades of theological opinion are represented among the students in Arts, so that “sectarian” is evidently a misnomer. By all means let the result of the instruction imparted be tested by confident judges and let the aid given bear some proportion to the amount of work done. The Theological department is, of course, denominational, but it is supported without Government aid.

When we look beyond the limits of our own Church, we find that the past year has witnessed some remarkable efforts shewing a

tendency to what a certain writer calls “inclusiveness” in modern religious life. The Pan-Anglican Synod, which owed its origin to a suggestion made by the Metropolitan Bishop of Canada, has received an abundant share of attention from both the secular and the religious press. Three score and fifteen Bishops from various quarters of the globe met in solemn conclave at Lambeth, and held some discussions which were not allowed to reach the ears of the *profanum vulgus* through the medium of reporters. The immediate fruit of their conference was a “Pastoral” full of vague generalities and weak commonplaces, which failed to touch the weighty questions that are dividing the Church of England and agitating the whole Christian world. Perhaps this was only to be expected when we consider the heterogeneous and conflicting elements of which the Synod was composed.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided over this gathering, has been casting longing glances eastwards, and has written a letter with a view to obtaining recognition from the “Holy Orthodox” Greek Church. How these advances will be received it is difficult to determine. Should an understanding be come to between the Church of England and that of Russia, the event would have a political as well as a religious significance. As to the religious element of the transaction, the very fact that the Archbishop is seeking an alliance with the Greek Church will tend to widen the breach between the Church of England and other Protestant Churches in Great Britain, and, in all probability, to estrange the laity of her own communion. The tendency to “inclusiveness” is in this way more than counteracted by a corresponding separation which is almost by necessity involved in it. Closer union with one party implies greater divergence from another. If His Grace of Canterbury should meet with such a rebuff from the authorities of the Greek Church as Dr. Pusey and his party received at the hands of the Church of Rome, perhaps the Clergy of the Anglican Church will be induced to look nearer home for friends and allies.

In Scotland, the agitation in favor of union, on the part of the non-established Churches, has received a check in the shape of an unseemly quarrel between Dr. Candlish on the one hand and Dr. Begg and some of the anti-unionists on the other. Dr. Candlish has been unable to restrain the opposition to measures which he would fain have carried with a high hand, and now he retires in sorrow or disgust, feeling, as he says himself, that he is not the man to moderate among the conflicting elements at work. Shall we be glad or sorry that this attempt at union seems for the present to have failed? There is probably no excess of uncharitableness in the supposition that, amid all the other advantages and blessings of union, the

thought was not absent from the minds of the leaders in the movement, that the united force of the non-established Churches would be brought to bear with three-fold intensity against the Establishment. Ought we, as friends of the Church of Scotland, to mourn that the effort to form such a combination has been quashed? For it holds true here also that inclusiveness in one direction means exclusiveness in another. At the same time, there is something grand in the idea of a strong and united Presbyterianism for all Scotland, and if the failure of this attempt at what would after all be but *half* a union should pave the way for a larger and more comprehensive union of both Established and non-established Churches—or of the moderate men in both—on a broad national basis, there are not a few hearts in the Church of Scotland that would kindle with a new joy and enthusiasm. Is it only a fond dream that such a result may yet come about? Is it impossible to have a National Church on such a basis as to include all the Christians in the nation—all, that is, but the excessively hard-headed who would not feel that they belonged to the “Church Militant” unless they were Dissenters?

The Presbyterians of the United States have also been manifesting tendencies to union, but I am not particularly informed as to the stage which the negotiations have reached. It is not improbable that the political change which we have ourselves undergone during the past year may lead to a discussion of the question of union among all the Presbyterians of the Dominion. There is no doubt that the Church of Scotland would look upon such a union with a friendly eye. There is no doubt, also, that if a really harmonious union were accomplished, many benefits would result. Are the difficulties insurmountable? Would the possible evil outweigh the probable good of an effort to bring about such a consummation? Must the quarrels of Christian men—and especially those of Christian ministers—always be the hardest to make up? Must the divisions among Presbyterians remain a source of needless vexation to themselves and an inexplicable mystery to outsiders?

Whatever may come of union—and even those who desire it most ardently cannot expect it to be accomplished without much wisdom and much forbearance—our present duty is plain. Let us work vigorously, unitedly, prayerfully, ministers and people, to make our own Church what it ought to be, to get rid of indifference and inactivity, to cherish a missionary spirit, to make the very best use of the machinery which we possess for the removing of heathenism abroad and the more terrible heathenism which grows and flourishes at our very doors under Christian institutions. So let us begin our year—watching, waiting, working. Let us humbly do our part towards making the stirring

words of the Poet Laureate applicable to the bells which rang out on the silent midnight from village steeple or cathedral tower as the old year was dying:—

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

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

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

D. J. M.

Peterboro, Ontario, Jan 16th, 1868.

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PORTLAND, ST. JOHN, N. B., }
Jan. 6, 1868. }

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—It may be interesting to some of your readers, to know what we have been doing for some time past at our two mission stations of Portland and Rothsay. Two years and a half have elapsed since these missions were established by the Colonial Committee of our Church. About the beginning of June, 1865, regular services were begun at both stations. At Rothsay we had a comfortable little Kirk, capable of seating about 400 people. The number of Presbyterians, however, was very small, and the Episcopalians, who were much more numerous, and had contributed something towards the erection of the Church, more frequently held service in it than the Presbyterians. During the summer of 65 services were held alternately by the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, and this system was continued till the following summer, when the entire field was left in our hands, and we have continued to supply the Rothsay pulpit every Sunday morning during summer at 11, and every alternate Sunday at the same hour during winter. The utmost harmony and good christian feeling prevails among all the worshippers at the little Rothsay Kirk. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, high church and low church, Frees, and U. Presbyterians, find it possible to join their voices, I believe also their hearts, in the Psalms of David and in the prayers offered in our little Zion. Efforts have several times been made by the Episcopal clergy to erect a church for their people, but the more intelligent of the laity have little sympathy with the proposal, and they have shrewdness enough to perceive that the only hope of having a congregation in a good healthy condition is in the united efforts of all the Protestants in the neighborhood. The population of Roth-

say is very much greater in summer than in winter. Many of our wealthiest and most respectable families have their country villas here, and spend from the beginning of June till the first of October in the *otum cum dignitate* of country life. The village is situated nine miles from St. John, and the trains run to and from it several times a day during the summer season.

Our little Kirk at Rothsay has been considerably improved in appearance since last year. Two coats of paint have been given to the inside and outside, and several other changes for the better have been effected. Towards the making of these changes all those belonging to other denominations, who worshipped with us during summer, have contributed. We have also a Sabbath school at Rothsay, which was largely attended during last summer, and is now in a very prosperous condition. It has a library of several hundred volumes, selected with good taste and judgment besides a good supply of Sabbath school literature of other kinds.

In Portland we began under less favorable auspices. Several attempts had been made by the Free Church to establish a church in Portland, but these failed, partly from the opposition of the city clergy, who feared the loss of certain members from their churches, and partly from the poverty of the parish in which the efforts were made. We had no building in the shape of a church and began services in the Temperance Hall. Our congregation was, of course, very small at first, but it grew with every Sabbath, and its fluctuating character soon gave place to something of a more constant and stable nature. A Sabbath school was also established and the success that has attended it has been quite remarkable. It numbers at present about 230 children and has thirty teachers, who are weekly instructed in Bible knowledge and in the art of teaching. The success of the school is chiefly owing to the fortunate selection we made of a superintendent. Since accepting this situation, Mr. Ames has devoted much zeal, energy, and ability to the interests and welfare of the school. In addition to many other qualifications, Mr. Ames brought into the congregation and school a good practical knowledge of music, and a very unusual ability of imparting it to others. The children have made rapid progress in singing and have given a number of concerts by which they have succeeded in raising upwards of \$200 for the purchase of books for the library. It is now the largest, and I believe one of the most useful Sabbath schools in our Province.

Soon after the establishment of the mission in Portland, the erection of a church was discussed. A large fund known as the St. Stephen's Church fund, and amounting to about \$9000 was lying at interest in the city. It was deposited about 20 years ago, after the sale of the old St. Stephen's Church,

and the intention then was, that it should remain a few years and then be employed in resuscitating the building and congregation. It was, however, kept out of view for 20 years and during that time the interests of the Church of Scotland were neglected, and other denominations now occupy the field that naturally fell to her lot to cultivate. While in Scotland this fund was represented to me as available for the Portland mission, but on arriving here I found that that was not correct, and that the fund was reserved for the erection of a church within the city where the old church formerly existed. As the city and parish are separated by an imaginary line, and as the parish consists of a long strip of land running along the north west side of the city it appeared that the church might be so situated as to be within the limits of the city, and yet in the very centre of Portland. In such a case the \$9000 could be obtained, the want of accommodation in the city supplied, and the people of Portland provided with church privileges at a very moderate sum.

This was on all hands agreed to, and the fund of \$9000 was raised by subscriptions and other means to upwards of \$15,000. A piece of land on the boundary line between the city and parish was purchased for \$3,000, and the corner stone of the new St. Stephen's Church was laid on the 25th of July, with full Masonic honors. Since then the building has rapidly risen. It is now entirely closed in and the outside completed. The church is built in the old English Gothic style and is of the finest brick and stone work. It has a basement, 90 by 60 feet which we purpose dividing off into three rooms—vestry, library, and Sabbath school. The front of the church is built of dressed granite seven feet from the ground. Above this is a course of free stone from the Wallace quarry and on this is built the pressed brick. The tower and spire are 117 feet in height and are situated in the north west corner of the building. It has two wings or aisles and a clearstory containing 20 small windows. In the inside it has a very fine appearance. It is open to the roof, and the clearstory windows admit an abundance of light and air in the upper portions. The roof is entirely of inlaid wood, which has a dark oak-coloured appearance. The roofing of the aisles is also to be of wood differently arranged from the roofing of the nave. There are to be no side galleries, which are found in this Province, to cause a wide and impassable gulf between the people above and the people below, and moreover, are said to encourage deadheadism in congregations. There is, however, to be just over the front entrance a small gallery, which the sacrilegious have impiously styled an organ loft.

The finishing of the inside is progressing rapidly, and we cherish the hope of getting into it about the month of May. The seating of the Church is to be of a circular

form, and the whole congregation will face the pulpit. On each side of the nave is a row of five columns and five gothic arches, which impart to the whole a noble and graceful appearance. There are two large windows, 18 feet in height, situated at each end of the building, and constructed for the reception of a second glazing which some have the boldness to assert is to be of stained glass. Those who look upon organs and stained windows in Churches as unmistakable marks of the beast have greatly diminished of late in this part of our Province. We have for two years and a half been in the habit of employing the aid of an instrument in our worship, and it would make your heart swell to hear 4 or 5 hundred of us singing the old hundred and others of the good old tunes. All opposition to its use has long ago disappeared and the universal belief now is that the organ is a most valuable aid in the praises of the sanctuary. The congregation of St. Andrew's Church has also arrived at the same conclusion and have already introduced a small harmonium, which I believe is to be superseded by a large organ.

We are looking forward to opening our new Church free of debt, and instead of selling the pews we expect to let the sittings by the year. This will enable us to offer church accommodation to a large number of people in Portland who are excluded from all our city Churches by the large prices at which the pews are sold. Hitherto the question has been "who's got most money?" The Churches were converted into auction rooms, or houses of merchandise, and the poor in most cases were forced to the wall. We are attempting an innovation and we have reasons for believing that our labor will not be in vain.

From this hasty sketch of our mission to Portland and Rothsay you may gather that the Master of the vineyard has been on our side. We have met with many cold looks, and many doubtful friends from whom the Lord has happily delivered us. Our difficulties have been neither few nor trifling, but He who was for us was mightier far than all that have been against us; and if the same good fortune befriend us for the next six months, the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland will have no cause to regret the establishment of the Portland and Rothsay missions.

GEO. J. CAIE.

Address from the Elders and Members of Salt Springs Congregation to the Revd. Alex. McKay, M. A.

Revd. and Dear Sir:

We are given to understand that you have intimated to the Presbytery of Pictou your desire to demit the charge of this congrega-

tion, and that the Presbytery has accepted of your demission, we must therefore regard a separation between you and us, as pastor and people, inevitable. We cannot think of the prospect of your leaving us without feelings of sadness, and many reminiscences of your abundant labours in our midst. We desire to take this opportunity of expressing our deep sense of our indebtedness to you for many and long continued tokens of your anxiety for our well being—and many earnest exhortations to seek the Saviour, and to walk in the paths of piety and virtue. Amid many difficulties and not a few discouragements you have persevered for many years in the discharge of your pastoral duties. These arduous labours have no doubt, somewhat tasked your bodily strength, but we rejoice to think that you have yet the prospect, by God's blessing, of many vigorous days, and our earnest prayer is that you may have much satisfaction, and also much success in doing your Master's work in that part of the vineyard to which, in His providence, you are about to remove. We implore the blessing of our Heavenly Father on yourself and Mrs. McKay and family, and wish for you and for them health in your household, and prosperity in all your ways—and now—"may the Lord Jesus Christ himself and God even our Father which hath loved us and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace comfort your heart and stablish you in every good word and work."

We beg that you will accept of the accompanying purse of Sovereigns, placed in our hands by the ladies of the congregation as a small token of their and our esteem and regard.

In name and on behalf of the Salt Springs congregation.

JOHN A. MCLEAN, Elder,
ANGUS MUNRO, "
WM. McDONALD, Trustee,
ANGUS MCKENZIE, "
DAVID A. ROSS, Sec'y.

Salt Springs, W. R. 31st Oct, 1867.

Address of the Congregation of Gairloch to the Rev. Alex. McKay, M. A., on the occasion of his departure for Ontario, to assume the duties of his new charge.

Reverend Sir:

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we first learned your intention of departing and accepting another charge in a distant sphere, and we cannot permit you to leave without expressing our profound sense of the loss we sustain, in being deprived of the service of so able, faithful and affectionate a pastor, as you have ever proved yourself during the period you have ministered among us. The ties which are now to be dissolved, permit us to say, are, on our part peculiarly strong and deep, and no lapse of years shall be able to efface the hallowed and tender impressions which have been produced in our

hearts when you have opened to us the Scriptures within the Sanctuary, when you have counselled and directed us in private, in the great matters of our souls salvation, or when you have sat by the couch of the dying and unfolded to the drooping soul the hope of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. The termination of a connection of this kind is always solemn and affecting, and calculated to awaken many serious and sad reflections. He who has long exercised the charge of a people becomes familiar with their most intimate cares, and learns to be partaker of all the deepest experiences and feelings of their nature. We may be allowed to state on the present occasion that the closing hour of your ministry among us, is an hour that is fraught to us with sadness and fear. We remember the faithful labour of your life, the untiring zeal and devotion which you have manifested for the good of our souls, during the period of eight years, and while bidding you farewell we pray God that we may be enabled to appropriate and improve all the lessons of truth we have received from your lips, and all the high and holy influences which have beamed upon us from your life and conversation.

That the great Head of the Church may prosper your labors in the new field to which in His providence He has called you, and that the blessing of Almighty God may richly descend on you, and your worthy partner and family, is our earnest and affectionate prayer.

We respectfully beg your acceptance, in the accompanying purse of sovereigns, as a small token of our regard.

In the name and behalf of the congregation we subscribe our respective names.

WM. SUTHERLAND,	} Elders.
WM. McDONALD,	
ALEX. McDONALD, junr.,	
ALEX. McDONALD, senr.,	
GEORGE SUTHERLAND,	
DAVID SUTHERLAND,)

REPLY.

Dear Friends :

Having given separate verbal replies to these kind addresses, I would now, as promised reply in a more permanent form. To avoid repetition of words and ideas, and also to avoid all seeming preferences, I conceive it better to give a conjoint reply.

Having publicly stated what led to the resigning of these large and important charges, it may not be necessary or productive of any practical good to do so now, I would however observe that ever since I could form any just estimate of ministerial responsibilities, I regarded it no ordinary matter to undertake the pastoral charge of any people and especially of one embracing so many immortal souls; and I consequently have felt that no trivial reasons could justify the dissolution of

the pastoral relationship. There was more-over very much in my connection with you that served, in no common degree to deepen these sentiments and feelings, and to render it very difficult to think of severing these connecting ties. There was the strong associations which bind to one's native land—a land possessing many pleasing and alluring attractions; there was the close ties of kindred, which must weigh powerfully with every tender and social heart; there was the growing and deepening interest in the true and lasting welfare of the thousands to whom I had administered sacred ordinances; and there was what is not less influential in drawing forth the tenderest and purest affections of the soul—the interchange of religious sentiment and christian fellowship with those who were manifestly of Christ's fold. I write what I have deeply felt, when I assert that it was one of the sorest experiences of my life to the decisive conclusion, that there was sufficient cause why these binding associations as regards personal enter change, should be dissolved; and having earnestly sought divine sight and guidance in coming to a decision, I at length became firm in the persuasion that the course taken was justified and approved by the Great King and Head of the Church—and this persuasion alone served to induce me to carry it out.

And now that the pastoral tie which existed between us during more than one half of my ministerial labours, is dissolved, I feel in some respect deeper interest and more anxious concern for you. And while in the exercise of thought many of my most earnest feelings and strongest attractions of my soul shall go forth towards you. I cannot but often revert in solemn thought to the many, whom in a bed of sickness and death I sought, in God's name, to counsel, admonish and comfort, and to all to whom I spoke the words that are a savor of life or of death;—and when it is duly considered that we must all appear and respectively answer on the solemn day of account, and receive an eternal recompense, I cannot but feel that these lessons have not been urged with half the earnestness and faithfulness, which the vast and lasting importance of the subject demands. May each of us learn to realise this more deeply in the future. At the same time one of the most consolatory thoughts that occupies my mind, is that there is good reasons to believe, that there are seals of my ministry among you, and that there are general tokens that my labors among you have not been in vain in the Lord. And my fervent prayer is, that every one to whom I administered the Holy Sacraments may adorn the doctrine of our Lord and Saviour; that every one under my care, and every one to whom I spoke the words of eternal life may be washed in the blood that is sufficient to cleanse from all sin,—that we may yet be made prepared, with one heart and one mind,

to unite in celebrating the praises of the Lamb, who is exalted to bestow repentance and remission of sins, and prepare mansions for his faithful followers. And I am not without hope but that in the mysterious providence of God, my separation and the cause of it, shall ultimately serve the rather to promote this most desirable consummation.

I would take this opportunity of expressing my sincere and grateful acknowledgements for the many kind and friendly receptions experienced in your midst during my pastoral visitations, and especially to all who gave their support and encouragement in the maintenance of the order, the discipline and honor of God's house, and to those who sustained me while seeking to contend for the faith once delivered to the Saints. Be assured that neither time nor distance can efface the strong affection which binds me to those who steadily and perseveringly encouraged me in seeking to maintain the honor of God's cause, and to disseminate pure and undefiled religion. And that God may be glorified by you as a Church of Christ, and that you may secure His blessing, let me once more affectionately and earnestly urge two things upon you: 1st.—That those who would be guides and rulers among you in sacred matters, first make a faithful surrender of their individual souls to the Lord, and cherish the highest regard for His glory and the spiritual interests of His people—let nothing take the precedence of these in your estimation and your most strenuous efforts. 2nd.—That the truth of God be maintained, and the purity of his worship asserted in the face of every opposing influence. And that these all important ends be manifestly promoted, it is my anxious and earnest prayer, that you may have a pastor placed over you after God's own heart, one more capable of discharging all the duties of the sacred office, more zealous in seeking your temporal, spiritual and eternal welfare than hitherto set over you.

It is to me a source of strong consolation and much encouragement to be well assured of having the prayers of God's people. To have an interest in their prayers is of unspeakable value. And I am confident that the prayers of every humble and pious soul of my extensive charge, and of many beyond accompany me. For these, I can only assure you that it is my strong desire and persevering effort, to have my prayers on your account ascend to the divine mercy seat, commingled with those of the good of all times, and perfumed and rendered efficacious through the meritorious sacrifice and the all prevailing intercession of the great High Priest, until we shall meet where all true friends in Jesus shall meet to part no more.

I do feel that I have expended the strength and vigor of my years in God's service among you; and it is my earnest and anxious purpose to devote whatever strength may be con-

tinued to me in seeking to advance the cause of our gracious Master where I may think His unerring wisdom leads me. Nor do I expect to escape difficulties while labouring in Christ's militant Church. If enabled to prove faithful, it is impossible but that offences shall come; but *woe unto him through whom they come*, are the solemn lessons of the Great Teacher.

I desire to return my hearty thanks for your kind expressions towards Mrs. McKay and family.

The handsome gift of 43½ Sovereigns—22 from Salt Springs congregation and 21½ from Gairloch, raised in a few days, with many kind and considerate gifts in a private form, are strong and tangible proofs of your earnest desire for our comfort and welfare, in parting. May all be returned seven-fold, by the Bestower of every good and perfect gift.

And may grace, mercy and peace from God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be the heritage of you all, is my earnest and frequent prayer. Farewell.

ALEXANDER MCKAY.

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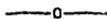
(For the Monthly Record.)

IN MEMORIAM.

Not a few of our readers were personally acquainted with the late John Duffus, Esq., of Halifax, and many more knew him by reputation. He was a warm hearted man himself, and so had many warm friends both in the city and country, some of whom travelled more than a hundred miles to be present at his funeral, and pay their last tribute of affection and respect to all that remained of him on earth. We, too, desire to pay our tribute of esteem to his memory in the pages of the *Record* of the Church of which he was a loyal and worthy member.

Mr. Duffus' character was really known only to those who were very intimate with him. All knew him to be an honorable, and reliable man of business, but few knew his real worth as a man. In everything connected with the relief of the poor and suffering, there was a tenderness, a delicacy and a considerateness about him that none but men of the largest and truest sympathies ever display. He was treasurer of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, and as such often stood in the gap when its funds were low, and never did he show more genuine delight than in witnessing the mental development and growing intelligence of any of the inmates. There was one thing about him especially attractive—no matter how poor any of his relations or friends became, he never deserted them, but always backed them with words of cheer and substantial help. As a Churchman, he was true, liberal, and sincere. A thorough Presbyterian by conviction, he

longed ardently for the reunion of all Presbyterians, as a thing good in itself and as the best means of checking an arrogant prelatial spirit. All his life he was connected with St. Matthew's Church, and for many years was Chairman of the Trustees, succeeding the late William Murdoch in the office. He has left by will \$1000 to the Trustees to aid in paying the debt on the Church. He has left besides considerable sums to charitable Institutions. He was an honest man, a Christian full of feeling, conscious of his own insufficiency, and resting humbly and wholly on his Saviour. His end was peace.



For the Monthly Record.

Presbytery Deputation to River John.

According to the instructions of Presbytery with the view of giving effect to the injunctions of Synod, and the Lay Association, the convener for the western part of the Presbytery notified a deputation to attend a meeting of the River John Congregation to be held on the 25th Dec. Owing to unavoidable circumstances, none of the deputation save the convener, appeared. After devotional exercises the financial state of the congregation was examined into, with, on the whole, very satisfactory results. Though but a young and comparatively weak congregation, they have not only built a handsome church, now free of debt, but also a comfortable and commodious manse, the debt of which is becoming small and "beautifully less" every year, and will it is hoped, be soon entirely liquidated. In addition to these burdens which they have voluntarily taken upon themselves and which they have borne with very great credit to themselves, and as a fitting example to others, they raise nearly \$400 per annum for their excellent and esteemed pastor, besides contributing liberally to the Schemes of the Church. They have had the Lay Association in operation for some time, though for want of a little attention it has of late flagged a little; but there was little or no difficulty in kindling their former enthusiasm and eliciting resolves that young men or maidens would cheerfully resume the duties of collectors, and that no niggard hand would respond to their quarterly calls. The meeting was a pleasant one, and we hope and trust that the collections for the Lay Association may bear testimony to the sincerity of the heartiness which made our meeting so pleasant.

W. Mc M.

WALLACE.

We are glad to learn that since the calamity which destroyed nearly the whole of Mr. Anderson's personal property, &c., his congregation have endeavored to make up his loss. The members of other denominations have not been less liberal. Some kind friends in Halifax have also, through the Rev. Messrs. Grant, gave handsome donations. The Wallace Division, of the Sons of Temperance, have very generously lent a willing hand. On the evening of Monday, 30th December, a deputation of ladies waited on Mr. Anderson and presented him with a purse of dollars. The following is the Address and Reply:

DEAR SIR:—

We the undersigned having been chosen by the Committee on behalf of the "Wallace Division," of the "Sons of Temperance," have great pleasure in presenting to the "Rev. Mr. Anderson" the contents of the accompanying purse, as an expression of sympathy and affection to their beloved Chaplain," on account of the recent calamity he has sustained in having his residence, together with a large portion of his property, destroyed by fire.

Mr. Anderson and Lady will accept the best wishes of every member of the "Division" for their future happiness and prosperity.

E. MCKAY,

V. M. JOHNSON,

M. A. O'BRIEN.

Wallace, Dec. 30, 1867.

WALLACE, 30th Dec., 1867.

DEAR LADIES,—Since I came to Wallace I have received many tokens of kindness and generosity, both from my own congregation and the members of the general community; but since the accident which deprived me of the largest part of my property, the practical sympathy I have experienced is beyond expression, my material loss has been considerable, but my moral gain far exceeds it.

Allow me to tender you my heartfelt thanks, and, through you, every member and lady visitor of the Division, for the valuable and considerate gift. I prize it on account of its intrinsic value but far more as an expression of good will, and I shall ever hold it in grateful remembrance.

Accept also my gratitude for your kind wishes for Mrs. Anderson.

I am yours, in L. P. F.,

JAMES ANDERSON.

"EBENEZER."

(The following article by our esteemed Gaelic contributor was unavoidably crowded out from its proper place at the close of the year.)

Gu tric ann an eachdruidh chlann Israel 'nuair a rinn Dia cabhair orra, no a thug e saorsa dhoibh thò an naimhdean, bha cairn chloich air a thogail mar chuimhneachan air mathais am Fearsaoidh. Tha e air innisidh dhuinn anns a chaib, so (1 Sam. 7, 12.) gan deachdich na Philisteach suas an aghaidh Israel, agus gun do ghabh iad eagal mor. Ghuidh iad air Samuel gun asluichadh e Dia as an leth; agus glaodh Samuel ra Dia airson Israel, agus chual an Tighearna e. "An sin ghabh Samuel clach, agus shuidheach e i eadar Mispel agus Sen; agus thug e Ebenezer mar ainm orra, agus thubhairt e, gu ruige so chuidich an Tighearna leinn." Bha e gu bhi na chuimhneachan air trocair agus na beannachdan a fhuair iad, agus na mhisneachadh airson an am ri teachd; na chomharadh air taingeachd, agus na grunn airson earbsa. Ach gu bhi sealtuinn air eachdruidh dheanigean an Tighearna ruinn fein, air gach cabhair a rinn e oirnn, gach saorsa a thug e dhuinn, agus an fhoighidinn a chleachd e ruinn, nach mor ar n'aoibhar ar n'Ebeneser a thogail agus a radh "gu ruige so chuidich an Tighearna leinn." Thug e, na throcair, siòne gu crìoch bliadhna eile fhaicinn agus dhaoghtadh e bhi gu buanachd dhuinn ar smuaintean a thionndach car tiota air giùlan grasmhor an Tighearna ruinn re a bliadhna tha ann an tim cho gear gu bhi measg na "nithe a bha;" oir gu ruige so nach do chuidich an Tighearna leinn?

Tha na briathra so a fillleadh a sìgh gum beil sinn an eisimeil Dhia. Cha bhiodh iarridh air cuideachadh, no feum ris mar biodh laigse, diblidheachd, is neo fheoghan-tachd air ar suibhail; Ach tha ar cathaimh beatfa a togail fianuis nar n'aghaidh gur ann lag, diblidh, seachranach a tha sinn, agus a mhuintir is fearr buailteach do ainmhuinneachdean. Tha uime sin gach uilachadh a chaidh dheanamh dhuinn, gach cabhair a chaidh dheanamh oirnn, agus gach saorsa a fhuair sinn ann an nithe aimseiral agus spioradal, gar cuir fodh thiachibh ar n'Ebeneser a thogail, agus a radh, "gu ruige so chuidich an Tighearna leinn."

"Chuidich an Tighearna leinn,"

(1) A thaobh nithe aimseiral, chuidich e leinn; thug e gu ruige so sinn ann an tearuinteachd: Cha buirriu fios a bhi againn aig toiseach na bliadhna gum biodh e mar so; madhaoghta aig toiseach na bliadhna gun robh e gle mhìchloach gum bhithidh. Cha nann air an aondoigh a chaidh e leis na huile, oir cha ne an aon suidheachdinn anns an robh na huile. Le cuid ruidh cuirsa na bliadhna gu min; le cuid eile, garbh agus searbh. Bha cuid air an cuideachadh troimh bhoichduin, cuid troimh thinneas, cuid troimh bhronn is doilgheas, cuid troimh dheuchainn, is bhuaireadhnan,

cuid troimh oidheirpean naimhdheil air an clu a mhilleadh, cuid troimh chunnairtaibh a measg bhraithre breugach, agus cuid troimh chunnairtibh bha bagair am beatha; ach leinn uile chuidich an Tighearna "gu ruige so."

(2) Chuidich e leinn mar an ceudna ann an nithe spioradal. Ann an gnothuichean ar t'annam cha robh sin gun ar deuchainnean. Bha neil do ascreidimh, fealgalean, amharusan, agus buaireadhean gu tric a' gearridh tugh agus dorcha eadar sinn agus "Grian na firinteachd," ach le anail a bheoil sgap an Tighearna iad, agraoh, "Is mise a t'ann, na biodh eagal oir." Thug e "agobh san fheoil" no "Cama'ih sa chrannchur" dhuinn uile, ach nach do chuidich e leinn le a ghras dheanamh feoghantach! Ann an ceum ar dheusnas, slighe bha sealtuinn aig amibh dorch, duillich agus garbh, rinneadh aitean cam dìreach agus aitean garbh min. Rinn e "comhnadh ri ar n'annbhuineachdinn" agus theagais e sinn ann uirnich. au

Bha cuid nach dhìar, gidheadh e fhair. Cuid air an cuideachadh nach do mhothaich am feum, leithid do chuideachadh sa fhuair a chraobh fhige mi thorrach, fhuair iad; tha fadfhulangas Dhia air a nochdadh dhoibh re bliadhna eile. Is beag so, ma dhaoghta, na do shealladh, ach oh! na meas e na ni taoin no suaireach maiteas Dhe nach eil thu toilt-ean, oir "ged nach eil binn an aghaidh droch oibre ga cuir an gnìomh gu luath, chan eiric gu maith do'n aingidh."

"Gu ruige so." Tha sinn a cleachdadh na briathra "gu ruige so" 'nuair tha sinne aig aite seasamh air turus agus nis fhada again ra dhol. Mar so tha a chuis leinne air turus na beatha, "gu ruige so" gu crìoch bliadhna eile "chuidich an Tighearna leinn." Gach aon mar a hha feam ris, fhuair a chlann cuideachadh; seadh agus Seachranaich mar an ceudna. Tha sinn a nis astar b bliadhna eile nis thagus air bas, breitheanas is Stiorruidhachd; am beil sinn nis ullaimh air an son no aig toiseach na bliadhna? An d'fhag sinn "Ebeneser" air an Shlighe? Coid a rinn sinn gu Maitheas Dhia a chuir an ceil no a chumail air chuimhne? Coid am fianuis tha do Sheomar uaigneach, altair do theaghlach, agus tigh an Tighearna a togail mu'd thiomchail? Coid a rinn thu ann am fòcal no gnìomh, le airgoid no le uirnich airson Aobhar Chrìost a chuir air aghairt? Co dhui se do thigh fein no tigh an Tighearna is fear leat? Co dhui sann ann an Sion, ionad naomh Tighearna, tha thu deanamh aoradh, no aig altair a chuir thu suas ann am Betel no Dan? "Is ionmhuinn leis an Tighearna geatacha Shion, thar nìle ionada-comhnuidh Jacob." Tha "gnothuiche an rìgh a g'iarridh cabhaig," deanamhmid cabhaig, mata, or tha an astar fada, 'an obair m or, s'ar tim goirid agus michinnteach. Le faire, uirnich, is foighidinn ruithamid na tha fathaisdromhainn, dheth ar reis, agus cha nann a mhain "gu ruige so" ach bho so a mach agus gu brain, "Cuidichidh an Tighearna leinn." U.

Tabulated Statement of Accounts with the Home Mission and Lay Association, for the year ending Synod, 1867.

In the Report on the Home Mission presented to the Synod last year, the statistics were necessarily imperfect owing to the absence of the Convener, and the Synod Clerk was instructed to obtain fuller information, and to publish the same in the *Record*. He regrets that from the pressure of his own duties, and from the delay in receiving some of the returns, he has not been able sooner to comply with the injunctions of the Synod.

Georgetown, Jan. 16, 1868.

ALEX. McWILLIAM.

SYNOICAL HOME MISSION SCHEME.

DR.		£ s. d.		CR.	
1866.				£ s. d. £ s. d.	
July 2.	To cash pd Rev. J. McMillan,	6	10	0	
5.	do Rev. Mr. McWilliam, P. E. I.,	12	0	0	
14.	do Rev. Mr. Gunn, C. B.	20	0	0	
29	do Rev. Mr. McCurdy	20	0	0	
		58	10	0	
June, 1866.	By bal. of ac. ren. Synod				60 5 9
PRESBYTERY OF HALIFAX.					
June, 1867.	By cash St. Matthew's,	5	0	0	
"	1866. do St. Andrew's	£1	0	0	
April, 1867.	do St. Andrew's	£4	0	0—5	0 0
Mar. 1867.	do Musquodot	1	9	1	
					11 9 1
PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU.					
Feb '67	By cash St Andrew's Pictou,	£4	16	3	
July '66	do St. Andrew's N. Glas.	3	15	0	
May '67	do do do	3	0	0	6 15 0
Ap '67	do Saltsprings,	2	7	0	
April '67	do Gairloch—no return				
do do do	Roger's Hill,	2	13	8	
do do do	Cape John	1	1	3	3 14 11
Je '67	do Wallace,	1	5	0	
do do	Pugwash	0	18	6	2 3 6
Ap '67	do R. John—no return				
do do	West Branch,	3	14	3	
do do	East River,	1	13	3	5 7 6
Mar '67	do McLennan's Mt.	2	4	3	
June '67	do St. Mary's,	1	10	6	3 14 9
Ap '67	do Albion Mines,	3	4	0	
March '67	do Earltown,	1	4	0	
do do	W.B River John,	1	14	0	2 18 0
do do	B. River,	1	13	3	
do do	Lochaber,	1	6	7	2 19 10
do do	Tatamagouche,	0	15	0	
Jy '66	do from Rev. Mr. Gunn, C. B.	5	0	0	
do do	S. McDougald, Esq., C. B.	3	15	0	
do do	A. McKechan, Esq., C. B.	0	10	0	
do do	J.S. Heed, Esq., C. B.,	0	2	6	9 7 6

It is to be observed that the collections from St. Matthew's, Halifax, Wallace, St. James' Charlottetown, St. John's, Belfast, St. Peter's Road and Brackley Point Road were not paid to the Treasurer until after his accounts, presented to last Synod, were closed: and, therefore, though entered above so as to make the statement complete, they will appear in next year's account. It will also appear, by reference to the dates above, that some of the collections appear in the accounts of the past year for the same reason, while they belong, properly, to the *previous* year.

At last Synod there was allocated to Mr. Gunn, £30; to Clyde River Church, P. E. I., £10; to Plaister Cove Church, C. B., £10.

PRESBYTERY OF P. E. ISLAND.

Je '67	By cash St. James'				
	Charlottetown,				
		3	2	0½	
do	do Belfast,	5	5	0	
do	do St. Peter's Road,		0	18	1
do	do Brackley Point,		0	8	4
					1 6 5
May '67	do Georgetown.		0	16	8
do	do Cardigan,		0	8	0
					1 4 8
To Balance,		72	6	2½	10 18 1½
		<hr/>			£130 16 2½
					£130 16 2½

PRESBYTERIAL HOME MISSION AND LAY ASSOCIATION.

DR.	PRESBYTERY	OF HALIFAX.	CR.
1867.		1867.	
Jan 1.	To balance,	\$ 2.11	
Mar 6.	" cheque, Rev. Mr. McMillan,	100.00	Jan 14. By A. K. Doull,
" 7.	" " " D. M. Gordon,	75.00	" 17. " James McDonald,
June 5.	" " " Mr. McMillan,	50.00	Feb 21. " Misses McEwan,
Sept 5.	" " " " "	50.00	Mar 11. " " Lindsay &
			Hosterman,
			40.00
			" 18. " Mr. Johnston,
			Richmond,
			18.50
			" 22. " George Mitchell,
			25.50
			" 27. " Rev. C. M. Grant,
			51.00
			Ap 5. " Misses Sutherland,
			17,87½
			" " " " Lindsay &
			Hosterman,
			2,87½
			May 6. " Mr. Lippencott, col.
			in 1866,
			12.00
			June 5. " Musquodoboit, Rev.
			Mr. McMillan,
			30.00.
			" 7. " Miss Esson.
			104.75.
			Aug 31. " Clement Reynolds.
			9.50
			Sept 9. " " "
			1.50
		\$361.17	\$361.17.

PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU.

1866.			
Jy 2.	To cash pd Rev. J. McDonald,	\$80.00	June, '66. By bal. per acct.
" "	" " " Mr. Goodwill,	80.00	rendered Synod,
" 3.	" " " Jas. Anderson,	156.25	\$434.13.
" 18.	" " " Mr. Gunn,	80.00	De 4, '66. " St. Andrew's,
" "	" " " Mr. Brodie,	16.00	Pictou,
Au 22.	" " " Mr. McCunn,	40.00	\$19.26
No 1.	" " " S. McGregor,	20.00	Ap 24, '67. " St. Andrew's, N.
De 31.	" " " W. Stewart,	20.00	Glasgow,
1867.			19.12
Ja 15.	" " " Mr. Gunn,	40.00	De 4, '66. " Salt Springs,
" 20.	" " " Mr. McMillan,	20.00	Gairloch,
Ap 22.	" " " Mr. McCunn,	40.00	Roger's Hill,
Je 19.	To balance on hand,	71.72	Cape John,
Mar '66 & '67.	" West branch,		Wallace,
	67.32		Pugwash,
Ap 10, '67	" E. River, 13.60.	80.92	River John,
Jy '66 & Mar '67	" McLennan's		
	Mountain,	29.43	
	St. Mary's,		
	Albion Mines,		
	Earlton,		
De 4 '66	" W. B. River John,	11.25	
Mar '67	" B. River, 12.33		
Apr '67	" Lochaber, 7.50	19.83	

It will be seen that the account with the Halifax Lay Association embraces a period of only 8 months, the financial year ending with December. The amount, therefore, for the year will be considerably in excess of that stated above. The revenue for the year ending December, 1866, was \$483.14.

In regard to the Prince Edward Island Lay Association it is to be observed that the amounts collected are applied to Congregational purposes.

ALEX. McWILLIAM, Synod Clerk.

Sep '66 " Bedeque, C. B.,	5.00	
" " " River Inhabitants,		
	C. B., 5.65	
Mar '66 " Broad Cove, C. B.,	8.00	18.65
		<u>229.84</u>
	<u>\$663.97</u>	<u>\$663.97</u>

PRESBYTERY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, for year ending June, 1867.

By St. James', Charlottetown,		
St. John's, Belfast,	£20 0 0	
St. Peter's Road,	6 17 3	
Brackley Point,		
Georgetown and	19 13 5	
Cardigan,		
P. E. I. currency	£46 10 8	\$155.10

Presbytery of P. E. Island.

The ordinary meeting of the Presbytery was held in Charlottetown, on Thursday, the 16th of January.

There were present, Ministers, the Rev. Messrs. Duncan, McLean, Stewart, and McMillan, and ruling Elders from the Congregations of Charlottetown, St. Peter's Road and Georgetown.

The Presbytery were much gratified at finding their number increased by an additional laborer for their wide and destitute field. The Rev. James McColl was present and presented his Testimonials and his appointment, from the Colonial Committee, as Missionary to P. E. Island. The documents were very satisfactory and the Presbytery cordially welcomed Mr. McColl to his sphere of labor. Having been already for some weeks engaged in his work, the Rev. gentleman gave a verbal statement of his labors in the various stations, and stated that, throughout, he was warmly received by the adherents of the late Rev. D. McDonald, to whose vacant stations he was specially sent by the Committee.

The Presbytery having made Missionary appointments until their next meeting, and occupied some time in the ordinary business of the Court, adjourned to meet again on the second Thursday of March. A. McL.

We extract the following from a Prince Edward Island paper:—

Died at Georgetown, on the 15th Dec., George Poole, Esq., J. P., in the 41st year of his age. The deceased was well known as an active and enterprising merchant. His accurate and extensive business knowledge, and his outspoken honesty of character, made him esteemed and respected by all, and especially, by those who knew him most intimately. Confined by a lingering illness for a period of five months, he often suffered the most excruciating pain, which he bore with:

exemplary patience and resignation, and on a sick bed, learned the lessons which affliction alone can teach. Adhering to the Presbyterian Church, Georgetown, of which he was Treasurer and Secretary, he took a lively interest in its welfare, and at his death, bequeathed to it a legacy of £100, the interest of which, by his will, is to be devoted towards the payment of the Minister's salary in all time coming. By his early death, many have lost a kind friend, an obliging neighbor and a wise counsellor.—*Com.*

SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.

1868. YOUNG MEN'S SCHEME.

Jan. 15. C. John Cen. per A. Fraser	£1 14 3½	
" 22 B. Point, con. per J. Anderson,		
	Esq., Ch'town, P. E. I.	1 3 0
" 31 Geo'town, con 0 17 4½ } per J. An-		
Cardigan, con. 0 17 1½ } derson,		
	1 14 5½ I. cur'cy	
one-sixth off	0 5 8	1 8 9

HOME MISSION.

Jan. 10, Carlock con. per W. McDonald	2 10 0
	RODERICK MCKENZIE,
Pictou, Jan. 31st, 1868.	<i>Treasurer.</i>

1868. FOREIGN MISSION.

Jan. 22, Saint Peter's Road Church.	£1 8 6
" 31 Georgetown 1 15 7	I. cur'cy.
Cardigan	0 19 3
	<u>£2 14 10</u>
one-sixth off	9 1
From James Anderson, Esq., Charlottetown,	
P. E. Island.	RODERICK MCKENZIE.
Pictou, Jan. 31, 1868.	

Jan. 20 Rec. from Rev. A. McLean, amount col-		
lection Belfast, P. E. I.	£10 0 0	
and last instalment of Le-		
gacy from the late Mrs.		
McLean	15 0 0	
	<u>£25 0 0</u>	\$83.32
	P. E. I. currency	
	JAS. J. BREMNER, Treasurer.	
Halifax, Jan. 23, 1868.		