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THE PRESBYTERIAN.

ISSUED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SYNOD OF,

The Presbyterian Church of Canada

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

May,



1873.

Everything intended for insertion must be forwarded by the 15th of the month.

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THE PRESBYTERIAN

MAY, 1873.

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON CROIL.

We have to record this month, and to mourn the fall of another "standard-bearer" in the Church. Our friend, whose name we have written at the head of this notice, died at Nassau on the 3rd of April, aged 61 years.

Mr. Croil was born at Petershill, near Glasgow. His father was a West India merchant, a man of wealth and standing in the commercial metropolis of Scotland, and for some years an elder in the Cathedral Church under Dr. McFarlane. His son William was a pupil in the Grammar School of Glasgow, and after making considerable progress in his studies, was sent to Gawcott, in Buckinghamshire, England, to pursue them under the guidance of the Rev. Thomas Scott, a son of the celebrated Commentator, and the father of the now renowned architect, Sir Gilbert Scott, whose school-fellow and friend young Croil became. Mr. Scott was accustomed to receive into his house a limited number of pupils and to prepare them to enter the army or the universities. Our friend often referred to the literary advantages which he enjoyed in this establishment; but more than this, and of no less consequence, he received those elements of social culture whose effects on his character and tone were so conspicuous in after life. It was open to him on his leaving England, to enter the mercantile house of his father, with the almost certain prospect of amassing a fortune. But his fondness for a country life and for field-sports led him to select "farming" as his occupation. For this pursuit he qualified himself by a two year's residence with a leading agriculturist in East Lothian. When he had

completed his observations here, circumstances led him to turn his thoughts to Canada as his future home; and at length (in 1835) he purchased Stacey Island on the River St. Lawrence, a few miles below Prescott, a lovely domain, containing about 2,000 acres of rich and fertile land. Here he lived for 20 years, administering his estate with patriarchal simplicity, watching over his Scotch tenants and dependents with paternal care, endearing them to his authority as a landlord, and to his example as a Christian and a man. Here, too, from time to time, he received with hospitality no less patriarchal, his city friends, among whom he rejoiced to number three who passed from earth before him, the late Dr. Black, John Dods and John Greenshields. During these 20 years he was a member and chief supporter of the Church of Scotland congregation at Osnabruck, in the Presbytery of Glengary. For a good part of the time he discharged the office of an elder in the congregation, filling in his turn the more responsible function of "representative" elder.

In 1859 he came to reside in Montreal, made a home for his family on the banks of the St. Lawrence, near Hochelaga, and joined St. Paul's Church, with whose interests he at once and thoroughly identified himself. By the uprightness of his character and his Christian and gentlemanly bearing, he soon won the confidence and regard of the congregation, of his neighbours, and of all others with whom he had to do. As secretary of the Committee appointed by the congregation of St. Paul's to select a minister in succession to Principal Snodgrass, he took an active and generous interest in the call and settlement of its present incumbent. In the transfer of the congregation from St.

Helen street, and the building of new St. Paul's, he also took a zealous and beneficent part. During this period he was appointed by the Temporalities Board of the Synod to the responsible office of its Secretary-Treasurer, an office which he filled for three years to the entire satisfaction of the Board and to the great benefit of the Fund of which he became the custodian. In March, 1867, the congregation of St. Paul's manifested its regard for him by electing him an Elder. All who knew him can testify to his possession of peculiar qualifications for the duties of this office, those especially which call for counsel and for prayers in the sick room, and at the bed of the dying. These duties, however, he was permitted to discharge in St. Paul's at least for only a few months. In the summer following, his health, which had been somewhat impaired for years, showed symptoms of a more serious nature, so that in August he was led to remove, with his family, to England in the hope of recruiting. Bournemouth, North Wales, the Isle of Wight, Torquay and Cheltenham were visited by turns with varying results. In September, 1871, he came back to Montreal in feeble health, and remained for a year, enduring extreme physical weakness, oftentimes great suffering; but withal, manifesting complete acquiescence in the Divine will, a firm trust in the Saviour of men, and a continually increasing fitness for that change which both he and we felt sure was at hand. Though the outward man was perishing, the inward man was being renewed day by day.

Last November he was induced to remove to Nassau, hoping that the change might contribute, if not to recovery, at least to the alleviation of suffering. This latter was granted in answer to his own and his friends' prayers. We hoped to see him again "in the flesh." God in His Providence did not so order it. He died suddenly, it may be almost said, away from home, but in her arms who had shared with him the joys and cares and bereavements of 30 years, and by whose incessant attention the weakness

and pain of long years of suffering had been largely mitigated.

She has our sympathy in her great sorrow. So also have the son and the brothers in the loss which they have sustained. We also trust in God that the venerable Christian mother, who, in Scotland, at the age of four score years, mourns her much loved son, may be comforted by these words concerning him.

His remains were brought to Montreal, and we buried him from St. Paul's Church. The services and arrangements at the funeral were as simple as even he could have wished them to be. His pastor and friends spoke of him in terms of deep feeling and affection. His son and his brothers, Messrs. James and John with his nephews, followed his remains to the grave, as did also his brother elders and other and many friends who knew and loved him. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." J.

JOTTINGS FROM OLD SCOTIA.

SAINT ANDREWS.

(Continued.)

A lofty square tower and part of a small chapel known as that of St. REGULUS or St. RULE is the most conspicuous and not the least interesting of these ancient remains of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland. If all that is said of it be true, its origin carries us back to the year 370 when a Greek monk of this name having in charge the bones of St. Andrew, escaped shipwreck in this Bay, saving only the precious relics of our Patron Saint, consisting (for so minutely are the details recorded!) of an arm bone, three fingers, three toes, and a tooth. To complete the story it is necessary to add that "Hergust King of the Picts, hearing at his Capital of Abernethy of the arrival of the strangers, visited them, was converted to Christianity and built for them this tower and chapel of St. Regulus." Dr. Cunningham, our never-failing authority in all matters of ecclesiastical history, says, "it is possible there may be a grain of truth in the story of St. Rule." Anyhow, this grim sentinel has kept ward and watch over this place of skulls for more than a thousand years, and is still perfectly entire. Were it now endowed with speech, Alas! dear old Scotia, for

the testimony it would have to give of the selfishness of thy princes, and the treachery of thy nobles, of profligacy among the priests, and discord among the people in "the brave days of old?" Within the little chapel are a number of memorial slabs, and one of very recent erection over the grave of Robert Chambers, of the eminent publishing firm, who had chosen St. Andrew's as a residence during his declining years, and the tower of St. Regulus as his mausoleum. Hundreds of old tombstones which had lain long neglected have recently been gathered together, and means taken to restore them as much as possible. The greater part of these are ranged in tiers around the walls of the "Lady's Chapel" which adjoins the Cathedral, and a more curious collection no antiquarian could desire to see. The oldest legible date among them is 1350. I observed another dated 1581. The most of them, however, are *only* about 250 years old! For the most part the stones are large—about seven feet by four feet—richly carved, and the uncial lettering very distinct. One or two of the inscriptions which I took note of may serve as an example of all. The men, be it observed, are invariably described as having been "honest," and the women "virtuous," as for example in this—"Here lyes ane honest man, Thomas Pheel, gardiner, Quo departit this lyfe in the Moneth of Avgst, 1653." In the centre of the slab there is the inevitable poetical effusion, hardly worth repeating:

"I am now deid, in my grave laid down,
But shall arise and then receive my crown.
Altho' the earth my body doth contain,
But still my soulin heaven it shall remain."

Another, the spelling of which is curious, reads as follows: Here lyes ane Godlie and verteous womane E spat Donaldsone spovs to John Carsters Maltman Bvrgis in Sant Androus who departit this lyf the second December the Zier of God 1644 and of her age 46 Ziers. The most "popular" one, however, for it really, the Sexton says, draws crowds to see it, is in another part of the church-yard. Like the rest, it was intended to be laid on top of the grave and not to stand upright. It is a large stone on which a male and female figure are represented, in bas-relief, reclining with hands joined. The lady, as we are here informed, lived with her beloved husband twenty-six years. He may not have been responsible for the epitaph in doggerel rhyme that perpetrates the *pun* upon

her name, which was Christian Bryde, in the last two lines *thus*:

"Though in this tome my bones doerrotting lye,
Yet read my name for Christ's ain Bride am I."

In spite of this very legible inscription the tradition is believed by many that this lady dropped down dead at the altar during the performance of the marriage ceremony, which in part accounts for the number of visitors. But there is another, and better reason: for the adjoining grave is that of the "heavenly-minded Rutherford," one of the most learned and original thinkers of his age, who after having been banished from his beautiful parish of Anwoth subsequently became Principal of St. Mary's College here, and who yet narrowly escaped the scaffold, having, while on his death-bed been summoned to appear before the parliament of Edinburgh on a charge of high treason, and to which he replied, "Tell them that I have received a summons already to appear before a Supreme Judge, and I behove to answer my first summons, and ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come." This unadorned tomb-stone tells us that "the Rev. Mr. Samuell Rutherford, Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrews, died March the 20th, 1661." Many eminent Divines lie buried in this south-east corner of the church-yard, among whom we notice names familiar as household words—Principals Gillespie, Hill, and Haldane, Dr. Robertson of Glasgow Cathedral and others.

But we may not tarry longer here to-night for the gloaming is far spent and our walk among the ruins is not yet ended. Having made the circuit of the grave-yard we take the path leading to the Flag staff, or Coast Guard Station, on the edge of the cliff overlooking the sea and the quiet little harbour. Here a company of volunteers are going through their drill, playing with a monster cannon that had probably dealt out death and destruction at the siege of Sebastopol. A very few years ago while this piece of ground was being levelled, the foundations of an ancient Culdean monastery were laid bare. The mound of rubbish under which it had lain concealed for centuries was found to be a perfect Golgotha, hundreds of human skulls were exhumed and a number of elaborately carved stones, some of which were replaced on the levelled ground. One, bearing no inscription, but having the insignia of a sword, and a pair of scissiors,—the characteristic weapons of the sexes—carved upon it, is surrounded by an iron

railing for its protection. Leaving antiquarians to settle their disputes about the age of this venerable relic, we proceed northward along the beautiful walk known as "the Scores" to the Castle Ruins, which are exceedingly interesting and picturesque. Though sadly mutilated, enough remains to give some idea of the extent and the former strength of this renowned fortress. Portions of the exterior wall from eight to ten feet in thickness still mark the outlines of a spacious open court around which had stood the Archbishopal Palace and the barracks of its retainers. The entrance gateway is in good preservation, directly over which is the window from which Cardinal Beaton "enjoyed the spectacle" of George Wishart's cruel martyrdom, which took place immediately in front of the Castle gate on the 2nd of March, 1546—the most memorable event connected with the history of the castle, followed as it was a few weeks afterwards by the assassination of the proud and licentious Prelate. Let us to the very spot where, with a rope round his neck, his hands bound behind his back, and an iron chain about his waist, Wishart kneeled down and uttered his last prayer: "O thou Saviour of the world have mercy on me! Father of Heaven I commend my spirit into thy holy hands"; and, as the fire kindled around him, the prophetic denunciation, "He who in such state from that high place feedeth his eyes with my torments, within few days shall be hanged out at the same window, to be seen with as much ignominy as he now leaneth there in pride." And let us to the dungeon in the North Sea tower of the castle, the condemned cell in which he and many other Protestant martyrs had been confined, and in which the Duke of Rothsay was starved to death, and John Rodger, the parish minister of Lintrathen, was secretly murdered. I do not suppose the like of it is any where else to be seen. It is cut out of the solid rock, in form resembling a bottle, eighteen feet in depth and sixteen feet wide at the base, with a narrow-necked opening sufficiently large to admit of the prisoners being lowered into it with a rope and tackle. And in this same tower is shewn the little room where the Captain of the castle and a few attendants had breakfast with Wishart on the morning of his martyrdom, when he, having prayed, and exhorted the company, distributed to them bread and wine—and thus instituted the first Protestant celebration of the Lord's Supper in Scotland.

It was while a refugee in this castle that

Knox was set apart to the ministry at the hands of the celebrated Reformer John Rough. James I. was educated here by Bishop Wardlaw. James III. was born here. James V. was here married to Mary of Guise; and here George Buchanan, the tutor of James VI., was imprisoned for writing satires against the priests. Of many other important events, ecclesiastical and civil, has this been the arena. The castle was founded about the year 1200 by Roger, one of the Bishops of St. Andrew's: it was repaired towards the end of the fourteenth century by Bishop Trail who died in it; and it was finally demolished during the Episcopate of Archbishop Hamilton, who was afterwards hanged at the cross of Stirling for treason, since which time its picturesque ruins have served as a landmark for mariners and a favourite resort for pilgrims and strangers from all lands.

Our evening walk is now over. If it has been less pleasant and instructive than some of my readers anticipated, I can only say I am sorry for it. For my own part, I think that when I have visited the cave of Macclab—which I hope to do before long—I may find myself the subject of deeper impressions than I felt in the presence of the ruins in Saint Andrew's. But not till then.

On reaching the "Star" Hotel at about half-past ten the waiter handed me a scrap of paper, on which was pencilled,—“We are at the 'Cross keys,' immediately opposite: come over.” The writing I knew to be that of Principal Snodgrass who had reached town a few minutes later than I had done. We were soon in a *tête à tête* conversation, and hours passed in comparing notes of the incidents that had severally befallen us since we parted. He had been delighted with his visit to Arbuthnot Abbey, while I was *in nubibus* about Crathie and the Queen. To my own satisfaction I demonstrated, beyond a doubt, that my learned friend had made a great mistake in not keeping me company, but was only rewarded for my pains by an incredulous smile. Need I say that we all slept soundly that night, and that it gave us no small pleasure to meet next morning at Principal Tulloch's breakfast table, where we were entertained right hospitably. It would come better from the Principal of "Queen's" to tell how we spent this forenoon together within the precincts of St. Mary's College, but while my hand is in and my note

book before me, one or two additional jottings may be given.

We were, that is to say Mrs. Snodgrass and I—for the two Principals' heads were turned in other directions I fear—but *we* were irresistibly drawn towards a beautiful solitary hawthorn tree that stands in a corner of the College Court, known as Queen Mary's thorn. It looks quite old enough to admit of the story being true that it was planted by the fair hands of the Queen of Scots who had a *penchant* for tree-planting, and, strange to say, it is the only memorial of her that we saw in the town. The University of St. Andrew's, which is the oldest in Scotland, was founded by Bishop Wardlaw in 1411. Under Royal patronage its influence increased rapidly, and in course of time it included three separate colleges—St. Salvator, St. Leonard and St. Mary's. Soon after the Reformation the first two were restricted to the teaching of philosophy, and the last named to theology. In 1747 the union already referred to was effected, and the united college of St. Salvator and St. Leonard was established with the two faculties of Arts and Medicine. The University consists of these colleges, with their two Principals, and twelve professors. The "Corporation" consists of a Chancellor, Rector, the Principals, Professors, Graduates, and Alumni and matriculated students. The Chancellor is elected for life—the present incumbent being the Duke of Argyle—the official head of the University and therefore entitled to confer degrees upon qualified candidates. This function, however, may be exercised by the Vice-President—usually, the senior Principal who is in reality *the* administrator of the Government. Dr. Tulloch at present fills this position, having been Principal of St. Mary's since 1854, while Dr. Shairpe's appointment to the United College dates from 1868. Principal Tulloch is also Primarius professor of Divinity—the only one of our Scottish Principals who enjoys the distinction of holding this kind of plurality. It is well that he has broad shoulders, for in addition to this he is Editor of the Record, Deputy Clerk of the Assembly, and a working member of the Board of Education under the new School Act of 1872. Add to these that he is a voluminous writer of standard theological and historical works and we have no need to look back to last century for men of whom it may be justly said "there were giants in those days." Dr. Tulloch did us the honour of shewing us over

the College premises, including, of course, the Library, with its 100,000 printed volumes and its rare and valuable manuscripts, among which is the original copy of the Solemn League and Covenant subscribed at St. Andrew's in 1643, containing 1600 signatures. The room itself is interesting as the place where Scottish Parliaments have met, and on its walls we noticed excellent portraits of Cardinal Beaton, George Buchanan, John Knox, Archbishop Spottiswoode, Adam Ferguson, Principals Hill and Haldane and other distinguished individuals formerly connected with the University and city. The Museum and the University Chapel are attached to the United College, which is situated on North street, and in front of which the amiable and accomplished Patrick Hamilton was burned to death in 1528. Oh that prayer! when the hot chain that bound him had nearly burned through his body: "How long, Lord, shall darkness overwhelm this kingdom? How long wilt thou suffer this tyranny of men? Lord Jesus receive my spirit!"

The College Chapel, which is also used as St. Leonard's Parish Church, is certainly a beautiful Gothic structure, and the tomb of Bishop Kennedy, its founder, is an exquisite piece of architecture. It is said to have cost \$50,000. In 1683 it was opened for some purpose or other, and in it were found six splendidly decorated maces supposed to have been hidden there at the time of the Reformation. Of these we saw the finest, a ponderous rod of solid silver surmounted by a gold head of wonderful workmanship. We were also shewn the oak pulpit, from which John Knox on the 3rd of June, 1559, preached the celebrated sermon that aroused the populace so much that they immediately went out and began the destruction of the cathedral and other monastic buildings of the city. I observed that it has *two* book-boards, one may have been used for the *service-book* and also a stand for the "*hour glass*." In this church the late well known Dr. John Cook ministered. The present incumbent is the Rev. Matthew Rodger. The only remarkable features about the "Town Church" are its great size and the grotesque monument in black and white marble, with its fulsome Latin inscription, of Archbishop Sharpe, who is diversely represented as supporting, in full canonicals, a falling church; as being dragged from his carriage on Magus Moor and foully murdered, and, as meekly kneeling to receive the crown of mar-

tyrdom! Of this Collegiate charge Dr. A. K. H. Boyd is "minister of the first charge" and the Rev. Alex. Hill, a grandson of the late Principal of that name, of the second charge. Neither of these ministers was in town at the time of our visit, and both, we doubt not, were suitably affected on finding our cards on their drawing-room tables when they came home.

On the outskirts of this old University town there is growing up a "new town," the resort of wealth and fashion during the summer months, and, as the fresh youngscion engrafted upon an old stock puts forth luxuriant leaves, restoring blossoms and fruit, so flourishes this innovation on the seclusion of old Saint Andrew's. And the voice of mirth is heard over "the links" and in the Club-House where hundreds daily congregate to mingle in the national game of Golf—the staple amusement of the place—many of whom, no doubt, as they look upon the massive but ungainly "Martyr's Monument," are led to enquire, "what mean ye by these stones?"

C.

Our Own Church.

Not very much has appeared in the Presbyterian about the doings of the Church in the Eastern Section of the Province of Quebec, and we gladly insert the following statements kindly furnished by two of our "Oriental" friends.

The annual meeting of the members and pew-holders of Saint Andrew's Church, Quebec, was held, 12th March, in Morrin College, and was numerously attended. Mr. Robert Cassels was called to the chair, and Mr. William Home was requested to act as Secretary.

The report of the committee of management of the temporal affairs of the church for the past year was presented, accompanied by a special report showing the extent to which contributions in aid of extinguishing the debt on the church has been received, and recommending their successors to make the most vigorous exertions to the end that the remaining debt, \$2000, be entirely liquidated during the ensuing year.

The financial statements of the affairs of the church also accompanied the committee's report.

The following motions were then carried unanimously.

1. That the report now read be received and adopted, and that copies be distributed amongst the members and pew-holders of the church.

2. That the following gentlemen be and are hereby appointed the committee for managing the temporal affairs of the church for the ensuing year :

John C. Thomson, Elder; McLean Stewart, Michael Stevenson, John H. Clint, Trustees; James McCorkell, Peter Macnaughton, Members of the Congregation; James Macnider, Thomas Craig, Auditors.

3. That the proceedings of this meeting together with such part of the statements laid before the meeting as the committee shall deem necessary, be sent to the "Presbyterian" for publication.

4. That a meeting of pew-holders and members of Saint Andrew's Church be held on or before 1st December next, to take into consideration the propriety of making all sittings free.

5. That it is thought advisable to change the present inconvenient form of the pews in St. Andrew's Church, and that the committee be instructed to make enquiries with a view of ascertaining the cost of placing the pews in a semicircular form, and to report on the same to a meeting of the congregation to be called for that purpose.

Votes of thanks were passed to Mr. Robert Cassels for his services in the chair, and to Mr. Duncan Macpherson, the Treasurer. The revenue from all sources amounted to \$8247.21, of which \$4863.70 was collected towards liquidating the debt on the church and manse, and special collections for the schemes of the church charities to the poor, &c.

SHERBROOKE has commenced a new life. Under the Rev. Charles Tanner, the congregation was composed of Sherbrooke and Windsor Mills. The distance between these two places is 14 miles—to do justice to both, either as preacher or pastor, was impossible. Sherbrooke, with a population of 7000 and rapidly growing, requires a minister for itself with both

morning and evening services. Feeling this the congregation, on giving a call to Mr. Lindsay, got the ties binding them to Windsor Mills severed, and now have a minister to themselves. This change promises to work well; the town is growing, and with it the congregation is increasing. There are signs of healthy life and progress, both in the congregation and Sabbath school, and the future looks hopeful.

A short time ago the congregation was presented with a very handsome and expensive Baptismal Font, by Captain John McKenzie, of Lennoxville, a worthy and liberal member. It was made in Montreal, is of a beautiful white marble, and cost the generous donor not less than \$60.00.

WINDSOR MILLS and Lower Windsor, a branch of the Melbourne congregation, are to be united and a new charge formed. There is good material for this and a back-lying country where the boundaries of our church may easily be enlarged. In both branches of this embryo congregation are good churches free of debt or nearly so; all that is required is a man of the right stamp, and a flourishing congregation will be found. For this summer a catechist is to be employed in the field.

MELBOURNE is at the present time without a fixed pastor, their last minister having been translated to Three Rivers. This congregation is numerous, possessed of abundant means, and liberal. We may expect to hear before long of a settlement there.

Last, but not least, let us notice THREE RIVERS. On 6th March, Rev. James McCaul was inducted into this charge, Rev. Mr. Lindsay of Sherbrooke preaching and presiding. There was a good congregation present, and all seemed to take a deep interest in the solemn and impressive services. The congregation is respectable in numbers though lying in a French country, and the call was cordial and unanimous. The church is a substantial stone structure, and the manse a model for neatness and convenience. Altogether the field is an easy and pleasant one.

Of VALCARTIER, left vacant by the death of the worthy Mr. Shanks, we say nothing for the satisfactory reason that we are not

acquainted with it. It lies in a French country, and we have reason to believe that it is numerically not strong, but might it not be a fine field for some one in the evening of life, who might watch over that little flock in the wilderness and do good work for the Master, when unfit for more difficult fields?

The annual meeting of the congregation of HAWKESBURY, was held on the 12th March. It had been arranged that, in order to cultivate existing good feeling, the evening be made pleasant as well as profitable by combining the social with the drier details of business, and the result fully justified expectations, for not only was there a very full attendance of the congregation at Hawkesbury with many from L'Orignal, but also a number of other denominations, evincing by their presence an interest in the welfare of their Presbyterian neighbours.

Refreshments were served previous to commencing the business of the evening, and the zeal with which the supper table was attacked, testify to the "good cheer" provided by the ladies of the congregation. The Rev. Wm. McLennan occupied the chair, and the meeting was opened by a hymn from the children of the Sabbath school, and prayer by the Rev. Donald Ross of Chatham, succeeded by an anthem from the choir. The several reports of the Kirk-sessions, Sabbath schools, and prayer meetings were read, and a statement of the financial affairs of the church was laid before the meeting by Mr. A. Urquhart, Treasurer.

A report from the Church Managers was read containing several suggestions, the most prominent being. 1. That all the pews are now rented, and that there are applications for several others. 2. That there is ample accommodation in the building for all who attend as well as for a moderate increase, but not sufficient pews to provide one for each family, connected with the church. 3. That under the circumstances the managers recommend the adoption of the "free seat" system, and that the requirements of the church be met by voluntary subscription.

4. That the amount raised by this branch of the congregation for the support of

church ordinances is insufficient : that at least six hundred dollars are required and that this sum should be apportioned as follows :

Minister's salary.....	\$450.00
Sustentation Fund.....	50.00
Church schemes and ex- pences.....	100.00
Total.....	600.00

Mr. Urquhart then addressed the meeting strongly recommending the adoption of the "free-seat" system, and showed that if adopted it would increase the portion paid by the Hawkesbury congregation to the Minister, from \$240 to \$450, and moved the adoption of the report, seconded by Messrs George Clark, R. S. Parks and John Johnstone. A subscription list was at once opened and signed by every supporter of the church present, and in nearly every instance the amount subscribed exceeded and in some instances doubled what had formerly been paid for pew rents.

The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. D. Ross and Messrs. A. P. Knight, E. A. Johnson and L. O. Steele of L'Orignal. Readings, hymns and anthems followed, and so pleasantly the evening passed, that few were aware of the lateness of the hour until reminded by the Rev. Mr. McLennan rising to pronounce the benediction.

The congregation of St. Andrew's Church, OTTAWA, have been worshipping for some time past in the basement of their new church, and we hope soon to be able to chronicle the completion of this beautiful edifice. The annual meeting of the congregation was held on the 3rd of March. The number of families presently connected with it is 215, and the number of communicants on the roll 304. The Sabbath School, under the superintendence of Mr. Orme, has twenty-four teachers and 206 scholars; a second school, conducted by Mr. Haney, has eight teachers and 69 scholars, making in all 275 scholars and 32 teachers. The weekly prayer meeting has been maintained throughout the year, but regret is expressed that "the attendance upon the whole has been very small." Alas, that a similar humiliating confession has to be made in so many quarters! Is it that people have not *time* these *fast* days

to go to prayer meeting? We have heard of one who never could spare the time to attend a funeral, and who was reminded, upon a certain occasion, that some day or another he himself would *have* to take time "*to die*"! There is a "seed-thought" in the remark.

During the year the Kirk-session of this Church cooperated with the sessions of the other two Presbyterian congregations of Ottawa, in the formation of a congregation at Hull, of which the church property is held by the Church of Scotland and the ecclesiastical control of the congregation by the Canada Presbyterian Church. As appears from the printed report, the estimated expenses of the new church for St. Andrew's congregation is close upon \$59,000, of which about \$33,400 is covered by subscriptions, &c., which leaves \$25,000, still to be provided for, but which will be no doubt greatly lessened before the building is completed.

We observe that the neighbouring congregation at Chelsea recently waited upon their pastor, the Rev. James Fraser, and presented him with a purse containing \$105, accompanied by an address, and at the same time his sister, Mrs. Drum, was made the recipient of a valuable gift, a pleasing evidence that the interest manifested by both in the welfare of this congregation is felt and appreciated. The congregation is neither large nor wealthy, but is faithful to its engagements and liberal according to its ability. "Rightful claims first, then acts of generosity," appears to be the motto of the Chelsea people.

The Rev. William Cochrane of MIDDLEVILLE and DALHOUSIE has also received an address and a substantial token of the attachment of his people, and we are glad to find them acknowledging as an evidence of their pastor's zeal and fidelity that "their present position and prospects as a Church, were never in a more prosperous condition." The presentation was made by Mr. David Forbes, the senior elder, on behalf of the Dalhousie branch of the congregation, and, in acknowledgment of the unexpected compliment, Mr. Cochrane reciprocated in cordial terms the sentiments of affection expressed towards him by his

people. In this connection we may mention that during last winter the Rev. Alexander McKay of ELDON was presented by the young ladies of the congregation with a handsome sleigh and robes, which were the more appreciated as the liberality of the congregation had been largely drawn upon for the liquidation of existing debts. We are not unacquainted with Mr. McKay's herculean labours in his former charge of Lochiel, where, during a comparatively brief incumbency he accomplished the work of an ordinary lifetime, leaving behind him monuments of his diligence and perseverance in two beautiful church edifices, both free of debt. While others may reap the fruits of his self-denying labours in Glengarry we trust he may long continue to find the work of the Lord prospering among the people to whom he now ministers.

A local paper gives us an account of the induction of the Rev. W. T. Wilkins, at Stratford, on the tenth of April. The Rev. Wm. Bell, M.A., of North Easthope, preached and presided. The Rev. James Gordon addressed the minister, and the Rev. R. Chambers the people, on their respective duties. The services were of a solemn and impressive character, and the welcome extended to the newly inducted minister was very cordial. The congregation has been without a pastor since the death of Dr. George, in 1870, and we hope that the appointment now made with so much unanimity may be the prelude to a long, happy, and useful pastorate.

The PRESBYTERY of HAMILTON met in the basement of St. Andrew's Church, Hunter street, Hamilton, on the 16th ultimo. From the report of the proceedings published in the *Spectator*, we observe that the chief topics of discussion related to the organisation of a Kirk-session in the congregation worshipping in St. Andrew's Church, *St. James street, i. e.* the old Church. A memorial was also read from members of the New Church complaining "that the second congregation had adopted the name and style of this Church, in paragraphs both in the Local press, in the *Presbyterian* and in fly sheets." Mr. Burnet pointed out that, at a distance,

official persons were sometimes misled by the illegal use of that name, and quoted an instance in which the receipt of a collection had been thus wrongfully acknowledged in "the *Presbyterian*."

The Rev. W. C. Clarke sailed for Liverpool on the 26th ultimo. On the eve of his leaving Ormstown he was waited upon by an influential deputation of his congregation who on taking leave of their minister presented him with an affectionate address accompanied by a sum of money sufficient to defray the expense of his going to Scotland, and, *to bring him back again*. A very considerate and sensible thing to do, and worthy of imitation.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE.—The founders of the Dominion Scholarship in addition to a first subscription of \$400 and a second of \$200 within the last three years, has recently forwarded a third subscription of \$200. Of the gentleman who sends these liberal contributions nothing is known but his name and place of residence in one of the Maritime Provinces. His noble example is enhanced by the character of one of the conditions he makes in the awarding of the Scholarship, namely, the successful candidate, who must be a theological student, may belong to any Presbyterian Church in the Dominion.

At the close of the Montreal Presbyterian College it was announced that eighteen scholarships of from thirty to sixty each had been awarded to students attending the last session, and that a like number will be offered for competition next session. The amount at the credit of the Endowment Fund is nearly \$24,000, while subscriptions have been received for the erection of the new college buildings to the extent of 32,595. Ten young men who have here completed their studies will apply for license to the General Assembly.

We observe that the REV. FREDERICK HOME, of Bathurst, N.B., was recently presented with a purse containing one hundred and fifty dollars, and we regret that failing health has rendered it necessary for him to resign his charge and remove to a more genial clime.

The REV. JOSEPH ELLIOT has closed his ministry at Halifax. During the four years in which he has watched over the interests of the Congregational Union in that city, Mr. Elliot made many friends, who now part from him with deep regret. Before leaving he received a very kind address, accompanied by a purse of money. We are glad to hear that he returns to Ontario.

•• We have to thank the Rev. John Campbell, of Halifax, for an interesting printed report of St. Andrew's Church Sunday School. The numerical strength of the school is at present 193. "There is a teachers meeting held weekly after prayer meeting on Friday evening, at which the lesson for the following Sunday is studied. On the first Sunday of the month immediately after school, the teachers hold a devotional meeting for fifteen minutes, for prayer to God on behalf of the work of the school." Those only who are engaged in Sabbath School work know how important these things are.

The Scotch RECORD announces the death of the Rev. Dr. Clark, of Dunoon, and of Mr. Davidson, of Abbey St. Bathan's—both, in their lifetime, excellent men and devoted ministers of the Gospel. Another much respected standard bearer has fallen in the person of the Rev. Dr. Wylie, senior minister of Elgin Parish Church.

The Schemes.

The meeting of the Synod is appointed to be held in St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, commencing on the first Tuesday of June, at seven p.m., when the opening services will be conducted by the retiring Moderator, the Rev. D. Hogg, of Guelph. In view of the important subjects that may be expected to come under discussion, it is highly important that there should be a full attendance, and to this end it behoves Kirk sessions and managers to make suitable and timely provision for the travelling charges of ministers and elders. In order that the conveners of

committees may be enabled to submit carefully prepared reports on the several departments of the Church's work, above all things it is necessary that they have the *materials* supplied them in proper time. It is too bad to have the valuable time of the Synod employed either in the preparation or the deliverance of crude, disjointed reports. These remarks are particularly applicable to the departments of STATISTICS and the CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK of the Church. Will those friends who have not yet responded to the inquiries of the Conveners allow us to *entreat* them to do so without another day's delay.

SCHOLARSHIP AND BURSARY FUND.
—The circular on behalf of this Fund reached us too late for insertion in last number, but in order that our people may see for themselves how much their assistance is needed, we insert it now, on the principle "better late than never," and with some such reservation the Treasurer will doubtless be glad to receive contributions, even at the eleventh hour.

"The demands upon the Scholarship and Bursary Fund during the Session of College 1871-72, in consequence of the increase in the number of those in the Arts classes studying with a view to the Ministry, were so much greater than formerly that the collections and subscriptions received during the preceding financial year altogether failed to balance the necessary expenditure. I regret to inform you that very little has been received by the Treasurer since last meeting of Synod. The scanty reserve fund, moreover, is now completely exhausted, so that the Committee will be unable to meet their engagements to pay the remaining half of the Scholarships and Bursaries announced unless they receive, as speedily as possible, that support from the congregations and members of our Church which the vitally important scheme entrusted to the management of the Committee, requires. The fact that there are now in Queen's College thirty-one young men preparing for the work of the Ministry in different stages of their studies, not a few of whom

look to the Scholarship and Bursary Fund for some aid to enable them to prosecute them, is a loud call for more earnest and united efforts for their assistance. In these circumstances the Committee will be glad to hear from you soon, if they have not already done so, with a contribution from your congregation."

JAS. WILLIAMSON,

Convener.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.—A large number of congregations have not yet, it appears, forwarded their annual contribution. It is very desirable that remittances for this important fund should be received not later than the 15th of May, and thus obtain acknowledgement in the annual report. Mr. Archibald Ferguson, of Montreal, is the Treasurer.

THE SUSTENTATION FUND.—We need only remind the congregations that the half-yearly collection is due. All know that the efficient maintenance of this fund is a matter of vital moment with us.

MISSION TO THE LUMBERMEN.—The following circular has been issued by the Convener, and we doubt not will be cheerfully responded to by many who take an interest in the work :

OTTAWA, APRIL, 1873.

For the past five winters the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland has conducted a mission to the Lumbermen in the Valley of the Ottawa. The Mission, though under the direction of the Presbyterian Church, is strictly non-denominational in its character. The Committee carry on the work of the Mission by means of (1) the services of such clergymen as may be able during part of the winter, to visit some of the lumbering districts, and preach the Gospel to the Shantymen, and (2) the distribution of varied and suitable literature among the men.

During the past winter the Committee secured, for part of the season, the services of two clergymen, and they have distributed, through the co-operation of many of the lumbering firms, a great amount of appropriate publications, in English and French, such as Tracts, a large quantity of "British Workman," "Le Messagers des Familles," "Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," "Cottager and Artisan," &c., &c.

The Committee have received much encouragement in their labour, and have reason to believe that the Mission is really accomplishing a good work. During the past season they have considerably extended the distribution of pa-

pers, magazines, &c., being able to forward these to many sections which the Clergymen, engaged in the Mission, could not visit. They herewith earnestly request assistance. Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, at the Bank of Montreal, in this city.

DANIEL M. GORDON, B. D.,
Convener.

THE UNION COMMITTEE AT ST. JOHN.

Whatever may eventually become of it, this Union movement has already a little history of its own. It was in the month of April, 1870, on the eve of his departure from Canada, that the Rev. Dr. Ormiston addressed a letter to the Moderators of the four Presbyterian Churches of the Dominion, asking them to bring under the consideration of their respective supreme courts the question whether the time had not arrived when it would conduce to the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ, and strengthen the interests of Presbyterianism in our country, to gather into one household the different members of the Presbyterian family who adhere to the same venerable standards, proclaim the same doctrines, and administer the same form of Church government and discipline. Each of the four churches, in response to the suggestion, appointed a committee comprising three ministers and three elders. Arrangements were next made for a joint meeting of these committees, which was accordingly held in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on the 28th September following, when twenty-two out of the twenty-four members being present, the whole subject was discussed and a draft basis of union was agreed upon, and transmitted to the Supreme Courts for their consideration. In 1871, the Committees were reappointed, with the addition of three ministers and three elders to each of them, and with instructions on particular points from the several Supreme Courts. At the second meeting, also held in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, there were present thirty-three members, who reported as before to the Supreme Courts which met in June, 1872. In addition to these "joint meetings," a conference was held between the Committee of our own Church and that of

the Canada Presbyterian Church in November last for the purpose of harmonizing, if possible, the expressed sentiments of these Churches on certain topics in so far as the proposed union might be affected by them. Chief among these were the "College Question" and the "Headship of Christ." A satisfactory solution was found for the first. As for the second, the production of official documents on both sides rendered discussion unnecessary, and shewed unanimity of opinion more than sufficient to satisfy the most inveterate stickler. The matter having been thus satisfactorily disposed of, all things were now ready for a final deliverance on the whole subject of Union, and it was to put this in proper form to be sent down to the Presbyteries and Kirk Sessions for their approval, that the meeting was summoned to convene at St. John on the 11th of last month. It is quite unnecessary to detail the proceedings which occupied three days. Enough to say that the deliberations were conducted in a manner becoming the important embassy with which the members were charged, and the result was entire unanimity in recommending the Churches which were represented to unite their sympathies and their resources in the formation of one Presbyterian Church for the Dominion of Canada.

A corresponding member sends us the following account of the journey to St. John:

"On counting heads at the Bonaventure Station it was found we mustered the apostolic number, twelve. Seven from the Canada Presbyterian Church, namely, Dr. Topp, Convener; Principal Mac-Vicar, Professor Cavan, Messrs. Ure and McPherson, Ministers; Messrs. McMurrich and McRae, Elders. From the Kirk, five, Principal Snodgrass Convener, Dr. Jenkins, Rev. J. C. Smith, ministers, Messrs. James Craig and James Croil, Elders. Leaving Montreal at 10.30 p.m. on a Tuesday, we reached St. John at seven o'clock on Thursday morning following, accomplishing the distance of over 500 miles in 32 hours and a half. We returned in 35 hours. Going and coming it cost us as nearly as possible

half a dollar an hour each. We travelled in state, in our Pullman Palace Car, and, good people being scarce, the best of us—at our own estimate—insured our lives in the round sum of \$5000 a piece for the modest premium of 75 cents each way. We had a good time, and found as we sped along the way, that we had many sympathies in common—our baskets of sandwiches for example, and other delectable condiments, that thoughtful friends had provided for us. These "Temporalities" were served out indiscriminately, share and share alike. And so also the inexhaustible fund of anecdote went round, beguiling the otherwise tedious hours pleasantly away. We began our journey as acquaintances. We parted, I think I may say, fast friends. The "Pullman" is a great institution. It ensures comfort by day, a good night's rest, select society, and excellent attendance. We had breakfast at Island Pond. At Gorham we found ourselves in the heart of the New England Highlands, surrounded by magnificent mountain scenery. Thence, following the windings of the Androscoggin River, through scenery as romantic as the glens of old Scotia, we reached Danville Junction, thirty miles this side of Portland, and changed cars for Bangor, where we arrived about nine o'clock at night, with just time enough at our disposal to swallow a savoury bowl of oyster soup and readjust our impedimenta. Before eight o'clock next morning we were severally enjoying the unbounded hospitality of new friends in the city of St. John. Though it was near the middle of April, the whole of the intervening country through which we had passed was completely covered with snow. The entire district traversed, so far as we could judge, being a barren desert. We were not conscious of having seen one hundred acres of arable land, nor a farmstead worthy of the name. Yet these New Englanders are a thriving people—well fed and well clad. We can only suspect that they live by their wits. The country abounds in "water power," and they use it. Saw mills, foundries, factories of various kinds on every stream

gather round them clusters of "stores," and school-houses and churches, and beautiful white-painted houses. There is a smartness and cleanliness about these Yankee villages that is refreshing to the eye.

Saint John is not an American town, and therefore its houses, which are built of wood, are *not* white-painted. But it has an open harbour the year round, and is a place of considerable commercial importance. It is distinguished, I was going to say, for its *fogs*: but, *extinguished by its fogs*, almost four days out of seven, is more historically correct. And, when thus eclipsed, to listen to the doleful moaning of the steam whistle on Partridge Island would be perfectly dreadful but for the thought that it is guiding some bewildered mariner safely to his desired haven. The Bay of Fundy is notorious for its high tides and treacherous currents, and strange freaks of nature result from a tidal rise and fall of 30 feet. Gallant ships are stranded twice a day, and twice a day the St. John River reverses its course—at low water forming an impetuous cataract, tumbling over a ledge of rocks into the Bay, and, at high water rushing as furiously in the opposite direction. The suspension bridge overhanging "the falls" is a thing of beauty. The Lunatic Asylum at the further end of it is a model institution, and its superintendent, Dr. Waddell, is a genuine philanthropist. Including the suburbs of Portland and Carlton, St. John has a population of about 50,000. It superabounds in Churches. One third of the population are Roman Catholics, one fourth Episcopalians. Presbyterianism claims seven thousand, and provides seven churches and a like number of stalwart ministers.

The meeting of the Union Committee was held in the Calvin church, the newest of the seven—a beautiful building seated for eight hundred, and supported entirely by voluntary contributions. A box is placed at each entrance door, into which the free will offerings of the people are deposited every Sabbath. Pew rents, plate collections and all other *schemes* for

raising money are thus done away with. Dr. Topp officiated in this church on the Sabbath morning, and Principal Snodgrass in the evening. Dr. McVicar preached in St. Andrew's Church in the morning and Dr. Jenkins in the evening. St. Stephen's was supplied by Dr. Jenkins and the Rev. J. C. Smith. The rest of our clerical force distributed itself over the city, while the lay elders took their share of work in connection with the Sabbath Schools, which were well attended, and appeared to be conducted with much spirit. From our own branch of the church in the Lower Provinces there met with us, the Venerable Dr. Brooke, of Fredericton; Messrs. Pollock, of New Glasgow, McRae, of East River, G. J. Caie and R. J. Cameron, of St. John, Ministers; and Mr. J. G. Bremner, Elder. The Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces was represented by Dr. Bayne, Chairman of the Committee; Messrs. George Christie, James Bennet, George Patterson and Professor McKnight, Ministers; Messrs. George McLean, Webster and Blanchard, Elders. The Rev. Kenneth McLennan, of Peterboro, joined us on the second day of meeting, which raised our number to six. Altogether, there were twenty-five members in attendance.

By the same route that we went to St. John we also returned, with our baskets well replenished, with pleasant recollections of our several kind hosts and hostesses, and with gratitude to God for protection by the way, specially for averting what might have proved a serious accident at one point of our journey where, as we skirted the margin of a lake, we found that a rock of several tons weight had fallen from the embankment right across our track."

Miscellaneous.

WHAT ENGLAND IS DOING FOR MISSIONS.

Although we have named the Church Missionary Society second, it must be borne in mind that it was not second in

the date of its institution. The *Baptist Society* preceded it, and commenced operations toward the close of the last century—Andrew Fuller being the first secretary, and Dr. Carey the first missionary. It carries on extensive operations in India, Ceylon, China, and different parts of Africa, especially in the West India Islands. Its income to begin with must have been very trifling. Now it reaches over £32,000 a year.

The wonderful work in Madagascar has naturally had the effect of giving an impulse to the other great Nonconformist association, the *London Missionary Society*. It is supported chiefly by the Congregationalists; but the names of a number of its agents are household words in all the Churches. Williams, for example, the martyr of Erromanga; Livingstone, the most famous of African discoverers; and Moffat, who was so lately among ourselves receiving a well-merited distinction from the metropolitan university. The history of the Madagascar Mission reads, it has been remarked, like the history of the early Christian Church. Nothing in England can compare with it. All classes of the population have passed like a mighty stream into the churches. In 1870, no fewer than 78,752 were added to the congregations of the Society; and in 1871, 63,000 have followed. The income of the Society is £107,000.

While the Church Missionary Society can speak of a wonderful work of grace in Tinnevely, and the Baptists of the like work in Jamaica, and the London Society of Madagascar, the *Wesleyans* can tell of a great blessing which has followed their efforts in the Fiji Islands. There, heathenism is virtually extinct, and Christianity is as much the religion of the people as it is of the people of England. In 1871 the number of church members was 20,348; the number of attendants on public worship, 100,000; the number of day schools, 1524, the number of scholars, 51,125. With results like these before us can it be said that Christianity has lost its power in the world, or that Christian missions are the efforts of a vain and profitless enthusiasm. The *Wesleyan Methodist*

Society was founded by John Wesley himself, and has its agents in all parts of the world. Its income is fully equal to that of the Church Missionary Society, being last year about £150,000.

In addition, however, to the five great societies we have thus named, there are several others doing much good on a smaller scale. Among these are the missions of the two Nonconforming Methodist Churches (which spend an income between them of over £17,000); the missions of the Society of Friends; and last but not least, the China Mission of the English Presbyterian Church, which requires for its support an annual sum of £10,000.

This represents roughly what England is doing for the conversion of heathendom. It is giving yearly over half a million for the purpose. Not a large sum in itself when the enormous wealth of the country is taken into account, and its extravagant expenditure upon questionable objects is considered. But it is great compared with what it was half a century ago. And if so much has been accomplished in the past through the inadequate means which the Church has had placed at its disposal, what, we again repeat, may we not expect to see doing and done if we live to see the commencement of 1900. The gold and the silver are still the Lord's. He can open the heart and hand in the future as he has done in the past; and it is the merest unbelief to talk as if the material resources of the land were increasing, but not for God—that men were growing richer, but were not to be expected to grow in liberality—that all interests were to benefit by the better days that have come upon our industries, save and except the one interest of the kingdom of Christ. We must not for one moment give countenance to the notion that God is adding to the means of England merely to make the people more comfortable. He is giving them more, that they may have more to give.—FREE CHURCH RECORD.

A GOSPEL FISHERMAN.

Once in a while comes an episode of real life that outlines the fairest dream

of fiction. The muscular young clergyman has played his part through many a modern story. Charles Kingsley set the fashion of him first. Whether he drew from real life or from his inner consciousness of what a young clergyman should be, the striking figure became a favourite, and young divinity students took the truth home to them, that, in becoming teachers of men, they need not of necessity cease to be men themselves.

The healthy impulse spread across the Atlantic, and we are no longer shocked, but just pleasantly thrilled with soft surprise, when the young rector leads in the cricket-field, among the school-boys, or takes the stroke-oar in the rustic regatta. But for all the muscularity and the manhood of the new order, the clergyman's arena, in these our inland and conventional lives, is still confined to those fine spiritual agencies that touch the fine issues of life. We are rather inclined to overlook him in the matter of physical daring, and, among our modern, every-day heroes, to give the palm to those doctors of the body who brave plague and pestilence in their daily walks, and, out of their abundant, magnetic life, feed the famine-stricken in soul as well.

Once or twice in a century, we say, the clergyman has an opportunity to rise to a height of heroism, and in a rebuke of a national sin—a popular idol—to open speedily for himself a short road to living martyrdom thereby. And he has heroic opportunity of the nearer sort, when, with Sampsonlike strength, he bows himself upon some tall pillar in his church (some pillar of sin), and topples it, though he bring down the whole church edifice about his ears. Here and there a sturdy pioneer, with his shining broad-ax of the old-time temper, goes crashing through the thickets and jungles that have grown up around the good word, and choked it with their coarse fiber. Here and there his doughty stroke lets in God's air and sunlight into those dark regions of superstition, whose malaria sits heavily on the soul.

But though the Luther of our day flings his inkstands right and left at material devils, the tempters of sloth and sense,

and is ready to defy the sneering imps on the house-tops and in high places, it is rather a pastoral than a heroic figure that we have in our minds for the modern clergyman. We have come to think of him as the faithful shepherd among the peaceful hills, discovering a pitfall, revealing a hidden fountain, and with rest and comfort in his kindly bosom for the footsore and the weary. So that it is like turning a page of some quaint old story to read of Mr. Ancient, the Nova Scotia "fisher of souls." On that rude coast, among the rude fishermen of Terence Bay, his figure stands out against the dark background of night and wreck with almost gospel clearness. Amid the vague and shifting accounts of incompetence, negligence, and cowardice in that murky night, we turn with relief to him. "Give me a boat; the water is smooth enough," pointing to the clinging wretches in the rigging; "put me on board and I will get them;" when the magistrate of the place judged all farther rescue hopeless, and they must rest content with those already saved. Commanding, beseeching, when even stalwart fishermen were in terror for their own lives and his, how clear rings his answer—*"John, if I'm doomed, I won't hold you responsible; put me on board!"*

Climbing the ship's side at an angle of fifty degrees, in elastic confidence in his own steady foot and strong arm, he sustains with cheery word the half-drowned man until he brings him safe to shore.

There is an old story of another fisherman, who, when "the ship was in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, for the wind was contrary," essayed to walk upon the water, toward the shining Figure that he saw. "But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and, beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me." The rebuke came with the helping hand, "Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

What strong faith in the power the good God had given, strength of arm and steady head, animated this cure of souls on the Nova Scotia beach, we can only read between the lines of the simple story. But when we see the same tall figure car-

rying the shrouded dead to their last resting-place; helping, with his own hands, to dig the meager graves on that inhospitable shore; when we note the untiring force and generous earnestness of the man, we can understand how it is that "a more honest, kind and law-abiding community than that of Prospect can seldom be found." What a power will drive home that man's sermons to his flock! The best of all preaching lies in one's own life.—CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Rev. Mr. Ancient, who proved himself a hero at the wreck of the *Atlantic*, was formerly a Scripture reader in the British Navy, and for the past six years has been a missionary of the Colonial Church Society at Terence Bay, near the point of the disaster. It will be remembered that he saved the life of the chief officer at the peril of his own, and during the wonderful scenes that followed, he was constantly active, seeing that the dead were buried decently, and the living cared for. He is described as a plain, earnest, warmhearted man, and dearly loved by his parishioners, who are chiefly poor fishermen living along the dangerous coast.

A movement is on foot to present this brave minister with a testimonial of some kind. For this purpose a considerable sum of money has already been subscribed in Nova Scotia and the United States. If any readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN would like to take a small part in this movement, we shall be happy to receive and forward their contributions.—*Ed. Presbyterian.*

TRATHIAN NA BLIADHNA.

Tha sinn a' foghlum u ithe so, mar an ceudna, gum bheil gach son s fìor agus ceart a 'tighinn bho Dhia a mhain. Is e so fìrinn a tha clann nan daoine nan staid gu nadurra mall a chreidsinn; oir tha iad a' dearbhadh gu soilleir le'n comhluidar peacach minnaomha, agus ceannaireach, nach ann an chomhlionadh toil an Tighearna a tha iad deonach 'us iarrtuis each sonas a shireadh. Tha iomadh dearbhadh mulla-dach, iomadh dearbhadh nach gabh aicheadh no cuir, air chul a' tachairt oirn an sud agus an so, a tha' foillseachadh gu soilleir nach 'eil ach faoinas agus amaid-eachd namhasach a bhi'g iarruidh sonais ann an gnathachadh no ann an gnìomh air bith a tha dealuichte bho reachdan naomha an Tighearna. Is e so aideachadh Sholaimh aig an robh maoin 'us beartas ro-mhor, an deigh dha' radh 'ra chridhe: "Teann a nis, dearbhaidh mi thu le sub-

hachas. Uime sin meall maith." An deigh dha oibrean mora' dheanamh dha fein, garachan agus liosan chrann-mheas; an deigh dha airgid agus or a charnadh suas dha fein, agus ionmhas sonruichte nam rìgh 's nam mor-roinn, agus gach ni a mhiannuich a shuilean a thoirt doibh—b'e so a bheachd air a mhorachd shaoghalta uile, nach robh ach diomhanas anns an ionlan agus buaireadh spioraid, agus nach robh tairbhe ann fuidh'n ghrein.

Cha-n'eil an-t-aobhar fada r'a iarruidh a tha 'dcanamh gach maith 's aoibhneas saoghalta neo-chomasach air sonas a chosnadh. Saoilidh daoine gu minic gum bheil sonas aca 'nuair a tha iad air an cuairteachadh le saoihbheas, le urram 'us onoir; ach cha-n'eil an dochas a tha iad ag altrum fìor no ceart. Oir cia mar's urrainn do'n spiorad neo-bhasmhor a bhui-neas duinn, a bhi air a riarachadh no air a shasaicheadh leis an ni de'n canar aighear saoghalta? Is ann bho Dhia a mhain tha sonas fìor a' sruthadh. Ni esan da rìreadh samhradh a chompartachadh rìusan a choimhideas a reachdan gu dìchiollach agus gu faicilleach.

Faodaidh sinn, fos, fhoghlum bho na briathran so, "Rinn Thu an Samhradh," gur e Dhia ughdair gach soirbheachaidh. Ged dheasaicheas an tuathanach am fear-ainn agus a chuireas e an siol ann, gidheadh cha'n fhasan siol agus cha ghiut lain e torrads as eugmhais nam frasan blaha' tha' silidh air. Cha-n'eil e ach a' gnathachadh nam meadhonan. Buinidh e do chumhachd a's airde an run a bha aige ann an cuir an-t-sil a chomblionadh agus a chriochnachadh. Ciod e a's luach do neart 's do spionnachd dhaoine? Cha-n'eil ann aig a chuid a's fearr ach anmhuinneachd agus neoni. Do bhrìgh, mata, nach fhaodar so aicheadh, o'n dh'fheumar aideachadh nach 'eil ach laigse 's breoiteachd 'us gealtachd anns gach oidheirp 'us dìchioll a nithear le daoine, chithear gu furasda mu tha soirbheachadh ri bhi air a mhealtuinn, gum bheil iul 'us comhnadh a's cumhachdaiche a dh'easbhuidh. Ni dìchioll 'us durachd moran gun teagamh ann an gnothuichean saoghalta, agus is minic a tha daoine 'tha dealasach aghartach a ruigheachd air seasamh ard's air soirbheachadh mor; gi-

dheadh cha-n'eil soirbheachadh fìor a' sruthadh ach bho aon tobar. Cha-n'eil ach soirbheachadh mealltach agus neo-sheasmhach a' tighinn bhò aimhnichean an-t-saoghail so. Mar dhearbhadh air an nì so, thugamaid fainear a' chrìoch bhronach agus an d'thainig a choinhilion rìgh am measg nan Iudhach's a shaoil ann an ardan a spioraid's ann an morachd a neirt, gun robh eolas'us tuigse aige fein a chum a dheanadais uile'riaghladh guceart as eugmhais stiuraidh an Tì a's ro- airde. Nach minic a dh'eirich gu olc dhoibh an uair a dh'inu-trig iad ann an comhrag an aghaidh feachan mor a'n naimhdean! Nach iomadh bron'us tui-readh 'us iarguinn chraiteach a thug baogh ltachd nan uachdaran air na-h-Iudhaich bhochda! Nuair a rinn iad dear-mad air stiuradh an Tighearna iarruidh's a leantuinn, cha do bhuaidhich iad thairis air an naimhdean, nì mo a phill iad a dh'ionnsuidh an ionadan comhnuidh fein le gairdeachas 'us greadhnachas. Le comh-luadar minaomha, mibheusach 'us ardan-ach cha soirbhich Dia am feasda oir tha' leithid so de nì gu buileach eadar-dhealuichte bhò nadur fein, agus cha-n'eil tlachd no speis no baigh aige ris. An dream a ghluaiseas gu dìreach coir, 'us a dh' iarras comhnadh'us cuideachadh an Tighearna, meallaidh esan agus esan a mhain soirbheachadh ceart firinneach, agus lasaidh è mìlsead an-t-sonais agus an-t-soirbheachaidh sin a tha bunaitheach, mais-each 'us tlachdmhor, oir da rìreadh rinn Dia Samhradh airson an duine ionraicehoir.

[Gu bhì air a leantuinn.]

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

The following instructive biographical sketch of a great and good man is taken from the *EVANGELICAL WITNESS* for February. It is good reading for Sunday or Saturday. ED.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S youth was, in most respects, like that of any brave English boy. He was very beautiful when a child, and his fond old nurse used to predict his good fortune thus — " Eh!

laddie ye'll mak many a lassie sigh, and set aside her supper!" He had a boy's love of mischief. His frail and gentle mother died when he was only nine years of age, and he was left under an elder sister's care. Very fond that sister was of him, and very proud of his bright parts, and it needed all her love and pride to bear with his wilful ways. He saw her love of order, and when she had displeased him, he would watch his opportunity and steal quietly to her room. Opening her private chest of drawers, he would mix all her garments up in sad confusion, and turn them out in one promiscuous heap upon the floor. He scarcely ever seemed to learn his lessons, yet they were always well prepared, and minutes in his case seemed to do the work of hours. He used to be the leader in every game, and spent many an hour in climbing the old ruined abbey towers, in search of owls' and jackdaws' nests. In these things he was like many another boy; there was one thing peculiar to himself. He may be said to have been born a philosopher, and from his earliest years he had a passion for experiments and for scientific pursuits. There was a broken pane of glass in his father's house which drew his attention when a child, and roused in his mind questions about refracted light, which he tried to answer by his studies of after years. And many a time he would steal away from his companions to a little farm-house near, to visit his friend, James Veitch. Comparatively a poor man this Veitch was, a farmer and a maker of ploughs by trade, and yet as a philosopher and astronomer he was of no mean repute. At his house Brewster's thirsty spirit drank in all sorts of scientific lore, till the study of Natural Philosophy became the passion of his life.

Taste and Duty do not always point in the same direction; and with all the young man's taste for science, it seemed that his work was to lie in another sphere. His father was the schoolmaster of Jedburgh, a town famous in the border wars of Scotland. The Scottish Church, for which his fathers died, was dear to him, and in his

own mind he had set apart all his four sons for service. Three of them in succession were enrolled in her ministerial ranks, and each in his own way reached a distinguished place. David, it was supposed, would follow in their steps. At the age of twelve he went to the University of Edinburgh, where he remained for several years. His letters show that he was busy making telescopes and watching the worlds above his head; at the same time the world of books was not forgotten, and to theological studies he was devoting his time and strength. At length he was licensed to preach the gospel. It was a trying time to him when he had to deliver his first sermon. Young as he was, he was widely known already for his discoveries in natural science, and St. Cuthbert's great church in Edinburgh was crowded that day by some 3,000 persons, anxious to hear how he would begin his work. He was very nervous, yet he spoke with much acceptance, and many went away predicting that he would yet be a great divine. Public speaking was a thing, however, he always dreaded, and once or twice he fainted from excessive nervousness, when about to preach. And when at length he was presented to a parish, an ugly lawsuit barred his way, and rather than leave the parish for months or years without the means of grace, Brewster withdrew his claim. These events he regarded as providential; and turning from a path of life, which was indeed the highest and the noblest, but for which he felt in no way fitted, he entered finally upon the path of science, for which, by nature and by education, he was already well prepared. Our purpose in this paper is not so much to trace his history step by step; but rather to discover, if we can, what was the secret of his great success, what were those powers and talents which rendered him so great a man, and such a successful interpreter of the world of nature.

The very first thing which strikes us, in reading Brewster's life, is his great *Love of Work*. A man of genius who will not stoop to work may shoot, like a flashing meteor, across the sky of human life,

making men look and wonder for a moment, ere it sink into utter gloom. But he who wishes to stand for ages, a fixed star in the eyes of men, or to shine as a sun upon earth's darkness, must learn to delight in hard and patient labour. What the poet says of an antediluvian hero might be well applied to Brewster:— "Of all hardships, work he counted least." His was a long life, and there was no time wasted. For three-and-twenty years he laboured at a great encyclopædia, and for twenty more at his *Life of Sir Isaac Newton*. As principal of the College of St. Andrew's, he infused a new spirit into the Professors, showed every man his place and work, and by his own example put all idlers to shame. And when from St. Andrew's he was transferred to his last and highest post, and returning to his own Alma Mater took his seat as Principal of the University of Edinburgh, he was still the same. Fourscore years had made their furrows on his cheek, and the snow of winter was on his brow; but he was fresh and vigorous as a boy in spirit, and never, I believe, save when he lay upon his deathbed, was he a day absent from his post.

His love of labour continued till the close. The week before his death was one of the busiest of his life. His strength was rapidly departing, and he was scarcely able to walk across the room. He felt he had much to do, and little time to do it. And as letters were written, books put aside, and one set of papers after another arranged, "Now, that's done! that's done!" was his exclamation of delight, and he would hasten to the next thing that came in view. And when his aged head was laid at last beneath the sod, and the mourners sat in silent sorrow that first evening, thinking of him they should see no more, one who knew him well broke the silence by exclaiming, as she looked up to the new home of his ransomed spirit, "Oh! how busy must he this evening be!"

Love of work in Sir David Brewster's case was softened and beautified by the *Love of Nature*. In this lay a great source both of pleasure and of power. He had many

trials and disappointments in his life, which fell sorely on a temper naturally harsh, and he was often exhausted with the strain of long continued mental toil. But the moment his work was done, he could rush out into field or garden, and throw himself, with all a child's wonder and delight, into the enjoyment of everything around. With a child's wonder and love of beauty, he had also a child's simple and humble mind. If he had seen further than other men, he was ready to acknowledge, it was because he "stood on the shoulders of giants." It was touching, it is said, to see with what humble earnestness he would sit at the feet of any one, in any rank of life, who happened to be acquainted with any subject of which he himself was ignorant. An humble eye is quick to see, an humble mind to learn, and we cannot wonder that his attainments were many, and his discoveries and inventions great. The most popular perhaps of all his inventions was the kaleidoscope. The excitement caused by this little toy, when it first appeared, was something marvellous. No book or instrument in the memory of man, Sir David said himself, ever produced such an effect as this. People insisted on leaving their money beforehand to secure their chance, and "from six o'clock in the morning till six in the evening the shop in Edinburgh where they were to be sold was beset with people." He might have made £100,000 by it, had it been managed properly, but it was mismanaged, the patent was somehow invaded, and he never made a penny. At length he gathered money enough — for at first he was very poor — to build himself a house, which he called by the strange name of Allergy. It was a lovely spot. Old Melrose Abbey stood beside it; in the distance could be heard the murmur of Tweed's waters, as it rolled onwards to the sea, while the Eildon Hills rose away beyond, and as the old man wandered about this loved retreat, it seemed a very paradise below. The merest trifles, or what seemed trifles to others, filled him with rapture. The last scientific study on which he was engaged had regard to liquid films, and often might the great

man be seen sitting at a table, with soap and water before him, and his eye lit up as he watched the colours of the great soap bubbles, which were floating all around. One night, when far on towards morning, a bubble of singular beauty had been formed; and, hastening away to another room, he wakened Lady Brewster from her quiet sleep, that she might not miss the sight. One of his family tells how sometimes she would steal into his study on some pretence at night, and sit down in a corner. Soon he would forget her presence, and go on with his microscopic work; and as, beneath the glass, some object appeared of surpassing beauty, he would throw himself back in his chair in an ecstasy of delight, exclaiming, "My God, how wondrous are thy works!" Such is God's law and order. Pride and selfishness walk blindly through the world, and see no beauty. Love and humility find marks of God's fingers everywhere, feel the fragrance of His breath in every breeze, and hear sweet sounds of heaven-taught music all around, which fill and captivate the soul. We are very quick to see every little thorn, and to fret at every little trial in our daily life, and so we are often weary. If we could only be as quick to see and feel each of the numberless little flowers and sweet delights which God has spread around us, how happy and how useful might we be!

To love of work and love of nature, Sir David Brewster added a great *Love of Men*.

"Love sold on haunts a breast where learning lies. And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise."

So says the poet, but in this case his words were proved untrue. It was plain to those who knew Brewster that he had heart, as well as head. In his early youth he had two love adventures; but the third time was to him the charm. Two young ladies called Macpherson came to live with Professor Playfair in Edinburgh, at whose house Brewster was a frequent guest. The younger of them, Juliet, was beautiful and good, and soon the philosopher's heart was touched. At this time he was about thirty years of age, though he seemed much younger, and his appearance was

prepossessing. Clusters of rich brown hair gathered round his pale and open face, and there was an exceeding sweetness in his eye. The marriage came in due time, and was a very happy one. For forty years they lived together, a numerous family gathered round them, and when in 1850 she passed away and left him, he was not left to mourn as those who have no hope, for she died rejoicing in the love of Jesus. Even here our hero's love adventures are not concluded. He was about seventy-seven years of age when one day, travelling by diligence to Cannes, he met three young English ladies going out to Nice. A diligence, especially when one is shut up inside it on a very hot day, is not a good place for lovmaking, or any other enjoyment. Sir David, however, found that drive so pleasant that when he got to Cannes, where his family were, he could not rest, and, following the young ladies to Nice, he pressed his suit so well that the lady of his choice accepted him, and he was married to Miss Jane Purnell, of Scarborough, on the 26th March, 1857. Three or four years afterwards a little daughter, Constance Marion, was sent into the household to be the pet and plaything of his declining years. We can fancy how these two would love and live for one another, the two children, as we might call them. The little one, ignorant of life's cares, and just entering life's battle, and the old veteran, whose days of service were nearly over, and who yet retained all the freshness and loving simplicity of the little child.

It is in a wider sense that we speak of Sir David now as a lover of men. He was always fond of society, and found time for much social enjoyment in the midst of his hardest work. Bright indeed is the galaxy of names among which he shines, men not of one country only, but of all lands and tongues. Sir Walter Scott, Lord Brougham, and Miss Edgeworth were among the most intimate of his friends.

His relationship with Dr. Chalmers forms a history in itself. When Brewster was beginning his great Encyclopædia, he asked his friend, Thomas Chalmers,

then a brilliant and gay young clergyman, to write the article on Christianity. As he began to study Christianity, he found himself ignorant of its saving truths, and was led to seek and find the salvation which as yet he had only known in name. When Brewster was principal at St. Andrew's, Chalmers came to visit him, and one day an audience of 4,000 people gathered in the great green to hear him preach. "Fury is not in me," was the text he chose; and there with the sea before, and the Martyr's Monument behind, he preached a sermon which was long remembered in St. Andrew's. The next time we read of their meeting was on the famous Disruption day, Brewster took his place as an elder in the Church, and walked out among the others, though he knew that by this deed he ran the risk of losing his college chair. And when that vast crowd gathered, one June morning in Edinburgh, to carry Chalmers to his grave, Brewster's gray head was seen in the foremost of the throng, and his tears mingled with the tears of all the Scottish nation, as they laid the Christian hero down to his calm and hopeful rest.

There is but one thing needed to make the picture of a true philosopher complete, and fortunately in Sir David's case, that thing remains to tell. Some of my readers have perhaps climbed the Rigi, — that high hill that stands beside the lake of Lucerne in Switzerland. Going up overnight, you are aroused before day break by the loud blowing of the horn. Dressing hastily, you hurry out, and there on the very summit, you stand and look around. More than 130 mountains, among the highest and the loveliest in Switzerland, are visible from that point, and now they lie spread out, a great panorama before your view. Yet you do not fully enjoy that scene. Snow and glaciers meet your eye on every side, the morning air is cold around you, you shiver as you stand, and are beginning almost to wish you had not come out, when all at once the first peep of the sun is seen, as he rises in the eastern sky. The highest mountain first receives his rising beam, and in an instant, as if an angel's hand had touched its

sides, they are all aglow with a red and brilliant lustre. The next hill catches up the radiance, and still the next, till in a few minutes, the whole range of snow-white mountain sides and summits is lit up with glory, and the earthly seems for a few short moments to be clad in the garments of the heavenly. That is a sunrise on the Rigi. Such a sunrise I have to ask you to look at now. Hills of science and of natural and acquired attainments have risen up before you, great and beautiful, in Sir David Brewster's life. The love of work is there, the love of nature, and the love of men, with the noble work which these can do; but still all is somehow hard and cold and earthly. I have now to show you the sunrise breaking on the mountains, the *Love of God and Jesus* rising on the soul, and for ten long years brightening up the life with a new and heavenly radiance.

Sir David Brewster was always a moral, many would have said a religious, man. He was free from open sin. He spoke of God with reverence, and in all he wrote and said about the works of nature, tried to lead the mind to Him. He was thoroughly orthodox in his religious opinions, and very fond of the Church in which he had been trained, as in those Disruption days he proved. He had come through the fire of trial. One fine summer evening in 1828, Charles, his second boy, a youth of rare parts and promise, went out to bathe in the laughing waters of the Tweed, and was carried home to his parents dead. God spoke to him in 1850 when he lost his wife, and once again when he took from him his eldest son. Yet here is the solemn truth. In the midst of all Sir David knew and felt, God's voice was still unheard; he was still, as he himself in after days acknowledged, an unsaved, an unconverted man.

After his wife's death, he did begin seriously to think. His first feeling was one of want. There was something which others round him had, he felt, which he had not; and he began to search and think, if perchance he could discover what it was. When the midnight hour was past, and all his work was done, he would

open his Bible and read, and then falling on his knees, would beseech with loud cryings and tears, which his daughter heard in wonder, as she lay above, that God would reveal to him that truth which he so much longed to know. Such seeking never is in vain. Gradually he began to see where his mistake had been. He had been trying to roll the stone up the hill, and he never got it any further up. He had been trying to climb the mountain wearily, while God, as he expressed it, had sent down a locomotive to draw him up. Fully and perfectly he accepted Jesus now both for pardon and for holiness, and the righteousness of Christ was henceforward the watchword of his life. Formerly he had ridiculed the idea of a man being assured of his salvation; now he possessed the assurance he had once despised. "It can't be presumption," he said "to be *sure*, because it is Christ's work, not ours; on the contrary, it is presumption to doubt his word and work." The sun had risen here at eventide (he was about seventy-eight), and the heights of science and philosophy were touched and glorified with the light and love of God.

The end was drawing near. Attacks of sickness became more frequent, and the frame was growing weak. Want of breath, want of sleep, want of appetite, all were signs that earth should not be long his home. On Friday, the 7th February, 1868, his wife besought him to lie in bed, as all things had been arranged. But no. "Let me rise once more," he said. "I have still a little work to do." That day he wrote a letter to Professor Balfour, in which he speaks about his approaching end, and the last sentence of it is touching:—"At my great age and with a strong faith, the change is not unwelcome." The evening was spent as usual with his little daughter. According to custom, he played two games of dominoes with her. Then she read him the 6th of Hebrews and the 27th Psalm, and sung for him a little hymn. She bade him good night and went away. He felt there was nothing more for him to do, and soon he followed her, saying, as he passed out of the study

door, "You may turn the key in it, for I shall never be in that room again."

On Saturday and on Sabbath he lay all day in bed, weak but happy. Some one asked him about his hope. "It was on the Rock," he said, "Christ alone." "Had he no doubts or fears," he was asked. "None. The blood of Christ has washed my sins. I have life in Christ. I am sure of it, for God has said it." Monday was a day of weakness and of restlessness, but Jesus had come near him now, as a true and loving friend. "You shall soon see Charlie," some one said, referring to his son, who was drowned. "I shall see Jesus," he said reprovingly, "Jesus who made the worlds, I shall see Him as He is." "I have had the light for

many years, and, oh! how bright it is! I am safe and satisfied." Such were his dying words that Monday afternoon. The change at last came quietly. Almost unnoticed by the loving watchers that gathered around his bed, his spirit passed away. Before they were aware that they stood in the presence of the dead, he was standing in the presence of his God, and the earnest longing of his soul was gratified—he had seen Jesus. "The Lord is my light" was the inscription put on his tomb in Melrose Abbey, and was it not a fitting one? The student of light had found the true Light at last, and had passed away to the land of light eternal.

WILLIAM PARK.

Our Sanctum.

It is not often that the Moderatorship of a General Assembly goes a-begging. This year, however, two rather prominent men have declined that honour in the Free Church of Scotland, Dr. Miller of Glasgow and Mr. Main of Edinburgh, and the choice has fallen on a respected ex-Moderator, the Rev. Dr. Duff, whose name and character it is confidently hoped will be a tower of strength at next Assembly. If any one is better fitted than another to pour oil on troubled waters, Dr. Duff is the man. But even he will have enough ado to keep the peace among some of those the expression of whose religious beliefs and disbeliefs borders on fanaticism.

"A short time ago Professor Macgregor and Dr. Bonar addressed a letter to the Moderator-elect of the next Free Assembly—Dr. Duff—asking for a brotherly conference with the present and future Moderators, the object being to abandon the Mutual Eligibility overture, and thus preserve the peace of the Church. The Moderator's answer—the answer of the leaders of the Union party—is that they cannot take part in such a conference. Dr. Brown supplies a number of reasons for this decided refusal, the chief of which is that they are committed, that the Church is committed, and, that to abandon the overture after the country has been excited by the anti-Union party would be to expose the whole government of the Church to merited contempt. The Mutual Eligibility Scheme, he says, must be passed into law, and he hopes that while those who disapprove of it oppose it to the last they will be content with entering their solemn protest. On the other hand the Union party are willing to make an important concession. They offer, for the sake of peace, to allow the Union Committee to be discharged, and the Union negotiations adjourned *sine die*."

It is proper to explain that what is meant by the "Mutual Eligibility Scheme" is permission in the meantime, for any minister of one Church to enter the other when invited by a congregation, on signing the formula.

The Presbyterian Churches South of the Border appear to be in a more hopeful state in regard to Union. Indeed it seems that things are now ready for the final consummation. The Committees appointed by the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in England and by the English Synod of the United Presbyterian Church having recently met and deliberated upon the several matters remitted to them, came to the agreement "that the Synods of the respective Churches should be recommended to take such steps as may lead to the consummation of the proposed Union with the least practicable delay after the meeting of the United Presbyterian Synod at Edinburgh in May, 1874."

The proceedings of the Presbytery of Edinburgh in the matter of Dr. Wallace's appointment have not yet transpired, and the general feeling is that should the Presbytery be beaten, it serves them right. The *fama* should have been inquired into long ago. The Rev. Mr. Knight has been less "acute" in his tactics than his similarly suspected brother in the Chair of Church History. He has been making explanations to the Presbytery of Dundee, who, with doubtful wisdom, have resolved to proceed against him by libel.

The attempt to settle the vexed question of Higher Education in Ireland has signally failed, not because the scheme propounded was in itself bad. On the contrary it was so far-seeing and comprehensive as to make it appear utopian. Thoughtful people are now beginning to see that the entire system of education in the three kingdoms must sooner or later be re-organized. On this subject the *Weekly Review*

may be quoted: "The schools and colleges of England, Ireland and Scotland, should be conducted on the same principle. That principle (and the only one that will mete out equal justice to all, and put an end to this eternal warfare of the sects) is united, *non-sectarian* education, open to all without distinction, with liberty to the churches to provide as they best can, without cost to the nation, separate religious instruction. The same opportunities and advantages should be offered to all. Beyond this the State, in the present condition of the country, is not at liberty to go. Till this position be taken finally and firmly Rome will pursue the old game of badgering the Government, and, if she can, convulsing the nation." The Sustentation Fund of the Irish Presbyterian Church has not yet come up to the expectations of its enthusiastic Moderator, the Rev. William Johnson, who states that after a personal visit to thirty-two Presbyteries, and many congregations, he has reason to believe "that not more than one-half—certainly not two-thirds—of the communicants or seat-holders in the northern congregations have as yet given any contribution to this Central Fund on which the Presbyterian Church now mainly depends for support and extension." The aim of the Irish Sustentation Fund is to raise £30,000 a year, which, with the interest on the Commutation Fund, would provide £100 a year for each minister over and above the stipend. A vacancy has occurred in the trusteeship of Magee College by the death of the venerable Dr. John Brown, of Aghadoey, County Derry, who has lately gone to his rest in the eighty-fifth year of his age and the 60th year of his ministry.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MEMORIAL PULPIT.—A series of 26 sermons preached at the Presbyterian Memorial Church, New York, by the Rev. C. S. Robinson, D.D., forms an exceedingly instructive volume. These sermons are admirably adapted for "family reading," and that is what can be said of few volumes of sermons. They are short, practical, earnest, convincing sermons, written in easy flowing language, with just enough "spice" in them to make them palatable. And they are perfectly sound.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER, by Edward Henry Bickersteth, M.A., of Christ Church, Hampstead, is a remarkable poem, and cannot fail to be read with intensest interest by all who are capable of appreciating the highest flights of imagination expressed in the choicest of language. Such at least is our estimate of the first three chapters of this book which can be compared only with the sublime imagery of Milton or Dante. The volume before us is an American reprint of the third English edition; price \$1.25, and may be had at GRAFTON'S, 182 St. James street, Montreal. Where, too, our juvenile friends will find books suited to their tastes and capacities. *Morag*, we specially recommend to such as have a liking for a really good Scotch story.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY: This is the title of a very neatly printed and exceedingly well writ-

ten pamphlet of 41 pages, by Lieut. J. N. Emra, Montreal, on the subject of Temperance, originally delivered as a lecture, and which the author will forward free of post for 15 cents. We can give a willing assent to much that is contained in this essay, and trust that its circulation may do much good, but the writer will not expect us to agree with him in the allegation that sympathetic relations necessarily exist between the "liquor interests" and CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS. We would have all Christian ministers reason as *St. Paul* did—"of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," as matters between which there is indeed a very close connection, and important alike to Churchmen and Dissenters.

Ministers or others wishing to obtain a full report of the proceedings of the General Assembly in the United States can obtain "*The General Assembly Journal*" from John H. Dey & Co., Box 2330 New York. Price \$1, including American postage. The money should be sent by the 8th of May.

The following anecdote is related of Whitefield, and contains admonition against self-glorification: He had just finished one of his sermons when a man came reeling up to him and said, "How do you do, Mr. Whitefield?" He replied, "I don't know you, sir." "Don't know me. Why you converted me so many years ago, in such a place." "I shouldn't wonder," replied Mr. Whitefield, "you look like one of my converts; for if the Lord had converted you, you would have been a sober man."

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