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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.

November



1872.

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

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All Communications to be addressed to JAMES CROIL,

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# THE PRESBYTERIAN

NOVEMBER, 1872.

## JOTTINGS FROM OLD SCOTIA.

### TO THE NORTH.

If "There is no Royal road to Learning," there is a Royal route to the Highlands, over which during the summer months a great stream of travel unceasingly ebbs and flows with an undeviating regularity as the tidal waves of the ocean. I should like to convey to the reader some idea of the pleasurable emotions experienced by one, who, for the first time, is borne along this current, and obtains a passing glimpse of the grandest and most diversified scenery which the Highlands of Scotland afford. Of necessity it will be a very imperfect impression that can be given. The retrospect of the whole is indeed very distinctly imprinted on memory, but to reproduce the picture, so that it be intelligible to others, would require descriptive powers which this writer has not. It is a picture which seems to carry on the face of it an official stamp—"not transferable."

Here is the outline of the route. From Glasgow through the Kyles of Bute to Ardrishaig; by the Crinan Canal to Oban; thence through the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, along the Moray Firth to Elgin; down to Aberdeen; up Dee-Side to Balmoral and Braemar; descend the pass of Glen Shee; turn aside to visit Perth, St. Andrews and Dundee; pass on by Callander and the Trossachs to Lochmond and Dunbarton Castle, and so to the place of beginning.

We embark on the Steamer "Iona," the pride of the Clyde, which leaves the Broomielaw at seven o'clock each morning, conveying tourists to Ardrishaig. Of a fine summer morning the crowds of pleasure seekers who swarm the saloons and the upper deck of this boat is of itself a sight to see. I can't vouch for the details, but "it is said" that the vessel is 320 feet long and is propelled by engines 350 horse power at a maximum speed of 22 miles an hour. As to the number of people on board of her they could not be counted; but I judged at the time that there were about 2000. At every point of call the arrival of the "Iona" seemed to be the event of the day. The wharves were thronged by all sorts and conditions of people, mostly well conditioned, well dressed, well mannered people, but usually also with a

sprinkling of the "baser sort," whose ideas of recreation and a sea-side holiday, are somehow or another inseparably associated with a drunken spree. If you ask who those are you will be told that most likely they are colliers who have got the upper hand of their masters, and who spend the exorbitant wages which they demand for the two or three days in which they will work, on fine clothes and bad whiskey. At one particular point I counted the heads that went ashore, one hundred and eighty-seven, exclusive of babies in their mothers' arms, of whom quite a lot. The crowd on deck was not thereby perceptibly diminished, and the actual number of souls was eventually increased by the still greater number who embarked. The number of watering places that we pass is surprising. Each with some local attraction of its own, but all beautiful for situation. Such are Helensburg, which has now the dimensions and regularity of a large town; Roseneath, with its castle and its beautiful grounds the property of the Duke of Argyll; the Parish Kirk and the romantically situated manse, where our respected friend, Mr. Story, dwells, and we might say *reigns* in the hearts of his simple and attached people in such a way as to tempt even a layman to a breach of the tenth commandment. Kilerreagan, Inellan, Kirn, Strone, and other places of names forgotten—each vying with the other in loveliness—until Darnoch is reached, which fairly caps the climax. Oh, the inexpressible beauty of the place as you glide swiftly by. The comfort, luxury, elegance of the Villas and their surroundings; the equipages that you see driving along the Boulevard; the yachts and private steamers anchored in the Bay, what opulence! At Rothesay, a little further on, just the same thing over again. Where has all this overplus of wealth come from? From Glasgow. Most of these people return to the city for the winter, many of them to live in palatial splendour.

After leaving Rothesay we enter the Kyles of Bute, a sound or strait separating the Isle of Bute from the main. The channel is narrow, and the views on either side all that your fancy had already pictured from the description that you had read of it. Not solitude exactly, but quiet repose better expresses the idea. The few privileged ones who occupy these scattered cottages must, one would think, enjoy an ab-

solate immunity from distracting worldly thoughts and cares, and, what time a shadow passes over their minds, as shadows will pass, we fancy them with faces turned upwards seeking for comfort where true comfort is only to be found, saying with David "I to the hills will lift mine eye, from whence doth come mine aid." To see this fleeting vision from the deck of the "Iona" is one thing, to land at Colntraive and walk in good company some miles through the Glen, over a road that you might easily mistake for the approach to a nobleman's castle, away up into the elbow of the Kyles—crossing old bridges covered with eglantine and ivy, peering down into dark deep pools, listening to the rush of mountain torrents, pu'in gowans and blooming heather, and inhaling the perfume of the Queen of the Meadow—that is quite a different thing. I did both, and shall not soon forget either the loveliness of the scene or the geniality of my companions. A younger old man than Dr. Pollok, of Kingston Church, Glasgow, I don't remember to have met. At any time of life, few men are so observant of men and things, or have the faculty of giving a happier turn to conversation. It was here, at Colntraive, that I was joined by my companions in travel, the very Reverend the Principal of Queen's College, Kingston, and his wife. It was with difficulty that we found standing room on the deck of the "Iona," but we elbowed our way through the throng in the hope that in one of a thousand we might perchance discover a familiar face. One we found, the Rev. Mr. Mair, of Earlistown, whose brother had been for some years a Minister of the Canadian Church, and who at once attached himself to our little party. We sped swiftly up Loch Fyne and landed about noon at Ardrishaig, the south-eastern terminus of the Crinan Canal, where there is a good pier and harbour for fishing boats. Nine-tenths of the "Iona's" living freight were re-conveyed to Glasgow in the afternoon. About two hundred of us went on board the "Linnet," a tidy little iron screw of light draft, the Captain of which, by an ingenious application of machinery was enabled both to steer the vessel and to control the engine. The Canal was formed to avoid the circuitous passage round the Mull of Cantyre, and is about nine miles long with fifteen locks. The scenery through which it passes is not remarkably impressive, and I verily believe that were we questioned, wherein consisted the most memorable reminiscence of the Crinan? humiliating as the confession must needs be, we should have to confess that we were amused beyond measure at the sight of nine or ten ragged urchins who ran for miles alongside of us, asking an alms. It is pitiable, nay disgraceful, that such an exhibition should be tolerated in Scotland. But who is to blame? These rude wandering waifs, or we, who in answer to their vociferous cries of "heave oot, heave oot," with ill-judged charity threw them the copper coins for which they scuffled and strove with a zeal and determination worthy a forlorn hope.

We commence our journey with magnificent weather. Along the whole course of

the Canal there stretches an extensive plain which widens at the northern extremity into a vast peat moss, beyond which the everlasting hills lift up their lofty heads. Around this marsh the canal makes its graceful curve, when a turn to the left brings us in sight of the open sea, and by a succession of locks the waters of the Crinan descend to the tide level. We are now transferred to the "Chevalier," a commodious and sea worthy steamer, on board of which we find an excellent dinner provided, and to which ample justice is done.

The sail from Crinan to Oban occupies about two hours. The steamer's course lies through the Dorishmore or Great Gate, thence through the Sound of Scarba, and by the islet of Easdale, where a large business appears to be going on in connection with extensive slate quarries. On the left we come in sight of the mountains of Mull, the highest of which, Benmore, rises to 3,185 feet, while on the right, Ben Cruachan, lifts its head 3,690 above the sea. The scenery becomes wild and grand. Right in front are the purple hills of Morven, where Dr John McLeod—"the high priest"—one of the very best of Scotland's parish Ministers, has his home. Some of us in Canada have not yet forgotten the soul-stirring addresses uttered by him seven and twenty years ago, when he visited the British American Provinces as one of a deputation from the Mother Church. And there, too, lies the scene depicted in the story of "The Earnest Student," by his illustrious nephew, the late Dr. Norman McLeod. Now we enter the beautiful bay of Oban, the capital of the West Highlands, and the greatest rendezvous for tourists. The town is finely situated on the margin of the water. The houses are well built, and altogether the place has a most inviting appearance. And you have "Murray's" word for it that the Hotels are first-class. Perched on a rocky promontory near by are the ruins of Dunolly Castle, belonging, we were told, to a branch of the Macdougall family. A little further on we pass a still finer pile of ruins, Dunstaffnage Castle, once the seat of the Scottish monarchy, in which was deposited the famous Stone of Destiny, afterwards removed to Scone Palace, and which now forms part of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. Among the many historical relics in this old land there are few more interesting than this of which we now gain but a passing glance.

It was nightfall ere we reached Ballachulish and the dark mountain shadows had shrouded "the Gate of Glencoe." Would that the memories it awakened could be buried in oblivion. Alas for the old Chieftain MacIain and the doomed MacDonalds who were massacred here in cold blood in 1692! Men and women dragged from their beds to be murdered on the floor; children stabbed while clinging to the butcher's knees crying for mercy; the miserable remnant fleeing to the hills to perish from hunger and cold. Alas for the survivors searching for the blackened corpses of their clansmen among the smouldering ashes of their desolated hamlets!

We were approaching Banavie where we ex-

pected to lodge for the night, but where we did not. "Have you *wired* for beds?" asked the Captain of the boat, for, unless you have, there is not the ghost of a chance that you will get one." I did not understand what was meant by *wiring* for a bed. He might as well have asked me if we had *corkscrewed* for a bed. But the learned Principal solved the mystery by pronouncing the word *telegraph*. We were recommended to land at Fort William, and did so. By a rapid flank movement one of our party outstripped the numerous band of claimants and secured for the night the only available rooms to be had in the George Inn. What became of the rest we never heard. One of the queerest little Highland towns imaginable is Fort William. It lies on the shore of Loch Eil, near the confluence of the Lochy. The moon was near the full and well up when we sallied forth near midnight to reconnoitre the situation of the place, which we had carried cleverly by assault, and which was found to consist of a principal thoroughfare with several parallel streets or alleys of about eight feet in width. The fort situated in the outskirts, is well worthy a visit. It was originally erected to overawe the untameable Sir Ewan Cameron of Loch Eil, who it is said persisted in waging war against the forces of the Commonwealth, long after every other Chieftain had succumbed. Immediately behind it rises Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Scotland, the sharp outline of whose rugged peaks towering above the lower stratum of the clouds, stand out in bold relief, at an altitude of 4406 feet above the sea level.

The inhabitants still rejoice in the name of Cameron. One of that name we "interviewed" about the weird hour of midnight, whom we found leaning over a low dyke in front of a stone hut, the like of which is not to be seen but in the Highlands of Scotland. The walls of this "Shantie," as we would call it in Canada, may have been about six feet high and nearly as thick, built of loose round boulder stones stuck together with clay in the most primitive fashion. The door was of necessity low, and the two small openings, that did duty for windows appeared to be filled with bull's eye glass, turf, and *tartan* in about equal proportions. The roof was covered by superimposed layers of turf until a depth of eighteen inches or two feet had been obtained, and from the centre of it, the thin blue smoke of the peat fire on the hearth curled gracefully up through an opening corresponding to the bung-hole of a cask. I am thus particular in describing the domicile of this anchorite because it is a fair sample of the prevailing style of architecture throughout all this region of country. You would have averred that it was not fit for a dog to live in, but these sons of the mist think otherwise, and this particular Celt, who dwelt in this cabin all alone, gave us to understand that he considered himself the happiest man in Fort William, and prided himself in being the *Cousin*, less or more remote, of every other Cameron alive, from the Chief of the clan downwards. I would have given a crown for a sight of the interior, but, just then the town clock struck twelve, and, lest a worse thing might happen us, the Principal suggested a return

to our Hotel. By the light of the moon we made out at least four churches, which we afterwards learned were supported by the adherents of the Kirk, the Free Church, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, in about equal proportions. Early in the morning we concluded our survey by walking to the Cemetery, where a tall obelisk rising from a bluff rock bears the inscription "In memory of Ewan MacLachlan, A.M., a native of Lochaber. An eminent poet, a most accomplished scholar, and a pure and upright man. This obelisk was erected by his countrymen as a testimony to his many virtues, and to inspire the Sons of the Gael to follow his footsteps." It was interesting for us to remember that from this little town it was that a considerable number of the emigrants who ultimately settled in the Canadian Glengarry sailed in the year 1802. At eight o'clock we sat down to breakfast on the steamer "Edinburgh," which was waiting our arrival in the first reach of the Caledonian Canal. Such a hungry crew we were! The average per man was something after this fashion. Two Loch Fyne herrings to begin with: two more of the same: a plate of fresh salmon; ham and eggs *ad libitum*; and then, such a supply of buttered toast, and of bread and marmalade! This Caledonian Canal was constructed some fifty years ago for the purpose of enabling sea-going vessels to pass without breaking bulk from the Atlantic to the German Ocean. It consists of a chain of salt and fresh water lakes, connected by short cuttings, and having locks 160 feet in length, and 40 in width—admitting a draft of water of 19 feet. Commercially, it is of little value, but it is a highway for tourists and throughout its entire length of 60 miles is surrounded with the grandest of Highland scenery. The most interesting spot of all to my mind was on the banks of Loch Oich, where the picturesque ruins of the old castle, a former stronghold of the Chiefs of Macdonell, was burnt in 1745. And, close by it, where stands the beautiful modern mansion of Invergarry House, the property of Edward Ellice, Esq., the former Seigneur of Beaumaris, a good patron and friend of the Kirk in Canada. But the old castle! with the ivy creeping over its crumbling towers and battlements, what legends there must be connected with it! If these stones could speak to us what tales they would tell! Of Love and War, and feudal strife, and prowess, aye, and feudal glory—departed. This ruin and the ground it stands on is still held in the name of some exiled Macdonell, but the magnificent estates have long since passed from the clan which may be said to have become extinct. At Aberchalder we descend to Fort Augustus on Loch Ness, by seven locks. Ness is the largest lake in the chain, being 24 miles long with an average width of 1½ miles. About midway the steamer calls at the pier of Foyers, to give passengers an opportunity of visiting the Falls. While undecided whether we should land or no we were unexpectedly hailed by a familiar voice, "Come ashore!" It was the Laird of Dunmagglass, better known in Canada as "the McGillivray," who had got wind of our coming, and, with a large party of friends, had driven



from Inverness to intercept us here and to take us out to his Highland Estate. I need not describe the luncheon on the mountain top, nor the equipages, nor yet the gay company, nearly a score in all. After luncheon, we visited the falls, then, drove through one of those marvellous glens or passes, with such a name—Inverfaraigh! ten or twelve miles to Duanmaglass. The oat-meal cakes! the bowls of sweetest milk, rendered harmless by libations from a great four-square decanter, which it taxed the sturdy farmers strength to steady! in fine, the genuine Highland welcome then and there lavished upon us was truly refreshing. We were shewn the commodious farm steadings and houses erected by the proprietor for the comfort of his tenantry, and the chosen site on which he is about to build a school house for the children. We saw the goose that lays the golden eggs in the fine arable fields that contribute to a comfortable rent roll, and the sheep and cattle on the distant hills, which, covered with heather in full bloom, were just then gorgeously illuminated with the crimson rays of the setting sun. About midnight we reached Inverness, the Capital of the North, a fine town, with regular streets and elegant dwellings. Notably, the Court House and Jail, built in castellated style, on a prominent site, have a fine effect. The English Cathedral, in highly decorated Gothic, a costly and beautiful building, is well worth seeing, though you cannot help carrying away the impression that the modes of worship therein must be extremely "high." The Altar, and the Crucifixes, and the tall tapers and other things that need not be mentioned, one expects to find in a Romish Church, but, in a Protestant Church, in Scotland above all countries, surely they are out of place. A little out of town is the singularly shaped Tomnahurich, or "hill of the fairies," the summit of which is beautifully laid out as a Cemetery. And then what a romantic promenade is that *pro hono publico*, which carries you by winding paths through thickets of shrubbery and forest trees, and over miniature suspension bridges that span between the islets of the Ness. The population of Inverness is about 15000. Among its public Institutions none is more worthy of notice than the workingmen's Club, the object of which is to afford facilities for social intercourse, mutual instruction, and rational recreation. It has not been long in operation, but promises to be a great success, and all through the efforts of one man, a prosperous merchant by the name of Macdougall, who, while amassing a handsome fortune for himself, came to the pious resolve—"the poor shall have a share of it!" There is a large suite of apartments including lecture rooms, museum, and a library of 6000 volumes presented by friends of the Institution.

Leaving Inverness by way of Nairn you seem to take leave of the Highlands and enter upon a rich agricultural district bordering on the Moray Firth. I had nearly fallen asleep over it when I received a sharp knudge from the learned Principal who shouted in my ear *Culloden!* In vain did we thrust our head out of the

window. Nothing could be seen from the railway carriage to identify the spot where the unfortunate Prince Charlie—the King of the Highland hearts—suffered his final defeat. The very "moor" has vanished and in its stead we behold waving fields of yellow grain.

Elgin, the capital of Morayshire, lies 37 miles north-east from Inverness. It is an old town, though its population is not much over 7000. The arms of the burgh are Saint Giles in a pastoral habit, holding a book in the right hand, and shepherd's crook in the left. The motto is "Sic itur ad Astra"—such is the way to heaven. For others, the place has many attractions doubtless, but for us, at this present time, it had but two,—the hope of meeting our respected friend, the Rev. Dr. Spence, the ex-minister of St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, and the prospect of obtaining a glimpse of Elgin's ruined Cathedral. The good Doctor and his wife were waiting for us on the arrival of the train, and immediately had us conveyed to their charming Cottage of *East Neuk*, overlooking the gently flowing Lossie, beyond which is seen the broad flat "haugh" and the two solemn massive towers of the Cathedral rising above the surrounding trees. How much we had to talk about in those few brief hours! How many enquiries we had to answer about transatlantic friends! How many questions to ask about the old kirk at home! On our way back to the station the last available minutes were spent within the sacred precincts of what must have been in the days of its pristine grandeur, a most magnificent structure. Like most other Cathedrals, it was built in the form of a Latin Cross, placed due East and West. In extent and embellishment it must have ranked second to none in Scotland, save that of Glasgow. It was founded in the year 1224. How it was twice burned, twice restored, and finally demolished by ruthless hands, would take too long to tell, there it stands, carrying our thoughts away back into past centuries, and foreshadowing the inevitable change and decay of the proudest monuments of human skill. Within and without the walls are numerous old tombs containing the dust of past generations, including a broken stone coffin in which the body of King Duncan is supposed to have been buried eight hundred years ago! And there, too, the family vault of the ducal house of Gordon, of which the last Duchess died in 1864, and at whose death the title became extinct.

On our way to Aberdeen we pass by Rothiemay, reminding us of the first minister of Cornwall, the Rev. Harry Leith. Huntley Castle also attracts notice,—and the high conical hill "Dun O'Deer" crowned by a delapidated pile of masonry that may have been a fort, or, just as likely, a convent in the olden time.

On arrival at Elgin we were handed a telegram which read as follows: "Label your luggage for *Kitty Brewster*. I shall meet you at half-past six. (Signed,) William Milligan, Old Aberdeen." Dr. Milligan we knew, having a short time previously had the pleasure of seeing and hearing him as one of the deputa-

tion who visited our Canadian Synod. But who was *Kitty Brewster*? The Principal, who by this time had "Murray" committed to memory, informed us that such was the name of the Railway Station at which we should stop. Sure enough here was Dr. Milligan waiting to conduct us to his professorial mansion, where we received a most cordial welcome. The first sight that greeted our eyes from the door step was the venerable edifice of King's College, with its Gothic tower, surmounted with a double cross arch and sculptured Crown, emblematical of the royal support, resembling the crowned tower of St. Giles, in Edinburgh, but of more tasteful design and higher execution. Half hid by the luxuriant foliage of the trees, it presented a beautiful picture. King's College, a large and stately edifice, was founded in 1495 by Bishop William Elphinstone, of Aberdeen; the Old town itself traces its history so far back as the year 892. We spent a delightful evening. I particularly remember the equanimity with which Dr. Trail, the Professor of Systematic Theology, bore with my questionings for the space of two hours, until, in an unguarded moment, I ventured to speak approvingly of the new Educational Bill, which it was easy to see he had no liking for. A couch was spread for me in our kind host's study, the walls of which were lined with book-shelves, and in the act of dipping into one of ten volumes of sermons by the Rev. George Joachim Zollikoffer, I, most unaccountably, fell fast asleep. Early the next morning Dr. Milligan took us over to the College, where we had the additional pleasure of meeting Principal Campbell, who had just returned in greatly improved health from Canada. Every part of the premises that inquisitive visitors could desire to see was shewn us, and a great deal more information of an interesting kind supplied than we were able to carry away. We were, of course, supposed to know that the two Universities and Colleges of Aberdeen—King's and Marischal—were united in 1858 under the name of the University of Aberdeen, which at present consists of four faculties, namely: Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine. In the first there are seven Professors; in the second, four; in the third but one; and in the fourth no less than ten. The University has its Chancellor, the Duke of Richmond, its Lord Rector, and its representative in Parliament. Dr. Campbell fills the offices of Vice-Chancellor and Principal, the duties of which are considered sufficiently important to absolve him from professorial work. The average number of matriculated students is between five and six hundred. The Library is accommodated in a large and handsome room of recent erection, in which eighty thousand volumes are tastefully arranged. It receives from Government an annual grant of £320 in lieu of the right formerly claimed of receiving from the Stationer's Hall a copy of every new book that is printed. Here is a *fac simile* copy of the *CODEX SINAITICUS*, curiously discovered a few years ago by Tischendorf in a stable attached to the Convent of St. Catherine, a present from the Emperor Alexander

of Russia, the original being one of the very oldest and most complete M.S. copies of Holy Scripture extant. There, under a glass case, is an illuminated copy of Jerome bearing the imprimatur, 7th September, 1470, and a magnificent copy of the Koran presented by the Directors of the East India Company from the library of Tippoo Sultain, and many other rare and valuable volumes. The walls of the Senate-room are adorned with portraits, including a fine likeness of Her Majesty the Queen, a number of ex-Principals, patrons and benefactors, and, notably, of old George Buchanan and Archbishop Elphinstone. The Chapel—the oldest part of the College—is still used for worship during the session, and is remarkable for the antique and tasteful fittings of the interior.

Most of the Professors are provided with handsome houses, and all derive their incomes from an annual grant of the Privy Council. The yearly amount of bursaries and prizes is about £2000. As might be supposed the patronage of nearly all the chairs belongs to the Crown, that of Systematic Theology, however, being a singular exception, the patrons being "the Moderator and sixteen Commissioners of the Synod of Aberdeen, the Principal of the University, a Professor chosen by the Senatus, and a Dean or other member of the Faculty of Divinity."

The Cathedral of St. Machar stands in the outskirts of the Old town, and is used as the Parish Church. Originally it had been an immense structure, and was 150 years in building. It was greatly injured at the time of the Reformation, and wind and weather have done the rest. What now remains of it—two lofty spires and the nave—is in good preservation, and is built entirely of the obdurate granite of the country. The great round granite pillars that support its lofty ceiling gives the interior a dull, heavy appearance, rendering it, in the language of our guide book, "stately in the severe symmetry of its simple design." As in all similar places there are many old and interesting monuments and inscriptions.

The New town of Aberdeen needs no description. Every body has heard of "Union Street" and its imposing granite buildings which excel in beauty as they certainly do in durability. The Town House is one of the finest buildings in Scotland. We had only time to visit Marischal College, and the East and West Churches. The College is a large, indeed a splendid edifice, of granite also, which cost £30,000, one half of which was a grant from Government and the remainder raised by public subscription. It has only been in use since 1840, and occupies the site of the original College founded by George Keith, Earl of Marischal, in 1595, the worst site a fine building ever occupied. So completely hid among a lot of old rickety houses that won't tumble down, and which the Town Council don't see it to be their duty to pull down, as to be only visible from its own inner Court. In this Court there is an obelisk of polished Peterhead granite, 70 feet in height, which, elsewhere, would take rank with Cleopatra's needle, but the only purpose it serves

here, beyond commemorating Sir James McGregor, a benefactor to the College, is to dwarf everything else around it. The motto in the Entrance Hall, with its quaint spelling, doubtless has been put into the mouth of some Earl Marischal of the olden time who had been not overly scrupulous in levying black mail, or lifting cattle, or otherwise made his conduct the common subject of remark.

They haif said  
 Quidat say they  
 Lat Yame say

On the opposite side, in large letters, is the word *ARETHAYTAPKCH*, which my learned friend and fellow traveller, the Principal, interpreted to mean "virtue is its own reward." Since the Union of the Colleges, Marischal is restricted to the faculties of Law and Medicine; formerly both had classes in all four faculties. The Natural History and Medical Library and Museum, occupy several large rooms. The Convocation Hall, which is common to both Colleges, is a fine room, adorned with numerous oil portraits. In passing along Union street we observe a bronze statue of the late Prince Albert by Marochetti that must have cost a round sum of money. It is without doubt a remarkable failure. It is as black as ebony, and drowned in millinery; but it is more than compensated for by an exquisite white marble statue of the Queen, by Alexander Brodie, a native sculptor. Connected with the establishment there are a number of Churches. The East and West Churches are the largest, forming a continuous building 170 feet in length and adorned with a fine stone spire, 150 feet in height. The Entrance Hall, which separates the Churches, has numerous monumental tablets with curious inscriptions. The most elaborate marks the burial place of the ancient family of Irwine, of Drum, and consists of two full length, marble effigies representing one of the Lairds and his lady lying in state on the top of a large stone sarcophagus. Another has some allusion to a chant or annual mass to be sung for the soul of one Mr. Leith, of Barn. "Ane Honourable man who departed the 6th day of May, 1637." The congregations who worship in these churches are among the largest in Scotland, and it was here, in the East Church, that the Rev. John Marshall Lang, the Minister elect of the Barony Church, Glasgow, commenced his ministerial career.

The reader who wants to know more about "Aberdeen and its folk" will do well to consult an exceedingly interesting little volume bearing that title from the classic pen of Mr. James Riddell, a son of Bon-accord, now resident in Montreal. How your correspondent came to worship in the parish Church of Crathie on the following Sunday, together with the remaining way-side jottings, will lose none of their interest by lying over till next month. I close this letter with grateful acknowledgments to Dr. Milligan and the other good friends above named, whose kindness and attention will not soon be forgotten by any of us who were made the subjects of them. C.

## NORMAN MACLEOD.

### A REMINISCENCE.

My first sight of Norman MacLeod was in the Assembly Hall, just before the delivery of his last great speech. I had been spending the previous night at the Mause of Dalmeny, the hospitable and refined home of the Convener of the Church of Scotland's Colonial Committee. It was known that the Convener of the Indian Mission was to give in his report on the morning in question, that it would in all likelihood be his last Indian Report for that he was about to resign the Conventership, and that he would take the opportunity of defending before the General Assembly his Indian Missionary policy. Everything, I felt, must be made subordinate to my seeing and hearing the great man. So I broke away from my Dalmeny friends early in the morning of Thursday, the 30th of May, and in about an hour reached the door of the Assembly Hall. On entering the Hall I found the seats for strangers more than filled; every corner, almost every crevice indeed, occupied by old and young, gentle and simple, gay and serious, clergy and laity. In the throne gallery, beside His Grace the Commissioner, were the Countess of Airlie, the Episcopal Bishop, Dr. Terrott, Mrs. Drummond, of Megginch Castle, the Moderator's wife and daughters, Mrs. Norman MacLeod, and many others whom I did not know, or at least recognize. The Right Reverend the Moderator was in the chair, the Lord High Commissioner was on the throne, Dr. Cook, the Clerk, was reading some minute of proceeding, Principal Tulloch was writing at the Clerk's table, the galleries were looking on carelessly, even the members of Assembly were more intent on talking than on listening; the business, in a word, was merely routine. It put one in mind of the appearance of the House of Commons on an evening when Bright or D'Israeli, or Gladstone is expected to deliver himself on some crucial question.

On a sudden there was a stir; the door at the Moderator's left opened and reveal-

ed the looked-for form of the most popular of all Scotland's ministers, the most popular at the time, perhaps, of all Scotland's sons. The clapping of hands, the stamping of feet, the applauding voices, the wholesale enthusiasm of the expectant crowd, exceeded in volume and excitement those limits which even on unusual occasions are wont to restrain both the members of the Court and the galleries. Such a reception even Norman MacLeod never before received, as from his brethren, his friends and admirers on that memorable morning. The cheering was loud, long and oft-repeated. Sitting in the body of the Hall with a crowd of members standing between me and the door aforesaid, I caught not sight of this cynosure of all eyes, until after he had seated himself on the side bench at the left of the Moderator's chair. Photography had made me familiar with his features and general form, but I was not quite prepared for the right-noble head which disclosed itself from amongst the distinguished group of which it was the centre. Friend after friend greeted him as he sat down, his response to each being a pleasant smile and a hearty shake of the hand. A dozen mutual friends were anxious to give me an introduction at once. I preferred waiting until after his work was done. The routine business was gone through and the Report of the Indian Mission Committee at length called for. The Convener rose to his feet, and then I took in for the first time the noble, massive form of the Barony Minister. Such a frame in its normal strength might have moved or sustained mountains, so one thought as he gazed upon its wonderful size. Alas! its vigour was too evidently gone, and, as I soon discovered, it needed a sort of galvanic action to call it into full play. The utterances of the orator, at first deliberate and calm, soon rose to earnestness and fervour, and it took not many minutes to convince me that I was in the presence of a master. At times the outflow grew into a torrent, which in its descent upon the audience overwhelmed and almost terrified them. His rhetorical quiver was full of arrows, and he was an accomplished marksman. By turns he was witty, sarcastic, argumentative, pathetic, persuasive, and convincing. Crushingly indignant was he when he defended his Indian policy against the attacks which in his absence had been made upon it during the Assembly of 1871. The effect of this rare, manly, enthusiastic and eloquent speech, so full of breadth and strength, of all-embracing charity, I seek in vain to picture. The *majesty* of true oratory was reached, as to its effects upon the audience, when he cried out "They may call me 'broad'!" I desire to be broad as the charity of Almighty God, who maketh the sun to shine on the evil and the good, who never leaveth Himself without witness of His love, or hateth any man. While I desire this breadth, I desire to be narrow,—narrow as God's righteousness which is a sharp sword, separating between eternal right and eternal wrong." While I write, I feel that his own words even convey but imperfectly the grandeur of either his spirit or his utterance. I have heard, in my day, some of the greatest of modern orators, at the bar, in the pulpit, and in the Senate; Scarlett, Follett, Lyndhurst, the late Lord Derby, Peel, O'Connell, Bishop Wilberforce, Robert Newton, Henry Clay, Everett, D'Israeli, Gladstone, and John Bright, but of all these men, and of many others no less eminent, I never heard one who for true power equalled Norman MacLeod in this his crowning effort. I speak simply of its influence upon my own mind, conscience and heart. Yet I am not alone in this opinion. Hundreds of my fellow-listeners would be ready to testify that it is their opinion too.

Deeply touching were the words in which, as he closed his address, he resigned his office, and told the Assembly, with the certainty of the truest foresight, that this would be his last appearance in that venerable Court. They moved to tears a large number of his hearers who were convinced, as was he, that they should hear his voice no more. As he sat down I felt that his work was over, that indeed the time of his departure was at hand.

I forget who it was that introduced me to the exhausted orator, but I remember well the half-hour that I sat by his side in the Assembly. "I know you," he said, as soon as my name was announced. "Where is —?" he continued, asking after a person then in Edinburgh in whom we were mutually interested. As soon as I answered his question, I motioned to leave, for I felt that others might like to talk to him. He held me fast by the arm, and, as if he had known me for years, said, "Don't go; I want to talk to you. Come over with me to-morrow to Glasgow, stay with us till Monday, and take the Barony for me on Sunday morning." I had promised to preach in St. George's for Dr. Jamieson, so gave this as my reason for declining his hospitable invitation. He acquiesced, saying, "You must at any rate come to see me, and preach for me before you go back to Canada."

At the time, I regretted my inability to return to Glasgow with him. When I learned, as I afterwards did, that the service which I was to have taken in his stead was his last service in the Barony, I felt thankful for that Providential interposition which led to my preaching in St. George's, and to his once more ministering to his beloved, but now bereaved and sorrowing people.

I saw Dr. MacLeod again. It was after the close of the Assembly, and in his own home. I may be able so to call up the circumstances in which I saw him, and what took place during our interview, as to send to the PRESBYTERIAN a second "Reminiscence."

J.

## Our Own Church.

### Presbyteries and Parishes.

It gives us pleasure to announce that the Very Rev. Principal Snodgrass, after a pleasant sojourn of some months in Scotland, returned to Kingston the middle of last month, in time to preside during the observances of "University Day,"

and we are given to understand that the session has been opened under very encouraging circumstances. The College has been exceedingly fortunate in the selection of a successor to Professor Murray. The new Professor of Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics, Mr. John Watson, comes to us with testimonials of the highest order, certified by the most distinguished Professors and Divines in Scotland, and we cannot doubt that his talents and capacities as a teacher of Philosophy will add to the prestige of the College, and exercise a strong influence for good over the young men now placed under his care. We sincerely wish him a long, prosperous and happy career in his new sphere of labour.

The Rev. Principal, and Professor Watson severally received addresses of welcome and congratulation from the Alma Mater Society, and the new Professor made his *debut* in Convocation Hall by delivering the inaugural address. The subject was, "The relations of Philosophy to Science," and we are told that the treatment of it was clear, learned, and eloquent.

St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, is still vacant. A call had been presented to the Rev. Jas. Carmichael, of West King, and formally accepted by him; but, the Presbytery of Toronto, in the exercise of its prerogative, has, it seems, forbidden the bans.

At the last meeting of the Synod a Committee was appointed to draft an address to Lord Dufferin, the newly appointed Governor General of the Dominion. Late Toronto papers contain a full and interesting account of the presentation of the Synod's address and of His Excellency's extemporaneous and appreciative reply:—

The ceremony took place on Tuesday at Toronto, by appointment of the Governor-General. At a little after ten o'clock a deputation, composed of the Rev. Gavin Lang, of Montreal; Rev. D. J. Macdunnell, and Messrs. James Michie, William Mitchell, Geo. H. Wilson, Isaac C. Gilmor, William Henderson, Russel Inglis, D. B. Pearson, George Keith, and James Bethune, M. P., office-bearers of the church in Toronto—proceeded to Holland House, and were introduced to His Excellency by Col. Fletcher. The Rev. Gavin Lang made the presentation, and read the address, to which His Excellency replied in substance as follows:

GENTLEMEN—

"It gives me great pleasure to receive an address from the Synod of the Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland

"Myself descended, on one side of the house, from Presbyterian ancestors, and the landlord of a Presbyterian tenantry, I have had good opportunities of observing the character and work of the Presbyterian Church.

"The Church of Scotland has, in all times, been distinguished for loyalty to the Crown, and love of intellectual liberty. Wherever a Presbyterian congregation is established, there you are sure to find energy, industry, sobriety of life, and all the noblest virtues to which the race can obtain; and wherever the Church of Scotland has planted her standards, this result has invariably been secured.

"I thank you heartily, on behalf of Lady Dufferin and myself, for the good wishes you have so kindly expressed. I can assure you that from the time we set our feet on the shores of Canada, nothing has given us greater pleasure than to observe the harmony which characterises the relations of the various religious communities to one another.

"I beg to apologize that want of time has prevented me from doing more at present than making this verbal reply; but it will give me much pleasure to reduce these sentiments to a more formal statement and to forward it in writing."

At His Excellency's request, the members of the deputation were then presented by the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, and after a few minutes' conversation with His Excellency, withdrew.

The Rev. C. A. Doudiet, favourably known to the Church at large as Minister of the French Mission Church, St. John's, Montreal, having received a unanimous call from the congregation of ST. MATTHEW'S, Point St. Charles, was inducted to the pastoral oversight of that congregation on the 27th September last. The Rev. W. C. Clarke preached and presided. The Rev. James Patterson addressed the people, while words of counsel and comfort were affectionately, and with great earnestness, spoken to his brother minister by the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, whose address reached us too late for insertion at this time. While congratulating the people of St. Matthew's Church we sympathize with the congregation that must now for a time take rank, in their stead, as a vacant charge. Yet, they have the consolation of knowing that Mr. Doudiet has not left the city, nor left his attached congregation without the assurance that he will continue to devote to them a portion of his time

and services. Now, when the drain upon the resources of the French Mission Fund has temporarily ceased, is the time for the Church at large to seize the opportunity of wiping off all arrears, and of clearing the Church property of debt.

The Rev. Robert Laing, B.A., has been appointed to the new Mission Station in Forfar Street, near the Victoria Bridge, a district of Montreal, which is rapidly increasing. A Sunday School, attended by 140 scholars, under the superintendence of Mr. John Larnmonth, has been maintained here for the last six years, and an evening Service now supplies a want that has been long felt. A lot of ground has been acquired, on which, it is hoped, a Mission School House will be shortly erected. Mr. Laing is well known in Montreal, and we anticipate for him a successful career in the honourable profession he has chosen. A Sabbath School has been reopened with encouraging prospects in the eastern extremity of the city, under the supervision of Mr. R. W. Cowan; while in the centre, a fresh impetus has been given to Sabbath School work by the commencement of a class for young men, presided over by the Rev. Professor Murray, of McGill College. This class is held in the body of St. Andrew's Church, at four o'clock in the afternoon of each Sabbath, and is open to all young men who choose to avail themselves of the opportunity of receiving religious instruction from a teacher eminently qualified for the work which he has undertaken.

After a long vacancy, the interesting and important charge of KINCARDINE, in the Presbytery of Saugeen, has been supplied with a Minister in the person of the Rev. William Anderson, M.A., formerly of Buckingham and Cumberland. The induction took place on the 10th ultimo, the Rev. Donald Fraser, of Priceville, presiding. The Rev. Duncan Morrison preached an excellent discourse, and also addressed the Minister: the charge to the congregation devolved upon Mr. Fraser. The settlement is a harmonious one, and the prospects are encouraging. The Church is to be enlarged immediately. The decimated ranks of this Presbytery

can now muster four Ministers, but there are four more congregations within the bounds anxiously waiting for faithful Ministers who shall go out and in among them—breaking to them the Bread of Life—and for whose comfortable support the people are both able and willing to make adequate provision. What are we going to do with our vacancies? Have we no Christian philanthropists among us who will lay this matter to heart, and set themselves to institute in some way or other a scheme or plan by which assistance and encouragement might be extended, more than hitherto, to young men in the prosecution of their studies for the holy ministry?

The translation of the Rev. John Bennett to RAMSAY, while filling a large and important charge, creates a serious blank in another very deserving congregation, that of THREE RIVERS in the Presbytery of Quebec. Few congregations in the Church have better fulfilled their every obligation than has that of Three Rivers, and, inconsiderable though its membership may be in point of numbers, there are circumstances connected with it which constitute it an inviting field of ministerial labour, of which any one may satisfy himself by referring to statistics of the Church lately published in the PRESBYTERIAN; which we may supplement by stating that there is a handsome stone Church, a commodious and comfortable manse, a willing people, good society, and plenty of work to do in the good old city of Three Rivers.

The Minister of L'ORIGINAL and HAWKESBURY desires us to take notice of an act of kindness done by one of his parishioners, Mr. Park, who not long ago presented the congregation of Hawkesbury with a valuable set of Communion Silver. We are sure this beautiful and appropriate gift has been duly appreciated.

From the *Renfrew Mercury* we also learn that the congregation of McNab and Horton recently took the opportunity of presenting their Minister, the Rev. Robert Campbell and his good lady, with substantial tokens of their personal esteem and of their high appreciation of Mr. Campbell's earnest ministrations. By way of antici-

pating their Minister's wants, the presentation in this instance consisted of a sleigh, harness and set of robes, complete, and of the best description that money could procure, accompanied with an address couched in such kindly terms as must have touched the hearts of the recipients, the more so that the congregation did not take this way of making up arrears, or of eking out an inadequate stipend. During the past year the congregation has spent a considerable sum in adding to the beauty and comfort of the village Church, particularly in the matter of a new pulpit, handsome chandeliers, matting for the aisles, and other fittings, the want of which so often gives our Presbyterian churches a cold, comfortless, and unattractive appearance. The *Park Hill Gazette* likewise records the presentation of a purse containing \$160 by the members of the Old Kirk congregation of that place to Mr. James Chambers, in recognition of his faithful and successful missionary labours in connection with the formation of the congregation there. Moreover, the ladies of the place, judging Mr. Chambers worthy of double honour, gracefully presented him with a valuable watch and chain on their own account. Park Hill has long been a Mission station, receiving only occasional supply from the neighbouring Minister of Williams. Now it has been recognized as a congregation by the Presbytery of London. By the blessing of God on their missionary labours, about fifty families are now united in the bonds of Christian brotherhood: a neat and comfortable Church, in the erection of which great energy and liberality have been manifested, has been opened for worship, and a call has been given to a Minister. The Church site is the gift from the Elliot family, who have during many years interested themselves much in the mission, and who, in addition to a previous gift of fifty acres of land for the benefit of a congregation in this place, whenever it should be established, have now contributed largely to the erection of the Church. Would we had more Elliots and more missionaries like Mr. James Chambers! Where such harmony and sincerity exist, we have

every reason to hope that God's richest blessing will not be withheld.

*Almost too late* for insertion is the communication of a kind friend, giving a pleasing account of a Sabbath School pic-nic held by the Franktown branch of the Beckwith congregation, but we must find room for the cream of it. Three hundred persons, young and old, met in a delectable grove, and amused themselves to their heart's content on this gala day. A bounteous table was spread for them in the wilderness by the loving hands of the ladies, and, after partaking of a competent portion of the good things of this life, instructive addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Carswell, of the Canada Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Walter Ross, M.A., the pastor of the congregation. We heartily wish the dear children, with their teachers and their Minister, many annual meetings as pleasant as this, their first and highly successful celebration.

We are given to understand that the Canada Presbyterian Presbytery of Montreal have sanctioned the establishment of a Church and congregation in GRIFFINTOWN, in close proximity to St. Mark's Church, recently organized on a most efficient footing through the self-denying and assiduous labours of the Rev. W. M. Black. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the field to pronounce authoritatively on the exigencies of the case, and, though we had all wisdom, it were clearly beyond our jurisdiction to assume the office of dictator. But, in the present attitude of the Churches as respects the question of UNION, and with the earnest desire to cultivate, increasingly, "the things which make for peace," we do hope that on maturer reflection nothing will be countenanced which bears even the semblance of unseemly rivalry.

We notice that the Established Church congregation of Dingwall, in Scotland, have agreed to request the Duke of Argyle to present the Rev. John Cameron, M.A., Minister of the second charge, Campbeltown, Argyshire, to the vacancy caused by the translation of the Rev. James Fraser to Logierait. Mr. Cameron is a native of Nova Scotia, and was the

Minister of Dundee, in Canada, for four years, from 1861 to 1865. We are glad also to observe that the overture aent the participation of the Lord's Supper by the General Assembly is under consideration in several of the Scotch Presbyteries. The yearly observance of the Sacrament has come to be a standing rule in our Canadian Synod, and we earnestly trust that the representatives of the Mother Church will unanimously avail themselves of a similar privilege. The Rev. George M. Grant, of Halifax, has been treating the readers of our Nova Scotian Contemporary, *The Record*, with graphic accounts of his travels in the far West. Dr. Masson, of the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, who was with us during early summer, has completed his missionary labours of love in the Lower Provinces and returned to Scotland, carrying with him the best wishes of many new-made friends on this side the Atlantic, and also, we doubt not, pleasant reminiscences of the cordial reception he met with during his sojourn among us.

The ninth annual convention of the Sabbath School Association of Canada was held last month in Zion Church, Montreal, and was attended by a large number of delegates, lay and clerical. The Convention continued in session three days, and, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the meetings were largely attended by the Christian public. Altogether it was one of the most successful Sunday School Conventions ever held in the Dominion. The Rev. Dr. Bond of St. George's Church, Montreal, was unanimously elected President of the Association for the current year, and discharged the duties of the chair with signal ability. The speaking was unusually good. In addition to those who came from a distance nearly all of the city Ministers took part in the proceedings. While among the lay members, Principal Dawson of McGill College, himself a most successful Sunday School teacher, was particularly happy in his addresses, and the Rev. Dr. Punshon fully sustained his reputation as the leading Christian orator of the day. We regret that the attendance of delegates



from our own Church was not larger, the Rev. Mr. McGillivray, of Brockville, and the Rev. Mr. Porteous, of Matilda, being the only representatives from a distance whom we recognized.

## The Schemes.

We invite the special attention of all who bear office in the Church to the following circular from the Chairman of the General Sustentation Board, and we do most earnestly hope that not only will there be no lack of funds to meet the claims falling due on the 31st December, but, that the deficiency of last half-year alluded to will be more than made up. If there are any afflicted with doubts, or hesitation, or want of faith in the matter, we would have them ponder the Master's words: "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

MONTREAL, November 1, 1872.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Permit me, through you, to bring under the notice of your congregation the claims of the General Sustentation Fund of the Church upon their continued hearty support. The half-yearly collection on this behalf is now due, and it is of the greatest importance, that the amount contributed by your congregation should reach the Treasurer at the earliest date possible, in order that the estimates for the half year may be duly made out and provided for. The Board regret deeply that, owing to the negligence of a few of the congregations, the equal dividend paid from this fund last half year fell short of the minimum payments which the Board undertook to provide for those ministers, who, in view of the representations made to them, voluntarily relinquished for a time their claim to participate in the Temporalities Fund. It is due to them that their reasonable expectations should be fully and promptly met. It is due also to the smaller and weaker congregations who have, with scarcely an exception, fulfilled with exemplary fidelity, their

part in this matter, that every other congregation be found doing its allotted share. Let none of us prove weary in well-doing, but having begun the work let us unitedly and heartily sustain it, remembering whose work it is, and encouraged by the assurance that in due season we shall reap if we faint not. On behalf of the Board,

JOHN JENKINS, D.D.,  
*Chairman.*

## THE FRENCH MISSION.

We beg to notify our readers that the French Mission Scheme of our Church is to be continued. The Committee appointed by the Synod, at its meeting in the month of June last, to carry out the amalgamation of that scheme with the French Canadian Missionary Society have, after full deliberation, agreed that the time for amalgamation had not yet come.

They have arrived at this conclusion, chiefly from a consideration of the present position of the French Canadian Society and also from the fact that the members of St. John's French Congregation desire further time for consideration before dissolving their present connection.

Mr. Doudiet having been inducted Minister of St. Matthew's Church, Point St. Charles, St. John's Church is at present vacant.

An arrangement has, however, in the meantime, been made with Mr. Doudiet to conduct a French Service on Sunday afternoon in the Dorchester Street Church.

Arrears amounting to nearly four hundred dollars are still due the Missionaries, and an equal amount in addition, making in all \$800, will be required to meet the interest on the mortgages and other expenses.

The Synod appointed the usual collection to take place on the first Sunday of July, but owing to some uncertainty as to the future of the Mission very few contributions have been received. We sincerely hope, therefore, that a liberal response will be made by all the congregations to the official appeal which will reach them through the Convener.

## MANITOBA MISSION.

The readers of the PRESBYTERIAN are aware that Mr. Hart has been appointed the representative of our Church in Manitoba. He has now arrived on the field. The unanimous decision of the Synod was that Mr. Hart should be appointed "at a salary of twelve hundred dollars (\$1,200), with one hundred dollars (\$100) as an allowance for outfit, it being understood that Mr. Hart should receive the benefit of any contributions from local sources up to \$200, while the surplus, if any, should revert to the funds of the Mission."—(*Minutes of Synod for 1872*, p. p. 67, 68.)

From any information that could be obtained by the Committee as to the cost of living in Manitoba, they were decidedly of opinion that \$1,200 or \$1,400 would be a small enough salary for the Synod's Missionary. The Synod confirmed their opinion and acted on it, as the above extract shews. It is earnestly hoped that the congregations will be likewise unanimous in carrying out the desire of the Supreme Court of the Church. Only *twenty-four* congregations contributed last year to the British Columbia Mission of the Church of Scotland, (which has given place to the Manitoba Mission). The fewness of the contributors was partly due, no doubt, to the paltriness of the amount to be raised (£100 Stg.). There was some ground for thinking that a small minority of the congregations in the Church could bear this burden without staggering. Such, at least, was one of the pleas urged by non-contributors. It will be no longer available. Not that \$1,200 is a very large sum; but \$1,200 is not the whole amount required, nor is it anything like the amount which our Church is able, and ought to be willing, to raise for this Mission. There is the "Ladies' College," for example, which it is proposed to establish in Manitoba on a non-denominational basis, and which is a very important undertaking. The two Presbyterian Churches here are asked to guarantee the salary of a Lady Principal—say \$800—for two years. A few congregations in the Canada Presbyterian Church

have promised \$50 a piece, and thus \$500 (I believe) has been secured. Are there not half a dozen wealthy congregations among us which might follow this example, and make up \$300, without giving a cent less to the general funds of the Mission?

Setting this matter aside, we ought to look forward to sending at least one other Missionary to Manitoba next year, or, what is perhaps quite as important, sending one or two Catechists to break ground and pave the way for the settlement of ordained Ministers. Whether such a step can be taken or not will depend very much on the liberality shown this year.

A word as to the *time* for collections for this Mission. The day appointed by Synod is the first Sabbath of May. It is hoped that the congregations which did not contribute last year will see the necessity of making a collection at an early date in lieu of the one *which should have been made last May*. Congregations which collect by schedule are requested to give the claims of this Mission fair consideration. An early remittance from those who have funds on hand will be acceptable. It would, no doubt, be very satisfactory to Mr. Hart to receive his salary *quarterly*, if possible.

It was formerly suggested by the Committee that each congregation should allot to this Mission a sum equal to *one fifth* of the amount which it is expected to give to the Sustentation Fund. If this be generally done, there will not be the smallest difficulty in meeting the expenses of the Mission. As all experience shews, however, that there will be some (many?) defaulters, it is hoped that not a few congregations will look upon the amount suggested as a *minimum* which is to be very far exceeded.

Remittances may be sent to the Treasurer, G. H. WILSON, Esq., Bank of Montreal, Toronto.

D. J. MACDONNELL,

Convener.

The following are a few sentences from a letter bearing date 24th September, 1872, addressed by Mr. Hart to the Convener of the Manitoba Mission Committee :

"We arrived in this distant Province safe and well three weeks ago yesterday morning, the eleventh day after our departure from Toronto. On landing we at once came down to Kildonan, where Mr. Bryce had quarters engaged for us. The house we are living in is a very comfortable farm house about four and a half miles from the town, and within half a mile of the College and the Kildonan Church.

Since my arrival here the roads have been almost impassable the greater part of the time. We have had a great deal of rain, and, as a shower is sufficient to convert the best road into a mass of mud as adhesive and tenacious as soft putty, the roads in this part of the settlement are wretched beyond all precedent, at least for this season of the year.

Owing to Mr. Bryce's absence in Ontario, I have not yet been able to make very definite arrangements as to my preaching stations for the winter. A few days ago, in company with the Rev. Mr. Black, I went out to a new settlement called Springfield, nine or ten miles from here, in order to take steps to supply the Presbyterian settlers there with services, as soon as possible. We were received very cordially by the settlers, organized a building committee, and arranged for the erection this autumn of a small church with log walls and thatch roof, Winnipeg, and Kildonan promising a good deal of aid.

Since coming here I have preached twice every Sunday: morning at Kildonan, evening at Winnipeg. Kildonan is, as you know, a self-supporting congregation. Their minister, Mr. Black, has been settled over them for more than twenty years! but owing to the fact that until lately they have not been able to form a Presbytery, he was never inducted into his charge. Last week they gave him a call and his induction is to take

place on Tuesday next. I am to preach on the occasion.

I have every reason to feel gratified at the reception I have met with in my new field. The Presbytery gave me a hearty welcome, and very cordially appointed me a corresponding member. I do not anticipate much difficulty in co-operating with them.

Winnipeg is as yet merely a mission station of the Kildonan congregation. The principal adherents of the Winnipeg branch have for several weeks been intending to hold a meeting to organize themselves into an independent congregation.

The College is not yet in operation. It is to be opened, however, next week. I shall be able to tell you more about it in my next."

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#### THE PRESBYTERIAN.

We hope to be able to announce shortly that an office has been opened in Montreal for the transaction of business connected with THE PRESBYTERIAN and the schemes of the Church. This has been long in contemplation, and we commend the wisdom of the Committee, who are now taking decided action in the matter. In view of the outlay necessarily involved in the establishment and maintainance of such a centre of operations as the Church of Scotland in Canada ought to have, we trust that it will be creditably supported. It is intended that each of the schemes of the Church shall bear a share of the expense. And in this connection we may say to our Subscribers for THE PRESBYTERIAN that, even at the nominal price at which we are now supplying the Magazine, if they will meet us fairly and squarely, on the terms already made known to them—*strictly in advance*—the burden will not fall heavily on the shoulders of any. There are a few, only a very few, congregations whose subscriptions for this year have not yet come to hand. We shall be glad to hear from them at their earliest convenience. So shall we, before the year be out, rejoice together.

## QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

The competition for scholarships in this institution has terminated, and the following results were announced by the Senate, viz. :

## FIRST YEAR.

*St. Paul's Church, Montreal.*—James George Stuart, Toronto, educated at the Brantford Grammar School, who has the honour of gaining the Mowat Scholarship also.

*Watkins.*—Patrick Anderson Macdonald, Gananoque, educated at the Kingston Collegiate Institute.

*Allan.*—John A. Lindsay, Mono, educated at the Orangeville Grammar School.

*Leitch Memorial*—George Claxton, Ixerary, educated at the Kingston Collegiate Institute.

*Campbell.*—John M. Duff, Kingston, educated at the Kingston Collegiate Institute.

*Mowat.*—Hugh Cameron, Huntingdon, educated at the Huntingdon Grammar School.

## SECOND YEAR.

William Mundell, Kingston, as last year, has the honour of being first in a class of 19, and carries off the Hardy Memorial Scholarship.

*Synod No. 1.*—Thomas D. Cumberland, Adjala.

*St. Andrew's.*—John Mordy, Ross.

*Henry Glass Memorial.*—Archibald McMurphy, West King.

## THIRD YEAR.

*Kingston.*—Donald M. McIntyre, Kingston.

*Catarqui.*—William J. Gibson, Catarqui.

*Synod No. 2.*—James J. Craig, Cornwall.

## FOURTH YEAR.

*Synod No. 3.*—William A. Leung, Almont.

*Russel.*—Robert Shaw, Kingston

*Synod No 4.*—Peter C. McNee, Perth.  
*Aberdeen.*—William Donald, Seymour.

We learn with much gratification that James Russel, Esq., of Hamilton, has instituted a bursary or scholarship of Biblical knowledge in the University of Queen's College of the value of fifty dollars per annum, and has provided the means of payment of the same for the next three years. Mr. Russel has already proved himself a liberal benefactor to the educational institutions of his native county, Morayshire, Scotland, and now desires to do something in the same way for the land of his adoption. We trust Mr. Russel's liberality will stimulate others to go and do likewise.

Another evidence of increasing interest in the University is that the farmers of West Guillinbury have added nearly \$600 to the amount already contributed by them to the Endowment Fund.

## Literary Notices.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. ROBERT BURNS, D.D., late of Toronto. By the REV. R. F. BURNS, D.D., of Montreal. JAMES CAMPBELL & SON, Toronto, 1872; p.p. 462 2nd Edition. \$1.50.

We have been looking forward anxiously, almost impatiently, for the appearance of this long-promised volume. It has come at last, and, along with our best thanks to the accomplished author for a beautiful copy of it, we beg to tender him our sincere congratulation that this work upon which he has evidently bestowed much time and thought, has come before the public in so attractive a form. We feel proud that a book so faultless in typography, and otherwise so exceedingly well executed, has come from the Canadian press. It reflects credit on the publishers, and it is equally creditable to the head and heart of the writer, who is well known to most of our readers as the Minister of Coté Street Church, Montreal, and as one of our ablest Canadian Divines. It has been penned in a genial, kindly spirit, and we fail to discover any symptoms of the

*odium theologicum* that sometimes makes one take "a scunner" at ministerial memoirs. It is the story of a long, active, and laborious life of a man who, whatsoever his hand found to do, did it with all his might.

The subject of this memoir was during two-and-thirty years an energetic and successful Minister of the Church of Scotland, and we do not forget his signal services as Secretary of the Glasgow Colonial Society, to whom our Church at an early period in its history was indebted for a large number of its pioneer Ministers, excellent men all of them, respecting each one of whom we believe it may be said truly that they gave "full proof of their ministry." Dr. Muir, of Georgetown, Dr. Neill, of Seymour, our venerable friend Mr. Tawse, of King, and Principal Campbell, of Aberdeen, are among the few surviving who came to Canada through Dr. Burns' instrumentality. Dr. Burns may be said to have been the founder of the Canada Presbyterian Church, and to every member of that Church this book must be especially acceptable. But it is not the least likely that the circulation of so interesting and readable a volume will be restricted to even this large portion of the community. We heartily recommend its perusal to as many of our readers as can lay hands on it.

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"THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH"—"SCRIPTURAL BAPTISM." By Rev. Professor Thomas Witherow, of Londonderry. Belfast: C. Aitchison; and Toronto: James Bain.

These two little works, published under one cover and together extending to nearly 150 pages, are monuments of diligent research and careful study. Professor Witherow goes into both subjects *con amore*. In the former, his avowed purpose is to discover, according to the light of Scripture, which among the various religious systems in the Christian world—Prelacy, Independency, and Presbytery—comes nearest to the Apostolic model. He really tries to argue the question without

bias, but we are not surprised to find that his conclusions all point to Presbyterianism as the nearest. Whether the subject is altogether worth the elaborate discussion is a matter of opinion, but there can be no two opinions as to the ability and general fairness of the work itself. Of one thing only we complain. Professor Witherow, while giving prominence to the distinctive position of the Church of England, entirely ignores that of the Church of Scotland. There is scarcely a reference to the great Mother of all Presbyterian Churches in the whole 74 pages, although the learned author must know that her existence as a National Church is, as different men view it, either a help or hindrance to the spread of Presbyterian principles. Otherwise, his statement of the question and the argument he carries on are very clearly and, from his standpoint, successfully put. We cannot praise too much the succinctness and tone of this work, which must be very interesting and intelligible to the humblest, as well as most learned, of those who relish expositions of Ecclesiastical polity. In the latter of the two works, embraced in this volume, we have a well-reasoned disquisition on Scriptural Baptism—"its mode and subjects, as opposed to the views of the Anabaptists"—by the same able and forcible writer. We confess that we have never been able to see the wisdom of making the mere Mode of Baptism a question of essential importance, and the Churches of both England and Scotland have, very properly, provided that their clergy can dispense the Sacrament in either way. Professor Witherow devotes much of his argument to an enquiry as to the real significance of the word βαπτισμα (*baptizo*), maintaining that it means 'to put an element upon an object' as well as 'to put an object into an element.' The latter translation is that which the Baptists accept, and the other they reject, as may be seen in Dr. Carson's famous and scholarly book which is now before us. To us, it is comforting that, even by Professor Witherow's own showing, we can adopt both translations, and administer Baptism according to both modes. The question relating to the

Subjects of Baptism is a more grave one. Of course, we lean strongly to the belief that infants not only may, but should be, baptised. But, much can also be said in favour of the other theory, that they alone should receive that holy rite who are in the highest sense believers and able to declare their belief. Professor Witherow's debate and conclusions in this controversy, while a little dogmatic, are worthy of his acknowledged eminent talent.

## Family Reading for the Lord's Day.

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS. A SERMON PREACHED IN THE TOWN CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW'S, AUGUST 25th, 1872, BY ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.—St. LUKE x. 27.

THERE are doubtless many not only here but in many lands and churches elsewhere who will be reminded that yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow form the anniversary of a dreadful crime which, exactly 300 years ago, darkened the face of Christendom. The Feast of St. Bartholomew, which fell yesterday, is one of those days of which the recollection is confined to the calendar of no single Church; but it is not as the day of the holy and blameless apostle, but as a "day of trouble and distress, as a day of darkness and gloom, "a day of clouds and thick darkness," bearing with it the heavy burden of the cruel Massacre in which, in these and the following days of August, in the year 1572, thousands of French Protestants, perished by the hands of their fellow countrymen. There are many reflections which this tercentenary might fitly recall to thoughtful men. We might regard it as a solemn warning against too great confidence in our own opinions—a striking proof of the acknowledged fallibility and failure of one who was then, and who is by many still believed to be, the chief

pastor of Europe, with whose express triumphant approbation that dreadful crime took place. The medals which were struck in its honour, the pictures which still hang on the walls of the Vatican Palace, delineating its horrors as amongst the glories of the Papacy, are now disowned with shame and remorse by the Papacy itself. Or we might look back to it with thankfulness, as the extremest point to which the tide of intolerance, under the name of religion, has reached; and we might bless Almighty God that, although with many ebbs and flows, those bitter waters have since that time (at least in their most violent form) been receding from the land which they then covered. Humanity and justice have, at least in this instance, triumphed over fanaticism and passion.

But there is a general reflection of a more practical kind. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew represents a sin, which though its darkest shadow rests on the Church of Rome and on the monarchy of France, has yet overcast Churches and kingdoms very far removed from Rome and from Paris. In England the name of itself recalls the mournful day on which 2,000 Nonconformists were, by the hardness of our forefathers, on St. Bartholomew's Day in 1662, estranged from the Church of England. And here in St. Andrew's it is impossible not to remember how deep and bloody are the stains which have been left by the like spirit of religious hatred in the precincts, now so peaceful and tranquil, of this ancient city. First, the murder of the earliest Protestant martyrs in Scotland—Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart; then the savage vengeance on the Archbishop within the walls of his sea-girt castle; then the succession of Covenanters who, at least with the alleged sanction of another Archbishop of St. Andrew's, were doomed to torture, death, or exile; then the ruthless murder of that same Archbishop on Magus Moor, commemorated within this church; then the strange fate of those on that same spot who, whether condemned as murderers or venerated as martyrs, were alike the victims of the same fierce and

reckless zeal. And although the most hateful forms of religious intolerance have ceased, yet no one who looks round on the dissensions and the suspicions with which Christians still regard each other can feel sure that we are altogether free from its contagion. On this day, therefore, the Church of Christ, whether Roman or Protestant, whether Episcopalian or Presbyterian, may well veil its head under a sense of common guilt, and, as on a day of deep humiliation, ask by what blessed influences we, in these later days, have been raised in this respect above our fathers, and how for the future the first symptoms of this grievous evil may be counteracted.

There are many and various answers which may be given to this question. I propose to take one which is suggested by the chapter you have just heard from the Gospel of St. Luke. In a well-known discourse by a famous divine dear to the Church of Scotland, dear to the city of St. Andrew's, it was once urged that the best mode of extirpating sin was by what he well called "the expulsive power of a new affection." So it is in regard to that mixed atmosphere of sin and folly from which has sprung the fierce fanaticism of former or of present times. That is best dispelled by the expulsive power of a new truth, or rather, let us say, by the expulsive force of one of those old, very old truths which belong to the original essence of Christianity, but which have often been thrust aside by secondary and inferior doctrines that have sprung up beside them. If we look over all the great persecutions which have in former times devastated Churches and kingdoms, we shall find that all, or almost all, have been carried on in defence of doctrines which the Bible, or which the calmer judgment of a later time, pronounced to be secondary—few, very few, in defence of those greater doctrines which the Bible and the judgment of the best men of all ages have acknowledged to be primary and fundamental. It is therefore, as the best antidote, as the best solution of those stormy strifes out of which arose the

blood-stained recollections of our own or other Churches, that I venture to fix your attention on the two great commandments which our Saviour Himself declared to be the sum and substance of saving doctrine. If we have these in their full meaning rooted in our minds, then we shall be best secured from all danger of intolerance on the one hand, and of indifference on the other. They are the truth of truths, and they will best drive out the master-falseness, of which the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was the outward expression. The righteous zeal which should be felt for them will best drive out the unrighteous zeal which Christendom this day deplores.

In order to understand these two great commandments fully, let us examine, first, What was the occasion of their delivery? secondly, What do they contain? and thirdly, What is their relation to the other parts of the Christian dispensation?

I. First, then, the manner and occasion of their delivery.

1. They were delivered, as we read in the Gospels, twice over—once in answer to the question, "Which is the great commandment of the law?" So we read in St. Matthew and St. Mark. And on another time in answer to the question, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" So we read in the text from St. Luke. The scribe in St. Mark asks, "Which is the great commandment?" There are hundreds of commandments, there are hundreds of duties, there are hundreds of precepts and statements and doctrines in the Bible. Which of these is the most important? Our Saviour did not disdain to answer this question. He did not think it an answer to send away that scribe with the reply that all of these are equally important—that there is no difference between essential and unessential. No; He confirmed the plain truth of common sense, that there is a distinction even in sacred things; that we must even in these select; that there is a good, a better and a best; that there is a true, a truer, and a most true. That is what we learn from the first occasion when these commandments were given. It is our Blessed

Lord's sanction of the principle of selection, of discrimination, of rightly "dividing the Word of Truth." And the second occasion is no less interesting. The lawyer in St. Luke asked, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He knew well what he was about. He did not ask, "What am I to think?" or "What am I to say?" or "What am I to feel?" but "What am I to do?" He knew something of the great doctrine everywhere proclaimed in the Bible, "He that doeth righteousness is righteous." He was only perplexed by wishing to know how he should do what was right. This principle, too, our Lord recognised. He sanctions the principle that to do is the great thing. He wishes to show how best that is to be done by doing which we are to inherit eternal life. "This do, and thou shalt live."

2. And whence did He draw his answer, and in what form did He put it for us? This is expressed somewhat differently on the two occasions, but they both come to the same point. To the lawyer in St. Luke the answer came not out of His own divine lips, but out of the lips of the questioner. He said to him, "What is written in the law? How readest thou?" (Luke x. 27.) In the case of the scribe in St. Mark, although our Lord Himself it is who there gives the commandments, yet there also they are immediately ratified, and, as it were, adopted as something familiar by the scribe himself. "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth." (Mark xii. 32, 33.) In each case, therefore, our Lord did that which is the true characteristic of every wise teacher; not so much to put knowledge and wisdom into His disciples, as to draw out of their hearts and minds whatever knowledge and wisdom was in them. Every one in this congregation has some kind of knowledge and consciousness of higher things. Far better that you should be made to find out that for yourselves, to teach it to yourselves, rather than that any one should bring it to you; or if any one does bring to you, far better that, like the scribe in St. Mark, you should recognise the truth of it in yourselves, because of

its convincing your own judgment and conscience, than merely take it in blind submission on the authority of some one else. "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth." This might have almost seemed a presumptuous mode of addressing our Divine Teacher; but it was a mode of address which He himself approved. "Thou art not far," He said, "from the kingdom of God." Thus, and thus only, does truth become part of ourselves. Unless we meet our teacher half-way, he can teach us almost nothing. God only helps those who help themselves; Christ only saves those who wish to be saved: wisdom comes only to those who "cry after knowledge" and "lift up their voices for understanding."

3. And, further, let us notice that even these two great commandments were not on these occasions invented for the first time by our Divine Lawgiver. He found them, as it were, pre-existing. He found each of them in the ancient Law, where they might have been found by those who chose to look for them, and where, in fact, they were found by those two scribes. What an example, also, is this of God's mode of teaching! Sometimes we may be alarmed at hearing that this or that precept and doctrine of the Gospel may be, or has been, expressed outside of the pale of Christendom—that the heathen poets and philosophers, or perhaps the Jewish Talmud, contained before Christ came some of the words and precepts of the Gospel. Some there are who foolishly think that in this way the Gospel may be proved to be false; others there are who no less foolishly refuse to be told the fact, lest they should be tempted to think so too. But here, as everywhere, it is the truth itself, not the particular source from whence it comes, that claims our allegiance. It is divine, it is Christian, it is evangelical, because it is true. The wind of the Divine Spirit bloweth where it listeth. Thou canst not tell, thou needst not ask, whence it cometh or whither it goeth. The main thing is to hear the sound thereof to see its effects, to feel its freshening breath, and to be moved by its stirring influences. Here, as elsewhere in



His teaching, what our Lord did was to bring forth truth out of the vast treasure house of things new and old—to divide the eternal from the temporal—to breathe new life and new spirit into old institutions and old words—to stamp and seal with His own divine impress the true metal and coin, and so give it currency and circulation throughout the world. These two great commandments had lain for ages—one buried in the Book of Deuteronomy, the other in the Book of Leviticus—amongst hundreds of other precepts, some excellent, some insignificant, some entirely superseded. They had also, it may be, as in the minds of these two scribes, been lying dormant—known perhaps in this or that school, taught by this or that teacher, but lost in obscurity, apart from each other, overwhelmed by narrow interpretations. It was the magic of His divine word that called them into life, that brought together each to its proper mate, and wrote them on the hearts and the spirits of mankind for ever. “Well, Master,” said the scribe, “thou hast said the truth.” Thou hast said what was, or what might have been, known before, but thou hast said it well—so well that it seems as if we now heard it for the first time.

I have thus dwelt on the mode of introducing these two commandments, because we have here the best illustration of all Revelation; the best condemnation of that barbarian exclusiveness and ignorance which lies at the root of all persecution, and which it is the direct object of Christian civilisation to counteract and to regenerate.

II. We now pass to the contents of these two commandments. I will endeavour briefly to unfold their meaning word by word.

1. The first commandment thus begins: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.” One supreme affection is to rule our whole being—one, and one supreme. Whatever there may be of love and admiration kindled by all the various objects worthy of our earthly interest is gathered up in that great passion of the human soul which is called the Love of God. Any one who

wishes to trace that passion to its source in human nature, and to see how reasonable it is—how natural an expansion, if one may so say, of our best affections—should read a discourse preached by one of the few preachers of Christendom who has been at once a philosopher and theologian—Bishop Butler’s Sermon on the Love of God. To feel that there is one Being supremely just and wise, through whom all the trials of this mortal life can be turned to our good; whose judgment is not in the least degree affected by the struggles of party or the respect of persons, or the honour, or praise, or fashion of the world; who sees things not as they seem to be, but as they really are—to reverence this Supreme Perfection because it is the perfection of all that is noble, generous, beautiful, wise, and just, in what we know amongst ourselves; to be content with nothing short of this in our ideal, our image of God; to feel that in growing like this ideal is our best happiness; that in entirely resigning ourselves to His justice and mercy is perfect peace—this, or something like to this—this, and nothing less than this—is to love the Lord our God.

And what is meant by the other part of the commandment?—“Thou shalt love Him with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.” It means that in whatever measure we have attained to the love of God—that is, to the love of the Highest Goodness and Truth—we must carry out this not only into one part of our nature, but into all. It has been the chief source of all corruptions of religion, that those who have been religious have often brought to it but one element, but one single part of their nature. A strong religious imagination, a strong religious affection, may often be seen side by side with a mind left altogether weak and uncultivated. A strong logical belief may be seen unsoftened by the genial influence of a loving heart and a heaven-aspiring soul. A strong will and a powerful fancy may be seen side by side with a reckless disregard of prudence and of common sense. Every one of these forms is but the half or the quarter of religion, But

God cannot be divided. He is One God, not many. He must be served by all our nature, not by parts of it. The intellect must seek truth with undivided, fearless zeal; else we do not serve God with our whole mind and understanding. The bodily powers must be guarded and saved for the healthy discharge of all that Providence requires of us in our passage through life; else we do not serve Him with our whole strength. The affections must be kept fresh and pure; else we do not serve Him with our whole heart. The conscience must not have stained itself with secret sins, unworthy transactions, and false pretences, else we do not serve Him with our whole soul. There was an old barbarian chief who, when he was baptised, kept his right arm out of the water, that he might still work his deeds of blood. That is the likeness of the imperfect religion of many Christians. That is what they did who, of old, as on this day, in their zeal for religion, broke their plighted faith, did despite to their natural affections, disregarded the laws of kinship and country, and honour and mercy. It is this shutting up of religion into one corner of our being which is the cause why so many good men are not better, why many religious men have been so unwise, why the world seems often more charitable than the Church, why so many a saint has been untruthful, why so many a faithful believer has been selfish or cruel, why so many an earnest seeker after truth has been irreverent and undevout, why so many a generous temper has been coupled with self-indulgence and coarseness. The true religion of Jesus Christ our Saviour is that which penetrates, and which receives, all the warmth of the heart, and all the elevation of the soul, and all the energies of the understanding, and all the strength of the will.

2. And now, what is the second great commandment? "It is like to the first." It is the chief mode of fulfilling the first. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Here, again, there are two points which bring out its full force.

First, what is the measure of the love we owe to others? It is the measure of

what we think is owing to ourselves. "Love him as thyself." Observe, if I may use such a word, the equity of this divine rule. It makes us the judge of what we ought to do. It imposes upon us no duty that we have not already acknowledged for ourselves. Every one of us knows how painful it is to be called by malicious names, to have his character undermined by false insinuations, to be overreached in a bargain, to be neglected by those who rise in life, to be thrust on one side by those who have stronger wills and stouter hearts. Every one knows also the pleasure of receiving a kind look, a warm greeting, a hand held out to help in distress, a difficulty solved, a higher hope revealed for this world or the next. By that pain and by that pleasure judge what you should do to others. This is the root of all Christian charity, of all Christian forgiveness, of all Christian justice, of all Christian toleration. Had this command sunk deep into the heart of Christendom, how many a foolish quarrel might have been averted, how many a needless war might have been arrested, and (to apply it to the anniversary of this day) how impossible would have been most of the bloody persecutions which have been the shame of the Christian Churches!

And, secondly, observe the object towards which this love is to extend—"Thy Neighbour." Here, again, there is, so to speak, a common sense and equity—what has been well called "the sweet reasonableness,"—of Christ our Saviour. It is not an indiscriminate command to love, to show kindness to everybody and to all mankind. That, in its literal sense, would be impossible. But it is to love "our neighbour." And what is meant by our neighbour we cannot doubt, because of the interpretation which our Lord has put upon it in this very chapter. It is every one with whom we are brought into contact. First of all, he is literally our neighbour who is next to us in our own family and household—husband to wife, wife to husband, parent to child, brother to sister, master to servant, servant to master. Then, it is he who is close to us, in our own neighbourhood, in our own

town, in our own parish, in our own street. With these all true charity begins. To love and to be kind to these is the very beginning of all true religion. But besides these, as our Lord teaches, it is every one who is thrown across our path by the changes and chances of life—he or she, whosoever it be, whom we have any means of helping—the unfortunate sufferer whom we may meet in travelling, the deserted friend whom no one else cares to look after. And, whether of those more distant or those nearer neighbours, our Lord gives us yet that further explanation in the Parable of the Good Samaritan—namely, that in asking “who is our neighbour,” we must put aside all questions of race, country, or even religion. Whoever it be that we have an opportunity of helping, there is our neighbour, however much we may have been divided from him by other matters—whether, like the man that fell among thieves, he is a Jew, and you are a Samaritan, or he a Samaritan and you a Jew, he a Presbyterian and you an Episcopalian, he a Nonconformist and you a Churchman, he a Roman Catholic and you a Protestant, he of one race and you of another, he of one creed and you of another, he of one party and you of another—he, whosoever he be, if he is in difficulty and needs your aid, and you are able to aid him—he deserves and demands all the same justice and compassion that you would gladly render to him if he were of the same party, of the same church, of the same country, of the same opinions as yourself. Nay, further, as the Parable implies, he may be your neighbour in a yet closer sense. He, like the good Samaritan, though belonging to another church and creed, may yet have virtues which we have not, and which in our own church and circle we do not find. These virtues are what our Lord’s commandment calls upon us to recognise, and, by recognising, tears to pieces the very groundwork and the framework of the old anathemas and persecutions for different opinions, because it shows that there is in the sight of God something deeper than opinion, even as blood is thicker than water, and as goodness is better than orthodoxy, and as

charity is greater even than faith. If there be any doctrine or dogma in the Christian religion on which our Lord lays special stress, it is the doctrine and dogma contained in the Parable of the Good Samaritan. How vast a difference would have been made in the whole face and history of Christendom had the Catholic, the evangelical truth expressed in this Parable taken its proper place—we may almost say, had it been recognised at all in the creeds and confessions, not to speak of the practice, of Christian Churches. Whenever this shall be, and in proportion as this has been, there will indeed be, and there has been, the expulsive force of a very new and of a very strong affection, of a very old and of a very fundamental truth, which would teach us often and often that he whom we have regarded as our worst enemy is really the true Christian’s next-door neighbour.

III. And now, thirdly, What is the relation of these two commandments to the other parts of religion and of human life? Our Saviour Himself has told us that these are the greatest of all. He has told us that on these the rest of God’s revelation depends. “On these hang all the Law and the Prophets.” He tells us that by keeping these two commandments we inherit the greatest of all gifts. “This do, and thou shalt live.” It is hardly possible to imagine stronger expressions than these. It was once said—and we can hardly be surprised at the saying—by a very eminent statesman of another country, who had become dissatisfied with many existing forms of belief, “When any Church shall inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, these two great commandments of our Saviour, that Church will I join at once with all my heart and with all my soul.” That hope, that wish, as thus expressed, is doubtless exaggerated. In our complex state of society, it seems out of the question that so simple a confession of faith should ever become practicable. But nevertheless, it is clear that what was intended in that saying is true. Whenever any Church in truth and in spirit puts forward these two commandments as that

which is of supreme importance, as that in comparison with which all else is unimportant, as that to which all else tends, for the sake of which all else is done—any Church so believing and so acting, any Christian so believing and so acting, takes at once the first place amongst Churches and the first place amongst Christians, because such Churches and such Christians would most fully have embraced the mind and the intention of our Divine Founder. Doubtless, as I have said, there is something very perplexing when we think, on the one hand, of this truth in all its grand simplicity, and when we think, on the other hand, of the immense system of institutions, beliefs, and forms which exist, and, so far as we can perceive, must always continue to exist in every Church and every State of Christendom. It has been observed that sometimes, when a man is told that religion and morality are summed up in the two great commandments, he is ready to say, like one who first beholds the sea, "Is this the mighty ocean—is this all?" Yes, it is all; but what an all? We know well here what is the view of the ocean. We look out from these shores on that vacant expanse, with its boundless horizon, with its everlasting succession of ebb and tide, and we might perhaps ask, What is this barren sea to us? How vague, how indefinite, how broad, how monotonous! Yet look closer. It is the scene on which sunlight and moonlight, cloud and shadow, storm and calm, are for ever playing. It has been the chosen field for the enterprise, for the faith, for the charity of mankind. It is the highway for the union of nations and the enlargement of Churches. It is the bulwark of freedom, and the home of mighty fleets, and the nurse of swarming cities. And so these two commandments. They seem at first sight vacant, vague, and indefinite; but let us trust ourselves to them, let us launch out upon them, let us explore their innermost recesses, let us sound their depths, and we shall find that they call forth all the arts and appliances of Christian life; that they will carry us round the world and beyond it.

"To love the Lord our God with all our heart, with all our mind, with all our soul, and with all our strength."—What new spheres of thought and activity ought this to open to us, when thoroughly studied! It is in proportion as the Bible teaches us the true perfections of God that it becomes to us the Book of God; it is in proportion as the Gospel discloses to us those perfections in the most endearing and the most intelligible forms that it becomes to us the revelation of God in Christ; it is in proportion as our hearts and consciences are filled from the Fountain of all goodness that we are able to enter into the true Spirit of God, who is worshipped in spirit and in truth. It is, or it ought to be, for the sake of these great commandments that we value and strive to improve the sanctifying and elevating influences of Christian worship, Christian civilisation, Christian friendship, Christian homes, and Christian education. It is for the sake of better understanding what God is, and how He wishes us to serve Him, that we value those indications of His Will which He has left us in the sure footsteps of science, in the manifold workings of history, of art, and of poetry, and of all the various gifts and graces which He has bestowed on earth and on man. "Let no man," says Lord Bacon—"let no man out of weak conceit of sobriety or ill-applied moderation think or maintain that a man can search too far, or be too well supplied, in the Book of God's Word or the Book of God's works." That is, at least, one result of the endeavour to love God with all our understanding and with all our soul.

And, again, "to love our neighbour as ourselves." What a world of Christian duty is here disclosed! How eagerly for the sake of better serving our neighbours, should we welcome any one who will tell us what is the best and safest mode of administering charity, the best mode of education, the best method of suppressing intemperance and vice. How eagerly should we cultivate the opportunities which God has given us, not for keeping men apart, but for bringing them together; how anxiously we should desire to under-

stand the character of neighbouring nations, neighbouring Churches, neighbouring friends, so as to avoid giving them needless offence—so as to bring out their best points and repress their worst, making our own knowledge of our own imperfections and faults the measure of the forbearance which we should exercise to others. How eagerly should we rejoice in every increase of the instruments that Christianity and civilisation employ for the advancement and progress of mankind. These are some of the means of loving our neighbour as ourselves.

And, finally, as at the beginning, so at the end of this discourse, let us observe that whilst all those other appliances of Christian life are useful and necessary for carrying out these two great commandments, yet still the fact, of which we are never to lose sight, is that these two commandments are the end, and all other things, however sacred and great, are the means. We need not disparage any of those methods of keeping the commandments. Only let us remember that on the keeping of these two commandments, on this only, and on this sufficiently, if our Lord's words be true, depend the Law and the Prophets in the Old Testament, and Eternal Life in the New. We see that other commandments and other ordinances "come to an end," but these two are "exceeding broad"—they have no end beyond themselves. They avoid details, even the details of the Ten Commandments. They contain only the largest and the most general principles; they leave the details to us. They themselves only lay down the direction, the motive, and the end of action. They do not stand alone in the Bible. There are many other passages both in the Old and New Testament which, though expressed in different words, have the same meaning. It is these passages, these doctrines, which hold the first place in the Christian dispensation. They are the governing principles of the Bible and of the Church. They are the key-notes of Revelation. Other passages, other truths, have their use, their significance, their beauty. But we cannot be mistaken regarding these two command-

ments and their like as the chief of all. Such truths are the parts of the Christian revelation on which the wisest and best Christians of all ages have laid most stress—on which the clamorous and contentious and violent Christians have laid the least stress. And thus it has come to pass that, on the one hand, in the long history of the past, they are unstained, or almost unstained, by any unholy associations of blood, or fraud, or party spirit. In behalf of these two commandments no Massacre of St. Bartholomew has been set on foot, no Archbishops and no Covenanters have been slaughtered. But, on the other hand, in the future, they, and the like truths, whether in the Gospels or the Epistles, demand, and may absorb, all the zeal and the enthusiasm that ever were evoked by Catholic League or Protestant Covenant; and in proportion as that true zeal and enthusiasm are felt, as a fire of charcoal or the flames of sulphur wax pale and die out before the full light of the noonday sun, so the fire of ancient religious animosities and the anathemas of old theological odium will wax pale and die out in the light of the great Christian duties and the great Christian truths of the love of God and the love of man.

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